

The Family.

WHAT OF THAT?

FIXED ' well, what of that? Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease? Flattering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze? Come, raise thee, while it is called to-day! Toward, and 'go forth upon thy way' Lonely! And what of that? Some must be lonely! 'tis not given to all To feel a heart no positive rise and fall; To blend another life into its own Work may be done in loneliness. Work on. Dark! well, what of that? Didst fondly dream the sun would never set? Dost feel to lose thy way? 'Take courage yet! Learn thou to walk by faith and not by sight. Hadst thou, what of that? Didst fancy life one summer holiday? With lessons none to learn, and naught to pay? Go, get thee to thy task. 'Conquer or die! It must be learned. Learn it, then, patiently No help! Nay, 'tis not so! Though human help be far, thy God is nigh, Who feeds the ravens, hears his children cry. He's near thee, wherever thy footsteps roam, And He will guide thee, light thee, help thee home. —anon

EARLY PRESBYTERIANISM IN TORONTO.

THE Rev Dr Gregg, in his admirable History of the Presbyterian Church in the Dominion of Canada, writes: "Messrs Gordon and Leach were, on the 22nd of April, 1833, selected by the Glasgow Society as Missionaries whom the Synod of Canada's Mission Committee undertook to support. Both were ordained before leaving Scotland." "After six months' missionary labour, the health of Mr. Leach was so impaired that he had to return to Scotland to recruit, but, before returning, he received a call to St. Andrew's church, the former minister, Mr. Kintoul, having accepted the office of Missionary Secretary. On his return, he was inducted to the charge of St. Andrew's, July 15th, 1835. Mr. Gordon, after labouring for some time as a missionary, settled as pastor at Newmarket and King, where he laboured till 1837, when he was translated to Gananogue, where the rest of his life was spent." By a strange coincidence I was brought into such close relationship with both these worthy men as to beget in me admiration for their many excellent qualities, and to leave with me the kindest remembrances of their goodness. It was in April, 1840, that the Rev Mr. Leach took me into the place of business of Mr. John Thompson, the father of Mr. Wm. Thompson, of this city, a member of his congregation, to see if he could find an opening for me. This was in Jarvis street, then Nelson Street, west side, about two doors north of King. Here Mr. Leach was unsuccessful. From that we went to the

member of his congregation. Here also Mr. Leach failed, neither of these gentlemen at the time having any opening for a lad of fifteen. He then, without my knowledge, corresponded with the house of C. & J. Macdonald & Co, Gananogue, then one of the most important concerns in Canada, and arranged for my entrance into the house; neither member of the firm ever having seen me, or having heard from me, taking me entirely upon his recommendation.

Thus it came to pass that at the very threshold of my business life I was placed under obligation to these two early missionaries of the Church of Scotland. To the first I was entirely indebted for the situation which determined my subsequent course. This position brought me into the pastoral oversight of the second, and thus began a friendship which extended throughout their lives. The men were strangely different. Mr. Leach was thin, spare, and delicate-looking, had the reputation of being an excellent Latin scholar, and was a man of great vivacity. Little promise did he give at that time of attaining the age he reached, for he had had (I understand) one or more hemorrhages of the lungs, but these he out-lived, and died two or three years ago in Montreal, as Archdeacon, in his 83rd year.

The Rev. H. Gordon had studied law in Edinburgh, and had been admitted to the position of Writer to the Signet, but having resolved to devote himself to the ministry of the Gospel, was sent out to Canada. His character cannot be better described than in the obituary notice in the minutes of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, 1881:

"Mr. Gordon was a man of superior attainments and culture, and was an unselfish and laborious minister and a heavenly minded Christian. He was beloved by all who knew him. The respect by which he was held by his brethren in the ministry was indicated by his election, in 1854, as Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada. His name will long be held in remembrance as that of one of Canada's most earnest and devoted ministers." He died on the 13th of December, 1880, in his 90th year.

If there is one thing of greater importance than another to a young man entering upon life, it is that he should do so under such conditions as would furnish him with the best illustrations of all that is implied in upright and honorable transactions. Under just

such conditions was it my rare good fortune to begin my business life in the business firm to which reference has been made, where, during my two years' residence not one transaction, I venture to say, ever took place which would not bear the closest scrutiny, the partners in the firm being the Hon John Macdonald, and his nephew, William S. Macdonald. The friend to whom I have stated I was indebted for this good beginning was the Rev W. J. Leach. A stay of two years in the village of Gananogue brought me back to Toronto in 1842, to benefit again by the kindness of Mr. Leach, and through his former introduction, to which reference has been already made, to enter the house of Mr. Walter Macfarlane, known as the Victoria House.

Here, one of those incidents, which so often occur in one's life, too trifling to excite attention at the time, and yet, as one sees afterwards, big with results, destined to change the whole of one's after life, befell me. The establishment I was entering was the most extensive retail dry goods concern in Upper Canada, drawing its trade, not from the city only, but from London, Woodstock, Hamilton, Amherstburg, Barrie, Peterboro', Cobourg, and other places. My home was to be under the roof of my employer, and I had assigned to me a room large and lofty, about, say at least, twenty by twenty-four feet, in which there was a young man who was to be my room-mate. It was not long before I found, very greatly to my own surprise, that he was a Methodist. I say surprise, for had it been possible for me to have had anything to say in the matter I would have willed it otherwise; not that I had anything against the young man, nor was there any reason that I should think of him other than kindly, but hitherto I had never been associated with any other than Presbyterians, and had always looked upon Methodists with a kind of mistrust, indeed, I had always regarded Methodism and hypocrisy as synonymous terms, and I cannot well describe my disappointment when I found myself associated with a room-mate who was my senior by some two or three years and a Methodist.

Each, in church matters, went his own way; he to the old rough cast church on George Street, where worshipped the British Wesleys, I to the St. Andrew's church, on Church Street. As to the structures, the churches externally and internally were as different as they well could be. The St. Andrew's Church for these days might with great propriety be said to be a pretentious building. It was built of brick and plastered to imitate stone. It had a handsome spire, and had altogether an ecclesiastical appearance; moreover, the location was central and commanding. The arrangements inside were good, the pews and the aisles roomy, the

sounding board, the building calculated to hold about nine hundred or a thousand persons.

The other was as unpretentious as a church building could well be; size about thirty five by sixty feet, rough cast, gable toward the street, with wood on buildings on either side, aisles and pews narrow, the backs of the pews perfectly straight, with one inch coping, building inside painted drab, stairs to the gallery straight and narrow; no vestry, no arrangement for choir, lighted with oil-lamps of the plainest character, the whole structure worth, probably, from \$2,000 to \$2,500, as plain as wood and rough cast could make it, and would accommodate from three hundred to four hundred people. Anything which I have to say of the Toronto Methodism of that period grew out of my connection with the Presbyterian Church, humble as that connection was, the reference, therefore, to the one necessarily implies a reference to the other, as my own surroundings embraced both.

The Rev. W. J. Leach was, at the time of which I write, the pastor of St. Andrew's Church. The Superintendent of the Sunday school (of which I was a teacher) was the late Hon. John McMurrich, who, with the greater part of the company of teachers who aided him in his good work, have gone to their rest. The church, which has not long since been taken down, stood upon the corner of Church and Newgate Streets, the latter now known as Adelaide Street. I very well remember hearing the Rev. Mr. Leach speak of the relative merits of the spires of St. Andrew's and that of the Cathedral, from an architectural standpoint, and of his saying that many persons regarded the St. Andrew's, notwithstanding the greater height of that of the Cathedral, as being the finer of the two. It was by this greater loftiness of the spire that the destruction of the Cathedral was brought about in the great fire of 1848 or 1849, by which the whole of the north side of King Street, from near the corner of George Street to the Cathedral, and the City Hall and market buildings on the south side, were destroyed.

A spark carried by the wind was borne to the wood lattice-work which formed part of the spire's ornamentation. So small was the flame at first that a cupful of water would have sufficed to have extinguished it, but it was beyond the reach of ladders, and vastly beyond the height at which the feeble hand fire engines of those days could be of any service. Nothing remained, therefore, but to allow the fire to do its

work, and but for the open space between the Cathedral and the buildings on the north west corner of Church and King Streets, nothing could have prevented the fire from sweeping the whole of the northern portion of King Street, until it had exhausted itself from lack of material to feed upon.—Methodist Magazine. (To be continued.)

SUE'S TITHE.

"A PENNY for your thoughts, sis," said Will Preston, laughingly. "You haven't so much as winked for fifteen minutes at least. What weighty matter is it you are so intently considering?"

Sue laughed a little, and roused herself from her thoughts. "I'm in a sort of a fix," she said, "and can't for the life of me see my way out. You know Mr. Long said today that the Sunday school would take up a collection next Sunday for Miss Harper's school in Japan, and I have but fifty cents to my name. I shall have to spend part of that for car tickets to-morrow, and it's two weeks before I have my next allowance. What am I going to do? I can't give just twenty-five cents, I'd feel too mean for anything."

"How much do you want?" asked Will. "perhaps I can lend it to you." "Thank you for your offer; but you see I promised papa when he began giving me an allowance that I wouldn't borrow, under any consideration, of any one. It is too provoking! They never take up a collection for anything the first of the month, when I have some money, but just as I get to my last cent all the missionaries and poor folks put in their appearance."

"If that's the case," said Will, "I should think you would profit by past experience and put aside a certain portion of your allowance when you get it; then you will be ready for any emergency. I've heard of folks tithing their possessions, why don't you?"

"I would, I believe, if I had more, but it seems a good deal to take a tenth right out of the little I have, and how can I tell how much I am going to need for myself?"

Will laughed outright. "You remind me of a proverb I've heard, 'What the Abbot of Bamba can't eat he gives away for the good of his soul.' If you happen to have a little left after you've gratified all your own wishes you'll bestow it in charity; that's your principle, is it? Strikes me it proves rather more beneficial to you than to charity, inasmuch as the charity seems from your own account, begging your pardon for the expression, to 'get left' most of the time."

Sue's face colored with vexation. "It's a very easy matter for you to say that."

"But by any means there is a better solution of the problem. Let every woman who is to speak (whether for two minutes or two hours) test herself by entering previously some large church or building, and delivering her address before a critical and honest friend. If her voice is too high, or too low, or if for any reason it fails to penetrate every portion of the building, let it cost what it will, the decision must be reached that some one else must read it."

This may be a bitter cup for a literary person to drink, but the taste of it would be far pleasanter than the remarks which always follow a feeble effort: "Why in the world does a woman try to do what she can't?" "I hope I shall never have to listen to her again!" "This is outrageous, and ought not to be allowed!" and similar expressions, do not add greatly to the glory of even a finished writer.

Before every public meeting appoint half a dozen ladies with strong, clear voices, to take the manuscripts of the gifted women who have no voice or magnetism in delivery, and read them with a spirit that shall make the blood tingle. A pleasant custom would be to introduce the writer to the public at the time of the reading, thus allowing all to become familiar with her face.

Justice demands some such arrangement, as the following example will show: Some months ago a lady was very anxious to interest her daughter, lately returned from school, in missionary themes. There was to be a large meeting in a distant city, and she hit upon it as the very best place possible to kindle the fire of enthusiasm in her daughter's heart. At some expense, therefore, they made their way thither. Not being delegates, they could find no seats nearer than the ninth or tenth from the front. The lady made no mis statement of facts when she said, later, "Not more than a dozen sentences have we heard the entire morning, although we have strained every nerve to catch the faintest sound." In the afternoon she tried again, with no better success. At last, worn out and weary, she allowed her daughter to leave the building and join a sleighing party, for, she said, "I felt sure that unless my child had some pleasant remembrance of the event, she could never be induced to go again to a similar meeting."

If people go at an expense of twenty or thirty dollars and hear nothing, what return have they had for the money and time expended? Can such an exchange be called a fair one?—Congregationalist.

"You say," he asked, "that you think you can surely give a tenth?" "O yes," replied Sue. "I shall have plenty left for all that I need by calculating ahead a little, and some for what I don't need, I expect you would say if you saw my memorandum."

"Do you remember what David said about his sacrifice once?" was papa's next question. "Why, no," answered Sue, wondering what anything David said or did could have to do with her tenth.

"Neither will I offer unto the Lord that which cost me nothing," quoted papa gravely. "Think about it prayerfully, Sue, before you decide what you will do."

Sue went slowly up stairs to her own room. "Neither will I offer unto the Lord that which cost me nothing—that which cost me nothing." How the words rang in her ears! Yes, that was just what she wanted to do. A tenth was better than nothing, of course, but she was not really going to deny herself anything of any amount, why not set apart one fifth and deny herself candy and confections, for instance?

But the other girls all had them, she was so used to doing as they did. It would be hard—

"Neither will I offer unto the Lord that which cost me nothing."

Like a solemn warning the words repeated themselves again to Sue, and she broke down.

"Neither will I," she sobbed. "I have every thing to be thankful for, and I will offer no more offerings to my kind Heavenly father which cost me nothing, God helping me."

"How is it, Sue?" asked papa that night.

"Two tenths, anyway, more if possible."

"Whew!" exclaimed Will, who happened to overhear. "I say, sis, I beg your pardon for speaking to you as I did. You're a trump, after all, and if it's any consolation I'll add that I don't really think there's any reason why I shouldn't practise what I preached as well as you."—Our Youth.

WOMEN SPEAKING IN PUBLIC.

THREE-FOURTHS of the women who undertake public speaking are untrained or unqualified. Not all who are alive with interest on a subject, not all who have cultured minds, are capable of placing themes of vital importance before the public. A gifted one may write something touching enough to move a heart of stone, and that same person may so mumble her noble sentiments to six or eight hundred people, that the whole effort is lost to all save a few in the front seats. If such a speaker could know the effect of her pantomimic performance, she would never again try to work in a sphere for which she is not capacitated.

Thousands of women gather annually in public convention to catch an inspiration for greater activity in moral and religious work. They come expecting to be elevated, but more often they are exasperated. It ought to be a universal law that no woman should ever speak in public unless she can be heard in the seat nearest the door.

Now does this prove that because many cases have feeble

JESSIE.

SHE was a very sickly looking girl, the eldest of a large family. Her parents were healthy, strong people, and knew no reason why Jessie should not grow up into a vigorous womanhood. The father was away at business, which occupied him during the night and slept at home during the day. The mother, busied with many cares, and taking boarders, looked after her children as well as she could, and supposed they were doing well. Jessie helped her during the day, and at night occupied her room alone, the next two or three children younger than she being boys.

She was supposed to be asleep during the hour usually devoted to sleep, but she was not. Some of her young friends had lent her novels until she had acquired a strong taste for that kind of reading. As she had no opportunity to read in the daytime she read at night. Often the morning light would find her finishing some exciting story that had absorbed her since bed time. Of course she grew pale. Doctors were called in. They could not find out what ailed her. She did not know herself that all her trouble came from her night reading, so she kept it up.

One day she happened to visit in a family well-versed in the principles of hygiene, and also familiar with the best writers of fiction. Quite unawares she gave an account of her nightly habits of reading, and discussed with animation some of the writers that had interested her. Then the hostess took occasion to discuss with her very kindly and gently the effects of the outrage on her physical powers she had been committing. She told Jessie how carefully during all the years she had guarded the sleeping hours of her children, and frankly told her that her pallor and ill health were the inevitable result of robbing herself of sleep, and substituting in its place an exhaustive, abnormal excitement.

It was not strange that Jessie's father and mother were ignorant of her night-reading. Many parents could find out a great deal about the habits of their children if their neighbour would tell what they know of these habits. It is one thing to provide for children such things as they need; it is quite another to be sure that these provisions are rightly and certainly used.

It is but justice to Jessie to say that when she was satisfied of the error of her ways she promptly reformed them, and is now a healthy young woman; but to this day her parents do not know what made her so sickly during those years when she was passing from girlhood to womanhood, and when, perhaps, of all the years of her life, she needed abundant sleep.—Christian Advocate.

Wordsworth.

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

The Children's Corner.

IT ISN'T FAR TO JESUS.

It isn't far to Jesus; If you only knew how near, You would reach Him in a moment, And banish all your fear.

He is standing close beside you, If only you could see, And is saying could you hear Him, "Let the children come to Me."

For you know He never changes, As your little friends do here, He is always kind and ready, Both to comfort and to cheer;

And the very best about it is, He's always close at hand, And will always listen to you, And always understand.

It matters not how little, Or how very young or weak, And if you have been sinful, It was you He came to seek.

There is nothing that need hinder Your coming to Him now, So you surely will not linger Until you older grow.

You really must love Jesus When you think of all His love In coming down from heaven, That happy home above;

And lying in a manger, And suffering so much woe, That you and all dear children To that bright world might go. —Phil. Presbyterian.

PREACHING TO CHILDREN.

NEARLY fifty years ago I was a boy, and I remember that it was announced one Sunday morning at church that a certain preacher would preach to the children that afternoon. I had never heard of a preacher preaching a whole sermon to children before, and I was very anxious to hear him. He was a tall, thin, sickly-looking man, for he had consumption; but he loved children, and wanted to do them good. When the hour came, the little church was pretty well filled, and after the preacher had sung and prayed he took his text, and it was, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath."

It has been a long time since that I do not remember the preacher's name, nor where he came from, nor what became of him; but that text and the impression it made upon my young heart have never been forgotten. He showed us what the text meant. He told us that it was natural for children to get angry with each other at times; but, however great the provocation, we must never anger in our hearts—we must be sure and get it all out before night. To sleep with anger in our hearts was an awful sin against God.

I remember the sun was getting low, and as that pale preacher stood before us he turned and pointed with his long bony finger at the sinking sun, and said: "Children, look yonder at the sun going down. This morning he was away over yonder in the east, but he's been going all day toward the west, and these long shadows admonish us that he will soon go down. Hear God speaking to you. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath. Make haste and get it all out. You've no time to lose, he will not wait for you. The command is positive. Give up your anger, or you will stir the anger of God against you for not obeying him."

I felt like I would have forgiven the worst enemy in the world, and never has the effect of that sermon faded from my mind.—S. S. Magazine.

JUST THE TRUE.

A FAIR little girl with blue eyes and golden hair, in a white dress, girdled with a broad blue sash, Lora Belmont, the pet and darling of the kindergarten. A sad, frightened little girl just now, standing before her teacher, head turned aside, eyes drooping, heavy with tears, and a small dimpled brown hand held in Miss Farley's own. Miss Farley's face looked almost as sad as Lora's. The very spirit of mischief seemed to have been in this baby scholar of hers all day long. Three times she had been found whispering busily between the recesses which came every hour, giving the little tongues a chance to chatter for five minutes. Twice she had bitten into a great sweet apple which had been used in the geography class to help the children understand the globe lesson.

Numberless times she had left her seat without first asking permission, and indeed Miss Farley had been very patient; but now the worst had happened; Lora stood before her waiting for the cruel ruler to drop on her brown fat hand.

The last piece of mischief had been to tip up the end of the slate on which Harold had piled his own and the sister's books with their three boxes.

contents roll about the floor in confusion, while she laughed such a gurgling little laugh of amusement as could be heard all over the room. Of course Miss Farley must punish her. How else could she hope to keep order in the schoolroom? But Harold, Lora's friend and companion, to and from school, was at the teacher's side, begging. He was to be punished, he knew that very well. He had broken the rules, and felt sure he could not escape. He did not try for himself, only for Lora. She did not mean to tip his slate over; he felt quite sure of that; he had shoved it very near the edge; he was trying to see how near he could get it without having it fall off; Lora put out her hand just then to get a picture that Jamie Wilbur was handing her across his desk, and it hit the slate and of course it fell. Did she think Lora ought to be punished for an accident?

Harold was a handsome, manly boy; a good boy, too, generally, though he had been sadly naughty to-day. The teacher could not help loving him as he talked; could not help feeling glad of any excuse which would make it seem right not to punish Lora. Yet she hesitated. Lora was growing very careless indeed. If she was to come to school at all she must be taught in some way to obey her teacher.

At last she decided what to do. "If Lora will say she did not mean, to tip the slate over, I will forgive her other naughty ways and not punish her to-night," she said.

"Of course she will," said Harold promptly. "You didn't mean to do it, did you, Lora?" And Jamie Wilbur, who sat very near the desk, nudged her, shrugged up little shoulder, and whispered, "Say no, Lora, quick."

Then Lora, her blue eyes seeming to press back the tears that wanted to come, straightened herself up, turned her face toward her teacher and said, in slow, distinct tones, "I wouldn't go and tell what wasn't just all true, for twenty-seven whippings. I did tip the slate over, purpose, because it looked as though it would walk around so funny. And they did. And I couldn't help laughing. And I'm sorry; but I've told the truth."

Then the tears came in good earnest; walls that went right to Miss Farley's heart. "All the scholars who would like to have me forgive little Lora without punishing her, may stand up," said the teacher. And forty-two little boys and girls were on their feet in a second! And I am glad, aren't you?—Paury.