

Selected Articles.

POPULARITY

(From the Song of the Sirens.)

The world has turned shop-keeper, go, sell, sell. Put on your coat a costly price, to sell. Head cash customers buy no cheap goods. The sea has now got hold the money bags...

THE SCRIPTURAL FORM OF CHURCH GOVERNMENT.

We find the following review of Mr. Stewart's able work, lately noticed in our columns, in the Presbyterian Witness, of Halifax, N.S.:-

"This is a work which the Presbyterian Churches in these provinces should regard with very special interest, and patronize with extensive support, alike for the intrinsic excellence of the work itself, and for its authorship.

Mr. Stewart is a Nova Scotian, born and bred in Musquodoboit, and was from his childhood till the time he went to College connected with the Presbyterian congregation of that place. His career as a student was from its beginning to its close eminently distinguished.

From these antecedents great expectations were entertained respecting him, and this book entirely justifies their expectations. The work itself is an elaborate, but most certainly a clear and simple and easily understood, defence of Presbyterianism as distinguished from other forms of Church Government, professing to be founded on the Bible.

The work is comprised in nine chapters, and the contents of these chapters embody the argument in favor of Presbyterianism with such a regard to the authority of the Bible, and such a handling of the testimony of the Bible as has been rarely equalled, and seldom surpassed, and withal, with such logical skill and power, and accuracy, as are not met with generally in treatises of this nature, especially by modern controversialists.

And then the style of the Book is as terse as the argument is strong. It is a fine specimen of the puritan style, without the puritanic prolixity. While laconic, it is not bald, and the reader is carried forward, step by step, in the argument with an ease and a freedom equal, if not superior, to that which a person feels when in the hands of Richard Baxter, or John Owen.

In the conception of the work, and in the embodying of the conception, Mr. Stewart has shown that he has mastered his Thesis, and it will be a wonder if the Presbyterian Churches of these Provinces, and the whole Presbyterian Church does not hail it as a timely and valuable addition to our Denominational Literature.

The "getting up" of the volume is every way creditable to the enterprising publishers, Campbell & Son, Toronto, - a firm who seem to be animated with the same spirit which distinguishes the Carter's of New York, and which has made that House a blessing to the universal Church, and to the world.

This Book should be in the hands of the young ministry of the Church, both on account of its worth and of its author - a young minister. Our eldership in town and country should procure it if they wish to know clearly and fully the Scriptural authority of their office, and it should be in every Presbyterian home, and in every Congregational and Sabbath School Library throughout our bounds, to the end that every body may be able to give a satisfactory answer to any body that asks, "are you a Presbyterian?" The price of the work is \$1.00.

CHRISTIAN CHARACTER A GROWTH.

It matters not if you cannot tell just when you became a Christian. If you sow a handful of wheat in your garden, we could not tell, though we watched it over so narrowly, the exact moment when it germinated. But when we see the waving grain in the autumn we know it did germinate, and that is all we care for.

A STRONG FAITH.

A sweet little girl—well, she was about ten years of age—came to me not long ago. A few moments she stood hesitating at the door; then I heard a faint knocking.

"Come in. Ah! it is you, Mattie. Here, sit down here by me. Now tell me, what is it?"

"Do you think, sir, he would have me; that is—may I—I would like to join his church?"

"You may, if you love Jesus."

"I do love him, sir."

"Why do you love him, my child?"

Quickly she answered, "I love him because he first loved me."

"Loved me! And he loves you, then? How do you know that?"

"Yes, sir; he does, for he says, 'I love them that love me,' and I know I love him."

"Don't be too positive, Mattie. How do you know that you love him?"

Her eyes fell. "Because he says, 'They that love me keep my commandments,' and I try to keep them."

"Yes, but you fail every day, do you not?"

"Indeed I do, sir; but he says again, 'whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, I will give it you,' and I have asked him to forgive my sins, and I know he will do it," she said, with an air of triumph.

"But what," I said, "if he should fail to keep his promise?"

She looked up with a puzzled look, and then said very reverently, "He said it himself, sir; he cannot fail."

Oh heart, heart! covet this little girl's treasure. Lean on her creed, "He said it himself sir; he cannot fail." - Christian Weekly.

ENGLISH PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

The English Presbyterian Church had, last year, 192 congregations, 1,640 office bearers, 24,000 communicants, and 28,000 seat holders. The receipts for ordinary congregational purposes, and congregational missions, amounted to £11,000; for temporary and extraordinary purposes, \$16,500; and from other sources, £5,706; giving a total of £71,060, which give an average of £2 19s 3d per communicant. The Church had a good band of zealous workers in 646 district visitors, 1,222 members of Dorcas societies, and 2,217 Sabbath schools, and on the roll were 20,000; of day scholars, 6,800; of members of young men's societies, 1,400; and of Bible classes, 2,113.

ADVICE TO GIRLS.

Somebody gives the following advice to girls. It is worth volumes of fiction and sentimentalism:

Men who are worth having want women for wives. A bundle of gawags, bound with a string of flats and quavers, sprinkled with cologne and set in a carmine saucer - this is no help for a man who expects to raise a family of boys on veritable bread and meat. The piano and lace frames are good in their places, and so are ribbons, and frills, and tinsels; but you cannot make a dinner of the former, nor a bed blanket of the latter - and awful as such an idea may seem to you, both dinner and bed blankets are necessary to domestic happiness. Life has its realities as well as its fancies; but you make it all decorations, remembering the tassels and curtains, but forgetting the bedstead. Suppose a man of good sense, and of course good prospects, to be looking for a wife, what chance have you to be chosen? You may cap him, or you may trap him, but how much better to make it an object for him to catch you. Render yourself shrewd catching, and you will need no shrewd mother or brother to help you find a market.

OUR BOOK OF SONG.

The Bible is our Book of song. It is not only our fountain of doctrine, but our fountain of devotion. Mark how much there is in it to sing! Out of its sixteen hundred chapters, about two hundred are mainly lyrical. Some of them are mere bird-gushes of melody. Others are "tender songs in the night" for God's children of sorrow. Others are spirit-rousing battle-hymns to be chanted by Christ's soldiers as they wind up their fortified steep, or hurl themselves on the foe.

THE POETRY OF TREES.

Said Nathaniel Hawthorne: 'The trees, as living existence, form a peculiar link between the dead and us. My fancy has always found something very interesting in an orchard. Apple trees, and all fruit trees, have a domestic character which brings them into relationship with man. They have lost, in a great measure, the wild nature of the forest tree, and have grown humanized by receiving the care of man, and by contributing to his wants. They have become a part of the family; and their individual character is as well understood and appreciated, as those of the human members. One tree is harsh and crabbed; another mild; one is churlish and illiberal; another exhausts itself with its free-hearted bounties. Even the shapes of apple trees have great individuality, into such strange postures do they put themselves, and thrust their branches grotesquely in all directions. And when they stood around a house for many years, and held converse with successive dynasties of occupants, and gladdened their hearts so often in the fruitful autumn, then it would seem almost sacrilege to cut them down.'

COMPOUND INTEREST GIVEN.

I know a rich merchant in St. Petersburg, who, at his own cost, supported a number of native missionaries in India, and gave like a prince, to the cause of God at home. I asked him one day how he could do it? He replied, "When I served the devil, I did it on a large scale, and at a princely expense; and when by His grace, God called me out of darkness, I resolved Christ should have more than the devil had had. But how can I give so much, you must ask of God, who enables me to give it. At my conversion, I told the Lord that His cause should have a part of all that my business brought me in double that it did the year before; so that I can and do, double my gifts in His cause."

"A man there was some called him mad: The more he cast away, the more he had."

"There is," said God, "that giveth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." God will be debt-or to no one. He pays compound interest for all that by faith is put into His bank.

THE AGASSIZ EXPEDITION.

Professor Agassiz's party have visited Rio di Janeiro, and have explored the whole neighborhood of that beautifully situated port. The distinguished naturalist has forwarded a large number of specimens to the Cambridge Museum, Massachusetts. A cotemporary is responsible for the following:

During a trip to the Southern Parahyba river, the Professor obtained specimens of a number of species of fishes, some of them entirely unknown to science, which he very carefully placed in alcohol for preservation. On his way back to Rio di Janeiro, he passed the night at a gentleman's residence, and his host's cook, naturally looking upon the party merely as gentlemen sportsmen, poured off the alcohol and served up the valuable specimens nicely fried for breakfast. It was an appropriate re-quest for a scientific party; but it is hardly to be supposed that the worthy professor would have enjoyed it if he had known at the time the source from which the supplies had been drawn.

One hundred years ago the proportion of communicants to the population in the United States was 1 in 15. Fifty years ago it was 1 in 12. Thirty years ago 1 in 9; and now it is about one in 7.

BRITISH KAFFRARIA.

The death of Tyo Soga, the eminent native Presbyterian minister, writes a correspondent from the Cape of Good Hope, is a sad loss to the colony. Many years will elapse before his equal will be found. His attainments were of a high order. His fervid and unostentatious piety, his knowledge of native character and thorough acquaintance with their customs, rites and prejudices, and the esteem in which he was held by them, made him peculiarly adapted for the work of converting them to Christianity. He has left a widow (a native of Scotland) and a large family. Three of his sons are at school in Scotland, and it is noteworthy that on his taking leave of them on their departure from the colony, he had a presentment that he should never again see them in the flesh. The greatest of Mr. Soga's literary achievements, and the one most likely to live among the Kaffir races, is his translation of "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," which is highly eulogised by Kaffir linguists. The Lovedale Seminary where Soga was educated, is, in my opinion, the most effective of all the agencies employed in the mission field of South Africa. Intelligent natives are there taught useful mechanical trades, and made thoroughly conversant with the science of agriculture, both in theory and practice. I confess I was agreeably surprised to witness the skill of native compositers in the printing department of that institution. The Kaffir Express, a monthly publication in Kaffir and English, is printed by natives at Lovedale, and is a credit, not only to natives themselves and the missionaries, but to the society which supports them. The seminary buildings, which include a commodious chapel, ministers' houses, &c., are very extensive, and the gardens, when I saw them in August, were very attractive, the orange trees in particular being loaded with golden fruit. The beautiful cypress also, so stately and mournful, the Babylonian willows "dressed in living green," and the copious and lavish supply of clear, cool, running water from the Chumio river, imparts life and vigour and beauty to every tree and flower and shrub in the vicinity of this spiritual oasis in the desert of South Africa. - Freeman.

WONDERS OF THE LIGHTNING.

A flash of lightning rushes through space at such a rate that it might go from the earth to the moon in one second. Then what time is allowed a man's nerves to transmit to the brain the impression of a stroke of lightning? and what time has the brain to understand such a crash? Absolutely none! The flash occurs, and in silence and darkness a life is cut off. Experience bears out this deduction, for Professor Tyndall, in his "Fragments of Science," gives the following circumstance: "On June 30, 1788, a soldier in the neighbourhood of Mannheim, being overtaken by rain, placed himself under a tree, beneath which a woman had previously taken shelter. He looked upwards to see whether the branches were thick enough to afford the required protection, and in doing so was struck by lightning and fell senseless to the earth. The woman at his side experienced the shock in her foot, but was not struck down. Some hours afterward the man revived, but remembers nothing about what occurred, save the fact of his looking up at the branches. This was his last act of consciousness, and he passed from the conscious to the unconscious without pain."

Professor Tyndall relates thus his own experience:

"Some time ago I happened to stand in the presence of a numerous audience with a battery of fifteen large Leyden jars charged beside me; through some awkwardness on my part, I touched a wire leading from the battery and the discharge went through my body. Life was absolutely blotted out for a very sensible interval, without a trace of pain. In a second or so consciousness returned; I saw myself in the presence of the audience and apparatus, and by the help of these external appearances immediately concluded that I had received the battery discharge. The intellectual consciousness of my position was restored with exceeding rapidity; but not so the optical consciousness. To prevent the audience from being alarmed, I observed that it had often been my desire to receive accidentally such a such a shock, and that my wish had at length been fulfilled. But while making this remark, the appearance which my body presented to myself was that of a number of separate pieces. The arms, for example, were detached from the trunk and seemed suspended in air. In fact, memory and the power of reasoning appeared to be completely long before the optic nerve was restored to healthy action. But what I wish chiefly to dwell upon here is, the absolute painlessness of the shock; and there cannot be a doubt that to a person struck dead by lightning, the passage from life to death occurs without consciousness being in the least degree implicated. It is an abrupt stoppage of sensation unaccompanied by a pang." - Evening Post.

THE AGGREGATE OF MISSIONARY WORK IN INDIA.

Twenty-seven different Boards and Societies are now laboring to spread the gospel in India. Altogether they have 628 stations, and over 2,000 out stations. In nearly 8,000 different communities, therefore the light of the gospel is now beginning to shine - in each instance reaching to greater or less extent multitudes of people. Over 500 ordained missionaries, and 100 native pastors, and 2,500 native preachers and catechists are preaching the Word directly, while more than 8,000 teachers are employed in the great work of enlightening the young. The whole number of communicants is about 70,000, and the nominal Protestant Christians about 268,000, 187,000 of the youth of India are in the schools.

As one of the very noblest testimonies to the value of missions in India, as judged by those on the ground, is the fact that the sum of \$151,787 was last year contributed by residents, mostly English and American. The native contributions were \$43,101.

But statistics give only a very inadequate idea of what has been done in India. The translation and dissemination of the Bible and other religious books in twenty three different languages and dialects, the under-mining of systems of error, the changed attitude of the Government and the people toward missions, the learning of the best methods and demonstrations of success, and the illustration of Christianity as affecting the home, the position of women, the elevation of children, the prevention of cruelty, and the vindication of the rights of all - these are among the grand results accomplished.

YOUR CHURCH PAPER.

You might nearly as well forget your churches, academies, and school-houses as your church paper. It speaks to ten times the audience that your local minister does, and if it has any ability at all, it is read eagerly each week from beginning to end. It reaches you all and if it has a lower spirit and less wisdom than a sermon, it has a thousand times better chance at you. Lying as it does, open upon every table in almost every house, you owe it to yourselves to rally liberally to its support, and exact from it as able, high-toned a character as you do from any education in your midst. It is in no sense beneath notice and care - unless yourselves are beneath notice and care - for 't is your representative. Indeed, in its character it is the summation of the importance, interest and welfare of you all. It is the aggregate of your consequence, and you cannot ignore it without miserably deprecating yourselves. - New York Times.

WALKING.

Walking briskly, with an exciting object of pleasant interest ahead, is the most healthful of all forms of exercise except that of encouraging remunerative, steady labor in the open air; and yet multitudes in the city, whose health urgently requires exercise, seldom walk when they can ride if the distance is a mile or more. It is worse in the country, especially with the well-to-do; a horse or carriage must be brought to the door even if less distances have to be passed. Under the conditions first named, walking is a bliss; it gives animation to the mind, it vivifies the circulation, it paints the cheek and sparkles the eye, and wakes up the whole being, physical, mental and moral.

We know a family in this city who, from the age of seven, had to walk nearly two miles to school, winter and summer; whether sleet, or storm, or rain, or burning sun, they made it an ambition never to stay away from school on account of the weather, and never to be "late"; and one of them was heard to boast that in seven years it had never been necessary to give an "excuse" for being one minute behind the time, even although in winter it was necessary to dress by gaslight. They did not average two days' sickness in a year, and later they thought nothing of walking twelve miles at a time in the Swiss mountains. Sometimes they would be caught in drenching rains, and wet to the skin; on such occasions they made it a point to do one thing - let it rain, - and trudged on more vigorously until every thread was dry before they reached home.

There is no unmedicinal remedy known to men of more value in the prevention of constipation than a few miles' joyous walking; let one follow it up a week - a walk of two or three miles in the forenoon, and as much in the afternoon - and, except in rare cases, when a longer continuance may be made, the result will be triumphant, and yet nine persons out of ten would rather give a dollar a bottle for some mucous drops or poisonous pills than take the trouble to put in practice the natural remedy of walking. Nor is there an anodyne among all the drugs in the world which is the hundredth part so efficacious, in securing refreshing, healthful, delicious, glorious sleep, as a judicious walk. - Hall's Journal of Health.