

few days old, is long in his limbs, tall, erect, lively, but as yet very unfit for burden or harness. Modesty became the wife of Isaac, and modesty is a becoming grace in the young bride of Christ."

Few of the pioneers claimed the full assurance of their salvation. "God only knows the depravity of my heart," said one. "Was there ever such a guilty wretch? I sometimes wonder if I am a child of God at all. Oh minister," said he, turning to his pastor, and speaking in most pathetic tones, "were I ready I would willingly depart, but alas those doubts and fears. Still, like Rutherford, I will hold to Christ under the water, and if I must drown I will not let go my hold of Him." The speaker was once greatly beloved by the people, and many were moved to tears by his earnest words.

As he sat down there slowly rose to his feet an old man with a wintry beard falling upon his breast, but a strange glow of fire in his eye, which told of a life within that winter could not touch. With evident but delicate reference to the last speaker, he says in a quiet, subdued voice, "We're all guilty, but let us not forget the infinite ransom paid. Rebekah knew that she was Isaac's wife, and it would be no honor to Isaac to have her doubting her relationship to him. We owe ten thousand talents, and we are not able to pay one, but the husband assumes the wife's debt. The God-man has paid our debt to the uttermost farthing. Believing this we enter into peace. The clouds vanish, the sun appears, the birds sing, and all is joy and peace." "Whether I sing or whether I sigh," said Elder Rose, "the promise is true and the Promiser is faithful. Sometimes I stand on Tabor's summit and sometimes I am hidden in Bala's vale, but His love abideth, and His promise is sure, and I am always safe."

Thus one "Man" after another gave his testimony — Donald Macleod, John Mackay, D. Urquhart, Hector Ross, Robert Matheson, and others. Dr. Mackay's vivid pen-pictures will call to the recollection of many scenes of former times. The book should be in every Presbyterian home.

#### The Parson's Barrel.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

"Well, parson," said Deacon Goodgokl to his pastor, "that last Sunday morning's sermon was number one prime; may I ask you which end of the barrel that came out on? Your barrel is like the widder's in Scripture—it never seems to give out." "I am glad that for my sermon suited you," replied the genial dominie, "for I got part of that at that your house, part came from Neighbor B—'s, and part from poor Mrs. C—, in whose sickroom I spent an hour, and one hint in it came from your boy Frank, who rode by my house on 'old gray' without any saddle or bridle. I picked up some of the best things in that discourse during an afternoon spent in pastoral visiting."

Parson Honeywell was a shrewd man, and a faithful, good pastor. He had not a great many books, and his family increased faster than his library. His Bible he had at his finger's ends; it was his one great, unexhausted storehouse of heavenly knowledge. But he also had a book of human knowledge second only to God's Word. In the forenoon he studied his Bible, and in the afternoon he sallied out with horse and buggy and studied his people. He rode with his eyes open, finding illustrations—like his divine Master—from the birds of the air, the flowers of the field and the sower or plowman by the wayside. His mind was on his sermon all the week. If he saw a farmer letting his team "blow" under a roadside tree, he halted and had a chat with him. He observed the farmer's style of thought, gave him a few words of golden counsel and drove on, leaving the farmer something to think of and something to love his pastor for also. If he saw a boy on his way from school he took the lad into his buggy and asked him some questions which set the young-

ster to studying his Bible when he got home. Parson Honeywell caught his congregation when they were young.

Deacon Goodgokl was curious to know more about the way in which his minister had gathered up that last Sunday's sermon. "Well," replied the parson, "I was studying on the subject of trusting God in times of trial. First, I went to the fountain head, for my Bible never runs dry. I studied my text thoroughly, comparing Scripture with Scripture; I prayed over it; for a half hour of prayer is worth two hours of study, in getting light on the things of God. After I had put my heads and doctrinal points on paper I sat out to find my practical observations among our congregation. I rode down to your house, and your wife told me her difficulties about the doctrine of assurance of faith. From there I went over to your neighbor B—'s house; he is terribly cut down since he failed in business. He told me that with the breaking down of his son's health and his own breakdown in the store he could hardly hold his head up, and he had begun to feel awfully rebellious towards his heavenly Father. I gave him a word or two of cheer, and noted down just what his difficulties were. From his store I went to see poor Mrs. C—, who is dying slowly by consumption. She showed me a favorite flower that she had put into her window sill to catch the sunshine, and said that her flower had been a daily sermon to her about keeping her soul in the sunshine of her Saviour's countenance. Her talk braced me up and gave me a good hint. Then I called on the Widow M—, who always needs a word of sympathy. Before I came away she told me that her daughter Mary could not exactly understand what it was to trust Christ, and was finding no peace, although she had been under deep conviction of sin for several weeks. I had her daughter called in and I drew from her all the points of difficulty; I read to her such texts of scripture as applied to her case, prayed with her, and then started home. Your boy rode by my house on the old horse, who went along without any bridle, and stopped when he got to the bars that lead to the pasture.

"Before I went to bed I worked in all the material that I had gathered during the afternoon, and I studied out the solution to the difficulties of your wife and of your neighbor B—, and of the troubled daughter of Widow M—, and wove the answer to such doubts and difficulties in my sermon. The cheerful experiences of good Mrs. C— in her sick chamber helped me mightily, for faith in action is worth several pounds of it in theory. I went to my pulpit last Sunday pretty sure that my sermon would help three or four persons there, and if it would fit their cases I judged that it would fit thirty or forty more cases. For human nature is pretty much alike, and sometimes when I preach a discourse that comes home close to my own heart's wants, I take it for granted that it will come to plenty of other hearts in the congregation."

"Yes, parson," said the deacon, "your sermons cut a pretty broad swath. I often feel 'thou art the man' when you hit some of my besetting sins. I have often been wantin' to ask you why your sermon barrel have never giv' out, as poor Parson Scanty's barrel did before you came here. He always giv' us about the same sermon, and as I set away back by the door, it got to be mighty thin by the time it got to my pew."

Parson Honeywell turned pleasantly to the deacon and said: "I will tell you what the famous old Dr. Bellamy once said to a young minister who asked him how he should always have material for his sermons. The shrewd old doctor said: 'Young man, fill up the cask, fill up the cask, and then if you want to tap it anywhere, you will get a full stream; but if you put in very little, it will dribble, dribble, and you may tap and tap and get precious little after all.' I always got my people to help me fill up the cask. Good afternoon, deacon."

#### Rattled by the Millions.

Dear Editor.—We seem to have some rare masters in arithmetic in this Canada of ours. That member of Assembly who was "converted" to the Century Fund scheme has a curious idea of a million dollars. The Westminster reports him as saying: "A thousand is only the ten thousandth part of a million!" His "conversion" really commits him to a ten million dollar scheme!

There is another man who seems to be rattled in handling such large sums. The Presbyterian Review of this week, quoting professedly from Dr. George Smith, says: "The Church of the Reformation at the close of the nineteenth century spend annually from three to three and a quarter millions sterling in sending missionaries and Bibles to non-Christians, as against ten million pounds at its beginning!"

Yours, JOS. HAMILTON.

#### Literary Notes.

The Biblot (T. B. Mosher, Portland, Maine, 5 cents) for July contains "Translations from the French of Villon, by Algernon Charles Swinburne." Villon is not much known even to the intelligent English reader, but his strange sad life has a fascination for those who are in the fullest sense worshippers at the shrine of literature. We are told that "all Paris of the fifteenth century revolves in the vivid hurry of his verse; one hears in his stanzas the very popular cries and watchwords of the street and the favorite oaths of the gallants and women of the day." (John Payne), or in the words of Andrew Lang:

"All this your master Villon knew and sung:  
Despised delights, and faint foredoe desire;  
And shame, a deathless worm, a quenchless fire,  
And laughter from the heart's last sorrow wrung.  
When half-repentance but makes evil whole,  
And prayer that cannot help wears out the soul."

Those who are interested in the French poet will be delighted with these choice translations.

The International Journal of Ethics for July, 1899 (1305 Arch-street, Philadelphia, 65c), has articles on a variety of subjects, such as "Good Citizenship and Athletics," "The Mission of Music," etc., as well as a large number of book reviews, the books criticised being those which bear in a more or less direct manner on ethics or social life. Among the more lengthy contributions the prominent place is given to an essay on "The New Ethical Philosophy," by Dr. J. Watson, of Queen's College, Kingston. Dr. Watson subjects the new theory, which claims to be an improved form of idealism, to a searching examination and thorough criticism, with a view to showing its contradictory character and sceptical tendency. This article demands careful reading and is well worth the attention of those who are interested in philosophical theories.

The July number of Every Month contains an admirable article on women's field of labor under the title of "Leaders in the Army of Self-Supporting Women," with illustrations of some of the more prominent women workers, which will be read with interest by men and women alike and will help to demonstrate how closely shoulder to shoulder, the up-to-date girl and her brother stand. The garden for July is often a puzzle for floriculturists, but some light is thrown upon this perplexing question by Geo. R. Knapp, whose experiment grounds at Asbury Park have given him a wide reputation as an authority. The music is wisely of a light and lively character as befits the weather. "Infatuation Waltzes," seven pages of well-printed music, will no doubt be widely played this summer; "Mack's Lullaby," arranged for mandolin and guitar, will be welcomed by players of these instruments. It is only necessary to compare the quality and quantity of music given monthly by this excellent magazine with the other so-called musical periodicals to see the superior value and excellence of Every Month, 1200 Broadway, New York.