

having been received into fellowship, one has been removed by death, and two by letter, giving the church a net gain of six new members. Total number on 101st April 30th, 1880, forty-four. The congregations have been very good throughout the year, the evening congregation averaging from 150 to 175. A number of improvements have been made to the church, the principal one being the increased seating accommodation provided. Several entertainments were held during the winter months, realizing \$37.16 for the benefit of the Improvement Funds. The Ladies' Aid Society has been at work during the year. By a sorree the interest on the church debt was raised, also some \$41.58 from sales of bazaar goods. The financial report shewed the church finances to be slightly improved on the preceding year. The total amount raised during the year by the church for denominational purposes was \$1,274.70. The Sabbath school report was a very interesting one. The total number on the school roll April 30th, 1880, was eighteen teachers and 129 scholars, being an increase of seventeen scholars for the year, with an average attendance of 102 every Sabbath. The library had been enlarged, and several improvements made in the seating of the class rooms. In reviewing the general state of the church and school we feel thankful to our heavenly Father for all His goodness to us; and we trust that our future may be still more prosperous, and that we may both as a church and school go on to do our Master's work in the spirit of love, and with the desire to win souls for Christ.

W. T., JR.

Items from Abroad.

TWENTY-ONE boys in the Lutheran mission at Guntoor, India, have sent a donation of three *rupees* or \$1.50, towards building a Lutheran Mission Church in Brooklyn, N.Y. It was the fruit of their self-denial, being saved from their monthly allowance of food.

THE Viceroy of Egypt has given property to the mission of the United Presbyterians worth \$50,000, and the donations of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh have amounted in all to \$80,000. It has thirty-five stations, nearly 1,000 communicants, and over 1,200 pupils.

THE activity of the Protestant agents and colporteurs in Rome has aroused the ire of the Roman correspondent of the "Tablet." He writes: "In all the principal thoroughfares men are hired to walk up and down and present those passing by with a Bible for a few soldi. On the steps of the Church of the Crocifissione those agents had the audacity (!) to offer a Diodati's Bible to a learned prelate, with the observation, 'Take it, Monsignor, for you have more need of it than others.'"

THE death is announced of Monsignor Alberti, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Syra, in the Archipelago. He was one of the persistent opponents of the doctrine of Papal Infallibility at the Vatican Council, openly voting against the decree. He was a man of moderate views and most tolerant in his practice, always living on the best terms with his fellow-Christians of the Greek communion. He was in the seventy-first year of his age, and had been bishop in Syra thirty-seven years.

THE Bishop of Manchester, speaking the other day at Burnley, said this country was rapidly passing into democratic tendencies. Wherever they looked they saw that the democratic spirit which existed thirty years ago had now spread, not only in the United States, but also over a great part of Europe. It had its perils—its great perils—but, as everything in this world, it had its blessings and advantages too. Some said that if the leveling doctrines prevailed it would be a bad time for wealthy men. He did not believe it would ever be a bad time for rich men, if rich men would only discharge themselves adequately of their duty. He believed the English people liked to see, and they had a right to expect to see, in those who had fortunes and estates that they should recognize their responsibilities.

FATHER HOJDA, the pastor of St. Wenceslaus Catholic Church in Baltimore, has made public renunciation of his adherence to the Church of Rome, and will begin at once a course of studies in Protestant doctrines, preparatory to being ordained a minister. He made this renunciation a week or two ago in the Trinity Lutheran Church, in the presence of two Lutheran pastors, the trustees of two Lutheran churches, and a large congregation. Soon after the services of the day began he stepped out to the front of the chancel, and after announcing his change of faith, signed a document setting forth the fact and renouncing his adherence to the Roman Church. On the day following this he sent a formal letter of resignation to Archbishop Gibbons, saying he had taken the step after long and careful consideration. Hojda was born in Bohemia, and is about thirty-two years of age. His Baltimore congregation was almost exclusively composed of Bohemians, and he was called to the church only about a year ago from the diocese of Bohemia. It is understood that he will be followed into the Protestant Church by several members of his former parish.

TO A BEREAVED FRIEND.

Sister, stay the tears now starting;
Nay, but let them freely flow,
They will ease thy heart's sad smarting,
They will help to soothe thy woe.
Nature's tribute to the dead,
Be that fitting tribute paid.

Yet, amid thy spirit's grieving
Lift thy downcast eyes above;
"Be not faithless, but believing,"
Jesus lives, and He is love.
When 'n deepest shades of night
His sweet smile will give thee light.

Well I know thy heart's deep yearning
For the loved one gone before,
In life's school we're ever learning
Lessons from a hidden lore:
And the more the spirit learns,
More it loves, and more it yearns.

Oft we see dark clouds, concealing
Other clouds beyond our view;
Only now and then revealing
Gleams of sunlight shining through.
Let us fathom what we will
Mysteries thicken round us still.

Yet, to our amazed beholding,
When our souls are freed from sin,
Yonder pearly gates unfolding
Shall reveal the light within.
Then the golden hues of day
All dark clouds will chase away.

There shall be no more heartrending;
There shall come no sound of strife;
But each soul in union blessing
Feel the thrill of endless life.
Paradise shall bloom again,
And God o'er all forever reign.

Whitby, Ont.

ROSS JOHNSTON.

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

DR. BUCKE, medical superintendent of the London Asylum for the Insane, has lately published a pamphlet on "Alcohol in Health and Disease," in which he takes very strong ground against the use in any way or to any extent of all alcoholic liquors whether as beverages or as a medicine. We have not such medical knowledge as would justify us in saying that alcohol never does good to a person suffering from disease. We are, however, fully persuaded that the reckless manner in which many doctors prescribe it to their patients, is not only culpable, but positively criminal. We are glad to hear Dr. Bucke's testimony to the fact that he has cut off all intoxicants from the patients in the asylum over which he presides, not only without injury to those unfortunates, but with positive advantage. Prescribing alcohol will, in due course, follow blood-letting to the limbo of discovered frauds.

A MISTAKE.

A young man who thinks he can lead a reckless and profligate life until he becomes a middle-aged man, and then repent and make a good, steady citizen, is deluded. He thinks that people are fools, destitute of memory. He concludes that if he repent everybody will forget that he was a dissipated fellow. This is not the case; people remember your bad deeds and forget your good ones. Besides, it is no easy thing to break off in middle life bad habits that have been formed in youth. When a horse contracts the habit of balking, he generally retains it through life. He will often perform well enough till the wheels get into a deep hole, and then he stops and holds back. Just so is it with the boys who contract bad habits. They will sometimes leave off their bad tricks and do well enough till they get into a tight place, and then they return to the old habit.

WE remember hearing of a young man who, on Saturday night, having received his wages, found himself in possession of five dollars and twenty cents. He started down town to buy some food for his family, and on his way drifted into the dramshop, where he was too frequently a visitor. One drink made him generous, and he was prepared to "treat all hands," and an hour passed swiftly in the rough hilar-

ity which graces such places of resort. At length he, late in the evening, bethought himself that it was time to go, and called for his reckoning. The dramseller figured up the account, and it was just five dollars and twenty cents. The young man handed out the five dollar note, saying to the landlord, "You will have to trust me for the twenty cents;" and started for the market. Entering there he said to the market man: "What have you got that you can sell me for twenty cents? It is all the money I have, and I want to buy something for my family." "There is a bunch of soup-bones that you can have for twenty cents," was the reply. He accordingly bought them, had them put in a parcel, and was about starting for home, not without some reproachful thoughts, when the dramseller with whom he had spent the evening entered the market, ordered a quantity of porter-house steak, and pulled out a five dollar note, the identical one which he had paid him, and gave it to the market man. Our dram drinking friend had seen enough. He started for home, and probably did more good solid thinking on the road than he had done before in several years. Entering his house, he gave his wife the soup-bones, and said: "There, wife, that is the last time you will ever have to live on soup-bones, that I may furnish money for the rum-seller to buy porter-house steak with." From that time he turned from his cups, entered the paths of temperance and sobriety, and was able to buy beefsteak for his own family, instead of feeding them on soup-bones, from which the rum-seller had picked the meat.—*The Christian*.

THE following letter is extracted from the "Church of England Temperance Chronicle," the editor of which vouches for its being a genuine and authentic document. We can well believe it. Not a few in Toronto, and all over Canada, could only too sadly and truly write the same, or even worse, as descriptive of their own sad experiences. When will all good and Christian men and women unite in helping those sad and suffering ones, and in keeping the thoughtless and unwary, so often deceived by the fatal drinking customs of the day, from rushing to the same pitiable ruin? "My dear Mr. ——— You are to preach next Sunday on 'Intemperance.' I do not quite know what your views on this subject are, but perhaps you will allow me, as a member of your congregation, and one who loves you as her minister, and blesses God for sending her under your precious ministrations, to ask you to read and ponder the enclosed little book and speak a strong word on Sunday against the sin which is ruining so many. I speak from bitter experience. My childhood's days were shadowed by the curse resting on her who should have been the light of the home, and whose memory now brings little of pleasure to her children. I married, thinking I could respect and honour him who became my husband, a moderate drinker he called himself: never took drink in working hours, etc., etc. My married life has been one long experience of sorrow and suffering, physical and mental, uncheered except by my children, though I pray God night and day to send me no more, and to preserve those I have from the hereditary tendencies a drunkard transmits to his children. My husband is a church member, and few know how far he has fallen. During the last year he has been ninety-seven times tie worse for drink, sometimes helplessly so, generally only hilarious, loquacious, or irritable and abusive. It is not very often that he is personally cruel, though I have many bitter experiences of even that. Just think, Mr. ———, how wifely love can live to such an one, and how disgust, loathing, and even contempt strive to fill our heart. What is a wife's duty to a drunken husband is a problem I study continually, and can never solve satisfactorily. I can only cry to God to change his heart, and give me wisdom and patience. I cannot sign my name to this as I would fain hide from all the world, as long as it will hide, the curse in my home; but dear Mr. ———, mine is no isolated case, and moderate drinking is to blame for it all. May God forgive those who continually lead my poor weak husband into this sin."