

south of Rio de Janeiro. Mr. Van Orden is to be supported mainly by contributions from England and Scotland. He is to open a book department, and publish two papers, one in the vernacular, and one in English.

The Society of Friends in England and the United States have held their yearly meetings. In the latter country the Friends had 60,000 members, with 662 churches, 6,000 Sunday-school scholars, and church property worth \$4,000,000. In Great Britain there are 20,000 more members, and there are a few also connected with European and foreign missions. In England they have had an net increase during the year of 155 members, and claim that the statistics of their body of late years show that it has fully overcome the tendency toward a decline it so long manifested, and is now increasing.

In the recent General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church the most interesting debate was on the subject of instrumental music. A motion to send the matter down to the Presbyteries in order that the like might be given to the churches wishing to use the organ after a stirring discussion was rejected by a vote of 110 to 50.

The Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Indiana has given up half his salary for the coming year in consequence of the financial embarrassments.

Thirty-two churches in London, and within a radius of 12 miles, are affected by the judgment in the Kildale case, so far as vestments are concerned.

The Archbishop of Canterbury administered the communion at Canterbury Cathedral May 24, and it was observed that he took particular pains not to turn in the slightest degree toward the east during the proceedings. This was regarded as a deliberate pronouncement by the Archbishop in connection with the Kildale judgment, and as a protest against those who contend that the eastward position is the only legal one.

The Welsh Calvinistic Methodists have just held their General Assembly in London. They report an increase of 5,700 members during the year, and have 112,000 names of communicants on their roll. Their collections have also increased to £167,205.

An Old Catholic priest was married May 27 in the Old Catholic Church at Breslau. The officiating priest dwelt in his sermon on the importance of this step for the Old Catholic movement.

A programme is being circulated in Italy for the organization of a new crusade for the deliverance of the Pope, and to war upon secret societies. It is called the militia of Jesus Christ, and proposes, since arms are not possible at this moment for the re-vindication of the Holy See, to fight "by prayer, by word, and by writing." Members must renounce every work of association contrary to the laws of the Church, must observe the laws of the Church implicitly, must be faithful in all pious exercises, refuse support to "had publications," and encourage good ones, and wear the cross of the seraphim. The association is said to have 1,000,000 members, principally in France and Belgium, and has received the blessing of the Pope.

The Times of India states, that so intense is the sympathy which Mohammedans of both the Suni and the Shiah denomination in India feel for their co-religionists in Turkey, that at a recent appeal in Unrisrath the very women eagerly brought their ornaments as subscriptions to the Turkish government to fight against Russia. Nor has Lahore felt less, for so strong has been the "Mohammedan" feeling that several gentlemen have sold all that they have in order to enable their sons to proceed to Constantinople and there place their money and lives at the service of Turkey, the guardian of the sacred shrines and the nucleus of Mohammedanism.

The licensed victuallers of Melbourne, Australia, have come to a solemn resolution that they will strictly carry out the law recently passed forbidding Sunday traffic in intoxicating liquors. An agreement has been signed pledging its authors to abide by it, and appointing a Vigilance Committee to see that its provisions are faithfully obeyed. Owing to this, on Sunday last, not a single case of drunkenness was reported. The police state that it was one of the quietest Sundays known. A similar law is to be introduced into the city of Sydney.—*Australian Churchman.*

Editor Christian Helper.

DEAR BRO.—In perusing your article on "Forward," in your paper to hand to-day, the enclosed poetry was recalled to mind. I read it somewhere eight or ten years ago, and although a mere child then, I have never forgotten it.

The strain is similar to that in your article. If you should be worthy of insertion in your valuable paper, I shall be glad to see it in print again.

Yours in Christian labor,

June 14th, 1877.

THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM.

A stranger and a pilgrim here, I travel on my way
With watchful care, lest foes around, should lead
My steps astray.

The gate is narrow, the path is thorny which I
tread,

But hitherto, thro' darkness thick, I have been
safely led :

And shall I now forget the path? Faith bids me
answer, no,

The Christian watchword "Onward" is, and
onward I must go.

There's not a spot on this wide earth, where I
would wish to rest ;

The joys of which it fondly boasts are transient,
Tis true there is the summer calm, as well as
winter's storm,

And where the thorns bestrew my path, are
flowers of beauteous form ;

And shall not these protract my stay, tho' sweet
they be? Ah, no,—

The Christian's watchword "Onward" is, and
onward I must go.

The present things are temporal :—these I would
leave behind,

And forward urge, with strength renewed, eternal
things to find.

There is another land beyond—a better land, I've
read,

A distant happy clime, of which delightful things
are said :

My home is there, my native home, can I forget
it? no,

The Christian's watchword "Onward" is, and
onward I must go.

I have a Father living there, whose gracious
smiling face

I never yet have seen, but in the class of gospel
grace,

There He unfolds, before my view, His beams of
glory bright,

And my longing restless soul, with permanent
delight

I dare not for a moment doubt His boundless
love,—oh no,

The Christian's watchword "Onward" is, and
onward I must go.

There shall I meet beloved friends, around my
Father's throne,

Where sin and sorrow, pain and death, are ut-
terly unknown.

The grandeur of my Father's throne, I then can
clearly see,

And spend with Him in bliss sublime, a long
eternity ;

And shall I, wearied with my toils, thankless or
restless grow ?

The Christian's watchword "Onward" is, and
onward I must go.

There shall I see Him as He is, the wonderful
I AM,

The precious Comforter divine, the dear redeeming
Lamb,

A Triune God, the King of kings, before whom
angels fall,

And seraphs with their faces veiled, proclaim
Him Lord of all ;

And shall I cease to contemplate the joys that
flow from Him? no,

The Christian's watchword "Onward" is, and
onward I must go.

Then shall I wear the promised crown, which
fadeth not away,

And the robes of pure unspotted white, which
never can decay.

The beauty of my Father's face, I then can clearly
see,

And spend with Him, in bliss sublime, a long
eternity.

Then in this short fleeting life, no matter weal or
woe,

A stranger and a pilgrim here, still onward will
I go.

A story is told of a legal official whose business it was to take affidavits and administer oaths, that a gentleman who called on him one day took up a book which was lying on his desk while his friend was temporarily engaged. "I see," he said, "that you find time to amuse yourself with light reading as a relief to your dry legal business."

"Light literature," returned the functionary, "why that's the New Testament upon which I swear my clients." "New Testament, indeed," rejoined the other, "why, it is 'Thaddeus of Warsaw.'" "Then," said the notary, "not a deed which has been signed in this office for the last thirty years is worth the paper it's written upon."

A new chaplain was recently appointed in a certain town. He was a man who greatly magnified his office, and entering one of the cells on his first round of inspection, he with much pomposity thus addressed the prisoner who occupied it: "Well, sir, do you know who I am?" "No; nor I dinna care," was the nonchalant reply. "Well, I'm your new chaplain." "Oh, ye are? Weel, I hae heard of ye before." "And what did you hear?" returned the chaplain, his curiosity getting the better of his dignity. "Weel, I heard that the last twa kirks ye were in ye preached them baith empty; but ye'll find it no such easy matter to do the same with this ane."

A tutor of one of the Oxford colleges who limped in his walk was some years after accosted by a well-known politician, who asked him if he was not chaplain of the college at such a time, naming the year. The doctor replied that he was. The interrogator then observed, "I know you by your limp." "Well," said the doctor, "it seems my limping made a deeper impression than my preaching." "Ah, doctor," was the reply, "with ready wit, it is the highest compliment we can pay a minister, to say that he is known by his walk rather than by his conversation."