## The Family.

WHICH WAY WILL YOU HAVE YOUR BOY TO GO?

O, Wittell way will you have your boy to go? Two well-marked roads beyond do part, you know— The mountain path—the straight and narrow was; And the decline, where fogs and mists do play.

That fair young form, your boy, will tread but one,
He cannot travel both, nor travel none,
Just over one he's bound to pass, you know;
O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go? Your boy may travel fast, or travel slow; Yet travel must the way of peace and life, Or else the way of sin and shame and strife The way where God is loved-where heart is pure, Or path of lust that leads to ruin sure; Yes, over one he's bound to pass, you know O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go? You know he'll run for weal, or run for wee;
Ite'll find the path that leads to you bright home;
Or find the road to death—the suiner's doom; He'll find the fount where sin is washed away, Or find his vileness grow more vile each day. For over one he's bound to pass, you know; O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go? That fair and tender child you cherish so;

O, will you faunch his bark on waters bright;
And old him watch for beaven's beacon light? Or have him guide his boat with wayward hand, And eat and drink and sport with drunken band? For over one he's bound to pass, you know; O, which way will you have you boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go? Dear mother, say. Tis God who wants to know.
Our country opes a way that she should close,
Lets demons crush our boys with mortal blows;
For by a license law strong drink is sold,
To fill our homes with death—her vaults with gold; Yes, over one he's bound to pass, you know ; O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way will you have your boy to go? The drunkard's swift descent far down below, Where vile debauch deforms the fairest life, Where man dishonours sister, mother, wife? Or royal road where all who walk are blest? Dear father, say, which way do you think best? For over one he's bound to pass, you know; O, which way will you have your boy to go

O, which way will you have your boy to go? Shall Jesus cleanse from sin-make white as snow Will you instruct his lips to temp'rance mild?

Or have his passions fired, his sou! defiled? He'll drink his wine, and quaff his demon bowl And run with speed unto his dreadful goal; For over one he's bound to pass, you know; O, which way will you have your boy to go?

O, which way - 'll you have your boy to go? Beyond the clouds where crystal waters flow?
To sparkling seas—to thrones of glory bright—
To mansions where the Saviour is the light?
Or far down the slope of endless death— To drunkard's grave—to prison house beneath? For over one he's bound to pass, you know;

O, which way will you have your boy to go?

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in the metropolis. The citizens were in as much consternation as if the British fleet had gone to the bottom and the chief of miles of miles. bottom and the ships of united Europe were lying off Woolwich. There was an expectation that the richest city in the world was to be ransacked, its treasures thrown into the streets, and the lives of the inhabitants placed in utter peril. The streets, usually lighted up by the glare of the shops, were in darkness, for the shops were closed by order of the police. These so-called guardians were posted in strong force at possible coignes of danger, and it was well known that armed men, "servants of civilization," were ready to charge the expected foe. To add to the dismay—for when do misfortunes come singly?—there was a thick black ondon for envelnight appointed for the annual meeting of St. Johh's-wood Presbyterian church! Could and would the meeting be held under such circumstances? We did not doubt it for a moment. We did not imagine that Dr. Gibson and his friends would abandon duty and given place to panic. So by the underground railway, unmoved by the perturbation of the upper world, we hurried on to Mariborough-place. It is six years since Dr. Monro Gibson, with unequalled resource and characteristic energy, struck his tent at Chicago and marched on London. He entered upon an enterprise which never counts its campaigns, and with a real worthy of the cause he vigorously set to work. He is to-day the commander of a strong, well-equipped and organized brigade, every member of which is moved with the same real as their leader, and every member is a volunteer. The Presbyterian Church of England is on probation. If it as a body settles down upon the lees, contented if but the machinery keeps moving, and taking for its motto, "Out of debt out of danger," powerless, the sooner it is nameless the better. But there are within its bounds in London congregations which take a foremost place in the true work of a church, and one of these is Dr. Gibson's. Upon a review of their work—for the congregation has been in existence for more than a dozen years-it may safely be said that they have solved in their scope of operations: How best a rich congregation may minister to the spiritual wants of a poor and churchless district.

On reaching our destination we found the con gregation in a social mode enjoying the cup which cheers, and foremost among them all was Dr. Gibson and his good lady seeing that everybody was made at home. For Dr. Gibson is a strong all round man; he has the endowment of a strongly developed spirit of humanity which, in every circle and work, helps, guides and directs. He believes in the press, and we have no need to praise his books. We have known him, when he espied a reporter "taking him down" on a Sunday forenoon, asking the scribe home to dinner and supplying him with copies of the quotations from the poets which the doctor knows how effectively to use, and which the knight of the swift pen had not thoroughly caught. There are no seats to let in the church, and the members number more than 700. Every possible machinery is in order requisite for Christian work. The Sabbath School is supplemented by two of the office-bearers who, living at some distance, have opened their respective houses for the children of the neighbourhood.

But it is of their mission work we would prefer to write. Kilburn is a very poor neighbourhood about one and a half miles distant. The congre-

gation has spent from £2,000 to £3,000 in erecting mission buildings, in which from seventy to one hundred workers find occupation. The mission church has over 180 members on the roll; and space would fail to give details of all the various schemes. There are 600 children in the Sabbath School. The men's libbe class is attended by sixty men, and Dr. Gibson says he was never more impressed in all his experience than by its appearance upon a late visit. It is conducted by a gentleman whose real and ability are well matched. He is a godly son of a godly family who are well known in their district of Scotland for genuine piety. His name is Mr. James Manuel. Then there might follow, Mothers' meetings, temperance benefit club, provident bank, evening classes, choral society, reading room and institute for men, soup kitchen, sick nursery; and among the latest additions to the list is a girls' club and a boys' brigade. A nurse and two Bible women are con-

stantly at work among the people. Of the annual meeting we would not say much Annual meetings are all very much alike. Four thousand two hundred and sixty pounds was the total amount of cash collected and distributed during the year. But we would like to express the kindly feeling shown by the congregation, through Mr. G. B. Bruce, by their presenting to Dr. Gib-son a cheque for £200 to help towards his expenses in his coming trip to the Holy Land. For once, however, Dr. Gibson was nonplused. He hummed and hawed, and he hurimed so agreeably that everybody knew before he found his voice that he was more thankful for the token of kindness than he could then say. As another little lived close by, to ask him to come up at once, compliment to their minister, the session have pre-that on his brother's recommendation he had sent sented to each of the two congregations of which for the police, who had placed handcuffs on the compliment to their minister, the session have pre-sented to each of the two congregations of which he is at present moderator of session, £20 to help in their present difficulties. There is a proposal locked him up all night. During the giving of in their present difficulties. There is a proposal made for the erection of a Presbyterian church at Brondesbury by some of the St. John's-wood congregation, and, as might be expected from Dr. Congregation, and, as might be expected from Dr. Gibson, he is making no objection, but is rather helping forward in whatever way he can the good work. There was on view in the social hall a soned with shame as the strange story was told to terra cotta bust of Dr. Gibson, the work of a young Scottish artist whose name did not transpire, but of anything that happened after he had stepped we may be allowed to compliment him on the out into the frosty night sir, in company with the faithful representation of his subject which he has brother of the man in whose bouse he was seized, produced. A lady of the congregation, through and who recommended sending for the police. produced. A lady of the congregation, through Mr. Bruce, asked the Young Men's Society to accept it from her as a present. The pleasant evening was rounded off by an address by Professor Elmslie; and so ended the review of the year's work, for which there is such cause for thankfulness to God. Will not all Christians join in the prayer that long may Dr. Monro Gibson and his coadjutors be spared to work together for the Master?—Reuben Roseneath in Christian Leader.

" OH, THAT MY SON HAD BUT SAID 'NO BOLDLY."

A TRUE STORY. BY THE REV. T. W. HOLMES. IT is nearly twenty-five years since the events here recorded happened, but I have not forgotten a single incident. I was then a young man, and had in my congregation a family of most respect? able and industrious working people. It consisted of the final industrious working people. It consists on the final state and mother, one or two daughters, and four chartest and and an analy young fellows. The first and a half out the first and a half out the first and a half out the first and expecent house or two, close to the edge of a many and backed by a plantation of first which of a moor, and backed by a plantation of fire, which made a pleasant screen against the north wind. The father was a tall, dignified old man, with beautiful white hair, gentle manners, and a quiet voice, tiful white hair, gentle manners, and a quiet voice, whose life was wearing onward to a peaceful and honoured eventide. He was respected by all who knew him. The girls taught in my Sunday School and sang in the choir. One of the sons—the youngest but one—in addition to the possession of a fine voice, was a clever musician, and had risen to a position of trust and responsibility in the works where he was a multiple than a man significant in a where he was employed—these were situated in a lovely valley close by, through which a pure moorn to be proud of him. He too sang in the choir of the chapel.

One Saturday afternoon, when the machinery of the mill had stopped, his employer, who is a personal friend of my own, handing him a five-pound Bank of England note, said, "Here, Paul, take this note and get it changed. You can keep your own wages out of it, and give me the rest as you pass my house to-night."

The two young men parted. About six o'clock the same evening Paul walked down the hill to the town with the note in his pocket. It was a lovely night. The new moon was shining. The snow ay on the ground, and the fir trees on each side of the road were powdered with it and glittered in the moonlight as if they were rough with diamonds. On reaching the town, Paul entered the first pub-lic house he came to, to ask the landlady to give him change for the note. He had no intention of purchasing anything to drink. The woman who kept the house was a friend of his family, and had known him from his childhood. She did not expect him to purchase any drink either. Taking the note from his hand she bade him wait a minute, and then ran upstairs to get him the gold.

Where Paul stood in the sanded passage, along which a suddy fire cast its pleasant glow and warmth from the kitchen, was close to a room whose door was partly ajar, and in which sat several of the local manufacturers and tongnates of the place. One of them had recognized the young man's voice when he asked for the change. Quietly pushing open the door of this room, the bar parlour nd beckoning to the young fellow, he said, "Oh,

Paul, is that you? Come this way? Paul did so, and was invited to take a glass of wine. This, he said, he would rather not do. But at last, in consequence of the persistent persuasion of the man, and not being a tectotaller, and a regrettable feeling as if his refusal had reached the point of rudeness, he drank he glass of wine.

few days latter by his graveside. I saw his home proint of rudeness, he drank he glass of wine. point of rudeness, he drank he glass of wine.

Presently the landlady brought the five sovereigns, and Paul rose to go. On seeing this, another gentleman, who was sitting in the room insisted that l'aul should drink with him. A similar course of refusals, ending at last in a reluctant yielding to persuasion, followed.

A manufacturer who had been sitting bysilent spectator of all this--fancying that he saw a p'ot to make the shy, han isome, ingenuous young fellow drunk, rose and said, " Come, Paul ; I am going your way home. Let us go together."
"Nonsense," said the man who had given him the first invitation to drink. "I'll see him home

Parl was pushed back into his seat. The other man left the house.

safe enough."

I will now tell what happened to me. The following morning a man came to my house to tell me that l'aul Ingham had been arrested during the night for housebreaking, and that he was then in the police station. I refused to believe it, but on instantly leaving the house to make enquiries I found it was on everybody's lips, and that Paul was actually in the police cell. That morning, about eleven o'clock, he was brought before three or four magistrates privately. One of them was a fine old man, who had been Paul's Sunday School teacher in former years. He was remanded until the following Saturday. On that day the little town hall, of which we were all proud, was crowded to the doors. The throng of people surged out on to the starcase, and knots of persons stood for hours outside. The magnitrates took their seats on the bench. Paul stood to the left hand of the chairman, looking as white as the snow that we could see, lying on the distant hills, through the window behind him. His hands rested on the rail before him, and his fingers twitched nervously all the time. It was exquisitely painful to watch him. His wife was not there, but many knew that she was at home nursing a sick child—a pretty little creature that died a day or two after. It was proved that, on the night in question, the prosecutor had been startled out of his sleep by the sound of footsteps crossing his bedroom floor; that he this evidence it was as much as the officers of the court could do to repress the feeling of indignation that displayed itself from time to time in the audi-They were seen going up the lonely country road that night by one or two persons, who noticed the helpleasness of the younger man. But it was further shown that whoever had got first into that house must have known of a window at the back which was seldom fastened; that he had got in at it, crossed a large kitchen dresser close under it, on which there were crockery and glasses; had opened the door from the inside, te-locked it, and then got out again by the window—all of which was impossible to a man in Paul's condition, as was proved by the witnesses who had passed them in the lane. The man who took Paul home knew all about the habits of his brother's family—knew of the unfastened window, had the reputation of being a practical loker-and practical lokers are always cruel; had been seen near to the house in the com-pany of Paul; and only one opinion was entertained in the court house as to who it was that had pened the door, let in Paul, locked it again, and Fige away, out of the window, pulling it soitly down and had suggested that handcuffs should be put on the wrists of a neighbour's terrified son who had borne an unblemished character, and who stood pitifully trembling and overwhelmed at the position in which he found himself. It was also shown that the kitchen was very like Paul's own kitchen, and that he had not his content.

of the fire-place, as he always did at home. The magistrates dismissed the case, expressed their unanimous opinion that there had been some foul play, and assured Paul that he left the court without a stain on his character. I think I hear now, after a quarter of a century, the instantaneous outburst of satisfaction which the officers vainly lovely valley close by, through which a pure moor-land stream flowed merrily on its way to the river down below. Paul was his father's pride, and the old man had every reason to be proud of him. He to eat. His heart, he said, was too full, I walked home with him in the early twilight. The stars were shining brightly in the clear frosty air, the snow lay white and pure on the distant hills, the fir trees stood out against the low silvery sky in and and solemn fellowship, and thin music of a hidden brook stirred in the otherwise oppressive silence. I left him at last in the company of his anxious wife, sitting by the side of a suffering child. The next morning early a little rosy-cheeked village girl ran breathlessly past v window, suddenly stopped and knocked at the rose. She was shown into my room. I was to go, an said, at once to Paul Ingham, who was dying. He wished to see me. I found him in bed, with lucid intervals only at rare moments, when his eyes were fixed on me and his wife with intense eagerness. He and I were both young; we had been dear friends. It has always been my happy fortune to be more loved than I deserve, and this was a case in point. In those occasional intervals he spoke to me of some things too sacred to mention here, then he would lose consciousness again for a while; and then came a swift torrent of words—explanatory, accusatory, full of passionate entreaty, as if he felt the hated handcuss slipping again over his wrists. At mid-night he died. In the dim light of the next morning, I saw those restless hands I had watched in the court lying still and motionless by his side, the weary lids had closed upon his troubled, beautiful eyes, the eager lips were hushed into perfect atillness that even slander cannot disturb. The wise, experienced, and kindly doctor told me that he died heart broken; that the shock to the nervous system had been too great; that the midnight journey through the snowy lanes, with the hated handcuffs on his wrists, had been as fatal to him as a pistol-shot. I believed him. I atood a young wife leave the neighbourhood. More than that—within about twelve months from the fatal night, I saw his father, no longer straight as any fir tree that grew on the hillside behind his house, but bowed like one who bears a heavy burden, his reason dethroned, taken away in a carriage to a county lunatic asylum; never to wander through the fields aprinkled with yellow primroses across which it was his pride, at sunset, to see the straight and manly form of his son Paul coming to chat half an hour or more with him on his way home.

and that he had put his boots carefully by the side

It is long since I felt the springing of the purple heath under my feet in that neighbourhood; the friends of my youth are almost all gone from it now: but I hope I have not told in vain for some will lead still further away; for an error in worship young menthe story of one who could not say NO. — Control Review. now: but I hope I have not told in vain for some

NOTES BY "PHILO," BOOK AGENTS.

Title industry seems to be multiplying to an extent that shows it must be a very lucrative one. Ministers are repeatedly appealed to, and offered what is practically a bribe, less offensively called a bonus, if they will lend their influence and name, to help a wealthy publisher to scatter the writings of some helpless author among their people. How much the author gets of the immense sums taken from the people we do not know; but it is manifest that very large sums are taken from the people by these ubiquitous and importunate book-agents. The legitimate booksellers are placed at a great disadvantage, the people very frequently wickedly stuposed upon, being persuaded to buy books in-trinsically of little worth, but gaudily got up, which they neither need nor know how to appreciate. It is a question how far ininisters are warranted in giving recommendations to books to be sold in this manner.

There is a temptation in this style of business to writers to make inerchandise of even sacred things It is a bad sign when a book will not make its way in the open market. Men that have a message for their age and country generally find purchasers. It they do not, it is a proof that their deliverances on the subject are not regarded as of much consequence. Of course something can be said on the ther side. The author may be wiser than his age. The publisher may know best what will elevate the people. The agent may be the missionary required in this very worldly and literature-despising era. And it may be good for the people to be coninusly bled by these expert artists.

## A DIFFICULT POSITION.

It requires some courage to resist the application of an author to say something good of his book. But this is what is expected you should do, of any book to be sold by agents. If in honesty and truth you were to say of a book submitted to you that it was of no value to anyone, that it was got up to sell, that it was not a credit to the writer, your remarks would be regarded as very unfriendly. You would not receive a copy of the volume as a gift. Yet to speak thus, in not a few instances, would only be what duty plainly required. The reviewing of books in some church papers has degenerated into mero fraudulent advertising in many cases. That a certain writer issues a book, is enough to call forth the most absurd chorus of eulogiums. One would think a great light had appeared in the literary world. When it is very well known, that not a few of those eulogists and reviewers think very little of the work, and would never spend an hour in reading it except out of courtesy to the author, and when it was known that not a hundred copies of the book would be sold if It were left to be sold on its merits. But this is an age in which authors have rather a hard time of it. Only a few get a hearing, only the men of ideas. Even they are hardly dealt with. And when an author has no ideas of his own, no intrinsic weight, and writes mainly from the desire, now so widespread, to make a book of some sort, his outlook is rather unpromising. His book may be bought for friendship's sake but his fame is not much enhanced thereby. In this matter of boying books one should exercise independence of judgment and not he midded by notice and midded by not midded

## THE COVERNMENT OF PULLCY CONTRACT

Policy is recognized as the controlling element Policy is recognized as the controlling element in carrying on state governments, but all will acknowledge, it is out of place in the Church of Christ. Yet how can it be kept out? The best of men, in the familiar saying, are but men at the best. And with the best intentions, policy will creep in under the guise of some saintly consideration, and mould the actions of good men. One very evil effect of it in a Church is that it gives of the Church. Here is some abuse existing, you of the Church. Here is some abuse existing, you know how it could be removed, but you wait to see what some one elas has to propose. You are watching him, and he is watching you, and both are waiting. It would not be politic to move first. Or here is some reform you would like to see introand you see how it could be done. But you ate afraid some one else might take advantage of it to forward his particular ends. Therefore you wait. "It is best to proceed cautiously, to feel your way, to do nothing rashly, not to precipitate matters, to avoid anything that is novel and unfamiliar." And so the walls of Jerusalem lie in the dust, or less figuratively, useful and needed reform lies unattempted. How different would it be were the Church able to go forward unhampered by this spirit! How happy that day, when men are lifted out of this sneaking spirit; when men regard first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness, and cease to look for support or approval in the mere votes or favour of fellow men! In this it is not said that policy governs in our own Church at the present time. This might be said, and might be defended also, but this is not the place to say it. Our Church has as good men in it as any church, here or elsewhere, and its affairs manage to get governed somehow, but it is said, that the spirit of policy is opposed to the spirit of faith, and Christian courage and manly honesty, and does hinder every effort of useful legislation.

## COMMISSIONERS TO ASSEMBLY NOT MERRLY REPRESENTATIVES.

This is too much overlooked. Our ministers and elders are not assembled merely as representatives of the people. That they are, but much more also. They assemble, not to carry out the will of the people who elect them, but to carry out the will of their Lord. The people have sent them to legis-late for the advancement of the cause of Christ. To make our Church courts bodies in which men ait who are sent there to carry out the will of the electors first and mainly, is electors first and mainly, is practically to shut the Lord Jesus Christ out of His own house. "A functionary chosen only to represent the people in Church courts, is unknown to the New Testament" (Witherow). "Scripture mentions bishops and deacons, never representative rulers. It assigns them no duties, it prescribes for them no qualifica-tions, it gives them no name." This idea that our commissioners are simply representatives of the people, reduces the divinely instituted Church of Christ to the level of a mere human society. Yet it is a popular idea at the present time, as any idea is popular that detracts from the divine authority of the Church of Christ, that places the office bearers of the Church on a level with the officers of a human council or parliament. It is one of those slight departures from scripture teaching, which leads and is leading into views of the Church of Christ, that are dishonouring. And it