

REV. DR. BARCLAY AT TORONTO UNIVERSITY.

Sympathetic reference to the loss which Victoria College had sustained through the death of Professor A. R. Bain was made by President Falconer at the close of the university service in the Convocation Hall on Sunday, Nov. 22. "He has left behind for us all," said the President, "a great example of humility, of quiet earnestness, of unceasing devotion to his daily duty, and of faith that must continue to be an inspiration to all who have known him."

The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. James Barclay of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Montreal, who, taking as his text the passage from Exodus, thirteenth chapter, nineteenth verse, "And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him," discoursed on the dangers of forgetting the past in the present. Life, he said, did not consist in the present alone, but largely also in the memories of the past and in the hopes of the future. They were the children of the thinkers, prophets, poets, and preachers of preceding generations. The past was full of inspiration, full of quickening memories of what others had been and done. The records of the patriarchs, the songs of the Psalmist, the visions of the prophets, the lives of the Apostles, the testimony of the martyrs, the zeal of the reformers, and the memories of our own day all entered into our life and were full of lessons of helpfulness and hope.

The true homage to their ancestors was to imbibe their spirit, to apply their principles to the new, wider and deeper life of to-day. Loyalty to the past consisted in preserving whatever was truth, not in preserving temporary forms and expressions.

At St. Andrew's.

Dr. Barclay preached before a great audience in St. Andrew's (King street) last night on the words of Romans, fifth chapter, verse second. He contrasted the hope with which men set out either in the world of business or in the spiritual life with that other hope which follows upon tribulation and patience; and experience and maketh not ashamed. In strong and vivid outline the preacher sketched the hope that animates the young business man, who in imagination gains wealth almost at a bound, but in the world of reality finds that unsuccessful speculations, unfortunate investments and many other hindrances must be passed through before the goal of success comes. The young lawyer sees himself on the Bench or making addresses that profoundly stir his hearers, but finds it a weary task waiting for months for his first case. In the world of the spirit the first bright hopes were speedily overcast by clouds of doubt, mists of depression and storms of struggle. And yet withal there was in that first hope, that hope by which we are saved, an earnest of the maturer hope that grows from tribulation and patience and experience.

MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

A banquet was held on a recent evening in the Georgetown Church, when addresses were given in the interests of the Laymen's Missionary Movement by Messrs. McQueen and Munro, of Montreal.

The congregation of English River and Howick, in the Presbytery of Montreal, is at present hearing candidates. This is a desirable country charge on the railway and within 40 miles of Montreal. The work is not heavy, as the two stations are only three miles apart, and being a thickly settled Presbyterian community, the visiting is easily overtaken. The Rev. Geo. Whillans, North Georgetown, is interim moderator.

SOME OTHER TIME.

"Some other time, I'm busy now," I said,
And saw him go, with sad, uncertain tread,
His broken trinkets dangling by his side;
"Some other time, I'm busy now!" He
nied,
His little lingering figure in the door,
And then a shadow, and the world once
more,
And strife and conflict and the sea of
care
That hid from me my whimpering baby
there!

"Some other time, I'm busy now!" He
went
With child lips puckered and his fair
head bent,
A crystal teardrop trembling from his
eye
And in his throat a sob, his breast a
sigh;
The broken engine trailing after him
Into the shadow: that his grief made
dim;
I could not stop I thought, so let him go,
He'll soon forget and soon put off his
woe!

Some other time—and now he never
comes,
No broken trinkets and no battered
drums,
No unkept promise and no chance to
say:
"I'm busy now, run out a while and
play!"
Some other time—and I am waiting,
dear,
For little footsteps that I'll never hear,
And little lips that never more will be
In childhood love held up like blossoms
to me!

Some other time—and here I sit and
dream
Of golden childhood with its eyes a
gleam,
Rushing for help and comfort, as he
came
To me that day with all his heart aflame
While care-bowed fathers cry, as I cried
then:
"Don't bother me, I'm busy, come
again,"
And watch them fading in the enfolding
gloom
Where faltering footsteps lead them from
the room!

Ah, bring them now, dear son, those toys
of thine,
Unto these idle, trembling hands of
mine—
The little barrow, with its broken wheel,
The shattered engine and the battered
reel,
The bursted spring, the top that will not
run,
The leaking sailboat and the twisted
gun—
I shall find time to mend them as I
said,
For all my need of hurrying now hath
fled!

Some other time—and it is I that go
With head averted and sad tread and
slow,
Calling the little shadow here and there,
Through empty hallway, up the hollow
stair,
Down the long path that follows
through the bloom
Unto the hillside with its marble tomb;
Some other time—O darling, all the years
My idle heart now waits amid the tears!

—Baltimore Sun.

HOW TO CURE INSOMNIA.

What, then, can the sleepless woman do to help herself? Let her note in the first place, some things that she ought not to drink—tea or coffee, especially toward bedtime; for these stimulate the brain. She ought not to spend all her time indoors, but rather live much in the open air and breathe deeply the while. She ought not, immediately before retiring, to read thrilling stories of

"battle, murder and sudden death." She ought above all, not to fear the idea of not sleeping; and the fear of not sleeping will be dissipated by the firm conviction that even though she should remain awake for hours, some at least of the benefits of sleep can be obtained by using those hours aright. One goes to bed primarily to rest; secondarily to sleep. If one does not sleep, one should not keep turning over and over, growing more impatient with one's self, but should impose on the mind calm, peace and a state of near vacuity as possible. As has been well said, "Sleep is like a pigeon. It comes to you if you have the appearance of not looking for it. It flies away if you try to catch it." If possible approach bedtime with a feeling of indifference and learn to say within yourself, "If I sleep—well; if I don't sleep—also well, though not so well." This little lesson thoroughly learned will have the most beneficial influence in attracting sleep. Assuming, then, that the sufferer has removed the physical causes of sleeplessness, that noise, and light, and material discomforts are excluded—there is now no reason for the insomnia. She has but to suggest to herself properly or to talk to herself sleep for a while and it will come. Relax the limbs. Close the eyes. Inhale a few deep breaths, and repeat silently and slowly some such formula as this: "There is now no reason why I should not sleep. I can sleep. Therefore I will sleep. I will sink down lower and lower. I am sinking down. I know I am now going to sleep. I feel sleep coming, coming. It is here. I sleep, sleep, a long unbroken sleep." — Cor. Harper's Bazaar.

A FEW CHEERING WORDS FOR MOTHER.

Dear good mother has been reading the stories for the children, and now she wants a few cheering words for herself. When evening comes how often we hear the mother say: "Oh, I am so tired, and yet I have accomplished nothing today! The children take up all my time; there is always something to be done for them." Tired, faithful mother, instead of accomplishing nothing, you have accomplished a great deal of good work.

There is a record of your day's work kept in the upper courts of the King of all the earth. If you could see it, you would find recorded little acts of love and patience which you never thought worth while to mention, and scarcely remember.

Very near to the Comforter are the tired mothers. He sees all their self-sacrifices, all their patient suffering. When they feel their weakness, He giveth them strength.

Don't be discouraged or disheartened, good mothers; you have the most important office of trust given to mortals. Faithfulness brings its own reward. By and by the little ones will grow up to be men and women. "They will arise up and call you blessed." The fruit of your good teachings and example will be seen in them. The children will never forget their loving, patient mother, and the memories of their home life with you will be the sweetest and dearest of their childhood. Whittier has beautifully described the patient faithful mother in these words:

"The blessing of her quiet life

Fell on us like the dew;

And good thoughts, where her footstep pressed,

Like fairy blossoms grew.

"Sweet promptings run to kindly deeds
Were in her very look;

We read her face as one who reads
A true and holy book.

"And half we deemed she needed not
The changing of her sphere,
To give to heaven a shining one
Who walked an angel here."