

How to Get Money for God's Work.

At the inauguration meeting of the Pastor's College, in connection with the Metropolitan Tabernacle, in the course of the evening, Mr. Spurgeon said he saw the necessity of erecting such a building, but did not say much about it, but he resorted to what he considered the proper plan for getting money—namely, asking God for it. He did not ask the congregation; and he did not think he mentioned it to any one, except the few who gave the money, till he got \$20,000. One woman wished to give a sum as a suitable memorial to her husband, and she gave £3,000 for the college. In all he had received £12,600, and he wanted about £2,000 more. They had, he said, unlimited funds. Money was always to be had by asking God for it. The other day a person told him that he supposed he must be very rich. He told him in reply that he was richer than any Jew; that he had got more money than the Rothschilds, for when he required any money he had nothing to do but to ask God for it; that if it were good for him that he should have it, he had it; and if it were not good, he was the better for not having it. It was very singular how God did move people to give. How could he have carried on this and other work without? Three weeks ago at the Orphanage there were the bills to pay, and they had no money. He said they could not ask God for it until they could themselves, and he put down £25, and several others did the same. He then prayed to God, and said, "These are Thy children and this is Thy work; send us this day a considerable sum of money, if that be Thy will."

A Lesson for Smokers.

Plain speaking was formerly considered a duty by the Quakers. It is a pity they do not practice it often on smokers, taking the following as a specimen: Recently, a Quaker was travelling in a railway carriage. After a time, observing certain movements on the part of a fellow-passenger, he accosted him as follows: "Sir, these seem well dressed, and I dare say they consider themselves well-br 2 and would not demean themselves to do an ungentlemanlike action; wouldst thee?" The person addressed promptly replied with considerable spirit, "Certainly not, if I knew it." The Quaker continued: "And suppose thee invited me to thy house, thee would not think of offering me thy glass to drink out of after thee had drank out of it thyself; wouldst thee?" The interrogated replied—"Abominable! No! Such an offer would be most insulting." The Quaker continued: "Still less would thee think of offering me thy knife and fork to eat with after putting them into thy mouth; wouldst thee?" The interrogated answered: "To do that would be an outrage on all decency, and would show that such a wretch was out of the pale of civilized society."

Development.

No man knows his capabilities till trials bring him to a test. A father will lift a load far beyond his usual strength, if his child is being crushed beneath. A mother will work and watch till all conclude some miraculous support attends her, when a loved one demands her care. Heavy burdens make strong men; ease and luxury tend to weakness. Thousands who pray the strong to help them will be more blessed by refusal than consent. It is not help that they need, but burdens; not lighter loads, but heavier; not relief, but increase of trials. Those who rise must climb; and climbing is always rough and wearisome. Our helping hand is profitable when it adds to our courage and self-exertion, but hurtful when it leads to ease. Multitudes of Christians are weak and timid, because few burdens crowd them; others are proud, and hence injured, though they do crowd them. A great sorrow or a great sacrifice, a great struggle or a great venture, offers to make them strong and happy, but they cringe, and fret, and flinch, and become sore and weak rather than healthy and strong. Faith and courage would have crowned them with blessing.—Baptist Union.

The strongest argument for the truth of Christianity is the true Christian, the man filled with the spirit of Christ. The best proof of Christ's resurrection is a living Church, which itself is walking in new life, and drawing life from Him who hath overcome death. Before such arguments, ancient Rome herself, the mightiest empire of the world, and the most hostile to Christianity, could not stand. Let us live in like manner, and then, though hell should have a short-lived triumph, eventually must be fulfilled what St. Augustine says, "Love is the fulfilling of the truth."—Christlieb.

DELAY not repentance one moment, for if you repent not this present day, you will have a day more to repent of, and a day less to repent in.

"Not Me!" "Yes, You."

The green cross-town cars are the most disagreeable for cleanly people of any in New York. To take passage in one of them requires some courage, and necessarily offly will constrain any one to expose himself to the odours and sighs that will assail his senses. But it is a very useful line, and the people who ride on it are just as good, in the sense of being virtuous, as those who do not work in the places from which these passengers mostly come.

The car was quite full when I stepped into it, and laying hold of a strap (with some hesitation too), I steadily myself, or rather swung, as we are required to by the parsimony of our masters, the car companies, and the fears of our authorities to offend them by requiring them to furnish seats for all the passengers.

As I swung loosely above the heads of those sitting, I found that my ear came just over a couple of youngish people—a woman perhaps of twenty, and a man of thirty or more. And in spite of the noise of the car, I had to hear what they were saying. For they spoke louder than they would have done had they been able to see now near to them I was obliged to stand. But they were both blind. This I perceived by the way in which they sat while conversing, then by noticing their eyes, and finally by the remarks they made. Their talk was general and cheerful, and did not arrest my attention until I heard the young woman ask her companion this striking question: "If you could have your wish, what would you choose?"

He did not wait to think, but immediately answered: "If I could have my wish, I would give you your sight."

She was silent for a moment, and then said: "Oh no, not me!"

"Yes, you," he repeated, and then they were both still, and neither of them spoke a word while I remained in the car.

My own eyes were moist, and I presume the blind eyes of both of them were full of tears, for something had been said that was a revelation of affection and sacrifice such as is almost without parallel in human love. Who these people were I know not, never may know of them again, whether they are brother or sister, or lovers, or why they should be so bound to each other that one of them could be willing to prefer to have the other restored to sight rather than to himself to have that priceless boon. They were plainly-dressed people, and as the cars passed the door of the blind asylum, I thought perhaps one of them was an inmate, perhaps both, and they were making an excursion. I left them thinking, and stepped out into the thronged street of the great city—its rush, and push, and crush, enough to banish all sentiment from the soul, and compel one to forget that unselfish hearts could be beating under homely clothes in the green cross-town cars.

No, not me! She probably was taken by surprise at the sudden and astounding declaration that he would rather she had her sight than to have it himself. For what on earth does a blind man more desire than to see. "Lord, that I may receive my sight," was the cry of Barimeus to the son of David, who could have made the beggar a prince as easily as to make him see. But he was blind, and though a beggar, he wanted sight, and sight only, at the hand of an Infinite Giver. Yet my poor blind brother in the car knew something more to him and better than to have the light of heaven poured upon his sightless balls, and that something was that the unspeakable gift might be given to another! It is not impossible that when she asked the question to which this wonderful answer came, she thought he would cry out as Barimeus did, "That I may receive my sight," and then she would overwhelm him with the response, "But I would rather you could see than I." For women are so much more unselfish in their love than men; they are so much more like Christ in willingness to suffer in the stead of others, that it would have been less strange had she made this almost divine surrender for the sake of one she loved. She might have said, and it would have been like a woman to say it, "You shall be eyes for me. I will go leaning upon your arm, and hear you speak of the worlds of light and beauty in which we walk; we will go to the seaside, and when my head is on your breast, you shall tell me of the old ocean that I have so often heard of and would die to see, and its murmurs would not be half so musical as your voice gently telling me of the glory shining on your open eyes."

But he was before her in the thought, for it came from his heart, and the more I have thought of it the more have I believed that it is one of the most beautiful examples of unselfishness in the "simple observers of the poor."—Irenaus, in N. Y. Observer.

Ashamed of Christ.

Ashamed to confess Christ? Ashamed, dear friend, to acknowledge before the world that God is your King, Christ your Saviour, the Spirit your Comforter?

Ashamed to renounce worldliness, and to own that hope and peace and joy reign in your heart, and that this open avowal is their first fruit?

Ashamed of Jesus, who, toiling under the very instrument of his own death, with bleeding back and thorn-scared brow, was buffeted and reviled for you and me?

Ashamed of him who, innocent himself, bore such a shameful death as malefactors bear who justly suffer for their crimes?

Ashamed of God! yet not ashamed, day by day, to live upon his bounty, eat and drink of his provision, enjoy the comforts of his bestowment, and breathe the air made fresh and pure by his care, without one thought save of self alone!

Ashamed of God and Christ! On the last day, amid the glories and the terrors of the judgment, what wilt thou say when the Judge—Saviour no more?

How pitiable, how mean, how most contemptible of all offered on that solemn day, will be this excuse, "I was ashamed to confess thee before men!"

THE Old Testament speaks of God for us; the Gospels and Acts, of God with us; the Epistles, of God in us.

The Withdrawal of Professor Swing.

The case of Prof. Swing came before the semi-annual meeting of the Chicago Presbytery on the 5th inst. The report of the Committee appointed to prepare a report of the Swing trial was adopted as follows:—

The Committee to whom was referred the supervision of publishing a correct history of the trial of the Rev. David Swing would report that they now present a copy of such history, which, with the exception of some verbal and typographical errors, and the omission of the vote in detail, they pronounce substantially correct. They recommend that this copy of "The Trial of the Rev. David Swing" be and is hereby regarded as a part of the records of the Presbytery, except the following papers:—the arguments of the prosecution, the arguments of the defence, and the opinions of the members.

The following letter from Prof. Swing was then read:—

CHICAGO, Oct. 5, 1874.

To the Chicago Presbytery.—When in May last I withdrew from the church of my birth and choice, the request for a letter to some kindred church was postponed, because my withdrawal was based, not upon a desire to haste into some other denomination, but to hasten away from one in which military spirits, weary of prolonged peace, had become prominent, and fixing upon me as a *casus belli*, were gathering up the implements and passions of an insane war. In the few months which have since elapsed, I have said nothing and thought nothing about seeking a home in some other denomination, not only because my present position is sufficiently peaceful and good, but because society being still full of that human nature which made the old Germans, when they admitted a new ally into their confederation, espouse all his quarrels as thenceforth their own, I have felt unwilling to knock at the gates of any adjoining tribe and thus ask them to accept any part of a conflict that seems to be desolating the land from which I am making escape. The seeking of some other ecclesiastical relations may be, therefore, postponed to days of peace. Your Synod will soon assemble, and you will be asked to enter upon a second conflict; and knowing what loss of time, or even injury to religion, is destined to result from a strife that draws vitality, not from a love of usefulness, but from a fanaticism of dogma, I desire to be wholly removed from your body as a cause of excuse for a most harmful conflict. Avowing myself a Presbyterian in the sense in which the vast majority of clergymen wearing that name are Presbyterians, I will not contend for my rights to such title, nor to any of its honours, but will yield all, that the pastors of your body, toiling in a large city, may be set free from this combat with a few closet theologians, and may give their time and powers to their noble work of leading the multitude to Jesus Christ. I, therefore, declare myself independent, and ask the esteemed Presbytery to drop my name from its rolls. With assurance of brotherly love, yours,

DAVID SWING.

This letter was referred to a committee, which reported in favor of dropping Prof. Swing's name from the rolls. The vote upon the adoption of the Committee's report was as follows:—

Yeas—Messrs. Swezey, Trowbridge, Johnson, Post, Curtis, Forsyth, Patterson, Hurd, Noyes, Walker, Matthews, Hair, Hood, Adams, Wisner, Davis, Blackburn, and E. N. Barrett—18.

Nays—Barrett, Burroll, Vandaron, McLeod, Brown, Elliott, Burns, Moore, Smith, Marsh, and F.aser—11.

The Rev. Dr. Swezey then introduced the following resolutions, which, after some discussion were adopted:—

Resolved: That having long known, honored, and loved Prof. Swing, and having no occasion to abate anything from the affection which we have given to him in former years, the Presbytery takes this action with great reluctance and sorrow.

Resolved: That we hereby assure Prof. Swing that our prayers and good will and warm personal regard will follow him in his Christian work.

A True Story with a few Words.

Some few years ago, a clergyman of a neighboring city, equally remarkable for his piety, usefulness, and eccentricity (now deceased), while travelling on a steamboat, met a plain elder of a country church, with whom the following conversation was held. We give it substantially as it was told the present writer:—

Minster—What is the state of your church?

Elder—very discouraging. We are without a pastor. Our people take very little interest in the church.

M—How long have you been without a pastor?

E—More than a year.

M—Are you an elder in that church?

E—Yes, sir.

M—How is your Sabbath School getting along?

E—We have no Sabbath School. The teachers did not attend punctually, the children got tired, and the school was broken up.

M—(sighing)—Did you say that you are an elder in that church?

E—Yes, sir.

M—Well, how are your prayer-meetings attended?

E—Very poorly; few attended; we have them but seldom, and there is no interest in them.

M—(Sighing very heavily)—Oh! oh! Did you say that you are an elder in that church?

E—Yes, sir!

M—Why, I wonder that you are alive! I wonder that God has not killed you!

How the interview ended we were not told, but the elder went home with an arrow in his heart, and a load on his conscience, and it was not long before his poor church had a minister, Sabbath School, prayer-meeting, and prosperity.

Perhaps some of our languishing churches have elders who need just such rebukes, and repentance, and doing again of the "first works." To all such we commend it.

Pulpit Plagiarists.

Of all plagiarists some of the most brazen have been those of the pulpit. The story is told of Dr. South travelling in the North of England, where he dropped into a country church one Sunday morning. In coming from the church the rector suspected him to be a brother in the ministry, and spoke to him. He received the rector's courtesies, and thanked him for the edifying sermon he had preached, suggesting that it must have been the result of a good deal of labor. "Oh, no," said the rector; "we turn off these things rapidly. On Friday afternoon and Saturday morning I prepared this discourse. "Is that possible, said Dr. South, "it took me three weeks to write that very sermon." "Your name is not Dr. South," said the rector, beginning to look foolish. "It is, sir," said Dr. South. "Then," said the rector, "I have only to say that I am not ashamed to preach Dr. South's sermons anywhere." The coolness of the reply is inimitable. But the plagiarist is not always so fortunate as to escape on such easy terms as these. A few years ago an anecdote went the round of the press in connection with the late Bishop of Tuam. He delivered a charge which was so much admired that he was pressed by the late Mr. Dallas, and others who heard it, to send it to press. He consented. The charge was published, and so fell into the hands of the late Archbishop Sumner. Great was the Archbishop's surprise to find that a charge which he had delivered to the Clergy of Canterbury had been appropriated without acknowledgment, when it came out that the Bishop of Tuam had commissioned his private chaplain to prepare a charge. The chaplain had had hands on one of Archbishop Sumner's charges, and passed it off as his own composition, and so there was a double plagiarism. The unfortunate Tuam was reminded by the press that Bishop had forgotten the distinction between *meum* and *tuum*. The "plagiarist" priest, as Bishop Hall describes one in his own day, is a character too common down to the present day. The epigram on the person who lost his portmanteau containing his entire stock of sermons is well known:—

"They stole my portmanteau—I pity your grief, They contained all my sermons—I pity the thief."

The late Chauncy Townsend, who if a pulpit plagiarist, had the wit to acknowledge it, and join in the cry of 'stop thief,' has dressed the same epigram up in these lines:—

"That thief who stole my sermons, on which I set such store, May safely give them back again, for they were stole before."

An anecdote is current as to an English squire, apparently of the Sir Roger do Coverly stamp, who, on being invited to meet Dr. Guttime, said he would be delighted, for his son always preached the doctor's sermons.—Leisure Hour.

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INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

CANADA Province of Ontario County of Simcoe, In the County Court of the County of Simcoe.

In the matter of Della Wilson, individually and as one of the firm of Frank Keen & Co., of Orillia in the County of Simcoe, an Insolvent. The undersigned has filed in the office of this Court a deed of composition and discharge, executed by her creditors, and on Tuesday the third day of November next she will apply to the Judge of the said Court for a confirmation of the discharge there by effected. Dated at Orillia, in the County of Simcoe, this 29th day of September, A. D. 1874.

DELLA WILSON, by BIGELOW & HAGEL, her Attorneys ad litem.

INSOLVENT ACT OF 1869.

Canada, In the County Court of the Province of Ontario, County of York.

In the matter of Thomas Dill, in the City of Toronto, in the County of York, an Insolvent. On Tuesday, the tenth day of November next, the undersigned will apply to the Judge of the said Court for a discharge under the said Act. Dated at Toronto this sixth day of October, A. D. 1874.

THOMAS DILL, by BIGELOW & HAGEL, His Attorneys ad litem.

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