

long-cherished purpose. The brethren, on Mr. Wall's invitation, came together from different parts of the country; and some who had never before had an opportunity of forming acquaintances and friendships which will prove lasting as eternity. From the extreme north came Dr. Laura, of Toronto, a noble-looking man, who has suffered much for the Gospel, and whose love for it has only been strengthened by what it has cost him. The extreme south was represented by two brethren from Sicily, one of them the Secretary and the other a member of the little church which has been recently formed in Trapani, whose zeal in the cause led them to undertake a journey of some three or four days, by sea and land. Signor Baratti, was there from Leghorn, and Stagnitta from Civita Vecchia; the different evangelists employed in and around Rome were there, of course; and the brothers Landels, with Signor Jathier, the evangelist from Naples. The conference lasted two days, beginning with a prayer-meeting at half-past seven on Saturday night—the intervening hours being so fully occupied that on Friday the brethren did not separate until midnight. Matters connected with the future conduct of the work in Italy were freely discussed, and resolutions unanimously passed.

The chapel at the Monte, built for Signor Grassi, chafed through the indelicate criticisms of Mr. Thomas Cook, belongs to the General Baptists. Messrs. Wall and Grassi are as one in their work.

The new chapel is externally a neat structure; not imposing, of course, in this city of great churches; but neither sawdry or pretensions. It is oblong in shape, with a raised-off platform at one end. In the back part of this is an open baptistery, and in the front stands the preacher.

Mind and body are alike ministered to in the most beautiful manner in this glorious land. Would that its present inhabitants were worthy of their ancestry and their country. But, alas! to the Christian observer, there is that meeting the eye at almost every turn which tells that scarcely less than in the island cursed by heathenism, of which the poet sang—

"Here every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile."

—*Christian Messenger*, (Halifax).

WOMAN'S BAPTIST FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY of Convention West. Received since the beginning of March:

Jarvis St.	\$19.55
Whitby	4.00
Yorkville	17.76
Ingersoll	11.81
Brantford	22.16
Port Burwell	5.00
Paris	14.00
Alexander St.	12.85

ERSKINE BUCHAN,
Treasurer.

Yorkville, April 9th 1878.

GRAND LIGNE MISSION.

To the friends of the Grand Ligne Mission:
DEAR BROTHERS!—The Rev. John Alexander has been appointed by the Board of the Grand Ligne Mission Society its agent in Canada, the United States, and Great Britain, to advocate its interests and to collect funds for its operations. The members of the Board feel great satisfaction in committing such an important work to one so well qualified to attend to it as brother Alexander, a former President of the Society, and ever one of its most appreciative and val-

uable friends whom they now most earnestly commend to the fullest confidence and kindest consideration of all to whom he may present the cause of French Catholic Evangelization in Canada.

Respectfully,
A. H. MUNRO,
President of the Grand Ligne Mission.
THEODORE LAFLEUR,
Cor. Sec.

Selections.

A SAILOR BOY'S LIGHT IN A DARK PLACE.

Not long ago a lady missionary of the New York Port Society spoke to a mate on the subject of the great salvation. He was a hard, not to say a harsh man, and remained apparently unimpressed by her earnest appeal. At length, however, he said to her, "I must confess that one thing which occurred on a recent voyage made an impression upon me. We were lying in the port of Marseilles, where no vessel is allowed to have any light at night. One night when it was my watch I was walking the deck when I saw a faint light forward, which presently went out and in a moment was followed by another. Believing that something wrong was going on, I walked softly forward, and there under the top-gallant forecastle I saw a quiet lad, one of the crew, with a Testament on his knees (it was one you gave him, with your name written in it), with one finger on the page to keep the place, and a match in the other hand, by the light of which he was reading, while it lasted, and then striking another. "I must confess," he added in a softened manner, "that touched me, and I did not disturb him."

That tired and timid lad reading the Scriptures in that narrow, tossing closet, by match-light, would make a striking picture, which would need as a companion piece, to give it full effect, a view of the brilliantly lighted parlour, where the daily paper and the last novel are being diligently read, while the richly-bound Bible, with its heavy clasps—sad superfluities—figures only as a parlor ornament.

DR. DODD'S SERMON ON "MALT."

Preached to some Cambridge scholars extempore from a hollow tree.

The following sermon was made and preached extempore by one Parson Dodd, who lived within three or four miles of Cambridge, and who having for high half a year, every Sunday, preached on the same subject, which was DRUNKENNESS, gave some of the Cambridge scholars occasion to be displeased with him, who thought he reflected upon them: they resolved to be even with the doctor when an opportunity should offer. Accordingly, chance one day led the doctor in their way: a company of scholars being walking, they saw the doctor some way off, coming towards them, and, all stopping at a gate that hung to a hollow tree, the doctor presently came up, and they spoke very friendly to him. "Your servants, Mr. Dodd," "Your servant, gentlemen." "Sir, we have one question to ask you." "What is that, gentlemen?" "Why we hear you have been preaching a long time against the sin of drunkenness." "I have, gentlemen." "Then, doctor, we have one request you must and shall satisfy us in." "What is that, gentlemen?" "Why, that you preach us a

sermon from a text that we shall choose for you." "Appoint your time and place, gentlemen, and I will do it." "The time is present, and the place is here, and that hollow tree shall be your pulpit." "That's a compulsion, gentlemen: a man ought to have time to consider what he is to preach." They insisted on a compliance, or they would use him ill; not minding any expostulations from the doctor, they accordingly forced him into the hollow tree. The word they gave him for his text was MALT! from which, he preached the following short, but eloquent sermon.

THE SERMON.

My brethren, let me crave your reverend attention: I am a little jnan, come at a short warning, to preach you a short sermon, to a thin congregation, in a unworship pulpit. Brethren my text is malt: now I cannot divide it into sentences, because there are none; nor into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, it being but one also; therefore, I must, and necessarily will oblige or rather force me to divide it into letters, which I find in my text to be four, M, A, L, T. M, my beloved, is moral, A allegorical, L literal, and T theological. Moral, my brethren, is well set forth to show and teach you drunkards good manners; therefore, M my masters, A all of you, L listen, T to my text.

The allegorical, is when one thing is spoken of and another meant; the thing spoken of is malt, the thing meant is the oil of malt, or rather the spirit or strength of the malt, properly called strong beer; which you, gentlemen, make M your meat, A your apparel, L your liberty, and T your treasure. Now the literal is according to the letter, M much, A ale, L little, T thirst. Now the theological is according to the effects that it worketh, which I find in my text to be of two kinds: first in this, secondly, in the world to come. Now the effects that I find it worketh in this world, are, in some M murder, in other, A adultery, in all L looseness of life, and in many T treason. Now, the effects that I find it worketh in the world to come, are M misery, A anguish, L lamentation, and T torment. Now, my first use shall be a use of exhortation: M my masters, A all of you, L leave off T tipping; or else M my masters, A all of you, L look for, T torment. Now, so much shall suffice for this explication. Next only, by way of caution, take this for an inviolable truth, that a drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the disturber of civility; a spoiler of wealth; the destroyer of reason; the brewer's agent; the ale house's benefactor; the beggar's companion; the constable's perplexity; his wife's woe; his children's sorrow; his neighbour's scoff; his own shame; and a wilful madman: by which he becomes a true and lively representation of a walking swill-tub, or a tavern Bacchus, in a monster of a man, by the picture of a beast. So, now, gentlemen, to conclude, I shall leave you, under the protection of the Almighty, to follow your own directions.—*Facilite Cambridgeenses.*

A Boy in an Aberdeen school, in parsing the noun "sufrage," said it was of the masculine gender. "Why masculine?" asked the teacher. "Because there's no female sufrage," was the reply.