

some of the evils of social life to a clerical princely extravagance and imbecility. "We exhaust Golconda," he says, "to clothe nothingness, and, during that time, vice rises as a giant. . . . I repeat it, you may light up all your wax candles, go around the temple in procession two and two, you will not prevent this from being hideous!"

The subject of Infallibility has inspired the great poet with the most burning sarcasm that was ever written. After picturing the false idea of God as exhibited in the Romish Church, especially to the ignorant, he continues: "Lugubrious derision! Insult to the firmament. . . . Eternal, I am thy equal, I am the authority, I am certitude, and my isolation, O God, is worth Thy solitude. . . . I know the end of all things. I hold Thee, O God, my key opens Thee; I can thoroughly sound Thee, and my eye reaches Thy very depths. In this dark universe, I am the only one who sees. I cannot err, and Thou, O Jehovah, art bound by what I decide. When I have said, 'Here is the truth,' all is said. . . . Thou must bow Thy great forehead in the heavens! The starry car runs on two axle-trees, God and the Pope."

The ideas of Victor Hugo on war and the death penalty are successively expressed very eloquently by the dreaming Pope, who finally seeks a refuge in Jerusalem, saying, "I take Jerusalem, and leave Rome to you. I come to kneel at God's threshold. Jerusalem is the true place. I feel myself real on the austere mount. The capital has the shadow, but Calvary has the soul. Near me I feel palpitate the great heart of Jesus. O kings, I hate the purple, but I love the shroud; I inhabit life, you dwell in death."

And finally the self-styled vicar of Christ awakes from his sleep, exclaiming, "What a frightful dream I have just had!"

As in every book that Victor Hugo writes, there are strange expressions and bold applications of words that his confreres of the French Academy would not approve, but in spite of these peculiarities, this little book contains many original thoughts very strikingly expressed.—*Rev. Narcisse Cyr in Boston Watchman.*

FREE CHURCH SITTINGS—WHO SHALL PAY FOR THEM?

It is strange there should be any controversy about contributing money towards paying for sittings in churches, whether in the form of pew rents or in voluntary contributions by those who attend in a casual way; and yet discussions are carried on, as if it were out of all reason to expect those who occupy seats to pay for them. There is no objection to paying for such accommodations anywhere else—at the opera, in a palace car, or on a horse railway. In these last mentioned places, people who occupy seats appear to concede to the propriety of paying their share towards the expenses of maintaining the accommodations they get, but for church seats there are some people who object to any expectation of paying for them. Why this is so it is not easy to understand. Church buildings can no more be maintained and kept in order without money than any other structures. Even setting aside the first cost of the building, there are expenses for heating, lighting, cleaning, attendance and repairs, that cost money to somebody. These expenses are common to all churches, and in some there are other elements of cost quite as proper, though not, perhaps, so indispensable. Now, unless it is expected that some one or few persons shall pay these expenses for the benefit of all who choose to attend, upon what ground can any reasonable person object to contributing? This is a home question to those who are writing to the newspapers, that they go to churches where there are no pew rents and yet see and hear requests for contributions. How do they expect the expenses for fuel, gas, cleansing, sextons, janitors, repairs, furniture and other similar purposes and objects to be paid? Manifestly they assume that somebody else than themselves shall pay their share, and that simple statement is the all-sufficient reply to their criticisms and complaints.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"LET THE MUD DRY FIRST."

Here is a capital lesson that may well be impressed upon the memory of both young and old: Mr. Spurgeon in walking a little way out of London to preach, chanced to get his pantaloons quite muddy. A good deacon met him at the door and desired to get a brush and take off some of the mud. "Oh, no," said Mr. S., "don't you see it is wet, and if you try to brush it now,

you will rub the stain into the cloth? Let it dry, when it will come off easy enough and leave no mark." So, when men speak evil of us falsely—throw mud at us—don't be in a hurry about brushing it off. Too great eagerness to rub it off, is apt to rub it in. Let it dry; by-and-by, if need be, a little effort will remove it. Don't foster scandal about yourself or others, or trouble in society, or in a church, by haste to do something. Let it alone; let it dry; it will be more easily eradicated than you think in the first heat of excitement. Time has a wonderful power in such matters. Very many things in this world will be easily got over by judiciously "letting them dry."

"THE PALACE OF THE KING."

BY THE LATE MISS JANE MITCHELL, EDINBURGH

It's a bonnie, bonnie warl'
That we're livin' in the noo,
An' sunny is the lan'
We o'ten travel throo;
But in vain we look for something
I which our hearts can cling,
For its beauty is as nothing
To the palace o' the King.

We like the gilded summer,
We're merry, merry tread,
An' we sigh when hoary winter
Lays its beauties wi' the dead;
For though bonnie are the snow-flakes,
An' the down on winter's wing,
It's fine to ken it daurna touch
The palace o' the King.

Then, again, I've just been thinkin'
That when a' thing here's sae bright,
The sun in a' its grandeur,
An' the mune wi' quiverin' licht,
The ocean's the summer,
Or the Woodland i' the spring,
What maun it be up yonner
I' the palace o' the King.

It's here we hae oor trials,
And it's here that He prepares
A' His chosen for the raiment
Which the ransom'd sinner wears.
An' it's here that He wad hear us,
Mid oor tribulations sing,
"We'll trust oor God who reigneth
I' the palace o' the King."

Though his palace is up yonner,
He has kingdoms here below,
An' we are His ambassadors
Wherever we may go:
We've a message to deliver,
An' we've lost anes hame to brings
To be leal and loyal-hetted
I' the Palace o' the King.

Oh! it's honour heaped on honour
That His courtiers should be ta'en
Frae the wand'rin anes he died for,
I' this warl' of sin and pain,
An' it's fa'est love an' service
That the Christian aye should bring
To the feet o' Him who reigneth
I' the palace o' the King.

An' lat us trust Him better
Than we've ever done afore,
For the King will feed His servants
Frae His ever-bounteous store;
Lat us keep a closer grip o' Him,
For time is on the wing,
An' soon He'll come and tak' us
Tae the palace o' the King.

Its Iv'ry halls are bonnie,
Upon which the rainbows shine.
An' its Eden bow'rs are trellised
Wi' a never-fadin' Vine;
An' the pearly gates of Heaven
Do a glorious radiance fling
On the stary floor that shimmers
I' the palace o' the King.

Nae nicht shall be in Heaven,
An' nae desolatin' sea,
And nae tyrant hoofs shall trample
I' the city o' the free;
There's an everlastin' daylight,
An' a never-fadin' spring,
Where the Lamb is a' the glory,
I' the palace o' the King.

We see our frien's await us
Ower yonner at His gate;
Then let us a' be ready,
For ye ken it's gettin' late;
Lat our lamps be brightly burnin';
Lat's raise our voice and sing,
Syn'e we'll meet to part nae mair,
In the palace o' the King!

THE American Presbyterians have 222 mission stations with 962 missionaries. Connected with their various stations are 1,391 converts from heathenism, and no less than 16,039 children under education in the mission schools.

HAVE THE OLD SCOTCH COVENANTS A FUTURE?

We find in the Edinburgh "Daily Review" of March 19th, the report of a lecture, by A. Taylor Innes, Esq., well known in this country as well as in Britain by his book, "The Law of Creeds in Scotland," in answer to the question, "Have the Covenants a future in Scotland?" It is very gratifying to find so distinguished a jurist and one so well entitled to have an opinion on the subject, standing up manfully for the much-maligned old Covenanters; and the more so, as Mr. Innes has shown himself a man of large and liberal views on the question of the Church. We cite the following as a fair sample of Mr. Innes' discourse:

But we are warranted in saying henceforth persistently to England that it will never have rest in its Protestantism till it finds a fitting form for its Protestantism. That is the old position of Scotland on the matter, and it is bound to maintain it. But how does this matter stand related to the virtue of catholicity? We, in Scotland, need it—we need catholicity, elasticity, variety, largeness of nature, many-sidedness of sympathy, a mental hospitality which entertains what is strange, a moral alacrity which welcomes what is new, a charitable faith which proves all and holds the good. But is there any inconsistency between that and standing on the Evangel against all that directly or indirectly opposes? The catholicity of our Kirk must stand in the future in its central position and apostolic foundation, and in its impartiality to mere forms and usages; not in hanging on to the Church of England and imitating its usages and forms. But it is not enough to say that the Covenants are not opposed to catholicity. They bind us to catholicity; and are our chief national step towards it. The Solemn League and Covenant for the first and only time took us out of our provincialism as a nation, so as to embrace the three kingdoms in our religious plans. We missed that, for the times were not ripe. But we have succeeded in precisely the same line to a greater inheritance—the unity of Presbyterianism all over the globe. The Presbyterian Council in Edinburgh was to the lecturer a ripe and late result of the struggles of two hundred years ago. Wherever Presbyterians were found throughout the Anglo-Saxon world, Presbyterians held that their polity was destined to be the Church polity of the future. And they were right; for Presbytery is in the Church sphere what Constitutionalism is in the civil sphere. There was no hurry; all nations were not ripe for either as yet, but we believed all nations would come to it; and then at last the doctrine of the Evangel would find its fitting Church form. He held, therefore, in conclusion, that the Covenants in their whole substance, and in the objects they propose, ought to have a future in Scotland, and, he believed, they would have one. It did not follow, as had been seen, that they should be taken up in the same form. They might be Scotland's reviving without that. More things come to us by inheritance than we know of; and if there is much good in reserve for our country in the future, it may all be traceable to the time when, like that youthful exile under the Syrian stars, Scotland lifted its head from a stony pillow, and prayed, "If God will keep me in this way in which I go," etc. No doubt they made mistakes, and, perhaps they were not allowed to build the house as having shed blood, but it was accepted in that it was in their heart. And before we speak of their failure, let us see the end. He did not believe that the blood of those unnamed, unnumbered Scotsmen, who fell in those mistaken wars, had all sunk into the ground like water. They, too, many of them, like the martyrs whom we know and love by name, were men who had the true cause at their heart, and such as God is not unrighteous to forget. The object of the Covenant was an object which we are bound to seek; first, because it was a noble object in itself, and, secondly, because we bound ourselves to this noble object long ago. Scotland still remained a unity; and he for one believed that our country was in covenant with God.

We regard it as a most favourable omen in the midst of the struggle of the old faith against the in-creeching wolves, that there are large-hearted, broad-minded lawyers like Taylor Innes in Scotland to stand up for the old Covenants.—*St. Louis Presbyterian.*

ENGLISH papers state that fully one-half of the beef sold in Great Britain as English, Scotch, and Irish, is really Canadian or American.