

system which practically compels a man to remain in a profession for which he finds himself unfit, and which makes no provision for relief to either minister or congregation when mutual dissatisfaction exists? If we had men of the right calibre, would they not command a sufficient maintenance? Perhaps not, for the notion still prevails in some minds that a minister of the Gospel is entirely above the need of creature comforts, and that he does his work better on a starvation allowance. Nevertheless it is true as a rule that the higher the standard we set up for ourselves as preachers and pastors, the more likely are our services to be appreciated. We may make up our minds that in these days little attention will be paid to the clerical office on account of any special sanctity, apart from the personal merits of the bearer of it.

I have been led into a homily on a well-worn theme. Let me wind it up by referring to two facts, which have a direct bearing on the subject under discussion. One is that an effort is being made to endow a new theological professorship in Queen's College. The Colonial Committee has liberally guaranteed £100 sterling, per annum, on condition that double that amount be provided in this country. A salary of £300 sterling would thus be secured. The Professors of Queen's College have divided the Presbyteries among them, and they expect in the course of three years to go over all the ground, and raise the necessary sum—say \$14,000. There can be only one opinion as to the necessity of having a thoroughly equipped theological faculty at Kingston.

The other fact referred to is that the Commercial Bank has failed. The Temporalities Board of our Church held 1264 shares, which cost \$142,000. Queen's College held 320 shares. These figures tell their own tale. The failure of the Commercial is a very severe blow to the Church and College. It is hoped that by amalgamation with another bank or in some other way the Commercial may be set on its feet again, though of course it will be sadly crippled.

D. J. M.

Peterboro, Ontario, Nov. 8, 1867

#### NOTES OF THE MONTH.

The expedition to Abyssinia to release the Englishmen held in duress and terror by a strange and absurd monster, glorying in the name of King Theodore, has set out from our East Indian possessions. The comparative novelty of the region, the probable hardships of the journey, and the chivalrous object of the expedition have lent to the mission a chivalrous and romantic character. It may do something both for science and civilization. The globe has been visited by convulsions and storms of a most devastating description.

A storm at sea in the West Indies swept everything before it. No vessel that human skill could construct could survive its fury. A whole Island is said to have sunk in the ocean. This was at first doubted and is yet hardly believed. A tremendous storm, accompanied by an earth-quake, has also visited the Indian Ocean. Thus are we compensated for our colder climate and more ungenial skies by comparative immunity from such terrible onslaughts of the elements as take place in sunnier lands. These terrific powers, when long restrained, lash themselves into fury and take their revenge. All admirers of Christian heroism and true science have rejoiced to hear of the probable safety of Dr. Livingstone, whose journey across the central region of a continent, peculiarly inaccessible from the want of natural openings, has withdrawn him from the eyes of the civilized world. Sir Rogerick Murchison will receive credit for sagacity in persisting so firmly against the world, of knowing and unknowing ones in his opinion of Livingstone's safety—a credit to which that shrewd and stiff scotchman is justly entitled.

French Popish persecution of Protestant Missionaries in the South Sea Islands is perfectly scandalous. Popery is revealing itself more and more as the curse of mankind. Wherever the Protestant manse shews its modest little form, this old vindictive cat raises her back, utters a low grunt, quivering with passion, cruelty and revenge, and pounces her venomous paw upon the panting innocent. In other circumstances when mouse-hunting would be impolitic, impossible or dangerous, puss can put on a matron cap, lurk quite demure and meek, hide her sharp and blood-stained claw under a soft and silken muff and purr about in a sweet low voice. An excellent narrative, of these persecutions in the islands of New Caledonia, acquired by the French will be seen in the Record of the Presbyterian, C. L. Provinces for November.

Public opinion utterly condemns the interference of Napoleon in the affairs of Italy, whereby the Pope is kept in his unsteady throne by the men whom he denounced, and Garibaldi the Liberator, has been overpowered and imprisoned. The Catholic powers are strong enough to keep the Pope where he is, but will international relations permit this? The worst feature is that the masses of Italy are ignorant, and Popery may regain its ascendancy over an ignorant people. The Protestants of England and America should go to the rescue, and surround the old den of "giant Pope," as John Bunyan calls him, with a blaze of light. Napoleon has served those who are never grateful and enraged the red republican party of Europe, who may yet rise, overwhelm his throne, and sweep down his dynasty. A "conference" will do little, as the Pope must either "accept Italy, quit Italy, or destroy Italy." The French Emperor's speech at the reopening of the Chambers