### THE BRIGHT SIDE.

There is many a rest in the road of life. If we only would stop to take it, And many a tone from the better land. If the querilous heart would wile is! To the silvay soul that is fall of hope, And we ose beautiful trust never talleth. The grass is green and the flowers are bright, Though the wintry storm prevaileth.

Better to kope though the clouds hang low. And to keep the oyes still lifted; For the sweet blue sky will soon peep through When the ominons cl. ads are rifted! There was never a night without a day, Or an evening without a morning; And the darkest hour, as the proverb goes, Is the hour before the dawning.

There is many a gem in the path of life, Which we pass in our idle pleasure, That is richer for than the lewelled crown. Or the miser's hearded treasure. It may be the love of a little child, Or a mother's prayers to heaven, Or only a beggar's grateful thanks For a cup of water given.

Better to weave in the web of life A bright and golden filling, And to do God's will with a ready heart, And hands that are swift and willing, Than to snap the delicate, stender threads Of our curious lives asunder And then blame heaven for the tangled ends, And sit, and grieve, and wonder.

#### SINK OR SWIM.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE, D.D.

We entered the ministry with a morta horror of extemporaneous speaking. Each week we wrote two sermons and a lecture all out, from the text to the amen. We did not dare to give out the notice of r prayer-meeting unless it was on paper. We were a slave to manuscript, and the chains were galling; and three months more of such work would have put us in the grave-We resolved on emancipation. Sunday night was approaching when we expected to make violent rebellion against this bondage of pen and paper. We had this bondage of pen and paper. We had an essay about ten minutes long on some Christian subject, which we proposed to preach as an introduction to the sermon, resolved, at the close of that brief composi tion, to launch out on the great sea of extemporaneousness.

It so happened that the coming Sabbath night was to be eventful in the village. The trustees of the caurch had been building a gasometer back of the church, and the night I speak of the building was for the first time to be lighted in the modern way. The church was of course, crowded—not so much to hear the pre cher as to see how the gas would burn. Many were unbelieve ing, and said, that there would be an explo-sion, or a big fire, or that in the midst of sion, or a big lire, or that in the midst of the service the lights would go out. Seve-ral brethren, disposed to hang on to old customs, declared that candles and oil were the only fit inaterial for. lighting a church, and they denounced the innovation as in-dicative of vanity on the part of the now-comers. They used oil in the ancient tem-ple, and it was that which ran down on Aaron's heard, and anything that was good enough for the whiskers of an old-time enough for the whiskers of an old-time priest was good enough for a country meeting house. These sticklers for the oil were present that night, hoping—and I think some of them secretly praying—that the gas might go out.

With our ten-minute manuscript we wen into the pulpit, all in a tremor. Although the gas did not burn as brightly as its friends had hoped, still it was bright enough to show the people the perspiration that stood in beads on our forchead. We began our discourse, and every sentence gave us the feeling that we were one step nearer the gallows. We spoke very slowly, so as to make the ten-minute notes last lifteen minntes. During the preachment of the brief manuscript, we concluded that we had never been called to the ministry. We were in a hot both of excitement. People noticed our trepidation, and supposed it was because we were afraid the gas would go out. Alas lour fear was that it would not go out. As we came toward the close of our brief, we joined the anti-gas party, and prayed that before we came to the last written line something would burst, and leave us in the darkness. Indeed, we discovered an encoaraging flicker amid the burners, which gave us the hope that the brief which ley before us would be long enough for all practical purposes, and that the hour of execution night be postponed to some other night. As we came to the sentence next to the last, the lights fell down to half their the mst, the ights the town to han then, size, and we could just manage to see the audience as they were floating away from our vision. We said to ourself, "Why can't these lights be obliging, and go out entirely?" The wish was gratified. As we finished the last line of our brief, and stood with the property of the property of the country of the property of the country of the co on the verge of rhetorical destruction, the last glimmer of light was extinguished.
"It is impossible to proceed," we cried out; "receive the benediction!"

We crawled down the pulpit in a state of We crawled down the pulpt in a state of exhibitantion; we never before saw such handsonic darkness. The odor of the escaping gas was to as like "gales from Araby." Did a frightened young man over have such fortunate deliverance? The providence was probably intended to "mille the trustees, jet the scared preacher took advantage of it.

But after we got home we saw the wick-edness of being in such dread. As the Lord got us out of that predicament; wo resolved never again to be cornered in one similar. Forthwith this thraldom was bro-ken, we hope never again to be felt. How derzenning that a man with a mes age from the Lord Almighty should be dependent upon paper-mills and gasometers! Paper is a non-conductor of gospel electricity. If a man have a five-thousand-dollars bill of goods to sell a customer, he does not go up to the purchaser, and say, "I have some remarks to make to you about these goods but just wait till I get out my mainiscript. Before he got through reading the argument, the customer would be in the next door, making jurchases from another house." the Lord Almghty should be dependent

What cowardicol Because a few critical.

hearors sit wall lead-pencils out to maridown the inaccuracies of extemporaneous-ness, shall the pulpit cower? If these critics do not repent they will go to hell, and take their lead-poncils with them. While the great congregation are ready to take the bread hot out of the oven, shall the minister be crippled in his work because the village doctor or lawyer sits carping before him? To please a few learned ninnies, a thousand ministers sit writing ser mons on Saturday night till near the break of day—their heads hot, their feet cold, and their nerves a-twitch. Sermons born Saturday hight are apt to have the rickets. Instead of cramping our chests over writingdosks, and being the slaves of the pen, let us attend to our physical health, that we may have more pulpit independence. It would be a grand thing if every minister felt strong enough in body to thrash any man in his audience improperly behaving, man in his audience improperly behaving, but always kept back from such assault by the fact that it would be wrong to do so. There is a good deal of heart and head in our theology, but not enough liver and backbone. We need a more stal wart Christian character; more roast beef rare, and less calf's-foot jelly. This will make the pulpit more bold, and the pew more manly. manly.

Which thoughts came to us this week as we visited again the village church aforesaid, and preached out of the same old Bible in which years age, we laid the tennique manuscript, and looked upon the same lights that once behaved so badly. But we found it had been snowing since the time we lived there, and heads that then were black are white now, and some of the eyes which looked up to us that memorable night when the gasomter failed us, thirtcon years ago, are closed now, and for them all earthly lights have gone out forever.

#### THE LATEST DISCOVERIES IN THE POLAR REGIONS.

Although the North Pole has not yet been reached, notable progress has recently been made in the exploration of the zone of which it is the center. During the past sum-mer, several voyages have been accomplished ; and of the results thereby determined, we are now beginning to learn the first par-

Dr. Augustus Petermanu, the eminent German geographer, has received advices, via Norway, that the land at the east of the island of Spitzbergen, of which the posi-tion has frequently changed on the charts during the past two centuries, has at last been reached, and that, during the month of August last, it was thoroughly explored by Captain Nils Johnsen, of Tromsoc. Auother Norwegian captain, Altmann of Hammerfest, although reaching the same locality, falled to make observations of any importance, so that it was reserved for Captain Johnsen to complete the work. He left Tromsoo for the fisheries of Nova Zembla in the yacht Lydiana with a crow Lembia in the yacht Lydiana with a crow of nine men. At the beginning of June, says Dr. Peterinann, he shaped his course toward the western part of the vast sea which extends between the islands of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. During the latter part of the same month he arrived some 80 kilometers to the south cast of the Park Leichards (a little group off the latter) the Ryk Is islands to little group off the east coast of Spitzbergen) and in the midst of a great polar current that transports enormous quantities of ico toward the east-ern shores of the Spitzbergen and Baren Islands. In the following July and August, the ice current turned more to the castward, leaving the western half of the sea comparatively clear. Captain Johnson, comparatively clear. Captain Johnson, who meantime was making large hauls of fish on the great Spitzbergen banks, suddenly discovered on the afternoon of the 16th August that he had been carried to over 78° north latitude, and shortly after perceived the land which it is believed appears on the charts of 1617 under the pears. pears on the charts of 1617 under the name of Wiche or Gillis Land. Finding the sea open on the east and southeast shores of this island, Johnson anchored his vessel near the northeast point, at latitude about 79° north, and disembarked in order to explore the surroundings, to ascend a mountain near the coast, and also to obtain a supply of the wood which he saw in enermous quantities on the beach. The main islands he found to be accompained by others smaller in extent. On no portion of the land could extended snowfields be seen. One glacier was visible on the southeast coast, while numerous streams of clear water were apparent.

The length of the island between its furmarine miles. The drift wood had accumulated in vast heaps, hundreds of feet from the shore and as high as twenty feet above the sea level. The principal animals inhabiting the polar regions were observed and especially the Greenland seal, which appeared in immense numbers. The explorers comes considerable surprise at the reindeer, which they state are fatter and larger in size than any they had ever seen. On the back of one of these animals, fat was found of over three inches in thickness. Specimens of argillaceous and quartziferous rock were collected and, with some fossil regetation, for varied to museums in Europe for examination. On the evening of the 17th of August, Johnson departed, following the southern and south eastern shores of the island. There was no ice except on the north coast, while in a north constelly direction the sea was open as far as the eye could reach. Regarding the Austrian expedition of Payer and Wie-precht, we have news as late as the 16th of August: At the late the expedition was near the Isle of Burcht '70 ~ 7' north latitude and 58 ~ 24' longitude east of Paris. There is little of novelty communicated other than that the temperature of the sea as taken, verifies the figures adopted by Dr Potermann, on the charts. "Much thick ice has been encounted" says M Payer, "but with the nid of steam we have no difficulty in penetrating it."—Scientific American.

# THE PULPIT AND THE PRESS.

The following is form an article by Prof. Bascom in the Bibliotheca Sucra for Octobor.

established and time worn agent, the pal pit, is found in comparison of it with the press. So actorishing has been the out-burst her, that all vagrant ey's and thoughts are captivated and swept away. Such busy pons such a clatter of machin-ory, such cagor agents of distributionsteam cars, scattering the coveted paper as rapidly through the wide country as racing newshoys through the narrow city—give to our mechanical minds a strange sause of power, fill the imagination with a variety of imagery, and load us to accept this demonstrative, monetary, sonsuous force as quite ultimate in the intellectual world. Yet is there here more motion than matter, cir-culation rather than life-blood. The press does not so much determine social charactor as it intensifies it and bears it rapidly on to its issues. The case with which we shall spread, pross, and ir nour paper-pulp into paper will depend on the machinory at our disposal; but the quality of the paperwill turn on the material used, and the sorting, rending, and cleansing process to which it has been subjected. The teacher and the preacher make ready society for the press, and determine whether its activities shall circulate a high-toned mornlity, or the narrow precepts and low cunning of a life based on pleasures and utilities; whether society shall be in the end mere coarse wrapping for a dinner, or bear a delicate water-mark on a pure page that waits the inspiration of ert, religion, or philosophy. There is a personal, elementary, and organic force in the instructions of the pulpit which must always put them carlierin time, deeper in sympathy, more formative in character than those of the press. Men climb into manhood under the influences of the pulpit; they use their manhood by the aid of the press.

"As the nurture of the household is closer to the life of the child than that of the community, so the religious instruction of the pulpit, with its infinate social aspects, is nearer the thoughts of man than the paper, coming from 1emote and impersonal centres.

#### SLANG PHRASES.

Rev. Dr. Hall was sitting in his study one pleasant August afternoon, his thoughts intent upon his Sunday Sermon, and his mind withdrawn from earthly cares, when his train of thought was re lely interrupted, and his attention distracted from his theme by the following conversation:

"Oh, Nellie, where are you-you'd ought to have been there—just the stunningest fellow."

Then a sound of running feet, and pretty soon he heard his daughter exclaim:

"Is that you, Maggio?"

"Yes, como down quick, I've got something to tell you,"

"I'll be there in half a jiffy."

Then a door opened and shut, and m a few minutes.

"What do you think, as I was coming over hero, there was just the stumungest fellow, right in front of me. Just as I got opposite the new charch, my music roll slipped, and every paper in it fell out on the sidewalk.

"Gracious! I should have been dumbfounded."

"And so I was, but it was so rediculous that I almost died a laughing."

"Well, that fellow, do you think, stopped, turned round and helped me pick them up. I was all hunky dory then. He walked as far as here with me, and I thanked him of course, etc., etc. 'You know how 'tis yourself.'"

The good Doctor scratched his head. Could that be his Nellie, whom he thought so lady like? He opened the door, softly, a little crack, thinking, no doubt, that he had a right to play the part of a listener to so strangely mixed a conversation, and in his own house. Very soon it was continu-ed, this time his daughter commencing the conversation.

"There, how's that for high?"

"Oh, isn't that sweet, how much was

"Only five dollars, cheap enough."

"Yes, indeed, but you said you were going to have pink, this is blue." "Never mind, it's all the same in

Dutch. The Dector pecked to see what they were talking about—and Miss Nellie was exhibitingher new bonnet to the admiring gaze of

her friend.

"It's raging he here." "Well, I don't know as I can make it any ccoler," said Nellie, looking around, "I 'spose father'd kill me if I opened a door." Her father had requested her tile day before to keep the doors closed.

"I guessit's time for me to absquatulate," said Maggie rising.

"Don't tear yourself away. Are you going to the lecture to-night?"

" Yes, I had a staving old time last Tuesday night."

"George Saunders said he should go home with you to night."

"Did he? He'd better spell able first." "That's so. If there's anything Thate, tis the boys bothering round; they ought to be put in a barrel and fed through the bung-hole until they are old enough to behave."

"I must bid you a fond adieu now, I've got thousands of errands to do."

"Well, good bye." "Oh, the dickens, I've left my parsol."

"Here it is."

"Now, good-bye, be sure and come tonight.'

"Yes, good-bye."

Then the door closed, and Nellio went up

The Doctor gently shut the door, with a sly twinkle in his oyes. He sat buried in thought some little time. Now and then good humored smile broke over his face. And once he shook with allout laughter. Then again his face lengthened and his how good day, and it let be with a recorder. brow grow dark, until at last with a profound shake of the head he sat flown to be the last day will do completely—separate
"One ground of disparagement of this sume his sermon; but in vain, he could the wheat from the tares.

moteo accounte his though, not on idea would enter his brain; so he sat folly scratching his pen on the paper, till at last with a gosture of impatience, he pushed lack his chair, got up, shook himself, took his hat and went out for a walk. He got as

his init and went out for a watts. He got as for not the gate, when an idea seemen to sold hand. He came back, hung up his mat, and went in search of his wife. For a long time for tea. When tea was ready, Miss Nelli came down, equipped for the lecture. After they were fairly seated at the table, Mrs. Hall said, "My dear sir, will you have some tea?" ьото tea?"

" In half a jiffy, Madam."

Nellie looked up, but her father took no

"Really, this cake is quite stunning," went on the Doctor, as solomn as a judge. Just then his napkin fell to the floor. "Gracious, I'm con-dumbfounded, ejaculated the doctor, getting it a little wrong. Nellio gazed at her father in perfect amassment.

" My dear, this sauce is staving. Where did you buy it?'

" I made it," said his wife, coolly. " Oh, well, it's all the same in German."

Nellie dropped her knife and fork. " You must give me some money for the

butcher to-morrow." said Mrs. Hall. "You'll have to spell 'ability' first,' growled the Doctor savagely.

Then suddenly taking out his handkerchief, he gave his uoso a tremendous blow. "There," said he, "how's that for high."

"I know how 'tis myself," meekly replied his wife. This capped the climax. The knowledge that her father must have heard the afternoon conversation was too much ior Nellie. She burst into tears and left to room. The sage Doctor nodded visely to his wife, and, when she had got out of hearing exclaimed, "There wife, guess we shall hear no more tlang phrases from her. The next day the good Doctor called his daughter into his study, and said to her, "My does girl her!" two heavy says feel.

"My dear girl, don't you see how very foolish all these phrases are? They mean nothing, but are exceedingly injurious to those who use them. By ever so spaying a use, one's speech gets so corrupted, that a person often makes use of one of these expressions, at times, which afterward he would be sorry to remember. They sound very silly to a listoner, and often the use of them leads to something worse. It is bad enough to hear boys use them sometimes, but a girl is expected to be too refined and lady-like to sully her lips by such expressions The use of them is simply a bad habit, but bad habits, like cuts in the bark of a tree, grow and widen with age, and if they once get firm hold, are hard to get rid of. Then there is a great deal in companionship. If we keep company and are intimate with those who use had language, we are apt to make use of it ourselves. 'Persons are known by the company they keep. Whayou seen person using these slang phrases, you may be sure such a person knows not

what is called ' good society.' "Such expressions as, By Gorry, or By Darn, are not only foolish, but wicked For does not the Scripture say, 'Swear not at all, noitier by heaven, nor by the earth; but let your communications be yea, yea, and nay, nay, for whatsoever is more than these cometh of ovil.' There my daughter," said the Poeter, "We have made quite a cormon of it, really the have made and the second of the sermon of it, so let us have no more of slang phrases."

# PAY DAY.

The New York Witness contains a suggestive article on Saturday as Pay Day. From it we take the following:

"A general change of the time of paying men is wrgently demanded. Any other working day would be better than the present one, but Monday is the best of all. Were this day adopted, the week's wages would be likely to go for food, clothing, fred and other necessaries or constants before the and other necessaries or comforts before the close of the week, and there would be no money for Saturday night and Sunday carousing. Wherever such a change has carousing. Wherever such a change has been made the beneficial effect, as for in stance, at Pittsburg—was at once appreciable. It will not put an end altogether to the weekly recurrence of unrestrained li-cense, but it will greatly diminish the temptations to it. The money laid by until the time when it could be more conveniently expended on sinful indulgence will be likely, in not a few instances, to be the 'necuniary independence and inducement to advance otherwise to a position of true manhood. The value also of such a change to a proper evservance and emoryment of the Sabbath is very obvious and very great.

## FREE CHURCH.

The "Free Church of England" is an organization recently formed in that country of those Evangelicals, who are too much opposed to Ritualism and its work to have any fellowship with a body like the Church of England, which recognizes and protects it. The magazine of the Free Church of England states that the body consists mainly of Episcopalians, "whilst recognizing the value of an episcopal organization, regard it not as a divine ordinance of God, but as a convenient custom of the primitive age, in narmony with apostolic sanction." The Free Church does not, of course, recognize the docirino of Apostolic Succession; but contends that a bishop should be a elected by sufrages of his follow presbyters and their Christian congregations." It has also a convocation, which is purely a deliberative representative assembly, composed partly of the laity, the latter largely preponderating. More than \$75,000 have already, been expended, in establishing Protestant services in parishes where Ritualian prevails, and to which the Free Church can go with a revised Prayer-book from in narmony with apostolic sanction." can go with a rovised Prayer-book from which the priestly element, with its deadly heresics, is east out, a aduct Protestant ser-cess, and preach the glorious Gospel of the grace of God."—Independent.

## LONDON NEWSPAPERS.

We are indebted to the London correspondent of the Exter Flying Post for the following :

"Next year it is whispered that we are to have a couple of fresh newspapers; a daily and a weekly—the weekly, a religious organ, under the editorship of Mr. Grant, the late editor of the 'T'wer; and the daily, an organ of Republican politics, under the edico ship of Mr. Jonkins, the author of 'Ginx's Baby.' To my thinking, we have enough, and more than enough, of both sorts of papers; but a few M. P.'s with long purses, and a few clever writers with short purses, and a few clover writers with short political creeds, think we may do with another or two, and a subscription list has been opened with amounts ranging from £15,000 to £5,000. Of course the hope is that it will pay, as the Pall Mall the Telegraph, the Daily News and the Graphics are been as but it may end in a finese and the graph, the Daty News and the Graphic are paying: but it may end in a fiasce and the Bankru stey Court, as the Dial, the Times, the Star and the Day ended. It is all a lottery in which the chances are 10.00° to one against success. Where newspapers do succeed now, they turn out splended successes, paying 100 to 120 per cent., as the Graphic is now doing on returning a reconstruction. Graphic is now doing, or returning a revenue equal to the rent roll of the Duchy of Cornwall, as in the case of the Telegraph and Standard. But you must sink a fortune before you look for a penny in the form of a return, and be prepared to risk a second if the first does not establish the paper, This is what the proprietors of the Graphic did. This, too, was what M. Graphic did. This, too, was what Mi. Smith did with the Pall Mall, and what Petter and Galpin did in the case of the Echo. The Dady News swallowed up a half dozen fortunes; but is paying now handsomely, and wile before long, I believe, throw the Telegraph into the fluid or fourth place in the ranks of the Newspaper Press, assuming of course, that Mr. Jonkins' paper does not put the Daily Ne.os and all the rest of the papers in the background." ground."

### ANOTHER MYTH.

Another of the romantic debisions of our youth has been rudely swept away by the caseless and penetrating discoveries of this all-inquiring ago. Already we have been forced to doubt the existence of a William Tell, and the exploits of William Wallace; we are asked to believe that Lucrozia Borgia was, if not quite, a model of mediaval ladyhood, at least not much worse than other royal or noble ladies of her time; that other royal or noble ladies of her time; that Bacon wrote Shakespeare; that Aaron Burr was almost an exemplary character, and that Henry VIII. was a fine specimen of bluff and hearty, and by no means wicked, Englishman of his day. What the stumporators will do for a crushing simile, in place of that upon which they have drawn so liberally, and with so striking an effect, "the car of Juggernaut," it is difficult to tell. Juggernaut was a fine Oriental name and tradition, and Juggernaut's supposed office fitted exactly to 'the idea, vividly present to the stump-orator's mind, that the sont to the stump-orator's mind, that the opposite party was crushing and grinding down the people with corruption and tyranny. Unfortunately, Juggernaut—or, to spell the world more correctly, Jagan-natha - turns out to be a very harmless though still cumbersome old deity. He is abideous and repulsive, but not ordinarily a destructive idol. He represents; in the Hindostance faith, the idea of incarnation, and is the visible image of Vishnu, the surreme god, presented thus uncouthly to the eyes of men. His history is to be found in the "Ramayana," the great opic of Hindostan, and includes a romantic legend about Siva, Jagan-natha's wife, who was carried off by a giant, and was restored by the miraculous, though rather humble aid, of a monkey. In early July the festival of Jagan-natha is kept almost universally among the Bengalco Hindoos, and almost every town and village lins its ponderous Jagan-natha car, which is dragged out for the occasion, the god and his faithful wife sitting aloft, carved in meem-wood and sandal-wood, and duly bathed, to the singing of the sacred "Ram-yatra" hymn. Sometimes, Siva, who is aways represented as a trifle less hideons than her lord, is favored with diamond eyes, and robes of cloth of gold, while emeralds twinkle on her breast, and pearls beam from her enormous and crooked fingers. By accident, at the last festival at Scrampore, two people were crushed under the wheels of the big car; and so unusual a catastrophe was this that the populace bitterly complained of Jagait-natha' for so ungratefully repaying the efforts of his children graterally replying the chorts of instantant to drag him forth from the temple. This Jagan-natha, it appears, was perched on a car some fifty feet high, with sixteen wheels, and it was with difficulty drawn to the traditional bath. The truth is, that the custom of self-immolation under Jagan-natha's car has long been a thing of the past, the British authorities in India having found means to dissuade the Hindoos from the practice.—Appleton's Journa t.

TRINCIPAL ROBERTSON AND DR. ERSKINE.

Principal Robertson, the historian, was prenching one forenoon in the Grayfrans, Edinburgh. He was expatiating on man's love of virtue, as was the fashion with the Broad Churchmen of his day, as well as of ours. "So great was that dove," he said, "that if virtue were to descend full-robed from heaven to earth, men would full down and worship her." In the afternoon of that same Sabhath, the Principal's colleague, Dr. Erkine, an evangeheal preacher, referred to what had been said in the forencon, "I say," said he, "on the contrary, that men inturally do not love, but do hate virtue. For the very case my colleague supposed did actually happen: Virtue did come down mearnate from heaven, in the person of God's only Son, the Lord Jesus Christ; and men, so far from falling down to worship Him, cried, 'Away with Him, a vay with Him; crucity Him, criticity Him!' and so they nailed Him to the accursed tree."

The love of Christ i; the only atmosphere in which a child of God, can live and thrive.