

he would remind them of what he had done in their midst, which was surely not worth less than the few paltry dollars about which so much had been said. (Applause.) He hoped they would allow him to continue his work there. He was the only witness against Rome on this continent that had a personal knowledge of their affairs, and he might say, without boasting, that he was the only one able to successfully fight it. He was the only one on the continent who had made such a breach in the walls of Rome, and he could show to them thousands of poor souls he had rescued from its darkness through the help of Christ. He had nothing to say against the noble Presbyterian Church of the United States, but he did not think the Presbytery of Chicago had dealt very fairly by him and his people. When the fire destroyed his church and college two years ago he thought to himself here was a grand opportunity to heal all sores between himself and that Presbytery. He, therefore, cast himself and his congregation upon their brotherly benevolence, and asked the congregation in his vicinity to open their churches to his people. But they had refused his application, and in effect had said that he and his people were unworthy of going into their Church. This was a thing unparalleled in any Church. (Hear, hear.) It was the month of October, the cold of winter coming on, and his people without a church to worship in. Yet the request respectfully preferred was disdainfully refused. He and his people were not angry with them; they pitied them. Last year their (the American Presbyterian) Church was destroyed, and his people were heartily sorry for them, and forgetting the manner in which they had been treated under similar circumstances, they said they must do something for their brethren. They collected \$50 and sent it to them, and up to this time they had not the honour or the Christianity to acknowledge it. He begged of them not to cast him and his people off. He was with his dear converts of Illinois, fighting the battle against the giant power of Rome, with an unparalleled success. The Lord had given them the proof that He was pleased with their humble efforts and sacrifices, by giving them the most glorious victories. Let the noble Canada Church continue to protect them; and new victories will be gained under the Great Captain of Salvation, against the implacable enemy of the gospel of Christ. He hoped, in conclusion, that they would at least wait for the report of the Committee before they took any action in the matter. (Applause.)

After some discussion a motion by the Rev. Professor Cayen was adopted, as follows:—That the General Assembly resolve the overture, and appoint a committee to consider the whole question of French Evangelization as conducted by this Church, and especially to consider the propriety of consolidating the several schemes of French work now conducted by the Church, the committee to report to the General Assembly.

Rev. Mr. Gibson pointed out that the evangelists in Lower Canada felt that there was so much to do in their own portion of the country that they considered it necessary to do all they could for their own mission. He thought the point should be considered before so great a change was made. He should support the motion of Mr. Cayen.

Rev. Dr. McVie looked upon the whole matter as a question of management. He thought that the motion of Rev. Mr. Cayen, which was to continue to protect the mission of Kankakee as formerly, was the wisest, and he would support it. Revs. Mr. King and Bennett withdrew their motion, and Rev. Mr. Cayen's motion was unanimously carried.

CAN YOU PLOD?

Sir Christopher Wren, by whose master skill St. Paul's of London was erected, desired to secure a skilful craftsman to complete his designs as the work progressed. His question to every applicant was, "Can you plod?" That is, can you take up a line of investigation, or a pathway of pursuit, and continue it to the final accomplishment without halting. It means, constant and unremitting toil. By the securing of such workmen as these, Wren's work was accomplished, and still looks fresh, though it has stood the suns and storms of nearly one hundred and fifty years.

Direct, outright, and relentless labor is the demand of the Christian Church to-day. "Can you plod?" should be asked of every candidate for official position in the Church. Not, can you run, and fly rapidly, for a little while, but, can you keep steadily forward as the year rolls on. It is not the sudden flash of a fire of slavings in a sheet-iron stove that gives steadiness to the temperature of mansion and cottage, but the less variable qualities of burning anthracite. So constancy is one of the most important elements of the Christian labor and life. On not one of the pages of the Inspired Word are we impressed with a spirit of ease. Both its words and its characters teach of zeal and perseverance, of faith and firmness, until the resurrection and the course finished.—*American Wesleyan.*

ENCOURAGE HIM.

Poor sermons often result from a discouraged heart. Flattery hurts and offends a sensible man, but appreciation does him good. Mines of undeveloped strength are lodged with modest men, who only need words of sympathy and cordial support to bring it out. A sense of weakness and incompetence is a millstone around many a pastor's neck. Wise, generous encouragement will work deliverance. Even men of feeble parts and numerous defects are aided by patient, faithful support. It is cruel to forsake a pastor because he is weak; he should rather be sustained with still greater vigor on this account. Yet how often do men receive feeble support just because they need it more than others. The poor man's poverty and the weak man's weakness are their destruction.

It is easier and handier for men to flatter than to praise.

SOME SONS AND THEIR FATHERS.

You may not like to admit it, but you are alienated from any one when you are able to go out and in, and get through your day's work, he being absent and you not missing him. That is alienation. Add to it, how much of it there is in this world! We can do without almost anybody. We have all frequently met a fellow-creature who could do without anybody except himself. The affections that cling to parents and home die in some folk very early. And there are those who think they have got rid of a somewhat despicable creature, when these dwindle and go. There is something touching and pleasant when we find men remain unsophisticated in this respect, even to advanced years; and even when sufficiently hardened in many respects. Nothing in Brongham's life gives one so kindly an idea of his heart as the fact that when away from him, in London, he wrote a letter to his mother every day. Savage reviewer, demagogue (not in a bad sense), Member for Yorkshire, counsel in a host of great causes and some historical ones, swaying by pure force the House of Commons, Lord Chancellor, still the day never passed on which the expected letter did not go, did not come. Those who, when another Scotch Chancellor died, malignantly visited him before he was cold in his grave, did not (it is to be hoped) know anything about Lord Campbell unless by rumour; did not, surely, know how through his early struggles and his first years at the Bar, and on till he was burdened with the work and care of the Attorney-General, he wrote regular and long letters to the good old minister of Cupar, setting out in minute detail how it was faring with his absent son. The rising lawyer had risen no higher when his father died; but it would have been just the same (if it could have been) when he was Chief Justice. And to go to a different kind of man, Dr. James Hamilton (whose life is worth reading), and a good deal that was narrow there was the love about the letters he wrote, till he died, a man of fifty-three, to "My dear Maamma." One feels that it would have seemed like a breath of air from the dear old ways of childhood, to have varied the manner in which the young lad at College began his first letters home.

I don't say whose fault it was, or whether it was anybody's fault, but it always grieved me to hear of old John McVie working for his eighteenth penny a day, an old laboring man, when his son not seen by him for many a day and year, was known to fame as Sir Colin Campbell, and then as Lord Clyde. That son of man was unlucky in the matter of names. To the name of Campbell he had no right; but I have; and his title was taken from the name of a river with which he had nothing earthly to do. Perhaps it would have been so awkward for the Field-Marshal to have walked into the old laborer's cottage, perhaps father and son would have found so little in common, that it may have been wise in the peer, instead of going to see his father, to send a little money now and then to the parish minister to be applied to the increase of his comforts. No doubt Berkeley-square and the little island in the Hebrides were not five hundred, but five hundred millions of miles apart. All I say, is that, as a young man, it pained one's heart to know that utter alienation. Never was a huger rain, with great curling horns, more estranged from the sheep it was taken from as a trembling little lamb, six years before, amid piteous bleatings on either part, than by the very nature of things, was F. M. Lord Clyde from old John McVie. If I were such an old John, I would rather my son did not become so great. For then, in my failing days, he would cheer me by kind words and looks (better than a five-pound note sent to the minister to give me by instalments); he would be to me when I breathe my last, and he would lay my poor weary head in the grave.—*A. K. H. B., in Fraser's Magazine.*

CURIOUS RULES FOR MIXED MARRIAGES IN JAPAN.

A notification has been issued by the Japanese Government upon the question of mixed marriages. Such unions are not likely to be of frequent occurrence in Japan; but still foreigners have, in one or two instances, selected Japanese wives, although previous to the issuing of the following notification. 1.—Any Japanese subject desiring to marry a wife of foreign parentage residing in Japan must first apply to the Government for permission to do so. 2.—Any woman of foreign extraction who shall marry a Japanese subject—whether here or abroad—will, after the ceremony, be looked upon as a naturalized Japanese, and be subject to the laws of this Empire. 3.—All Japanese subjects, whilst travelling in foreign countries, desirous of intermarriage with subjects of any other realm, must, before entering into the marriage contract, apply for permission to do so to the Minister of Japan or the Consul resident in that country, who shall judge of the propriety of the application, and transmit it to the Home Government. 4.—Any Japanese woman to receive a foreigner into his family as an adopted son (Son-in-Law) must first obtain the permission of the Government to do so, and after the performance of the ceremony, he will be looked upon as a naturalized Japanese subject. 5.—Any Japanese woman who may marry a foreigner will thenceforth be no longer regarded as a subject of this Empire, unless she has first obtained the permission of the Government to contract the alliance. 6.—Any Japanese woman who may marry a foreigner will by that act relinquish all or any right she may have to houses, farms, gardens, or landed property; but if she has obtained the permission of the Government to contract the alliance, and continues a subject of Japan, she may retain her personal property, such as money, jewellery, and clothes.—*Japan Mail.*

The man of science may proudly sit on the loftiest pinnacle of human knowledge, but the question of a child shall confound him.

MEMORY

To the man himself any strength of memory which does not hinder reflection and excite the labor of thought is valuable; but the memory which is worth most to the world is that which keeps us supplied with a knowledge of things that would otherwise be lost. Books and newspapers tell us a great deal, and enable us often to dispense without much inconvenience with the exercise of memory; but there is only one branch of study that owes more to faithful, retentive memory than to all the books in the world. We mean the memory that retains in living freshness the sayings and doings, the look and aspect, of a past generation, that can set before us, as it unfolded itself, some all the actors in which are dead and gone, and bring to our ears with just emphasis the very words of feeling or passion spoken years ago. How rare this is we know from the difficulty of getting precise information as to persons or events after a brief lapse of time. The incidents that give excellence to biography, Dr. Johnson found the most difficult of all things to obtain from survivors. Such incidents are of a volatile and evanescent kind; they soon escape the memory, and are rarely transmitted by tradition. Still there are memories that do their best to rescue a character from oblivion, that delight to recue its life in cheerful description. It argues, no doubt, a disengaged, unselfish attention to note the incident at the time as telling and expressive, and this quality stamps itself on the narrative and inspires confidence in the hearer. Those who have patience to listen to these chronicles are at once performing a pious work and accumulating a store of the best knowledge, which serves them in good stead as opportunity arises. There is no pleasanter talk than the gleanings of a student of character among the memories of the various circles and classes he has mixed with. We leave his company feeling human nature to be a livelier, cleverer, more impressive thing than you have been in the way of finding out for ourselves. Mere invention, expending itself on a past state of things commonly falls flat; but the reproduction of the actual life of fifty, or even twenty years ago is an invaluable contribution. Memory that performs feats commonly expends itself on the labored efforts of the human understanding. Memory of the higher sort distinguishes for itself what is memorable. To repeat that another has said because it was characteristic of him is a more useful exercise of the talent than to commit pages of the same man's writing to memory. Perhaps too it is a more difficult one.

In these cases the value of memory consists in its literal, even verbal, truth. There are many personal anecdotes which we feel are most probably false—if not wholly false, yet enough so to destroy their use as evidence of character. There must be a stamp of genuineness which only verbal accuracy can supply. Such memories imply habitual conscientiousness; they are respectable as well as brilliant possessions. For few memories are entirely truthful. We many of us find them false mainly, to our own cost or inconvenience. We are sure we put a missing article where we did not put it, that we read a passage in the middle of a right-hand page when it turns out to be at the top of the left; the eye of memory has the most distinct recollection, and yet it is not true. The most disinterested witnesses at a trial contradict one another because each is sure of what he neither saw nor heard exactly as he thinks he saw or heard it. Nobody is willing to attach any moral taint to these involuntary errors, though a certain steadiness of observation, an habitual holding self in check, and putting positiveness to the test, might have preserved us from it. Again, certain ideas, certain forms of expression, slide into the memory unawares, and pass current for original thought, and betray people into involuntary plagiarism. We suspect that a great many persons assume to themselves a faculty of invention when they are only cheated by their memory introducing itself as an original conception, and performing its feats in disguise. Not many suffer under the reverse deception, of which Charles Lamb accuses himself when lamenting the strange fatality through which everything he once quoted two lines from a translation of Dante which Hazlitt very greatly admired, and quoted in a book as proof of the stupendous power of the poet. But no such lines were to be found in the translation searched for the purpose, whereupon he adds, "I must not dream them, for I am quite sure I did not forge them—knowingly. What a misfortune," he plaintively concludes, "to have a lying memory!" On the other hand, a correct memory is the most necessary of all aids to the law, as we are reminded by a hackneyed proverb; and it also prompts to lying in unprincipled hands. Wood tells a story of Hoskyns, the Winchester boy, who having neglected to write his verse exercise, glanced for a minute or two over the shoulder of a more diligent schoolfellow, and upon the master calling him up, said that he had lost his paper, but if he might be allowed, he would repeat without book the twenty verses he had written; which he was permitted to do. The other boy was called next, and showed the verses which Hoskyns had just repeated, and being taken for the thief was sorely whipped.

Next to the lying memory, and far more common, is the treacherous memory that fails us at a pinch, in "ing itself in darkness, leaving an acknowledgment of its existence, but eluding our grasp. Nothing is more tantalizing than this state of mind. The man who feels the fact, or word, or name, slipping just out of his reach is a misery to himself and everybody else. Very few people have philosophy enough to give up, to reflect that what they are for in such restless persistence matters to nobody; for the true being they have lost part of themselves and worry after it; for

When words that made its body fall away And leaves it yearning dumbly.

This fretting is a bore, but it is also evidence of the universal regret at the failure of memory. It is one of the most pathetic facts of life, to which no use reconciles us, that so

much of the pride and flower of its thought and wit should go so utterly away while still existing memories; that words which range themselves in noble, touching, solemn order should slip out of our thoughts, never to sound with the same rhythm again; that sayings and meditations, such a revelation of personal character or of deep human nature, should have no witness capable of recording them; that each generation should know so little of its predecessors. This is the memory which conventionalists are disappointing, and history and biography so imperfect, but in desiring which we know not what we ask. Life, in fact, has not room for such memories.—*Saturday Review.*

BIBLE AND NATURE.

The God of Nature and the Bible is one. He who inspired histories, and psalms, and prophecies, and epistles, was He who made stars and flowers; and the works of His hands never look so fair as when studied in the light of His Word. Nature is not so much a book by which we can find out God as a book from which we may gather illustrations of what God is, having learned His perfections from His revealed truth. It is said of Archbishop Usher, when he grew old, and spectacles could not help his failing sight, that a book was dark except beneath the strongest light of the windows. And the aged man would sit against the easement, with his outspread volume before him, till the sunshine flitted to another opening, when he would change his place, and put himself again under the brilliant rays; and so he would move about with the light till the day was done and his studies ended. And truly, we may say our weak eyes will not suffice to make out the inscription on the page of Nature, unless we hold it up in Divine light—unless we get near the window of Scripture, where God pours in upon us the radiance of His Spirit. And wherever it shines let us follow it, knowing that nowhere but in its illumination can we study the spiritual meanings of Nature so well.—*J. Sloughton.*

LOOK ON THIS PICTURE—AND ON THAT.

There is, to our personal knowledge, a bank president in this city who was contemplating a trip to Europe during the summer, but who found that this would deprive the clerks of their usual vacation. He generously remains at his post, taking the place of each one in turn as he goes for a period of recreation. Not every bank president is competent to do the work of his subalterns; but how many are there who are thus carefully thoughtful of the interests of those whom they employ?

One of the large retail dry goods houses in the city docks the pay of its clerks when they are absent on a summer vacation, and, worse still, cuts down the number of its salesmen during the dull season. Yet the proprietor has more wealth than he knows what to do with, and in certain directions has done much in philanthropic efforts. "This ought to have been done, and not to leave the other undone."

Comment is superfluous and unnecessary.—*The Christian Weekly.*

BUXTON MISSION FUND.

Rev. Mr. Cochrane read the report of the Buxton Mission Fund, for the two years 1872 and 1873, which showed that the receipts for the year ending the 1st of May 1872, were \$1,000 50, and that a balance then remained in hand of \$35 33. The report for 1873 was dated 21st March, 1873. The receipts for the intervening period were \$1,133 23, and the expenditure \$1,020, leaving a balance in hand of \$107 23. The state of the fund is as follows:—Money invested, \$2,150 64; interest due, \$329 25; total, \$3,480 89; salary due to Mr. King, \$125. The amount remaining is \$3,355 89.

Rev. Mr. Cochrane moved that the report be received, and that a Committee be appointed to examine the same and report to the next General Assembly.

Rev. Professor Gregg, in seconding the adoption of the report, said he would like to make a statement in regard to Mr. King's management of that mission. (Hear, hear.) This matter had been for some time past brought before the public in such a way that he would like to have the opportunity of saying a few words upon it. He supposed he was acquainted with Mr. King for a longer time than any other member of this Assembly, as they were companions in the classes of Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Cumming in the Free Church College of Edinburgh. Even then Mr. King was known to the professors as a gentleman who took a great interest in matters connected with the Church. He need not say that since that time he had had further opportunity of knowing him, and of witnessing the interest—the deep interest—he had all along taken in the Buxton Mission, and he would say that of all the members of the Assembly he did not know one in whose perfect integrity he had more confidence, or a single member who had done more valuable service for the Church than Rev. Mr. King. (Applause.) He would therefore take this opportunity to testify in the most direct, strong, and emphatic manner his perfect confidence in the whole of Mr. King's conduct in the management of the Buxton Mission and every other matter connected therewith. He would be glad indeed were this expression of confidence in Mr. King, after the slanderous manner in which no had been referred to by a certain portion of the press in connection with this work. (Loud applause.)

Rev. Mr. McPherson said he had long been a member of the Committee on the Buxton Mission, and he had always found the finances properly audited and extremely correct—audited by the parties appointed for that purpose. He could assure the Assembly that he had never seen the slightest grounds for suspicion as to the management of the funds of the mission. (Loud applause.)

The motion was then carried.

The Rev. Mr. Cochrane moved that the Assembly set for half an hour to favor the business of the Assembly, which was agreed to.

The Assembly expressed a desire to hear Mr. King on the subject of this mission.

Rev. Mr. King, in replying with thanksgiving, said the object of the mission when first instituted, was for the purpose of giving instruction to a large number of our fellow beings who had found an asylum in this Province. The mission was the oldest belonging to the Church, and at the time it was formed, in 1813, there were 3,000 of the persons whom it was intended to instruct in the Province, who had been driven from the United States by the slave law, which was passed about that time. He had been connected with the mission 22 years, and the great object they had in view was not only instructing those in the Province, but it was also preparing young men of piety and talents, that they might not only benefit to the race here, but also in Africa. The abolition of slavery in the United States resulted in the closing of the mission. During the time the mission was in operation 700 passed from his hands and received a religious education, and some a college education. Upwards of 20 of these were labouring with great success in different departments of the United States. Four of them were in South Carolina, two in Mississippi, several in Missouri, Arkansas, and Alabama, and he held in his hand a letter which he had received from one in Alabama, who was appointed at the last election one of the representatives to Congress from the northern part of Alabama, the place where he had been and afterwards sent to Canada to be educated. Last Saturday he was appointed by the United States Commissioner to the exhibition in Yucatan. This was only one sample of what these students were also doing in the United States. Others were filling high positions of trust. With regard to the condition of the fund, he said there was now belonging to the Buxton Mission funds, church, and ground which were valued at \$4,117.72, and there was in the hands of the treasurer \$3,131.89. This was now the property of the General Assembly, had had anything to do with for the last ten years. It had been placed in the hands of the Committee, and had been under its management ever since. When he went out to establish the mission his life had been threatened, and from that time to the present he had met with base slanders. He could sympathize with his friend Mr. Clumphy in the mission in which he was engaged, and men fighting in these missionary fields require the warmest sympathy and support of their brethren. The mission in which he had been connected however, was no longer required. The schools were self-supporting. They had raised \$1,000 for their own support, and the congregation was nearly doing the same. But it required some support. He had to return his thanks for the warm and cordial support he had received from his brethren. The mission could not any more be considered a mission, and many of those who had been educated by it were doing good service in the United States. (Applause.)

The report of the Committee appointed to consider the overture concerning the General Assembly Fund, as already published, was formally adopted.

In regard to the overture of the Synod of Montreal, agent the improvement of the music of the Church.

Rev. Mr. Carswell moved that this matter be referred to a Committee to obtain information and report to next General Assembly.—Carried.

On motion of Rev. Mr. Cochrane, the report of the Committee on French Missions was also formally agreed to.

CULTURE AND FAITH.

There is no more forlorn sight than that of a man highly gifted, elaborately cultivated, with all the other capacities of his nature strong and active, but those of faith and reverence dormant. And this, he it said, is the pattern of man in which culture, made the chief good, would most likely issue. On the other hand, when it assumes its proper place, illumined by faith, and animated by devout aspiration, it acquires a dignity and depth, which of itself it cannot attain. From faith it receives its highest and most worthy objects. It is chastened and purified from self-reference and conceit. It is prized no longer, merely for its own sake, or because it exalts the possessor of it, but because it enables him to be of use to others who have been less fortunate. In a word, it ceases to be self-insulated, and seeks to communicate itself as widely as it may. So culture is transmitted from an intellectual attainment into a spiritual grace. This seems the light in which all who are admitted to higher cultivation should learn to regard their endowments, whatever they be.—*Principal Sharp.*

Special Notice.

HASTY CONSUMPTION CURED BY FELLOWS' HEPATOPHOSPHATE.

CANNONBAR, NEWFOUNDLAND, Jan. 3, 1874.
MR. JAMES I. FELLOWS.
DEAR SIR: I came to this country in May, 1869. I found a countryman of mine laboring under some affection of the lungs. I recommended your Syrup, tried at the Druggists in Harbor Grace, but they thought I was inventing the same as their experience. However, in April 1870, Mr. Edgar, a rapidly wasted man with every symptom of quick consumption, so that he was unable to walk across the room, having no appetite, pains in the left side, nervous system suffering, dry, hacking cough, &c. Fortunately I carried a bottle of your Syrup, and immediately procured some (showed one to W. H. Thompson, who ordered a supply from you at once). This was Tuesday afternoon, at night he took the prescribed dose, and in the morning he described the very results noticed on the wrapper. His appetite soon began to return, and a vigorous one it was, too, the dry, hacking cough & vomiting altogether, but violent attacks, finally disappearing altogether; pains left his side, his hand assumed its usual position, and before he had taken ten bottles his health was quite restored, and to say that a more healthy person is to be found on our streets, and it is the opinion of all, had he not been fortunate in getting your valuable Syrup of H. P. Hepatophosphate, he would now be in his grave.
He happened to be the W. H. Thompson's one day your first shipment arrived, and took at once four bottles to the Labrador, which he was very anxious to do, but had no occasion to use very himself. No other medicine will he ever prescribe, recommend, or give, but yours.
It is so common to find another consumptive, but have not heard from him since, as he lives in a distant part of the Island. Hoping this will give you some encouragement, I remain, yours, &c.
W. H. BYRAGE.