

of their own *caste*. The *bolus* of cow's dung and other *et ceteras*, which these men have to swallow, is supposed, in conjunction with other degrading ceremonies, to restore—with great difficulty—their former holiness and purity. Poor "parliamentarians!" Not such a religion is going to renovate the world!

BEFORE Cromwell had received from Carlyle his famous historical justification and had thus passed from the dark shades of obloquy into the noon light of fame, it had been in our home, as it was in every true Congregational home, an unwritten article of faith that our Congregational Oliver was worthy to be numbered with the most puissant of England's heroes and the most pious of her saints. I learned from my father that the spirit which dwelt in the Ironsides had not died but had lived on as a vital energy working for faith and righteousness and freedom in the mother land.—*Rev. Hugh Pelley.*

ACCORDING to the London *Daily News* the Procurator of the Holy Synod of Russia reports that the Stundists and other nonconformists are steadily increasing in spite of all efforts to put them down. And His Excellency opines that "the extremely religious mode of life, the strict moral discipline, the close sympathy, and the unflinching support rendered to the needy by the affluent members of these sectarian communities, have all combined to enlist the voluntary adhesion of the simple and ignorant peasants." All of which, of course, is too bad—indeed, is scandalous in the extreme.—*Missionary Review.*

THE UNION.—Let every delegate appointed be sure to attend! Fill up the "Northern Church" to its utmost capacity; and come, ready not only to *listen*, but to help in the deliberations. It is sometimes said, "the ministers do all the talking;" and unfortunately it is too often the case—from the backwardness of the other delegates. The remedy is simple; let every delegate feel free to speak on any subject before the body of which he is a member. And let the "Nominations" Committee, this year, put some women on the hard-working general committees. They are coming in larger numbers every year, and they have never yet been given anything to do!

MISS LAWSON, a great authority on S. S. primary work, teaches her class to say, "Miss Lawson, good morning!" when they come in. But at Easter, wishing them to memorize the Golden Text, "Christ is risen," told them the Sunday before, to come in and say, "Miss Lawson, Christ is risen!" instead of "Good morning!" It wrought perfectly; even the very smallest of them remembered for once the Golden Text! And she replied to each, "Yes, dear, Christ is risen indeed!" There is a good suggestion here; for the wise teacher can often make work seem like play!

NEAL DOW.—On the occasion of a temperance celebration, promoted by the Templars and the Sons of Temperance, at Whitby on Neal Dow's ninetieth birthday, our old friend, Ross Johnson, was in the chair; and a poem of his was read, of which we give an extract:

God chooses well His instruments of labor;  
To no blind chance He leaves His great designs.  
He who led Barak from the heights of Tabor,  
Knows all earth's secret mines;

And from the hidden forges of the mountains,  
And from the fissures of the granite hills.  
He pours the crystal waters from His fountains  
In gushing silver rills.

Thus hath it been right down through all the ages;  
Jehovah's purpose and Jehovah's plan  
Have been fulfilled, not by earth's greatest sages,  
But by some chosen man—

And thus inspired and fitted by the Master,  
An honored vessel for the Master's use,  
Neal Dow went forth, foreboding no disaster,  
To right a great abuse.

Long have the veteran's flowing locks been hoary—  
Long has he fought with heart and tongue and pen—  
Henceforth and evermore he's crowned with glory,  
A king among great men!

TORONTO is less guilty than many cities I know of. After ten years of life in the West my own ear experiences a distinct relief on getting back to this city. That I must say in justice to Toronto. Nevertheless we are very far from blameless. I hear men swear at their horses; I hear them swear at one another, and I hear young lads swearing among themselves. Men swear in anger; they swear in jest; they swear for emphasis, and they swear for the lust of swearing. Men whose vocabulary is narrow use curses for adjectives. Men whose minds are dull resort to profanity to make up for lack of