

## PRAYER.

"The Spirit himself maketh intercession for us, with groanings which cannot be uttered."

Hast thou ne'er felt some sweet and saintly spirit  
Glide graciously into thy very own,  
And soothe its troubled fears, and strongly bear it  
In prayer unto the Heavenly Father's throne?  
Hast thou ne'er flung thee down to restless slumber  
Nor known some heart for thine did meanwhile pray,  
And all the cares that late did thee encumber  
Had vanished with the morning quite away?  
Yea, I have felt such holy benediction,  
A childlike peace that words could not express,  
And when I asked and learned it was no fiction,  
My heart has overflowed with thankfulness.  
Ah, is it not most beautiful to bear  
Another's soul to heaven thus in prayer?

CHARLES W. JEROME.

## A PATAGONIAN PRAYER.

You know, said Max Muller, in a recent lecture when people talk of savages, they always take the people of Terr del Fuego or the Patagonians as the lowest of the low. Darwin has set the example, for he speaks of them as hardly deserving to be called fellow-creatures. Their language, he adds, is scarcely to be called articulate. Captain Cook has compared their language to a man clearing his throat, but according to Darwin, no European ever cleared his throat with so many hoarse, guttural and clicking sounds. I have shown, on the contrary, that these people possess a dictionary of 32,430 words; and an Italian, Giacomo Bove, describes their language as "sweet, pleasing, and full of vowels." How shall we reconcile these conflicting statements, and yet it is on evidence like this that the most far-reaching theories have been built up. But that is not all. We know naturally very little of the religion of these Patagonian savages, but if prayer is a fair index of the worth of a religion, let me read you a Patagonian prayer:

O Father, Great Man!  
King of this land!  
Favor us, dear Friends every day,  
With good food,  
With good water,  
With good sleep!  
Poor am I, poor is this meal:  
Take of it, if thou wilt.

This is a prayer uttered by people whom Darwin compares to "devils like those that rush on the stage in the 'Freischutz.'" To me it seems a prayer in which we ourselves could join without much shame. It is not addressed to a fetish, or to a totem, or to an ancestral spirit; it is addressed to an unseen Father, to a dear friend, the king of their land, to whom they offer the best they have, though it is only, as they say, a very poor meal.

## ONE GIRL'S WORK.

A few years ago a little girl applied to a pastor in one of our large cities for admission into his Sunday school. She was told that the classes were so full that there was no room for her, and that the church was so small that no more classes could be organized. Much disappointed, the little girl began to save pennies (her family were poor) for the purpose of enlarging the church, in order that she and other children like her might be accommodated. She told no one of her ambitious purpose, however; so that when the pastor of this church was called to her bedside a few months later he saw nothing unusual, only a frail child of six and a half years.

The little sufferer died, and a week later there were found in her battered red pocketbook (which had been her savings bank) fifty-seven pennies and a scrap of paper, which told in childish print the story of her ambition and the purpose of her self denial.

The story of that little pocketbook and its contents, and of the unfaltering faith of the little owner got abroad. It touched the heart of saint and sinner alike. Her inspiration became a prophecy, and men labored and women sang and children saved to aid in its fulfillment. These fifty-seven pennies became the nucleus of a fund which in six years grew to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and to-day this heroine's picture (life-size) hangs conspicuously in the hallway of a college building at which fourteen hundred students attend, and connected with which there are a church capable of seating eight thousand, and a hospital for children named for

the good Samaritan\* and a Sunday school room large enough to accommodate all the girls and boys who have yet asked to enter it.

A fairy story? It reads like one but happily it is not one. The little girl's name was Hatty May Watt, and the splendid institutions described are located in Philadelphia.—*Harper's Round Table*

## HERE AND THERE A GEM.

"Resolve to see the world on the sunny side, and you have almost won the battle of life at the outset."

If the soul has the least scintillation of a desire to be holy; much more, if it is bent on being holy; still more, if it is striving and struggling to be holy; is it conceivable that the Incarnate Love should not meet that desire, that longing, that striving, and visit the soul with power?—Goudburn.

"In all eternity no tone can be so sweet  
As where man's heart with God in unison doth beat."

When courtiers come down into the country, the common home-bred people possibly think their habit strange; but they care not for that, it is the fashion at court. What need, then, the godly be so tender-foreheaded as to be out of countenance because the world looks on holiness as a singularity. It is only the fashion in the highest court; yea, of the King of kings himself.—*Leighton*.

## SYNOD OF MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

The Synod of Montreal and Ottawa met on the 11th inst., at 8 o'clock in St. John's church, Almonte. The attendance was not large especially from the eastern portion of its district, but it was fairly representative, and a good deal of business was disposed of. The opening sermon was preached by the Rev. James Fleck, of Montreal, to a congregation that filled the church. His subject was Ezekiel's vision of dry bones, which he treated in a vigorous and interesting fashion, with special reference to present day needs.

After the calling of the roll the moderator made a few remarks referring to the peaceful and happy year of work which the church had enjoyed. One cloud, and the only one, was that which gathered around the graves of some of the brethren who had been gathered to their rest. There was, however, not a little brightness in the fact that many prophets and sons of the prophets had been added to their number. Then it had been a year of anniversaries, especially was it the year of the Diamond Jubilee of the Queen.

At this point a member of the Synod struck up the National Anthem, which was sung with great enthusiasm.

In closing Mr. Fleck thanked the court for its courtesy towards him during his term of office. He would now ask the court to elect his successor. The clerk intimated that five Presbyteries out of the six within the bounds had nominated the Rev. Duncan McDonald, of Dundee, Presbytery of Montreal, for this office. One Presbytery had nominated the Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Brockville. This gentleman, however, withdrew and Dr. McDonald was elected unanimously to the moderator's chair for next year.

A vote of thanks was then tendered to the Rev. J. Fleck for his sermon and a request that he send it to the Church papers for publication. Several items of routine business were disposed of and the first sederunt closed.

On the following morning the Synod resumed at 9 o'clock, and after the usual hour spent in devotional exercises proceeded to business.

Prof. Scrimger reported on Ecclesiastic Co operation. He stated that there had been no application during the past year either from the Methodist or Presbyterian Church for the readjustment of any of their mission stations. There were still a few places where both were represented; but local considerations might account for this. But the number of such cases is much less than it was a few years ago. The existence and influence of the committee had been of great benefit to both denominations. The condition of things at present was such as to render the continuance of the committee unnecessary.

Dr. Campbell, of Montreal cordially endorsed these statements. But Dr. Campbell of Renfrew spoke strongly on the other side and intimated that the state of things in the neighborhood of his Presbytery was not so rosy as that spoken of by Dr. Scrimger. In doing so he referred to places where the Presbyterians were first in the field, and then their work was interfered with by the coming in of other denominations.

The Rev. J. R. McLeod, of Three Rivers, was sorry that Dr. Campbell had met with such unfavorable experiences, and cited cases in the Presbytery of Quebec where the most cordial consider-