

the highest level of support, disposes effectually, in the eyes of any who will see, of Mr. McLeod's statement, that "such a scheme would never command the liberality of the Church in a degree to make it a success."

GEORGE PATTERSON.

OUR INDORE MISSION.

MR. EDITOR,—As one who feels an interest in our Indian Mission permit me to express my high appreciation of Miss Fairweather's letters, which appear in your columns from week to week. I think such a candid, straightforward statement of plans laid, with a detailed account of how they are executed, is calculated to increase the interest of your subscribers in the mission, and to open their hearts to contribute to the support of those missionaries who have sacrificed so much to bear glad tidings to perishing millions. With a climate so unhealthy, and obstacles to Christian work so great, who would not feel for them?

R. FLAWS.

Guelph, Nov. 13th, 1880.

HYMNS WITH MUSIC.

MR. EDITOR,—“Another subscriber,” in your issue of Oct. 29th, has expressed his views on this subject and “cannot see the need of music for the new Hymn Book at all.” That does not answer my query of the 15th ult., but causes me to lament on the state of musical matters in the Church, especially when a subscriber to your valuable paper denounces “uniformity” in tunes as “neither one thing nor the other.” I have been connected with church music and choirs for some years and have been taught that “uniformity” is required in tunes as well as in hymns, etc., that the one hundredth Psalm should be sung always and everywhere to Goudimel's time-honoured Old Hundredth, and so in the case of many other psalms and hymns.

If it is “important and practicable” to have “uniformity” in the hymns throughout the Church in Canada so that Presbyterians may become familiar with the hymnology of the Church, much more is “uniformity” required in the music, that these psalms and hymns may be sung throughout the land in an intelligent and hearty manner, not “neither one way or another.” In glancing through the hymnal there are about forty hymns of a very peculiar metre; to a number of these only certain tunes are appropriate, written in many cases expressly for the hymn, while to Numbers 17, 20, 55, 183, 216, 329, no tunes adapted to the metre have come to my notice. Accordingly, to render the various hymns in the new book, the following works will have to be procured: “Brown's Robertson's Tunes” or the “Scottish Psalter,” “The English Presbyterian Hymn Book,” “Hymns, Ancient and Modern,” “Moody and Sankey's Gospel Hymn Book,” besides manuscript and arrangement for Te Deum, etc., hence if at one service Numbers 121, 200, 89 and 348 are announced four different works will have to be used by choir and congregation, and if “left to the choice” of the latter, the choir, as is often the case, will alone be heard. Thus the worship of praise in the sanctuary will be hindered, and congregational singing, so much desired, will be frustrated.

I thank you for the space in your columns, and hope some Committee member will enlighten us on the matter.

SUBSCRIBER

Brantford, Nov. 9th, 1880.

THE Rev. Dr. Graham returned from the Council at Philadelphia, and a few days afterwards was inducted into the Barbour Professorship in the Presbyterian College of London.

A YOUNG lady, who got up a club last year for THE PRESBYTERIAN, says she'll do very much better for 1881. She thinks our Premium List “just about as complete as it possibly can be.” Nearly every one will find something in it to suit them.

PROFESSOR CHRISTLIEB estimates the number of Protestant Christians now living who have been rescued from heathenism at 1,670,000, of whom 470,000 belong to Africa, including Madagascar, 450,000 to India and Burmah, 310,000 to West Indies, 300,000 to South Sea Islands, 90,000 to Indian Archipelago, and 50,000 to China and Japan. As these figures must have been gathered from reports of two or three years ago, the total is doubtless considerably increased now, and may perhaps be set down at 1,750,000. It is noticeable that much the larger part, or about one million, are islanders.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

AT THE CHURCH DOOR.

The bell now rings for evensong,
Full toned and sweet;
And seems with angel voice to say,
“Come, come, ye sons of men, and pay
Your worship meet.”

Here let me leave the world behind,
With all its care;
Lay down a while my weary load,
E'en at the gates of this abode
Of peace and prayer.

Here let me keep my foot aright,
And pure my heart;
Put on humility—for near
Is One who reads my soul most clear
In every part.

Here let me ask of Him who said,
“I am the Door,”
That I through Him may entrance find,
And e'er dispose my heart and mind
To love Him more.

PROTESTANT WORK IN ITALY.

The Rev. Auguste Meille, of Florence, gives in the September number of the “Catholic Presbyterian,” some interesting items about Protestant work in Italy. When Dr. Somerville entered upon his late preaching tour in that country, he was received, says Mr. Meille, with a good deal of misgiving by the resident Protestant ministers. They deemed it a very dangerous experiment to preach the Gospel from the same planks on which the most scurrilous plays are often performed, and in Florence the ministers without exception were all opposed to his going into a theatre. But Mr. Meille adds that the Doctor has a will of his own, and that he is bound to acknowledge that “the most splendid success has crowned his noble efforts.” Night after night the largest theatre in Florence was crowded to suffocation, and several times, despite entreaties to the contrary, the good Doctor and his assistants were greeted with rounds of applause. Mr. Meille heard a workingman going away from one of the meetings remark to his wife, “You see, our priests have turned the churches into theatres; these gentlemen are trying to turn the theatres into churches; and I wish they may succeed.”

The preaching of Dr. Somerville was entirely uncontroversial. “The fact is,” says the writer, “he had in view, not Roman Catholics, but sinners, and was announcing to them the simple message of salvation with all the earnestness of an apostle of Christ.”

After Florence, Dr. Somerville visited Naples, Rome, Palermo, and Leghorn, and only in Palermo and Leghorn did he meet with any discourtesy.

At the close of the session of the Theological School in Florence for 1879-80, Mr. Meille states that the unprecedented number of twenty-four students presented themselves before the Board of Examiners for the degree of licentiate. Many trembled when they saw this Waldensian school leave its home in the mountains in 1860, and move 400 miles away to settle down in the very centre of the Roman Catholic population of Tuscany. But these fears have proved to have been all groundless. Scores of students have passed through the college since then, and a goodly band of well prepared and earnest ministers and evangelists have been sent forth for the native Church in the valleys, and for its mission-fields in Italy.

Speaking of the Sunday schools in Florence, we are told that the first was opened by the Rev. Mr. Appia in 1861, with three children. When Dr. Somerville addressed the children of the Sunday schools during his late visit, the largest of the evangelical churches in the city was too small to contain them. Subsequently permission was obtained to take them on an excursion through the beautiful grounds of the royal villa of Castello, six miles from Florence, and the train which took them out carried on that day 1,072 persons, including the children and teachers and their friends.

THE SUNNY HOME.

I know of a room where sunshine lingers, and there is a breath of summer and mignonette in the air whenever I think of it. There a tired man comes home and throws off overcoat and hat without looking to see what becomes of them. There is a broad table in the light, strewn with papers and magazines, woman's work, with a litter of rose leaves dropping over them from a central vase. There is a wide sofa of the days

of the Georges, fresh covered in chints, with ferns and harebells for patterns, and a tired man goes down there with a great ruffled pillow under his shoulders, and opens parcels and letters, dropping them on the floor, most natural place for them. A girl has been painting, and her water-colours and papers lie on a side table, just as she left them to rush for an impromptu ride. I have never been able to discover any disarrangement of the household economy by this flight. Somebody left a shawl on a chair. There will be nothing said about it at breakfast next morning.

There are no laws here against playing with the curtain tassels, no regulations as to how often the snowy curtains may be put up or left down. They do not last the season out, crisp and speckless as the neighbours do across the way, but the only consequence is they are oftener new and clean. There is nothing very fine about this house, but things are renewed oftener and look brighter than they do in other houses. The chairs have no particular places, and anybody feels as liberty to draw the sofa out when it pleases him. There is no primness about the place. If there is grass on the lawn, it is meant to be walked on, and the geraniums are fondled and petted and caressed as if they were children. Do you know there is a magnetism in green leaves and growing flowers derived from the earth's heart, that makes it good to handle and feel them? This house is known as the place where one dares to breakfast. There is no ceremony of waiting. Coffee and cakes are put where they will be hot; the table is cleared to suit the housekeeper's convenience, and a small one set for the late comer.

Nobody lies awake at night till the light ceases to shine under your chamber door, if you want to sit up and read a volume through. There is an unwritten law of convenience for the household which regulates better than any Code Napoleon. And the benefit of allowing people to be a law unto themselves is, that they are much better natured about it when do obey. There is indulgence and repose in this lovely home, and a great deal of time for things which most people cut short—an hour's play with the children, “a right down” good chat with a neighbour, a day of letter-writing once a fortnight. Disorder does not imply dust or soil of any kind. It does not include shabbiness or mean chaos. It means “leave to be”—in most cases, thinking of people more than things. Order is simply harmony of a few notes. Disorder is the flowering, branching melody of one theme—and that theme, individuality.—*Southern Churchman.*

THE CERTAINTY OF THE GOSPEL.

The firmest thing in the universe is that cross on which the world's Redeemer was crucified. Though shadows and gloom gathered around that scene of suffering, yet the suffering has passed, and all gloom and darkness have passed with it, and higher and brighter than the sun, shines forth the transfigured face of our ascended Lord. No eclipse will ever shadow this effulgent truth: “Whoso believeth in Me shall have eternal life, and I will raise him up at the last day.” We come to-day unto the cross of Christ, and lay our hands on His eternal strength. Thousands before us have done it, and found rest. Tremulous age has trusted here, and lost its weakness. Penitence has resorted here, and found its confidence. Suffering has fled here for help, and discovered its strength. Ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands, when passing through the prostration and mystery of death, have turned an eye, and put forth a hand, to the cross of Him who was lifted up to draw all men unto Him, and smiles of confidence have driven away the shadows of the grave. Come to-day, and lay your hand upon the cross and say, “I know whom I have believed, and that He is able to keep that I have committed unto Him against that day.” Stand by the cross, and leaning upon its strength, exclaim, “I am persuaded that neither death, nor life . . . nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.”—*Rev. Wm. Adams, D.D.*

We do not know of an easier method to secure a combination dinner and breakfast set than by getting up a club of forty-five names, at \$1.50 each, for THE PRESBYTERIAN. This set consists of eighty pieces; each piece is neatly painted. This club can readily be got up in almost any country congregation.