

hand, said: I am sent along with my friend Mr. McMullen by the great and powerful Synod of Hamilton and London, to unite with the Presbytery of Guelph, and to bear the salutations and congratulations to you and your congregation, on this happy occasion. Perhaps you ask why this whole Synod should follow this unusual course: it is because we all recognize you as one of the paladins of what is now the Church's olden time—one of a band who were called to do a special work at a special time of the Church's history. There was Dr. Bayne—great, brave, mighty Bayne, who bore the standards to the front in those dark days, when the Church did battle for her King. These days are over, these battles are fought, and great Bayne rests from his toil. There was Mr. Gale, confessedly the Nestor of the Church's councils, when it took the wisest heads to guide the Church in her difficulties. Then there was Dr. Reid, who put his skillful hand to the tangled finances of the Church, and brought order out of confusion, who has handled millions of the Church's money, and never lost a farthing. While to you was left the greatest task of them all—to show how, in a restless and changing age, a pastor and people could stand steadfastly together. Go on and prosper, not only through trying storms; but through calms, more trying than the severest storms, and (turning to the congregation) we are sent to congratulate you on your steadfastness, and the prosperity which has followed it. For, after all the congregations which have hived off from you, you are as strong to-day as in the best time of your history. This is a day to you and your pastor, which few congregations and ministers ever see, and I hope that the expectations of one of your elders may be realized—that Dr. Smellie may be spared to you for some years to come. While I thus discharge my duty to you as a delegate from the Synod, let me add the tribute of my personal friendship and love. You were one of the first committee that examined me when I was a student under the care of the Presbytery of Hamilton, and your kind encouragement then ripened in my mind to the unbroken friendship which has lasted from that time to the present moment. Then too, I first met Mrs. Smellie, ever after dear to me as a friend, with whom friendship has never been for a moment interrupted. There are not many friends of those times now left on earth; but I cannot express the pleasure I have, in being permitted to share the happiness of such a day as this. I wish you and Mrs. Smellie a most pleasant visit to your native land, and a safe return to this; and that you may both be for long yet spared to live in the love of your family and people.

Mr. McMullen, of Woodstock, was then called on, and said: It affords me very great pleasure to be present here to-day, on behalf of the Synod of Hamilton and London, to do honour to Dr. Smellie, and bear witness to the high esteem in which he is held by that large and influential Synod. A resolution of congratulation to Dr. Smellie was adopted by the Synod at Sarnia, on Monday night, not only unanimously, but with enthusiasm. In these times, in which the instability of the pastoral tie is a subject of grave concern throughout the Church, Dr. Smellie's record is the more significant and distinguished, and creditable alike to himself and to the congregation. Were I to attempt to express in brief the real explanation of such long continued power, I would say it has been the constant, faithful and fervent preaching of the Gospel of Christ; and to this I can bear personal witness. As I stand here I recall the memories of my boyhood. Here I first professed faith in my Saviour at the communion table, and I desire to bear testimony to-day to the tenderness and faithfulness with which Dr. Smellie, as my pastor at that time, dealt with me when making application for admission to full fellowship in the Church. Many who are still living, and many who have passed away to the Church above, could bear similar testimony.

The services at the church, which were of a most impressive nature throughout, were brought to a close shortly before five o'clock by the pronouncing of the benediction by the venerable Dr. Reid of Toronto.

THE BANQUET.

The ladies of Melville Church had prepared a bountiful spread of good things in the drill shed. The hall was beautifully decorated. Above the speakers' platform hung a life-sized portrait of the Reverend Dr. Smellie, over which in large letters in gold were the words "God Bless Our Pastor"; "50" in large figures stood alongside. Around the walls were the following words also in large gold letters: "Welcome the Presbytery," "Unity the Bond of Peace," "As Thy Days so shall Thy Strength be," "Jubilee on a flag; also the figures "50" on another flag. Red, white and blue bunting, and British flags of various sizes, together with the foregoing, presented a very fine appearance. Refreshments were served from five until seven, when, the tables being cleared, the Rev. J. B. Mullian, of St. Andrew's Church, Fergus, was called to the chair, and he, with a number of ministers, moved on to the platform. A number of excellent addresses were delivered by Dr. Reid, Dr. Gregg, Mr. McMullen, Mr. Macdonnell, Mr. George Anderson, of Toronto, who had been connected with the congregation from infancy, and others; and the choir, under the guidance of Mr. A. Forbes, the precursor of Melville Church, sang a number of beautiful hymns with great taste and sweetness.

It may be mentioned as an interesting circumstance that Mrs. James Anderson, of Fergus, was present at Mr. Smellie's ordination fifty years ago, came out with him to Canada, has continuously been a member of his congregation for the past half century, and was in attendance at the jubilee service on the 15th inst.

The occasion was one never to be forgotten by any who took part in it. An atmosphere of joy and thanksgiving, as well as of deep and tender emotion, pervaded the whole. The addresses, formal and informal, were such as to stimulate and intensify religious life and Christian feeling, and the remark that fell from many ministers and people was that no such beautiful and impressive service had ever been witnessed by them.

Not less than 50,000 trees were planted in Berks County on Pennsylvania's Arbour Day.

Pastor and People.

MY CLASS.

It is simply called "the infant class"
In a country Sabbath school;
Yet I felt the Master's presence to-day
As I taught the "golden rule."

My little ones are tiny and weak,
And some cannot understand
When I talk to them of Jesus
And the home in the heavenly land.

Each day as I kneel in secret prayer
For strength to do my part,
I find they are twining more and more
Around my inmost heart.

To-day I taught a little hymn,
And it made my heart rejoice
As I thought how the Master's listening ear
Heard each trembling childish voice.

"There is something for even the children to do:"
They sang it o'er and o'er,
And a soft, sweet echo was wafted back
As the last one passed the door.

"You have the easiest class in school."
Was told me by a friend,
Is it easy to train the little ones
For the life that has no end?

Is it easy to make God's Word so plain
That the youngest may understand?
Is it easy to make the story clear
How he clasps each tiny hand?

'Tis not easy, it is hard work,
Training infant minds for heaven;
But in all our work for Jesus
His own strength to us is given.

With my Master close beside me
Easy work I do not crave,
For He will show me how to teach
My "infant class," that Christ will save.

—Sallie C. Day, in *Presbyterian Journal*.

KEEPING THE SABBATH.

But there are religious people, and some even of the stricter sort, who, while extremely careful to observe the letter of the law, fail to get the better part of what it is intended to bring us. A good father rises on the Sabbath morning impressed, as he always is, with the sacredness of the day. He has no other thought than that he will devote it to God. He therefore says to himself: "I will do no work to-day, and I will remain closely within doors except as I may be called out by imperative duty. This whole day shall be given up to religion. No one about my house shall be permitted to deviate in the least degree from the line that I mark out for him." And so he fixes himself to read his Sabbath books, some of them full of strong meat and sometimes hard and tough, and to rule his house with the same rigour that he has prescribed for himself. He is keeping the Sabbath, of course, and to some extent in an exemplary way, and yet it might be right to ask if it is the best way. Is he not acting under the power of a will that he has trained to this kind of exercise without realizing the better dispositions the day is intended to bring him? This may not be the case, and yet possibly it is. If it be, though it is better for him to thus keep the Sabbath than not to keep it at all—than to keep it as those who turn it into dissipation—he is not finding it the delightful day it is meant to be.

The true Sabbath-keeping brings with it a joy that is its own. The day is God's; He made it. It is His rest day, and the day, therefore, when He calls us to rest with Him. It is the best day of the week, because the calmest, kindest, most genial, and because it awakens in the soul the tenderest feelings. We think of it cheerfully. Our hearts dilate under the contemplation of its holy significance. We sit among its privileges, surrounded by the good angels that come to meet us, feeling drawn by the bonds of increasing charity toward both heaven and earth—toward God and our fellow-men. The feeling of forgiveness possesses us; for how can we have a thought of malice or grudge under such influences and amidst such an environment. The peace and contentment of lives so smiled on are like benedictions, foretastes, or, at least, suggestions of the rest that is awaiting us. It is this kind of Sabbath-keeping that is now demanded, and that ought to be realized. If Christians do not seek to reach it they cheat themselves out of a beautiful part of their heritage.

Unquestionably the kind of Sabbath-keeping that turns the mind toward rigour is not the right kind. It is not a day to make men stern and austere. It is intended to bring them an agreeable awe, a conscious feeling of the nearness of God, who is a father and a friend, and who comes among His children on a day set apart by Himself to assure them of His loving kindness and receive expression of their confiding joy.
—United Presbyterian.

A VACANT CHAIR.

What an appeal is made to our hearts by the sight of a vacant chair in the family room! If it is a chair which was set apart, almost sacredly, for the use of some dear one, for the invalid whom every one loved and thought of, or for an aged father or mother, we cannot look at it without the sense of loss and the reminder of pain. Silent, empty, no longer needed, it is eloquent and pathetic, and the chord it touches is quick to vibrate responsively.

We cannot forget our beloved whom God has taken. It would be strange and unnatural were our lives to go on just as though there had come no change. But we are wrong to nurse grief, and grief only, as we think of household voices hushed in our midst and fold away the garments that are needed no more on earth. Morbid sorrow is pagan, not Christian. We do wrong to the living who continue with us when we so mourn our dead that the home grows gloomy, and the light is excluded, and our sad faces are a check upon innocent mirth. If we could but take into our hearts the full significance of that wonderful phrase, the "whole family in heaven and on earth," we shall realize that God has a right to call some of the children home to rest, while others still tarry that they may work till He is ready to summon them to His immediate presence.

There is great consolation in the thought that the vacant chair in our group is vacant by God's direct agency. His personal will has removed one who was dear as the sight of our eyes. The death, sudden, perhaps, or after long illness, was in either case an accident. It was intended of God and in His time. The absent one is absent from us, but present with the Lord. It happens sometimes that the simple faith of heathen converts accepts this truth, and holds it in a way not always easy to us in our fuller light and longer experience.

Miss Adele M. Fielde, in her interesting record of missionary labour in China, tells that in many instances the native Christians ask that the words "Disciple of Jesus" may be inscribed on their gravestones. Miss Fielde asked an old woman, the first in her community to embrace the new religion, how many Christians there were in her village.

"She said there were twenty, and gave the name, age and place of residence of each. Four of the number were in heaven. I went over the list, and said: 'Then there are sixteen women who are members of the church here.' 'Ay,' said Sui, 'there are twenty.' I remarked that I had seen twelve of the sixteen, and Sui responded, 'Ay, teacheress, you have seen twelve of the twenty.' Like Wordsworth's little maid she had her way, and always counted the sisters who were in heaven."

The best wisdom is to take up our sorrow in a spirit of cheerful, or at least submissive, acquiescence with the divine will. When its first anguish has yielded to the ministry of time, then it is well to look about and see what work we may do for the sake of the dead. Were they forward in the distribution of books and papers among God's poor? Did they look after the prisoner and the sick in hospitals? Did they try to strengthen the weak, assist the tempted, and lead back to the narrow path the feet of the wanderer?

For their sakes let us take up their work which they were doing for Jesus. And He who is their Lord still, as he is ours, will bless the work of our hands and establish it, and comfort us concerning the vacant chair.—Margaret E. Sangster.

LIVE IN THE SPIRIT.

In the life of James Brainerd Taylor we see a man who truly lived in the Spirit and walked in the Spirit. Whenever he went out he stirred all who came in contact with him. Sinners used to fall before his preaching as grass before the scythe. It was spontaneous. He could not help speaking to men; and his words were mighty.

There is one very beautiful incident in his life. One day he was out driving, and he drew his horse up to a watering trough. It so happened that another young man was doing the same thing. While the two horses' heads were met in the trough, he turned to the young man and said, "I hope you love the Lord. If you don't, I want to commend Him to you as your best friend. Seek Him with all your heart." That was all. They turned and went their ways. But what was the result? The young man thus spoken to was converted, was educated for the ministry, and went as a missionary to Africa. Said the missionary afterward: "Over and over again I wished I knew who that man was who spoke to me at the watering-trough. But I never knew till some one sent to me in Africa a box of books. I opened them; saw a little black-covered book; opened it; turned to the title page, and there I saw a portrait—a beautiful face! 'Ah,' said I, 'that is the man. That's the man who preached the Gospel to me at the watering-trough. To him I owe my salvation.' And that of how many more on the Dark Continent!

What we want to-day is to be filled with the Spirit. We are filled with so many other things—pride, selfishness, ambition and vainglory. May the Lord enable us to empty our hearts, and have them filled with a mighty, rushing wind!