

disintegrated. If the sewage is to be utilised upon land, or to be chemically treated, the difficulty of dealing with it will increase as the amount of detritus mixed with it increases, and the less valuable will the sewage become from a manurial point of view.

Road detritus, freed from putrescible matter and from the salts of sewage, may be sold as material for mortar or for foundry purposes, or as ballast. The salts left from the sewage are said, however, to affect the mortar injuriously.

Catchpits may be provided to intercept the road and street detritus, when there is any difficulty regarding its disposition.

Questions.

(1.) In what way does a condition of low water in the soil affect the general health?

(2.) How would you secure the utmost economy of water for drainage purposes.

(3.) Describe, with a sketch, some method by which the water from an excessive rainfall may be excluded from the ordinary sewers.

(4.) How is the expense of sewerage works affected by "pumping"?

(5.) Give a brief statement of the main features of "water supply."

H. TAYLOR BOVEY.

WITTICISMS.

"True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed."—POPE.

Cupid's delights—Art Unions.

A lawyer's definition of short trousers:—Brief-bags.

An Exchange says: "Mr. Mackenzie is right." We think he is left.

The handsomest compliment you can pay to a woman of sense is to address her as such.

Riches will take to themselves wings and fly away, unless you sprinkle the salt of economy on their tails.

Customer (in quest of a particular brand of cigars): "Are those these?"

Dealer (affably): "Yes, sir; these are those."

Customer: "Waiter, this turbot is not so good as that you gave us yesterday." Waiter: "Beg pardon, sir; it's off the same fish."

"Is the intensity of gravity greater at the poles or the equator?" Sophomore: "Yes, sir." Professor: "Which?" Sophomore: "It's greater."

REGULAR IRREGULARITY.—Passenger (in a hurry): "Is this train punctual?" Porter: "Yessir, generally a quarter of an hour late to a minute!"

MENTAL SCIENCE.—Professor: "That is the genesis of this experience." Weary Student (*sotto voce*): "Never mind the genesis; an exodus is what we want now."

"Governesses should never be required to do low menial work," said a gentleman. "Certainly not; but they frequently aspire to the hymeneal," replied the lady.

An aurist was so remarkably clever that, having exercised his skill on a very deaf lady, who had hitherto been insensible to the nearest and loudest noises, she had the happiness next day of hearing from her husband in Australia.

He had brought her the very things she wanted from the supper table to her safe retreat on the stairs, and she was moved to say, half laughingly: "You are a man after my own heart, Mr. B——." "Just what I am after," he answered, quick as a flash, covering her with confusion.

"What are those purple posies down by the brook?" asks Gus. "If you mean," replies Clara, "those glorious masses of empurpled efflorescence that bloom in the bosky dells and fringe the wimpling streamlets, they are *Campylopus rotundiflorus*." Gus plays billiards for a living, and Clara goes to a girls' college.

An apology is as great a peacemaker as an "if." In all cases it is an excuse rather than an exculpation, and if adroitly managed, may be made to confirm what it seems to recall, and to aggravate the offence which it pretends to extenuate. A man who had accused his neighbour of falsehood, was called on for an apology, which began in the following amphibological terms:—"I called you a liar—it is true. You spoke truth: I have told a lie."—*Horace Smith*.

A book was formerly a thing put aside to be read, and now read to be put aside. The world is, at present, divided into two classes,—those who forget to read, and those who read to forget. Bookbinding, which used to be a science, is now a manufacture, with which, as in everything else, the market is so completely overstocked, that our literary operatives, if they wish to avoid starving, must eat up one another. They have for some time been employed in cutting up each other, as if to prepare for the meal. Alas! they may have reason for their feast without finding it a feast of reason.

OF MARRIAGES.—To make a marriage, three things are required,—first, that the parties will marry; secondly, that they can; and thirdly, that they do; though to us it seems that if they do, it matters little whether they will, and that if they will, it is of little consequence whether they can; for if they do, they do; and if they will, they must; because where there is a will there is a way, and therefore they can if they choose; and if they don't, it is because they won't, which brings us to the conclusion, that if they do, it is absurd to speculate whether they will or can marry.—*Gilbert A. A'Becket*.

DETERMINED TO HOLD THE POSITION.—At the weekly conference meetings the Rev. Dr. Blank was a good deal pestered by a zealous brother who was very much edified by his own exhortations, and it was often deemed necessary to "head him off" by calling on somebody else to speak or pray just as he was about to begin. On one occasion, as he rose to speak, the pastor gently interrupted him by saying, "Brother, will you lead us in prayer?" The brother hesitated but a moment, and made answer: "I was about to offer a few remarks, but perhaps I can throw them into the form of a prayer."—*Boston Index*.

THE TORONTO PULPIT.

III.

Presbyterian conservatism and Presbyterian appreciation of personal worth receive fresh illustration in the case of the Rev. Dr. Topp. The doctor is the venerable and most excellent pastor of Knox Church, over which he has presided for many years. He has grown with its growth and strengthened with its strength; each year finding him more deeply rooted in the respect and affection of his people. Not that he has always pleased them, in the weaker sense of the word, for he has often had to withstand them, and generally for their benefit. But his peaceful, equable temperament and weight of character have usually made his position strong and disarmed any antagonist. The Dr. is a man of power in the pulpit. His stately amiability prepossesses one; and his tender sweetness in prayer strengthens the impression. And one soon finds that behind the placid features is a calm, clear mind which takes forceful hold of the Scriptures and analyses them with a critical acumen which has a special value in these days of pulpit "fuss and feathers"; of declamatory "sound and fury, signifying nothing"; of humanitarian essays and theatrical posings. Dr. Topp has also the happy faculty of presenting truth as clearly as he sees it himself: his measured sentences and closely-welded chain of reasoning winding out together as he lets down his anchor into the depths of spiritual truth to reach the rock-bottom. With all this, Dr. Topp is not especially attractive in the pulpit. His calmness is sometimes frigidity; his clearness is also dryness; and the restless Canadian temperament is often severely taxed, and its limited patience tried to the straining-point, by this absence of fire in the manner and moisture in the matter. The Dr. has received all the honours his brethren have to bestow, having lately passed the Moderator's chair with considerable credit. He now enjoys his ease with characteristic dignity in his elegant mansion; a house whose external aspect and internal surroundings are as much conformed to the man as a conch shell to its inmate. One seems made for the other, but which for which one hardly knows. There has long been talk of an assistant for the worthy doctor, who should freshen matters in the pulpit and give a needed variety. This would be a happy solution of the trouble. An additional salary to pay would be a small matter to the large and wealthy congregation of Knox Church. Possibly the good man's *amour propre* is a little touched by the proposal; but it is a pity that such a settlement of similar difficulties is not more generally reached. The alternative too often adopted is to vex the soul and starve the body of an aged minister till—if he have an atom of self-respect—he resigns, preferring to starve outside the pulpit rather than in it.

The transit to Cooke's Church is easy and natural. It represents the Irish, as Knox does the Scotch, element of Presbyterianism. Its pastor is the Rev. Dr. Robb, who has made himself famous—or notorious—in the Great Hymn-Book Controversy: the record of which will probably be disinterred by some Disraeli of the twenty-first century, and added to the new editions of the "Curiosities of Literature." The controversy was sufficiently curious, even for the nineteenth century. That a man should stand in the midst of the treasures of Christian hymnology and desire to scourge them all out of the temple as "positively sinful" in the public worship of God, is simply astounding. It is an ignoring of taste and beauty; of all history; and especially of the ever-multiplying experiences of the Church of God. Yet Dr. Robb's speech in defence of his position is a marvel of ingenuity. The chain of his logic is perfect in the number of its links; but every link is unsound: it drops asunder of its own weight. He proves too much: almost persuading us that not only the disciples at the Supper, but Paul and Silas in jail at Philippi sang a Greek version of the Scottish Psalms! But Dr. Robb will go down to posterity (as long as posterity cares to remember him) associated as to his speech with Mrs. Partington in her famous effort to keep back the Atlantic Ocean with a broom. For the rest, the good man will hardly trouble posterity: unless it be through the fame arising from his strong and steady temperance principles and habits. He is a determined enemy to cork-drawing: regarding it as even more "positively sinful" than hymn-singing! He bears constant testimony to this; at home and abroad.

Last, but by no means least in the notice of the Presbyterian pulpit, comes the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of St. Andrew's Church. To the old building, a few years ago, came a young minister, called from his first charge in Peterborough. His coming was for some time in doubt. Mr. Macdonnell did not jump directly at the bait of the proposed transfer from a back-country town to a pulpit in the Western metropolis. He stipulated for a good many things: and, above all, for a certain freedom of position and action, which it was hard to make compatible with the Presbyterian system. But all was finally arranged: and the fresh, eager, nervous young man, stood in the old, dingy pulpit as the pastor of St. Andrew's Church. Then Toronto had a sensation. The poor old ricketty building began to fill up its deserted pews: then the outside crowd began to flock to St. Andrew's; and Mr. Macdonnell awoke to find himself famous—and the fashion. Soon a new church became necessary, and a move was made to the west-end of the city; where a vast structure was erected in rough-stone, which is something of a cross between a Gothic Cathedral and a Norman fortress. Here, Mr. Macdonnell, from being the fashion became the rage. And in the very height of his popularity, he made a stroke for broader fame by the delivery of a sermon on which his ministerial brethren pounced at once. To their keen scent for heresy it seemed to be rank and to smell to heaven. Here at last, was the secret of the popularity which so much troubled them! No wonder the people had itching ears, when they were tickled in this fashion.

The sermon in question was full of force and beauty: nervous and masterly: poetic in its style and structure, and tender in loving in its spirit. Moreover, it was on a subject just then beginning to exercise a singular fascination upon every thinker; not only on account of the problems contained, but also from the issues involved: the subject of a possible hope for an impenitent sinner beyond the grave. It was an anticipation of the daring speculative fight since taken by Canon Farrar into the regions of what he calls "eternal hope." Mr. Macdonnell's words were these:—"Not that a man can go on sinning all his life to his death's day, and then enter heaven as though he had