

Sabbath School Presbyterian.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

*In parcels of twenty, and over, 15 cents per year.**Golden Hours for the Young.*

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The SABBATH SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN has been received with increased favor during the year, although there are still very many schools in which no copies are taken. It is encouraging to know that the patrons of the paper look with approval upon the efforts made to provide such a publication; and we bespeak largely increased orders for the coming year—promising, on our part, to make the paper more attractive than ever to our young folks.

GOLDEN HOURS, started in January last, will be continued; but as an entirely distinct publication. In reading matter and illustrations it will be quite different from the SABBATH SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN, so that, if desired, the two papers may be given out to the same scholar alternately—thus forming a fortnightly issue.

PLEASE NOTE!

Superintendents and teachers will oblige us much by sending in their orders for 1879 as early as possible, so that we may know how many copies to print of the January number.

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Address C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
5 Jordan Street, Toronto. Publisher.



TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1878.

SERMONS TO YOUNG MEN.

NEXT Sabbath, or the following one, by request of the Young Men's Christian Association, nearly every minister in the city will preach a special discourse to young men. It is to be hoped that there will be simultaneous action in this matter on the part of all the pastors, and it cannot be doubted that precious results will follow. There is much wisdom in the practice that is now followed of devoting one Sabbath in the year to some vital topic. On the twentieth of last month, for example, special consideration was given to Sabbath schools, and the effect cannot be told in words of so many hundred pulpits ringing with the call to care for the children. Next Sabbath the city pastors are called to speak with one voice and one heart to young men. This is recognizing the importance and value of young men. There may be many who will not be present to hear such discourses, but they may hear of them. In the very fact of a day being thus set apart, there is a solemn call addressed to young men. We can fancy one here and there saying, "What is the meaning of so many ministers preaching at one and the same time to such as we are?" That may lead to more solemn questions being addressed to their hearts and consciences. It may lead to the conversion of some. Others, again, who are living gay and careless lives, may have a word spoken to them, which, with the blessing of God, shall prove a quick and powerful call to come to the Saviour. But the most important reason for assigning a Sabbath to this subject is to rouse the young men of our churches, who are anxious to be useful, to engage in work for the Master. There is a large reservoir of force in the young men, that is not being turned to proper account. They are the very flower of our congregations. They are the very essence of society. But they are not directly and actively devoting themselves to the Lord. That is what is wanted. If every young man would make it his business to bring some friend or companion to the house of God, or to the Sabbath

school or prayer-meeting, what an army of noble volunteers would be enrolled for Christ. We trust that every pulpit on the coming Sabbaths will ring with the Saviour's message to the young men of the city, and we are hopeful of the most blessed results following.

REV. JOSEPH COOK.

JOSEPH COOK has at length been in our midst. The name has been long a familiar one, but it seemed almost hopeless to expect the personal presence in this city of the distinguished lecturer. But Toronto is bound to have the best of everything that is going—the best of literature, the best of music, the best of science and art, aye, and the best of lecturers. To the Y.M.C.A. we are indebted for the appearance of Joseph Cook amongst us. In our view Joseph Cook has been a sort of myth. Much have we heard of him, many of his lectures we have read, we have admired the tone and spirit of the man. His audiences in Tremont Hall, Boston, have frequently been present to our imagination, and thanks to the press, we have almost caught the voice and action of the orator. And yet if anyone had said that Joseph Cook resembled the personage we saw on the platform of Shaftesbury Hall, we don't know what we would have spoken in reply. The impression was always with us that the Boston lecturer was a good-looking man, but we confess we had not thought him *such* a good-looking man. We believed he was tall, but we had not dreamed he was broad. The Boston ideal of a long, lank, beardless, eye-glassed literary man, was ever present as we thought of Joseph Cook, the centre of the thinking people of the "Hub." But it has all turned out differently. Joseph Cook is a man of large proportions, of ruddy countenance, with a countrified air about him, and certainly not one that we could single out in a crowd as distinguished by philosophical ability. At the same time there was a certain something about him that made its impression upon us. He is a philosopher that believes in brains, and evidently in brains requiring roast beef and other like nourishment. He is broad and massive, giving an onlooker the idea of intellectual build. As he walked up to the platform our first feeling was one of disappointment; but when we looked at him again, and beheld his physical "environment," to use his favorite word, we began to think that this must be Joseph Cook after all. With his first utterances we were disappointed. We had thought of intellectual fire, of rapid and brilliant utterance, of imagination glowing and burning, of voice capable of every expression, of gesture vivid and harmonious, as characteristics of the Boston man of fame. Nor were these absent, though not presented to us all at once, and as we had fondly imagined. Then there was an almost common-placeness in his opening remarks. The deep guttural did not lift them up and beyond this category. Even when dealing with man's instinct for immortality one felt that such a thought was too common for a man of Cook's renown. But when he came to his demonstration, and showed, by almost mathematical reasoning, that there was something beyond and independent of man's physical organization, and poured upon his theme a wealth of know-

ledge of what great men had felt and thought upon the subject, and when, with magician's wand, he summoned before him the concourse of the living who had gone from earth, we felt that here indeed was a wonderful power to move and delight an audience. During his two hours' lecture our feeling was, for the most part, that here was an eagle chained, but now and again the eagle got loose, and gave an exhibition of his grand powers of flight.

It is a matter of congratulation that we are privileged to enjoy the visits of such distinguished lecturers. It is to be hoped that we shall soon have Joseph Cook in our midst again. We are sure his audiences would be larger, now that the man is more thoroughly understood. He is an intellectual giant, but then a physical giant with Barnum to flourish his trumpets would bring larger crowds and pay much better. Were Cook a negro minstrel he would command a larger audience than now. But mind must triumph. Genius must assert itself. And if in Boston three thousand of the best educated people greet Joseph Cook every Monday at noon, surely our Shaftesbury Hall—large as it is—would be too small for such a teacher and orator. All who heard him went home deeply impressed.

CANADIAN PRESBYTERIAN HISTORY.

THE publication of the fifth in the series of papers on Canadian Presbyterian History by Mr. McCollum, of St. Catharines, has been delayed, in consequence of the crowded state of our columns for two successive weeks. It appears in this issue. Mr. McCollum writes us that he still meets with great difficulty in his efforts to obtain accurate information by correspondence. This is to be regretted, in view of the fact that so little knowledge of the work of the Presbyterian pioneers has been preserved in records, and of the real importance of that work as laying the foundations of our Church. He is just now particularly anxious to secure pamphlet or documentary information in reference to the United Synod, and the Presbyteries of York and Brockville. He has a pamphlet containing extracts from minutes of Synod in 1832, which, he has reason to suppose, was neither the first nor the last document of the kind published. The official records, also, must be in existence *somewhere*, and he hopes they will be found by *somebody*. We solicit for him the prompt and cheerful co-operation of pastors and people in all our churches, and in reference to every branch of Presbyterian history.

"WHERE ARE THE NINE?"

OF ten lepers healed on one occasion by our Lord, one only returned to thank Him and "to give glory to God," and that one was a stranger, a Samaritan! The disease of which they had been cured was at once incurable by human skill, and fatal; and yet nine out of ten show no gratitude to the great Healer, and acknowledge no obligation for the blessing bestowed. What heart does not wonder at and recoil from the unparalleled baseness and ingratitude involved in such a course!

But is it unparalleled? For several years