

tion, one of the main primitive instincts, as a force in civilization. Professor Huxley has another paper on "Agnosticism." E. Strachan Morgan discusses "The Roman Family" and the conditions of social life in Latin times, and Senora Bazin tells about "The Women of Spain." W. T. Stead has a readable article on Boulanger under the title of "Madame France and her Brav' General." There are several short articles and poems of interest. As this number begins a new volume it is a favourable time for new subscriptions. [E. R. Pelton, New York.]

It is not, we believe, says the *British Weekly*, generally known that the Rev. Dr. A. B. Grosart, of Blackburn, whose labours in Puritan and Elizabethan literature generally, have procured for him a world-wide reputation, is also a hymn writer of some repute. During his recent enforced retirement through ill health, brought on by over work, Dr. Grosart has occupied himself in making a selection of his sacred poetical writings. We understand that he proposes to print these in a handsomely got up volume of some 400 pages, crown 8vo., for private circulation. The book will include 200 hundred religious poems, "the bloom and fruitage of elect moments of a life-time"—and will bear the appropriate title "Two Centuries of Original Hymns." We are glad to learn that although Dr. Grosart has been compelled on account of the state of his health, almost entirely to suspend his arduous literary labours, he still hopes to do a little work in the field which he has made specially his own. He expects to be able to complete his edition of the works of Edmund Spenser, of which one volume (the tenth) remains unpublished, and also his edition of the works of another poet of the Elizabethan era, Samuel Daniel, the fourth and fifth volumes of which have yet to be issued.

Current Opinion.

A DISTRESSING THOUGHT.

We are, and have been, making the effort to publish the names of persons who have received honorary degrees from the different colleges of the country, so far as the same may be of general or special interest to our readers, but are haunted day and night with the terrible apprehension that three or four hundred names may have escaped us.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate*.

A ROUNDABOUT PROCEEDING.

The correspondent of a London paper, writing from Rome, declares that Archbishop Fecan, of Chicago, has reported the criminal acts of the Clann Gael to the Pope, and that the Pope has empowered him to declare the clan an enemy of the Church. This roundabout proceeding looks like timidity and time-serving. If a lot of hypocritical villains should connect themselves nominally with Presbyterian congregations, and then engage in murderous conspiracies, our bishops would not wait so long before denouncing them, nor seek advice as to the timeliness, and propriety of an exposure.—*Interior*.

SACRED AFFINITIES.

Some people seem to think that mutual weariness is a sufficient reason for breaking the marriage bond. They talk about the sacredness of reciprocal attraction, and the curse of uncongenial hearts. But marriage is vastly more sacred than these reciprocal attractions which may be nothing more than selfish and temporary amateness. If two people are attracted together, then, if unmarried, let them take it as a sign that they should marry; if married, as a sign that they should keep apart. The modern doctrine of sacred affinities is nothing less than the crowning of unblushing vice, and the defilement of the animal passions which ally us with brutes.—*N. Y. Independent*.

THE WISE MINISTER AND THE DOG DAYS.

He is the wise minister in the summer, not who shuts the church door, but who shortens the services. People need them during the hot season as much as during the cold, but regard must be had to their power of endurance and enjoyment. Even when the thermometer is in the fifties they will enjoy and relish the telling, condensed sermon, while they will weary of the highly elaborated, but lengthy discourse. So there is a point beyond which both the praying and the singing become wearisome and unedifying. But if the usual order must be observed in these respects, at least shorten up on the notices and omit the accompanying explanations and exhortations. Rightly conducted, an hour spent at God's house on Sabbath morning and evening, in July and August, will be as sweet, refreshing and acceptable as the more lengthy service of January.—*Philadelphia Presbyterian*.

ORANGE.

Orange! Under that name civil and religious liberty secured to all, the unity of the Kingdom and the stability of the throne are safe. Orange! From beneath that badge come no cries for dismemberment, for injustice, for oppression, for persecution, for war against society, for rebellion against the Constitution. Orange! There are no deeds of outrage and rapine, bloodshed and murder, no moonlighters, no dynamite, no repudiators of just debts under that name. Orange! In all its history the Church of the Reformation has never had cause to denounce its doings or

disown its connection with it. It is not a Home League, a Fenian circle, or a Clan-na-Gael that the Protestant Church gives birth to and brings up. All this let all men know. But let them know, too, that the Orangemen's principle lives, and not in his ribbon, his password, his sign, cannot be uprooted and thrown upon the dunghill even by royal hand, but lives in the heart's blood—and lives in spite of all—till at the touch of God that heart ceases to beat.—*Rev. John Mackie, M.A., Kingston, Ont.*

NO NEED TO BE DISCOURAGED.

The friends of temperance need not be greatly discouraged over the defeat of the Prohibition amendment in Pennsylvania. The High License law has been in operation about a year with the following results in Philadelphia: In 1887 that city contained 5,773 licensed saloons, and 1,000 unlicensed known places where liquor was retailed for drinks, and 200 dives of the lowest order. Now there are 1,205 licensed saloons, and all the unlicensed places and dives are broken up. The Philadelphia Record says one can walk through the streets on which they were thickest and he will not find even the semblance of such a place. Fourteen months ago the saloons were open all over the city on Sunday, while now "Sunday is practically a day of prohibition except for those who purchase a supply on Saturday to keep in their houses until Monday." This is what High License and the police have done in the second most populous city of the country. On the criminal side there has been a decrease of forty per cent. in police arrests during the year, and of fifty per cent. in commitments to the House of Correction. A pretty good record of the working of High License! We will not despair of the Republic when law can be enforced with such results in one of our greatest cities.—*New York Observer*.

Contributed.

WINDERMERE AND FURNES ABBEY.

BY REV. R. F. PURVIS, D.D., HALIFAX.

As a sequel to an article in the April *Montreal Presbyterian College Monthly*, on "Wordsworth and the Lake Country," let me say a little more about Windermere through the columns of the REVIEW with a peep at Furnes Abbey, the finest ruin of the kind I ever visited.

On that lovely summer day in August last I breakfasted at the lovely manse of the ex-Principal of Queen's University, (Dr. Snodgrass) dined at "mine host's" at Ambleside, and after a day of uninterrupted brightness and large enjoyment, had a hearty "tea" at His Grace of Devonshire's model hostelry within the grounds of grand old Furnes. Wordsworth's home (Rydal Mount) we did not personally inspect our "Tally Ho," not giving us time. His mighty shadow is over all this rich garniture of hill and dale, wave and water. He is the presiding genius of this lovely region.

Elleray, the once lovely home of Christopher North, looks out charmingly on Windermere. That notable son of my native town (John Wilson) says in his celebrated "Recreations," "Windermere, seen by sunset from the spot where we now stand (Elleray) is, at this moment, the most beautiful scene on earth. The charm lies in its entirety, its unity which is so perfect—so seemeth it to our eyes that 'tis in itself a complete world of which not one line could be altered without disturbing the spirit of beauty that lies recumbent there, wherever the earth meets the sky. There is nothing here fragmentary; and had a poet been born and bred here all his days, nor known aught of fair or grand beyond this limpid vale, yet had he sung truly and profoundly of the shows of nature."

Let Wilson's inimitable prose describe its morning:—"The first smile of Windermere salutes your impatient eyes and sinks silently into your heart. You know not how beautiful it may be, nor in what the beauty consists, but your finest sensibilities to nature are touched, and a tinge of poetry, as from a rainbow, overspreads that cluster of islands that seems to woo you to their still retreat. And now 'Wooded Windermere,' the river-lake with all its bays and promontories, lies in the morning light, serene as a Sabbath and cheerful as a holiday, and you feel that there is a loveliness on this earth more exquisite and perfect than ever visited your lumber eyes in the glimpses of a dream."

For a sunset upon Windermere with the fair, fantastic shadings and groupings of the clouds, the "castles in the air," the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces of the azure vault as the sun is sinking into the darkening West, where can be found the peer of Wordsworth! And is there not a suitableness in linking Wordsworth with Wilson as the twin Genii of the Lakes.

"Far sinking into splendour—without end! Fabric of seemed of diamond and of gold, With alabaster domes and silver spires; And blinding terrace upon terrace, high Upfolded here, serene nations bright In avenues disposed; there, towers begit With battlement; that on their restless fronts Bore stars—illumination of all gems! By earthly nature had the effect been wrought. Though I am conscious that no power of words Can body forth, no hues of speech can paint That gorgeous spectacle, too bright and fair Even for remembrance, yet the attempt may give A collateral interest to this homely tale. The appearance, instantaneously disclosed, Was of a mighty city—boldly say

A wilderness of building—sinking far And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth. Upon the dark materials of the storm Now pacified lay on them and on the caves And mountain steep, and summit, whereunto The vapours had receded, taking there Their station under a Caucasian sky. Oh! 'twas an unobscurable sight! Clouds, mist, streams, watery rocks and emergent spires, Clouds of all fracture, rocks and sapphire sky, Confused, conmingled, mutually inflamed, Molten together, and compunging thus, Each lost in each, that marvellous array Of temple, palace, citadel and huge Fantastic pomp of structure without name, In fleecy folds voluminous enwrapp'd."

We had not time to mount the "Old Man of Conistone." Having a month previously revisited anew the peerless glories of the Lake of Lucerne, we would love to have surveyed the silvery sheen of Ullswater, its English representative, but Furnes Abbey was to close our tour for the day, and therefore we had to content ourselves with Windermere, of whose scenery we took away mental photographs which time can never efface.

At Lakeside, the southern extremity of Windermere, we struck the railway, which has broken in upon the stillness here, as at the other end. The iron horse, whose sonorous snorting wakes up prolonged reverberations amid these hills and valleys, bears us swiftly off to the peninsula between Morcombe Bay and the Irish Sea, of which that grand old mediæval Abbey is the gem.

The church is in the form of a Latin cross according to the Cistercian plan. We enter through a low circular arched doorway of the Transitional period (1145-1190). On the left hand of the northern transept are the foundations of three private chapels with the remains of altars. The choir reaches from the centre tower to the third pillar of the church where are still discernible the foundations of the Screen. To the east of the choir we enter the chancel with its east window of noble proportions, 47 feet in height by 23 in width. Where now are the arch, the mullions and the tracery? All gone, and naught remaining but

"A mighty window, hollow in the centre, Shorn of the glass of thousand colourings, Thro' which the deepen'd glosties once could enter, Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings. Now yawns all desolate; now loud, now fainter The gale sweeps thro' its fretwork, and oft sings. The owl, but anthem where the aliened choir Lie with their hallolejahs queecbed like fire."

The Abbey was surrendered to Henry VIII. by the abbot and twenty-eight monks on the 5th of April, 1537, 413 years after its establishment. They were charged with "unthriftiness, carnal and abominable living." It was decreed that "the possessions of such religious houses, now being spent, spoiled and wasted for increase and maintenance of sin, should be used and committed to better uses and the unthriftiness religious persons, so spending the same, to be compelled to reform their lives."

It is not to be wondered at that Byron should whitewash them, state the sentimental and romantic rather than the actual historical view, as does Longfellow with the Acadian expulsion:

"One holy Henry reared these Gothic walls, And bade the pious inmates rest in peace, Another Henry the king's gift recalls."

Truly the times are changed and we, too, *Sic transit gloria!*

"Within the convent's mould'ring walls, The fitting tale a dwelling fable; The dreary shower unnumbered falls, And sadly sound the rushing winds, Seeming in every gust to say, 'Thou too, O man, shalt pass away.'"

The Sedilia "the seat of stone that runs along the wall"—is very perfect, an exquisite piece of workmanship, revealing the deft and delicate hands of Italian artists.

The infirmary, 70 by 25; the cemetery 105 by 75; the cloisters, 105 by 100; the sacristy, 48 by 15; the library, 200 by 30; the church, 275 by 65; the transept, 130 by 21; total width of building from east to west 410 feet; total length from north to south 610 feet—the largest anywhere in England save Fountain Abbey, Yorkshire. This fertile land was donated to the monks 762 years ago by Stephen, Earl of Boulogne and Morten—afterwards filling the English throne. The Foundation Charter opens thus: "In the name of the Blessed Trinity and in honour of St. Mary, of Furnes, I, Stephen, consulting God and providing for the safety of my own soul, the soul of my wife, the Countess Matilda, the soul of my Lord and Uncle, Henry, King of England and Duke of Normandy and for the souls of all the faithful, living as well as dead, in the year of our Lord 1127, considering every day the uncertainty of life, that roses and flowers of kings, emperors and dukes and the crowns and palms of all the great, wither and decay, and that all things with an interrupted course, tend to dissolution and death," etc., etc.

I never felt this more than when musing under shadow of that magnificent pile, in the light of a gorgeous sunset, and subsequently, when, taking Scott's advice with reference to Melrose, I visited it "by the pale moon light."

A most comfortable "Home" it must have been. These monks had the very fat of the land. If not clad in purple and fine linen, they, at least, "fared sumptuously every day," that spacious refectory, yon splendid deserted halls, must have witnessed many a mirthful scene in the olden time. I was much impressed with their vastness!

the guest's hall, 215 feet in length by 30 in breadth, the Albo's hall, 132 by 50 feet.

"Seven hundred years ago The Norman monks looked for a pleasant place Where they might dwell and their sagacious head, Evanes, found a deep secluded dell, Through which the silver river stinging ran; Where grass was green, and woods were plentiful; And the strong hills were like God's sentinels To guard from harm, and there within the vale."

Of right shall 'found the monks a home', And I, a devoted halcyon, choose to cease, Vain I, each threat of applying trapper, He drives them exiles from their best abode, To roam a dreary world in deep despair, No friend, no home, no refuge but their God."

The property is now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire who has put it in fine order, erecting a picturesque station and right opposite it, and within the grounds, an elegant hotel, where we found every comfort. Barrow, in Furness, a rising city, is within a mile. We took a run down to it in a steam tramway, admiring its solid buildings, and sadly musing beside the imposing statue that fronts the noble City Hall, in memory of Lord Frederick Cavendish, the Duke's ill-fated son, the pink of chivalry, who, in his very prime, and breathing out, not threatening and slaughter as did his fiendish foes, but "charity towards all and malice toward none," was stricken down by the dastardly knife of the assassin.

On Friday, the 17th August, we make for Liverpool, thence make a detour into North Wales, then visit Chester with its noble cathedral and quaint old houses, and envolving wall and memories of Matthew Henry, then spend Sabbath, the 19th, under the hospitable roof of Dr. Symington, of Birkenhead, preaching for him and Dr. Alex. MacLeod, the late general Moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod, lecturing on the great North-West on Monday evening.

Homeward bound on Tuesday the 21st, glad, though all possible kindness had been shown during these several weeks of sojourn on the other side, by reason of the now superior magnetism of my beloved adopted country, to say, "My native land, good-night."

A COMMON HYMNAL.

BY REV. JOHN MORTON, TRINIDAD.

The proposal that a Common Hymn-book be adopted is one I have advocated for years. In Trinidad there is a United Presbytery, but some of the ministers are U. P., one is F. C., and several are from the Canada Presbyterian Church. Each feels bound in loyalty to the Mother Church to use its Hymnal, and thus it comes to pass that in seven English services at least three different hymnals are used. An examination of the Canadian, English, and three Scottish hymnals discloses no reason why the five might not be reduced to one. A great many hymns are common to all five and indeed to all good collections.

I would arrange these as Part I of a Common Hymnal; Part II might consist of hymns which have secured a place in the majority of the present collections. This would close the Common Hymnal. If thought worth while, a few special hymns could be added by local Churches as Part III; or Supplement. A common Presbyterian Hymnal for Great Britain and the Colonies would be a symbol of that unity which we should studiously cultivate.

In mission work in India the multiplicity of hymn books is an evil. I own nine different hymn books used in India. A few of these consist simply of hymns selected from the larger collections. It would be a great advantage if hymns common to all, or nearly all these books, were chosen as Part I of a Common Hymnal, which could be issued and circulated by itself. Part II could be carefully selected and published later. For mission work the parts could be stitched and circulated separately, while bound together for the more organized Church work. In this way the cost of printing would be greatly reduced. A collection of 100 of the best Hindustani hymns could probably be sold in India at less than half an anna, and in Trinidad and Demerara at two cents.

People like to meet an old friend and such this common collection of hymns would be to those removing from one place to another. Absolute uniformity is not necessary, and enforced uniformity not desirable. This, however, is no reason why we should accentuate our individuality till we lose sight of the great fact that all round the globe there is a community of fellow-worshippers who in the same spirit and often in the same words praise our common God and Saviour.

St. Lucia, June 6, 1889.

Answers to Inquiries.

(Under the heading questions suitable for our columns will be answered by the Editor. All questions, to receive attention, must be signed by the name of a subscriber to the Presbyterian Review, not for publication, but for our protection.)

QUESTION.—Would you kindly give me your opinion on the following:—About one year ago our congregation (I shall name it)—gave a call to a minister. The call was not quite satisfactory to all the members, and a number of them did not sign it, and have not paid anything towards the stipend ever since.

Some of them, however, have contributed to other schemes, and also paid a small sum to the Sabbath collections. They claim that they are in as good standing as those who have contributed regularly towards the stipend. Some of them are office-bearers, and consider they are in equal standing with those who have paid their contributions. Being one of the office-bearers, and not wishing to make any hard feelings, I thought I would like to have your opinion on the matter.—A PRESBYTERIAN.

ANSWER.—Undoubtedly the members of the congregation of B— and the office-bearers are in good and regular standing, and possess all the rights they ever possessed. But the Session ought at once to deal with those members and adherents who are neglecting their duty of supporting the minister on whose ministry they are waiting. Also the Session should immediately lay the matter before the Presbytery, who should see that the stipend promised is paid to the minister. If the defaulters, on being properly dealt with, still refuse to do their duty, it is in the power of the Presbytery to suspend them from privileges. It may, however, be most unwise to do this. Law is powerless if Christian feeling is wanting.

Church News.

THE brick work on the new Tamworth church has been begun. The edifice when completed will be a handsome structure.

REV. KENNETH F. JUNOR, M.D., pastor of De Witt Chapel, New York, formerly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, has been elected a resident Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to the REVIEW from Conn., Ont.: "All who attended the lecture of Rev. Alex. Gilray, of Toronto, in the Presbyterian churches of North and West on Monday and Tuesday, 8th and 9th inst., were delighted with both the lecturer and the lecture. For over two hours each evening Mr. Gilray held his audience spellbound, as he eloquently, pathetically, and at intervals humorously described the many places of historic interest that he visited during his five months' visit to Europe. The rev. gentlemen gave a thrilling account of his visit to Paris, Turin, Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Milan and particularly Rome. His reference to his visit to the Waldensian Valley and the persecution of the brave and noble people that inhabited those valleys was most touching. The lecturer also referred to his visit to Genoa, the city of John Calvin, and eloquently pointed out the debt of gratitude the whole civilized world owed, whether it acknowledged it or not, to the teachings of that Great Reformer. He also referred to the land of Tell and the many more patriotic men who held liberty dearer than life. Should Mr. Gilray favour the highlands of Ontario with another visit he may feel assured of a hearty welcome and

that his audiences next time, while not any more appreciative and enthusiastic, will be much larger. The Rev. John Morrison, of Cedarville, our noble pioneer standard-bearer, here moved a hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer, which motion was supported in brief, but eloquent addresses by Rev. Messrs. Smith (Methodist), S. Smith, M.A. (Unitarian), Mr. M. Arthur, (elder), and Mr. McMullen, M.P. The motion was unanimously and enthusiastically passed, to which Mr. Gilray made a felicitous reply.

MEETING OF PRESBYTERY.

OWN SOUND.

Mt. June 24th. The Rev. D. A. McLean was appointed Moderator. The following committees for the current year were appointed Finance, Messrs. McLean, McInnis and Patterson; Aged Ministers' and Widows' Fund, Messrs. Fraser, McAlpine and Murray; Temperance, Messrs. McInnis, McDiarmid and McAlpine; Sabbath Schools, Messrs. McAlpine, McLeann, Mullen and Elder from Leith, Sabbath Observance, Messrs. Fleming, Somerville, Morrison and Elder from Division street church; State of Religion, Messrs. Fraser, McLeann, McLean and Mullan; Home Missions, Messrs. S. Smith, McAlpine and Somerville; Augmentation, Messrs. Waite, Somerville and Morrison; Statistics, Messrs. Somerville and Morrison. The following committees were appointed to visit the mission fields to dispense ordinances, make enquiry into the work done by the missionaries and arrange for the payment of the students in charge, and report at September meeting, Lion's Head, Mr. Griffith, Indian Peninsula, Mr. McLean; Big Bay and Lake Charles, Messrs. McLeann and Mullan; Johnston and Daywood, Messrs. Waite and Morrison; Berkeley and Williamsford, Messrs. McAlpine and McGill; Woodford, Caven and Griercliffe, Messrs. McLaren, Ross and Gardiner. Messrs. Fraser, McAlpine, Somerville, Waite and McLean were appointed a commission of Presbytery to hold a Presbyterial visitation of Warton, on a day agreed upon by the commission. Mr. McLaren was appointed treasurer of the Delegates Expense fund and instructed to notify congregations that three cents per member would be required, the collection to be made before the middle of August. The Presbytery then took up the question of arrears in Keady to Mr. Stewart. Messrs. Waite and Somerville were appointed to meet with the people, and report to an adjourned meeting. Notice of a call to Mr. McLean from Maitland Presbytery was read and the Clerk instructed to cite Sarawak and Kemble. Presbytery adjourned to meet in Division street Hall, July 16th, at 1.30 p.m.—J. SOMERVILLE, Clerk.

TENDERS WANTED.

WANTED.—Tenders for Printing and Publishing the new Book of Forms of Procedure in the Presbyterian Church in Canada. The Committee will receive tenders till July 31st. Specimens may be seen and information obtained from the Rev. D. Reid, at his office. Tenders are to be addressed to

REV. J. LAING, D.D.,

Convener of Com. B. F. Care of Rev. Reid 15 TORONTO STREET. TORONTO

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EDITED BY

REV. MARCUS DODS, D.D., AND REV. ALEXANDER WHYTE, D.D.

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History of the Irish Presbyterian Church. By Rev. Thomas Hamilton, D.D. Belfast. Price 70 cents.
The Gospel according to St. Luke. By Rev. Professor Lindsay, M.A., D.D. Part I., price 70 cents. Part II., price 50 cents.
The Christian Miracles and the Conclusions of Science. By Rev. W. D. Thompson, M.A., Lochend. Price 70 cents.
Baker's Three Sermons on Human Nature. With Introduction and Notes. By Rev. T. B. Kilpatrick, B.D. Price 50 cents.
The Christian Doctrine of God. By Professor Candlish, D.D. Price 60 cents.
The Book of Exodus. Part I., Ch. I-XIV. By James Macgregor, D.D., late of New College, Edinburgh. Price 70 cents.

IN PREPARATION.

The Sabbath. By Rev. Professor Salmond, D.D., Aberdeen.
The Gospel according to St. John. By Rev. George Reith, M.A., Glasgow. [Shortly].
The First Epistle to the Corinthians. By Rev. Marcus Dods, D.D., Glasgow.
The Second Epistle to the Corinthians. By Rev. Principal David Brown, D.D., Aberdeen.
The Epistle to the Philippians. By Rev. James Mellis, M.A., Southport.
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D. T. MCALINSH,

Corner Toronto and Adelaide Streets, TORONTO, ONT.