

The Rev. G. J. Robb E. A.

The above named gentleman having accepted a call from Cook's Church Toronto was released from his charge on the 10th March, a copy from the *Thyrses Independent*, the proceedings of the Cloghor Presbytery.

A Meeting, called by circular, issued by the Moderator, met in the Presbyterian Church, Carleton, on Monday, 16th ult., at 10 o'clock, to take into consideration a call from Cook's Church, Toronto, Canada, presented to Rev. J. Gardner Robb, B.A. Cloghor.

Present—Rev. J. G. Robb, (Moderator); Rev. David Clements (Clerk); Rev. Wm. McIlwaine, Rev. D. G. Smith, Rev. James Malcolmson, Rev. David Groer, and Rev. Thomas Graham.

The Clerk called the roll of Ministers, and took the name of the elders present.

The ex-Moderator having then taken the chair, explained to those present the nature of the call, and the necessity of such ministers as Mr. Robb being chosen to such a church as Cook's of Toronto, and from what he knew of the people of that city, Mr. Robb would find a welcome accorded to him such is seldom witnessed on this side the Atlantic.

The Clerk was asked to read the call which was a voluminous document, and having 251 members names affixed thereto, with 94 adherents and signed in the presence of the Rev. Mr. Reid, Moderator of Canada Presbyterian Church. He also read minutes of congregational meeting, and committee of Cook's Church, promising to contribute 3,000 dollars stipend to Mr. Robb. Reasons of translation were also read, and those entrusted to prosecute the call were Dr. Watts, Belfast, Rev. Mr. McIlwaine, Auguocoy, and Rev. David Groer, Cavannock, Fivomletown.

Rev. Wm. McIlwaine—I look forward with regret indeed to the departure of my esteemed brother from amongst us. No man knew the law of the Presbytery better than he did, and especially his experience of Ecclesiastical law, and his ready and willing mind to defend the principle of the Presbyterian Church, his amiability and kindness to his brethren during the last 15 years; and especially if we look back, how proud we should be of having to record this day, that no unbrotherly word was ever spoken by him capable of giving offence to any of his co-Presbyters. This makes me deeply sorrow for losing such a kind friend and brother, and I do regret we should lose him, yet the call which now lies on the table if sustained leaves an opportunity for such men as Mr. Robb to work out a better feeling between the two Churches; and I now think under the Providence of God, this call should be sustained, and that Mr. Robb should accept same. I ask you to look round the assembly, and can you find any such call reaching any other congregation, and should we not be thankful that we enjoyed his wise counsel and talents so long. I have letters in my possession from personal friends in Toronto breathing the warmest and most affectionate kindness for Mr. Robb, which ensures him on landing many friends. Look at that call as now before us, the unanimity of it, the vast amount of signatures attached to it, the prayerful spirit it is concluded in, and then again, look at Toronto (not much behind Belfast) having its Universities and Theological College, the seat of the Local Provincial Government. Taking all these things into account, he knew Mr. Robb would occupy a wide-spread celebrity in this new Church, and prove an additional source of good to our Presbyterian Zion. I know, whatever little difficulties exist between the two countries, Mr. Robb was the man to remove them. He now applied to Mr. Robb in the name of God to accept this call.

Mr. William Barnett, on the part of the congregation, said he could not agree with all that had been said on the removal of Mr. Robb, and he was sorry the call had come, but as a last effort to keep him, he was authorized by a goodly number of the congregation to state they would double their stipend, and he was sure when the congregation was applied to, they would spontaneously increase their pew-rents.

Mr. Robinson (Elder), in a lengthened speech paid a high compliment to Mr. Robb's talents as a preacher, debater, and sound adviser to the members of his congregation, and concluded by an eulogistic expression of the good will which existed between Mrs. Robb and all the congregation. Mr. Robinson was much affected during the delivery of his speech.

The ex-Moderator then called on

Mr. Robb, who said—Moderator, I never had at any other time such trouble to express myself as just now. I have spent many years in this congregation, and it now comes on me with great sorrow to say good bye to it. (Here Mr. Robb was deeply affected, and for more than ten minutes could not articulate a sentence). During the continuation of his reply he shed tears on several occasions, and with great difficulty he said:—I accept this call and respectfully ask you to accept my resignation of the charge of this Church, and set down most sorrowfully looking. Several members of the congregation, as well as some of the ministers were deeply moved, and shed tears.

Mr. McIlwaine brought the meeting to a close by prayer.

Rules for Daily Life.

Say nothing you would not like God to hear.

Do nothing you would not like God to see.

Write nothing you would not like God to read.

Go to no place where you would not like God to find you.

Read no book of which you would not like God to say, "Show it me."

Never spend your time in such a way that you would not like God to say, "What art thou doing?"

How We Treat Our Clergymen.

Montreal is about losing one of its hardest working and most successful clergymen the Rev. Mr. Gibson. Toronto has lost some of its ablest men, Hamilton has suffered the same way, and Britain has suffered not a little. Britain and Canada are fast becoming the theological training schools for the United States, and filling American pulpits at the expense of their own. It is a serious question for those interested in British and Canadian Church matters, how long this system is to last; and we write these words to bring the subject before the public generally.

From an American standpoint, we can easily see the reason for the demand. With the advance of education and refinement, the standard of clerical efficiency is fast changing. Our cousins are getting tired of what is styled "duent preaching." Flashy and ornate declamation is losing its hold on the educated American mind, and Presbyteries and Vestries are striving to fill their churches with earnest thoughtful preaching, coupled with earnest practical efficiency. The Rev. John Hall, the ablest preacher in New York, is a calm, plain, thoughtful preacher, and one of the ablest organizers of the day. Dr. Ormiston, late of Hamilton, is an eloquent preacher, but he is more remarkable for his depth of thought than for his eloquence. Mr. Sullivan, late of Montreal, is eloquent, and calm and earnest. Mr. Gibson, about leaving us, is a cold, incisive preacher,—plain and pointed, and a model of parochial ability. These are the men chosen by the American Churches to fill their vacant charges, and no one we think can go over the names of these representative gentlemen, without feeling that our American cousins, ever wise and wary, are getting wiser in this our day and generation, as far as filling their pulpits are concerned.

Until America has time to mould herself men of this stamp, we may expect that she will reap down our Canadian harvests. Such men grow more naturally in Canada and Britain, than in America. America drives along at fever rate, and the flush of the fever is on the cheek of the calmest of her children. It will take years before America can rear up men like John Hall, or Mr. Sullivan.

Next to rearing, comes Selection and Importation; and America is determined to select and import from the representative pulpits of Canada and Britain. It would be folly to blame her. If she cannot create men suited to her needs, the world is before her, and she has a perfect right to pick and select for her own benefit. If she thinks that one John Hall would do New York more good than twenty home-made pastors, she has a right to leave nothing undone to turn John Hall, of Dublin, the appreciated, yet by no means, marvellous preacher, into a great national power, such as he now is, for there is no doubt of it that John Hall would be a hundred fold a greater power in New York, than he ever would, or could wield in Dublin. Yes, America will import, and has a right to import, at any expense, intellectual power, and she is bold enough to do so in a straightforward way.

But should not Earnestness and Intellect, and Religion, resist her persuasive blandishments? Certainly, provided Canada and Britain are contented to accept Earnestness and Intellect and Religion, as the sole characteristics of her clergy. If it is an understood thing, the Canadian clergy are to live in the cheapest houses and dress in a cleanly manner, and nothing more, and send their children to third class schools, and keep miserably deficient libraries; if these things be understood and recognized, as forming part and parcel of clerical destiny, why then offers of large salaries appear decidedly carnal and worldly. The man who under such recognized circumstances, would leave a sphere of ill paid duty for one of well paid duty, would be rushing into the face of clerical destiny and doing a most inconsistent act.

But how does the case actually stand? Our best Canadian and British men, expected to mix with the professional and mercantile members of their congregations, are paid about one-half the income of a fairly successful professional man. They are expected to live in respectable houses, always to appear as if above care, to send their children to popular schools, to maintain good libraries, and keep themselves posted in the literature of the day. They are expected to live as well as the lawyer, who has twice the income, and in some cases as the merchant who has five times the income. Of course they are to keep out of debt, to run no store or shop bills, to pay as they go, and to fulfil in their cash transactions, the sacred command of "owing no man anything but love." High rents, high prices are to make no difference, they are to glide on, whether in Canada or Britain, in the smooth calm current of questions, how to do good to their parishioners, and how to make both ends meet.

If, under such circumstances, America steps in and says, "Here is as good, if not a better field of labor than you have, and here is enough to support you in living as we expect you to live," we can certainly lay no blame if the offer be accepted either by an Englishman or Canadian. The unjust expectations of congregations absolve the clergyman of all odium. He has a right to say to his congregation, "Tone down your expectations, let me live in a small cottage, and apprentice my children to decent trades, and I'll stay with you, but surely you cannot expect me to run in harness with the lawyer when you only give me half the oats. Let me do your work as a recognized poor man and I'll stay with you. Let it be known that nothing is expected from me, but earnestness, intellect, and religion, and I'll stay in Britain, or I'll stay in Canada." The fact is, that America is setting both England and Canada a good example. She has left both countries behind in the home and mission field. In the past she has absorbed the noblest types of British manhood, and if we are not careful she may absorb the highest types of British and Canadian intellect.—*Montreal Gazette*.

Physical Culture of Children.

The most important requisites for raising a healthy child, or restoring one that is sickly, are: pure air, pure water, simple, nutritious and wholesome food, plenty of out-door exercise, scrupulous cleanliness, cheerful companionship, plenty of sleep and plenty of play, with perfect freedom of movement—which is perhaps synonymous with perfect freedom from fashionable dress.

How many of these blessings can a town bred child enjoy? Pure air? Certainly not. Pure water? Possibly; but more probably the reverse. Simple and whole some food? Let us consider this point. Bread and milk are, or ought to be, the staple articles of a child's diet. In most families the bread is probably bought of a baker, and contains who knows what amount of adulteration? or may be made from weevilly flour—weevils when taken into the human stomach are similar in their effects to the Spanish blistering fly. Or the bread may be made at home, still with the risk of weevilly flour, and eaten hot at every meal, and with plenty of what they call shortening in it; that is, some kind of fat, which, when baked, is about as effectual an article for deranging the stomach and liver as it is possible to procure.

Now for the milk. Do you usually get pure milk in large towns? Pure, wholesome milk can be yielded only by healthy cows; and cows cannot be healthy if they live in dark, dirty stables and feed on unwholesome food, as is the case with most of the cows that are kept in towns. These remarks are not of course applicable to all towns, but the newspapers assure us that they are quite true of many, and notably of New-York.

Does the town-bred child get plenty of light and sunshine? It is quite impossible that it can, unless there is a garden attached to the house in which it lives; and the very fact of there being such a garden belonging to it takes that house out of the category of what we understand by a town house. We may take it for granted, then, that a town-bred child cannot have a sufficiency of light and sunshine under even the most favorable circumstances; and that quantity is unusually reduced to a minimum by the practice of keeping the blinds closed in order to preserve the carpet, or from a mistaken idea that it will preserve the feminine complexion. Any lady who labors under this delusion should obtain a lump of unbaked dough, and divesting her mind as far as possible of all prejudices, sit calmly down to its contemplation. If she can find any beauty in it, beyond its undoubted usefulness when properly cooked, let her forthwith shut herself up to the health giving and beautifying rays of the sun, and at the trifling cost of health—would she but believe it—of beauty also, her cheeks will soon rival the requisite no color of the dough.

To this pernicious habit of hiding from the sun in summer, and the use of stoves and exclusion of fresh air during the winter, may be attributed the diminished stature, feeble health, and faded, pallid skin so generally remarked among some classes of American women.

Does any town bred child, except the very poorest that runs wild in the alleys and gutters ever get enough exercise? Not any of them while they are so young as to require the care of a nurse; though when the boys are old enough to go to school they will have it. Bless them! they tear their clothes; they will come home all covered with mud; they will get into scraps of every kind, thereby indicating the full enjoyment and freedom of their young limbs.

Clothing should invariably be as light as possible, perfectly easy and loose, and carefully adapted to the season. But, unfortunately, lauders too often study nothing but the prevailing fashion when regulating the dress of their children—especially of their girls—and think very little of the effect it may produce upon their health.

It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that every extreme of female fashion is, without exception, an outrage upon good sense and good taste. Witness the enormous hoops, the high heels, the masses of frills and furbelows, the paddings, the bustles, the chignons, the waterfalls, (Heaven help us!) and how many more such like monstrosities with which women have for years past disfigured themselves. And it is sad to think that many of these enormities are inflicted upon little girls who have the rather questionable advantage of belonging to the fashionable circles.

The little girl accustomed to hear these things among whom she is brought up discussing the whimsical and capricious vagaries of fashion as a subject of great importance, naturally regards them in the same light. She yields to the restraints imposed by fine dress and company manners, and the result is a wretched little puppet, stiff and angular in her movements, with feeble health and narrow chest, instead of the elastic, graceful, free limbed, healthy creature that a young girl ought to be. And in course of time she develops—if such a half-growth can be called development—into a puny woman with a Grecian bond.—*Mrs. Byrd, in Herald of Health*.

The late Professor Sedgwick, the distinguished geologist, shortly before his death wrote thus—"If a long life has been given me, and I murmur because the infirmities of old age are beginning to press hard upon me? God forbid that such should be my bearing while under my Maker's hand. Nay, rather let me laud His Holy name for the countless and ill-deserved blessings He has showered upon me, and humbly ask him, for Jesus' sake, his anointed Son, to pour into my heart the grace of thankfulness, and to cheer the remnant of my fast waning life with hopes becoming my gray hairs and my Christian profession." His dying words, uttered at intervals, were these: "Wash me in the blood of the Lamb;" "Enable me to submit to Thy holy will;" "Sanctify me to thy Holy Spirit."

A Delicate Duty.

If any considerable number of a Church or a Society have been led to the conclusion that—for any reason—it would be better for their pastor to leave, it is unkind to him, and unjust to the best interests of the cause of Christ among them, not at once to apprise him of the fact. This can be done and ought to be done, with so much of cordial kindness, both of spirit and manner, as to rob such a procedure of much of its inevitable pain to both parties; and the result of such a conference can hardly fail to bring to light that which was dark. If the people are in fault, they will be likely to be led to see and feel it, and, while if the pastor be a real Christian, and, ought to leave, for the best good of all, he can hardly fail to be led to see and feel that. So says the *Congregationalist*.

Taking off the Shoes.

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans when entering a house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. The reason is that their floors are covered with clean mats and rugs, and in the Moslem houses the men kneel on the rugs to pray, and press their foreheads to the floor, so that it would not be decent or respectful to walk in with dirty shoes and soil the sjadly on which they kneel to pray. They have no foot mat or scrapers, and it is much cheaper and simpler to leave the shoes, dirt and all, at the door.

It is very curious to go to the Syrian school-houses and see the piles of shoes at the door. There are new bright red shoes, and old tattered shoes, and kob-kobs and black shoes, and sometimes yellow shoes. The kob-kobs are wooden clogs, made to raise the feet out of the mud and water, having a little strap on the toe to keep it on the foot. You will often see little boys and girls running down steps and paved streets on their kob-kobs. Sometimes they slip, and then they go, on their noses and the kob-kobs fly off and go rattling over the stones, and little Ali or Yusuf, or whatever his name is, begins to shout, "Ya Imme! Ya Imme!" "Oh my mother!" and cries just like little children in other countries.

But the funniest part is to see the boys when they come out of school and try to find their shoes. There will be fifty boys and of course a hundred shoes, all mixed together in one pile. When school is out the boys make a rush for the door. Then comes the tug of war. A dozen boys are standing and shuffling on the pile of shoes, looking down, lugging away the other shoes running their toes into their own, stumbling over the kob-kobs, and then making a dash to get out of the crowd. Sometimes shins will be kicked, and hair pulled, and tarbooshes thrown off, and a great screaming follow, which will only cease when the teacher comes with "Aa," or a stick, and quells the riot. That pile of shoes will have to answer for a good many school boy fights and bruised noses and hard feelings in Syria. You will wonder how they can tell their own shoes. So do I. And the boys often wear off each other's shoes by mistake or on purpose, and then you will see Solim running with one shoe on and one of Ibrahim's in his hand, shouting and cursing Ibrahim's father and grandfather until he gets back his lost property.—*The Women of the Arabs*.

Sedentary Habits.

A man may be healthy without being strong; but all health tends more or less, towards strength, and all disease is weakness. Now, any one may see in nature that things grow big simply by growing; this growth is a constant and habitual exercise of vital or vegetative force, and whatever checks or diminishes the action of this force—say harsh winds or frost—will stop the growth and stunt the production. Let the student, therefore, bear in mind that sitting on a chair, leaning over a desk, poring over a book, cannot possibly be the way to make his body grow. The blood can be made to flow, and the muscles to play freely only by exercise, and if that exercise is not taken, nature will not be mocked. Every young student ought to make a sacred resolution to move about in the open air at least two hours every day. If he does not do this, cold feet, the clogging of the wheel of the internal part of the fleshy frame, and various shades of stomachic and cerebral discomfort will not fail in due season to inform him that he has been sinning against nature, and if he does not mend his course as a bad boy, he will certainly be flogged, for nature is never like some soft-hearted human masters—over merciful in her treatment. But why should a student indulge so much in the lazy and unhealthy habit of sitting? A man may think as well standing as sitting, often not a little better; and as for reading in those days, when the most weighty books may be had cheaply in the lightest form, there is no necessity why a person should be bending his back and doubling his chest merely because he happens to have a book in his hand. A man will read a play or poem far more naturally and effectively while walking up and down the room than when sitting sleepily in a chair. Sitting, in fact, is a slovenly habit, and ought not to be indulged. But when a man does sit, or must sit, let him at all events sit erect, with his back to the light, and a full free protection of the breast. Also when studying languages, or reading fine passages of poetry, let him read as much as possible aloud; a practice recommended by Clemeat of Alexandria, and which will have the double good effect of strengthening that most important vital element, the lungs, and training the ear to the perception of vocal distinction, so stupidly neglected in many of our public schools. There is, in fact, no necessary connection, in most cases, between the knowledge which a student is anxious to acquire and the sedentary habits which students are apt to cultivate.—*On Self-Culture*, by Prof. Blackie.

Early Gladness.

So much of our early gladness vanishes utterly from our memory. We can never recall the joy with which we laid our heads on our mother's bosom, or rode on our father's back in childhood, doubtless that joy is wrought up into our nature, as the sunlight of long-past memories is wrought up in the soft mellowness of the apricot, but is gone for ever from our imagination, and we can only believe in the joy of childhood. But the first returns to us first love is a vision which re-enters in our first love, and brings with it a thrill of feeling intense and special as the recent sensation of a sweet odour breathed in a far-off hour of happiness. It is a memory that gives a more exquisite touch of tenderness, that feeds the madness of jealousy, and adds the last keenness to the agony of despair.—*Geo. Eliot*.

Egypt Revived.

Dr. Charles Beke, writing to the *Athenaeum* (Jan. 24) from Cairo, speaks of the striking improvement in the face of Egypt since his last visit in 1866. There are now at least five millions of acres under cultivation against half that number in 1850. "Green crops of various kinds are growing luxuriantly, and it is pleasing to see the animals, black cattle, asses, sheep and goats grazing in the rich pasture without stint. Trees are not only line the road on both sides, but have been planted so extensively that many parts of the country have the appearance of being well wooded." Here and there, too, the traveller sees "tall factory chimneys rising out of the midst of the villages or from among the trees." Already there appears to have been a change of climate in consequence of the increased tillage of the land and forest culture. "Egypt is fast losing its proverbial rainless character." Rain has begun to be felt as an annoyance at Alexandria, and is markedly increasing in frequency at Cairo, where Dr. Beke, who had perhaps got tired of the "blowly blue sky" of the Mediterranean as another English traveller (once said), enjoyed "four and twenty hours of rain, as heavy and continuous as any in London; in fact a regular English wet day." The condition of the people, though servile, is on the whole mending. Cairo the Khedive is bent on making the Paris of the Levant. He is said to have expended two million dollars on Sir Samuel Baker's expedition, and to have been somewhat disappointed by the results; but to maintain what Baker secured, as well as to extend his conquests, he has called into his employ that remarkable character, Col. Gordon, of the British Engineers, better known by his sobriquet of "Chinese Gordon" and for the exploits which won him that distinction.

A handsome marble monument is in course of erection over the grave of the late Dr. Guthrie, in the Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh.

FAITH—A little girl was once asked the following question? What is faith? She replied, "Doing God's will and asking no questions."

CHRISTIAN work is more than furnishing food and raiment and shelter. It is also teaching men of God, of Christ, of heaven, of sin, of love, of justice, of brotherhood.

It is understood that Mr. Knight and his congregation intend to seek admission to the Established Church of Scotland, and that it is probable an application with this view will be considered at a meeting of the Presbytery of Dundee to be held on Wednesday next.

Will you say that there are no real stars, because you sometimes see meteors fall, which for a time appeared to be stars? Will you say that blizzards never produce fruit, because many of them fall off, and -and because fruit which appeared sound is rotten at the core? Equally absurd is it to say there is no such thing as religion, because many who profess it fall away, or prove to be hypocrites in heart. Or will you say that medicine does no good, because though it moves the fever, it does not restore the patient to perfect strength in an instant? Equally groundless and absurd is it to say that religion does not make them perfect as the angles of God.—*Peyson*.

There is now in course of erection a handsome marble monument over the grave of the late Dr. Guthrie, in Grange Cemetery, Edinburgh. Built into the south wall of the cemetery, and standing out from a background of polished freestone, the structure consists of three large slabs of blue-veined marble, resting upon a base-ment of the same material, and surmounted by a cornice and pediment—the whole rising to the height of nearly ten feet. On the upper portion of the central slab, which projects a few inches beyond the others, has been sculptured a bass-relief of Dr. Guthrie, over-arched by two palm branches, that droop down on either side, and having underneath a short inscription setting forth the dates of the doctor's birth and death.

"It makes a good deal of difference," said Mr. Moody, in the Chicago noon prayer-meeting, "whether you take hold of God or He take hold of you. My little girl refused to let me take hold of her hand when we were walking together. She thought she could go alone. But when we came to a place that was slippery she took hold, first of my little finger, and then, as it grew more icy, of my whole hand. As we went on, and it was growing worse, she let go entirely and said, 'Papa, take hold of me.' She knew I was strong, and that she could not fall unless I fell. 'Now,' said she, 'I have been slipping, slipping, for the last eleven years, and the reason is that I have never put my hand into the hand of God. I have been trying to take hold of Him, but not asking him to take hold of me. As long as He has hold of my hand I can't fall. He would have to be disenthroned first. If our hands are placed in His whose throne is in Heaven, we never can fall down into hell!'"