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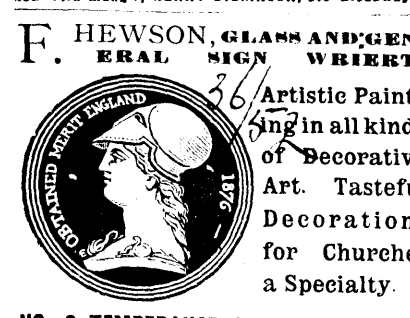
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**CONSUMPTIVES** should try **Allen's Lung Balsam**; it can be had of any druggist.

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**PAIN-KILLER** has cured cases of Rheumatism and Neuralgia after years' standing.

**PLUM SNAPS.**—One-half cup of sugar, one cup of butter worked to a cream, three eggs, one-half cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of soda, one cup of chopped raisins, one of currants, teaspoonful of all kinds of spices; flour to roll.

We find **Campbell's Cathartic Compound** the best article we have ever used for Costiveness or Biliousness, and is easy to take.

**And Now Comes Gillett** and says that it is time there was a good Baking Powder, and says that his **Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powder** is far superior to all others.

**CRANBERRY ROLL.**—Take a quart of cranberries, stew them and sweeten to taste; make a pastry as you would for biscuit; roll a little thinner than for biscuit; fill with the cranberries, roll up the sides and ends and steam an hour and a half, or bake; to be eaten with sauce or cream and sugar.

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**TEA CAKES.**—One cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter, one egg, one-half teaspoonful of soda, three-fourths of a cup of water, one and one-half cups of flour. Stir well together, and fill your gem irons about half full. When you have used two-thirds of the mixture, and one-half cup of molasses, a little more soda, one-third of a cup of flour and spice to taste. Then put a small spoonful of this in the centre of each little cake.

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**POTATO SANDWICHES.**—These may be made from any kind of fresh meat, but preferably of beef. Fry slices of beef, rather thinly cut, in butter; they must be gently done, and not too dry. Cover one side of each side with well-mashed potatoes, free from lumps, a quarter of an inch in thickness, egg and bread crumbs over then proceed in the same way with the other side. With a sharp knife trim them into pieces of equal size and shape, square or three-cornered. Fry them in hot fat a light brown colour and serve.

**CHICKEN PIE.**—Parboil a good-sized chicken, after carving it as if to be served; take out of water. Then put in a cupful of milk, to which has been added flour enough to moderately thicken it; salt and pepper. Let this boil gently for a quarter of an hour. Put at bottom and sides of a pie-dish a lining of paste; lay the pieces of chicken in with a quarter of a pound of pork in very thin slices. Fill the dish with the liquor you have ready. You can ornament the paste with strips, but be sure to leave a small aperture in the top of crust. It will be done in fifty minutes in a moderately hot oven.

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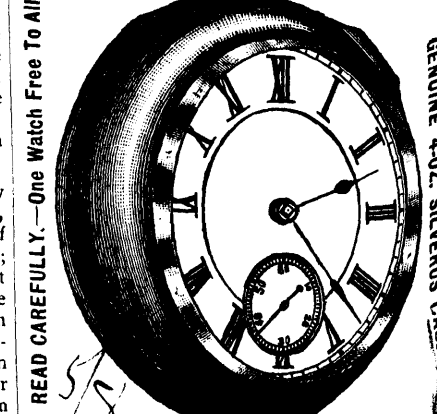


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Cures Chronic Constipation, Costiveness, and all Complaints arising from a disordered state of the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, such as Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious Affections, Headache, Heartburn, Acidity of the Stomach, Rheumatism, Loss of Appetite, Gravel, Nervous Debility, Nausea, or Vomiting, &c., &c.

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# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3rd, 1889.

No. 14.

## Notes of the Week.

THREE of the Presbyteries of the Free Church of Scotland have overtured the General Assembly, which meets in May, concerning the Confession of Faith. Aberdeen Presbytery voted unanimously in favour of having the General Assembly provide for a revision of the Confession. A similar motion was carried in Edinburgh Presbytery by a small majority; and in Glasgow Presbytery by a large majority.

MAJOR MCGIBBON, of the Indian Department, in the North West, furnishes excellent reports respecting the nation's wards. The Indians are making good progress in farming and appear to like it better every year. They never were in a better state than now. They begin to realize the advantages and benefits of education and are desirous their children should attend schools. At the Qu'Appelle Industrial school there are 150 pupils.

THE Montreal *Witness* says: The insolent assumption which inflates a few French newspapers with regard to the Jesuit plunder Bill would, if translated into English and spread among the people, awake a dangerous condition of feeling. One thing seems evident: namely, that if the two political parties are forced, through fear of their French contingents, to condone this Papal outrage in Parliament they are signing the death warrant of Confederation and confessing that while it lasts the Pope is its ruler.

THE Rev. Dr. Castle who has for some years been principal of McMaster Hall has resigned the office on account of ill health. Dr. Castle in his public life has shown himself to be a man of wide and catholic sympathies, always ready to take his share in the advancement of every good word and work. He will carry with him into his retirement, the good will and kindly sympathies of many besides those with whom he was most closely associated in church life and work. Professor D. A. McGregor has been appointed to succeed Dr. Castle in the presidency of the Baptist College. It is announced that next fall an Arts Department will be instituted.

THE Sydney *Presbyterian* characterises political elections as a necessary evil, and declares that they form a good education neither for the electors nor the elected. The sooner an election is over, the better for the community. We look, says the *Christian Leader*, for a more virile theory than this in our Australian Colonies. If politics are indeed so degraded and degrading in New South Wales, it does not say much for the Christian Church in that Colony. It is this effeminate style of talk that estranges many an ingenuous soul from the Churches. What authority has our Sydney friend for the notion that the Christian citizen is not at liberty to take part in the conduct of public affairs?

THE *Presbyterian Messenger* says: Canon Ainger, of Bristol, has dodged Bishop Harrison, of Glasgow. The Scottish prelate lately prevented Canon Wilberforce from preaching in the Cathedral (which, strange as it may sound to ears Episcopal, belongs to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland), because by such an act he would give countenance to a body of heretics, outside the pale of the one true and only Church. Canon Ainger, however, instead of laying the lesson to heart in all due meekness and submissiveness of spirit, has actually lifted up his voice in the University Chapel, thus bringing himself into association with such stiffnecked and perverse offenders as Principal Caird and Professor Story. Bishop Harrison is doubtless vexing his righteous soul at such an evil deed, unless he has discovered that the Canon was lawfully engaged in missioning the ungodly in an unconsecrated place.

TERRIBLE and startling crimes break out in the most unsuspected quarters. Who would have thought that the quiet and orderly little city of Guelph would become the scene of one of the most appalling tragedies that has ever occurred in Ontario? Yet in that picturesque city on the banks of the Speed, the home of what had been supposed a happy family was in a moment a literal chamber of horrors.

A mother and her two daughters were suddenly struck down, it is charged, by the murderous hand of the husband and father. He had been accused of embezzlement, having been in a position of trust. A man with a good reputation and having received an excellent education he was highly respected in the community that has been startled by his crime. He was also actively interested in church work. The psychological mystery of the crime may be elucidated at the trial of the unhappy man over whom the awful charge impends.

ONE of the ablest and most upright of English political leaders of the people has passed beyond the strife of tongues and the conflict of parties. John Bright made his mark in early life. He entered on a public career because he was in downright earnest. He did not follow a course of action because it promised to be a successful policy. Whatever course he upheld and whatever he eloquently condemned was invariably adopted as a matter of deep and intelligent conviction. For a number of years he was the object of unstinted vituperation and other amenities with which earnest public men are sometimes favoured, but for years past few names were more highly honoured than was that of the great modern Tribune of the People. He has passed peacefully and painlessly away after a severe and protracted illness, and all England mourns his loss. He has left a noble legacy behind him—one more example that a good and upright man can be an honest politician and achieve honour and distinction by disdaining the wiles and trickery of the opportunists so plentiful in these days.

IN the American Church a question that is beginning to be mooted in Canada is pressing for solution. A contemporary says: There has been for several years a very considerable difference of opinion in the Woman's Board of Missions, a virtual auxiliary of the American Board, as to whether the local organizations could be allowed to do any work for other than Foreign Missions. The Central Management in Boston has been very strenuous in claiming that the Constitution and the interests of the Woman's Board forbid any alliance in other work. But a number of the local societies in churches, especially in the Philadelphia Branch, find it more convenient to do both their home and foreign missionary work in the same organization, but were rebuked therefore by the Boston officers. The Board, in its annual meeting of delegates, has always supported the home office until this year, when the matter was fully discussed, and a committee was appointed, composed of representatives from every Branch and from the Executive Committee of the Board, to consider the subject for a year and report at the next annual meeting.

IN a contemporary we find the following: Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, author of so many excellent boys' books—all of a manly, vigorous and healthy moral character—has just been subjected in his quiet home at Harrow, to the scrutiny of the ubiquitous newspaper interviewer. Mr. Ballantyne, who is described as a stalwart Scotsman, with a singularly handsome face and a very winning manner, was asked if he advisedly gave a religious tone to his books. "Yes, decidedly," he replied. "I hate cant, but I feel very strongly on this point. My aim in writing from the beginning of my career (and my first book I wrote for my mother's amusement, and then never dreamed of taking it up as a profession) has been to work in the spirit of the text, 'In all thy ways acknowledge Him' Friends and reviewers have sometimes charged me with 'over-doing religion' in my books, and being 'goody-goody.' It may be so, but I can only say I would rather err in that way than give forth an uncertain sound in the midst of a world where multitudes refuse to recognize that whether we eat or drink, or whatsoever we do, we are bound as well as privileged to do all to the glory of God; and I feel my responsibility as an instructor of young boys very keenly. I do not think one can be too particular how one writes for them."

THE Countess of Aberdeen presided at a great meeting in Bradford, attended by fully 5,000 people, and also delivered addresses in Glasgow and Edinburgh at the inaugural meetings of Women's Liberal

Associations, which have been instituted in these cities. Lord Elgin presided at Glasgow, and Mr. Charles J. Guthrie in Edinburgh, and never perhaps, says a contemporary, has the duty of woman in respect to political life been so powerfully and persuasively urged as in the addresses of Lady Aberdeen. She is well aware that the movement will pain and grieve many good men and women, who cannot bear the idea of any woman for whom they have any regard being mixed up with politics. Nor does she deny that their objections point to a possible danger. But she most effectively showed that these proceed, on the one hand from a partial ideal of what a woman's life should be, and on the other from a low estimate of politics. In a strain of the purest eloquence Lady Aberdeen enforced both of these points and the work which she inaugurated is likely to have far-reaching, and, we firmly believe, beneficial, consequences both for woman and for politics. The latter need to be purified by the element which woman will supply; and no woman will ever become less womanly by realising the fact that she also, as well as her husband, may perfect her life in the service of humanity.

ON the death of Mr. Mackay, the parish minister of Poolewe, in the end of December, a petition was presented to Lochcarron Presbytery asking them to proceed to the settlement of the assistant, Mr. Cameron. As under the Abolition of Patronage Act any parishioner may sign a call, about 500 Free Churchmen were got to do so. Thereupon Mr. Dingwall, pastor of the Free Church, intimated from the pulpit that such signatories could no longer be acknowledged as belonging to his church; and as the result of this they sent a letter to the Established Presbytery withdrawing their signatures. Mr. Osgood Mackenzie, of Inverawe, a heritor in the parish and a member of the Free Church, wrote to the papers defending his action in bringing about the settlement of Mr. Cameron, and lately a meeting of the Free Church congregation was held at which the action of those who solicited the names of Free Churchmen to the call was condemned as an unwarrantable interference with the Free Church congregation, and calculated to create the belief that the Established Church had something of a congregation in the district. Mr. Mackenzie's conduct was specially condemned, and Mr. Dingwall's defended. It is reported that Mr. Mackenzie has been cited to appear before the Free kirk-session: if so, the case will probably reach the Assembly.

THE United Presbyterian Presbytery, of Edinburgh, recently considered an overture on the tenure of the pastorate. The Moderator stated that the overture was to the effect that power be given to Presbyteries to loose a minister from his charge where a change was thought to be necessary in the interests of the congregation. The clerk intimated that seventeen returns had been received, of which sixteen approved generally and one disapproved. Dr. Mair said that he was prepared to move that they approve generally of the overture. He thought they might very safely do that, and it did not commit them to details. He did not think in taking that step they would be doing anything wrong or introducing anything that was dangerous to the Church, and he did not believe that it would be in any way dangerous to them as ministers. The ministers existed for the Church, and if the Presbytery were convinced that ruin was being done to a cause through a minister's want of adaptation, he thought it was perfectly right that they should have the power of removing him. If the overture were adopted it would keep up the moral status of the Church. Mr. Alexander, elder, seconded. Mr. Carr moved: "That the present rules provide sufficiently, when faithfully exercised, for dealing with the evils the overture is intended to meet." Mr. J. Stevenson, Leith, seconded. Mr. James Primrose said that he did not know a single case in the United Presbyterian Church where the overture would be applied, but he believed that the best way of preventing such cases arising was to pass the overture. On a vote, Dr. Mair's motion was carried by eighteen to nine. On the motion of Mr. Carr, it was agreed to place office-bearers and members under the scope of the overture; and on the motion of Dr. Mair it was agreed to insert in the overture all salaried officers and those holding ministerial status.

## Our Contributors.

### CONSCIENCES THAT REGULATE THE LIVES OF OTHER MEN.

BY KNOXIAN.

The *Globe* went down into the depths of the bad side of human nature the other day to find out the origin of the "White Cap nuisance." This intolerable nuisance was found to spring from a "desire to meddle in other people's business and regulate other people's lives" plus "a good deal of innate rowdyism" veneered by modern civilization. Weak young men "of much leisure and scant means of recreation"—how would wicked young loafers do instead of this fine phrase?—"cannot resist the temptation to amuse themselves in a manner which gives vent to some pent-up blackguardism and at the same time allows them to pose as moral reformers." Hence the "White Cap nuisance."

Perhaps the real root of the movement may be found in the conscience, or rather we should say in the wrong use of what little conscience is left in a White Capper. Some one defines conscience to be the faculty by which we regulate the conduct of our neighbours. It is needless to say that the primary office of conscience is not the regulation of our neighbours' conduct. That, however, is the use, and in many cases the only use, which some people make of their consciences. They exercise their consciences every day in trying to keep other people right. While this exercise is going on they quietly assume that the neighbour they are keeping right has no conscience of his own. Of course he hasn't. And it is so very kind of them to lend him the use of their conscience. The readiness with which some people work their consciences for their neighbours would almost lead one to believe that they have no particular use for a conscience about home. Ask the man who, unasked and unthanked, willingly gives you the use of his conscience for nothing, for the use of his horse, and perhaps he will tell you that the animal isn't shod or something of that kind. Ask him for a day's work and he may tell you he is too busy to help you. Ask him for the loan of \$50 and probably he may say he hasn't any money. These things you cannot have even when you ask for them, but you can have the use of his conscience any time without asking. Manifestly he thinks he does not need his conscience about home as much as he needs his horse, or his time, or his money.

Consciencies that are kept for regulating other people's lives may be divided into classes. Prominent in the classes stands the conscience that regulates

#### OTHER PEOPLE'S CLOTHES.

"No Christian woman would dress that way." Indeed! how do you know? That woman may be a better Christian than you are. Who made you her judge? Has the Almighty given you the keys of the Kingdom? If her husband, or father pays for her goods, or if she earns them honestly herself, is it any business of yours what she wears? Can you find no higher sphere for your conscience to work in than the milliner's shop? In a world like ours, where there are so many real wrongs to be righted, so much suffering to be alleviated, so many tears to be dried, so much sin to be stamped out, surely a good man or good woman can find some nobler work than exercising conscience on the clothes of a neighbour.

Next comes the conscience that regulates

#### OTHER PEOPLE'S RECREATIONS

and tells them what they are not to do and where they are not to go. You should not curl, you should not skate, you should not play cricket, you should not play lacrosse, in fact, you should not play anything. You are not a Christian if you snuff, or smoke, or drink cider. You must not sing the "Land of the Leal," or "Scots Wha Hae," or the "Cameron Men." You must not go to a lacrosse match, or to a cricket match, or a curling match, or a concert, or a public dinner, or to an evening party, in fact, you must not go anywhere.

As this kind of a conscience lays down all these regulations and dozens more for other people, one cannot help asking if the "other people" have any rights of their own. What becomes of the Protestant liberty of conscience, the Protestant right of private judgment that we hear about in speeches and read about in books? Assuming, for the sake of argument, that it would be better not to do any of the things, or go to any of the places mentioned, is a man not to be allowed to exercise his own private judgment in such matters? Is there a Protestant kind of tyranny just as galling as the Popish kinds about which we hear so much?

There is a kind of conscience, too, that regulates

#### OTHER PEOPLE'S WORK.

This kind of conscience is often exercised in keeping the minister right. "The minister should do this, and the minister should do that and the minister should do some third thing." Consciencies of this kind often take a whole congregation in hand and kindly say what the elders and deacons, the choir and the Sabbath school people and all the societies and associations and everybody else should, and should not, do. Of course it is not to be supposed for a moment that people who fill these positions have consciences of their own, or judgment of their own, or in fact any rights of their own except the right to work and pay. Why should a minister or anybody else keep a conscience when there are so many people around willing to let him have the use of theirs for nothing?

A wonderful kind of conscience is the one that regulates

#### OTHER PEOPLE'S WORSHIP.

"Christians should not use hymns in public worship." Indeed! Is there not a remote possibility that a man might be

a Christian and sing, "Nearer my God to Thee," or "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," in public? Is there not a bare possibility that a worshipper might go to heaven who prefers to hear singing started and steadied by an instrument. Has the man who likes to sing, "Just as I am," or "Come, Thou fount of every blessing," necessarily no conscience? Has he no rights that anybody is bound to respect? Is he always so utterly destitute of moral instinct that a neighbour's conscience has to be called in to regulate his worship?

MORAL—Use your conscience to regulate your own life. When you get your own life square with the Decalogue and Sermon on the Mount if you have any surplus conscience power, use it for the benefit of your neighbours.

### THE SALVATION ARMY.

BY REV. JOHN DUNBAR.

As the above organization lives and labours in our midst, it might be interesting to some and instructive to others to present a brief historic outline of the origin and extent of its operations, without the necessity of either defining or defending either their principles or their practices.

The origin of the association seems to have been in so far incidental and somewhat insignificant and its aim was to bring under the influence of the Gospel those classes not generally reached by ordinary ministerial and missionary operations. It was originated in England by Mr. Booth, now General, a Methodist minister who in 1851 applied to the Conference to be employed wholly as an evangelist. This being refused, he withdrew from the connection and with Mrs. Booth devoted themselves to independent evangelistic work with evergrowing and gratifying success, till after several years they organized their converts under military form and designated the organization "The Salvation Army." In maximum manifestation this army is one of the most marvellous movements the world has ever witnessed. Not a quarter of a century has yet gone by since it began to be and now it is at work in thirty-two different countries and colonies, and preaching in thirty-five different languages. It has upwards of 7,000 paid officials wholly devoted to the work, besides thousands more who gratuitously give more or less of their time and their means for the furtherance of the cause.

In the United Kingdom 605 outposts have been established, 2,300,000 meetings are annually held, and 3,000,000 houses visited. In the specially home work 3,290 officials hold meetings every night in 1,380 localities, while in addition the Slum work in London is carried on from seventeen different centres. These unpaid workers live largely as, and among those to whom they minister, being often where even the police care not to venture and as the result of the last year's work about 800 have been hopefully converted. The Rescue work has also a kindred showing, having twelve homes in the United Kingdom and out of the 5,100 girls received 1,676 have turned out satisfactorily. The Home is always crowded and many have regretfully to be refused. A Food and Shelter Depot for the Poor in London has also been established, to whom help is given without pauperizing them, and although it has only been about nine months in existence, more than 470,000 have been relieved, a wholesome meal being supplied for a farthing, while supper, bed and breakfast cost only three-pence.

In the Foreign work many will be surprised to learn that it is now carried on in France, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, California, Victoria, New South Wales, Queensland, Tasmania, New Zealand, India, Ceylon, South Africa, Germany, Italy, Holland, Denmark, Jamaica, Zululand and arrangements are being made for carrying it into China and Japan, while in Canada and the United States a location of agencies consisting of 757 outposts and 1,668 officials complete a connected chain from the Atlantic to the Pacific, being the latest yet now the largest Foreign Missionary Society in the world. It has now 3,550 foreign missionaries labouring in 1,666 different stations. These, let our officials mark and memorize, receive each from the Society on an average less than \$25 per annum and are otherwise supported by those among whom they labour. In South Africa they have been specially successful and although they have only been but five years in India yet they have more missionaries there than any other association. It is somewhat notorious, too, that all this is accomplished by means the very opposite of those ordinarily employed, for while they seek first to gain the converts and thereby get the means, others seek first to get the means and thereby gain the converts. Such is a lesson for the Church to look at whether they may learn from it or not.

The Booth family seem to be specially evangelistic, for besides the old folks with all their untiring energetic and effective zeal, there is the young Ballington in command in America, Catharine regulates the French and Swiss, Emma is in India, Herbert controls the Men's Training Home, and Eva is vice-president of the Woman's Training Home. In their world-wide operations they are materially aided by their literature, but especially by their bi-weekly periodical, the *War Cry*, printed in seventeen different languages and which some time ago had attained to 400,000 of a circulation. As to the results it is said that tens of thousands of the most depraved are now alike God-fearing and God-serving,—that during the last twelve months 154,000 have professed that they are Christians, while there is evidence to show that within the last twelve years one million individuals have been rescued from degradation and raised to newness of life as respectable Christians, while such has been the direct results of their efforts, the indirect has been to stimulate Christian Churches, as ministers and members, to greatly increased exertions in behalf of hitherto neglected ones,

to "go out into the streets and lanes of the city and compel them to come in."

Now without entering into the merits of the respective mission movements, theirs and ours, yet a brief comparison may not be unpardonable. In regard to the numbers and positions of our missionaries I have failed to find any table to show. According to last published reports our Church throughout the Dominion raised for all purposes, \$1,773,114, an increase of well-nigh \$200,000 over the previous year. Out of this sum \$86,866 were expended on Foreign Missions in all. From the latter sum Rev. Mr. Goforth received \$2,873 in connection with the prospective Honan Mission. Then \$23,625 to Dr. Mackay for the Formosa Mission, and then \$23,739 for the East India Mission. Now, while the Church here has last year contributed on an average \$11.23 for all its schemes, and over \$50,000 for these three missions besides some \$2,000 more expended here in the management of these missions and their money, the Church should be made more fully aware of what these missions have done or are doing for themselves. In regard to Honan more than a year has gone and what has been done? As to India, although there is a Presbytery, yet I failed to find a membership in a mission so mature in years, while their contributions for all purposes were some \$900. Then comes Formosa, a world of wonder in many respects. The mission, now sixteen years old, with its 2,650 members, made up last year for all purposes some \$491.80. Such Christians would seem to meet the Apostle James' requirement, "Show me thy faith without thy works." But *verbum sap.*

### THE JESUITS.

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

#### DIRECTION OF THE INTENTION.

The Direction of the Intention forms a fitting sequel to the principles already explained. By this the Jesuits understand that "actions intrinsically evil and directly contrary to the divine laws, may be innocently performed by those who have so much power over their own minds as to join, even ideally, a good end to the wicked action contemplated." If, when an act notoriously bad is committed, the party committing it has so much self-command as to admit of his diverting his mind from that act to another quite the reverse in its character, the act in question is purged from its inherent badness, and partakes of the nature of the opposite act. Is the end contemplated good in idea, or in reality? Then it matters not what the means are employed to attain it. Everything lies in the intention. Let that be right, the action must correspond. Here again, unbridled indulgence stares us in the face. There is no limit to such a principle. It allows a man to hide the most atrocious crimes beneath a mask of piety. Accordingly, we find the Jesuits under the shelter of it openly committing murder, perjury, bribery, and almost every species of evil.

[Take a single specimen, comparatively mild and modified under the head of that fashionable amusement (which happily in Canada is rare) Duelling, Pascal's Provincial Letters page 157] To shoot another, or allow yourself to be shot, is confessedly a wrong thing, but then to defend one's honour is right, and if you drive a bullet through the breast of another on that ground, there can be no harm in that. Or if you take a stroll into a field in form for a walk's sake, but in fact for the duel's sake—and you should chance to fall in with your opponent, though in reality it has been all arranged before hand—then for what follows you are not blameworthy. You were thinking of what was proper or, at all events, indifferent, and had the vindication of your own character in view—and this sanctions, nay, even sanctifies the deed. What is this but a revival of the old heresy, "Let us do evil that good may come?" And can it be uncharitable to pronounce on those who maintain it, the tremendous sentence—"Whose damnation is just?"

#### EQUIVOCATION AND RESERVATION.

The only other doctrine we shall at present mention as characterizing the Jesuits is that of Equivocation or Reservation. Here we summon as witnesses Sanchez, Escobar, and Cajetan, and Filiutius. The former testifies thus: "It is permitted to use ambiguous terms, leading people to understand in a different sense in which we understand them. A man may swear that he never did such a thing (though he actually did it) meaning within himself that he did not do so on such a day, or before he was born, or understanding any other such circumstances, while the words he employs have no such sense as would discover his meaning." The Jesuit Escobar goes the length of saying that promises have no force. "Promises are not binding (says he) when the person in making them, had no intention of binding himself. Now, it seldom happens that any have such an intention, unless when they confirm their promises by an oath, or contract; so that when one simply says 'I will do it,' he means that he will do it if he does not change his mind, for he does not wish by saying that, to deprive himself of his liberty." Escobar afterwards informs us, "All this is taken from Molina, and our other authors, and is therefore settled beyond all doubt." Even from the sanctity of an oath, a man may, with a little ingenuity, release himself.

The Jesuit Filiutius lays down—that "one may avoid falsehood if, after saying aloud, 'I swear that I have not done that,' he adds in a low voice 'To-day'—or after saying aloud, 'I swear,' he interpose in a whisper, 'That I say,' and then continue aloud, 'That I have done that,' and this is telling the truth."

Cajetan declares that a person when accused may answer that he had no accomplices, though he actually had—meaning in other crimes—and that he was innocent of the crime laid to him—meaning, "Since he had been in prison!"

Is it at all to be wondered at, that even Roman Catholics, closely identified though they are with it, should, in not a few instances, have been stimulated to lift an indignant protest against a system so inimical alike to the interests of religion and humanity?

Hearken to the verdict of the University of Paris, where Romanism was rampant, "There is no article of religion which the Jesuits have not corrupted, and do not daily corrupt by erroneous novelties. The Scholastic Theology has been depraved by the dangerous opinions of their writers, who have had the approbation, or at least the connivance, of the whole society. Christian morality had become a body of problematical opinions, since their society had undertaken by a general understanding to accommodate it to the luxury of the eye. The laws of God had been sophisticated by their unheard of subtleties, there was no longer any difference between vice and virtue. By a base indulgence they promised impunity to the most flagrant crimes. There was no conscience, however erroneous, which might not obtain peace if it would confide in them. In short their doctrines, inimical to all order, had equally resisted the power of kings and the authority of the hierarchy." This, remember, is the testimony, not of bigoted, fanatical Protestants, but of as good Catholics as ever existed. They use harder language than we have ventured on. They call Jesuitism in a subsequent part of their memorial (drawn up in 1643) "This doctrine of devils, this device of the enemy of souls." The Parliament of France, in 1762, echoed the verdict of her highest educational institute, more than a century before. "The court has ordained that the passages extracted from the books of 147 Jesuit authors, having been verified, a collated copy shall be presented to his Majesty, that he may be made acquainted with the wickedness of the doctrines constantly held by the Jesuits, from the institution of their society to the present moment, together with the approbation of their theologians, the permission of their superiors and generals, and the praise of other members of the said society—a doctrine authorizing robbery, lying, perjury, impurity, all passions and all crimes; inculcating homicide, parricide, and regicide, overthrowing religion, in order to substitute in her stead superstition, and thereby sanctioning blasphemy, irreligion, and idolatry. And his Majesty shall be most humbly entreated to consider what results from instructions so pernicious." Surely this must be a libel. If it be so, it was not framed by us, but by a body of intelligent Romanists, who burst the leading strings in which their system placed them, and dared to think for themselves.

Canadians in general, and Kingstonians in particular, would do well to ponder the concluding part of the recommendation—to "consider what results are likely to flow from instructions so pernicious." Are men who have even the most distant connection with such a system the best qualified to be intrusted with the upbringing of our youth—with the custody of hundreds of minds, when in their most susceptible state? Is this a time to be idle and indifferent? While we sleep the enemy is sowing tares. Jesuitism is the marrow of modern Romanism. It is the mainspring of the system in Canada.

Now that the system has been introduced within our Dominion, tightening the cords that bind fast the victims of Rome's deceitful policy—insinuating its subtle poison into the bosom of our Protestant families, and striving to insert the edge of its cleaving wedge into the chinks and crevices of society amongst us—it is surely now high time that we awake out of sleep.

D. L. MOODY IN SAN FRANCISCO.

D. L. Moody has just completed four weeks of as successful work as he has ever done, exceeding his own expectations and surprising—almost startling—workers who have toiled all the days and almost taken nothing. It is interesting and instructive to look back to his former visit to this city.

About twenty years ago he visited San Francisco, but did not get a foothold, not being admitted into a single pulpit or meeting. Like the fashionable Boston church where he attended after his conversion, which had no place in Sabbath school or prayer meeting for him, the pastor and officers advising him to repress his ardour, San Francisco then had no room for him. In 1880 he was invited to return, and for six months held meetings in the various churches with what was then considered, for this coast, great success. Besides his usual work there, he set the struggling Y. M. C. A. on its feet by lifting a debt of \$80,000 that weighed it down for twenty years. This was chiefly raised from Eastern friends of his, not liberal California donors—for such, in the line of religion, have never existed. The largest gift of money to any religious object I have heard of on this coast was \$50,000 to endow a chair in the Theological Seminary here, and that was given by a Presbyterian of Portland, Oregon. That sum was given on condition that an equal amount would be raised in California to endow the chair fully. The Synod took up the matter, and for a whole year, or the time the offer was open, every minister, Session and missionary in outlying regions, was, by circular and personal solicitation, dunning every member, adherent or outsider accessible, for baksheesh. Yet toward the close of the time, or rather the extended time (for the generous donor added six months when asked to do so), the Synod had again to take up the matter and wrestle with it. Such pitifully urgent appeals I never heard even in an old-time Methodist missionary meeting. Finally, in the nick of time, the last nickel was promised. What a shout of exultation went up! The usual boasting, bragging and exaggeration of California liberality of course followed!

For years the churches and Y. M. C. A. have been importuning Mr. Moody to return and help. Several times he

has been expected, but never got here till October last, when he spent two days holding meetings and arranging for future ones. Then he said the tide of religious enthusiasm and fervour was as high as after he had worked three months in 1880. A few consecrated workers, chiefly women, in nearly every church in the city had been praying and working for a better day. These rallied around Moody as they do with any earnest, aggressive worker, no matter what his church connections may be, even to independent, outside workers, as Rev. A. B. Simpson, of New York, and Rev. J. A. Doane and wife, of Australia—all in the divine healing line, when they held meetings on the coast the past summer.

To overcome the chief drawback in revival work—lack of qualified workers in the inquiry room—a training class in the use of the Bible was formed under two leading ministers, meeting weekly until Mr. Moody's return in January. A large choir, a vast pavilion seating 6,000, and other preparations were made. As your readers know, Moody worked his way up—or rather down—from British Columbia with more than his usual success, not only in numbers professing conversion and quickening of believers, but in the striking cases of a judge, an ex-Attorney-General in Grant's Cabinet a leading citizen of Portland, etc.

Moody began in San Francisco, Jan. 3. No church could hold all who wished to attend the day meetings, and the pavilion often had thousands outside, often perhaps 2,000 more than there were regular seats for, but crowded all available standing room. All the leading ministers rallied to Moody's call except one—a Methodist recently from the East, a sort of clerical mountebank, yet very popular with a class of church-goers who have never been suspected of any spirituality. The reason why a sect or preacher is popular on this shore is, as a pioneer aptly put it, "I like such a church and pastor, because they never meddle with religion or politics!" The good done in the Moody meetings can never be estimated.

The daily papers reported his sermons more fully than hitherto—though by no means so generously as Eastern dailies. The multitudes were reached all over the State, as the papers went into the saloons, dives, and to all sorts of people who never came to his or any other meetings. Moody, unlike other evangelists, allows no flaming reports of numbers converted. But all agree there never has been work like this on the coast, both as regards numbers and effectiveness. The most diverse classes came into the inquiry room and were blessed; boys and girls of tender age, old sinners of the days of '49, Infidels, Jews, Catholics, outsiders of no creed, who had never heard a sermon before; tramps, fallen women, leading men, society belles, members of millionaires' families, toughs of every description, church members and backsliders.

The writer met in the inquiry room persons of all these classes, and can testify that he never saw so deep conviction of such varied kinds of sinners before, even in Moody meetings elsewhere or in those of other revivalists in different places during twenty-five years' close observation of revival work. One night when Mr. Moody preached on the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance,—Dan. v. 27, he swept the whole gamut of the Ten Commandments. All sorts of people were just mowed down. The inquiry room holding 600 was packed to overflowing, including workers, but not including young men under thirty-five years of age, for whom another room was used, where hundreds remained also to be talked with.

He thundered on subjects rarely ever breathed in the pulpits,—divorce, adultery, church members renting their property for saloons, dives, dance-houses and like purposes; also intemperance—wine-drinking—so common, fashionable and popular even among church members and some clergy. His Bible reading on Assurance troubled more professors of religion than any I ever heard before anywhere. Preachers, Sabbath school superintendents and teachers, etc., were upset, dumbfounded, yea, deeply troubled. Such searchings of hearts are not often witnessed. To the people of God of every creed and name who have been trying to live right with God and their fellow-creatures, the meetings were a third heaven experience. All of them were blessed, quickened, strengthened, helped unspeakably. While many, whole churches, held aloof, some mocked, others kept silent. His clear testimony to the Puritan Sabbath was a great uplift to a few, while it was a stone of stumbling to compromising clergy and church members who ride on terry boats, railways and street cars on Sunday, and defend their conduct in this matter.

Sam Jones has been preaching in Los Angeles for some time, and has moved the city as it was never stirred before. He came from there to Sacramento while the Legislature was in session. His meetings were large attended. He preaches on subjects I have never heard a single sermon on in California, viz., hell, the judgment, conscience, etc. He is just the preacher this coast has been waiting so long for! In a meeting, for men only, of 5,000 he preached on the judgment and men's record. Never since I heard Spurgeon have I seen such effect on the audience. Five hundred went forward at the close to seek a better life. He gave Toronto a high set-off as the most religious city of America. But I must leave him and an estimate of his work for the present.

It seems the "holiness people" are giving trouble to the Church in Canada as they have for many years across the continent, and chiefly on the coast from Mexico to Alaska. In this State the Methodist body has about been rent in twain by them. They have been expelled and caressed alternately, but with the effect that the chief body of them leaving the churches, calling themselves "The Army of the Lord" is almost as strong as any of the Methodist Episcopal Conferences in numbers, workers and influence. While I consider their doctrinal hobby—sanctification or perfection (though taught by Wesley)—a mischievous heresy, yet the deadness, worldliness and lack of spirituality of the churches caused these earnest, zealous, though mistaken, people to hive off (as well as those of the Salvation Army) and set up for themselves. These come-out-ers (holiness and Salvation Army) have drawn from all churches or sects. There were (and are yet) in all sects earnest, honest people, who are yearning and reaching out after something better, being tired of the dry, dead orthodoxy, and cold formality or Pharisaism of the general run of the churches. These readily fall in with any new comer with fire and zeal, just as they happen to meet them. It may be Moody or a Mormon apostle—George Muller or a Harrison. Recollect the clergy of Salt Lake City say that the vast majority of Mormon converts in America has come from the roll of members of orthodox churches.

The Salvation Army holds firmly to Wesley's doctrine of complete sanctification. However, it must be admitted that the Salvation Army and Army of the Lord have done and are doing great good in reaching the masses far more than the most aggressive churches. OCCIDENT.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC SYSTEM OF RELIGION.

AS IT WAS—AS IT IS STILL.

MR. EDITOR,—Nothing is plainer to me than that this system is foretold by St. Peter and St. Paul, the apostles of Christ, within the first century of the Christian era—and still in plainer terms is it spoken of in the great book of Revelation, written by John the loved apostle of Christ. Why "this mystery of iniquity" was permitted by God to arise and take possession of Christ's holy Gospel we know not, and may never know until as spirits vastly elevated in eternity we may hear it explained. It is like evil, which we know exists in the world; why it was allowed we know not, but it manifestly does exist.

We are surrounded with mysteries. The existence of man—a being capable of such mind efforts and capable of gauging the universe—is a mystery. So were the crucifixion of Christ and His resurrection. It seemed to be necessary.

Now Peter says ii., c. 2: 1-4:—"But there arose false prophets among the people [alluding to the old prophets] so among you also there shall arise false teachers who will privily bring in destructive heresy, denying even the Master that bought them, bringing on themselves swift destruction, and many shall follow their pernicious doings; by whom the truth shall be evil spoken of. And in covetousness shall they with feigned words make merchandize of you, [how like the taking of money for masses for the dead, and praying them out of purgatory for money] whose sentence now from old lingereth not, and their destruction slumbereth not." And see verses 15 to 20.

So Paul says in 2 Thessalonians ii., 5, "Remember ye not that when I was with you I told you these things," and before in verses 1-4, when he speaks of the man of sin who is to be revealed, the son of perdition. He that exalteth himself against all that is called God, or that is worshipped so that he sitteth in the Temple of God setting himself forth as God—how like is this to the sinful men who have set themselves up at Rome as immaculate beings, holding in their hands the keys of hell and heaven, tyrannizing over all men and women in convents; dethroning kings, and are worshipped as Christ was.

Now the Book of Revelations xii. 1-17, shows that heathenism was to take the place of the Gospel and the true Gospel was to be carried into the wilderness, as it was up to the fourteenth century Satan is there represented as overpowering the holy Gospel. What can this refer to but that overshadowing Roman Catholic system—with all its blasphemies, celibacy of priests and nuns, mass system, purgatory, worship of the virgin in place of Cybele and Diana of the heathen, selling of the souls of men, elevating the popes to sit as God, lowering the honour and glory of Jesus, substituting heathenism and Judaism in place of the pure holy Gospel!

These people are dependent on works for salvation! Priests and Popes take upon themselves the blasphemous power to pardon sins; using the confessional over their people as merchandize—and I fear often for purposes of lust.

They confine innumerable hosts of silly women in nunneries, forbidding marrying. Are not the earmarks of Popery to be seen in all of this—of the popery of the past generations?

Now let me for a moment state what took place within two hundred years of the advent of Christianity in the world, and within 100 years after the book of Revelation was written:

I was very well acquainted with the late Rev. Dr. Robert Burns, the eminent Presbyterian minister, who was once over Knox's Church in this city, and who took a very active part in the Free Church movement prior to 1844 in Scotland. He was an eminent Biblical scholar. I asked him to what period—the earliest, said I—can the existence of the book of Revelation be traced. I wished to know this as I consider it—looking at its great prophecies as to the future events of the Church of Christ—a great standing proof of the truth of Christ's Gospel. He said it could be traced to exist as far back as the second century of the Christian era.

Now if this be the case and we all believe it was written by St. John, the beloved apostle, it is shown what was to be the fate of the Church for many centuries, and also the doings of the nations in religious matters.

The heathenism—its general corruptions—were placed as a night-mare upon the Church, which had up to the close of the second century made the most marvellous progress—notwithstanding its persecution. It had permeated all of Asia, and leavened Roman society, and this pure, holy Gospel was then embraced by heathenism. The devil was allowed to enthrone himself on it, and for the time being the blood of the gentle holy Lamb of God, the glorious Jesus of Galilee seemed to have been shed in vain. But he had said the gates of hell should not prevail against it, and they did not and will not; yet the great Romish Christian heathenism that the devil took from idolatrous Rome and clothed the new Babylon with remains to be seen in the existing papacy. Its poor people bear the marks on their foreheads, they rely on works, on their priests, not on Christ as the Rock of Ages, or His blood shed for their sins.

Why is this—how is this?  
1. They believe it is necessary to go to purgatory for Salvation first and then to be prayed out by their masses. The shedding of Christ's blood was not of itself sufficient. Further sacrifices must be made, and continual sacrifices in the procession of the host.

2. They have converted their religion into a money machine. It is money, money with them, and He who asked the apostle Peter to let a line into the sea to pull up a fish in whose mouth there was a piece of money to pay his tribute to Caesar is now called the patron, the head of this huge Romish-heathen, money-making church, whose idol is money.

3. Its love of money is only equalled by its spiritual tyranny, a tyranny far worse than that of the Roman emperors whom it succeeded, inasmuch as it claims a power over human souls in this world and in a future world.

4. It has added to its unmarried priesthood an army of unmarried women, called nuns, who live in convents all over the world. What the effect of this system was in Spain, and in Henry the Eighth's time in England, and in Italy, history for centuries past has told.

5. Its system of convents are forts—ecclesiastical—to which nuns can be transferred in case of difficulties arising. Its army of celibate priests are semi-military, only with spiritual objects, coupled with political power everywhere, especially in educational matters.

Look at this spiritual monster and wonder!

Toronto, March 28, 1889.

CHARLES DURAND.

## Pastor and People.

### HIS CARE.

God holds the key of all unknown,  
And I am glad ;  
If other hands should hold the key,  
Or if He trusted it to me,  
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here,  
Without its rest ?  
I had rather He unlock the day,  
And as the door swing open say,  
" My will is best."

The very dimness of my sight  
Makes me secure.  
For groping in my misty way,  
I feel His hand I hear Him say,  
" My help is sure."

I cannot read His future plan,  
But this I know.  
I have the smiling of His face,  
And all the refuge of His grace,  
While here below.

Enough ; this covers all my want,  
And so I rest ;  
For what I cannot He can see,  
And in His care I soon shall be,  
Forever blest.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

### THE BEAUTY ABOUT US.

BY THE REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D.

We live in a palace of enchantment. Above us are the ceiling of azure, and the matchless drapery of clouds ; beneath us are the green velvet sward and the lovely brown earth, redolent of reviving and refreshing virtue ; and about us the sweet atmosphere, through which we see the purple hills, the misty vales, the arrowy silver rivers, the wide reaches of far-spreading prairie, and the smiling hamlet half hidden in the bosky shades of quiet glen or distant mountain-side. Add to all this the music of the birds, the lowing of the kine, the rich tones of the human voice, the beauty of "the human face divine," and the marvellous play of light and shade on every object we see. Turn where we will, everywhere we lift our eyes, we look upon a loveliness surpassing expression. How true it is, as Solomon declares, "He hath made everything beautiful in his time." All this beauty is sometimes heightened by the flash of the lightning, or the arch of the rainbow spread over it, or the eclipse of sun or moon ; and deepened into grandeur by the roar of thunder in the darkness, the impetuous rush of the rain and the wild sweep of the liberated winds that leave their track through the forests like the path of a bullet through the solid ranks of men on a battle-field. Beauty is our ever-present angel, but it often rises into grandeur and leaps into sublimity. "Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty." "All Thy works praise Thee." What a dwelling place God has provided for us ! One so glorious that he employs its parts as symbols of the highest truths. The magnificent mountains set forth the character of His Righteousness, and the depths of the ocean His judgments, and the inaccessible rocks His protecting love. And what is not used to symbolize the glory of Jesus in His adaptation to human needs ! Is He not the Rose of Sharon and the Lily of the Valley ? Is he not the Sun of Righteousness, and the bright and morning star ? Is He not the true vine, the living water, the head of life, the light of life ? Is He not the door, the foundation, and the Master of the House ? Time would fail us to tell out all that Jesus is figured forth by in nature. The world is one great parable, and, as Mrs. Barret Browning sings :

"Earth's crammed with heaven,  
And every common bush afire with God ;  
But only he who sees takes off his shoes."

What a gift it is to be able to see the beauty that is about us ! A lady who was once privileged to enter the studio of Turner and look on while he painted, said to him, "Why do you put such extravagant colours into your pictures ? I never see anything like them in nature !" To which Turner answered, "Don't you wish you did, madam ?" She lacked the seeing eye, the cultivated eye and so received this merited rebuke. Agassiz, on one occasion required an assistant, and when it was known there were many applicants for the position of honour. But which to choose was the question. So he fell on the simple expedient of subjecting the three most promising students in turn to the simple task of describing the view from his laboratory window, which overlooked the side yards of the college. On looking out one said he only saw a board fence and a brick pavement ; another added a stream of soapy water ; the third detected the colour of the paint on the fence, noted a green mould or fungus on the bricks, and evidences of bluing in the water, beside other details. The third, who had the seeing eye, received the coveted position.

The beautiful world in which we are has other than material uses. It grows our food, provides our clothing, and ministers to all our physical wants ; but it does more, it feeds the fires of our spirit, furnishes our imagination, and fills our souls with a sense of the divine power, beneficence and glory. It is a manifold symbol of spiritual realities, and so it ministers to our higher nature. Is this the reason why we are all planned so as to send our roots down into a bit of earth which becomes to us lovely above all others ? It charms our hearts when nothing else may touch them. It lies forever glorified in our imagination. And so Oliver Goldsmith sings of a village not

over-clean it would seem at any time "Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain," and a tender American poet,

There's no place like the old place, where you and I were born,  
Where first we op'd our eyelids, to the brightness of the morn.

Dr. Duncan, of Edinburgh was being accompanied home by Mr. Davidson, the artist, and they took their way through the meadows. "It was a lovely evening," writes Mr. Davidson, "and before turning off to his house he stood looking over the bright, busy, green meadows, and said, 'I soon shall be leaving all I see—I should like to carry away with me a good impression.' 'It's a bonny world,' he said to one of his students, 'a bonny world, and I am only coming to see this now that I must be going to leave it. I am soon to leave this beautiful world,' he said again, 'and I am anxious to carry as perfect a calotype of it as possible ; and therefore I gaze with unwearied delight upon the trees and flowers, and the blue sky, and the faces of men.'

Dr. Chalmers joyed in the beauty that lay about him. In 1845 he visited his native village. His special object seemed to be to revive the recollections of his boyhood—gathering Johnny-groats by the sea beach of the Billowness, and lilacs from an ancient hedge, taking both away to be laid up in his repositories in Edinburgh. On his way to the churchyard he went up the very road along which he had gone of old to the parish school. After his death, a drawer of his desk was found filled with relics of many kinds, among which was a piece of lilac, labelled "Lilac from my father's garden." "On Sabbath, April 12, 1846, he preached in the small, but beautifully situated Free Church, built on the edge of St. Mary's Loch. Mr. Parker, who had been the chief agent in the erection of the church, went with him as his guide and companion, and he was accompanied besides by two of his daughters. 'I like,' said he, as they wended their way through the bare and treeless but purely green and beautifully moulded hills of Peebles-shire—'I like these quiet hills, these sober uplands. Hills, all bare like these, are what I call the statutory of landscape.' The valley of the classic Yarrow was entered, and its intense stillness and loneliness powerfully excited him. He stopped his carriage, and calling out to Mr. Parker, who was on the box of another carriage in which his two daughters were seated, "Tell them," he exclaimed, "to look at the solitudes that are about them." That night at Sandhope, where he was most hospitably entertained, he called his daughters into his own room, and read to them Wordsworth's exquisite description of Yarrow, repeating with great emphasis of delight the lines—

Meek loveliness is round thee spread,  
A softness still and holy ;  
The grace of forest charms decayed  
And pastoral melancholy.

On another occasion he was travelling in the Highlands, and going on foot while the carriage made a steep ascent, he looked up to the grandeur about him, and cried, "Oh, what glorious solitudes !"

The true poet must see this beauty to sing, and every man has the poet's heart—though wanting the facility of verse. And this love of natural beauty belongs to the race, because it was made for Eden and received its earliest impressions there. And God takes this love of beauty in us as a passage to our hearts. He makes it the symbol of the most precious truths. He makes everything speak of His grace and glory. The living creatures in the midst of the throne and round about the throne in praising Him say, "Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created." One of our great poets sings thus of "A child's thought of God," and the child must be over fifty which felt it—

God is so good. He wears a fold  
Of heaven and earth across His face—  
Like secrets kept for love untold,

But still I feel that His embrace  
Slides down by thrills, through all things made  
Through sight and sound of every place.

As if my tender mother laid  
On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,  
Half waking me at night ; and said,  
"Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser ?"

To see God and to feel God in the beauty about us is to find here Paradise Restored.

### REST.

There is something very soothing in the very sound of the word. Rest ! It falls upon the ear like gentlest music. To the toil-worn pilgrim, laboriously treading the ragged highway of life, beset at every turn by difficulties stern and unexpected, the hope of rest beyond thrills the tired soul as no other thought can do. From babyhood to the grave, life is intensely real. In infancy and youth we pursue the shadow with the same ardour and zeal that in after life we expend upon the substance. At every stage there are "battles to be fought and won"—battles with self, battles with temptations, battles with hard, unyielding circumstances. Tempests thicken above our heads, thorns gather about our pathway, and disappointments keen, stinging, bitter, attend us, upon the right and upon the left, as step by step we make the journey. Oh, the woe, the wretchedness, heartache, the weariness and unrest that go to make up this fitful, feverish life ! Is it any wonder that the great heart of the Infinite Father, as He looks down upon the hurrying, grieving, restless, surging tide in humanity, should throb with tenderness and pity ? Or is it strange that we long for rest, even though it come by folding quiet hands above a pulseless breast ! Yes, there are moments when we long for it with a longing that is unutterable.

And so through this weary world we go,  
Bearing our burdens of needless woe,  
Carrying hearts that are heavy and slow,  
Under their load of care,  
When oh, if we only, only knew  
That God is tender, and kind and true,  
And that He loves us through and through,  
Our hearts would be lighter than air.

Can this be possible ? Are we really "bearing burdens of needless woe ?" Here, though we lay the burden down sometimes, there clings to us a sense of weariness still. True, but in that blessed Book, where the case of every suffering soul is clearly represented, we read : "Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee." Dear, tired ones if we would have our pathway brighter we must take God into our lives as a living, loving personality. Not a far-off, Divine substance, taking cognizance of us only in a general way ; but our own individual friend. Listen. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." And, "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Infinite love dictated those words for our encouragement. Then let us look beyond the clouds and the darkness, beyond the unrealized ambitions and yearnings, to the actual, earnest work, the blessed possibilities, the hopes sweet and tender that are nestling in our hearts, and, above all, to that strong and abiding promise, "There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God."—*Christian-at-Work.*

### I WRITE UNTO YOU, YOUNG MEN.

I write to you, young men, to ask you to consecrate the freshness of your youth and strength to lofty purposes. First, then, remember that only living sacrifices were accepted for God's altar. Bring therefore your best gifts for His Church and His day. Bring your bright young life with all its ardor to the place where prayer is wont to be made ; that some who are half asleep, and others who have left their first love may be aroused, and the dying flame be kindled afresh. Then once more, as of old, shall the angel be seen walking in the midst of the golden candlesticks. Not only by your oblation of praise and prayer, but let your faithful setting apart of your means "as God hath prospered you" each week, be a helpful reminder to those about you to be not slack in giving, that so your alms may come up "as a memorial before God." Stir up, too, some of the poor discouraged ones lamenting their lack of means, as if they can do nothing in the Lord's cause. Let them see with what delighted alacrity you hasten, to give the cup of cold water, left us by our loving Lord, that all might have some refreshment for those in need.

I write unto you, young men, because "the world hath need of you." In our large cities she has need of your moral strength to stem the current of vice ; to turn aside the jeers of scoffing men, when they see your noble living up to true principles ; to show to the world that even in these days, there is such a thing as Christian integrity and commercial honour. Nowadays, things are called by wrong names. A young man is called "smart" or said to have "great business capacities," when in reality his "smartness" is simply double-dealing, and his great "business capacities" consist in his schemes to appropriate his neighbour's possessions for his own use, and yet skilfully evade the law. Yet this is what the world calls a splendid fellow ! so generous ! Yes, too often with the money of the widow and the fatherless, and those who have no redress. Beware of such a young man, for he belies his manhood when he thus stoops to brand himself "Knave." Let no such prosperity be your envied fortune, for such, in the just balance, will ever be found dross. Choose this fair fame, a good name as your most precious inheritance, better than great riches.

### LET US HELP ONE ANOTHER.

This little sentence should be written on every heart and stamped in every memory. It should be the golden rule practised not only in every household but throughout the world. By helping one another we not only remove the thorns from the pathway, and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure in our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to our fellow-creature. A helping hand or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence ? Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend ? How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, and a kind voice whispering : "Don't be discouraged ; I see your trouble ; let me help you !" What strength is inspired ! What hope created ! What sweet gratitude is felt ! And the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes, let us help one another by endeavouring to strengthen the weak, and lift the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide smoothly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters ; and He whose willing hand is ever willing to aid us, will reward our humble endeavours, and every good deed will be as "bread cast upon the waters."

### AVOID TEMPTATION.

Secker wisely says : "To pray against temptation, and yet to rush into occasions, is to thrust your fingers into the fire, and then pray that they may not be burned. The fable saith, 'that the butterfly enquired of the owl what she should do with the candle which had singed her wings. The owl counselled her not so much as to behold smoke.' If you hold the stirrup, no wonder Satan gets into the saddle."

## Our Young Folks.

### FOLLOW ME.

O! Jesus, King most glorious,  
And can it really be  
That in Thy royal retinue  
Thou hast a place for me?

Thou art of heaven the holy Lord;  
Its armies follow Thee  
On horses white, in garments clean,  
With spotless purity.

But I, alas; am neither pure  
Of heart, nor clean of dress;  
How can I find a place with them,  
Who have no righteousness?

And yet I hate these stained robes,  
My sins my soul distress;  
When shall this yearning love of right  
Grow into righteousness?

Not in the whelming stream of death  
Can I my soul make clean;  
Those turbid waters are defiled  
By sewerage of sin.

This side of death alone, I find  
Thy blood for cleansing poured;  
I wash in it, and so begin  
To follow Thee, my Lord!

I follow, though with faltering feet,  
Thy blessed steps I trace;  
But closer will I follow, when  
I see Thee face to face.

And through the eternal pathway, shall  
My sole ambition be,  
In some small place in heaven's train,  
Just to be following Thee.

### DO THY BEST.

Though the majority of people never rise above mediocrity, this is no excuse for slighting one's work or for doing nothing at all. The injunction to all is to act, and anything worth doing at all is worth engaging all the energies of the doer, and he who conscientiously attempts the highest, and labours the best he can, gains in the action a satisfaction that is his highest reward. Not only is this true, but it is usually the same kind of labour that leads to prosperity. A young painter was directed by his master to complete a picture on which the master had been obliged to suspend his labours on account of his growing infirmities. "I commission thee, my son," said the aged artist, to do thy best on this work. Do thy best." The young man had such reverence for his master's skill that he felt incompetent to touch that which bore the work of that renowned hand. But "Do thy best" was the old man's calm reply; and again, to repeated solicitation, he answered, "Do thy best." The youth, trembling, seized the brush, and, kneeling before his appointed work, he prayed: "It is for the sake of my beloved master that I implore skill and power to do this deed." His hand grew steady as he painted. Slumbering genius awoke in his eye. Enthusiasm took the place of fear. Forgetfulness of himself supplanted his self-distrust, and with a calm joy he finished his labour. The "beloved master" was borne on his couch into the studio to pass judgment on the result. As his eye fell upon the triumph of art before him he burst into tears, and, throwing his enfeebled arms around the young artist, he exclaimed, "My son I paint no more!" That youth, Leonardo da Vinci, became the painter of "The Last Supper," the ruins of which, after the lapse of 300 years, still attract annually to the refectory of an obscure convent in Milan hundreds of the worshippers of art.

### GENTLENESS.

"I'll master it," said the axe; and his blows fell heavily on the iron.

But every blow made his edge more blunt till he ceased to strike.

"Leave it to me," said the saw; and with his relentless teeth he worked backward and forward on its surface till they were all worn down and broken, and fell aside.

"Ha, ha!" said the hammer. "I knew you wouldn't succeed. I'll show you the way."

But at the first fierce stroke off flew his head, and the iron remained as before.

"Shall I try?" asked the soft, small flame.

They all despised the flame; but he curled gently round the iron and embraced it, and never left it till it melted under his irresistible influence.

There are hearts hard enough to resist the force of wrath, the malice of persecution, and the fury of pride, so as to make their acts recoil on their adversaries. But there is a power stronger than any of these, and hard indeed is the heart that can resist love.

### LOVEST THOU ME?

A ship was far away upon the Atlantic Ocean. A storm came on. The captain was below, the mate upon watch, when the cry rose, "A man overboard!"

The moon was bright, but the sea was running so high, and the danger so great, that the mate could not bring himself to order out a boat and risk the men's life in such a sea. He offered, however, to go himself, if two others would go with him. Two at once offered, and a boat was let down into that terrible sea, but with small hope of saving the drowning man. Struggling through the great waves, they reached him just when

sinking, and drew him helpless into the boat. After another struggle they again reached the ship, and got all safe on board.

They all exhausted. The saved man could neither walk nor speak, but he was sensible of his deliverance. "He clasped our feet," said the mate, as he told the story, "and began to kiss them. We disengaged ourselves from him. He then crawled after us, and as we stepped back he followed us, looking up with smiles and tears, and then, patting our wet footprints with his hand, he kissed them with eager fondness. I never saw such a scene in my life. He was a passenger in the ship. During the the rest of the voyage he showed the deepest gratitude, and when we reached the port, he loaded us with presents."

Such is the love of man to man for kindnesses received. A man's heart is touched when a fellow-man loves him, and shows his love by risking his own life. Far beyond this ought to be our love to Him who came down to this world to live and to die for us. For who has loved us as Jesus has loved us? Who has done for us what Jesus has done?

### BETTER BE SURE THAN SORRY.

"I do not think that there is need of covering the flower-beds to-night. I do not believe there will be frost enough to harm."

"Better be sure than sorry," the gardener replied; "if frost should nip them it will then be too late, you know."

To the cavils of the sceptics and the sneers of the scorner, who do not believe because they do not understand, or think there is no danger because they would have it so, this same answer would be wise. "Better be sure than sorry." If there *should* be an eternity, then the question, "Where shall I spend eternity?" puts all other questions in the shade. The frost *may* nip all the spring hopes of the soul. "Better be sure than sorry." Thousands of souls are hesitating about giving heed to their immortal interests. "We do not think there will be frost to-night," they say. "Better be sure than sorry." If the frost of death *should* blight the soul it will then be too late forever.

### FAITHFUL IN DEATH.

A French merchant was riding home on horseback one day. He had a large bag of gold with him, which was tied to the saddle in front of him, and was accompanied by a faithful dog. He alighted from the horse and sat down under a shady tree, taking the bag of gold and laying it down by his side. On mounting his horse again he forgot to take his bag of gold with him. The dog saw the mistake his master had made and tried to take the bag to him; but it was too heavy for him to drag along. Then he ran after his master, and tried by barking to remind him of his mistake. But the merchant did not understand what the dog meant. Then the dog went in front of his master, and kept jumping up before the horse and barking loudly. The merchant called to him to be quiet, and stop that jumping.

But the dog would not stop. Then his master was alarmed. He began to think the dog was going mad. And as the dog went on barking and jumping with increased violence, the merchant was sure he was right. He said to himself: "He may bite me or some one else. The only safe thing is to kill him."

Then he took a pistol from his pocket, and pointing it to the dog, fired at him.

The poor dog fell weltering in his blood, and as his master, unable to bear the sight, put spurs to his horse and went on, "I am very unfortunate," he said to himself. "I would rather have lost my bag of money than my good dog." Then he felt for his bag but it was not there.

In a moment he saw what it all meant.

The dog had seen that he had left his bag of money behind him, and was trying the best he could to get him to go back for it when he shot him! How sorry he felt!

Then he turned his horse and rode back to the place where he had left his money.

On reaching the spot he found the dog there. He had crawled back, all bleeding as he was, and had lain down beside his master's money to protect it. This brought tears into the merchant's eyes.

He kneeled down by his dog, petted him and spoke kindly to him. The dog looked lovingly into his face, licked his hand and then turned over and died.

The merchant had the body of the dog carried home and buried in his garden; and over its grave he had a stone slab set up with these words engraved on it.

"In Memory of a Faithful Dog."

### FOR SISTERS.

Some years ago, as I sat on the piazza of a summer hotel, I noticed, among the crowd, a party of young people—two or three pretty girls and as many bright young men—all "waiting for the mail."

"Oh, dear!" said the prettiest of the girls, impatiently. "Why don't they hurry? Are you expecting a letter, Mr. Allison?" and she turned to a tall youth standing by.

He smiled.

"I'll get one surely," he said. "It's my day. Just this particular letter always comes. Nell is awful good; she's my sister, you know; and no fellow ever had a better one."

The pretty girl laughed, saying, as he received his letter, "Harry would think he was blessed if I wrote to him once a year."

Gradually the others drifted away, but Frank Allison kept his place, scanning eagerly the closely-written sheets, now and again laughing quietly. Finally he slipped the letter into his pocket, and rising, saw me.

"Good morning, Miss Williams," he said cordially; for he always had a pleasant word for us older people.

And as I looked at him I felt strongly what a mighty power "sister Nell" held in her hands—just a woman's hand like yours, dear girls, and perhaps no stronger or better; but it made me wonder how many girls stop to consider how they are using their influence over these boys, growing so fast towards manhood, unworthy or noble, as the sisters choose.

So, dear girls, may I not ask—"What of the brothers?" Perhaps they are only little brothers yet; but they will be larger all too soon, and you cannot at once change from careless, indifferent sisters to loving, helpful ones. Would you willingly be like one of whom her brother said, "I'd do less for her than for any girl I know?"

"Good news?" I questioned, smiling.

"My sister's letters always bring good news," he answered. "She writes such jolly letters."

And unfolding this one, he read me scraps of it—bright nothings, with here and there a sentence full of sisterly love and earnestness. There was a steady light in his eyes as, half apologising for "boring" me, he looked up and said quietly, "Miss Williams, if I ever make anything of a man, it will be sister Nell's doing."

You expect your brothers to be courteous and gentlemanly to you, to show you the little attentions a woman loves to receive, and yet, are you ready to do your share towards making home pleasant for them? Not always, perhaps; and so you lose these brothers whom you so honestly love. This has not come at once; it has grown year by year. You were impatient with the baby boy, and hasty with the awkward lad, whose clumsiness annoyed you, and so it has gone on, and your brother is yours, only in name. You know none of his plans, and share none of his hopes; he keeps these to himself.

There is but one way, dear girls; begin at once while they are still the little boys of the home circle, ready to come to "sister" with everything. Let them feel that you love them. These great, honest boys' hearts are both tender and loyal; and if you stand by these lads now, while they are still neither boys nor man, while they are awkward and heedless, they will remember it when they become the courteous, polished gentlemen you desire to see them. Do not snub them; nothing hurts a loving boy soul more than a snub, and nothing more effectually closes the boy heart than thoughtless ridicule.

Have patience, girls—that gentle patience whose perfect work will surely win the smile of the Master, who grants to all who do the Father's will that we should be His "sisters;" and for the sake of the great Elder Brother, who dignified with His divine touch these earthly relationships, shall we not be more tender, more patient, more loving with these sensitive, great-hearted lads, who call us "sister," and remember the wise man who said: "Shall the woman who guards not a brother be lightly trusted with husbands or sons?"

### THE LORD'S TREASURY.

On each side of the doors of a certain Sunday school room are placed boxes bearing the inscription, "The Lord's Treasury."

One afternoon, at the close of the school, one of the teachers paused, blocking the way of those behind her, to drop her contribution, remarking in a loud voice aside:

"I never see Miss Goldsmith give anything here, for all her talk in favour of missions."

"If she ever does give," was our mental reply, "she does it when she enters the room, and every one's back is towards her."

If any one in the school had known how small was the amount of spending money Miss Goldsmith possessed, they would scarcely have credited the disclosure; nevertheless, she was constantly dropping her mite into the Lord's treasury.

One of the boys in her class was losing his interest in the prayer meeting. She had heard him envy another boy the possession of a little red hymn-book used in the meeting. After long deliberation that would have been ludicrous over so small a sum had it not been so serious a matter to her, she gave him the book; and every Thursday evening she sees him in his place, eagerly watching for the number of the hymn to be given.

One of the young men's Bible class made a sceptical remark about the Bible—an apparently honest doubt. As such remarks were not allowed in the class—nor was its teacher fitted to cope with them—Miss Goldsmith pondered how she might help him, and finally succeeded in deducting from something—her simple food, it may be—the price of "The Bible and Other Ancient Literature in the Nineteenth Century," which she sent to him, and was told by his sister that when she made his bed she found the little book under his pillow, where he had been reading it the night before.

Hearing of the sickness of a poor, old man, who was once a successful Sunday school superintendent, she brought more pressure to bear upon her purse, and sends him a religious journal every week. His crippled hands will not allow him to turn its pages, but, as he turns them with his tongue, does he doubt that her fifty-two cents a year are cast into the Lord's treasury?

The Lord's treasury, though including both of these, is deeper than the home mission, broader than the foreign mission, and is without inscription.

Not the missionary cause less, but, as we have opportunity, more.



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## The Canada Presbyterian.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3rd, 1889.

THE *British Weekly* says:

Dr. Maclaren, of Manchester, made a great impression in Australia by his reading of the Scriptures. One minister says that the way in which he read the text, "Come over into Macedonia and help us," laying the emphasis on the last word, was itself a sermon.

It may have been, but there is ample room for doubt as to whether the emphasis should have been placed on "us."

ONE of the speakers at the meeting held to welcome Mr. McNeill to the Regent Square Church, London, said:

He thought the Presbyterians would be better with the Methodist fire, and the Methodists better for the Presbyterian culture.

The old story. Presbyterians need Methodist fire. The inference is that they are a cold kind of people. Why should they be? There is more on one page of Presbyterian history—if you know how to find the page—to stir the hearts of men than in the entire history of Methodism, and the history of Methodism is good. There is nothing in Presbyterian doctrine to make anybody cold. Chalmers and Guthrie were red-hot preachers. So is John Hall. If Presbyterians are cold, the fault is in the men—not in the system.

IF adding another month to the college sessions can be of any advantage to students and professors—and who that knows the facts doubts that it would be a great advantage to both—we see no serious reason why April should not be added. This is an unusually early spring, and yet how many student missionaries can go to their fields this or next week? Algoma is inaccessible until navigation opens, with the exception of a few stations on the C. P. R. Parts of Muskoka cannot be reached with any degree of comfort or safety to health for some time yet. The whole mission field lying in these northern regions is more difficult to work in April than in any other month of the year. On roads drifted during winter there is usually neither sleighing nor wheeling in April. If the student does get to his work he is usually met by a mere handful of people, and his summer's work often begins under the most unfavourable conditions. Too frequently he has to walk in water or mud between his stations. Everything is dull and discouraging. The young man who can begin his summer's work cheerfully and hopefully under such conditions needs a brave spirit and a stronger physique than is given to most theological students. By all means let the Home Mission authorities give April to the colleges, and perhaps—well, perhaps the college authorities would consent to give October to the mission fields.

HOWEVER one may feel about the vote on the Jesuit Estates Bill in the House of Commons, no one can help feeling proud at the fine ability displayed in the debate. The speeches of Messrs. McCarthy, Thompson, Mills, Laurier, Charlton and Sir John would have done credit to any parliament in the world. Mr. McCarthy and Sir John Thompson were forensic. Their speeches would have done for masterly arguments in the Supreme Court. There was more of the popular element in the efforts of Laurier and Mills. Mr. Charlton spoke like the sturdy Protestant that he is, and advocated disallowance on broad general principles. Sir John, well, Sir John was Sir John, and that is all that need be said. The pluck of the veteran, who at the end of a three days' debate, displays the form he did at two in the morning, almost tempts one to forgive him for saying things he ought not to have said. Perhaps he never made a more effective speech in his life. His marvellous skill at placing favourable

points in the foreground; his peculiar power in belittling the strong points of his opponents, his old habit of turning the laugh on an opponent when he cannot answer him; his wonderful command of historical facts; his inimitable faculty for putting things in such a way as to strike the average man, in fact all Sir John's characteristics were as brilliantly displayed last Friday morning as they have ever been in a Canadian Parliament. The Canadian Premier is a wonderful old man.

AN American missionary connected, we believe, with one of the many theological seminaries on that side of the line makes the following sensible remarks on short-cuts to the ministry:

Many of our ministerial students have a great fancy for a partial course. They don't enjoy the thought of knuckling down to hard work and thoroughly mastering all the courses of study, and often before they get half through they run off to a theological school, or rush into the work of the ministry, even without going to a theological seminary. They begin to tell about their duty to a perishing world and their zeal for saving souls, and all that, and soon they drop out. I always suspect that kind of a man, and have reason to do so. After they hurry off to the theological school, they soon find that they are not prepared for making the best of its course of instruction (at least, the theological professors see it), and after a little they drop out there, too; and so it goes. But, mark you, don't represent me as making a too sweeping statement. Some men ought to take a partial course; and I have known many such to succeed well. I am speaking merely of the general tendency of things and not of the exceptions to the rule, and the fault is with our system of doing things quite as much as with individual students.

There was some excuse for short cuts years ago in Canada when the supply of Presbyterian ministers was not equal to the demand. There is no excuse now. One of the worst kinds of a short-cut is going over to the States, getting through college there and returning to Canada a licentiate two or three years ahead of the Canadian student who began his studies at the same time. Whatever may be done with exceptional cases in our own country that kind of a short-cut should never be allowed.

THE pastor of one of the Presbyterian congregations in Washington, gives the following as his experience in dealing with the "masses":

In the last few years, every house within four blocks of the church has been visited by members of the congregation, going two and two, and the inmates have been kindly and cordially invited to the services. The pastor has extended repeated invitations to scores of the "masses" living near the house of worship. Yet, at this very moment, there are enough of these "masses" within five minutes' walk of the church, who never attend the worship of the Most High God, to pack to its utmost capacity our present edifice and another of the same size.

Now, what are we to do to save these masses who refuse to be saved; to evangelize these masses who will not be evangelized; to gather into the Church these masses who will not be gathered? Some of the masses are lawyers, some capitalists, some merchants, some mechanics, some government officials, some wage workers, and some very poor; but as they do not, and will not come to church, they are all masses. Is my life and the life of my congregation to be entirely devoted to one unceasing effort to bring these people to church? If, after repeated invitations and offers of the Gospel, they continually and wilfully reject Christ, is it like our Lord, and does it honour him to force his salvation on unwilling souls? A chosen apostle said: "Seeing ye thrust it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles."

Some evangelists, many youthful converts, and people of little sense never cease shouting that it is always the fault of the Church if people do not attend public worship. It is not always anything of the kind. There are people in every community who cannot be induced by anyone to attend church. And more than that; there are people in some communities who have been urged to attend public worship until they think their presence would confer a great favour on the minister and everyone in the congregation. Does Christ require us to put His cause down before proud sinners and invite them to trample on it?

## VOTED DOWN, BUT UNDECIDED.

CARLYLE, in the spirit of grim humour peculiar to him, once said, "England has about thirty million inhabitants—mostly fools." A majority of 175 members in the Dominion House of Commons mostly—voted last week against the disallowance of the Jesuit Estates Bill. Carlyle's epigram has just that tincture of truth in it that epigrams usually have, so in characterizing the members who voted against Col. O'Brien's motion it is perhaps better to leave a blank, the intelligent reader having the option of supplying the epithet he judges most fitting. Suppose that Carlyle's description of the English population were correct, what then? They would still have to be reckoned with, even though they were fools. Now, it is easy to assign motives to those who voted with the majority, and it is the most natural thing in the world for those who have

been disappointed by their action to call names at the offending members.

Does it comport with reason and common sense, not to speak of charity, to rush to the conclusion that these 175 Members of Parliament disregarded their conscientious convictions in casting the vote they did? Some of them possibly might have done so; nay, too many of them may be governed almost exclusively by the opportunist code of political and party morality unfortunately so much in vogue at present, but that all were swayed by such temporizing motives cannot be entertained by any person of average intelligence. At all events few in any part of Canada, and no one that knows the man, but will repel the imputation that Alexander Mackenzie voted for any other reason than that he was honestly following out his conscientious convictions. From his entrance into public life down to the present time it cannot be shown that politically or otherwise he ever was a trimmer. What opinions he held he manfully avowed and was prepared to stand by the consequences of his avowal. He is opposed to protection. That issue he met squarely and suffered defeat. When the Riel matter was agitating the public mind the ex-premier voted on the side which was unpopular with most of his party; and now, good Protestant as he is, he votes—at considerable personal inconvenience—against the disallowance of the Jesuit Estates Bill. Alexander Mackenzie has no favours to ask from any political party. His public life does not stretch far into the future; it lies mostly in the past. There is no conceivable motive why a man with such a character, with such a record, with such antecedents and in such circumstances could vote otherwise than in accordance with the dictates of his conscience.

It is also quite certain that others voted without a regard to the personal consequences of their act. John Charlton voted for disallowance, even, as he declared, if the effect should be his retirement into private life. So with many on both sides of the House. But why heap vituperation on a time-serving Parliament, if such it is? Are these representatives, chosen by the people themselves, inferior to the average citizen in intelligence and personal uprightness. Do they, or do they not, register the ordinary level of public opinion, public sentiment, and public morality? It is the people themselves that make and who can unmake Canadian Parliaments, and if there is truth in the proverb, "Like priest, like people," it may not inaptly express the relations existing between members of Parliament and their constituents. One thing is certain, a people whose code of practical morality is high, will not long tolerate scaly representatives in Parliament. The legislature of a country is just what citizens constitutionally governed choose to make it.

The debate on the Disallowance question was able as it was exciting. It elicited unusual public interest. To a certain degree, it was lifted out of the rut of partizanship, though the impression is general that party interests were not altogether lost sight of. The discussion turned largely on the question of Provincial Rights. One thing is now made clear that henceforth the veto power will not be lightly exercised. Yet it is no less clear that the main objections to the Jesuit Estates Bill were not satisfactorily met. The incorporation of the Order of Jesuits by the Quebec Legislature is as obnoxious as ever. It still remains true that the money grant to that body, along with other Roman Catholic institutions, is a violation of the principle of religious equality, which it is the object of the Canadian people to maintain. What Count Cavour contended for in Italy, a Free Church in a Free State, is what the vast majority of the Canadian people desire to see prevalent here, and recent legislation in the Province of Quebec is at variance with a principle whose fairness commends itself to all intelligent and self-respecting people. The undue favours conferred upon the Jesuits are first steps in a contrary direction, and the invocation of Papal sanction to Canadian legislation is not denuded of its offensive-ness.

The Acts complained against are distinctly and manifestly retrogressive. They are in keeping with the avowed purpose of Jesuitism to crush out free institutions wherever they stand in the way of its advancement to the supreme control, which undeviatingly for the last three hundred years it has sought to attain. The vote last week has done nothing whatever to dispel the apprehension in the public mind that the Jesuits will abandon their aggressive attacks on Canadian liberties. Like King Robert Bruce's spider, they may be foiled time after time in the attainment of their desired ends, but they immediately begin again, and keep at it till they obtain a temporary success, which however is more apparent than real. So in the present instance. They have for the time being accepted as a grant, a portion of what they claimed, but how long will they rest contented with the present arrangement? The recogni-

tion of a moral claim, while it has been universally conceded no legal claim exists, will only encourage them to apply at no distant date for a fuller satisfaction of the moral obligation which Quebec politicians have been so ready to admit.

It has been contended that a war of creeds and races in any country is fraught with the gravest dangers. This is undeniably true and a condition of things that all good citizens will earnestly strive to avert. The question, however, is pertinent, On whom in this instance here in Canada would the responsibility of precipitating such a fratricidal strife rest? On those who in the exercise of their undoubted rights of citizenship strenuously protest against the encroachments on their privileges as free men, and on the principles of civil and religious freedom which they hold sacred, or on the parties who meditate blow after blow on our free institutions? The free state that meekly permits her rights to be invaded is unfit for the exercise of national manhood, and will soon be under such tutors and governors as will in the end effectively teach her sons the value of the heritage their fathers by their cowardice had lost.

The politicians desire the speedy end of all agitation on this question of Jesuit aggression, but it will not very quickly subside. The public mind in Ontario, especially, is aroused as it has not been for many years. The vote in the House last week will not allay the anxiety and discontent occasioned by Quebec's subserviency to papal assumptions. The very largeness of the vote will be to the people of this Province a matter of disquietude and will only intensify the concern for the future well-being of Canada that recent events have awakened. What steps will be taken it would be premature to anticipate, but the feelings roused by the vote in the Dominion Parliament make it clear that submissive acquiescence is inadmissible.

#### PROPER CARE OF THE BODY.

IN the present state of being, soul and body are to a certain extent, mutually dependent. The intimate connection between the two is as yet, at all events, an unsolved mystery. Whether science will be able to throw light upon this mystery is a matter of uncertainty, but that mind exercises a subtle power over the physical frame, and that the mind in turn is dependent on the condition of the body, are facts attested by universal experience. It may not be altogether an agreeable conviction, yet it is nevertheless true that a thoroughly healthy condition of mind is scarcely to be looked for in a body that is wasted and shattered by disease. That mind is superior to matter is evidenced by the strong power of will men are enabled to exercise in the heroic deeds they are sometimes called upon to achieve, and when we see a strongly resolute woman tending the sick and suffering with a self-sacrificing indifference to the claims of a fragile body, we have clear proofs that mind dominates matter. At the same time, physical nature makes a strong assertion of its claims. After the exacting strain is over, and the recuperative forces are at work, mind must, to a certain extent, be submissive. The body is not to be despised. It is God's workmanship, and ought to be governed by His laws.

It is now more generally understood than formerly that the care of the body is a Christian duty. It has to receive proper care, not merely because health and happiness are dependent on a due and conscientious regard to the laws of health, but their observance is one of the conditions by which men can best do the work that God requires of them for His glory and for the advancement of His Kingdom. There has been a tendency to depreciate the body, as if such depreciation were a necessary evidence of exalted spirituality. This is a delusion that receives no countenance from the Bible. Sanctity and slovenliness are incompatible. The ascetic notions prevalent among professors of religion in the third and fourth centuries, and down even to the sixteenth owe their origin neither to Old Testament, nor to New Testament religion, but to oriental paganism. The Persian belief that matter was the source of evil, that it was itself inherently evil, largely coloured the thought of the west. It was adopted by the Neo-Platonists of Alexandria, found favour in the speculations of the early Christian philosophers, and in due time received practical embodiment in Monasticism. Withdrawal from the world did not release the hermits from worldliness, nor free them from the trammels of the body. It could not be starved into absolute subjection. Sin entered the hermit's cave just as readily as it found access to the regal palace. A still further effect in this direction to mortify the body was made by the mediaeval flagellants who tortured themselves and each other in the hope that such bodily exercises would avail

much in working out their salvation. Such superstitions lingered long after the Reformation.

Recent advances in sanitation have shown that the Mosaic ceremonial code was in perfect accord with the laws of health as, these, by long and varied experience, have in our time become understood. The Son of Man during His earthly ministry showed in a great number of recorded instances His fullest sympathy with suffering humanity, and frequently put forth His power to heal all manner of bodily disease and sickness. The second table of the moral law is expressly designed for the advancement of man's welfare, spiritual and temporal. The laws of health, as revealed by modern scientific observation, are God's laws, and are binding on His creatures, and if they are disobeyed, like every other law, they are self-acting in the infliction of penalty. The body of every true Christian is by the inspired apostle described as a temple of the Holy Ghost. What a motive then should this supply to holy and godly living! A sound and vigorous body is a God-given blessing; it is a talent entrusted to its possessor's keeping, and for which he has an account to render. Every form of vice is an injury to the physical nature as it is a sin against God. The body is not the seat of sin, it is the soul. The body is but the instrument, and in doing evil acts, it carries out the soul's sinful purposes. Heredity has shown how true is the divine declaration that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children to the third and fourth generations. These facts give a new emphasis to the apostle's declaration, "No man liveth to himself and no man dieth unto himself." Self-preservation, personal and relative well-being, individual and social happiness, doing the share of the work assigned us in this probationary state, enforce the truth that in keeping God's commands there is a great reward. There is a higher sanction still. He who gave His life a ransom for His people was bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. He was in all points tempted and tried as we are, yet was without sin, that He might cleanse us from all iniquity. In the resurrection life Christ's people will rise with bodies fashioned like to His glorious body. For Christ's sake, then, the Christian is bound to obey the laws of bodily health.

#### Books and Magazines.

**HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.** (New York: Harper & Brothers.) This fine magazine presents its readers every week with admirable reading matter profusely and finely illustrated.

**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.** (Boston: Littell & Co.) The contents of this most valuable weekly are all that readers who desire to be acquainted with the best literature of the day can desire.

**OUR LITTLE FOLKS AND THE NURSERY.** (Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.) This monthly supplies its interesting constituency with most attractive reading beautifully illustrated.

**ST. NICHOLAS.** (New York: The Century Co.) A monthly magazine for young readers of rare adaptation, full of instructive and entertaining papers with numerous and excellently engraved illustrations.

**THE MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD.** (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs.) This, the most comprehensive, complete and varied missionary serial published, has for the present month a most attractive table of contents.

**THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.** (Toronto: William Briggs.) The principal papers in the April number of this Canadian Magazine are, "Vagabond Vignettes," by the Rev. George J. Bond, B.A.; "In the German Fatherland," by the editor. Dr. Carman contributes an initial paper on "The Methodist Itinerancy," and Senator Macdonald continues his "Recollections of British Methodism in Toronto." H. C. Kerr, M.A., has a fine Latin version of Samuel Wesley's hymn, "Behold the Saviour of Mankind!" The number as a whole is one of great excellence.

**THE COTTAGE FLORIST.** Second Edition. (Toronto: James Bain & Son.)—To those who love the cultivation of flowers,—and who does not?—this is a most useful little work, being a "compendious and practical guide to the cultivation of flowering plants adapted to the climate of the Province of Ontario, Canada. The preface announces that it "is intended to supply a want felt by the amateur florist, viz., such a guide to the treatment of the various flowering plants as will enable him, though the merest tyro in gardening, to cultivate them successfully."

**SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE.** (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.) Descriptive papers profusely and artistically illustrated in the April Scribner are,

"Climbing Mount St. Elias," by William Williams; "The Building of an Ocean Greyhound," by William H. Rideing; "A Second Shelf of Old Books," a very interesting account of Edinburgh literary celebrities, by Mrs. James T. Fields; and the "Anatomy of the Contortionist," by Thomas Dwight, M.D. Another paper of interest is: "The Prevention of Railroad Strikes," by Charles Francis Adams. Robert Louis Stevenson's "Master of Ballintrae," short stories and poems give attractive variety to the number.

**THE CENTURY.** (New York: The Century Co.) The present number devotes half of its space to the Washington Centennial. "Washington Taking the Oath as President" is the frontispiece. "The Inauguration of Washington," "Washington at Mount Vernon after the Revolution," "Washington in New York in 1789," "Original Portraits of Washington," and "A Century of Constitutional Interpretation," the latter by John Bach McMaster all bear upon a subject that occupies the public mind at present. George Kennan this month gives a vivid picture of the Russian police system, and the Lincoln History reaches a most interesting portion of the national crisis. The serial "The Last Assembly Ball," several short stories and a variety of material make up a decidedly excellent number of one of the first magazines of the time.

**THE HOMILETIC REVIEW.** (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs.) The April *Homiletic* is a marvel of interest and strength. Prof. Welch, D.D., of Auburn Seminary discusses "Beauty as a Middle Term;" Dr. Murray, Dean of Princeton College, gives an able paper on the "Poetry of Modern Skepticism;" Schelley Schaff, of Berlin, has a highly interesting article on "The Patriarch of Jerusalem and the Didache;" pastors will find food for thought in Professor Schodde's paper, "City Evangelization in Berlin;" while "Preacher and Orator," by the Rev. Owen Jones, is an able and discriminating contribution. The sermons, eight in all, are mostly by eminent preachers. "The Prayer Meeting Service," by Dr. Wayland Hoyt, is highly instructive. The Exegetical Section has articles from three eminent Biblical exegetes, Drs. Howard Crosby and Chambers and Prof. Beecher, of Auburn Seminary. Dr. Stuckenberg's European Department should be read attentively. In point of scholarship, ability, practical wisdom and adaptation to the needs of ministers, it is certainly the peer of any of our monthlies.

**HARPER'S MAGAZINE.** (New York: Harper & Brothers.) The coming celebration of the first president of the United States affords the occasion for a fine engraving of Gilbert Stuart's portrait of the Father of his Country, which appears as a frontispiece to the April number. The paper on "Washington's Inauguration" is by John Bach McMaster, which is interestingly written and finely illustrated. Other excellent papers are: "Characteristics of Parisian Cafes," by Theodore Child; "The Family Physician," by Andrew H. Smith, M. D.; "Footprints in Washingtonland," by Moncure D. Conway; "Tangiers and Morocco," by Benjamin Constant; "Gabbions of Abbotsford," "Flying Under Water," and "Norway, and its People," by Bjornstjerne Bjornson. Constance Fenimore Woolson and Charles Dudley Warner are the writers of the serial novels now appearing. In addition there are short stories and poems and the customary departments.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.** (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) The poem by Oliver Wendell Holmes, in honour of the dinner given to James Russell Lowell on his seventieth birthday, is naturally the first thing to which the readers of the April *Atlantic* will turn. Mr. H. C. Merwin contributes a studious paper on "The People in Government;" and Mr. Samuel Sheldon answers the question "Why our Science Students go to Germany." Thomas Basin, Bishop of Lisieux, who suffered much at the hands of Louis XI., forms the subject of an article by Mr. F. C. Lowell; and William Cranston Lawton writes entertainingly of an Archaeological journey "From Venice to Assos." Miss Preston continues her series of articles by a paper entitled, "Before the Assassination," giving an account of Cicero's closing years; and Miss Louise Imogen Guiney, under the name of "An Outline Portrait," writes a pleasant sketch about Lady Magdalene Herbert, mother to George Herbert. Mr. Hardy's serial, "Passe Rose," is concluded; Mr. James' "Tragic Muse" is continued, and the concluding portion of "Hannah Calline's Jim" also forms part of this number. The two short stories are "The King's Cup and Calico," by Sophie May, and "A Dissolving View of Carrick Meagher," by George H. Jessop. Mr. Bliss Carman, the young Canadian poet, contributes a long poem, "Death in April," and Dr. T. W. Parsons some verses called "In Eclipse." Criticisms of Renan's Dramas and other recent books conclude an interesting number.



would have few to leave if you were away ; and I would have you to welcome me."

"I might come home for you in the course of a year or two."

"You could hardly do that without interfering with your work, whatever might be. But I might come to you with some one else. I feel strong and well now."

"You are none the worse for the winter, mother?"

"None the worse, but much the better," said she cheerfully. And then she paused to consider whether it would be wise to say more.

"It will hurt him, but it may help him as well," she thought; and then she said aloud:

"I am far stronger than I was when I came here, and in better health every way. I may tell you now, since it is over, that all the last summer I was afraid, ay, sore afraid, of what might be before me. But I had a few words with Dr. Fleming about myself, and he bade me put away my fears, for I had mistaken my trouble altogether. It was a great relief to my mind, and he helped my body as well. I am a stronger woman to-day than I ever thought to be."

John, remembering the lingering illness of an aunt, knew or guessed what her fear had been, and he grew white as he met her eyes.

"Are you sure, mother," said he, hoarsely, "that you are now safe from all fear?"

"As sure as the word of a skilful doctor and honest man can make me. Yes, I think I may say I have no fear now."

"And you kept this dread to yourself! Oh! mother! mother!" said John, covering his face with his hands.

(To be continued.)

### "HEARTS THAT ARE BRAVE AND TRUE."

HEARTS that are brave and true,  
Your country calls for you,  
Come while her faith is new;  
Gather, a knightly band,  
Strong for our homes to stand,  
Loyal to the Maple-Land,  
Canada!

Shame to the bosoms cold,  
Lean wolves within the fold,  
Slaves to their greed of gold,  
Who, for a little more  
Coin in their dastard store,  
Balance with alien ore  
Canada!

Have we one rood to yield,  
One storied stream or field  
We are too weak to shield?  
No! Let the nations see  
One flag float fearlessly,  
One country pure and free,  
Canada!

J. ELIZABETH GOSTWYCKE ROBERTS.

### THE FENCE-CORNER.

At a field corner near the highway two lines of snake-rail fencing meet in an ugly angle. The rails have weathered grayish black, and their abrupt zig zags are somewhat bizarre, though they could not well be rougher or plainer. Even such deformity can be redeemed by surrounding and reflected beauty, such as winsome children lend to the bent and gray-haired grand-parents when playing around their knees. First, there was the elder-berry bush that grew in the triangle of grass left by the plough. In the winter it was a loose fagot of stems and broken branches, as bare and dead-looking as the fence-rails themselves. But all through May it was changing daily; the buds sprouted, and then the pale green leaves came and dressed the naked branches in shimmering silk tissue. The leaves grew thicker and darker, and then appeared the broad nosegays of white, pungent-scented flowers; then the hard green fruit, and, last, the rich berries that crush so easily and whose purple juice stains so deeply. The sere, withered grass of last year around the elder-flowers' feet was covered out of sight by the new growth of fresh haulms. And now the ugly fencing showed few of its hard lines and little of its wintry colours through and above the elder-flowers' robe. And it deserved a share in the glory and beauty of the living thing. Except for the ugly fence-corner, the whole field must have been given over to the plough and harrow. And then there was the wheat. As soon as the snow went, it came up evenly over the rich brown earth till it looked like the green-velvet cover of my mother's Bible, the one she kept in church. It grew higher and higher, till it had veiled away the dark earth altogether. Very soon it would hide a rabbit; and one day it had grown so tall that the wind caught it and swayed it. After that the shadows chased one another over the field through many sunny days. All the time the grain was rising like an inundation, till only the two topmost rails of the fence showed above the level, green flood. The elder bush could still look over the heads of the wheat, but the grass could not. Then the soft wheat kernels formed at the blade heads, and grew fuller and harder from the dews and rains, and the fat land. The straw-stems grew stiffer, and a clashing murmur went softly through the field when the wind bent the grain. The wheat-ears swayed heavily now, and when they swung forward, thousands together, they recovered themselves with difficulty. They were never long at peace. The rich green of the wheat field in the spring grew paler and paler as the summer advanced, faded into a neutral tint and then deepened into a wonderful gold colour. The grain was ripe. At a distance the field looked white, close at hand it was yellow; and the tide had risen almost to the lowest branches of the island apple-tree. And the

centre of it all, the living, young beauty, the grass, the elder-tree with its blossoms and berries, and the gracious man-sustaining wheat was still the ugly, despised fence-corner of rough, gray rails. — *Archibald MacMechan, in the Week.*

### MIMICRY IN NATURE.

Go to the seashore and observe grasshoppers among the beach grass. They fly up at your approach, whizz off a rod or so, and alight. Can you see them? They are coloured so nearly like the sands they live upon that detection of one at rest is almost impossible. On yonder grassy bluff, a stone's throw away, you will find none of them, but other kinds equally, or almost equally, lost to sight by their harmony with their surroundings. What chance of life for either if they suddenly changed places? They would be so conspicuous that every passing bird or other insectivorous creature would sight them. Of course, these protective colours have been gained by slow steps. Every grasshopper that found its preferred food among the sands was liable to be eaten. In the long run just those would be eaten which were most easily seen. One which varied in colouring in ever so small a degree, so as to be less easily seen than his brother, would live to perpetuate his kind, and his brother come to an untimely end; the progeny would show the fortunate variation, and be more likely to be spared to transmit in increased volume the probability of the happy colouring. Given, then, a brood of grasshoppers that find their preferred food in sandy spots, and, unless other and more powerful forces act upon them, it must result from their liability to be eaten by creatures fond of grasshoppers, that in time they will resemble in colouring the sand on which they live; it is impossible that they should not. Any creature not especially protected by nausousness or habit or special device of some sort must, in the very nature of things, if it is to live at all, have some other protection, and that afforded by colour and pattern is by far the most common. The world is made up of eaters and eaten, of devices to catch and devices to avoid being caught. — *Atlantic Monthly.*

### A QUERY.

WHAT "SUBSCRIBER" WOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

We have recently received a letter from one of our well-known subscribers upon a subject which we prefer to publish for the perusal of our readers, anticipating that in so doing some one will relieve us of the responsibility of answering "Subscriber's" questions. Here is the letter:

"My Dear Editor:—For several years past I have been the recipient of several pamphlets issued from time to time by Messrs. H. H. Warner & Co., of Rochester N. Y., which, in addition to containing an extensive treatise upon kidney disease, its origin, usual symptoms and growth, also includes numerous testimonials from parties whose fac-simile signatures are attached thereto, attesting the statement that they have been individually relieved by the use of Warner's Safe Cure, which is prepared by the above firm, for the use of persons so afflicted. Now, Mr. Editor, I would like to know if the statements made by those parties who testify to the great good which Warner's Safe Cure has done them, can be relied upon. They seem honest enough from the way they read. "Warner's Safe Cure saved my life after the doctors had given me up," says John Doherty, 133 N. Main street, Concord, N. H. "I was given up to die with Bright's Disease of the kidneys. The doctors said they could do nothing for me. A friend advised me to take Warner's Safe Cure, and my family consider me as given back from the grave," says Mrs. Carrie A. Fry, of Watham, Kas. Dr. L. B. Rice, of Hanover C. H., Va., says that Warner's Safe Cure cured him of Bright's Disease.

It strikes me that there is a good deal of sense in the claim which those parties make that the doctors are treating too many persons for wrong causes, and that oftentimes people are treated for consumption, brain, heart and nervous disorders, when they are suffering from kidney disease which should be treated, as they say, by the use of Warner's Safe Cure, and as a result, when disease is first removed therefrom, that which is supposed to be disease in the lungs or other organs will disappear. Many of my neighbours tell me that this remedy has done much good for them—more good than their doctors. If kidney disease is the real cause of so many other diseases, why, Mr. Editor, don't the people who are afflicted with sickness, insist upon a more careful inquiry being made, in order that the true cause may be ascertained, and the proper treatment given?" "SUBSCRIBER."

There is a great deal of nonsense, written about the use of "plain Anglo-Saxon," as it is called, as if the English language did not owe a debt to the people of Rome and Greece and France as well as the rude Northmen who overran Britain and whose Babel of tongues was finally fused into what we think of as Anglo-Saxon. There is no more reason why, when occasion serves, we should not use a word of foreign origin than there is why we should not use foreign products of any other kind if better suited to our needs than the home made article. No writer who is writing anything more ambitious than a primer in words of more than one syllable can confine himself to Anglo-Saxon, unless he wants to become harsh and even unintelligible. He must use the words which are best fitted to express his ideas, no matter what may have been their origin, with a leaning, however, in case of doubt, toward his mother-tongue. — *San Francisco Chronicle.*

### British and Foreign.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR'S visit to Belfast has been fixed for May 21 and 22.

AIRDRIE Church is to be enlarged at a cost of \$11,500, of which \$7,000 has been raised.

THE temperance reformers of New South Wales, are unanimous and decided in their antagonism to compensation.

THE new Barony Church in Glasgow, of which Dr. Marshall Lang is minister is to be opened at the end of next month.

THE Rev. Dr. Mathews, secretary of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, is at present visiting Holland in the interests of the Alliance.

DR PENTECOST'S week-day addresses to the merchants of Glasgow are proving so successful that it is proposed to continue the meetings as a permanent institution.

WHEN the March commission of the Church of Scotland General Assembly met recently there was neither a quorum of members present no any business to transact.

DUNFERMLINE Presbytery recommend their congregations to abolish the antiquated church-plate system of collections for missions and to substitute lady collectors.

IT is estimated that in Paris, 50,000 persons, who formerly were freethinkers, and indifferent to their religious interests, are under Gospel influence through the M'All Mission.

THE Rev. Robert Thompson, of Glasgow, is contesting every inch of the ground with the Earl of Moray over the latter's endeavour to eject him from the island of Inchcolm.

THE Rev. J. G. Wood, the interesting writer and lecturer on the "Unambitious Subjects of Natural History," died at Coventry recently, in the house of Mrs. Bray, the lifelong friend of George Eliot.

THE Rev. James Lindsay, M.A., B.Sc., B.D., of St. Andrew's Parish, Kilmarnock, has been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, and also a Fellow of the Geological Society of London.

DR. CAMERON, M.P., has placed on the paper his motion for Disestablishment, and Dr. James A. Campbell, M.P., has given notice of an amendment to the effect that there is no reason for such a measure.

IN many districts in England, where hitherto there has been no woman among the poor law guardians, ladies are this year coming forward as candidates. Both Manchester and Liverpool are included in the list.

WILSON congregation, Perth, have elected a vacancy committee of three elders, three managers, and three from the congregation in opposition to the proposal that the committee should consist of the elders alone.

AN overture to the Free Church General Assembly in favour of union with the United Presbyterian Church, proposed by Rev. D. Robertson, Clerk of Aberlour Presbytery, was lost by the casting vote of the Moderator.

THE Rev. John Smith, M.A., Broughton Place, Edinburgh, in declining the call from Claremont Church, Glasgow, which came before Edinburgh Presbytery lately, said it was clear as day that he should remain in his present sphere.

BELGRAVE Presbyterian congregation welcomed their new pastor, Rev. James Paterson, late of Ballater, at a meeting in Chelsea Town Hall, over which Dr. Donald Fraser presided. Addresses were given by Rev. John McNeill and others.

KNOCKBAIN new church, Inverness, of the early English Gothic in style, accommodating 500, and costing \$9,000, was opened recently with services in Gaelic and English conducted by Rev. Messrs. Mackenzie, of Inverness, and McAskill, of Dingwall.

THE Rev. Richard Glover, of Bristol, along with Rev. Messrs. E. S. Summers, B.A., of Serampore, and J. J. Fuller, coloured missionary from the west coast of Africa, as well as Mr. D. Charters, of the Congo, are visiting the Scottish Baptist churches.

THE dearth of Gaelic-speaking students was a subject of comment in Inverness Free Church Presbytery, lately. Mr. Mackenzie said it was a terrible thing, looking to the number of vacant charges, that there was not a single Gaelic-speaking student ready for license.

QUEENSFERRY Church was the scene of a conference of ministers on missions recently, the Rev. D. Miller, LL.B., the minister, presiding; among those who addressed the meeting were Mr. Henry Rice, missionary, Madras; Rev. Henry Duncan, of Crichton, and Rev. D. L. Thomson, M.A., of Over-Newton.

DR. PARKER is being imitated by Rev. W. E. Johnston, an Episcopal rector at Plainville, Connecticut, who gives informal talks on religion every Sunday evening to workmen in a drygoods store. While he lectures in a chatty style on such subjects as the inspiration of the Bible, the men listen and smoke.

THE Moderator of the approaching U. P. Synod is expected to be either Dr. R. S. Drummond, of Glasgow, or Dr. James Black, of Glasgow. The former was proposed in 1887 when Mr. Smith, of Greenock, was appointed; and it is doubted whether he will allow himself to be proposed again in opposition to any one.

IRVINE Free Church Presbytery, on the motion of Dr. Easton, of Darvel, have by fifteen to five agreed to an overture calling on the Assembly to resume the union negotiations with the U. P. Church. An amendment was proposed by Mr. Landsborough, of Kilmarnock, who desired the overture to refer to a union of all the Churches.

THE Rev. George Philip, of the East U. P. Church, Saltcoats, where he was ordained in 1864, has died in the twenty-fifth year of his ministry. He was Clerk to the Kilmarnock Presbytery for many years, and had been a member of Stevenston school board for two terms. Lately, he took an active part in the erection of a new church, which is approaching completion. His loss is greatly deplored in the district.

PRINCIPAL RAINY, at the request of the Colonial Committee, has consented to visit the Presbyterian Churches of Australia and New Zealand in its behalf. He will at the same time act as one of the representatives of the home churches at the centenary celebrations in Melbourne. He leaves Britain so as to reach the Victorian capital in the first week of May; and thereafter he will visit New South Wales, Queensland and New Zealand, returning to Melbourne in July for the celebrations.





## THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

LETTERS FROM SHANTUNG, CHINA.

Through favour of Mr. Henry W. Darling the following extracts from Rev. D. McGillivray's correspondence are placed before our readers:

The name at the end of this letter, somewhat unpronounceable without practice, is the name of a little village in the north-west corner of Shantung Province, the centre of a large work carried on by the American Congregationalists. To this place, which is 440 miles overland from Chefoo, I came, leaving Chefoo December 15, and coming by cart and by barrow in order to join Mr. and Mrs. Goforth here. We are here about six day's journey from Honan, but this place is the nearest we could at once get to it in order to study the language.

The closing of navigation by the rivers made an overland trip necessary, otherwise I should have had a delightful sail down a river to them. This village is very small, but it is in the centre of a good district, with 60,000 people within a radius of six miles of it. The work here began with famine relief ten or twelve years ago, when millions of Chinese died by starvation. The mission has now three foreign houses, church, dispensary, womens' buildings, etc., and a great deal can be learned by a stay here.

I had a nice trip across the province, coming occasionally to places where there were missionaries, and as they rarely see any foreigner but themselves, they would detain me for a few days; and in this way I was about a month going 440 miles. Of course a two-wheeled Chinese cart does not go more than thirty-five miles a day; and in order to do that you must start an hour or two before daylight. The barrow which I used for 200 miles of course goes slower still, but otherwise is an easier way of riding than by cart. There was a good deal of snow on the ground and lots of ice. The inns are not luxurious; my barrows were always wheeled right into the best room, and occupied one side, while I slept on the kang opposite, generally with my merry men. Chinese food is not bad for journeys if you are well, but I should think that exclusive use of it would not keep up sufficient vital force for tip-top work. Those who like porridge can have it three times a day.

For half the journey I had a guide in the person of a foreigner, a missionary, and the rest of the time I blundered along myself. As Dr. Kellogg said of himself in India, I must speak or starve. One time my man put my butter into a bowl, and before I noticed what was up, he had it boiled in water and brought it back a most tempting gravy soup. At another time I asked for old noddles to eat, but they considerably brought me baked cakes instead. The tones of this wonderful speech are apt to cause embarrassment at first.

The country just now looks very desolate, and there is nothing to relieve the eye, the wheat is showing above the ground,—in some districts the wheat is cropped short by the wretched people, and these sprouts boiled and eaten in order to stave off starvation. There is little wonder if thousands are always pinched and thousands always succumbing in this grim struggle for existence. Life is a dreadfully earnest thing in China. Such a thing as loud hearty laughter I have not yet heard. Cash and food are the staple of every conversation. At the gates of Chinanfu I met thousands of women and children returning from the temple compound, where they had been fed by public charity.

The evils of foot-binding are everywhere manifest here, although the practice is not so strict here as in South China; but even here all women with any desire to be respectable have bound feet; and the slow and hobbling gait is painful to look upon.

The spiritual needs of this Province are very great, and it is better off by far than Honan. Here are about twenty millions of people and about fifty missionaries, men and women,—sixty miles is the average distance between the stations on the way. How can these millions hear without a preacher? Although converts are few the Lord has bright jewels here, and it is an ever increasing pleasure to pray and sing, though very imperfectly, with the dear Chinese Christians here. We attend Chinese meetings of all kinds here, and have splendid opportunities to learn the language. The only lack is a serious one, which we hope our master will soon make up, and that is a teacher. Mr. and Mrs. Goforth have not been fortunate so far in teachers, and this is always the experience of new missions. The Chinese here, of course, have never heard of Canada; and we have some difficulty in explaining that we are neither English nor American, but a dependency of England. God willing, the Province of Honan will know of the Canadian Church.

Friends at home should remember that we can always find time to read letters but not to write them. One at home has no idea how the language presses on all sides, and we are always tempted to let it crowd everything else out. Labour-saving writing machines are, I hold, one of the most merciful inventions to missionaries.

About two hundred beggars and refugees crowded into our front yard and were addressed by Mr. Arthur Smith and his helpers, after which 10 cash [or one cent] each was given them. It is wonderful how far a small sum goes for a Chinaman; and this sum which seems ridiculously small to us, is deemed quite proper in the circumstances.

Pang Chia Chwang, Shantung Province,  
China, Jan. 23, 1889.

I send you a copy of this letter which is somewhat general in its nature, and add this by way of more special application.

We are very comfortable here in a foreign house rented from the Congregational Mission. I, of course, board with the Goforths. Tennis is our regular exercise for an hour each day. The barrow is a very nice way of riding, slow, of course, but if one has plenty of Chinese clothes and a rug you can be made quite snug, and no danger of upset either. I was upset partially only once or twice in a very crowded street, but never in the open. One man pulls in front and the other shoves behind, and for expedition—that is, for thirty miles a day—I hired a donkey to pull in addition.

In Chinan a great many foreign articles were seen on sale. For example, watches, clocks, French opera glasses, foreign spectacles, matches which came from Australia. The telegraph line runs to Chinan from Chefoo and thence to Peking. In Chinan a Presbyterian elder put a new mainspring in my watch.

I find that \$3,000 or \$4,000 is ample for hospital purposes in interior of China and here. Dr. Smith's is secured; ours is still to come—that is, Dr. McClure's. Dr. McClure is a choice young man, and it will certainly not be his fault if there is any squabble, which God forbid. Meantime the language engrosses every energy.

The children of China are very interesting. On the way from Chinan I had a deeply interesting group of them crowding around my table, on which lay my Chinese primer. One of them could read. I turned to sentences bearing on the true God and Jesus Christ. He read, but a question or two revealed his ignorance of the meaning. Did he ever hear of Christ? Perhaps, for there were a few native Christians some miles from that village, the only ones in a distance of forty miles from Chinan or Pan chia chwang. How bright their eyes seemed by the light of my candle. Must these bright lads become heathens, as their parents? It looks as if nothing else were in store for them; and by-and-by that opening brightness will be beclouded by the surrounding ignorance of manhood, and they will have few ideas outside of cash and food. What might they become if taught? What if taught of Jesus and His salvation? My heart was filled with deep sadness as I retired to rest on my kang. This thought is always pressing in on us here.

## THE MURDER OF MR. BROOKS.

Our readers are already aware of this mournful event. A telegram reached the Mission House on January 24, informing the directors that on the previous Monday (January 21) Mr. Arthur Brooks had been shot dead by natives at Mkange, a few miles from the East African coast. The *Times* correspondent at Zanzibar supplemented the news by stating that sixteen of Mr. Brooks' porters had also been murdered, and thus gave conclusive proof of the utter insecurity of life in the region affected by the German naval operations.

Mr. Brooks was on his way home, where he was due on furlough after nearly seven years' absence. Probably had he known what we in this country knew, he would have remained at his station until the end of the present troubles. Not anticipating danger, he came down to the coast on his homeward journey, and had only one march more to make when he was set upon and killed. He went out to Africa in 1882 as an artisan missionary, his friend, James Dunn, going with him. Dunn was the carpenter of the mission, Brooks the blacksmith. By trade he was a coach-builder, but the society needed a blacksmith. In a spirit of true heroism he at once set to work to learn the blacksmith's trade, and, by dint of hard work at the forge, fitted himself for the post he longed to fill. Both Dunn and Brooks were members of the Congregational Church, Windsor, of which the Rev. Thomas Orr was, and still is, pastor, and both are held in affectionate memory. A friend in Windsor says of him: "Although somewhat reserved and ungainly in manner, he had a noble heart and was exceedingly devoted to the work to which he had given himself. I shall never forget his intense earnestness and manly bearing when obstacles seemed to be put in the way of his going out. He told me that he had placed his life in the Master's hand, and now he has laid it down for the same Master's sake." His friend Dunn died in less than two years from the date of their sailing. Brooks survived. Companion after companion either fell at his side or in broken health retired from the work, but he continued sufficiently strong and well to remain. He assisted in the construction of the steamer *Good News*, at Liendwe, at the south end of the lake, and in the launching of the hull of that vessel in March, 1885. In October of the same year he removed to Urambo, taking charge of the station during the absence of the Rev. T. F. Shaw in England. When at length he turned his face homeward, it was with the settled purpose of returning. He felt that he needed a change, but he hoped that while at home he might more fully equip himself for Christian work in Africa. But God has permitted this hope to be frustrated, and an eleventh name is placed on the roll of missionaries who have laid down their lives in establishing the Society's Central African Mission. The last, however, has succumbed, not to the ill effects of climate, but to the turbulent and warlike spirit which now predominates. His last letter to the Foreign Secretary, received after the tidings of his death was as follows:

MAMBOIA, CENTRAL AFRICA, Dec. 24, 1888.

DEAR MR. THOMPSON,—You will see by this I have got so far on my way home, and, so far, all is well. I left Urambo November 12, ten days after the arrival of Rev. T. F. Shaw. Mr. Draper came with me as far as Unyanembe to take on the loads Mr. Stokes had brought on. My health has been the best all the way down. But, having got so far,

I am afraid of a block. The mail is seventeen or eighteen days overdue; and the rumours here of the state of affairs towards the coast are not of the best. Owing to the Germans having blockaded Saadani, no Europeans or their men are allowed to pass through, so that my men, or most of them, are in a state of rebellion. I have just seen one of the Sultan of Zanzibar's captains, and with him I have arranged to go down. It is said quietly that he will desert us on the road; but I don't put the slightest value on these rumours. The only difficulty is I cannot get my men to think as I do. If, as I hope to leave here to-morrow, and all being well, I ought to be at Zanzibar about January 6 or 7, and should leave on the 15th by steamer for home. Mr. Roscoe here is sending the mails down under cover with these soldiers, hence this from me. It is not, certainly, a very bright look-out, but I trust Him who has hitherto led me. And, trusting to meet you soon, believe me, dear sir, yours respectfully,

A. BROOKS.

Thus troublous times have come upon Central Africa, and the faith of the Christian worker is put to a severe test. Last year there was fighting upon Lake Nyassa. This year matters have become still more critical. The missionaries of the Church Missionary Society were the first to suffer. A revolution took place in Uganda; the missionaries were expelled; and Uganda (not Nyanza as a whole however) is for the time closed against them. Next we heard of the murder of eight German missionaries at their station near the coast. German gunboats shelled the towns and villages along the coast, and the natives retaliated by killing German missionaries. Lastly, came the tidings of the murder of Mr. Brooks.

The fact is the East African situation has, during the last five years, undergone a complete change in consequence of German aggression, and slowly, but surely, Great Britain is discovering that friendship with Germany is a costly article, and that German Colonization schemes are inimical to British commerce and British missions alike. Both are for the present imperilled.

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Last December I suffered greatly from an attack of Bronchitis. My physician advised me to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which I did. Less than a bottle of this medicine relieved and cured me. — Elwood D. Piper, Elgin, Ill.

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We have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in our family, a great while, and find it a valuable medicine for Colds, Coughs, and all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. — Alice G. Leach, Jamaica Plain, Mass.

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I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in my family, for a number of years, and with marked success. For the cure of Throat and Lung Complaints, I consider this remedy invaluable. It never fails to give perfect satisfaction. — Elihu M. Robertson, Battle Creek, Mich.

Two years ago I was taken suddenly ill. At first I supposed it was nothing but a common cold, but I grew worse, and in a few weeks, was compelled to give up my work. The doctor told me that I had Bronchitis, which he was afraid would end in Consumption. I took two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was entirely cured. — J. L. Kramer, Danbury, Conn.

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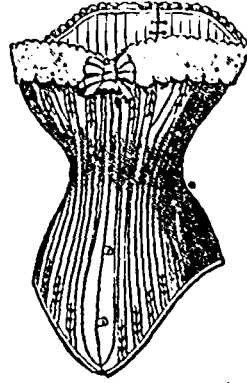
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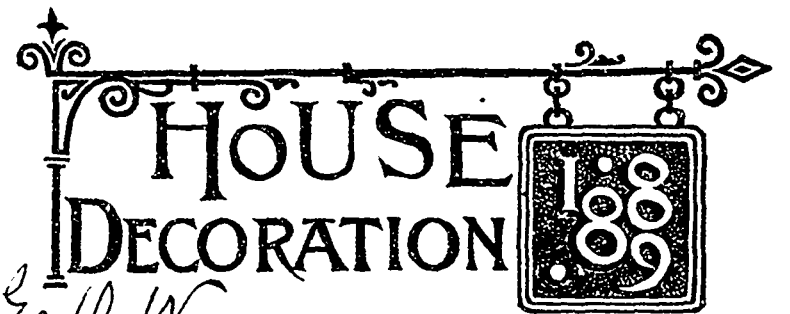
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The unrivalled productions of Messrs. Jeffrey & Co., of London, England, were one of the chief attractions at the Arts and Crafts' Exhibition, lately held in London. The Victorian series of Wall Papers made by this firm and designed by Lewis F. Day, Walter Crane, J. D. Sedding, and others, are well represented in our stock. All other lines made by this firm, from 12c. per roll upwards, are in the most perfect taste, and allow of the selection of really artistic hangings, at prices usually paid for commonplace designs. We are sole importers of Messrs. Jeffrey & Co.'s productions. We will also show a beautiful line of Liberty's Wall Papers, designed and coloured especially to harmonize with their celebrated silks and hangings. These papers are not at all expensive, and will no doubt find a large sale. We have, beyond question, the largest stock in Canada of Japanese and French Leather and Stencil Papers, among which are to be found some of the most delightful conceptions in decorative art. Our importations of Japanese leathers direct via British Columbia will embrace the productions of three establishments, including the Government factory.

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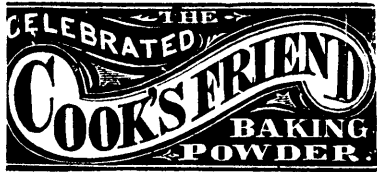
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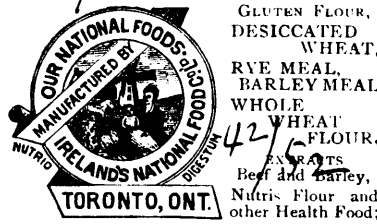
TORONTO.



Miscellaneous.



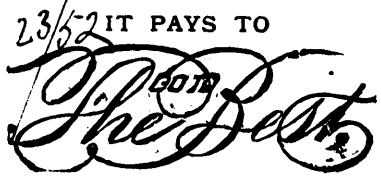
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BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS.

MARRIAGES. At Mono Centre, on March 26, by Rev. Geo. Ballantyne, Charles A. Rennick, Amaranth, to Miss Margaret A. Lundy, youngest daughter of Mr. J. Lundy, Mono, Ont. On March 27, at St. John's Church, West Toronto Junction, by the Rev. A. C. Miles, John, eldest son of Richard Power, Esq., of Woodlands, Barrie, to Marian, youngest daughter of the late John Russell Ardagh, Esq., M.D., T.C.D., of Barrie.

At St. Andrew's manse, King, on Wednesday, the 27th ult., by the Rev. James Carmichael, Mr. Malcolm Wilkie to Miss Annie Mabel Robb, all of King.

At Riverside, Almonte, on March 27, 1889, by Rev. G. D. Bayne, James Lewis Morris, C.E., eldest son of Sheriff Morris, Pembroke, to Mary Agnes, only daughter of John Menzies, Registrar, Almonte, Ont.

DIED. Suddenly, on March 29, George Paton, late of Glengarnock, Scotland, aged 59 years.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

BRUCE.—At Chesley, July 9, at one p. m. TORONTO.—On Tuesday, April 2, at ten a. m. BARRIE.—On Tuesday, May 28, at eleven a. m. QUEBEC.—At Richmond, July 9, at half-past seven p. m. LINDSAY.—At Lindsay, Tuesday, May 28, at eleven a. m. PARIS.—In Knox Church, Ingersoll, June 25, at two p. m. WINNIPEG.—In the same place May 7, at half-past seven p. m. HURON.—In Caven Church, Exeter, on May 14, at half-past ten a. m. MAITLAND.—At Wingham, on Tuesday, May 14, at quarter-past eleven a. m. STRATFORD.—In Knox Church, Stratford, May 13, at half-past seven p. m. WHITBY.—In St. Andrew's Church, Whitby, on Tuesday, April 16, at half-past ten a. m. KINGSTON.—Adjourned meeting in Cooke's Church, Kingston, on May 21, at three o'clock p. m. Regular meeting in John Street Church, Belleville, July 2, at half-past seven o'clock p. m.

Miscellaneous.



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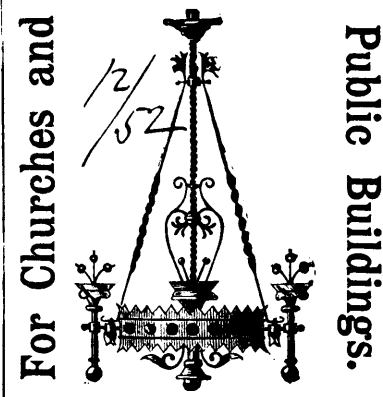
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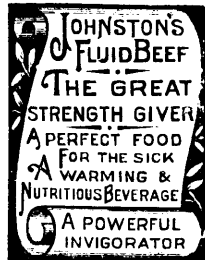


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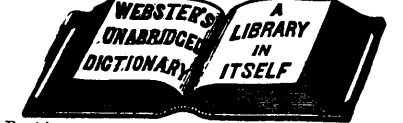
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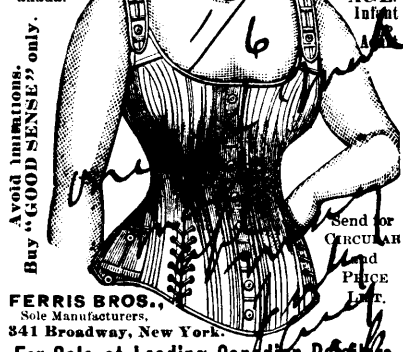
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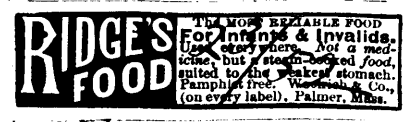
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