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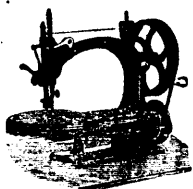
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NEVER read or sew in the dusk, and never read or sew in a powerful sunlight, or by the fierce glare of a lamp. Reading in railway carriages is also bad for the eyesight.

TO CLEANSE GLASS.—To give glass great brilliancy, wash with a damp sponge dipped in spirits, then dust with powdered blue or whiting, tied in a thin muslin bag, and polish with chamois cloth.

SCORCHED LINEN.—Take an onion and macerate it well to extract all the juice, and to this a few shreds of soap, an ounce of fuller's earth, and half a tumbler of vinegar. Boil these together for an hour and allow the mixture to cool. Place it on the scorched part, and do not remove it until quite dry.

TO REMOVE INK SPOTS.—Wash the place with cold water without soap, and apply a solution of dilute muriatic acid; any chemist will give the proper proportions. This will only do for white materials. Ink may also be removed from white cotton by dipping it in milk; but this must be done immediately.

ADVICE TO COOKS.—A writer in "Sylvia's Home Journal" says I must impress well upon my readers that the secret of a well-cooked dinner does not consist so much of the ingredients as of the manner of using them. Good results are only obtained by the following rules: Put whatever you wish to cook on the fire early, so as to give it plenty of time to cook thoroughly. Watch it constantly, and, above all, always cook on a slow fire, which will at the same time effect a saving of coal.

TO WASH WHITE LACE.—Cover a bottle with fine flannel, tightly wrapped round it two or three times, and sewn on, wind the lace quite smoothly round, fastening with a stitch every now and then. Make a good soap lather in a deep basin and stand the bottle in, shaking it well and pressing the lather into the lace. Rinse in the same way with clean cold water, put the bottle in the sun to dry; when nearly so, lay it in a basin of water with a small quantity of borax to stiffen it. If to be ironed, this must be done on two or three thicknesses of flannel, the edges and raised parts being picked up with an ivory pin.—Girls' Own Paper.

FOR WEAK EYES.—An exchange gives the following recipe—"Bathe the eyes in soft water that is sufficiently impregnated with spirits of camphor to be discernable to the smell—a teaspoonful of spirits of camphor to a tumblerful of water. For inflamed eyes use milk and camphor, adding a little more of the camphor than above." An excellent lotion, commended by a leading Boston oculist, is a solution of ten grains of borax in the official "camphor water" (not the "tincture of camphor"). This is safe and beneficial as an application in any slight weakness or inflammation of the eyes due to exposure or weariness.

PRESERVED ORANGE PEEL.—Clean carefully; cut in thin strips; stew in water until the bitterness is extracted; drain off the water, and stew again for half an hour in a syrup of sugar and water, allowing half a pint of water and a pound of sugar to each pound of peel. Put it aside in jars, and keep it in a cool place. If desired a little cinnamon and ginger may be stewed with the peel, but it is more delicate cooked simply with sugar. Lemon peel may be prepared in the same manner, either alone or mixed with orange peel. These form pleasant "relishes" eaten with cake or bread, or if chopped finely when prepared they form excellent flavouring for puddings and pies.

FRUIT AS A COMPONENT OF DIET.—The "Medico-Chirurgical Review" says:—"There are few persons who have not a liking for fruits; and we are sure that were they made a more regular component of diet, instead of being merely introduced, as they usually are, into pies and puddings which are added as a superfluity to a dinner already sufficient, or coming on as a dessert when the stomach is already loaded, they would exert a wholesome influence on the system. And we would especially suggest their employment in cases of aggravated dyspepsia, where ordinary farinaceous food and green vegetables seem to aggravate the complaint, and where there is danger of producing a scorbutic diathesis by the too exclusive limitation of the diet to animal flesh and bread."

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Bishop of London, determined to enforce the sentence of sequestration against Ritualist Mackonochie, caused a notice to be affixed to the church door giving notice of the terms of the sentence and of the appointment of an officer to receive the moneys of the church; but indignant hands tore it down immediately.

WE have not thought it worth while to refer to that foolish man, Dr. Tanner, as we always feared that before our words could appear in print he would either be dead or eating again like other mortals. He is a foolish fellow at the best, and very illustrative of the absurd ways people will sometimes take to get themselves talked about.

THE persecution of the Oka Indians, by the Quebec Government and the ghostly Fathers of St. Sulpice, has now reached a point that is simply scandalous. We wonder the chief actors themselves are not ashamed of their proceedings. It is very difficult, however, to awaken shame in certain quarters and with certain kinds of work on hand.

ONE of the most interesting meetings in celebration of the centenary of Sabbath schools in London was the gathering of 25,000 children in the grounds of Lambeth Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the mayor of London, and other dignitaries inspected the army of little soldiers, in their gala dress and with their beautiful banners.

WHEN everybody was rejoicing at the near prospect of the wretched Afghan war being finally and satisfactorily disposed of, news has come of a great slaughter of British troops in the neighbourhood of Candahar. This may complicate matters very materially. Of course there will have to be another grand "vindication" of British supremacy, a good many more valuable lives sacrificed, and still more treasure expended. Who shall say what may be the end? The only comfort is that the Lord reigns, and that, as of old, He can bring good out of the most gigantic blunders and the greatest crimes, and that He will eventually make even the huge impostures of "gunpowder and glory," "scientific frontiers," and "survivals of the fittest" to work out His own purposes and help forward His own cause.

THE "Whitehall Review" has the following sensible remarks about another foolish man, though one not exactly in the same line of folly with Dr. Tanner: "An infidel colonel of volunteers, named Robert Ingersoll, is making the warm weather in New York much warmer by delivering a series of Sunday evening lectures at a theatre, in which religion is ridiculed and attacked with scarcely any limit of epithet or imagery. The gallant colonel boasts that he has defied the Almighty for years, and has never been harmed by Him. This reminds us of the reply made at the Savage Club by an ex-clergyman named Barton to poor Tom Robertson, who was indulging in a somewhat similar style of idle talk. 'You forget, Tom,' said Barton, 'that the Almighty is capable of infinite contempt as well as of infinite justice.'"

THE English "Nonconformist" gives a report of a remarkable series of services held at Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, connected with the dedication of a new church erected within the Palace enclosure. The church has been built for the convenience of the Queen and the court, and has become a necessity since Christianity has been embraced by the royal family. On the day of dedication, April 8, two services were held, attended by the Queen and her courtiers, the Prime Minister giving an address upon the progress of the Gospel in Madagascar, holding in his hand one of the first Bibles printed in the Malagasy language. For fourteen days following the dedication special services were held in the church, at-

tended by the Queen and Prime Minister, and multitudes of people. Isaiah's prophecy concerning the church, that "queens shall be thy nursing mothers," has never been more literally fulfilled than at present in Madagascar.

THE New York "Independent" gives the following as the "Apostates' Creed," and really it is so near the truth that it can scarcely be called a burlesque of much of the childish unintelligible jargon that passes muster as philosophy with a good number in the present day: "I believe in the chaotic Nebula, self-existent Evolver of heaven and earth, and in the differentiation of its original homogeneous Mass, its first begotten Product, which was self-formed into separate worlds; divided into land and water; self-organized into plants and animals; reproduced in like species; further developed into higher orders; and finally refined, rationalized, and perfected in Man. He descended from the Monkey, ascended to the Philosopher, and sitteth down in the rites and customs of Civilization, under the laws of a developing Sociology. From thence he shall come again, by the disintegration of the culminated Heterogeneousness, back to the original Homogeneousness of Chaos. I believe in the wholly impersonal Absolute, the wholly un-Catholic Church, the Disunion of the Saints, the survival of the Fittest, the Persistence of Force, the Dispersion of the Body, and in Death Everlasting."

THE outlook in France is thus described by "Evangelical Christendom." Atheism, clericalism, and Protestantism are in full conflict, and the clashing and flashing of swords are heard and seen more than heretofore, thanks to the freedom to print, meet, and lecture, granted almost universally. Hitherto the noise of the battle seems to be above the heads of the great mass of the people. Millions of quiet souls hear it not, or if they do, impatiently wonder what it is all about; and millions more shrug their shoulders and ask, Cannot we be let alone? Yet the long persevering sowing that has been going on for years has, in many instances prepared soil where souls are ready to hear and live. Some places where crowded meetings have taken place and Romanism has been demolished, have turned a cold shoulder to the humble colporteurs with the Bible and Christian books. Some, on the contrary, where Christ has been exalted, and a clear gospel proclaimed, have willingly read, studied, and eventually called for instruction. In some places the sale of Scriptures after the lectures has been large, and followed with good result; in others the effect has been the contrary, enemies having suggested mercenary motives in the sale.

It is thus the Chicago "Interior" discourses on the manner in which some "advanced thinkers" in Scotland are said to be trying to indoctrinate the Scottish people with German philosophy and religious negotiations: "It has been stated often that the Scotch dominions are running off after German philosophy, and that is the occasion of the trouble in their three churches, the Established, Free and United. If so, they will get over it shortly. Dr. Tanner's diet of nothing is luxury itself compared with the transcendental chaff of the Dutch metaphysical philosophers. A soap-bubble blown in the sunshine is solidity compared with 'Hegel's Immanent Dialectic;' and the whole school of dreamers, critics included, are of the same type. If the professors and preachers are amusing themselves with philosophic bubble-blowing there will be a reaction. In the first place, the rank and file of the Scottish churches, and churches generally, have no time for so much philosophic study as would enable them to appreciate the destructive critics and the transcendentalists, and if they had there are but a small proportion of them who have either capacity or taste for such studies. In the second place, they offer nothing but intellectual confusion and spiritual starvation. The young Scotch students will find the work of indoctrinating the people with their new ideas to be up-hill work—work which will neither bring profit to the people nor stipends to the pulpits."

WE in Toronto have managed to improvise a new way of Sabbath-breaking which is apparently thought to answer all purposes, and give a certain aroma of piety to the whole proceeding. A well-known tavern-keeper on the Island has secured the services of popular clergymen for a Sabbath afternoon service in his hotel. This necessitates the running of the Sunday steamers, and as of course all the passengers will be anxious to attend religious service it will, it is thought, come all right, for it is expected to give at once a great impetus to the traffic of the boats, the piety of the pilgrims, and the moderate yet extensive and necessary sale of the "lager," for purposes of course simply of refreshment and temperance, and consequently all will be pleased. Curious to think a good many are anything but satisfied. But then those "wretched bigots" (we think that is the phrase) "are so unreasonable." It was a very astute movement on the part of the taverner at any rate—a big advertisement both of his place and his wares. Whether as much can be said of the other part of the arrangement is not so clear. This, however, is evident. We have it now laid down by popular clerical authority that after canonical hours the religious aspect of the Sabbath is over, and the more people give themselves to relaxation and pleasure-seeking, so much the better. We more than doubt if the people of Toronto and Ontario are prepared for this phase of "advanced thinking" and corresponding practice—at least as yet.

THE native Christians of China are like European or American Christians in some respects. They are not all consistent Christians, nor do they always attain to the highest Christian character. Still they are usually devoted, conscientious church members, and are full of gratitude to the missionaries and to the churches which send and support them. The Rev. Mr. Sadler, of the London Society, writes from the Amoy Mission as follows: "As a rule we cannot expect from Chinese converts such rich experiences of divine grace and power as delight the hearts of our brethren at home. Our inquirers are catechumens. All the 'inquiring' has to be done by us, and usually with a view to instruction, still, as they advance to membership and the more select become office-bearers our hearts are sometimes melted by the clear indication of the Holy Spirit's working. At one time, some who have been under severe discipline come to us, giving evidence that there has been a sifting and a winnowing amongst them, leaving the faithful few (to use their own words) 'clinging to the Lord's feet.' At another, misdemeanors in the conduct of a preacher causes his fellow-preachers to gather round him in tearful supplication that he may be brought to a better mind. Proofs are given that the coming of the missionary is looked forward to as a good time for obtaining refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Deep sorrow is evinced over those who bring shame on the brotherhood, and corresponding joy when any are made alive unto God. A father will go a long way, as men did of old, to seek Jesus, and ask for prayer for his son, afflicted with sore mental disorder. Great tenderness for each other's distresses is sometimes produced by the Gospel, not only for fellow-Christians, but for those outside the fold. The national clannishness of the people is being sanctified, and, where one did not expect it, mutual love is evoked. Out of their deep poverty many support the ordinances of religion. Without a bed-covering for themselves, they will try to provide one for their preacher. And, though their meals may be plain, they will sometimes make a feast for him. And all in the midst of the hideous state and circumstances of China—debts and dunning, undying quarrels, innumerable diseases, cruel wrongs practised on children, women crushed, those willing to escape from gambling frequently enthralled, the Sabbath opposed by all the institutions of the country, family life a terror, social life all hard, mendacious, selfish, and a paternal (?) government built upon might against right. Let the self-denying friends of China missions know that the word they send of rest to the weary and heavy-laden is not less sweet here than when first uttered by the Lord."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

EXAMINATION OF CANDIDATES FOR THE MINISTRY, BETWEEN GRADUATION AND ORDINATION.

MR EDITOR,—Permit me to offer a few remarks concerning the examinations to which candidates for the ministry are subjected between graduation in Theology and ordination.

According to the regulations now in force, a candidate for the ministry, after graduating in Theology, is required to appear before some Presbytery, and submit to an examination in Latin, Greek and Hebrew, Philosophy and Systematic Theology; also, as to his personal religion, and his motives for entering the ministry. If this examination be sustained, application is then made to Synod for leave to take the candidate on public probationary trials.

When this leave has been obtained, the candidate is submitted to a second examination, which embraces the following subjects: A Greek or Hebrew critical exercise, a Latin thesis, an expository lecture, a popular sermon, and an examination in Theology and Church history. If this examination be sustained, the candidate is duly licensed by Presbytery to preach the Gospel, and becomes a licentiate of the Church.

Then again, when such licentiate receives and accepts a call to the pastorate of a congregation, he must submit to a third examination previous to ordination. This examination consists in the following exercises: an expository lecture, a popular sermon, a Greek or Hebrew critical exercise; also an examination in Biblical Greek or Hebrew, Theology and Church history. If this examination be sustained, the licentiate is then solemnly ordained to the office of the ministry, and inducted into the pastorate of the congregation whose call he has received and accepted.

It will thus be seen that no fewer than three examinations are before the candidate for the ministry between graduation in Theology and his ordination. Now, it cannot for a moment be doubted but that it is the duty of Presbytery to exercise a very careful oversight of the candidate for the ministry during the whole of his preparation, both in Arts and Divinity. It is also the clear duty of Presbytery to ascertain, as far as possible, that those about to be ordained to the sacred office possess the necessary gifts and graces, as well as the attainments in scholarship, which the Church deems requisite for the ministry; but it may be doubted whether the regulations now in force, as at present put in practice, really serve this important purpose as fully as could be desired. It is just possible that, in some cases at least, the multiplicity of examinations to some extent prevents the Presbytery discovering, as clearly as it should, the gifts and graces, especially the degree of scholarship, possessed by the candidate. This arises, no doubt, from the fact that, where there are so many examinations, there seems to be an almost certain tendency that they become very formal and superficial in their nature, and hence cannot afford a very intelligent ground for the Presbytery to proceed to ordination, and cannot be at all satisfactory to the worthy candidate.

Two remedies are available. The first is that Presbyteries all, as not a few do, take good care that these examinations do not degenerate to a mere name, instead of being what they are intended to be, a real, though not too rigid, test of the candidate's attainments. If Presbytery appoints certain of its members to examine in the prescribed subjects, and if those so appointed thoroughly prepare themselves with good test questions, not "catches," then these examinations will have meaning and use; but, as matters are in some Presbyteries, it may not be impossible for a candidate to pass through all these examinations, and yet not really have attained to the standard, which the Church professes to require for entering the ministry.

The other remedy is to have only one examination of the candidate between graduation and ordination, which both Presbytery and candidate understand is to be a thorough test of attainment in scholarship, etc. Then let Presbytery appoint one of its number to examine in each department, and let him conscientiously perform his duty, and let the candidate be thoroughly prepared, and it is quite probable that better results would follow than under the present system and practice. This one rigid examination might be connected either with licensure or ordination, as might be deemed best. If with licensure the proced-

ure would be as follows. Let the candidate present the certificate of graduation in Theology to Presbytery, then let Presbytery, when satisfied with such certificate, apply to Synod for leave to take on trial, and when such leave has been obtained, let the Presbytery proceed to the rigid examination of the candidate, with a view to license. Then when the licentiate receives and accepts a call, let ordination and induction be effected without further examination.

If it were connected with ordination, which is certainly the most important of all the stages in the candidate's course, implying, as it does, the call to the ministry, the necessary qualifications, and the call of congregation, then the procedure would be as follows. The candidate would present to Presbytery the certificate of graduation in Theology. Presbytery would apply for leave to take on trial, and when such leave was obtained, would proceed to license without any examination, and then, when the candidate received and accepted a call, let him be subjected to a thorough examination, previous to ordination. Then in the case of those who were not graduates of our own Colleges or of Colleges approved by our Church, such oversight and examination as might be deemed necessary in such particular cases could be attended to by Presbytery. In no cases, save very exceptional, should persons seeking admission to the ministry of our Church from other Churches be allowed to enter with a lower degree of scholarship than is required in the case of our own students; for the standard of attainment the Church requires in her ministry is determined by the lowest rather than the highest found in its ranks; and that standard should be gradually raised as circumstances may permit or require.

There is another question naturally suggested in this connection, viz., the desirability, if not necessity, of securing greater uniformity amongst Presbyteries in regard to the method in which the examinations are conducted and in the standard candidates are expected to reach; and along with this a very important question might be proposed, viz., Whether a central board for the whole Church, or for each Synod, might not, if properly constituted and conducted, be the best agency to conduct the examinations above alluded to.

But this letter is already too long, so I close, expressing the hope that, if the suggestions in it are worthy of any notice, yourself, or some of your correspondent, may give their views regarding them.

F. R. BEATTIE.

Baltimore, Ont., 13th July, 1880.

INFANT DAMNATION.

The Rev. Leroy Hooker, one of the leading ministers of the Methodist Church of Canada, uses the following language in his pamphlet on "The Divine Authority of the Bible." "If the fleetness of two horses is to be tested you must not harness them to the same vehicle. Had the Calvinism which used to consign infants a span long to hell remained harnessed with Arminianism in the Methodist Church, it would not be as nearly defunct as it is today" (page 9). Now, I have stated the name of a work in which, and the number of the page on which, a certain statement regarding Calvinism is made. Let Mr. Hooker do the same in support of his statement, but I defy him to do so. A copy of a Calvinistic work, teaching the doctrine which he mentions, can be found only in the hand of a mermaid.

Yesterday a Baptist minister told me the following. A Methodist lady once asked him if he were a Calvinist. He said that he was. She then asked him if he believed that there are children a span long in hell. He answered that he did not. She said that her reason for putting such a question to him was the fact that her minister had lately stated in the pulpit that Calvinists held the doctrine referred to. My friend said that he would call on her minister, and speak to him on the subject, but he first wished to be sure that he did say so. She said that she was not in the least mistaken, that a large congregation was present on the occasion referred to; and that several of her acquaintances who were present understood his language just as she did. My friend went to her minister, and asked him if he had publicly said so and so. He replied that he had. My friend asked his authority for the statement. He gave the name of a certain Calvinistic Baptist minister known to them both. He professed to have no doubt as to his authority. My friend said that he would write to that minister on the matter, as he was determined to be

at the bottom of it. The Methodist one said that it was too troubling for him to put himself to so much trouble about it. My friend said that he thought far otherwise—the statement which he had made was a foul slander on Calvinism. The Methodist minister then said that it was not impossible that he had misunderstood the Baptist minister whom he mentioned. My friend said that he would be satisfied if the other—that is the Methodist minister—would say so in the pulpit. The latter promised to do so. My friend then left the place. When he returned—which was not till a year after—he asked the lady friend, already referred to, if her minister had ever in public corrected his statement about Calvinists holding the doctrine of infant damnation. She replied that he had never said one word about it. Now, I unhesitatingly say that that Methodist minister was guilty of downright lying. He made, in public, a statement most hurtful to Calvinists. He was unable to prove it. He promised to correct it in public, but paid no attention to his promise.

The circumstance above mentioned took place in the Province of Quebec. I am ready at any moment to give the names of all the persons connected with it. T. F.

The Manse, Melis, Quebec, July 17, 1880.

INDIAN MISSIONS.

MY DEAR MRS. HARVIE,—I believe that I have nothing but "odds and ends" with which to make up a letter, no leading article or item of special interest, as at this season we must remain in-doors from early morning until sundown, hearing nothing but the creaking of the punkah or the sound of our own voices the live long day. Miss Roger is not here at present. Ten days ago she went to Mhow for a brief visit but was taken ill the first morning after her arrival there and has not as yet been able to return, so that Venoo and myself are alone here. Owing to the unusual heat of this year I have not been able to attend to my Zenana work in the middle of the day. Last hot season I went out as usual until the end of April with comparatively little discomfort, but it is impossible this year to venture out save in the early morning or evening. Even natives complain of heat. While Miss Roger is absent I go down to her little school in the bazaar and keep it open for her. There are only eight or nine scholars, but they are such nice little girls, I think I must tell you about them. I wonder if you fancy rows of benches and children in apple pie order or even imagine that you see them coming trooping in at a certain hour. I dare say not, as you have heard that most of our western customs are reversed here and children do not come to school until they are called, that is, some one goes to each house and summons them. We get the ghari ready in the morning and put two or three low stools in it. These we call "moras." They are round, made of cane and high enough for a little child to sit upon. They are not for the children, however, but for ourselves. Fancy each teacher in a large school at home bringing her own chair or stool. The little Hindoo maids sit on the floor where they are much more at ease than on any seat. The school-room, I may mention, is in a nice clean locality. We have one alphabet board, for all and they sit in a circle, sometimes all repeating together, and more frequently one or two jumping up and skipping round the room without any ceremony, coming back to the lesson when they see fit. They learn, however, though the discipline must be of the mildest character, if we would not frighten the little creatures away. One "wee brown-faced lassie" said this morning in a very coaxing tone as she got quite close to me, "mem sahib sing." I replied, "not until after the lesson." "Then mem sahib may I call S—?" a little girl who had not come. I gave the desired permission and off she flew but chose not to return at once. Her sister is a dear quiet child having a face strongly marked with small-pox, which, owing to the native dislike to vaccination makes terrible havoc sometimes amongst them—I mean in personal appearance. An old woman came to the door this morning and wanted one of the children to go away and have a drink of lime juice and come back. Such is the school system in Indore. One little girl brought her baby brother, and he, with true Hindoo ideas of superiority, began striking right and left with a huge stick until I had to call him to order. We finish the exercises with a Bible story and a hymn, then make a "salaam" and go. It is Miss

Roger's school, however, and her work, although I have taken temporary charge of it while she is ill. The other morning I went into a Parsee house while she was sitting there I noticed one of the children, a little girl, and asked the mother why she did not cut her hair as she had such a quantity. The mother informed me that if a child is clean and pretty, and much taken notice of for its good looks, their people believe that the little one will die, hence the argument for dirt. There is high wind to day sounding quite like a March gale in Canada but very different in temperature. We have a man employed who sits on the verandah all day pulling the punkah and every few minutes throwing water on the "tattie," that is placed in the doorway to keep the house cool. A short time since I had a little experience of being mobbed in the city, or nearly so, and I shall not forget the relief felt when some timely assistance came. I think I did not mention it in my last letter. It was the time of the "Holi," the most disgusting of all the Hindoo festivals. It lasts quite a number of days. I had forgotten that it was in progress, when one morning I set out to visit my old haunts in the city, and when I did remember the occasion, thought I would not turn back, supposing that no one would molest me. I may mention that one of the customs during the "Holi" is to throw dust and dirt on any unfortunate passer by. I had completed my work for the morning and was just about to return to my ghar when, to my astonishment, up came a troop of boys, of from ten to twelve years of age, some shouting and whooping, others beating tom-toms and altogether as rough a looking lot of young rascals as you could well imagine. At first I did not fully comprehend the matter but on seeing fresh arrivals I felt the situation to be rather delicate for me. The youthful mob had a look on their faces, a mixture of fun and mischief, that seemed to say, "we have caught you now," and they watched to see what I would do. I could not very soon decide that point. While I remained in the yard I was safe, but the sun was getting hotter every minute, and soon I must go. It was not much more pleasant than facing *the tiger* though I would no doubt escape with my life in the present instance. If I had ~~been~~ with me I might have bought them off, but even the last refuge of bad policy failed me, for I had come with empty pockets. I was at my wit's end. All this time the din and the clamour was kept up and the number had reached to thirty or forty. I had thought of making a desperate sally forth to meet the enemy when lo! an unexpected ally appeared. A servant at one of the houses where we visit suddenly came upon the scene and with a few vigorously administered kicks and cuffs put the young miscreants to rout for the time. I was exceedingly thankful to him I can assure you. I knew that it was mischief and not malice that prompted the boys, also that it is customary on this occasion, not only to throw dirt but to sing the most filthy songs. The latter I have never heard. You like to hear about the birds and the flowers. The poor little feathered visitors have to be excluded these times as every door and window is closed to shut out the hot wind, and the flowers have a struggle for existence during these hot months. We are having a sort of owl-like life, only coming out at night. Would that I could say in conclusion for the encouragement of earnest workers at home that many of the women of Indore are turning from heathenism and coming into the light of the Gospel. I cannot say so. I only know that they listen, and to us who are in the field that is much. I have lately received a number of books and tracts for distribution. As I certainly think they appreciate them more when they buy them, even if it should be only one anna that they pay, I shall endeavour to sell them, as the matter is left to my own discretion either to sell or give them away. I can do that kind of work in the mornings, when no other part of the day is available at this season. M. MCGREGOR.

Indore, April 7th, 1880.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH AGAIN.

For some little time after the decision of the General Assembly it was generally understood that the agitation excited by the proceedings against Professor Smith would gradually subside, and that the Church would be permitted to enjoy again her wonted peace. Doubtless certain leading ministers who were profoundly dissatisfied with the result of the case, meditated the publication of some manifesto to give ex-

pression to the principles which they and many of their friends considered to be the verdict of the Assembly. They felt encouraged to take such an unusual step by the consideration that a decided majority of the Assembly had been in reality opposed to Professor Smith's retention to his chair, and that only by a singular and unexpected combination of circumstances in connection with the voting he had got off with a mere admonition. But while the contemplated manifesto was in course of preparation, and was daily expected to make its appearance, a new volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" was published, containing two articles by Professor Smith, one on the "Epistle to the Hebrews," and the other on the "Hebrew Language." The first article was found to contain nothing peculiarly reprehensible. As might have been expected, however, Pauline authorship of the Epistle to the Hebrews is unceremoniously denied in it, and an unrestrained style of critical conjecture is indulged in by the author. But in the second article to the dismay even of his own supporters, there is an exhibition of a kind of criticism which appears to be worse than anything that has yet proceeded from Professor Smith's pen. According to this production Moses had little to do with the composition of the Pentateuch; it is, on the whole, probable that he wrote or arranged the Ten Commandments; but beyond this there is the utmost uncertainty as to the nature and amount of his literary efforts. Thus not merely Deuteronomy, but the books with which it has so long been inseparably connected, may not be literally Mosaic in their origin.

In a similar destructive style the Professor traverses the whole area of Old Testament Scripture, knocking down one book after another, and leaving almost nothing whatever standing in its old place. We hesitate to write down what he says of some of the sacred contents of that Bible that was acknowledged by our Lord and His apostles. Ruth is a lyric; Jonah is a fiction woven round an historical name; the Song of Solomon comes down to us in such a corrupted state that nothing decided can be said about it; Isaiah did not write a great part of the book that goes by his name; the Books of Chronicles are spoken of as poor literary performances. the prophet Amos is complimented as writing in a refined style wonderful in a herdsman; as for the books of Esther and Daniel, they are certainly not what they have been popularly thought to be. All these sweeping judgments, with more of a like kind, unsupported by a particle of solid proof, are given forth with the confidence of a man inspired to proclaim them to the world.

This startling article was, it is stated, corrected in proof by the author and printed off half a year ago. It cannot be said, therefore, that it is a new offence committed by Professor Smith since he was reproved from the chair of the Assembly. But when he stood at the Assembly's bar, and expressed his regret for at least the unguarded manner in which he had ventilated his critical opinions, he knew that an article he had written, as daring and unguarded as any of its predecessors, would make its appearance in a few weeks. It may even be fairly surmised that the publication of the volume of the "Encyclopædia Britannica" containing the article was delayed till after the meeting of the Assembly. Now this incident of a new article, as offensive to most of his brethren as any he has yet published, may not substantiate a moral charge against Professor Smith, but it shews him to be obstinately attached to the new style of criticism he has imported from Germany, and to be quite out of sympathy with the Church he is expected to serve. We hoped that after what took place at last Assembly the Free Church would not be again disturbed by the writings of Professor Smith; and we strongly counselled all parties to suspend hostilities and pursue a policy of conciliation. But the Aberdeen Professor is irrepressible, and, we fear, incorrigible. His peculiar criticism, destructive in every sense, has eaten into his constitution, and entered the very marrow of his bones. He has completely isolated himself within his own denomination. He has not persuaded any of his own personal friends and ecclesiastical supporters to embrace his views. The men of his own circle only frame apologies for him and contend for his liberty. The great majority of his ministerial brethren in the Church utterly abominate his peculiar theories, and regard them as either the fruits or the germs of virtual neology. At last Assembly his opponents were in a majority, though they were in a strange way prevented from pronouncing upon him

an adverse judgment. As it was, he only escaped disposition from his chair by the narrow majority of seven. No fewer than 292 members of Assembly, in spite of many obstacles thrown in their way, declared that, in their opinion, Mr. Smith was not a fit person to occupy a chair in a Free Church College. And now the publication of another article, that revolts the feelings and convictions of his brethren more deeply perhaps than any of his former publications, has immensely aggravated that want of confidence in him of which he must have long been sensible. It cannot be denied that the Church at large utterly distrusts his judgment and deeply laments his obstinacy. In these circumstances, we wonder that Professor Smith can retain his chair. Many a man in his place would have resigned it long ago, before a tenth part of the suspicion and opposition he has encountered. The orthodoxy and even the critical prudence of a theological professor should be beyond doubt or suspicion. When he is a suspected man, and not without reason, hal his usefulness is gone. Only a few weeks ago we charitably hoped that Professor Smith would not in a hurry trouble the Free Church again; but we confess that now we have little hope indeed that he can retain his chair either with credit to himself, or with advantage to the Church whose servant he professes to be, although he is so unwilling to be corrected or to obey orders.—*London Weekly Review.*

DR. MACKAY'S VISITS.

MR. EDITOR,—Please allow me, in your next Friday's issue, an opportunity of saying to the friends of our Church's Foreign Missions, that the Committee in charge of the business intend drafting a programme of visits which Dr. G. L. Mackay will be requested to make, about the middle of the present month. After that time the friends interested will receive due notice. Dr. Mackay's visits will not commence before the first Sabbath of September. THOMAS LOWRY.

Brantford, August 3rd, 1880.

A SHORT time ago at a congregational meeting of Knox Church, Harriston, a resolution was passed granting their pastor, Rev. J. Campbell, B.A., four weeks' holidays. Last Friday evening the pastor and his wife were surprised at the manse by a large number of the congregation, who, after spending a very pleasant evening, presented them with a well-filled purse, to cover the expense of their holiday excursion. This speaks well for both pastor and people. Granting holidays in the heat of summer and supplying the wherewithal to enjoy them is as it should be, and we would say to all other congregations, Go ye and do likewise. You will be gainers by the transaction.

PRESBYTERY OF BARRIE. This Presbytery met at Barrie on the 27th ult., and held four seditious, ending about 11 a.m. next day. Mr. Findlay was elected Moderator for six months. The Rev. Mr. Beattie, of Port Hope, was present, and invited to sit with the court. The committee appointed to prepare a plan for the formation of Woman's Missionary Associations in connection with all congregations in the bounds reported. The Presbytery agreed to send down the plan recommended to sessions and congregations for consideration, with instructions to report on it at next meeting. Mr. Gray was appointed to administer ordinances at Waubashene. Petitions were received from the congregations of First West Gwillimbury and Second Tecumseth, asking the Presbytery to reconsider the decision come to on the 20th April, as to rearrangement of certain congregations. The petitions were granted, and the Clerk was instructed to cite the congregations interested to appear at next meeting, when the arrangement will be reconsidered. Mr. Cochrane was appointed to moderate in a call from the recently formed congregation of Second Innisfil. It was agreed to ask from congregations thirteen cents per member to meet Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly expenses. Mr. J. K. Wright, with permission of the Synod of Toronto and Kingston, and Mr. I. K. Baillie, on transfer from the Presbytery of Montreal, were taken on trials for license, and examined in theology and Church history. The trials, etc., were sustained, and the candidates were licensed to preach the Gospel. The name of Mr. Samuel Porter, retired minister was put on the roll, at the beginning of the session, with power to deliberate and vote. Home Mission and other business engaged the attention of the court for some time.—ROBT. MOODIE, Pres. Clerk.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

CHRISTIAN GIVING.

Under the Jewish economy offerings formed an essential element of worship, and minute directions were given to the people regarding the various offerings which they were to bring with them when engaged in the service of God. The proportion of their givings was two tithes, which, with other items, amounted to about one-third of their realized annual income. God being the political King of Israel, this sum included all taxation for civil and criminal purposes. These givings to the Lord were in accordance with the law, while the first tabernacle, which was erected according to divine directions, was made by the voluntary offerings of the people, in answer to the request by God, through Moses; and so liberal was the response, that Moses had to stay the people from giving. And we are informed, that when the sanctuary was completed it was filled with the glory of God, an evidence of His acceptance of their offering, and of His making it His dwelling-place.

It is reasonable to suppose that, as giving formed an essential part of worship under the old economy, it would also occupy an important place in the worship of God under the new economy.

The question might be asked, Why should giving form as important a part of Christian worship as prayer or praise? That throws us back on the purpose of Christian worship on the institution of the Church of God. We all admit that the Church is a divine institution, that it was founded by God for wise and beneficent purposes—to be a memorial of His name to all generations—the conservator of true religion—the palladium of civil and religious liberty; but above all, the place where the Gospel is proclaimed, and where Christians are built up in the faith. As the Church of the living God is the place where He meets with His people, and where they receive fresh strength not only for the activities of life, but for its discipline and trial, and where their spiritual being is nurtured by divine grace and truth, it is evident that the giving of money for the support of its ordinances, as well as for the poor, must form an essential part of Christian worship. If praise is offered to God, if prayer is presented to Him in the name of our Intercessor, if the Word is expounded as a means of conversion as well as a means of grace, the voluntary offering of His people for the support of the Gospel and the extension of His kingdom is, in like manner, acceptable to Him, as it is an evidence of the measure of our appreciation of His blessing. God thus confers the honour and the privilege on every Christian of contributing to the maintenance of His Church, and the extension of His kingdom. . . .

If prayer presupposes meditation, giving to God would demand our most thoughtful attention. We would be bound to consider our ways and means and the objects of our giving, and fix the amount to be set apart for the Lord's offering. Happily, a divine principle has been given us for our guidance in this matter—a principle as simple as it is beautiful. "Let every one give as God hath prospered him." The old system of tithes is abolished with the Jewish economy, the new principle of giving is inaugurated with the Christian dispensation. "Ye are not under the law, but under grace."

The more this principle is considered, the more will its wisdom be discerned, its adaptation to the infinitely diversified conditions of men, and its universality. "As God hath prospered you." A fixed amount was no doubt necessary for a nation under discipline, but it would be entirely foreign to the spirit of the New Testament, and would destroy the spiritual value. By such a principle God leaves it to ourselves to fix the amount in the light of His gracious providence towards us, and thus gives us the opportunity of recognizing Him as the source of our prosperity. . . .

We venture to say that if Christian giving were regarded in this aspect, it would tell on the amount given to God. You are, as it were, putting your givings into His hand. If Jesus Christ was present in person to receive your offering, would you give to Him personally what you are now contributing for the support and advancement of His kingdom? Although unseen to human eye He still sits over the treasury of His house, and sees the rich casting in much, and the widow her all. "And He beheld how, not what they cast in." But there is also the treasure house

of heaven, with its record of the givings of earth. Intimately connected with the principle of Christian giving, as an element of Christian worship, is the weekly offering: "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him." Dr. McKnight renders this passage: "Let each of you lay somewhat by itself, putting it into the treasury." And, according to this view, the disciples are commanded to place a weekly sum into the public treasury on the Lord's day, to be kept *by itself* against the apostle's arrival. This would prevent the necessity of any further contributions. A sum would thus be in readiness, which could at once be transmitted to Judea, and would be much greater than if contributed at *one time*. . . .

Having thus adverted to the principle and period of giving, I notice its universality. Let every one. The obligation to give is correlative with the membership of the church. The honour and privilege is conferred on all. There is neither favouritism nor partiality, so that the poor have the privilege as well as the rich of coming into the courts of God's house with their offerings. And when every one discharges his duty week by week, giving assumes its true place in the Christian Church, and the support of God's house is not left to impulsive spurts of generosity, but to the methodical liberality of obedient and grateful hearts.

A sum having thus been set apart and deducted from the weekly or annual income, the remainder is free for use. If this introduces the element of economy into your personal and domestic arrangements, you have so much less to live on, and, in numerous instances, self-denial is practised, rather than incur debt or intrench on the Lord's portion.

Mr. Gladstone, writing to the Secretary of the Systematic Beneficent Society, under date January 9th, 1865, says: "I think the object of the society (which I understand to be inducing men to give at least *some fixed proportion of their incomes*, such as their several cases may permit, to purposes of charity and religion) is one that may be legitimately adopted by all, especially by all Christians, with the greatest and most beneficial consequences. And although it is the religious character and effect of such a proceeding that has the first claim upon attention, I, for one, believe its results would be no less advantageous in a *social*, and likewise in an *economical*, point of view." . . .

If this principle of Christian giving were recognized, it would tell on the funds of the church, the schemes of the denomination, as well as on the spiritual life of the giver, and there would be less likelihood of our hearing the melancholy confession—"I never considered the principle of systematic and proportionate giving, I never regarded it as a Christian grace, nor recognized it as an essential part of Christian worship."

One of the advantages of placing Christian giving on a scriptural basis would be, that it could not by any possibility give offence to any one, because it is left to each one to determine the amount which he would give to God. The arrangement is made in the presence of God, and determined by the principle as "God hath prospered you." Your giving is not, therefore, regulated by what others give, but solely and entirely by the blessing of God. You will, I think, admit, that if this principle was universally adopted and acted on by every minister and member of Christ's churches, it would sweep away all questionable modes of raising money, which appear to be justified on the slender plea that the results justify the means. Money is obtained, therefore the means are allowed, but they may not be honouring to God, and if so, they will certainly not receive His blessing. I would notice, finally, that there is an inseparable connection between Christian giving and spiritual blessing, as there is between every petition of the Lord's Prayer and Christian duty.

"Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed Me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed Thee? In tithes and offerings. Ye are cursed with a curse: for ye have robbed Me, even this whole nation. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in Mine house, and prove Me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out (empty out) a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it. And I will rebuke the devourer for your sakes, and he shall not destroy the fruits of your ground; neither shall your vine cast her fruit before the time in the field, saith the Lord of hosts. And all nations shall call you blessed: and ye shall be a delightsome land, saith the Lord of hosts" (Mal. iii. 8-12).—*D. M. W., in the Scottish Congregational Magazine.*

TALLEYRAND'S DEATH-BED.

Talleyrand, the witty French diplomatist, was a bad man. For years he had lived as if there was neither conscience nor God in the world. Though an ordained priest of the Roman Church, his life was scandalous. Chevalier Wikoff tells how he died.

"On my arrival I found the name of Talleyrand in everybody's mouth. He had just died, and the varied incidents of his extraordinary career were related and discussed by every class and at every corner.

"His reconciliation to the Church astounded everybody. Excommunicated long years before, he had got on so successfully whilst under the ban that no one supposed he cared to make it up with the Pope at the last moment.

"His niece, the Duchess de Dino, whom he adored, induced him to abjure his naughtiness and re-enter the fold.

"When his recovery was hopeless, the king paid him a visit. Talleyrand rallied a little in the royal presence, and declared this was the greatest honour ever conferred upon his house.

"His majesty asked him if he was in much pain.

"'Yes,' he replied. 'I am suffering the torments of the damned.' 'Already,' said the king almost unconsciously.

The dying man smiled faintly at this *bon mot* that might have been his own.

"A day or two later, when he was sinking fast, a priest whispered in his ear that the Archbishop of Paris had said he would give his life to save him.

"Talleyrand, with difficulty, replied, 'He might make a better use of it.' These were his last words."

WHY PAUL WROTE HIS LETTERS.

Epistolary correspondence was the very form which was of all the others the best adapted to the Apostle's individuality. It suited the impetuosity of emotion which could not have been fettered down to the composition of formal treatises. It could be taken up or dropped according to the necessities of the occasion or the feelings of the writer. It permitted of a freedom of expression which was far more intense and far more natural to the Apostle than the regular syllogisms and rounded periods of a book. It admitted something of the tenderness and something of the familiarity of personal intercourse. Into no other literary form could he have infused that intensity which made a Christian scholar truly say of him that he alone of writers seems to have written, not with fingers and pen and ink, but with his very heart, his very feelings, the unbarred palpitations of his inmost being; which made Jerome say that in his writings the words were all so many thunders; which made Luther say that his expressions were like living creatures with hands and feet.

The theological importance of this consideration is immense, and has, to the deep injury of the Church, been too much neglected. Theologians have treated the language of St. Paul as though he wrote every word with the accuracy of a dialectician, with the scrupulous precision of a school-man, with the rigid formality of a philosophic dogmatist. His epistles as a whole, with their insoluble antinomies, resist this impossible and injurious method of dealing with them as absolutely as does the Sermon on the Mount. The epistolary form is eminently spontaneous, personal, flexible, emotional. A dictated epistle is like a conversation taken down in shorthand. In one word, it best enabled Paul to be himself, and to recall most vividly to the minds of his spiritual children the tender, suffering, inspired, desponding, terrible, impassioned, humbled, uncompromising teacher, who had first won them to become imitators of himself and of the Lord, and to turn from hollow ritualism or dead idols to serve the living and true God, and to wait for His Son from heaven, whom He raised from the dead, even Jesus who delivereth us from the coming wrath.

And one cause of this vivid freshness of style which he imparted to his epistles was the fact that they were, with few if any exceptions, not deeply premeditated, not scholastically regular, but that they came fresh and burning from the heart in all the passionate sincerity of its most immediate feelings. He would even write a letter in the glow of excited feeling, and then wait with intense anxiety for news of the manner of its reception, half regretting, or more than half regretting that he had ever sent it. Had he written more formally he would never have moved as he has moved the heart of the world. Take away from the

Epistles of St. Paul the traces of passion, the invective, the yearning affection, the wrathful denunciation, the bitter sarcasm, the distressful boasting, the rapid interrogatives, the affectionate entreaties, the frank colloquialisms, the personal details—those marks of his own personality on every page which have been ignorantly and absurdly characterized as intense egotism—and they would never have been, as they are, next to the Psalms of David, the dearest treasures of Christian devotion; next to the four Gospels the most cherished text-books of Christian faith. We cannot but love a man whose absolute sincerity enables us to feel the very beatings of his heart; who knows not how to wear that mask of reticence and Pharisaism which enables others to use speech only to conceal their thoughts; who, if he smites under the fifth rib, will smile openly and without a deceitful kiss; who has fair blows but no precious balms that break the head; who has the feelings of a man, the language of a man, the love, the hate, the scorn, the indignation of a man; who is no envious cynic, no calumnious detractor, no ingenious polisher of plausible hypocrisies, no mechanical repeater of worn-out shibboleths, but who will, if need be, seize his pen with a burst of tears to speak out the very thing he thinks; who, in the accents of utter truthfulness alike to friend and to enemy, can argue, and denounce, and expose, and plead, and pity, and forgive; to whose triumphant faith and transcendent influence has been due in no small measure that fearless and glad enthusiasm which pervaded the early life of the early Church.—*Farrar's Life and Work of St. Paul.*

JEHOVAH'S GUIDANCE.

See the completeness of Jehovah's guidance! It is very different from human guidance. "God guided them on every side" (2 Chron. xxxii. 22). How seldom we feel that a human counsellor has seen our difficulty from every point of view, balanced all its bearings, and given guidance which will meet all contingencies, and be right not only on one side, but on every side. "His work is perfect," in this, as in all other details. He will guide "when ye turn to the right hand and when ye turn to the left." Perhaps we have gone about as Elymas did in his mist and darkness, "seeking some one to lead him by the hand," putting confidence in earthly guides, and finding again and again that "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps, and getting perplexed with one-sided counsels. Let us to-day put our confidence in His every-sided guidance. Very often the very recoil from an error lands us in an opposite one: because others, or we ourselves, have gone too far in one direction, we thenceforth do not go far enough, or *vice versa*—excess reacting in defect, and defect in excess; a received truth overshadowing its equally valuable complementary one; the fear of overstepping the boundary line of the narrow track of truth and right on the one side, leading us unconsciously to overstep it on the other side. How intensely restful is this completeness of guidance. Not only the general course, but the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord; and what is less than a single step? Just realize this; every single little step of this coming day ordered by Jehovah!

The guidance is conditional. He says, "I will guide thee with mine eye," but, then, we must look up to meet His eye. "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel," but then we must listen for and listen to His counsel. "He shall direct thy paths," but it is when we acknowledge him in all our ways. He does not lead us, whether or no!

Suppose a little child is going with its father through an untracked wood. If it walks ever such a little way apart it will make many a lost step, and though the father will not let it get out of sight and hearing, he will not let it get lost; yet he may let it find out for itself that going just the other side of this tree leads it into a hopeless thicket, and stepping just the other side of this stone leads it into a muddy place, and the little steps have to be retraced again and again, till at last it asks the father to hold its hand, and puts and leaves its hand in his. Then, and not till then, there will be no lost step; for it is guided on every side.

Need the little child go a little longer by itself first? Had it not better put its hand into the father's at once? Will you not do so from this time? Give up trying to pick your way; even if the right paths in which He leads you are paths which you have not known, say, "Even there shall Thy hand lead me." Let Him teach you His paths, and ask Him to make

not your way—but "Thy way straight before my face." So shall you find the completeness and the sweetness of His guidance. "For the Lord shall guide thee continually; by the springs of water shall He guide thee." He shall be the guide of your youth, and carry you even unto your old age. He will be your guide even unto death, and beyond, for one strain of the song of the victorious ones that stand upon the sea of glass mingled with fire shall be, "Thou hast guided them in Thy strength unto Thy holy habitation." *Frances Ridley Havergal.*

CHISEL WORK.

'Tis the Master who holds the mallet,
And day by day
He is chipping white or environs
The form away
Which, under His skilful cutting,
He means shall be
Wrought silently out to beauty
Of such degree
Of faultless and full perfection,
That angel eyes
Shall look on the finished labour
With new surprise
That even His boundless patience
Could grave His own
Features upon such fractured
And stubborn stone.

'Tis the Master who holds the chisel;
He knows just were
Its edge should be driven sharpest,
To fashion there
The semblance that He is carving;
Nor will He let
One delicate stroke too many,
Or few, be set
On forehead or cheek, where only
He sees how all
Is tending—and where the hardest
The blow should fall,
Which crumbles away whatever
Superfluous line
Would hinder His hand from making
The work divine.

With tools of Thy choosing, Master,
We pray Thee, then,
Strike just as Thou wilt; as often,
And where, and when,
The vehement stroke is needed.
I will not mind,
If only Thy chipping chisel
Shall leave behind
Such marks of Thy wondrous working,
And loving skill,
Clear carven on aspect, stature,
And face, as will—
When discipline's ends are over—
Have all sufficed
To mould me into the likeness
And form of Christ,

—*Margaret J. Preston.*

ROMAN CATHOLIC DOCTRINES AND AIMS.

The following extracts from Roman Catholic writers are taken from a cotemporary. We have neither the time nor the opportunity to verify them all, though we have no doubt they are given accurately enough. They are entirely in the spirit of Roman Catholic teaching for all the past. If it can be shewn that any of them are garbled or falsified, we shall be glad to afford all reasonable space to make the necessary correction and to allow the evidence in its support to be adduced. If they correctly indicate, as we believe they do, the spirit and aspirations of all the most energetic minds in that Church at the present day, it is just as well that Protestants should be on the alert. Will any Roman Catholic in Ontario say that he repudiates such sentiments? If so, which of them?

To give the Bible to the laity is to cast pearls before swine.—*Cardinal Hosius.*

There is no other remedy for the evil but to put heretics to death.—*Bellarmino.*

The laity have no jurisdiction and power over the clergy.—*Council of Constance.*

Let the public school system go to where it came from—the devil.—*Freeman's Journal.*

We hate Protestantism; we detest it with our whole heart and soul.—*Catholic Visitor.*

It is utterly wrong to circulate the Scripture in the vulgar tongue.—*Archbishop Ximenes.*

We are not advocates of religious freedom, and we repeat we are not.—*Shepherd of the Valley.*

Religious liberty is merely endured until the opposite can be carried into effect.—*Bishop O'Connor.*

God's tribunal and the Pope's tribunal are the same. All other powers are his subjects.—*Muscovius.*

We will take this country and build our institutions over the grave of Protestantism.—*Priest Haker.*

There is, ere long, to be a state religion in this country, and that State religion is to be Roman Catholic.—*Priest Haker.*

There can be no religion without the Inquisition, which is wisely designed for the promotion of the true faith.—*Boston Pilot.*

The exemption of clerical persons has been instituted by the ordination of God and by canonical institutions.—*Council of Trent.*

I would as soon administer the sacraments to a dog as to Catholics who send their children to the public schools.—*Priest Walker.*

The Pope has redeemed the clergy from the obedience due to princes, therefore kings are no more the superiors of the clergy.—*Bellarmino.*

We hold education to be a function of the Church, not of the State; and in our case we do not accept the State as educator.—*New York Tablet.*

We declare, affirm, define, and pronounce it necessary to salvation for every human creature to be subject to the Roman Pontiff. *Cardinal Manning.*

Accused be those very crafty and deceitful societies called Bible societies, which thrust the Bible into the hands of inexperienced youth.—*Pope Pius IX.*

As the Church commands the spiritual part of man directly, she therefore commands the whole man and all that depends on man.—*Civitta Catholica.*

The Pope has the right to pronounce sentence of deposition against any sovereign when required by the good of the spiritual order.—*Brownson's Review.*

All those who take from the Church of Rome, and from the See of St. Peter, one of the two swords, and allow only the spiritual, are branded for heretics.—*Baronius.*

If the Catholics ever gain which they surely will do, though at a distant day an immense numerical superiority, religious freedom is at an end.—*Archbishop of St. Louis.*

Heretics, schismatics and rebels to the said Lord the Pope, or his aforesaid successors, I will, to the uttermost of my power, persecute and wage war with.—*Bishops' Oath.*

What Father Walker says is only what has been said by the bishops all over the world, over and over again, in their pastorals, and we heartily endorse it.—*New York Tablet.*

I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince or state named Protestant, or obedience to any of their inferior magistrates or officers.—*Jesuits' Oath.*

Our school instruction must be purely materialistic. If the name of the Author of Christianity is mentioned at all, he must be spoken of as one of the men who figured prominently in history.—*Western Watchman.*

No Bible shall be held or read except by priests. No Bible shall be sold without a license, except upon the pains and penalties of that mortal sin that is neither to be forgiven in this world or the next.—*Council of Trent.*

Moreover, we confirm and renew the decrees recited above, and delivered in former times by apostolic authority against the publication, distribution, reading, and possession of books of the Holy Scriptures translated into the vulgar tongue. *Pope Gregory XVI.*

I WOULD not be found anywhere where prayer would be inconsistent.—*Rowland Hill.*

THE sphere of Christian duty is not there nor yonder; but here, just where you are.

A PRAYERLESS soul is a Christless soul, and a Christless soul is a helpless soul.

HE who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.—*Von Knebel.*

WE are haunted by an ideal life, and it is because we have within us the beginning and possibility of it.

HAPPY is he who has learned this one thing—to do the plain duty of the moment quickly and cheerfully, whatever it may be.

THE block of granite which was an obstacle in the pathway of the weak, becomes a stepping stone in the pathway to the strong.—*Carlyle.*

THE way of salvation is an open, straight daylight way; the man who walks in it is seen, heard and felt at every point, until he reaches the glorified end.

TO fill the sphere which Providence appoints is true wisdom; to discharge trusts faithfully and have exalted ideas, that is the true mission of good men.

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SABBATH DESECRATION ON THE ISLAND.

WE have noticed in another part of this week's issue what we regard as a grave mistake on the part of some well-meaning friends of the Sabbath and the working man in their starting an afternoon religious service on the Island, and thereby sanctioning the regular running of the ferry-boats during the Lord's day. The natural and necessary result of such an arrangement is already becoming clearly manifest in that service being made a convenient excuse for every kind and degree of Sabbath breaking. We do not at present propose to discuss at length the question of the reasonableness and necessity of the Sabbath rest. All we say is that on the principle avowed and acted upon in the case referred to, the whole thing is given away, and the Sabbath laws of the country are declared to be at once unjust and impracticable. The poor excuse of going to church has often been urged in favour both of Sunday steamers and Sunday trains. If the argument is valid in favour of our Island ferries being open because there is something called a religious service to which all passengers may say they are going, then, *a fortiori*, street cars and railway trains should also be in full blast. The plea of "necessity and mercy," in short, is always open to those who find themselves sore pressed for an argument, while "bigot" and "bigotry" do yeoman service as of old, against all who take an opposite view at once of the reason and the law in the case.

SEDUCTION—A CRIME.

WE are pleased to see the discussion again raised over the necessity for making seduction a criminal offence. That it ought to be appears to us so evident that any lengthened argument on the subject, in our opinion, is perfectly unnecessary. So far as the discussion has gone the argument lies all on one side, for the considerations which have been urged in opposition, if of any real cogency whatever, would equally strike at almost all criminal legislation that could be mentioned, and would certainly leave the iniquity in question untouched even by civil process. Sir Arthur Helps has said somewhere that apart from its terrible consequences, the seduction of a girl is as contemptible a proceeding as cheating a child at cards. But cheating or swindling of any kind is surely a justly punishable offence even though the injured party voluntarily consented to being robbed. He or she believed a false representation, lost his or her money, and then "society" stepped in and sent the deceiver in the case to meditate over the vanity of human wishes behind a prison's bars. But it seems that while one man, who by a plausible story and the due modicum of promises and lies, gets a foolish girl to give him five or ten dollars is justly punishable with a felon's doom, it would be monstrous to treat another after a similar fashion, who has, by equally false promises, swindled that same poor, ignorant, foolish girl out of the priceless jewel of her virtue, has done all in his power to make her a social pest, has covered her father's head with unmentionable dishonour, and has brought her mother's gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. Oh dear no! She was a "consenting party," and that balances and excuses all! Such arguments are not worth answering. Every man that is swindled by false pretences, or robbed without violence is so far a "consenting party" to his own injury, but does the law recognize that fact as a sufficient set off against all the wrong he has suffered?

Till some adequate punishment, in short, is provided for this, which is one of the gravest personal wrongs and one of the most injurious of public offences against the commonwealth, the wild law of revenge must and will ever and anon have force, unless in

countries where personal honour has become utterly obsolete and female virtue is looked upon as a figment and a fraud.

The practical difficulty lies not in proving to a demonstration the reasonableness and propriety of such legislation. Where the pinch is likely to be felt, as was clearly made manifest the last time something of the kind was proposed, is in the fact that the professional and amateur seducers among our legislators may be too numerous and too powerful to allow the proposition even the semblance of a chance. Perhaps things are better now than formerly, though we greatly doubt if they are.

GUZZLING AND "GOODFELLOWSHIP."

IN our issue of the 18th of June we entered a very mild protest against the offensive and vulgar debauch which under the pretence of "culture" and "goodfellowship" is annually enacted in connection with the close of the educational year in our Provincial University and other kindred institutions. The only thing remarkable about the few sentences we then wrote was the deferential hesitancy with which the whole subject was approached, combined it may be with a considerate vagueness of reference sufficient to convey a friendly hint though not definite enough to proclaim and denounce a crying evil. That evil has been sufficiently well known and deplored for many years past by not a few of the University's best friends, and has been used by some of its strongest opponents as a proof of the want of moral discipline prevailing in the institution, and of the consequent danger to the highest interests of the youth frequenting its halls. Perhaps the utter want of discipline and the consequent scenes of offensive debauchery which were notorious during last session were more marked than usual, but if so it was merely because they were the culmination of what has been gradually gathering headway for years past under the frivolous pretence of "goodfellowship" and from an abject desire to imitate the "cultivated" riot supposed to be characteristic of older and more aristocratic institutions of a similar description, "in England" of course. Of the fact that at the late dinner there were some of those present drunk before the close of the proceedings, and these not by any means all students, there can be no doubt whatever. Far from denying this, some of the University authorities have deplored the disgrace and given solemn assurances that such a thing would never occur again if they could prevent it. In these circumstances the whole matter would have passed out of notice, and the friendly hint would have remained in its original vagueness and fully served its friendly purpose, had not a monthly contemporary—which has graciously taken the manners and the morals, the politics and the piety, the literature and the learning, the "culture" and the clergy, of Canada under its considerate and most condescending patronage, and has proposed in a comparatively short series of lessons to lick every thing and person provincial into decent shape and make all passably presentable "in good society"—chosen in the abundance of its magnificence to deny the fact, while reading us at the same time the inevitable lecture on the "usages" of "good" English "society" which a certain well known "parasitical" tendency has made as whimsically ludicrous and well known on this side of the Atlantic as it used to be on the other. Our contemporary, it seems, was there and knows. There was wine, we are assured, on the tables and that was the one simple fact that gave rise to our solemnly idiotic and uncharitable idea that there was intemperance! We shall not discuss the matter. The man who had to struggle home at two o'clock in the morning, as this Admirable Crichton seems to acknowledge he is in the habit of doing on such occasions, weighted down with the memory of many dull speeches listened to, and perhaps of one duller still personally spoken, and with the fumes of not such good wine as he was, *of course*, in the habit of drinking with the country "gentry," and other members of the "good society in England," of which we have all heard so frequently and with such impressive solemnity, not quite dispelled by the freshness of the early morning, is not to be expected to have recognized anything amiss in his brother believers in "good fellowship" and academic "culture." At least we don't expect such a thing. Indeed we should be sorry to press so indecorous a question on one necessarily unfitted for work, for perhaps even a longer period than "next day," or to have the

slightest discussion with him over the painfully perplexing, though abstract, point as to when a man may be styled "intoxicated." Nevertheless, we reaffirm that there were those present on the occasion referred to, who long before the two o'clock limit were in such a condition that we are tempted to quote about them the very expressive and quite unmistakable language of a very distinguished Canadian statesman when—referring to the very "innocent" exhibitions of "good fellowship" (always reckoned by admiring bystanders as soberness personified, and the very perfection of good manners as recognized in the houses of English "gentry" of "good social position,") which are too frequently made by more than one or two whom their admiring countrymen delight to honour—he is in the habit of saying: "If they were not then drunk I never wish to see them in that condition." The fact is these grandiose, *James-like* airs become slightly tiresome even in the estimation of Provincials, though no doubt we may be pleased once in a while to know how many glasses of wine "good society" people drink in England "every day at dinner" without becoming intoxicated. Such like talk is all well enough from a servant man out of livery, or from a domestic or college tutor of specially lowly origin, but from one who professes to be the "guide, philosopher, and friend" to a whole nation, who claims to be the unerring arbiter in all matters of taste and literature—to say nothing of such small matters as Theology and Biblical exegesis—to a continent in no way a planet, and who, as everyone knows, was ready to shoot somebody who dared, though only in fiction, to give a sinister squint at "social parasites"—it is a little *de trop*.

PROFESSOR ROBERTSON SMITH.

We have already mentioned the different motions of which notice had been given for the meeting on the 13th ult. of the Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh. That meeting was held in due course, and these motions were all duly put and seconded. The motion finally adopted was that of Sir Henry Moncrieff, which was to the following effect:

"The Presbytery having had their attention called to the recent publication of an article in the 'Encyclopedia Britannica' by Professor Smith on 'Hebrew Language and Literature,' and finding that some statements in it are causing much disturbance and anxiety in Edinburgh and throughout the Church as to their bearing upon the doctrine of inspiration and otherwise, resolve, without committing themselves as to the character of the article, to memorialize the Commission of the General Assembly on the subject; and in doing so the Presbytery hereby represent to the Commission at its meeting on 11th August next, the importance of taking that article into consideration so far as to adopt such steps as they judge fit to meet the disturbance and anxiety, and to vindicate Scriptural principles."

In seconding this motion, Mr. Addis, of Morning-side, said that in his opinion Professor Smith's statements were incompatible with the laxest views of inspiration, and that if the conclusions that had been published were correct, it came to this, that the Scriptural Books were not worthy or reliable even as human productions. For himself, he solemnly stated it as his conviction that Professor Smith's heresies were of the deepest dye.

In the course of his speech Dr. Begg said that they had been gradually sinking through various processes, and the Church occupied a thoroughly false position in consequence of the decision of last Assembly. A worthy member who sat near him when that extraordinary announcement was made, said to him that he had seen the beginning of the Free Church, and now he thought he saw the beginning of the end; but it must not be so. There was this question also for the Church to consider—Who was to own the property of the Church if she was to abandon her principles so thoroughly? A number had already left the Church; but he did not approve of that. They should stand to their guns as long as they could. They must fight the battle in the Church as long as there was an inch of ground on which to stand, and that battle he had no hesitation in saying was the most serious that had been fought in Scotland since the time of the Reformation.

Dr. Horace Bonar condemned the late decision of the Assembly as "the narrowest and most unsatisfactory" that he had ever heard. He said further that he had read the article of Professor Smith, and had never read anything which was more thoroughly an outrage upon the Christian Church, an outrage upon the Bible, an outrage upon the principles of Christian truth and upon sound Biblical criticism. The article

In question left them without a Bible—without an Old Testament, and consequently without a New Testament. Articles such as that were taking away all the pillars on which the confessional doctrine rested, and if the statements in the article were true they might believe the Confession if they pleased, but they had no reason in Scripture for doing so.

Principal Rainy declared that none of the motions satisfied him, but at the same time he declined to frame another and consequently did not vote. The motion of Sir Henry Moncrieff was carried by forty to fifteen against that of Mr. McNeil, which proposed to give Mr. Smith time to see whether he would follow out the decision of the Assembly, and by forty-two to nineteen against that of Prr — or McGregor, which simply declined to move in the case at present.

In the Free Presbytery of Lockerby the following motion has been carried :

"That this Presbytery views with deep regret and dissatisfaction the doctrinal bearings of the position assumed by the last General Assembly, in the terms of the deliverance by which Professor Robertson Smith was reposed in his chair in Aberdeen College. Further, that the Presbytery memorialize the Commission to instruct the College Committee carefully to examine the statements published by Professor Smith in his articles on 'Hebrew Language and Literature' and 'Haggai' in the last-issued volume (the eleventh) of the 'Encyclopaedia Britannica,' and confer with him fully and faithfully on the views therein expressed, and to report thereon to the November commission."

In the Presbytery of Inverness the Rev. Mr. McTavish has given notice of a motion calling on the Commission of the General Assembly to take steps to remove Professor Smith from his position until the General Assembly shall have an opportunity of considering the views expressed in his recent article.

MISSIONARY NOTES.

SAMOA.

The following letter from a group of islands in the Pacific, which were hardly known to the world until within a few years, tells a story of the effect of missions upon the character of the native population quite as wonderful as that which has taken place in the Sandwich Islands :

Perhaps the work of Christian missionaries in Samoa has only been exceeded by that of those on Hawaii, who had a larger field and were in it earlier. The results accomplished by the Samoa Mission will prove my statement when I say that out of a population of 40,000 about 35,000, or seven-eighths, of all the inhabitants, are connected with Christian Churches. The last census, taken five years ago, shewed a native population of 34,265, divided according to Church statistics as follows : Belonging to the London Mission Society, 26,493 ; Wesleyans, 4,794 ; Roman Catholics, 2,852 ; Mormons, 126 ; total, 34,265. The census taken in 1853 gave a native population of 33,901 ; in 1863, 35,107 ; 1874, 34,265, an increase of 364 in 21 years, notwithstanding two or three long wars in the meantime. There are probably about 300 Europeans and Americans on the islands, 300 Polynesians, and about 2,000 labourers from the various islands of the Pacific, employed here mostly by Germany. The London Mission Society, which was first in the field, and has done most for the Christianization of the islands, also claims 187 native pastors, distributed on the three principal islands as follows : Tutuila, 22 ; Upolu, 10 ; and Saraii, 54.

The islands are districted under missions sent out from England. At present Rev. Charles Phillips, appointed in 1877, is on Tutuila ; Rev. Geo. Turner, LL.D., President of the native college at Malua, Upolu, twelve miles from Apia, was appointed in 1840 ; Rev. Thomas Powell, F.L.S., residing at Falsalili, Upolu, was appointed in 1844. He is quite a botanist, and has collected nearly 300 varieties of Samoa ferns, and given names to several of the species, since adopted by the scientists. Rev. G. G. Turner, M.D., was appointed in 1868, and resides at Apia, Upolu. He is the only medical missionary on the islands, though all the missionaries keep simple remedies for simple diseases with which they may be familiar, and deal out drugs daily to applicants. Rev. Dr. Turner, of Apia, is a first-class physician, and an expert, skilful, and successful surgeon, besides being an able preacher, in charge of the Foreign Chapel at Apia, in addition to his ordinary missionary labours. He is a graduate of Glasgow University. In November he will return via Sydney to England, on a prolonged absence of two years, having now been here ten years without a vacation. The missionary ship "John Wil-

liams," in which he and his family will leave for Sydney, is now cruising among the islands in these seas, with supplies for the missionaries and native teachers. She is a fine, staunchly-built vessel, fitted up for the express accommodation of the missionaries. Capt. Turpie, her commander, has been in the missionary service twenty-five years and is a very successful navigator and agreeable Christian gentleman. On Saraii, Rev. George Pratt was appointed in 1838, and Rev. S. H. Davies in 1866. The former is the author of a grammar and dictionary of the Samoan language, the best, if not the only one, extant.

The native college at Malua, in charge of Dr. Turner, is a most important institution. It numbers about 100 students, preparing for the Gospel ministry and other useful callings among their countrymen. This is doubtless the fountain whence flows most of the regenerating influences for Samoa. There are about 200 acres of land belonging to the college (which of course belongs to the London Missionary Society), and each married student is allowed to cultivate three acres, which in this tropical climate furnishes ample provision for him and his household. The college buildings, though unlike those of more civilized communities, are suitable for the purposes for which they are intended, and the grounds are well laid out. The institution occupies a slightly elevated position overlooking a beautiful bay, along the shore of which the students have constructed a coral break-water frontage. Dr. Turner is a genial, active, energetic hospitable gentleman, and is doing a good and great work for Samoa. The Rev. I. Marriott has arrived from England within a few months as a colleague to Dr. Turner at Malua, and takes the place of Rev. H. Nisbet, LL.D., who died at Malua three years ago, after thirty-five years of constant mission service.

The standard of native Christian character here is quite as high, so far as I can judge, as that of Hawaiian Christians. The people are faithful churchgoers, and as strict in their religious observances as the ancient Jews. Every evening at eight o'clock, and early in the morning, I can hear them in their tales (or houses) all around me singing and praying. They say grace over their meals, though consisting of bananas, breadfruit, and taro, and eaten with their fingers off banana leaves, on the ground. I believe they are as sincere as Christian people generally. They are intelligent, and nearly all read the Bible in their own language, an excellent edition produced by the missionaries and published by the London Mission Society. The people are liberal, and contribute largely, according to their means. They practise, as they did before the advent of the missionaries, the rite of circumcision, which some think they derived from the Jews, to whom their origin is traced by son , though they are most likely from the Malays. The people have no superiors on earth for fine physical appearance, and are of mild and amiable disposition.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXIII.

Aug. 15 } ABRAM AND MELCHIZEDEK. { Gen. xiv. 1880. } 12-24.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Jesus, made a high priest for ever, after the order of Melchizedek."—Heb. vi. 20.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. Gen. xiv. 1-11....The Battle of the Kings.
- Tu. Gen. xiv. 12-24...Abram and Melchizedek.
- W. Ps. cx. 1-7.....After the Order of Melchizedek.
- Th. Heb. v. 1-14....Called of God.
- F. Heb. vi. 1-20....A Priest for Ever.
- S. Heb. vii. 1-16....Abideth a Priest Continually.
- Sab. Heb. viii. 1-13...A Better Covenant.

HELPS TO STUDY.

A brief notice of the circumstances which led to Lot's being taken as a prisoner of war is all that is necessary to connect our present lesson with the last. As to time, not more than five years could have intervened.

A few years before Abraham and Lot had reached the Land of Canaan four eastern kings or chiefs had joined their forces and subjugated several western tribes, among which were the inhabitants of Sodom, Gomorrah, Admah, Zeboim and Bela or Zoar, all in the neighbourhood of what is now called the Dead Sea. After paying tribute for twelve years these latter tribes revolted ; this revolt caused their former conquerors to return, and plunder their towns, taking many of the more wealthy and respectable inhabitants as prisoners ; and Lot had to share the fate of his chosen companions. This was the first unhappy result of his selfishness and worldliness, but by no means the last. Those who wish to avoid Lot's troubles should not make Lot's choice.

The following arrangement of the lesson topics will prob-

ably be found as convenient as any : (1) The Capture, (2) The Rescue, (3) The King of Salem, (4) The King of Sodom.

I. THE CAPTURE.—Vers. 12, 13. In 1 Tim. vi. 19 we are told that "They that will be rich fall into a snare;" and according to Prov. xiii. 20 "the companion of fools" is in a very dangerous position.

And they took Lot. They—that is Chedorlaomer and his allies. It appears that these raiders found Lot living in Sodom, although at the first he only "pitched his tent toward Sodom" (chap. xiii. 12). It is thus that people gradually familiarize themselves with evil. In examining ourselves as to our moral and spiritual condition, the question, *inwards what?* is still more important than the question, *where?*

II. THE RESCUE.—Vers. 14-16. A good many people, in Abram's place when the news of Lot's capture was brought to him, would have said "Serve him right," "As he has made his bed so let him lie," or repeated some other of the world's heartless phrases ; but when Abram heard that his brother (his kinsman by blood and his co-religionist) was taken captive, he armed his trained servants ("trained to war ; trained also to lead more lives, and therefore much better soldiers than the rowdies of Sodom"). "Of these house-born servants," says the "National S. S. Teacher," "he had three hundred and eighteen, which indicates that he must have had a total following of over a thousand people, men, women, and children. Also it shews that, while a man of peace, he was at all times prepared for war. Besides, he had an alliance with three tribal chiefs—a fact that shews his influence, as well as his readiness for conflict. No one at that time could have hoped to retain any property unless he was ready to defend it. Many a time those trained servants may have been called upon before to repel some nomadic Canaanish robber, or to compel a right of way. He was prompt in his action. Indisposed as he might have been to assert his own rights with Lot, his kinsman, still it was not from any lack of courage or strength. Though he would have no contest with him, he was willing enough to fight for him. Lot, to his advantage, found that he who was all gentleness towards himself, even in the midst of provocation, could be a lion towards his enemies. The truly righteous are the really brave."

III. THE KING OF SALEM.—Vers. 18-20. The name Melchizedek means *king of righteousness*. Salem was the ancient name of the site of Jerusalem, and the word means *peace*. See Psalm cx. 4, and Heb. vii. A great deal too much has been said about the words "without father, without mother," etc., in the latter passage. These words have reference to Melchizedek, not as a man, but as a priest ; or at the furthest they refer only to the fact that his genealogy is unknown. The writer of the epistle seems to anticipate the objections of some punctilious Jew in relation to the priesthood of Christ. Such an objector might say that Christ could not be a priest, because a person could only prove his claim to that office by shewing his genealogy as a descendant of Aaron ; and he is answered by calling attention to the fact that a priest (Melchizedek) had already existed, without such genealogy, which priest, though greater than Aaron, was himself but typical of Christ, the Great High Priest. "The points of comparison," says the "Westminster Teacher," are briefly these. (a) Both were kings and priests. Christ was "a priest upon His throne (Zech. vi. 13). (b) Their several kingdoms were righteous and peaceful. (c) They were superior to Abram, and therefore their priestly office was superior to that of Levi and Aaron, Abram's descendants. (d) As a priest, neither had any sacerdotal genealogy ; none went before or came after them in the succession. (e) Each was sole priest, during all his time, forever ; Melchizedek through his whole life on earth ; Christ through His eternal existence."

Brought forth bread and wine. These, though ordinarily used for mere refreshment, are, under the New Testament dispensation, sacramental elements ; and as Melchizedek came to meet Abram as priest of the most high God, and Abram paid him tithes as such, it is supposed that the employment of these elements has a peculiar religious significance.

He blessed him. Authoritatively, and in the execution of his office as priest, Melchizedek blessed Abram and thanked God for giving him the victory.

He gave him tithes of all. Abram gave Melchizedek one-tenth of all that he had taken from the enemy. "Now consider how great this man was unto whom even the patriarch Abraham gave the tenth of the spoils."

IV. THE KING OF SODOM.—Vers. 17, 21-24. A successful man is sure to have friends, and the respect that never would have been paid to the God-fearing patriarch was readily yielded to the victorious warrior. Further, it was proper that the King of Sodom should acknowledge the great service rendered to him and to his neighbours by Abram, for he had defeated their enemies and placed them in a position once more to assert that independence for which they had been struggling. Further still, the King of Sodom seems to have had an eye to the spoils.

Give me the persons and keep the goods to thyself. The general opinion seems to be that by the rules of war, at that time, Abram had a right to both.

I will not take from a thread to a shoe-latchet. The shoe-latchet was the thong that bound the sandal to the foot. Abram was most happy to deal with the King of Salem, both in giving and in taking, but he would have no dealings with the King of Sodom. He seems to have given careful consideration to this matter beforehand, and resolved to do nothing that could by any possibility be distorted so as to make him appear to be under any obligation to the wicked inhabitants of Sodom or to their king. In following this course he acted wisely for himself and at the same time administered a sharp reproof to his less scrupulous nephew.

To add to the complications in Turkey, an English missionary—Dr. Parsons—and his two servants have been murdered at Ismid. The particulars are not as yet known.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

MISTER HORN AND HIS FRIENDS, OR, GIVERS AND GIVING.

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

CHAPTER V.—HOW OLD JOWL GOT A DINNER.

Yet Jim Niggardly was in some matters a liberal man. He would, for instance, have earnestly coveted the honour and blessing of being an entertainer of angels, so given was he to the virtue of a free hospitality. The larger customers left his office door wiping their lips approvingly; and at his table a hearty welcome and more than enough waited for every guest. Nor did he suffer his visitors to overlook the provision made. The wine was urged with the recommendation: "I won't say it's good, but if it isn't, good can't be got for money;" and the prices of luxuries were carefully whispered by him as "between ourselves."

Some said Mister Horn was too strict, some called him pig-headed, and that he believed no one was right but himself. At any rate it was true that, somehow or other, he wouldn't see much virtue in this, nor suffer it to be urged in James Niggardly's defence.

"Hospitable is he—good-hearted?" Mister Horn would say, waxing hot and indignant. "That's just what I can't stand about him. If James Niggardly ground himself down to a flint-stone, if he grudged every penny that he spends, I could understand the man. If he were a scraping, hoarding, miser, lean and shrivelled, whose hooked fingers would like to clutch and save the air that other folks breathe, and the sunlight they see by, I could make him out then. The worst of all is, that he can be good-hearted to himself or to anybody else, except to the loving Father who gave him all that he has got. He can be hospitable to most, but he will keep the door shut against the would-be Guest who has stood and knocked, in vain entreating, 'Open unto Me!'" As he went on, the tone grew more tender until the voice trembled with emotion.

"Yes, Jim Niggardly can be generous to anybody except to the blessed Lord, who was rich and for our sakes became poor. To think that he should grudge anything to Him! Again Mister Horn spoke angrily. "The man doesn't care for any expense but what goes to God's work. His house, his back, his belly must have themselves waited on and paid for; but God's work must stand out in the cold waiting, hat in hand, for the scraps that are left. He will spend his money upon his horse and his dog without grudging; but he can't give away a twentieth part of what they cost him without grumbling and growling about it for a whole week. The man must give a dinner to his friends sometimes, or he must be off for a month at the seaside, and he pays the bills as if it were no very great trouble. But ask him for five shillings for old Jowl! Try and get a guinea out of him for the Sunday school! Remind him that a shilling is all he gives for class ticket! Why, you'll have a list of dreadful things that would make you fancy the man hadn't a ha'penny to bless himself with. No, I would rather see Jim Niggardly a miser out and out—to himself and to everybody else—than see him as he is, a miser to nobody but to the blessed Lord who gave him the very breath that's in his nostrils. So, don't talk to me about his hospitality."

And it must be confessed that most people readily obliged Mister Horn in this request.

With these notions so strongly held, it was not much wonder that Mister Horn did not care to avail himself of Jim's pressing invitation. Often repeated, and very heartily made, they were somewhat bluntly declined.

On one occasion, however, Mister Horn accepted an invitation with a readiness and freedom that were surprising.

He had dropped into the office on business, and as he was leaving Jim pressed him to remain. "You never come to take dinner with us; you know there is always a knife and fork and the best I can afford—nobody living is more welcome than you are."

It was evident that Mister Horn had just got something "in his mind." Turning suddenly round in the doorway, and coming back again he struck his stick sharply on the office door.

"Thank ye, Jim, thank ye," said he, as the little gray eyes twinkled merrily. "You're very kind. It's just the very thing I'm wanting, is a good dinner. I'll take it with me, thank you."

Jim knew there was something else coming, and he looked inquiringly.

"I'll take it with me, Jim," continued Mr. Horn, as he began figuring upon a piece of paper, and then went on interrupting himself as he added his figures: "Ninence and sixpence—you're very kind, Jim—and eightpence—very kind—and ninence more—very kind—and fourpence"—he paused as he drew a line at the bottom of the paper. "There, Jim, I'm not much of a ready reckoner, but that's about it, as you do things handsome—three shillings—ah, but I'd forgotten the cigars—say two, that's sixpence more—say three shillings and sixpence. Thank ye; I'll take it with me, as I'm rather in a hurry."

James Niggardly began to suspect what was coming, but only looked what he thought.

Mister Horn laughed with a childlike and honest merriment, and then renewed his appeal.

"I'm just going to see poor old Jowl; he's as poor as a church mouse, and I should very much like to take him a dinner; so if you'll give it to me I'll be off, Jim; and the sentence ended in a laugh like that with which it began.

"Three and sixpence!" said Jim; "really, Mister Horn, you're always begging—I'm only a poor man—give, give, give—it's nothing but give;" and he spoke like one who is bitterly wronged.

"Oh, I'm very sorry, very sorry, I'm sure;" and Mister Horn spoke with an air of apology. "You ask me to take dinner; I accept your offer and want to take it, and now you draw back like this. Why, Jim, I certainly thought you meant it."

James Niggardly felt that Mister Horn had him, and that

it was useless to wriggle. As if it had been his very life blood, he counted three shillings and sixpence into Mister Horn's hand.

"Thank ye, Jim, thank ye," Mister Horn chuckled; "I've enjoyed the dinner very much. It's such a comfort to an old man like me to dine without indigestion, and all that." His voice returned to its more serious tone as he moved toward the door. "Good-day, Jim, there's not many things that are better worth the money than old Jowl's blessing—good-day, thank ye."

"Well," Mister Horn muttered to himself as he went up the road, "I'm glad that I've got poor old Jowl his dinner; but I can't understand it. Jim would rather have had me, or anybody else who doesn't need a dinner, to dine with him all the week round than have spent three shillings and sixpence in this way. He'd give you five shillings in meat and drink sooner than give old Jowl one in hard cash. If Jim could only get hold of a prince now, he'd ruin himself to get him luxuries—that he would. Poor Jim! God help thee, or some day thou wilt hear it spoken. I was alundered, and ye gave no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink; I was a stranger and ye took Me not in; naked, and ye clothed Me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited Me not. Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me. God help thee, Jim—I'll not give thee up yet, for I think there is somewhat to hope for."

"Really," grumbled James Niggardly, Esq., as he passed into his comfortable dining-room, "this incessant giving is unbearable; people beg without any conscience." And he was obliged to console himself with a glass of his golden sherry.

CHAPTER VI.—MORE TO BE DESIRED THAN GOLD.

The deceitfulness of riches is a form of speech often heard. Yet, frequently as it is used, few act as though they realized its truth. It is very possible that even we do not apprehend fully its import.

Money is very useful, indeed, almost essential, to doing good. And then poverty is really uncomfortable, and it is so unimportant, so powerless for any beneficence. It is generally ignorant, too, and often drunken and dishonest. Why, look at all our town missions and home missions, our Bible women and tract distributors—they are all for the conversion of the poor, and force us to think of that Scripture, "The poor have the Gospel preached unto them," as if it meant that nobody else needed it. Look, too, at our common phrases that unconsciously betray the deepest and most general convictions. The man who is getting rich is *doing well*, as if all morality lay in money-making. He who loses money is *doing badly*, and the world reckons it the very worst badness of which men can be guilty.

The religious phrases in use baptize the same notions with a Christian name: "Providence smiles upon him"—they are always golden smiles—the man's getting rich. But of him who loses money—the Church shrugs its shoulders and shakes its head, and says, half-pityingly and half-upbraidingly, "He has gone out of his providential way." We test Providence by gold, and measure the Divine favour by the amount of the income. When, my reader, shall we learn the lesson of that Life of lives? The Son of the Highest was called the son of a carpenter. He in whom the Father was well pleased was faint with very hunger. The Well-beloved had not where to lay his head!

She is a lying jade, this deceitful riches. For years she had whispered to James Niggardly. "You see," she whispered smoothly, "when you have got so much more, how useful you could be, how very useful! Of course at present you can't do much; but then you will be able to give without stint, and in so many ways to do good." The fair enchantress conjured up a picture in which James Niggardly saw himself amid his abundance blessed and beloved of all the villagers, busied only with schemes of usefulness, and spending his untroubled leisure in doing good. He saw half the devils of Tattingham cast out by his gold—potent gold, yellow, flashing gold, the true magician, the mighty exorcist, whose fetters should bind the prince of darkness, and whose influence should bring the "golden age;" what could not its wizardry accomplish?

The wonder is that James Niggardly did not see the lie, ay, and feel it, too! The balance at the banker's increased each year, each year trade grew and the returns swelled to higher figures, yet he was not a tittle the happier, he could not give a penny more and grudge as much as ever the little he did give. Happier? not he; he was harder to please, he grumbled more constantly, he swaggered a great deal more, his indigestion became more troublesome, while now and then there was an ominous twitching in the great toe—and this was all that riches did for him. The deceitful thing!

And she was as cruel as she was false. James Niggardly was within easy reach of the truest, purest happiness that ever soul delighted in. If, as he sat in the easy chair, looking out from the dining-room into the pleasant garden, he could have changed places with Mister Horn for an hour, he would have known what true happiness is.

The road from Stukeville to the village passed up the hill, between tall hedges, and here and there between old twisted oaks and stately elms. All was beautiful with the leafiness of June; the air was sweet with honeysuckle and wild rose, and the white flowers of the elder; hazel-branches covered the hedge-top and from beneath them rose the leafy fern, the plume of the budding foxglove, and all the luxurious tangle of deep grass and trailing leaves, starred by the white or pink or yellow of clustering wild flowers. The hum of insects and the twittering of hedge-birds filled the lazy noontide, while now and then a flood of melody was poured from the soaring lark. On one side of the road leaped and sang the ceaseless little stream that, bubbling up to light in a delicious spring, round which the mosses hung, formed a tiny crystal pool where the birds stopped to drink, and then went laughing all along its way to the river in the valley below, as if its one good deed sent it rejoicing to the end of its course.

Slowly nature stole Mister Horn's thoughts. He stayed to scent the sweetness, admiring the beauty lavished around

him, until he caught the spirit of gratitude that inspired all things, and he lifted up his heart to bless the good Father: "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works; the earth is full of Thy riches!" he muttered. "Full of Thy riches; yes, God doesn't keep His riches to Himself. The earth is full of them. Every little nook is crowded, even this common hedge-row and dusty highway. God's riches that He gives are more than all our riches can buy."

Slowly reaching the hill-top, the landscape opened more fully before him. The intense blue sky, the fields and woodland dappled with light and shade chasing each other in leisurely sport, while far away the great banks of clouds—God's snowy mountains—rose before him. "Full of Thy riches," he cried as he paused, "and all these riches mine!"

A princess welcomed to her adopted home with jubilant music and costliest splendour, with censers breathing delicate perfumes and the rapturous greetings of a mighty host, would have been of all things most unlike the plain, quaint, busy Mister Horn. And yet it was with such a joy, so full and deep, that he lived each day; and with such a delight in all about him. Nature teemed with ministering spirits that seemed sent forth to minister to him. And well might it be so. Did he not walk in the smile of God—the smile that makes life's lowliest by-path a triumphant way? And did not leafy arches span it as he passed along, and flowers breathe the delicious fragrance? God's own sun illuminated his steps, and the ever sweet and gentle music of the birds attended him. "Full of His riches, full," he cried, "there is no room for anything more." Ah, James Niggardly, how much wouldst thou have paid down in hard cash to have had for one hour this contentment, this gratitude, this delight?

Near to the hill-top was one of the many clusters of cottages that made up the scattered village of Tattingham. For the most part they stood in groups of three or four, facing the highway, with their gardens flourishing around them. But, passing these Mister Horn crossed over a stile; and then a few steps along the little path between the green wheat brought him to a dilapidated hovel. It looked as if, ashamed of being seen on the highway, it had slunk back thus far out of sight, and had all but thrown itself down in the effort. The disordered thatch, the uneven walls, the one window with its patched and ragged panes; the strip that had been a garden now a mound of ashes and a wilderness of weeds—it was only by the grossest flattery that these could be known as "Old Jowl's Cottage."

It was not a knock that announced Mister Horn's arrival so much as a rattle, as if the loosely hanging door resisted the tap and shook itself crustily. A feeble voice answered, "Come in." Putting his finger through the round hole and lifting the clumsy latch, Mister Horn stooped under the doorway and passed within.

Fortunately the door was left open, for the air was needed, and the sunlight that slanted across the dusty room was the only pleasant thing in it. The place was just as comfortless as the outside promised—perhaps a trifle dingier. The old man himself was undoubtedly as poor as the proverbial "church mouse" to which Mister Horn had likened him. Yet, somehow, the first look made one take a fancy to "Old Jowl." There was a fresh colour upon his wrinkled cheeks, and a smile that lit up the blue eyes and curled about the corners of the mouth; and when he spoke there was such a cheery contentment in his tone that one could not help liking him. The sunshine reached just far enough to fall on the old, large-type Bible that rested upon his knees, and from its open page the light was reflected upon his face. One felt as if the reflected light were always there, and that the freshness, the smile, and the contented tone grew somehow out of the light from that open page.

"Old Jowl," as everybody called him, had been for years unable to work. Crippled with rheumatism, and gradually growing feebler, he could only crawl from his bed to the fireplace and back again. His wife had died some years before, and since then he had lived alone. The neighbours looked after him, and with the help of some friends and the parish allowance, he had, he said, "enough to praise God for."

"Well, old friend, how is it to-day?" asked Mister Horn, gently shaking the old man's hand.

"Ah, Mast' Horn, I'm glad to see yeow, bless yir. I knew 'twas yeow when yeow came to the door, and the sound o' yeow did me good like. I'm right glad, I am, right glad;" and the old man looked it, too.

Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart; and Mister Horn might have been the messenger sent with it. As the light-bearer and the joy-bringer many a one had blessed him. His happy manner, his homely ways, his pleasant gossip about all that could interest, his simplicity and quaintness, did the people more good, they said, "nor the doctor hisself," which is not altogether incredible, seeing that most of them were doctored "by the parish." The Sun of Righteousness carries the healing in His wings. There is nothing that heals in the gloom of righteousness—nothing that heals in the chill, unless religion that goes through its duty cold and unrejoicing, like a November day.

"They don't do much good," Mister Horn often said, "who have stayed in the thunder till it has turned their milk of human kindness sour."

It is a way of doing good much overlooked by many learned doctors and great professors that the Bible recommends: "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."

"Bitters are useful sometimes, and blisters are needed now and then; but as a general sort of a family medicine that it's best to keep about one, there's nothing like a merry heart," was one of Mister Horn's favourite receipts, and many grateful testimonials would have testified to its efficacy. Jim Niggardly, with a purse of golden guineas, couldn't have made Old Jowl's face brighter into such a happiness as did the merry heart that rang in every word Mister Horn spoke.

"I've been thinking as I came up the hill what a happy o'd fellow you ought to be, friend," continued Mister Horn.

"Me, Mast' Horn, so I am, bless yir," and old Jowl looked happier than ever.

"Well, I said to myself, 'If anybody has got a father so rich and so kind as the Father, he might set up for a

gentleman, I count. I've been looking at your Father's estates, old friend, coming up the hill. He is rich, is your Father—why He puts golden buds on the very furze bushes, and powders gems on the butterflies, and strews all the shady places with diamonds! And to think thou art His son and heir, old friend! 'Eh, he will be a rich man some day, will old Jowl,' said I to myself as I came along."

"Ay, as kind as He's rich, Mast' Horn, bless Him! I often think that I'm like the prodigal son—poor enough, an' a bit hungry and cold sometimes, but it's like the prodigal when the father had met him, and fall'd on his neck and kissed him, and said, 'He was dead and is alive agen.' Why, that kep' him happy till he got to the father's house. And then! then!"—and the blue eyes sparkled into tears—"then there was the best robe, and the fatted calf, and the beln' merry. I'm goin' home and He's with me, Mast' Horn. I sometimes feel the blessed arms roun' my neck, an' He gives me the kiss o' peace, an' presses me to His heart an' calls me His son, till tears o' joy run down my cheeks, and I get a wonderin' what heaven itself can be more 'an such blessedness as that. I often think that we're gettin' near the door, very near."

Mister Horn was quiet for a minute or two, as if to let the old man feel the blessedness of his own words. Then he broke out more cheerfully.

"You've been growing a long time, old friend." The blue eyes looked round with an amused wonder. "Growin', Mast' Horn, what ever do you mean?"

"Why, rheumatics is what they call it by; but that's only what they say; it's growin' pains, it's growin' pains. I know when I was a lad I used to have a lot o' aches and pains sometimes, and the old woman would say, 'Ah Jim, it's on'y growin' pains.' Ay, and all our pains and aches is nothing but growin' pains, if we use 'em right. These pains o' yours, friend, they're only growin' pains—the wings pushing up a bit, lengthening and strengthening, till some day they'll be full grown, and then—you'll clap the glad wings and tawer away."

"Ah, it'll soon be, Mast' Horn, very soon," and the look was one of triumphant joy. "I think they're comin', and a bringin' the best robes. An' I count I shall hardly know mysen! To 'a done with the old smock, and to put on the white robes, an' be a gentleman all of a sudden." And the old man laughed at the happy notion. "To think o' their comin' down here to this little place o' mine an' knockin' at the door, an' comin' in to fetch me up to the glorious palace where they hunger no more, neither thirst any more, for the Lamb which is in the midst o' the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains o' waters. To think o' my poor crippled feet walkin' the golden street like the rest o' the priests and kings, and this old hand done with roomatics and a sweepin' the golden 'arp! I read about it and picture it over to mysen till I'm a most up there, a-flyin' about among the glorious great angels who do excel in strength. Eh, what errands I'll go for my Master then! Ay, Mast' Horn, it'll be a mystery an' a mercy, but bless the Lord it'll be, for all that."

Presently followed a few words of simple, earnest prayer, and Mister Horn rose to leave.

"I've brought a dinner for you, old friend," he said taking the money out of his pocket; "here's three shillings and sixpence from Jim Niggardly."

"The Lord bless him, the Lord bless him and yeow for bringin' on it, Mast' Horn. The Lord bless you both! 'Twere on'y this mornin' as I wa' talkin' to the Lord, for I ma'n't kneel to pray, so I sit and talk to him—"

"Face to face as a man talketh to his friend," whispered Mister Horn to himself.

"And I say, 'Lord, I got a bit o' care, and I want to cast it 'pon Thee, knowin' that Thou dost care for me. The quarter day is comin' and there's the rent, Lord. O Lord! whatsoever I suffer I know Thou permits it, and Thou are wise and very good, but, Lord, I wouldn't have nobody 'cept mysel' to be the wuss for me, Lord.' I wa' sure the Lord heard me, and now 'ere's the answer. Bless the Lord! Tell Jim I ma'n't do much for 'm, but I'll do what I can. I'll pray the Lord bless 'm, and yeow too, Mast' Horn. For I like to think that for all I can do so little, my Father-isn't goin' to let anybody be in His debt. He wouldn't have a cup o' cold water given but what He'll keep count of it and pay it back some day. Tell Jim that I'll tell my Father all about it, and ask Him to bless Jim an' all belongin' to Him. Bless His name, He will too, I know He will." And as the bent fingers held the money, the lips moved in gratitude and prayer.

"Good-day, old friend, good-day!" cried Mister Horn abruptly, and hurried away, brushing his hand across his eyes as he went, and the short legs hastened off over the field and along the highway at their swiftest pace.

Ah, good reader, is not this riches a deceitful jade? Why, here was Jamps Niggardly, Esquire, amid his plenty, grumbling and growling at a hundred annoyances. Yet he had spent a great deal of money on his house and furniture, in order to secure his happiness. The garden absorbed money in wages and work that was meant to be repaid in pleasure. The savoury odour of dinner came breathing delicious promises into the dining room. Pictures were on the walls; books on the shelves; handsome ornaments on the mantelpiece. Jim Niggardly himself lay back in his chair, his right hand playing with the heavy gold chain, the left hand jingling gold and silver in his pocket, the consoling golden sherry standing within reach. Yet he was thinking himself a man ill used and wronged, notwithstanding that his three shillings and sixpence had done so much to confer so light a heart, and a soul so winged with joy, as that which Mister Horn had left in old Jowl's tumble-down cottage.

(To be continued.)

ON the cultivation of the mind of women depends the wisdom of men. It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men.—*Sheridan.*

THE best men know that they are very far from what they ought to be, and the very worst think that, if they were a little better, they should be as good as they need be.

TAKE MY ALL.

Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.

Take my moments and my days:
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.

Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and "beautiful" for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing
Always, only, for my King.

Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.

Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.

Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou shalt choose.

Take my will and make it Thine,
It shall be no longer mine.

Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.

Take my love, my Lord I pour
At Thy feet its treasure store.

Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for Thee.

—*Frances R. Havergal.*

PRESENCE OF MIND.

This is a true story, about a real boy. The boy's name is Dick. This is not a very uncommon name, and his last name is not an uncommon one either. I am not going to tell you what it is though, for perhaps he would not like it.

Dick's father died when his son was just able to toddle. After a while Dick grew to be a pretty big boy. Then he began to be anxious to get something to do to help his mother. It was a good while before he found anything; but he came home one day, at last, and said:

"Mother, I've got a place."

"What sort of a place?" asked his mother.

"In the factory," said Dick cheerfully.

But the mother shook her head.

"I don't half like it my boy," she said. "They are dangerous places, these factories. Some day you'll be going too near the big wheels, or the bands, or something, and then—"

She stopped and shuddered; but Dick only laughed.

"Well, what then, mother?" he said. "What do you think is going to happen to a fellow with a cool head and a steady hand? Almost all the accidents that you hear of happen because the people are careless, or because they get frightened, and don't know what they are about. I'm not going to be careless and I'm not going to get frightened. And, mother, even if anything very bad did happen to me, I should be doing my duty, shouldn't I? You wouldn't have a great fellow like me steyring around here idle for fear of getting into danger, would you?"

"Well, no, I suppose not," said his mother, remembering what a bad thing idleness is for anybody, and how surely it leads boys, as well as men, into mischief.

So the next day Dick was at his post in the factory. I cannot tell what sort of a factory it was, nor exactly what he had to do there. Nobody ever told me that part of it. All I know is that he spent the days among the great, whirling machinery, and that he did his work steadily and well, in spite of noise, and confusion, and dust, and fatigue, and danger.

By the time he had been there for a month or two, he had forgotten all about the danger, and even his mother began to think that he was as safe there as in his own house.

That is always the way when you are used to things, you know. People who live under the shadow of a volcano forget that the burning lava ever streams down its sides and desolates the country around. Some day it does so, though, and sometimes accidents happen even to the most confident boy.

Was Dick careless that day? I don't know, and neither did he. He thought that he was doing his work as steadily and as carefully as usual; but suddenly he felt something—just a little twitch at his sleeve; nothing at all to mind if you are playing with your school-mates, but then Dick was not playing with his school-mates. There was no one near enough to give him that twitch, and he knew in an instant what it meant—that the fingers that gripped him were iron fingers, and that the pulse that beat in them was the cruel, merciless pulse of steam.

Most boys would at least have looked around in sudden surprise—would have yielded for a moment to the twitch and then—the horror, and agony, and death. What did Dick do? Quick as a flash the thought came:

"I am caught in the machinery. I can't help that, but I won't be drawn in. I WON'T! I WON'T! I WON'T!"

It was hardly a thought, you know, only a swift, wordless instinct. Then he set his teeth, and clenched his fists, and braced every nerve and muscle to stand like a rock, while the machinery did its work.

"Crack! crack!"

That was his shirt, pulled off him like the husk of an ear of corn.

"Crack! crack!"

That was his merino shirt, and Dick stood rigid and motionless still, with not an atom of clothing from his waist up.

The men around him had not been as quiet as he, you may be sure. There had been shrieks and cries enough when they saw what had happened, but the machinery could not be stopped all in a minute let the engineer try as he would.

It seemed a century to the men though it was only three or four minutes before the great wheels snarled and stood still. Some of the men had covered their eyes, fearing to see—what? Splashes of blood on the floor and walls, and a horrible, mangled mass, tangled and broken in an iron grip.

What did those who dared to look see? Only a curly haired, bright-eyed boy, who looked around at them as quietly and boldly as if nothing at all had happened.

"Why Smith," said Dick, looking at the man nearest him, "how pale you are! And Jones is trembling like a leaf, and Brown can hardly stand! Why I'm the best off of you all—if I haven't got many clothes left," he added, as he looked down at himself. "If somebody will lend me a coat, I think I'd better go home and get another shirt."

"So you see, mother," said Dick, "what I told you is true. If a fellow's head is cool, and his nerves steady, there isn't much fear for him. And the good Lord keeps watch in the factories as well as outside."

Now, what I want you to notice about this story is this: It was not Dick's good luck that saved him, but simply his courage and presence of mind. If he had yielded for one instant to the grip of the machinery—if he had hesitated for a moment what to do—that moment would have been his last.

Don't you think that there is a lesson in all this, if you take it the right way?—*Central Christian Advocate.*

NO COMPROMISE.

As I grow older as a parent my views are changing fast as to the degree of conformity to the world which we should allow our children. I am horror struck to count up the profligate children of pious parents, and even of ministers. The door at which these influences enter, which countervail parental instruction and example, I am persuaded, is yielding to the ways of good society; by dress, books, amusements, an atmosphere is formed which is not that of Christianity. More than ever do I feel that our families must stand in a kind of determined opposition to the fashions of the world, breasting the waves like the Eddystone Lighthouse. And I have found nothing yet which requires more courage and independence than to rise even a little, but decidedly, above the par of the religious world around us. Surely the way in which we commonly go is not that way of self-denial and sacrifice and cross-bearing which the New Testament talks of. Then is the offence of the cross ceased. Our slender influence on the circle of our friends is often to be traced to our leaving so little difference between us.—*Rev. J. W. Alexander, D.D.*

SELF-HELP.

Fight your own battles, hoe your own row, ask no favours of any one, and you will succeed a thousand times better than those who are always beseeching some one's patronage. No one can ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one perhaps; but carving your own way up the mountain, you make each one lead to another. Men who have made their fortunes are not those who had five thousand dollars given them to start with, but started fair with a well-earned dollar or two. Men who have by their own exertions acquired fame have not been thrust into popularity by gifts begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have out-stretched their hands and touched the public heart. Men who win love do their own wooing, and I never knew a man to fail so signally as one who had induced his affectionate grandmother to speak a good word for him. Whether you work for fame, for love, for money, or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brain. Say "I will" and some day you will conquer. Too many friends hurt a man more than none at all.

Nothing so hinders a soul coming to Christ as a vain love of the world; and till a soul is freed from it, it can never have true love for God.—*Bunyan.*

THE opinion of the world is with me a light matter, madam (Mary Queen of Scots), when called upon to speak the words which God puts into my mouth. He bids me tell you that the belief of Your Majesty becomes a matter of public interest, inasmuch that it ought to be right; or if wrong, that it should not be paraded to the injury and scandal of the realm.—*John Knox.*

THE scholar must be a solitary, labourious, modest and charitable soul. He must embrace solitude as a bride. He must have his glees and his glooms alone. Go, scholar, cherish your soul; expel companions; set your habits to a life of solitude; then will the faculties rise fair and full within, like forest trees and field flowers; you will have results, which, when you meet your fellowmen, you can communicate and they will gladly receive. It is the noble, manlike, just thought which is the superiority demanded of you; and not crowds, but solitude, confers this elevation.—*R. W. Emerson.*

GOD wants not money alone. The silver and the gold are His; but He wants your heart, your feelings, your time, your anxiety. He curseth these mere money charities, making them engender poverty in far greater abundance than they annihilate it, and scourging them with the means of those who grudgingly bestow. The mere mammon worketh mammon's work; divine charity worketh God's work. A Christian man may as well give over his faith into the hands of a public body, and believe what they appoint to be believed, as cast his charity over to a public body—yea, or to a private individual—and think that he thereby satisfieth God. Our right hand is not to know what our left hand doeth. It is with the heart and soul and mind and strength that He is to be worshipped and served.—*Edward Irving.*

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

WE have been requested to notify all whom it may concern, that all communications on Home Mission work, within the bounds of the London Presbytery, must be addressed to the Rev. John Rennie, Convener, Ailsa Craig.

A CONTEMPORARY intimates—on what authority is not stated—that the Rev. A. D. McDonald, of Seaford, has declined a call addressed to him by the Presbyterian congregation of Stratford, to succeed the Rev. Mr. McLeod, lately translated to Toronto. We suspect there must be some mistake somewhere.

THE second annual meeting of the Sabbath School Convention of the Presbytery of Saugeen was held in Guthrie Church, Harriston, on Tuesday, 27th ult. During the forenoon and afternoon sessions addresses were given by ministers and Sabbath school workers within the bounds of the Presbytery on very important subjects in connection with Sabbath school work. In the evening Rev. J. McEwen, of Ingersoll, gave a very interesting and instructive address on "Normal Classes for Sabbath School Teachers, and their Importance to the Church." It was highly appreciated by the Sabbath school workers. The Rev. Dr. Bell, of Walkerton, gave an address on "The True Relation of Instruction to Conversion." It was carefully prepared, clear, logical, scriptural, handling the subject in a masterly manner. It was a rare treat. The next meeting of the Convention is to be held in St. Andrew's Church, Mount Forest.

THE Rev. Mr. Hodnett, of Perrytown, has been appointed by the Home Mission Committee to Manitoba, and will, we understand, proceed to his new field almost immediately. We are also glad to learn that during the present month several of our ministers will pay more or less extended visits to the North-west. Among these we may mention the Rev. Mr. Warden, of Montreal, and the Rev. Mr. Pitblado, of Halifax. The Rev. Mr. McGuire, of Jarvis, is also at present in Manitoba preaching in one of our stations. As we have once and again stated, the present population of the North-west is very largely Presbyterian, and those who are continually going in are very considerably of the same description. If accordingly the necessary supply of preachers is now sent, and adequate pecuniary help be forthcoming for a few years, our Church in those vast regions will be greatly and permanently extended and a very large amount of good effected. We may now go in and to a very great degree possess the land. But if the present opportunity is neglected, it is not likely that one so favourable will ever recur.

THE ceremony of laying the corner stone of the new Central Presbyterian Church, Galt, took place on Monday, 26th ult., and was in all respects highly successful. Amongst the clergy present were Revs. Principal Caven, Knox College, Toronto; Dr. James, Hamilton; Dr. Wardrope, Guelph; Messrs. King, Toronto; Inglis and Thompson, Ayr; J. K. Smith, Galt; Tait, Berlin; Dr. Cochrane, Brantford; Rev. Mr. Green, of the Wesleyan Methodist Church, Galt, and the Rev. Mr. Smith, M.A., Guelph. The ceremony commenced by singing the 100th Psalm by the choir, led by Mr. Murray. Prayer was then offered by Dr. Wardrope, after which the duties of adjusting the corner stone were successfully performed by Principal Caven. After the usual records and coins had been deposited able and stirring addresses were delivered by Principal Caven, Mr. Smith of Guelph, and Dr. Cochrane of Brantford, all having a bearing on the interesting occasion for which they were met. The proceedings were brought to a close by singing the usual doxology. The ladies of the congregation held a social in the town hall in the evening, which was largely attended. After all had partaken of the rich repast, they adjourned to the hall, where they were entertained by able addresses by several clergymen present. The proceedings were interspersed with vocal and instrumental music, which was deservedly applauded by the audience. Miss Addison, Miss Hume and Miss Scott took part in these performances. Mr. Maitland and Mr. Murray rendered solos which were well received. The two solos by Miss Addison were rendered with considerable sweetness and taste. The accompaniments by Miss Scott and Miss Hume were all that could be desired.

PRESBYTERY OF MANITOBA.—This Presbytery met in the Presbyterian church at Portage la Prairie on

the morning of the 21st of July. Rev. Dugald McGregor was by authority of the General Assembly received as a minister of the Church. Rev. Mr. Wellwood, appointed by the Home Mission Committee of the Assembly to labour at the railway crossing of the Little Saskatchewan, was received as a member of the Presbytery. Rev. Mr. McGuire, of Jarvis, was present, and was asked to sit as corresponding member. Rev. J. S. Stewart was elected Moderator for the next six months. Rev. Prof. Bryce was elected Treasurer of the Presbytery. There was presented by Rev. Mr. Ross a report bearing upon the advisability of separating the Nelsonville group of stations into two districts. The report was exhaustive as to the statistics of that field, and Messrs. Ross, McRae, and A. H. Cameron were thanked for the faithfulness with which they discharged the duty imposed on them by the Presbytery. Owing to the fact, however, that the station did not send in complete subscription lists to the Presbytery, the report, with all papers, was laid on the table, and the Clerk instructed to write to these stations so that they may send in information bearing on finances. The Home Mission Committee reported that Rev. Mr. Russell had been obliged through ill-health to give up preaching for a time, and recommended that some one should be appointed immediately in charge of Greenwood, the field thus rendered vacant, that the Committee had placed Mr. Lawrence in charge of that field in the meantime; that Rev. Donald Ross had proceeded to Prince Albert with the view of remaining there; that the Convener had received a communication from Edmonton asking for a minister at that point; that Mr. McDonald, the writer of the letter, had been written to by the Clerk and assured that the Presbytery would do all it could for Edmonton; that the Committee had corresponded with the Convener of the Assembly's Committee with the view of having another missionary appointed to Prince Albert, so that a supply might be given to Carrot River district and other settlements in the neighbourhood of Prince Albert; that owing to the return of Mr. Farquharson to college, as also the return of Mr. Caswell, provision must be made for the supply of the two fields in which these gentlemen labour; that the people of Turtle Mountain were asking for services at that point, as also those in townships 11 and 12, range 14 west, and those at the Roseau Crossing and the Ridges. Prof. Bryce was appointed to visit Rock Lake district and organize stations there. The matter of the supply of Turtle Mountain was deferred till the next meeting of the Presbytery. Rev. Mr. McGregor was appointed to take charge of townships 11 and 12, range 14 west, in addition to his present field. Rev. Messrs. Scott and McGuire were instructed to visit Dominion City and the Ridges, and organize stations at once; and the stations were instructed to send subscription lists at once to the Home Mission Committee; and were informed that steps would be taken immediately to have a missionary appointed to that field. Rev. Mr. Smith read an interesting report of his work in the Little Saskatchewan district. It was arranged that Mr. Wellwood should take the railway crossing, McTavish, and Rolling River as his field, and Mr. Smith, Rapid City, etc. Messrs. Smith, Stewart and Wellwood were instructed to meet and arrange for the supply of Oak River. Mr. McRae urged the Presbytery to do something for the supply of Cypress River district. The field is large, embracing twelve townships, and the settlers are numerous. The Presbytery appointed Mr. McRae to visit that district and labour for one month this fall, and requested Messrs. Bell, McKellar and Ross to give such assistance in the supply of that field with Mr. McRae as would be within their power, it being understood that the field is placed under the supervision of Mr. McRae. Dr. Black read the report of the Foreign Mission Committee, shewing that steps had been taken to survey a part of the Prince Albert property into town lots, and dispose of the same; that a building was to be erected immediately on Mr. Mis-ta-wa-sis' reserve for the accommodation of Rev. Mr. McKay, who is to labour there permanently. It appears that the work under Mr. Flett is advancing rapidly. The Fort Pelly Indians are desirous for a missionary of their own. The Clerk directed the attention of the Presbytery to the very unsatisfactory state of affairs in the North-West Territory as regards the establishment and support of schools. It would seem that owing to defects in the law, and the sparseness of the population, very few schools are established; in fact, Mr. Robertson knew of only one in the

Little Saskatchewan country. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Robertson, Smith, and Wellwood, was appointed to correspond with the Government and take whatever other steps might be thought necessary to hasten the establishment of schools.

SCOTCH SERMONS: 1880.*

The names of some of the writers would prepare us to look for considerable literary merit in these sermons; and several of them are very respectable compositions. Those contributed by Principal Caird exhibit the power of rich and sustained illustration for which this famous preacher is remarkable. The sermons of Knight, McFarlan, Rain and Story, may also be specially mentioned as exhibiting good literary talent.

Certain ethical and social principles of Christianity are put in an interesting light, and enforced with a good deal of freshness and power. Some of the writers have keen sympathy with the spiritual struggles of man, and seem anxious to help them to a better position. We dare not carry our praise farther.

The preface leads us to expect that the book will be the manifesto of a School, and the most cursory examination of its contents shews that it is so. "The volume has originated in the wish to gather a few specimens of a style of teaching which increasingly prevails amongst the Clergy of the Scottish Church. It may serve to indicate a growing tendency, and to shew the direction in which thought is moving." It is the work of those whose hope for the Church lies in a "profounder apprehension of the essential ideas of Christianity." For ourselves we can only say that the less "thought" shall move in this direction the better, and that the "profounder apprehension of Christian ideas" comes, in some instances, perilously near to the total rejection of them. We state with sorrow that a good many of these sermons by Scottish divines are deeply rationalistic, and that many of the great doctrines which the Presbyterian Church has been honoured to teach and defend, are attacked and rejected—in some instances burlesqued and contemptuously thrown aside. We have here "another gospel which is not another." We have the "Spirit of the Age" in one sermon, deliberately put in the place of the Spirit of Christ as the witness to truth. The volume teaches that Scripture is not inspired throughout, and that it derives its authority from accordance with the religious consciousness; that the religious consciousness of man is the test of truth; that man's original condition is that of a savage, worshipping trees and serpents, that Christianity is merely the development of a religion which appears first as a fetichism, or nature worship, and is divine only as nature worship is divine; that miracles are only a dogma of the Church; that we are justified, not on the ground of Christ's righteousness imputed to us and received by faith alone, but on the ground of our own character; that the imputation of Christ's righteousness is a mere figment of theology. The doctrine of depravity, atonement and regeneration are all denied.

We have not made an exhaustive statement of the errors of this book. One writer goes the length of saying that there are many "pious and religious men accepted of God" who reject "the teachings of the Gospel" and who are saved by means of the "discipline supplied through the divine order" of nature.

Charges so serious should not be lightly made, and we are only sorry that the evidence on which they rest is so abundant and unquestionable. It can give us no satisfaction to sustain such an indictment against Presbyterian ministers—men whom we should gladly hail as champions of the truth, even as they are under solemn vow to maintain and defend it.

This is how Mr. McFarlan speaks of the Scriptures: Men "cannot be certain that all the words in them attributed to Christ and the apostles, were really the words they spoke, undiluted, undisturbed, unexaggerated. Neither can they be absolutely sure that the miracles ascribed to them were actually wrought by them. They cannot, therefore, accept the words which Christ is reported to have spoken, nor those which the apostles unquestionably wrote as the utterances of teachers—infallible in all they said and wrote." "They claim the right to judge each of their utterances in the light of their own Christian consciousness, and to deny divine authority to any of them which fall beneath the ethical standard which, as men illuminated by the Spirit of Christ, they have set up for

* Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

their own guidance." "The only authority, I must maintain, which we can attribute to any of their utterances is their own inherent reasonableness. I can discern no better." "Serious-minded men and women cannot accept in any blind and unintelligent submission to the authority of celebrated, or even sacred names, the answers which have been made to the great questions in theology." This daring man in his sermon on "Authority," has very much more to the same purpose. The religious consciousness may be much helped by Scripture, but it is supreme arbiter as to the true and the false, and will have to cast aside many parts of Scripture which cannot stand the test Lord Herbert, and the old deists, spoke of the Bible in the very same way.

In his sermon on "Law and Miracles," Mr. Mackintosh tells us that the Psalmists and Prophets were "exceptionally gifted souls, raised by the force of their religious genius far above their brethren." Had the philosopher who contended against miracles triumphed, "at the worst a dogma of the Church would have been overthrown; but the dogmas of the Church and the religion of Christ are not synonymous terms." "To make belief in Christ depend in any degree upon the fact that He wrought miracles, is to build upon the sand." "We cannot say that belief in the revelation necessarily brings with it belief in miracles." "Many feel that the miraculous narration of the Gospels, instead of being a help, are a burden to faith, and may, therefore, be quietly dropped out of sight." How all this is to be reconciled with the teaching of Paul, that unless the miracle of the resurrection, is true, our "preaching" and "faith" are both in "vain," we do not undertake to shew. Mr. Mackintosh is of opinion that no one who considers that the Gospels originated at a late period "out of a mass of floating tradition" can regard their stories of miracles as very trustworthy; and we are told that "the chief interest which the Church of to-day has in the signs and wonders recorded in the Gospels, is a scientific one." After this, it is not wonderful to be assured that "to insist that no one who rejects the miracles of the New Testament may claim to be a Christian is intolerance which ought to be resisted." We can well believe that a gentleman who has attained to such an elevation above the mere letter of Scripture, has completely freed himself from "the dictates of a cruel tradition, which has pictured God as an unjust despot, who brings myriads into being in order to consign them to darkness and despair." There is no reason why Calvinism should not go overboard, when the vessel has already been lightened by casting both miracles and inspiration into the sea. Poor, weatherbeaten ship of the Scottish Church, we hope the billows will not harm you now when all this rubbish is over your bulwarks. Dr. Knight, Professor of Moral Philosophy at St. Andrew's, treats of the Continuity and Development of Religion. He thinks "of our forefathers, in the grey morning of the world's religion, engaged at their tree and serpent worship—and although the race has long outgrown the habit, the savage who first called upon his fellows to worship the tree, was really a prophet of religious ideas, quite as surely, though much less articulately, than the founders of maturer faiths." "The Christian revelation in the light in which we are now living, is but the continuation and development of that which primitive worshippers enjoyed in humbler manner and in lower form. In the whole process there has been revelation, the unfolding of secret things, to hearts that were open and receptive. In all there has been inspiration at sundry times, and in divers manners, continuous, incessant, universal." Surely this is sufficiently broad, and should be satisfactory even to Max Müller. The man who after this will question Dr. Knight's title to be admitted to the fellowship of enlightened and catholic spirits—truly philosophic spirits—is very unreasonable indeed; Dr. Knight is still worthy to appear in the pulpit of James Martineau.

Mr. Rain is prepared to allow the historical evidence of Christianity to go to the wall. "I believe they will have to make trial of that form of evidence which connects itself with individualism, whereof the principle is this: that religious truth is its own evidence, and the ultimate court of appeal the spiritual consciousness." "The criterion of truth in religious matters lies in the soul itself." This, we take it, is the root principle of rationalism. Nobody denies that truth is not truth to us till it has entered the soul. The mind, the soul, the heart, alone can receive and appreciate it. It is equally clear that a conviction of

the divine origin of Christianity resting purely upon historical evidence, does not imply spiritual life—salvation. But to make the soul the criterion and touchstone of truth is a very different thing. Shall we hold the doctrine of the Trinity, because it has passed this ordeal? Or the incarnation? Or the resurrection? Or shall we rather choose to have a creed in which these doctrines have no place, or in which they are not essential? Alas for religious truth if our poor, darkened, perverted souls, are the only instrument for detecting and authenticating it.

Mr. Stevenson draws the line so sharply between religion and theology as to say "that the religion of Jesus Christ may be equally in the hearts of men who hold the most widely different views on questions with which Theology deals. The dogmas alike of the Trinitarian and Unitarian are not the test of whether these men are Christians, and have the vital energy of spiritual life within them." "Scepticism in belief is hostile to religion only when it degenerates into indifference, or becomes the ally of immorality." This has hardly the ring of the Apostle John when he says. "Who is a liar but he that denieth that Jesus is the Christ? Whosoever denieth the Son, the same hath not the Father." And so important is the true doctrine held to be that the apostle will not permit us to receive into our houses teachers who abide not in it. But it is useless, we suppose, to quote the apostle against men whose test of truth is the religious consciousness, and who will not allow even "sacred names" to dictate their beliefs.

Could the Scripture doctrines of human depravity, and of the propitiation of the Son of God receive more direct contradiction than in the following passage on the Renovating Power of Christianity? "The power of the new life resides in the conviction that the past has no claims upon us; that no objective atonement is necessary, that all we have to do is to shake ourselves free from the evil that cleaves to us; and that the obstacle to our forgiveness lies wholly in ourselves and not in God. By His death on the cross Christ may be said in a figurative sense, indeed, to have expiated our sins, or to have purchased their remission. But what He did, in the strict and literal sense, was to reveal to us the infinite placability of the Father." "He (*i.e.* Christ) believes in a spiritual force in men, latent it may be, yet powerful enough to raise them above themselves, and all the help they need or can possibly obtain, is to be encouraged to exert that power." "But only he who feels that necessity is laid upon him of bearing his own burden, and helping others to bear theirs, may hope to grow into that noblest work of God, the simple honest man, the genuine disciple of Christ." After this we learn without surprise that *Churches* are of very little value, and that, so far as religion is concerned, the world would sustain little loss by their abolition.

In discoursing on the great text, "I have glorified Thee on the earth, I have finished the work Thou gavest Me to do, etc.," Dr. Cunningham, of Crief, represents the Son as finishing this work, and manifesting the Father in two ways. *first*, in His own person and character, and, *second*, in His teaching. It seems almost incredible that the sufferings of Christ are not even here alluded to. If this illustrates the "profounder apprehension of the essential ideas of Christianity" which these sermons promise, we had rather be content with shallower views—we had rather continue to think that for the end of suffering the Redeemer "came to this hour." How sad that one appointed to proclaim salvation by the cross, should thus keep the cross, as it were studiously, out of view. Surely it remains a stumbling block and foolishness.

The sermon of Dr. Story on Christ's Righteousness is an argument against the doctrine of Justification held by the Reformed Church, and taught most explicitly in the standards of the Church in which Dr. Story ministers. It may be said that a certain latitude must be given in construing the language of our symbolical books, and that a man need not be an offender if he does not exactly follow Turretine, or Hill, or Hodge. We are quite willing to see all legitimate freedom exercised; but the following utterances, we think, pass the limits: "The deeper righteousness then, as it appears to St. Paul, we may say comprehensively, is the Christian life." "Having taught this about the good works of the unregenerate or non-elect, they then teach that nothing which a man who is regenerate can do is of any value in the sight of God, and that all that the best of men can effect is to clothe themselves, as it is called, with the righteous-

ness of Christ; as though there were in him a vast magazine or deposit of righteousness from which we might draw what would cover our own nakedness and rags; all which is unhealthy teaching." The righteousness in which we are just before God, is not, we are told, something "imputed to us when it is really another's, but the fresh and healthy outcome of our own heart and conscience and energy," etc. The notion is repudiated that "because God has made a decree in our favour, He will take Christ's righteousness and clothe us with it, and say, 'Now you are in Him, you are sanctified, you are justified.'" "Nay, were the righteousness of Christ imputed to me, it would be a hindrance in my way. I should be inclined to say—'do not reckon that mine which is not mine, etc.'" Thus, our righteousness, according to Dr. Story—the ground of our justification before God—is wholly and entirely within ourselves. If God "imputes" to us the righteousness of Christ, this is a fiction, an untruth. Compare with this the Confession of Faith. "Those whom God effectually calleth He also freely justifieth, not by infusing righteousness into them, but by pardoning their sins, and by accounting and accepting their persons as righteous; not for anything wrought in them, or done by them, but for Christ's sake alone—by imputing the obedience and satisfaction of Christ unto them, etc." But Dr. Story, to do him justice, has waived the Confession aside before entering upon this exposition. He has still, however, to settle with Paul, who tells us that "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth"—that "He is made unto us of God, wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption," that "as by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation, so by the righteousness of One the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life." But we cannot transcribe the epistles to the Romans and Galatians. No sinner ever could be justified on the ground of his own righteousness—his own goodness—his own merit. It is not enough to say that we find new life in Christ, and this leads to new obedience, and thus God accepts and justifies us. For besides the confusion of justification with sanctification, involved in this, what mortal, we may ask, can stand in judgment before the Holy One, unless he be clothed in the Righteousness—the perfect righteousness of Christ? It will not suffice that there be a germ of spiritual life in us, and that we have done some good things, for "cursed is every one that continueth not in all things written in the book of the law to do them." A justifying righteousness must be a perfect righteousness. This is the *articulus stantis vel cadentis ecclesie*.

It is strange to find writers who so disparage dogma engaged with the utmost fervour in dogmatizing. Is it ungenerous to suspect that the dogma upon which so many contumelious epithets are expended, is the dogma of orthodoxy, and that dogma of another type is regarded with much more toleration.

We know not to what extent the principle of corporate responsibility for the contents of this volume applies to the several writers in it. Perhaps some of the writers are more rationalistic than others, and have departed farther from the faith of Christ's Church. But none of them wishes, we presume, to be free from all responsibility for the productions of the rest. The preface, indeed, fairly implies as much. It is with sincere regret that we find the Principal of the University of Glasgow—one of the great schools of the ministry in Scotland—not only teaching Restorationism, as he distinctly does on page 12, but holding the shield of his great reputation over the profoundly unscriptural teachings of men who would soon be estimated at their true value, were they alone, or in other company. We earnestly hope that the plague has not widely spread in the venerable body in which these leprous spots appear. We hope that the language of the preface, already quoted, is without justification; and that the style of preaching of which we have specimens in this volume does not "increasingly prevail among the clergy of the Scottish Church." It is right to give all prominence to the ethical side of Christianity in the ministrations of the pulpit; but if the preacher forgets that his duty is to preach Christ and Him crucified, to beseech men to be reconciled to God, to speak of sin, righteousness, and judgment to come, to set forth all duty and all experience in their relations to the great central principles of redemption, so that the cross shall overshadow all, his ministry will accomplish little upon which eternity shall set the stamp of approval.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE ONLY CHOICE.

I know a heart that sits upon its throne,
Yet makes its kingdom poorer day by day;
A queen unblest, in that it blesses none,
And far too poor to give itself away.

And one I know hath all its sweetness given,
A flower left empty by the thankless air,
Yet in the losing finds its only heaven,
Fed by the fountains of divine repair.

Ah! who can weigh our wealth against our death?
Where is the justice fine of sight and touch?
So light the things we dream have dearest worth,
And those we hold for nothings worth so much.

How shall I dare then for this joy to pray,
Lest when it comes it prove a grievous loss?
Or how implore that grief may pass away,
Lest thus I spurn a flower-bearing cross?

Oh, blessed tears, that cleanse the eyes for morn!
Oh, costly gains, wherein our all we lose!
Oh, rose of peace, so white with many a thorn!
Choose thou, my heart, be strong at last, and choose.

Not yet, not yet! I cannot ask for pain,
And dare not ask the joy that blindeth me.
I cannot choose; my Father I would fain
Ask Thee for that which looks like joy to Thee.

STRAIGHTFORWARD FRANK.

"COME, Frank, we are going to King's Woods this afternoon to fill our bags with nuts. It is a fine day, we'll have a grand time, and we want you along."

The boy he addressed looked as if he would like to accept the invitation, but he did not hesitate a moment in his answer.

"No, thank you, boys," he said, "I cannot to-day; I promised mother that I would come straight home, and give her a hand with her canned fruit after school."

"I wouldn't be tied to my mother as you are," said Harvey Jones. "You can never go anywhere or do anything that she doesn't come in the way."

"Call it being tied if you choose," said Frank, "but I shouldn't enjoy myself a bit over there in the cool woods, with mother, working away by herself over the hot stove. I hope you'll all have a splendid time, though;" and off he went.

"There's good stuff in that lad," said a gentleman who was passing and heard the little talk. "Who is he, and where does he live?" he inquired, detaining one of the boys a moment.

"His name is Frank Archer; they call him Straightforward Frank at the Academy, because he's never ashamed of anything. His father is dead, and Frank lives with his mother."

"I'm glad to hear so good an account of a widow's only son," was all the gentleman said.

Meanwhile the work of canning quinces went merrily on at the little brown cottage. Mrs. Archer had a quiet, happy face, and she appreciated the unselfishness of her boy, and shewed him that she did so by being a very pleasant companion. He helped her with her work, doing all her chores, splitting wood, bringing water, and often cooking meals and washing dishes. Some people think this is no boy's work. But I do not admire any boy who is willing to sit still and let his mother do such things alone. A manly boy tries to save steps for mother and sisters, and to lighten all their burdens. Mrs. Archer did

a great deal to help Frank, too. She studied with him, puzzling over problems, and digging out Greek roots, and sympathizing with him in all his hopes.

"It seems farther off than ever, mother, dear," he said that afternoon.

"It" meant going to college and then studying to be a doctor.

"Oh, I have not given up hoping," said Mrs. Archer. "God will make the way plain, I think."

The quinces were at last sealed up, and the jelly was quivering in the bowls, when there was a knock at the door. A gentleman stood there who introduced himself as Judge Nichols, of B——.

"I have bought the old Kent Place, madam," he said, "but as I live in Europe half the year I need a responsible person to stay there and take care of it for me. Your pastor, Dr. Steel, recommended me to call on you. He thought you might be willing to accept the position."

After a little conversation the judge named a salary which almost took away Mrs. Archer's breath. It seemed munificent. But he explained that the house was to be kept in perfect order, always in readiness for guests, and that the grounds also were to be cared for. She would have a faithful coloured man to help her, but Frank would find many things to do. The matter was satisfactorily arranged, and papers were signed a day or two after, engaging Mrs. Archer as housekeeper and supervisor during Judge Nichols' absence.

Frank was willing to work hard and deny himself luxuries, and make any sacrifice to gain an education. God had opened the way, for his mother now saw how she could assist him and gratify his desire. A few years later Dr. Archer was one of the rising physicians in that part of the State. But if he had not been Straightforward Frank, willing and glad to obey his mother, he might never have succeeded in gaining the place he desired.

SAFE-FOLDED.

O, it is hard when o'er the face
We scarce can see for weeping—
The little, loving baby face—
That last, still shade comes creeping;
Full hard to close the tender eyes,
And fold the hands for sleeping.

Yet, when the world our own would claim,
It doth not greatly grieve us;
We calmly see, as days go by,
Our little children leave us—
And, smiling, heed not how the swift,
Soft-footed years bereave us.

O, mother hearts! I count you rich
Beyond mere earth-possessing.
Whose little babies never grow
Away from your caressing—
Safe-folded in His tender arms,
Who gives again with blessing.

THE OBEDIENT BOY.

I READ a very pretty story the other day about a little boy who was sailing a boat with a playmate a good deal larger than he was.

The boat had sailed a good way out in the pond and the big boy said: "Go in, Jim, and get her. It isn't over your ankles, and I've been in after her every time."

"I daren't," said Jim. "I'll carry her all the way home for you, but I can't go in there; she told me not to."

"Who's she?"

"My mother," said Jim, softly.

"Your mother! why I thought she was dead," said the big boy.

"That was before she died. Eddie and I used to come here and sail boats, and I never let us come unless we had strings enough to haul in with. I ain't afraid, you know I'm not; only she didn't want me to and I can't do it."

Wasn't that a beautiful spirit that made little Jim obedient to his mother even after she was dead?

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS AND PENCE.

Are there ten thousand children
Filled with a zeal intense,
Ready for Christ to offer
Their labours, their prayers, their pence?

For the gifts and the prayer of the children,
Gathered in one strong band,
Could conquer the world for Jesus,
And make it a Holy Land!

HOT COALS.

GEORGE was so angry that his eye flashed. He shook his finger and cried, "Sure as I catch Jim Jones, I'll break his head!"

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed his sister. "You would be hung."

"I don't care! he broke my cart and I will break his head."

"I would rather 'heap coals of fire' on his head," said Laura.

"Why, they would hurt worse than breaking it," said George. "I would rather be broken than burned, any day."

"It must be a good way, or the Bible would not tell us to do it," said Laura. "Let us ask Uncle Tim. He has been over the sea to Jerusalem; he must know what the Bible means."

"People who stay at home can know too, if they ask God to teach them," said Uncle Tim. "When a man wants to melt metal, he puts fire all over it; so if you want to melt the hard heart of an enemy, watch for a chance to be kind when he is in trouble. If he is hungry, feed him; if thirsty, give him drink. These kind acts will melt the heart, just as hot coals melt the metal."

George listened with his mouth and eyes wide open. I don't know whether he will try this way with Jim Jones. At any rate, we are sure it is a good way.

THERE are many who talk from ignorance rather than from knowledge.

"ORDER my steps in Thy word: and let not any iniquity have dominion over me."—Ps. cxix. 133.

FILL the heart with the treasures of the Word; and the attractions and pleasures of sin will have small-chance to enter.

It was the quaint saying of a dying man, who exclaimed, "I have no fear of going home. God's finger is on the latch, and I am ready for Him to open the door. It is but the entrance to my Father's house." And said another, "Why should I shrink from dying? It is the funeral of all my sorrows, and evils, and sins, and the perfection of all my joys forever."

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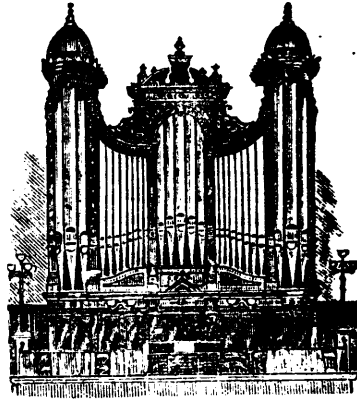
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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

LINDSAY.—At Lindsay, on last Tuesday of August, at eleven a.m.
KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Tuesday, September 21st, at three o'clock p.m.
PARIS.—At St. George, Sept. 20th, at half-past seven p.m., for Congregational Visitation; at Glenmorris, September 21st, at eleven a.m., for business, and at half-past seven p.m. for visitation.
CHATHAM.—At Ridgetown, August 3rd, at eleven o'clock a.m.
WHITBY.—At Whitby, on the third Tuesday of October, at eleven a.m.
LONDON.—In First Presbyterian Church, London, on the third Tuesday of September, at two p.m.
GUELPH.—In First Presbyterian Church, Guelph, on the third Tuesday of September, at ten a.m.
MONTREAL.—In St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on Tuesday, the 5th October, at eleven a.m.
BRUCE.—In St. Paul's Church, Walkerton, on the second Tuesday of Sept.—mbr., at two p.m.
STRATFORD.—In St. Andrew's Church, Stratford, on August 3rd, at half-past nine a.m.
PETERBORO.—At Cobourg, on 28th September, at half-past ten a.m.
HURON.—At Seaford, on the second Tuesday of September, at eleven a.m.
SAUGER.—In St. Andrew's Church, Mount Forest, on the 14th September, at eleven a.m.



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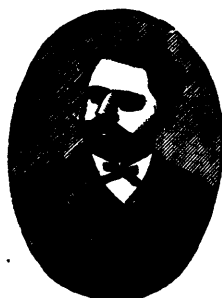
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