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## Contributors and Correspondents

[For the Presbyterian.]

### THREE OLD SCOTCH WORTHIES.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, TORONTO.

#### I.—SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

An English merchant, (Dr. McCrie tells us in his "Sketches of Church History") who had occasion to visit Scotland in the way of business about 1650, happened to hear three of the most eminent of the Scottish ministers of that age—Robert Blair, Samuel Rutherford, and David Dickson. Being asked on his return what news he had brought from Scotland, the gentleman, who had never shown any sense of religion before, replied, "Great and good news! I went to St. Andrew's, where I heard a sweet majestic-looking man (Blair); and he showed me the majesty of God. After him I heard a little fair man (Rutherford); and he showed me the loveliness of Christ. I then went to Irvine, where I heard a well-favored proper old man, with a long beard (Dickson), and that man showed me all my heart." "The whole General Assembly," says Wodrow, "could not have given a better character of the three men." All will assent to this judgment of Wodrow's, who are in any measure acquainted with the published writings of these three great men. At present we confine our attention to Samuel Rutherford, the "little fair man," who excelled in showing "the loveliness of Christ." Early in life he showed a great fondness for books, which led his parents to determine that he should be a minister. He was sent to the University of Edinburgh in 1617, in furtherance of this design, and there he made such rapid progress and displayed such superior talents, that in six years from the time he entered college he was appointed Professor of Humanity. This position he did not long retain, for in 1627, after a diligent and deep study of the theology, he was licensed to preach, and ordained minister of the parish of Anwoth, in the Stewartry of Kirkcubright. Then began that seraphic ministry whose sacred and inspiring influence is felt to this day. A contemporary pastor of that time gives us this account of him in his work: "I never knew one in Scotland like him, to whom so many great gifts were given; for he seemed to be altogether taken up with everything good, and excellent, and useful. He seemed to be always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechising, always writing and studying. He had two quick eyes, and when he walked, it was observed that he held his face upward. He had a strange utterance in the pulpit, a kind of *shreigh* that I never heard the like. Many times I thought he would have flown out of the pulpit when he came to speak of Jesus Christ. He was never in his right element but when he was commending Him. He would have fallen asleep in bed speaking of Christ." Another informs us of that which necessarily follows such a ministry, that "he was the instrument of much good among a poor ignorant people, many of whom he brought to the knowledge and practice of religion." In these testimonies we see the man, holy, fervent, active, entirely devoted, successful. A model minister. Oh, for thousands like him! It is to us no matter of surprise that he was popular as a preacher and famous in his times! God said "Them that honor Me I will honor, and they that despise Me shall be lightly esteemed." This was as true in Rutherford's day as in the days of Eli the priest, and it is true still. If we take his discourses in "THE TRIAL AND TRIUMPH OF FAITH" as a sample of those he preached at Anwoth, how rich they must have been! Fragrant with the perfume of Christ's presence; wise with the wisdom of God's truth, and mighty through the power of the Spirit. The Word dwelt in him richly, and consequently he never lost sight of Jesus in the most attractive aspect of His character and work. For instance, "See and understand that free grace, not our endeavors, leadeth us on to heaven. Better it is I be conscious to myself that I am Christ's debtor, not debtor to myself." "Believing can ease us, disputing cannot." "Make sure this general: Christ is mine; at that anchor, in this harbor my vessel must ride. Whatever wind blows in externals, Christ died for me." "Duties bestowed on Christ are spiritual." "If we see but little of Christ, we know not well the gospel spirit. We rest much on duties, to go civil saints to heavens, but the truth is, there be no moral men and civilians in heaven, they be all deep in Christ who are there." "To the believer all temporal favours are spiritualized and watered with mercy." "To see him face to face hath a great deal more in it than is expressed; words are short garments to the thing itself." "The covenant is faith's magna charta, the grand mother promise." "In the gospel all is sanctified grace." Pure gold of the sanctuary is this!

While he was at Anwoth he passed through seasons of severe affliction. He lost his wife and all his children, and was himself brought to the grave's mouth by a violent fever. During this period he received many Christian attentions at the hands of Lady Kenmure, the sister of the Marquis of Argyll. He was a firm and strong advocate of Presbytery, and this exposed him to the malice of the ministers of Charles II, by whom he was charged with writing a book against Arminianism, entitled "New-England's Apology," and brought before their high commission court. He would not recognize the court as a lawful one for the trial of such a case, and consequently was condemned, deposed from his ministerial office and imprisoned in Aberdeen.

It was while here, in, as he calls the prison, "Christ's Palace in Aberdeen," that he wrote most of his 352 famous letters, of which Richard Baxter said: "Hold off the Bible, such a book the world never saw the like." Many were written to Lady Kenmure and other noble persons, David Dickson and other brother ministers, his elders and many of his parishioners, and what man of God since the apostles has written letters like these to his flock; full of unselfish interest in their soul's welfare, and thrilling with the intensest desire to see them Christlike in the highest degree. To Viscountess Kenmure he writes, "I am sure the saints, at their best, are but strangers to the weight and worth and incomparable sweetness of Christ." "Love him as folks do borrowed things." "Come and see. Makest Jesus to be known in His excellency and glory." "Saw no clouds on Christ's robe." To David Dickson he writes: "Never came I before to such a pitch of communion with Christ, that I have now attained to." "My Lord Jesus and I have kissed each other in Aberdeen, the house of my pilgrimage." "I am content that Christ is so homely with my dear brother David Dickson as to borrow and lend, and give and take with him; and ye know what are called the visitations of such a friend—it is to come to the house and be homely with what is yours." This was on the death of a child. "He is only lopping and shedding a fruitful tree, that it may be more fruitful."

To Cardness, Elder, "I never knew by my nine years' preaching, so much of Christ's love as He hath taught me in Aberdeen, by six months' imprisonment." "Look beyond time; things here are but moonshine." "Love heaven, let your heart be on it; up, up, and visit the new land and view the fair city, and the white throne, and the Lamb, the bride's husband, in his bridegroom's clothes, sitting on it; it were time your soul cast itself and all your burdens upon Christ." To others, "Sister, fasten your grip fast on Christ." "My witness is above, my ministry, next to Christ, is dearest to me of anything." "If you would be a deep divine, I recommend you to sanctification; fear Him, and He shall reveal His covenant to you." "Nothing, nothing, but sound sanctification can abide the Lord's fan." "A pardon must close the reckoning."

In reading these letters we realize that we are in communion with one of the holiest men; with whom we walk in the garden of spices. These precious documents are a large comment on the character of his ministry—a ministry of great spiritual power.

On the cessation of the struggle between Presbyterian and Prelatic parties, Rutherford was restored to his parish of Anwoth. He was called in honor of his high virtues and talents to occupy some of the most honourable positions. As on important occasions in Scotland, when the covenant was to be renewed, he was asked to preach the sermon in Glasgow, in the High Church, preparatory to the performance of that solemn ceremony in that city. He was called to be Professor of Divinity in the University of St. Andrew's, and there served the cause of Christ with great zeal. He was chosen one of the Scots Commissioners to the General Assembly of Divines, at Westminster, on which mission he lived in London four years. When Charles II. came back, another change took place in the affairs of the country—Prelacy predominated. And that party being in power, they sought to wreak their vengeance on Rutherford, one of the most prominent of the Presbyterian clergy. They cited him before the Council at Edinburgh on the charge of treason, because of his book "SIX REX;" and this, too, although they knew that he was dying. When the citation was read, he said, "Tell them I have got a summons already before a superior judge and judiciary, and I behave to answer my first summons, and ere your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks come." They being foiled, voted him out of his college: upon which Lord Burleigh said, "You have voted that honest man out of his college, but you can't vote him out of heaven."

After a life seldom matched in zealous devotion to Christ, he died in 1661, crying out, "Oh, for arms to embrace Him! Oh, for a well tuned harp! I hear Him saying to me, 'Come up higher!'" and thus says Howie, the renowned eagle took its flight into the mountain of spices.

#### BAPTISM OF THE HOLY GHOST.

EXPERIENCE OF A PRESBYTERIAN MINISTER.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—You ask me to give you any hints that may occur to me on the subject of baptisms of the Holy Ghost.

The Holy Ghost is our Enlightener, Sanctifier, and Comforter. If, therefore, we have light, holiness, and comfort, it must be by Him; and all these things are matters of consciousness. I suppose the only way in which we are, or can be, conscious of the presence of the Spirit is by being conscious of the effects He produces. As the wind, "so is every one that is born of the Spirit." We are conscious of the presence of the Spirit just as we are conscious of the presence of the wind—by the effects. So we know the Holy Spirit by trying the fruits or influences by His own written work. The more marked, frequent and impressive the influences of the Spirit upon us, so is the likelihood of our walking in His ways.

Another preliminary statement. I mean the following distinctions:—

1. All Christians *know* the Spirit.
2. All established, abiding Christians *feel* with the Spirit.

8. *Baptisms of the Spirit* are refreshings, quickenings, spiritual impulses given at any stage of the Christian life.

These baptisms are, and from the nature of the case must be, occasional. And it is also true of this, as of all other excitement, that there is a tendency to re-act in our faculties. The impressions first produced decrease after a time, and though a permanent effect in some respects may remain, yet the impulse and quickening effect dies away. This is true in fact. The reasoning applies just as truly in relation to baptisms of the Spirit as to any other excitement. If this was generally understood and properly considered, it would relieve many from perplexities.

When Christians have had their sensibilities wrought up to a high degree of feeling, and they find the tide of emotion running out, they ought not to consider it an indication of backsliding, and thereby fall into fear and unbelief. Let them still trust Jesus, while the persuasive and sensitive parts of their constitution rest for a while. The Holy Ghost may withdraw from our consciousness for a time without leaving us. He never really departs from us while we continue to trust in the Lord Jesus. His apparent withdrawal is a trial to our faith, and if rightly viewed may greatly strengthen our faith.

I have been blest with many baptisms of the Spirit. Some of them have been of a remarkable character. In every instance, I think, they have been characterized by clear perception of some particular truths, revealed to me for the first time, or more clearly revealed than before, and an increase of purity, and of comfort or joy.

In all cases, after a time, longer or shorter, the impulse of these baptisms was gone; I felt me with increased knowledge, enlarged experience, and greater susceptibility to heavenly influences. Then, after a season of quiet, I would feel a conscious need of another quickening. I would seek for it, and obtain it, *whenever I sought for it perseveringly.*

Let me now add, that I found by long-continued observation, that the experience of many other esteemed Christians was similar to mine. I attended a number of "Holiness Meetings" for years together, and I observed that deep saints who walked "in the light," were at times wonderfully quickened, and their words, and everything about them, at such times, had a peculiar spiritual power. Then, after a time, this special quickening would seem gradually to subside, and though they still walked in the light, they were not impelled by the baptism.

After I had been familiar with these considerations for some years, I was interested in the testimony of a very eminent servant of God, speaking from long experience and much thought, who said: "Such baptisms need to be often repeated, to keep the current of spiritual life flowing strongly."

Until I found the testimony of others, whom I knew to be greatly blest of God, corresponding with my own, I had much hesitancy in forming any conclusion about it in my own mind; but after receiving some such testimonies, I had other, and I think more marked experiences, which seem to confirm my view as correct.

Looking over a number of past years, I can say this: Since I have taken the above-mentioned view of the matter, whenever I have felt a deep conviction that I needed a new baptism of the Spirit, and have steadily waited on God for it, pleading the promises which refer to it, I have never failed in a single instance to receive what I sought. I have sought in prayer, peacefully and persistently, making frequent but usually brief and quiet supplications; often using but a few words, and not regarding it as necessary to get into anxiety or impatience. Sometimes the answer has been given after a few days, and sometimes after a few weeks. In every instance, I think it was my purpose to continue seeking till I obtained—and as I have said, I never failed to prove by sweet experience, that my Heavenly Father is more willing to give His Spirit to them that ask Him, than we are to give good gifts to our children.

It is of some importance to add that in some cases the answer to my prayer has been given gradually, and I have realized that the blessed Holy Spirit was coming upon me by degrees, more and more, for several days. At first the spiritual refreshing and energizing would be comparatively gentle, and in small degree; but from time to time the waters of life would come welling up in greater and still greater fulness.

I am glad to say these things for the encouragement of any who feel their need of a Baptism of the Spirit, and I say them because I believe they are true.

Let me say a word about two mistakes which are made in reference to this matter.

The first is, the idea which seems to have settled down upon the minds of some who have been led into an experience of purity; that after such an experience they may steadily abide there without any further baptisms of the Spirit. Such are apt to get the idea of resting in a state of Holiness, instead of resting in Christ; and almost inevitably bring them into a state of deadness and formality. While in this world we must have repeated quickenings of the Spirit for our own spiritual life and for fruit-bearing.

The other error is one of distrust or anxiety, and often an undue desire for self-gratification. Christians not satisfied with their own experience, and distrusting about themselves, desire a baptism of the Spirit to set them at rest. The baptisms of the Spirit are given for that purpose. Christ and His Word, we shall enter into rest; and desire for the baptism of the Spirit, as a means to that end, is an unbelief in the Word, which

God "has magnified above all His name." When we seek for the Spirit, it should never be for our own gratification but for God's glory. The Spirit is given as a means to accomplish an end; the end in view must be, that we may be Christ-like and bear fruit for His glory.  
November 25th, 1870.

[For the Presbyterian.]

### A NOBLE WORK.

Friends of the Presbyterian Cause:—

Among the "Free Grants" of the Province of Ontario is included a vast block of land of seven hundred and twenty square miles, situated in the northern part of the County of Hastings. This block is surveyed into nine Townships, and is capable of sustaining, at the very least computation, a population of about twenty thousand souls. But double this number would not be beyond the range of probability. Although the country is somewhat hilly and rocky, yet the numerous good water privileges, the many indications of minerals of various kinds, together with the great fertility of the soil, all point out for it a great and prosperous future.

Since the opening up of this territory for settlement, over six hundred families have become actual residents, and new settlers are continually pouring in. The average intelligence of the population is very high, and in its character for good morals, persevering industry, and business enterprise, it will bear favourable comparison with any other population in similar circumstances. From undoubted sources, I have gathered that, of the above-mentioned number of families, quite one half are declared Presbyterians. This fact may have somewhat to do with the many good qualities of the people.

The only good means of access to these Townships is by the "Hastings Road," built by the Government for colonization purposes. This road, running through them north and south, divides them into about two equal parts. About five miles after its entrance into them, the road crosses the outlet of L'Amable lake just as the stream leaves it. Here there is an excellent water power which already drives a grist mill and a saw mill. Here the Division Court sits, and the Crown Land Agent resides. Here the Sons of Temperance and the Orangemen hold their stated meetings. Here is a post office, and a good stopping place. Here the Methodists hold fortnightly, and the Presbyterians weekly services. In short, this place is the centre for all local and district meetings. It is also the point from which diverge lines of settlement to the west, north, and east. Although these indications are small and unimportant, yet they evidently show the nucleus of a future town.

From these remarks it may be seen that the little hamlet of L'Amable is as it were the key to the nine Townships. Its influence, whether religious or political, will be felt to the farthest extremities of the settlements to which it leads. Whatever Christian denomination hold this position will almost surely give its tone to the religious belief of the surrounding country. It would be a fortress from which that denomination could issue forth to subdue the growing settlements in its vicinity.

Brother Presbyterians, have you any desire that ours be that denomination? Do you wish to see your own Church hold this predominating influence? Will you pray for such an issue? Nay more, will you aid forward such an issue? Will you embody your wishes and your prayers in substantial help? May the Lord dispose your hearts to send relief to the feeble and struggling brethren of L'Amable, for they are in need.

They need a building in which to worship. They cannot erect one without receiving external assistance—at least, one passably decent, and commodious enough to suit the increase in the population for fifteen or twenty years to come. Settlers locating on "Free Grant Lands" are generally very poor. For the first ten years they have to wrestle hard with poverty. It is all they can do to provide for their wives and little ones. Starvation frequently enters their doors and stares them in the face. In such circumstances they cannot build Churches. It is then a work of charity—a work of God to give them one. Such are the circumstances of the people of L'Amable, with a very few exceptions, and we appeal to you in the name of the Lord to give them a Church.

By such a noble deed you will have taken the first step to place Presbyterianism on a sure footing in the community; you will aid greatly in keeping our people within the fold; you will help to draw to our side very many who do not profess to belong to any denomination; you will draw forth the gratitude and the prayers of many of God's people; but above all you will receive the reward of an approving conscience, and meet with the smiles of Him who said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Seven hundred dollars is what we require. Let each give what, in the sight of God, he can spare. Please send all contributions to the address of Chas. McKillop, Presbyterian Missionary, L'Amable P. O., Ont.

"ALWAYS add, always walk, always proceed, neither stand still, nor go back, nor deviate; he that standeth still proceedeth not; he goeth back that continueth not; he deviateth that revolveth; he goeth better that creepeth in his way than he that moveth out of his way."—Augustine.

REPENTANCE is a vital grace, active and operative; no still, quiet quality and habit of the mind, but stirring and working. . . . It longs to be fruitful. . . . Cease to do evil, and learn to do well; that being 'dead unto sin,' ye may 'live unto righteousness.'—Bishop Browning.

### METIS, QUEBEC.

Autumn has come again, and, therefore, the victors—like birds of passage—are leaving us. A few days more, and the visiting season of 1876 shall be wholly a thing of the past. During the summer, the population of Metis was larger than it ever was before. For this we are very much indebted to the Intercolonial Railroad. All the places where board could be had were filled. A large number could not get accommodation.

As the Presbyterian Church is from three to four and a-half miles from where the visitors stay, but very few of them attended it. For their accommodation, I had a meeting every Sabbath afternoon, four and a-half miles from it, which I usually conducted myself. Twice on these occasions, and once in the church, Brother Baxter, of Montreal, conducted the services, which he did with much acceptance. At another of our afternoon meetings, the Rev. Mr. Stevenson (Congregational), of Montreal, led in prayer, and the Rev. Mr. Lindsay, (Episcopal), of the same place, read the passage of Scripture selected for the occasion. Our meeting was thus a sort of Evangelical Alliance. As one of these brethren was on one side of me, and the other on the other, I was in a position of the same kind as that which we believe our Church holds towards those to which they respectively belong. The next day, they walked up about four miles, and spent an afternoon at the Manse. We enjoyed their visit very much. A stranger would have taken us all for stout, staunch, sturdy Presbyterians. It was then agreed that—God willing—Mr. Lindsay would preach, and Mr. Stevenson and I take the rest of the services in the church on the following Sabbath. Before leaving, Mr. Stevenson, at the request of Mr. Lindsay, led in prayer. At the beginning of the gloaming, they took their departure. I proposed to take them home in my carriage, but they would not listen to me. I gave them "a Scotch conveyance" for about a mile; then, brotherly love, and a shower and one umbrella between them, took them home arm in arm. I looked forward with great pleasure to the next Sabbath, when, for the first time in our Church here, a Congregational, an Episcopal, and a Presbyterian minister were, in turn, to conduct the services at the same meeting. A wet day, however, disappointed my hopes. At the close of every meeting, I took up a collection, intending to devote the whole to different good objects. In all they amounted to nearly \$25. Towards the close of the season, I received from my temporary congregation a present of \$85. What enhances the value of the gift is the fact that several of the subscribers, including one of the committee of presentation, and the Treasurer *pro tem.*, belong respectively to the Episcopal and Congregational Churches.

By an exhibition, a bazaar, and donations, I have already raised nearly \$60 for a stone to mark the last resting place of nearly sixty shipwrecked persons who were drowned here several years ago, and who lie in a burying-ground awaiting the day when the many who sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.

Drs. Nelles and Douglas, of the Methodist Church, spent a few minutes one day at the Manse. On comparing notes, Dr. Douglas and I found that our birth-places are not far apart.

On Sabbath afternoon, Dr. Nelles and another, Mr. Dumoulin (Episcopal), worshipped with us. The latter gentleman, one Sabbath morning, conducted service according to the forms of the Church of England in the place where the afternoon meetings were held. Mr. Lindsay did the same twice, and took up collections for Miss Harvey's Convalescent Home at Murray Bay, which amounted in all to \$16.50. Dr. Dawson, of McGill College, visited our Sabbath School one Sabbath afternoon, and addressed the young people. To those who have heard him speak, it is unnecessary to say that those then present listened to an address characterized by clearness, simplicity of language, and earnestness. The Dr. also once addressed the Sabbath School connected with the other Protestant Church in Metis. One thing, I may now remark, which puzzles Brothers Stevenson and Lindsay of whom I have already spoken, is to see the need of two rival churches in Metis, where there is but a small field for one. One Sabbath, while I was at the General Assembly, Prof. Murray, of McGill College, very kindly occupied my pulpit. One Sabbath evening Dr. Nelles preached in the Little Metis Church.

One afternoon Mr. and Mrs. F. Redpath, of Montreal, paid a short visit to the manse. A gentleman from a far distant country—all the way from the "ambitious little city," spent, lately, a few days here. I refer to Dr. James Osborne, one of "the oldest inhabitants" of Hamilton, and a leading Presbyterian there. It was our pleasure to have him as our guest for about two days.

Dr. Dawson, Profs. Murray and Darcy, Dr. Trenholme, and Messrs. Bottrel and Major, all of Montreal, have already summer houses here. One has been commenced for Mrs. Redpath. Mr. Selwyn, of the Canadian Geological Survey, and Rev. Messrs. Stevenson and Bland, intend building for next year. Mr. J. C. Thomson, of Quebec, owns a farm and three building lots here. He has very kindly given half an acre for a Presbyterian Church at Little Metis. When it is not used by the Presbyterians, it will be at the service of other evangelical denominations.—T.F.

Sept. 8, 1876.

SEVERAL Baltimore physicians say that many diseases are caused by weak, the ground for which is obtained from unhealthy animals.



Pastor and People.

Trust in God.

Nothing is more becoming or natural in children than entire confidence in the promise and care of a parent. A father stands in a child's mind as the embodiment of courage and power, the mother, of love and goodness. The feeling of trust is perfect. No anxiety on their part, while father has the charge. There is a certainty that all is well. Neither sickness nor trouble diminishes this trust. It grows stronger then. Danger drives the little ones to the parent's arms, and there is a sense of security which is felt nowhere else. Now "as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." God has said that He is "a father to the fatherless," and He promises to be our father, if we will be His children. Will a father let his child perish, if he is able to save him? If he asks for bread, will he give him a stone? And can we not confide in our heavenly Father's promises, and trust His ability to care for us? "Yes," says one professing Christianity; "we can trust Him." There is no difficulty in trusting in the Lord for food, when our granaries and store-houses are well filled; for health, when sickness comes not near our dwelling; or for prosperity, when the waves of adversity are all quiet. But let misfortune come. Let the greedy flame devour our dwelling, and all our substance; can we trust the Lord to supply our wants? Let sickness come; can we trust Him to care for us then? Would a kind father pity his child, and care for all his need? Yes, all his wants would be supplied; and how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good gifts to them that ask Him. "Ask and ye shall receive." Can we trust in Him? "The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger; but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing." Can we believe it? We can leave our affairs with the Lord when all goes well; can we when all goes wrong? We can rest quietly in the hands of God when in health; can we when sick? What is confidence in God good for, if we have it only when we could get along very well without it, and it leaves us when we most need it? What is a ship good for that cannot be trusted to go to sea, but must be kept in the harbor? or a sail that will split in the first gale? Patience, when there is no danger; hope, when everything is within our reach;—what are all these worth? But such is the trust that some people have in God; and when trial and adversity come, it will be found worthless. We need a trust that will take hold on God in every trying hour; and hold on through whatever may come. Consider that as uncertain, which is felt in time of joy and prosperity. Look upon that only as genuine trust in God that does not fail in hours of darkness, when every earthly resource is cut off. If it fail not in time of trial, we may feel that we have something on which we can depend, and have confidence to say in the language of inspiration, "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall the olive yield the oil; and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stall; yet will I rejoice in the Lord, and will joy in the God of my salvation."

Praying for What We Don't Expect.

I happened once to be staying with a gentleman—a long way from here—a very religious kind of a man he was; and in the morning he began the day with a long family prayer that we might be kept from sin, and might have a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was also in Christ Jesus; and that we might have the love of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost given unto us. A beautiful prayer it was, and I thought "What a good kind of man you must be." But about an hour after I happened to be coming along the farm, and I heard him hallowing and scolding, and going on finding fault with everybody and everything. And when I came into the house with him he began again. Nothing was right, and he was so impatient and so quick tempered. "Tis very provoking to be annoyed in this way, Daniel. I don't know what servants in these times be good for but to worry and vex one, with their idle, slovenly ways." I didn't say nothin' for a minute or two. And then I says, "You must be very much disappointed, sir." "How so, Daniel? Disappointed?" "I thought you were expecting to receive a very valuable present this morning, sir, and I see it hasn't come." "Present, Daniel?"—and he scratched his head, as much as to say, "Whatever can the man be talking about?" "I certainly heard you speaking of it, sir," I says quite coolly. "Heard me speak of a valuable present. Why, Daniel, you must be dreaming. I've never thought of such a thing." "Perhaps not, sir, but you talked about it; and I hoped it would come whilst I was here, for I should dearly love to see it." He was getting angry with me, now, so I thought I would explain. "You know, sir, this morning you prayed for a Christ-like spirit, and the mind that was in Jesus, and the love of God shed abroad in your heart." "Oh, that's what you mean, is it?" and he spoke as if that wasn't anything at all. "Now, sir, wouldn't you be rather surprised if your prayer was to be answered? If you were to feel a nice, gentle, loving kind of spirit coming down upon you, all patient, and forgiving and kind? Why, sir, wouldn't you come to be quite frightened like; and you'd come in and sit down all in a faint, and reckon as you must be a going to die, because you felt so heavenly minded?" "He didn't like it very much," said Daniel, "but I delivered my testimony, and I learnt a lesson for myself, too. You're right, Captain Joe; you're right. We should stare very often if the Lord was to answer our prayer."—From "Daniel Quorn and his Religious Notions," by Rev. Messrs. G. & J. P. Rogers.

"In Good Hands."

A young man lay on his death-bed. For weeks and months consumption had been bringing his body to the "narrow house." Medical skill had been exhausted, and given up the case as hopeless. Change of climate had proved no real benefit. The attorney had been called, and the last will and testament made—the things of this world all been settled. "You have attended to your temporal matters to-day?" said the pastor. "Yes," said he, "I am at rest in that respect; I have put them into good hands. Now, if my other matters (meaning his spiritual interests) were as satisfactorily settled." The pastor said, "Are they not in good hands?" "Yes," said he, but it seems that I cannot get the certainty of it." Some days afterwards he left us, as we trust, to know by a blessed experience the faithfulness of the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, and I thought as I left that chamber of death, and the interests of our souls in good hands? Whose hands? The Son of God's, the Saviour Jesus, Christ the appointed, the Good Shepherd, the Bishop of souls. Blessed be God for Him who bears these three precious names! He is the foundation of our hopes. God has given us the strongest assurance of safety. He chose us in eternity; gave us to His Son. He satisfied the claims of law and justice by His death; called us into His kingdom and grace by His Holy Spirit; sanctifies our natures by His word and Spirit; conquers all our enemies; makes all things work together for our good; and has promised to come again to bring us to His kingdom of glory. "For when He did predestinate them He also called, and whom He called them He also justified, and whom He justified them He also glorified." "For I am persuaded, that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus." "He is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them." "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day." Yes, thank God, the believer is safe, all his interests are "in good hands."

Churchly Churlishness.

If there is any place under heaven where good manners should be practiced, that place is the Church. But, in many instances, it is the very home of churlishness and boorishness. A stranger, dropping in, finds himself in an atmosphere of such Arctic chilliness and freezing rigidity, that his first thought is that he has suddenly intruded into a spiritual refrigerator. There he stands, uncertain whether to advance or back out. No one shows him a paw, or speaks a kind word to him, or gives him the slightest look of encouragement or welcome. He feels that he is a stranger, an intruder, that he is not welcome, that to stay is only to be tolerated. What wonder the service has no effect on the man? or, if any, that he retires after the benediction more hardened than softened? He went to gather strength for the grand purpose of a new life; he leaves feeling that there is no strength or grace to be extracted from this frosty selfishness which has built itself a temple in the name of Christianity. Now had some kind-hearted Christian stepped up to this diffident new-comer, and, frank in speech, and warm and sympathetic in heart, grasped him by the hand and bade him welcome, and given him to understand that the Church wanted him, and had work for him to do, how different the result. Ah! when will the Church be as wise as the devil? When at the doors will a stranger meet a welcome as bright and cheery, as hearty and warm, as he finds at those doors which open on death and hell? Fill the Church with an atmosphere of radiant kindness, of genial welcome. Let there be exhibited the courtesy, not of outward deportment and etiquette only, but that also of the heart. Be pleasant. Keep back your antipathies. But show your good-will. Be hospitable, for there is nothing like Church hospitality. Thereby you entertain angels who will come again. Then every flower of Christian grace will bloom in richest colors, and every stranger that enters will be conscious of an attractiveness and a warmth that will irresistibly bind it to him as his home.—Christian at Work.

Take Them to Jesus.

Burdens are numerous and heavy. What shall we do with them? Many are carrying them. Is that the best way we can do? They cling to us with strange tenacity. They load us down by day, and worry us by night. It is thought to be a good sign for one to become sleepless under responsibilities. A shrewd financier was asked by bank directors how they could insure the success of the bank. His reply was wise from a mere worldly standpoint, "Get a president who will take the bank to bed with him." On the same principle we should seek pastors who will take their churches to bed with them. But there is a better way; take banks and churches to Christ, cast all burdens on Him, for He careth for us, and we shall have rest, and yet not lose zeal. In no other way can we escape the burdens without loss of interest and energy, but in this way we escape worry and increase energy. Sleep sweetly, and work refreshingly; feel the full weight of the burden, and find Almighty strength carrying it. We learn to live well when we spontaneously hasten to Christ with all our cares; lay them all on Him, and feel that He is our wisdom and strength at all times, in all labors and trials.—Baptist Union.

For the ill of this life, if there was no silence there would be no music. Ignorance is a spur to knowledge. Darkness is a pavilion for the Almighty; a foil to the painter to make his shadows.—George MacDonald.

Courage.

"Art thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distressed?  
Come to me, saith one, and coming  
Be at rest."  
"Hath he marks to lead me to him,  
If he be my guide?  
In his feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And his side."  
"Hath he diadem as Monarch,  
Hath his brow adorned?  
Yes, a crown, 'a very surety,  
But of thorns."  
"If I and him I follow,  
What his garrison here?  
Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
Many a tear."  
"If I still hold closely to him,  
What hath he at last?  
Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan past."  
"If I ask him to receive me,  
Will he say no nay?  
Not till earth, and not till heaven  
Pass away."  
"Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is he sure to bless?  
Angels, martyrs, prophets, virgins,  
Answer, Yes?"

Beseeking.

The Gospel contains few commands, but many entreaties. Jesus invited, persuaded, exhorted, but seldom commanded. Miraculous mercies were not given on condition of service, but in generous zeal to relieve distress. If the healed became loyal to their Redeemer, it was not from compulsion, but from the choice of their own hearts, the voluntary love and gratitude of their own souls. In the same spirit the apostles taught. Their letters to the churches abound in counsel, advice, entreaty, warning, invitation, promise; but the language of authority is seldom used. This fact denotes the genius of the Christian system and Christian life. The service of Christ is pre-eminently freedom. Arbitrary rules, exact regulations, specific organizations, uniform prescriptions, are unknown, and great liberty for every believer is allowed, the chief restraint being the internal force of love, responding to the gentle beseechings and advice of the inspiring word. Thus the Lord begins at the heart and works out; relies upon love rather than law; takes away the love of sin, and thus removes the terror of the law; makes men free from wicked purposes, so that commands are not needed, since persuasion is effective.

The Best Preaching.

The Interior speaks of a Presbyterian minister receiving less than four hundred dollars a year, whom the editor would rather hear preach than any other man known to him. We wondered whether he meant Father Gray, sometime of Mt. Carroll, Ill., whom we reckon one of the extraordinary preachers. The case is worth a note, because it is full of instruction for young men. The great popular preachers do very little for the thought and current opinion of the church. Let any reader ask, who has done most for him? What preacher helped you, formed your thought, fixed your opinions? Very few will think of men now famous, as the specially useful ministers in their personal history. Oftentimes it is some man then, and still, in an humble pastorate. The reasons for this fact are various. One of them is, that a class of popular gifts interest without instructing. We are pleased, elevated, half-inspired, but nothing settles down into our blood and bone. Another is, that popular preaching usually, not always, avoids matters of difference, and seizes great lines of harmony in thinking. Old Hundred, in theology, is performed grandly, gloriously. But the avoided topics are those in which thought is at work, and where opinions are taking shape. The men who face the disputed ground, and man the picket line of discussion, are the heroic victors in this campaign. When it is over, statelier figures ride over the field and proclaim the victory; but the dead men under their feet are the brave soldiers that won the fight. If you wish to be a popular preacher, and have certain natural gifts, we can furnish a simple recipe. Be always interesting in what you say, but never say anything that could offend anybody who attends your church. If you are a conscientious man, anxious to do your best work for God, you will do your best thinking, and put it into your sermons, whether the young light-heads or the old hard-heads stay in your congregation or go to some other. They will probably go away and you will have small honor from men, but you may do more than popular men to shape the mind of one generation. We listened, when at home, to a man of the instructive and pioneering group. It is, to us, a luxury to hear him preach; but there is not the smallest danger that any great church will call him from his little country congregation. What is he doing year after year? He is getting the ears of young men who will be ministers, of laymen who shape the thought of their neighbors. He is pouring himself into his age, and not a drop of his life is spilled on the ground. We wish young men who are able to tread this high path, would learn the little lesson, that salary and honors count really for very little; that a man who has fifty pairs of ears to address, and lives on crusts, may do a great man's great work in the spirit and power of our Divine Master. Father Gray used to have an audience of about two score souls, but many a chance listener like ourselves has heard unutterable things, and received ineffaceable impressions from his words. This is to be one of God's prophets, to speak His truth straight into men's souls, to work out in the pulpit, what God works in the closet.—The Methodist.

CONTEMPLATIVE admiration is a large part of the worship of the Deity. Nothing can array us so near to God and heaven as this. The mind can walk beyond the eye, and (though in a cloud) pass into heaven while we live. Man is the soul's perspective glass, when he long remove, the discoloration of his own nature.—John Bunyan.

Serious Things To-morrow.

Many ages ago, a Greek nobleman made a feast for his friends. In the midst of his mirth, a messenger entered in great haste with a letter. It was from a distance, to tell him that a plot had been formed by his enemies to kill him that night. "My master desired me to say that you must read the letter without delay for it is about serious things." "Serious things to-morrow," said the nobleman, as he threw the letter aside, and took up his cup of wine. The delay was fatal. Before the feast was at an end, his enemies rushed into the hall and slew him. "What folly," you say; "why did he not attend to the warning?" But are you not acting in the same manner? The world with all its pleasures and profits to-day; serious things to-morrow. Give heed to this friendly warning. Forsake your evil ways. Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, and without whom you must be forever lost. He invites you by His Holy Spirit in His Word: "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts;" for "now is the day of salvation." Serious things to-day!

Influence of a Holy Life.

There is a power about a heart consecrated to God—a power acting through all time—exhaustless, chainless—only to be computed and realized in a greater world. So the soul, drawing down power from heaven, moves on life with wonderful results, reaching from age to age. Each soul, as it moves on its glorious way towards heaven, makes a ripple on the sea of time, which widens and expands till it breaks on the golden shore, safely landing waifs of infinite value, who would have otherwise been lost.

A Sermon from a Pair of Boots.

There lived forty years ago, in Berlin, a shoemaker who had a habit of speaking harshly of all his neighbours who did not feel exactly as he did about religion. The old pastor of the parish, in which the shoemaker lived, heard of this and felt that he must give him a lesson. He did it in this way: He sent for the shoemaker one morning, and when he came in, said to him: "Master, take my measure for a pair of boots." "With pleasure, your reverence," answered the shoemaker; "please take off your boot." The clergyman did so, and the shoemaker measured his foot from toe to heel, and over the instep, noted all down in his pocket-book, and then prepared to leave the room. But as he was putting up the measure, the pastor said to him: "Master, my son also requires a pair of boots." "I will make them with pleasure, your reverence. Can I take the young man's measure?" "It is not necessary," said the pastor; "the lad is fourteen, but you can make my boots and his from the same last." "Your reverence, that will never do," said the shoemaker, with a smile of surprise. "I tell you, sir, to make my son's on the same last." "No, your reverence, I cannot do it." "It must be—on the same last." "But, your reverence, it is not possible, if the boots are to fit," said the shoemaker, thinking to himself that the old pastor's wits were leaving him. "Ah, then master shoemaker," said the clergyman, "every pair of boots must be made on their own last, if they are to fit, and yet you think that God is to form all Christians exactly according to your own last, of the same measure and growth in religion as yourself. That will not do either." The shoemaker was abashed. Then he said: "I thank your reverence for this sermon, and I will try to remember it, and to judge my neighbours less harshly in the future."

The Lepers of Jerusalem.

We walked across to the Zion gate, and, mounting the city wall there—an uneven and somewhat broken, but slightly promenade—followed it round to its junction with the Temple Wall and to Robinson's Arch. Underneath the wall by Zion gate dwell, in low stone huts and burrows, a considerable number of lepers, who form a horrid community by themselves. These poor creatures, with toothless feet and fingerless hands, came out of their dens and assailed us with piteous cries for charity. What could be done? It was impossible to give to all. The little we threw them they fought for, and the unsuccessful followed us with whetted eagerness. We could do nothing but flee, leaving Demetrius behind as a rear-guard. I should have had more pity for them if they had not exhibited so much maliciousness. They knew their power and brought all their loathsomeness after us, thinking that we would be forced to buy their retreat. Two hideous old women followed us a long distance, and, when they became convinced that further howling and whining would be fruitless, they suddenly changed tone, and cursed us with healthful vigor. Having cursed us, they hobbled home to roost.—Charles Dudley Warner, in the Atlantic.

We love to think that religious life is the growth of all the faculties, and not a slow strangulation of them. As we look at it, religion no more cramps a man than wings do a bird, or fins do a fish. It supplies him with propelling power. A Christian man should be an active man—active in every fibre, vibrating with energy. Great injury has been done religion by allowing people to regard it as a mild form of slavery, a kind of bondage to goodness, in which they consented to be tied up that they might not hurt themselves or others. But it is not such religion as this; at least, in the New Testament. The gospel Christ preached, and Paul preached is a gospel of liberty, and not of slavery.—Golden Rule.

Watch the Lips.

Clamorous words, wrathful, testy, peevish, bitter, sneering words, curt speaking and detraction, are anseverable for large measures of human misery. Anger, says Chrysostom, rides upon noise as upon a horse; still the clamor, and the rider is in the dust. Solomon's sayings about brawling women, of whom he must have had many a specimen among his thousand wives and concubines, given him of God, perhaps, as whips and scourges for his sensuality and polygamy, have found many to respond to them. A sharp temper and a high-keyed voice in a wife and mother are enough to drive out all comfort from a home, and to make even a bar-room and its company a desired refuge. David, when he asked God to keep the door of his lips, had been driven out by Saul, to seek shelter with Achish, king of Gath, and he prays that in his trouble he may not say anything hurtful to the religion of Israel before idolatrous Philistines, nor utter any repining words against his God. And, like David, we should be specially careful of our words in the day of trouble, or of ill-health, or of bad condition of body; for then we are like the hot springs of Iceland, that need only the provocation of a trifling in, to return steam and scalding water and showers of stones. A parent, or a school teacher, will think that children act worse some days than at other times, and like creatures possessed, and will punish accordingly, when it is only some trouble of his own that made it seem so. And so, too, Sabbath services will be disparaged, neighbors harshly judged, or God's ways repined at, when, in a better frame ourselves, we should have been pleased and satisfied. We are sometimes like matches, ready to take fire at a touch, and hardly safe to be dropped about anywhere. Words of detraction and slander require the watch. It is not all mention of a neighbor's faults and evil deeds that is wrong; for we cannot but notice gross faults, and to speak of them in a right spirit may be perfectly right, and needful for self-defence and the good of society. The sin and wrong is in being quick to see and publish faults, magnifying them, imagining them, meddling with them when it is none of our business to do so, and speaking of them from promptings of envy, resentment, and rivalry. A slanderous tongue moves as naturally in the element of hatred, as a fish in the water. One who loves his neighbor as himself, and seeks to do unto others as he would they should do unto him, can hardly be a slanderer. The mischief of detraction springs from a mean, unloving spirit, soured by disappointment, fretted by envy, urged on by meddlesomeness and miserable curiosity. When one with such a frame goes from house to house with the preface, "They say, or they do say, but I don't know how true it is, that this man drinks," or "that man and his wife don't live very pleasantly together;" or, "that man did not come by his money very honestly;" or, "this woman is no better than she should be"—it is very probable that then a busybody and slanderer is at work who greatly needs the prayer, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."

Random Readings.

As sin darkens the mind and hardens the heart, it should be hated cordially and forsaken utterly.—Rom. iv. 9.

The body of our prayer is the sum of our duty; and as we must ask of God whatever we need, we must labour for all that we ask.—Jeremy Taylor.

He that hath love can no more be motionless than the aspen in the gale, the sere leaf in the hurricane, or the spray in the tempest. As well may hearts cease to beat as love to labour.—Spurgeon.

A man who has humor, and sees things from a judicious point of view, is almost always able to call good-nature and happiness to his side, and troubles are not half so troublesome, nor are cares half so sharp, while he has such a faculty within him.

When read aright, the whole Book of God contains whispers of particular love to individual sufferers, which enter the ear that grace has opened, and soothe the heart that was ruffled by manifold vexations. The key to all is, "Christ is mine, and God views me in Him."

We heard tell of a poor broken-down old woman who sat shivering in her smoky chimney corner, her eyes dimmed and her ears dulled by reason of age, and on being asked what she was doing muttering away to herself, she replied, "Counting my mercies, my child."

Life has such hard conditions that every dear and precious gift, every rare virtue, every pleasant faculty, every genial endowment, love, hope, joy, wit, sprightliness, benevolence, must sometimes be put into the crucible to distill the one elixir—patience.—Gail Hamilton.

A MARRIED MAN falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one, chiefly because his spirits are soothed and retrieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that, although all abroad he is a little world of love at home over which he is a monarch.—Jermy Taylor.

THERE is too much jelly-fish morality in our churches—too many Christians must be classed among the "invertbrates." We need to cultivate a more stalwart morality. We should cherish that chastity of honor which, as Burke says, feels a stain like a wound. But alas! over the doors of how many churches might be hung up the sign: "Wanted—moral stamina."—Examiner and Chronicle.

THERE is much in the expression of the poet: "Guard well your thoughts: your thoughts are heard in heaven." Our musings and meditations, all our fitting emotions and thoughts, of which men know nothing—these are fully understood in the world above. How careful should we be to think only that which is good, and of which we will be willing to give an account.



Our Young Folks.

A Sister's Tears.

A young man, not very long since, was on examination for ordination. In relating his Christian experience and call to the ministry, the question was put to him:—"What first led you to see yourself a sinner, and to feel your need of Christ?" His simple reply was:—"A sister's tears!"

Fast or Slow.

A little golden butterfly flitted merrily along the margin of a pond graced with fragrant water-lilies, rejoicing in the sweet summer air and sunlight, and dancing minuets on the dark, gloomy leaves that lay on the water.

While here she heard an old mud-turtle giving her son directions for a journey. "The gay soldiers will be there, and the flag will be flying; but after you have seen all that and eaten as many worms as you can hold, hurry home, and don't stop to play with bad little turtles by the way."

So she brushed up her tired little wings, so as to keep pace with this big black fellow that was so hurrying.

As she went on she met another friend, and they had a walk on a spire of golden rod, till she was weary. She sat down on a bright green leaf to rest her wings, and when she rose up what should she see but the turtle on his way back!

Alas, the sun was down, and so was the flag, when the tiny idler reached the place. The night was falling and the dew chilled her golden wings, and she turned homeward without flitting among the stars or even lighting on a soldier's plume.

OUR prayer and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well; while the one ascends the other descends.—Bishop Hopkins. He must not only know that there is such a thing as the blood of sprinkling, but he must have it applied.

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XXXIX.

REVUE—THIRD QUARTER, 1876.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life. Prov. iv. 23. GENERAL TRUTH.—"Godliness hath the promise of this life, and the life to come."

LESSON XXVII. Name the first three kings of Israel. State the relationships among them. Mention their features of character. For what was David notable. Solomon for what? Their great joint work? David's charge to Solomon? How given? How is God to be sought? How to be served? Solomon's special work? How was he designated thereto?

LESSON XXVIII. How did Solomon's reign promise at first. His regard to divine service? The divine favor to him? When shown? Solomon's request? The propriety of it? The gift promised him? The evidences of his greatness? The highest kind of greatness? The places and people reached by his commerce? Was the desired wisdom bestowed?

LESSON XXIX. The site of the temple? The interest of the place? The general shape of the Temple? Number of apartments in it? The ornaments? The material used? Difference between the holy place and most holy? The place of the cherubim? Their appearance? And their attitude? The veil—its material and use? The pillars and their names? Why is all this detailed?

LESSON XXX. What is dedication? By whom was the Temple dedicated? With what rites? Where was the ark placed, and by whom? Its contents at this time? How was the Lord's presence shown? The king's works of acknowledgment? Why a settled place for the ark now? The Lord's living temple? The one temple on earth? Who lays its foundation? Its head? Who are living stones in it?

LESSON XXXI. Meaning of intercede? The great intercessor? How Solomon a type of him? Where he took his place? His attitude in prayer? The adoration? Its place in prayer? The divine attribute magnified? The place of the promises in prayer? The glory that cannot be confined? In what sense God can dwell with men? The means of our communion with God? The value of a nation's fearing God?

LESSON XXXII. Why Queen of Sheba mentioned New Testament allusion to her? Her object? The lesson to us? Her queenly dignity? The impression made upon her? Her gifts? Their peculiarity? Her general character as here shown? Influence of Israel on the nations? Superiority of Israel over them, and its causes? The lesson to nations now?

LESSON XXXIII. The peculiarities of "Proverbs"? The Bible writer of Proverbs? Meaning of "wisdom" in the book? What is the cry of wisdom? And to whom? Where is it uttered? And how? What is the penalty of despising her call? The gain of hearing and obeying? Who now represents true religion to us? When will he call men to account for what they have heard? The two kinds of hearing? The results?

LESSON XXXIV. The gain of early godliness? The way to success in life? How is the Lord to be trusted? And owned? The evils of self-sufficiency? How is money to be used? The gain of rightly using it? The true nature of sorrow? Why is it sent? How is it to be received? The ways of wisdom—how pleasant? The true tree of life?

LESSON XXXV. How is the ant distinguished? What the ant teaches? The evils of idleness? When is poverty a curse? The secret signs of the wicked? The swift punishment of the sinner? The six things God hates? The claim of parents on their children? The gain of obedience?

LESSON XXXVI. What is intemperance? Example? The signs of it? The way of it? The safe way of resistance? The fatal bite? The deadly sting? How it brings other sins? How it hardens the heart and penetrates itself?

LESSON XXXVII. Meaning of "virtuous." A virtuous woman? What to her husband? How employed? What to her household? What is she to the poor? How she grows rich? How she provides?

Her character in the gates? (Meaning of?) Her memory among her children? The value of good looks? The woman to be praised? LESSON XXXVIII. How is the Creator to be remembered? When? The danger of forgetting Him? The mark of old age? In the feelings? The signs of bodily decay? The doom of the dust? The way of the spirit? The uses of the Proverbs? The conclusion of all? The whole of man? The judges and the judged? The only way of life? The preparation for death? The way of peace? How Jesus is the way? How does faith work? What does it produce?

Immersion or Sprinkling. A recent conversation presents an original and rather striking aspect of the immersion question, and one which, at least, has the merit of being an actual occurrence. Rev. Dr. B. was introduced by a friend to a highly intelligent lady, who was a decided and earnest Baptist, the friend remarking pleasantly to the Dr., as he introduced him, "But you must be careful, Dr., or she'll make a Baptist of you."

Encouraged, perhaps, by the remark, the good lady at once plunged deep into the views of the Immersionists, when the Dr. interrupted her by saying:—"I have no time just now, my dear madam, to go into this subject at length with you; but" (very significantly and seriously), "but there is a matter on which I confess I have been troubled and in doubt, and perhaps you can enlighten me respecting it. It is as to the sacrament of the Lord's Supper; and the question that troubles me is, 'How much of the bread ought I to give to each communicant? Shall it be but a crumb, or a larger piece, or an entire loaf?'"

Book Learning. We heard a curious colloquy between two persons the other day. One of them remarked of a certain person that he was a dolt. "How can you say so?" replied the other; "he is one of the greatest readers I ever knew."

It is the cry of the infant just from the cradle; it is the only balm that will heal the wounded heart in youthful days. "Mother, I'm hurt;" "mother, I'm tired;" "mother, I'm weary;" "mother, sing to me, rock me, tell me stories." It is always "mother" with the child and the lad. No one like mother. No hand that falls on the favored brow so softly as hers; no words so sympathetic as those that pass her lips. The house would be a dreary, thorny road without her warning voice and guiding hand. A father may be kind, may love none less, but the wearied child wants the mother's arms, her lullaby songs; the carresses of her gentle hand. All childhood is a mixture of tears and joy. A kind word brings a smile, a harsh word a sigh, a fall is pain, a loss a joy. The first footsteps weak and trembling grow stronger by the guidance of a mother's love. The little wounds, the torn clothes, the headaches, and heart-aches, the trials, all vanish at the words of a mother, and there is built up in the heart of every man an edifice of love and respect that no crime can topple down—no dungeon can efface. And a lad grows to be a man only to find that mother is the same. If he errs, she weeps; if he is good and manly, she rejoices. Hers is the only love that lasts—endures forever. The wolf of starvation may enter the door, but her love is only tried to shine the brighter. All the world may call her son a criminal, but the mother only believes it not. Trial may beset you, storms gather over you, vexations come, ruin drag you down, but there is one who ever stands firm in your cause, who will never leave you. The criminal on the scaffold has suffered in feeling because his bad deeds would cause a pang to his mother's heart. The low and wretched, dying in some dark abode of sin, have died with that name on their lips. There is no praise like her praise, there are no sad tears that pain us so much as hers.

Tax grace of God can enable the lame and the halt, the maimed and the blind, to go through the land and possess it. God gives food to every bird, but he does not bring it to the nest; in like manner He gives us our daily bread, but by means of our daily work.

"Mother." It is the cry of the infant just from the cradle; it is the only balm that will heal the wounded heart in youthful days. "Mother, I'm hurt;" "mother, I'm tired;" "mother, I'm weary;" "mother, sing to me, rock me, tell me stories." It is always "mother" with the child and the lad. No one like mother. No hand that falls on the favored brow so softly as hers; no words so sympathetic as those that pass her lips. The house would be a dreary, thorny road without her warning voice and guiding hand. A father may be kind, may love none less, but the wearied child wants the mother's arms, her lullaby songs; the carresses of her gentle hand. All childhood is a mixture of tears and joy. A kind word brings a smile, a harsh word a sigh, a fall is pain, a loss a joy. The first footsteps weak and trembling grow stronger by the guidance of a mother's love. The little wounds, the torn clothes, the headaches, and heart-aches, the trials, all vanish at the words of a mother, and there is built up in the heart of every man an edifice of love and respect that no crime can topple down—no dungeon can efface. And a lad grows to be a man only to find that mother is the same. If he errs, she weeps; if he is good and manly, she rejoices. Hers is the only love that lasts—endures forever. The wolf of starvation may enter the door, but her love is only tried to shine the brighter. All the world may call her son a criminal, but the mother only believes it not. Trial may beset you, storms gather over you, vexations come, ruin drag you down, but there is one who ever stands firm in your cause, who will never leave you. The criminal on the scaffold has suffered in feeling because his bad deeds would cause a pang to his mother's heart. The low and wretched, dying in some dark abode of sin, have died with that name on their lips. There is no praise like her praise, there are no sad tears that pain us so much as hers.

Suicide. The British Medical Journal publishes the following:—"Considering the abnormal mental condition that produces suicidal mania, there is room for much speculation in the constantly steady proportion of suicides that occur year by year in the English population. In the reports of the Registrar-General the attempt to distinguish suicides from other violent deaths was made in the year 1858, when 1,276 cases of suicide were returned. It is true that the annual number of suicides in England and Wales have since 1858 slowly, but steadily, increased to 1,592 in 1874. If, however, the increase of population in these seventeen years be taken into account, we shall find that the proportion has been remarkably constant. The annual number of suicides to 1,000,000 persons living was equal to 67 in each of the three quinquennials ending 1864, 1869, and 1874. During the five years 1870-4 the annual suicide rate was equal to 70 per 1,000,000 persons living in 1870, and the lowest rate was 65 in 1873. The 1,592 deaths by suicide in 1874 included 1,204 of males and 388 of females; 597 resulted from hanging, 380 from incised wounds (principally in the throat), 280 from drowning, 149 from poison, and 198 from gun-shot wounds, besides 182 from other or ill-defined injuries. Suicides are generally more numerous in urban than in rural populations. Taking the year 1873 as an example, this being the most recent year for which the Registrar-General has yet published his detailed annual report, the proportion of suicides to 1,000,000 persons living in England and Wales averaged 65, whereas in London it was 88. The highest suicide rate occurred in the south-eastern counties—Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and Berkshire. Here, although the population is principally rural, suicides in 1873 were in the proportion of 88 per 1,000,000 persons living, and somewhat higher than in London. In the south-western counties of Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, Devonshire, Cornwall, and Somersetshire, having also a population principally rural, the suicide rate did not exceed 61 per 1,000,000, and in Wales it was so low as 80. Suicide, as a crime in England, is far more prevalent among the educated than the ignorant classes, and the proportion of suicides appears to be in inverse ratio to the education of the people. The frequency of suicide appears to be one of the penalties resulting from the progress of so-called civilization, leading to intense competition.

What Does He Want His Paper For? Occasionally a man may be heard to complain of his paper because it contains advertisements. What does that man want a newspaper for? He can want it only for the information it gives. Now, it matters not to him whether it comes in the shape of an advertisement or in the reading columns. The knowledge is what we are after. Where does the farmer get his first knowledge of farm implements and seeds? Did you not find the reaper you now use first described in your farm journal? That new cultivator that does the work several times better and cheaper than the old one, where did you find that? Among the advertisements! Those new sweet potatoes, that yield so finely and cook so neatly, where did you learn concerning them? That new machine, that does the work so neatly, was proclaimed through the advertising columns of the newspaper. The advertising columns of the newspaper are of fully as much pecuniary value to the reader as reading matter proper. We are indebted to the advertising columns for cheap newspapers. They are the lubricators that run the machine. Few papers could live on their subscription alone. Out of the advertising, and nine-tenths of the papers in the United States would die, and the balance be obliged to raise their subscription price.

Blessings long desired are sweeter when they come; if soon given, they lose much of their value. God reserves for thee that which He is slow to give thee, that you may learn to entertain a supreme desire and longing after it.—Augustine.

Thunder Storms in South Africa. In a recent number of Lippincott, Lady Barker gives the following sketch of the delights of living in Natal:—"I don't think I like a climate which produces a thunder-storm every afternoon. One disadvantage of this electric excitement is that I hardly ever get out for a walk or drive. All day it is burning hot; if there is a breath of air, it is sultry, and adds to the oppression of the atmosphere instead of refreshing it. Then about mid-day great fleecy banks of clouds begin to steal up behind the ridge of hills to the south-west. Gradually they creep round the horizon, stretching their soft grey folds farther and farther to every point of the compass, until they have shrouded the dark blue sky and dropped a cool, silmy veil of mist between the sun's fierce, steady blaze and the baked earth below. That is always my nervous moment. Horses and cows, birds and beasts know what the rapidly-darkening shadow means, and what sudden death lurks between those patches of inky clouds, from which a deep and rolling murmur comes from time to time. I am uneasy if the children are not returned, for the little river, the noisy Umsindusi, thinks nothing of suddenly spreading itself far and wide over its banks, turning the low-lying grounds into a lake for miles. It is true that this may only last for a few hours, or even moments, but five minutes is quite enough to do a great deal of mischief when a river is rising at the rate of two feet a minute—a mischief not only to human beings, but to bridges, roads and drains, as well as plantations and fields. Yet that tropical downpour, where the clouds let loose the imprisoned moisture suddenly in solid sheets of water, instead of by the more slow and civilized method of drops, is a relief to my mind, for there are worse possibilities than a wet jacket behind those lurid, low-hanging vapors. There are hail-storms, like one yesterday morning which rattled on the red tiled roof like a discharge of musketry, and with nearly as damaging an effect, for several tiles were broken and pulled down, leaving melancholy gaps, like missing teeth, in the eaves. There are thunder-bolts, which strike the tallest trees, leaving them in an instant gaunt and bare and shrivelled, as though centuries had suddenly passed over their green and waving heads. There are flashes of lightning which dart through a veranda or room, and leave everything in it struck down dead—peals of thunder which seem to shake the earth to its very centre. There are all these possibilities—nay, probabilities—following fast upon a burning, hot, still morning; and what wonder is it that I am anxious and nervous until everybody belonging to me is under shelter, though shelter can only be from driving rain or tearing gusts of wind? No wall or window, no bolt or bar, can keep out the dazzling death which swoops down in a violet glare and snatches its victims anywhere and everywhere. A Kafir washerman, talking yesterday morning to his employer, was in the act of saying, 'I will be sure to come to-morrow,' when he fell forward on his face, dead from a blinding flash out of a passing thunder-cloud. An old settler a little way up-country was reading prayers to his household the other night, and in a second half the little kneeling circle were struck dead alongside the patriarchal reader—dead on their knees. Two young men were playing a game of billiards quietly enough; one was leaning forward to make a stroke when there came a crash and a crackle, and he dropped dead with his cue in his hand. The local papers are full every day of casualties, but it is not from these sources I have drawn the preceding examples; I only chanced to hear them yesterday, and they all happened quite close by.

"As for cattle or trees being killed, that is an every-day occurrence in summer, and even a hail-storm, so long as it does not utterly bombard the town and leave the houses roofless and open to wind and weather, is not thought anything of. The hail-shower of yesterday, though, bombarded my creepers, and reduced them to a pitiful state in five minutes. So soon as it was possible to venture outside the house, I called me to see the ruin of leaf and bud which strewed the cemented floor of the veranda. It is difficult to describe, and still more difficult to believe, the state to which the foliage had been reduced. On the weather-side of the house every leaf was torn off, and not only torn, but riddled through and through as though by a charge of swan-shot. All my young rose-shoots, climbing so niftily up the roof of the veranda, were snapped off and stripped of their tender leaves and pretty buds. The honeysuckle's luxuriant foliage was all gone, lying in a wet, forlorn mass of beaten green leaves around each pillar, and there was not a leaf left on the vines. But a much more serious trouble came out of that storm. Though it has passed with the passing fury of the wind and rain, still, it will always leave a feeling of insecurity in my mind during similar outbursts. The great hailstones were forced by the driving wind in immense quantities beneath the tiles, and deposited on the rude planking which, painted white, forms the ceiling. This planking has the boards wide apart, so it is not difficult to see that so soon as the warmth of the house melted the hailstones—that is, in five minutes—the water trickled down as through a sieve. It was not to be dealt with like an ordinary leak; it was here, and there, and everywhere, on sofas and chairs, beds and writing-tables; and the moment the sun shone out bright and hot as ever, the contents of the house had to be turned out of doors to dry. Drying meant, however, warping of writing-tables, and in fact of all woodwork, and fading of chintzes, beneath the boiling glare of a midday sun. Such are a few of the difficulties of existence in South Africa—difficulties, to be met as best they may, and to be laughed at once they are passed and over, as I am really doing in spite of my affectations grumbling."

ONLY one arm is all-powerful, one heart ever-loving, one ear ever open, only one eye never closed; and there are inner depths in our soul where only one voice can be heard.—Mrs. Charles.



British American Presbyterian,

102 RAY STREET, TORONTO.

FOR TERMS, ETC., SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Editor and Proprietor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters and articles intended for the next issue should be in the hands of the Editor not later than Tuesday morning.

OUR GENERAL AGENT.

MR. CHARLES NICOL, General Agent for the PRESBYTERIAN, is now in Western Ontario pushing the interests of this Journal.

British American Presbyterian.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1876.

A Y.M.C.A. has been organized at Barrie with sixty members. J. G. Strong, President; E. B. Crompton and A. D. McNabb, Vice-Presidents; J. Varley, Corresponding Secretary; George McQuig, Recording Secretary; Chas. Morris, Treasurer.

THE Express says that the contracts for the work on Chalmer's Church, Elora, were let to the following:—Stone work, Charles Young, Forgers, \$8,200; carpenter, painting and tinmith work, John Waddell, Elora, \$4,890; plastering, Veitch & McKendrick, Galt, \$851.75; total, \$9,021.75.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY will begin their services in Chicago on the first of October. Rev. Alex. Clark, who has just returned from Europe, in noticing a visit by Mr. Sankey to the Methodist Recorder office, takes occasion to speak as follows: "The good work wrought in Great Britain through the instrumentality of those American Evangelists, is the marvel of the age."

A CASE of slander recently occurred in the Church in Brooklyn, New York, of which the Rev. Mr. McClelland, a blind preacher, is pastor. The Session diligently inquired into the scandal, and having found it to be such, have found the party guilty, and in the absence of any sign of repentance on the part of the convicted, have suspended her from privileges. Hitherto discipline has only felt itself able to deal with cases of drunkenness and immorality, but this is an example greatly needed.

IT is gratifying to learn that there is a prospect of union taking place between the Northern and Southern Methodists in the United States. We are pained to observe that there is considerable division of opinion on the part of our exchanges as to the recommendations of the Commission appointed to consider the subject.

THERE must be something wrong in the following which we take from the Philadelphia Presbyterian:—"Established Churches in Scotland have no longer an easy time in getting their pecuniary burdens shifted on the State. Lately the High Church in Glasgow requested the Town Council to pay a debt of \$1,500 resting on the Church. The reply received was curt, and advised the church members to put their hands in their pockets to pay the debt."

RESIGNATION OF REV. WM. COCHRANE, D.D.

It is, we are sure, with sincere regret that the ministers and members of the Church at large perused in our last week's issue, the letter of resignation of the Convener of the Home Mission Scheme. The name of Dr. Cochrane, during many years, been so thoroughly identified with Home Missions, that it will be long before we can be reconciled to its absence from the annual reports, or to the want of his zeal and exertions which have done so much for the successful prosecution of the work of the Church in this direction.

There will be universal regret at the resignation thus informally presented. Dr. Cochrane has commended himself as an able and devoted servant of the Church. This is all the more wonderful when we remember the quality of the pulpit instruction he gives every week to his people, and the ardor and enthusiasm which enter into his pastoral work. We are regular readers of the published sermons of Dr. Cochrane, and we say it sincerely that these are remarkable not only for their number, but more especially for their common sense, their scholarly ability, and their adaptation to the wants of the age in which we live.

Dr. Cochrane wisely retains his convener-ship till next Assembly, so that his withdrawal may in no way injure the benevolent work of the church; but by the time his resignation will take place the church should be prepared to appoint an efficient agent to take charge of its Home Mission work, without his being burdened with the duties of a regular pastor. The Presbyterian Church in Canada has already done this so far, by the appointment of Dr. MacGregor to the superintendence of the Home Missions in the Lower Provinces.

It is with regret we learn that the health of the convener of Home Missions is impaired. But we hope soon to hear that as the result of his suggestions being warmly taken up by the church at large, and the prospect opened before him of giving his undivided time and attention to the pastoral, the strength and zeal of Dr. Cochrane will be conserved. We cannot afford to sacrifice such men, and we trust that God will spare him for many years to the church and the country.

THE Presbyterians of Ashfield are building a fine new frame church, four miles from Belfast.

THE Rev. Mr. Wilkins, of Stratford, has gone on a tour to the Maritime provinces, and expects to be absent for three weeks. The Rev. Samuel Russell, late of Miramichi, New Brunswick, will occupy the pulpit during his absence.

THE congregation of St. Andrew's church, Clifton, have resolved to proceed immediately in building a manse for the newly inducted minister, Rev. Jas. Gordon, M.A., recently of Dorchester. The cost will be about \$2500.

HOME AGAIN.

Home again! That means the holidays are over. There were Tom and Bob and Jesse, and a whole host of our young friends who since Christmas have been boring us with Downland Day and the summer holidays. How eagerly they looked forward to the closing of school. How they told the months, and then the weeks, and then the days, thinking the day of liberty never would dawn. We confess ourselves to a longing for our month of repose, especially after these scorching days and nights come—days and nights with the thermometer in the nineties—when to exert oneself in the slightest degree seemed to threaten an entire liquification of our bodies.

Home again! "After all, there's no place like home," is the trite saying of all as they enter once more their own familiar door. We all feel the truth of these words, "Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam, Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home." But that does not mean, we had rather stayed at home all the time. We do not forget the pleasures we have enjoyed in our roaming. We remember with delight the green fields, the waving corn, the meandering stream, and all the varied objects that have kept us exclaiming from morn to eve, "beautiful, wonderful, sublime, etc."

One has a strange feeling when he gets "home again," and he enters his study, or sanatorium sanatorium. Your books and pictures seem to recognize an old friend as you pass in. They look to us with their dusty faces as if they would have been the better of a trip too, and that they would have been none the worse of a wash in the sea, or their cob webs blown from them by the cool breezes of the mountain.

But it is pleasant to turn from this to the familiar objects around. There is the good old pen that has stood by us in many a time of need. Our ink bottle is like a well dried up with the excessive heat. There are our more than familiar books, the friends we have slugged and badgered, and poked for so many a time, to get them to yield their good things. On the one side is our poet's corner, and on the other our philosopher's, as of yore. There are our gill calf-bound books, wrapped up in brown paper, looking like mummies in their sarcophagi.

To any one who carries on a large correspondence, and who like a wise man has ordered that no letters be sent like so many spies on his track, "Home again" brings feelings of pleasure and pain as he contemplates the pile, that has accumulated in his absence. The first business is to separate the sheep from the goats, the wheat from the chaff. We recognize the hand-writing of Tom, our Old College companion, and place him first in the line for perusal. Then there is that old tailor's bill, or that tailor's old bill as we should say. We know him at once, and lay him away for a more suitable occasion.

There are religious papers for notice. What a pile they have become. When in the world will we get through them! The predominating thought in our mind. Another corner our monthlies and quarterlies have gathered together like so many aristocrats who won't speak to their commoner brethren.

another corner our monthlies and quarterlies have gathered together like so many aristocrats who won't speak to their commoner brethren. Well, it is a blessing we are "Home again." A week or two longer, and we would be fairly behind the age. An extra month's holidays would drive us to despair. We would be afraid to undertake the trip round the world lest when we got "home again" we would be altogether unfit to live, having gone so far behind with all that is worth living for. "Home again" means to work again. Rest is only temporary, and for a purpose. We could not tolerate a perpetual holiday.

To resume our life-work with health and strength is felt to be a joy. The school boy's holiday is meant to fit him for harder work than ever. The student's vacation is to give him bodily vim for the wear and tear of college studies. The merchant's rest is to prepare him for the long days and anxious toils of the year, by which he earns his family's bread, and the means he gives unsparingly to the city's charities, and the Church's work. The pastor, the teacher, and physician, and lawyer, and mechanic, who have had their holiday and are home again, will be all the better citizens by means of their change and relaxation.

We would only wish we had to congratulate all our readers on getting home again. We know alas! how many have never been from home, who have had no rest from toil, who in all seasons—in heat and cold—and often when they are sick and trembling, have to go forth to their daily labor. The only comfort with which we regard this aspect of our subject is that every year seems to witness the release of larger numbers from toil than previous years. We trust the day is not far distant when all will share the blessings of rest and recreation. When this takes place there will be a great gain to the country, and no loss.

And lastly, "home again" signifies the reassembling of parents and children around their common hearth, who have perhaps been separated, from some having had to stay at home, while some have gone in search of rest; or whose different tastes have led to various kinds of enjoyment. It also means our meeting with beloved friends and companions. In view of all this, "home again" has many special benefits and blessings of its own. Who would not go away when the returning brings so many comforts and enjoyments which otherwise we could not have experienced?

UNION OF CONGREGATIONS.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada has reason to rejoice in the union which was recently consolidated at Montreal. Considered in itself, this constituted a very great blessing for the Presbyterian denomination, for religion in general, and for the well-being of the country. The union was not only timely, but it was most thorough and complete. As if to test the real strength of our Church, the case of the minister of St. Andrew's occurred. It was with difficulty that the personal element in this matter could be set aside. But—we say it thankfully—that the Presbyterian Church in Canada stands to-day more united than she did even when the act of consolidation was accomplished.

The strongest argument, for such a concentration of forces, that could be adduced, was the evident result of congregations of the same name, and occupying the same ground, uniting and forming a stronger society than could otherwise have existed. Already many unions of congregations have taken place. In various districts we have the gratifying spectacle of seeing the various Presbyterian Churches consolidated. We are no longer familiar with the fact, for example, of the Canada Presbyterian Church maintaining in every possible field an organization separate from the Established Church of Scotland. The competition between competing congregations of the same order has, to a large extent, disappeared. In many localities, opposing congregations have already united, and instead of presenting and illustrating the weakness of disunion, they are strong and powerful through consolidation. As the years go on, there will be more and more of this, until at length the happy time arrives when there will be a Church for every district, which has no longer to add to its proper work that of competing with some other Church of the same name and character. In this aspect of the subject, local strength must grow out of the union. It is not only felt that every thing must be done

to unite congregations that are even seemingly antagonistic to one another, but that this, as the time wears on, is being easily and gradually accomplished. There needs no great prophetic power to say that in many places where there are now two or more congregations doing the work of the Presbyterian Church, there will, by and by, be only one.

In this we have, undoubtedly, a most desirable object to be gained. It is not becoming that we should have in any one locality several congregations, where reasonably there ought to be but one. We can afford to have a Presbyterian Church standing side by side with a Baptist, or Congregational, or Methodist, or Episcopal Church. There is no loss to the cause of religion in that, when we reflect that one denomination may be suited to a certain class in the community, and another denomination to another class, and so on. Competition goes on between congregations of different denominations, and that is healthy in itself, and beneficial to the Churches at large. But when we place two or more Presbyterian Churches close beside each other, when there ought in reason to be only one, there can be no other result than opposition, and that of a deadly sort. By the union of our congregations in certain localities, on the other hand, great and obvious advantages immediately appear. The expenses of carrying on the work of the Church sensibly diminish. Concentrated force is more telling upon the world than that which is divided and broken into fragments. There is a greater prospect of large liberality being shown in the support given to benevolent objects. In regard to the spiritual education of the young, the results are likely to be much more satisfactory. In one word, concentration gives life, and a life that is felt and can easily be controlled for the best interests of Christ's kingdom at large.

While we feel there can hardly be any division of opinion as to this, yet we must utter a word of caution in regard to this important matter. There is such a thing as pushing too hard for the immediate union of congregations. Sufficient time has not been allowed to elapse since the union of the various Presbyterian Churches into one National Church, to allow in many instances of this subordinate, but logically unsuitable union of congregations taking place. In many cases long, old standing notions and prejudices have to be overcome. This will take time. It may be that many years shall have to pass away before congregations, which geographically we should say ought to be one, can successfully be united together. Then there are questions of property involved, the settlement of which demands, not only patience, but a great deal of worldly wisdom. In other cases, the needed condition of a simultaneous vacancy in all the charges which it may be desirable to unite, does not occur. In such a case, there might be over one congregation we think should be united with some other, a respected and beloved pastor, to whom his own people are sincerely attached, and who yet, not for want of ability or because of incapacity, would not be looked upon with favor by those who are strangers to him. In such a case we should deem it extremely unfortunate, if the matter of union should be precipitated.

Union of congregations will develop through natural causes alone. Of this we are assured that every Presbytery, while alive to the importance of consolidation, will yet exercise the highest wisdom as to the steps they take for its accomplishment. We may safely leave the matter in their hands, but we trust that congregations will, in special circumstances, exercise that timely and Christian forbearance that is needed, and avoid through excess of zeal, forcing on our view what might only result in greater evils than those connected with separate organizations.

Ministers and Churches.

THE Rev. Mr. Middlemiss and wife have returned to Elora, after an enjoyable trip to Britain.

REVIVAL MEETINGS are being held in the Presbyterian Church, at Eden Mills, with great success, by Mr. Wilkie.

A FIC-NIC of the congregations and Sabbath schools of Dunn's Settlement and Burns' Church, in the Township of Eess, was held on the 6th inst.; at which were a number of ministers present who gave excellent addresses. There were about five hundred persons present. At the close an address was read, accompanied with a purse which contained \$57, which was presented to Mr. Wm. J. Smyth, who is the student missionary over these congregations this summer.—CON.

THE Presbyterian congregation of Chesterfield, having renovated their church, and given it a thorough cleaning, re-opened it on Sabbath, 8rd Aug., when Rev. W. Ingie, of Ayr, preached very appropriate sermons both morning and evening. The people of Chesterfield are enterprising and deserve great praise for the very satisfactory change they have made in their church. It has been painted, new and ele-



handellers substituted, and the pulpit changed from the ancient to the much preferred platform style. In lowering it physically they have elevated it spiritually. A most successful tea-meeting was held in the church on Tuesday. It was filled to its utmost capacity; and after the Rev. Mr. Inglis invoked the benediction, a sumptuous "tea," presided over by the ladies of the congregation, was partaken of, to the apparently entire satisfaction of all present. The Rev. Mr. Robertson, the beloved pastor of the congregation, presided, and after a short address, introduced Mr. Oliver, M.P., who spoke of the depression of trade and production. He was followed by the Rev. Mr. McLeod, of Paris, who urged on the work begun, viz., of sending the Gospel to other lands; and Mr. Inglis who also gave an excellent and entertaining address. The choir, led by Mr. Henderson, sang some choice selections from Mr. Moody's hymns, while Miss Oakley presided at the organ with grace and ability. The proceedings throughout were of the most enjoyable character. We must congratulate the Presbyterians of Chesterfield upon the fine appearance and comfort of their church, and for being able to make all the improvements without leaving the church in debt.—Com.

Book Reviews.

BAPTIST MISREPRESENTATIONS ON BAPTISM.—The early Church History of Infant Baptism, with an exposure of the systematic policy of Baptist Church publications, of misquotation from Infant Baptist writers, and of misrepresentations in general, proven from Baptist and other sources. By the Rev. John Bethune, Presbyterian Minister, Caledon, Ont. Toronto: Presbyterian Publishing House, 102 Bay Street, 1876. Paisley, Ont.: John Kelso, Bookseller.

We are sorry to say that such a book as this is much needed. The Baptists are very aggressive; and many of them are somewhat unscrupulous in their use of weapons. We do not speak of all. There are eminent men among them; and many others who, though not eminent, are at least honest. It is not of these we complain. These, like ourselves, think the conversion of sinners of much greater importance than the making of proselytes. We are quite willing that they should hold their own peculiar views, on matters that we regard as non-essential, and let us hold ours; and that we should help each other in the great work of Christianizing the world. But we have to complain of those whose creed seems to be, "Make proselytes; honestly if you can; but by all means make proselytes." It is scarcely necessary for us to tell any intelligent and unprejudiced person that these are in the habit of employing gross misrepresentation to gain their end. It is quite possible that some of these deceivers may themselves be deceived; having a smattering of learning, but not enough to enable them to detect the fallacies which they circulate. We remember being chidden a note sent by one of this class to a gentleman who had mildly dissented from some of his views. This note contained the following sentence:—"On any day this week, I shall be ready to meet you, or any other man, except Saturday," followed by the stipulation that the man who should aspire to meet him must be a "scollar." We have also to complain of the Baptist Publication Societies, which do not press it in the mildest terms permit to pass through their hands books (such as "Cramp's Baptist History," "Cramp's Catechism on Baptism," and "Penguin's Scripture Guide to Baptism,") containing many apparently intentional inaccuracies. These books are got up in a cheap form, and are eagerly seized upon by the proselyte-makers, and industriously circulated among the class of people who are not in a position to detect their misstatements. For full and conclusive proof of the unreliable character of the above and some other Baptist publications, we refer our readers to Mr. Bethune's book. In some cases the trick is so transparent that "a smart man" (not to say an honest one) would be thoroughly ashamed of it; in others it is more cleverly executed; but what surprises us is the vast number of these misrepresentations, misquotations, etc. Surely Mr. Bethune has detected them all. We hope there are no more of them. We cannot recollect not having ever before seen such an extensive exposure of error within the covers of a book of 170 pages; and, although the author has such a large number of cases to deal with, he does not leave any one of them until he has disposed of it in a most satisfactory manner.

Presbytery of Toronto.

This Presbytery held an ordinary meeting on the 6th inst., and transacted a large amount of business. Applications were made for one to moderate in a call from Aurora and Knox Church, Scarborough, respectively, and the Moderator, Mr. Carmichael of Markham, and Mr. Macgillivray were appointed accordingly. Mr. Pringle reported on a call from Alton and Melville Churches, Caledon, in favor of Mr. Walker, probationer. The call was sustained,

and put into the hands of Mr. Amos, who was present. Mr. A. Leslie, theological student, read a discourse, which was sustained. Messrs. Samuel Carruthers, Arthur Marling, and August R. Kennedy, were examined for admission to Knox College, and the Clerk was instructed to attest them, together with Mr. Leslie, to the Board of Examiners in said College. The names of several congregations and stations requiring pecuniary aid, and the Presbytery agreed to make application in their behalf to the General Assembly's Home Mission Committee. A memorial was brought up from East King, and after some discussion, it was moved and agreed to appoint a committee for the purpose of endeavouring to re-arrange the whole field of East and West King. The committee appointed were Mr. D. Mitchell, (Convener,) Mr. I. Smith, Mr. W. Aitken, and Mr. Alexander Marsh, to report at a future meeting. Some time was spent in considering Mr. Dick's resignation. Messrs. E. Marsh, D. Boyle, and A. Marsh, commissioners, were heard, who declared the unabated attachment of the congregation to Mr. Dick, and reported that if, on account of infirmity his resignation would have to be accepted, he would have a retiring allowance of \$200 per annum and the free use of the present manse for the remainder of his days. Further action respecting the resignation was deferred by the Presbytery till next meeting, so that in the meantime opportunity may be given to the minister and the congregation to consider whether arrangements might not be made for retaining him as senior pastor of the congregation, and Mr. Pringle was appointed to meet with the parties. It was also agreed, in accordance with Mr. Dick's request, to send supply to his pulpits each alternate Sabbath till next ordinary meeting. The Presbytery Treasurer submitted a report, and appointed auditors reported afterwards that they had found his accounts correct. Arrangements were made to secure, if possible, the raising of \$1057 10, the proportion required of this Presbytery, towards liquidating the debt on the Assembly's Home Mission Fund, and it is hoped that the matter will be promptly attended to. The report of a committee appointed to advise with the congregation of Knox Church Brampton, was carefully considered, and a larger committee, consisting of Professor McLaren, (Convener,) Professor Gregg, Messrs. Smith, Breckenridge, Oroll, E. D. McLaren, Alexander and Nicol, were appointed to confer with said congregation as to their future action, and report; the question being, whether the congregation should continue as at present, or aim at a union with the other congregation. Professor McLaren reported on a call from the congregation of old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, in favour of Mr. G. M. Milligan, Presbyterian minister in Detroit. The salary promised is \$2,500 annually, payable quarterly in advance. The call was sustained, and was ordered to be transmitted to Mr. Milligan. There was read a succession of statements, taken at a special meeting held in Mono, regarding the rumours affecting the character of Mr. McAulay. The Clerk reported that he had, as instructed, cited Mr. McAulay to appear at this meeting. After some deliberation, it was moved and agreed that he be cited again, to appear before the Presbytery at Shelburne, on the 10th of October. This date was decided on as the day for the ordination of Mr. I. B. Gilchrist, B.A., as minister of Shelburne and Primrose, he having gone through all his trials to the satisfaction of the Presbytery. At said ordination Mr. Gilray is to preach, Mr. King to preside and address the minister, and Mr. Carrick to address the congregation. A report was read from a committee sent a proposal to unite Highland Creek congregation with Cedar Grove station, to the effect that the congregations named are all but unanimously and strongly opposed to the proposed union. The proposal is therefore abandoned in the meantime. A few items were postponed till next ordinary meeting, and it was agreed that at the meeting to be held at Shelburne on the 10th proximo, at 2 p.m., no business shall be transacted but what is urgent.—R. MONTGOMERY, Pres. Clerk.

Presbytery of Brockville.

The Presbytery of Brockville met in Prescott on Tuesday, the 6th inst., to induct Rev. Archibald Henderson, lately minister of Athlery Presbyterian congregation, Ireland, into the charge of the congregation of Prescott. Rev. G. M. Clark, of Kemptville, conducted the devotional services, and preached from Psalm exxii. 7. "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces." The Moderator of Presbytery, Rev. W. Canning, then put to Mr. Henderson the usual questions, and on receiving satisfactory answers offered prayer, and inducted Mr. H. into the pastorate of the Presbyterian congregation of Prescott. During the sermon a telegram was received from Rev. Mr. Burnfield, of Brockville, stating that important business prevented him from attending the induction, and addressing the minister as he had been appointed. Such an announcement at such a late hour naturally threw the Presbytery into an unpleasant position. After some consideration Rev. Mr. Porteous, whose duty it was to address the people on the occasion, agreed to address the minister as well. Mr. Porteous proved himself equal to the emergency. Both addresses were short, comprehensive and exceedingly appropriate. After closing services by the Moderator, the congregation gave their new minister a very warm and cordial welcome. Mr. Henderson's name was then ordered to be added to the roll of Presbytery. The Presbytery then adjourned.—J. LEITCHMAN, Clerk, pro tem.

MORRIS O. LUTZ, lately of the Galt Foundry, and one of the oldest residents of that place, died on the 8th ult., at the age of seventy, after a short illness. Up to a recent date he was actively engaged in business. He has held at different times every position in the gift of the municipality, and was the first Mayor of the town. For many years he was one of the leading elders in Knox Church and took a very active part in all its affairs. For some years past he was connected with Union Church and represented it at various meetings of Presbyteries and Assemblies.

(For the Presbyterian.) Notes from Edinburgh, Florence, Venice, Milan, &c.

From Napoli the way is retraced to Rome en route to Florence. This perhaps is the gem city of Italy, if not of the whole world, in point of treasures of art. In collections of paintings, if not in statuary, it certainly stands first in Europe. The city is otherwise celebrated for its varied attractions, natural and artistic.

Its ancient name, *Florentina*, implies a floral city; and is styled the "Flower of all cities and the city of all flowers," by the Italians, now *Firenze*. A single view from the Pitti Palace is briefly touched. In the distance are the blue ridges of the Apennines, created with old cities, such as Faesulae, dating from the times of the early Etruscans, and more ancient than Rome. Beneath lies the city of Florence, with its noble buildings. On our right is the church of Santa Croce, the Westminster Abbey of Florence; more to the left is the Duomo, the St. Paul's of Florence with its glorious cupola and lofty campanile, and the roof of the baptistry. . . . and the vale of the Arno flowing towards the Mediterranean. *Santa Croce* is the pantheon of Florence. Here immortal clay lies as Byron paints it: "Ashes which make it hotter, dust which is Even in itself immortality, Have reposed. The starry Gaius's with his woes; Here Machiavelli's earth returned to whence it rose."

New Sacristy Church, constructed by Angolo, contains his famous statues of the Medici, night and day, morning and evening. The *Medici Chapel* is behind the choir, and is an octagonal mausoleum covered with rich marbles, jasper, agate, and other precious stones, small pieces being laid together in imitation of paintings, flowers, coats of arms, etc., with the finest effects of shade and color. It forms "the richest crust of ornament that ever was lavished on so large a surface."

But above all the beautiful things, palaces, villas, gardens, etc., stand the picture galleries; the Uffizi is the chief. The building is 500 feet long by 125 broad, with a corridor or covered way 250 fathoms, leading to the Pitti gallery across the Arno, hung all along this length with pictures of various styles of art. It was constructed in 1560-1574 by Vasari. It contains paintings of all the Italian and foreign schools, ancient and modern sculpture, designs and engravings, bronzes, gems, pottery, etc., a vast library of archives. The *Tribuna*, an octagon room, 24 feet diameter, contains a "world of art," the gems of all the painting and sculpture; the floor is marble, the dome mother-of-pearl. There are five masterpieces of statuary in it—all ancient. (1.) The "statue that enchants the world"—*Venus de Medici*, copies of which are distributed in every corner of the globe, is made of Athenian marble, was found broken in three pieces at Villa Adriana, waiting part of both arms, which have been restored by Bernini, said to be the work of Cleomenes. (2.) *Apollino* or *Appollo*. (3.) *Arytino*, a figure whetting his knife—found at Rome in the 16th century. (4.) *Il Lot-tatori*, or wrestler. (5.) *Dancing Faun*, head and arms restored by Angolo.

Your pearl will not allow of the mention of the space of painting in this room, much less the other prime works of the thousands in the gallery. It will give an idea of their merit to know that they are by Rubens, Titian, Angolo, Raphael, Vandyck, Carracci, etc., etc. Nor can the various vestibles, balls or schools be referred to in a newspaper column. There is a portrait gallery of painters having 850 portraits of artists of all times, Canova and Intaglio's about 4000; designs, 20,000; engravings, 80,000. The Magliabechian library has 170,000 volumes, and 13,000 MSS. There are all kinds of Fresco, Mosaic and other work in the old pictures, heraldry, etc.

The Pitti gallery comes second in the glories of the coronet of the goddess of beauty and fine arts. It is 490 feet long, three stories, each story 40 feet high, with large windows 24 feet apart. The first story of this palace contains 500 paintings of the highest merit by the best masters. The library contains 60,000 volumes and 2,000 MSS. The archives deposited here are extensive and varied. They occupy sixty-two rooms, comprise papyrus, parchment, and other documents of the 6th and 7th century, about 140,000, and others to the number of about 160,000.

There are many early palaces worthy of mention, e.g., Palazzo Riccardi, 300 feet long, 90 feet high, in two stories. Some are 100 feet high, fronted with marble or other rich material; indeed marble facings are as common in Italy as brown stone fronts on fifth Avenue New York, displaying almost "barbaric profusion."

No wonder that Florence, as other Italian cities, is crowded with American visitors, and a large number of fixed residents. The route leads to the watery Venice. This city has lost its glory from loss of its commercial prominence, yet still queen of the Adriatic, she is stately even in her decay. The palaces of the Doges, many grand churches, still betoken the former greatness. Like Amsterdam, she rises out of the sea, the sheets of water, traversed by a sort of canoe called a gondola. There are some ordinary streets on terra firma leading to the piazzas on public squares; here are the prison dungeon, "Bride of Sighs," etc., so famed since Byron. There is not a little romance in the descriptions of these places by him and others. The hall of the Great Council eclipses the House of Lords, or any other similar room in richest ornamentation, "every square foot of its surface, both walls and ceiling, is covered with paintings, gildings, and other ornaments." Here is

Tintoretto's vast picture the Glories of Paradise, 82 feet by 80, and portraits of the Doges, etc. The glass-blowing works are novelties to the visitor. Verona is on the way out. The Roman amphitheatre or colosseum, with its granite seats in perfect preservation, richly repays a visit. It helps to complete the idea of the great one at Rome, in which the seats are entirely wanting. Milan, further on, has objects deserving special attention. The Duomo, or Cathedral, is perhaps next to Solomon's Temple, in magnificence. Built of white marble, adorned within and without with the most costly material and workmanship the ago could furnish; it stands for exquisite beauty, unrivalled even by St. Peter's, though not so large. The best view is from the dome. It was a clear evening when our party was there. The whole scene is charmingly beautiful, almost bewitching. On one hand are seen the snow-capped Alps; on the other the Apennines, the vine-clad valley between, studded with villas, orange groves, etc., with the river meandering through it. Beneath is the Paris-like city, with its broad streets and fine buildings on every side. Above all the 4,500 minarets of the Duomo glitter in the sunshine like so many elegantly-carved statues of burnished silver. The alpine roof, stairs, everything everywhere being solid, pure-white marble. The spectator, overcome by the combined effect of the glories of nature and jewels of art, seems to be in the very vestibule of Paradise, silent with rapture, thinking the while that if the footstool of the Great Supreme is so divinely transporting, what must the holy of holies—His jasper throne be! If the peerless Angolo thought the bronze doors of the Baptistry at Florence, the work of Ghiberti, fit to be the gates of Paradise, might not this scene faintly outlined be worthy of a place by the "green fields of Edon!"

Verily one never anticipated such a vision on this side the "shining shores." From this point the tourist usually goes to the lakes. Como lies in the route to the Splügen Pass across the Alps. Its every varying prospect of wildly picturesque scenery cannot be represented to the reader. The Trossachs and Loch Lomond, in Scotland, give some faint idea of its grandeur. Sharp, ragged mountain-peaks rise abruptly from the water's brink. Villas, summer hotels, in breezy retreats, are seen now and then on both sides.

At Colico, on the upper end of it, diligences connect with the steamers to the Alpine Pass, via Chiavenna, whence they begin the upward incline at 1.40 a.m. The mail connection, it seems, requires this convenient and agreeable hour to start. The natives of these villages are novel specimens of humanity, socially and mentally viewed. A mediæval state of things is visible everywhere. The patois dialect of one hamlet is scarcely understood in the next to it. About day-light the ascent becomes very steep, almost vertical, the road winds see-saw like a worm fence. Thus you can see directly behind you for thousands of feet into the gorge at the foot of this steep.

I do not attempt any description of the more twitching, dizzy, appalling sights one becomes used to before reaching the summit. At 7 a.m. wheels are changed for the one-horse sleds, or "jumpers" in Canada, as the snow-line is reached.

At the bottom there was summer dust and heat, both oppressive, at the top a Canadian winter, with snow in the gorges an unknown depth. The descent is even more alarming than the up trip. You are bandaged with robes in a little box-like seat, the dash-board encasing you. The horse slides and plunges headlong in the bottomless snow, while you, in alarm, every now and then shout "whoa!" and spasmodically grasp the reins, which the listless driver, who stands behind on the rickety concern, lets hang loosely among the traces. Here the Rhine rises. On the way is the noted Via Mala, where the river is confined in a narrow channel. At times the vertical rocks, which are many times higher and deeper than below Niagara Falls, almost meet, while the foaming water is seen and heard far below. I must relegate the Rhine and Swiss Lakes to the sweet by and by.

EDINBURGH, WED., 16th Aug. The city, indeed all Scotland, is agog over the Queen's visit.

I have admired nothing so much in this country as the quiet, unwavering, yet undemonstrative loyalty of the whole people. It contrasts so favorably with Ireland. Her Majesty seems to feel so secure and so much at home anywhere in Scotland. No wonder that at every chance she steals away from state cares, and the tyranny of court ceremonies in London society, to enjoy a repose and seclusion found only at Balmoral. Yesterday she prorogued Parliament. At 8.30 this morning she received here an "unco'leal" welcome, as the whole city, young and old, seemed to turn out—going out to meet her (the Queen debarking at a station outside the city), this road, park, hill side of Arthur's Seat, was literally crammed with eager spectators. The Queen looks rosy and bright, much better than when I saw her last November at Perth. Beatrice and Leopold rode with her as she drove to Holyrood Palace to-day. Prince Arthur (Duke of Connaught) is here with his regiment. Yesterday the Lord Provost unveiled a statue of Dr. Livingstone—Dr. Moffat, Josiah Livingstone, and others connected with the African explorer were present.

Aug. 18.—Yesterday was a gala-day here. The grandest display ever seen in Scotland during Her Majesty's reign—according to the citizen's own estimate of it. The number of people surging everywhere was simply incalculable. All Scotland seemed to be here,—at least the elite from all parts. The decorations on the route the Queen went to the Square where stands the equestrian statue of the Prince Consort was superbly gorgeous.

The ceremonies connected with the unveiling of the statue by Her Majesty were of the most imposing kind. The Lord Provost, dukes, nobles, generals, statesmen, veterans, &c., bore a willing part in it. Prayers, singing by a vast choral band, an address, and introductions to the Queen, &c., made up the programme. The address was enclosed in a richly-wrought silver basket, overlaid with gold. There was a

platform with an ornate throne-seat and an awning. The whole glittered with silk and gold.

The august character of the whole spectacle may be gathered from a sentence of a ten-column description in one of the daily papers here: "The group that clustered on the dais, and immediately around it, was one such as few beholders can expect to see again, in its blending of dignity and intellect, of hereditary rank and personal celebrity, of what is traditional with what is active." Certainly no monarch in ancient or modern times—not even the mighty conqueror of Gaul—ever received so genuinely loyal an ovation as did Victoria the Good in Edinburgh, by perhaps half a million of her subjects yesterday.

Were this letter not already unexpectedly long, many a pleasing note might be made of this memorable occasion. Every one on seeing the kind, genial, plain face and demeanour of the Queen can't help admiring, indeed loving her. She bowed and smiled so graciously, yet so lady-like, that all were delighted. I was struck with the more signal and reverential bow with which she greeted some of the veteran highland soldiers lining the way from the gate to the statue, especially to one or two hoary veterans, she bowed so low as almost seem to fall down before them. As much as Ten Guineas were paid for a window or place overlooking the square. The Queen left at 10.50 p.m. for Balmoral. All passed off "as merry as a marriage bell," all praying—*God save the Queen*.

Edin., Aug. 10, '76.

Intelligence of Female Missions.

LETTER OF MRS. INGOLLS.

DEAR FRIENDS,—I write to tell you the sad news of another fire. While I was absent on a mission trip, our place was fired, and we are now without a house, and bereft of all our worldly comforts. The fire broke out from the roof of our boy's house while they were all at our Sabbath evening service, which was held in our veranda. It burst out at 7 o'clock, and by ten our station and half the village was consumed.

Miss Evans, my co-helper, secured for me a small box of papers and some xuyees, my spoons, and two baskets of old clothes, and the rest went, some by fire and some by plunder. She saved for herself a small cash box, and two baskets, and her things went also.

Our chapel has a bad roof, so we had all our school apparatus, maps, and books in our own house, and they all went. We lost our house, the boy's house, the teacher's house, girl's house, Henry's house, our road way, and book stall. Our place was well arranged for women in charge of a station, and we often spoke of the kindness of our friends who had helped us. God is our Father, and we know that this affliction is for the good of the cause in some way, or it would have been prevented, but it is not easy for us, when our many wants loom up so vividly before us, to feel very cheerful.

My books were very valuable to me, and this is a great loss, for all our preachers and teachers must be educated here. The kind gifts of dear friends in this way had been of great service. I had very valuable Bibles and other books of reference. Clothing and some of the apparatus I can replace in time, but those good old books were rare ones, and my Bible pictures I shall miss much. While I was out on this trip a number of people told me Bible histories which they had learned from my pictures, which I had hung up in many places and changed from time to time. Miss Evans and I had some valuable manuscripts ready for printing. Mine had been the thought and work of six years, and now it was ready for the press. They were manuals of Bible and Church history, and Sabbath-school lessons. I lost my valuable box of presents intended for the Burman Court. In it were the pretty shawls for the Queen, sent by Miss Lundie's friends. My Philadelphia friends had sent a very valuable present for the King, and my box was about ready for the Lord's use.

We have no direct plans for the future. It is too late to get out timber for new houses, and we have no funds. At present we are all in our chapel with our mats in different corners. If we stay here during the rains we must build a school-house, and use that for a chapel, and put out some small rooms from the chapel. This is rather troublesome, for we have many bad people about, and unless our place is strong, we do not feel safe. Since this great fire the other end of the village has been fired, but it was soon detected, and the houses saved.

This new road and the railroad had filled our neighbourhood with strangers, and our police staff is bad, and very weak. While all this is sad for us, we see signs that God is doing great work in the hearts of the Burmans. On my trip of twenty-five days, I heard more than a hundred men renounce their idols, and the people of one whole village came out and said, "We must know all about this Jesus." Four families were baptized in [one place and one in another. Pray for us, dear friends, in this our day of trial. We are all in good health, though we are cast down in spirit.

Yours affectionately, M. B. INGOLLS.

Burma, March 26, 1876.

The London Advertiser of a recent date contains the following:—"Tenders are invited by Mr. Jones, architect, for the erection of a new Presbyterian Church in London East. The members of this denomination have for some time past contemplated the erection of an edifice on the lot recently purchased on King street—the Town Hall, where they have met for some months, not being suitable. The church is to be built of white brick, and will be sixty feet in length by forty in width, with a large porch 16x21. There will also be a large basement for the Sabbath school. The edifice will seat 400 persons, and is expected to cost in the neighborhood of \$8,500. Work is to be commenced immediately, and it is expected that the body of the church will be ready for occupation about Christmas. The church, when completed, will be a credit to London East.



Choice Literature.

The Bridge Between.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—AN EVENTFUL EVENING. It was indeed a happy day for the Woodwards on which they returned to the dear old house at Hampstead. The old sweet smile (which she had bestowed on Nettie) came back to Mrs. Woodward's kind face, and Mr. Woodward recovered his health in the familiar study and in sight of the wild overgrown garden. Fortune smiled on them too, and Mr. Woodward was offered the editorship of a magazine, which he was only too glad to accept, and so things balanced themselves again, and the burden no longer fell upon Dorothy.

She gave a nervous laugh, that ended almost in a shudder. It was so like one of the lordly speeches he used to make long ago, when she and Tom and Will were all children, and Sally could only just toddle, and he was then their great friend and playfellow. It seemed like an echo from a dead summer. She waited a minute, and then began, and sang after song, till she thought he must be tired or asleep, for he made no sign, not that she had been thinking of him, for her thoughts had been far away, and the tears were stealing slowly down her cheeks.

While Tom rushed forward, and Adrian Fuller went slowly round to the door, and Dorothy, in her surprise did not move, George Blakesley turned to her. "I understand it all perfectly now," he said. "I thought it was so before I heard the song and you broke down to-night. I knew what it meant, though Tom never guessed. I am very glad, for I guess the end, and know he loves you."

who actually do no good work afterwards, either because the flash exhausts them, or because, having shown that they possess a certain amount of power, they are content to dawdle on through the rest of their days. "He seems to like talking to Nettie or Dorothy better than anything else," Mr. Woodward said to himself; "and we never have long talks now as we used to have. He has quite gone over to the women."

Scientific and Useful. CARBONIC acid gas is heavier than atmospheric air. In ventilating our sleeping-rooms and other apartments, the ventilators should therefore be at the bottom. HAIR WASH. Try half an ounce of borax to a quart of water for a hair wash; apply very gently with a sponge on alternate days; apply a little glycerine dissolved in soft water.





Brief Sketch of the Union Congregation, Lancaster.

The congregation is popularly known as the Union Congregation of Lancaster, in connection with the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and as such dates origin from the 2nd day of November, 1875, when by a joint resolution of Zion Congregation, popularly known as the Canada Presbyterian Church and a section of the Kirk Congregation, this united congregation was formed. This Union was the result of a greater union of all the Presbyterians of the Dominion, consummated on the 15th day of June, 1875, in the city of Montreal. The Canada Presbyterian section of the congregation dates origin in 1853, and on the 11th day of November, 1854, the Rev. John Anderson, now of Toronto, was inducted by what was then known as the Free Church Presbytery of Montreal over the Congregation of Lancaster and Dalhousie, with a communion roll of thirteen members and a comparatively small list of adherents. For fifteen years the Rev. John Anderson continued minister of Lancaster and Dalhousie, and for one year more as the minister of Lancaster alone, during which time the communion roll increased to one hundred and twenty, with a corresponding increased interest in all departments of Congregational and Christian work. On the 6th of July, 1870, the Rev. Donald Stewart was inducted to the Lancaster congregation by the Presbytery of Montreal, then in connection with the Canada Presbyterian Church, and continued his pastorate for three years, beloved by his congregation and this whole community. After which a joint arrangement was entered into with the congregation of Alexandria under the sanction of the Montreal Presbytery for a portion of the services of the Rev. Kenneth McDonald, then minister of Alexandria, which was attended with good results, until his translation to Indian lands it was dissolved. Previous to the formation of this united congregation, as already referred to, and by an act of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, all the congregations within the Glengarry district, formerly belonging to the Montreal Presbytery, were disjoined from the Montreal Presbytery and affixed to the Glengarry Presbytery. That act brought this congregation under the jurisdiction of the Glengarry Presbytery, and that accounts for its new departure. On the 11th day of April, 1876, the Rev. Donald Ross, formerly of Dundee, was inducted by the Presbytery of Glengarry to the pastoral oversight of this congregation, as its first minister in its new relations, with a communion roll of one hundred.

"International Exchange of Pulpits."

We are pleased to see that the BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN is out with an able and forcible article on the subject embraced in the caption above quoted. It takes the visit of the Rev. A. N. Somerville as an example, and argues that although this gentleman is not here in the character of an exchange, he has drawn in every city and town he has visited immense crowds of eager listeners, and delighted and charmed every one with his peculiarly fervid eloquence and genial manner. Again, the ministers of the Mother Country are, as a body, superior men, faithful exponents of Scripture, active in every work of benevolence, and interested in everything that affects the welfare of the people. Our Canadian ministers are noted for similar good qualities; and a system of exchange of pulpits between ministers of the old and new world would afford great and abiding advantages. The clergymen themselves would not only be greatly benefited by getting into fresh fields of labor, with the consequent changes of scenery and custom; but the people would also be benefited, inasmuch as the congregations would be roused, stimulated, and even enormously increased. Just think of the good the people of America would derive from the preaching of such a man as Spurgeon? Perhaps it is this lack of "reciprocity" in the pulpit that drives so many of our eminent ministers to the "City of Churches" and other parts of the republic? At all events the subject is deserving of earnest consideration. We heartily join with THE PRESBYTERIAN in hoping that exchanges will become more systematized in the future, and that the benefits named will be fully realized on both sides of the Atlantic.—Embroider.

A Few Words about Treating.

There are but few young men in the Dominion, and scarcely one in the city, who venture to assert, who will not recognize the truthfulness of the following remarks, about the "treating system," taken from a contemporary. Those who have passed through the mill or are now "one of the boys" will admit that the picture drawn is not fancifully painted, but is true to life: "The evidence of experts informs us that the greater part of the drinking that is done does not owe its origin to the craving of the drinkers for stimulants. The masses are not born with an innate desire for baneful intoxicants. They drink, because they are invited to drink, not because they are thirsty. This is true especially of young men, whose education and moral principles make them adverse to the degrading practice, but who lack the backbone to say 'no,' when more hardened tipplers notice them. Even those who have learned to imbibe freely seldom care to go alone for a drink. A young man will saunter for hours in the evening alone without feeling the need of indulgence, but directly he meets an acquaintance one or the other proposes a drink. Neither perhaps cares for it, but each supposes his friend would like one. The responsibility of the treating system does not end with the first glass.

DEAN STANLEY thus explains why the term "blue" was originally applied to the Presbyterians:—"The distinct dress of the Scotch Presbyterian clergy was a blue gown and a broad blue bonnet. The Episcopal clergy on the contrary, either wore no distinctive dress in public services, or else wore a black gown. From this arose the contrasting epithets of 'Black Prelate' and the 'Blue Presbyterians.'"

Mr. George Smith.

Many of our readers will understand something of the loss which Biblical Archaeology has sustained in the death of Mr. George Smith, the justly celebrated Assyriologist. The announcement has been received by Atlantic Cable, but no particulars are given. After many delays and hindrances, and after the experience of much vexation and disappointment, from the opposition of the Turkish Government, which is a standing obstacle to the advancement of literature and science, he had gone out from England on a third visit to Nineveh, for the purpose of exploring the ruins; his arrival there some time ago was announced, and nothing more has been known of him, until a few days ago the news arrived of his death; from what cause, or when, is not stated.

Mr. Smith had been employed as curator of the British Museum; and notwithstanding some educational deficiencies, he manifested so great an amount of diligence and unconquerable determination in the pursuit of antiquarian knowledge, that he has laid us under very great obligations, by the discoveries he has made in ancient Assyrian lore. Layard, Loftus, and Rassam had dived into the mounds of Nimroud or Kalah, and Kouyunjik or Nineveh, and for twenty-six years the literati of Europe busied themselves over the materials they had secured. Thousands of fragments of broken clay tablets, inscribed with the mysterious cuneiform characters, which had formed the archives and library of Assur-bani-pal, or Sardanapalus, the son of Esarhaddon, had been raised to the surface, and brought to Europe by these explorers. Mr. George Smith, whose death we now lament, paid two visits to Nineveh in 1873-4, and added five thousand additional pieces to the twenty thousand dislocated documents which had been already received at the British Museum. He with others have been engaged for some years in joining these pieces together and deciphering the inscriptions, not one character of which was understood by any man living for the last two thousand years, until Grotefend made some lucky guesses on the subject about the year 1803. Thousands upon thousands more of these fragments still lie in Assyrian mounds, waiting to be exhumed by the spade and the pickaxe. The contents of the inscriptions are not more extraordinary than the documents themselves, which are the products of Assyrian kilns; for the public documents were burnt to preserve them. The letter, the history, the title deed, as well as lighter literature, such as the song or the fable, was cut in a lump of clay, in the form of a pin-cushion, a barrel shaped cylinder, or hexagonal prism, and committed to the flames for perpetual preservation. The most remarkable of these documents as yet deciphered are the tablets of Izdubar, or the legends relating to the gods of the twelve signs of the Babylonian Zodiac, among which Mr. Smith discovered the celebrated account of the Deluge, the descent of Ishtar or Aphrodite to Hades, and her return to Heaven, with other records similar to the Mosaic accounts of the Creation and the Fall. Mr. Smith's last visit to Nineveh was for the purpose of discovering the fragments required to complete these accounts.

In addition to these, historical inscriptions have also been found, giving the annals of Assyria from the reign of Salmanser to the fall of Nineveh. They also mention seven contemporary Kings of Israel, the expedition of Sennacherib against Jerusalem, the submission of Gyges and the conquest of Egypt by Assur-bani-pal; also the succession of eponymous officers, by whose year of office all deeds and events were dated from B. C. 908 to 650.

Much anxiety will be felt to know the circumstances attending Mr. Smith's death, as well as the nature and extent of any fresh discoveries he may have made.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTH. At Edwardsburg, Ont., on the 23rd ult., the wife of REV. W. M. MCKINNON, B.A., of a son. MARRIED. At Father Point, Aug. 31, by the Rev. T. Fenwick, of Mr. A. S. BROWN, Esq., of Rimouski, Supr. I. C. R., to Miss GRACE McWILLIAMS, of Father Point. In Niagara West, on the 6th inst., at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. Robert Hall, Mr. JOHN ATWELL, to Miss ISABELLA ROBERT. On the 6th inst., by the Rev. Dr. Bain, Mr. JAMES SPALDING, Jr., of Perth, to MARGARET JANE, eldest daughter of Mr. James Wilson, farmer, North Elmley. DEATHS. On the 4th inst., at Russell Street, Toronto, JAMES LITTLE, late of Glasgow, Scotland, aged 63 years. At St. Andrew's manse, Almonte, on the 28th ult., ELIZA CHAMBERS, aged 31 years.

Official Announcements.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERIES. OWEN SOUND.—The next meeting of the Presbytery of Owen Sound will be held on the 3rd Tuesday of September, in Division Street Church, Owen Sound. At Cobourg on the 20th September, at 10 a.m. PARIS.—In Knox Church, Ayr, on Tuesday, 10th September, at 2 p.m. BARRIE.—At Barrie, on the last Tuesday of September, at 11 a.m. SAUGUNY.—Special meeting at Clifford, on the first Thursday of September, at 7 p.m. Regular meeting at Durham, on the third Tuesday of September, at 7 p.m.

BRUCE.—In Knox Church, Kincardine, on the last Tuesday of September, at 11 a.m. MANTONA.—At Winnipeg, on the 2nd Wednesday of October. CHATHAM.—In St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, on Tuesday, 20th September, at 11 a.m. HAMILTON.—In the Central Church, Hamilton, on the last Tuesday of September, at 11 o'clock, a.m. LONDON.—Next regular meeting will be held in First Presbyterian Church, London, on last Tuesday of September, at 7 p.m. BROOKVILLE.—In First Presbyterian Church, Brookville, on the 3rd Tuesday of September, at 2 o'clock p.m.

HOME MISSION COMMITTEE.

WESTERN DISTRICT. The Home Mission Committee for the Western District will meet in the Deacon's Room of Knox Church, Toronto, ON MONDAY EVENING, 2ND OCTOBER, at 7 p.m. WILLIAM COCHRANE, Convener. Brantford, 1st Sept., 1876.

FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, LATIN, AND GREEK CLASSIC.

Dr. DASHWOOD, M.A., M.B. Cambridge, England, is prepared to receive pupils at his residence, 202 Spence St., for daily instruction. A special evening class for adults, when French and German will always be spoken.

WANTED.

A Teacher for the Presbyterian Mission School, Prince Albert, Saskatchewan, salary \$700 per annum and a free house. Travelling expenses to be paid. Engagement for three years, to commence immediately. Testimonials as to Christian character, qualifications and efficiency as a teacher to be sent to Rev. Professor McLaren, Toronto, on or before 4th September. Toronto, 2nd Aug., 1876.

COLLEGES.

To Students attending the University or Knox College, we will give A Special Discount off all purchases. We keep a large stock of goods, such as they usually require, and supply everything required in Clothing and Furnishings. R. J. HUNTER & CO., Merchant Tailors, Cor. King & Church Streets, Toronto.

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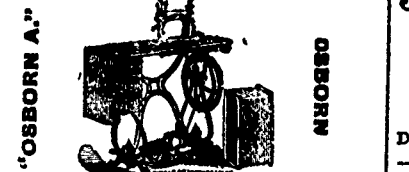
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