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[Whole No. 241

Contributors and Correspondents

[For the Presbyterian.]

TRREE 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 Butherford, and David Dickwon. 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 mowe! 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 (Butherford); and he showed me the love. liness 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 Butherford, 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. Me was sent to the University of Edinburgh in 1617, in furtherance of this design, and shere he made such rapid progress and displayed such superior talents, that in six played and 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 theology, he was licensed to preach, and ordained minister of the parial of Anwoth, in the Stewarty of Kiroudbright. Then began that scraphic ministry whose sacred and inspiring influence is felt to this day. A contemporary pastor of that time gives 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 praching, always visiting the sick, always established and excellent and continued to the sick of the sick of the second to the sick of the s 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 aye his face upward. He had a strange utterance in the pulpit, a kind of skreigh 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 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 saith "Them that honor Me I will honor, saith "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 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 loses 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 con-scious 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 bottomed 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 spirit-ualized and watered with mercy." "To see him face to face bath a great deal more in it than is expressed; words are short garments to the thing itself." "The cove mant is faith's magna charta, the grand mother promise." "In the gospel all is humized grace." Pure gold of the sanctu-

ary 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 faver. During this period he received many Christian attentions at the heads of Ledy Kenmure, the eister of the Mands of Lody Kenmure, the sever or one Manquie of Argyle. He was a firm and streng advocate of Prochytery, and this expected him to the malice of the minions of Charles II, by whom he was charged with Walling a beek against Armenianism, antitled Manueliationes Apologotics," and brought decay their high commission court. He

would not recognize the court as a lawful one for the trial of such a case, and conse-quently was condemned, deposed from his ministerial office and imprisoned in Aber-

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 olders and many of his parishioners, and what man of God since the apostics has written letters like these to his flock; full of unsolfish 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 amisure 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. Maketh Jesus to be known in His excellency and glory." "Sew no clouts 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 kised asphatements." Jesus and I have how 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 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 Oardoness, Elder, "I never knew by my nine years' preaching, so much of Ohrist'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

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 bridegreom'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."

reckoning."
In reading these letters we realize that we are in communion with one of the holi-est men; with whom we walk in the garden of spices. These precious documents are a large comment on the character of his min-

on the cessation of the struggle between Presbyterian and Prelatic parties, Ruther-tord 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 covenent was to be renewed, he was asked to preach the sermonin 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 and He was sheen one of the Stote great zeal. He was chosen one of the Scots Commissioners to the General Assembly of Divines, at Wetninster, 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 wreck 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 "SEX 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 e'er your day arrive, I will be where few kings and great folks than we are to give good gifts to our come." They being foiled, voted him out children.

of his college: upon which Lord Burleigh It is of some importance to add that in 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, con-scious 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 conscions 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 them upon us, so is the likelihood of our walking set the

in His ways.

Another preliminary statement. I is
the fellowing distinctions:

1. All Christians Kavethe Spiril.

2. All established, abiding Christians
filled with the Spiril.

8. Bautiems of the Spirit are refreshings, quickenings, spiritual impulses given at any stage of the Oblistian life.

These baptisms are, and from the nature of the case must be, see soluted. And it is also true of this, as at all other excitoment, that there is a tendency to re-action in our faculties. The impressions first produced decrease after a time, and though a per-

decrease after a time, and though a permanent effect in some respects may romain, 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 excitements. 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 backsiking, and thereby fall into fear and unbelief. Let them still trust Jesus, while the perseptive and sensitive parts of their constitution rest for a while. The Holy Ghost may withdraw from our 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 characterised by

I think, they have been characterised 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; they left me with increased knowledge, enlarged experience, and greater susceptibility to heavenly influences. Then, after a sease, of quiet. I would feel

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 serseveringly.

Let me new 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 "Holinese Meetinge" for years together, and I observed that deer 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. These 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 directling with these

After I had been Instiller 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 neve 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,

some cases the answer to my prayer has been given gradually, and I have realised that the blessed Holy Spirit was coming upon me by degrees, more and more, for several days. At first the spiritual refreshing and energising 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 mis-

takes 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 fur-ther baptisms of the Spirit. Such are apt to get the idea of resting in a state of Ho ness, instead of resting in Christ; and it almost inevitably brings them into a state of daadness 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 needs a saptime of the Spirit to a street. The baptisms of the Spirit riven for that purpose. Christ and if are given for that. If we will be Word, we shall enter into rest; desire for the baptism of the smaller to believe, is an under-vil demicion of the

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.

[For the Presbyterian.]

November 25th, 1870.

A NOBLE WORK.

Friends of the Presbyterian Cause:-

Among the "Free Grants" of the Frovince 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. Alhe 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 aix hundred families have settlement, over aix 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 comewhat to do with the many good qualities of the people.

byterians. 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 Boad," built by the Government for colonisation 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 srosses the outlet of L'Amable lake just as the stream leaves it. Here there is an excellent water power which already divides a grist mill and a saw mill. Here the Division Court site, 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 Presbytarians weekly services. In short, this place is the centre-for all lecal and district merifolist. It is also the point from which diverge lines of settlement to the west, north, and cast. Although these indications are small and unimportant, yet they avidently show 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 influ-ence, whether religious or political, will be felt to the farthest extremities of the set-tlements to which it leads. Whatever tlements 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 out have issue? New more, will you for such an issue? Nay more, will you aid forward such an issue? Will you embody your wishes and your prayers in sub-stantial 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 re-ceiving external assistance—at least, one passably decent, and commodious enough to suit the increase in the population for fliteen or twenty years to come. Settlers locating on "Free Grant Lands" are gentraily 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.

"Atways add, always walk, always prodeviate; he that stands till, nor go back, nor deviate; he that stands the 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.

'Coseo to do evil, and learn to do well, that being 'deed unto sin,' ye may 'five unto rightcourses.'"—Bishop Browning. METIS, QUEBEC.

Autumu has come again, and, therefore, the visitors—like birds of passage—are leaving us. A few days more, and the visiting season of 1870 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

As the Pressyterian Church is from three to four and a-half miles from where the visitors etay, 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 Montreal, conducted the services, which he 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 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 Prestylenians. It was then agreed the God byterians. 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 convoy" for about a mile; then, brotherly love, and a shower and one umbrella between them, took them home arm in arm. iween 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 seagation 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 respectfully to the Episcopal and Congregational Churches.

By an exhibition, a bazar, and donation.

pal and Congregational Churches.

By an exhibition, a bazaar, and donations, I have already raised nearly \$86 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.

tempt.
Drs. Nelles and Douglas, of the Method-

Drs. Nelles and Douglas, of the Methodist Church, spent a few minutes one day at the Manse. On comparing notes, Dr. Douglass 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 hold. Mr. Livisay did the same twice, and took up collections for 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 observed her started to an address observed the same started to an address of the same started to a same started listened to an address characterized by clearness, simplicity of language, and earnestness. The Dr. also once addressed 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 wo 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. andiMrs. P. 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. Mesars. 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 Sept. 8, 1876.

Suveral Bultimore physicians my that many diseases are caused by scap, the greens for which is obtained from unbealth-

Wastor and Beople.

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 certain ty 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 ask for bread, will he give him a stone? And can we not confide Nothing is more becoming or natural in give him a stone? And can we not confide in our heavenly Father's promises, and trust his ability to care for us? "Yes," 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 mayes 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 then? 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 suppli-ed; 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?

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 leav ar affairs with the Lord when all less 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 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 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 fruit be in the vines; the labor of the clive shall fail, and the fails shall visid no mask; the flock ha the fields shall yield no meat; the flock be out offfrom 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 sal-

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 fam-ily prayer that we might be kept from sin, and might have a Christ-like spirit, and the 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 hand him hellowing and sodding and I heard him hellooing 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 providing 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 c'sappointed, 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 worn't anything at all. "Now, sir, wouldn't you be rather sur-prised if your prayer was to be answered? If you were to feel a nice, gentle, leving 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 heaven'y minded?" minded?

minded?"
"He didn't like it very much," said
Daniel, "but I delivered my teatimony,
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.
Quorm and hie Religious Notions," by

" 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 kenefit. 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 A young man lay on his death-bed. For

world all been settled.

"You have attended to your temporal matters to day?" said the paster.

"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 paster said "Are they not in

The pastor said, "Are they not in good hands?" "Yes," said he, but it seems that I cannot got the certainty of

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 souls, and I thought as I left that chamber of death, are the interests of our souls in good hands? Whose hands? The Son of God's, the Saviour Jeaus, Ohrist the annointed, the Good Shepherd, the Bishop of souls. Blessed be God for Him who bears these thrice 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 given us the strongest assurance of satety. He chose us in eternity; gave us to His Hon. He satisfied the claims of law and instice 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 his promised to come again to bring us to his 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 and whom he justified them he has giori-fied." "For I am persuaded, that neither death nor life, nor angels nor principali-ties, 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 uttermest that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make inter-cession 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 hande!"

Churchly Churlishness.

If there is any place under heavon 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 introduced into a suitted legislarator. There his first thought is that he has studenly in-truded into a spiritual refrigerator. There he stands, uncertain whether to advance or back out. No one shows him a pew, or speaks a kind word to him, or gives him the slightest look of encouragement or wel-come. He feels that he is a stranger, an come. He feels that he is not welcome, that to intruder, that he is not welcome, that to stay is only to be tolerated. What won-der the service has no effect on the man? or, if any, that he retires after the benedic-tion more hardened than softened? He went to gather strength for the grand pur-pose of a new life; he leaves feeling that there is no extention or great to be a strant. there is no strength or grace to be extracted from this frosty selfishness which has built itself a temple in the name of Chris-

Now had some kind-hearted Christian stopped 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 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 radient kndness, of genial welcome. Let there be exhibited the courtesy, not of outward deportment and attiquette only but that also of the heart 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. you entertain an Thereby 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 carry-ing them. Is that the best way we can do? They cling to us with strange tena-They cling to us with strange tena-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 hould 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 energy, but in this way we escape y and increase energy. Sleep sweetly, 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.—Buptist

For the ills of this life, if there was no silenes there would be no music. I gnor-snes is a spur to knowledge. Darkness is a pavilion for the Almighty; a foil to the printer to make his shadows.—George

"Art thou weary, art thou languid, Art thou sore distrest? 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, Thet his brow adorus? Yos, a crown, in very surety, But of thorns.

"If I find him if I follow. What his guordon here? Many a sorrow, many a labor, Many a tear.

"If I still hold closely to him, What hath he at last? Borrow vanquished, labor ended, Jordan past. "If I ask him to receive mo,

Will he say me nay? Not till earth, and not till heaven Pass away.

"Finding, following, keeping, struggling, Is he sure to bless?
Angols, martyrs, prophets, virgins,
Answer, Yes?"

Beseeching.

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 grati-tude of their cwn souls. In the same spirit the apostles taught. Their letters to the churches abound in counsel, advice, treaty, 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 pro-eminently freedom.

Arbitrary rules, exact regulations, specific organizations, uniform prescriptions, are unknown, and great liberty for every bellever is allowed, the chief restraint being the internal force of love, responding to the gentle besecohings and advice of the inspir-ing 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 persussion 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 known to him. We wondered whether he meant Father Gray, sometime of Mt. Carmeant Father Gray, sometime or the Carroll, Ill., whom we recken 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
meanlar halred you formed your thought 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. Oftenest it is some man then, and still, in an humble

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 proacning 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 compaign. 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 conscientions tous 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 aman 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

snape 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 vory 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 mon's souls, to work out in the pulpit, what Gad works in the closet.

—The Methodist.

CONTEMPLATIVE admination is a large art of the worship of the Deity. Nothing part of the worship of the Deity. can array us so near to God and he can array us so this. The mind can walk beyond the eye, and (though in a cloud) us into heaven while we live. Me is the soul's perspective glass, who have long remove, and discorneth Games long remove, and discorneth Games long remove.

Serious Things To-morrow.

Many ages ago, a Greek nobleman made 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 enomies 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." 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 head 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, hearden 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 widons and expands till it breaks on the golden shore, safely landing waifs of infinite value, who would have otherwise

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 pariel, in which the shoemaker lived, heard of this and felt that he most give him a leason

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."

your boot."

The elergyman 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

But as he was putting up the measure, the pastor said to him:
"Master, my son also requires a pair of

"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 surwise.

prise.
"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 sheomaker, 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

The shoemaker was abashed. Then he "I thank your reverence for this sermon,

and I will try to remember it, and to judge my neighbours less harshly in the

The Lepers of Jenusalem.

nade—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 buts and burrows, a considerable number of lepers, who form a horrid community by themselves. These poor creatures, with toeless 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 folthey lought tor, and the three leaves 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 disous 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.

Wz 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 figh. It supplies him with propelling power. A Ohristian 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, people to regard it as a mild form of slavery, a kind of bondage to goodness, in which is a consistent to be tied up that they it not hurt themselves or others. But is no such religion as this; at least, is New Testament. The gospel Christ ht and Paul presched is a gospel of ty, and not of slavery.—Golden Rule.

Watch the Lips.

Clamorous words, wrathful, testy, peevish, bitter, sneering words, curt speaking and detraction, are answerable 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 speci-men among his thousand wives and concubines, given him of God, perhaps, as whips and accurges 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 sock shelter with Achish, king of Gath, and he prays that in his trouble he may not say anything hurt-ful 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 arf thrown 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, Sab-bath services will be disparaged, neighborn harshly judged, or God's ways repined at, in a better frame ourselves, we when. When, in a better 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 neighbour's faults and evil deeds that is wrong; bour's faults and ovil 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 solf-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 rivairy. A slanderous tongue moves as naturally in the element of hatred, as a fish in the water. One who loves his neighbor 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 drings, or, "that man and me who do not 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 Rendings.

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 whatsover 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 ludicrous 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

WHEN read aright, the whole Book of God contains whispers of particular love to individual sufferers, which enter the ear We walked across to the Zion gate, and, mounting the city wall there—an uneventual three and somewhat broken, but slightly prometant of the city wall there and come what broken is the city wall there are the city wall there are the city wall there are the grace has opened, and soothe the heart that was rufiled 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 dimned and her asked what she was doing muttering away to herself, she replied, "Counting my mer-cies, my child."

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

A MARRIED man falling into misfortune is more ant 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 be darkness and humiliation, yet there 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 invertebrates. We need to cultivate a more stalwart morality. We should cherish that chastity of honor which, as Burke says, feels a stain nonor which, as Durke says, 10018 a state like a wound. But alas! over the doors of how many churches might be hung up the sign: 'Wanted—moral stamina.'"

Examiner and Ohronicle.

THERE is much in the expression of the poet: "Guard well your thoughts: your thoughts are heard in heaven." Our musting the poet of the poet. unougues are neard in heavon." Our mus-ings and meditations, all our flitting amo-tions 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 ac-count.

Our Joung Loiks.

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!"

He said he had been thoughtless and wicked, using the name of God profanely and giving himself up to infidel sentiments, He had a pious sister, and he would argue with his sister on the claims of the Christian religion, the genuineness of the Scriptian rengion, the genuineness of the Scap-tures, and argue her down, but the sister would not yield. She was in carnost in seeking the salvation of her brother. So she brought in her minister. But the young would-be-infidel disposed of the minister as easily as he did of his sister, and came off victor.

and came off victor.

At longth, on one occasion, he sought an argument with his sister, but she was silent; she had nothing to say. But he only stormed the more. Still she said nothing; and when he spoke ill of her God, her Saylour, her Bible, her religion, she made the rooky but havet into a flood of tages. no reply, but burst into a flood of tears;
"and those tears of my sister," said the
young minister, "reached my heart and
melted it. I then saw myself a sinner,
and flod to Christ for help."

What a lesson of encouragement is this

to those who are striving for the salvation of the souls of beloved friends. Jesus wept over sinners, and when we are so earnest for the souls of our loved ones that we weep over them, then they will be won to Ohrist. "He that goeth forth and weepeth by aring precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

Fast or Slow.

A little golden butterfly flitted merrily A little golden butterity fitted merrily along the margin of a pend graced with fragrant water-lillies, rejoicing in the sweet summer air and sunlight, and dancing minuets on the dark, gloomy leaves that lay on the water. When weary with play she perched herself on a spear of grass lay her little plans for the future—how little a butterfly's plans

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."

Then the little butterfly said :- "I'll go to. Maybe I can perch on a soldier's plume, and fit round among the stars on the flag, for someway I can never manage to get up to the other kind of stars."

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

So off they set, he crawling slowly through mud and mire, and she floating

over him like a topaz in a sapphire sea.
She found it rather slow travelling after her slow guide. So she would stop now and then to dance on a flower, or to rest on the down of an early thistle. Soon she met a party of gay friends, and joined them in a dance and a frolic, saying, "There's no danger. I can easily over-take that slow follow. He only crawls." But, also, she lingered too long this time! When she flew back to the place where she had left him, he was gone, and she had no guide but the ugly tracts he had left behind.

As she went on she met another friend, and they had a waitz 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!

"Why didn't you go?" she asked.

"I have been and seen the soldiers and flag, and have eaten all the worms and tadpoles I can hold, and am hurrying back. As she went on she met another friend,

tadpoles I can hold, and am hurrying back, as my mother bade me. Follow my tracks, and you will see the show yet, if you hurry;" and the turtle was crawling on.

"Do you call that gait 'hurrying?" and the butterfly laughed as loud as ever a butterfly did, "I'll show you what hurrying is!" and off she flaw.

butterily did, "I'll snow you what hurrying is !" and off she flew.

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.
When near home, faint and chilled, she saw the turtle crawling along. She would gladly have passed him him unnoticed; but he was victor now, and he ventured to but he was victor now, and he ventured to rebuke the little boaster. Without stopp-ing for a moment, he rolled around his ug-ly eyes and said, "It is as my mother al-ways told me; the diligent and faithful outdo the idle; and the dull and slow, if persevering and obedient, will always excel the brilliant and trifling, who boast of their beauty and their power. I am black and slow, you are yellow and swift; but who saw the flag and the soldiers to-day?"

Our prayer and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well; while the one ascends the other descends.—Bishop Hopkins.

Hz must not only know that there is such a thing as the blood of sprinkling, but he must have it applied.

A MORBID desire for sympathy is no doubt at the bottom of half the useless complaints in the world. It is sweet to be pitied, and the cheapest way to get pity is to tell over your troubles. So there are some who are forever retailing their afflictions. Some of rever retailing their afflictions. Some of them are real enough. It is an exceptional lot in which there is no crock. Few roses bloom which are not set round with briars. But in most cases there are compensations, unless we wilfully shut our eyes and refuse to recognize them. If epech is silver, silence is golden, as regards the inevitable vexations, defects and calamities of life. Even Job, with heaps upon heaps of distreesing events to distract him, never really gave up till his three friends opened their mouths and tried to comfort him.—

Obviotion at Work.

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XXXIX.

REVIEW-THIRD QUARTER, 1876.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life.

Prov. iv. 28.
CENTRAL TRUTH.—"Godliness hath the promise of this life, and the life to come." From the nature of the leasons of this quarter, the best assistance we can give to a reviewer is in suggesting questions, and so framing them that the connection of subject shall, as far as possible, be kept in

LESSON XXVII.

Name the first three kings of Israel. State the relationships soming 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

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 nommerce ? Was the desired wisdom bestowed?

TERRON 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

lost noly?
The place of the cherubim?
Their sppearance? 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 Templs dedicated? With what rites? Where was the ark placed, and by

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 tem

ple 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

The value of a nation's fearing God?

LESSON XXXII. Why Queen of Sheba mentioned wny 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 Jersel on the mations? Influence of Israel on the nations? Superiority of Israel over them, and its

The lessen to nations now? LESSON XXIII. The peculiarities of "Proverbs?" The Bible writer of Proverba? 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

in 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? The evil of restriction of the gain of rightly using it?
The true nature of sorrow?
Why is it sent? Hew is it to be received? The ways of wisdom-how pleasant? The true tree of life?

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The secret signs of the wicked? The swift punishment of the sinner?
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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

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 peo-

Her character in the gates? (Meaning

of?)
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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

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 How does faith work? What does it

Immersion or Sprinkling.

produco?

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 plasantly to the Dr., as he introduced him, 'But you must be careful, Dr., or she'll make a Baptist of you."

Executed the property of the p

Dr., or she'll nake 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 itbe but a crumb, or a larger piece, or an entire loaf?'"

"Why," said the good lady, "I don't

a larger piece, or an entire loaf?"

"Why," said the good lady, "I don't see that it makes any difference, so each takes some, whether it be much or little. It is the eating not the amount of eating which is the important thing,"

"Well, so I have thought myself," said the Dr. "But then there is another thing. In receiving the cup, how much should each one be allowed to take—the whole cup or a large part of it, or is a mere taste sufficient? What do you think about it?"

"Why," said the good lady, "I should say just the same about this that I did about the bread—that it is the drinking from the cup, not the amount of drinking,

from the cup, not the amount of drinking, that meets the spirit of the sacrament and of the command of the Saviour. I don't

see how any one could think otherwise."
"Well," said the Dr. again, "just so I "Well," said the Dr. again, "Just so I have thought ryself. And now, my dear nadam, why don't the same principle apply to the other sacrament—the sacrament of baptism? Why isn't it just as true here, that it is the application of water, not the amount of water that meets the full spirit of baptism, as that it is not the amount of the bread or wine, but the their of the bread and wine, that meets

the amount of the bread or wine, but the taking of the bread and wine, that meets the true spirit of the Lord's Supper?"

And the good lady, who now saw the clear drift of his questions, gave no reply; but at once changed the subject. And we do not see what reply could well be given by any one, except a reply that would be fatal to the views of immersionists.—Congregationalist.

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." "Yes," said the first, "and he talks as if out of a book; throw him upon his own judgment and he is almost a fool. Book learning isn't always knowledge nor sense." No doubt, reading is a very nor sense." No doubt, reading is a very valuable adjunct to culture, but many peo-ple greatly over-value it. It does not neces-sarily make a person intelligent, nor expand the reasoning powers. We have known great readers who seemingly never digested anything they read. There was was no working over or carrying out, no assimilation of the thought to the reader's individual intellect. In conversation they talked the books they had perused, and not any thought originated b ing or the practical observations of life. The healthiest minds are of another order shrewd and intelligent, requiring the stimulant of practical contact with men and things to bring out their best; and there minds are apt to seek less after the written thought of others than to dig out their own. Much of the reading that is done is nearly worthless as regards intellectual nearly worthess as regards intellectual growth. The only reading that does real good is that which takes the form of study and has some definite object. The truest lovers of books are not the most copious devourers of them. The million read for amusement, to kill care, to pass away lieavy hanging time, and they get their reward in apathy; in habits of listlessness, and a leasy groups tone of hody and mind and a less vigorous tone of body and mind than they would otherwise possess. It is not culture they get, but a miserable counnot culture they get, but a miserable counterfeit that imposes on few. The truly learned are those who combine practical pursuits with study of books. A man can never become a great geologist by merely reading the works that have been written concerning it; but he may arrive at a very good knowledge of it by long continued practical observation without any reading whatever. Dr. Nott used to tell his students to beware of the careful reader of one book in an argument. Another writer says: "A wise book thoroughly understood is a mine of wealth." It is not much reading, but careful reading, that

THE grace of God can enable the lame and the halt, the maimed and the blind, to go through the land and possess it.

go surough the land and possess it.

Goo gives food to every bird, but he does not bring it to the neet; in like manner the gives us our daily bread, but by means of our daily week.

"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;' 'nother, I'm ired;' 'nother, 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 mether. No heard that fells on the like mother. No hand that falls on the fevered brow so softly as here; no words so sympathetic as those that pass her lips. The house would be a grave without her. Life would be a dreary, thorny road without her warning voice and guiding hand. A father may be kind, may love none less, but the wearled child wants the mother's but the wearied clinic wants the motion a arms, her lullaby songs; the caresses 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, e, smile, a narm word a sigh, a tail is pain, a toss 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 heartaches, 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 tonel down—no respect that no orime can topple down—no dungeon can effect. 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 streation may enter the door, but her 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 apang to his mother's heart. The low and wretched, dying in some dark abodo 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 sui-cides that occur year by year in the Eng-lish population. In the reports of the Register-General the attempt to distinguish suicides from other violent deaths was made in the year 1858, when 1,275 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 ac-ciunt, 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 quin-quennials ending 1864, 1869, and 1874. Duringithe 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 1878. The 1,592 deaths by suicide in 1874 included 1,204 of males and 888 of females; 597 resulted from hanging, 880 from incised wounds (principally in the throat), 280 from drowning, 1.49 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

more numerous in urban than in rural populations.

Taking the year 1878 as an example, this being the most recent year for which the Register General has yet published his detailed annual report, the proportion of satioides to 1,000,000 person living in England and Wales averaged 65, whereas in London it was 83. The highest suicide rate occurred in the south-eastern counties—Surrey, Kent. Sussex. Hampshire, and -Surrey, Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, and Berkshire. Here, although the population is principally rural, suicides in 1878 were in the proportion of 88 per 1,000,000 perin the proportion of 88 per 1,000,000 persons living, and somewhat higher than in London. In the south-western counties of Wiltehire, Dorsetshire, Devoushire, Cornwall, and Somersetshire, ithaying also a population principally rural, the suicide rate did not exceed 51 per 1,000,000, and in Wales it was so low as 89.

Suicide, as a crime in England, is far arrows arrelant among the advanted than

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 of an attended to the transfer of the 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 mealy, where did you learn concerning them? That new machine, that does the work so nicely, 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 off the advertising, and ninetenths 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 derire 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 thunderstorm 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; walk or drive. All day it is burning not; if there is a breath of air, it is sultry, and adds to the oppression of the atmosphero instead of refreshing it. Then about midday great fleecy banks of clouds begin to steal up behind the ridge of hills to the south-west. Gradually they ercop round the horizon, stretching their soft grey folds farther and farther to every point of the farther and farther to every point of the compaes, until they have shrouded the dark blue sky and dropped a cool, filmy yeil of mist between the sun's flerce, steady blaze and the baked earth below. That is always my nervous moment. Horses is always my nervous moment. Horses and cows, birds and beasts know what the rapidly-darkening shadow means, and what suddon 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 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 wro broken and pulled down, leaving melancholy gars, like missing teeth, in the saves. 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 flastes of lightning which dart through a veranda or room, and leave everything 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 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 yeterday 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 nasing thundershould. An old settler a little way up-country was reading prayers to his household the other night, and in a second half the little kneel-ing 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 one in his hand. The local papers are full very 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 hall-storm, so long as it does not utterly bombard the town and leave unveriy compare 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, F—— called me to see the ratio of long and had which showed. the rain of leaf and bud which strewed the cemented floor of the verands. 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 swiftly up the roof of the verandah, were enapped 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 tha 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 halistones 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 is not difficult to see that so soon as the warmth of the house melted the hailstones that is, in five minutes—the water tricked down as through a sieve. It was not led down as through a sieve. 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 chinizes, 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 affectatious 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 veice on be heard.—Mrs. Charles.

British American Pregbyterian. 102 MAY STREET, TORONTO.

Por Terus, etc., sen Eighte 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.

All communications must be accompanied by the writer's name, otherwise they will not be inserted. Articles not accepted will be returned, if, at the time they are sent, a request is unde to that effect, and sufficient postage stamps are enclosed. Man useripts note to accompanied with not be preserved, and subsequent requests for their return cannot be complied with.

OUR GENERAL AGENT.

MR. CHARLES NICOL, General Agent for the PARBETTRIAN, is now in Westorn Ontario puthing the interests of this journal. We commend him to the best offices of ministers and people. Any assistance readered him in his work will be taken by us as a personal kindness.

British American Bresbyterian.

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 McCualg, Recording Secretary; Chas. Morris, Treasurer. Board of Managers : F. Counter, J. Henry, J. T. Beattie, S. Moore, and J. Watson.

THE Express says that the contracts for the work on Chalmer's Church, Elora, were let to the following :- Stone work, Charles Young, Forgus, \$8,290; carpenter, painting and tiusmith work, John Waddell, Elora, \$4,880; plastering, Veitch & Mo-Kendrick, Galt, \$851.75; total, \$9,021.75. The plans were prepared by Mr. John Taylor, of Elora, and were drawn for a building 80x47, with a tower and spire of 127 feet in height, the seating capacity of the building to be between six and seven hun-

MERRIER, MOODY AND SANKEY WILL havin 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 Bev. Mr. McClelland, a blind prescher, is pastor. The Session diligently inquired into the scandal, and having found it to be such, heve 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 folt itself able to deal with cases of drunkenness and immorality, but this is an example greatly needed. Every slanderer ought to be disciplined. Let every such scandal be carefully examined, and we are bound to say that a great evil. which afflicts our Churches, will soon disappear.

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. Those Churches are one now if they only could see it. It is the same with the Presbyterian Churches (North and South). They are one in every possible point. The day is ecming when not only the Methodists North and South shall be one organization, but when the various evangelical Churcher shall seek after some external organization by which their real unity shall be manifested before the world.

THERE must be something wrong in the following which we take from the Philaadelphia 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." A Parish Church cannot be in debt. Then when a Church is reported by an architect as needing repairs, and when the Presbytery orders such repairs to be done, the heritors of the parish are bound to have these done at once according to order. The Town Council in this case sould not have refused, if the matter were legally gone into. If the congregation of the High Church have been ornamenting or repairing according to their own sweet will without taking all lawful steps in tho premises, then the Church have no claim upon them, and the Town Council are acting legally by such a refusal as we find in the Presbyterian. But had the repairs been properly ordered by the competent authorities, we maintain that the Council could not in law reft to pay for them. At least they could not continue to do so, if such a case were appealed to the Courts, recently of Dorehester. The cost will be and a regular deckion given.

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

It is, we are sure, with sincers regret that the ministers and members of the Church at large perneed in our last wook's issue, the letter of resignation of the Convener of the Home Mission Scheme. The name of Dr. Cochranothas, 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 went of his zeal and exertions which have done so much for the success ful prosecution of the work of the Church in this direction. Indeed, we have learned to think of Dr. Cochrane as being indispensible to our great Home Mission Scheme. He has been almost ubiquitous in the affairs of this department of the work of our Church. The correspondence he has carried on with ministers and missionaries, the accredited agents of Home Missions, is beyond estimation, beth as to the labor involved and as to the character of the letters themselves. The labor incurred by the increasingly large amounts which have to be collected and disbursed every year, is beyond conception severe and oppressive. And the anxiety connected with a constantly increasing debt, and the consequences to the missionaries which inevitably flow from an empty exchequer, must have taxed the energies of Dr. Cochrane, and

weighed heavily upon his sonsibilities. There will be universal regret at the resignation thus informally presented. Dr. Cochrane Las 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. We would be sorry, indeed, to think that the Convenership of our Assembly's Home Mission Scheme should ever appear to encroach upon the usefulness of Dr. Cochrane as a preacher. We have to remember, besides, that the minister of Zion Church, Brantford, has never allowed the public duties, which have been imposed upon him by the Church, to interfere with the thorough discharge of his parochial works. We fear the result of this fidelity and hard work is the impaired health of which the Doctor complains. While sorry for the loss that an important branch of the work of the Church will sustain by this resignation, we feel that we must submit, and in no way endanger the usefulness of so successful a

Dr. Cochrane wisely retains his convenership 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 pastorate. 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. That this should likewise be done in Ontario and Quebec is almost a matter of common sense. The U. P. Church of Scotland long ago appointed a minister to such special work. The Established Church called the Rev. Dr. Phin from the parish of Galashiels to become the superintendent of Home the States have long been distinguished for domestic work. Let us hope that our church will show its good sense by looking out one of the very best of her ministers, and assigning to him as a specialty the duties which have been so nobly and gener-

ously discharged by Dr. Cochrane. 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 pastorate, 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.

Tuz Presbyterians of Ashfield are builda fine new frame church, four miles from

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 Branswick, 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.,

HOME AGAIN.

Home again! That means the holidays are over. There were Tom and Bob and Jessie, and a whole host of our young friends, who since Christmas have been boring us with Dominion Day and the summer holi days. 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 scoroling days and nights came -days and nights with the thermometer in the nineties-when to exert oneself in the slightest degree seemed to threaten an entire liquifaction of our bodies." But these long wished for holidays are gone. Teachers and scholars, pastors and their flocks, merchants and theirfolerks, all who have been holiday making are either returning or returned. A few weeks ago, the people were pouring out of the city, seeking rest, recreation, change of scene and

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

Be it over 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., etc.." Some will say, "We would not for the world, have missed Saratoga this year. The Congress water put us right for a twelvemonth." Others are full of raptures at the remembrance of their sea-bathing quarters. Others returning from the far Pacific, or from Niagara, have their imaginations excited by the wonders they have seen. And others who have crossed the Atlantic, and wandered to the banks of Avon, or of Doon, made memorable as the birth places of England's and Scotland's greatest poets, or have gone to France and got near the terrible sounds of "Modern Warfare," or daring everything have, armed with Alpenstock, gone through upon the passes, and ascended the glaciers and mountain heights of Switzerland-all these as they exclaim "Home Again" rejoice they have been so far away, and seen so much.

One has a strange feeling when he gets "home again," and he enters his study, or sanctum sanctorum. Your books and pictures seem to recognise 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 worce of a wash in the sea. or their cob webs blown from them by the cool breezes of the mountain. It is an awful moment when one sits down in his old friendly chair, and for the first time realises that the panorama of faces and forms, of mountain and valley, of sea, and lake, and river, which has been moving before him for weeks, has finally passed away. It is like a dream. All is

"Gone, glimmering through the dream of things

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 slammed 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, Missions; and the Presbyterian churches in as of yore. There are our gilt calf-bound books, wrapped up in brown paper, looking the appointment of leading men to be the like mummies in their, sarcophogi. Well, secretaries and ogents of their foreign and as we sit down with our splendid favorite opened before us, it is with a sigh of pleasure we exclaim, " Home again."

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 scain" 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. Then follow a whole host of bills. We recognize them at sight, and pile them upon our friend—the tailor's missive. Then follow business letters of all descriptions. But as the first day of our arrival is a kind of holiday, we now take up Tom's letter, and learn with delight the movements of our friend, and our friend's friends "during the season."

But with what delight our eyes falls upon our weeklies and monthlies, that are waiting their time for a friendly notice.

There are religious papers for example. What a pile they have become. When in the world will we get through them is the

another corner our monthlies and quarterlies have gathered together like so many aristocrate who won't speak to their commoner brothron. 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. As Shakspeare says,

"If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work."

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 toar 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 relaxa-

We would only wish we had to congrat ulate 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 cason to rejoice in the union which was so 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 realistrength of our Church, the case of the minister of St. Andrew's occurred. It was with difficuly 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. There is no division of opinion in the matter of doctrine. The Church has shown herself to be one in respect of the Confession of Faith. She stands forth before the country more strongly united on the question of her standards than she ever could have done, had not the Macdonnell ase occurred. There is hardly a day passing but it is felt by all that the best and wisest thing that ever was done for the country, was to unite her Presbyterian denominations in one great representative

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 and 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

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 reason. ably 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 athat 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 !duminish. Concentrated force is more telling lupon 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 Eimmediate 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 wich 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 PIC-NIC of the congregations and Sabbath schools of Dunn's Settlement and Burns' Church, in the Township of Esca, 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 aummer.—Cox.

THE Presbyterian congregation of Chesterfield, having renovated their church, and given it a thorough cleansing, re-opened it on Sabbath, 3rd Aug., when Rev. W. Inglis, 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 predominating thought in our mind. In not only felt that every thing must be done shurch. It has been painted, new and ele-

at chandellers substituted, and the pulschanged from the ancient to the muchthe preferred platform style. In lowerit physically they have elevated it dritually. A most successful tea-meeting as held in the church on Tuesday. It al filled to its utmost capacity; and her the Rev. Mr. Inglis invoked the wine blessing, a sumptuous "tes," progled by the ladies of the congregation, partaken of, to the apparently entire distaction of all present. The Rev. Mr. ghertson, the beloved pastor of the conregation, presided, and after a short adhes, introduced Mr. Oliver, M.P., who ake of the depression of trade and pro-Milion. He was followed by the Rev. McLood, of Paris, who urged on the mk begun, viz., of sending the Gospel to her lands; and Mr. Inglis who also gave excellent and entertaining address. to choir, led by Mr. Henderson, sang me choice selections from Mr Moody's mons, while Miss Oakley presided at the gan with grace and ability. The proedings throughout were of the most sioyable character. We must congratuis the Presbyterians of Chesterfield upon be fine appearance and comfort of their barch, and for being able to make all the mprovements without leaving the church debt .-- Com.

Book Reviews.

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

We are sorry to say that such a book as

is much needed. The Baptists are my aggressive; and many of them are mwhat unscrupulous in their use of grons. We do not speak of all. There eminent men among them; and many hers who, though not eminent, are at at honest. It is not of there we comin. These, like ourselves, think the mysion of sinners of much greater imdance than the making of proselytes. We are quite willing that they should hold ir own peculiar views, on matters that regard as non-essential, and let us hold m; and that we should help each other the great work of Christianizing the old. But we have to complain of those hose cread seems to be, "Make proselys; honestly if you can; but by all means ake proselytes." It is scarcely necessary aus to tell any intelligent and unprejued person that thece are, in the habit of ploying gross misrepresentation to gain sirend. It is quito possible that some of se deceivers may themselves be dewived; having a smattering of learning, at not enough to enable them to detect befallscies which they circulate. We resember being shown a note sent by one of hi class to a gentleman who had mildly mented from some of his views. This ole contained the following sentence:---'On any day this week, I shall be ready to hat you, or any other man, except Saturw," followed by the stipulation that the anwho should aspire to meet him must wa "scollar." We have also to complain the Baptist Publication Societies, which express it in the mildest terms) permit pass through their hands books (such as Cramp's Baptist History," "Cramp's Mechism on Baptism," and "Pengilly's kripture Guide to Baptism,") containing May apparently intentional inacouracies. se books are got up in a cheap form. ad are eagerly seized upon by the prosinte-makers, and industriously circulated ong the class of people who are not in position to detect their misstatements. for full and conclusive proof of the unreable character of the above and some ther Baptist publications, we refer our aders to Mr. Bethune's book. In some the trick is so transparent that "a art man" (not to say an honest one) could be thoroughly ashamed of it; in hers it is more cleverly executed; but that surprises us is the vast number of misrepresentations, misquotations, Surely Mr. Bethune has detectof them all. We hope there are no To of them. We cannot recolhet having ever before seen such an tionsive exposure of error within the oards of a book of 176 pages; and, although to author has such a large number of cases bdeal with, he does not leave any one of hem until he has disposed of it in a most atisfactory manner.

Presbytery of Toronto.

This Presbytery hold an ordinary meeting on the 5th inst., and transacted a large amount of business. Applications were adde for one to moderate in a call from inora and Knox Church, Scarboro', re-spectively, and the Moderator, Mr. Carminated of Markham, and Mr. Maegillivray

ed, and put into the hands of Mr. Amos, who was present. Mr. A. Leslie, theological student, read a discourse, which was sustained. Mesers. Bannuel Carruthers, Arthur Marling, and Augus 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 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, aud Mr. Alexander Marsh, to roport at a future meeting. Some time was spent in considering Mr. Dick's resignation. Messrs. R. Marsh, D. Boyle, and A. Marsh, commissions. sioners, were heard, who declared the un-abated 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 Prosbytery till next meeting, so that in the meantime opportunity may be given to the minister and the congregation to consider whother arrangements might not be made for retaining him as senior pastor of the congre-gation, 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 natter will be promptly attended to. The report of a committee appointed to advise with the congregation of Kuox Church Brampton, was care fally considered, and a larger committee, consisting of Professor McLaren, (Convener), Professor Gregg, Messrs. Smith, Breckenridge, Croll, 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. 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 meetand 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 anent 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. Mon-TEATH, Pres. Clerk.

ed, and put into the hands of Mr. Amos,

Presbytery of Brockville.

The Presbytery of Brockville mot in Prescott on Tuesday, the 5th inst., to induct Rev. Archibald Henderson, lately minister of Atherny Presbyterian congregation, Ireland, into the charge of the congracation of Prescott. Rev. G. M. Clark, of Kemptville, conducted the devotional services, and presched from Paslm exxii. 7. "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces." The Moderator of Presbytery, Rev. W. Cauning, 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 Bev. 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 minis-ter 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 them adjourned.—J. LEISHMAN, Clerk, pro tem.

Monnis O. Lurz, lately of the Galt Foundry, and one of the oldest residents of that place, died on the 80th nlt., at the age of is on the 5th inst., and transacted a large amount of business. Applications were sade for one to moderate in a call from Aurora and Knox Church, Scarboro', respectively, and the Moderator, Mr. Carmissed of Markham, and Mr. Maegillivray was appointed accordingly. Mr. Pringle ported on a call from Alton and Melville Caledon, in favor of Mr. Walter large, probationer. The call was enstaired by teries and Assemblies. seventy, after a short illness. Up to

(For the Presbytoman.)

Notes from Edinburgh, Florence, Venice, Milan, &c.

From Napolithe way is retraced to Rome on route to Florence. This perhaps is the gem city of Italia, 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 Etruscaus, 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 Daomo, 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 boller, dust which is Even in itself immortality,
Hero repose.
Angelo's, Alife i's boucs, and lies
The starry Gallieo's with his woes;
Horo Machinvelli's earth returned to whence it roso."

Now Sacristry Church, constructed by Augelo, contains his famous statues of the Medici, night and day, morning and ovening. The Medici Chapel is behind the choir, and is an octagonal; mausoleum covered with rich marbles, jaspar, 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 Tribune, 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, wanting part of both arms, which have been rostored by Rernini, said to be the work of Cleomenes. (2) Apollino or Appolo. (8.) Arrotino, a figure whetting his kuife—found at Rome in the 16th century. (4.) Il. Lot. tatori, or wrestlers. (5.) Dancing Faun, head and arms restored by Angelo.

Your space will not allow of the mention of the pearls 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 Renbens, Titian, Angelo, Raphael, Vandyck, Carracci, etc., etc. Nor can the various vestibules, halls or schools be referred to in a newspaper column. There is a portrait gallery nainters baving 850 portraits of artists of all times, Cameos and Intaglio's about 4000; designs, 20,000; engravings, 80,000. The Magliabecchian library has 170,000 volumes, and 12,000 MSS. There are all kinds of Fresco, Mossic 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, 800 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 betckens the former ness. 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 firms leading to the plazza on public squares; here are the prison dungeon, "Bridge 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

Tintoretto's vast picture the Glories of Paradise, 82 feet by 88, and portraits of the Doges, etc. The glass-blowing works are novelties to the visitor. Verons is on the way out. The Roman amphitheatro or colloseum, with its grante sents 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. Milau, 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 age could furnish; it stands for exquisite beauty, unrivelled 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 Appennines, 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 flue build ings 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 aline roof, stairs, everything everywhere being solid, pure white marble. The spectator, evercome by the combined effect of the overcome by the combined check of the glories of nature and jewels of art, seems to be in the very vestiblule 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 peerles Augelo thought the bronze doors of the Baptistry at Florence, the work of Ghi-berti, fit to be the gates of Paradise, might not this scene faintly outlined be worthy of a place by the "green fletds of Eden!"

Verily one never anticipated such a vision on this side the "shining shore." From this point the tourist usually goes to the lakes. Como lies in the route to the Splugen 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 Chiavanna, whence they begin the upward incline at 1.40 s.m. The mail connection, it seems, requires this conven-ient and agreeable hour to start. The natives of these villages are novel speci-mens of humanity, socially and mentally viewed. A mediaval state of things is vis-ible 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, appaling 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 enow in the gorges an unknown dopth. 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 "whos!" 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 un-demonstrative 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 8.80 this morning she re-ceived here an "unco leal" welcome, as the whole city, young and cld, 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 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 clite from all parts. The decorations on the route the Queen went to the Square where stands the equis-trian statue of the Prince Consort was

superbly gorgeous.

The ceremonies connected with the unvoiling of the statute 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 Oncen. &c., made up the programme. The address was enclosed in a richly-wrought silver "every square foot of its surface, both walls and ceiling, is covered with paintings, gild-was enclosed in a richly-wrought silver church, when comings, and other "ornaments." Here is easket, overlaid with gold. There was a to Lendon East.

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 cele-brity, 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 evation 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 queenly, yet so lady-like, that all were delighted. I was struck with the more signal, and any recognities have the which the seed of the control of nal and reverential bow with which she greeted some of the veteran highland sol-diers lining the way from the gate to the statue, especially to one or two heavy veterans, she bowed so low as almost seem to dail 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. 19, '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 sorvice, which was held in our verands. 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 rupees, 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

Our chanel has a bad roof, so we had all our school apparatus, maps, and books in four own house, and they all went. We lost our nouse, the boy's house, the teacher's house, girl's house, Henry's house, our road zay-at 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 new 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. all this is sad for us, we see signs that God is doing a great work in the hearts of the Bur-mans. 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 lone place and one in another.

Pray for us, dear friends, in this our day of trial. We are all in good health all your day of trial. we are cast down in spirit.

Yours affectionately,
M. B. Ingolls. Burmah, March 26, 1876.

Tur London Advertiser of a recent date contains the following :- "Tenders are invited by Mr. Jones, architect, for the erecion of a new Presbylerian Chuerh in Liondon 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 16:21. 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 \$3,500. Work is to be commenced immediately, and it is expected that the body of the church will be ready for quantities about Christmas. The church, when completed, will be a credit

Choice Literature.

The Bridge Between.

CHAPTER XXXVI,--AN EVENTFUL EVENING.

It was indeed a happy day for the Wood-wards on which they returned to the dear old house at Hampstead. The old sweet smile (which she had bestowed on Netta) came back to Mrs. Woodward's kind face, 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 editorahip 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.

"I don't know what we should have

"I don't know what we should have done without you, my child," he said to her as they sat in the sludy one evening—the study which looked almost the same as in former days, for they found to their sur-prise that George Blakesley had bought in most of the things which had been in it, and had replaced them as a pleasant sur-prise on their return. "You have saved us all from ruin," he went on. "There would have been nothing but starvation or the workhouse for us if you had not kept the family together. I did not think there

was so much in you, Dorothy."

And this was her reward, the knowledge that the had begun to live not only for herself but for others, that if she went from am .ng those around her they would miss, not merely a face and form they loved because by kinship she belonged to them, but that they would miss also the work her hands had found to do and the thoughts her heart conceived. She had learnt to make herself necessary to the comfort and happiness of those within her reach, and in this satisfaction to find her own. They were very happy days, those of the first six months, spent in the old house. The garden had been untouched, and the sycamore-tree came into leaf, and all looked the same as in years past-

"The same, the same, yet not the same, Oh never, never more."

thought Dorothy as she wandered down the moss grown pathway with Adrian Fuller, "just as of old."
"It is like the days of our youth return-

ed;" he said.
"Oh no," she answered. "It is changed altogethor, and we most of all."
"No," he said, "not changed, only we are a little tired. You have worked too hard, and I have never felt satisfied with

"You never will," she said, simply.

"Yes I shall some day," he answered, looking down at the frank fearless face and the drooping contradictory eyes, "I shall be some day, when I have secured enough to buy ease, (I don't mean luxury), and can live quietly by the sea and dream away my life, and no longer have to work. Would you like that, Dorothy?" He was so certain she loved him still, as she had done in days gone by (and as he had learnt to love her in those that followed), that he did not think it necessary to trouble himself about any other possibility.

"No," she said, almost with a shudder.
"I should be miserable, you cannot really mean it! you would not waste all your life and all your talents and let your energies lie dormant. Life was given us for some-thing higher than that."

"For what was it given to us, you little Methodist?" he asked.

"To work and to help others, so that we in turn may be helped, and so that we may make the world, if only in the persons of the one or two around us, better than we found it; and for you, Adrian," for her reverence had vanished with her love for him, and she called him by his Christian name now, "you have talent, and can not only help others with it, but can leave your work to delight them long after you are forgotten, or only your name is remembered. It is not one's self one wants remembered, only to know that one's works are. It is not many who can hope for this, but you can. Such as I can only try to make the passing time here and there a little pleasanter for others, but even this is no mean thing."

an thing."
'What an odd child you are, Dorothy;
'What an odd child you are, Dorothy; but I don't care a jot for these things. I don't want fame, only to be lazy and enjoy myself, and dream away my life. Come in the house and play over some of your snatches to me," and they moved down

the dim pathway. "But you must care for these things," eha said. or you have no business to take up that place in the world which a better worker and a nobler nature might occupy; you bar up the way for him, and this is a arime. And day dreams are things which we should only value as we try to fulfil them. We may have other dreams as well, and we want rest and quiet and all that, I know, but there can be no real rest unless we first tire ourselves with honest work; and I cannot think there will be any place hereafter in the Master's house for those who have not tried to do Him honor in the world." He let her hand slide from his arm. He was getting afraid of the girl—a quaint grave child still in look and years, who talked so strangely.

"Come into the house," he said, and

drew her gently through the dark passage. Mr. and Mrs. Woodward were in the study. Tom was out, and Will and Sally had gone to look at men and women, so that the latter might carry them home in her memory, and draw new pictures. They went through the house and into the sittingroom, furnished with George Blakesley's spider-legs and crockery," yet still bearing a vague likeness to former days in that it contained the old piano and the glass into which Dolly and the Beauty had looked one morning long ago. "Come and play," he said, and she, glad of the rest, sat down to the keys. He went to the other end of the room, and sat leaning back on an old uncomfortable sofa, while she sent old snatches of music, strange and sweet-like herself, Adrian Fuller thought through the fast-darkening room.

through the fast-darkening room.

"I wish you would sing," he said. Dorothy had taken to singing to herself lately, but at best it was a poor little voice, though here will san't," she said.

"I can't," she said.

"Yes you can," he contradicted, "and I like your queer little voice; so sing."

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 song after song, till she thought he must be tired or asleep, for he made no sign. not that she had been She gave a nervous laugh, that ended 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.

"What sad songs they are," he said. "I like sad songs," she answered drear-

ily.
"What was that one you was singing last night? I liked that," he said. She

"I made another garden, yea, For my new love, I left the dead rose where it lay And set the new above. Why did the summer not begin?
Why did my heart not haste? My old love came and walked therein And made my garden waste."

The symphony died away, but no second verse came or could come that night; the sounds from the piano ceased altogether, and the girl sat silently before it, hidden by the friendly darkness. He got up, and crossed the room quickly, and knelt beside her so as to be level with the face, which, he could dimly see, was buried in the two slonder hands and bent forward over the

keyboard.
"I understand you, you foolish child,"
he said," he said, soothingly. She looked
up flushed and afraid; he could not surely
dream of repeating the mistake of long ago, she thought. "But we understand each other now, and you know I love you at last," he said, gravely and earnestly, in calm assured tones such as Netta Woodward with all her fascination had never listened to from him. She looked at him blankly, hardly realising what he meant, and he, mistaking her, went on. "It is all right now, and we belong to each other, do we not, Dorothy? and if you only will promise not to preach any more sermons, he put in almost laughing, for he had no idea of any answer but one from her, "we shall lead such a happy life together and"— but she managed to find her voice at last, and spoke, with the tears still on her cheeks, and a voice that was firm enough, though

its tone was sweet and gentle.
"You are mistaken, Adrian; you are altogether mistaken; and must never speak to me like this any more, for I should like us always to be friends."

"What do you mean, child?" he asked, aghast at her manner rather than her words, not that he thought it really meant anything but the only one he considered possible. "You know you belong to me,

possible. "You know you belong to me, and you shall, you little goose."
"Oh no, no!" she answered. "It is all gone by, it is indeed. Friends, yes, but that is all, Adrian; never anything more."
"And why not?"
"We should never be happy, we think so differently. We need to be alike once pare.

differently. We used to be alike once per-haps, but it is all changed now, and if we lived our lives together we should still be

far apart."
"But why is this?" he asked, his face looking grave and anxious. She could see it in the dark. It was such a handsome iace, with large pleading eyes, that made

her tremble and turn away, but only be-cause a remembrance of old feelings came keenly back, and, for a moment, she "saw her soul in last year's glass," and wavered. "You cared for me once;" and feeling her wince, he added, "long ago when we all played in the garden together."
"Few things have a second summer, and

then it is generally only a reflection of the first," she answered.

"It was Netta, I suppose. She spcilt

everything," she said. "No," Dorothy answered quickly, indig-nant that he should try to make a woman bear the blame. "You spoilt her life, she said so! If you had really cared for her as you pretended, she might have been different, but you were only fascinated, or if you loved her the feeling was not strong enough to move you from your love of

"I say, are you going to finish your song, Doll?" said a voice that startled song, Doll?" said a voice that startled them to their feet. "We have been listening to your performance and want to know what you left off fcr? Are you two spooning in the dark, or what?" It was Tom's voice, of course. Dorothy rushed to the

window. and opened it.

"How did you know I was here?" Adrian

"Guessed it." answered the tormentor. concisely, "just as we guessed you were

spooning. We were not spooning," she said, ex-

citedly, almost crying with rage.
"Very well, Dolly dear," he said, teas-

"We were listening while you sang, Miss Woodward, and as you did not finish the last song, we got impatient," George Blakesley said. His voice and his manner were the same as ever, but he called her Miss Woodward, and she heard it, oh so plainly! "I know the song you were

singing—the words I mean.
"I did not expect to see you again," she said, trying to change the conversation, and wondering also what had brought him.

"I know. I have said good-bye to all my friends, and I sail the day after to-morrow;" he was really going, then, and the faint hope roused in her heart by his coming died out. Then a silence fell on the group—on the two looking cut and the two looking in at the window, and presenttwo looking in at the window, and presently, almost mechanically, the began watching a carriage in the distance, which was advancing along the road, the lamps tooking like two fiery eyes in the distance. Dorothy's heart was standing still, and her hands were trembling with suppressed emotion, and she saw and know and heard nothing till Tom arching almost with a thing till Tom exclaimed, almost with a shout, "Why, it's stopping here!" and the carriage drew up, and by the fitful light of the lamps she saw, amidst a cloud of wraps, the face of Netta the Beauty.

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 brake down to-night. I knew what it meant, though Tom never the said. "I have a led for I wees the guessed. I am very glad, for I guess the end, and know he loves you." "Oh, M. Bianceley!" she began, the

tears corning to her eyes.
"I shall often think of you, and I am very glad," he said, in his unchanged manand then he pressed her two hands, hanging listlessly over the window-sill, and moved off.

"Oh stay, do stay! oh do come in!" she

entreated.

"No," he said, "I have said good-bye long ago, and I sail the day after to-morrow;" and evidently anxious to escape from the advent of the Beauty, he went, and she had no power to keep him, only to feel something that was like a sudden feeling of despair.

CHAPTER XXXVII.--" THE SAME, YET NOT THE BAME."

They stood round her—the same group and in the same room, just as they done long ago, when she appeared before them in her ball-dress. There was a silence for a minute, in which each thought and knew that the others thought, of that evening. Then Sally, who had entered unnoticed during the conversation, looked up at will and whispered, "Sho ien't the same now, Will." No one heard the remark but Dorothy, and the old refrain came ringing through her head again:—

The same, the same, yet not the same, Oh never, never more."

For the Beauty had changed, and the bloom would never come to her face again. She looked tired and careworn, and thin and faded, and on her cheeks there was a flush, and in her eyes a brightness, that made those who clustered round her look and wonder, and feel a sadness choke the tones wonder, and see a sames onose the tones in which they would have welcomed her home, and the salt tears slowly blinded Mrs. Woodward's eyes, till she could not eyen see her daughter's faded face. Her spirits were unchanged, however.

"How you all stare at me!" she laughed;
"I know I don't look well; that is why we

have come to England. Sir George has thrown up his appointment to bring me; and, tiresome enough, no sconer did we arrive than we were met by a messenger to say his mother was very fill—she stopped to give a wheezing little cough—"and he has gone off to Lancaster. I could not endure another journey, so I have come for a

few days, till his return, to see you all."
"My dear, you are very ill!" Mrs. Woodward almost sobbed.

" she laughed, looking up with a thin tired face, that made Adrian Fuller, leaning against the mantelpiece, turn away, it was so different from the old beautiful one, "only the climate has tried me. I am so glad to see you in the old house again; only this ugly furniture makes me think of Dorothy's valiant George Blakesley. How is he, Dorothy?" she asked, in the old tasing manner, that almost made the old angry feeling rise in Dorothy's heart. To speak so of George Blakesley. To speak so of George Blakesley He whom she loved with all her heart and

soul, and felt she should never see again!
"Ho is going to America," she answered; 'you will never see him again!'

"And have you put up a tombetone over Venus' grave?" she asked. "And here is the old piano; do you remember the musical parties, Dorothy?" She sat down before the instrument, and then wearily turned away. "I am so tired," she said, turned away. "I am so tired," she said, pleadingly, "and would give all the world for some sleep; I never get any rest now," she added, in an inexpressibly sad tone. So they went to make ready some refreshment for her, and a room in which she could sleep, while Mr. Woodward asked her questions about India and his eldest son, and a hundred things to which she would have answered impatiently enough in former days, but now there was a ten-derness in her manner, added to the old dash and bravado, that seemed the strangest thing about her. She turned to the piano again, evidently because she was so utterly weary, and did not want to talk; and presently Adrian Fuller came to her to say good-night. He was going. She did not take her fingers off the notes, but she looked up and asked, "What have you done since I have been away? anything to show for all this time?"

"No, nothing," he answered.
"I thought not," she said, bending over

the keys.
"I had nothing to induce me, no one to

help me or encourage me forward."
"You never will have," she answered; "if the love of your art and the wish to achieve something will not help you. But you love your ease better than all else; I knew that long Lgo. You will dream through your life, and die, and be forgotten, as I shall soon," she added, with a sigh; "and you will leave nothing by which to

be remembered." Lady Finch!" he raid, almost angrily. "Yes;" and she looked up at him with the weary blue eyes. "You know I am right," she went on. "You never loved anything so much as your own ease—you never will. Are you engaged to Dorothy?" she asked, suddenly.

"No," he answered. "I am glad of that; don't be angry, Adrian;" and sho put a hand on his, and stroked it gently. "I am a little bitter, I mow; but I am very ill, and I have often thought how much there is sometimes within the reach of us all to do and to be, and yet we do not care even to stretch a hand forward. We love ourselves so well;

nand forward. We love ourselves so well; not merely you and I, but all of us."

"I thought you left this sort of thing to Dorothy—she is always preaching." He stopped, and there was a silence for a minute or two, and Will and Sally crept out of the room. They soon tired of the Beauty, and Sally 1 and a page picture to deary, and Sally 1 and a page picture to deary, and Sally 1 and a page picture to deary, and Sally 1 and a page picture to deary, and Sally 1 and a page picture to deary. and Sally had a new picture to draw, and wanted Will to lock on while she did it. Mr. Wordward sat for a minute watening his daughter, and the man who had been his friend once, and of whom he had hoped such good things to come. He had been disappointed in Fuller, he thought. He was one of those young men who flash in their youth, and promise a great deal, but

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 Notta or Dorothy better than anything else," Mr. Woodward said to himself; "and we nover have long talks now as we used to have. He has guite come over to the ways."

He has quite gone over to the women." And then he went to see what his wife was doing, and found that she was busy, and did not require either his help or his company, so, forgetting his newly-arrived daughter, he betook himself to the study, and seated himself before his papers, and

proceeded to arrange them.
"It is scarcely fair of me to speak thus
of your sister, Lady Finch," Adrian Fuller

said, when the pause came to an end.

There was a sudden change in his manner and tone that almost made her start; but she gave no sign of her surprise, only let her fingers stray on indolently over the wiry uncertain keys of the old plane.
"Why?" she asked.

He looked awkwardly down upon her, on the poor faded yet still beautiful face, and the blue eyes that were so dim and weary, or else flashed in a hard and almost painful manner. He thought of the summer, with the history of which she was so closely entwined, and of the evening on which he first saw her, and of all her beauty and fascination, and of how his heart had thrilled once at the sound of her voice or the sight of her face, and of all her little coquetish ways, and her sweet voice, and the quaint old songs she used to sing in the twilight. Aud then he thought of Do-rothy. It seemed like turning to the memory of some quaint picture, or listening to music that gave one vague yearnings and longings towards better things that were far away or far beyond one; then he answered the Beauty, gravely and calmiy:
"Because I think she is far better than
any of us. I have learnt to think this since you have been away."
"Well, what then?" she asked, coldly.

The memory of all the protestations he had made in former days to the woman before him flashed back, and he had not courage to avow the truth and the state of his feelings now, as he had for the moment intended.

"Nothing," he said; and another awkward silence came. And then Mrs. Wood-ward came back, and he said good-night, and went; and Netia was left once more with her family.

(To be Continued.)

About Advertising.

The legitimacy of the advertising business, as conducted by religious newspapers, is sometimes called in question. But little is said in reference to its conduct by the secular press, however repugnant to the moral sense it often is, it being taken for granted that those who make no pretension to religion have a right to commit any abomination. The public conscience is seemingly very jealous of the privileges of the Christian press, not reflecting that every one must give an account of himself unto God. We make no objection to the guardianship of our friends; especially as we are so careful ourselves upon this matter, but we would be glad to have them consider some things, such, for example, as are brought forward in the following extract from the Christian Weekly: granted that those who make no pretension tract from the Christian Weekly:

"Our readers have no right to hold us responsible for the accuracy of every statement made in our advertising columns. The advertising page is a contrivance for enabling the vendor of goods to say what he wants in his own way about his wares to the reader of the paper. Vendors of goods are apt to put a high estimate on what they have to sell, and intelligent readers are supposed to know and allow for the fact. We hold ourselves responible to exclude rigorously from our columns every advertisement that bears the mark of fraud upon its face, or marks to awaken a reasonable suspicion. We exclude all advertisements which we have any special reason, from external circumstances, to suspect.

"But it is manifestly impractable for us to investigate every advertised article, and adjudge its merits before allowing its advertisement. We cannot read the book; we cannot investigate the finances of the insurance company; we cannot wear the dry goods and see if they will fade; we dry goods and see if they will fade; we cannot submit the camera obscura to the judgment of an expert. But we have used ntmost canti against fraudulent advertising; and if any of them discover a begus advertisement in any of our columns, we will thank him to call our attention to the fact, and he may rely upon our instant investigation and exposure of the fraud.

"If an advertiser wants an unbiased editorial opinion on his article, he must send it for examination to the editorial rooms. If the reader wishes to know our editorial opinion he must look in our editorial columns. And we assure them both that there is not money enough in the United States to buy an editorial opinion of so much as a single line. But in our advertising columns our readers must under-sland that they get the advertiser's opin-ion, not the editor's. And if there are any of them unable to distinguish between an editorial and an advertisement, he must patiently wait and learn."

We sores with our correspondent, that "a newspaper, whether secular or religious, must be held in some degree responsible for the character and reliability of its advertisements." We submit to his candid judgment whether we have not fairly defined the limits of that responsibility.

Grace is the most subtle of all powers. GRACE is the most subtle of all powers. It will gleam through the common-places of our days, and give hints of character more potent than deeds. It is not the things we do that reach the farthest, but the lives we live. The secret strength of life, gathered from God in silence, as the night on the secret strength has dawn and which continued to the secret strength of life on the secret strength of life. night gathereth her dews, and which never night gainersta her dews, and which never may stand forth before men in word or work, will give a hiding of power better than all its display. And this is character. It is Gcd's strength transmitted into thought and life, held back from daily worries, but throwing a quieting and calm-ing influence over them all.—Interior.

Scientific and Aseful,

CARBONIO acid gas is heavier than atmos pheric air. In ventilating our sleeping, rooms and other apartments, the ventil ators should therefore be at the bottom.

HAIR WASH,

Try half an onnee of borax to a quart of water for a hair wash; apply very gently with a sponge on alternate days; apply little glycerine dissolved in soft water. WARTS.

"Warts may be removed," says a cele-brated physician, "by rubbing them night and morning with a moletoned piece of muriate of ammonia. They soften and dwindle away, leaving no such mark at follows their dispersion with lunar caustic."

CORNS AND BUNIONS.

Dr. Orvis, in the Ohristian Reformer and Non-Ritualist, says: Corns and bun-ions may be removed by the use of sweet ions may be removed by the use of sweet oil; bathing them thoroughly night and morning with soap and water, and then rub on sweet oil. Continue this until they soften and depart. If on the bottom of the foot, soft felting inside the shoe will also assist in the cure.

MACARONI SOUP.

A small shin of beef is put in three quarts A small snin of beer is put in three quarts of water, boiled four hours, then strained through a colander. The following day skim the fat off. Boil a teacupful of canued tomatoes (or four whole ones), three chopped onions, a little minced parsley, salt and pepper, in one pint of water; let it boil for half an hour, then add it to the stock. Half an hour before serving put in a handful of macaroni. ful of macaroni.

BOILED BREAD PUDDING.

Crumb your stale bread in a pudding pall, and cover with sweet milk, and set by pan and cover with sweet link, and set by the stove to warm Sand soften. Then to every quart of the mixture two well-beaten eggs, a cup of sugar, and a handful of raisins or sweet dried fruit of any kind. Do not have your pail full, as it needs some room to rise. Put the cover on tightly, and set it in boiling water, and do not allow it to stop boiling till done. If you try that once you will never make a baked pudding again.

RELATIVE VALUE OF GOLD AND SILVER. The relative value of gold and silver is stated by Herodotus at 18 to 1, and by Plato at 12 to 1. Mr. Madden reckons it at 10 to 1 in the time of Plato. It stood at 12; to 1 about the date of the Christian era, from which time to the reign of George III. the relative supply of the precions metals so far varied as to reduce the value of silver to about one-sixteentu of that of gold. At the present rates the proportion is but little over 15 to 1. Thus the relative value of the two metals has varied within historic times by as much as 60 per cent.

PRESERVING TOMATOES.

In order to preserve tomatoes through the year, it is not necessary to resort to the expense of canning them. If stewed in the ordinary manner, but without butter or crackers, only a little salt and sugar, they can be put into jugs—two quart or gallon, according to the size of the family—and if corked up tightly will keep for a year. To make assurance doubly sure, some meltd wax may be poured around the corks. To-matoes may also be dried easily. Skinned and prepared with a little sugar they make a good substitute for figs, and are sold under the name of tomato figs.

EMOKING INJURIOUS.

Smoking tobacco, and the use of tobacco in every form, is a habit better not acquired, and when acquired is better abandoned, The young should specially avoid the habit. It gives a doubtful pleasure for a certain penalty. Less destructive than al-cohol, it induces various nervous change, some of which pass into organic modifications of function. So long as the practice of smoking is continued, the smoker is temporarily out of health. When the odor of tobacco hangs long on the breath, and other secretion of the amoker, that smoker is in danger. Excessive smoking has proved directly fatal.

TO BREAK GLASS.

An easy method of breaking glass to any desired form is by making a small notch, by means of a file, on the edge of a piece of glass; then make the end of a tobacco pipe or a rod of iron about the same size, relibration to the fire; apply the hot iron to the notch, and draw it slowly along the surface or the glass, in any direction you please. A crack will be made in the glass, and will follow the direction of the iron. Round glass bottles and flasks may be cut in the middle by wrapping round them a worsted thread dipped in spirits of turpentine, and setting it on fire when fastened on the glass-

LIGHT TRA BISCHIT.

Two quarts of best sifted flour, one pint of sweet milk, in which melt one quarter of a pound of sweet butter, one teaspooned of sait in the milk, one teacup of fresh year. Make a hole in the centre, pour in the yeast (well shaken), stir diligently with a fork. Let the milk, etc., be just blod warm, (no more), then knead as break of the control of the contr Out it across, through and through, with s knife. Let it rise aix or seven hours, as it may require. Take from the pan, kness it well, cut in small cakes, and put to me in a pan an hour before baking. This receipt, with additional sugar and suitable spices, makes excellent family doughnut

FIRST FLOOR BEDROOMS.

If we had a house with a bedroom on the arst floor, we would at once abolish the use of that room as a sleeping apartment, because we are satisfied that it is a wrong because we are satisfied that it is a wrong custom, it being much healthier to sleep upstairs. Many a family of which it members were suffering and weak in gearal, have been restored to a vigorous and healthy condition by following our advice, which was to remove their bedroom and stairs, to have their beds, summer and winter, exposed the whole day to the fresh air from onen windows. (avant, of course) air from open windows, (except, of course when there is rain or mist), and also whave during the whole night one window partially open, even in winter, so as always to inhale the fresh, cool air from the column, but using, at the same time, the pressure to the same time, the pressure time to the same time. ours warmth.—Prof. Vander Woulds.

Alcohol.

Alcohol is composed of 51.98 parts carto 18.70 hydrogen, 84.42 cxygen. It
ill thus appear that more than one-half
it substance is composed of a gas that
it substance into the composition of
sier at all, and if infinite wisdom made
rier to serve as the natural beverage of
sin, slcohol, by a common sense inferto, is by the same infinite wisdom prostigal.

Alcohol is the intoxicating principle of g spirituous liquors," so says the U. S. superiatory. The fact is apparent. Inited so apparent that all other facts contact ming alcohol are so completely eclipsed whing anomor are so completely compand by this, that they are not understood by masses of the people. Alcohol, as has already been stated, is

Alcohol, as has already been stated, is accorded by the fermentation of sacharine being. And what is fermentation? Baron Liebig says: "Fermentation is whing olse but the putrefaction of a submitted containing no nitrogen. Ferment a yeast is a substance in a state of putrebellou, the atoms of which are in continuation." You can extract alcohol from seliou, the atoms of which are in continu-imption." You can extract alcohol from amon, alcohol having all the proporties iend in alcoholic drinks, and by adding a twg grains of nitrogen to fermenting liquor dany kind; even cider, you will instantly two the insufferable stench of carrion, lichol is, then, the product of decay, de-emposition and death, and he who drinks is drinks the death principle of vegetable emposition and death, and ne who drinks i, drinks the death principle of vegetable matter. The effect of alcohol by many is supposed to warm the system, but by actu-itation measurement it is found that the heat of the body falls after drinking sleehol. It does not aid digestion. Fill we vials half fall of gastrio juice from the innan stomach, put a little alcohol in one, and a piece of heef in each. In five hours the piece in the vial of clear gastric juice will be dissolved, but in the other it will

myer bo. Alcohol is not food, as shown by the fact that it does not assimilate. It comes from the body as it entered it, with no change in its composition, and every drop which in its composition, and every drop whom is drank may be gathered up again, so it is not appropriated by the system. Baron liebig says that there is more nutrition in abushel of barley than there is in 12,000 allons of the best beer.

Alcohol is a near relative to carbonic kid gas, oleficient gas, sulphuric other and Alloroform. These are universally known stupefients. Alcohol, when taken in large doses, produces come convulsions and death. It does this by its stupefying large doses, produces coma convensions and death. It does this by its stupefying sower. It is an irritant narcotic poison. But when taken in small doses it atimulates. the system to nunatural action. How Dr. as soon as the alcohol has Murroe says, "as soon as the alcohol has been absorbed into the blood, it is carried to the heart, the inner surface of which organ, disturbed by the presence of the dischol, pumps away so much the faster is get rid of this intruder." This, then, is all there is of the stimulating effect, an ofsil there is of the stimulating effect, an effot of nature to expel an intruder. The effect of alcohol is that of poison. It is a imitial source of disease of the stomach, liver, intestines and heart. It produces paralysis and apoplexy. One of its most ital effects is the bringing on fatty degeneracy of the blood. In healthy blood there is from two to four parts of fat to one thousand parts of blood. Lecann found one hundred and seventeen parts of fat in drunkard's blood. Dr. Chambers, of England, says that three-fourths of thronic diseases result from fatty degeneracy of the blood, and are chiefly connected with drinkers of ardent spirits.

Man's animal passions are connected

Man's animal passions are connected with the base of the brain, and the higher, nobler passions are farther away from the heart. It always happens that when a man has drank, the poison effect will send itelf largely in these lower organs; hence they are stimulated into unnatural activity, while the other organs lose a corresponding amount of power. Hence the effect of alcohol in causing every species of

Alcohol destroys the physical and men-Alcohol destroys the physical and men-tal energios, and brings on indelence, ig-norance and depravity. It is often the cause of insanity, idicoy, and the entire destruction of manhood. On every part of the system it acts as a poison. Alcohol possesses the fatal power to produce and keep alive an appetite for itself, and that appetite continually grows until the man is wholly in its nower.

shatinanca ia not terible poisons are used in the manufac-ture of sicoholic drinks, but in the fact that alsohol itself is one of the most terrible poisons in its effect upon man. If liquors were pure they would still be the greatest enemy to man's physical, mental, and moral welfare found in this world.

The Danger of Wine.

I had a widow's son committed to my care. He was heir to a great estate. He went through the different stages of college, and finally left with a good moral charac-ter and bright prospects. But, during the course of his education, he had heard the sentiment advanced, which I then supposed correct, that the use of wines was not only admissible, but a real auxiliary to the temperance cause. After he had left college, for a few years he continued respectful to me. At length he became reserved. One me. At length he became reserved. One night he ruched uncerimoniously into my room, and his appearance told the dreadful secret. He said he came to talk with me. He had been told during his senior year that it was safe to drink wine, and by that idea he had been ruined. I asked him if his mother knew this. He said no; he had carefully concealed it from her. I asked him if he was such a slave that he could not abandon the habit. "Talk not to me of slavery," he said, "I am ruined, and before I go to bed I shall quarrel with the bar-keeper of the Tontine for brandy or gin to sate my burning thirst." In one month this young man was in his grave. It went to my heart. Wine is the cause of rain to a great proportion of the young men of our country.—Prof. Goodrich

STARS may be seen from the bottom of a deep well when they cannot be discerned from the top of a mountain. So are many things learned in adversity which the prospecous man dreams not of.—Spurgeon.

Halifax, the Winter Port.

And what other port can be used in winter? Halifax is in the Dominion, which has no other port that will answer the purpose. Confederation was obtained in order that the interests of all the different provinces might be convented together and hard light be comented together and bound up into one interest; and surely we have no desire to look beyond the limits of the Dominion in order to obtain what we can get just as well, perhaps better, within our own borders. No man will do that who claims to be a loyal man; and by the term loyal we mean devoted to the welfare of our own country, in contra-distinction to the propensity some people cultivate of building up a foreign State at the expense of our own One thing is very certain, which is that if there is any truth in what cur neighbours say about themselves, the more we depend upon our own resources, and use our own energies, the better. And then again, most of us in these upper provinces, have been given to understand that the Intercolonial Railway was built chiefly for the purpose of facilitating the use of Halifax in winter, and no reason has been given why it should not answer the purpose. It could hardly have been supposed possible that Portland is the natural winter port for this country. And, therefore, we know not what objection can be raised to the remarks of a contemporary, which says that:—"Portland is not the natural winter port for the upper provinces, if, as is the case, passengers, mails, and freight can be carried between the cities of the upper provinces and the British ports of Queenstown and Liverpool in a shorter time, via Halifax than via Portland. For passengers and mails especially, every hour of time saved is a valuable considération. It is all non sense to talk about passengers by the Intercolonial running any greater risk of being shut up in a wild country by snowstorms, than passengers by the Grand Trunk." Mr. Brydges has conclusively shown that nothing stands in the way of making the capital of Nova Scotia a winter port; and he emphatically asserts that the Intercolonial Railway both can and will be kept in successful operation. "Halifax has the advantage of being a Canadian port, on Canadian territory, and at the end of a long line of railway owned by the Canadian people and not by foreign capitalists." It was also promised that the Intercolonial would confer upon Halifax facilities for obtaining some of the carrying trade of the Western States, which has done so much to build up the commerce of New York.

The contract with Sir Hugh Allan provides" that the said steamers shall terminate their winter voyage at Portland, or such other port as the Postmaster-General may from time to time designate for that purpose, and shall call at Halifax on those voyages should the Postmaster-General so require."

Dr. James Henry.

A very remarkable man, Dr. James Henry, died July 14th, at the age of seventy-eight years. He was born in Dublin, educated at Trinity College, and attained great eminence in the medical profession. Among other heresies for which he became remarkable, he entertained the idea that no doctor's opinion was worth a guinea, and accordingly set the example of charging five shilling fees. About the year 1848 he began to travel through Europe with his wife and daughter, to make researches on his favorite author, Virgil, which occupation became an absorbing passion with him to the end of his life. After the is wholly in its power.

It is c. ident, therefore, that the reason death of his wife (whose ashes, after arounties he preserved) he wandered he fast that | cremation, he preserved) he wandered | with his daughter on foot for a quarter of a century, through all parts of Europe, in search of manuscripts of Virgil's Eneid. They crossed the Alps seventeen times on foot; and more than once they were obliged to show an abundance of the money they carried, before they were received into the inns where they sought shelter from night, snow, and rain. His wonderful com-mentary on his favorite author is described as being like the work of a sixteenth century scholar, of a man who studied and thought, and wrote without harry or care, who loved his subject and scorned the applause of the vulgar crowd. As such it is said to be the fullest and best exegesis of Virgil ever attempted, and to be absolutely unapproachable .- Dominion Churchman.

Free Thought.

"Freedom of Thought" is a term which expresses great exaltation of mind: but it is one too under which have been covered some of the darkest and most malignant dispositions that have ever debased the character of man. In the one case it has ministered to the progress, wealth, and happiness of society. By giving to the world the arts and sciences, it has dispelled the darkness of ignorance and prejudice, and extended the limits of human knowledge, and raised the contemplation of man to " Him that inhabiteth eternity." On the other hand, by it the most sacred principles of religion and virtue have been undermined, and under its

sacred name have been cloaked the basest maliciousness of which the human heart is capable.

It is then a question of no mean importance when "Freedom of Thought" ceases to be virtuous, and begins to be criminal, for it is employed by every one who exercises it, either as a means or as an end; either for the purpose for which the Author of nature bestowed it, or as an end which man creates for himself, independent of the purpose for

which it was bestowed.
"Freedom of Thought" has been given to man for the discovery of that Truth which leads men to love God with all the heart, and their neighbour as themselves. When thus employed it is a noble and virtuous principle, and he who thus employs it is a minister of wisdom and happiness to his fellow-men.

But "freedom of thought," when otherwise employed, is productive of very different effects. That strength and independence of mind, which is able to detect error, is everywhere admired. In this admiration the danger consists, masmuch as it is not bestowed on the effects produced, so much as on the strength and energy of mind that produced them. Many admire the talents without considering the ends to which they are directed or the which they are directed, or the consequences to which their employn ent leads. And many see no reputation worth having except in novelty of opinion, and for a momentary fame prostitute their talents, regardless of the admonitions of God or the benefits of

Under the garb of "Freedom of Thought" there exists a malignity of which we would be glad to believe the human heart incapable. But this "evil heart of unbelief" deliber 'cly porverts the powers of the understanding for the creation of doubt, and the spread of infidelity. It is the business of true philosophy to counteract those vain and presumptuous speculations which are the results of misapplied "Freedom of Thought." For opinions are not valuable simply because they are the result of "freedom of thought," but because they are the deductions of Truth. He, then, who employs the powers of his understanding for the discovering and investigation of those truths, by which God is glorified, and man made wiser and better, is being fitted to be a companion "of the just made perfect;" but of the prospect of those who wilfully and knowingly take a contrary part, we desire not to speak .- Dominion Church-

HEAVEN is a state of entire acquiescence in the will of God, and perfect sympathy with His purposes.

MERELY speculative sermons effect very little either in upbuilding the cause of Christ or in edifying the hearer. When much time and ingenuity are expended in attempts to elucidate the most obscure of the prophesies of Daniel, or in explanation of the seals and trumpets of Revelation, the congregation is being rapidly trained for a place in the ranks of the "chronic wranglers," such as were alluded to by a Sabbath school teacher, who said that the teachers' meeting was occupied principally in "arguin' and sich." That was wise and prudent counsel, given by a shrewd and cautious old Scotch deacon, to his minister with the latter announced that he was go-ing to deliver a series of lectures on the Revelation of St. John the divine. "There's nae objection," said the elder, " to ye tak-ing a quiet trot through the Seven Churches, but for ony sake drive canny amang the seals and trumpets."

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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 partial congregation this partial congregation was form Church and a section of the Kirk Congregation, this united congregation was form ed. 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 Moutreal. The Canada Presbyterian section of the congregation dates origin in 1853, and on the 11th day of November, 1854, the Rev. John Anderson, new of Tiverton, 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 comparatively small list of adherents. For fifteen years the Rev. John Anderson continued minister of Lancaster and Dalhon-sie, and for one year more as the minister of Lancaster alone, during which time the communion roll increased to one hundred 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 undor the sanction of the Montreal Presbytery for a portion of the services of the Rev. Konneth McDonald, then minister of Alexandria, which was attended with good results, dria, which was attended with good results, until by his translation to Indian lands it until by 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, 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 PRESETERIAN is out with an able and foreible 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. and town he has visited immense crowds af 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 hady superior more faithful. Again, the ministers of the Mother Country are, as a body, superior men, faithful expounders 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 benefitted by getting into fresh fields of labor, with the consequent changes of scenery and with the consequent changes of scenery and custom; but the people would also be bene-Atted, inasmuch as the congregations would be roused, stimulated, and oven enormously increased. Just think of the enormously moreased. 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 innisters 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 Preserversian in hoping that exchanges will become more systematical. exchanges will become more systematised in the future, and that the benefits named will be fully 'realized on both sides of the Atlantic.—Embro Planet.

A Few Words about Treating.

There are but few young men in the Do. There are but tow young men in the Do-minion, and scarcely one in the city, we 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 new "one of the boys" will admit that the picture drawn is not fancifully painted, but is true to life: "The avidence of exparts informs us that

"The evidence of experts informs us that the greater part of the drinking that is done 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 tipulers entice them. when more hardened tipplers entice them. Even those who have learned to imbibe freely seldom care to go alone for a drink. Ayoung 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 Presby-terians:—"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 Prelacy' 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 celebra-ted Assyriologist. The announcement has been received by Atlantic Cable, but no particulars are given. After many dolays 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 Ninevel, 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 wher , is not stated. Mr. Smith had een employed as curator of the Br. sh Museum; and

netwithstanding so e educational defi-ciencies, 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, incomined with the materials amplifum scribed 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 1878-4, 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 to-gether and deciphering the inscriptions, not one character of which was under-stood by any man living for the last two thousand years, until Grotefend made some lucky guesses on the subject about the year 1808. 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 cylindroid, 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 Ninevell was for the purpose of discovering the fragments re-

quired to complete these accounts. In addition to these, historical inscriptions have also been found, giving the annals of Assyria from the reign of Shalmaneser 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

Births, Marringes and Deaths. NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES 25 CENTS.

BIRTH.

At Edwardsburg, Ont, on the 23th ult., the wife of Rev. W. M. McKibbin, B.A., of a son. MARRIED.

At Father Point, Aug. 31, by the Rev. T. Fenwick, of Metis, A. S. Bushy, Eaq., of Rimouski, Supt. I. C. R., to Miss Grace McWilliams, of Father Point.

In Nissouri West, on the 6th inst, at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev Pobert Hall, Mr. John Atwell, to Mirs Isabella Ross.
On the 6th inst, by the Rev. Dr. Bain, Mr. James Fradding, Jn., Porth, to Margaret Jane, eldest daughter of Mr. James Wilson, farmer, North Elmsley. DEATHS.

On the 4th inst., at Russell Street, Toronto, JAMES IMBIE, late of Glasgow, Scotland, aged 63 At St. Andrew's manse, Almonte, on the 28th ult., ELIZA CHAMBERS, agod 31 years.

Official Announcements.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERIES.

OWEN SOUND.—The next meeting of the Presby-tery of Owen Sound will be held on the 3rd Tues-day of September, in Division Street Church, Owen Sound.

At Cobourg on the 26th September, at 10 a.m. PARIS.—In Knox Church, Ayr, on Tuesday, 19th eptember, at 2 p.m. Bannin.—At Barrie, on the last Tuesday of Sep-sember, at 11 a.m.

SAUGERN.—Special meeting at Clifford, on the first Thursday of September, at 4 p.m. Regular meeting at Durham, on the Third Tneeday of September, at 7 p.m.

i Bruce.—In Knox Church, Kincardine, on the last Tuesday of September, at 4 p.m., MANTOOR.—At Winnipeg, on the 2nd Wednesday of October.

OHATHAM - In St. Androw's Church, Chatham, on Tuesday, 26th September, at 11 a.m.

HAMILTON.—In the Central Church, Hamilton, on the last Tuesday of September, at 11 o'clock, a.m.

a.m.
LONDOM.—Noxt regular meeting will be held in
First Presbyterian Church, London, on last Tuesday of September, at 2 p.m.
lincorville—In First Presbyterian Church,
Brockville, on the 3rd Tuesday of September, at 2
c'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 ON MONDAY EVENING, 2ND OCTOBER,

at 7 p.m. WILLIAM COCHRANE, Convoner. Brantford, 1st Sept., 1876.

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Toronto, 23rd Aug., 1876.

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