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The microscope has proved that these diseases are contagious, and that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the upper air passages and eustachian tubes. The eminent scientists—Tyndall, Huxley and Beale—endorse this, and these authorities cannot be disputed. The regular method of treating these diseases is to apply an irritant remedy weekly and even daily, thus keeping the delicate membrane in a constant state of irritation, accompanied by violent sneezing, allowing it no chance to heal and as a natural consequence of such treatment not one permanent cure has ever been recorded. It is an absolute fact that these diseases cannot be cured by an application made oftener than once in two weeks, for the membrane must get a chance to heal before any application is repeated. It is now seven years since Mr. Dixon discovered the parasite in catarrh and formulated his new treatment, and since then his remedy has become a household word in every country where the English language is spoken. Cures effected by his seven years ago are cures still, there having been no return of the disease. So high are these remedies valued, and so great is the demand for them, that ignorant imitators have started up everywhere, pretending to destroy a parasite—of which they know nothing—by remedies the results of the application of which they are equally ignorant. Mr. Dixon's remedy is applied only once in two weeks, and from one to three applications effect a permanent cure in the most aggravated cases. N.B.—For catarrhal troubles peculiar to females this remedy is a specific. Mr. Dixon sends a pamphlet describing his new treatment on the receipt of ten cents in stamps. The address is A. H. Dixon & Son, 303 King Street West, Toronto, Canada.—Scientific American.

Sufferers from catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

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HAVE BEEN AS EFFECTIVE SINCE THE SURGERY WAS FIRST PERFORMED FOR THE CURE OF CATARRH OF THE NOSE, THROAT AND LUNGS. WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. CURED BY THE USE OF WISTAR'S WILD CHERRY BALSAM. AND YET IT DOES NOT TIRE OR WEAR OUT. SEE THAT "I. BUTTS" IS ON THE WRAPPER.

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Household Hints.

PICKLED CAULIFLOWER.—Take good, white heads in small pieces and boil in salt and water. Drain; when cold, put in spiced vinegar.

THE ENVY OF MEN.—Ladies who use "Lotus of the Nile" Perfume.

PEACH MANGOES.—Remove the stones from fine peaches; fill with mustard seed, pounded mace, tumeric, celery seed and ginger. Sew up and drop in a jar of vinegar prepared as for yellow pickles.

FROZEN CAKE.—Make a plain cup cake. Make a quart of frozen custard. When ready to serve, take the centre out of the cake, fill the space with the frozen custard, cover the cake with the top, pack in ice for half an hour.

SICK HEADACHE and Dyspepsia are quickly dispelled by Campbell's Cathartic Compound.

YELLOW PICKLES.—Take two gallons of vinegar, two pounds of sugar, one ounce of tumeric, three of allspice, one of cloves, one of mace, one pint of mustard seed and two tablespoonfuls of celery seed. Pound all together and stir in hot vinegar. Pour over cucumber pickles.

I SUFFERED for a long time from a severe, hacking cough, which was pronounced by a skillful physician to be dangerous and liable to terminate in consumption. I was completely cured by using WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. HENRY A. BEAN, Lawrence, Mass.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET.—Prepare one large or two small pineapples, by first peeling, removing all the eyes, and then chopping it finely. Cover it with a pint of fine sugar and six gills of water. Heat half of the water first, and dissolve in it one tablespoonful of crinkly gelatine or half that quantity of the powdered kind. Stir this well and then freeze.

A REALLY GOOD Travelling Companion—Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

DRIED APPLE PIES.—Soak the apples a few hours, then put them on to cook slowly till done, so you can stick them well with a fork, but not soft. Take the apples out in your chopping bowl and chop them fine; return to the juice, sweeten to taste, and put the juice of one lemon into material for two pies. Bake with two crusts.

Minard's Liniment cures burns, etc.

CHOCOLATE MACAROONS.—To be eaten with ices. Melt three ounces of chocolate, and stir into a thick paste with a pint of pulverized sugar and the whites of three eggs. Roll out this mixture to the thickness of a quarter inch, and dust with fine sugar; bake in a hot but not quick oven, in a buttered tin.

The Baltimore Post Office.

I don't care who is appointed to the Baltimore post office, said General Johnson to the President, but I do insist that my cook use Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powder. I am done with powder containing alum and ammonia.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Dissolve half an ounce of gelatine in one gill of hot water, add the whites of three eggs beaten stiff, and a teaspoonful of powdered sugar. After stirring briskly pour in one pint of whipped cream when the gelatine mixture has cooled a little. Before it becomes quite cold or the gelatine sets, it should be poured into one large mould or dish (unless individual ones are desired then some flaring cups may be used).

COUGHS AND COLDS.—If everything has failed, try Allen's Lung Balm and be cured.

BROWN BREAD.—I took a pint bowl full of the white bread rising, while it was soft, put into it half a teaspoonful of molasses, half a teaspoonful (scant) of soda dissolved in hot water, and then cooled with cold water, half a teaspoonful of butter. Pour this into a pan, and stir into it enough brown flour to make a very stiff batter; then turn this into the pan, well greased, in which you wish to bake it, and let it rise. It should half fill the pan, and rise the rest of the way before baking. Bake three quarters of an hour.

Herford's Acid Phosphate For the tired brain from over-exertion. Try it.

WHITE SPONGE CAKE.—Bake the whites of eight fresh eggs for at least two minutes, and then add a small teaspoonful cream tartar and beat five minutes more, one and a half cupfuls of powdered sugar, one cupful of flour and a teaspoonful of extract of lemon. Bake in a slow oven.

DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

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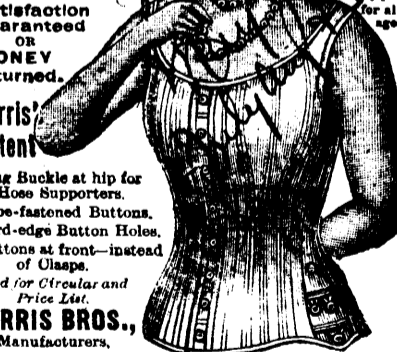
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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 19

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1889.

No. 36.

Notes of the Week.

THE city of New York has 600 Sunday schools, with a total of 187,000 scholars and teachers. Philadelphia has 616 Sunday schools, with a total of 195,802 teachers and scholars.

It will surprise most people to learn that the Icelanders are numerous enough in Canada and the United States to maintain a distinct and vigorous religious organization of their own. It is called the Icelandic Lutheran Church of America, consists of twenty-two congregations and has just held its fifth annual conference at Argyle in Manitoba.

DR. A. THOMSON, of Albania, in a recent report to the Turkish Missions' Aid Society, notes the opening at Scutari, by the Italian Government, of a large school for boys and girls. The school is unsectarian, so it shares with the Protestant mission the determined opposition of the Roman Catholic priests; but when Dr. Thomson wrote the pupils numbered over 300, and more teachers were required. The case affords a fresh illustration of the fact that, when she cannot control elementary education, Rome is the unrelenting enemy of the school.

THE *Christian Observer* draws from a study of the Southern General Assembly two encouraging facts: "One is that the growth in membership is much larger than usual. The average increase from year to year is about 5,000 per annum; this year it is 7,105. This reveals the activity and earnestness of both ministers and members last year, and God's blessing on their efforts. But while the increase in membership is about seven per cent., the increase in benevolent contributions is from \$1,463,478 to \$1,612,865—an increase of ten per cent."

THE Anglicans of Canada, says the *Christian Leader*, set an example to their brethren in England by the terms of the address which their Synod sent the other day to the Wesleyan Conference at Toronto. They expressed their earnest desire for a closer drawing together of the separated members of the body of Christ which are sprung from the same spiritual ancestry, and hold in its essentials the same faith. The Synod furthermore expressed regret that they had adjourned before they had been able to exchange deputations. When shall we see the like of this in the old country?

A STORY comes from Spain which shows that clerical intolerance is as pitiless there at the grave-side as in England. At Montejon, near Toledo, a little girl died. Her father and all her friends were Protestants, and permission was obtained from the Alcalde for her to be buried in the Protestant cemetery. Before the funeral, however, the priests found out that the mother, who died four years ago, was a Romanist. They got the permission at once withdrawn, and induced the Alcalde to go with the civil guard and claim the body. The parents were obliged to give it up, and it was interred in the Roman Catholic cemetery.

THE summer meeting of students at Oxford has been marked by an incident which may in time become quite famous. The debating hall at the Union has for the first time been invaded by lady speakers. This is indeed a sign of the times, which he who runs may read. In an audience of 600, a resolution in favour of Woman Suffrage was carried by a majority of three to one. The proceedings took place without official sanction, and were tainted with the grossest illegality. But yet the roof did not fall, as it doubtless should have done, had it retained a scrap of reverence for the monastic traditions of old Oxford. The Tower of Magdalen still stands in its place, and the sonorous curfew bell of great Tom still tolls nightly from Christ Church as of yore.

DR. JAMES MACGREGOR, of Edinburgh, in an address in the City Hall, of Auckland, New Zealand, exhorted his hearers, who were Scottish, to train

their children in the Shorter Catechism, and appealed to his brother clergymen in New Zealand to minimize as much as they could the little troubles that divided them—the trifle that divided the Baptist and the Congregationalist from the Presbyterian, and the infinitesimal trifle that divided the Presbyterian from the Episcopalian. Strong-minded and cultured natures, weary of the war of creeds and churches, seeing uncharitableness and bitterness sometimes elevated to Christian virtues, were seeking peace in scepticism; while gentle, tender natures—he knew them—tired of the endless squabbles of Protestantism, were seeking peace in Rome.

THE Belfast Presbytery met recently for visitation of St. Enoch's Church, Rev. Hugh Hanna, D.D., pastor. The great energy of Dr. Hanna, and the noble Christian work carried on by him and his congregation gave the highest satisfaction to the Presbytery. There are 714 seatholders in the congregation, with 500 free sittings for the poor. There are six Sabbath schools, with 3,300 children on the rolls, and over 2,000 in regular attendance. There are also six day schools with 2,000 pupils, and the church and school buildings belonging to the congregation are valued at \$50,000. A debt of \$25,000 is still cumbering this spirited minister and his people, which it is hoped will soon disappear. The congregation is not a rich one, and yet they have done wonders.

AS was certain to be the case, Toronto has given a cordial welcome to the members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. The more formal welcome accorded in Convocation Hall of the University is described on all hands as having been a very happy affair. The addresses of the Mayor on behalf of the citizens, Professor Carpmael, in the name of the scientists, and the Hon. Minister of Education for the Ontario Government were brief, appropriate and lively, and gave happy expression to the feelings of those for whom they spoke. No less pleasing were the fitting responses made by the distinguished spokesmen for the American Scientists. So pleasant and enjoyable have the meetings of the Association in Toronto been that the leaders of scientific thought and investigation in the United States will not hesitate to revisit Canada at their earliest convenience.

IN a very appreciative and commendatory notice of the *Dominion Illustrated*, the *Christian Leader*, published in Glasgow, remarks as follows. Hitherto the press of Canada has borne, for the most part, a somewhat provincial stamp. The leading daily of Toronto, for example, has even at the present hour, some features that suggest a village press. But things are mending. The *Week* and THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN are quite up to the London mark, both in respect to literary quality and typography; the *Knox College Monthly* need not blush when brought into the society of the best British magazines, and the new Montreal *Dominion Illustrated* of the Messrs. Desbarats is a veritable "thing of beauty." It cannot fail to exercise a refining influence in the oldest of our colonies; and, truth to tell, this is not unneeded. The battle with material hindrances in Canada has no doubt for a long time stood in the way of an adequate development of literature and art. But we confidently expect to see a vigorous host of both in the Dominion before long.

THE New York *Evangelist* says: While it is certain that Japan is rapidly becoming a Christian nation, it is equally evident that the change is not to be made without a last desperate struggle from the Buddhist Propaganda in that empire. The most decisive battle of a campaign frequently comes at its close. That of Christianity against Buddhism in Japan seems likely to be closed in this way, and soon. Just now Japanese newspapers have much to say about the teachings of Buddhist doctrines with renewed activity, and with no little success, and of the organization of new schools and other adjuncts to an active missionary campaign. Among the latter is, singular as it may seem, the appearance of a Buddhist paper published in English, and called the *Byjou of Asua*. Its combination of ignor-

ance and anger will probably prevent it from becoming a very efficient campaign organ. By a process not very lucidly described in English, and certainly without existence, Christianity is said to be declining both in Europe and America (!), and with a look of innocent sincerity it is proposed that Buddhism shall occupy the vacated fields. For the purpose of expounding the doctrines of the coming religion to the West, this *Byjou* has been started.

AT the funeral of Dr. Horatius Bonar, his congregation joined in singing one of their old pastor's hymns, "'Tis heaven at last." The chief mourners were Rev. Horace B. Bonar, son; Mr. H. B. Dodds, grandson; Dr. Andrew A. Bonar, brother; Revs. Cornelius Lundie and R. H. Lundie, brothers-in-law; Rev. James Bonar, Mr. John Bonar, Mr. Horatius Bonar, Mr. James Bonar, LL.D., and Dr. Robert Lundie, nephews. Two of these nephews have done good work in the world of letters. Mr. James Bonar, LL.D., the son of Dr. Andrew Bonar, has written a masterly biography of Malthus, and Rev. James Bonar, a son of Dr. John J. Bonar, of Greenock, is recognized as one of the greatest living authorities on hymnology. The procession of mourners at the funeral numbered several hundreds. America was appropriately represented at the funeral by Dr. Theodore Cuyler, Dr. Pentecost, and Major Whittle. Dr. Cuyler pronounced the benediction at the service in the Chalmers' Memorial Church.

A NUMBER of American visitors addressed the Saturday night Gospel temperance meeting in Carubber's-close Mission, Edinburgh, lately. Mr. Chas. Crittenden described the work of the Florence all-night mission in New York; Dr. Peloubet, of Boston, enforced the necessity of the Church stretching out a sympathetic hand to those who were perishing in the wild waves of passion; Rev. H. Wharton, of Baltimore, made use of some incidents in Scottish history on which to found an appeal in behalf of various departments of Christian work; and Mrs. Leavitt spoke on the Temperance question in the light of Scripture. Mrs. Leavitt also addressed a crowded audience in the Free Assembly Hall on the following "Sunday night." She stated that in her missionary tour in India and other parts of the world, she had been enabled to speak in English to a larger number of people than could possibly have been reached through any other tongue, not excepting any of the languages of India or China. She maintained that the opium traffic in China, and the drink traffic in India and Africa were great blots on British civilization, and urged upon the people the Christian duty of shaking themselves clear of participation in such evils.

THE conviction of Sullivan, says the New York *Independent*, marks a stage in the progress of civilization. The civilization of the Roman Empire would slaughter hundreds of gladiators in the circus to delight equally the grave senators, the tender women and the rabble of the metropolis of the world. In our fathers' day and in our own, great crowds, unhindered, have followed the principals of famous fights, and no law interfered with their public display. Now we see Sullivan, the last of his race, hunted out of the ring into the county jail, like a vulgar chicken thief. This is the last of the old gladiatorial circus. In our day the thing is finished. The Greek and Roman boxers fought with iron knuckles that they might more surely kill their opponents. The fight to the finishing knockout is now ended forever, and the iron knuckles are replaced by padded gloves, and the deadly contest becomes a safe game of skill. Who says the world is not growing better? This past week has brought us the end of a barbarism which Christianity first attacked in the days of Constantine, and which is now exterminated, except as it lingers in the black concealment of midnight hours. Our days are better than those of our fathers. The Governor of Mississippi stands high on the shoulders of the governors of thirty years ago. His Christianity has a clearer sight of right and wrong. We hope that the Boston *Pilot*, which has had some tender exculpatory words for John L. Sullivan, will rejoice with us in this victory of law and Christianity.

Our Contributors.

SOME PECULIAR PROBATIONERS.

BY KNOXIAN.

The wife of a Free Church minister whose manse is so near Edinburgh that the good man can attend meetings of Church committees, writes a racy description of the four probationers who supplied her husband's pulpit while he was absent in Ireland on his holidays. To put the matter mildly these probationers were somewhat peculiar. That is to say they were peculiar if the descriptions are correct, which, of course, may be assumed, as no minister's wife would say what isn't so. But let the manse lady speak for herself:

It is just six o'clock on a Monday morning, and you, Mr. Editor, may say that, instead of troubling you with correspondence, I ought to be in the henhouse gathering eggs for breakfast. So indeed I would be, could the henhouse be reached without crossing the kitchen green. You may picture me in a dark little room at the back of a Free Church manse, not so far from Edinburgh that my lord is unable to attend his committees. The window commands the green, and if you could put your eye to the side of the blind where I have wrinkled it you would see a man in black walking back and forward between two clothes poles. He has been doing this for half an hour, and it seems so objectless that, were he not a probationer, I might be alarmed. As it is, nothing a probationer does surprises me, and I am merely annoyed that this one should have chosen the back green to rush hither and thither in when he might have enjoyed himself equally in front. I don't want to encounter him at present, partly because I said everything to him yesterday that I am accustomed to say to probationers, and partly, I may admit, because at this early hour I am not robed in the black silk that is supposed to "become" my semi-professional position.

That probationer will never amount to anything. A preacher who rises at six o'clock on Monday morning and walks between clothes-poles in the back green has no future. He should have remained in bed for two or three hours longer and gallantly given the manse lady a chance to gather her hen fruit. It is to be hoped the Free Church will not send a probationer to any of the colonies, who has so little discretion as to rise before six o'clock on Monday mornings.

Probationer No. 1 is thus described:

The most trying probationer of all, however, is the shy man who is all in a tremble because he would like to pass the butter, but does not dare to. No. 2 is such a man, and, as he is one of my favourites, I often wish there was a chair in the Divinity Hall for making probationers less self-conscious. My No. 2 is not by any means a dillard, and I have a premonition that he is much distressed with himself. Sometimes, by a mighty effort, he forces himself to make a remark to me out of his own head; but though it is only to the effect that the weather has become unsettled, or that my little girl sits nicely in church, or that the cold meat will do very well, he blushes, sticks in the middle of the sentence, and ends with an inane little giggle that probably annoys himself even more than it provokes me. He is an excellent preacher, and, I believe, a good scholar; but for the life of him he could not request me not to put milk into his tea. Rather than ask me to pass the mustard, he, so to speak, climbs the table after it.

If that young man were a Canadian and had received his training in Knox, Queen's, or the Presbyterian College, Montreal, some people would ascribe his "inane little giggle" and tendency to climb for mustard to his defective colonial education. They would say that a session in one of the old country colleges would polish him up, stop his giggle and enable him to pronounce with great elegance and impressiveness such highly rhetorical sentences as "Trouble you for the mustard, please." But as the young man was within sight of Edinburgh his giggle and shyness can hardly be ascribed to the lack of culture that prevails in the colonies. The manse lady should have told her readers whether he had successfully grappled with the fundamental problem that knives are made to cut with. One would almost infer from the circumstances that he sometimes used his knife for carrying purposes.

Probationer No. 3 was mysterious and poetical and had some queer habits:

No. 3 I never could make out, though he has preached for my husband on different occasions. When he lapsed into thought—at least I presume it was thought—he shut his eyes, and would sit thus for ten minutes at a time. He had also a curious, and, until you are accustomed to it, an alarming habit of beating his chest with his fist, which seemed to invigorate him. The first time he preached at our church I was somewhat apprehensive, but he is what is called a poetical preacher, and the people like him. Love is his favourite subject in the pulpit, though it is quite impossible to conceive him reducing his views to practice. Perhaps it is his heart he drums upon, and not his chest.

Possibly it was his stomach. Country fare may not have agreed with him.

No. 4, besides being brief and sententious had peculiar methods of study.

It must not be thought that I dislike probationers. Some of them are very refreshing, such as one who, ten minutes after I had introduced myself to him, produced a young lady's photograph from his pocket, and asked shyly (yet proudly) what I thought of it. My No. 4, who is still walking, as if for a wager, in the back garden, is more trying. He cannot study, he told me, unless where there is absolute quiet; and though our manse seems silent to me, we disturbed him at his sermon. I was singing hymns to my children on Saturday evening, when he put his head in at the door and said, "If you please." That is his way of complaining of an interruption, and he never varies it. Yesterday the servant dropped a plate, and next moment the study door was fiercely flung open. Really I was prepared for dreadful language, but all No. 4 said was again, "If you please," which he addressed to an empty lobby. He made me feel smallest in the afternoon, however. I had gone into the study between the services, to ask if he would take any lunch. He was walking up and down the study lost in his sermon, and only replied abstractedly in the negative. "You had better," I was weak enough to insist, whereupon he looked first at the door and then at me. "If you please," he said, and his meaning was unmistakable.

Many pulpits in this rough, raw and democratic country have been supplied by strangers during the past month and many manse ladies have entertained the "supply," but we do not think any of them have had as peculiar experiences as this

Edinburgh lady who hits off in such racy style the peculiarities of her probationers. We should like very much to hear from her again.

SABBATH vs. SUNDAY.

BY W. N. HOSSIE, BRANTFORD.

It does seem opportune at the present moment to examine, which name Bible students should use when referring to the S. S. Agency. The other day the World's S. S. Convention unanimously agreed upon a memorial to be addressed to the heads of the various Governments in Europe, asking their powerful aid to secure the better observance of the day of rest, and the movement in all the Christian Churches in regard to Sabbath observance. The formation of associations throughout the States and Canada to secure the better observance of the sacred day to afford rest, and opportunity to the working man for religious worship and culture, shows a gradual awakening to the use of the Scripture term when applied to a Christian agency.

Let us examine the evidence in favour of the Sabbath, Gen. ii. 1-3. "Thus the heavens and earth were finished and all the host of them; (2) and on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made; (3) and God blessed the seventh day and sanctified it; because that in it He rested from all his work He created and made;" Exodus xvi. 23. "And Moses said, This is that which the Lord hath said, To-morrow is the rest of the holy Sabbath unto the Lord," 25, "And Moses said, Eat that to-day for to-day is a Sabbath unto the Lord; to-day ye shall not find it in the field," 26, "Six days ye shall gather it, but on the seventh day, which is the Sabbath, in it there shall be none;" 27, "And there went out some of the people on the seventh day to gather, and they found none;" 28, "And the Lord said unto Moses, How long refuse ye to keep My commandments and laws?" 29, "See for that the Lord hath given you the Sabbath, therefore He giveth you on the seventh day the bread of two days, abide ye every man with peace, let no man go out of his place on the seventh day;" 30, "So the people rested on the seventh day;" chapter xx. 8, "Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy" 9, "Six days shalt thou labour and do all thy work," 10, "But the seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any work," etc., to the end. Deut. v. 12, "Keep the Sabbath and sanctify it, as the Lord hath commanded thee. Six days thou shalt labour and do all thy work but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God; in it thou shalt not do any work," etc.

Then as to the first Sabbath school, see Nehemiah, chap. viii. Where Ezra acted as superintendent and read the Book in the hearing of all the people, both men and women, and all that could hear with understanding upon the first day of the seventh month, which day in verse 9 is said to be holy unto the Lord your God. In this school Ezra appears to have been aided by seventeen teachers or assistants, who gave the sense of what was read to the people, many of whom did not quite understand the Hebrew.

What is in a name? Sometimes more than appears on the surface. Jew and Christian recognize the institution of the Sabbath, which indicated a day of the week and was observed because God had finished the work of creation, and Christ rested in the tomb during the Sabbath Day, and rose early on the first day of the week, and His followers naturally kept that day too in honour of His rising from the dead, but gradually adhered to the first day in honour of the completed work of redemption, but to use the term first day would offend the Israelites, besides we still teach our children the fourth commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and I never heard any mother or Sabbath school teacher read, "Remember the Sunday to keep it holy," nor explain that the one meant the seventh day and the other the first day of the week without much injury to any one's conscience as to whether correct account of the days from the beginning has been kept, or the seventh or first day of the week is observed, so long as one seventh is devoted to the Lord. Indeed it may be the departure from use of the sacred name that leads so many good people to have no higher regard for the first day than for the second day. Especially in connection with a Bible institution the use of a heathen term is objectionable. If the day is to be sanctified, the first thing is to call it by its original name, and in using Sabbath we honour the Word of God, and in 1 Sam. ii. 30 it is written, "Them that honour Me, I will honour." The very use of the original name by Christians and Bible students helps to sanctify the day in the eyes and hearing of others, and especially in connection with an agency that has become pre-eminently an institution for Bible study and religious culture.

The Christian Sabbath is a day of rest from secular employments, and those associations now seeking to secure a better observance of the day will do much in that line by inducing the authorities of the Roman Catholic and Anglican Churches to change the term used in their respective Prayer Books to the original Bible name of the day, for it is to the influence of these books that the heathen name has become so common. Then let them ask the leading publishers of diaries, almanacs and such works everywhere to substitute Sab for Sun, and in a generation a people would arise that would willingly honour God by the use of a sacred and scriptural name instead of the careless use of a heathen and unscriptural term. Worcester gives us, Sabbath, 1, "The day of rest; the Lord's day; the day of cessation from labour, consecrated to religious worship enjoined upon and observed by the Jews on the seventh day of the week, because in six

days the Lord created the heavens and the earth, and rested on the seventh day, and also in commemoration of their deliverance from Egypt in four days, from which their seventh day was dated, but, among Christians, observed on the first day of the week in commemoration of the resurrection of Christ on that day; the Sunday of Christians, the Saturday of Jews."

In holy duties let the day
In holy pleasures pass away.
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end. — *Sennet*.
Yes, child of suffering, thou mayest well be sure
He who ordained the "Sabbath" loves the poor.
— *Holmes*.

Now for the authority in regard to the use of Sunday in connection with our popular agency for religious instruction and service, the *Sunday School Times*, which has done so much for this grand agency, God bless it and its writers, says in its issue of August 17. Sunday is the recognized English name of the first day of the week—Sabbath is the English term in designation of the institution of sacred rest, enjoined in the fourth commandment of the Decalogue. One Christian observes the Sabbath on Sunday, another Christian observes the Sabbath on Saturday. Both Christians would admit that the term "Sabbath" has another meaning than the mere title of the day of the week. The Sunday school is an agency for religious instruction which came into large prominence in England a little more than a century ago.

On referring to Worcester, one of our best lexicons, the definition is given of Sunday. "So named because anciently dedicated to the sun or to its worship; the first day of the week; the Christian Sabbath, consecrated to rest from labour and to religious worship, the Lord's day." Sunday, the first day of the week, is the Christian Sabbath. The Jewish Sabbath was and still is the seventh day of the week, corresponding to our Saturday. "The only words used in English for the first day of the week before the existence of Puritanism were the Lord's Day and Sunday"—*Notes and Queries*.

The name of Sunday has been perpetuated in the prayer-books, and in the designation of such organizations as the London Sunday School Union, Church Sunday School Institute, Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, American Sunday School Union, Methodist Sunday School Union, International Sunday School Association, many State Sunday School Associations, and last, but not least, the *Sunday School Times*.

And now for a few observations by way of summing up this brief discussion. If the Decalogue still has force then the fourth commandment should be respected and we dishonour the Word of God by substituting the heathen name, which by common use has led multitudes to forget that there is a Sabbath day, and as a Chinese lad remarked the other day, "I come to San Francisco and work with my uncle sixteen months—every day—no Sabbath day rest to learn about Jesus."

There is an object lesson in the use of Sabbath in connection with Church and School work, which instead of meaning, the name of the day, means more.

Because Sabbath is the English term in designation of sacred rest enjoined in the fourth commandment, it should give its use pre-eminence by all Bible students, and just because Sabbath has a deeper meaning than the mere title of the day of the week, and in line with the commandment taught our children to keep the day holy to the Lord, it is preferable to Sunday, which we should properly explain to the little ones when learning the fourth commandment, that Sunday means Sabbath, only we keep it on the first instead of the seventh day of the week, which to my mind is quite unnecessary if we keep to the original word, but in my experience I never heard a mother or teacher so explain to a little child, and no wonder children growing up among a people calling the sacred day "Sunday" come to regard Sunday as a secular day just the same as the other days of the week.

When this agency began a little more than a century ago, it was not especially for religious instruction, but as history records, it was to give the poor and ignorant a chance to learn to read and write, and to keep them from wicked pastimes on the holy day.

It was many years after it began before it attained anything like the character we now recognize it to be. It is commonly called Sunday school because the school service is held on that day, a very poor reason indeed, for we see railway trains, excursions, places of amusements, beer gardens and races are run on Sundays; and in Catholic countries national elections are usually held on Sundays. And why not? But these things seem strange doings on the Sabbath day.

Then the wicked and many professed Christians enjoy Sunday while the Sabbath is a weariness to them.

This agency that has now become such an arm of the Christian Church, where people are gathered together on the Lord's day to study, teach and learn the word of God under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, for the purpose of bringing souls to Christ and of bringing up believers in the grace and knowledge of their Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, and to help each other to know more of the great salvation so freely offered in the Gospel should be known of its friends by a Bible term meaning more than the name of a day of the week, that does honour to heathen mythology, while the use of Sabbath honours the fourth commandment which is found in the text book of the school, and lastly in regard to the name "First day school," the use of that term would be needless offence to the Israelite, while Sabbath schools would not.

As a teaching agency as well as for worship, all these institutions by the use of the term Sunday imply that the Sabbath has been dropped and the fourth commandment omitted

or that a change ought to be made by substituting a more common term, meaning the first day of the week—of heathen origin—a helping hand is needed to day to preserve the weekly day of rest, and appeals are being made to law-makers, based upon the word of God, for this very purpose, and how much more forcible would support from Scripturally named institutions be! These feeble thoughts on this important subject is submitted in all kindness to students of the Bible, nearly all of whom would like to see the day of rest preserved because if that day was taken away the church and school would suffer.

MARRIAGE AND MISSION WORK.

BY A LADY MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN BOARD.

Mission work is not the sentimental, romantic thing which it may once have seemed to those who looked upon it from afar, or even to those to whom it came as a matter of personal experience. It is, on the contrary, intensely practical, touching life on every side through the Church and the world. Hence it calls for most careful thought and study, both for those remaining at home and to a certain extent directing the movements of those who go forth under its auspices, and by the latter class in the solemn responsibilities which they assume.

And not the least serious or important of the many questions which present themselves for attention is that of marriage as connected with mission work. It demands of us calm, unbiassed, prayerful consideration, in order that we may so treat it and so use it that our Master may be honoured and His faithful servants strengthened by our words.

The topic divides itself into two distinct parts, one relating to the marriage of missionaries before they go to their friends, the other to the marriage of those who enter upon their work as single women, and to whom the suggestion of marriage comes afterwards.

It is an old, much-discussed question whether it is better for missionaries to go out married or unmarried, and strong arguments can be brought on both sides. On the more general subject, a certain great Apostle wrote some beautiful, wise words more than 1,800 years ago, believing that he "had the spirit of God" to guide him, albeit he had "no commandment from the Lord" on the subject; nor can it be by accident that those wise words stand in our Bible to-day.

But it is not needful here to examine at length arguments on either side. Under the present conditions of our women's work we have simply to imagine the result of only unmarried men and women going to mission stations, to convince ourselves that there is "a more excellent way." A large force of single men and another large force of single women working in the same or closely-connected mission fields, would exhibit a remarkable and unpleasing spectacle to our Protestant eyes; accustomed as they are to look upon such arrangements as belonging to the priests and nuns of the Romish Church. In such an atmosphere, no sweet home life would ever be set before the people among whom these celibates would live. The beauty of motherhood, forever blessed by the Babe of Bethlehem; the sacred love of husband and wife, hallowed inexpressibly by being used to symbolize the love of Christ and His Church; the family altar; the children given to God and trained for Him from their birth; the quiet, orderly Christian household—all this would be hidden from the eyes to which it might be a constant, striking object lesson.

We need to think very tenderly of missionary wives and mothers. They are by no means drones as regards active work, in schools or zenanas, some of them having a grand record in that line in our annual report, and others doing genuine, useful work which is not thus recorded. And even where such activity is not permitted them, their influence is in many ways most powerful. The homes of which they are the light and life are not only "peaceful habitations" for the hard-worked husbands, and "quiet resting places" for other weary workers, but often centres of blessing to a wide circle coming within their reach. A missionary of the A. B. C. F. M. says that "it is these missionary wives who have made it possible for unmarried ladies to go and live and work among the people of Eastern lands."

To you, therefore, who are sustaining married missionaries in their work in foreign lands is given a most important sphere for thought and prayer and sympathy. Do not fail to give these to them in large measure, and do not expect from them more than, or as much as, you would ask from Christian wives and mothers at home, in the way of active labour outside of their own households."

With regard to this part of the subject, however, another word must here be said. Not all the wives of missionaries are true missionary wives. There are those who go out, desiring to have it understood that they accompany their husbands as any good wives would do, with no intention of being missionaries themselves. Some of these are constrained by the love of Christ and souls to become devoted labourers after they have been on mission ground for a short time, while a few succeed to a great degree in maintaining their original attitude towards mission work.

There are also those—not so many as there once were, we think—who go to mission fields as married women with an honest purpose to be true missionaries, but with very inadequate qualification for such work; whereas it would seem as if they, quite as much as single women, need special equipment, physical and spiritual, if not mental. Many a strong and valuable missionary has been obliged to leave his field to bring home a wife, whose condition of health before going

should have prohibited her ever being sent to the mission ground.

Some indeed have gone out with fair prospects of health, and have broken down under the strain of work or the influences of climate, and in returning home they must cause their husbands also to abandon their work. God may sometimes deal with those who would gladly serve Him long and well in heathen lands, and we should cheer their sad hearts with utmost tenderness, while we share their disappointment. All that we urge is that a woman thinking of going to a foreign mission field as a wife should carefully and conscientiously consider her fitness for missionary service as well as wifehood, that she may help and not hinder her husband in his life work.

After all, however, the second part of this subject is the most important one to us, and truly there is scarcely any theme which is just now of greater practical interest in our women's work. It has become such a common thing for the young women who go out to mission ground single to marry in the course of a year or two, that we have begun to speak of those who remain single as remarkable and praiseworthy exceptions, and at the same time to wonder how the necessary supply of single workers is first to be obtained and then to be maintained. It seems wise and timely, therefore, to look carefully at the matter, and if possible see what is reasonably due to the work, to the society at home, and to the individuals most nearly concerned.

We have already shown that we have no protest to make against missionary marriages in general or in particular, believing, as we do, that God has ordained this state for missionaries as for others. Nor would we for a moment maintain that in no case should a lady going out single, marry upon the field. There have been many instances, not only of very happy unions, but also of great gain to the mission work from marriages among those labouring together in the same or even in different fields. Having freely admitted all this, we must yet take strong ground on this whole question. A single woman is usually sent out to do a specific work, such as can only be done by single women. Fitted by previous training, selected because of that fitness, animated by zeal and by a strong purpose to give herself wholly to the work assigned her, she goes to her field, followed by the earnest prayers and warm sympathies not only of her immediate personal friends, but also of a large circle of people who are interested in the work which she has undertaken to do.

She is lonely, especially after the first outburst of enthusiastic welcome from the missionary circle is over, and she settles down to her new life. But was not loneliness included in the "cost" at which she has left country and friends, and which she surely must have "counted" before she offered herself for this service? A home has been arranged for her in some missionary family, unless she is one of two ladies who will make a home for themselves. Her work is now before her, after an interval necessary for study of language, observation of the people, insight into the accepted methods of teaching, etc., and it is a work to fill heart and head and hands for as long a life as God may grant her.

Before many months or it may be before many weeks, there comes to her what comes to nearly every girl sooner or later, what may already have come to her before she left the homeland—an offer of marriage, perhaps from a fellow-labourer, perhaps from some one quite outside of mission work. What shall she do? Is she free to answer as is any girl in her home in America, who is under no obligation except to follow the dictates of her own heart in the fear of God?

It is a difficult matter to advise any one under such circumstances, nevertheless, supposing the question to have been asked let us try to answer it. We do not say that she should turn altogether and always from all such proposals. We do say that she should remember the solemn obligations, some of them spoken, others implied, under which she has gone to her field. She went out to do a certain specified work which awaited her coming. Is she under no bonds to perform that work for a time, at least long enough to meet the expectations and relieve the anxieties of those who sent her out? Has she a right at once to make a vacancy, when the workers at home have only just at great effort and at no small expense commissioned her to fill the one that existed? Greater usefulness, wider opportunities, happier surroundings a more assured position, these doubtless are presented as motives for the change, but they are not in question now. Going out for a certain, definite work, appointed thereto at her own deliberate request, she owes herself at least for a term of years to that work. Does she not?

It needs no argument to prove that the service to which single women are assigned in foreign mission fields is one which wives of missionaries are usually unable to perform. It is a definite work, from which they turn when they marry to an entirely different sphere of labour, and the change is often made with the briefest notice to those by whom they are sent out. Is it strange if, when these tidings come home, they bring a sense of discouragement and of wonder that the strong, high purpose of sacrifice and service has been so soon surrendered, and the life turned into a different channel? One commissioned, equipped and sent out on the terms above specified, would seem to be under a certain contract, bound by certain obligations, to fulfil a certain duty and by no persuasions to be turned from that duty until the contract is fulfilled and the obligations discharged. After this is done, she is free to do as she will with herself and her life.

This is an earnest word which we would speak to our young women. With regard to such as have already married soon after reaching their fields, while we certainly regret their loss

as single women in the special work which we had hoped they would do, we still hold them dear as our missionaries when they continue to belong to us, and from our hearts we wish them great happiness and usefulness in the new sphere which they have chosen. We say, God bless them, with true, loving sincerity.

But to those single women who have lately gone out, and to those who will be sent in the future, we appeal, asking them to consider the subject as it has been set forth in this paper. We would put none into any kind of bondage or under restraint, yet we would deepen and strengthen and sanctify the feeling of obligation, until it became a power mighty enough to resist any form of persuasion to assume other duties until the pledged ones are performed. We cannot avoid conviction that a marriage entered into after this obligation is discharged, will be more truly blessed of God than one which prevents this discharge.

We are asking no more than is demanded of many a woman at home, where some strong tie of relationship involving a duty, constrains her to bid her lover wait until that tie is loosened. Nor is the waiting time always a loss if the love be true and deep. On the contrary, it would often be far better for our young missionaries to defer marriage until fuller acquaintance has strengthened and proved the new love, in the meantime going steadfastly on with the work which they went out to do. We wish to make it very clear that in all which has been said there is no intention to cast blame upon any one of those who may seem already to come under the conditions specified, or upon any one who would in future be induced to do the very thing which we depreciate.

This matter is too delicate, too complicated, aye, too sacred, to be touched otherwise than most carefully and gently by those indirectly concerned, as it surely should also be prayerfully and deliberately considered by those immediately affected. All that we desire is to lead to a more thorough understanding between single women about to go to a foreign mission field and their advisers on the one part, and those responsible for sending them on the other part, as to the obligations assumed.

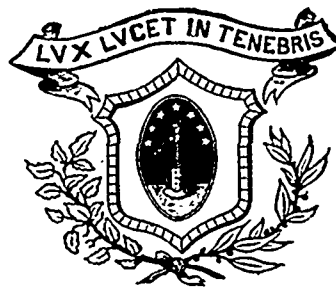
And our earnest prayer is that God will send to us in these coming years many women, strong in body, well-trained in mind, filled with a high and holy zeal, and clothed with an indomitable purpose, who shall "go for us" to the work which so urgently calls and claims them.

THEN AND NOW.

MR. EDITOR.—The Waldenses intend to celebrate this year, in several ways, "the glorious return" (*La Glorieuse Rentrée*) of their forefathers to their valleys in 1689. The following was appointed to be one of them. No doubt, it is being carried out while I am writing these lines.

The same number, about 900, was to set out from the same point in Switzerland, at the same time, the night of August 16, and to go over the very road over which their forefathers went two hundred years ago, visiting every place which the latter did, and staying a short time, or all night, just as they did. Of course, the journey this year will take the same time, twelve days, that it did in 1689. It is to be hoped that they are having fine weather. Their forefathers had a great deal of wet during their journey. Their children who are now, literally, walking in their footsteps, do not need to go "Onward, marching as for war." They have no Duke of Savoy against them. King Humbert, the representative of the House of Savoy, though not a religious man, lately gave the Waldenses a handsome gift as a token of his sympathy with them on this joyous occasion. They have a noble record.

Their boast is not that they deduce their birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth,
But higher far their proud pretensions rise—
Children of parents passed into the skies.



The Duke of Savoy who opposed "the noble nine hundred" during their return journey, sought their help when Louis XIV., who set him against them, turned against him. He was not disappointed. They were "ready, aye ready," to do and to suffer for their king, in whatever was right.

Dr. Gray, of Rome, told me that he, with other evangelical ministers, among whom were some Waldenses, once waited on King Humbert. His majesty did not know much about the other churches then represented. But when he came to the Waldenses, he smiled, and said that he had often heard of their Church. May the Waldenses ever walk worthy of their noble ancestry. A French proverb truly says, *Noblesse oblige* (nobility lays its possessor under obligations).

Along with this I send you a cut of the chief device of this old witness for the truth. You may be willing to deck your paper with it in honour of the occasion. For ages the Waldensian Church stood by itself, "a light shining in a dark place." There is another device of this Church, but it is not the official one. It represents a lily among thorns. Its motto is, "Emergo" (I rise up out of).

The article on the glorious return, republished in the PRESBYTERIAN of August 21, is from the pen of the Rev. D. K. Guthrie, the Free Church minister of Liberton, near Edinburgh, a son of the late Dr. Guthrie.

Elders Mills, Ont., Aug. 22, 1889.

T. F.

Pastor and People.

PREACH THE GOSPEL.

BY REV. JOHN DUNBAR, TORONTO.

Mark xvi. 15

What is the Gospel? 'Tis good news to man
Warning all that they're on the downward road,
And showing plainly, clearly, how they can
Through grace, be brought to holiness and God.

Preach then the Gospel, preach "the truth in love
Bring from its treasures things both new and old,
Its precepts teach, and its positions prove
Its promises and prospects, too, unfold.

Preach all the Gospel, all in order give,
Nought else is needed, God has nought else given,
"It is the power of God," and to believe
Ensures salvation and makes meet for heaven.

Preach but the Gospel, near or far abroad,
And not so-called philosophies instead,
For the world's wisdom's foolishness with God
And never can supply the sinner's need.

Preach thus the Gospel, feel as Paul of old,
Woe's me if I the Gospel do not preach
Clearly, "Christ and him crucified" unfold,
His grace and glory, too, fail not to teach.

Preach aye the Gospel, both known and believed
And show its power in all you do and say,
Lest, preaching unto others, self-deceived,
You may like Judas be a castaway.

THE PASSING BELL.

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

When the end comes, the passing spirit sometimes drops a word that rings as melodiously and sweetly as a marriage bell. A word that gathers up into it the confidence and rest of the soul, the hope and expectation of the heart, or the clear, undimmed vision of the purged eye that sees adown the vista of the future. That last word is full of meaning. It is usually the genuine expression of the nature. It therefore portrays in the strongest way the real character of the man. In it he paints himself in vivid colours. At the last hour all the restraints of society, all the considerations that crowd in upon the mind in health, all the curbs of conventional usage fall away, and the man is perfectly true and perfectly natural. We see him as he really is. As Dr. Young sings:

A death-bed's a detector of the heart,
Here tired dissimulation drops her mask;
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene!
Here real and apparent are the same.
You see the man; you see his hold on heaven.

How true that is! The saintly Samuel Rutherford in his last hours was joying and feasting on God's sure word of prophecy, as he had been all his life, when some, we are told, spoke to him of his former painfulness and faithfulness in the ministry, he said: "I disclaim all that, the part that I would be at its redemption and forgiveness through His blood. 'Thou shalt show me the path of life, in Thy sight is fulness of joy,' there is nothing betwixt me and resurrection, but 'to-day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise.'" Mr. Blair saying, "Shall I praise the Lord for all the mercies He has done and is to do for you?" He answered, "Oh, for a well-tuned harp!" To his child he said, "I have again left you upon the Lord, it may be you will tell this to others, that 'the lines are fallen to me in pleasant places. I have got a goodly heritage.' I bless the Lord that He gave me counsel.

Thus says the tender-hearted John Howie: "The renowned eagle took its flight into the mountain of spices." Mr. John Livingstone knew Rutherford personally, and what does he say of him? This is his clear and comprehensive statement: "Mr. Samuel Rutherford, a most profound, learned man, a most plain and painful minister, and a most heavenly Christian as was in his time."

How lovely and faithful was the life of the Countess of Huntingdon! Her gracious spirit breathes its kindness and sweetness still, and her helping hand has not yet been withdrawn through her magnificent endowment of theological schools and chapels, and her beautiful Christian example shall never pass out of the memory of the godly. It will live on to inspire purged hearts for ever.

Full of years and labours, like a shock of corn fully ripe, she was gathered to her fathers. On her deathbed she often repeated: "I long to be at home! My work is done! I have nothing to do but to go to my Heavenly Father." And, aged eighty-three years, she went to Her Father's house in peace, June 17, 1791. These words show the turn of her thought. Home in the Father's house! Risen with Christ, she sought the things that were above.

Lady Colquhoun, of Ross-dhu, was one of the most exemplary Christians of her time. Careful in the Christian training of her children, and in the conduct of her life, her influence was healthy and blessed. Shortly before her death one of the servants, to whom she had often spoken on the concerns of her soul, came into the room. After saying a few kind words, Lady Colquhoun offered to pray with her. That prayer of the dying lady will not soon be forgotten. Then she gave solemn injunctions to her sons and daughters, and all her servants, individually, to seek the Saviour, and said of herself: "I die at the foot of the cross; I know that

my Redeemer liveth; Christ is my hope—should be my motto; I rely entirely upon His finished work."

Thus prepared, she fell asleep Oct. 21, 1846, leaving behind her a memory fragrant with the savour of a Christly life.

Cesar Malan, of Geneva, whose life was one full of Gospel blessing to all who came in contact with him, was laid aside for months e'er he was called to take his departure, and during all this time his patience and fortitude and beautiful trust in God under excruciating pain, amounting to torture, was a sermon of a kind seldom enjoyed. It impressed the most obdurate. It spoke home to the conscience. Once, when one of his sons had prayed with him, he said: "That's the thing to do me good." "How fearfully you suffer, my dear father," said the son. Raising his hand with an effort, and looking at him with his long and speaking gaze, he replied: "I do not suffer a moment too much. I say not that God allows it! No! No!" he added earnestly, "but God ordains it," and the next moment: "It is that that gives one real consolation." On another occasion, shortly after this, his son tells us, "I spoke to him of the heavenly glory, of entrance into the dwelling of the Lord, of the sight of Jesus, of his beloved Master. Fixing on me a deep, calm look, conveying an expression of semi-surprise: 'Why God,' he exclaimed, 'heaven, glory, the Saviour, these are realities—realities! Why employ them to work ourselves into an excitement. They are realities,' he repeated. 'It is this that passeth away,' showing me his emaciated and all but paralyzed hands." To one who visited him he could say: "The Lord is with me, as I have ever known Him," adding the next moment, with his sweet and tranquil smile: "I have always accepted the entire Gospel without disputing either its commandments, its mysteries or its promises. The Lord is faithful." No marvel that one of his friends, on leaving the room, said, as though speaking to himself: "He had, as it were, a halo of glory around him." As the paleness of death swept solemnly over his features (which through the whole morning had been singularly bright, and one might almost say grown young again) his face flushed up with a sudden gleam of delighted surprise. The servant who was standing in front of me at the foot of the bed broke the stillness by exclaiming: "Oh, how glorious! Look, sir, look!" I did not catch his expression at that particular moment, but I heard one of my sisters reply to the appeal: "Yes, our father's spirit was introduced at that instant into the presence of celestial glory."

Holy George Herbert, the poet of "The Temple," one of the richest, rarest and most spiritual poems in the English tongue, whose whole life has been a persuasive sermon to holiness and charity, died saying: "Lord, forsake me not now, my strength faileth me; but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now Lord—Lord, now receive my soul."

Brownlow North, the evangelist, was visited by Mr. James Balfour, who gives us his last word: "I drew near him and took his hand, saying: 'Do you know me, North?' He looked up, and with a smile pronounced my Christian name. It was touching, as he continued to hold my hand, to look on him lying there, like a wearied child, able to speak only in whispers, and slowly and with an effort. He again looked at me, and said very softly, 'Jesus came to me and said: "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and up to this time He never has. But,' he added, 'I have been a beast.' I said: 'I have often thought that the verse on which I should like to die is, "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin." 'That is the verse,' he said, 'on which I am now dying. One wants no more.' I said: 'This dying is what you and I have often spoken of.' 'Often,' he answered. 'Have you peace?' 'Perfect peace,' he said with such meaning. That was the last expression of his faith and hope."

When James Hamilton, of Regent Square Church, London, lay on his deathbed, his devout and lovely spirit shone forth in undimmed splendour. "The sweetest sound I could hear," he said to a friend, "would be the Master's voice calling me home." And to another: "Do not ask life for me, but pray for an abundant entrance." In taking farewell of his wife he said, "The Lord bless you and keep you, and be ever with you!" to which she replied: "As He is with you." A sweet smile of assent lighted up his features as he said: "And with you!" After a short interval he clasped his hands upon his heart, saying, "Come Lord Jesus. Come quickly." And so he rested.

How these words ring out the great life hope and life purpose of each one. They are a focus that gathers up the life of the past into a point, and then dashes it over the face of the hereafter. How distinctly they tell us that they have not followed cunningly-devised fables, but rather, that beneath their feet there is the solid and immovable truth of God; that all is reality, reality, reality. O, to learn the lesson they teach! Let me die the death of the righteous and let my end be like His. It can only be so by living his life.

Dr. Adams, the rector of Edinburgh High School, was dying, and no longer able to see. The old man's mind wandered; he imagined himself in his class room, and called aloud: "Now, boys, you may go. It's growing dark." How pathetic how the life story lies gathered up in that sentence!

How true to fact are Goethe's last words "More light! more light!" His life a search for light, yet wanting more. Ah, he did not see the Sun of Righteousness, whose light satisfies, quickens and rests the soul. Do not let us miss our lesson; at death the whole life of a man comes to judgment, and He Himself is the judge and declares the sentence. It cannot be kept back. It is the passing bell.

THE FOUNDER OF MODERN MISSIONS.

Dr. Leonard Woolsey Bacon contributes the following to the *New York Independent*:

This is no great affair of a world, this earth of ours. Even among our own planets it is only third or fourth rate. In comparison with our sun it is only a speck. And when we begin to make comparisons outside of the solar system, this little hanger-on of one of the stars of the Milky Way is quite fades out into invisibility, it is so minute.

It is a very little world, even when measured, not by celestial comparisons, but by our own earthly standards of dimension. It is about 24,000 miles around—that is all. A railroad train at full speed would go around it inside of three weeks, if the rails were laid; and even with existing facilities, a diligent traveller can manage to compass it three or four times a year.

But it is not even as much of a world as it would seem from these figures. We speak of it sometimes as made and equipped to be the abode of man; it would seem almost as true to say that it was contrived to prevent men from living on the greater part of it. There are patches of habitable territory on it, no doubt; but by far the greater part of it is hopelessly untenable. We have to deduct from the surface of this undersized planet more than two-thirds of it, which is waste ocean; and then a large part of the remaining third for the eternally ice-bound and uninhabitable Arctic and Antarctic continents; and another large and indefinite part for the African and Asiatic and Australian deserts; and yet more for vast tracts which, even if they are habitable, are practically uninhabited. Making all deductions, the inhabited world consists of a few strips of territory with a very scrimped and stunted area.

Such is "all the world" into which we are bidden by our Master to go and preach. And "every creature" of the population of it is no innumerable multitude. The world will not hold a very great many, and it is only half full. There are some 1,200,000,000 of us—possible 1,500,000,000—enough to make about three thousand first-class cities. That is all there is of extant mankind; and very few indeed of the whole number live more than six months' journey from New York.

In view of these rough computations, it is no staggering, overwhelming duty with which we are charged by One whom we love with the profoundest gratitude and whom we delight to honour and obey. It is hardly even an arduous duty, and it certainly ought to be reckoned a pleasant one; it is to go through this limited area, to this limited number of people, who are in many respects in a forlorn, depressed and hopeless state, and give them good news. We cannot wonder that, in view of the definite discoveries of modern geography, and the wide opening of the world by modern international politics, and the bringing of the world into one place by improved transportation and telegraphy, there should have grown up among generous men a feeling in which as fine a chivalry as ever glowed in the breast of a knight-errant is blended with a nineteenth century coolness of calculation and business system, and which says: "Go to, now; let us take this thing in hand and finish it up."

This I take to be the characteristic of modern missions—this sense of the unity and universality, and at the same time of the narrow limits of the work. The field is the world; and and this time the Church has got the field surveyed and measured and plotted and fenced in, and has set itself about the work of bringing the whole of it under culture.

This never has been so in any ancient age. I have tried sometimes to imagine the meeting of some church in the second or third century sitting at Antioch or Constantinople to receive tidings from missionaries and confessors in every direction. For that was a great missionary age, the Gospel was making noble advances in those days. Here should be messengers from the flocks that Thomas and Thaddeus had gathered in Arabia; there should be news from Egypt and the Upper Nile, and the parts of Lybia about Cyrene, and where the Pentecostal seeds had been sown, and had sprung up into the churches that dotted all the Southern Mediterranean shore. Labourers among the barbarous tribes of Britain and Scythia and Germany might be there to tell of the blood of martyrs springing up and bearing fruit to God. But what was this to "all the world"? The world was vast; no man had ever found its limit. What myriads of heathen nations might there not be beyond the frozen north, beyond the Arimasian deserts and the lands of Sinim, or southward in the unexplored depths of Africa, or beyond the Pillars of Hercules, in those westward-stretching seas which no adventurous keel had ever dared explore? It was all vague and vast. Faith wavered and the Church grew weary of pursuing a way that might have no end.

Who was the founder of modern missions, the forerunner of modern missionaries? I venture to name in reply, Christopher Columbus—no unworthy name to stand at the head of such a roll of heroes, nor to bring up the rear of that stately procession that is marshalled before the gaze of later ages by the writer to the Hebrews. By faith he gat him up from his kindred and his father's house and went forth, not knowing whither he went. There are many things in that great career—things higher and nobler than his mere conformity to the religious dialect and usage of his times—to justify the proposed canonization of Christopher Columbus among the saints of the Roman Church. But "the faith that dared the sea" in pursuance of personal conviction, defying the authority of tradition and the scorn of universal public sentiment, assimilates him rather to the noble host of the Reformers, who were

about to come. Few things in later history are more like to what was noblest in the career of Columbus than the sailing of Carey and his Baptist brethren to convert India to Christ amid the guffaws of all England led off by the Rev. Sidney Smith, in the *Edinburgh Review*. The orators of three years hence in their religious retrospect of four hundred years, will not fail to draw a Plutarchian parallel between Christopher Columbus and David Livingstone.

But it was not until the full meaning of the work Columbus did began to sink into men's minds that modern missions as a system were inaugurated. And this was only three or four generations ago. When Christian people began to take in the dimensions of the earth, when it got to be no wonderful thing for one to have gone round the globe half a dozen times in a lifetime, then it became plain that this is not so very much of a world, after all. The work appointed to us by our ascending Lord is infinite in one dimension, but very definite and not over-vast in the other-dimensions. It is a practicable work, with the Lord's help—we know this by sight now, as well as by faith. Henceforth every achievement counts double. It is so much deducted from the work to be done and added to the resources for accomplishing it. We look less at the things that are behind. The question with us is not so much what distance we have covered, but how much remains. We press toward the mark, and the mark is in full view.

Herein, to my mind, is the secret of that systematic method, and sustained vigour, and vivid hope which characterize the present as compared with former missionary ages of the Church—that we have not only a great work in hand, but a definite work. And the more distinct and clean-cut grows the Church's estimate of her work, the more her intelligent zeal expands and consciously measures itself against the task.

Looking forward, are there any signs to be discerned of future lapses of the Church into inertia and a defensive policy? Study the sky as I can, through whatever changes of wind or cloud, I find, no prognostics but of hope. I do believe that this time we are "on the home-stretch."

HURRY.

Why are people in such a hurry? Probably if you asked them they would tell you that life is short and work plentiful, and would show a serene conviction (if such an expression as serene could at any time be applied to their state of mind) that their method was the only one likely to succeed in accomplishing that work. True enough there is plenty of work for everyone—no need to tell us that; but, on the other hand, these over-energetic people labour under a great mistake in thinking that they are promoting the general industry. On the contrary, they are adding enormously to the already large amount of laziness in the world. For such is the inherent contradiction of human nature, that the ordinary individual, who would naturally be inclined to do a moderate amount of work, on coming into contact with his friend's excessive zeal, very often then and there makes up his mind that there is nothing in this world he hates so much as fuss, and that no amount of persuasion shall move him from his comfortable fireside. In more ways than one, therefore, our feverishly industrious brothers and sisters fail to attain their end, assuming that that end consists in the accomplishment of as great an amount of work as possible. In the first place, taking the common acceptance of the words, "More haste, worse speed" is applicable to the effects of hurry on the workers themselves—to say so is a truism. We have all had our childish experiences of the evil and inevitable result of pulling up our flowers to see if they were growing, but by no means all of us have learnt thereby the wholesome lesson that most things—whether flowers or human beings—are the better for a little judicious letting alone. We must make the most of our opportunities, we must strive after culture—that is the cry, and so we rush on trying to keep pace with the times, to read this and that new book which everyone ought to have read, and get up more or less superficially this or that subject which is the question of the day, to talk a little art, a little music, a little science, and a vast amount of shallow nonsense on every conceivable subject. And after all, what is the result? True we can, metaphorically speaking, "pack a bag and sweeten a sauce"; but we are not a bit nearer the music of discourse, which can hymn the true life lived by the immortals or men blessed of heaven." We reason that because plants refuse to grow without rain, therefore the best thing we can do is to treat them to a perpetual shower-bath—because our minds want an occasional stimulus from without, therefore the best thing we can do is to apply that stimulus continuously—because sometimes there is need of energy, therefore, like the lawyer, we should be always in a hurry. One phase of this hurrying, this zealous self culture, appears, I take it, in that disease of modern social life, otherwise known as the Self-Improvement Society. Truly this might be said to be the Age of Societies. You can hardly read your favourite poet without falling into the clutches of a society which professes to interpret him to you; and even if you are heretical enough to prefer your own interpretation, fashion probably proves too strong for you, and carries you off by might and main to be improved and cultivated. If you happen to be a Conservative in politics, straightway you are adopted by the Primrose League, and have such-and-such ready-made sentiments put into your mouth. Indeed, if so minded, a man might read by a society, walk by a society, hear music by a society, and in short be taken in and done for by half a dozen societies, until there was about as much individuality left in him as could, by the uninitiated, be discovered in his top-hat.—*Woman's World*.

Our Young Folks.

CASTLE BUILDING.

"What are you building, darling?"
I asked of my girlie fair,
As she quietly sat on the hearth-rug,
Piling her blocks with care;
And the ruddy glow of the fire-light
Danced on her golden hair.

"I am building a castle, mother,"
My little maid replied;
"And these are the walls around it,
And here is a gateway wide,
And this is a funny stairway
To climb up by the side."

The busy, sitting fingers
Went on with her pretty play,
And the castle's walls were rising
In the falling winter day
When a sudden, luckless motion,
And all in ruin lay!

Ah, merry little builder,
The years with stealthy feet,
May bring full many a vision
Of castles rare and sweet,
To end, like your baby pastime,
In ruin sad and fleet.

You laugh o'er the toy walls fallen,
So sunshine follows rain,
And we may smile, looking backward,
At ruined shrine and fane—
While the heart hath shattered temples
It may not build again.

ALL IN A HALF CENTURY.

- The discovery of the electric telegraph.
- The discovery of photography.
- The establishment of ocean steam navigation.
- The annexation of Texas.
- The war with Mexico, and the acquisition of California, with the discoveries of gold that followed.
- The French revolution of 1848.
- The rise and fall of Napoleon III., and the establishment of the French republic.
- The laying of the ocean cables.
- The great civil war and abolition of slavery in the United States.
- The great Franco-German war and the unification of Germany.
- The overthrow of the Pope's temporal power.
- The emancipation of the Russian serfs.
- The extension of Russian power into Central Asia.
- The discovery of the sources of the Nile and Niger, and the exploration of interior Africa.
- The discovery of the telephone.

THE ROYALTY OF CHARACTER.

Bishop Fowler, in a recent sermon, said: "After all there is nothing in this world but character." This truth he illustrated by a picture of the days of the war, when Lee and his generals met on one of the streets of Chambersburg, Pa., and, after consultation, decided to march to Gettysburg instead of Harrisburg. A plain farmer's boy heard the conversation from a second story window overlooking the scene below, and then following the column to see that they took the road to Gettysburg, he hastened to a telegraph office and telegraphed to Governor Curtin, saying that Lee had gone to Gettysburg. Curtin sent for the boy, who was taken to him by a special engine at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour. As they stood around him, the governor said:

"I would give my right hand to know that this lad tells the truth."

A corporal at headquarters knew the boy, and said:
"Governor Curtin, I know that boy. I live in the same neighbourhood, and I know it is absolutely impossible for him to lie! There is not a drop of false blood in his veins!"

In five minutes the news went to headquarters, and fifteen minutes from that time the troops were pushing toward Gettysburg. Character, said the Bishop, is the core on which the world turns. It is the pivot of destiny. Let us not worry about reputation, but let us see to it that our characters are right. Reputation is the dust at which swine become frightened in the street. Character is the jewel that blazes on the brow of royalty. Reputation is the breath of the heated mob. Character is the verdict of the eternal Judge!

GENTLE WORDS AT HOME.

What trifles make or mar the happiness of home! Mr. Jones comes home to dinner, tired and perhaps a little cross. The dinner is not quite ready, the meat is a little overdone, or not quite done enough, and Mr. Jones thinks he does well to be angry. It is trying, to be sure; and Mrs. Jones, if she be a loving wife, will do her very utmost to prevent such a contingency; but it may be she has had the charge of several children, with an inefficient servant in the kitchen, and has really done her best. "I wonder why I can't have my dinner in comfort like Tom Smith," says Mr. Jones. Now Tom Smith has just twice his income, and Mrs. Smith is able to keep a

thoroughly efficient servant, besides which she has no children. All this Mr. Jones forgets in his anger, but not so his wife. It makes the question doubly galling to her, and she replies quickly, "I wonder why I can't have as much housekeeping money as Mrs. Smith." This turning the tables on Mr. Jones is very consoling at the time, but is another of the trifles that destroy the peace of home. A soft answer, a conciliatory word, would have stopped the quarrel at its beginning, but now retorts fly back and forth and an atmosphere of irritation and anger pervades the household for the remainder of the day—aye, for the remainder of life—for each family jar paves the way for another unless some mighty, reforming force, some new birth of love and holiness comes in. The children catch the tone of their parents and bicker among themselves, and that house ceases to be a home except in name. Only where love reigns in every heart, where slights are neither given nor imagined, where no bitter, cutting word is ever spoken, can there be a happy, ideal home.

THE SMILE BOXES.

Such a racket! It hardly seemed possible for two people no bigger than George and Mabel to so fill the sitting room with noise.

Grandma had gone to her room to take a nap and a rest, and had said before she went that for once she was glad she was pretty deaf, because if she could only hear with one ear and not very well with that one, and could be disturbed with such a racket, she was thankful she had no more ears with which to hear the noise.

The racket wasn't a jolly noise at all. It was cross, and more ugly and disagreeable even than the dreary day out of doors. The children seemed possessed with the spirit of ugliness, and quarrelled over everything. Now they had a pitched battle as to who should have the red checker-men to play with and who the black ones, and then it was a furious little tempest because George had possession of Mabel's "spot" on the carpet. Her mamma was appealed to by Mabel.

"Mamma, make George get off my spot!" Mamma looked puzzled, and then Mabel went on, "George is sitting on my spot, and I was there first, and—make him get off! My spot on the carpet, mamma! He's so hateful!"

At first mamma didn't say anything, but she wondered to herself if it wouldn't be a good plan to do with her two naughty children as did the old woman who lived in a shoe, and whip them both soundly and send them to bed. But mamma remembered that sometimes she felt cross and ugly herself, so decided to try a better way.

She went to a closet and got out two deep boxes, and, calling the little people to her, told them that they were smile-boxes, and writing "George" on one and "Mabel" on the other, gave them to the children to fill up with smiles. As soon as a smile went into the box, the lid was to be put on quickly to hold the smile securely.

Three or four smiles slid into the boxes in fine style, and then there arose a cry from George of:

"Mamma, mamma! Mabel smiled in my box! Take it out! Take it out!"

But instead, mamma quickly clapped on the lid, saying:

"How nice! Let's keep it good and tight, and sometime, when Mabel needs a smile, and her box is empty, and her smile strings are out of order, you can give it to her again. Let mamma put a smile in each of your boxes, and you little people keep them safe for her till she needs them some day."

So a big, big smile, a regular laugh, from mamma went into each box; and then you ought to have seen the smiles that went into those boxes! The children pretended they even had trouble to get the lids on—they were so full and running over with smiles.

By the time the smile boxes were full, the tempers of the children were as smiling and sunshiny as a bright June day, and they no longer mourned over the rain, but had great fun naming the drops of rains, and watching them run races down the window-panes.

A few weeks after the rainy day, when the smile boxes were supposed to be full, Mabel went up to a sad-faced woman, who was a visitor in her home, and said:

"Let me see your dark speckles, Cousin Mary."

"My what?" asked puzzled Cousin Mary.

"Your dark speckles," replied Mabel. "Papa says you see every thing through dark speckles, and I want to see them."

"Nonsense, child, I have none."

"Then, what did papa mean?" insisted the child.

"He meant, little one, that the world looked dark to me, because I was sad," she replied with a sigh.

"Is that the reason you don't ever smile?" asked Mabel. Then with a kiss, "Cousin Mary, I will give you something that will help you to smile." And, sliding down from the cousin's lap, she brought her the box with "Mabel" written on it, and, giving it to her, said "That's my smile-box; and its full to the very tippy-top with smiles. Most of them are mine; two of them are George's, and one of grandma's, and one beautiful one of my own mamma's. I'll give them to you, and you can have them to help you to smile, for its nicer to smile, Cousin Mary, than to cry. Its pleasanter, and then you feel better."

Cousin Mary kissed the little girl, and gave her the biggest smile she had given for a week, and said softly to herself:

"A little child shall lead them."

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The Canada Presbyterian.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4th, 1886.

THE Rev. John McNeill says that the great need of to-day is "a white heat enthusiasm for a personal Saviour." That is the only kind of enthusiasm that lasts and is worth anything in the end. We have quite enough of societies, associations, conventions, conferences, committees, church courts, colleges, and organizations of one kind and another. White heat enthusiasm for a personal Saviour to drive the machinery is the thing most needed in the churches.

THE *British Weekly* is of the opinion that ability to retain eminent counsel makes against the administration of justice.

The slow-moving British mind may see reason in this trial for doubting whether the course of justice is sufficiently smooth. Can it be right that so much should depend on the advocate of the prisoner? The general belief that Mrs. Maybrick would get off was largely founded on the fact that she had Sir Charles Russell for her defender, and certainly Sir Charles did the best that could be done with the case.

No doubt Sir Charles did his best and after he had done his best the jury promptly found the prisoner guilty, which shows that in this case at least the eloquence of counsel did not interfere with the administration of justice.

PREACHERS vary in the terms they use in addressing congregations. "My hearers," "My friends," "Dear friends," "My dear friends," are the terms most frequently used. Dr. Pierson tells of an evangelist who used to say, "Dear souls." He varied the programme by using the name of the place he preached in thus—"Dear Dublin souls," "Dear Belfast souls," and so on. This method was quite endearing and effective until he went south and said "Dear Cork Souls." The Irishmen could not bear to be addressed in that way and were convulsed. Paul's method, "Men of Athens," "Men and Brethren," was infinitely superior to our modern methods. Dr. Willis once criticised a sermon by saying there was too much "Dear friends," "Dear friends," "Dear friends," in it. Such terms are well enough but when used too often they indicate a tender head rather than a tender heart.

SOME of our contemporaries across the lines are considerably exercised over the anti Jesuit agitation. That staid old journal the *Herald and Presbyter* of Cincinnati has the following:

There are even threats of a violent uprising. There is not unfounded feeling that the Roman Catholic Church in the Province of Quebec has been given a position of advantage. It is reasonably feared that the Romanists all over the Dominion will be encouraged in the same direction. In Manitoba the Protestant population has taken revenge by abolishing the French language as one of the official languages of the Province. This agitation is pushing the question of annexation to the United States to the front.

Our readers may judge for themselves as to the accuracy of the foregoing. We have not heard any threats of a violent uprising, at least not any from persons usually considered reasonably sane. The question of annexation is not any more to the front than it has been for years. The Protestants of Manitoba may abolish separate schools and the dual language system, but they have not done so yet, and if they do take these steps we hope they will not be taken in a spirit of revenge.

THE following gem from Spurgeon throws a flood of light upon a kind of trust which we fear is alarmingly common:

Nothing bores a bore so much as one of his own kind. Nothing worries a liar so much as another liar; and so it is all around the circle of small and large vices.

As we swing around the circle we find that a wire-puller always suspects other wire-pullers and dislikes them quite as much as one professing Christian should dislike another. A chronic schemer always

has hard things to say of other schemers. The member of a Church court who wishes to speak on every question has no patience with others who wish to afflict long suffering people in the same way. Vain men who wish to exhibit themselves are always jealous of other vain men who succeed better in keeping themselves on exhibition. The orator who prosed on platform or pulpit for hours is always impatient with other bores. The man who aspires to be a leader feels sore when he see other aspirants. Some of the scientists who have honoured Toronto lately with their presence would account for all this by saying that animals of the same species often dislike one another.

DR. CUYLER is making a long tour in England and among other distinguished pulpits occupied that of McLaren of Manchester. The doctor says:

It was a pleasant privilege for me to preach to his noble congregation in the evening, and their enthusiastic singing of Dr. Ray Palmer's glorious hymn, to our tune of "Olivet," gave me a good lift at the outset.

A good lift of that kind at the outset is a good thing both for preacher and congregation. Good, lively, enthusiastic congregational singing is a wonderful help to a preacher. Some years ago we heard one of our ministers strongly insist that a preacher has a right to insist that the service of song shall be conducted in such a manner as to give reasonable assistance to the preacher. Undoubtedly that was the proper position to take. A pastor has just as good a right to insist that the congregation sing well as they have to insist that he preaches well. Preaching is his part of the work. Singing is theirs. Why expect one party to do the work reasonably well while the other too often makes no effort at all. My sermon was just as good as your singing, many a weak preacher might say to his congregation, and though two failures do not make a success the reply would have some force.

THE patriarchal editor of the *Interior* writes columns of "Camp-fire Musings" in his tent, which he has pitched somewhere out in the pineries of Northern Wisconsin: some of the musings are intensely practical:—

I am afraid there are some who fancy they are going in some remarkable way to be saved without being saved. I mean to get to heaven without being delivered from those evils which can never enter there. It is as if a pilot should go on board a vessel, and the captain and sailors should say, "We have complete faith in you, pilot, and we put the management of the vessel entirely under your care. 'Well, well,' says he, 'I will guarantee to bring you safely into port despite the storm that is coming on, and the rocks that lie in the way.' Then all the sailors go down below and go to bed. The pilot shouts: 'Call those men up; every man must now be in his place.' But they say, 'We trust you to get the vessel into port; we have left her entirely in your hands.' The pilot replies, 'Unfurl these sails. Some of you go and look to the rudder and attend to the steering.' 'No,' they say; 'we have left it all to you. We are perfectly trusting in you, and all our hope of getting into harbour rests in your management of the vessel.' 'They do not trust me or they would do as I tell them.'

Exactly. Trust Christ to bring them into the harbour in safety but they must be allowed to sleep or do something worse in the meantime. That kind of trust never brings one into the harbour.

AMBROSE, the well-known contributor to the *New York Evangelist*, has a thoughtful paper on the ability of ministers to recognize people whom they may have met, probably only once or twice and in different places. He says:

But ministers are often mortified to find themselves at a loss to recall names, even when they know the faces. Nor is this a mere result of the hebetude of age. It troubles many a young man. It is sometimes a personal defect, but in degree is a product of his profession. If he is a studious man, he is liable to give more time to the study of themes and books, than of persons. His thinking is concentrated on sermons and addresses. And even upon the street some men do a considerable amount of thinking. And if, while pursuing a thought, his chase is interrupted by a stranger met once somewhere, and who thinks that as he or she needs no more than one brief interview to know the minister, the minister needs no more of opportunity to know the stranger. The effect of a little absent-mindedness in such a case is to produce a chill, which much subsequent warmth is required to thaw out.

A minister given to much writing is unfortunately as likely to compose in his bed or on the street as in his study and some of them do. Close thinkers of all professions are liable to fall into the habit of working in unlikely places. Not long ago one of the most learned and brilliant judges on the Ontario Bench was seen walking backward and forward on the platform of a city railway station audibly discussing with himself a point of law. He was so intensely interested in the discussion that he would not have seen his mother had she met him. But supposing a minister has not allowed himself to fall into

the habit of thinking out subjects in public places there may be other and perfectly valid reasons why he cannot stop and talk to people on the street. He may be hurrying to pray with a dying parishioner. He may be starting out to make more calls than he has time to overtake. He may have an appointment to meet some one in a few minutes. He may be going to a prayer meeting or any one of a score of places where duty calls. Most of the people who want to stand and talk for ten minutes have nothing to do and are diligently doing it. Is it reasonable or right to expect one who is doing the Lord's work to stop and help them?

FRENCH SCHOOLS IN ONTARIO.

WHEN it became generally known that in our several Ontario counties, where French-Canadians were numerous, undue prominence was given to the French language, attention was directed to the general condition of French Canadian Schools in this Province. The discussion of the question impressed the Provincial Minister of Education with the importance of full and direct investigation of the state of public schools in the counties indicated. With characteristic promptitude he appointed and empowered a commissioner to proceed at once to visit the several localities and ascertain the actual condition of the public schools in which French was the predominant language. The commissioner appointed Mr. J. J. Tilley, inspector of county Model Schools, Professor Rayner of Victoria University and Rev. D. D. McLeod of Barrie, men of recognized competency and integrity, at once proceeded to the fulfilment of the duties entrusted to them. As was to be expected from men of their character and standing, they did their work with diligence, thoroughness and impartiality. Their report has just been issued and it is strictly correct to say that it is untinged by political colouring. The report is valuable because it presents a clear and unbiassed statement of the actual state of affairs in these schools dominated, as they largely are, by French Roman Catholic influences; it will also, doubtless, lead to the adoption of the corrections necessary to preserve the integrity and usefulness of the public school system in Ontario.

The report begins with an explanation of the manner in which the French-Canadian influx into the Ontario counties was brought about. Early British settlers, in accordance with a way they have selected the best available lands at their disposal. French-Canadian lumberers, after the timber had been well culled, settled on the neglected lands and for a number of years both by natural increase and considerable immigration from Quebec province, the French-Canadian element became consolidated chiefly in the counties of Prescott and Russell. They also pushed their way into Simcoe county and there was a still earlier French immigration into the western counties of Kent and Essex. Of late years considerable changes have taken place. Enterprising settlers, both English and French, have sought to push their fortunes in the North-West. For this reason there has been a slight decrease of the English-speaking population, and the stream of French immigration from Quebec province has almost ceased to flow. The total French-Canadian population in Russell and Prescott, given in the last census returns, is 24,223, places it in a slight numerical preponderance over the other settlers.

The use of the French language in these schools is coeval with the settlement of the districts by French-Canadians. This use has been recognized by the successive administrations of educational affairs up to the present time. The state of matters so vigorously condemned of late is therefore no new thing, though, of course, that does not of itself make it right or justify its continuance. What needs to be specially guarded against is the gradual and stealthy endeavour of those who direct Roman Catholic educational affairs to introduce step by step their peculiar observances into the public schools and thus make them the vehicles of an offensive sectarianism, and if the investigation results in the adoption of measures to bring these schools into harmony with the school law of Ontario a great improvement will be effected. One thing is certain, the people of Ontario will not tamely submit to studied evasions of its provisions. In adopting the excellent system of education now existing it was never contemplated that it should be used as a means of Roman Catholic propagandism.

In illustration of the extent to which schools supported by provincial funds are made use of for the propagation of Roman Catholicism, the following extract from the Commissioners' report is here taken:

Your commissioners found that religious exercises occupy a prominent place in the schools inspected by us. In fifty-

seven schools religious instruction is given during school hours; in twenty-two it is given either before or after school, and in eighteen no religious instruction is given. This instruction is given by the teachers from a catechism prepared for children of the Roman Catholic Church, and it is to the teaching from this catechism that reference is made in the schedule and summary when religious instruction is spoken of. In some of the schools special instruction is given from this book, for a certain portion of the year to children who are preparing for their first communion. The prayers in use, in addition to the Lord's Prayer which is used in almost every school, are taken from the Roman Catholic books of devotion. These prayers are, in some schools, used at the opening and close of the school, both in the forenoon and the afternoon. In some of the French text books in use, which are elsewhere referred to in this report, the tenets, peculiar to the Roman Catholic Church, are more or less prominently introduced. In addition to these methods of inculcating religion, there were found, in many of the schools in the county of Essex, pictures of a religious character—the crucifix and small statues or images of saints. In two instances in the county of Prescott, altars were found in the schools. It was stated that these were erected during the month of May for services of a special nature for the people of the neighbourhood, who assembled in the school houses for evening prayers, as the churches were a considerable distance from the localities. The prominence given to the Roman Catholic religion in these schools is objectionable to the English-speaking Protestants generally. The regulations provided by law on this question are ample to give protection to the religious convictions of all classes of people. They allow sufficient liberty to Protestant and Roman Catholic alike for imparting religious instruction without infringing upon the ordinary work of the school. In order, therefore, to remove all ground of complaint against the existing state of things, it is only necessary that the schools be brought into harmony with the law.

To remedy the acknowledged defects in the French schools in the several Ontario counties where they exist, the Commissioners make the following recommendations:

In the counties of Prescott and Russell the French candidates for teachers' certificates have, in most cases, only an imperfect knowledge of English—too imperfect to enable them to take with advantage the prescribed course, as given in English in our high schools and model schools. They do not therefore attend those schools to prepare for teachers' examinations. To provide competent teachers of English for the French schools, and to meet some of the difficulties mentioned in this report we have to recommend: 1. That a special school be established for the training of French teachers in the English language. This school should be placed under teachers who can speak both English and French, and who are thoroughly competent to give instruction in these languages. It should provide the ordinary non-professional course, and should also furnish facilities for professional training as given in county model schools. Candidates on completing their course in this school should be prepared to take the regular examinations in English prescribed for teachers' certificates; and only those who have passed such examinations should receive a licence to teach. 2. That special institutes be held for the immediate benefit of the teachers now employed in the French schools. 3. That the attention of the teachers be called at once to the necessity of making greater use of the oral or conversational method in teaching English. 4. That a bi-lingual series of readers—French and English—be provided for the French schools in Ontario. If this were done parents would be saved the expense of purchasing two sets of books, of which many now complain. The work of both teacher and pupil would be simplified, and there would be placed in the hands of the pupils books that would aid them materially in acquiring a knowledge of both languages. Under competent teachers, with such books, the pupil should, on completing the second book, be sufficiently familiar with English to enable him to receive instruction in this language in the various subjects prescribed. We recognize the difficulties inseparable from the introduction of another series of readers, but we believe they would be more than counterbalanced by the advantages to be derived therefrom. 5. That the use of unauthorized text books in these schools be discontinued. 6. That the attention of trustees and teachers be called to the provisions of the law governing religious instruction in public schools, as there seems to be a general lack of information on this subject.

It is well that public attention has been called to what is an obvious perversion of our national system of education. It is never wise through mistaken notions of leniency to permit grave infractions of a well-understood law. To suffer the continuance of the laxity which has so long prevailed would be culpable. The Minister of Education has for some time past been endeavouring to correct abuses relating to the neglect and inadequate instruction in English and the surreptitious introduction of sectarian and unauthorized text books, and it is to be hoped that the inquiry that has been instituted will lead to such measures as will tend to the removal of what is now so obviously objectionable in the French-Canadian schools of Ontario. That the work is a difficult one can readily be understood; that it is by no means however to be regarded as hopeless may be gathered from the following remarks by the Commissioners:

The object aimed at in the Public Schools of the Province is to give to the youth attending them such an education in the common branches of knowledge, as will fit them to occupy creditably the positions in life they may be called to fill, and this education should be imparted in the English language. Any departure from this rule should be only partial and in accommodation to the peculiar circumstances of certain sections of the country, in order that the end sought may thereby be more fully attained. There can be no question as to the fact that in all the French schools in the several counties visited, notwithstanding particular cases of backwardness or inefficiency, an effort is being made to impart a knowledge of the

English language; and not only so, but this work is receiving a larger amount of attention at present than in former years. There are some of these schools in which English has been well taught for many years, so that they are practically English schools. There are also some, as will be seen from the statistical statement forming part of this report in which the English language is largely used in the work of the school. This is the case more particularly in the counties of Essex and Kent. There are some schools in which the time given to English and the use of that language in the school is too limited; but even in these, more attention is paid to English than formerly, and the use made of it in the work of instruction is greater than it was a few years ago. In dealing with these schools, in order to raise them to a higher standard, and to secure a satisfactory teaching of the English language in them, time must be allowed, and patience must be exercised. For many years, the French people were allowed to conduct their schools in their own way, no exception being taken either by the Education Department or by the public. Special provision was made to secure French teachers for them and French text-books were authorized for their schools. They have lived for a long period in the localities where they are found, enjoying the use of their native language. They are strongly attached to it. It is the language of their fathers, and the language used in their homes and spoken by their children. It is natural that they should cherish it with affection, and desire their children to acquire a knowledge of it. If the schools are dealt with justly, and with due consideration for the feelings of the people, and if the recommendations made in this report are adopted, we believe these schools, within a reasonable time, will be raised to a degree of efficiency that will be satisfactory to both the English and French people. We have reason to believe also, that whatever changes may be necessary to render these schools more efficient, and to advance the children more rapidly and intelligently in the knowledge of English, will be welcomed by the French people themselves. We have found, that, on the whole, the people take a deep interest in the education of their children. In many of the rural sections in Prescott and Russell, the school houses are inferior and poorly equipped and the salaries very small, yet in some sections and villages, the people have manifested their appreciation of the importance of education, by providing excellent buildings and paying fairly liberal salaries to the teachers.

Books and Magazines.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. (Boston: Littell & Co.)—This most valuable weekly continues to present its readers with varied and timely contributions of the best literature of the day.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS AND THE NURSERY. (Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.)—Picture and story, good advice and entertaining reading generally, such as little folks love, are regularly presented in this most charming monthly.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—The same conscientious and intelligent effort that marks all the Harper publications is conspicuous in this weekly magazine specially designed for young readers. Its pages are replete with excellent and varied contributions as well as numerous and finely executed illustrations.

ST. NICHOLAS. (New York: The Century Co.)—This admirable magazine for September is unusually full of good things. Every legitimate variety of taste is consulted and every reader will find much to instruct, entertain and delight. Its illustrations are numerous and of a high order of excellence, and the tone is well fitted to elevate and refine those to whom this magazine makes its special appeal.

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE. (Toronto: William Briggs.)—The September number opens with the first part of what appears to be a most attractive series of articles, finely illustrated, "Here and There in Europe." "Memorials of Lady Brassey," also illustrated, will be read with interest. "Vagabond Vignettes" are continued. Dr. Carman continues the discussion of "Methodist Itinerancy," and Erastus Wimar contributes a paper on "Canada and its Resources." Jerry McAuley's interesting story is told by James Cooke Seymour. The other contents will also find admiring readers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—The more attractive papers in the September number of *Harper's* are, "American Artists at the Paris Exhibition," by Theodore Child, with numerous illustrations. "The Religious Movement in France," by Edmund de Pressensé, D.D., Paris; "Kentucky Fairs," by James Love Allen, copiously illustrated; and "Holy Moscow," by Theodore Child, with illustrations by Thulstrup; "London Mock Parliaments" is amusing. Rev. John F. Hurst has a short paper of unusual interest on "The Oldest and Smallest Sect in the World," being an account of a Samaritan community visited by him in Nablus, North Palestine. Fiction is well represented by Charles Dudley Warner, and Constance Fenimore Woolson, whose "Jupiter Lights" is concluded in this number, and there are several attractive short stories and good poems. The customary departments are as vigorous, racy, and varied as usual.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)—The new number of *Scribner's* is very attractive. It opens with a characteristic paper by Andrew Lang, on "Alexandre Dumas," illus-

trated by a fine portrait of the great French novelist, and a striking figure from the monument sketched by Gustave Doré. "The Nepigon River" is finely illustrated and interestingly described. Professor Ladd of Yale writes on "The Place of the Fitting-School in American Education." A carefully prepared article full of information, is by H. G. Prout on "Safety in Railroad Travel." "The Master of Ballintrae" will be completed in the number for next month. Harold Frederic, the accomplished and accurate London correspondent of the *New York Times*, in this number begins a new serial, "In the Valley," the scene of which is laid in the Mohawk Valley over a century ago. Other papers, poems, and short stories make up a decidedly good number.

THE CENTURY. (New York: The Century Co.)—In the September number of the *Century* there are several papers of much more than average interest. Among them may be mentioned one in which the closing portion of the great Napoleon's career is described in contemporary accounts by British Officers who attended on him in Elba and St. Helena. Another noteworthy paper by Mr. Paine presents much interesting information concerning the Pharaoh of the Exodus brought to light by recent monumental discoveries in Egypt, the paper being profusely and appropriately illustrated. Other papers of solid interest are Mr. Kennan's concluding paper on "The Kara Political Prison," the instalment of the Lincoln history, dealing among other things with Lincoln's re-election. An ingenious paper on insect and plant life will interest greatly those who delight in the study of nature. In the department of fiction the number is attractive. Joel Chandler Harris' serial advances in interest, and there are numerous racy and original short stories; poetry is also plentiful and good. The number as a whole appears to be of more than average excellence.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—"La Nouvelle France," in the September *Atlantic* is an interesting pendant to the paper on French-Canadian literature in the August number; and it will, no doubt call out some rejoinders. "The Isthmus Canal and American Control," by Stuart F. Weld, is a consideration of the policy promulgated by the United States Government in its desire to control the Inter-Oceanic Canal, with "some animadversions thereon." In fact the magazine runs toward political questions, since Mr. Frank Gaylord Cook has an article on "James Wilson," a Scotchman who settled in Pennsylvania, and whose services in behalf of the Constitution of the United States are too little known. Still another sketch, of the "Americans at the first Bastille Celebration," by J. G. Alger, completes the more important articles. Miss Jewett is at her best in a pretty sketch, "The White Rose Road," and two stories, to which that much-abused word "weird" can actually be applied seriously, will be found in "Voodooism in Tennessee" and the ghostly little story of "The Gold Heart," in its way not unlike Wilkie Collin's "Moonstone." Mrs. Preston's poem "Phryne's Test," an odd paper on "The Black Madonna of Loretto," and Messrs. James' and Bynner's serials (the latter with a scene in the old Philippe Manor house, New York) go far toward filling an excellent number.

THE MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls: Toronto: William Briggs.)—The current number of this most admirable monthly is on a par with any of the preceding numbers. "The Waldensians and their Bi-Centennial," by Professor W. H. Hulbert, is a paper of extraordinary eloquence and power, and is just in time to remind us of the celebration of their 200th anniversary which is now being celebrated. Dr. Ellinwood's article, "Buddhist Doctrine of Salvation by Faith," is a highly valuable contribution to the literature of Buddhism. The two editorial articles on "Prayer and the Ministry of Money," "Korea and her Religions," by Prof. Hulbert of Korea; "Our Extant Sydney Smiths," "Missions among the Jews," by Prof. Pick, as well as Starbuck's translations from foreign magazines, and notes from James Johnston of England, all furnish timely and valuable information. The other seven departments of the Review are crowded with Intelligence, Correspondence, brief articles, Monthly Concert matter, Editorial Notes, some of length and of marked interest. Reports of Missionary Societies, tables of Statistics, and five pages of condensed items of information from the world-field—the whole tenor and make up of which is informing and inspiring in the highest degree. Such a mass of missionary thought, discussion, and burning impressive facts, put in so scientific and telling a way each month cannot fail to have a stimulating and salutary effect upon the church.

Choice Literature.

A LITERARY VENTURE.

BY ALBERT PLUMING.

Mrs. Lovell always maintained that the terrible business of her novel, and the dire pains and penalties that resulted from it, were entirely due to the Bishop of Crowborough, and to the bishop alone. She admitted she was encouraged by Anthony Trollope, and other literary swells, who all wrote articles proving convincingly that literature was the easiest and most lucrative trade in the world if you only hit the right vein, but it was the bishop who first started her on that un- toward literary venture. Every time she told the story (and during the subsequent thirty years of her life she certainly told it a hundred times) she deepened the turpitude of the bishop and the bloodthirsty character of his conduct, until her husband, the Rev. Aubrey Lovell, a hilarious country rector with a tremendous voice, would shout out in his genial way, "Now, Nellie, my love, the bishop had really very little to do with it, and behaved very nicely, I think; it was all your ridiculous vanity and greed."

It is necessary to clear the ground by telling you something of the bishop and Mrs. Lovell. The Bishop of Crowborough was the oldest prelate on the bench. He was appointed to the see in the days when a scholarly edition of Juvenal and Euripides was the most direct road to a mitre.

His appointment dated so far back in the past that no one living exactly knew what particular scholarship obtained for Dr. Octavius Mackereth the see of Crowborough. He had held it for forty-five years, and for the greater portion of that period the bishop had been engaged on a gigantic book, a profound but little read history of the "Monks of the Thebaid;" a volume appearing at intervals of about six years.

As no one ever bought the book, far less read it, the publication cost the learned author a small fortune. The bishop was not only a celibate but a confirmed woman hater, or perhaps one might say a woman-ignorant; he seemed to realize the sex with an effort. What one may call the woman *motif* occurred regularly once in the life of each of his Thebaid monks, but they were all mere dream women, emissaries of Satan sent in vision to tempt that particular monk back to the pomps and vanities of the world. This, the bishop perceived was evidently the chief function of woman. Meanwhile, the bishop being permanently engaged in the Libyan Desert, the diocese fell into a lamentable state of decay, dissent flourished and waxed fat, yea, even under the shadow of the cathedral itself. Twice a year the bishop emerged from historical research and gave a reception at the palace, but of course, as he had no wife, no ladies came. The bishop never had the least idea how many of his clergy would come, and made random preparations of a helpless kind, the fare provided being of the meanest description. Some stringy sandwiches, some weak negus and parboiled tea, formed the episcopal *menu*. The High-Church clergy struggled fiercely for the negus, and the Low Church lapped up the weak tea. Nobody under the rank of a prebend had the least chance of securing a spoon to himself. The bishop was practically a stranger to four fifths of his clergy. At the beginning of these lamentable receptions he tried to identify his guests and say something appropriate to each, but he soon gave that task up, and adopted a stereotyped kindly smile to accompany each handshake. This was a far safer plan, as the poor bishop had a dreadful habit of cheerfully inquiring after newly buried wives; and to this day they tell the story of his asking old Canon Jenkins after his wife when all the diocese was ringing with the news of her elopement with his curate.

So much for the bishop, now for Mrs. Lovell. She was a woman of about forty; the ordinary healthy type of English matron, quite ignorant of art and literature, but entirely satisfied with herself, her children and husband. She was ambitious in a kindly way, and tried to push her husband up in the world; but this pushing business was a herculean task, for her excellent husband was without any upward tendencies, being of the steady, slow, easy-going order, that quietly holds on and always ends in being an archdeacon. As regards herself, Mrs. Lovell used to say,—

"I don't pretend to be clever or learned, but I really do consider I write a very good letter."

She said this so often, and with such an air of conviction, that all her friends grew to think so too. Now there was a grain of truth in this claim. She wrote a thoroughly reckless, rattling, feminine letter; she could not have described a sunset or a landscape to save her life, but she would dress and touch it up till it became a very lifelike and amusing sketch, then she touched off all her friends' peculiarities with such a good-natured and lively pen that every one said when they heard a letter of hers read aloud, "What a very amusing person that Mrs. Lovell must be!"

It happened just about now that, by an odd chance, the bishop's brother, who was an old literary bachelor living in the Albany, went on a visit of three days to the palace at Crowborough. The brothers became dimly conscious of each other's existence about once in five years, then the bishop asked the Albany bachelor to visit Crowborough, and the latter went, always limiting his stay to exactly three days; he used to say at the Athenæum; "The first day is chastened affection, the second indifference and weariness, the third hatred and despair, if I stayed a fourth I should murder the bishop or die myself."

During his visit he pumped into the bishop all the gossip of the clubs and all the literary news, though of course neither the one nor the other mixed at all well with the monks of the Thebaid, but the Albany brother said it was his duty to post the bishop up to date. It was just at this time that the "Life of George Eliot" appeared.

The bishop had the very vaguest of notions as to George Eliot and her achievements, but he knew that she was a woman, though it puzzled him beyond measure why a woman should assume a man's name.

That a woman should write books was one astonishing fact, that any one should read them was another; and the third and most astonishing fact of all was that any publisher should pay her 7,000*l.*, as his brother assured him had been paid for one of her books. The bishop's experience of publishers and the public was so altogether different.

The week after the Albany brother left, the bishop, by the most unusual combination of circumstances, had to go to lunch

at Mr. Lovell's to meet another bishop; he loathed the other bishop, who was a stirring, enthusiastic creature of quite modern creation and very modern ideas.

He hated too the very thought of the lunch, but he had to go. How to provide polite conversation for two hours the bishop did not know; so as he drove along he tried to recall a few topics that might be appropriate and interesting, and he endeavoured to recollect and make use of the London gossip his brother had told him, but the sole thing he could recall was a few details about George Eliot, and chiefly that she had had 7,000*l.* for writing one book.

He launched this fact at Mrs. Lovell's head, he dilated upon it, he returned to it again and again. It had astonished the bishop, and it astonished Mrs. Lovell.

When the bishop had left, Mrs. Lovell sat and thought. 7,000*l.* for one book! Why, the bishop only got 4,000*l.* for being a bishop, and it was nearly eighteen times as much as her husband's entire stipend. Mrs. Lovell slept upon the idea, and the next day it had grown and developed. She had a ready pen—what if *she* wrote a book and got 7,000*l.* for it? She locked the idea in her matronly bosom. Her excellent husband had very old-fashioned notions about women and their vocations. Once she put out a feeler, and challenged his admiration for George Eliot. The rector blinked at her with his big blue eyes.

"What's that, my love?" he said. "Thank Heaven I haven't married one of your scribbling women; there's only one thing worse, and that's the political woman."

"But, my dear Aubrey, the scope and field of woman are enlarging so rapidly."

"Now, my dear," answered the rector, in his hilarious trumpet-toned voice, "don't talk nonsense. My mother was the best of women, and her scope and field were the looking after her family and feeding her poultry."

But when once an idea took root in Mrs. Lovell's mind it was not easily eradicated, and before a week was over she had determined to go in for literature. She had a widowed sister who lived at Hunstanton, and just then came an invitation to spend a month with her. Mrs. Lovell was of too prosaic a turn of mind to look for signs and wonders, but this she accepted as a signal indication from on high that she was to write a book, for a visit to her sister would give her just the quiet time she wanted to get her ideas in order. Her sister was a very pious High Church-woman, entirely given up to philanthropy and Church work, quite content to let Mrs. Lovell go her own way if she would only consent to eat fish on Friday and go to daily service. Mrs. Lovell went to Hunstanton with her brain in a literary ferment. She had to tell her sister of her plans, but all that the widow said was,—

"Well, Ellen, of course you'll see that the tone of your book is religious and healthy."

"Of course I shall see to that. I intend to give up every morning to my novel," continued Mrs. Lovell loftily; "and I must beg of you to see that I am undisturbed."

Mrs. Lovell had secured a little hand-book to young authors, and had mastered the rudimentary details of a suitable paper, writing on one side only, and so on. She had also gone so far as to concoct in her head an outline of a plot—but she thought to herself she would develop it as she went on. The next morning she arranged her dressing table suitable for writing. She opened her desk, took out the lined foolscap paper, and set to work. She said to herself, Mr. hero shall be forty five, and he shall marry a merry girl of twenty; after marriage a good looking cousin of hers, aged twenty-five shall make love to her, and all but bring about a catastrophe. I shall introduce a designing widow, and two or three subordinate characters to fill up. She plunged at once into Chapter I., but found her ideas did not come as quickly as she hoped; it was nothing like as easy as writing a letter. She wrote for an hour, read it all over, and tore it up in despair. Then she tried again, and found herself at a dead pause for something to say. She sat with her head on her hand, racking her brains, but nothing came; then suddenly she dropped her pen and clapped her hands.

"Goodness me!" she cried, "why, Aunt Jane when she gave us drawing lessons used to say, 'Remember, my dears, always draw from nature, go straight to life.' I will; why invent?"

And she did. She wanted a clergyman, and down she pounced on the Bishop of Crowborough. She lifted him bodily into her book. She changed him into a dean, but all his little peculiarities she retained, and gave them a touch or two more. Her pen flew and the pages quickly filled; she read over the description of the dean, and his sayings and doings, and she leant back and laughed at the intense vitality of the thing. Then there was a Mrs. Marchmont in the next parish; she would exactly do for the designing widow. Mrs. Lovell hated her with a consuming hatred. Mrs. Marchmont dressed better than she did, had taken precedence of her on several occasions, and had patronized her openly before all the county, besides, she had many weak points, there were some little questionable matters in her career, scandal had not spared her and certainly Mrs. Lovell would not. Mrs. Marchmont appeared as Lady Holloway, but in all other respects it was a photograph from life.

In her parish there were two excellent old maids, the best of creatures—a little rigid, very quaint in dress, with pretty little affectations, and one with a remote longing for gentlemen's attention. Mrs. Lovell had put them into many a letter, and they both went bodily into her book. Having adopted this method, to her delight and surprise Mrs. Lovell found all went merry as a wedding-bell; after all, once master the method, and it was just as easy to write a novel as to write a letter, and letter-writing had always been her strong point. For some weeks she worked hard at the book, it amused and interested her. She had a little bit of money, something under 100*l.*, put up in consols, and that she intended to devote to the expenses of publishing the book; she called it "A Midsummer Madness."

We may pass over the record of how she got a publisher, and the labours and difficulties she had with proofs and revises. The greatest difficulty of all was to keep the rector in the dark, luckily he was the most unobservant of men. He saw masses of papers coming by post, and set it down in his mind as new music. He observed that his dear Nellie was always writing; but he merely said, "Really, my wife's correspondence is enormous, and I don't wonder at it, for she writes an excellent letter."

Our story reopens some six months later on. Every morning she now expected an advance copy from the publishers. She always came down before breakfast and swooped down on the letters and parcels, and at last this tent. day of

June brought the long-desired copy. There it was, in the three orthodox volumes, 31*s.* 6*d.* in price, dainty in binding, nice big margins, and good print and paper. She opened the title-page and read, with a bounding heart: "A Midsummer Madness a Novel. By Mrs. Aubrey Lovell." Then she dipped here and there into her favourite bits—that droll scene where the two old maids encounter the designing widow; really it was humorous and had lots of go in it. Mrs. Lovell laughed aloud. Then the love scene in the old garden, and the despair and madness of the hero; then that pathetic death-bed scene, how true and real it seemed; really, Mrs. Lovell felt, if George Eliot walked into the room now, she would have claimed her as a sister artist.

Meanwhile the rector came noiselessly down-stairs, and entered the room with a bang. "Hallo, my love, anybody's birthday? I see a parcel of new books that look like presents."

"No, dear," she answered, "only the last new novel;" then, blushing furiously, "it looks rather nice."

To his wife's disgust the rector did not exhibit the least curiosity about the last new novel. Ah, she thought, if only he knew, wouldn't he be proud of his wife! but he actually ignored the three pretty blue volumes, and stretched out his hand for his *Guardian*. Then Mrs. Lovell brought matters to a head by saying, "Tell me what you think of the new novel?"

Thereupon the rector drove his wife to the verge of distraction by his exceeding slowness; first of all he couldn't find his glasses, then began a long history as to a letter in the *Guardian* about Queen Anne's Bounty, then wasted another five minutes in polishing up his glasses, ultimately he took up Vol. I., and read in his sonorous voice, "A Midsummer Madness. By Mrs. Aubrey Lovell."

"Goodness gracious me, Nellie! why, it's by a namesake of yours; they'll be putting it down to you."

"It is me," said Mrs. Lovell, being too thrilled to think of grammar.

"You!" replied her husband, dropping the book with a bang, and no number of marks of admiration can convey the surprise he put into his voice; he took off his glasses and rubbed them again. Then she told him how the bishop had sown the seed in her aspiring bosom, and this was the full harvest.

"Well, my love, of course I knew you wrote a good letter, and had a ready pen; but a three volume novel I did think beyond your powers."

She was well content when he took the whole three volumes into his study. She had expected he would have abused her for wasting her time and ordered her back to domestic duties, but he had been so surprised and taken aback that he had half blessed instead of entirely banning her. During the morning Mrs. Lovell was gratified by hearing hearty peals of laughter from her husband's study, and at lunch he said, "Really, my dear, your book is extremely good, but you've made frightfully free with our poor dear bishop. I only hope he won't come across it."

"Oh, I disguised it all well," she answered; "I have only used a few of his peculiarities."

Mrs. Lovell subscribed to Romeike's Agency, and for the next few weeks she had a very jolly time; the press notices were fairly favourable—all the critics thought the plot exceedingly poor, but the bishop, the widow, and the two old maids were greatly praised. Evidently drawn from life, one or two critics said. Then Mrs. Lovell had the joy of presenting her friends with copies of her book, and altogether her poor head was like to be turned with success. Her publishers were very well content too, and said the book was making its mark. Her husband basked in the reflected glow of her fame, and began to be proud of his wife.

(To be continued.)

A PARSON'S PONDERINGS.

What shall I preach about next Sunday! This is a question which, I suppose, occupies most parsons' thoughts early every week. At any rate it does mine just now, as I sit in my study, facing my library. It's no great library, to be sure; a poor parson cannot indulge in that luxury. Luxury, do I call it? Is it not rather a necessity in these days, when the last important work on any debated subject is as necessary to the scholar as the last style of reaper and binder is to the farmer who wants to keep up with the times? Yet a luxury it must remain to the man of slender means. It is rather provoking to have a brother parson, whose purse is longer than one's own, or some learned dignitary remark to one, "Have you read Dr. Tonans' grand new apologetic work, which completely overthrows Professor Molecule's attack on Christianity? If not, you ought to get it; it will only cost you five dollars." Alas! what is a man to do, when he has just been reminded by his wife that Sophie's shoes are worn out, and Johnnie must have a new jacket? Of course Dr. Tonans' book must wait. One can, however, buy Professor Molecule's new work, for that will only cost fifteen or twenty cents, in the cheap popular form. So one can get the latest thought of the day on one side of the question at any rate. Now, what is the reason that I can get Professor Molecule's works so cheap, while Dr. Tonans' is so dear? Is it in accordance with the law of supply and demand? If so, there must be a tremendous demand for Molecule, and a woeful lack of demand for Tonans'. Or is it that "the children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light"?

A parson—who has to furnish his people with at least two discourses every week, who is supposed in those two discourses to give their thoughts a direction for good for the ensuing six days, who must (if he is worth anything) be *au courant* with the varied and turbulent thought of the day—ought to have no meagre library.

Of course, a parson of the type which Goldsmith has immortalized, in the parish priest of

Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,

with his primitive, patriarchal life, his unworldly calmness, and unsophisticated piety;

And passing rich with forty pounds a year,

might well be contented with "Paley's Evidences" and a few more old-fashioned tomes on his shelves. But "Sweet Auburn" is a thing of the past; it is a "Deserted Village," indeed, nowadays. And the idyllic pastor is as much out of date as the rustic schoolmaster.

Fancy Sweet Auburn's pastor suddenly transplanted to an ordinary Canadian village or small town; he would be utterly bewildered. Instead of being in the midst of a quiet homogeneous people—bucolic and stolid, happy and hum-drum—among whom he was a king, with only the squire and the schoolmaster as intellectual equals—he would find himself tackling a congregation composed of all sorts and conditions of men, of various nationalities and mental gifts. And then this congregation would be only one of several rival congregations of various names, each striving to get the inside track of the others. Poor man! What would he do? Fancy him, with his pitiful heart and hospitable hearth open to every tramp or confidence man that comes along! Fancy him being bothered with book agents, and with his parishioners enquiring, "What do you think of the Jesuits' Estates Act?" "Are you an advocate of Anti-Poverty and Equal Rights?" "What are you going to do about Prohibition?" "What is your opinion of Evolution?" "What do you think of 'Robert Elsmere' and 'John Ward, Preacher'?" What would the poor man do when he found one part of his flock fascinated by the big drum of the Salvation Army, and another part systematically absenting themselves from church and studying Professor Molecule at home? In the church he would find himself addressing a very mixed assembly. There would be perhaps a few, a very few, as simple-hearted and unlettered as his old parishioners—some much better informed than himself on many points—and the children even of the poor and uneducated attending High School and able to solve algebraical problems and analyze sentences in a way that would have posed his old friend, the rustic schoolmaster.

In one respect only would he find his position unchanged; he would still have to think himself

Passing rich with forty pounds a year, or its modern equivalent in purchasing power. Poor man! gentleman, Christian, scholar of the antique type! He would find the tale of bricks demanded indefinitely increased, while his stock of straw was no larger than heretofore.

But I have been digressing. The question is, What shall I preach about next Sunday? What are the particular spiritual needs of my congregation just now, the needs which most require to be ministered unto? When I survey them in my mind's eye, and think of the heterogeneous assembly, of the various temperaments, the various grades of education and age, the various conditions of religious and irreligious life, I can really think of no style or subject adapted to all. So the question, What shall I preach about? involves another question which must be first settled, viz., To whom should I preach?

There is dear old Mrs. Green, for instance, with her eighty years of age, and yet still hale and hearty; she is sure to be in her place in church. She is one of the last remnants of Sweet Auburn's emigrants. She and her deceased husband were the founders of this Church some fifty years and more ago. She was always accustomed to a severe, decorous, yet meagre, ritual. She loves the church in which she was born, in which she has always lived, and in which she will die, and nothing could induce her to forsake it for pastures new; but her soul is vexed within her to think it is not exactly, in all respects, like the church of her youth. She loves "Tate and Brady," and even yet cannot quite reconcile herself to "thou hymns" and these new "goings on." She loves sermons which depict in glowing colours the everlasting peace and joy that await the elect, of which she feels herself one—and so she is, and deservedly, too, dear old soul! And if the homiletic picture has some dark shades in the background of the sufferings of those who are not of the elect, why they serve only to bring into relief the central figure. It seems almost like sacrilege to ruffle her placid faith, or cross her mental grain in the least degree.

And yet the style of sermon that would be sweet food for her soul would, I fear, be accounted but chaff by her grandson, who will be sitting by her side next Sunday, and who has just graduated at the University, and has arrived home full of honours in Philosophy and Natural Sciences, and who knows that Prof. Robertson Smith and Dr. Marcus Dods and many others, once accounted frightful heretics, are now had in honour.

Then there is Dr. Black, and those like-minded with him—and they are not a few—who come to Church occasionally, once in a while in the forenoon, and spend the rest of the day in studying agnostic literature. These men tell us sometimes in person, sometimes through the press, that the utterances of the pulpit do not meet their spiritual needs, because they do not solve the difficulties which crop up continually in the course of their secular reading. They complain of the "cowardice" of the pulpit in approaching the "doubt" of the pew, and contemptuously hint that the pulpit avoids grappling with these subjects through either ignorance or fear. And yet, if one were to prepare a sermon specially for them the chances are they would not be there to hear it.

Then there are the Browns, who know nothing of modern doubts and modern literature; whose intellectual attainments are meagre, but whose emotions are very warm. Nothing will satisfy these but a sermon after the style of Sam Jones or Dr. Talmage; full of anecdotes, horrible, humorous, solemn, grotesque, tragical and farcical, combined in one spicy compound.

Then there is Mr. Blue, very Protestant, awfully Protestant, who has an unquenchable horror of Popery; who conceives that every change in the service, however slight, however common-sense, "leads to Rome;" who if he sees a new book-marker instead of an old frayed one, thinks the "innovation" was put there by the Pope's orders, and is bound to protest. He can give you a long list of things in which he don't believe, but is hard set to tell you what he does believe.

And then there is young Scarlett, who has lately come from the city, where he was a worshipper at the Church of St. Aloysius, who is never content unless he sees candles, incense, crucifixes and vestments; he sits restless and indifferent under any sermon, unless the word "Church" or "Celebration" occurs continually in it.

And then there are the Greys—steady thorough-going, loyal, God-fearing, earnest—who don't come to find fault, but listen to the sermon in order to absorb what good they can find in it, whose religion is practical rather than polemical. They are loved and respected by all, though some may dub them slow and old-fashioned.

Indeed a Canadian village parson's congregation is a very mixed one, and his course not always smooth. The missionary of a purely rural congregation is not so burdened. Such a congregation is the nearest approach to that of Sweet Auburn. Not that our Canadian farmers are so behind the age; but the similarity of occupation, of political and religious sentiment and of racial origin, which is found in many a Canadian "settlement," breeds a homogeneity in the congregation which makes it very workable, and has its charm; while the average mental calibre is infinitely ahead of the Hodges of Sweet Auburn.

On the other hand, a city preacher can be a "specialist." No matter what his type of preaching, or style of service or school of thought, there are plenty of people of all kinds to fill all sorts of churches; and each individual will naturally gravitate to that sort of service and preaching which attracts him most. And it is well that it should be so. As long as men's faces and figures differ, just so long will men's tastes and predilections; and the church (to be a "church" and not a "sect") must be big enough and wide enough for all sorts and conditions of men. Her clergy must not all be trimmed to one pattern. We want to-day as ever, the fervid Peter, the indomitable Paul, the scholarly Luke, the practical James, the loving, contemplative John. We want Apologists and Revivalists, those who appeal to the head and those who appeal to the heart, those who walk the cloister, and those who go to the streets and lanes and highways and hedges. We cannot all be perfect in every branch; but we want experts in all the branches. And the city should furnish these.

But the parson of a small town has all the classes one would meet in a large city, with only enough of each class to be a disturbing element for the others. He can't pose as a "specialist," he must be a "general practitioner." And a happy man is he if he can suit them all; for he has a far more difficult role to fill than the city pastor.

But to return to the question. To whom shall I preach next Sunday? I think—after taking everything into consideration—I shall preach to the Greys. G. J. L.

GOLGOTHA.

I said, this house, the homestead of my youth,
Whose walls are monuments to childish deeds,
Whose very path is paved with dead desires,
I will restore; and so I rested not
Until I had reclaimed that sacred spot.
I made the walks wind the same well-known way,
And tall white pillars rise, like strong, true arms
Protecting treasures, honeysuckles twined
O'er the trellises, old-fashioned flowers
Lifted fair faces to the passing winds,
Which trailed their perfume through the summer air.
Each room I well recalled, and dressed once more
In the gay garb that it had worn of yore.
And when the task was done, revived the dead
And so "All is as it was then," I said.
I flew along the stair, and trembling stood
Before the portal at its summit, where
My footsteps oft had stayed. but, ah! no good;
No low toned, loved voice did me welcome there.
And then there surged the knowledge through each vein
That naught can ever be the same again.
I slowly passed into one room that held
All holy thoughts; no direful dream of care
Could touch me, for these hallowed thoughts dispelled
All harm; I felt that presence like a prayer.
"Oh, God!" I cried, "has it all been for naught,
By pain and penitence may peace be bought."
And as I cried a something in me woke,
And slowly, sadly, madly mocking spoke:
"Now raise the bridge of faith which safely bore
Thy soul along thy childhood's cherished shore,
Which fell by thine own fault 'neath folly's tide,
And left thee lonely on the further side."
Wildly I sought the fields, their paths I flew,
While mocking whispers, memories pure and true,
Pursued my footsteps; every murmur low
Recalled my childhood and increased my woe;
And then I knew the vainest of things vain
Is for a soul to seek the past again.

May Austin, in *The Week*.

THE Jesuits have established a home at Berlin without any interference from the Government.

British and Foreign.

THE Salvation Army has 300 corps and 420 outposts in Australasia, with 807 salaried officers.

IT is a noticeable fact that three new translations of "Don Quixote" have appeared in the last decade.

THE old trades-hall in Kirkcaldy has been purchased and presented to the parish church by ex-Bailie Hendry.

THE Rev. John Scott, editor of the *Ceylon Friend*, has left Colombo for England, after thirty-four years of work there.

MR. DOBBIE, of Blochairn Free Church, conducted the Mayor and treasurer of Quebec City over the chief buildings in Glasgow.

THE Rev. P. McLachlan, of Newlands Church, Glasgow, has received six months' leave of absence on account of ill health.

PASSING through Calcutta on his way to Simla, Mr. George Muller preached in the Lall Bazaar chapel for Mr. Hook, laid aside by illness.

MISS K. H. DAVIDSON, deaconess, delivered an earnest evangelistic address in the parish church of Wick on a recent Sunday evening.

AT Millport open air services are being conducted by brethren representing every section of the Church, including a converted Roman Catholic.

DR. GORDON, of Boston, names the "Life of Branard" as the origin of mission literature, and next to it as a pioneer came Buchanan's "Star in the East."

ON the site of an old music hall in Ancoats, Mr. Francis W. Crossly, of Manchester, has erected a mission hall at a cost of \$75,000, which was opened lately.

DR. CUYLER, of Brooklyn, was the guest of ex-Provost Moncur, Dundee. He preached on Sunday morning for Mr. Jenkins in St. Peter's, and at night in the M'Cheyne Church.

AT Invercargill, in New Zealand, where there are two strong Presbyterian congregations, one with 600 communicants, the streets are named after the chief rivers in Scotland.

MR. M'ASKILL and his friends in the North of Scotland have formed a Highland association for the defence of the integrity of Holy Scripture and of the principles of the Free Church.

THE multiplications of those curate bishops, the suffragans, is disgusting old-fashioned churchmen. The *Church Review* declares that it will bring the episcopate into disrepute, if not into contempt.

THE late Mr. William Sanderson, of Pathhead, has bequeathed \$32,500 to Edinburgh charities; one legacy of \$2,500 goes to the Home and Foreign Missions of the Church and \$1,000 to the poor of Dunnikier congregation.

AT a woman's missionary meeting the other day, one of the male orators said that "thousands of gallons of rum go into Africa for every missionary who is sent there," whereupon one of the sisters whispered to her neighbour, "Rather a large allowance of liquor for those missionaries."

SIR DONALD CURRIE, M.P., in laying the memorial stone of the Duff Memorial Church at Kirkmichael, Perthshire, said he came out of the Establishment in 1843 with his minister, and he had remained in connection with the Free Church ever since.

CANON SMITH, principal of St. Aidan's, has accepted the bishopric of Sydney. He is one of the most scholarly of the Evangelicals, and his volume on Genesis as well as his sermons on Christian Faith, have had considerable popularity.

IN Manchester last year there were 9,000 convictions for drunkenness, yet only about thirty publicans were prosecuted for selling drink to drunken persons. An influential memorial to the city magistrate, asking for more stringent police supervision, was bitterly resented by the publicans.

ESTIMATES have been accepted for the building of the Chalmers memorial church at Anstruther, which is likely to cost \$30,000. Upwards of \$20,000 has been subscribed, including \$10,000 by Mr. S. Williamson, M.P., who has also paid \$1,365 for the site.

AT special services in the West Church, Inverness, the evening sermon was preached by Rev. A. C. Macdonald, of the Free Church, who when invited by Rev. Gavin Lang readily consented. The other preacher was Mr. Burns Begg, a great-grandson of the national poet.

MR. M'KENZIE, of Dunkeld, has been manfully testifying against the abuse of landlord power on a great Highland estate, and a pitiful attempt is being made in consequence, by gates and locks and stern orders to porters to prevent him from carrying comfort to the sick and the dying.

TWO memorial windows have been placed in Collins Street Independent Church, Melbourne, one of them in honour of the late Thomas Jones, the poet-preacher of Wales, who for some time was pastor of the Church. The windows are the first of the kind made in the colony. Special memorial services were conducted by Dr. Bevan.

THE Rev. James Jollie, senior army chaplain at Madras, has died in his forty-sixth year. He was a native of Leslie, Fifeshire, and before his departure for India eighteen years ago was for some time assistant to Dr. Veitch, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, where he won the affections of the people in a remarkable degree.

THE mission press at Beirut employs forty-eight persons and during the past year has printed 1,900 volumes, the total number of pages being nearly twenty-nine millions. Of these eighteen millions were pages of Scripture. Since the press was established it has turned out a grand total of 394 million pages.

MISS MANN, of the Women's Missionary Association, has held a series of exceedingly successful services in Berwick Presbytery. At Chatten the church was crowded in the morning; and in the afternoon the Countess of Tankerville arranged a meeting at Chillingham Castle, over which she herself presided, conducting the devotional part of the service.

DR. BOYD, of St. Andrew's, [A.K.H.B.] who some time ago sketched a visit to his friend the Bishop of Rochester in *Longman's Magazine*, has been again spending a part of his holiday with the bishop at Selsdon Park, near Croydon. A society paper states that Dr. Boyd's second son is on the staff of the *Hawk* and that a still younger son was lately ordained as an Anglican clergyman.

Ministers and Churches.

THE Rev. J. H. George and wife, of Belleville, will sail for Canada on September 12th.

THE Presbyterian congregation of Sturgeon Bay desire the services of Mr. Turnbull, Waubaushene.

THE Rev. Mr. Henderson, of Elma, has returned from his vacation trip and resumed his ministerial duties.

THE Rev. Thomas McKee, of Barrie, occupied the pulpit of the Jubilee Presbyterian Church, Stayner, on Sabbath week.

THE Rev. Mr. Amos, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Aurora, is spending a week or two in Muskoka for the benefit of his health.

The Rev. Dr. Robertson conducted services in the Presbyterian Church, Killarney, on Sabbath week. There was a good audience.

MR. JOHN F. MCKAY, son of Rev. W. A. McKay, of Woodstock, has gone to Leamington to assume the management of the *Leamington Post*.

THE Rev. Dr. Somerville, of the Reformed Presbyterian Church, New York, on a recent Sunday occupied the pulpit at both morning and evening in the Reformed Presbyterian Church St. John, N.B.

SACRAMENTAL services were held in Knox Church, Acton, Sabbath week. The preparatory sermon was preached by Rev. James Milne, B.A., of Mansewood.

PROF. CLARK BRADEN delivered a course of lectures in the Presbyterian Church, Alberton, P.F.I., last week, on Christianity vs. Infidelity.

THE Rev. Mr. Sutherland, from New Brunswick, is at present conducting the services at McGregor, Manitoba. Mr. Littlehales is in Holland in the meantime.

THE Rev. G. Tweedie, M.D., occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church, Dresden, on Sabbath evening, Aug. 25th, with much acceptance, in the absence of the pastor, the Rev. John Holmes.

THE united congregations of Chalmers' Church, Kincardine Township, and Knox Church, Berwick, have given a unanimous call to the Rev. Alexander Urquhart, of Dunwich, London Presbytery.

THE Rev. Mr. Forrest, of Walton, occupied the pulpit in St. Andrew's Church, Blyth, on Sunday morning week, and Rev. I. Mordy, of Niagara, in the evening. Good congregations were present on both occasions.

LARGE congregations attended St. Andrews Church (West), Sabbath last morning and evening, when the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, who has returned from his vacation in the Maritime Provinces a day or two ago, preached at both services.

DR. BRYCE preached at Union Point, Manitoba, to a full church on the 15th ult. After the services the Lord's supper was partaken of by the members. The Doctor's sermon was most appropriate for the occasion, and was listened to with much attention.

THE Rev. A. Gilray, of Toronto, is announced to conduct anniversary services in Knox Church, Beaverton, on Sabbath, September 13, and on Monday evening, 14th, to deliver his popular lecture on a "Tour Among Italian Cities."

A PUBLIC meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church, Blyth, on Monday, which was well attended, to hear a very interesting lecture by Rev. J. Young, of Niagara, on Sabbath desecration along our railways and canals.

THE Rev. Mr. Eames returned and filled his own pulpit in the Presbyterian Church, Flesherton on Sabbath week. The reverend gentleman's father, who had been ill for a long time, passed away at a ripe old age, and his remains were interred in the family burying ground on Friday week.

THE *Sault Express* says: Eloquent and impressive sermons were preached in St. Andrew's Church last Sunday week by visiting clergymen. The preacher in the forenoon was Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Collingwood, and in the evening the Rev. Robt. Wallace, of Toronto. At the evening service the church was densely crowded.

THE *Vancouver Advertiser* says: The Rev. Dr. Duval, Winnipeg, an eloquent Presbyterian divine of that city, who left on the *Premier*, Monday, on a trip down the Sound, is greatly pleased with Vancouver and has decided on having a substantial financial interest in its future welfare.

THE Rev. Professor Blaikie, the widely known secretary of the Presbyterian Alliance, and a voluminous correspondent to the popular Christian literature of the time, paid a flying visit to Toronto on his eastward and homeward journey. Last Sabbath he preached to appreciative audiences in Central and Knox Churches, morning and evening respectively.

A VALUABLE gold headed cane was presented to Mr. Wm. Robson on Thursday evening week by the choir of the Presbyterian Church of which he was the leader. Mr. Robson is about to remove to London. On the next evening a number of the members of the church collected at his residence on George Street and presented him with a large purse of money.

THE *Almonte Gazette* says: The Rev. Mr. Wilkie, missionary from Indore, India, preached in St. Andrew's Church, Arnprior, a fortnight ago last Sabbath. In the evening he gave an account of his work in India, and his efforts to found a college there for the Christian education of the natives. On Monday in a few hours he collected \$260 for his scheme. Mr. Claude McLachlan contributed \$50.

THE Rev. M. H. Scott, formerly principal of the Ladies' College, Ottawa, received a call to the pastorate of West Winchester Church, which was recently resigned by Rev. Dr. Moffat, now in Toronto. Mr. Scott has also received a call to Bristol Church. It is more than probable, it is said, that he will accept West Winchester, as the latter place is a growing village, and the congregation is very prosperous.

THE *Huron Expavit* says: Those present at the morning services in Avonbank, on Sabbath, 18th ult., enjoyed a rare treat. Rev. Dr. King, of Knox College, Winnipeg, was present and delivered an excellent lecture, taking for his text, "God, whose I am and whom I serve." The doctor, who was an old fellow student of the pastor, delivered several lectures at Avonbank some thirty years ago, and it must have been a pleasant surprise to those who heard him then to again listen to his words of instruction.

MR. JOHN DOUGLASS, who has had charge of the singing in what is now St. James' Square Presbyterian congregation for something like thirty years, and who enjoys the esteem and respect of all who know him, has withdrawn from the duties of that position. The membership are under deep obligation to Mr. Douglass, particularly for services rendered to the congregation during its earlier and struggling years. Mr. Douglass has been succeeded by Signor d'Auria, one of the professors in the Toronto Conservatory of Music. Signor d'Auria entered on his duties as organist and choir master last Sabbath.

IN St. Gabriel Presbyterian Church, Montreal, last week, before a goodly sized audience, Mr. G. W. Leitch delivered an address on the life, habits and religion of the Hindus of India and Ceylon. Mr. Leitch handled his subject in a manner which enlisted the sympathy of his audience. His store of information was obtained from personal intercourse with the natives. In addition his remarks were illustrated with excellent photographs taken in the country. The lecture was a most enjoyable one throughout. A collection was taken up on behalf of missions.

ON Tuesday evening week a few of the members of Knox Presbyterian Church, Montreal, assembled at the residence of Mrs.

James Brown, Crescent Street, to meet the Rev. John McDougall, who is soon to leave for his distant field of labour in Central China. The hours were spent very pleasantly, and during the evening Mr. Walter Paul, on behalf of the congregation, presented Mr. McDougall with a sum of money to aid him in his missionary outfit, and also to give some expression to the deep regard and esteem in which he is held by his friends in this city. Mr. McDougall made a feeling reply, and afterwards bade farewell to those present, this being the last opportunity of meeting him before his final departure.

A SERMON of remarkable originality and power was preached by one of the visiting members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, in St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, last Sabbath morning. The preacher was Prof. G. F. Wright, D.D., of Oberlin, Ohio. There was a good attendance and his sermon, though long and made up wholly of close scientific reasoning, was so interesting and clear, from a popular point of view, that it was listened to with the closest attention throughout. The preacher's object was to set forth the truth of Christianity, viewed from a purely scientific standpoint. In the evening Professor Wright gave a most interesting and graphic account of missionary effort and its gratifying results in Alaska.

THE Rev. John Burton, B.D. writes: Permit the correction of a typographical error in the kind notice in your last issue of my sermon at Niagara. The sentence credited to Mr. Huxley should read "The great need (not theory) of Evolution is a doctrine of variation." A most suggestive admission that the proof of Evolution as an established truth breaks down at its vital point. The gap between species has not been bridged; the gulf between inorganic and organic existence remains impassable as ever. Like the unknown quantity x in algebraical equation the theory may be a good working factor with its proper sign, but it has not solved in the slightest the mystery of becoming. It still stands inseparable from a note of interrogation.

THE acceptance of a call by the Rev. Donald Tait, B.A., minister of St. Andrew's Church, Berlin, to Chalmers Church, Quebec, was made the occasion last week of a number of farewell presentations in the church in the presence of a large audience. A complimentary address from the congregation of St. Andrew's to Mr. Tait was read by the chairman, Mr. John King, who at the same time presented to him over a hundred dollars' worth of valuable books and a beautiful marble clock, the gifts of the congregation. A handsome arm chair was presented to Mrs. Tait, the retiring president of the local branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, by the ladies of that Society, also a very pretty album by the scholars of Mrs. Tait's Sunday school class. A very kindly address accompanied each of these presentations, and general regret is felt at the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Tait.

A BRANCH of the Christian Endeavour society has been formed in connection with Aylmer Presbyterian Church, Que. The following officers have been appointed:—Mrs. D. Millar, President; Mrs. J. Pushman, Vice-President; Mrs. E. S. Prentiss, Sec.-Treas.; Mrs. Leodore Parker, Fanny Parker, and May Gordon, Lookout Committee; Mrs. Prentiss, Mrs. Prentiss, and Messrs. J. Smith and J. Pushman, Prayer Meeting Committee; the Rev. D. Millar and officers, Executive Committee; Mrs. Pushman, Mrs. Millar, Miss Prentiss and Mr. Pushman, Sunday School Committee. It is most befitting that a branch should be in Aylmer, since here the Rev. Dr. Clarke, founder of the Christian Endeavour Society, first saw the light and spent his boyhood. Some of his playmates are now members of the society. Dr. Clarke is doing a grand work and Aylmer is proud of him.

THE *Montreal Free Press* says: The pulpits of Knox and St. Andrew's Churches were occupied Sunday week by Rev. Dr. Blaikie, of Edinburgh, Scotland, and Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., the former preaching in St. Andrew's in the morning and Knox in the evening, and the latter at the other hours of service in the two places. The congregations were large, and much interest was taken in the able discourses given. Rev. Dr. Grant preached in Knox Church yesterday from Matthew xxv. 4: "Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." A large congregation assembled in St. Andrew's Hall yesterday morning to hear Rev. Dr. Blaikie preach. The eminent preacher took for his text the 25th and 26th verses of the eleventh chapter of John: "Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in Me though he were dead, yet shall he live; and he that liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." Dr. Blaikie preached at Knox Church last Sunday night from the last verse of the first chapter of Genesis.

THE *Seaford Sun* says:—The Rev. Joseph McCoy, M.A., who has been minister of the Egmondville C. P. Church for nearly eleven years, has left for the town of Chatham, N. B., where he receives \$1,100 and a free manse. Mr. McCoy preached Sunday week morning and evening to overflowing congregations. He preached excellent sermons on both occasions, sermons that would sound well in any of our city pulpits. His text in the morning was from the words, "Rejoice ever more"; in the evening, "I will not leave you comfortless. I will come to you again." There is deep regret amongst the members and adherents of the church at losing the Rev. Mr. McCoy, and the purse of \$50 which was presented to him, is a small token of the esteem in which he is held. Mr. McCoy undoubtedly is a rising man, and will be heard from in the near future. The feeling among all and sundry is that, "take him all in all, we will not soon see his like again."

THE Rev. D. Tait, B.A., late pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Berlin, who has accepted a call to Chalmers' Church, Quebec, preached his farewell sermon on Sabbath evening week. As an indication of the high esteem in which Mr. Tait is held, both by his people and the community at large, the church was crowded to the doors. Many were compelled to stand during the service. Among the congregation were leading members of all the Protestant Churches, as Mr. Tait is justly esteemed by all in the community for his high Christian character. His discourse was able, practical and impressive, and his flock are deeply affected by the removal of their pastor. The congregation of Chalmers' Church, Quebec, is to be congratulated on having secured as their pastor so distinguished a minister as Mr. Tait, who is deservedly esteemed by all who know him.

THE Presbytery of Brandon held a *pro re nata* meeting recently in Knox Church, Portage La Prairie. Mr. Wright was appointed Moderator *pro tem.* and the court was constituted, the Moderator leading in prayer. The clerk, Mr. Rowand, read the letter of the Moderator instructing him to call the meeting. On motion, duly seconded and agreed to, the action of the Moderator was sustained. The call from High Bluff and Prospect was then laid on the table and Mr. Wright intimated the steps he had taken in moderating in the call and that it had come out in favour of Mr. Rumball. The call was a very unanimous one, and was accompanied with a guarantee of a yearly stipend of \$900 and a manse. On motion of Mr. Rowand, seconded by Mr. A. D. McLeod, it was agreed to sustain the call as a regular gospel call, and to place it in the hands of Mr. Rumball. This being done Mr. Rumball signified his acceptance of it. It was agreed to defer the arrangements for induction until the regular meeting of the Presbytery in September. The Presbytery then adjourned, the Moderator pronouncing the benediction.

THE *Orillia Times* says: Mr. Alex. McNabb, a young student, who has charge of the Presbyterian congregation, Uptergrove, this summer, and who, by the way, is an earnest, devoted and hardworking young man—one who is doing good work in the township, and to whom the congregation are much attached—exchanged pulpits last Lord's day with the Rev. A. B. Dobson, Fesson and Willis Churches, Oro. The rev. gentleman preached two sermons here on that occa-

sion (the Rev. R. J. Beattie, of Guelph, supplying at the Memorial Church, Longford Mills). Mr. Dobson had a very large audience at both diets, the church being literally packed in the forenoon. He delivered two of the most eloquent, earnest and impressive discourses (according to the general verdict) ever preached in that church since the decease of their much-loved and deeply lamented pastor, Mr. McGregor—of course, excepting Dr. McTavish, when he was out on a visit from Scotland. Mr. Dobson entered the pulpit punctually at eleven o'clock a.m.; read and expounded in a brief, terse and practical manner, the 11th and 12th chapter of the second Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians, taking his text from the 12th chap. "My grace is sufficient for thee." No description given by us would be adequate to do justice to, or give any idea of, the intense earnestness that characterized that sermon. Mr. Dobson must be heard in order to be appreciated.

ON Friday evening last St. John's Presbyterian Church, situated at the corner of Bolton Avenue and Gerard St., in St. Matthew's Ward, Toronto, was filled with members and adherents assembled to extend a welcome home to Rev. J. McP. Scott, M.A., under whose charge services have been successfully conducted for the past two years. Mr. Scott, owing to ill health, was compelled to retire from the work for a time, and he paid a visit to Scotland, where he has been for the past two months. Mr. Laidlaw occupied the chair, and opened the proceedings with an appropriate address, after which Mr. J. E. Armstrong and Mr. S. Greer, on behalf of the congregation, presented Mr. Scott with an address of welcome, accompanied by a purse containing \$100. Mr. Scott, in replying, gave an interesting account of his travels in Scotland, England and Ireland. Addresses were then given by Mr. John Cameron, Mr. Anjerson, Mr. Thomson, Mr. Jas. Traill, Mr. Leslie and Mr. Stratton, after which the ladies of the congregation dispensed ice cream, cakes and other refreshments. Excellent music was furnished by the church choir, which is now second to none east of the Don. St. John's congregation, which was organized about two years ago under the supervision of St. James' Square Session, has now a membership of sixty, and a Sabbath School of 249 children, with an efficient staff of teachers, and is accomplishing great work in the interest of Presbyterianism east of the Don.

THE Rodney Presbyterian Church was reopened for divine service on Sabbath, Sept. 18th. The Rev. John Gray, of Windsor, preached able and appropriate sermons morning and evening, which were highly appreciated by large and attentive congregations. A mass meeting was held at three p. m. in the interest of the Sabbath School, at which excellent addresses were delivered by the Rev. Messrs. John Gray and John Currie, of Kintyre. On Monday evening the Ladies' Aid gave a grand supper on the lawn, after which an interesting programme was conducted, consisting of addresses by Rev. Messrs. J. Gray, J. Currie, E. S. Wilson, and C. W. Bristol. Excellent music was discoursed by the church choir and Rodney brass band. The pastor, the Rev. Geo. C. France, occupied the chair. The entire proceeds netted about \$100. This church has been thoroughly renovated, having received three coats of the best white paint on the outside. In front of the church has been built a platform extending to the street, and across the lot a distance of eight rods has been erected a fine picket fence which is painted with three coats of white paint. The inside has received two coats of hard oil finish on all wood work. The windows have all been frosted. The walls and ceiling have been papered with gilt paper of beautiful design. A new platform has been erected for the choir which is furnished with chairs. The platform pulpit, and aisles have all been newly carpeted. The Rodney church now presents a very cheerful and beautiful appearance; the entire cost about \$450. This field has yet one church to repair which will give it a splendid outfit in buildings, having already erected a fine manse at a cost of \$2,200 including land, etc.

THE *Waterloo Chronicle* says:—A fair sized audience assembled in the Presbyterian Church, Waterloo, Thursday evening week, to listen to the Rev. Mr. Tait's farewell sermon. The reverend gentleman chose Luke ii 49 for the basis of his remarks, from which he preached a very practical and earnest discourse on the necessity of shaping our religious conduct by sound business principles. At the conclusion of the sermon the choir sang in a very feeling manner, "God be with you till we meet again." Mr. Tait in closing said that the memory of the kindness received from the people of Waterloo would always be cherished by him, and assured them that though far away, he would always read everything among the church notes, as well as in the secular papers, to learn of the welfare and progress of the Church at Waterloo. On Sunday evening Mr. Tait preached his farewell sermon to his own congregation at Berlin. The church was crowded by a very attentive audience. The sermon, founded on the shortness of time and certainty of death, was a most pathetic and eloquent address to those present. He referred to personal, kindly and social relations which had existed between them for many years. He hoped that his successor would have such an influence upon those who were still without God and without hope in the world as to lead them to Christ. The friendly relations that had existed between himself and those of other churches were also referred to, and he stated that he left Berlin with the warmest friendship for people of all classes and creeds. Mr. Tait will be inducted into Chalmers' Church, Quebec, on the fifth of September. He carries with him the best wishes from the people of Berlin and Waterloo for success in his new field of labour.

ON Tuesday week the Rev. William M. Cruickshank, of Mel land, was inducted into the pastorate of the congregations of Smithville and St. Ann's Presbyterian Churches. The Smithville Church, where the services were held, was beautifully decorated with flowers for the occasion. The congregation was large, being composed of people from both St. Ann's and Smithville. The Rev. Dr. McIntyre, of Beamsville, presided. The Rev. William Knight, B.A., of Deseronto, preached an able and appropriate sermon. The Rev. W. P. Walker, B.A., gave a very fine address to the minister, dividing his remarks into two parts. Take heed to thyself. Take heed to the doctrine. Under the first part he called attention to his improving his mind by reading good books, especially the Bible; and to his preaching, preparing himself by prayer, preaching in love, having an eye single to the glory of God and the upbuilding of the congregation committed to his charge, and of his making a confidant not of man, but of God. As to doctrine, to make the people feel that you are God's messenger indeed. Taken as a whole the address to the pastor was full of good counsel and advice. The Rev. J. W. Penman, of Blackheath, was then called upon to address the people, which he did in his usual happy manner, asking the people to help the pastor to make the Church a success, by their presence in the church at all times, by their prayers, by showing him that they have an interest in his welfare. The newly-inducted pastor was then conducted to the outer door, where all who wished could shake him by the hand and welcome him to the church. The services were then brought to a close by the benediction. In the evening a reception was given Mr. Cruickshank in the Agricultural Hall, when addresses were delivered by the Rev. W. P. Walker and Rev. J. W. Penman. A number of solos and recitations were given, besides a splendid tea, such as the ladies of the place are noted for.

THE *Stratford Herald* says: The Rev. Dr. Burrows, Boston, occupied the Knox Church pulpit, Stratford, on Sunday. He preached in the morning to a large and attentive congregation from the familiar text, John iii., 16, from which he delivered an earnest and impressive manner a discourse of great simplicity and yet full of thought and pathos. His theme was "God's Love in the Redemption of the World." He showed that the love of God was the original source of human redemption, and the gift of Christ, His Son, was that matchless and priceless one to the entire race, and the objects of his divine love were not the material world, abounding in

so much beauty and goodness, but mankind in his deplorable and sinful condition. He very simply and yet forcibly pointed out how God had given His Son for us, and now wanted to give His Son to us and how sinners could get that Son, by believing on Him. He also in a beautiful way set before a most attentive audience what God's design was in yielding His Son, namely, "That whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have eternal life." In concluding his sermon the Rev. Dr. in a most earnest appeal showed it to be the height of folly and wickedness on the part of any sinner to reject or despise God's Son as man's only Saviour; and exhorted his hearers now to seek the Lord and repent of sin and believe now in the Son of God that they may have eternal life. In the evening the Doctor's theme was "Christ Constituting the Christian's Religion here and his Hope of Glory Hereafter." His text was Col. v., 27: "Christ in you the Hope of Glory." As in the morning his remarks were simple and touching, indicating an anxiety to impress on his hearers the necessity of having Christ in their lives. Dr. Burrows showed himself to be a preacher of great earnestness and vigour, while his style is so simple that the youngest can understand. The congregation of Knox Church has shown a high appreciation of the pulpit services during the last two Sabbaths in the large numbers who have waited on the ministrations. The Dr. left the city this afternoon for his home in Boston; and we hope he has carried away with him as favourable impression of our city churches, as he has succeeded in leaving behind him.

Last week Dr. Wad-El-Ward delivered another of his interesting lectures in the school room of the MacNab Street Presbyterian Church, Hamilton. There was a large attendance, the majority of those present being ladies. Among the clergymen present were Rev. Dr. Fraser, Rev. Dr. Fletcher, and Rev. K. G. Boville. The lecturer and his wife, who had a seat on the platform, were dressed in Oriental costumes. The subject of the lecture was a Donkey Ride from Dan to Beersheba. The lecturer spoke about the customs of the people of Jerusalem, and touched upon the beauties of the cities along the route, making the talk exceedingly interesting. He caused considerable amusement when he spoke about the manner in which the Arabs treated their wives, compelling them to do the most of the work. He strongly denounced the government for its tyrannical treatment of the natives, who are ground down by the officials. No man knows what his taxes are until the time comes for paying them. The government sells the taxes to the highest bidder, who places his own value on the land; if the taxes are not paid it is sold. If any grand visitor goes to Turkey, the governor deems it his duty to make costly presents, the price of which comes out of the people. The lecturer also described the homes of the farmers and their customs of eating and entertaining their guests. He spoke favourably of the cooking of that country, claiming that the way in which food was served was superior to any other land. Very little cow's milk is used, the natives prefer goats' milk, from which delicious butter is made, the style of churn used being different from those used in this country. He referred to the superstition of the Arabs which was very great, but they were not inclined to credit the yarns told them by the lecturer on his return from America. The form of burial was explained. When a man dies his relatives must wear clothes made of sackcloth and their heads are covered with ashes. They are not permitted to see the grave for eight days, at the end of which time they are dressed in their best clothes and a great ceremony takes place. The lecturer read many passages of scripture to illustrate his remarks. At the conclusion the lecturer and his wife sang several hymns in Italian, Hebrew, Arabic, and other languages. A hearty vote of thanks to the lecturer was moved by Rev. Dr. Fletcher.

There was a large congregation at the First Presbyterian Church, Port Hope, recently, to hear Mr. Mitchell's farewell sermon. The various congregations of the town were well represented, and numbers from the surrounding country. He took as his text 2 Cor. xiii., 14. "The grace of the Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Ghost, be with you all. Amen!" After an able exposition Mr. Mitchell concluded by passing in review the five years of his ministry in Port Hope. Material progress is secondary, yet worthy of record; \$3,000 had been expended on the renovation of the church. The amount contributed for all ordinary purposes had been largely in excess of that for any similar period in the past. There had been an increase from year to year; last returns being the largest for ordinary purposes in the history of the congregation. He was still more deeply thankful for the unprecedented additions to the membership, all the more satisfactory that they had been made in the face of a declining population. On three occasions larger accessions had taken place than for many years past, one of them being the largest in the history of the congregation. They amounted to 203, of whom 130 were on profession of their faith in Christ, the net increase during his ministry being 59. He was specially grateful that so many of these were young men who had formerly stood aloof from the communion of the church. There had been a noticeable increase in the liberality of the contributions to missionary objects, and an advance in the organization of the congregation and the efficiency of its operations. He specially adverted to the success of the Young People's Christian Society, and to the hearty co-operation of a devoted, intelligent and active band of Christian workers. These years he said had been marked by great peace and harmony in the relations of the ministers and congregations of the town, which had made possible the union evangelistic movements which had been fraught with so large a blessing to many. He would always rejoice to hear of the prosperity of the congregation, in their growth and numbers, and peace and unity and concord reigning among them. In conclusion he would say with the Apostle, "Brethren pray for us." It may have received spiritual blessing at his hand, their prayers were the best return they could make, and the return which he would prize most highly. He prayed that the Lord would keep them and present them faultless at His coming.

The Ottawa Free Press says: A large and fashionable audience gathered in the Presbyterian Church, Aylmer, Que., last week, to hear Miss Wright, of Ottawa, who had been invited out by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, to speak on the subject of Home Missions. On being introduced by the Rev. Mr. Miller, Miss Wright said that during the past fifty years the grand question which had absorbed the best minds and hearts in the Church was how to bring every soul of the one hundred and fifteen millions of mankind who are passing into judgment at the rate of a million a month to a realization of redeeming love. A gigantic work had been organized for the world's evangelization—a work having two arms which encircle the globe: Home Missions and Foreign Missions. Nearly 1,900 years had elapsed since the commission was given, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature," and it was a burning shame that the Church had been so slow in obeying His last wish and command. The lecturer went on to show that if Queen Victoria were to issue a command to her soldiers, to be proclaimed to every part of the habitable earth, that it could be done in eighteen months, and yet the Church had taken 1,900 years to send the good news of salvation to one-fourth of the human race. Though the foreign field was most destitute of the Gospel, and was calling loudly for men and women who would live and work and die for the salvation of souls, the Home Mission field offered almost as great inducements for aggressive evangelistic work. Recent investigations in New York and London have revealed such depths of moral corruption, that it was not thought best to expose the full facts to the public gaze. Could the depravities of our own little city of Ottawa be investigated and made known, surely there would not be a converted man or woman who would not become a home missionary. Miss Wright then spoke of the worst features of heathenism existing in the crowded tenements of the back streets, and between these and the

churches, with their rich and noble and cultured was a great gap—a gap which could be filled only by evangelistic workers, who believe in a hell, and who don't preach that men had better be saved, but that it is a necessity to be saved. She then gave an account of the evangelistic work carried on under the auspices of the Y.W.C.T.U., which was listened to with much interest. Mr. Miller, on behalf of the society, then thanked Miss Wright for her interesting address, after which the meeting was brought to a close by the Rev. Mr. Service, who led in prayer.

The Vancouver World says: Dr. Blaikie, the well known Scotch Divine, and one of the heads of the powerful and important Presbyterian Alliance, numbering among its adherents 20,000,000 souls, arrived from Victoria this morning with Mrs. Blaikie, where he lectured last night. The subject he spoke of was the Alliance itself, in which he explained the workings of the executive of that body, and quoted figures to show the extent of its operations during the past few years. He opened his remarks by stating that he very often received letters from people in America asking him for information for relatives and friends whom they had lost sight of after leaving home and whom they desired to know about. It was a natural thing for men to enquire after their natural kindred, he argued that it was only right to desire knowledge of their ecclesiastical kindred. He then proceeded to introduce them, so to speak, to their brethren of the past and present. The fathers of the great movement for Church reformation had nearly all adopted the Presbyterian form of Church government as being the nearest to the idea of the Scriptures. Presbyterianism had been adopted by the Reformed Church in France, Holland, Switzerland, Bohemia, and, in fact, in most parts of Europe, and the Waldenses had from time immemorial been Presbyterians. It was therefore a mistake to think, as many did, that it was in Scotland alone that Presbyterianism had its roots. There were two reasons why it had not been so permanent in Europe as in Scotland. (1) Owing to persecution, and (2) on account of interference on the part of the governments in Church affairs. The speaker traced the rise and progress of Presbyterianism in France, and described the persecutions which its adherents had been subjected to until 1685, when it was practically extinguished by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the consequent exile of the entire Protestant population. He then showed how in the other countries of Europe the same system of persecution and extermination had been pursued by the various governments in regard to the Protestants at the dictation of the Jesuit Order. It was this persistent persecution directed against the Protestants which had crippled Presbyterianism in Europe. In Scotland efforts to subvert Presbyterianism had been strenuously made for 130 years, but thanks to the courageous nature of the people, who suffered all forms of cruelty and death rather than submit, they proved unsuccessful. The speaker then traced the rise of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, and subsequently in America, Australia, India, and in fact in all parts of the world, until to-day it embraced 20,000 congregations in connection with the Alliance. These were all under charge of ordained ministers, and the combined congregations would include six million persons. After the union of the old and new schools of Presbyterianism in America, the idea of an Alliance such as at present exists, was suggested by Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, and was taken up and pushed through by prominent men both here and in the Old Country. Four meetings had been held of the Alliance with great success and the next one would be held at Toronto, Rev. Dr. Caven having the arrangements in hand. The objects of the Alliance were: To bring the members of the Church in different countries to a knowledge of each other, and thus create friendly feeling; to bring the influence of the strong churches to bear upon the weak ones and for co-operation in foreign missions.

Monday week was an important day in the history of St. Andrew's Church, Almonte. The congregation had been without a pastor ever since the lamented death of the late Dr. Bennett, who had been minister of the congregation for about six years. The congregation which is a strong one financially and numerically, have always had able ministers, and it is not surprising, therefore, that they heard quite a number of candidates before they made a selection. The choice of Rev. Andrew Grant, at a congregational meeting held a few months ago, was practically a unanimous one. Mr. Grant at the time accepted the call, but owing to prior engagements was unable to enter upon his duties earlier than the present time. The Presbytery met in St. Andrew's Church for the purpose of examining and licensing Mr. Grant. After a careful examination in all the theological subjects by a committee appointed by the Presbytery, and composed of Rev. Messrs. A. H. Scott and Jas. Ross, of Perth, R. McKay, of Douglas, and J. Crombie, of Smith's Falls, the committee reported to the Presbytery that they found Mr. Grant worthy of a license. He was then duly licensed by the Presbytery. At three p.m. the solemn and impressive ordination service of the Presbyterian Church was held. There were present Rev. Messrs. Crombie, of Smith's Falls, the venerable Clerk of the Presbytery, J. D. McLean, Annprior; Jas. Ross and A. H. Scott, Perth; N. Campbell, Lombardy; J. Andrews, Middleville; R. McKay, Douglas; G. D. Bayne; Pembroke; J. B. Stewart, Castleford; R. Knowles, Ramay; J. B. Edmondson, Almonte; and W. J. Drummond, Alice. Rev. Mr. Tennant of the Methodist Church, Almonte, Rev. Mr. Coleman, of the U. P. Church, Ramsay, and the Rev. Mr. Dunlop, of the Baptist Church, Almonte, were also asked to take part in the ordination service. The sermon, which was an able and suitable one for the occasion, was preached by Rev. R. McKay, B.D., of Douglas. Rev. Mr. Crombie delivered a very able, solemn and impressive address to the new pastor, setting forth in clear and pointed terms the duties and responsibilities which he was that day assuming. A very practical and clever address was then given by Rev. Mr. Bayne, of Pembroke, who pointed out to the people in very explicit terms their duty and responsibility to their pastor. Both addresses are spoken of as more than usually able and appropriate. Rev. Mr. McLean presided, and offered the ordination prayer, all joining in "laying on of hands" on the young clergyman, who knelt in their midst. Mr. McLean then accompanied the new pastor to the door of the church, where he was introduced to all the members of the congregation present as they passed out. The handshaking was as long as, and probably more hearty than, at a Governor-General's levee. In the evening a social was given by the ladies of the congregation, so as to give the people of the town and the members and adherents of the congregation an opportunity of welcoming the new pastor. Rev. Mr. McLean presided. Tea was served on the grounds surrounding the church, which were beautifully illuminated with Chinese lanterns. After ample justice was done to the good things that were so liberally provided by the ladies of the congregation, all repaired to the church, where a programme was gone through that lasted until 10.30 o'clock. Very excellent vocal music was supplied by St. Andrew's choir, who were highly complimented for their very fine rendering of several anthems. Short and appropriate addresses were given by Revs. A. H. Scott, James Ross, J. B. Edmondson, N. Campbell, G. D. Bayne, R. Knowles, E. Tennant, of the Methodist Church, J. C. Dunlop, of the Baptist Church, and J. Coleman, of the U. P. Church. All the speakers gave a hearty welcome to the newly inducted minister, and bade him God-speed in the noble work which he had that day undertaken. On behalf of the office-bearers, members and adherents of the congregation, an address of welcome to Mr. Grant was read by Mr. R. Pollock. Mr. Grant replied in a few words, being too much affected and fatigued by the long and solemn services of the day to speak at length. He thanked the congregation and all present for the hearty welcome accorded to him, and said he fully realized the grave responsibilities he had assumed, and hoped for the prayers and assistance of all in carrying on the great and important work of the Church. The meeting came to a close about 10.30 p.m., those present being well pleased with all the services in connection with the ordination and induction.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS

Sept. 15, 1889.

DAVID SPARING SAUL.

1 Sam. 24

GOLDEN TEXT. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.—Rom. xii. 21.

SHORTER CATECHISM.

Question 37.—(1) Death consists of the temporary dissolution of the personal union of soul and body. As long as this continues, the person is dead, and until the resurrection the soul, although holy and happy, as a disembodied spirit is under the power of death. Thus, our Larger Catechism says that "Christ continued in the state of the dead, and under the power of death, till the third day" (ques. 50), when he ceased to be one of the dead, and became one of the living by rising from the dead. (1) Immediately upon death "the soul of unbelievers are made perfect in holiness." They should be growing in holiness as long as they live. This process is consummated at death (2) by the power of the Holy Ghost, the divine Agent whereby the redemption purchased by Christ is applied in all its stages: (3) by the removal of the diseased and mortal body, and the consequent cessation of the "lust of the flesh" and the injurious struggle of "the law in our members" against "the law of our minds;" (4) and by the entire change of environment from this evil world and its spiritual condition to heaven. (5) At the same instant the soul of the believer passes into glory. The intermediate state is not final. The consummation of our salvation can come only after and in consequence of our resurrection. But in the mean time the holy soul, now made perfect, is in the presence of, and in the immediate fellowship with, Christ. Christ is already risen and glorified as "the first fruits of them that sleep," and as such has sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high. Paul's whole conception of heaven is expressed in the beautiful phrase, "To be present with the Lord" (2 Cor. v. 8). We know nothing as to the place of heaven, except that it is where Christ is now glorified in the presence of his saints. As to its happiness, we know that it will consist (a) in the total absence of sin and pain; (b) in the love of God and Christ; (c) in the vision of God in Christ; (d) in the perfect peace of God shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, given now without measure; (e) in the blissful exercise of all our faculties in the service of God, and in the constant ceaseless growth of all our powers; (f) in the blissful social relations of the redeemed and of the angelic hosts (4) "Their bodies, being still united to Christ, do rest in their graves till the resurrection." The union established between the believer and Christ by faith includes the whole person, body as well as spirit. The body though temporarily laid aside, is never alienated. It is always ours, and therefore it is always Christ's, for Christ has redeemed it by his blood and made it a temple of his Holy Ghost. "If we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him;" therefore, "our flesh also shall rest in hope" (1 Thess. iv. 14, Ps. xvi. 9).—A. A. Hodge, D. D.

I. Temptation Resisted.—David, with his followers, had taken refuge in the wilderness of Engedi on the western shore of the Dead Sea. Hither Saul with a large force went in pursuit. David and his men had taken shelter in a large cave, and the king of Israel, not knowing that David was there, had gone into the cave to rest. David's men did not hesitate to declare this as a providential opportunity presented to their leader for the destruction of Saul. Thus they thought they saw in it the fulfilment of those promises that had been previously made to David. God did, indeed, deliver Saul into David's hand in the Cave of Engedi, but it was not for the murder of the king but to enable David in very peculiar circumstances to do justly and to show mercy. The temptation to David was great. Saul had been pursuing him with such relentless energy that his life was a burden to him. By slaying Saul, he might think that this misery would come to an end, that in self-defence he might be justified in striking the blow that would at the same time deliver the people from the tyrannous rule of a capricious and incompetent king, and open up the way for his own accession to the throne. David advances to the place where the king was sleeping and cut off a portion of his clothing, which would be an evidence to Saul that he had been completely in David's power, and that his life might have been as easily taken. Even this indignity to the king was immediately afterwards a matter of regret to David, for "his heart smote him because he had cut off Saul's skirt." He had a tender conscience and it was ever ready to upbraid him when he did wrong. He returns to his men and gives them good reasons why he cannot follow their advice. Saul was still king, though forced into rebellion, David still acknowledged his allegiance and recognized the honour due to the king because he was the Lord's anointed. He prevailed with his men and so the entrapped king was safe from further harm. He left the cave in safety.

II. David Proves His Innocence.—David followed after and called respectfully to the king, who turned to see who spoke, and bowing to his king, after the custom prevalent in the east, David candidly remonstrates with Saul for giving heed to the lying misrepresentations of unprincipled courtly flatterers who told him that David was seeking for an opportunity to take his life. Now here an opportunity had presented itself, and still Saul was safe. The proof of David's forbearance is complete. He showed him the part he had cut off from Saul's robe; if he was able to do that he had equally the opportunity of taking the king's life. Here, then, Saul had been pursuing David without cause, "thou huntest my soul to take it," and yet, David spared this foe when he could easily have put him to death. It was not weakness but strength of character that prompted David to act as he did. The wrong that Saul had meditated he still considered wrong, and though he would not avenge himself he leaves his case with God, and by using vivid, figurative expressions, shows how unreasonable is Saul's vindictive pursuit of him. In a spirit of true submission to the righteous orderings of God's providence, David leaves his case to the judgment of infinite wisdom.

III. Saul Convinced of David's Innocence.—For a time, at least, Saul acts in accordance with the promptings of his better nature. David's magnanimity touched him. Generous actions call forth generous response, even from mean and suspicious natures. As the old familiar tones of David fell on his ear, Saul was moved. Still more was he impressed by the true and noble sentiments uttered by David. He was moved to tears. Not alone because his life was spared did Saul feel grateful. At the time he had the candour to confess that David was more righteous than he. He admitted that his actions toward David had been prompted by mean and wicked motives, and that David's conduct had been large-hearted and generous. Saul's keen perceptions of what was right and wrong did not long continue; though he relinquished for a time his pursuit of David, the old enmity again broke out, and remained with him till the close of his melancholy and troubled life.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Trial and hardship are not in all cases to be regarded as evidences of God's displeasure. They are necessary means of discipline in preparation for future and higher service.

To seize an opportunity for doing wrong is no excuse for an evil deed. When Saul was in his power, David's virtue was put to the test. Had he yielded to the temptation, he would have been a murderer; his forbearance proved him a true hero.

The end never justifies the means. Saul was moved by David's appeal, but he was not moved to true repentance.

10/5-2

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THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

CHINA'S APPEAL AND CHRISTENDOM'S RESPONSE.

The Rev. George Owen, of Peking, says:

An old man, I know not when nor where, wasted and worn by disease, and literally clothed in rags, sat by the wayside begging. But he never uttered a word; his appeal was voiceless. The thoughtless crowd passed him by unheeded; his dumb misery did not touch them. But one gentleman was so much struck by the old man's woe-begone appearance that he went up to him and said: "Are you in want? Are you begging?" "Oh, sir," said the old man, "I am sick, cold and hungry." "Then," replied the gentleman, "Why don't you beg?" "Beg!" answered the old man, holding out his thin, wasted hands, and looking at his poor rag-covered body: "I am begging with a thousand tongues!" It is thus that the heathen beg at the door of the Christian Church. It is their misery that begs. They sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, morally and spiritually degraded. In the first chapter of the Epistle to the Romans Paul gives a terribly realistic picture of the condition of the heathen world in his time. But that picture is true of all time and of all heathen nations. Take China, for instance. It is literally true of the Chinese "that professing themselves to be wise, they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image like unto corruptible man, and to birds and beasts and creeping things." The moral picture in every detail except one, is equally true. Yet China has an excellent ethical system, perhaps the best outside the Bible. But mere moral teaching is very powerless against human selfishness, passion and lust. It is like a finely constructed engine with cold water in the boiler, or like good seed without sufficient sunshine to quicken and ripen it. The rapid spread of opium smoking in China is painful evidence of the moral weakness of Confucianism. It has shown itself powerless in China's hour of need. A century ago opium smoking was scarcely known: now nearly every village has its opium den. Writing last year of the city of Soochow, Mr. Du Bose says: "Fifty years ago there were five or six opium smokers in this city; now there are 50,000."

"Having no hope," said Paul of the Ephesians. He might have said it of the Chinese today. During the twenty odd years I have lived among them I have never met a heathen man or woman who professed to have any hope beyond the grave; nor have I seen a word of hope on the tombstones of the dead. When a heathen Chinaman lies down to die he believes he is going down to hell to expiate his sins, and, having completed that expiation, he expects to be reborn into this or some other world as an insect, a reptile, a bird, a beast, or a man.

Woman in every heathen land is degraded. She is degraded in China. The "three obediences" summarise her duty. "When young, let her obey her parents; when married, her husband; and should she become a widow, her sons." To obey is the whole duty of woman. Her feet are crippled to compel her to keep at home—a prisoner and a drudge. She is seldom taught even to read. Boys' schools exist everywhere; girls' schools are almost unknown. It is a common saying in the land of Confucius that "the absence of ability is a virtue in woman." Buddhism tells woman that there can be no immediate salvation for her. When she dies she falls at once into the dread "Lake of Blood," not for any sin of hers, but simply because she is a woman. And, when she has passed through that fearful ordeal, the highest she can expect is to be reborn into the world as a man!

How sorely the heathen need Christ! Their darkness, degradation, and hopelessness cry aloud for help.

And these needy ones are our neighbours now. The application of steam to navigation has bridged the ocean and made the whole world near. It was when Paul was at Troas, with only the narrow neck of the Aegean between, that he heard the Macedonian cry: "Come over and help us." Nearness emphasizes most things; it brought home to Paul Europe's need. We come into close contact with all the heathen nations. Thousands of Englishmen live in India, China and Africa; our ships are found in every harbour, and our manufactures in every market. Those that

need our help are both near and known, and their cry should be very audible. These heathen lands are also open to us. A century ago the great heathen nations were mostly closed; now the world is an open door. China, with her eighteen great rich provinces and teeming population, is accessible to us. India is part of our own Empire, and we are free to preach Christ to her 250,000,000 souls. Madagascar waits to be evangelized, and Africa is stretching out her hands unto God.

But the Church is deaf. Few hear the cry of the perishing, Christless multitudes. There is a beautiful story told of Buddha, how, while quite a young man, he was so distressed by the world's misery that it haunted him in his dreams, and he would start at night in his sleep and cry out, as if answering someone: "My world! Oh, world! I hear, I know, I come!" Would that all God's children heard that same cry of woe! I wonder how many do hear it? How many of us pity earth's sinning, dying multitudes that they haunt us in our dreams? Not many, if I may judge by the feebleness of the response. Look at China. There are only 786 Protestant missionaries, male and female, in the whole of that great empire. There are parts of China where you may travel for a month without passing a single Protestant mission station. As you journey you will pass day after day great walled cities, populous towns, almost numberless villages, and all without a man or a woman to tell them of Christ. As I pass along the streets of our English towns and villages I see churches and chapels on every hand, and the sight is pleasant to my eyes. None here need perish for lack of knowledge; all may hear of Christ and be saved. But I think of China with her masses of ten, fifteen and twenty millions of souls, without a single missionary among them, and I weep for China.

In the whole heathen world to-day there are only about 7,000 or 8,000 missionaries, male and female. That is the Church's response to the world's bitter cry. Is it adequate? Does it express our love to Christ, or meet the need of perishing men? Volunteers for missionary work are comparatively few. China's and India's and Africa's cry for help does not touch many hearts. There is no great constraining missionary enthusiasm even among the young. Our missionary societies are not overburdened with offers of service. Parents send their sons as emigrants, soldiers, sailors and traders to many lands, but are slow to send them as missionaries of the cross. Few men and women of independent means consecrate themselves and their substance to the Lord for work among the heathen. How few such we have among the agents of this Society! The contributions of our churches, too, are miserably small. A few give liberally, but the great bulk of our people give almost nothing. The cry of the heathen world is unheard or unheeded, and the help begged is not given. Great Britain and Ireland spend \$725,000,000 annually on alcoholic drinks; London spends 75. per head every year on its theatres; our churches spend only a few pence per member on missions to the heathen.

This neglect is very perplexing to the heathen themselves. There is something strange and incredible in an 1800-year-old Gospel coming to millions now for the first time. It is hard to believe in a Saviour who saved us 1,800 years ago, of whom we hear only now. Often when I have been preaching to the Chinese and pressing on them the offer of salvation, they have looked up at me and said: "If Christ is what you say he is, why have we not heard of him before?" I have never been able to give a satisfactory answer to that question. I pass it on to you. Why is it that after 1800 years of Gospel light there should be so many millions who have never even heard the "glad tidings of great joy?" Shall we add another century to those already gone?

But there is danger of another kind in present delay. Our intercourse with Eastern nations is introducing among them Western thought and Western science—thought and science without God—and every year's delay makes our task the harder. Besides, will the world remain the open door it is to-day? China may not. America and Australia are shutting out the Chinese in a very arbitrary and high-handed way, and the Chinese may retaliate by shutting us out from China. Other complications are possible and probable. But whatever the future may be, to-day China is open; we enjoy full freedom of action, our

Bibles and tracts find a ready sale, and the preacher gets an attentive hearing for his message. Now is our opportunity; let us seize it and win China for Christ.

It cannot be God's will that the greater part of mankind should be without the Gospel at these ages, for He "willeth that all men should be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth." But God works through human agency and requires our human co-operation. The vine bears no fruit except through the branches. We are co-workers with God, partners with Christ in His toil and travail now, and shall be sharers in His triumph and joy by-and-by. This is man's highest and holiest privilege, and thrice happy he who does not refuse his "high calling."

At the present time in particular, when our opportunities are so many, a very solemn obligation rests upon every pastor to set before his people the needs and claims of the heathen, and to call forth their sympathy and support, that there may be no lack of men and no lack of money for this great work of God.

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FROM THE DAVENPORT DEMOCRATIC.

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leading professional artists, who owe so much of their popularity to their personal charms. Scarcely a star dressing room in opera or theatre throughout our land is without the Oriental Cream. It stands to-day the most harmless and perfect beautifier known.

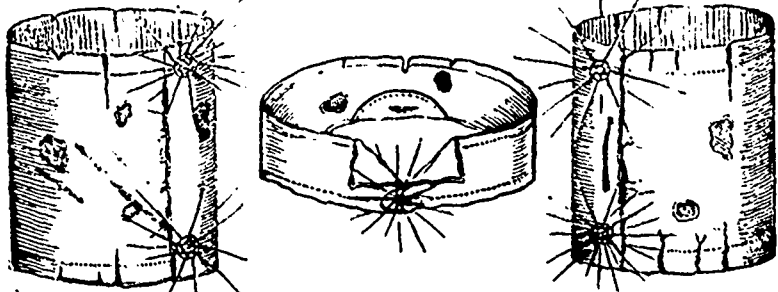
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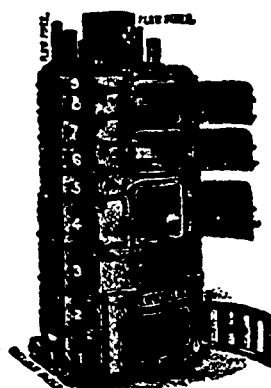
For nearly five years I was a confirmed dyspeptic. During the last three months of this time, my life was a burden to me. I had no appetite, became pale and emaciated, and was unable to work. I tried various remedies, but found no relief until I began taking Ayer's Pills. A few boxes of this medicine greatly improved my appetite, restored my liver and stomach to a healthy condition, and my food now digests perfectly.— Ernest Lewis, 43 Main St., Lawiston, N. Y.

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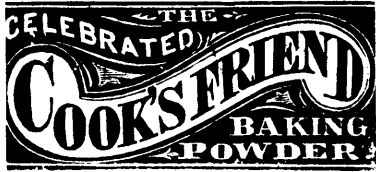
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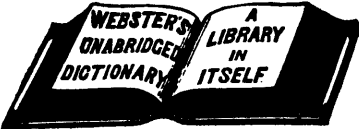
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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

CHATHAM.—At ten a.m., in St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, on the second Tuesday of September.

HAMILTON.—In St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, on Tuesday, the 17th September, at 9.30 a.m.

PETERBOROUGH.—In St. Andrew's Church, on September 17th, at nine a.m.

PARIS.—In Dumfries St. Church, Paris, Sept. 24th, 10 a.m.

ORANGEVILLE.—At Orangeville, September 10, at half-past ten a.m.

QUEBEC.—In Chalmers' Church, Quebec, on September 24, at three p.m.

STRATFORD.—In Fullerton, on Monday, September 9 at half-past seven p.m.

HURON.—Meets on Tuesday, 10th September, at Edmondville, at half-past ten.

MAITLAND.—The next regular meeting of this Presbytery will be held at Wingham, on Tuesday, the 10th day of September.

KINGSTON.—In Cooke's Church, Kingston, on September 17, at three o'clock, p.m.

GLENGARRY.—In Knox Church, Lancaster, on Tuesday, September 17, at eleven a.m.

OWEN SOUND.—In Division St. Hall, Owen Sound September 16, at half-past seven p.m.

BROCKVILLE.—In First Presbyterian Church, Brockville, on Tuesday, Sept. 10th, at 2.30 p.m.

LONDON.—In the First Presbyterian Church London, on Tuesday, September 10, at eleven a.m.

MONTREAL.—In Convocation Hall, Montrea Presbyterian College, on Tuesday, October 1, at ten a.m.

Miscellaneous.

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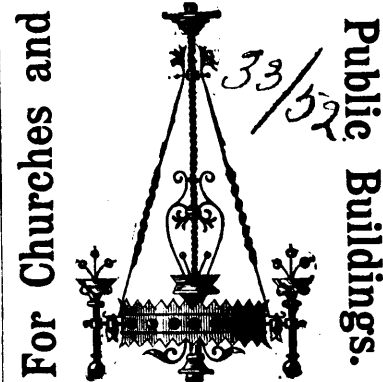
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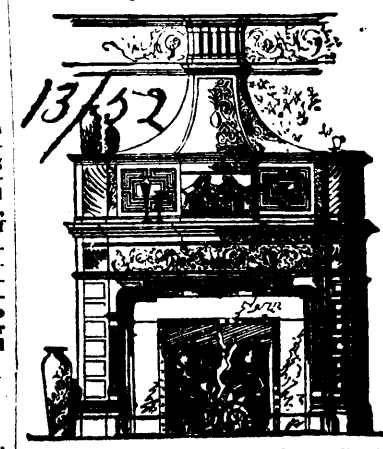
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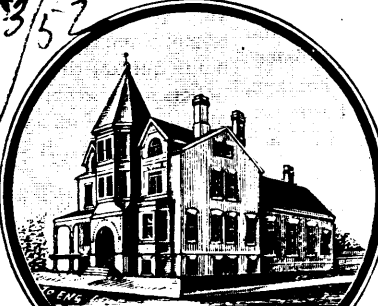
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