

The Family.

BUILDING.

Souls are built as temples are,—
Broken deep, unseemly, ask down,
Lies the sure foundation stone.

SEEKING HEAVEN WITH EARTHLY EYES.

It has been said of Harriet Martineau that if her belief had perilled her to hope for a heaven, it would have been a place where all sat round with an ear trumpet and derided the immortality of the soul.

Is not, after all, one's plan of heaven an index to the furnishings of his heart and mind? Have not theologians left out a vast multitude and narrowed the limits of the city without foundations to suit their contracted creed, in many instances?

It may flatter our egotism to know that in our homes, or cliques, in our churches, or societies, our ideas or opinions are the only ones that count.

For Christ's sake with his Christ-instructed mind will be expected to fraternize with the thief whose late penitence gave him heaven as by a miracle of saving grace, and he who insists upon ascent to the most unimportant religious forms of doctrine may find, if he be at last set down with the great company whom no man can number, that Masons with their spiritual insight have found that heaven fits their earth-formed ideals better than actual sight has agreed with their own mortal thought of it.

The world has always had its ideas of a heaven, and it will no doubt go on forming them to the end of time; but if this future state is not regarded by us as related to the outcome of our characters here, if we flatter ourselves that heaven will be entirely a new start after a long indulgence in unworthy pursuits here, and that a disciple of Bacchus will suddenly be transformed into a St. Paul; if we in our cultured, aristocratic reserve, imagine fondly that heaven will be a place for the especial gratification of our set, then the heaven which shall burst upon the surprised vision of those who from all ages have been prepared to see God, will be no place for us.

Parents in picturing the future state to their children, perhaps do not now so much as formerly insist upon the wings and harps for all those who pass into the celestial city, and yet there are little ones to-day whose future thought of heaven must forever be tinged with the coloring of their mother's conception of paradise.

Said a little five-year old who pressed a thoughtful face to the window frame, as the funeral procession of a little child was passing, "I wonder how God ticks feathers into the flesh to make his angels!" A lady sitting by suggested that perhaps all the little ones who went to heaven were not given wings. With a fine scorn in his young voice, the child answered, "Oh, yes they are, the pictures all show them that way."

After all would it not be better to early teach the children that passage which defines all exactness in forming plans of heaven, "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath entered into the heart of man the things that God has prepared for them that love Him," and allow their imagination to build as it will.—Christian at Work.

BUT ONE ENEMY.

Only thought through one horn,
Thought it not a bit of poison,
As the most tried whittened team,
Walk these till steam and sunset come.

THE WELCOME GUEST.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Steuben, slowly, "you may invite Harry for a week if you like. Be sure to say a week in your letter."

This was in answer to her son's urgent request. He wanted to see his old friend again whom he had known for two years before in the city, and there was no way to do it unless Harry could visit him. Both the boys were fourteen years old, and had once been neighbours and friends, until the Steubens moved to a small town on the seashore. After that the boys knew of each other only by letters.

Mrs. Steuben had her own household to do, and it was midsummer, a time which tried all her strength and will power. There would be another room to attend to, another person to cook for, besides the little extra niceties and the effort to entertain which would be due to a guest. But she loved her boy, and he wanted Harry. Papa was willing, grandpa made no objection, and little Lotty danced up and down with a child's love of company.

So Harry came. He had grown in the two years and looked quite like a young man, Mrs. Steuben thought as he walked up the path with the valise. This made her a little more nervous about her household arrangements, and there was the mercury already above ninety.

But Harry was only a boy yet, after all. He and Fred were soon running races in the yard and trying to see which could jump farthest. Then they went off for a long walk around the town, and came back tired and dusky from their tramp. Harry went up to his room to wash and presently Mrs. Steuben saw him refilling his pitcher at the well.

"That's good!" she thought; "I was just thinking I should have to take up more water before bedtime."

The next morning Harry came early down stairs before Fred had thought of stirring. Mrs. Steuben was busy in the kitchen. He said good morning brightly, and sat down by the window where it was cool. Presently there was a rap at the door.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Steuben, "here are my hands all in the flour!"

"I'll go," said Harry. It was a neighbour bringing a fine head of lettuce. Harry received it in his hands, with the dirt clinging to the roots, and instead of asking where he should put it, said:

"I'll take this out to the well and wash it for you, Mrs. Steuben."

When he brought it back thoroughly washed, with the roots and torn leaves removed, Mrs. Steuben said, impulsively:

"What a helpful boy you are!"

During the forenoon, she went from room to room making beds, to find Harry's room looking as neat and orderly as if he had not slept in it. The bed was made, the bureau set in order and the boy had hung his best suit carefully away in the closet.

"When would Fred ever think of such a thing?" Mrs. Steuben asked herself.

Each day Harry, without making any ado, found some way of helping. If anything were suddenly wanted from the store, Harry cheerfully offered to go. Sometimes he brought in wood, sometimes he got a pail of water. He seemed to enjoy every moment, whether in the house or off on some trip. Fred took him to every point of interest in the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Steuben was encouraged to propose rowing on the river when she saw how strong and how capable Harry was in all he undertook. She went rowing herself with the boys and was not afraid to let Lotty go too.

One day as she was looking at an old splint-bottomed chair in the corner Harry said:

"My mother had a chair like that and she got some white paint and painted it all over white, with little gold bands around the legs and around parts of the back. Then she made a peacock blue cushion to it and set it in the parlour. You might do that too, Mrs. Steuben. It is very pretty when it is done."

Mrs. Steuben decided on the instant that she would do it, and felt grateful to Harry for the suggestion. Another time, when the ice man was bringing in ice, Harry mentioned that his mother always wrapped ice in old newspapers when she put it away, and this made it last a great deal longer.

Harry's week was extended to two weeks by Mrs. Steuben's special request, and she told her own boy privately the reason why.

"He makes so little trouble, Fred!" she said, "and he is so cheerful and obliging. I fairly enjoy giving him a good time, and I am going to have a picnic for you all on the shore before he goes. Now if you ever visit anywhere yourself, dear, remember and try to be like Harry. Then you will always be welcome and find friends."

She was a little touched the next day, when she went to Fred's room, to find that her own boy had been making up his bed! He had begun already, and in various little helpful ways, awkwardly at first, but very naturally and deftly afterward, he showed his willingness to be of service to others, even as his boy guest had been.—Fred's Complaint.

BOYS WHO BECAME FAMOUS.

"Why don't you send that child to school? He looks a bright boy, and it's a pity he should trifle away his time like that."

So spoke a tall, well-dressed man who was standing beside the counter of a ship-chandler's shop in one of the water-side streets of the old Scottish seaport of Greenock. The door of the inner room happened to be open, and through it could be seen the chandler's younger son—a slender, large-eyed, delicate-looking little fellow of six years old—who, kneeling upon the hearthstone, seemed to be drawing strange figures all over it with a piece of coloured chalk.

As the visitor spoke a slight flush of displeasure passed over the father's rough face; but in another moment it gave place to a smile of quiet amusement.

"Weel, sir," said he, in his broad Scotch accent, "will ye just look what he's trifling away his time' w' as ye ca' it?"

The other stepped softly forward, and looking over the shoulder of the unconscious child, saw to his amazement that this six-year-old boy was drawing a mathematical diagram, and marking each line in turn with letters or figures, with which he seemed to be working out some kind of calculation.

"Does he really understand all that?" asked the visitor in a whisper.

"Ask him yourself," replied the chandler, quietly.

The other did so, and the boy, not at all disturbed at finding himself face to face with a perfect stranger, answered so clearly and readily that the questioner was astonished.

"He must take a good deal of time to play too, though," said he, looking round the room, "if he uses all these toys that you've bought for him."

"That I've bought for him!" echoed the father, with a broad laugh. "Man, he's made every one o' them himself!"

"Made every one of those toys himself!" cried the visitor, staring.

"Ay, just as ye see. I bought him a box o' tools a wee while since, and this is what he's done w' them."

"Well, upon my word, you may well be proud of him. He's certainly a most uncommon child, and I beg your pardon sincerely for speaking so foolishly about him as I did just now."

"Weel, neighbour, has he been a good laddie?"

The "laddie" in question was the ship-chandler's clever son (now a smart, though rather delicate, boy of fourteen), who had been on a visit to an English friend in Glasgow, and the speaker was his mother, who had come to fetch him home again.

"Good!" echoed the stranger, "He's a fine little fellow, and I'm glad to see the mother looking pleased, as well she might."

"It's not that he's been behaving badly," continued her friend. "He's as good as gold, bless him! But as sure as we get settled around the fire at night, he begins telling all sorts of stories out of his own head, some so sad that they set us all crying like babies, and some so terrible that we daren't look behind us; and that way he keeps us up every night till pretty near twelve o'clock, for when once he's begun a story you can't budge till you've heard how it ended. I don't blame him neither, for (as his brother John says) he can't sleep at night, poor lad! and so, of course, he don't care to go to bed. But if he was to stay another week he'd drive me clean crazy, as sure as I stand here."

With this good character our hero went back to Greenock; but it seemed to be "out of the frying-pan into the fire" with him, for the very next evening his mother, coming home to tea, found him getting a terrible scolding from the shrill voice of his old aunt:

"I never saw sic an idle lad in a' my days. Can ye no tak' a book, man, and employ yerse' usefu'ly? A' this while ye've done naething but tak' aff your kittle lid and put it on again, and haad (hold) a cup or a spoon i' the steam to watch the water drip frae it. Are ye no ashamed to waste your time in sic a daft-like way?"

But the old lady lived long enough to be very sorry for those hasty words of hers, when she found out that what she had mistaken for the idle caprice of a careless boy was really the first idea of the steam-engine sheping itself in the mind of James Watt.—Harper's Young People.

WHO WAS CAIN'S WIFE?

Some short time ago I heard an infidel lecture upon the Bible, and during his remarks the lecturer said: "This present world existed hundreds and thousands of years before what we call the beginning, and he went on to attempt to prove it by the following assertion: 'Cain went into the Land of Nod and took a wife, when there was not another woman upon the earth but his own mother.' As scoffers and infidels have often put the troubling question, Who was Cain's wife? I think my thoughts upon the subject might be acceptable to at least some of your readers. And the first problem is, How long was it after Adam was created before Cain took a wife? Some say ten years, others five, others two; but while discussing any of these dates, I will take the lowest, which is given by Bishop Usher at 125 years. The next question is, How many people would be born in 125 years? Let the reader consult Gen. xii, Numbers I and xxvi. Take Manasseh for an example, and we find that 254 years after he was born, the fighting men of the tribe were 52,700, and 32,200 had died in the desert, making a total born to Manasseh of 84,900; by then taking the fighting men to be one sixth of the family of Manasseh, his descendants increased in 250 years to 509,400.

From the time of Adam's creation to the marriage of Cain was, say 125 years, or just one-half of the time from the birth of Manasseh to the time he entered Canaan; so that if Adam only increased as fast as Manasseh, there would not be less than 254,700 people on the earth when Cain married. Again, allowing 21 years for Manasseh's nonage, this would increase the inhabitants to 341,466. Again, allowing for the children of Manasseh who were slain by Pharaoh, and also for the slow increase in the wilderness caused by the death of 38,000, there must then have been nearly half-a-million of people on earth when Cain took a wife. These are not mere conjectures, for I have not chosen the tribe of Manasseh because it increased faster than others, but to show the recklessness of men who make an assertion for which there is not the least foundation in the Word of God.

May you and your readers be led into all truth.—English Paper.

NICOTINE.

I AM the Spirit (Nicotine)
'Tis I who glide the lips between;
Through the pipe I trace the brain;
There I am a mighty pain.

"But she must think of something," thought the great, "she must think of the helpful little daughter who is such a joy and comfort that she is indeed a pillow—something to rest the heart on."—Children's Banner.

THE TOUCH OF NATURE.

A boy, ten years old, pulling a heavy cart loaded with pieces of boards and laths taken from some demolished structure—an every day sight in our large cities. Tired and exhausted, he halted under a shade tree. His feet were sore and bruised, his clothes in rags, his face pinched and looking years older than it should. The boy lay down on the grass, and in five minutes was fast asleep. His bare feet just touched the curb-stone, and the old hat fell from his head and rolled on the walk. In the shadow of the tree his face told a story that every passer-by could read. It told of scanty food, of nights when the body shivered with cold, of a home without sunshine, of a young life confronted by mocking shadows.

Then something curious happened. A labouring man—a queer old man, with a wood-saw on his arm—crossed the street to rest for a moment under the same shade. He glanced at the boy and turned away, but his look was drawn again, and now he saw the picture and read the story. He, too, knew what it was to shiver and hunger. He tiptoed along until he could bend over the boy, and then took from his pocket a piece of bread and meat—the dinner he was to eat if he found work—and laid it down beside the lad. Then he walked carelessly away, looking back every moment, but keeping out of sight as if he wanted to escape thanks.

Men, women and children had seen it all, and what a lever it was! The human soul is ever kind and generous, but sometimes there is need of a key to open it. A man walked down from his steps, and left a half-dollar beside the poor man's bread. A woman came along, and left a good hat in place of the old one. A child came with a pair of shoes, and a boy with a coat and vest. Pedestrians halted and whispered and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece. The pinched-faced suddenly awoke, and sprung up as if it were a crime to sleep there. He saw the bread, the clothing, the money, the score of people, waiting around to see what he would do. He knew that he had slept, and he realized that all these things had come to him as he dreamed. Then what did he do? Why, he sat down, and covered his face with his hands and sobbed.—Lion Cad.

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THE DOLL QUESTION.

The irony of criticism has received fresh illustration of late in the onslaught made upon Miss Willard at the enemy of childhood, especially of that favourite toy, the doll. Perhaps few women have devoted their lives more exclusively than she has done to the interests of the home, or have set more forces in motion to defend that "citadel of purity and peace," as she is wont to call it. But Miss Willard did say that the doll, as we have it in these modern days, fosters a love of dress and display. This is the head and front of her offending. To the old-fashioned, simply attired doll we find her making no objection; indeed, she says that with such she used delightfully to play. Her view is, that living pets educate children on a higher plane than French dolls; that the fatherly instinct needs development more than the motherly, and hence the doll should be for boys as well as girls; and that the too exclusive devotion of the latter to the care of their dolls often deprives them of needed out-door exercise, dulls their curiosity concerning the mechanism of the world, and may help to explain why women are not yet inventors. She claims that the care of dolls does not impart the instinct of motherliness, but that in every woman's heart that instinct is the central motive power, whose broadest manifestation is found in those women who, through the kindly channels of the Christian Church, and the philanthropies that it develops, have shown themselves to be mother-hearted toward that winnowed, yet most wayward of all children, whom we call "Humanity." Miss Willard desires us to say that she is confident the editorial gentlemen who have reflected upon her womanliness of character, will, in the light of this explanation, gladly do her justice by publishing her true position as herein given.—Union Signal.

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The Children's Corner.

LITTLE KENNETH'S TEXT.
Ours Kenneth went to Sunday-school
One pleasant day. He was but three,
But in his head—new hat and coat
He sat just like a man, you see.

His little text he learned so well
That grandma heard it with delight,
Kissing his rosy cheeks, she said,
"New you'll be sure to say it right."

Among the troops of little ones
That round the teacher's smiling face
Were filling every vacant chair,
He quite demurely found a place.

And now, what do you think he said,
When asked if he his lesson knew?—
"Memor my papa and mamma,
And hence my nice grandma, too."—School.

GOD IN THE DARK.

THERE was trouble in Mother Frush's cottage. The Goodman, August Frush, was away, and would be for two more nights, and Baby Lotta was very sick.

Her head and hands were burning hot, her breath came too fast, and every now and then she would start out of her stupor and scream loudly. The mother thought she would die unless she could have a doctor.

But the doctor was eight miles away and the Frushes had no neighbours. Their cottage was out in the wilds, where the German had got land cheap for his sheep-farm. Agatha, the oldest daughter, was too young to go for the doctor, for it was now almost midnight; neither could Chris go, and of course Earnie was too little.

The mother must go herself, and the little children must watch Lotta and bathe her head and coax her to take the cooling drink and try to quiet her cries. "She may die while I am away," thought the poor mother; "but the best I know how to do is to leave her in God's hands and go for the doctor."

Shouldn't you think Agatha and Chris and Earnie would be afraid to stay in that lonely cottage all night by themselves? Ah! their young hearts were so full of trouble about the dear little baby that they did not think of themselves at all.

For hours after Mother Frush had walked away in the dark, Lotta lay and panted heavily, only rousing up to scream out as if in terror. But presently her breathing grew softer, her cries ceased, and she seemed really to sleep.

"Oh, if mother could see her how she would say the little dear was better," cried the sister. "Go, Earnie, peep out of the window and see if you can see her coming."

The sleepy little boy shaded his eyes with his chubby fingers and gazed through the window. "It is very dark," he said gravely; "nobody is out there except God."

The faces that Mother Frush saw at the window smiling above Agatha's plant when she drew near the cottage in the old doctor's gig, gave her heart a great bound; indeed, before she got near enough to see the bright faces Agatha's little spotted shawl waving in the dawning light gave her hope. And when she entered the cottage and the sweet baby smiled up at her, Mother Frush thanked God for his goodness.—Sunbeam.

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"HE DIDN'T LAUGH AT ME."

A STORY FOR BOYS WHICH GIRLS MAY READ.

EDITH is our five-year-old baby. It was a great trial for her to think of going to school alone this year, without the company and protection of her older sister, Pansy; but Pansy had been ill and was not strong enough to enter school at the beginning of the season. So Edith, duly equipped with her school book and bag, and feeling very grand at the idea of being a school-girl, went off by herself right bravely.

She is our little sunshiner, and her merry laugh makes sweetest music in her home—except when she is crying. But I am sorry to say that she cries almost as easily as she laughs, and she cannot bear to be teased in any way—two facts that her little school friends soon found out. Even sister Pansy is sometimes inclined to tease her, for the naughty pleasure of seeing how soon the tears will wash all the smiles and sunshine off her face. Of course the small boys of Edith's acquaintance are more inclined to annoy her in this way than the little girls are, and they always laugh at her when they have made her cry. This does not make her feel at all kindly towards the boys, and she is not slow to express her opinion of them.

"Mamma," she said the other day, "I don't like boys. I'm glad I haven't a little brother."

"Why, Edith?"

"Because they always tease little girls so and make them cry, and then they laugh at them."

"Do all little boys laugh at you when you cry?"

"Yes, all but Robbie Shriver. I fell down at school the other day and hurt my head, and they all just laughed at me but Robbie, and he came and helped me up and said he was awful sorry I was hurt, and he didn't laugh a bit."

"That certainly was very nice in Robbie," said mamma, as she gave Edith's rosy cheek a kiss.

"Yes, mamma, Robbie Shriver is the only boy in town I like,

Our Story.

JANET MACFARLANE'S PRAYER.

BY MRS. AMELIA E. BARR.

IN THREE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

The next day was a very busy and happy one for Malachi. In it he passed his examination with the highest honours; and almost simultaneously with his ordination he received a call from a church, with the active work of which he had been long connected. The invitation, in its promptitude and eagerness, gave him great pleasure. It was a small kirk in a fashionable locality; but then, as Helen said, there were a great many sinners to save, even among that decorous class which Charles Kingsley called "sitters in pew," and for work among the indigent and ignorant he had many other outlets.

After he had preached one Sunday in his new charge, he resolved to let his father and mother share in his joy. There could be no fear of a disappointment to them now; and he wrote and entreated them to give themselves a holiday, and come to Edinburgh for a few weeks. He urged them upon two grounds—work which he could not leave to come to them; and his probable early marriage. John felt that they could well afford this trip. His son's education had cost him much less than he had anticipated; so, with almost childlike delight, they prepared for it.

It was indeed a great event for Janet, who had never been twenty miles from her home; and even John felt a nervousness which, as an old soldier, he would not acknowledge. But all went well; and Malachi met them with a beaming face, and took them to his own home. Janet was much amazed at the handsome dwelling, but it was Saturday night when they arrived, and the strictness with which the Western Islanders observe the Sabbath admits of no worldly curiosity or conversation so near to it. In the morning John asked what minister they were to hear.

"Maybe you would like to hear your namesake, the Rev. Mr. MacFarlane, I think you would enjoy the service there."

"As I would like to see to hear one of the same name, he'll be Malachi MacFarlane's son, dooties," said John with a sigh. "I heard tell that he was in the holy office."

At the church door Malachi said to one of the deacons, "This is my father and my mother, deacon; will you put them in the minister's pew?"

But this request raised no suspicion in the minister's mind. The minister saw the probability that Janet would be a strength, and John said Janet should be seated near to the pulpit. They sat with bowed heads communing with God until Malachi's voice, uplifted in the opening prayer, broke the silence. He knew them too well to fear any visible or audible sign of their emotion. He was certain that, of all places on earth, they would have desired that this joy should come to them in the house and the presence of God.

Janet indeed laid her trembling hand upon her husband's, but even in that supreme moment, John would not suffer his human love and pride to enter with him into the presence of his Father.

By the time the prayer was over, both were gone and self-possessed. Indeed, John felt that it behoved him to listen without favour; and he was determined that none of the deacons should see that he was at all "set up" with having a son in the pulpit. But, oh, what a fountain of holy joy was in his heart! and it required all the stern conscientiousness of his nature to prevent his thoughts from rambling from the sermon to the preacher.

As for Janet, she had less strength. She sat with closed eyes, saying with Hannah of old, "For this child I prayed; and the Lord hath given me my petition which I asked of Him. Therefore, now I have lent him to the Lord; as long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord." My heart rejoiceth in the Lord.

A grip of his father's hand, the look in his mother's eyes, said far more to the happy preacher than any words could have said. They, of course, came the next day, but the Sabbath's silent thanksgiving had a joy beyond them.

"You gave us two grand sermons, Malachi," said John at the breakfast table. "It was a Sabbath of pleasant things to me, my son. I never had such a day since—God has been very good to me."

"I was just the happiest woman I ever had," Malachi; my dear bairn, you have paid me the hire of my love a thousand fold."

They remained in Edinburgh until after Malachi's marriage, and it was a wonderful visit to them. But at the last they placed a little for their home, and before the winter closed in they were back on the Jura hills. But there was no longer any necessity for them to sail, and indeed, John was no longer inclined to do so. He was seventy-seven years old, and the wounds and scuffs of his hand had begun to remind him that his day's work was done. He dug a little in his garden, and read

his Bible, and talked with Janet about Malachi, and thought a great deal about the land to which he was going.

One day in the following spring the MacFarlane called to see him.

"John," he said, "they tell me that you are sick fallen, but you look happy enough."

"I have happy memories, and happy prospects, MacFarlane; and my work is done. I am just resting a wee afore I gat the way that I'll never return."

"John, I heard your son preach last Sabbath day; his words went to the very bottom of my soul. I'll be a better man, my life long, for that sermon, I hope. John, I have the lands, and I have the title, but your son Malachi is 'The MacFarlane,' he is that, John."

Of all human praise, this touched John most. His dim eyes filled with happy tears; he lifted his bonnet and bowed his head gratefully. It was difficult for him to say clearly:

"Thank you, MacFarlane, and praise be to His name!"

One lovely night in the midsummer, John went home almost without warning. Sitting quite still and silent in his great chair at the open door of his cottage, he was looking over the ocean, which lay smooth as glass under a full moon, and letting his thoughts wander solemnly through eternity.

Suddenly his face shone with an adoring wonder, and his staff fell from his hand. He needed it no longer; treading the star-strewn spaces with the Sons of God and stumbling not.

Then Janet listened to Helen and Malachi. The little house was locked up, and she dwelt for the rest of her days with them. She heard her son preach every Sabbath, she carried his sons and daughters in her arms. She had nursed her boy for the Lord, and the Lord paid her grand wages. She saw him beloved and honoured, she saw him rise to the highest offices in the kirk. She shared in all the love and happiness of his beautiful home—she never grew old. When she was eighty years of age, her heart was so young, that Malachi's children made her their companion and confidant. Her last act was one of beautiful and appropriate significance.

It was her eighty-second birthday, and on it Malachi's new church—a large and splendid edifice—was to be opened. She had been weak and inclined to sleep for many days, and it was not thought well for her to be present. When Malachi returned from the opening service, she was still further away from life. He told her about it, and she seemed to listen.

"Do you hear me, mother, my dear mother?"

"A lang way off, my dear lad!"

"Mother, there is to be a beautiful tablet over the entrance to my new kirk—you are to choose the verse for it—what shall it be?"

"The fourth chapter of Isaiah and the sixth verse," she answered, without a moment's hesitation; though her voice was faint and far-away, as if it came from the very border-lands of being.

They were her last words. After them she went the way of all the earth, but Heaven had opened to her, and from the calm of the other side she yet speaketh, through the love of her faith and her dedication; for the verse which she chose for Malachi's church has been ever since its sentiment and its motive:

"A tabernacle be a shadow in the daytime from the heat, and for a place of refuge, and for a covert from storm and from rain."—Isa. lv. 6.

Sabbath School Work.

LESSON HELPS.
FOURTH QUARTER.
Lesson VIII, November 25.
THE COVENANT RENEWED.
Josh. xiv. 19-25.
MEMORIZE VERSES 19-25.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Lord our God will be served, and his voice will we obey.—Josh. xiv. 24.
CENTRAL TRUTH.
There is every reason why we should decide to love and serve God.

DAILY READINGS.
M. Josh. xiv. 1-16.
F. Josh. xiv. 1-18.
W. Josh. xiv. 19-25.
Th. Kings xvii. 27-39.
F. Deut. xvii. 1-10.
Sa. Matt. vi. 19-24.
Su. 1 Cor. vi. 1-18.

TRISE.—R.C. 1464. Eighteen years after the last lesson.
PLACE.—Shechem, between mountains Ebal and Gerizim.
THE CAPITAL was still at Shiloh.
JOSHUA was nearly 110 years old, living at Shechem, not far from Shechem. Here he lived eighteen years after the conquest.

PARALLEL.—The Assembly in the same place twenty-five years before. Josh. vii. 26-27; Deut. xxi. 1-10; the covenant in the plains of Moab, Deut. xxi. 2 (including ch. xvii-xx); Elijah at Carmel, 1 Kings xviii. 19-39).
INTRODUCTION.—Towards the close of his life Joshua gives his dying charge to his beloved people. First he assembles the leaders and officers and addresses them (ch. xxi.). Then he summons another assembly of rulers and people at Shechem, where they had made a solemn covenant to serve

God twenty-five years before, on their first entrance into Canaan. To-day's lesson contains a part of Joshua's address to this second assembly.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—In the previous verses Joshua glances at their past history, and urges reasons why the people should serve the Lord with all their hearts.

(1) Gratitude to Him as the author of their nation; (2) His great power over all gods; (3) His preserving care; (4) His giving them possession of Canaan; (5) His hatred of sin (vs. 19, 20).

19. *You cannot serve the Lord; ye cannot in your own strength; ye cannot without great care and watchfulness. A jealous God: one who will have the undivided love of your hearts. He will not forgive: he will not allow you to go on in sin without punishing you. Ye are witnesses against yourselves: your public promise to obey will be a witness that you knew your duty, and accepted the conditions of blessing for obedience and punishment for disobedience. This is still true of men; (1) Every sinner's conscience is a witness against his course. (2) The principles on which business men must act as the conditions of worldly success, will witness against those who refuse to apply like principles to religion—principles which if lived out, would lead them to be Christians. (3) The fruit-finding of men against good people show that these fruit finders know what is right, and are to blame if they do not live up to it. (4) The principles on which good government is based indicate God's moral government in the world. (5) Our professions will be a witness. 25. *Set them a tablet; made this covenant a part of their national law.**

SUBJECTS FOR FURTHER STUDY AND SPECIAL REPORT.—Joshua.—The two assemblies.—Similar assemblies.—Josh. vii. 26-27 (Deut. xxvii. 1-10); 1 Kings xviii. 19-39.—Choosing whom we will serve.—Reasons why the Israelites should choose to serve God.—Reasons why we should serve God.—A jealous God.—Witnesses against ourselves.

QUESTIONS.
INTRODUCTION.—What was the subject of the last lesson? How many years intervene between that lesson and this? How old was Joshua at this time? Where was his home?

SUBJECT: DECISION FOR GOD.
I. THE DUTY OF DECISION FOR GOD.—Whom did Joshua summon to come to him just before he died? (xxiii. 1, 2.) What great assembly did he govern after that? (xxiv. 1, 2.) In what place? Of what did he first remind the people? (vs. 2-5.) In view of this history what did he exhort them to do? (vs. 14, 15.) Between what things would he have them choose? Have we a like choice? Between what? Can we help making a choice? How did Joshua address his soldiers? (v. 15, 16.)

II. REASONS FOR DECISION FOR GOD (vs. 19, 20).—What did the people reply to Joshua's exhortation? (v. 16.) How many reasons are given for this resolve? How would God's great power in overcoming those who trusted in other gods? What in God's preserving care? (vs. 17, 18.) What in His giving them possession of Canaan? (vs. 19, 20.) What in God's hatred of sin as a sinning God? (vs. 19, 20.) What is meant by God's being jealous? What by not forgiving their transgressions? Do all these reasons hold why we should serve God? Apply each one to your own life and history.

III. THE DECISION MADE (vs. 21-25).—What promise did the Israelites make? How many times did they repeat it? How were they witnesses against themselves? With all sinners be witnesses against themselves? How did Joshua confirm this covenant? What two memorials did he make of it? (vs. 24, 27.) What similar promise was made in the same place twenty-five years before? (Josh. vii. 26-27; Deut. xxi. 1-10.) What similar decision on Mount Carmel 500 years later? (1 Kings xviii. 19-39).

NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What choice does Jesus bid us make? (Matt. vi. 24; Rom. vii. 20; xii. 17.) Must we choose between God and the world? (Matt. vi. 24.) Why should we choose God as our portion? (Matt. xi. 23-30; Rom. ii. 4; xii. 1; 1 Cor. i. 2; John iii. 16.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.
I. True religion is of necessity a matter of free choice.
II. But every reason is in favour of serving God.
III. We should cast our personal influences and example on the side of God.
IV. We should choose to-day.
V. God's goodness, care, power, providence, and holiness are all arguments why we should serve Him.
VI. Every sinner will be a witness against himself.
VII. There is a great advantage in being placed where we must make a decision.—*Abraham.*

HEAVEN AND EARTH.
There is no shadow where there is no Sun; There is no honey where there is no Bee; Add all things in two lines of glory run; Darkness and light, when and gold had.

God comes among us through the words of His Word; And His sinners in His glory take; Let by you please on the mountain side, Folding and supporting here and there.

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"WHATSOEVER."

"I ALWAYS ask Emeline's advice, but I cannot get to her house to-day in the rain, with such a cold as I have."

"I think it is a question for you and your conscience to decide, and not for Mrs. Stowe."

"Then you will not give me the least advice? You are quite determined, Miss Thayer?"

"I will give you a rule which should govern a Christian at all times—one by which you should try your conduct and decide for yourself: 'Whether, therefore, ye eat, or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.' If it will in any way be to his glory for you to spend the money for an elegant evening dress and to attend this so-called, where pleasure is the first thought, go without hesitation. Make haste with your preparations, as you should make haste always to do anything for him."

"I cannot see how it would be to his glory," Mary Van Andem responded. "I cannot see how dancing is to his glory."

"Nevertheless, we are told that 'whatsoever' we do must be for his glory—even the simple things of life; so what is the inference?"

"The inference?"

"Yes, it is if we must do all for his glory; we cannot do what is not for his glory. What we cannot turn to account for him we must leave undone. All our faculties, our members, must be in subjection to him. Our lives, our duties, our pleasure, must be for his glory. That is the Christian's rule of conduct, and the same rule applies to our conversation."

"Then you think this sociable—"

"It is not what I think. I cannot think for you; you must do that for yourself. It may be it is a good thing to dance, so you cannot go to Mrs. Stowe's and ask her. You are left with your conscience and your Lord, who has given you this rule."

"Oh, Emeline does not talk as you do, Miss Thayer. She would consider whether or not I would take cold in a thin dress, and if circumstances permitted me to go to a dance when mamma has been dead only a little over two years. She is very strict about such things. You put it so differently from any one else."

"Not I, but God's word. That does not put it differently, and so simply, too, that he who runs may read and make no mistake if the heart is determined to be led by it. It is just as if you said, 'I cannot go to see my sister if it rains. Does it rain?' Then you decide for yourself, when you look out of the window, whether it rains or not. So the rule is general, 'If it be not to the glory of God, I cannot go to this party, and you determine yourself whether it is or not. Now I must say 'Good-bye' to you. Come to see me whenever you like."

"I will come then, and I wish you would come often to see me. You help me, Miss Thayer."

"Not I, but the simple words of Scripture. You have your Bible always; study that whenever you are in doubt, and you will never go away undecided. Now good-bye," and with a warm press of the hand the grey-haired benevolent teacher, whose whole life was a striving to live for the glory of God, took her departure.

Mary stood at the window watching the retreating figure, thinking, "Or whatsoever." How often in the busy stir of life she forgot that; and yet it completed, at many a winter, the whole of a Christian's life. Whoever she did not do for God's glory, and what she could not do for his glory was not to be done. What a record to look back upon when she came to the last day—every deed done in the flesh done for him, and nothing done that was not for him; in every act to have honoured him!

And the sociable? That morning's mail had brought Mary an invitation to a grand ball-dance-dancing sociable which was to be one of the events of the season; the fashionable world was excited over it. Mary had heard it spoken of by almost every one of her friends, but she did not dream the would be honoured by an invitation. "Honoured?" How could she be so that word? If she had been called upon to do some special work for the Lord, that would have been an honour; but this invitation to an assembly where God's glory was never thought of was something to be refused. There! she had settled it herself. She would send her regrets. She had come out of the world, separated herself from it, and her life must be governed by this rule: "Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God."

Mary went up to her room and took the delicately-embroidered card from the table. "Mrs. Ward Allison." What a name that was in the society-world! How angry she was caught, and how delighted were the crowds when she deigned to smile upon them! It was no wonder that Mary was flattered when this little card came to her. Since her mother died she had lived alone in this great house with her father, and he generally advised her to do what gave her the most pleasure, only requiring that she do nothing that would lower the dignity of the Van Andem or bring dishonour to his name. And had she not another Father's name to be proud of? She never realised till to-day the full meaning of that command to do all to the glory of God, but she always had been sure to do what would be to the glory of the Van Andem.

Emeline was sure to do so, too. She had married to the glory of the Van Andem, and far from the honour of the Lord. She lived in and for the world, and it was her advice that Mary would have asked if the rain had not kept her indoors. While she was still debating what she would do, and had half a mind to send a note to Mrs. Stowe, her Bible-class teacher, Miss Thayer, called. She was sent, Mary believed now, by the Lord, to set her feet in the right path; so she knelt and thanked him for his kind care, asking strength and knowledge to do always all for his glory; and when she arose, a delicately-written regret was sent to Mrs. Ward Allison.

Five missionaries sailed for China from the Albert Docks on Thursday, Oct. 4, in the P. and O. steamer *Parosmia*. Rev. P. J. MacLagan, who goes to Swatow, is a son of Dr. MacLagan, of Berwick, and has a sister already at work in the mission field in connection with the Women's Missionary Association. Dr. Gavin Russell goes to Formosa, and is to be supported by the Rev. W. B. Barbour, of Bonkaid, son of the late George Barbour, who was for many years an ardent friend of the Mission. Dr. James Howie goes to Chang-hai at the cost of Mr. J. T. Morton. Miss Barnett goes to Formosa for the Women's Association, and Mrs. McIver returns to join her husband in the Hakka country. Rev. Murdo MacLennan, who is about to marry a daughter of Professor Blake, of Edinburgh, sails for the Hakka country about the end of November.

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Prepared or Edited by Presbyterian Ministers. Thousands sold. Very highly commended. 1. *Tracts for the People*. 2. *Tracts for the People*. 3. *Tracts for the People*. 4. *Tracts for the People*. 5. *Tracts for the People*. 6. *Tracts for the People*. 7. *Tracts for the People*. 8. *Tracts for the People*. 9. *Tracts for the People*. 10. *Tracts for the People*. 11. *Tracts for the People*. 12. *Tracts for the People*. 13. *Tracts for the People*. 14. *Tracts for the People*. 15. *Tracts for the People*. 16. *Tracts for the People*. 17. *Tracts for the People*. 18. *Tracts for the People*. 19. *Tracts for the People*. 20. *Tracts for the People*. 21. *Tracts for the People*. 22. *Tracts for the People*. 23. *Tracts for the People*. 24. *Tracts for the People*. 25. *Tracts for the People*. 26. *Tracts for the People*. 27. *Tracts for the People*. 28. *Tracts for the People*. 29. *Tracts for the People*. 30. *Tracts for the People*. 31. *Tracts for the People*. 32. *Tracts for the People*. 33. *Tracts for the People*. 34. *Tracts for the People*. 35. *Tracts for the People*. 36. *Tracts for the People*. 37. *Tracts for the People*. 38. *Tracts for the People*. 39. *Tracts for the People*. 40. *Tracts for the People*. 41. *Tracts for the People*. 42. *Tracts for the People*. 43. *Tracts for the People*. 44. *Tracts for the People*. 45. *Tracts for the People*. 46. *Tracts for the People*. 47. *Tracts for the People*. 48. *Tracts for the People*. 49. *Tracts for the People*. 50. *Tracts for the People*. 51. *Tracts for the People*. 52. *Tracts for the People*. 53. *Tracts for the People*. 54. *Tracts for the People*. 55. *Tracts for the People*. 56. *Tracts for the People*. 57. *Tracts for the People*. 58. *Tracts for the People*. 59. *Tracts for the People*. 60. *Tracts for the People*. 61. *Tracts for the People*. 62. *Tracts for the People*. 63. *Tracts for the People*. 64. *Tracts for the People*. 65. *Tracts for the People*. 66. *Tracts for the People*. 67. *Tracts for the People*. 68. *Tracts for the People*. 69. *Tracts for the People*. 70. *Tracts for the People*. 71. *Tracts for the People*. 72. *Tracts for the People*. 73. *Tracts for the People*. 74. *Tracts for the People*. 75. *Tracts for the People*. 76. *Tracts for the People*. 77. *Tracts for the People*. 78. *Tracts for the People*. 79. *Tracts for the People*. 80. *Tracts for the People*. 81. *Tracts for the People*. 82. *Tracts for the People*. 83. *Tracts for the People*. 84. *Tracts for the People*. 85. *Tracts for the People*. 86. *Tracts for the People*. 87. *Tracts for the People*. 88. *Tracts for the People*. 89. *Tracts for the People*. 90. *Tracts for the People*. 91. *Tracts for the People*. 92. *Tracts for the People*. 93. *Tracts for the People*. 94. *Tracts for the People*. 95. *Tracts for the People*. 96. *Tracts for the People*. 97. *Tracts for the People*. 98. *Tracts for the People*. 99. *Tracts for the People*. 100. *Tracts for the People*. 101. *Tracts for the People*. 102. *Tracts for the People*. 103. *Tracts for the People*. 104. *Tracts for the People*. 105. *Tracts for the People*. 106. *Tracts for the People*. 107. *Tracts for the People*. 108. *Tracts for the People*. 109. *Tracts for the People*. 110. *Tracts for the People*. 111. *Tracts for the People*. 112. *Tracts for the People*. 113. *Tracts for the People*. 114. *Tracts for the People*. 115. *Tracts for the People*. 116. *Tracts for the People*. 117. *Tracts for the People*. 118. *Tracts for the People*. 119. *Tracts for the People*. 120. *Tracts for the People*. 121. *Tracts for the People*. 122. *Tracts for the People*. 123. *Tracts for the People*. 124. *Tracts for the People*. 125. *Tracts for the People*. 126. *Tracts for the People*. 127. *Tracts for the People*. 128. *Tracts for the People*. 129. *Tracts for the People*. 130. *Tracts for the People*. 131. *Tracts for the People*. 132. *Tracts for the People*. 133. *Tracts for the People*. 134. *Tracts for the People*. 135. *Tracts for the People*. 136. *Tracts for the People*. 137. *Tracts for the People*. 138. *Tracts for the People*. 139. *Tracts for the People*. 140. *Tracts for the People*. 141. *Tracts for the People*. 142. *Tracts for the People*. 143. *Tracts for the People*. 144. *Tracts for the People*. 145. *Tracts for the People*. 146. *Tracts for the People*. 147. *Tracts for the People*. 148. *Tracts for the People*. 149. *Tracts for the People*. 150. *Tracts for the People*. 151. *Tracts for the People*. 152. *Tracts for the People*. 153. *Tracts for the People*. 154. *Tracts for the People*. 155. *Tracts for the People*. 156. *Tracts for the People*. 157. *Tracts for the People*. 158. *Tracts for the People*. 159. *Tracts for the People*. 160. *Tracts for the People*. 161. *Tracts for the People*. 162. *Tracts for the People*. 163. *Tracts for the People*. 164. *Tracts for the People*. 165. *Tracts for the People*. 166. *Tracts for the People*. 167. <

The Presbyterian Review CLUBBING LIST

Announcement for 1889.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE \$1.50 per annum.

SPECIAL OFFERS, 25 CENTS.

In order to introduce the "Review" the Publishers will send it New Subscribers from this date to January 1, 1889, for

25 CENTS Remitted direct to the office.

THE "REVIEW" 3 FREE FOR 3 MONTHS TO NEW SUBSCRIBERS FOR NEXT YEAR.

Any person who sends a subscription order to the Office of Publishing Direct, or to any of the Agents of the Review, will receive the paper from the time their subscription is received at the office until the 1st of JANUARY, 1889.

RENEWALS. All subscribers are respectfully requested to send their orders for the next year to the Office of Publishing Direct, or to any of the Agents of the Review, before the 1st of JANUARY, 1889.

CLUB WITH MAGAZINES. Special arrangements have been made with various publishers to secure the best of the following magazines at a special rate.

Table listing various magazines and their prices, including New York Independent, The Christian, and others.

REMEMBER. Weekly Globe, or Mail, or Empire, or Montreal Witness, or any other Dollar Weekly and REVIEW, one year, both \$2.00.

A SPLENDID OFFER. The Review and the London Illustrated News, (American edition, \$6.00 a year) both for \$5.00.

N.B. - This offer holds for the first time includes both Midsummer and Christmas special numbers.

The Illustrated London News is the most widely read paper in the world. An examination of a single copy of the edition prepared by the Illustrated News Co. for the American market will show that it is the most valuable original, the price of which is \$8.00 a year.

THE Presbyterian Review.

GENERAL NOTICES.

(1) Transient notices. No subscription order for less than one year. The Review is sent to subscribers on a trial basis for the first year.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. In order to receive prompt attention correspondence should be sent to the Editor.

TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS. Subscribers are respectfully requested to send their orders for the next year to the Office of Publishing Direct.

THURSDAY, NOV 15, 1888.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

THIS is the day fixed by the Dominion Government as a day of national thanksgiving for divine mercies and favours bestowed upon us as a people.

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to get rid of the causes which produce friction between Capital and Labour. How to induce citizens generally to take an active, intelligent and unselfish interest in the business of the municipal government and how best to deal with the social evils that, like a cancer, are eating out the very vitals of families and communities.

These are those who take a gloomy view of the future of the country in considering the problems that already are pressing for a solution. There is no need for fear, we are bold to affirm, if only God's laws are observed in deed and truth by the rulers and the ruled alike.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

WHATSOEVER may be said as to the political significance of the elevation by General Harrison to Presidential honours, which seem to be the more than probable issue of the recent electoral contest in the United States, surely there can be little doubt that his influence will be thrown entirely on the side of right, if the glimpse we get from the following incident as related in the Herald and Presbyter, reveals his daily life and character.

On the morning after General Harrison's nomination last June, one friend only was with the family as they passed from the breakfast table to the back parlour, where the family daily gathered for family prayer.

FROM our news columns it will be seen that Mrs. Charlotte I. Nicholls, a member of St. Andrew's congregation, Peterboro, Ont., has added to the long series of liberal benefactions which the possession of a princely fortune has enabled her to bestow.

THE CHURCH BOOK OF THE BANK OF CANADA. By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. London, 1888. Fennell and Alabaster. D. T. McAlister, Presbyterian Book Room, Toronto.

JUST THE BOY THAT'S WANTED. On the qualities which insure success in the leading professions, will be published in the coming volume of The Youth's Companion.

We give up a considerable portion of our space this week to a report of the Burnfield case at the late meeting of the Toronto Presbytery. From a perusal of the report our readers will readily discover the points at issue between Mr. Burnfield and the Presbytery.

REV. DR. COCHRANE has received \$200 from the Farringdon church Sabbath school (Independent church), near Bradford, towards defraying expenses of a missionary in the North west last summer.

Literary Notices.

BIBLE STUDIES FROM THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENTS, covering the International Sunday School Lessons for 1889. By Geo. F. Pentecost, D.D., A. S. Barnes & Co., New York and Chicago. 725 pp., 40s.

DR. PENTECOST, encouraged by the favourable reception accorded to his "Bible Studies" for 1888, has sent out this new volume. It is a solid book, as one expects from his author, the well-known evangelist, who has done as much as any other man to redeem evangelistic work from the charge of shallowness.

THE PLAN on which the "Studies" are constructed is as follows:—The Lesson title, Golden Text, and the Passage, in the authorized version, are first given. The Passage is then expounded in order. Exegesis is not overlooked, but expository is the primary object of the writer.

TO those whose work lies among young girls and boys, this book is full of some of the most valuable suggestions. The pithy sayings and seed thoughts strewn thickly through its pages will not soon escape from the mind of the reader.

A FROZEN DRAGON. A Story Book of Natural History by C. F. Holder. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York, 1888; pp. 285. \$1.00.

THE CHURCH BOOK OF THE BANK OF CANADA. By Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. London, 1888. Fennell and Alabaster. D. T. McAlister, Presbyterian Book Room, Toronto.

JUST THE BOY THAT'S WANTED. On the qualities which insure success in the leading professions, will be published in the coming volume of The Youth's Companion.

It is not meant that he should read it over comfortably, and then have done with it. No, he is to treat the promise as a reality, as a man treats a cheque. He is to take the promise and endorse it with his own name by personally receiving it as true. He is, by faith, to accept it as his own.

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JUST THE BOY THAT'S WANTED. On the qualities which insure success in the leading professions, will be published in the coming volume of The Youth's Companion.

Contributed. ENDOWMENT OF THE A. AND I. M. FUND.

REPORT OF THE PRESBYTERY OF DOMINIONVILLE (Continued). SAME day and place, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, the Presbytery met again according to adjournment, and was duly constituted.

Sederunt same as in the morning. Inter alia. Mr. Danglefield moved in accordance with notice previously given, "That the Presbytery now resolve itself into a committee of the whole house to consider a petition on the subject of the Proposed Endowment of (\$200,000) two hundred thousand dollars on behalf of the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund."

The motion was carried nem. con. Mr. Bond was chosen Chairman and Elder Sparks, Clerk of the Committee.

Mr. Danglefield then proposed the consideration and adoption of the following petition:— "Whereas at the meeting of the General Assembly held in Halifax in June last, it was agreed to grant permission to the Committee of the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund to raise an endowment fund of (\$200,000) two hundred thousand dollars on behalf of said fund, and if deemed necessary, to employ a paid agent in the raising of said sum;

"Whereas said Assembly being composed very largely of ministers, such action seemed to be for personal benefit in the near future;

"Whereas the people from whose pockets the money to make up the proposed endowment must eventually come, have not had any opportunity of expressing their willingness to have a further appeal made to them in connection with another endowment scheme;

"Whereas the scheme must be a signal failure if the people of the Church generally are not in favour of it;

"Therefore, Resolved to request the Committee of the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund to delay all action towards the raising of the aforementioned Endowment Fund until the mind of the Church shall have been ascertained on the question."

Mr. Danglefield said:—"The foregoing, Mr. Chairman, is the petition which I propose for adoption. The first clause needs no discussion. All will agree that the action referred to was taken at the meeting of Assembly in June last. The second clause divides itself into two branches. I suppose there were two ministers present for every one elder. The ministers, therefore, had it all their own way. They could pass whatever measures they pleased for their own benefit. The second part of the second clause indicates this. It is a ministerial measure, and one on behalf of the ministers of the Church exclusively. This has a bad look about it. It appears as if the ministers were legislating for themselves. There can be no doubt about the bad appearance. We make this as one of the reasons for asking the Committee to delay action. If, when the people are consulted, they endorse the scheme, there is no reason even on this ground why the Committee should not proceed. At this stage I advise the adoption of the second clause."

ELDER COLDWATER.—"Mr. Chairman, I second the motion. It is utterly unfair to the people of our congregations that there should be such inequality in point of numbers in Church courts between the ministers and elders. I know it has been said previously that as our own fault it we are in the minority in Church courts. I know that provision has been made for equal representation, but we cannot avail ourselves of the provision. Our circumstances will not permit. We hate not the time. We have not the money to enable us to attend Church courts. I suppose in these circumstances we should not be too hard on the Assembly in passing measures which, perhaps, would not have passed had a larger number of elders been present in the Court."

REV. MR. TEMPLETON.—"Mr. Chairman, it is with strong emotion that I rise to move—not an amendment, because the clause is incapable of amendment—but the entire and indignant rejection of the second clause of the proposed petition. My spirit is stirred within me, but I will speak with as much composure as possible. I am shocked at the impetuosity of those who are cherishing such views as those which have been expressed by the former speakers, and by one of them especially, not only just a little ago, but also on the previous part of this day. 'I'd rather be a dog and bay the moon' than such a Presbytery. These ministers legislating for their own interests when they get the chance! Where is the Christian charity of the men who will so think and so speak? I have read somewhere that charity thinketh no evil. These men having no charity are therefore only as sounding brass and tinkling cymbal. Then, to think of it, that there is an attempt made to bolster up a mean case against the ministers of the Church by false representation! There were not two ministers, Mr. Chairman, to one elder at the Assembly in Halifax. There were 142 ministers and 91 elders—enough of elders; then, to have made a good show. 'Did any one protest? True, the elders were not from Ontario in large numbers. They were from the Synod of the Maritime Provinces, where there is not mentioned

Church News.

We are thankful for those of Church News...

PASTORS and READERS.

Pastors are respectfully requested to announce to their congregations...

PRESBYTERIANISM IN OTTAWA.

The Ottawa Church has been interviewing leading ministers and laymen...

HOME MISSIONS AND AUGMENTATION.

The following circular letters in connection with our Home Mission and Augmentation work...

ANNUAL CIRCULAR LETTERS.

The following circular letters in connection with our Home Mission and Augmentation work...

HOME MISSION FUND.

At the time is near at hand when Congregations and Missionary Associations...

THE HOME MISSION FUND.

The Report presented to last General Assembly contains the names of 247 mission fields...

IN BRITAIN AND THE NORTH-WEST.

the work done and the prospects for the future are exceedingly encouraging.

THE OTTAWA CHURCH.

At the meeting of the Executive of the Home Mission Committee...

THE OTTAWA CHURCH.

At the present date the fund is not simply exhausted, but \$2000 have been borrowed...

THE OTTAWA CHURCH.

At the New Edinburgh church there is a pressing accommodation for 400 persons.

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ROMANISM IN CANADA - ITS PRESENT POSITION AND ATTITUDE.

After a few introductory remarks, Dr. MacVicar said: The attitude of the Roman Church is always the same.

THE LATEST ESTIMATE.

One of the latest estimates of the entire revenues and wealth of the Church in the Province of Quebec is by the Rev. A. B. Cruchet...

THE CHURCH'S INVESTMENTS.

Mr. Cruchet then gives the following inventory of the Church's property: In 1779 she received 2,117,000 acres of land...

THE PRINCIPLES OF RELIGIOUS EQUALITY.

In the Imperial Act of 1774 it was stipulated that the old laws for the maintenance of churches, parsonages, and priests...

THE WEALTH OF THE CHURCH.

As to the income of the Established Church, the main source of revenue may be enumerated in a single sentence.

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SAFE INVESTMENTS Capital, \$750,000 Surplus, 400,470

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Presbyterian Review

THURSDAY, NOV. 15, 1889.

The Presbyterian Review has the largest circulation of any Presbyterian newspaper in Canada.

In ordering goods, or in making inquiry concerning anything advertised in this paper you will oblige the publisher, as well as the advertiser, by stating that you saw the advertisement in the Presbyterian Review.

Copies of the "REVIEW" may be had at the Office of Publication or at the Presbyterian Book Room, corner of Adelaide and Toronto Sts. on Wednesday afternoon.

The contract for the erection of a new church at Eton station, has been let.

Rev. Wm. Menzies, D.D., the evangelist, is holding revival services in Sydney, Cape Breton.

Rev. A. O'Leary, B.A., has declined the call to Dabel and Wilkesport, Presbytery of Sarnia.

Principal Grant, of Queen's College, has called from Hoog Kooq that he is so far on his road homeward.

The "Zion" Mission Band, in connection with Aylmer congregation, is in a very flourishing condition.

Rev. Dr. Archibald, formerly of Knox church, St. Thomas, has gone with his family to reside in Denver, Col.

The pulpit of St. Andrew's, Lindsay, has been occupied, for the last two Sabbaths, by Rev. C. Gordon, B.A., of Knox College.

A strong effort is being made by Calvin congregation, Pembroke, to wipe off the debt of \$3,000 now resting upon their new church.

Rev. George Porteous, who has recently resigned the pastorate of Alice church, will, it is stated, take up his residence in Kingston.

At the meeting of the Presbytery of Toronto, Tuesday, 6th inst., Mr. R. Haddow, B.A., of Knox College, accepted the call to Knox church, Milton.

Dr. Robertson, Superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in the North-West, has selected A. M. Smith, of Queen's University, as a missionary for British Columbia.

The tea-meeting held by the ladies of Hamlogford church, on the 12th ult., was a very successful affair. Rev. Mr. Rowat, of Athelstan, delivered a very interesting address upon the occasion.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Amos church, Dromore, Rev. D. P. Niven, pastor, has, since its organization, a year ago, raised one hundred and sixty dollars, paying off the mortgage debt, and having a balance on hand.

The pulpit of College Street church, city (Rev. Alex. Gilray), will be occupied next Sabbath, morning and evening, by Rev. Alex. Jackson, the newly inducted pastor of Knox church, Galt.

Rev. John Bennett, D.D., pastor of St. Andrew's, Almonte, Ont., after a long and severe illness, died at the manse, Wednesday, 7th inst. The news of Dr. Bennett's death will be received with much regret wherever he was known. We shall give some particulars of his life and labours in another issue.

Rev. E. Wallace Waite, B.A., late of Chatham, N.B., was, on Friday, and last, inducted into the pastoral charge of Knox church, Owen Sound, removed vacant by the translation of Rev. A. H. Scott to Perth, Ont. In the evening a welcome social was held, at which a hearty address from the congregation was presented.

A very successful Five O'Clock tea, and promenade concert, was held by the ladies of Knox church, Godrich, on the 1st inst., in the town hall. The sum of \$240 was realized. In the course of the evening the lately inducted pastor, Rev. J. A. Anderson, was presented with a very rich pulpit gown, and Mrs. Anderson with a handsome silk cushion.

Bloor Street congregation, city, celebrates the first anniversary of its (Thursday) evening by a social gathering, and on Sunday next the services will have special reference to the occasion. From the phenomenal increase of the congregation, the office bearers have already been compelled to consider the question of providing further church accommodation.

At a congregational meeting, held in St. Andrew's church, Glenora, on Oct. 15, it was resolved to proceed at once with the erection of a new church. The site chosen is that which was occupied by the Burns church, destroyed by fire some years ago. The building committee have met with a success in obtaining subscriptions such as will enable them to build a church which will be a credit to the village and congregation. This will be the third new church erected by the Glenora congregation within four years.

The quarterly concert of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, held last Saturday, under the direction of Mr. Edward Fisher, the well-known organist of St. Andrew's, attracted a very large audience to the Pavilion Music Hall. The music, both vocal and instrumental, was of a high order, and was characterized by spirit, feeling, and artistic excellence. The pupils acquitted themselves admirably.

It having been rumored that Mr. W. H. Riddell, the able and popular Secretary of the Ontario Mutual Life, had accepted a similar position in Toronto, we are authorized to say that the position of Secretary of the Manufacturers' Life Assurance Company and Manager of its Head Office, was offered to him, but for reasons not necessary to state here, he refused at present to become an applicant, notwithstanding the fact the salary would be very handsome, and that other very tempting inducements were held out to him. While we would be pleased to announce his preference, we but voice the unanimous feelings of our citizens, when we say his departure from Waterloo would be sincerely regretted, not only by the Company he has so long and efficiently served, but by a host of friends and acquaintances by whom he has endeared himself during a residence of seven years in their midst; by his genial and obliging disposition and other qualities, which go to make up the successful business man and worthy citizen. - Waterloo Chronicle.

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Meetings of Presbyteries. BARRIE - Barrie, Nov. 27, 11 a.m. BRANTON - Brantford, Dec. 11, 9 p.m. BRUCE - Bruce, Dec. 11, 2 p.m. CALVERT - Medicine Hat, March 5, 2 p.m. CHATHAM - Chatham, December 11, 10 a.m. COLUMBIA - Vancouver, December 11, 2:30. GUELPH - Guelph, Nov. 20, 10:30. HAMILTON - Hamilton, Nov. 20, 9 a.m. KINGSTON - Belleville, Dec. 17, 7:30 p.m. LANARK AND R. - Carleton Place, Nov. 27th. LINDSAY - Lindsay, Nov. 27th, 11 a.m. LONDON - London, Dec. 11, 8 p.m. MATHIAS - Lockport, Dec. 11, 1 p.m. MONTREAL - Montreal, January 8, 10 a.m. OWEN SOUND - Owen Sound, Dec. 13, 1:30. PARIS - Tilsonburg, January 15, 2 p.m. PETERBORO - Peterboro, January 15. QUEBEC - Richmond, January 8. ROCK LAKE - Nassau, March 8, 2 p.m. SARASOTA - Sarasota, December 18, 8 p.m. TORONTO - Toronto, December 4, 10 a.m. WHITBY - Downsview, Nov. 19, 10 a.m. Births. CALDER - At the manse, Lanarost, on Nov. 6, the wife of the Rev. John A. O. Calder, of a son. GARDINER - At Willow Bank, Eglington, on Nov. 7, the wife of John J. Gardiner, of a son. Marriages. McQUARRIE - Murray - On Oct. 23, by Rev. Dr. Murray, the Rev. H. McQuarrie, Litchie's Creek, to Mary J., youngest daughter of Marjock Boston, Esq., of the same place. CHASLER - McMILLAN - At Little River, Oct. 22, by Rev. F. H. Murray, James Cribble, of Paspawick, Halifax, Co., and Margaret McMILLAN, of Meagher's Grant. WATSON - MANN - At Charlottetown, Oct. 22, by Rev. James Simpson, Lawrence W. Watson, to Miss Eleanor MANN, daughter of the late Theophilus DeBriay, Esq. TANNER - TUPPER - At Truro, Oct. 18, by Rev. John Hobbes, assisted by the Rev. Dr. McCulloch, Albert M. Tanner, to Maillida J., daughter of Newcomb Tupper. HARRINGTON - BACON - At Onslow, Oct. 24, by Rev. J. H. Chase, Edwin L. Harrington, of Five Islands, to Mary, daughter of John Bruce, of Sarrey, P. E. Island. McINTOSH - SNOD - At Ramona, on Oct. 21, by the Rev. J. McI. Gardner, Mr. J. J. McIntosh, of Mobile, Alabama, to Margery G., daughter of James Snod, Esq., of Ramona. MILLS - SCOTT - At the residence of the bride's father, "Fitzroy Farm," Ross, Ontario, on Nov. 1, by the Rev. A. A. Scott, M.A., of Carleton Place, brother of the bride, William A. Mills, of Toronto, to Jennie Isabella, youngest daughter of Mr. M. Scott. Deaths. BENNETT - At the manse, Almonte, Nov. 7, John Bennett, D.D., aged 60 years. GORDON - At Bournemouth, England, on Nov. 7, 1889, Anne Gordon, eldest daughter of the late Oliver Gordon, Esq., and sister of Mrs. W. Mortimer Clark and Mrs. Hugh Macdonald, Toronto. Notice of funeral hereafter.

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