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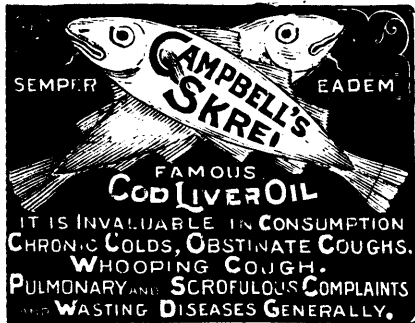
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MATILDA: George told me last night that he worshipped the ground I walked on. Maud (who is jealous): Good heavens! all of it?

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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 21.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd, 1892.

No. 47.

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RECENTLY the venerable Professor Godet celebrated his eightieth birthday. His friends and former pupils took the opportunity of showing him a mark of their affection. A deputation called on him and presented a handsome service of silver plate accompanied by an address, which expressed the warmth of affection with which Dr. Godet is regarded.

MR. JOHN TAWSE, W.S., clerk and law agent of Heriot's Trust, died recently. He was one of the oldest office-bearers in St. Stephen's Church, Edinburgh, and for about fifty years—until last January—conducted a Bible class of his own, partly in connection with that church. He was for many years convener of the Assembly's Jewish committee, and was treasurer of the Sons of the Clergy fund, and a director of the Edinburgh Y.M.C.A.

EDINBURGH Presbytery of the Church of Scotland, recommended the equalization of the numbers of ministers and elders in the Assembly, and that a minister and elder be appointed for every four charges, but in Presbyteries within whose bounds there are burghs sending representatives, these should be reckoned among the elders and a corresponding deduction made from the number of elders to be otherwise appointed. The house, including the four university members, would consist of 614. Rev. Dr. Gray, whilst favourable to the increase of the elders theoretically, fears that practically it means more power to the circumtabular element. What does the doctor mean by the unusual expression? Is its signification convivial?

ARRANGEMENTS for the forthcoming meeting of the Federal Council to be held in London on Thursday, November 24th, have been made. The Council represents the United Presbyterian Church, the Free Church of Scotland, and the Presbyterian Church of England, and consists of sixty delegates, twenty from each Church. The Council meets to discuss subjects of interest common to all the Churches, but it has no legislative powers. A business meeting will be held in the College, Guildford street, in the forenoon, Rev. Principal Rainy, D.D., presiding. Amongst other subjects coming up for consideration will be the progress of the Jewish Missions of the English Presbyterian Church, on which the Rev. Dr. John Edmond, D.D., will speak. The business meeting will be followed by a Conference, over which the Rev. Dr. James Black, of Glasgow, will preside. Questions of importance will come up for consideration.

THE *Canadian Independent* says: With reference to the Funk & Wagnalls Company's announcement of their Standard Dictionary in this number, it may be interesting to our readers to learn that Rev. William Wye Smith, editor of this magazine, is furnishing the Scotch words—nearly 2,000 in number, in the Standard Dictionary. It is the first time any fair representation of Scottish words has been included in any English Dictionary; one among the many other new features in the forthcoming work, and the first time, too, that any serious attempt has been made to give the pronunciation of Scotch words. Even Jamieson, the great Scottish lexicographer merely marks the accent. The *St. Catharines Journal* says: Rev. W. W. Smith, of

Newmarket, has been offered and accepted charge of the Tabernacle Congregational Church in this city, and will soon take up his residence in our midst.

THE directors of the World's Fair have disregarded the numerous remonstrances addressed to them in favour of Sunday closing. They announce their decision in the following terms:—

It is our judgment that the Exposition should be open on Sunday, under such rules and regulations as will prohibit the use of machinery, unnecessary manual labour and all merchandizing, and, at the same time, give opportunity for the study of the highest standard of artistic and mechanical science; that the art gallery, the horticultural building and all other buildings in which exhibits of mechanical art are exhibited should be thrown open to the public on each and every day during the entire time of the Exposition; also, that each employee should be given one day of each week for rest, study or recreation.

The great laxity, now only too prevalent in the matter of Sabbath observance, will receive a new impetus from this action of the World's Fair directors. They have endeavoured to compromise matters, by shutting down the machinery. Yet this does not carry out the requirement of the Fourth Commandment.

UGANDA, says the *Christian Leader*, still occupies the minds of the Government and of the Christian people of Britain. The problem may be considered from many points of view. There is the point of view of the economist, that the taxpayer can undertake no more burdens. There is the point of view of Bishop Smithies—after all, the man of all men most interested—who thinks that the entry of the British East African Company has changed the whole position. That company took over whatever secular power the missionaries had. Before the coming of the Company the missionaries did not seek the protection of their Government; they had so much influence that generally they were able to look after themselves; but now the removal of the Company would let loose the very worst elements in the country, and every missionary would be instantly swept off the face of Uganda. Rev. Robert Walker, of the Church Missionary Society is to reach England this week. He is bringing with him the latest news and two distinguished Uganda chiefs, who have been of the greatest service to the missionaries in the late fighting. Mr. Walker is to bring the views of these men before the Foreign Office and Mr. Gladstone.

THE *Christian Leader* says: Miss Kate Marsden, the brave English girl who followed exactly the commands of the Lord to "sell all that she had," and do the work that opened itself out for her, this week received the medal of the Royal British Nurses' Association. The medal was presented by the Princess Christian, who made an excellent little speech recalling the brave work done by Miss Marsden for the Russian lepers. This lady is now back in England to raise additional funds, and it is certain that she will obtain them. The Princess of Wales has interested herself in the work, not only in this country but also in Russia, where her interest with her sister, the Empress, has smoothed the way for Miss Marsden to carry out her work. The success attained was so great that efforts are being made to send out a corps of volunteer lady nurses to help with the work. Princess Christian referred to the gallant aid given during the Hamburg cholera by Miss Annesley and Miss Kenealy, who are stated to have been "examples to all the other nurses in Hamburg." The spirit of Miss Nightingale is not yet dead. It is not the least notable of the signs of the times that an increasing number of ladies are giving themselves to the work of nursing, not as a profession but as a consecration.

THE *British Weekly* says: The relation of workmen to the churches has sprung suddenly to the front, as the question for Christian people at present. We have to face not only the fact that so many thousands of them have wholly ceased church connection, but that no small fraction of these are

bitterly hostile. It is true, besides, that of those who remain, many are doubtful, disaffected, and even on the point of leaving. A new temper has been silently forming, and the Congregational Union scene has hardened it. We read that at a conference on non-church-going among working men, called together by an energetic Wesleyan minister, the Rev. George Jackson, of Edinburgh, the speakers complained that the churches did not welcome the poor. "If a poorly dressed man went to church, the elders gave him a wide berth," and did not sympathize with his necessities. One speaker asked what clergymen had done to further the Early Closing Bill. The chairman, a town councillor, said that workmen were dismissed if they did not do their work properly, and it was not unreasonable that ministers should be treated in the same manner. In Presbyterian Churches, he said, the Session or Court should be elected annually, not for life, as they got out of sympathy with the life of the people. As a rule the speakers did not seem to be much in sympathy with Christianity itself, and did not, any more than some labour leaders, appear to think that Christ is the way, and that none come to the Father but by Him.

THE Rev. Dr. Boyd, of St. Andrews, doubts the wisdom of starting the Scottish Church Society at present in the way it has been done, and declares it absurd to call the promoters a High Church party. They were "the saintliest men in the Kirk," and considered the church courts to be too much occupied with things of worldly wisdom and doctrine. No change was contemplated in the ceremony of ordination; the chief events in the Saviour's life—Christmas, Good Friday, Easter Day, and the Communion of the Holy Ghost at Whitsuntide—were to be observed, and also such other special events as are thought good to observe; the perils of schism were to be taught; giving was to be part of the service; ministers were to do more in the way of Bible classes for the young, training them for the communion; but he did not know what was meant by "the maintenance of the law of the Church in regard to marriage," whether the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, the law of divorce, or anything else. "A member of the Society" writes that the Scottish Church Society has been formed not to promote Ritualism but to stem the tide of Rationalism and of Individualism, and to counteract the so-called evangelistic movement, which is generating Antinomianism, while the buffoonery and irreverence of many of its promoters is destroying the religious sense in a large section of the community.

THE Rev. Dr. Cochrane in his eloquent and forcible Thanksgiving service said: I refrain from speaking at length of the gigantic frauds and the wholesale bribery and corruption that have been unearthed recently on the part of men clothed with authority, and representing important trusts in our Dominion and Local Legislatures. The scandals ventilated in Ottawa and Quebec have made us the byword of other nations. That men of surpassing ability in many ways should so prostitute their talents and debauch their consciences is sad indeed; but not less sad it is to find so-called Christian men excusing, while condemning such actions. There may be, there will always be, honest differences of opinion regarding tariffs, and our relations to Great Britain and the United States, but there should be no difference of opinion regarding villainies, whether perpetrated by men who call themselves Liberals or Conservatives. The manner of dealing in Canada with wretched culprits who steal to satisfy the cravings of hunger, or who have been educated from childhood to thieving as a profession, and the tender sympathy extended to vultures who prey upon the commonwealth, is amazing. The former class are sent to the reformatory, or the Central Prison, or the penitentiary; the latter class are retired from office without a pension. That they do not need, for they have provided themselves with sufficient for the longest life. Or we go through the form of trials, before judges or Parliamentary committees, and then the farce is ended, and the indignation of the people pacified!

Our Contributors.

SOME SOURCES OF MILLIONS OF MISCHIEFS.

BY KNONONIAN.

Shakespeare makes one of his characters say that he fears "some that smile have in their hearts millions of mischiefs." It is quite true that some smiling men are not any better than they ought to be. The great dramatist says in another tragedy that one may "smile and smile, and be a villain." So one may. Some of the greatest villains that infest society are smiling men. The most pestiferous humbug in politics and in the Church is the man who constantly smiles on people to make them believe that he has a great interest in them and is panting to promote their welfare. People like to be humbugged. The smiling man knows that and he governs himself accordingly. Just why men who ought to be wise as serpents should love to be gulled is a mystery, but it is a fact all the same.

It would be a good thing for this world if smiling men were the only sources from which millions of mischiefs may come. There are millions of mischiefs in

ONE BARREL OF WHISKEY.

Rolling off the dray at the store door, it may look as innocent as a barrel of flour, but there may be half-a-dozen murders in that barrel of liquor and there often is. One of the English judges stated the other day that he had sentenced four men in as many days to be hanged for murder and that each of the four had been brought to the gallows through strong drink. There is no power in human language to describe the suffering, the sorrow and the crime caused by the drink habit. The direct injury and suffering are great and the indirect wrongs that come from the habit are by no means inconsiderable. You sometimes see men banded together in politics, in municipal affairs, in school management, and tell it not in Gath, sometimes in Church affairs, and the only tie that binds them is love of whiskey. The bond that binds them is the bottle. A combination of that kind, and such combinations are by no means rare, is an unmitigated evil in a free country over and above the direct shame and sorrow, crime and suffering caused by the drinking usages of society.

There are millions of mischiefs

IN POLITICAL CORRUPTION.

The existence of a nation in which any considerable number of public men are corrupt, in which a large number of the people condone corruption, and a large number more are themselves venal, is only a matter of time. Assuming that the Almighty has not changed His procedure in the treatment of nations, national corruption must aid in national extinction. If the poison could be kept in the politics, decay might be averted at least for a time, but it cannot be kept there. What more natural than that a business man, who defends dishonesty in his favourite politicians, should find his own clerks practising dishonesty. Can he complain if they do? They only apply to their employer's till the theory of morals that their employer applies to the till of the nation. If a man defends fraud with a voters' list, can he expect his son or his clerk to be honest with other documents. If a citizen defends or ignores uncleanness in a public man, can he complain if his own son follows the example of the man his father lionizes? Can the citizen who champions a drunken public man wonder if his own sons imitate their father's hero? Can he wonder if his daughter marries an incipient drunkard and debauchee? They see their father working night and day to put a drunkard or debauchee or dishonest man in a place of honour and trust. Can the young people be blamed if they imitate their father's hero?

Political corruption strikes indirectly at the very root of everything that is pure in the family, and honest in business, and because it does so strikes at all that is vital in the nation. Perhaps the worst feature of the case is the cynical contempt for truth, which always comes with low political morality. Men sneer at any statement and question any fact when the political "boom" is on. We call this a Christian nation. How often has it happened that party managers, some of them prominent men in society, have published, perhaps with the knowledge and consent of prominent so-called Christians in the party, the most villainous falsehoods on the morning of polling day and published them solely in the hope that they might damage their opponents before there was time to reply? How can an average man expect truth amidst a deluge of lies? If a newspaper habitually, systematically, persistently lies about politics, why believe anything in its columns? If a merchant goes on the platform and brazenly lies about his political opponents, why believe him over the counter? A lawyer who deliberately lies in politics is not to be trusted with the secrets of his clients, nor a doctor who does so with the confidences of his patients. The fact is, rottenness in politics soon produces rottenness all round.

People who admit the existence of political evils sometimes deny their danger. They contend that there is one code of morals for politics and another for business and family affairs. All we can say, is that we know of only one decalogue. We may of course be mistaken, but we have always been under the impression that the command, "Thou shalt not steal," applied to the public treasury as well as to a bank or a private purse. We really have had the opinion that "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour," applied

to the utterances of public men, but of course we do not know much about these things. Our ideas may not be sufficiently advanced to meet the views of the "heeler," and the "boss," and the "campaign liar," and the distributor of the "influence," and the writer who admits it is a huge lie, but good enough for election material, and all these clean and worthy citizens who rule this country. There may indeed be two codes of morals—one for affairs of state and one for other affairs. All we say is, we never saw more than one. Indeed, it may be possible to be a filthy, dishonest, lying sot in public, and a clean, good man in business and in the family. All we say is, we do not understand how the thing is done and find no authority for it in a book that we were trained to look upon as authority on such questions.

At the present time political corruption is producing thorough and unutterable contempt for the administration of the law, we shall not say the administration of justice. How can anybody with a sense of right and wrong have any respect for forms that imprison a hungry boy for taking a biscuit, and not only acquit, but honour men who have stolen hundreds of thousands. If that ragged, untaught, homeless, motherless, hungry lad, who is handed by the police into the cell and from the cell sent to prison, had been a cabinet minister and had stolen a million or corrupted the morals of more than a million, he would have been a hero, and churchwardens and class-leaders, elders and evangelists, women and clergymen would have vied with each other in doing him honour.

We began this paper with the intention of pointing out several sources from which millions of mischiefs come to Church and State, but we have tapped only two. Thanksgiving Day and the review articles on bribery published on the other side naturally make one think of the dangers to which one's own country is exposed. The dangers are all the greater and more imminent because they are denied by some, ignored by many, laughed at by not a few, and too often defended by men who pose as intensely loyal and patriotic citizens. With too many, the simple statement, "The other side is just as bad," is a sufficient defence for any kind of corruption.

CHINESE NATIVE PREACHERS.

The following letters from Dr. G. L. Mackay, dated respectively Formosa, Tamsui, September 10 and 15, 1892, have, through the courtesy of Mr. Hamilton Cassels, Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee, been forwarded for publication:—

Upwards of threescore years ago a peasant lived at Pat-li-hun, on the opposite side of Tamsui Harbour. There a son was born in 1831. The first twelve years of his life were like any ordinary farmer's boy in that region. Days were divided between playing and fishing. Afterwards parents and children moved to Lam-khamn, ten miles south. There the second twelve years were devoted to unceasing study of the Chinese classics. At the end of that time this young man, as an enthusiastic admirer of Confucius and an ardent lover of the sage's "Analects," entered on his duties as teacher of the only writings under heaven able to make men learned, wise and ceremonious, and, alas, conceited. A dozen years were faithfully given to the work, during which time he made many admirers. In Tho-a-hng, four miles distant, there was a house (not so now) with an upper storey for the most zealous Buddhists (vegetarians), to assemble, entertain visitors and chant traditions of the great Buddha. The leader noticed our aspiring Confucian teacher present several times, and arranged to entrap him. He succeeded by flattery, kindness and pretended sanctity. He was induced to join their number and thus escape this world's allurements, etc. Accordingly he abandoned the school-room, deserted his family and travelled far and near with two baskets on a bamboo pole, gathering old papers with characters, exhorting people to cease eating flesh, and entreating them to strive for entrance into Nirvana. As a matter of fact, the fellow, like the founder of Buddhism, got disgusted with riotous living, which enfeebled his constitution. Rambling one day he stepped into a chapel and met a preacher who studied under the canopy of heaven and graduated in the university of experience. Swords were drawn, with the result that the victorious Christian escorted the baffled Buddhist to my quarters. He appeared genial and intellectual; but the physical man was greatly enervated. "Why," said he, "Confucianism I found wanting, and I am completely upset with this new doctrine, already I can perceive its superiority. I see there is a clear solid foundation. God the Creator is God the Controller and God the Redeemer."

It is well known, but a too much neglected fact, that the body and mind act reciprocally on each other. I put the man under a course of treatment, and in three months he was restored to health and household. Thereupon he searched that grand revelation made by the world's Creator in the unseen universe, and turned from the unreal, unscientific and unsatisfactory effusions of finite, frail and futile brains.

He now rejoiced in partaking of God's gifts to men, whether found in ocean, air, or land. In 1876, April 17, he was baptized at Go-ko-khi, and a few months afterwards entered our ranks as a student, and travelled like the rest of us barefooted along rock-bound shores, through crowded towns and over rugged mountains, revelling in God's equally wonderful creation and revelation.

He never ceased comparing his experiences of Buddhism with dreams, pleasant enough, but only dreams that vanish.

Exactly so, the "Light of Asia" in North Formosa is dark, soporific and destructive. At length he was appointed preacher and brought his family to the chapel. Twelve months afterwards the eldest son, a young Confucianist teacher, embraced the Gospel, and, with a still younger son, have been preachers of the glorious way of salvation for years.

From Au-lang, on the west of So-bay, on the east coast, the father laboured in this mission, always with a success peculiar to himself. Faithful in duty, he was nevertheless exceedingly popular amongst all classes of heathens and Christians. Kind in heart, forgiving in spirit and venerable in appearance, (with long, white, flowing beard), he disarmed prejudice, conquered opposition and won many friends to the cause. His first wife died many years ago and he married a Pi-po-hoan on Palm Island, who became a convert when we were rebuilding the Ke-lung chapel after the French departed. Seeing him fail in strength during my last tour in Eastern Formosa, he was ordered (much according to his own desire) back to Palm Island. When there only a few days he summoned the children to his bedside and uttered his last words on earth April 21, 3 p.m.

"Now I am done with this world, go you all and pray. Jesus has sent an angel for me, I'm going home."

Thus Sian Tai Sun, sixty-one years of age, passed from that little room below to the mansions vast above.

October 12, 1891, I wrote about another preacher sixty-two years old, who passed into glory. I suppose the letter went astray. Ko Chin was farmer in 1872, drover in 1873, member in 1875, elder in 1879, learner in 1882, preacher in 1884, and victor in 1890.

Ko Hok, the only child of his parents, was born in 1860, about fifteen miles from Ke-lung, amongst rugged mountain ranges, where tree-ferns forty feet high spread their magnificent fronds on the leeward slopes and along dark, deep valleys. He was reared amid the deprivations of hardy peasants in that region, and lost his mother when ten years old attending a small school. Soon afterwards the father moved to Sin-tiam and began trade in the village. The first preaching hall there was a room in the shop, and when a new building was being erected the young lad laboured most assiduously for the cause. After its completion at every night's service he was an intelligent and eager hearer.

I baptized him November 23, 1879, and some time after he was enrolled as a student. Though small in stature, he was large in intellect, and stood first during his last term in college. At that time he recited the Shorter Catechism and one hundred psalms, etc., without making a single mistake. His success as a preacher throughout this field was very marked; and especially at Pat-li-hun, his last charge. The work got a great impulse under his faithful instruction and visitation. There he became ill after exposure, and would not be contented until brought across here. A room was put at his disposal in the college. On the 11th ult. I left him very weak and started for Pak-tan. He wished to know if I would be back that day? When answered in the affirmative, he smiled and said, "I'm all right," meaning his soul. But ere I returned God summoned him away. The following I gathered from his wife, several preachers and Mrs. M., who were with him at the last moments: At noon he anxiously enquired if I arrived. He wished we would sing "I to the hills, etc.," and thus bid him farewell. He was conscious that the time of his departure was at hand. Exhorted his wife and child never to forsake the Lord God.

The last hour he kept repeating the names Saviour, Paul, Daniel, etc. The eve before when all the students, etc., were singing in college hall, he jumped out of bed and stood outside weeping.

He repeated several times the words, "Why, why, did Jesus suffer so much for us?" Gently whispered, "I'm going to heaven, if I just get a small corner there it will be all I am worthy to receive." Ko Hok slept in peace.

Next day at eleven a.m. we laid the remains of this young faithful preacher in the native cemetery. In the evening I addressed all on Rev. vii. 9-10. "After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people and tongues, etc." That's what the great God of the unseen universe says, no matter then, what prejudiced or worldly man on His footstool may think or do, He will triumph over all His foes and fill His boundless mansions with souls redeemed by Jesus of Nazareth. Yours sincerely, G. L. MACKAY.

MISSION METHODS.

Various and diversified are the methods of evangelizing adopted in the different mission fields of the world, wisely and necessarily so, for they must be adapted to the several races, their religious conceptions, civilization and idiosyncrasies, educational, medical, colportage, Bible reading, tract distribution, household visitation, Zenana women, mothers, clubs, industrial institutions, and so forth, all excellent and efficacious auxiliaries for the spread of the Gospel truth, but auxiliaries only to the divinely-appointed *viva voce* preaching of God's message to man in the pulpits, platform, open air gatherings, or small groups and individuals, for none of them, nor all combined, can replace or substitute that higher mode of penetrating the heart and arousing the conscience. When all, or most, of these auxiliaries are employed by the agency of earnest, devoted, consecrated men and women, the

result must be, or should be, correspondingly glorious. Few missions combine them all, for they add greatly to expenditure.

Each of these instruments has had its day of popularity above all the others, till its true, relative utility was ascertained. Just now medical and Zenana work hold sway, and justly so, provided they are only handmaids to preaching in public. Each of those agencies may be made subservient to preparing the field and paving the way for the preacher, but cannot supply his place. Medical men adequately instructed theologically are rare indeed, and as they are sent generally, if not invariably, to the most populous localities, it follows that, if successful and popular, all their time and attention are absorbed in tending to bodily ailments and the cure of souls is inevitably neglected. Could they be stationed in small towns and villages, they might subserve the double purpose, not otherwise, and only if they are endowed with preaching aptitude or power, which is rarely the case. That popularity seems highly illogical and misplaced, or all ministers and preachers should be likewise trained medically. Then again an exaggerated importance is attached to a doctor's ministry. The patient, whether heathen or Moslem, till he can be made to believe in the proximity of death is thinking of his physical condition and seldom gives serious heed to the spiritual healing of the soul. Could the doctor follow his patient after recovery, he might then influence the grateful heart, but it is not given him to do that.

Two general tendencies prevail among mission workers. Some concentrate their efforts on immediate tangible results, the winning of single converts. Others, taking broader views and looking forward to the future, aim at permeating and leavening the mass around them. The former get the greatest credit, while the latter remain comparatively in the shade. The first class consists mainly of new, fresh workers, fully alive to the exigencies of Societies and Committees, for tangible results, since their financial prospects depend greatly on reports of gathered fruit; the second is composed of men of maturer experience and a loftier conception of duty, not to those who sent them forth, but to the Master who called them.

I hold and maintain that the truest method, the most in accord with Apostolic example, is that which amalgamates both tendencies; and while not despising the day of small things, but rejoicing at the tokens of God's sanction, a blessing in immediate fruit, yet looks forward steadfastly to the harvest day. The missionary should seek to become a moral force in the community where he labours, to be a living epistle known and read of all men.

This broader and higher aim is most important as regards Gospel work amongst the Jews. The moment a convert is baptized, he becomes an outcast from synagogue, family and society. He ceases to belong to the mass, or to exert any influence for good on it, at least for a long while thereafter. Another sad result in most cases is, he becomes dependent for material support on the missionary or the church, and is generally constrained to flee to some other locality or land in search of occupation for self-support. This is not peculiar to Jews. Pretty much the same thing happens among Hindoos, Chinese and even among Roman Catholics. Persecution and intolerance isolate the convert from all former relations and associations, and in most instances deprive him of means of livelihood. I therefore deprecate hasty baptism, and prefer long terms of trial and probation. If the convert is sincere and earnest, he is all the while leavening the mass of his surroundings—exerting a beneficial influence. It has also this additional advantage, that he gets more firmly grounded in the faith, and far better able thereafter to bear the cross of reproach, ignoring the temporal loss.

In Palestine, more probably than elsewhere, charity is made instrumental for drawing hearers, with the result that the poor and needy go to the meetings, while the middle and higher class are repelled thereby. It is a highly objectionable mode of propagandism, and of very questionable results.

"The poor have the Gospel preached to them," was a glorious, evidential characteristic of the Lord Jesus; but not to the exclusion of the higher classes and the learned, of whom timid Nicodemus is an illustration; and besides, He severely upbraided those who sought the loaves and fishes more than the Kingdom of God and His righteousness.

Itinerancy is another method, but, unless followed by periodical visits, or the itinerant is within easy reach of anxious souls, it may afford scope for descriptions of journeys and exciting incidents, it is powerless to produce lasting effects, and generally involves considerable waste of time and means.

Volunteer workers may indeed indulge in it, but those supported by public contributions should not wander about except when health demands change of air.

There is a growing tendency to encourage men and women of imperfect qualifications and deficient in linguistic faculties to go to distant lands. The only recommendation seems to be cheapness, but I am persuaded it must prove costly in the end by loss of lives and broken constitutions, for little care is bestowed on their physical and mental qualities, enduring those climates.

The result of experience in various lands and fields during forty-four years is, that missionaries require a wider range of talents, faculties, aptitudes, and capacities of accommodation to varied and varying circumstances, much more than ministers and preachers at home, and must be students and learners all life long. This is more specially imperative in the Jewish field, for it demands superior argumentative logical powers, thorough acquaintance with the Hebrew original of the Scriptures, tolerable familiarity with Talmudic literature and dogma, large linguistic attainments, and sympathy with the aspirations and destinies of the people. Nothing short of that can fully qualify a labourer among that singular

people. Inefficient workers are expensive in the end, and then it is said that it costs so much to convert a Jew, a Brahmin, or a Moslem, whereas the fault is in the inadequacy and inefficiency of the instrument.

Let me not be misunderstood. Far be it from me to depreciate medical agencies. They are powerful auxiliaries, provided they do not overstep their appropriate sphere, or attempt to supplant the trained preacher. Zenana women are excellent and indispensable in oriental lands particularly, provided zeal is tempered by due prudence and discretion. Itinerancy is good under certain conditions, but *per se* it is powerless to effect any permanent results. All the agencies named have their appropriate, useful and fruitful places in well organized missions, conditional on due subordination and under an efficient, intelligent, conscientious and judicious guide, counsellor and controller; and all so ordered and directed, concentrated and aiming at the one grand result—the one thing needful to all—to lead men to sit at Jesus' feet and learn of Him.

A. BEN-OLIEL.

Jerusalem, Oct. 1, 1892.

ONE ROMAN CATHOLIC WHO DOES HIS OWN THINKING.

MR. EDITOR,—Herewith I send you a translation of an article by one signing himself "Catholique," which appeared some time ago in the *Canada Revue*. The writer is one who, at least, on certain points, prefers thinking for himself to the priests thinking for him. For this he well deserves our praise. It is pleasing to know that there are not a few of the same class, and that their number is increasing. Exercising the right of private judgment, which the Church of Rome accounts a most deadly pestilence, is in the air in the Province of Quebec. It is to be hoped that those who begin by refusing to be dictated to on such questions as politics and education will go on and do the same on the highest one. It will be seen that "Catholique" indirectly admits that what Chiniquy and others have said about the Romish clergy wishing to keep their people in bondage and about their immorality has not gone beyond the truth.

T. F.

Woodbridge, Ont.

EDUCATION IN CANADA.

We have not a single Catholic college where the young are trained to engage in the struggles of life. They do not wish to make laymen. The establishments of the country are all little seminaries which have degenerated into priest-factories, if we may be allowed to use the expression.

Yes, our colleges are founded and maintained by us, to prepare the young to go into religious orders.

If you try to get your child taught shorthand or typewriting, you will be told that a priest has no need to know these worldly things, these modern inventions. If you advise him to study, learn and practise it by himself, he will be bounced out at the door for you, without any further ceremony. Priests, still priests, always priests, nothing but priests.

It is not necessary to have talent in college to become a priest. Any subject is good enough to make an ecclesiastic. Besides, one should notice how those who intend to take the *soutane** are fondled for you; while, on the other hand, the scabby fellow who is at the head of his class, but who is going into the world, gets nothing but blows, beastly insults and stupid treatment.

First consequence. The young are afraid of engaging in the struggles of the laity, and they put on the *soutane*, in order to find in it a life all marked out, all prepared and all happiness and joy.

Second consequence. Gross ignorance when one has finished his course of study.

Third consequence. The Province is covered with priests, who imagine that they are all Lacordaires, but who, too often, are Guyhots.

The public urgently demands reform in our system of education. We need colleges to form laymen, otherwise we shall be forced to send our children elsewhere. Let us be censured for it or not. We wish to give our children the practical means of earning their livelihood. We do not wish to be any longer treated as an inferior race.

If this insult is thrown in our face by the enemies of our people, let the clergy take to itself a good share thereof. Let it take the whole.

It has never wished to do any thing for our instruction, or for our education. We see it so on the present occasion. The bishops are all arrayed as one man against the Hon. M. Masson and the other laymen. It is always the same policy—everything for themselves, nothing for other people.

Besides, the Guyhot affair has proved to us that their friends were dwindling away, and that they could hardly reckon on the sympathies of the public. One has never heard in the country such a litany. There is not a single paper which has not made them feel its teeth. Some have tried to make their bite less painful by saying that our clergy had done great things, beautiful things; that it had always shown itself patriotic, devoted, charitable, etc., etc. But it was easy to see that these flattering writers did not believe one of the traitorous words which they wrote.

No, our clergy has come down, come prodigiously down, in the estimation of the people, and, what is worse, it has only itself to blame for that.

The abuses among the clergy gave birth to the Reformation, that is, Protestantism in England. They contributed in large measure to the French Revolution, especially its horrors, and they are on the way to ruin French influence in America.

As for the patriotism of our clergy, it has always kindly consented to take the stronger side. It is of no use for one to shout from the housetops and to print in the papers that it has saved the country. The patriots of 1837 will never believe it, much less will those of 1885.

The history of our clergy, which is written every day, is a false one. We have just had proof that the public has not a great respect for it and does not hold it in such high esteem, as is every day said and printed.

It is a great pity it is true. But then, whose fault is it? Not ours, that is sure, for before the Guyhot affair we never whispered one word about the numerous religious scandals which we knew, and which, without describing them like the Guyhot one, were not less atrocious.

The Guyhot affair, as the Hon. M. Masson said to the assembled bishops before him, "was only the drop of water which made the cup run over."

And this drop of water if it had not been written in a package of letters, whose authenticity has been acknowledged by high dignitaries directly interested in the matter, do you think that it would have made the cup run over?

Ah no! his affair of last November—the affair of the \$500, of which *La Minerve* spoke—was much more frightful and sacrilegious than this last one. But no one would take the word of the poor victimized woman when the priest said that she lied.

Even to-day, notwithstanding the proof in the criminal's own handwriting, do we not find a crowd of priests who tell us that that is false?

"Brave the Catholic people no longer," the Hon. M. Masson has said to you. Ponder well these words.

We do not here mean to teach anyone, nor to take on ourselves a mission which was never committed to us. But we maintain that the tribunal of public opinion is the highest in the world, and that no one has any right to flee from it, much less to step over it.

CATHOLIQUE.

IS THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AWAKE TO THE ROMANISM OF TO-DAY?

MR. EDITOR,—At the recent great Pan-Presbyterian Conference, this question was only partially touched upon. It had not that ventilation which was required, looking at its evils.

Romanism may be aptly compared to a huge serpent, slowly but surely coiling itself around the weaker Protestantism of this age. Two things are trying to sap the foundations of true Christianity of our time: rational scepticism—proclaimed in the writings of such men as Huxley, Spencer, Tyndall, Ingersoll and others,—but not less so, the semi-idolatry of Roman Catholicity. Rational men cannot swallow the monstrosities of Romanism, any more than can true evangelistic Christians. Are we to stand by and see the Virgin Mary elevated to the rank of a goddess in heaven and prayed to and worshipped as we worship Christ?

We believe Christ is God, and if He is not, then the Scriptures are false. Look at the first chapter of Hebrews, the first chapter of Revelations, the first chapter of John's Gospel, the first Epistle of John and other sources.

We believe the Virgin Mary required a Saviour, and was born in sin as a woman; although made the mother in the flesh of Jesus by the power of the Holy Ghost to beget Jesus as a Saviour God. We believe God was manifest in the flesh in Jesus. The Romans may believe this in a way too, but they add to it their wicked traditions; making the Virgin immaculate. They worship a Church instead of God in Christ. They pronounce their Church infallible, and all out of its pale as destined to eternal hell.

We worship a spiritual Christ as God, and look on the Church as His bride and the instrument of the powers of the Holy Ghost on the earth over men.

If we are to take St. Paul as an inspired man, as do all true Christians, then, according to the glorious doctrines laid down in the first chapter of Colossians (read from the 13th to the 19th verses), we see who Christ is and what His Church is. He is the head of the Church—and Him we are to worship, not the Church which He created in holiness.

Now scepticism such as you alluded to in one of your late numbers, when speaking of Herbert Spencer's dark doctrines, would leave us where the old heathen philosophers did, and the mind instead of advancing would be at a standstill, and in the horrid gloom of old Greek philosophy.

Are we not to emerge from it, is there no glorious light of a risen Christ, of a new life and new heavens?

On the other hand Romanism has thrown a smothering blanket of superstition over Christ's simple Gospel, has added *Mariology* to Christ's worship; adds saints' worship, the prayers for the dead, masses and indulgences, with confessions to sinful priests. These are the errors our pulpits are called on to battle with.

Is it not the duty—a duty required of the ministry of all true evangelistic churches, to more frequently denounce this great incubus of Romanism on Christ's Holy Church? Do ministers perform this duty properly? are they not flagrantly derelict in duty in this respect? The Holy Ghost calls on them to do this. I am not forgetful of the zeal exhibited by many Roman Catholics to extend their religion, often a zeal like that of Mahomedanism. Who are more zealous than the dusky followers of the impostor of Arabia?

Nor am I prepared to deny that in the pale of this priest-ridden Church, are thousands of sincere Christian men and women—worshipping as well as they can the true Christ—under the shadow of the great superstition of Romanism and its errors, so clearly denounced in the Book of Revelations. All that should not prevent us from denouncing the errors of this Church. Let us just read of the diabolical gunpowder plot in England, fomented by Roman Catholics and Jesuits, about three hundred years ago, the anniversary of the discovery of which will occur on the 5th November, just at hand. Let us read of the terrible persecutions of Queen Mary of England—an infamous bigot and tool of Rome in England, when five bishops were burnt at the stake, or of the blood-stained rivers of France at the massacre of Protestants on St. Bartholomew's, which was the work of the Italian Queen and tool of Rome—which act the Pope approved. We see Protestants of both parties in Canada, recreant Conservatives and Reformers, yielding to Romish machinations, willing to make even Sir John Thompson the Premier of the Dominion. Shame upon them, and blessing on Dr. Douglas, of the Methodist Church, for denouncing this man, false to his father's religion. Some may ask why this alarm. Look at the state of parties in our own Province and at Ottawa. Look at the progress of this wicked Church in all the United States, or in England, under the nose of Mr. Gladstone, who was once its bitterest enemy! Look at the appointment of the Lord Mayor of London, and his determination to have his Roman Catholic priest and ceremonies! Look at the assumption of the Pope lately, to give one of his Cardinals the name of the Bishop of Winchester! Look at Cardinal Taschereau, assuming the potency of a Prince in the British Dominions! Look at other wicked signs of the great apostasy. Is it not time to awake?

CHARLES DURAND.

* The usual dress of a priest, something like a lady's riding habit.

Pastor and People.

THY BURDEN.

To every one on earth
God gives a burden to be carried down
The road that lies between the cross and crown,
No lot is wholly free;
He giveth one to thee.

Some carry it aloft,
Open and visible to any eyes;
And all may see its form and weight and size;
Some hide in it their breast,
And deem it thus unguessed.

Thy burden is God's gift,
And it will make the bearer calm and strong;
Yet lest it press too heavily and long,
He says, "Cast it on Me,
And it shall easy be."

And those who heed His voice,
And seek to give it back in trustful prayer,
Have quiet hearts that never can despair,
And hope lights up the way
Upon the darkest day.

Take thou thy burden thus
Into thy hands and lay it at His feet,
And whether it be sorrow or defeat,
Or pain, or sin, or care,
Upon the darkest day.

It is the lonely road
That crushes out the life and light of heaven,
But borne with Him, the soul restorer, forgiven,
Sings out through all the days
Her joys and God's high praise.

—The Christian World.

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THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT.

EDITED BY M. H. C.

THE GARDENS OF ARIM.

After a few days thus spent Arim and his company quitted the earthly paradise and returned to the Adite kingdom, leaving only enough servants and soldiers behind to do the work of the palace and gardens, and to defend them against wandering tribes. Many such tribes did indeed pass by. They heard the soft splash of waters, the songs of birds, the voices of men; even the odour of a thousand flowers was wafted over the rocky barriers towards them; but they did not know what lay smiling in evergreen beauty within the mighty cliffs, and hastened away as from a dangerous, enchanted land. The king became worse and worse, vainer, more self-indulgent, more cruel. He no longer allowed the people to worship what gods they chose: they must worship him. Those who refused were tortured or put to death. He would have killed his own queen for this had he not feared the vengeance of the Egyptian king, her father. He no longer took her to the hidden gardens, and she was glad not to be compelled to go there, for, while she admired their loveliness, she hated the conduct that defied it. Instead, she took her boy Haril into the Nile country and had him taught by grave and learned men. Some of these venerable teachers were not very cheerful, and their lessons chimed in all too well with what Haril, boy as he was, had seen of the dark side of life. So he learned to say and to feel with his teachers:—

Empty and vain are the kingdoms of earth;
Sin follows pleasure and bitterness, mirth;
Better death's morn than the evening of birth.

Justice is bribery, honours are lies;
Fools make a mock of the good and the wise;
The kingdom worth having is up in the skies.

Thy maker, thy keeper, thy friend ne'er deny;
Shut not thine ear to the suppliant's cry;
So live thy life as to fear not to die.

To find what is Truth make thy constant endeavour;
Thy soul's trust from earthly things valiantly sever;
So shall thine be heaven's glories for ever and ever.

Haril determined to be satisfied with no earthly kingdom, which has so often been the destruction of its king, but to seek that which has a true foundation and can never be moved.

One day Arim went out of the Adite land with a small company of boon companions and his idolatrous mother, to visit his earthly paradise. He never returned. Many messengers were sent to get news of him, but they could not find the gardens. Trumpets were blown from every rocky peak for miles and miles around, but no answering blast greeted the herald's ear. Haril, grown to be a young man, accompanied by his mother and a great retinue, passed through the whole peninsula of Stony Arabia, climbed mountains, explored valleys and passes, dug through ramparts of stone, made the air ring with shouts and trumpet peals and beat of drum, but no gardens were found, no response came. No songs of birds greeted them, no scent of many fragrant blossoms, nothing but the grim, forbidding wilderness met their gaze, just as it had been before the gardens were made. "Our Lord has taken His gardens up to heaven," said some of the most idolatrous, when, at that very moment, Haril and all the company beheld a mirage far away in the south towards the sea. Yes, there could be no mistaking it, it was the gardens of Arim, with Arim's dyke, his canal and lakes, his trees and flowers turned upside down between earth and heaven. And there, falling down into the depths that are

bottomless, were Arim and his mother and their little company, with all their glory gone, haggard, wan, dishevelled, the pictures of misery and despair. Then the wind came rushing from the Egyptian desert, over the Red Sea, and up the narrow ravines, as of yore it fed the blast of the copper furnaces, howling in its height and wailing in its fall, while the people cried: "Alas, alas, for the gardens of Arim!" So Arim and his gardens came never back again, and among the Arabs to this day any vain quest is called looking for the gardens of Arim.

Haril sought no more for the earthly paradise. Sometimes travellers, hoping for reward, came and told him that they had found it, but they told falsehoods. The courtiers came to worship him as they had worshipped his vain father. "Are you dogs," he asked, "to worship a man?" The Adites did not like to be called dogs. "Your father commanded it," they pleaded. "And you," he answered, "know my father's fate. So must all perish who magnify themselves against God." So he taught them to worship God, and for penance, made them build the sepulchres of the prophets and just men whom they had slain by his father's orders. The slaves were all set free and royal lands granted to them. The soldiers were disbanded and ordered to take up some useful calling or leave the country, with the exception of a small body of chosen men which kept guard over the criminals whom he sent to work the copper mines in the desert. In spite of their watchfulness, the convicts would often escape and explore the valleys seeking for Arim's lost gardens, where they hoped to lead an easy and luxurious life. But they never found them.

There was no longer violence in the Adite land. No vice and debauchery publicly revelled to the nation's shame. No man-stealers went forth with arms and came home with troops of slaves. No armies marched to conquest, no sad burdens of slain and wounded entered the city gates. There was peace and plenty in the land, and king Haril rejoiced in that plenty, not because it made him rich, but because his people were happy, and he had enough to relieve the wants of all that were poor. He and the queen mother knew all their subjects and served them. One of his courtiers said to him one day, "How is it that in other kingdoms, the people serve the king, but here the king serves the people?" And Haril answered, "Do you know Him who is King of kings and Lord of lords?" He replied, "Yes, it is the great God." "Do we serve Him?" asked Haril, and the courtier replied, "No, how can we?" "Then does He not serve us?" "Yes, truly, His power keeps from day to day, His bounty feeds us, His grace keeps us from sin; He suffers with our evil ways continually." "So," said Haril, "if He who is highest is a servant, why may not the high ones of earth follow His blessed example?" The courtier said nothing, but went his way, and seeing one of his own servants staggering under a heavy burden, put his own shoulder to it to the man's great surprise, and helped him forward with his load.

Grief came to Haril's house; he lost his good mother. But now that he knew this grief, he knew how to sympathize with those in sorrow, and many a mourner blessed the name of the king. His name went abroad into all countries round about, and all that were in any kind of trouble came to him. The king said, "It is a new thing under the sun, for any man, woman or child to seek help in the Adites' land." But they sought help, and they got it. So long as Haril had enough to eat and drink, to clothe himself with, to put a roof over his head and covering on his couch, he was satisfied, and the rest he gave away. Many physicians from Egypt, of the race of Paeon, he brought into his kingdom and maintained at his own expense, to care for the sick and the diseased. In every town he built public baths that the people might practise cleanliness, which, the proverb says, is next to godliness. And holy men assembled there together to worship God and think of all his marvellous works. Thus the Adites once more became a people of renown, but now it was the renown of righteousness under a God-fearing king. Haril had sought neither power, wealth nor fame, but they all came to him, and he used them as means for doing good.

A traveller through his kingdom wrote a book giving an account of what he had seen, and this book was copied in different ways. Some scribes wrote it on a kind of paper made from the papyrus reed, others painted it on rolls of thin leather, and others stamped it on clay tablets which they afterwards baked hard in ovens. A copy of this book fell into Haril's hands. He read it, and found that the writer was much pleased with all that he had seen in the Adites' land, with one exception. That exception was the copper mines of Stony Arabia where the convicts worked under guard. The book told how sad was the lot of the miners, herded together like cattle, flogged by their guards, compelled to work for months under ground, with no family companionship and no hope. It is true they had been wicked men, thieves, rebels, man-stealers, murderers, blasphemers of God, but still the writer said that so good a man as king Haril ought to know that God forgives sinners when they repent and turn to him. This touched the king's heart. "I will go to the mines," he said. So he wrote a letter to the Governor and commander of the soldiers, telling him to receive a convict called Sheddad, and to set him at hard labour among the worst criminals in the mines. Then he told his prime minister, Mareb, to conduct the Government for him while he was absent for a time in a distant country.

The next morning a captain with a guard of soldiers came to the prison for the convict Sheddad, and the king, clothed in

rags and with his face artificially discoloured, was delivered over to him by the jailer. The captain and soldiers were kind to the supposed Sheddad, whose crime they did not know. The king's letter was given to the Governor of the mines, very faithful officer and one who meant well, but who hated wrong doing and who thought that sinners should be punished and punished always. He looked at Sheddad very severely and said, "You must be a very wicked man or our good king would not have commanded me to set you at hard labour among the worst of the convicts." Sheddad bowed, but said nothing. He was taken down into the bowels of the earth where the only light was from oil lamps and pine torches. There grimy, half-clad figures toiled with pick and crowbar, painfully tearing the hard rock asunder, and covering the floor with masses of ore that other men carried in baskets and on stretchers of wood to the mouth of the mine. A crowbar was given him and he was told to join the gang and break up the rock layers. So the king took the office of the very lowest of his subjects. Like theirs his fare was very meagre, black bread, lentil soup, cold water and mouldy figs or dates. When he paused a moment to think, the lash came down on his shoulders. When he went forward to help one of his companions he was told to mind his own business. When he rebuked his fellows for their blasphemy and foul language, they struck him. He bore it all with meekness and answered never a word. But when his work was done, he knelt down and prayed to God for the poor fellow convict and for himself, that God would give him grace and strength to bear the burden.

The miners could not understand him, nor the guards. He never struck, or even answered back. He never swore, or even grumbled. He helped others with their burdens, he bound up their wounded hands and feet, he spoke to them words of comfort and cheer. When work was over and his prayers made, he spoke to the convicts of wife and child and home. Then the tears ran down their grimy cheeks while they cried "That is all past; there is no hope for us." So he went round them all, and from all heard the same sad story. They were tired of sin, and would fain get away into King Haril's blessed kingdom, but there was no hope. All said so but one, and that was Hassim, a great murderer and criminal of many kinds, a perfect Adite, tall and straight as a palm-tree, strong as a cedar, handsome as the morning sun. He would have nothing to do with the canting convict Sheddad. He called him a hypocrite, was sure that no vile man breathed, and hated him and the guards, and the Governor, and King Haril, with all the strong hate of his proud, angry heart. Haril wrote a letter by the light of a pine torch to his prime minister Mareb:

"Haril to his well beloved Mareb sendeth greeting. Forasmuch as it is our pleasure that all the convicts at the mines who are willing to lead a good life be set free and be allowed to return to their families, we enjoin you to direct the Governor to bring such back to our kingdom of Ad, and to furnish them with all means for leading a better life in all time to come."

This he sealed with his signet and delivered in an enclosure to a soldier to give to the Governor. The Governor wondered, but, as a just man, he sent it by post to Mareb in the Adite land.

In a week the answer came. The Governor first set free the common criminals; then he came down into the mine to interview the worst cases. All gladly accepted the amnesty except Hassim and Sheddad. With joy they left their picks and crowbars and went aloft, some of them staying awhile to pray that good miner to join them who had spoken to them words of comfort and hope. Hassim said "I'll lead no good life; were I free, I would kill the Governor and Mareb and Haril too. I'll be no hypocrite even for the sake of the sunlight and wife and child and home." "Then," said Sheddad, "where Hassim stays, I stay too." And no entreaties could alter his purpose. So the convicts went forth, a joyous band full of hope, back to their native land, pouring blessings on the head of Haril, the most merciful king the world had ever seen. Hassim glowered at the supposed Sheddad. "Why did not you go too?" he asked; "are you staying here to be a spy upon me?" He replied "Hassim, I stay because I like you and cannot bear to leave you here alone." "You are a strange fellow," said Hassim, but he never cursed him after this, nor called him a hypocrite.

There were only two convicts in the mines, who could do little work. It was plainly King Haril's desire to have an end put to convict labour, and, so far, no free workmen had come to take the place of the criminals. So the Governor gave no new orders and the guards were very lax. One night Sheddad heard a slight noise and awoke. It was Hassim, who had risen from his couch and was stealing along toward the mouth of the mine. Sheddad followed. They passed the careless sentry, singing a song of home, and soon were out under the open sky, Hassim in front and Sheddad not far behind. Soon Hassim tripped. There was a ball and chain on his right leg, and he had held them up while passing the guard, but, becoming tired, and no longer in fear of arrest, he had let them drop, and they had got entangled about a shrub and had thrown him to the ground. Sheddad came up and helped his companion to his feet. "Let me free you from these," he said. So with a file he severed the chain and set Hassim free. "You are a good comrade, brother Sheddad," said the grateful malefactor; "I should like to do as much for you." But Sheddad's leg was bound by no chain. "Where are you going, friend Hassim?" asked Sheddad, and he replied, "To find the gardens of Arim, and live in joy." "Then we will travel together," said his companion, and so they went southward to seek their fairy land.

(To be continued.)

Our Young Folks.

COUNTING THE STEPS.

"O, how many steps there are to take!"
Said Madge in her own sweet way;
"There are steps for baby and grandmamma,
And it's nothing but steps all day.
Now papa calls me, I must surely go
And Tommy says, 'Find my ball,'
But the steps I take for you, mamma,
I never count them at all."

"And why does my darling never count
The steps that she takes for me?"
"Because," and closing her lips with a kiss,
"I love you so, don't you see?"

She drew away, but the tears ran fast
From eyes that had weary grown;
For I had so long been counting the steps,
As I took them, one by one—
A child of His yet needing to learn,
With so many steps to take,
Then we never count them as we go,
When taken for Christ's own sake.

TRUTHFULNESS.

Two country lads came at an early hour to a market town, and arranging their little stands sat down to wait for customers. One was furnished with fruits and vegetables of the boy's own raising, and the other supplied with clams and fish. The market hours passed along, and each little merchant saw with pleasure his store steadily decreasing, and an equivalent in silver bits shining in his little money-cup. The last melon lay on Harry's stand, when a gentleman came by, and placing his hand upon it, said, "What a fine, large melon! What do you ask for it, my boy?"

"The melon is the last I have, sir; and though it looks very fair, there is an unsound spot in it," said the boy, turning it over.

"So there is," said the man; "I think I will not take it. But" he added, looking into the boy's fine, open countenance, "is it very businesslike to point out the defects of your fruit to customers?"

"It is better than being dishonest, sir," said the boy modestly.

"You are right, little fellow; always remember that principle, and you will find favour with God, and man also. I shall remember your little stand in future. Are those clams fresh?" he continued, turning to Ben Wilson's stand.

"Yes, sir, fresh this morning. I caught them myself," was the reply, and a purchase being made, the gentleman went away.

"Harry, what a fool you were to show the gentleman that spot in the melon! Now you can take it home for your pains, or throw it away. How much wiser is he about those clams I caught yesterday? Sold them for the same price as I did the fresh ones. He would never have looked at the melon until he had gone away.

"Ben, I would not tell a lie, or act one either, for twice what I have earned this morning. Besides, I shall be better off in the end; for I have gained a customer, and you have lost one."

And so it proved; for the next day the gentleman bought nearly all his fruit and vegetables off Harry, but never spent another penny at the stand of his neighbour. Thus the season passed. The gentleman, finding he could always get a good article off Harry, constantly patronized him, and sometimes talked with him a few minutes about his future prospects. To become a merchant was Harry's great ambition; and when the winter came on, the gentleman, wanting a trusty boy for his warehouse, decided on giving the place to Harry. Steadily and surely he advanced in the confidence of his employer, until, having passed through various posts of service, he became at length an honoured partner in the firm.

HOW ONE LITTLE BOY IMPROVED.

Jimmy was the stingiest boy you ever knew. He couldn't bear to give away a cent, nor a bite of an apple, nor a crumb of candy. He couldn't bear to lend his sled or his hoop or his skates. All his friends were very sorry he was so stingy, and talked to him about it; but he couldn't see any reason why he should give away what he wanted himself.

"If I didn't want it," he would say, "p'r'aps I would give it away; but why should I give it away when I want it myself."

"Because it is nice to be generous," said his mother, "and think about the happiness of other people. It makes you feel happier and better yourself. If you give your sled to little ragged Johnny, who never had one in his life, you will feel a thousand times better watching his enjoyment of it than if you had kept it yourself."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I'll try it."

The sled went off. "How soon shall I feel better?" he asked, by-and-by. "I don't feel as well as when I had the sled. Are you sure I shall feel better?"

"Certainly," answered his mother, "but if you should keep on giving something away you would feel better all the sooner."

Then he gave away his kite, and thought he did not feel quite as well as before. He gave away his silver piece he meant to spend for taffy. Then he said:

"I don't like this giving things; it doesn't agree with me. I don't feel any better. I like being stingy better."

Just then ragged Johnny came up the street dragging the sled, looking proud as a prince, and asking all the boys to take a slide with him. Jimmy began to smile as he watched him, and said:

"You might give Johnny my old overcoat; he's littler than I am, and he doesn't seem to have one. I think—I guess—I know I'm beginning to feel so much better. I'm glad I gave Johnny my sled, I'll give away something else." And Jimmy has been feeling better ever since.

A FABLE.

Two foxes once dwelt together in a deep wood, but strange to say, they never had any quarrels, which one might expect them to have, being as they were, only foxes. But it seems that one of the foxes got tired and wanted to change. He said to the other one day:—

"Let's have a quarrel."

"Anything to suit you, my friend," replied the other sweetly. "But how shall we begin?"

"It must be easy enough," said the first one.

So they tried and tried, but couldn't come anywhere near quarreling, because each one would give the other his way. Then the first fox brought two round pebbles from the brook near by.

"Now," said he, "you say they're your pebbles, and I'll say they are mine, and then we'll scramble and bite and tear each other. That'll be quarreling, I'm sure. I'll begin it."

"These pebbles are mine!"

"Certainly," mildly replied the other fox. "You are quite welcome to them."

"O you silly creature!" cried the fox. "This will never do! It takes two to make a quarrel!"

ONLY HIS MOTHER.

Charlie Holland, at your service. A well-dressed, well-mannered, pleasant-faced boy. You feel sure you will like him. Everybody who sees him feels just so.

"His mother must be proud of him" is a sentence often on people's lips. Look at him now, as he lifts his hat politely in answer to a call from an open window.

"Charlie," says the voice, "I wonder if I could get you to mail this letter for me? Are you going near the post-office?"

"Near enough to be able to serve you, Mrs. Hampstead," says the polite voice. "I will do it with pleasure."

"I shall be very much obliged, Charlie, but I wouldn't want to make you late at school on that account."

"Oh! no danger at all, Mrs. Hampstead. It will not take two minutes to dash around the corner to the office." And, as he receives the letter his hat is again lifted politely.

"What a perfect little gentleman Charlie Holland is," says Mrs. Hampstead to her sister as the window closes. "Always so obliging, he acts as though it were a pleasure to him to do a kindness."

Bend lower and let me whisper a secret in your ear. It is not five minutes since that boy's mother said to him, "Charlie, can't you run upstairs and get that letter on my bureau and mail it for me?" And Charlie, with three wrinkles on his forehead and a pucker on each side of the mouth, said "O mamma! I don't see how I can. I'm late now; and the office is half a block out of my way."

And the mother said, well then, he need not mind, for she did not want him to be late at school. So he didn't mind, but left the letter on the bureau, and went briskly on his way until stopped by Mrs. Hampstead.

What was the matter with Charlie Holland? Was he an untruthful boy? He did not mean to be. He claimed himself to be strictly honest.

It was growing late, and he felt in a hurry, and he hated to go upstairs. Of course, it would not do to refuse Mrs. Hampstead, and, by making an extra rush, he could get to school in time; but the other lady was only his mother. Her letter could wait.

"Only his mother!" Didn't Charlie Holland love his mother, then?

You ask him, with a hint of doubt about it in your voice, and see how his eyes will flash, and how he will toss back his handsome head, and say:

"I guess I do love my mother! She's the grandest mother a boy ever had."

Oh! I didn't promise to explain Charlie's conduct to you. I am only introducing him; you are to study for yourselves. Do you know any boy like him.

THE ADVERTISING

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true: and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

FOR a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Dec. 4, } WORK AMONG THE GENTILES. { Acts xiv. 3-22.
1892. }
GOLDEN TEXT.—In His name shall the Gentiles trust.—
Matt. xii. 21.
INTRODUCTORY.

Driven by persecution from Iconium, Paul and Barnabas went southward to Lystra, one of the towns of Lycaonia. The place is interesting in connection with this and a subsequent journey of the Apostle of the Gentiles. Here he wrought the miracle recorded in to-day's lesson, and but for his energetic interference would have been made the recipient of divine honours, according to heathen rites, and immediately afterwards was subjected to murderous treatment by the fickle populace. When next he visited this town, he obtained one of his most noted converts, the youthful Timothy. Lystra is now in ruins known as Bin-bir-Killissch, near the base of the Karadagh.

I. A Cripple Cured.—As there is no mention of a synagogue at Lystra it may be that Paul and Barnabas preached in the open air, in the market-place or public square of the town, frequented by the people. As in heathen countries no provision was made for the care and support of the poor and helpless, the lame man here mentioned would be carried by his friends to a place where he could readily be seen by the people. The poor man was unable to walk; he was powerless in his feet, and had been born so. This man had heard Paul's preaching, and while listening he forgot his misery and dejection. Hope sprung up within his soul. The keen, wistful face of the lame man caught Paul's eye. The Apostle looked intently on him. He saw that he had the faith necessary to be healed. The cripple had been convinced that Christ was the Saviour from sin and from all sin's consequences. "He had faith to be healed." Raising his voice in personal address to the lame man, Paul said, "Stand upright on thy feet." Miraculous cures were almost always instantaneous cures. It was so in this instance. The man who had never before been able to stand upright on his feet, leaped and walked. This was not only a precious boon to the man himself, but it was a convincing evidence to all who witnessed the complete and immediate cure of a man well known to them all, whose case no human skill could benefit, that Paul was endued with divine power. It was a direct attestation of the truth which he preached. The effect of the miracle on the crowd who witnessed it was immediate, but in a manner far different from what it should have been. In their native dialect the people shouted, "The gods have come down to us in the likeness of men." They were heathens, and they worshipped the gods of the Greek and Roman mythology. Barnabas, they took for Jupiter, the king of the gods. Because Paul was the chief speaker they took him for Mercury, the god of eloquence. There was a temple of Jupiter in Lystra. The priest in charge thought it a fine opportunity to perform an imposing religious ceremony. So he brought oxen and garlands that he might offer sacrifice in honour of the men that the people took for gods.

II. Paul's Protest against Idolatry.—The immediate action taken by the apostles is another evidence that they were Christ's ambassadors. The advocates of a false religion would have been only too glad to take advantage of the people's mistake and sought to keep the popular favour by encouraging their delusion. The Gospel of truth can only be advanced by true methods. It can never countenance deception, even when it might seem to be temporarily favourable. The moment the apostles understood what was really intended, they lost not a moment in their effort to disabuse the mind of the people. Their first act was to rend their garments, an action that would at once arrest attention and give visible expression to their horror at what was contemplated. The first words spoken were in earnest remonstrance, "Sirs, why do ye these things?" They told at once they were only men and not gods. They were human, and subject to all the vicissitudes of human life, to suffering and death. They had come with good tidings, with a purer religion than that the Lycaonians followed, with salvation from sin, and the assurance of eternal blessedness. Their purpose was to persuade the people to turn from these very gods to whom they were about to offer sacrifice, to the one only true God who is the creator and upholder of all; by whose long-suffering and forbearance they had been spared while sinning against Him. He was also the God of providence, who revealed His power and goodness to them in the operations of nature. Stirring and earnest as this appeal was, it scarcely turned the people from their purpose. Paul and Barnabas, however, would have nothing to do with their idolatrous service.

III. More Persecution.—Jews were the bitterest and most determined opponents that Paul had. Their opposition was fierce and relentless. The Jews, who had driven him and his co-worker, Barnabas, from Antioch and Iconium, had banded together and followed him all the way to Lystra. They talked to the people and managed to infuse their own suspicions and hatred into their minds. They succeeded in their evil mission, and the people, who but shortly before had regarded the apostles as messengers from their gods, now took part actively and approvingly in a murderous attack on Paul. He was the chief object of Jewish hatred, because he was now so intensely earnest in his service of Christ. They stoned Paul, and when he was lying insensible they thought he was dead. They then dragged him outside the city wall and left him there. But he was not there left friendless and alone. God was with him. And there were present with him those who had believed the Gospel he had preached. Possibly, young Timothy and some of his relatives were there. While these friends stood around praying and mourning, Paul rose up and went back into the city. He may have been miraculously restored. To have come through so murderous an attack, which to all appearance left him lifeless, and be able to move about, and next day undertake a journey to a distant city is difficult to account for otherwise than by divine interposition. Next day the faithful companions in the Gospel set out for Derbe, where at once they resumed their missionary labours. In that city, as everywhere they had yet been, their ministry was blessed to many. This town on the south-eastern border was the farthest limit of their first missionary journey. From that point they retraced their steps and came back to Lystra, and revisited Iconium on their way back to Antioch, where they reported what they had experienced, and what they had been enabled to accomplish in Christ's name. On their homeward journey they met with their converts, speaking words of encouragement, urging them to steadfastness in their faith, and reminding them of the trials and dangers they would have to encounter, reminding them that "we must through much tribulation enter into the kingdom of God."

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

The preaching of the Gospel by the Apostles was accompanied by attestations of the power of God. It was by the power of God that the lame man at Lystra was healed.

How uncertain are popular estimates! The people, who were at first prepared to pay divine honours to the apostles, soon after were prepared to kill them.

God preserves His faithful servants in times when they are exposed to the greatest dangers.

hastily rush to the conclusion that a teacher of theological novelties is worthy of all honour, and ought to have immunity from question; neither will they entertain the idea that those appointed to try the questionable opinions of an advanced theologian are animated by the relentless spirit of the Spanish inquisition. Superheated popular opinion does not afford the most favourable condition for the calm and dispassionate trial of one accused of heretical teaching.

Much excitement has unfortunately attended the Briggs trial at every stage through its dreary length. Strange as it may seem, since early in 1891 no appreciable progress has been made. Preliminaries and technicalities have been abundant, delays at various points have been interposed, and only now is there even a prospect that a case which has excited so wide an interest is about to be investigated on its merits. On whatever side sympathies may be, it might be supposed that all who love truth and who desire the peace, prosperity and usefulness of the Church would above all things wish for a speedy, a just and a permanent settlement of questions mainly of a speculative kind. These questions are generally of an unsettling kind and in their prolonged discussion feeling too often becomes bitter and even vengeful, and much harm is the inevitable consequence. Another evil arising from delay in the settlement of these questions is the partizanship that inevitably ensues. A contest for victory is not always a contest for truth. It is remarkable that Dr. Briggs and his friends have as yet shown no strong disposition to obtain a speedy settlement of this ecclesiastical *cause celebre*. All along the line the fighting has been persistent over technicalities that even those skilled in the intricacies of Church court procedure find it a weariness to follow. Although the next hearing is set for Monday, it still appears doubtful whether any real progress will then be made. Already it is certain that appeals to the Synod of New York on points of a technical nature will keep the matter open, it may be indefinitely. The following are the amended charges framed by the Prosecuting Committee against Dr. Briggs:—

Charge I.—With teaching that the Reason is a fountain of divine authority which may and does savingly enlighten men, even such men as reject the Scriptures as the authoritative proclamation of the will of God and reject also the way of salvation through the mediation and sacrifice of the Son of God as revealed therein; which is contrary to the essential doctrine of the Holy Scripture and of the Standards of the said Church, that the Holy Scripture is most necessary, and the rule of faith and practice.

Charge II.—With teaching that the Church is a fountain of divine authority which, apart from the Holy Scripture, may and does savingly enlighten men; which is contrary to the essential doctrine of the Holy Scripture and of the Standards of the said Church, that the Holy Scripture is most necessary and the rule of faith and practice.

Charge III.—With teaching that errors may have existed in the original text of the Holy Scripture as it came from its authors, which is contrary to the essential doctrine taught in the Holy Scripture and in the Standards of the said Church, that the Holy Scripture is the Word of God, written, immediately inspired, and the rule of faith and practice.

Charge IV.—With teaching that many of the Old Testament predictions have been reversed by history, and that the great body of Messianic prediction has not been and cannot be fulfilled, which is contrary to the essential doctrine of Holy Scripture and of the Standards of the said Church, that God is true, omniscient and unchangeable.

Charge V.—With teaching that Moses is not the author of the Pentateuch, which is contrary to direct statements of Holy Scripture and to the essential doctrines of the Standards of the said Church, that the Holy Scripture evidences itself to be the Word of God by the consent of all the parts, and that the infallible rule of interpretation of Scripture is the Scripture itself.

Charge VI.—With teaching that Isaiah is not the author of half of the book that bears his name, which is contrary to direct statements of Holy Scripture and to the essential doctrines of the Standards of the said Church, that the Holy Scripture evidences itself to be the Word of God by the consent of all the parts, and that the infallible rule of interpretation of Scripture is the Scripture itself.

Charge VII.—With teaching that the processes of redemption extend to the world to come in the case of many who die in sin; which is contrary to the essential doctrine of Holy Scripture and the Standards of the said Church, that the processes of redemption are limited to this world.

Charge VIII.—With teaching that Sanctification is not complete at death, which is contrary to the essential doctrine of Holy Scripture and of the standards of the said Church that the souls of believers are at their death at once made perfect in holiness.

CONVENTUAL EDUCATION.

A LADY correspondent of the New York *Independent* closes a communication on "A Winter in a French Convent," with these words: "So it

seems to me that the problem of a symmetrical education for our daughters is not solved in a French convent." In this statement most educationists will readily concur. It is a matter for wonder why so many intelligent Protestants send their daughters to conventual establishments for the purpose, as it is commonly termed, of completing their education. The explanation of this remarkably short-sighted practice is that these institutions offer tuition at cheaper rates than any first class ladies' school can afford to do. Another cause is probably to be found in the fact that people are imitative. In certain circles it is deemed the fashionable thing to send Protestant girls to a convent for the purpose of giving the final touches to an education that is supposed to embrace the circle of feminine accomplishments. The effect of little social rivalries in this direction is not good. Because one family in a neighbourhood selects a convent for the education of their daughters, their friends and acquaintances must follow suit. This following the stream of fashion is not an indication of intelligent forethought, but a proof of its absence.

Disinterested persons, who have had opportunities of judging, are of opinion that the education received in these institutions is of a superficial and trivial kind. It cannot well be otherwise. Free intellectual development is not countenanced by the Roman Catholic Church. How is it possible that the teaching staffs of convents can be conversant with the intellectual life of the age. The cramped and one-sided training they themselves have received forms but a meagre equipment for educational work as that is now understood in the modern world. It is possible, say in a French convent, to acquire a degree of facility in the language of France, drawing and music, and a few showy accomplishments, but thorough study can hardly be possible. It is supposed that religious and moral training receive the greatest attention in conventual schools. Even in these important branches of education the work is not only superficial, but in many cases at least of an injurious tendency. The religion taught is neither more nor less than an effort to imbue the mind with the puerilities of Romanism. Prayers to the saints and to the Virgin Mother are recited off with a parrot-like rapidity that instead of cultivating a truly prayerful and reverential spirit only tend to produce a distaste for genuine devotion and leaves in its place a mechanical repetition of the forms of prayer from which the spirit has been driven out. Is it any wonder that in Roman Catholic countries the women frequent the Churches and the Confessional and that men become scoffers and infidels?

Nor is the morality taught in convent school of such a character that it can survive amid the actual realities of common, everyday life. Girls are dogged with a pertinacity and espionage that develops cunning and duplicity. The account given in the paper referred to reveals the fact that the growth of school friendships and mutual confidence becomes impossible. Friends of pupils visit them in the reception parlour. Eavesdroppers listen to the conversations that take place. The observant student who tells the tale set herself to find out how this was done. She found that from a recess in the chapel a spy could from a peephole see and hear all that was said and done in the reception-room, thus it was fully known. Duplicity under certain conditions was practised and defended. It may be said that the lady who gives this glimpse from the inside of conventual school life was a Protestant; that her representations are prejudiced; and even if her narrative is trustworthy, it only relates to one such institution. But, it may be asked, is there anything inherently improbable in what she relates? Does it not correspond with much that has often been told before, and is in accordance with what the entire system is specially fitted to produce? There is neither bigotry nor prejudice in maintaining that intelligent Protestant parents who select Roman Catholic convents for the education of their daughters display a lack of wisdom difficult to explain. The time is past for the explanation that suitable institutions in Canada have not been provided. There are high schools in sufficient abundance, and ladies' colleges and schools are now so numerous that there is no excuse. In these establishments a varied and complete curriculum is provided, and that too at a cost within the reach of parents who desire to train their daughters in those branches that fit them to take a worthy part in social life, without the risk of stunting their moral and religious natures. "So it seems to me that the problem of a symmetrical education for our daughters is not solved in a French convent" is a conclusion that experience justifies.

Books and Magazines.

WIVES AND DAUGHTERS. A monthly journal devoted to the interests of women. (London and Toronto: The Toronto News Co.)—This monthly in outward appearance has undergone a wonderful transformation. It is well arranged and beautifully printed on excellent paper. Under the editorial care of Mrs. John Cameron and Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, there is a guarantee that it will be an able and earnest exponent of the great principles embodied in Christianity, which it seeks to advance. It will be an unflinching advocate of all moral reforms. It has an important mission, which it will strenuously seek to fulfil. Its contents are varied, interesting and attractive.

THE DOCTOR'S DOZEN. By Evelyn Everett Green. 12mo, cloth, pp. 239. (Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union.) This is a well told story of home life. A doctor in England dies, leaving a dozen children, known as "the doctor's dozen." With a reduced income they set about the problem of maintaining the common family life. They have to fight against the pride which made them feel disinclined to seek situations, but their good sense, energy and mutual helpfulness carry them through the hard places. Young people cannot know how soon they may be called upon to contribute by their labour to the support of a family left without its bread-winner. The suggestion of these possibilities, not as a gloomy anticipation, but as a stimulus to self-help, is one that children may well learn. The doctor's brave and cheery dozen, each one helping, furnish stimulating examples.

SUNDAY SCHOOL SELECTIONS. Comprising a wide range of readings and recitations adapted to church and Sunday school entertainments, and to all gatherings of a moral and religious character. Edited by John H. Bechtel, Instructor in the National School of Oratory. (Philadelphia: The Penn Publishing Co.)—This little volume of 200 pages seems admirably fitted for the purpose for which it is intended. The selections are not hackneyed. The editor has not pillaged other readers, but has culled largely from magazines and periodicals. The selections have been made with good judgment and excellent taste, and while many old favourites are retained, most of the pieces will be found in no other collection. By a curious oversight, Cardinal Newman's well known hymn is printed twice, in neither case with the familiar title, "Lead Kindly Light," and in one instance under the singularly inappropriate heading, "The Pillar of Cloud."

WENDOVER HOUSE. By Adelaide L. Rouse. 12mo, cloth, pp. 269. (Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union.)—A fine and spacious mansion is Wendover House, full of ancient grandeur and family memories, but dim and gloomy till it is brightened by the presence of little Paul, a waif who comes mysteriously into the home, bringing to light an old love and an old quarrel. Miss Wendover is a forbidding recluse, cold as an iceberg till thawed by the witchery of the child who alone has the key to her heart. Life in the Wendover House is portrayed in the words of its several actors, who tell their stories frankly, revealing how the fire glows in hearts that under God's discipline are passing through the furnace, that the fine gold may appear. We take a fancy to the brilliant Paul from the first; and Agnes, though a bird of sober plumage, proves to be a sweet singer in the home nest. The close of the story is especially charming. Of course there is a wedding, since homes great and small come to that in all stories. We behold the island which was once inhospitable made bright, and a vast fortune serves God's little children in helpful ways that are bountiful of the spirit of the Christ. The writer of this notice is not much given to stories, but he confesses to having finished reading "Wendover House" at a sitting, and that too at the expense of his dinner hour. Is not that praise enough?

PELOUBET'S SERMONS. By Rev. Dr. F. N. & M. A. Peloubet, 340 pages. Illustrated, cloth, 12mo. (Boston: W. A. Wilde & Co.; Toronto: James Bain & Son.)—This Commentary on the International Sunday School Lessons for 1893, like its eighteen predecessors, bears evidence of the widest research on the part of its compilers into every field of Christian literature. Its exhaustive quotations, excellent suggestions to teachers, helpful anecdotes, and admirable notes, wonderfully illumine the scripture text and impress upon the mind the salient points of each lesson. The library references are particularly full and a great convenience to the busy worker, who desires to study in detail from original sources, of the times, places, personages, and secular as well as the sacred history of the events and peoples mentioned in the lessons. In authentic coloured maps, appropriate original illustrations, and general mechanical make-up, the present volume excels all previous issues, and this is praise enough. Through its wideness of scope, condensation of statements, and happy combination of original and selected matter, this commentary is at once so concise, evangelical, and practical that every teacher and preacher must find it an invaluable aid in the study of the lessons the coming year. We heartily commend it to our readers' attention, and would suggest that they send to the publishers for free specimen pages of the volume, mentioning this journal in their request.

IN MOTHER'S PLACE; or, the Jay Family. By Kate Neely Festetics. 12mo, cloth, pp. 385. (Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union.)—This is an original American story, with its scene laid in Virginia. The title, "In Mother's Place," gives the clue. An older sister becomes the head of the home when her mother enters into the everlasting rest. Her father is an absorbed and busy lawyer, not given to attending to the practical details of the household. The big house is well supplied with children. Returning from her mother's funeral, Jocelyn sets herself at the task of directing the family life in proper channels. She represses her own grief in order to make things bright and cheery for father and the other children. The others help and hinder according to their various moods, while two coloured servants need to be managed by the young mistress. She accomplishes her task in a praiseworthy fashion, causing the reader to admire her many good qualities, and furnishes a bright example to other girls upon whom may come like burdens. This is not an uncommon experience. Mothers die and daughters must do their part in guiding households. We pity orphan boys and girls; but the heavenly Father aids them in their efforts to help others, and the loss of a parent oftentimes develops a beautiful spirit and a strong character. We are glad to meet such noble young folks in this breezy book; and we sometimes think we see their counterparts among our acquaintances.

Choice Literature.

LIKE FATHER.

"O, mother, said Harry Weston, rushing into the room where she sat busily sewing, while little three-year-old Susie amused herself with her doll, "can't I have a new pair of skates? The boys are all going skating on Judge Morgan's pond, the ice is splendid, clear, black ice and smooth as glass."

"I wish I could give you a pair, my dear boy," replied his mother, "but there are so many things we need for the winter, I cannot spare the money."

While she spoke he noticed the wistful, troubled expression of the thin, pale face; his nobler nature stirred within him. The boys were forgotten; he seemed, all at once, to realize the constant, loving sacrifices of his gentle mother, and stooping to kiss her, he said: "I can do without them, perhaps it will snow by to-morrow and spoil the ice. Sometime I will give my small skates to Susie and teach her how to use them. How jolly that will be!"

The next moment he had his little sister in his arms, tossing her up and carefully catching her, thus giving her the frolic in which her soul delighted, until at length, fully satisfied, the curly head was laid on his shoulder, the chubby arms were thrown around his neck, and the rosy lips whispered: "Susie loves Harry." Then slipping from his arms, she ran to get her poor, tattered doll, and holding it up, said: "Harry can have my dolly."

"No, no, little sister, Harry would not know how to take care of a doll, you must keep her; she likes girls best." Here Susie bestowed an extra hug, in acceptance of the unanswerable argument.

Soon Harry went out to feed and milk the cow, but his thoughts were busy. He remembered the bright days of the past, his former beautiful home, his father's noble form and bright, handsome face, his unobtrusive but never-ceasing care for others, the happy smiles which always greeted his coming. And he remembered the sudden, terrible illness; the last fond words to him: "Harry, be brave and gentle, take care of your mother and sister."

He remembered, too, the funeral, the sad home-coming—how desolate the house seemed, and how in a few days his mother told him they were no longer rich and must leave this lovely home. He recalled, too, how thankful his mother was to secure this little cottage as a shelter for herself and her little ones. "Yes, old Moolie," he said aloud, as if taking the cow into his confidence, "we could hardly afford to buy you, but then mother said you would be good for Susie. Dear Susie, she's the girl for me." And forthwith he began thinking what he would do for his mother and Susie if he were only a man.

The frugal supper of bread and milk was soon finished; Susie was put to bed; Harry carefully prepared his lessons for the next day, with many a glance at his mother's worn, patient face. He wondered if she were ill; if she knew how much he had wanted the skates and was grieving for him. As he rose to bid her good-night, he said: "It was snowing a little when I came in. What fun it will be to-morrow, tumbling about in the snow! If you will let me stay away from school, perhaps I can get some money for making paths. So, dear mother, please put away your sewing and get a long sleep to-night. Can't you stop now?"

"No, my boy. I must send this home to-morrow. I need the money for it, and for the last work I sent to Mrs. Eaton's, when she had not the money by her to pay me. You shall take it. We will see about your staying from school," then with a sigh she added: "What would mother do without her thoughtful boy? Good-night."

She quickly finished the work in hand, then drew from her pocket a letter, that day received from a school friend, who years ago had married and with her husband had gone out to Chicago. Now having heard of Mr. Weston's death and of Mrs. Weston's straitened circumstances, she had written to her in loving sympathy, yet, at the same time, asking of her a supreme sacrifice, that little Susie might be given to brighten their childless home. "If you will consent," the letter ran, "she shall be truly our own; our love, our name, our possessions shall be hers. Only say yes, and how quickly will I come to receive such a long-desired darling."

Again and again did she read that portion of the letter. She wanted to do right, right in the sight of God, and to act for the child's best good, yet how dull would be their home without Susie's sunny, loving spirit. Could strangers make Susie happy? Would Harry show the same self-mastery, if this dearly loved sister were given up? For a moment the poor mother had put herself aside, then as the swift tide of uncontrollable mother-love swept over her, her spirit rebelled—throwing herself upon her knees, she cried in agony: "O, my God, what shall I do? Thou has given me these children. Thou knowest my poverty—if Thou hast sent this offer in love, if indeed it be Thy will and for my child's good that I should give her up, I beseech Thee to show it unto me, give me strength to bear the loneliness, give courage to my poor boy." Here an approaching footstep interrupted her supplication, as Harry, half-dressed, rushed into the room, exclaiming: "What is it that troubles you, mother? you are crying and have not told me."

For answer, Mrs. Weston put her friend's open letter into her son's hand. He quickly read, then throwing himself at her feet, took both her hands, and looked up into her face, said in a awestruck tone: "Mother, did not God know that we should be poor and alone when he gave Susie to us? did he mean for us to give her away?"

How the soul of the widow bounded at the boy's earnest words! Surely God did know, and through her boy's lips had sent the answer to her prayer.

But now a startling sound brought them with rapid step to Susie's bedside—that choking cough could not be mistaken.

"Harry," said his mother, "run for the doctor. Tell him Susie has croup, and ask him to bring the medicines he will want. Dress warmly, but O, be quick."

Meanwhile the poor, distracted mother gave the medicine she always kept by her, heated water and kept the child in a hot bath, but what a joy to hear the doctor's step! He stayed till morning, doing all that skill and kindness could suggest. When he left, Susie was sleeping quietly, and for the present at least, was out of danger.

What gratitude filled the hearts of Harry and his mother, as they knelt in prayer to the Giver of life! Both felt that Susie was once more given to them; they had no more doubt: with all their anxiety both were happy.

The snow was still falling, but Harry saw work to be done. Even before the simple breakfast was ready, he had finished his usual morning tasks, had cleared the snow from the sidewalk, and made the needed paths about the cottage. After breakfast he ran upstairs to see his still sleeping sister, then came to his mother and said: "Can I stay from school? I can clear sidewalks, and I want to earn some money for Susie."

The mother's eyes filled with tears: "Do as you wish, my son, and may God bless you. I am sure you are doing what your father would have done." How eager and uplifted Harry felt, as with shovel and broom he trudged off to find work.

He rang the bell at Judge Morgan's. "Does the judge want his sidewalk cleared this morning?" he asked of the maid, who opened the door; "please say I will do it for twenty-five cents."

The maid, looking at him insolently, said: "The judge wants a man, not a little chip of a boy like you."

"What's that, Ellen?" said a hearty voice behind her. "Who wants me?"

Harry stepped forward and politely lifted his cap, saying: "I enquired, sir, if you would like the sidewalk cleaned. I would like to do it, because Susie is sick and I want to earn some money."

"Who is Susie?" quickly asked the judge.

"She is my sister, sir."

"And what is the matter with her?" demanded the judge, thinking of his children and the danger of contagious diseases.

"She had the croup last night, but was better when the doctor left this morning. O, I hope she will live!" added Harry with quivering lip.

"Well, well," said the judge, "boys are apt to slight work, but we will see what you can do."

Harry did go to work with a will. The snow was packed and heavy, but resolutely he tugged away till all was done: then he swept the snow from the fence and the sidewalk. As he finished he saw the judge standing in the door, and approaching him said: "Will you please see, sir, if the work is done to please you?"

"Yes, my boy," said the judge, "you have worked like a man. I have been looking at you. Here is half a dollar."

"But I said I would do it for twenty-five cents," said Harry, handing back the half-dollar.

"I thought you wanted money for your sister."

"Yes, so I do, but I want to earn it, and—"

"And you think twenty-five cents is enough," interrupted the judge.

"I do not know what others ask," replied Harry, "but I ought to keep my word."

"Good," said the judge, "you are an honest lad. Take this twenty-five cents, and when you can find nothing more to do, come back to me."

With light heart Harry went on from house to house till noon found him again at the judge's door. To his surprise he was asked to step into the library, where sat the judge in a great easy chair, with slippers extended toward a blazing wood fire, the very personification of comfort.

"Back again, hey!" exclaimed he as Harry entered, "busy all the morning and not tired yet? How much have you earned?"

For answer Harry drew his hand from his pocket, showing five silver quarters. How proud he felt!

"And now you want to go home to your dinner?" queried the judge.

Harry's face flushed, as he answered, "I would do more if I could; you know, sir, boys do not get snow to shovel every day," then, with a burning blush, added: "I wish I could earn money every day."

"What would you do with it?" quickly asked the judge.

"I would give it to mother, perhaps then she would not need to sew so much," was the answer.

The judge was not given to sudden fancies, but as he observed the erect figure, clear complexion, rendered brilliant by recent exertion in the keen air, the bright blue eyes and brown curly hair, dim memories stirred within him.

"What is your name, my lad?" he asked.

"Harry Weston, sir."

"Harry Weston! and was your father's name Harry?"

"It was, sir."

"Harry Weston, my old college friend! and you are his son? Is your father living?"

Harry then told of his father's death and of their removal to their present home.

"Ah, well," mused the judge, "I loved Harry Weston!" then aloud to Harry, "You have done enough for to-day. Go home now. Tell your mother I will see her to-morrow."

A little later Harry bounded into the house. Finding Susie better, he poured into his mother's ready ear the history of the day, delivered the judge's message, and proudly gave her the money he had earned.

The next day Judge Morgan called. His love for her husband and admiration for her son won the heart of the widow. With such a sympathetic listener how easily could she tell of her trials and misfortunes. She even told of her friend's offer to take Susie, and of her decision to trust in God and keep the child.

"Yes, that is right," said the judge heartily, "Susie must stay, and Harry must help. If he brings with him the spirit of yesterday, I can find enough in my office to employ his leisure hours, but Harry Weston's boy must be educated; he will make his mark in the world."

The judge knew how to verify his own prophecy. He invited Mrs. Weston to become governess to his two little motherless girls, and made the work more profitable by allowing six children of the neighbours to join in their studies. All the children loved the gentle mother-teacher; wonderful was the influence she acquired over these restless ones. She it was who was consulted about their Christmas presents; she who dressed the Christmas tree; she who distributed the gifts, and was duly surprised and rejoiced afresh with each one in the beauty of every gift. Harry's skates were a marvel of excellence, and Susie's French doll with its belongings the very perfection of doll-

hood, but the one who shared her pillow at night was poor old tattered Bessie.

The anguish of poverty for the widow and her children was past. The judge made toil easy, guided Harry—who thought him the noblest man in the world—as he would have guided his own son; took pride in his school successes and college honours, and finally, took him into partnership, but in all these unfolding years no commendations so touched Harry's heart as the loving praises of mother and sister. "Like father" had been his watchword. Such fathers, such sons give strength to a nation.—*Henrietta Becker, in the New York Observer.*

JOY IN THE NIGHT.

Out of the heart of the desolate night
Bursts a sweet song with no note of despair,
It swells through the thickets and over the height,
And falls on the ear waiting answer to prayer.

What can the song mean? Is some bird adream,
And sitting in fancy where Southern trees wave,
Or has some night-dancer swept by like a stream
That threatened to dash all it touched to the grave!

Or the cherished desire of the young mother-heart
Has been granted, it may be, at this dreary hour,
Or a mate that perchance had wandered apart
Has found its way back to its love's leafy bower.

The soul of the watcher grew strong at the sound,
He felt joy with its joy and hope grow apace,
When morning awoke on the dew-sprinkled ground
A sorrowless smile illumined his face.

—T. G. Marquis, in *The Week*.

MISSIONARY WORLD.

A GREAT STORM AND A DESTRUCTIVE FLOOD IN TRINIDAD.

The following letter, dated Tunapuna, Trinidad, B. W. I., October 21, 1892, from Mrs. Morton, appears in the *Presbyterian Witness*:

On Thursday, October 6, Trinidad, the land of sunshine and humming birds, was visited by a storm such as had not been witnessed for twenty-seven years. For days before, the weather had been more than usually sultry, with a peculiar haze in the atmosphere. During the storm the thermometer fell rapidly to 29.6 inches. The wind, which amounted to a hurricane on the northern mountains, veered all round the compass. At three o'clock, in the Tunapuna mission house, we lighted two lamps to enable us to continue our work. The rain fell in torrents, the heaviest being from three to five o'clock. The rain gauge registered over six inches for the day. Great injury was done to crops and on the cacao plantations by the falling of the giant trees which are used for shading the cacao, but the damage done by wind was trifling to that caused by water. In the Tunapuna mission house, through the openings under the eaves left for ventilation, the rain came sprinkling down. At five o'clock when we ventured to open a window, we remembered old Father Noah peeping out of the ark. All round us was a roar like distant thunder. It was the roaring of the rivers improvised by the storm. One ravine to the windward of us had become a foaming torrent fifty yards wide. Dr. Morton, who had been absent for a few days for college and presbytery work, was to have returned that evening. No train came and its whereabouts could not be ascertained; we afterwards knew that the train had come on to Chaguanas and had been ordered back to San Fernando. It came on again the next morning and waited till afternoon in the expectation that the water would subside sufficiently to allow of a passage to St. Joseph, but was again obliged to return to San Fernando. Dr. Morton, who had passed the night in the Couva mission house, returned with it and took passage by steamer to Port of Spain, reaching home by carriage at ten o'clock Friday evening. Our faithful Bible-woman, Fanny, had been away from home for two days' work among the women. Work being over she proceeded to the railway station to await the same train by which Dr. Morton was to have returned. As we have seen, no train could come. In the meantime the water around the station-house had risen to such a height that she was obliged to remain there with her two little children for twenty-four hours. The place was not well provisioned and at the only attainable shop, in order to supply the greater number, each customer was limited to a cent's worth. On the afternoon of Friday, having succeeded in sending a message to the kind manager of the nearest estate he sent a mule-cart to remove Fanny and her children to a neighbouring house. Here she had to remain another twenty-four hours, when her husband, travelling on the railway track, at times up to his knees in water, succeeded in reaching her and brought them safely home at ten o'clock on the Saturday night. It was five days before railway traffic could be resumed on that line. A heavy iron bridge spanning the St. Juan River, which is but a good-sized brook in ordinary weather, had two of its pillars swept away by the force with which the swollen torrent hurled against them a fallen forest giant. They were carried about thirty yards down the stream before sinking, where they became effectually buried by the mud deposit that a reward of ten dollars offered by the Government has failed to recover them.

A bridge of the same span, but much higher, between Tunapuna and Tacarigua, suffered the same injury; one of the pillars has been found, but they have not yet succeeded in raising it. The San Juan River above referred to at one place swept away a large tract of bamboo, so that it became part of the river bed. The current of the St. Joseph River divided, and part rushed through a cane-field and then down a high-road by which many of the school children reach their homes. The teacher had to detain them in the school house until the flood subsided, when it was found that several of their mud cottages had been washed away. Passing this locality about thirty hours after the storm we saw some of the poor people clearing their floors of a mud deposit from which they extricated tin pans, pots and other utensils. One poor woman was washing down the posts of a wooden bedstead which had been covered to the height of four feet in mud and water, while the hardly-used mattress was spread in the morning sun. Crowds were engaged in gathering wood brought down by the stream, while most of the houses plastered with mud had been considerably damaged. In Port of Spain the lower part of the town became a lake, through the flooding of what is known as the "dry river," because in ordinary weather there is no river there. It is said to have been a grand sight as it rushed and foamed till meeting with a high tide on the gulf shore its waters returned on the town. Boats plied in the streets, stalwart porters rescued gentlemen from their flooded stores by taking them on their backs. Great damage was done to goods, and two children were drowned in the streets. A bridge forming an entrance to the town was carried away. A water-famine ensued; for three days the water-works were stopped; during this time clear water sold at four cents a bucket. One of our teachers was imprisoned in his house for two days. People might be seen with long poles fending off huge logs which threatened the safety of their little cots. Altogether it was a flood such as one is not likely to see twice in a life-time. This year has been an almost unprecedentedly wet one. The rainfall in the month of June was twenty-five inches. An enterprising Hindoo on a low-lying sugar estate invested in a boat and has done a good business by rowing people about among the houses at two cents a trip. Not far from this estate two donkeys were drowned in the standing water on the highroad.

INDIAN COLLEGES.

"Come with me to Madras, where there is a great university. You will see four or five great colleges, where they are teaching thousands of students for the university examinations. And the best of all these institutions is a missionary college—the Christian college. Come with me to the Mofussil towns, to the provinces, to Masulipatam, Madura and Tinnevely, for example, and what do you see? Large colleges and high schools, some of them conducted by natives, some of them by missionary agencies. You can go lower down still to the large villages, and you will see middle schools, and still lower and you will see small primary schools started. What is the meaning of all this intellectual activity? It is this: There is a perfect craze among the upper classes in India to have an English education. The first thing you have to seek, from a missionary point of view, is to use this craving for the spread of Christ's kingdom. You know India is stratified by caste. At the bottom of the social scale you have the outcastes, then the low castes, gradually rising to the high castes, and these are the leaders among the 270,000,000 of people among whom the Queen rules in India. They are not the feet, they are the head—the leaders in India—the men who are now crying out aloud from the national Congress for representative government for themselves, and for many things for which they are not fit just yet, and therefore cannot have at present. But these men are, after all, the brain of India, and they come from the highest castes and are being educated in these schools and colleges of which I have told you. You remember that the Lord Jesus, when He was upon earth, made use of a great want that He found among the people. They wanted healing, and thousands and thousands of them came to Him just for nothing else than to get their bodies healed. Do you think the Lord Jesus does not value the mind as much as He values the body? Do you think that these Brahmins—these leaders of the people, who become the judges, and the rulers, and the magistrates, and the barristers—do you think these men, who are saying, 'Give us English education; give it to us with Jesus Christ if you like, but we must have it in any case!'—do you think Jesus Himself would not have pitied them? I believe He would have come to us educational missionaries and said, 'Go on, my brethren, go on in this great work, and win the brain of India for God.' Yes, India is ripe for this work of Christian university education."—*Rev. C. W. A. Clark, in Church Missionary Intelligencer.*

IN A HINDU VILLAGE.

"Stand with me for a moment in a Hindu village. We are in the centre, and have come to the Hindu temple. The priest comes out and says, 'Stay here, sir; don't go further. I will provide mats and seats for you.' We sit down, and there gather near us 150 or 200 Brahmins and educated natives. In the distance we see women in the verandas. Then a Bengali stands up. I shall never forget that scene. Behind is the Hindu temple. Above is a clear, tropical moon; and as the Bengali teacher tells in flowing, fervent Bengali the life of Christ, and as he comes to the part where they were driv-

ing nails into His hands, and Christ cried out, 'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do!' you can feel the thrill going through the audience. And as the preacher goes on to tell of the death and resurrection, you can see the tears running down the faces of the people. When this man closed another Bengali started a soft, wild Bengali air, telling how man had wandered away from God, and God had sent His Son to bring him back. When he stopped there was dead silence. You see before you the picture of Bengali Christians convincing by their eloquence and zeal their fellow-countrymen. In another village some of our Bengalis were alone, and by their preaching they converted a rich young man. He, won by them, came forth and confessed Christ in baptism, even though it meant to him giving up a fortune of £20,000 and never looking on his mother's face again. In another village, where one of our old students lived, he, by his learning, was able to convince an English-speaking schoolmaster of the divinity of Christ. By his love and zeal he won him so that he and his wife and four children were baptized. You can be proud of your native workers. You may thank God for them, for I believe that, as a whole, they are a band of truly converted men. They are men who know Him in whom they believe. They are men of wonderful eloquence; and I make bold to say that ninety per cent. of the baptisms are won first by the natives themselves. They are the feelers, the outposts of the army of European missionaries behind, by which they are guided and controlled, but they are the real workers among their own people."—*Rev. W. H. Ball, in Church Missionary Intelligencer.*

HENRY MARTYN.

A new contribution to missionary biography is forthcoming from the golden pen of George S. SMITH, LL.D., of Edinburgh, Foreign Secretary of the Free Church, who was a delegate to the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Toronto. It is to be a life of Henry Martyn, and will be a valuable addition to the marvellous biographies of Duff, Carey, Wilson, of Bombay, Sumner, etc., from the same gifted author. Dr. Smith spares no pains to prepare these masterly volumes. He went last year to Land's End to get up the "local colour" for Henry Martyn's life, amid the surroundings of Truro, in Cornwall, where Martyn was born. That story of the Cornish boy who died at Tokat has splendid possibilities in it, divine and human, with a pathetic love note. There is so much new material, that, as Dr. Smith says, his life has yet to be written, outside of his own precious journals; and he proposes to put him and Carey side by side, both men of the people; but one a self-educated shoemaker, and the other an academic scholar. This hint of the coming feast will serve to whet the appetite of our readers for Dr. Smith's promised book.

UGANDA.

The latest letters from Uganda, of date January 31st, come from the Rev. G. K. Baskerville, an intrepid young missionary who went out to Africa in 1890. He was in the capital of Uganda all through the recent fighting, and his communications give the first detailed accounts of the unhappy feuds. It seems that Mwanga has escaped from the Catholic party and attached himself to the Protestants. Although the fighting has ceased, private sources of information state that there is much anxiety in official circles as to the events of the next four months. Bishop Tucker, who had been in the neighbourhood of Chagga, has now set out for Uganda in order that he may advise the missionaries and share with them the difficulties of the situation. Very strongly does the bishop deny the charges of the German press, which accuses British missionaries in Kilima Njaro of selling rifles and ammunition to the Moshi. The bishop declares that no arms have been sent either to the mission or to the Moshi from the British sphere, whereas the sale of ammunition in German territory, notwithstanding the Government monopoly, is practically unlimited.

LORD ROSBERY was present at a farewell meeting in Exeter Hall to thirty missionaries of the London Missionary Society.

It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES.

THE EMPEROR'S HAREM.

"138 UNFORTUNATES HELD CAPTIVE IN THE PALACE AT PEKIN."

The "Palace of Earth's Repose" is where the Empress of China holds her court and rules over the imperial Harem, whose only glimpse of the outside world is what they can see in the imperial flower garden. The present young emperor, in addition to his seven lawful concubines, has already no less than one hundred and thirty others in his harem—H. O'Shea's article, in the *Illustrated American*. Such is the life of the most highly favoured of Chinese women—prisoners within the palace walls they eke out an existence in real slavery. American women know no slavery but that which depends on themselves. Sometimes they are overworked, "run down," weak and ailing—then is the time to turn to the right medicine. The one who takes Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription emancipates herself from her weakness and becomes a stronger and a happier woman—more than that—a healthy one. For all the weakness and ailments peculiar to womanhood, "Favourite Prescription" is a positive remedy. And because it's a certain remedy, it's made a guaranteed one. If it fails to benefit or cure, in any case, you get your money back. Can you ask more?

AN ANGLO-CANADIAN MIRACLE.

AN INTERESTING LETTER FROM ACROSS THE ATLANTIC. MR JAMES INGRAM RELATES THE STORY OF HIS SUFFERINGS AND RELEASE—RESTORED AFTER THE BEST DOCTORS HAD FAILED.

The fame of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is not confined to Canada and the United States, but extends also across the Ocean, and from the mother land comes a letter from one who learned the value of this great remedy while in Canada and who now, although thousands of miles away, gratefully acknowledges what Pink Pills have done for him after medical aid and all other remedies had failed. His letter cannot fail to bring hope to other sufferers as it assures them that in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills they may look for a cure even in cases pronounced by the most eminent medical specialists as incurable.

RHORDEREN, Monmouthshire, England,
November 20, 1891.

To the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Canada.

GENTLEMEN, -It may surprise you to receive this letter from across the Ocean, but I would not be doing my duty did I not write to thank you for the noble medicine called Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and to let you know what they had done for me after four years' suffering, and when all other medical aid had failed. My trouble occurred while in Canada, and I was treated by several doctors, and in the Montreal General Hospital by Drs. Smith, Molson and Macdonell. I first felt the effects of the disease, which the doctors pronounced diabetes, in January, 1886. I used many remedies and tried numerous doctors, with the only result that I grew poorer in both health and pocket. At last in despair I went to the General Hospital for treatment, but the result was no better, and on April 30, 1891, I left that institution a poor broken-hearted, downcast man, Dr. Macdonell having informed me that they had done all they could for me. I continued to live on in misery until about the middle of August, when I saw in the *Montreal Star* an article telling the story of a man who, after spending hundreds of dollars, had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and found a cure. Drowning men, they say, will catch at a straw, and it would be impossible for me to express the gratitude I feel for the hope that man's story gave me. I at once bought a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from Mr. R. Birks, druggist, on McGill Street. Before I had finished it I felt that Pink Pills were helping me, and I procured four more boxes. These almost restored me to health, and through the kindness of Mr. O'Brien, of the harbour works, I was given a light job on the harbour wharf, and was again able to earn my living. I made up my mind, however, to return to the land of my birth, and on November 5, sailed for England. The passage was rough, and I caught cold, which set me back somewhat, but I am again regaining strength. I find that I cannot get the Pink Pills here and I want you to send me a supply, as under no circumstances would I be without them, and you may be sure I will gladly recommend them to my friends both here and elsewhere. Yours gratefully,

JAMES INGRAM.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after-effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMA CURE.

Instantly relieves the most violent attack, facilitates free expectoration and ensures rest to those otherwise unable to sleep except in a chair, as a single trial will prove. Send for a free trial package to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul Min., but ask your druggist first.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

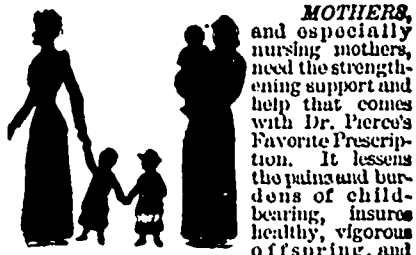
My son George has suffered with neuralgia round the heart since 1882, but by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT in 1889 it completely disappeared and has not troubled him since.

JAS. MCKEE.

Linwood, Ont.

DON'T omit to send to the Esterbrook Steel Pen Co., 26 John Street, New York, for circulars explaining their offer of \$1,000 for Prizes for Poems on Esterbrook's Pens.

MINARD'S Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.



MOTHERS, and especially nursing mothers, need the strengthening support and help that comes with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It lessens the pains and burdens of child-bearing, insures healthy, vigorous offspring, and promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment on the part of the mother. It is an invigorating tonic made especially for women, perfectly harmless in any condition of the female system, as it regulates and promotes all the natural functions and never conflicts with them.

The "Prescription" builds up, strengthens, and cures. In all the chronic weaknesses and disorders that afflict women, it is guaranteed to benefit or cure, or the money is refunded.

For every case of Catarrh which they cannot cure, the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy agree to pay \$500 in cash. You're cured by its mild, soothing, cleansing, and healing properties, or you're paid.

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Ministers and Churches.

THE Y.P.S.C.E. of Knox Church, Portage la Prairie, purpose holding socials every month during the winter.

THE Rev. Mr. McKibbin, of Sarnia Presbytery, has accepted a call to the charge of Bryson and Litchfield, Pontiac.

THE members of the Ross and Cobden Presbyterian congregations are unwilling to accept the resignation of their pastor, Rev. M. D. M. Blakely.

THE Rev. J. H. MacVicar and Mrs. MacVicar, of the Canada Presbyterian Mission at Honan, have just taken a flying trip to Japan for the benefit of their health.

THE induction of the Rev. J. E. Munro, to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church, Gladstone, Man., took place last week, and notwithstanding the storm the ceremony was witnessed by quite a large congregation.

THE anniversary services of St. John's Presbyterian Church were held on Sunday. Rev. John Neil, of Westminster Presbyterian Church, preached in the morning, and Rev. Dr. McTavish, of the Central Church, in the evening. There were large congregations at both services.

THE Seventeenth Public Meeting of Knox College Missionary Society will be held in Convocation Hall, on Friday evening, 25th inst. Mr. Hamilton Cassels, Convener of the Assembly's Foreign Mission Committee will preside, and an attractive programme has been prepared.

REVIVAL services in St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Prince Albert, have been in progress for some time. Rev. Mr. Rochester, pastor of the church, and Rev. Mr. Hutchin, of Saskatoon, are conducting the services, which are largely attended, and have been productive of much good.

THE Bowmanville Statesman says: Many old friends of Rev. George Blair, formerly headmaster of the Union school here, were delighted to see him in the pulpit of St. Paul's Church on Sunday morning week. He preached an admirable sermon on "Christ as the Sun of Righteousness."

MR. JOHN McMILLAN, B.A., delivered an interesting lecture last week before the Y.P.S.C.E. of Knox Church, Ottawa, on the life of John G. Paton, missionary in the New Hebrides. The lecture was listened to by a large audience, who were greatly pleased with the able manner in which the lecturer handled the subject.

THE Avonbank Woman's Foreign Mission Society, held a very successful social on Wednesday evening week. The addresses delivered by Rev. Messrs. Sawyer of Westminster and Cosgrove of St. Marys were appreciated by the audience. Rev. K. Hamilton occupied the chair. A considerable increase of the Society's funds resulted from the collection.

THE Rev. W. Patterson, of Toronto, lectured in the Presbyterian church, Nurnal, on Tuesday evening week to a good house. The lecture was given in Mr. Patterson's own inimitable style, and every one was pleased and edified. The lecture was given under the auspices of the Bible Class and Teachers' Association, a prosperous organization in connection with the church.

A LARGE number of the members of the Christian Endeavour Society and congregation of Parkdale Presbyterian Church met in the lecture room of the church on Tuesday evening week. Rev. R. P. Mackay presided, and Mr. A. Hendry, on behalf of the many friends of Mr. Melville Swartout, teacher of the Bible class, who is about to enter the mission field, presented him with a choice selection of Biblical works. Mr. Swartout made an appropriate reply, after which addresses were delivered and refreshments served.

THE secretary of the local committee desires us to say that the financial results of the Pan-Presbyterian Council have been so satisfactory that forty per cent. will be returned to the congregations contributing. The estimates as to requirements were about correct, but the cholera scare leading to a very much smaller representation of the European churches, made the expenditure in that direction much less than was expected, and the same cause doubtless affected the bill for luncheon. It is very gratifying to report that there was a surplus and not a deficit.

ON November 1, the Auxiliary of the W.F.M.S. of Cardinal met and held their Annual thank-offering meeting. Mrs. Macarthur, the President occupied the chair. Mrs. Dowley, of Prescott, gave an interesting and encouraging account of the progress of the Society within the bounds of the Presbytery during the past year. Mrs. Macalister, of Iroquois, gave an interesting address on mission work. The collection, which amounted to \$20, was solemnly dedicated to the Master's use.

THE Rev. Dan. Strachan, B.A., Rockwood, who has been labouring in Sarnia during the past summer, left that place last week. The Mission Church, near the St. Clair Tunnel, where his field is, has grown rapidly and will soon be self-sustaining and a separate congregation. Before leaving Sarnia, Mr. Strachan was made the recipient of an address and \$70 in gold. He is about to leave on a trip to Tennessee and South Carolina for the benefit of his health, which has suffered severely from his work last summer.

A DELIGHTFUL service of song and praise was given in John Street Presbyterian church, Brockville, last week, in which a very large congregation joined heartily. Three anthems were given by the choir in their best form, expressing the sentiment of both words and music in a manner rarely heard in ordinary churches. The solos taken by Miss Caswell, Miss Coleman and Mr. Fax were especially well rendered. Good church music at the present day is getting to be a very essential part of the service, and has a most inspiring effect when the congregation all join in with heart and voice, as they did last week, in singing hymns and psalms of praise.

THE lecture delivered by Rev. Robert McNair in the opera hall, Carleton Place, Thursday evening week, was listened to by a large audience and much appreciated. The rev. gentleman has a faculty for observation in his travels, and related the incidents in a happy and pleasing manner, which holds the attention of his hearers from the first. The choir rendered a musical programme, and refreshments were served by the ladies. The gross receipts from the entertainment were in the vicinity of \$60.

THE Anniversary Services of the opening of Zion Church, Cedar Grove, were conducted by the Rev. Thos. Goldsmith, of Toronto, late of St. John's Church, Hamilton, on Sabbath the 30th October. Mr. Goldsmith preached with great acceptance. His sermons were exceedingly able, eloquent, and practical. Although getting up in years, he has last none of the power and energy which has always characterized his preaching. At the entertainment on Monday evening, the audience was treated with a most interesting and practical address by Mr. Goldsmith, and another by the Rev. Peter Nichol, of Unionville. The attendance was good considering the unfavourable weather.

THE annual social of St. Andrews Church Christian Endeavour Society, was held in the school-room, Berlin, on Friday evening week and was a great success. There was a large attendance and the platform and walls were beautifully decorated with flowers etc. Mr. J. King, Q.C., was asked to take the chair. A short and select programme of vocal and instrumental music was then rendered, Mrs. D. McArthur, Miss Mary Chambers, Miss Emma Zoellner and Mr. Henry Illing taking part. Miss Russell, the church organist, was an excellent accompanist. Refreshments were bountifully served by the young ladies, and a very pleasant evening was spent by all present.

MRS. J. CAMPBELL, wife of the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Victoria, B.C., who has just arrived, was tendered a hearty welcome by the members of his congregation last week. The gathering was in the school room, which was crowded, and the ladies had charge. Rev. Dr. MacRae was chairman, and the proceedings were opened with the singing of the 216th hymn, and prayer. Mrs. McGregor on behalf of the congregation then read a cordial address of welcome, to which Rev. Dr. Campbell on behalf of his wife made suitable response. The evening was pleasantly spent, and a musical programme added greatly to the enjoyment of all present.

THE social given by the branch of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society in connection with Knox Church, Guelph, in the school-room, Thanksgiving evening, was a great success, there being a large turnout. Mr. J. A. McCrea presided. An interesting programme was given. The Oberholtzer orchestra, from Vance's Corners contributed several numbers, Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Lillie gave a nice duet, whilst Mr. Sykes also sang well. Miss Smyth, of Peterboro, was twice encored in her recitation; the choir rendered three selections in good style. Rev. B. B. Williams gave a most excellent address on Individual Responsibility in regard to Foreign Missions. Refreshments were served during the evening by the ladies, and fifteen new names were added to the roll.

A VERY interesting ceremony was performed at Knox Church, Hamilton, on the morning of Sabbath week, when Rev. Dr. Fraser ordained thirteen new elders. There was a very large congregation. The old elders, with the exception of the venerable Mr. John Porteous, the senior elder of the church, now in the 93rd year of his age, who was not well, were all present. The new officers are Messrs. James Johnson, William Givin, J. T. Barnard, John A. Moffat, John Madill, R. McKae, Colin Arthur, J. G. Cheyne, John Scott, John L. Patterson, John Greig, K. Booth and Andrew Parkhill. Mr. Andrew Leitch had also been elected an elder, but was out of the city. Rev. Dr. Fraser preached an appropriate sermon, giving the scriptural ground for the office of elder in connection with the Church. The music was of a suitable character. Knox Church has grown and prospered under Dr. Fraser, and the new elders are necessary on account of the extra work.

THE Knox Church Young People's Association of Cornwall inaugurated the season of 1892-93 by a grand conversation on Tuesday evening week. The meeting was a thorough success. The parlors of the church were crowded and a large number of new members were admitted to the society. The vocal and musical programme was excellent and consisted of the President, Mr. T. Marchbank's opening address; readings by Miss McMaster, Mr. J. Connolly, Mr. J. H. S. Parke, and Mr. George Warwick; solos by Miss Hall, Messrs. R. Tanner and A. Tait Hope, and a quartette by Misses Brown and Atchison and Messrs. Watson and Tanner. During intermission refreshments were served after which the Rev. Jas. Hastie, pastor of Knox Church, delivered a short pithy address on "Manners." All who were present vote the evening a most enjoyable one and wish the K.C.V.P.A. every success during the coming season.

SABBATH schools and others having Sunday school papers or other literature which they wish to send to mission fields, can learn the names of Sabbath school superintendents or others on needy fields, who would gladly receive their contributions and look after their proper distribution, by dropping a note to Mr. J. G. McKechnie, Corresponding Secretary of the Knox College Missionary Society. Now that the students have resumed their work in College, many mission fields are left without regular supply. The long, dreary winter days are approaching; children in comfortable homes throughout Ontario should not forget others, but should seek to extend their happiness by sending the papers and magazines which have helped to brighten their own lives, to those less fortunately situated. The annual report of the Knox College Missionary Society, giving an account of last summer's work will be issued in a few days, and will be mailed to those interested in our Society. Any wishing the reports and not receiving them,

can obtain them by addressing the Corresponding Secretary. Please state the number of reports required.

THE thriving village of Danville is situated in one of the most picturesque localities of these picturesque Eastern Townships. Its streets are wide and clean, and not a few handsome private residences bespeak the industry and fine taste of its people. It has more out-and-out male and female temperance reformers to the square foot than any other village of its size on the continent of America. Consequently it goes without saying that the dram drinking traveller finds it a very "dry" place. It is a village of churches. Spires rise in every direction, but all the denominations represented work in harmony with each other. The Presbyterian church was established in 1871. Next year after organizing as a congregation a church was built which cost \$3,400. This was a big undertaking for a mere handful of people, and one would not be at all surprised if it took many years to pay for such a building. But such was not the case. In two years the congregation was free of debt. On the following year this energetic little congregation undertook to provide a manse for its minister, and in 1885 a house was erected which cost \$2,100. To-day, thanks to the zeal of certain young ladies in the congregation, the manse too is free of debt, and the way is open to do big things for the Mission schemes of the Church. There are only thirty-five families and sixty-nine members in full communion, but last year it raised \$722, being an average of over \$20 per family and over \$10 per communicant. The present pastor is the Rev. G. H. Smith, M.A., who is very popular among his own people.

A VERY pleasant social gathering convened at the Presbyterian church, Brooklin, on the evening of Thanksgiving Day, November 10. At the supper and lecture given under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Church the tables were decorated with the queen of autumn flowers, beautiful chrysanthemums. The supper was pronounced excellent. The Rev. J. B. McLaren presided with ease and grace over the feast of spiritual and intellectual things; the committee of management giving the strongest proof that, while providing for the "outer" the "inner" had been first in their hearts. The report of the Society reviewed eleven years of existence, and showed steady progress, making plain the great truth that only through knowledge of the great mission fields and their crying necessities can true zeal in their interests be nourished. Rev. James Harris, of the Episcopal Church, and Hon. John Dryden spoke cheering words of greeting. The Rev. Dr. Fraser, of Knox Church, Hamilton, was introduced by the pastor, and delighted the audience with a narrative and descriptive account of his recent Eastern travels, taking all who listened as far as Egypt. The descriptive powers of the lecturer may be imagined from the fact that a little girl stood up to see "The boats on the river," and another of larger growth almost heard the bagpipes, described in an incident of travel. With his eyes they saw localities and neighbourhoods, viewed beautiful Paris, sparkling and gleaming in the sun, swept past gardens and olive yards, mountains and glens, studied ancient cities and structures, and realized how history and geography may be taught alike to young and old; but, just as a minister present remarked, things were getting profitable as well as interesting, the lecture closed, and then with expressive words of pleasure from the Rev. J. Leggott and resolutions from society and congregation a bright evening closed. Proceeds \$125.

THE Rev. J. K. Smith, D.D., who has been settled in Port Hope, was recently tendered a most cordial reception. Mr. Irwin, secretary of the Board of Management, occupied the chair. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Mac William, Hay, and Cleland. Dr. Smith in response said he felt at home with the people and the brethren—such a warm-hearted reception made him feel

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at home. It was only a short time ago that it was whispered to him over the wire "Would he entertain a thought of coming to Port Hope," he said he would; another wooing message came, another answer sent; then a loyal and hearty welcome given me to come and a loyal "yes" given. This is the seventh time I have been married this way, once only outside British dominions. Although I made many warm friends and have many pleasing recollections while in San Francisco, I am glad to be back in dear old Canada; the memory of old native Scotland is dear to me, and also that of good old England, but none so dear as Canada; I am glad to be back to the Canadian Church. The scenes of my first efforts are dear to me. While in Toronto last Sabbath I met five or six of my old parishioners: how it cheered me as I looked back, glad to be back to renew old associations in Port Hope! Possibly these old associations brought about this union to-night. I trust that the bond so mild and gentle as that of love, which binds us together, may endure. I am glad to be your minister; I am sure it is my heart's desire to help you; I am sure of your best wishes. My heart's prayer is that the Lord, whom we both love, may bless us, that showers of grace may come. I hope that old and young may join hand and heart and go on in the Master's work, and I do pray that the union of pastor and people so quickly made and swiftly taken may be signally blessed to our mutual good and to the glory and honour of God. Attractive musical selections were interspersed with the addresses.

THE Guelph Mercury says: The gathering of the congregation of Chalmers Church in the lecture room recently will ever be remembered by those who were present as one of the most notable in their recollection. It marked the formal severance of the pastoral tie between Rev. Dr. Wardrop and the congregation to which he has ministered faithfully and acceptably for more than twenty-three years, and that severance came about in the most kindly and Christian spirit, the pastor laying off the harness, which he has so faithfully worn for over forty-seven years, amid the highest esteem and affection of the congregation towards him. The occasion was made the more memorable from the tribute given to the character of the man, who has ever been a marked and beloved personality in this city, and whose influence therein for good is not surpassed; yea, not even equalled, by any other citizen. It will be a matter of sincere pleasure to them that the venerated Doctor will still move in and out among them with his kindly grasp and warm sympathy. That, in this new and restless country, a pastor should have charge of only two congregations in the long period of forty-seven years, is a fact that carries with it striking significance, and the answer to the natural query which such a relationship calls forth could be found in the tone and spirit of the gathering. Not a few friends from other churches were also present to testify in person to their sympathy with the gathering. It was after half-past eight before Mr. D. Sturton, chairman of the board of managers, seconded by Mr. Guthrie, moved that Rev. Dr. Torrance, Moderator of the Session, take the chair, which was unanimously carried. He was supported on the platform by most of the ministers of the city. After the singing of "O God of Bethel," Rev. A. Cunningham led in prayer. The chairman, after alluding to the important, interesting and withal solemn character of the occasion, as all felt it to be, called upon Mr. D. Guthrie, who read the address prepared by the committee appointed at the previous meeting.

PRESBYTERY OF HAMILTON.—This Presbytery met on November 15. Pelham and Louth were united to form one charge, Port Dalhousie was erected into a separate congregation and Wellandport is to be supplied by a missionary in the meantime. A call to Rev. T. McLachlan from

"German Syrup"

Asthma. "I have been a great sufferer from Asthma and severe Colds every Winter, and last Fall my friends as well as myself thought because of my feeble condition, and great distress from constant coughing, and inability to raise any of the accumulated matter from my lungs that my time was close at hand. When nearly worn out for want of sleep and rest, a friend recommended me to try thy valuable medicine, Boschee's German Syrup. I am confident it saved my life. Almost the first dose gave me great relief and a gentle refreshing sleep, such as I had not had for weeks. My cough began immediately to loosen and pass away, and I found myself rapidly gaining in health and weight. I am pleased to inform thee—unsolicited—that I am in excellent health and do certainly attribute it to thy Boschee's German Syrup. C. B. STICKNEY, Picton, Ontario."

Bolton and Vaughan in the Presbytery of Toronto was considered; it was remitted to a commission of Presbytery to deal with this call. After consulting with the congregation at Hagarville, Messrs. Rutherford, Lawrie, Dr. Fraser and Dr. Fletcher, were appointed a committee to do what they may find practicable in the interests of the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund. A Presbyterial conference had been held on the preceding day, which was reported as having been very satisfactory. Resolutions were submitted and in part adopted in reference to preparing a scheme for systematic continuous reading of the Bible, Sabbath schools, Young Peoples' Societies, Methods of raising money for Church purposes, and gathering in non-church goers. A further conference will be held at the next ordinary meeting. Mr. Smith gave notice of motion providing for holding at least two of the stated meetings each year at St. Catharines.—JOHN LAING, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF HURON.—This Presbytery met in Exeter on November 8. Messrs. Martin and Hamilton were appointed to address the meeting of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society in Goderich in January next. The following deliverance was adopted respecting the death of the late Rev. George Needham, pastor of the congregation of Egmondville: "The Presbytery of Huron, in session now assembled, would acknowledge the sovereignty of Almighty God in removing from their midst their brother, Rev. George Needham, B.A., pastor of the congregation of Egmondville, who died on November 4, 1892. 'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord.' The life of our brother was short but full of promise of great usefulness. He brought to the work of the Church gifts of a high order, which he had during the years of preparation assiduously cultivated till the spirit of life departed. The members of Presbytery express their deep sorrow in losing one who was so regular in attendance at their meetings, and gave promise of great usefulness, and who was so frank and true in his friendship. The Presbytery expresses its deep sympathy with Mrs. Needham in her very severe and sore bereavement, and prays that the God of all comfort will sustain and comfort her with the abundant consolations of the Gospel. It also sincerely sympathizes with his father and all his relatives, and prays that though the hopes fondly cherished respecting the future of his son and their friend are so suddenly dashed to the ground, the Lord will give 'beauty for ashes and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.' The Presbytery hereby expresses its deep sympathy for the Session and congregation in the loss sustained by the removal of their pastor, whom they loved and whose labours among them were so highly appreciated; and it is the earnest prayer of the Presbytery that the Master of assemblies will abundantly bless the good seed sown by our departed brother, who being 'dead yet speaketh.'" As the Presbytery is endeavouring to rearrange the field of which Bayfield and Bethany form a part, it was agreed to delay granting a moderation in call to the aforesaid congregations till the committee on rearrangement shall report. Mr. Musgrave was appointed to declare the pulpit of Egmondville vacant and to act as Moderator of Session. The next regular meeting is to be held in Goderich on January 17, at 11 a.m.—A. McLEAN, Pres. Clerk.

POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES MISSION SCHOOLS.

Though the session has only recently opened, we are glad to let you know that we have already eighty boys and sixty girls in our schools and our number is increasing every day.

Since a few years the proportion of Roman Catholic pupils has been increasing very much, and this session it will be larger than ever. Thus far seventy-one come from Roman Catholic homes, sixty-four belong to the families of converts, and five to Protestant parents. Over two hundred have been admitted, but a good many who were ready to come have been kept back by all kinds of flatteries, promises, threats or obstacles cunningly prepared by the priests and sometimes placed in their way by those whom they consider as their best friends.

It is difficult to imagine the amount of persevering effort required on the part of the missionaries to secure so many young people for our schools, which are denounced everywhere by the clergy as places of perdition for young Roman Catholics, and we can but bless the Lord for the large number of young souls He is gathering around us every year through the work of His servants.

We have a very nice class of scholars who are more advanced in years than those of the past session, and also more advanced in their studies. They look intelligent and happy, and they seem to be determined to make good use of the opportunity they have for improving their minds and hearts.

Nearly all those who formed our most advanced class last year have entered either the Theological College, Montreal, Coligny College or the McGill Normal School, and a few of them have taken situations.

We have been greatly cheered in our work by the zeal and success of some of our pupils in bringing new scholars with them.

Last fall we received a young boy from a village which had never before sent us a pupil. This year through the good reports and the earnest efforts of that boy seven Roman Catholic boys have come with him and a few others are expected shortly.

Six of our young people have done some missionary work during summer, either as colporteurs or teachers and in spite of the numerous difficulties encountered, they are determined to continue the good work to which the Lord has called them.

Others, though not employed as missionaries, have done good work during summer in spreading copies of the Gospel, in pointing their neighbours to Jesus as the only One by whom they can be saved, or by holding prayer meetings and teaching some of their young friends.

Hardly a day is passed away without bringing them some good occasion of saying a seasonable word about the Gospel, and most of them, wherever they go, become witnesses for the truth, which, as leaven, spreads among our people who are kept in a state of perpetual apathy, ignorance and superstition, by a clergy who have no more formidable foes than the Bible and education.

We are sorry that we have at present no time for relating to you many facts which would encourage you in your generous support towards this good cause, and I regret sincerely not to be able to write to you more frequently about your pupils, but I could not do this without neglecting most pressing duties towards our young people.

We earnestly solicit the continuance of your kind support and of your prayers for the blessing of the Lord upon those He has committed to our care. All contributions should be sent direct to the Treasurer, Rev. Robt. H. Warden, D.D., Dominion Square, Montreal. Yours very truly, J. BOURGOIN.

Pointe-Aux-Trembles, November 8, 1892.

OBITUARY.

MRS. WILLIAM LOCHHEAD.

Mrs. William Lochhead, whose funeral took place on Monday week to the eight line cemetery, Ramsay, died at the residence of her son-in-law, Mr. Hugh Gourlay, Huntley, on Friday morning week, aged ninety-one years, one month and twenty-three days. She was ill but a few days, having been in her usual health until Tuesday morning, when she was seized with sickness, which terminated on Friday morning. She did not suffer much in her last sickness, and was able to converse with her friends until within a few moments of her death. She spoke with the fullest assurance of her interest in her Saviour and of meeting with her husband, who died ten years ago, and the other friends who have passed away. Her death was calm and peaceful. She and her husband resided in Almonte a little over five years. She was a widow since September, 1882; the most of that period she resided with her daughter, Mrs. H. Gourlay. She leaves three sons and two daughters to mourn her departure—the Rev. William Lochhead, of Mandamin, Ont.; Mr. D. C. Lochhead, of Toronto, Rev. John S. Lochhead, of Parkhill, Mrs. Joseph Allan, of Osgoode, and Mrs. Hugh Gourlay, of Huntley.

A TREAT is in store for those who attend the dual costume recitals in Association Hall, on Monday evening, November 28, to be given by Miss E. Pauline Johnson, the talented Canadian-Indian poetess, and Mr. Owen A. Smily, with musical selections by Marciano's orchestra. Miss Johnson has just concluded highly successful tours of Western and Eastern Ontario and will make her annual appearance in Association Hall, on the 28th in an entirely new programme of her own composition. Mr. Smily will also contribute a new list of readings. Miss Johnson will also appear in a number of new costumes, including a handsome and striking Indian dress.

THE BEST POLICY.

HONESTY (morally speaking) is regarded as the best policy. Through the agency and use of honesty in private and business engagements and transactions many a man has achieved success and made his mark in the world.

Other qualities may compete with honesty (to be the best policy) for the supremacy and government of a man, but sure and certain failure will result through such competition.

Every sensible business man should carry with him into his business the best policy (in the shape of honesty) for it is seemly and also right so to do.



Willie Tillbrook
Son of

Mayor Tillbrook

of McKeesport, Pa., had a Scrofula bunch under one ear which the physician lanced and then it became a running sore, and was followed by erysipelas. Mrs. Tillbrook gave him

Hood's Sarsaparilla

the sore healed up, he became perfectly well and is now a lively, robust boy. Other parents whose children suffer from impure blood should profit by this example.

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Baldwin's finest Fingering Wool, all colours, 8c. skein, \$1.25 pound.
Scotch Fingering Wool, cheapest imported, 5c. skein 55c. lb.
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Filo Floss and all other Wash Embroidery Silks, all colours, only 5c. dozen skeins.
Stamped Linen Toilet Sets, five pieces, 20c. set.
Gentlemen's Silk Suspenders, 50c. pair.
Gentlemen's Worked Slippers, from 50c. pair.
Felt, all colours, two yards wide, 65c. yard: also to hand large stock finest hemstitched tray covers, tablecosies, five o'clocks, shams, etc., selling at very low prices.

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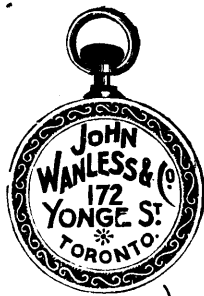
Every sensible man should also carry into his own home the best policy which can be offered by a life insurance company, covering the elements of protection to his dependents in case of his death, and a desirable investment for himself should he live a certain number of years.

The North American Life Insurance Company are now issuing the Compound Investment policy, and on account of its containing nearly every advantageous feature which can be found in any other form of policy, and the splendid options the insured is offered when his contract terminates, it is certainly one of the very best forms of insurance.

For full particulars respecting the best policy extant, intending insurers should at once communicate with the head office, North American Life Assurance Company, 22 to 28 King Street West, Toronto; or with any of the Company's agents.

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British and Foreign.

Two hundred missionaries have joined the China Inland Mission in two years.

The Rev. William Alexander Mills, probationer, has accepted a call to Govan Free Church.

The resignation of Rev. Ranald Macpherson, of St. Lukes, Edinburgh, has been accepted by the Presbytery.

PRINCIPAL RAINY conducted the morning and evening anniversary services in Anderston Church, Glasgow, recently.

The congregation of Townsend Street Church, Belfast, has forwarded a unanimous call to Rev. James McGranaham, of Gardenmore Church, Larne.

Of thirty-seven students examined lately by the Church Board for admission to Glasgow University Divinity hall, eight failed, one having a University degree.

A MOTION by an elder in Hamilton Presbytery to give congregations a say in pulpit supply when the ministers are absent has been ruled incompetent.

The Rev. Dr. Kinneir, of Letterkenny, has forwarded to the library of Magee College, Derry, one hundred valuable volumes—his thirty-ninth donation.

MR. JOSEPH ANDERSON, LL.D., is delivering in Edinburgh the Rhind lectures for this year, his subject being the early Christian monuments of Scotland.

On the jubilee anniversary of the opening of the Church at Newbliss, by the late Rev. Dr. Cooke, a new lecture-hall was opened by the pastor, Rev. H. Cowan.

The translation of the whole New Testament into the language of Uganda has now been completed, and will be issued soon by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

NOTWITHSTANDING the ban of Archbishop Walsh, the bazaar in Dublin on behalf of the Masonic Female Orphan School of Ireland has yielded of net proceeds \$108,145.

A SCOTISH deputation, including the Moderators and some of the officials of the three great Presbyterian Churches, is being got up for the purpose of interviewing Lord Rosebery about Uganda.

LORD ROSEBERY says you can now get for the price of a hat a library that not all the merchant princes of the Middle Ages, not all the Medicis, could have obtained if they had given their heart's blood for it.

PROFESSOR JOHN S. BLACKIE lectured on a recent Sabbath evening in the synod hall, Edinburgh, on "Beauty in Nature, in Art and in Religion," the first lecture of St. Cuthbert's Y. M. C. A. series.

THE Rev. Dr. Petticrew, Vice-President of the Faculty of Magee College, Derry, delivered the first of the Smyth Lectures for the year at the opening of the winter session. The Moderator of the Assembly also gave an address.

THE committee of the Glasgow opponents of the Free Church Declaratory Act have got the necessary funds and are about to prosecute the work of enlightening the Church as to the measure. Special lectures are to be given to students.

THE house in Ecclefechan in which Carlyle was born has been visited during the past three months by three hundred people. A hat of his is among the relics, and of the thousands who have tried it on these last few years only nineteen found it to fit.

THE Rev. James Gage, B.D., of Great Hamilton Street Church, Glasgow, died on 27th ult. Ordained to Dyce in 1870, he came to Glasgow about eight years ago, and was much appreciated as a preacher. He had been in failing health for a long time.

CAPTAIN LUGARD'S report on Uganda has now been published. It is of great length, and concludes with an expression of confidence in the new basis of peace and the prospects of progress in Uganda and the adjoining countries, if only British authority be maintained and the railway carried to the Lake shore.

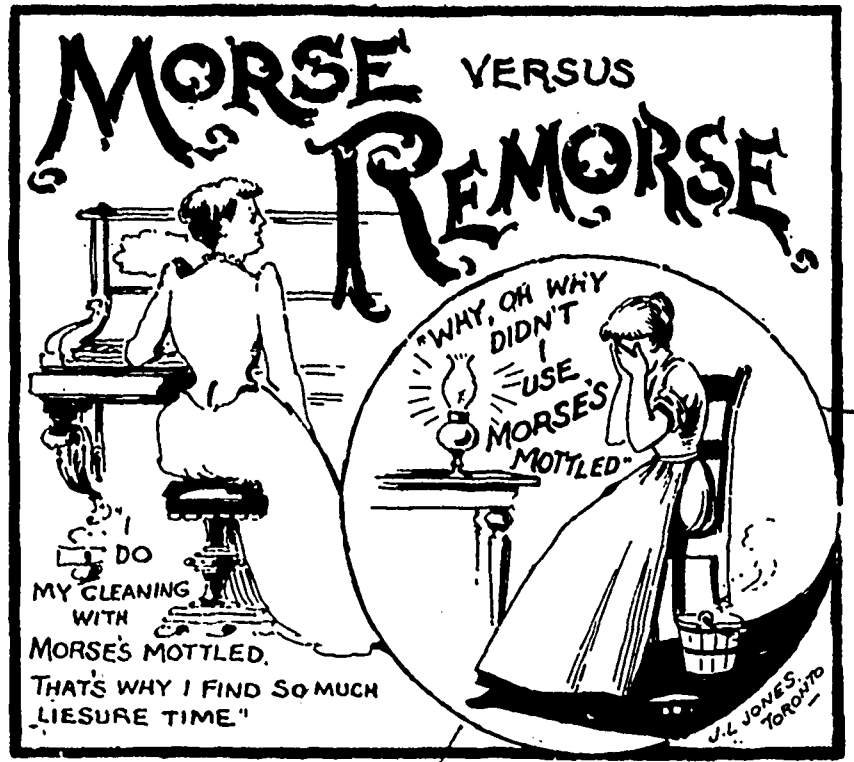
THE British chaplain at Gothenburg agrees with the Bishop of Chester as to the economical advantages of the Swedish system, but declares it to be the experience of people who have lived in that town for many years, that it has done no good in reducing alcoholic intemperance and its unhappy offspring.

A SERIES of monthly addresses on foreign missions began yesterday in six of the Glasgow churches. Dr. Stalker lectured on Palestine and Arabia; Rev. W. M. Macgregor on South Africa; Rev. James Brown on India; Rev. J. S. Carroll on China; Rev. W. Muir on Central Africa; and Rev. P. A. Gordon Clark on New Hebrides. The lectures are illustrated with limelight views, and will be delivered in all the six churches in turn.

NURSERY MEDICINES.—We do not believe in dosing children with drugs and medicines from the time they arrive in the world till they are grown, as some do. We have found a little castor oil and a bottle of PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER safe and sure remedies for all their little ills, and would not do without them. Get the New Big Bottle, 25c.

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Household Hints.

SQUZZLED OYSTERS.—Drain the oysters, season them with pepper and salt to taste and put them in a boiling pan; put two ounces of butter in a shallow dish over the steam of a kettle and when the oysters are puffed put them into the melted butter and serve.

EGGS FOR LUNCH.—Boil the eggs hard. When cold, take off the shells and divide the eggs lengthwise in halves. Take out the yolks, crumble them in a bowl, adding salt, pepper, mustard and a little melted butter. When all are well mixed, fill up the hollows of the whites with this mixture and serve.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—Peel, core and stew your apples. Mash them very fine, and for each pie allow the yolk of one egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-quarter of a nutmeg, grated. Bake with only one crust, the same as pumpkin pie, and use the white of the egg as frosting, to be spread on after the pie is done. Brown it nicely, by returning it to the oven for a few minutes.

LOTUS CLUB CLAM SOUP.—Chop fine thirty large clams with their juice, add two and one-half quarts of cold water, let it come to a boil, and add a small piece of salt pork, two large onions, a little mace and parsley. With four even tablespoonfuls of flour mix one-fourth pound of butter, a little salt and pepper. Boil hard one-half hour; take from the fire, and add the well-beaten yolks of four eggs and one pint of hot milk. Do not put on the fire again.

SPICED OYSTERS.—Select the largest oysters, drain them and wash in cold water. Then put in the stew-pan with water enough to cover them; take the scum off as it rises, and when they begin boiling throw in some salt, one tablespoonful each of whole pepper and allspice and half the quantity of mace to every gallon of oysters. Stew a few minutes and when cold add as much pale vinegar as will give the liquor an agreeable taste.

OYSTER SAUCE FOR FOWLS.—Plump the oysters for a moment or two over the fire, then take them out and thicken the liquor with flour and a good lump of butter and season with salt and pepper to taste; when it boils put in a spoonful of good cream, add the oysters and shake over the fire until hot, but don't let them boil or they will become hard and small.

TEA CAKES.—Put upon a pie board one pound of flour which you have previously sifted, make a hole in the centre, in which place one-half pound of butter, six ounces of powdered sugar and four eggs. Mix all well together and roll out your paste extremely thin; cut it out in rounds or squares; put in a pan which has been buttered slightly; brush your cakes with beaten egg, sprinkle on top with one-half pound of currants; put in the oven and when coloured a bright yellow, remove them and serve as needed.

THE OYSTER LOAF.—To the lover of the bivalve the oyster loaf will prove a revelation of gastronomic enjoyment. It is the favourite method of preparing the oyster throughout the South, and can be made so quickly that it should prove a boon to housewives whose husbands are in the habit of bringing some of the boys home with them at unexpected times to get a bite to eat. A Vienna loaf of bread is to be preferred, as it is all crust. Cut off the top of the loaf and scoop out the interior, thus leaving it like a box. Fill the space with the oysters and sprinkle some of the crumbs of bread that you took from the loaf on top of them. Season with pepper and salt to suit taste. Replace the crust that was cut from the loaf. Place the whole in a dripping pan and pour over the loaf some of the liquor of the oysters. Put it in a hot oven and allow it to bake for about fifteen minutes. Serve it hot and cut as for slicing. The addition of lemon juice is liked by some people. Be careful not to leave it in the oven too long or the loaf will scorch and burn.

Gibson's Toothache Paste acts as a killing and stops toothache instantly. Sold by druggists.

BROWNED SWEET POTATOES.—Boil the potatoes until done, but not any longer; peel and cut in halves lengthwise; put a spoonful of butter in a spider or dripping pan, and when it gets hot put in the potatoes and sprinkle with brown sugar; set on top of stove and watch closely; turn over when brown on one side and sprinkle with sugar on the other.

GRIDDLE CAKES.—To each cupful of buttermilk add one tablespoonful of shortening, a little salt, a small half-teaspoonful of soda, one egg to each two cupfuls of milk and flour, entire wheat flour (or equal parts of both), Indian meal and flour in equal proportion, to make the batter that can easily bespread on a well-greased griddle. Do not turn until the cakes are nearly done. Indian griddle cakes are luscious served with cream and sugar. Some use one cupful of milk, one cupful of flour, one egg, etc. Very good for cream toast if any cold flour or Indian cakes are left. Heat and put into good cream.

EXCELLENT SHORTCAKE, OR MEAT PIE CRUST.—Rub a scant half-cupful of butter into two cupfuls of flour which has previously been sifted with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Stir in one scant cupful of milk and roll out, handling as little as possible. If for shortcake, divide into four parts, roll out, butter two of the pieces and place the others above. Bake in a quick oven. Separate; spread with sweetened berries, fresh or canned, pie-plant, oranges or peaches which have been cut into bits and sweetened well a few hours before putting on the crust. Minced chicken or tongue makes a fine shortcake.

BEEFSTEAK SMOTHERED IN ONIONS.—Fry brown four slices of salt pork; when brown, take out the pork and put in six onions, sliced thin; fry about ten minutes, stirring all the time; then take out all except a thin layer, and upon this lay a slice of steak, then a layer of onions, then a layer of steak, and cover thick with onions; dredge each layer with pepper, salt and flour; pour over this one cupful of boiling water and cover tight; simmer half an hour; when you dish, place the steak in the centre of the dish and heap onions around it; serve the same vegetables as for broiled steak.

DON'T read! Don't think! Don't believe! Now, are you better? You women who think that patent medicines are a humbug, and Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription the biggest humbug of the whole (because it's best known of all)—does your lack-of-faith cure come?

It is very easy to "don't" in this world. Suspicion always comes more easily than confidence. But doubt—little faith—never made a sick woman well—and the "Favourite Prescription" has cured thousands of delicate, weak women, which makes us think that our "Prescription" is better than your "don't believe." We're both honest. Let us come together. You try Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription. If it doesn't do as represented you get your money again.

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Little but active—are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Best Liver Pills made; gentle, yet thorough. They regulate and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels.

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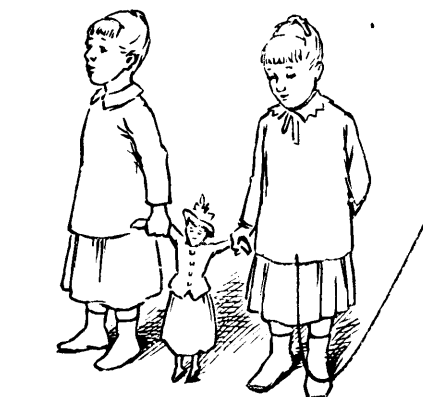


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We will send this watch to ANY PART of the world in advance by express. We will send instructions to the Express Agent to allow you to examine and CARRY THE WATCH 3 DAYS before paying for it, then if perfectly satisfactory pay the Agent \$22.00 and the Watch is yours; otherwise let him return it at OUR EXPENSE. Open Face \$20.00. Address

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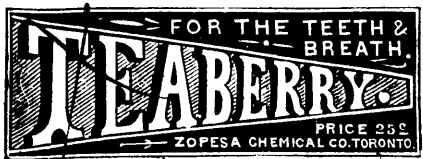


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Women tempted by cheap prices, large quantity, prizes and peddlers. Don't forget the effects of these imitations on hands and fabric. 237 Miss-Led JAMES PYLE, New York

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Household Hints.

MARIA'S GRAHAM MUFFINS.—Two cupfuls of sweet milk, one-half cupful of brown sugar, one cupful of Graham, two cupfuls of flour in which is well mixed two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a scant half cupful of butter or good dripping, salt, if needed, and lastly, one beaten egg. Bake in hot irons in a hot oven.

PLAIN BOILED RICE.—Wash the rice through several waters, rubbing the grains well between the hands. Cover with sufficient water to allow the grains to move about freely. Add salt in the proportion of one teaspoonful to a cup of raw rice. As the grains swell, it may be necessary to add more water, but do not on any account stir it. Leave it uncovered while cooking, and when the grains are tender, which should be in about twenty minutes, drain the water from them.

OYSTER PATTIES.—Old Virginia recipe—Make some rich puff paste and bake it in very small tin patty pans. When cool turn them out upon a large dish. Stew some large, fresh oysters with a few cloves, a little mace and nutmeg, a little butter and as much oyster liquor as will cover them. When they have stewed a short time take them out of the pan, place upon a flat dish and set them away to cool. When quite cold lay a few oysters in each shell of puff paste.

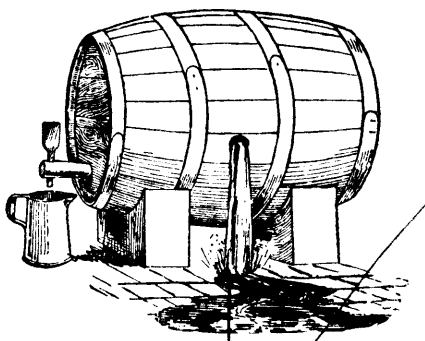
OYSTER SAUCE FOR FISH.—Scald a pint of oysters and strain them through a sieve, then wash in cold water and take off their beards. Put them in a stew pan and pour the liquor over them, then add a large spoonful of anchovy liquor, half a lemon, two blades of mace, and thicken it with butter rolled in flour. Put in half a pound of butter and boil it until the butter is melted, then take out the mace and lemon and squeeze the lemon juice into the sauce. Boil it, stirring all the time, and serve in a sauce boat.

BUTTER CAKES.—Five pounds of flour, one and one-quarter pounds of butter and lard, two and one-quarter pounds of sugar (moist), two ounces of carbonate of soda, two ounces of ground mixed spice, one pint of sour milk. Rub the butter, flour, spice and soda well together on the board, make a bay, put in the sugar and wet into a nice mellow dough. Let it lie for a couple of hours, then roll it down in sheets a quarter of an inch in thickness and cut out with a plain three-and-a-half inch round cutter. Place on greased tins, wash over with milk and bake in a moderate oven.

JENNY LIND CAKES.—Two pounds of flour, one pound of sugar, two ounces of butter, one ounce of volatile, milk, two tablespoonfuls of cochineal colour. Rub the butter, sugar and flour together on the board. Make a bay, pour in the milk and colour, and reduce into mellow, workable dough. Roll out very thin and cut out with a small-sized parliament ginger-bread cutter. Place on greased tins, bake in a moderate oven and sell at two a penny. Sometimes they are round and sold at four a penny. I do not know the reason so common an article should have been named after so famous a songstress (we don't do things that way now), unless it was their popularity, and the profit accruing from their sale was considered likely to make the shopmen sing.

CHOCOLATE ALMONDS.—Cut up one pound of chocolate and dissolve it with two or three teaspoonfuls of milk or cream in an enameled saucepan, or a jar standing in a saucepan of boiling water. When quite dissolved, mix with it about four pounds of confectioner's sugar and sufficient milk or cream to make it into a little paste. Then add about a teaspoonful of essence of vanilla and about one-fourth teaspoonful of ratiafia, according to taste. Have ready one pound of Valencia almonds which have been blanched and dried in the oven to make them crisp, and while the paste is quite hot cover each almond with some of it, moulding them into a nice shape with the fingers. Roll them immediately in a soup plate or pie dish of fine crystallized sugar till quite covered, and place them on dishes for a few hours to harden. This quantity should make 150 chocolate almonds.

SAVING AT THE SPIGOT AND WASTING AT THE BUNGHOLE IS A POOR KIND OF ECONOMY



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Poor soaps are the "bung-hole" through which time and labor are wasted, and by which the clothes and hands are ruined.

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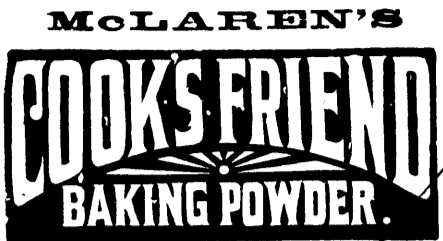
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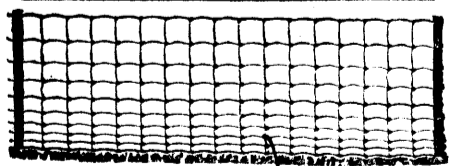
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NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, 25 CENTS.

MARRIED.

At 460 King street east, Toronto, on Wednesday, November 15, 1892, by the Rev. James G. Potter, B.A., Andrew Anderson, contractor and builder, to Agnes Richardson Everts, all of Toronto.

At 53 Upper street, Montreal, on Wednesday, November 16, by the Rev. J. A. Mowatt, William Steele Lounson, to Bessie, youngest daughter of the late Alex. Selater.

DIED.

At Cardinal, October 25th, 1892, Elizabeth Hays, beloved wife of Mr. Joseph Reid, in her 85th year of her age.

At Quebec, on the 30th ult., Mrs. Peebles, widow of Philip Peebles, in her 92nd year.

On Sunday, November 13, at 57 Major street, Margaret A. (Maggie), eldest daughter of the late Alexander M. Grimason.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

BARRIE.—At Barrie, Tuesday, November 29, at 11 a.m.

BROCKVILLE.—At Winchester on the second Tuesday in December, at 7 p.m.

BRUCE.—In Knox Church, Paisley, on 13th December, at 11 a.m.

HURON.—At Goderich, on the 17th January, at 11 a.m.

LINDSAY.—At Uxbridge, Tuesday, November 29, at 11 a.m.

MAITLAND.—At Wingham, on Tuesday, 13th December, at 11.15 a.m.

MONTREAL.—In the Presbyterian College, on Tuesday, January 10, at 10 a.m.

OWEN SOUND.—In Division St. Hall, Owen Sound, Tuesday, December 20, at 10 a.m.

SARNIA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Sarnia, on second Tuesday in December, at 2 p.m.

SAUGEEN.—In Knox Church, Harrison, on December 13, at 10 a.m.

STRATFORD.—In Knox Church, Mitchell, on January 17, at 2 p.m.

TORONTO.—In St. Andrew's Church West, on Tuesday, December 6, at 10 a.m.

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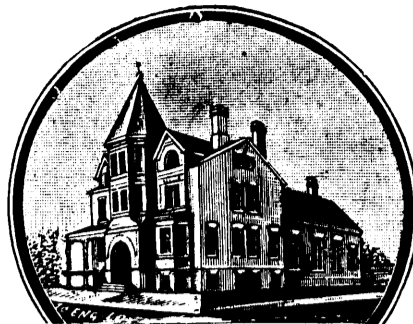
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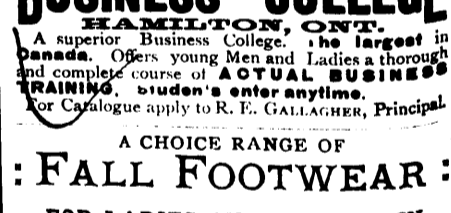
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