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OATMEAL CRACKERS.—Take three cups of the finest oatmeal, one table-spoonful of white sugar and a little salt. Wet it up with sweet cream and let it sit in a cool place an hour or two, then knead in the fine flour enough to make a dough that can be rolled and cut. Roll thin, cut out and bake in a moderate oven about ten minutes.

CHICKEN PIE.—Boil your chickens until they are tender, and season highly, line deep pie plates with rich pastry; take the white meat and a little of the dark off from the bones, put into the pie plates, pour the gravy over the chickens, add butter and a little flour, cover loosely with a crust, and bake from half to three quarters of an hour.

COFFEE DESSERT.—Make a large cup of clear, strong coffee. Put one ounce of soaked gelatin into a sauceman, and add boiling water till there is one quart altogether. Sweeten to the taste, and when just to the boiling point remove from the fire and pour into a buttered mould. It is a rich, dark colour, and is most appropriately served with whipped cream.

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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

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Notes of the Week.

DR. PARKER, in a recent evening discourse at the City Temple said the readers of essays in the pulpit were pursuing a forlorn hope. They had powerful competitors in that field who would surely leave them behind; but when the preacher delivered his message with freedom, when he poured out the thunders of the law or the sweet evangel, he had no equal and would prevail. The same evening Dr. Parker invited contributions from strangers to his church repairs fund. Thousands from all quarters, he said, visited the Temple in the course of the year. The ground on Sunday for them, he knew, was Mr. Spurgeon in the morning, St. Paul's in the afternoon, and the Temple in the evening, and some one else the following evening. The allusion in the last clause was to Mr. Henry Irving.

ABSURDITIES die hard. The duel in France has survived most mediæval superstitions, yet Frenchmen who affect to sneer at superstition seem very loath to part with the so-called code of honour. For the most part encounters with weapons in the Bois de Boulogne are very ridiculous affairs, though occasionally a fierce contestant slays his antagonist; but no matter who falls or survives, the truth or falsity of the cause for which they fought is in no wise affected by the event. General Boulanger called Premier Floquet a liar. They fought with swords; the irate General got the worst of it; ergo, Floquet is no liar! Bishop Freppel thereafter announced a motion in the Chamber of Deputies to abolish duelling, but it met with little favour from that great deliberative body. How long is duelling to survive in France?

FROM the treatment meted out to the Salvation Army in Quebec it is apparent that the people down there are a century behind in the matter of toleration. It is indeed a lesson that is but slowly learned, but the common people of Quebec have a long way to travel before they overtake the average degree of toleration reached in progressive Christian communities. The members of the Salvation Army went, accompanied by their band, to hold an open-air meeting in St. Feye parish, in the immediate neighbourhood of the ancient capital. They were set upon by residents along the road, and volley after volley of stones were showered upon them, several being severely injured. It is said that revolvers were then drawn by the Army in defence, a proceeding in the circumstances easily understood, but not admitting of justification. If the Army is to become militant in the literal sense its best days are over. It is a sad commentary on Canadian liberty that a peaceable and "inoffensive" body like the Salvation Army can pursue their work only at the peril of their lives. Whatever else may be taught the people of Quebec by their priests, it looks as if the lesson of charity was omitted.

THOSE who responded for the American Churches to the Argyll Lodge reception to the members of the Presbyterian Council were Rev. Dr. Welch and Dr. Burns, of Halifax. Dr. Welch acknowledged the kindness of the reception accorded to the delegates from the United States. He believed the trend of thought was in the direction of fraternity. They needed to come closer together, and he, as representing America, locked hand with hand and heart with the English Presbyterians. He believed he was selected to speak, because on his father's side he traced back his lineage to John Knox, and on his mother's side to a distinguished family of Dutch Reformers. For the Presbyterians of Canada, Rev. Dr. Burns, of Halifax, was a very capable spokesman. They had now in the Dominion, he said, 800 congregations, which stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast. In Canada, the three Presbyterian bodies had solved the question of unity, and in coming over in the steamer with the Bishops of Saskatchewan and Oregon, they agreed on their return to convene a

meeting to discuss the possibility of a union of Anglicans and Presbyterians. They would see what would come out of this.

THE *British Weekly* says: Mr. Hughes made a good practical suggestion in his sermon on gambling. Since the law makes betting houses and lotteries illegal, Mr. Hughes proposed that the publication of betting news in a paper should also be made illegal. He would heavily fine and afterward imprison editors, managers and printers who pander to the gambling mania. It is time that respectable newspapers cleared themselves from the charge, under which many of them now lie, of making money out of a degrading and irrational pursuit. The Wood trial has shown once more the low trickiness that is constantly associated with horse-racing, and the immoral cynicism which it breeds in all who have to do with it. We have had fresh illustration of the fact that on the turf common honesty and straightforwardness have no place, that plausible cunning is rewarded with immense sums of money by persons who call themselves gentlemen. Once more we have had occasion to wonder how any man of character or position can have anything whatever to do with jockeys and jockeydom. It is becoming intolerable that in almost every newspaper, from the highest to the lowest, races and betting and the whole turf scandal should be a main topic, thrust into families and upon the notice of young people.

THIS is how a correspondent of the *Christian World* sums up the Mildmay Conference: Since the close of the Conference, I have asked myself again and again, what was the general impression produced upon my mind by what I saw and heard, and I must honestly confess that the question is not easily answered. On the one hand, there is much in these Conferences to interest, to edify, and to stimulate; they are, moreover, to be credited with the origination and zealous persecution of some of the noblest enterprises for the relief of human suffering and the evangelization of the world that our time has seen: yet I cannot but feel that their tendency is towards the encouragement of a type of piety which is lacking in the robuster elements of that exemplified and inculcated by the apostles, of a narrow dogmatism which refuses free play to intelligent inquiry and scientific criticism, and to a dissatisfaction with the organization and methods of ordinary Church life and work. The leaders of the movement would probably repudiate any tendency to Plymouthism, but none the less it seems to be in the air of Mildmay, and I very much question, whether it is possible for those who give themselves up to Mildmay influences to escape the infection. I have conversed with many whose experiences have been similar to mine, and I find that this is their impression too.

A CORRESPONDENT sends a brief account of the Pan-Presbyterian Reception at Argyll Lodge to the *British Weekly* in which he says: I mention without comment the fateful fact that exactly 666 were present. The Duke of Argyll was detained at the House of Lords, but Lord Balfour of Burleigh represented him well. There was also a lengthy diet of speech-making in a large tent. Drs. Donald Fraser and McLeod were felicitous in their addresses of welcome, and the responses were mostly eloquent. Among the speakers were M. Bersier, who has the orator's head and might be the brother of the late Henry Ward Beecher, Phillips Brooks and Robert Collyer. His speech was simple and in good taste. Other replies were more elaborate, especially that of Dr. Burns, of Halifax, who caused something like consternation by his stentorian voice. It penetrated to the refreshment rooms and pierced the consciences of those who were neglecting business. Some who hurried back arrived breathless, to hear Dr. Burns conclude, in a voice of thunder, which shook the tent, what seemed to have been a political quotation of very considerable length. The Moderator of the Church of Scotland, Dr. Gray, made a genial and

gentlemanly speech, in which he warmly eulogised the Duke of Argyll's services to Presbyterianism. The Moderator of the Irish Assembly concluded with a speech which traced all good to Ireland. I should not forget to say that the Rev. R. M. Thornton managed the whole most admirably, with the result that every one felt that the pleasure of the afternoon had been very little marred even by the rain.

THE Moderator of the Church of Scotland General Assembly, Dr. W. H. Gray, of Liberton, recently received a complimentary dinner at the Waterloo hotel, Edinburgh, attended by about eighty of his parishioners and other friends, presided over by Colonel Wauchope, of Niddrie Marischal, who avowed his conviction that their guest was the sort of man to bring about union between the Churches in Scotland. Dr. Gray said he preached his first sermon on 28th June, 1846, and though he was but three score and three, he has been a minister almost forty-two years. He spoke hopefully of the future of the Church of Scotland, expressing his belief that its last years had been among its best. Dr. Scott, at the dinner to the Moderator, said that within the last twenty years the national sentiment had been growing very strong in Scotland, and it was sure to develop itself in support of the oldest national institution, the mother of every institution which could call itself at all national. The Church was to-day stronger and healthier in every essential element than she had ever been in any previous period of her history. There was one thing in which it was not strong, and in which he hoped it never would be strong. It was politically weak and he sincerely trusted it never would be tempted to go in for political influence. It belonged to no political party; and for the paltry £12,000 a year which was all that could be proved that she got out of the national funds, she was accumulating as national property at least two and a half millions for the sake of the poor of the country at large. When the time of trouble came the Church would appeal, not to any political party, but to the people; and he was all the more hopeful since the franchise had been extended.

THE hymn book of the Anglican Ritualists is the subject of a searching criticism by Rev. Sir George W. Cox, in the *July Contemporary Review*. While admitting that some of the hymns in the collection are undoubtedly beautiful, he holds that the great bulk of the matter which makes up the volume cannot fail to leave a very painful impression on the mind of the reader. "the great majority are feeble and dull, while much of the matter is mere doggerel, which has crossed the borders of nonsense. If it was a hard matter to endure the doggerel which in 'Tate and Brady' was the result of hammering the old Hebrew Psalms into English rhyme, it is no less hard to tolerate doggerel, which is the result of a resolution to express and to enforce certain doctrinal or theological views, and to uphold the ecclesiastical system commonly known as that of Sacerdotalists." The critic censures the compilers of the book for their audacious tinkering of certain hymns, including even Toplady's "Rock of Ages"; and he declares that "there is something both astute and unscrupulous in the method which has been adopted for indoctrinating the laity of the Church, or rather those among them who are ready to abandon their right and duty of thought and judgment." He shows that the theology of the hymns is not that of the Articles or formularies of the Church; that each edition of the book has displaced the milder utterances of previous editions by more pronounced semi-Romanist doctrine; and that many of the clergy who use the book disapprove seriously of much which it contains, while many of the laity are even repelled and disgusted by language which is out of place beyond the borders of the Latin Church. This subject demands the instant attention of the Protestant clergy and laity of the Anglican communion. No device of the Ritualists has wrought more disastrously than their hymnal, so cunningly contrived and pushed by insidious arts into almost universal use.

Our Contributors.

PRESBYTERIANISM IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

It was only last winter I was urging the appointment of a missionary to the Columbia Valley, Mr. Macdonald, a student of Queen's College, went in last spring, and allow me to lay before your readers a synopsis of the report of his first trip over the district. The field lies along the Columbia southward to the Kootenay—the Rocky Mountain and Selkirk ranges confining the valley. The country is wild and rough—the climate, however, is very favourable, and ranching and farming can be carried on, on a limited scale, with profit. The timber and mineral wealth is said to be great, and only capital and enterprise are needed to develop what is believed to be a country rich in natural resources. The settlements along the Columbia extend for about 175 miles south of Golden City, which is situated at the confluence of the Kicking Horse River and the Columbia.

GOLDEN CITY.

Ten private houses, five hotels, one section boarding house and five ranches in the neighbourhood—in all about fifty people. Held two week evening services, which were fairly well attended. There are several miners in the district who are not included in the number given above.

HOG RANCH

lies south of Golden City about twenty-two miles. There are thirteen men in the neighbourhood.

SPILLAMCHEEN,

forty-one miles from Golden City. Near this place are three ranches with eight men, some mines (at Jubilee Mountain) with twenty men, and seven other men in vicinity doing business.

STODDARD'S.

Service held and eighteen present—people glad to have a visit from a missionary.

WINDERMERE.

Sabbath service held at this place which is distant about 100 miles from Golden City. Twenty persons were present. At

FAIRMONT,

the boat landing—fourteen miles from Windermere, an afternoon service was held, with an attendance of twelve. At Windermere there is a hotel, postoffice and store, and five ranches in the neighbourhood. At Fairmont, hotel, postoffice, two ranches and some miners on Dutch Creek. There are here, too, seven men working on the Government Highway.

FINLAY CREEK.

Twelve white men here and several Chinamen. There is a gold mine in the neighbourhood.

CANAL FLAT,

one hundred and twenty miles from Golden City. Here are twenty-five white men and seventy-five Chinese working at a canal that is to connect the Columbia Lakes with the head waters of the Kootenay, and so afford uninterrupted navigation from Golden City to the boundary. The difference in level between these two waters is only twelve feet, and they are only half a mile apart. There is here a detachment of the Mounted Police and two ranches are in the neighbourhood.

GALBRAITHS.

Here are eight men—one married and having his wife with him. Four ranches in the vicinity.

WILD HORSE CREEK.

Government office. Indian agent and two or three men, several shopping places, billiard room, barber shop, etc. There are seventy-five Chinese mining and seven or eight white men prospecting along the Wild Horse.

FORT STEELE

is situated at the junction of the Wild Horse with the Kootenay. Seventy-five Mounted Police under Major Steele. Church parade orderd both Sabbaths. Missionary there and attendance about forty. Services were much appreciated. One of the men at the close of the service gave the missionary \$10 to pay expenses of trip.

CRANBROOK.

Here the Roman Catholic Church has a mission to the Indians. Six or seven white men in the neighbourhood.

TOBACCO PLAINS

and several other points were not visited on the trip.

From this point the missionary crossed the Purcell range of mountains by the Moyaie and Goat Creek trail, having a leaky sky for a tent and swarms of mosquitos, sandflies and bull dogs for companions. The trail was blocked by falling timber and travelling was tedious and fatiguing. Three nights were spent on the road. The Kootenay River was struck and the missionary descended by row boat to the last arm of Kootenay Lake and then to Salisbury, the new town in the Kootenay mining district. At Salisbury are three log houses, store, one large tent and twenty-five small tents. There are about 100 inhabitants, two of them women and five children. Other women are daily expected. Attendance at service twenty-five. In the Whole Toad Mountain district are about 350 men. The mineral veins in this district are large, the ore rich and the prospects bright. Silver and gold, copper and lead are the principal minerals now mined. Americans hold a large interest in the mines, and the ore will likely be shipped to the Northern Pacific. A steamer has been built to ply on the Kootenay Lake, and with a railroad built to the north end of the lake, the C. P. R. could get millions of tons of freight—the products of these mines. Mr. Macdonald followed the Kootenay River to the Columbia and then rowed up to Ridelstoke and returned to Golden City by the C. P. R.

The missionary writes in terms of great praise at the treatment he received everywhere, and of the kindness and hospitality of the miners, and their desire to have Gospel ordinances. They also contributed liberally toward the payment of expenses. These people are like sheep without a shepherd, and it requires no argument to prove that if left to themselves they will sink morally and spiritually. Mr. Macdonald says nothing of his difficulties—crossing mountain ranges with scarcely a blaze to guide him—crossing and descending streams on frail rafts—sleeping outside with no shelter in heavy rain and being attacked with flies and mosquitos—his work to him was everything. He leaves the field in autumn. Will some strong graduate volunteer to take his place? Men are offering for foreign work! who will go into the wilderness to seek out the stray sheep there? There is not much romance, but the work of a self-denying man of sense will tell. J. R.

P.S.—It should be stated that services were held at every point where a few could be got together, and that the Scriptures were read and expounded at every meeting when an opportunity afforded. J. R.

THE GOLDEN MASS OF LEO XIII.

TRANSLATED FROM "IL POPOLO" FOR "THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN," BY "T. F.," ELDERS MILLS, ONT.

THE ENTRANCE.

At six in the morning, when the gas lamps were shedding a dim light, the line of noblemen's carriages was already seen in the Corso, and the Vie Monte Brianzo, Branchi San Spirito, and the Prati were crowded with *botti*, omnibusses and important people who came down from the conveyances and hastened through the streets, fearing that they were not able to reach the Vatican in time. In that crowd were seen male pilgrims in great numbers, bishops who carried their portmanteaus for robing themselves afterward in St. Peter's; female pilgrims of high degree and low, some arrayed in silk and velvet with the traditional veil on the head, accompanied by prelates; others who were poor, arrayed in humble garb. A freezing wind cut the faces of those who ventured to go into the streets of Rome at that hour of the morning, many of whom had been awake the half of the night, or were just arrived by train from Upper Italy both drowsy and weary. Ladies were seen nibbling biscuits, with their heads covered with hoods, and their hands in their pockets.

In the meantime two regiments of infantry were drawn up, two deep, in the square of St. Peter's.

A wing of them was stationed at the Bronze Gate, which leads to the Vatican—the other at the Gate of Charlemagne. The soldiers besides surrounded the obelisk, and prevented access to the Cathedral.

From time to time came the carriage of some noble lady who made the ranks open, and went in under the arch of the Vestry, where was the way to the

Basilica for the bishops and the ladies of the Roman aristocracy; from time to time the carriage of some assistant to the Holy See, some prelate, came rattling into the courtyard of St. Damasus.

On one occasion a cardinal's carriage coming with great speed, went over a lady who was crossing the square in a state of confusion. She was carried away and I lost sight of her in the gloom in which the square was still wrapped.

At the windows of Borgo and of the square Rusticucci, were seen rich tapestries of silk, many lights which moved to and fro through the rooms like so many wills of the wisp, and the heads of the ladies who were anxious to witness the spectacle.

THE PILGRIMS.

Many pilgrims who had slept under the porch were crowded together already at six o'clock, at the door of Charlemagne and at that of the vestry. They were Piedmontese, Tuscans, French, Lombards and Spaniards. On their tickets there was no indication of admittance, and others were sent from Herod to Pilate. Weary and shivering, they had almost lost hope of entering the Basilica when the Pope would come down. The only truly wretched one, and who brought to mind the pilgrims of old who came to Rome leaning on their staves, was a Spaniard with a coffee-coloured tunic patched with green and red, leather shoes which let his bare heels appear, and a large rosary which hung from his side.

This pilgrim spoke not, complained not. He was silent. He was the only figure of other times which reminds us of the sacrifices and the sufferings which pious Catholics made and endured to visit the holy places where St. Peter and St. Paul laid down their lives for the faith. The other pilgrims had not a wasted, weary look like the Spaniard who took my attention so much. They were much better fed and wrapped up than our soldiers who were keeping guard there, without having breakfasted, and benumbed with cold from half-past four, stamping their feet on the ground to warm themselves.

INCIDENTS.

At seven there would be already 2,000 or 3,000 persons struggling at the gate of Charlemagne, on the steps of which were policemen, carabineers and Bersaglieri. Many of the soldiers had to lift up from the ground people who had fallen by having been pushed with great force, or who had fainted owing to the great crush. I saw many ladies who had fainted carried away, and others who had striven to enter, hurry away affrighted.

Several pockets were picked in that struggle, and from time to time there was loud quarrelling and struggling at the door.

Then a sergeant of the Bersaglieri appeared, followed by some men. They made room for a moment, and the people continued to enter the great corridor which leads under the porch at St. Peter. Then there was no more struggling; they moved about freely. But when one wished to go into the church by the central door, or by the one next the Vatican, he met with a great hindrance, and only by dint of pushing could he enter the Basilica.

The church was somewhat dark. The curtains let down before the porch, the closed doors, the morning hour, gave the large building an appearance more severe than usual.

In the middle nave was erected an enclosure for the accommodation of the crowd, and in the middle, along which the Papal procession was to pass on its way to the Confession.* Behind it were erected galleries for the bishops, nobility and officials of the Papal court. The whole church was decked with red damask, with a gold stripe. On the side next the Vatican, the chapels through which the Pope was to pass while he was being carried into the church were closed with screens.

An immense crowd peopled the church. There were in it many of the faithful, many priests, chiefly French, many Hungarian men and women with boots and short garments down to their knees, many parish priests, and monks from Albania, the Dalmatic provinces, and the ancient kingdom of Naples.

I saw also negroes, and all the colleges or benevolent institutions in Rome.

* "The Confession of St. Peter," the name given to the tomb in which are kept halves of the bodies of this Apostle and of Paul. The other halves are kept in the Church of St. Paul. It is surrounded by a beautiful circular balustrade of marble, on which are eighty-seven lamps constantly burning, supported by cornucopie of gilt bronze.

On the breasts of the Italian pilgrims was seen a small red and white cross, very modest.

At half past nine the halberds of the Swiss guards were seen moving from behind the red curtains in front of the chapel of the Pieta, and soon after the traditional flabelli* appeared. This was a solemn moment of great expectation. Those in the crowd who had seen the inauguration of the Ecumenical Council under Pius IX. with comparisons. Others who had charge of the sacred things, told that these flabelli were not the old gifts from Napoleon I. to Pius VII., but a present from Africa to the Pontiff. I had time to examine them while the Pope was expected.

The centre is of red velvet, and has embroidered on it in gold the Papal arms, keys and tiara. The feathers are very long ostrich ones, with black and gray spots.

On the large ventagli the eyes of as many as were near the chapel were fixed, when a lady in a long black dress, gray haired and bowed down with years, was seen coming out of the chapel of the Pieta. In a moment, when she raised her large and black eyes, I recognized in that lady the ex-Grand Duchess of Tuscany, the widow of Leopold II., the pious princess who spends her life in prayers and penance.

Meantime, in the Church, the most gorgeous body guard of the Pope, in trousseurs of Dañte leather, and heavy fur caps with a small red plume on the right, requested the people to come down from the bases of the pillars, the confessionals, and the staircases. They were only in a small measure obeyed.

THE ENTRANCE OF THE POPE.

The strains of an organ were heard from the summit of the Church, and then appeared the Palatine Guard with waving plumes in their kepis, and the Swiss Guard, followed by the advocates, the consistorials, the Cardinals in great pomp, the bishops, the superiors of the religious orders, the heads of the companies of pilgrims, and lastly, the Noble Guard with small erect plumes, the Swiss Guard, and the Pope preceded by the flabelli, with the Swiss Guard, representing the four cantons which furnish the famous guard, at the four corners of the *sedia gestatoria*†

This was of red velvet adorned with precious embroideries and gold fringes. The Pope was dressed in white silk. He had on a large cope all embroidered with gold. On his head was the tiara which was a present to him from the Emperor of Germany. On his finger was the ring given him by the Sultan.

The Pope was very pale and much affected when he appeared in the church, saw the crowd rushing to the enclosure, and heard cheers sounding through the vast pile, while thousands of hands waved handkerchiefs in token of joy.

The private chamberlains and those who surrounded him, made signs to the crowd to be silent and calm. In the midst of these repeated cheers, the Pope arrived at the Pontifical altar,‡ which had at its corners the four galleries erected in the chapels of St. Helena, St. Andrews, St. Veronica, and St. Longinus, where were the diplomatic body, the bishops, the cardinals, the Knights of Malta, and the Roman nobility. When he arrived at the altar, the Pope turned himself towards the chapel of St. Longinus, where among the many ladies dressed in black and covered with jewels, and the many gentlemen, I noticed the Marchioness Lavaggi, all the Altieri, the Massimo, the Gabrielli, the Bagnara of Naples, the Borghese, and the Ruspoli families, the heads of which are officials of the Holy See.

*Large fans carried before the Pope in processions on great occasions. They are an imitation of a feature of the pomp of eastern courts, such, for example, as appears on the monuments of Egypt. For all that, the Pope's kingdom is, of course, "not of this world." We have his own word for it that he is the "Vicar of Christ."

†The throne, seated on which the Pope is carried in procession. How "old times are changed, old manners gone" Peter, whose successor Leo XIII. claims to be, never travelled in this way. Poor body he had either to "foot it," take his "bit boatie," or ride on a "cuddy."

‡The High Altar, above the "Confession of St. Peter," under a majestic baldachino or canopy, under the great dome. Seven steps lead up to it. It stands by itself, facing the east, according to the ancient custom. The baldachino was made in 1633. It is upheld by four large spiral columns. The whole of it is of bronze taken from the portico of the Pantheon. The altar is remarkable for its plainness. Only the Pope or some one authorized by him, can officiate at it. He who does so faces the people which is not the case at any other Roman Catholic altar. On the chief festival days, the candles on it are lighted though it may not be used.

Among these ladies and lords, I saw also the Countess Pecci, decked with most sparkling jewels, who was lately married to the Count Moroni, Count Camillo, of the new division of the Noble Guard, and all the other relatives of the Pope. On them, the moved and sparkling eye of Leo XIII. was set with special affection.

The mass which the Pope said, after he was dressed in the robes appointed for the celebration of it, and had put on the precious tiara, and the gifts from the city of Paris, was a low one, and lasted forty minutes.

In the meantime, a part of the people which had fainted on account of the great crush, went towards the door, and made more room in the Church.

After the mass, the *Te Deum* was sung by the singers of the Pope's chapel, with whom many pilgrims and others formed a choir.

Among the people, I noticed a very large number of persons of the Jewish faith, and many distinguished men of the Italian kingdom, among whom were the Honrs. Ferdinando Martini, and Chiumi, Leone Fortis, and a great enemy of the priests, Socci, of the late *Democratic League*.

There were also several members of the press, and questors in citizens dress.

After the prayers and the blessing, which was pronounced with a clear voice, the Pope removed the tiara, and sat down in the *sedia gestatoria*, but this time under the baldachino. He went back in the midst of his court, the same way that he came. This time, the cheering was longer and warmer. It seemed that all that crowd wished to give a loud salute to the old and failing Pontiff, whose fiftieth year in the priesthood they that day celebrated.

During the ceremony, the Sistine Chapel executed in the offertory on *Bremus* for eight voices, after the elevation, the *Domine Salvum Fac* for four voices with the choir in the vault of the dome. This music is the work of Sig. Mustafa, and was led by Sig. Cesari. The *Te Deum* is that of Sig. Pitoni.

This school of 300, though growing less, not admitting new singers, has still, with great efforts, kept up its old reputation.

THE EXIT.

The doors of St. Peter's and the barriers were now thrown wide open, and the people who had gone into the Basilica with so much difficulty, came out of it conveniently.

In front of the barriers, the police regulated the exit. At the bottom of the steps, the carnicers were drawn up, and further on, the two regiments of infantry formed lines. Behind our soldiers, the numberless carriages were in waiting.

I have never seen a more beautiful sight than that which the square, seen from the top of the steps, presented, that square which is so magnificent, and which we are less accustomed to see so thronged and so lively, since the quarrel among us between the Church and the State broke out.

A single remark. The entrance of Leo XIII. into the Basilica would have been more imposing and more beautiful had it been made by the middle door of the Church to which one approaches from the portico. Had he so made it, Leo would not at all have departed from his resolution not to set foot outside of the Vatican, and with the curtains let down, he would have hindered the curious from seeing him from the square.

The crowd took more than an hour to leave the vast Basilica, in which, it is supposed there would be about fifty thousand persons, at least; that number of tickets was distributed on the occasion.

Many persons, as they were going out, stopped to read a hymn in honour of the Pope, put on the pillars of St. Peter's, which contained, among other things, the following four curious lines:

Strong as the lion, he is in his soul.
Swift as the eagle, he is in his mind.
In labour, like the Ox, he is resigned.
He dares, he searches, none can him control.

It will be said that these comparisons are Scrip-

*The Sistine Chapel in the Vatican. The Sala Regia, in which Cardinals Taschereau, Gibbons, and six others, received their red hats from the Pope, is connected with it by a doorway. Above the altar is the picture by Michael Angelo of the Last Judgment—a work immensely overpraised. In this chapel the "Kist O' Whistles" is "conspicuous by its absence." The singer of all the male sex except those who are not. The women have voices of exquisite sweetness. Though human beings, they are neither men nor women, boys nor girls. Enough said on this point.

tural. For my part—with all due respect to the author—I would have avoided on this occasion, the Bible and the Apocalypse, and used more popular comparisons.

Thus ended a gorgeous ceremony, one which I am sure will leave a deep impression on the minds of the pilgrims who came from far distant countries, as it has done on mine.

EMMA PERODI.

PLACING MINISTERS.

MR. EDITOR,—Presbyterians find themselves hampered in the management of the affairs of their Church by the want of executive power in their officers. We are so democratic so determined that the parity of Presbyters shall continue, that each and every one shall be on a level that we decline to follow the dictates of common sense in lodging enough executive power in some one hand to enable that hand to move promptly and energetically. What would be thought of a joint stock company refusing to appoint a chairman to manage its affairs, or after appointing him, refusing to give him any more power than any other member of the board? A nice mess a bank would get into under such a style of management. The United States which claims to be the most democratic country in the world where every citizen, the constitution says, is born free and equal and has the same right to life liberty and the enjoyment of happiness has found it necessary to place at the head of the government, as chief manager, an executive officer clothed with more complete and arbitrary power (during his term of office) than that of any constitutional king and queen in all the world besides. Does the liberty of the nation suffer thereby? No! it is upheld, preserved and strengthened. In like manner the liberties of Presbyterians would be safe, and all our interests upheld and strengthened, if the Moderators of our Presbyteries should be elected for one year and clothed with authority to supply stations, to aid in the supply of vacant congregations, and generally to do all such business between the meetings as Presbyteries can transact, and such as is now attended to so slowly and clumsily, at such a considerable expense, and a large sacrifice of time by committees. That so much of our Church work should be done by committees is surely a practical acknowledgment that there is something wrong with our system of government. There are no committees mentioned in the Testament. But our system is all right if the members of Presbytery will only put away their small jealousies, and be satisfied to allow their Moderator to be really their head as he was intended to be during his term of office. Most of the obstructions to its working will disappear.

If a congregation so far fails in its duty to itself, the Church and God, as to put off calling a minister within six months, the Presbytery, and, during its recess, the Moderator should be empowered to send a minister for three months; and if the congregation does not call within the year, to send supply for two years. The spectacle of so many vacant congregations kept vacant in many cases by the exercise of the worst passions of human nature, and of so many ministers without congregations, is enough to make one doubt the genuineness of our Christianity. These long vacancies are worse than a disgrace, they are the cause of dreadful evils to the whole Church and of everlasting loss to the hundreds, perhaps thousands, of her people. The whole Church is a partaker in this sin, and is therefore bound by God's teachings to free itself from guilt by stopping it. That she may be able to free herself of the guilt of killing souls, all good men should agree to give up some of their rights—if necessary. But what would they need to give up? Nothing in our day that is of value. No one in this age and country has a landlord or a patron to fear; and there is no danger of the minister's tyrannising over a congregation. Circumstances have entirely changed since it was necessary and praiseworthy for our Scottish ancestors to insist tenaciously on their free right of election. Now it is a right insisted on and enjoyed in most cases only by the factious, cantankerous and, therefore, least Christian portion of our people. I state only what is well known to most of the ministers of our Church, that a choice within six months is usually resented by those who are the faultfinders and the dead weight of the congregation. If ministers will be so un-Christian as to quarrel and fight over their Church rights, the Church's Court—the Presbytery—should be empowered to bring them to

their senses as the States Courts are empowered to settle worldly disputes.

By clothing the Moderators with power to perform any act during recess, which the Presbyteries could perform in Session, immense energy would be infused into the work of the Church, while usurpation of power by the Moderators would be impossible, because the power would belong to the office, not to the man who might be its temporary occupant.

Every Municipal Council in the country, every incorporated company, every society but the Presbyterian Church, clothes its presiding officers with large powers. Let us Presbyterians be done with this bungling with committees, appointing superintendents, etc., etc., and not allowing any talkative, obstinate, discontented member of our vacant churches to be for the time their ruler, and we may soon reach that high and blessed position for a Christian Church in which every minister has a congregation, and every congregation has a minister. This is nearly attained by the Methodist Church, through clothing her executive with almost absolute power. Yet is she not free? What harm has she suffered by it? Is there any appearance of the rise of bishops in that Church? Put the power in the right place, in the hands of the Moderators of Presbyteries, and our work will be done well and vigorously without danger to the rights or liberties of the humblest of the great Presbyterian Church of our wide spreading and loved Dominion. D. G., A LAYMAN.

Toronto.

"THE CHURCH AND PROHIBITION."

MR. EDITOR,—Allow me a word with your correspondent "Scripture Temperance," (June 6). I do not desire to follow him through his argument from the Bible, although a good deal might be said, e.g.: He quotes the command to Aaron and his sons to drink no wine on certain occasions, and makes the comment, "the restriction here establishes the freedom elsewhere and at other times." I presume, therefore, that the restrictions which limit the domestic establishment of bishops to one wife, establishes the freedom of other men to have as many wives as they please! If "Scripture Temperance" will take our Lord's explanation of the Mosaic legislation re divorces, and turn its light on the restriction which he quotes, he may find that the thing "established" is something distinctly different from freedom—at least in the sense in which he uses the word.

But this is by the way. I quite agree with "Scripture Temperance," that some preachers and teachers are far misled by their zeal in this matter. Does that justify him in sneering at all Prohibitionists as "modern pharisees"? Does it even justify harsh treatment of the erring brethren, whose heads are not always cool enough to withstand the burning of their hearts within them at sight and hearing of the misery and wrong, the shame and sin which are the leaves of Bacchus' chaplet now-a-days?

But "Scripture Temperance" really sets up a man of straw for the fun of knocking him down, as so many have done before him. Let him mix a little with the chiefs of our prohibition forces and—unless such news of battle as penetrates to this corner of the world deceives me—he will find that the movement is properly described rather as a politico-social than as a religious one. The best men among our Prohibitionists say simply that the drink traffic is a nuisance and a curse, and that the greatest good of the greatest number demands its suppression. Only that and nothing more. The platform is exceedingly simple, but it is broad enough to afford standing room for all the Presbyteries and Synods of the Church, and I think also that it is too broad to be easily overturned.

Up-in-the-Woods, June, 1888.

N. T. C.

FORMS AND FORMALISM.

MR. EDITOR,—There is a letter from "Observer" in your issue of May 30, which deserves attention. The points he mentions are all important; but the broad fact thrown into relief by the stating of these points—the fact that a tendency to make principle wait upon expediency is spreading widely throughout the Church—is one of the gravest concerns. No formalism could be worse. "Observer" may not be quite logical in instituting a parallel between human societies and the Church of God; but surely it is time to sit down and do some serious thinking, when we find men who are loyal to the Master, impressed with the idea that these societies are more loyal to their principles than the Church is to hers. N. T. C.

Up-in-the-Woods, June, 1888.

Pastor and People.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

A HARVEST HOMILY.

BY REV. JOHN DUNBAR.

As ripening grain moved by the passing wind
Presents thus a wave-offering to the Lord,
So ripening saints, moved both in heart and mind
Offer to the Lord according to His word.

As the grain ripens, then becomes more clear
What is the wheat and what is only chaff,
So, ripening Christians more and more appear
Unlike the man who only Christ's name bears.

As grain grows ripe so it does its colour change
From green of earth, to more like heaven above,
So with the ripening Christian, nor 'tis strange,
Whiten and brighten for the blest home of love.

As ripening grain, when full, turns down the ear,
Bending and bowing with its precious load,
So Christians, as they grow in grace, appear
More meek and lowly like the Son of God.

As ripening grain loses its hold of earth,
And is matured from influences above,
So bonds that bind saints to their place of birth
Are transferred to the land of light and love.

As grain, when ripe, is harvested with care,
The promised income of the farmer's toil,
So, precious in his God's sight his saints' deaths are,
Triumphant trophies of Christ's promised spoils.

The grain thus gathered is, thereafter, freed
From sught besides, and in the garner stored,
So, while the chaff the quenchless flames shall feed,
The saints shall be forever with the Lord.

A WORKING MAN'S TIN BOX.

One of the most touching incidents in my ministry occurred the other day.

I was visiting a poor man who was also sick. He has a wife and several children: and owing to the state of his health his wages, during the last year or two, have been most irregular. After speaking of their temporal affairs, and promising to do something for them, I led the conversation into more spiritual matters, a request made by the man for baptism enabling me quite naturally to do so. It elicited a most affecting story.

The man told me how, more than a year ago, he felt a strong desire, which became a kind of inward demand upon him, to do something for Christ. He set himself to try and find out what he was to do. He read the New Testament twice over, but could not feel a distinct call to any special duty. Then he read the Old Testament three times, with the light, as he himself expressed it, cast on it by Jesus Christ; and the third time he was arrested at Malachi iii. 8: "Will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings." He was specially arrested by the promise in the tenth verse, and the condition attached to it: "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse . . . and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing."

Here he felt was the call of duty clear at last. Poor man though he was, he had kept back what was due to God, and therefore he could not claim the blessing. It sent him, he said, back to Jacob's dream, in which Jacob proposes to give a tenth to God, if Jehovah will give him food to eat and raiment to put on, and will bring him again to his father's house in peace. And he reasoned—not bad reasoning either—"if God accepted what Jacob proposed to give—for the tenth was his own proposal—he will accept what I, a poor man, may be able to lay by from week to week." He bought a little "tin box," and week by week he put into it what he could, sometimes more, sometimes less, but always something; and he testifies that any Saturday evening it was omitted, he was sure the week following to be "pulled up" by his conscience, and to get no rest till he had given the Lord his portion. He had much illness during the year, and was often off work, and receiving no regular pay; but even "out of his poverty" he found some "mite" for the Lord's box.

With tears in his eyes he took out the box—which, of course, had never been opened—and begged me to take it, and apply its contents to Christ's cause in any way I chose. When I got home and broke open the little tin box, I found—in all kinds of coins from half-

pence up to shillings—fourteen shillings and nine-pence halfpenny!

That was what a poor man had been able to give out of his poverty to the Lord! I should mention that he asked me to make any use I liked of the incident, provided I would never mention his name; for he said very truly, "It would take the bloom off the whole thing." He felt it to be his duty to tell me, for he wished me to apply his "givings" to some purpose; and he thought that perhaps the story of what he had been able to do might lead other workingmen to "go and do likewise." He spoke most earnestly about this. He said truly that if every working man were to set aside a portion of his wages in that way—and, of course, those who receive regular wages could do it much more easily than he—the cause of Christ would never be in want, and the spread of the Gospel would go on apace. He also said he felt it was the most practical way in which a working-man, or any man, could test his love to Christ, and that his love had always made the sacrifice of a portion of his earnings a delight.

Will working-men bear this appeal from one of themselves? It may well come home to all of us. When we see what a poor man can do for Christ out of his poverty, we may well take shame to ourselves when we think how small have been our sacrifices for the Master. I trust that many who may read this incident will feel their hearts touched by what he himself desired me to call "the story of a working-man's tin box."—*Free Church Monthly.*

MY LAMP.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet," said the Psalmist of old. You want your lamp to burn as brightly as possible. You trim the wick, you wash, dry and polish the glass chimney; you keep the shade clean. Let the dust gather and the smoke make its sooty deposit, and the wick become crisp and hard and black, and the light upon the open cage is flickering and weak. The lamp is your friend, but you must take good care of it. It will treat you as you treat it. The figure may be homely, but it is true. What the Bible brings to you will depend in large measure upon what you bring to it. You may have a crumb, or a loaf, or a granary full to bursting, just as you choose. There is gold on its surface, there are jewels in its mines, there are royal pearls in its depths. All are not equally equipped for its study; but every one of us can do his utmost in its patient loving study, and no labours will bring a surer or a richer reward.—*Dr. Behrends.*

WORLDLINESS.

Most people, in thinking of worldliness, emphasize the manner of life in the world. The Bible puts the emphasis on the world in the heart. When the beloved disciple says "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him," he means the world of inordinate and selfish desire. It has its essence not in the object, but in the affection. The forbidden world is not nature, nor people, nor business, nor honour, nor any other earthly thing; but it is the spirit with which we regard these things. It is not the flesh, nor the eye, nor the life; but "the lust of the flesh," and "the lust of the eye," and "the pride of life." These are not of the Father, but are of the world.

The prohibition realm is marked by these things. (1.) "The lust of the flesh"—the gratification of the lower, to the neglect of higher nature. (2.) "The lust of the eye"—a regard for the seen, the obtrusive surrounding present, to the neglect of the unseen and the eternal—(3.) "The pride of life"—a reference to the opinions of men, rather than to the mind of God, a measuring of life by its accidents rather than by its essence, by wealth and rank rather than by character, regarding a man for what he has, rather than for what he is. These things make up the forbidden world. And worldliness is the surrender of the heart to the rule of this great trinity of evil power.

Are my thoughts then, concentrated upon the sensual, or the transient, or the factitious? Do I think most of dress, furniture, display, position, wealth and enjoyment? Is my life a struggle for these things? Is it filled with strifes, envies and heart-burnings, because I can't get them in the measure of my acquaintances? And, while lusting after worldly things, do I forget my soul, my sanctuary, my Saviour and my salvation? Then I am worldly. In name I may be a Christian, but in the life and power I am a stranger to God and the voice of His grace. And on my heart comes down with solemn emphasis the weighty interdict of Scripture, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world."—*Mid-Continent.*

Our Young Folks.

A BABY'S COMMAND.

Just three years old was our baby,
A little town maid was she,
A grass-plot to her meant country,
A fountain the boundless sea.

For all of her tiny lifetime
Had passed midst the houses high,
Whose tops, to her childish fancy,
Were part of the arching sky.

So one August day when his sunship
Was baking the city brown,
We carried her off to the seaside,
Away from the breathless town.

Stripped her of socks and slippers,
Regardless of freckles and tan,
And told her to go and frolic
As only a baby can.

But she stood with her wee hands folded,
A speck on the sandy shore,
And gazed at the waves advancing
With thundering crash and roar.

We knew that some thought was stirring
The depth of her little brain,
As she listened to God's great organ
Pealing its glad refrain.

At last in her clear child's treble
As sweet as a robin's trill,
With one little finger lifted,
She cried to the sea "Be still!"

Ah, dear little fair-haired baby,
Like you in this mortal strife,
There's many a one made weary
And stunned with the waves of life.

But the billows of both, my darling,
Are moved at the Master's will,
And only His voice can hush them,
By whispering, "Peace be still!"

HONEST WORK.

We are all workers in one way and another, but how many of us are possessed of an earnest desire that the work which we put from our hands shall be a thorough, honest, faithful performance that shall fulfil its purpose and withstand the ravages of time? The great difference in labour is not in what has been done—not in the kind of work we perform—but in the spirit which we put into it. From the cleansing of a room to the purification of a government, from the clearing of a forest to the chiselling of a statue, from the humblest work of the heart and brain, it is the determination to make it of the best possible quality that places it in the front rank. The work that is performed only for the sake of what it will bring, not for what it will carry forth, is like the cloth of shoddy, which may please the eye, but will not wear. It is cheap, flimsy stuff, woven with no nobler purpose than to hold together long enough to be bought and paid for.

HOW TO TAKE PART.

Be yourself. Do not try to be anybody else. I heard of some girls who said they would not take part in meeting because they could not talk like a certain young lady who attended.

Suppose you are invited out to tea with a family consisting of a father, a mother, a young lady daughter, a boy twelve years old, and a little four years old. You sit down to the table and everyone feels perfectly free. The father gives an item of news. The mother tells something which she heard when calling the day before. The young lady describes an experiment tried at the high school. The boy repeats some verses which his teacher has taught him. And by and by the little girl makes you all laugh by telling how the dog ran away with her doll. You think what a nice, pleasant family! how I am enjoying my visit!

On the other hand, suppose the little girl should say to herself, "Because I do not go to school I am not going to say anything", and the boy, "Because I am not in the high school, I am not going to say anything", and the young lady, "Because I cannot talk like father and mother, I am not going to say anything." So they keep still. What would you think. Something like this, I imagine, "I wish I was at home, what a stuff family!" Be yourself. Be natural.

A MARTYR.

Richard Cameron, a youth of high promise, on completing his studies at a university in Holland, returned to Scotland, and espoused the cause of the Covenanters. His loyalty, piety, and great scholarship have been universally admitted by historians. Devoted to the principles of the Reformation, and to their natural results—civil and religious freedom—he was prepared for whatever might follow in their defence. Whatever he had an opportunity he preached to the people, but his career, though brilliant, was short. Like the rest of his brethren, he was an outlaw, without any process, and had to live in perpetual concealment. His hiding places were literally the "dens and caves of the earth," and he rarely experienced the comforts of a bed. His last night, the 21st of July, 1680, was spent in the house of a friend on the water of Ayr. Next morning, on washing his hands, he laid them on his face, and said, "I have need to make them clean, for this is their last washing. In the course of the day a messenger arrived with intelligence that a party of soldiers were on his track, and not far distant. With his brother, and a few friends, a meeting was held at a dreary spot called Airsmoss, surrounded by a morass or bog, and where it was believed horsemen could not reach them. They had not long to wait when the enemy appeared. Surrounded by 120 dragoons, there was no escape and the little band resolved to stand on their defence and fight to the last. Cameron engaged in prayer, employing these memorable words: "Lord spare the the green, and take the ripe." On concluding, he encouraged his brother and friends not to swerve in the Lord's cause. A desperate effort was made by the soldiers to secure him alive, but it failed. Fighting manfully, back to back with his brother, he was cut down by a blow with a sabre. The officer in command foiled in his object, which was to bring Cameron to an ignominious end, wreaked his vengeance on his inanimate body. He caused his men to cut off his head and hands, and carried them to Edinburgh as a proof to the Lords of Council of his bravery and zeal against the rebels. Cameron's father, a very old man, was then a prisoner in the Tolbooth for the same cause. With barbarous cruelty they presented the head and hands to the aged Christian, and mockingly asked if he knew to whom they belonged. "I know them, I know them," he replied, taking them and kissing them. "They are my son's, my dear son's." Good is the will of the Lord, who cannot wrong me or mine, but who has made goodness and mercy to follow us all our days." The head of the martyr was afterward affixed on the netherbow, and the hands beside it, with the fingers pointing upwards as if in the attitude of prayer. "There," said one of his persecutors on passing, "there are the head and hands of one that lived praying and preaching, and died praying and fighting."

THE HOOK AND THE BAIT.

He was seated by the little wooden bridge as I came near, his rod and fishing tackle lying on the grass beside him. He was so intent with his hook and his bait that he did not look up till I said:

"Ho, ho! Tommy Tucker. So you're playing truant to-day, are you?"

Tommy looked up, his bright eyes flashing. "No," he said; "we have a holiday to-day, and I came down to the brook to try my luck at fishing. But see!" he went on, holding up his workmanship with pride; "isn't that a cunning way to put the bait on? Won't that fetch 'em?"

I took the hook in my hand and examined it. "Why," I said, "you have covered the hook with the bait so that you can't see a bit of it: You didn't need to do that, did you?"

Tommy Tucker looked very much as if he doubted my sanity.

"Of course, I did," he said. "Fishes know too much to bite if they see the point of the hook sticking out of the bait. You don't know how cunning you must be to catch fish."

The little fisher looked very wise as he said this, and stretched out his hand to take the hook from me.

"Ah, Tommy Tucker!" I said, "there are hooks for men as well as hooks for fishes, and the hook is always hidden by the bait. There isn't any human fisher half so cunning as old Satan; he knows how to

dress up the hook with a bait so pleasant to see that foolish people rush right at it, and get caught on the hook before they know it."

Just then a middle-aged man shuffled along the bridge and went off in the direction of the village.

"He's going to the saloon," said Tommy Tucker. "Is that the kind of a bait that you mean, Mr. Earlston?"

"Yes," I said, "that's one kind. Years ago Drunken Sam, as boys call him, was a bright young man at college. The devil fished for him. The bait he dangled before him was a life of pleasure. Sam began to be persuaded that the Bible was too strict. He wanted to live while he lived, he said. So he neglected his books, and took to drink, and to the theatre and to other wrong things. Then he felt the hook. He was expelled from college. And now you see him, a drunkard, making for the saloon as if he couldn't live anywhere else."

"He didn't see the hook, or he wouldn't have taken the bait," said Tommy Tucker, after a pause. "I suppose that bad companions, and bad books, and everything that draws people away to wrong, are bits of Satan's bait."

"Yes," I said, "and you'll find lots of Satan's baits dangling before your eyes, too, if you only keep your eyes wide enough open to see that they are Satan's."

"I'll look out for them," said Tommy. "And when I feel as if I wanted to snatch at the bait I'll remember the hook."

"Right, Tommy Tucker!"

A GOOD MAN'S TENDERNESS.

Boys are sometimes tempted to think that to be tender-hearted is to be weak and unmanly. Yet the tenderest heart may be associated with the strongest and most forcible mind and will. Take, for example, the story told of him to whom we owe our wonderful railway system. George Stephenson went one day into an upper room of his house and closed the window. It had been open a long time because of the great heat, but now the weather was becoming cooler, and so Mr. Stephenson thought it would be well to shut it. He little knew at the time what he was doing. Two or three days afterward, however, he chanced to observe a bird flying against that same window, and beating against it with all its might again and again, as if trying to break it. His sympathy and curiosity were aroused. What could the little thing want? He went at once to the room and opened the window to see. The window opened, the bird flew straight to one particular spot in the room where Stephenson saw a nest—that little bird's nest. The poor bird looked at it, took the sad story in at a glance, and fluttered down to the floor, broken-hearted, almost dead.

Stephenson, drawing near to look, was filled with unspeakable sorrow. There sat the mother bird, and under it four tiny little ones—mother and young—apparently dead. Stephenson cried aloud. He tenderly lifted the exhausted bird from the floor, the worm it had so long and so bravely struggled to bring to its home and young, still in its beak, and carefully tried to revive it, but all his efforts proved in vain. It speedily died, and the great man mourned for many a day. At the same time the face of the earth, yet he wept at the sight of this dead family, and was deeply grieved because he himself had unconsciously been the cause of death.

THE POWER OF A TRACT.

A young Hindu of some education fell into bad habits, and in his extremity stole \$3 from his aunt. Passing on his way he found in his path the "Heart Book," a small treatise translated and printed in his own language. On reading it his attention was arrested and his conscience aroused. He went home confessed his theft, and restored the money. For six months he read and re-read the graphic description of his own heart wrongs in the little book. His conscience, so scared and dead before, now gave him no rest. His aunt advised him to go to a friend in a near village, who had a larger book, which they called "God's Word." He went, borrowed the friend's Bible, and read it as he had read the "Heart Book." He was converted, ceased all idolatrous worship and rites, and was baptized. His family persecuted him, cast him out, and performed his funeral rites, but he lives an earnest, happy Christian.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 25th, 1888.

THE Masonic Grand Lodge was in Session in Toronto, last week. A city journal thus describes the manner in which the brethren conduct their business.

A Masonic Grand Lodge, unlike a Parliament, is not a recording, but it is essentially a deliberative body. A speaker is not tolerated who shows that he can bring no light to bear on a question under consideration. Long winded orators are consigned courteously to silence; the rule being that if a man desires to get the ear of the Worshipful Master and his brethren he must weigh his facts well, present them in the shortest time possible, and not in any way to introduce, with a view to rhetorical effect, matters extraneous to the points at issue.

Masons who have been accustomed to attend meetings of other deliberative bodies, courts of various kinds and ordinary public meetings, must find the Grand Lodge a kind of oratorical paradise.

THE Prohibitionists of Halton have taken the most business-like step that we have known Prohibitionists to take for many a day. An election will soon take place in that well known county. A Prohibition Convention was held last week and it was resolved to ask the candidates if they accept the Alliance platform. If one does and the other does not, the Convention will meet immediately and take steps to help the candidate who accepts their platform. If both decline, the Convention will bring out a candidate of its own. This looks like real business. If one-half, or one-third of the electors who vote for the Scott Act in any county would take this stand, a Prohibitionist could easily be elected in any close constituency. The danger arises from the fact that a sufficient number of electors might not break away from their party to vote for an avowed Prohibitionist candidate on the other side in politics. Still the plan is infinitely better than the Third Party idea. We notice that a large number of the members of the Halton Convention were clergymen. Do these gentlemen intend to "take the stump" for the candidate that accepts their platform? The Convention pledged itself to "make arrangements" to support their man. What does that mean? It should mean active work of some kind.

THEY are having a lively time in Boston over a perplexing school question. The School Commissioners of that centre of culture and refinement excluded a history because it related the plain hard facts about Tetzel and his sale of indulgences. The ground taken by the School Commissioners is that telling young America, Catholic or Protestant, all about the tolerance and other sins of his forefathers will do no good. A Protestant teacher, it is contended may not always hold the scales quite evenly when weighing the facts about Tetzel and his peddling. An Arminian teacher might not do Calvin strict justice if he enlarged on the Servetus transaction. Such being the case, the school authorities thought it well not to discuss too much these delicate historical questions and they excluded a history which gave a description of the Tetzel business that could not fail to be offensive to Roman Catholics. A mass meeting condemned the commissioners for so doing. Dr. Duryea and other eminent ministers defend them. The real question is. Can history be fully taught in a non-sectarian school without offending somebody? Can it be taught without offending more or less everybody whose Church has a history? Would many Presbyterians care to have a red hot Methodist explain to their children Calvin's connection with Servetus? Would any Methodist like to have a narrow, bigoted, High Church Episcopalian explain the rise and progress of Wesleyanism in England? These school questions are perplexing.

THAT solid, orthodox, dignified journal, the *Christian-at-Work*, published last week a sermon lately preached by Sam Jones. The following paragraph, one of the best in the sermon, furnishes some food for reflection:

God help the preacher who will bring down the judgment of heaven to the level of a backslidden congregation. Preach the truth and let God be the judge. Never mind what they say about sensationalism. Whenever you begin to tell the truth they will call it sensation. As sure as you live if the plain naked truth of God Almighty is sensational, it is a reflection upon every preacher in the land. If calling a spade a spade and a rascal a rascal is eccentric, then I want to be eccentric. It is my fault if I do not tell the truth. In my early preaching they came to me and said, "Sam Jones, you are not making men Christians." Then I woke up, and in the third year of my ministry I began preaching like I do now; and I had just such houses. The old backslidden scoundrels were there for fear I would say something about them when they were not there. I woke up to find things very scanty around home. I went home and found my wife and children pale and hungry. My wife told me members of the church had been there, and I thought they had come to pay me my salary, but they came to tell her that I would have to stop that kind of preaching. I could not look at my wife and faces both at once, but I went off and prayed by myself, then I decided to stick to God and the truth.

Well, sir, the fire burned on and the revival fever broke all over my circuit, and from that day to this I have never wanted for anything. Do not let your congregation be your judge. Some congregations when they go to choose their preacher ask if he is this way and that way, and finally they want to know before they take him if he is a pusillanimous puppy, and can we run him as if we get him? Preach the truth, and above all things live it yourself.

The appearance of Mr. Jones' sermons in a journal like the *Christian at Work* and others of equally high character is pretty conclusive evidence that he is becoming recognized as a man who says things that the people will be the better for reading. The fact that Mr. Jones did what he considered his duty, though duty made him so poor that his "wife and children were pale and hungry" will stir the heart of the public much more than any lay or clerical sneers that may be levelled at Mr. Jones.

IS IT RIGHT TO PRAY FOR RAIN?

IN various sections of the Province of Ontario no rain had fallen for a number of weeks until the other day when there were refreshing showers. The crops suffered seriously, and in some places it is thought they cannot recover. To the farming community and to others as well, the outlook has caused great anxiety. The prospect is by no means cheering since last season the harvest in Ontario was considerably under the average. Many have thought that prayer for rain was appropriate and becoming in the circumstances. The suggestion has raised a discussion of considerable interest, as such proposals generally do. Some people who affect to be guided chiefly by science and philosophy speak in lofty terms of the weakness and superstition of those who believe in the efficacy of prayer, at all events of prayer in the sphere of material things. There are, among those who deny that prayer can have a place in the region where natural law operates, several who admit its propriety in spiritual things, and hold its chief value to consist in the benign reflex influence it is fitted to exert on the suppliant. If such a belief were to become general it is certain that the exercise of prayer would soon become a meaningless form. The effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man of which the Apostle James speaks would speedily disappear.

It is held by some that the all pervasive operation of natural law necessarily excludes prayer, and all expectation of change in the order of material things is therefore inadmissible. If this universe were governed by an inscrutable abstraction, named law, owing its existence and operation to no living personality, then man would have to bow hopelessly before the inexorable. But is not this a conclusion from which even the most materialistic of our modern scientists instinctively shrink? The world by its wisdom may be unable to know God, but scientists who decline to accept revelation admit a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness. If material things operate in accordance with the laws to which they are subject, those laws are the result of the infinite wisdom of the Maker and Governor of the Universe. In actual experience the results of natural laws are not absolutely uniform. There are constant variations. The rainfall is not exactly the same in the same locality two years in succession; the degree of heat in summer or of cold in winter is not of the same intensity. Laws may operate with unvarying uniformity, but conditions vary, and as a consequence there is

variety in results. May it not be, then, that even in the sphere of material things there is provision for the operation among other spiritual forces of that which has exercised such a vast power in human action—prayer?

Prayer is a natural impulse. The untutored savage recognizes a power beyond and above himself. He desires that evil may be averted and good experienced, he therefore calls for help in prayer. He is but a savage and knows no better, but we—we who live in the nineteenth century, inheriting "the long results of time," and the illumination which science has shed on life and its problems, know better. Let a company of nineteenth century scientists be confronted by some appalling danger by land or sea, their first impulse would not likely be to formulate a syllogism expressive of the uselessness of prayer. Nine out of ten would utter a short, sharp cry for mercy.

The Christian, who takes the Bible as his guide, may not be able to solve the speculative difficulties that are occasionally suggested as to the efficacy of prayer, but he has no room for misgiving. The teaching of Scripture is uniform and clear. God is revealed as the hearer and answerer of prayer. The duty of prayer, public and private, is clearly taught, and the promises of answers to prayer are numerous and encouraging. God's kingdom ruleth over all Temporal as well as spiritual things are under His control. If answers to prayer for material blessings were impossible, would the Son of Man have taught us to pray: "Give us this day our daily bread?" Everything that concerns us may be made a subject of supplication at a throne of grace. Prayer to be genuine must be both believing and submissive. With the example of earnest, fervent importunate prayer which our Saviour has given us, there is no room for doubt as to the duty of following the apostolic exhortation "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God." Can there possibly be a more impressive exemplification of earnest prayer and its true spirit, than is seen in the garden of Gethsemane, when, in the hour of His awful sorrow, the God-man agonizingly cried "O Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me; nevertheless not my will but Thine be done." No good reason has yet been assigned why any professing Christian even in temporal matters should lay himself open to the prophet's reproof "Thou restrainest prayer before God."

DEGRADATION IN HIGH LIFE.

IN his "Latter-day Pamphlets," Carlyle gives rein to his grim and sardonic humour when treating what he called the condition of England question. With a quotation giving a glimpse of the splendour of fashionable life from Lord Lytton's "Pelham," he depicts the rite of the Dandaical Body, and by way of contrast next shows his readers the interior of an Irish cabin, where in obedience to their vows of perpetual poverty the members of the Druid Sect perform their sacred mysteries. Had the Chelsea sage lived in this present year of grace he would have found abundant material for startling and dramatic effects in the social and industrial life of our time.

A committee of the House of Lords has been inquiring into the condition of workers in the East End of London. The facts disclosed in evidence are simply astounding. The employment of indigent foreigners in various occupations has made the condition of native operatives almost unendurable, and the poor drudges from abroad are reduced to the lowest possible depths of industrial degradation. Well, these people are willing to work for what is offered them, and is not that in accordance with the unalterably beneficent law of supply and demand? After nineteen centuries of the Gospel of God's love to man these things are possible in the world's metropolis, in the very heart of Christian England.

How fares it at the other extreme of the social scale? How does what is known as "Society" comport itself? Popular sensations are exciting while they last but they are practically soon forgotten. They give place to newer excitements as they arise. The degradation and vice found in the higher circles of English social life did not end when the echoes of the *Pall Mall Gazette's* terrible exposures died away. Periodically there are surface upheavals that testify to what is seething underneath. One of the latest social events in what is termed high life cannot fail to set many people thinking. The great house of

Marlborough has a place in history. In that history splendour and disgrace are curiously blended. The career of its present chief representative is about as disgraceful as it could well be. The exposures in the courts leave no possible doubt as to the character of the man who wears ducal honours. This discredited individual comes to the United States, where, so popular fiction says, republican simplicity prevails. He is courted and feted by so-called leaders of fashion. As soon as he conveniently can he proposes to a wealthy widow, is accepted and weds her, leading her in triumph to the high places of social fashion in England. Cable despatches are lengthy and minute in chronicling the magnificent festivities and receptions accorded the man who has set the proprieties of life, and the moral law at defiance. Certain social leaders had simply willed that the dissolute duke should be socially disinfected and they have done it. Those to whom "Society" and its ways are an earthly paradise silently acquiesce and by their action vote every thing charming. When such things are, there is something wrong with society that bodes no good.

There is one thing that shows public and social virtues are yet robust in England. The Queen has never lent her countenance to those who are disposed to regard vice as a trivial thing. Society may open its doors freely to those who can wield certain influences but the royal court is peremptorily closed against the entrance of all such. The Queen's personal and social influence has been consistently directed against all whose conduct has been unworthy of the stations they occupied. Efforts have again and again been made to secure a modification of her Majesty's stern purpose in the case of certain favoured individuals, but without avail. Even where higher considerations do not prevail, the course followed by the Queen and the force of her own example will not be without their effect.

Because society enfolds many who live disgraceful lives, it would be absurd to conclude that social life in England was honeycombed with corruption. There are men and women occupying the highest places of honour who are living noble, self-sacrificing and useful lives, trying to do all the good they can. These and the work in which they are engaged do not receive the same publicity that falls to the share of the scrapegraces who bring odium on themselves and the circles to which they belong. Those who live quietly and decorously do not attract attention. They pursue the even tenor of their way, and as none living are without influence either for good or evil, their example is doing its work.

That wickedness in high places is more rampant and shameless than it was even a quarter of a century ago is generally conceded, and that in certain quarters there is a growing indifference to moral distinctions is made plain by more than one recent event in the political and social life of England. We now do and say things and are to be seen in company from which their fathers and mothers would have shrunk. This disregard of moral considerations, apart from better and loftier purposes, is in itself a danger signal. Moral deterioration proceeds at a rapid pace, and the present reckless behaviour and callous indifference as to consequences bode disaster which might cause even the most thoughtless to pause and consider. It is for the Christian community to maintain a position of firm and energetic protest against the moral laxity that prevails. The reign of vice is a far greater foe to national well-being than a threatened invasion of armed men. It may be right and proper to strengthen the naval and military defences of Great Britain, it is absolutely imperative that the festering corruption preying on the nation's vital centres should be checked, and that a vigorous and healthy moral tone be maintained, before which even those who brazenly flaunt their shame may shrink abashed.

SAYS the *Christian World*: The gathering in Regent Square Church, on Tuesday, when Principal Dykes occupied his old familiar pulpit and preached to the Pan Presbyterian delegates, was doubtless the most influential and unique that has ever assembled within the cathedral of metropolitan Presbyterianism. Dr. Dykes was addressing representatives of over fifty different sections of the great Presbyterian family. The prayer at the close of the service with which Dr. Dykes constituted the Alliance was most comprehensive and impressive. It is not generally known that Dr. Dykes writes his prayers and commits them to memory.

Books and Magazines.

FOREIGN MISSIONS OF THE PROTESTANT CHURCHES. Their State and Prospects. By J. Murray Mitchell, M.A., LL.D. (Toronto. Willard Tract Depot.)—In several respects this is a very timely, as it is certain to prove a very useful, little book. It deals with a subject of growing interest in all evangelical Churches. Its author is well and widely known as a devoted friend of missions. In short space it gives a comprehensive view of the whole subject as will be seen by glancing at the contents. What Missions have done, State of the Chief Pagan Religions; Modes of Missionary Action; What Next? and then an appendix giving much valuable information, together with an index that makes reference easy.

THE MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD. (New York: Funk and Wagnalls, Toronto. William Briggs.) The contents of the July number show no falling off in industry or interest. There is a breadth and fulness, a variety and freshness in them that is a perpetual wonder. The cause of missions certainly has reason to rejoice in the establishment and marked success of such a monthly—in literary ability the peer of the secular monthlies, while in religious force and spirit of consecration to missions all that the most ardent friends of the cause can desire. Among the noteworthy articles in literature section, eleven in all, we specially note "The Romance of Modern Missions," "The Great Commission," "Mission Problems and Work in Abyssinia," and "Miracles of Missions." The first is one of the most thrilling narratives ever written. We have also reports from nine societies, intensely interesting correspondence from nine important fields, the "International" pages, the Monthly Concert Service, the Monthly Bulletin, giving the latest news and facts from the whole world-field, and the Statistics of the World's Missions. The number is quite the equal of any that have gone before.

THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)—The opening paper in this quarter's issue of the *Presbyterian Review* is one of much ability by Professor Ransom B. Welch, D.D., LL.D., on "Christian Unity and the Historic Episcopate." This is followed by the discussion of "Primitive Justice," by Professor A. G. Hopkins, D.D. The Rev. J. A. McIlvain gives an interesting sketch of "Ninian Beal, an American Elder of the Seventeenth Century." Then comes an admirable paper by Rev. William T. Herridge, B.D., of St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, on "Christianity and Culture." Professor W. G. Blaikie, of Edinburgh, gives an interesting account of "The Rise of the Scottish Pulpit." Dr. Erskine N. White discusses the question "Can the Being of God be Demonstrated?" There is a historical note of great value by Dr. Samuel T. Lawrie, giving "An Account of the Scripture Proofs Attached to the Confession of Faith and Larger Catechism." There are in addition editorial and critical notes and copious yet compact reviews of recent theological literature. The July number of this valuable *Review* is a splendid one.

STUBBLE OR WHEAT. A story of more lives than one. By S. Bayard Dod. (New York. Anson D. F. Randolph & Co., Toronto. Book and Tract Depository.)—The purpose of this book is to face the tide of pessimism that is sweeping through our literature, and ask men to listen to both sides of the question. The plan of the book is to tell a simple domestic story and show the outcome of a life modelled on the pessimistic philosophy; and how, under ordinary circumstances, an earnest nature will be led, who adopts this as the guiding influence of his life; the inevitable trend of its teachings. In contrast to the story of the writer's friend, we are shown the lives of others interwoven with his, affected by the same circumstances, and each one led to look on life according to the source from which he seeks his light. The story of the young man's life, around which the main incidents of the book cluster, is carried on through school and college and after graduation. Incidentally the methods of discipline in different colleges, and the question of college athletics, are warmly debated, in a way to interest college men. The exhibition of the pessimist's theory, contrasted with that of a sound Christian philosophy, suggests the answer to the question of the title; which makes of life a field of barren stubble, and which a harvest of ripened grain?

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

A SABBATH SCHOOL FESTIVAL IN THE NEW HEBRIDES.

Mrs. Mackenzie, of Efate, New Hebrides, wrote the following letter which appears in the *Halifax Presbyterian Witness* to the members of the Light Bearers Band, Truro:

We had more children present at our festival this year than on any previous year. We invited the children of the other schools. In former years we had the children all attending the school at Erakor, but now we have a very hopeful children's school both at "Fila" and "Tankaro." These schools are in the hands of competent teachers, young men and their wives, who were trained at Erakor, and we felt it was right that the little ones in both these places should share in the enjoyments of the day. There were ninety-five children when all assembled; and those of Erakor were very hearty in providing food for their guests. We were able to give each child a ready made garment. For these we were indebted to our dear friends in Truro and other places. The larger girls we supplied with hats. Prizes were given to each school separately, according to merit. Three in each school for reading, two for mental and two for slate arithmetic, two for Bible knowledge; two for writing; two for English in the Erakor schools only; two for dictation. We used discretion in giving prizes. Where a destitute child was the recipient we gave a garment or piece of print. In other cases axes, knives, basins, pannikins, etc.; and last but not least came the candy bags. Some of the most diligent went away quite laden with presents and prizes. I did not see a look of displeasure on any face. Between one and two they dispersed for games, but about three the rain began to fall heavily, and the fun was ended. I forgot to mention that we distributed a large number of cards, with which the children were delighted. I wish you could all have seen how much the children enjoyed the day. Then apart from their enjoyment, many of these children are orphans, and depend on us almost entirely for clothing. Very many thanks for the tidy, pin-cushion, etc. The note paper came in nicely for the young men and boys in the training class. They used a large part of it for transcribing the *Peep of Day* for the press. It is quite an item of interest that we have the *Peep of Day* translated by our own natives, and transcribed ready for the press. It is now in the printer's hands, and we hope to have it ready to take down with us to Sydney. I asked Mr. Mackenzie, when the *Peep of Day* was finished, why he did not give them *Line upon Line* to translate,—it would be such a boon to the natives and contains so much Bible history. "Well," he said, "they would translate it and then I could not have it printed, for I have no money to pay for it." Oh! I thought, why should the Lord's work be crippled for want of money? We had a very good passage from Aneityum to Sydney. Got to anchor on New Year's morning in time to attend Church. We spent a few weeks in Sydney, and as soon as the doctor would allow me to leave we came up here—a distance of ninety-five miles. Other places were recommended, but terms here are cheaper, and the climate equal in point of health to any other place. A walk of a few miles in different directions brings us to very fine scenery. We have met some very nice people here, good Christian people. The schoolmaster is one such. We will remain here until the middle of March. After we had spent a week here and become acquainted with the teacher we decided to send our two boys to school. It was a new experience for them, and they have taken to it nicely. We will leave Norman, the elder, in Sydney at school and return with Morrison and Alice to the islands. You have probably heard of a severe epidemic that passed over our side of Efate a year ago, and which took from us our youngest child. Since that time the children have all enjoyed good health. Mr. Mackenzie's health is good at present except a cold: this is matter for thankfulness. We have not forgotten our pleasant visit to Truro and the many kind friends we there. I sincerely hope the "Light Bearers" are doing much for the Master. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." First give our hearts to the Lord, then let our lives be spent in His service. Mr. Mackenzie unites with me in expressing our sincere thanks for your continued interest in us; also our best wishes for your prosperity.

Choice Literature.

THE SPELL OF ASHTAROTH.

BY DUFFIELD OSBORNE.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

Adriel recognized the voice of the boy Abiathar, and bent forward intently to catch the answer of the soldier. As he did so a vague, half formed idea flitted across his mind, but at that moment the guard spoke.

"I know not, boy, that there is aught against thy entering. It was commanded that he should not go forth, and not that no man should go in unto him. If there be blame, let it rest upon my head. Enter!"

The flap of the tent was thrown quickly to one side and Abiathar passed in with the guard, the companion of him of the harsh speech who had before spoken with Adriel. Abiathar, as he entered, stepped forward to where the prisoner lay and kneeling down kissed him and said:

"How fares it with my lord for the night? Let him speak unto his servant if there be aught that seemeth good to be done and, whatever it be, that shall I do."

The thought that had before flashed across the mind of Adriel now rapidly took form and strength. Half rising he turned to where the guards stood watching them and addressed himself to the midler of the two.

"Would it transgress the words that thou hast from thy commander shouldst thou and thy companion withdraw without the tent for a short space while I speak with this boy of a matter which is near my heart? Surely I am but as a dead man and there are many of you without."

The soldier addressed seemed to hesitate for a moment, but he of the gruff speech spoke up.

"Surely thou askest but a little thing, that we leave thee whilst thou devisest means of escape."

But his companion answered him quickly: "Nay, now thou art wrong. It is of other matters he would speak. Knowest thou not that the boy is the brother of Miriam, the daughter of Oziab, and—here his voice sunk to a whisper while the hot blood flamed up in Adriel's face as he caught the words and the meaning glance.

Still the other was not satisfied.

"It may be even as thou sayest," he replied, "and that were the greater reason why the boy should contrive at an escape. How knowest thou that even now there be not swords hidden under his cloak?"

Abiathar sprang up indignant and threw off his mantle upon the ground, that they might see he wore no weapon; but the soldier who had first let him enter spoke up again:

"Nay, boy, I trust thee that thou wilt not abuse what we have granted, and I know well that even should such thoughts find place in thy heart yet the power that hath pronounced judgment shall not fail to see execution." Then to his comrade, "Come! Let us leave them to speak together. There will be ten of us without, and it shall be hard if a man naked and unarmed break through us."

So saying, he took the other by the arm, and drew him half reclining out into the night, and Adriel and Abiathar remained alone together, with the dim lamplight shining upon their faces, Adriel half reclining and Abiathar seated upright upon the ground.

For a few moments neither spoke, while the man revolved in his mind the purpose he had half formed, and the boy gazed upon his knitted brows and waited patiently. There was present to Adriel's mind a fear that, by making the confession he meditated, he would turn Abiathar from him ruled with resentment for the slighting of Miriam's beauty for that of a woman of a doomed race of idolaters. There was, too, the fear that by committing to the boy the duty proposed, he would be exposed to danger hardly less than that which now faced himself, a realized fact. But, on the other hand, there were absolutely no other means by which word could be taken to Eussa; absolutely no other chance to give her at least an opportunity to attempt to escape death, or a worse fate, at the hands of robbers from the mountains. This last conviction could not but be all-powerful, and, as the mental struggle ended, Adriel leaned forward upon his elbow and, looking Abiathar full in the face, said:

"Didst thou mean that which thou didst but lately speak, that I could trust thee for any duty which I should put thee upon?"

"Thou knowest," was the simple answer.

"Even though thy life were put to the peril?"

"Even so."

"And though I bid thee do that at which thy soul revolted?"

"What meanest thou Adriel? Surely there can be no such thing thou wishest done? But know, that even were it so, thou canst trust me for the attempt."

Adriel bent still closer, and, grasping the boy's arm tightly, he whispered, "Wilt thou swear now by the God of our fathers that thou wilt perform my bidding and speak word of it to no man?"

"As the Lord liveth! It shall be done."

"Then listen! Thou hast wandered through the ruins of Jericho, hast thou not?"

"Yea; I went forth with the men the day after the city fell, when they sought for hidden treasures, or haply, for such as had concealed themselves that they might escape the God of Israel."

Adriel winced at the reply, but recovered himself in a moment and went calmly on.

"Then surely thou knowest the ruin which the people say was once the temple of Baal—that surrounded by the one hundred pillars and reaching heavenward in five levels ere our flame came upon it?"

"I know it, Adriel."

"Then this shalt thou do even as thou hast just sworn to me. Go to the tents of my house. Take unto thee a bag of dates and a bottle of oil, and untether the fleetest ass thou canst find. Mount him and ride forth unto the ruins of the city, and when thou hast gone as far as thou canst, fasten

thy beast and pass on swiftly until thou reachest that temple of which I spoke. There, beyond the western row of columns thou shalt see a small hut of stone built after the fashion of the country, and thou shalt know it by the great pillar that hath fallen across and yet not crushed it to the earth."

Abiathar drew nearer, scarce breathing, so intent was he upon the mystery that lay hidden in his friend's words, and waited impatiently for the solution of what had disturbed his mind during the preceding days. Adriel paused for a moment as though to take breath—or perhaps to gain courage, and then went on.

"There thou shalt stand before the door of the hut and shalt strike it with thy dagger and shalt say: 'Open I for I bring thee word from Adriel;' and then perchance thou mayest hear nothing, so thou shalt push open the door, and if thou findest no one within, thou shalt return, for thy journey is naught. But if thou hearest any word in answer thou shalt enter, and there shalt thou find a woman"

Abiathar started and drew back, but Adriel appeared not to notice the gesture, and went on—"A woman beautiful as the mothers of our race, yea as Eve herself."

"Or as she who strove to ensnare our father Joseph!" said Abiathar with a shade of sternness in his voice.

"Then thou shalt tell her that I am as dead—even all things as they have happened. Give into her hands the dates and the oil. Give her thy sword and bid her mount thy beast and go forth over the mountains unto those who shall give her refuge. Thus shalt thou do as thou hast sworn. Go!"

Abiathar remained seated upon the ground and gazed upon the man who had finished speaking. Several times the boy made as though he would answer, before he found words to voice his thoughts.

"Is it thus, O Adriel! that thou hast requited the love my sister bore thee? Who is this woman to whom thou sendest me? Surely she is not one of the daughters of our people—and yet—the other thought! Hast thou too taken of the accursed thing together with thy father? and wilt thou that I also should fall into the guilt? Oh, Adriel!"—and Abiathar threw himself upon the ground.—"Oh, Adriel! rather bid me take my sword and hurry to her of whom thou speakest and slay her, that peradventure it may bring thee favour in the eyes of God."

Adriel's eye grew fixed and cold as he regarded the prostrate figure of the boy, and his voice had a harsh, metallic ring.

"Thou hast sworn," he said; "do thou now even so." "Who is she, Adriel, that thou shouldst perish for her sake!" cried Abiathar in tones of mingled horror and dismay.

Adriel remained silent for a moment. The boy was evidently becoming unnerved through the workings of superstitious fear. He would surely be unable to carry out the project, even though he recognized his oath and should strive to comply with it. Some other stimulus was needed.

"Listen!" said Adriel in a deep, low voice from which the harshness of a moment before had faded entirely away. "Listen! Hast thou not heard that those who dwell where mortals dwell not, do sometimes bend earthward and speak with and love us who are said to live? I remember," he went on dreamily, "how that an aged man, one of those who had toiled in Egypt and seen the army of Horus swallowed up, once told a story in the desert while the people gathered around him, and I, a child, pressed close and listened with open eyes and ears—how that there was a land across the seas from Egypt and the mouths of the Nile, where queens who reigned in heaven's' led down and loved men."

"Oh speak not thus! Adriel, my friend," cried Abiathar, interrupting the dreamy flow of speech. "Speak not thus! Thou knowest these stories are but lies the heathen who know not the God of Israel, and there are none in the heavens saving Him alone."

"Abiathar, hear me! Thou speakest as a child of things of which thou knowest nothing. She to whom I send thee now is a daughter of the gods of Canaan."

"And yet can she not save thy life?"

"It is somewhat as thou hast said," answered Adriel. "Though there be gods other than Jehovah, yet they cannot stand in battle against Him, therefore I die. But do thou as I have spoken, and perchance thou mayest gain their favour."

Abiathar rose and drew himself up to the full height of his slender figure.

"Adriel," he said, "hear me now. I go to do that which thou hast bid me; but mark me, I do it for mine oath's sake and for the love I bear thee; not that I may gain favour of gods of whom I know naught and whom Jehovah hath marked out to overthrow. Know, too, that I believe not either she to whom thou sendest me is of heaven, no, nor that thou thyself thinkest it. Thou lovest her Adriel, and she is of the people of the land and hath ensnared thee with the witchery of her eyes, and mayhap darker charms. But thou diest, and thou shalt not say that Abiathar loved thee not. I go to perform the words of my oath, though Jehovah smite me with his lightning. Farewell."

He knelt down and kissed him who lay upon the couch, and when Adriel raised his eyes, the trembling of the entrance curtain alone, told that another had been within and had gone forth.

(To be continued.)

This new church at Bournemouth, which cost \$60,000, is a great attraction to visitors. Rev. J. W. Rodger is well supported by his office-bearers and good work is being done.

DR. MARSHALL LANG, at a welcome home in the Barony Church, gave an interesting account of his visit to Australia, promising to continue the narrative on a future occasion. The church was almost filled and the addresses of welcome were delivered by Mr. Galbraith, on behalf of the Session, Su J. N. Cuthbertson, and Mr. Murray, of Calton Church.

IF WE KNEW.

If we knew the cares and crosses
Crowding round our neighbour's way,
If we knew the little losses
Sorely grievous, day by day,
Would we then so often chide him
For his lack of thrift and gain,
Leaving on his heart a shadow,
Leaving on our life a stain?

If we knew the clouds above us
Held but gentle blessings there,
Would we turn away all trembling
In our blind and weak despair?
Would we shrink from little shadows
Lying on the dewy grass,
While 'tis only birds of Eden
Just in mercy flying past.

If we knew the silent story,
Quivering through the heart of pain,
Would our manhood dare to doom them
Back to haunts of guilt again?
Life hath made a tangled crossing,
Joy hath many a break of woe,
And the cheeks tear-stained and whitest,
This the blessed angels know.

Let us reach into our bosoms
For the key to other lives,
And with love toward erring nature
Cherish good that still survives.
So that, when our disrobed spirits
Soar to realms of light again,
We may say "Dear Father judge us
As we judge our fellow-men."

—Our Own Friends.

STAGING IN RUSSIA.

From George Kennan's contribution to the July Century we quote the following: The Imperial Russian Post is now perhaps the most extensive and perfectly organized horse-express service in the world. From the southern end of the peninsula of Kamchatka to the most remote village in Finland, from the frozen wind-swept shores of the Arctic Ocean to the hot, sandy deserts of Central Asia, the whole empire is one vast network of post routes. You may pack your portmanteau in Nizhni Novgorod, get a padorozhnaya from the postal department, and start for Petropavlovsk, Kamchatka, seven thousand miles away, with the full assurance that throughout the whole of that enormous distance there will be horses, reindeer or dogs ready and waiting to carry you on, night and day, to your destination. It must, however, be borne in mind that the Russian post route is a very different thing from the old English post route, and that the Russian horse express differs widely, not only from our own "western" pony-express, but from the horse expresses of most other countries. The characteristic feature of the west European and American systems is the stage-coach or diligence, which leaves certain places at certain stated hours, or, in other words, runs upon a prearranged time schedule. It is precisely this feature which the Russian system does not have. There are, generally speaking, no stage coach lines in Russia, the vehicles which carry the mails do not carry passengers, and, away from the railroads, there is no such thing as travelling upon a fixed time schedule. You are never obliged, therefore, to wait for a public conveyance which leaves at a certain stated hour, and then go through to your destination in that conveyance, stopping when it stops and starting when it starts, without regard to your own health, comfort or convenience. On the contrary, you may ride a your own sleigh or carriage, and have it drawn by post horses. You may travel at the rate of 175 miles in twenty-four hours, or twenty four miles in 175 hours, just as you feel inclined. You may stop when you like, where you like, and for as long as you like, and when you are ready to move on you have only to order out your horses and get into your vehicle. It makes no difference in what part of the empire you may happen to be, nor to what part you may wish to go. Send your padorozhnaya to the nearest post station, and in twenty minutes you will be riding away at the rate of ten miles an hour, with your postal order in your pocket and a hundred relays of fresh horses distributed at intervals along your route.

The established rate of payment for transportation on the post routes of Western Siberia seems to an American absurdly low. It amounts, including the compensation of the driver, to 1½ cents per mile for every horse, or 3½ cents per mile for the usual "troika," or team of three. In other words, two persons can travel in their own carriage with a team of three horses a distance of twenty miles for 68 cents, or 34 cents each. I used to feel almost ashamed sometimes to wake up a driver at a post station in the middle of a stormy night, compel him to harness three horses and drive us twenty miles over a dark, miry, and perhaps, dangerous road, and then offer him for his service the pitiful sum of 68 cents. Trifling and inadequate, however, as such compensation may seem, it is high enough to tempt into this field of enterprise hundreds of peasant farmers who compete with the Government post by furnishing what are known as "volni" or "free" boxes for the transportation of travellers from one village to another. As these free horses are generally better fed and in better condition than the over-driven animals at the post stations, it is often advantageous to employ them: your driver, as you approach a village, will almost always turn around and inquire whether he shall take you to the Government post station or to the house of a "friend." Travelling with "drushki," or "friends," costs no more than travelling by post, and it enables one to see more of the domestic life of the Siberian peasants than could be seen by stopping and changing horses only at regular post stations.

ON TOP OF SINAI.

The July *Century* opens with a paper called Sinai and the Wilderness illustrated with photographs taken by the author Edward L. Wilson. From this article we quote the following: It does not seem high, because it was yet half hidden from our view by the intervening hill. As soon as this hill was mastered the plain of Er Raha, or "Plain of Assemblage," came into full view, with the Sinai range at its southern extreme. The combination was satisfying—convincing. Here was the one great feature the want of which prevented Mount Serbal from contesting for the honours of Sinai. There is no plain in the vicinity of Serbal extensive enough to accommodate an assemblage as large as Moses led. But here is a vast plateau of sufficient extent, and, as we shall presently see when we view it from Mount Sinai's summit, so located that Moses could overlook it all when he read the Law. This must be the "true Sinai,"—the very mountain upon which the glory of the Lord rested in the sight of the people. When facing its awful, stately grandeur, I felt as if I had come to the end of the world. How many pilgrims had come from all parts of the earth to this very spot to reverence, to sacrifice, and to worship!

I dismounted to contemplate the sublime panorama and Elibael, my camel driver, sat down beside me. He hardly seemed to understand my actions, and at last interrupted my reverie by exclaiming, as he pointed to the lofty group, "Jebel Mousa—Tayeeb!" ("Mountain of Moses—good!") He also revered it, for he was a Mohammedan.

What impresses the American traveller most sensibly here is the fact that although mountains abound, and stream-beds are more plenty than in our own White Hills, a cascade or a water-fall is never heard. When the rains fall, the water rolls down these bare, rough diagonals unintercepted, and empties into wadies, which in turn impetuously roll the torrents into the sea with great speed, before the parched earth has time to absorb more than a mere surface.

What a surprise, then, when, arrived at the highest ridge of the vast plateau of Er Raha, to see a bright oasis full of trees laden with the rich blossoms of spring, backed by the strange, contrasting, gloomy walls of the Convent of Saint Catherine. No location could be more charming—in the narrowing valley, nestled at the feet of the closely protecting mountains. Upon the highest ramparts are set both the cannon and the cross. It was both castle and convent we were approaching. More than once the inmates have been obliged to defend themselves against the marauder. At one time every monk was massacred. Since then more care has been exercised. We were obliged to prove our friendship before we could gain admittance. We could not even encamp in the neighbourhood until our credentials were examined and approved.

Arriving at the convent wall we sent up a shout to the top. In the course of time the voice of a monk sent down a squeaky response. To a point near the top of the wall a toy structure shaped like a dog-kennel is attached. From this a small rope was let down, to which we attached our firm, or letter of introduction, obtained at a branch institution at Suez. This was hauled up slowly and soon answered by a great rouse in the aerial kennel. Then a thick cable was lowered to us and we were asked to "Get in and come up." But the low gate in the wall was swung open at that moment, and we chose to enter the convent by it rather than go up by cable.

When we arrived at the quarters of the superior we saw that the cable was not let down hand over hand, but that a clumsy windlass, worked and turned by Bedouin serfs, was the power behind the throne. The combination is believed to be the first passenger elevator in the world.

It seems as though no semblance of humanity should remain in a place made sacred by so many holy associations, but the convent is inhabited by about sixty monks varying in grades of sanctity. Nine of them yielded to our camera. A beardless youth afforded us considerable amusement. Repeatedly he came to me, with tears in his eyes, and begged for some recipe to make his beard grow. He said that he would not be allowed to read chapel service until he had a beard; that nearly all the monks but him had beards.

THE FORCE OF NATURAL GAS.

Although the wells around Firdlay are under control, the tubing is anchored, and the awful force is held under by gates and levers of steel, it is impossible to escape a feeling of awe in this region at the subterranean energies which seem adequate to blow the whole country heavenward. Some of the wells were opened for us. Opening a well is unscrewing the service pipe and letting the full force of the gas issue from the pipe at the mouth of the well. When one of these wells is thus opened the whole town is aware of it by the roaring and the quaking of the air. The first one exhibited was in a field a mile and a half from the city. At the first freedom from the screws and clamps the gas rushed out in such density that it was visible. Although we stood several rods from it, the roar was so great that one could not make himself heard shouting in the ear of his neighbour. The geologist stuffed cotton in his ears and tied a shawl about his head, and, assisted by the chemist, stood close to the pipe to measure the flow. The chemist, who had not taken the precaution to protect himself, was quite deaf for some time after the experiment. A four-inch pipe, about sixty feet in length, was then screwed on, and the gas ignited as it issued from the end of the ground. The roaring was as before. For several feet from the end of the tube there was no flame, but beyond was a sea of fire sweeping the ground and rising high in the air—billows of red and yellow and blue flame and hot enough to consume everything within reach. It was an awful display of power.

We had a like though only a momentary display at the famous Karg well, an eight million feet well. This could only be turned on for a few seconds at a time, for it is in connection with the general system. If the gas is turned off the fires in houses and factories would go out, and it is turned on again without notice the rooms would be

full of gas, and an explosion follow an attempt to relight it. This danger is now being removed by the invention of an automatic valve in the pipe supplying each fire, which will close and lock when the flow of gas ceases, and admit no more gas until it is opened. The ordinary pressure for house service is about two pounds to the square inch. The Karg well is on the bank of the creek, and the discharge-pipe through which the gas (though not in its full force) was turned for our astonishment extends over the water. The roar was like that of Niagara; all the town shakes when the Karg is loose. When lighted, billows of flame rolled over the water, brilliant in colour and fantastic in form, with a fury and rage of conflagration enough to strike the spectator with terror. I have never seen any other display of natural force so impressive as this. When this flame issues from an upright pipe, the great mass of fire rises eighty feet into the air, leaping and twisting in fiendish fury. For six weeks after this well was first opened its constant roaring shook the nerves of the town, and by night its flaming torch lit up the heaven and banished darkness. With the aid of this new agent anything seems possible.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine for July.*

THE HUMANISTIC DILEMMA.

The truth is, any humanistic scheme of religion finds itself in a dilemma. It admits a power above humanity it destroys its own first principle and goes over to the camp of supernaturalism. If it refuses to admit any such power and contents itself with a merely human object of worship, it is obliged to outdo the medieval realists in order to obtain a conception at all capable of calling forth the religious sentiments. This brings out the fundamental defect of all humanistic creeds. An adequate object of worship must contain a synthesis of knowable and unknowable attributes. It must transcend man and his powers of conception, and it must also come into the sphere of the thinkable and knowable. In other words, the God of the religious consciousness must be absolute, infinite and immutable. But He must also be the Father of men, and must possess attributes which will make him a fit object for the love and loyalty of his children. The humanistic creed repudiates the transcendental side of religion in advance, and hence is never able to provide such an object as the religious nature of man requires.—*Professor A. T. Ormond, in New Princeton Review for July.*

AUERBACH.

After 1859, Auerbach's life oscillates between Winters spent in Berlin with his family and Springs and Summer spent in wandering, mostly alone, in his dear native district and in Switzerland. It is sad to read how he constantly complains of loneliness, though he clearly had many friends, and these among the most eminent men of the land; warm friends, too, not mere acquaintances, whose death, as time goes on, affect him deeply on each occurrence, and he usually on these occasions writes a warm appreciative *process* of their characters to his correspondent. His own fame increased and he never lost pleasure in his work, was always full of more plans and projects than time would allow him to execute. "There is a ferment within me," he would say. His openly expressed, naive, childlike delight in what he had created laid him open in the cold Prussian capital to the charge of vanity. Kind friends brought this charge to his ears, and it hurt him greatly and often. In later life he frequently tried to check his spontaneous utterances, tried artificially to make himself self-conscious and reticent. Impossible. Directly the moment of excitement came the real true Auerbach got the better of the artificial man, and he had to blurt out all that was on his mind, all that moved his heart. It was this that made him so lovable; yet this too, that often brought him into awkward scrapes, for which, however, he was in the end always pardoned by all concerned, as we pardon a child that has not as yet its emotions under control. The same want of self-control made itself evident in his work. In moments of self-criticism he dimly apprehended this. Thus he once writes: "I am well and sticking to work, although here again I am experiencing that the strength of performance, which I can command, is not firm enough. Every look becomes usually quite another thing from what I had willed when under my pen." Indeed he understood as little as most Germans the doctrine of art for art's sake. In all he wrote he sought to instruct, and this must very specially be borne in mind in dealing with his writings. Their foundation was didactic. In his longer works more especially he neglected Goethe's advice: *Bilde Künstler, rede nicht.* Hence they were sharply criticised on their appearance, never had the full success of his village tales, and are almost entirely neglected even now. And his didactic manner is all the more tedious because Auerbach was not a clear—that is to say, precise—thinker. His emotions were stronger than his intellect.—*The National Review.*

A MARVEL IN STEEL.

There are 150,000 miles of railway in the United States; 300,000 miles of rails—in length enough to make twelve steel girdles for the earth's circumference. This enormous length of rail is wonderful—we do not really grasp its significance. But the rail itself, the little section of steel, is an engineering feat. The change of its form from the curious and clumsy iron pear head of thirty years ago to the present refined section of steel is a scientific development. It is now a beam whose every dimension and curve and angle are exactly suited to the tremendous work it has to do. The loads it carries are enormous, the blows it receives are heavy and constant, but it carries the loads and bears the blows and does its duty. The locomotive and the modern passenger and freight cars are great achievements; and so is the little rail which carries them all.—*From "Feats of Railway Engineering,"—John Bogart, in Scribner's Magazine for July.*

British and Foreign.

It is proposed to fix a Temperance Sunday for all the Australian churches.

THE Minister of Justice in New South Wales intends to suppress lotteries in connection with Anglican bazaars.

"THE ecclesiastical Gordon" is the not inapt title bestowed by one of his admirers on Bishop William Taylor, of Africa.

THE Rev. John Thompson, Bonhill, was ordained there lately to the mission station of Impolweni, South Africa. Mr. Barry, of Dumbarton, preached.

A BELL has been placed on the church at Sleat, Skye, the gift of the late Mr. Lachlan M'Kinnon, of Duisdale. It is the first church bell ever heard in the parish.

THE Rev. A. Scott Matheson, who recently resigned the charge of Claremont Church, Glasgow, has received an invitation from Trinity Church, Canonbury, London.

FULLARTON Church, Irvine, celebrated its jubilee on a recent Sunday. Rev. William Ewan, of Kinross park, Glasgow, and Mr. Paton, the pastor, were the preachers.

MR. GEORGE WALKER, ex-senior bailie of Aberdeen, says that statistics compiled from the corporation records prove the average annual loss to that city in connection with the parish churches to be \$7,410.

THE Rev. M. P. Johnstone, minister-elect of Fraserburg, preached his farewell sermon in Cadzow parish church, recently, to an overflowing congregation, which included many representatives of other churches.

A TABLET has been placed in the entrance lobby of St. Bernard's, Edinburgh, to the memory of the late Rev. William Fraser, M.A., who was pastor of the church for many years before his translation to Brighton.

A MEMORIAL window, by the same artist who executed the beautiful windows in the Bishop's palace, at the Glasgow exhibition, is about to be placed in Trinity Church, Glasgow, in honour of the late Dr. William Pultford.

THE green sward in front of Killin Church has been fixed upon as the site for the obelisk about to be erected in memory of the great Gaelic scholar, Dr. Stewart, who translated the New Testament and part of the Old into Gaelic.

DR. J. MURRAY McCULLOCH, Dumfries, a life-long advocate of temperance and from its start one of the most conspicuous Scottish members of the United Kingdom Alliance, died lately within a fortnight of completing his eighty-fourth year.

THE Gaelic sermon delivered by Mr. Blair, of Cambuslang, in Crown Court Church, London, gave great satisfaction to the Celts of the metropolis, some of whom declared it to be the best Gaelic sermon ever heard in London.

THE Rev. Mr. Bain, of Duthill, refuses to retract remarks he has made derogatory to Abernethy Presbytery, which refuses to take certain steps he recommends in connection with the sanitary condition of his manse and its surroundings. Mr. Bain has appealed to the Synod.

THE yearly increase of ordained men in the Anglican Church is vastly in excess of requirements. The clerical deaths last year were 460, and there were seventy new churches built; but there were 734 ordinations. The unbeneficed clergy in England now number from 10,000 to 11,000.

THE Rev. Jacob Primmer, at the breakfast which closed the recent Protestant Commemoration in Edinburgh, declared that there was a secret Romanising conspiracy in the Church of Scotland which he had studied for twenty years. There were, he added, a great many foxes in the pulpits.

THE most important incident of the Irish Methodist Conference, was the notice of motion by Mr. William Greenhill, of Belfast, which was accepted for next year, declaring that the time has come when the three years' limit of ministerial service, especially in cities and large towns, may be modified.

THE Melbourne Y. M. C. A. has made its basis of membership more exclusive. The qualifications henceforth is to be a profession of personal acceptance of Christ and a desire to follow Him. Young men who are unable to subscribe to this basis may be admitted as associates.

A PLEASANT meeting of the juvenile union of the Church of England Temperance Society was held at Fulham Palace. The grounds were thrown open to the children, and the Bishops of London and Marlborough helped to entertain them. Mrs. Temple also took a conspicuous part in the proceedings.

THE Rev. S. D. Seammel has been lecturing in his church at Chatham on a trip to Egypt and the rabbi of the Jewish synagogue at Rochester, Rev. J. B. Salomans, presided. He remarked that from the kindly feeling that seemed to exist among his audience, surely they were possessed of the true religion.

THE Rev. A. Frater, a worthy Aberdonian, who is minister of the Ancient Presbyterian Church at Flushing, which dates from the days when Queen Elizabeth's troops occupied the town, is actively engaged founding a sailors' home, which besides bedrooms will have a good reading room and supply of healthful refreshments.

THE Rev. Mr. Mackenzie, a Presbyterian minister in Auckland New Zealand, has shown more economical than ecclesiastical prudence. Having fallen into dispute with his deacons as to his salary, he was shrewd enough to hold the communion plate as security till his claims were settled, and only handed it back on receipt of the balance of cash awarded him.

Ministers and Churches.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Rev. Dr. Reid has received from "A Friend to Missions" \$100, viz.: Home Missions, North West, \$50, and Augmentation, \$50.

THE Rev. J. A. F. McBain, of Providence, R. I., has recently received the degree of Ph. B. from Illinois University, at Bloomington, Ill., after passing an examination on their post graduate course of studies.

MR. REGINALD RADCLIFFE addressed St. James Square congregation on Sabbath evening, and afterwards along with Mr. George C. Needham spoke at the regular meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association.

THE handsome new church edifice at Campbellton, N. B., is to be opened about the middle of August. The Rev. Dr. McCrae, St. John, and Rev. A. T. Love, Quebec, are to be the preachers at the opening services.

THE people of St. Andrew's, New Westminster, B. C., have decided to build this summer a \$12,000 brick church. It is a pretty big contract for a congregation which attained self-support barely two years ago, and has built a \$2,500 manse in the meantime; but New Westminster is a rapidly growing place.

THE Rev. J. Wilkie desires it to be understood that on his return to Ontario from the Maritime Provinces, he intends visiting as many of the congregations as he can overtake. Those desirous of a visit from the earnest missionary, who gives a most graphic account of the work in Central India, can correspond with him, satung the time most convenient for them. His address is 270 Wellington Street, West, Toronto.

THE Rev. William Graham, of St. Andrew's Church, St. Johns, Newfoundland, has spent a few days in Toronto. Mr. Graham has been travelling through Canada, after attending the meeting of the General Assembly, and is much pleased with Toronto and the country west. He succeeded the Rev. L. G. Macneil, now of St. John, N. B., and is a young clergyman of much promise. Mr. Graham was born and educated in Scotland. The Rev. L. G. Macneil is spending his vacation in Prince Edward Island.

ON Monday week a large congregation was present in St. James Square Church at the valedictory services held in connection with the departure of Miss H. Sutherland, now on her way along with Dr. and Mrs. Smith to Honan, China. Rev. Dr. Wardrope, Convener of the Foreign Mission Committee, presided; and the consecration prayer was offered up by Rev. Dr. Reid, and addresses were delivered by Revs. S. H. Kellogg, D.D., John Laing, D.D., D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., and Mr. Henderson, of Cobourg, who in name of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society presented Miss Sutherland with a copy of the Scriptures.

THE *Huntsville Forester* says: Sermons by the Rev. J. Sievright have been so attractive for the past year that the seating capacity of the church has been strained to its utmost to comfortably seat all who attend. The church managers met in the Church recently and discussed the situation. Some were for putting in a gallery, others for building an addition, and others were for putting in a lot of chairs to tide over for the present, and it was decided that chairs be furnished. The day is not far distant when our Presbyterian friends will have to square in the face the question of building a new church, and many of the members could not see the force of squandering a lot of money on the old edifice.

ON Monday evening the 9th July, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, of West Flamboro, celebrated their crystal wedding. Upwards of seventy of their friends were present. The feature of the evening's proceedings was the presentation of a handsome set of fruit dishes in silver frames, to Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, accompanied by a neatly worded address expressive of the kindly feelings with which they are regarded and conveying fervent wishes for their future happiness and usefulness. The address was read by Mr. Andrew Black. The presentation was made by Mrs. Thomas Thompson. Other valuable gifts were presented by friends. Mr. Fisher made a very appropriate speech in reply to the address. Altogether a very pleasant time was spent.

COMMUNION services were held lately in St. Andrew's Church, Huntingdon, Quebec. In these services the pastor, Rev. James Barclay Muir was assisted on the 6th July by the Rev. George Whilans, of North Georgetown, who preached a most appropriate preparatory sermon on Job ix. 2, "But how should man be just with God?" At the forenoon service on the 8th inst., the Lord's supper was dispensed by the minister of the congregation to the largest number of communicants that ever met in St. Andrew's Church. This result is most gratifying to the Rev. Mr. Muir, after a pastorate in Huntingdon of fourteen years. In the evening of the 8th, the Rev. Mr. Langton, of Rockburn, preached a good sermon to a large and appreciative audience. The Ladies' Aid Society of the above church has lately given to the congregation a handsome silver communion service.

THE Rev. J. Wilkie, of the Central Indian Mission writes: Would you kindly allow me the use of your columns to answer once for all a question that has very frequently been put to me since my return home. The question generally runs thus: "Can you come to us and what are your terms?" The origin of this last question I fail to understand. All missionaries receive their salary from the Church when at home as well as when abroad, and so are precluded from any attempt to make money for themselves on the principle of simple honesty, if nothing more. Collections are generally taken up, but these are not for the missionary but for the Foreign Mission Funds of the Church. It is a privilege to tell of what has been done in the hope of increasing interest in the work, and I regret therefore, that we missionaries have been thought capable of selfishly turning our own knowledge or calling to mercenary uses.

THE corner-stone of the new church for the congregation of St. Andrew's, New Westminster, B. C., was laid on the 12th July, by the Rev. R. Jamieson, the pioneer of our Church in British Columbia, who organized the congregation of St. Andrew's, and ministered to it through most of the years of isolation, until ill health compelled him to retire in 1884. Rev. Thomas Scouler, the present pastor, presided, and addresses were delivered by Rev. R. Y. Thompson, of Knox College, Toronto; Hon. John Robson, Provincial Secretary (one of the "charter members" of St. Andrew's); Rev. J. H. White—Methodist—(son of an honoured British Columbia pioneer missionary); Rev. Thomas Haddon—Reformed Episcopal; Rev. R. Lennie—Baptist, and others. Rev. R. Y. Thompson made eloquent and touching allusion to the long and faithful pastorate of Mr. Jamieson, and paid a tribute to the memory of the late Rev. J. S. Mackay, which awakened a responsive echo in many hearts. Hon. Mr. Robson and other speakers also made feeling reference to pioneer days and pioneer struggles. A very handsome silver trowel, suitably engraved, was presented to Mr. Jamieson by the chairman of the Building Committee, and the usual records, papers, etc., were placed under the stone. The church is to be of brick on a granite foundation. It will seat 600, and cost between \$12,000 and \$14,000. The contractors expect to have it ready about Christmas.

THE corner-stone of the Nisbet Academy was laid recently with imposing and impressive ceremonies, Canon Flett acting for the Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Manitoba, A. F. and A. M., discharged the special duty of the hour and delivered an appropriate address, concluding with the words, "We doubt not that this institution will be of great benefit to our town, and in selecting the name of Nisbet for your Academy you are rightly doing honour to the memory of one who laid the foundation and corner-stone of our town of Prince Albert, the capital of the Saskatchewan, and you are perpetuating in the history of your Church the name of a noble pioneer missionary of the grand old historic Presbyterian Church of Scotland. Addresses were also delivered by the Hon. L. Clarke, Archdeacon McKay, Mayor Bain and Dr. Jardine. The *Prince Albert Times* says: Exactly a year ago the Rev. Dr. Jardine was sent down by the congregation to whom he ministers to plead the cause of the school before the General Assembly in Winnipeg. The result of his appeal was authority to proceed at once to raise funds for the establishment of the school on a permanent basis. For nine months he laboured in Ontario and Quebec with this object in view, and returned about the end of March last with the report that about \$8,000 had been secured. Meanwhile the school had been incorporated by the Dominion Parliament under the name of "The Trustees of the Nisbet Academy of Prince Albert," and the gentlemen thus entrusted with the establishment of the institution have lost no time in acting upon the authority given to them. The Academy will be under the control of twelve trustees who are to be appointed annually by the Synod of Manitoba and the North-West Territories of the Presbyterian Church, and are required to send an annual report to that body.

THE Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Smith with Miss Harriet R. Sutherland, trained nurse, sailed from Owen Sound en route for the Honan Mission, China, on Wednesday, 18th inst., by Canadian Pacific Railway steamer *Athabasca*. A farewell meeting was held in Knox Church, Owen Sound, on the evening previous, Dr. Fraser, of Leith, presiding, and representing the Foreign Mission Committee. He congratulated those present upon the privilege of attending such a meeting; he congratulated the Church upon the character of the missionaries she was sending out, and the missionaries upon the fact that they represented the Presbyterian Church which was leading the Churches of Canada in Foreign Mission work. Short addresses expressing sympathy with the missionaries in their noble work were delivered by Rev. Messrs. McDiarmid, Mullen and McGinnis representing Owen Sound Presbytery. Mr. Holmes, Methodist minister, said he would not be true to his Church, which had always been a missionary Church, did he not express his sympathy with the missionaries about to sail for China and wish them God speed. Mr. Gandier, of St. Mark's, Toronto, represented the Queen's University Missionary Association by whose effort Dr. and Mrs. Smith are being sent to the foreign field. He said it was a day of sadness to those who were personal friends of Dr. and Mrs. Smith and Miss Sutherland; but it was also a day of rejoicing when the efforts of years had been crowned with success, and the holiest ambition of Dr. Smith and many of his fellow students fulfilled. Dr. Smith in his words of farewell said it was the saddest day of their life and at the same time the happiest—saddest when they thought of the partings, happiest when they thought of the work before them. No one knew the pain of parting with father and mother, brothers and sisters, and turning one's back upon the old homestead and the old associations until called upon to make the sacrifice; but they were borne up by a faith not of this world. For himself and the lady missionaries he asked the continued intercession of God's children. They left our shores with one request—"Brethren, pray for us." The missionaries were commended to God by Rev. Messrs. Morrison and McAlpin, and the meeting closed with the benediction. A collection was taken up, amounting to \$23 which was forwarded to the treasurer of the College Missionary Association.

PRESBYTERY OF BROCKVILLE.—This Presbytery met at Chesterville, July 3. Mr. Macalister, B.A., of Iroquois, was chosen Moderator for six months. Mr. Harkness ably presented the claims of Pleasant Valley for divine service, for which he received the thanks of the Presbytery. Mr. Macdiarmid obtained leave to moderate in a call at Hyndman and Osgoode Line. A very hearty and unanimous call from Morrisburg, in favour of the Rev. H. Cameron, B.A., of Watford, Ont., was sustained. Salary \$900 and a house. Mr. Lochhead, of Parkhill, was appointed to prosecute the call. The Clerk read a letter from the Clerk

of the committees of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches on Ecclesiastical Cooperation. The letter was allowed to lie on the table for the guidance of the Presbytery. The deputation appointed to visit Farmersville and associated stations, with a view to rearrangement, reported that the present arrangement was not the best, but recommended that action be deferred until further information be obtained. The recommendation was adopted. Mr. Kellock presented the Home Mission report, which showed that all the mission stations within the bounds were well provided with the Gospel, and that good was being done. Messrs. MacGillivray and J. J. Richards were appointed to visit Toledo, etc., and Messrs. Stuart and Hyland to visit Stone's Corners and North Augusta. It was moved, seconded and agreed to, that the question of rearranging the western section of the Presbytery be left open until the adjourned meeting at Brockville, when all the stations will have been visited. The Clerk presented the report on colportage which was received and adopted. In the event of Mr. Cameron's acceptance of the call from Morrisburg, arrangements for the induction were made as follows: The Moderator of Session to preside, Mr. McKenzie to preach, the Clerk to address the minister, Mr. Shearer the people. The Moderator and Clerk were appointed to assign students' exercises. The next regular meeting to be held in Spencer-ville, September 10, at two p.m. An adjourned meeting will be held in First Presbyterian Church, Brockville, July 26, at three p.m. Messrs. McGillivray, Stuart and the Clerk, were appointed to make suitable arrangements for holding missionary meetings, and to report at the September meeting. A deputation from Pleasant Valley appeared before the Presbytery asking for supply. It was agreed to send them a student. The matter of the rearrangement of the eastern section of the Presbytery was then taken up. The Clerk moved that Winchester Springs and West Winchester; Colquhoun and North Williamsburg; Dunbar and Chesterville be hereafter the arrangement with Mr. Grant, minister of the two last named places. This arrangement not meeting with the views of some of the delegates, it was again moved by the Clerk and agreed to, that the whole matter of rearrangement be dismissed; that the Presbytery's Convener of Home Mission Committee be instructed to secure the services of a student forthwith as an assistant to Mr. Grant. Dr. Moffat's resignation of West Winchester congregation was accepted and Mr. Shearer appointed Moderator of Session, with instructions to declare the pulpit vacant on July 15. Messrs. Shearer, Kellock and Grant were appointed a committee on supply. Mr. Munro's trials for license were heard. He was also examined in theology. The examination was sustained as highly satisfactory, and Mr. Munro was licensed to preach the Gospel. Mr. Kellock, on behalf of the congregation of Farmersville, asked leave to mortgage the church. Leave was granted, and the Clerk was instructed to forward an extract to the Rev. Mr. Pullar. It was agreed to send a student to North Williamsburg and Winchester Springs. Knox Church, Merrickville and St. George's Church, Jasper, were formed into one pastoral charge. Mr. Kellock was instructed to apply for a grant of \$200. Leave was granted to moderate in a call.—GEORGE MACARTHUR, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF STRATFORD.—This Court held a regular meeting in Knox Church, Stratford, on Tuesday, July 10, at half past ten a.m. There was a very full attendance of ministers and elders. In the absence of Mr. Tully, stated Clerk, Mr. Henderson was appointed Clerk *pro tem*. Elders commissions were presented, and Mr. J. Campbell's term as Moderator having expired, Mr. J. A. Turnbull, LL.B., of St. Mary's, was appointed Moderator for the current six months. Mr. Alexander Hamilton, of Regina Presbytery, and Messrs. R. Watt, and J. McClung, were invited to correspond. A reference from Milverton Session was taken up, and Mr. Kay requested that assessors be appointed by the Presbytery to act with the Session and congregation. This request was granted and the following assessors were appointed, viz.: The Moderator, and Messrs. Wright, Stewart, Ballantyne, Dewar and Livingstone. The Moderator reported that owing to the death of Mr. Boyd, the committee on redistribution of stations had done nothing in the North. The report was received, and Messrs. Dewar and Freeborn, of Zion Church, Wellesley, and Messrs. Barbour and Campbell, of Crosshill, were heard ament redistribution of these stations. It was moved by Mr. Wright, and seconded by Mr. Pant n, that the committee on redistribution be instructed to continue their work in the North end of the field, and urge upon the congregations of Crossfield and Wellesley, Milverton, and Millbank, respectively, that in the opinion of this Presbytery it is in the highest degree desirable that Millbank and Crosshill form one pastoral charge, and Milverton and Zion Church, Wellesley, another, especially as no guarantee can be given by the Presbytery to the congregations of Crosshill and Wellesley, that the grant from the Augmentation Fund will be continued; Carried. In reference to Mr. Gordon's arrears of stipend a committee was appointed, consisting of Messrs. Wright, Ray, Sutherland and Turnbull, with instructions to visit the field and ascertain the financial condition of Harrington congregation. The committee appointed to bring in a condensed report of proceedings in connection with the late Mr. Boyd's funeral, and also to prepare an obituary minute, reported through Mr. McKibbin. The report was received and adopted and the action of the members of Presbytery on the occasion of Mr. Boyd's funeral approved. The obituary minute is as follows: "It is with feelings of the most profound grief that we, the Presbytery of Stratford, record the death of the Rev. James Boyd, who died at Crosshill, Wellesley, on Sabbath morning 10th ult. He was a native of Pollockshaws, Scotland, and at the time of his death was seventy-three years of age. For the long period of forty-one years, he had laboured in the work of the ministry, and for twenty-nine years he was a member of this Court. Of Mr. Boyd it may be truly said, that he consecrated himself to the Master's service. He was seldom absent from a meeting of Presbytery, and we feel that we have sustained a great loss in his removal! We shall miss his words of wisdom and ripe experience in conducting the business of this Court."

Mr. Boyd was an excellent scholar, a clear, faithful, and earnest preacher of the Gospel, and his loss will long be felt in the congregations to which he ministered so faithfully. Above all the hearts of his sorrowing widow and the members of his family will be bowed down with grief. And to them, as a Presbytery, we extend our heartfelt sympathy. Mr. McKibbin was appointed Moderator of Crosshill and Wellesley during the vacancy. The supply of these two stations was left in the hands of Mr. Hamilton. Commissioners to the General Assembly at Halifax reported attendance, and owing to a number of those appointed not attending, the original assessment for the Presbytery fund of the current year was reduced one-third. Mr. Gordon gave notice of reconsideration of the resolution of Presbytery ancient times and place of meeting and the reading of a paper at each alternate meeting. The Clerk was instructed to give Mr. Kay an extract from the minutes of Presbytery of the separation of N. Mornington and Milverton. The Moderator was appointed to correspond with Dr. Reid as to the terms on which Mrs. Boyd's name may be placed on the roll of the Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund. Session records of Milverton, Harrington, and St. Andrew's Church, Stratford, were attested as neatly and correctly kept. Mr. McKibbin, was appointed to prepare and read a paper on "The best method of utilizing the lay element in our congregations" at next meeting of Presbytery. It was agreed to hold next meeting on Monday, September 10th, at half-past seven p.m., in Knox Church, Stratford, and Presbytery adjourned to meet again at that time and place.—ANDREW HENDERSON, *Pres. Clerk, pro tem.*

PRESBYTERY OF LONDON.—This Presbytery met on the 10th inst., in the First Presbyterian Church, London. Rev. J. Currie, Moderator, presiding. A call from the congregation of Mosa, in favour of Mr. Malcolm McLennan, probationer, was laid on the table and read. The call was sustained in due form, yet on account of information being received from Mr. McLennan that he had accepted a call from St. Elmo, the Presbytery deemed it inexpedient to take further action in the matter. Mr. J. Currie reported, on behalf of the deputation to Wardville, that the congregation had fallen \$42 behind last year in salary, owing to the removal of families. The following motion by Dr. Proudfoot duly seconded, was agreed to: "Mr. J. Currie, having reported from Wardville congregation, that owing to the removal of families, they were not able to raise the full amount of stipend originally promised; the Presbytery agreed to note the fact, and to express sympathy with the congregation and pastor; and while exonerating the congregations from the responsibility of the arrears, would encourage them, to do what they can from year to year to raise the full amount." The Presbytery took up next Mr. Ballantyne's motion for a bi-monthly meeting of Presbytery. Mr. Ballantyne addressed the Presbytery on the desirability of having six regular meetings in the year. Mr. J. S. Henderson seconded the motion. After some discussion, it was moved in amendment by Mr. A. Henderson, seconded by Mr. McGillivray, That the present arrangement as to the number of meetings, and programme of business, still obtain; but that the March and September meetings shall hereafter be held at eleven o'clock, forenoon. The amendment was carried. A call from Dutton in favour of Mr. Henderson, of Melbourne, was laid on the table and read. The call was unanimous, promising \$800 stipend and manse. After the call was sustained, and commissioners from Dutton and Melbourne were heard; it was put into Mr. Henderson's hands for consideration. Mr. Henderson in a short address declined to accept, and the Presbytery refused to translate. Leave of absence for two months was granted Mr. Urquhart. The Presbytery resolved to cite the congregation of South Delaware, to next meeting of Presbytery to explain their position in refusing to pay arrears. Mr. J. Currie gave in the following minute in connection with Mr. McKinnon's death, which was adopted. Resolved, That we record our deep sense of the loss sustained by this Presbytery, and the Church generally in the death of Rev. Neil McKinnon in the Mosa manse on the 7th February last. We recognize in Mr. McKinnon a man of sterling integrity, deep piety, sound judgment, large sympathies and a clear and well cultivated intellect; a preacher of comprehensive and well-defined views of scripture doctrine, whose whole aim was, by a lucid, earnest and faithful presentation of the truth as it is in Jesus, the edifying of the body of Christ and the conversion of sinners; a pastor, vigilant in his care of the flock of God and untiring in his efforts to minister to their varied necessities; a Presbyterian, punctual in his attendance on the Courts of the Church, wise in council and ever ready to undertake any work assigned to him. Further, we would bear grateful testimony to the blessed fruits of his labours, during a ministry of nearly thirty years within the bounds of this Presbytery—so that it may be truly said of him that "he being dead yet speaketh," and while lamenting the departure of our late, much-beloved and highly esteemed brother, we would rejoice in the hope that "having fought the good fight having finished his course, and having kept the faith," he now enjoys the crown of righteousness which "the Lord, the righteous Judge shall give at that day unto all who love his appearing." Lastly, that the Presbytery tender their heart-felt sympathy to Mrs. McKinnon and the children, commending them to the God of all comfort and consolation, "who is the Judge of the widow and the help of the fatherless;" also to the congregation of Mosa, praying that the Lord may soon give them another pastor after His own heart. Standing committees were appointed for the year. Commissioners to the General Assembly reported their diligence in attendance on that Court. The Clerk read the return of Assembly on the application for leave to put the name of Rev. J. Gordon on the roll of Presbytery. The Assembly declined to give permission. Mr. A. Henderson was appointed to dispense the communion at Aylmer in place of Mr. McConnechy, who is unable, by sickness, to fit his appointment. Mr. Bill gave in a minute in regard to the resignation of Dr. Archibald, which was adopted. The Presbytery adjourned to meet in the First Presbyterian Church, London, on September 11, at eleven a.m.—GEORGE SUTHERLAND, *Pres. Clerk.*

MONTREAL NOTES.

St. Paul's Church is to be closed for three Sabbaths in order to give an opportunity for cleaning and minor repairs. The congregation has decided to proceed with the erection of a manse on the lot immediately adjoining the church.

The Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Oswego, New York, is supplying the pulpit of St. Gabriel Church. Mr. McKenzie is a Canadian, son of the former minister of Embro. He looks as if the climate of the United States agreed with him.

The Rev. W. Graham, of St. John's, Newfoundland, passed through the city on his way homeward a few days ago, having been as far west as Toronto. He preached in Quebec on Sabbath last.

The Rev. C. A. Doudiet has just left on a tour of visitation among the settlements along the north shore of the St. Lawrence between the Saguenay and Anticosti. He is sent by the Board of French Evangelization and expects to be gone about a month.

The Rev. Dr. Wells, of the American Presbyterian Church, has been in very indifferent health since returning from his recent European trip. He sailed for England again on Monday last by the *Vancouver* to consult a London physician as to his case.

The Rev. Dr. Warden was to sail on Friday last, 20th inst., and may be expected home by the end of the month. After many delays and a good deal of petty squabbling among the directors, it has been at last decided to proceed with the erection of the new Protestant Insane Asylum in the neighbourhood of the city.

OBITUARY.

REV. NEIL M'KINNON.

The Rev. Neil McKinnon was born in the island of Tiree, on the west coast of Scotland. He came to Canada in early life. He knew the Lord from his youth. For a few years he laboured as a public school teacher. The influence of Dr. McTavish, under whose pastoral care he was, strengthened his desire to study for the Gospel ministry. After faithful and conscientious devotion to his literary studies in Toronto University, and his theological education in Knox College, he was licensed to preach the Gospel. He was called in 1860 to Wardville, where after a few years faithful labour he was translated to Belmont and Yarmouth. Here also he did excellent work, till he was called to Mosa where the last and best years of his life were spent in the Master's service. These three charges were in the same Presbytery, that of London. In each congregation his sterling qualities were readily appreciated, and he was held in much esteem for his lofty personal character and for his work's sake. By his co-Presbyters he was beloved and honoured for his integrity and uprightness, his scholarly attainments and his genial and kindly disposition. He was punctual and conscientious in the discharge of all duty assigned him, a wise and just counsellor and his scholastic attainments were extensive and varied. In literature and philosophy, as well as in theology, he was a vigorous and sound thinker. When the General Assembly resolved on sending a missionary to the New Hebrides, Mr. McKinnon was the unanimous choice. After prayerful and earnest consideration he felt impelled to decline the call and decided to remain in the land of his adoption. When principle was at stake he was firm and unbending; in non-essentials he was tolerant and conciliatory. By all who knew him his memory will be long and lovingly cherished.

WILLIAM CLARK.

The subject of this sketch was born in the parish of Beith, Renfrewshire, Scotland, in the year 1814, and was in his seventy-fourth year when called to rest on the 9th of June past, after a long, and, at times, painful illness. His father, William Clark, senr., who died only a few years ago, and who will long be remembered as a man of sterling qualities and singular energy, came to Canada exactly fifty years ago, and settled in the township of Scarborough. As the eldest of the family, Mr. Clark, junr., took a large share of the severe toil which the early settlers had to undergo to make that beautiful township what it now is.

A member of the Church before he left Scotland, Mr. Clark identified himself soon after his arrival with the Presbyterian Church in this country, and to the end of his life he was not only a consistent member of the Church, but took an active and sympathetic interest in her work.

Shortly after the formation of the congregation of Knox Church, Scarborough, he was ordained one of its elders along with the late Mr. J. McLevin and Mr. William Ferguson, and filled with honour the position of senior elder. This was in the year 1849. It is rather an interesting circumstance that for some years Mr. Clark, senr. (father), William Clark junr. (son), and Samuel Kennedy (grandson), all sat together as members of this Session.

For many years before his death Mr. Clark acted as Session Clerk, and in that position did inestimable service. He was frequently a member of the various Church courts, and took an intelligent interest in their work.

He was a man of singularly fine character. He combined with rare intelligence a humility which was quite marked, and whilst a man of very strong convictions he was extremely charitable to those differing from him. He possessed great equanimity and seldom if ever did an angry word pass his lips. It was a pleasure to see him discharging the duties of the sanctuary in which he took great delight. His very look, as more than one has said to the writer, was a benediction.

It has pleased the good Lord to take him away to Himself. We thank God for his memory and the memories of such. His devoted wife, four sons and two daughters survive him. May the mantle of the father rest on the children.

The funeral was among the largest ever witnessed in Scarborough. Services suitable to the occasion were conducted by Rev. Messrs. J. Mackay, pastor of the congregation, R. P. Mackay, a former pastor, and D. Mackintosh, of Unionville.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

August 5, 1888.

THE BURNT OFFERING.

Lev. 1: 9.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all.—Isa. liii. 6.

SHORTER CATECHISM.

Question 87.—This question speaks not of repentance only, but of repentance unto life. There is a repentance that leads to life and a repentance that only leads to death. Judas repented, but he went and hanged himself; the prodigal son repented and was restored to his father's heart and home. The various steps of true repentance are clearly traced in the answer to this question. The first is a true sense of sin—seeing what sin really is in God's sight, and what it inevitably leads to. Next there is the apprehension of the mercy of God in Christ—God's willingness to forgive sin for Christ's sake. In the light of what sin is, and what the mercy of God, the repentant sinner is overcome with grief that it should have had such dominion over him, and hatred of sin itself, that he turns away from it to God. The current of his life is changed, and he purposes with all his heart to do God's will as long as he lives. Through repentance he finds joy and peace.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Tabernacle had been set up in the valley at the base of Sinai. From within the Tabernacle the Lord revealed to Moses the system of worship that should be observed. The most important element in Old Testament worship was that of sacrifice. It was designed to impress deeply on the minds of the people the terrible nature of sin, that without the shedding of blood there could be no remission, and to prefigure the sacrifice of the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world.

I. The Offering.—There were two kinds of offerings under the old dispensation, those of atonement, and of thanksgiving, but, as there can be no acceptable offerings unto God without the forgiveness of sin, atoning sacrifice comes first. The sacrificial victim had to be the best of its kind. The animals were to belong to the class that the Jewish law recognized as clean; the unclean were forbidden to be used in sacrifice. It might be from the herd or from the flock. It could be selected according to the circumstances of the individual; the rich man could present an ox, the man in moderate circumstances a sheep, and the poor man might present a pair of pigeons. The condition was that the animal should be a male, without blemish; it had to be free from all defects and from disease, that it might typify Christ who was holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot.

II. The Offerer.—Though the divine law was strict in its requirements as to the objects of the sacrifice and the method of its presentation, the personal and voluntary character of worship is clearly stated. "If any man of you bring an offering unto the Lord, . . . he shall offer it of his own voluntary will at the door of the Tabernacle of the congregation before the Lord." The obligation rested on all to offer sacrifices for the expiation of sin, but the gift could only be acceptable and therefore efficacious when given freely from the heart. God requires obedience from all; it is only the willing obedience that is pleasing in His sight. The sacrificial victim had to be brought to the door of the Tabernacle, to that part of the enclosure where stood the brazen altar and laver. The offerer then laid his hand on the head of the animal about to be sacrificed, an act of great significance. He could not transfer his sins to the animal. By his sin he had forfeited his life and the animal was to die in his stead. Not that the death of the animal could take away his sin, but the whole sacrifice and attendant circumstances symbolically taught that by faith his sin was laid on Christ who was to die that sin might be forgiven. The voluntary offering, and compliance with the divine directions for its presentation rendered the sacrifice acceptable as an atonement.

III. The Priests.—In connection with the sacrifices, the priests had important services to perform. When individual offerings were made, the person himself had to slay the victim. When national sacrifices were offered, then it was the priests who killed the animal offered. The offerer also skinned the animal and then the priests threw the blood over the altar. The parts of the victim in accordance with the clearly specified instructions were then placed on the altar of burnt offering, where it was consumed by fire, "an offering made by fire of a sweet savour unto God," that is, an acceptable, a well pleasing sacrifice. It is accepted because offered in harmony with God's appointment, and because it is offered as an expression of the worshipper's faith and obedience. The burnt offering was designed to foreshadow the one true sacrifice for the sins of men. Christ poured out his soul an offering for sin, and it is all-sufficient. The blood of Jesus Christ, God's son, cleanseth us from all sin.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

If he would be accepted by God, each Israelite had to bring his sacrifice to the altar and place his hand on the head of the victim. So if we are to be saved by Christ's one sacrifice of Himself, we must individually accept Him by faith as our Saviour.

All service of God must be cheerfully and heartily rendered.

Acceptance of the benefits of Christ's sacrifice implies consecration of heart and life to His service.

Offerings made to God must be of the best that one has.

Christ's sacrifice was voluntary. "I lay down my life, no man taketh it from Me, I have power to lay it down and to take it again."

Sparbles.

NIAGARA rapids are now very appropriately called the whirlpool.

SPEECH is silver, silence is golden, giggling is brazen, and laughter is often ironical.

WHAT'S this, waiter? Railroad soup, sir. Queer name for soup. Yes, sir; stock's been watered so often, sir.

FIRST BOSTONIAN: Do you speak any foreign language? Second Bostonian, Yes One. What is it? English.

WIGGINS predicts a number of earthquakes for the present summer; but then Wiggins' predictions are no great shakes.

DID your son take the valedictory in college? said a gentleman to a lady who was enthusiastically praising the ability of her offspring. No, indeed, he didn't, she replied, with pride. He didn't take anything. He is the healthiest boy you ever saw.

WHAT did your daughter graduate in? asked a friend of another. White silk, with a satin corsage and elbow sleeves, was the prompt answer. I mean what branches, said the startled guest. Oh! her—her—why, the usual studies, I suppose, answered the perplexed mother.

IF you had turned your steps in the right direction, my friend, he said solemnly to the convict, you would not be in this place to-day. Ah, no, sir, responded the convict with sad retrospection. If I had turned my steps in the right direction I would be in Canada to-day.

MAMMA, said Albert, "do you believe in the faith cure? Yes, dear, and I practise it too. Mamma continued the boy, feeling his damp hair uneasily, if a boy goes a swimming and then lies about it, can you cure him of lying by faith? No dear, said mamma sweetly, that vice is cured by lying on of hands. And in ten minutes thereafter Albert was the best cured boy on the island.

ONE Sunday, as a certain minister was returning homeward, he was accosted by an old woman, who said O sir, well do I like the day that you preach! The minister was aware that he was not very popular, and he answered: My good woman, I am glad to hear it. There are too few like you. And why do you like when I preach? O sir, she replied, when you preach, I always get a good seat.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor,—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P.O. address. Respectfully,

DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

HAVE you read any of the late poems, Miss Howjames, said the young man, brightening up, written by Walt Whitman for the New York Her—I am not in the habit of reading anything written by the person you mention, replied the Boston young lady, with freezing dignity. Well, to tell you the truth, stammered the young man from St. Louis, I am not dead stuck on him myself. He can't rhyme for shucks. He makes anxiety rhyme with nitro-glycerine.

PETER FAUCETT, the New South Wales Supreme Court Judge, was somewhat shortsighted, and one day a very diminutive barrister appeared before him to move something or other. When the short man stood up alongside "Jumbo," a very tall barrister, who was sitting down, their heads were about on a level, and as soon as the small man began: If your honour please, I—e must stand up when ye address the court, interrupted old Peter,, irascibly. I am standing up, said the small man, with with dignity. Then tell the gentleman alongside ye to sit down.

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To the Editor:— Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured; I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address.

Respectfully, DR. T. A. Slocum, 37 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

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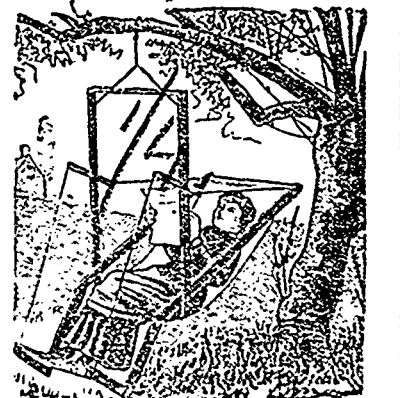
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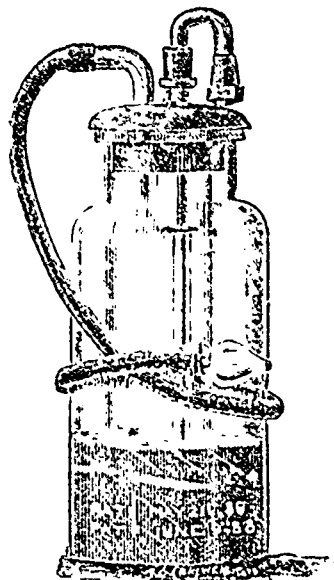
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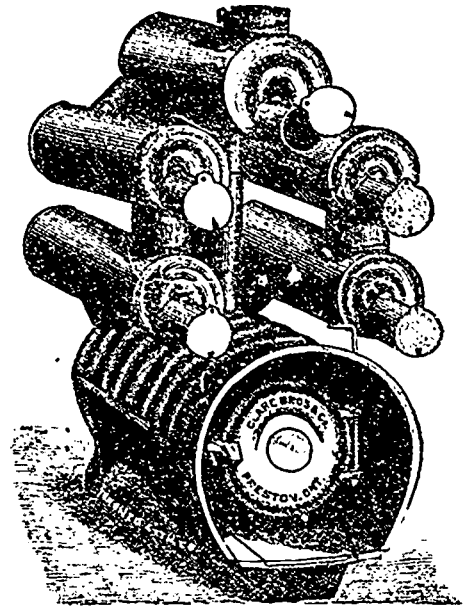
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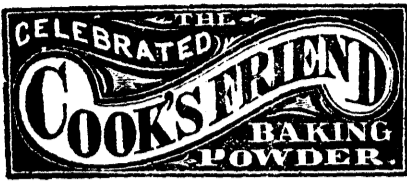
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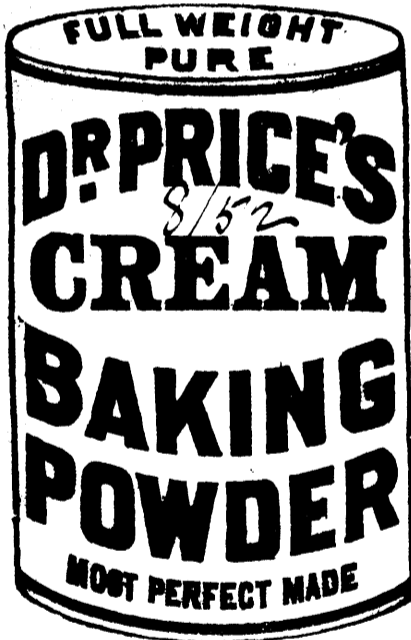


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DEATH.

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