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# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 10.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 14th, 1881.

No. 2.

## JUST OUT: The "Presbyterian Year Book,"

EDITED BY REV. JAMES CAMERON.

This valuable ANNUAL for 1881 is unusually full of excellent and suggestive reading. The paper, by the Editor, on the proceedings of the Presbyterian Council at Philadelphia, occupying forty pages, is worth the price of the book; while the general articles are exceedingly complete and interesting.

The N. Y. "Independent," in noticing the volume for 1879, says: "It is one of the best ecclesiastical Annuals published in THE WORLD."

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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A LONDON correspondent, speaking of civic expenditure, notes the fact that a Lord Mayor's dinner costs £27,000, of which no less than £17,000 is for wine.

WE are glad to notice that our friend the "Canadian Baptist" reads THE PRESBYTERIAN so carefully that it notes an oversight of the proof-reader in our issue of the 24th ult., by which "bodies" was transformed into "ladies." Thanks!

THE "Independent" is pithy and sharp in the following words: "The creed of pretentious unbelief rhymes and chimes:

Article I. EGO.

Article II. *Nego.*"

"LIFE" hears on good authority that the expelled Jesuits who have gone to England think of establishing a daily paper in London. It would be printed in French, and be intended for circulation in France. Its object would, of course, be uncompromising opposition to the present French Government.

THE contumacious Bishop of Tournai, Belgium, Mgr. Dumont, who has been deposed, has published a voluminous correspondence between himself and other Belgian bishops, canons, etc. This correspondence shews, it is stated, that these dignitaries accuse each other of "treason," "perfidy," and "forgery." The Bishop of Liege, writing of the Archbishop of Mechlin, says: "All this is very sad. Double-dealing, want of frankness and sincerity—where does such conduct lead to? We cannot renounce our rights and lend ourselves to all the caprices, not to say *capers*, of our dear metropolitan." Bishop Dumont also promises to publish his correspondence with the Pope.

SOUTH AFRICA is a mixture of Portuguese (who were the first settlers); Dutch, the most numerous of the Europeans; the English, found almost exclusively in the eastern part; with some French and Germans. The natives—Hottentots, Bushmen, Kafirs, Bechuanas and Negroes—are in the majority. There are many labourers, along the coast, of Malay origin. The population of the Cape Colony is about 900,000. Its area is 182,000 square miles. The outlying districts—Basutoland, Kaffraria and Transvaal—have kept the British of the Cape in constant war. The Cape itself was settled by the Dutch in 1652, but passed into possession of the English in 1806.

A MARTYR'S memorial church has lately been erected in Erromanga and was opened on Sabbath, 13th Jan. last. The church was filled by a deeply interested congregation. Among the numbers were two sons of the man who murdered John Williams some forty years ago. The elder of these led in prayer. Throughout the service there was the most perfect order. No wonder that the missionary in writing of the occasion says: "As we looked around on the

people, some of whom had been James Gordon's greatest and best helps, and who love to speak of him, and others had learned to read when boys under George A. Gordon and Mrs. Gordon; others had more than once put their own lives in the greatest danger to protect us, and were baptized into the Church by us; others had been given back from the grave almost in answer to our earnest prayers; and others had been born since our settlement, and with their bright faces proved they were the children of Christians and were happy; and then to see those who had been with the murderers of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon—I say, when we beheld all these before us singing praises to God, and turned to look at the martyrs' tablet, and then to the tablet for the church itself, and again looked at the beautiful church and heard Do-sono (or Daniel) pray, and to remember that, forty years before that, his father, Koiwiowi, clubbed to death John Williams on the opposite bank of the river, in front of the church—you cannot wonder that we found it difficult to suppress tears of joy and thankfulness."

THE following extract from an article in "Vanity Fair" is an admirable satire upon the oracular assumption of modern scientific writers and philosophers: "Science is now a goddess throned among stars. She must needs sit on a throne and talk oracles. Let me follow her. A man with good faculties spends twelve years studying the muscles of a caterpillar. Another uses up his life in naming a set of mollusca which do not need his labels. Another gentleman grubs his life away in caves and *tumuli*. We will not be hard on mechanical science, but when it comes to abstract philosophy it is another pair of sleeves. Among 'subjects' and 'predicates,' and 'majors and minors,' the human intelligence, it is said, exerts its noblest capabilities. We will not believe this. Mr. Mill was once thought to be logic incarnate, now it is proved that Mr. Mill had an essentially illogical mind. Comte was believed to be only inferior in intelligence to the Creator; a biologist now informs us that Comte was a blatant character. Mr. Darwin was once the greatest of the human race! A German person (who is now the greatest of the human race) tell us that Darwin proved nothing. Systems come and go. The philosophers are children in a skittle alley. They fiddle about with terms and names. When they are shewn to be fiddling against the rule of the game there follows a great babblement, and amid the noise the essential gets forgotten. These people with their 'tumuli' and their 'predicates' go about expecting us to be taken with wonder and terror when we see them. They tell us to make the best use of our capabilities, and they ask us at the same time to nullify our chiefest capability. On the whole, we think they had better carry their eloquence somewhere else."

A LETTER from Van to a Constantinople paper describes the condition of the Christian population of Van and vicinity as most deplorable. Those scourges, the Kurds, who have been raiding also in Persia, are continually plundering and murdering Armenian Christians. He says: "During the last three months, I venture to say, not a single day has passed without new oppressions, murders, and outrages being practised by Kurds and Turks on Armenians; but not one of the criminals has been punished." The local government is both weak and indifferent, and affords no protection. The Kurds are armed with the best Martini rifles, and it is hardly possible to go about the country without falling into their merciless hands. They not only kill and plunder, but attack most brutally the wives and daughters of the Christians. Some of the Armenians have attempted to defend themselves, notably in Norduz, where, after a severe contest, lasting several hours, the Kurds were defeated. The scheme of reform adopted in answer to the "identical note" of the European Powers, is the appointment in some districts of two Armenians to about ten Kurdish Mudirs, who are to be held responsible for the preservation of the peace. The Mudirs have not a single policeman to enforce their authority. The

protection of the Armenians, it is to be feared, will have to be undertaken by themselves, as at Norduz. The missionaries in Persia are so fortunate as to enjoy the friendship of the Kurdish leader, Sheikh Abdullah, who has caused, in several instances, property plundered from the Christians by his men to be restored, and has brutally punished the offenders. But the thievish invaders are making awful havoc in the country, killing, burning and plundering.

MR. JAMES F. HOGAN of Geelong, speaks in the "Victorian Review" of the "coming Australian" in no very complimentary terms. He finds that the three main characteristics of the native Australian (not the Australian native) are an inordinate love of field sports, a very decided disinclination to recognize the authority of parents and superiors, and a grievous dislike to mental effort. "It is no exaggeration to say that out of every ten native Australians nine spend all their leisure in the practice of either cricket or football." "In the colonies, and more especially in Victoria, the percentage of juvenile crime is abnormally large." "Young culprits constitute the great majority of the prisoners." This unhappy spirit of youthful lawlessness is encouraged by "the senseless policy of misplaced gentleness that obtains in our public schools." It seems that it is "enacted that corporal punishment in schools must cease; for, when the conditions under which it may be administered are examined, this is what the Victorian Ministerial regulation virtually means." Mr. Hogan draws a humbling contrast between the popular enthusiasm for the accomplishments of "Trickett, the rower, and Murdoch, the cricketer, who achieve nothing more than what an ignorant South Sea Islander could do if he wished," and the neglectful treatment or even contempt shewn to Farjeon, Chevalier, and Sumner, who could find recognition only when they left us and went to London. Thus "we deify muscle and degrade mind," and what will our children grow to? In short, Mr. Hogan thinks the coming Australian will be only a well-fed, well-developed, happy animal, untroubled with noble ambitions, unvisited by religious aspirations—an ass, like Issachar, crouching down between two burdens, finding rest sweet, commonplace sublime, and want of all nobleness wisdom. "The New Zealand Presbyterian" so far acquiesces in this estimate, but at the same time puts in the following caveat against its sweeping character as if "young Australia" as a whole were thus truthfully sketched: "We believe that Mr. Hogan's picture is as true and as false as the majority of photographs, and that it might be extended to New Zealand. It is a true picture of a large portion of our population and of our youth, but would not have been less effectively drawn by admission of a few streaks of light, nor made less telling by heartier allowance that there is an elect remnant among us of the wise and pure and good and noble leavening the whole lump. All our young men are not mad admirers of a semi-savage athlete; and the recollection of Athens raises a doubt in the mind as to the precise ethical or intellectual value to attach to an outburst of admiration for physical strength and prowess. Perhaps, too, Mr. Hogan scarcely allows enough for the fact that in these southern lands we witness Anglo-Saxon blood bounding with a new joy in conscious immunity from the oppression of an ungenial and gloomy climate, and exulting irrepressibly in the new-found joy of sunshine and life out of doors. He has, however, done well in his faithful utterance. His hand points us in the direction of the very serious danger of becoming lawless, pleasure-loving, and secular—a danger likely enough to be averted by heaven sending us dark days and national sorrow to make our hearts earnest." Those who may fancy from the recent exhibitions of Hanlan worship in Canada that we are going in the same direction of "muscle deification" and "mind degradation," may take our New Zealand cotemporary's words and with the necessary modifications apply them to the Dominion. Canadians do not all worship Hanlan any more than, we are glad to understand, do all the Australians worship Trickett.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

### HOW GOD SPEAKS TO US.

BY REV. JOHN J. LASHBURN, PICKERING.

Various are the ways in which, in times past, God has spoken to His people, revealing to them a knowledge of His will and character for their guidance and safety. Sometimes He has spoken to them by visions, sometimes by dreams, sometimes by audible voices, at other times by suggesting to their minds the thoughts which He desired them to think, or the particular course of action which He would have them pursue. God still speaks to His people, and we purpose pointing out some of the ways in which He still reveals Himself and His will to us.

1st. God speaks to us through nature. Nature, in fact, is the oldest revelation which God has made of Himself to man. Older than the revelation which He is represented as making to man in the gray dawn of creation, when He spake to him as friend to friend, is that which He has made in the starry heavens above and the rock-built earth beneath. God has written His name in indelible characters on the face of nature. The works of His hands teem with evidences of His power, His wisdom and beneficence. In the succession of day and night, seed time and harvest, summer and winter, in the bountiful provision made for the sustenance of the myriad forms of life which throng our earth, from the animalcule which swarm the water-drop up to man, the "head and crown of things," in the wonderful adaptations and correlations which pervade nature to whatever department we direct our observation, the wisdom and goodness of an all-wise Creator are revealed.

2. God speaks to us by conscience. In every human heart the still, small voice of conscience bears testimony to the existence of a God, and of a right and a wrong, uttering forth its word of approval or condemnation. In every human breast there is a tribunal where conscience sits as judge, pronouncing decision on every thought we think and every deed we do. It is true that conscience has, to some extent, shared in the disorder and ruin which sin has introduced into our world. It is not an infallible guide, and no longer points with unerring precision to the pole of duty. Even in the case of the believer, whose heart has been more or less purified by the indwelling Spirit of Christ, and who, we will suppose, has made larger attainments in the divine life, the remaining indwelling corruption of heart, will, to some extent, dim the light of conscience, and cause her sometimes to point in a wrong direction. The fact remains, however, that conscience, when educated and enlightened, does give us some definite knowledge of God, of our duty toward Him and toward one another, and amid the universal wreck and ruin caused by sin, acts as God's vicegerent upon earth, attests the existence of a law of right and wrong, and foreshadows a judgment to come.

3. But God speaks to us by His Word. That Word is the expression of His will. As the spoken word is the expression of the thought or feeling, so is the divine Word the expression of God's thoughts and feelings towards us. Under the old dispensation the moral law was, to the Jew, an expression of God's mind. In it we see clearly reflected His stainless righteousness and impartial justice, His character as a sin-hating and sin-punishing God. To us that moral law still speaks of God. What is merely civil or ceremonial in it has no practical significance for us, but what is *moral* remains unchanged from age to age, and shall address itself to man, so long as he has a moral nature; and what the moral law was under the Old, the Sermon on the Mount is under the New Dispensation. In the latter more clearly even than in the former, God's mind is expressed, man's duty towards Him and towards his neighbour declared, and the spiritual significance and depth of the law unfolded. And this leads us to observe that the revelation which God has given of Himself in His Word is not speculative or scientific, but *spiritual*. This Word was given to us not so much to teach science as to unfold the facts and laws of our spiritual nature, to reveal to us the will and character of God, our duty towards Him and towards each other, to declare His infinite love in opening up a way by which we may escape the evil consequences of our sin. While, however, its object is not specially to teach science, it

cannot contain any truth antagonistic to true science. Between His word and His works, between the truths of Scripture and those of science, there should be, and is, perfect harmony, for both are of God. Any seeming antagonism must arise either from a faulty interpretation of Scripture or nature. Such being the case, the remedy is apparent. By a more faithful interpretation of Scripture on the one hand, and a deeper study of nature on the other, would reconciliation be effected. If this were done, the antagonism between Scripture and science, of which we sometimes hear so much, would, we feel convinced, disappear. A beautiful harmony would be established between them, both would appear to be but parts of a complete and symmetrical whole; science would then bring her richest spoils and lay them upon the altar of religion, while religion would hallow and consecrate all the discoveries and achievements of science.

4. God again speaks to us by science. Science, to the devout mind, is a revelation from God, and what are called the laws of nature, which it is her work to unfold, are simply expressions of His ever-present will. A law in itself would be quite powerless to accomplish anything. It is merely a name to denote a uniform sequence among phenomena. It necessarily implies the existence of a divine force underlying it, ere any effect could be produced. The various *discoveries* of science, too, speak of God. The steamships which ply on our rivers, lakes and seas, defiant of wind and wave and tide; the swift-flying trains which gallop over the country, binding its most distant parts together; the electric wires which girdle our globe, along which, with the swiftness of lightning, run the winged words; the numerous time and labour-saving machines which mow down our harvests and gather them in as if by magic; the telephone by which men situated scores of miles from each other are able to hold converse with each other, and all the various discoveries which adorn our age, reveal not only the skill of man, but the infinite goodness of God, in having hidden these truths in nature, and given man the skill whereby he is able to discover and make them subservient to his comfort and well-being.

5. But God speaks to us by Jesus Christ. In Him we have the completest expression of God's will and character ever made to man. "God who in times past spake unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son." Through Him, the Highest unveils Himself. He speaks to us by His words—those words, so brimful of love and mercy and sympathy. He speaks by His life—that life of wondrous power and purity, revealing to us His Father's will, and setting before us a perfect copy for us to imitate. He speaks by His death, that tragic death, yet in the darkness of its tragedy so bright with blessing to sin-stained man, so radiant with the light of love and mercy, so instinct with life to the sin-dead soul. He speaks by His resurrection, revealing Him to us as victorious over sin and sorrow and death, and opening up before the eye of our faith a future bright with a glorious immortality. He speaks to us by His ascension, affirming the completeness of His victory, and assuring us that He ever liveth to make intercession for us. The revelation of God in Jesus Christ surpasses all previous revelations, whether given in nature, conscience, or science. True, we may obtain some knowledge of God and of our duty to Him and to each other from these sources. From a study of nature around us and conscience within us, we may, no one will deny, acquire some knowledge, true, so far as it goes, of a Law-giver, and of that law of right and wrong which He has engraven more or less clearly on every heart; but such knowledge is but small and imperfect; the light of nature or conscience is but dim and uncertain. Reason and conscience have both shared in the general wreck and disorder which sin has introduced, and can no longer claim to be faithful, much less infallible, guides to truth. They both need enlightenment ere they can impart that knowledge of God or duty which is necessary to our highest well-being. Such enlightenment is furnished by the revelation given us in Jesus Christ and His Word. The one is the starlight, the other is the sunlight, the one is the mere natural eye, the other is that eye aided by the telescope. Look up, for instance, with the naked eye, at the blue vault of heaven by night, and how erroneous the conclusions you would draw. The stars seem like mere points of light scattered over the wide expanse of space; they seem at no great distance from you, nor do they appear to differ very much from each other

in form or in magnitude; but look through the glass of the telescope, and how changed their appearance! Your previous misconceptions are rectified, your knowledge is enlarged, a new world is opened up to your gaze. They no longer appear mere specks of light, but globes vaster than our own, rolling through the immensity of space, situated at immense distances from us, revolving around suns brighter and more glorious than ours. Now, what the telescope is to the astronomer, the revelation of God in Christ is to the Christian, and by how much superior the telescope is to the unaided human eye, is the light of that revelation to the light of nature or conscience. By means of it our knowledge of God, of our duty towards Him and towards each other, becomes indefinitely enlarged. Not only is our knowledge of present human duties extended, but to the eye of our faith a new world is opened up, "life and immortality" are brought to light and a whole realm of spiritual truth discovered, which the light of nature or conscience would be quite powerless to unfold.

### MANSES—A SUGGESTION.

What a beautiful sight it is to see in Scotland the manse almost always associated with the church. There is, perhaps, no country where the Christian ministry are better sustained, the average salary being far in advance of what it is in Canada. Our congregations would do well to imitate the churches in Scotland in either providing manses or paying the house rent as an equivalent. In country districts ministers should receive \$700 or \$800 and a manse, or \$100 as an equivalent; in villages and towns, \$800 to \$1,200, and a manse or \$200; in cities, \$1,600 to \$2,000 and upwards, according to the size and means of the congregation, and also a manse or \$400 as house rent. Efforts should be made to bring up the churches to this standard; and even with this, we would be behind the churches in Scotland, for besides paying higher salaries they almost invariably have manses, while only about one-fourth of our ministers are so provided. While the Levites of old did not receive the usual allotment of land with the other tribes, they received forty-eight cities with their suburbs, and a very liberal provision was made for them besides. And God enjoined that their portion be given them regularly, "that their hearts might be encouraged in the law of the Lord." A very special blessing was promised to the people of Israel when they thus did their duty to the Levites. Now, the spirit which dictated these arrangements is still the spirit of the great Head of the Church, and therefore His people may expect His blessing when thus kindly caring for the comfort of His servants.

### MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

The subject of marriage with a deceased wife's sister is a vexed question that is likely soon to come prominently before the country, and the question arises, What is our duty, as a Church, in the case? Are we to bring such influence as we can as a Church to bear on our legislation or not?

What saith the Word on the matter? If God condemn, let us be bound by "Thus saith the Lord," whatever it may be. Now, I am not aware that anyone maintains that such unions are clearly condemned in the Word. But if the Word of God does not condemn, men with the Bible in their hands will naturally ask, What right has the Church to condemn that which God condemns not? The Church suffers in their estimation by imposing that on them which God does not impose. A large part of the Christian world allow it, and unless its scriptural authority for it be very clear it is not the duty of any one branch of the Church to forbid what God forbids not.

Many good men, it may be, fear the consequences to morals. If there be danger to morals, the danger will not be obviated by trying to coerce men's consciences in ways not sanctioned by the Word. Men do form such unions, and I am not aware of any evil consequences following. Some excellent men and women in this matter are transgressors. Take one case with which I am well acquainted as an illustration. A man whom I know well was left a widower with motherless children. He married their mother's sister, and now the aunt of the children becomes their mother as well. She is not the less kind a step-mother because the children that came under her care are her sister's children. She is now a mother

herself, and the family is not the less one, because her sister's children were dear to her before they came under her charge. Men and women think for themselves, and such unions will be formed. Is the Church to declare such unions unlawful, or even incestuous, as the Church of England does? It is unwise, and men will not be bound by it. Till we can clearly prove that God condemns, man is not to condemn. Society will not ostracize such. In the case I have referred to, the man who did as I have stated is now an elder in our Church, and a central pillar of the congregation with which he is connected.

The duty of the Church is to contend and witness for the truth, but not for that which is not clearly taught in the Word. To contend for the indefensible is to court defeat and weaken its influence. Men will think for themselves, and not be coerced. Christian men and women are conscious in themselves of no sin from such unions, and the wisdom of the Church is not to interfere with their freedom without a clear warrant to do so. Let not the Church damage its influence by opposing that which they have no clear warrant to oppose, but leave men free, with the freedom with which God in His Word has left them free. L.

WALDENSIAN CHURCH.

MR. EDITOR,—Allow me through your columns to entreat the ministers and members of our Church not to disregard the appeal on behalf of the Waldensian pastors, but to secure for this fund at least some contributions.

When the Waldenses, by a dogged endurance of awful sufferings, and deeds of wondrous valour, had beaten back their pitiless destroyers, self-preservation compelled them to keep together. Cooped-up in their three great valleys, they formed a numerous population in their sixteen parishes. So soon, however, as the Italian Government gave them liberty pastors and people alike rushed from the valleys, Bible in hand, and went everywhere through Italy preaching the Word. At that period, say 1848, the Waldenses had only 18 ordained ministers and 15 churches, with a few small schools. In 1878 they reported the following statistics: 54 congregations; 24 missionary stations; 62 preaching places; 14,660 communicants; 1 theological hall (Florence), having 3 professors and 15 students; 1 college, having 7 professors and 75 students; 1 normal school, 2 professors and 33 scholars, 1 high school for girls, several professors and 72 scholars; 1 grammar school, 2 professors and 32 scholars; 3 hospitals; 1 orphan asylum; 1 industrial school; 253 primary day schools, with 6,462 scholars; 163 Sabbath schools, with 4,369 scholars; 50 ordained ministers in active service; 15 evangelists; 30 school teachers; and 7 colporteurs. What a noble record of zealous labour and of singular success! Rome went to the Waldenses with the sword, but made no converts, while the Waldenses have gone to Rome with the Gospel, and already the converts from Romanism gathered into Christian churches in Italy itself, exceed in number the members of the mother Church in the valleys. But this very exodus from their early homes, of the Waldensian workers, has lessened the population in the valleys. The places whose historic associations have done so much to keep alive and deepen the faith and zeal of the people, are becoming comparatively deserted, till now there is positive danger of the Waldensian valleys ceasing to be nurseries of heroic souls and of the valley ministry itself dying out for want of support.

The object of the Waldensian Valley Fund is to secure the continued existence of Gospel ordinances in that portion of Italy. Of necessity, the people there are poor, but Waldenses live there; they have lived there, and will continue to do so. In former days they gave priceless contributions to the martyrology of the Church. In our own day they have sent out more missionaries than they have ministers, and have more converts than original Church members. Such a race has surely a capacity for yet doing something, such, perhaps, as the world has never imagined. They ask the Presbyterian Church to give them one Sabbath day's collection. Will the brethren do so?

G. D. MATHEWS.

Quebec, January 4th, 1881.

P.S.—Contributions for this purpose may be sent either to Wm. E. Dodge, Esq., 11 Cliff street, New York, or to Rev. Dr. Reid, Toronto.

THE REV. HENRY GORDON, OF GANANOQUE.

This aged man of God passed away on the morning of Monday, the 13th of December, 1880. Those who stood by his bedside during his last hours were reminded of the words of the Psalmist, "Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace." Mr. Gordon literally slept away. During seven or eight hours before his death he lay without moving a muscle, breathing almost as freely as a child in sleep. His pulse gradually sank till at last it ceased, the lungs ceased to expand, and, without a struggle, a sigh or a pang, the soul was gone, and only clay remained. He was afflicted with no disease or sickness; the frame was just worn out.

Mr. Gordon was thought to be the oldest minister in our Church. Ninety-three was put on his coffin, but there is good reason for thinking he was ninety-five or ninety-six. His age was a subject in regard to which he was always reticent, and it was only by comparing facts gathered by his friends that an idea could be got of the length of his life.

There is only one opinion, there can be only one opinion, of his character, among those who knew him. All regarded him as a good man, guileless and sincere; simple and unsophisticated in respect to many worldly things, but clear and foreseeing in regard to the things of the kingdom. He conformed to the Master's counsel, "seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you." This rule he followed, and he was not disappointed.

Mr. Gordon was born in Edinburgh, in the last century. His people were in easy or affluent circumstances. He in early life studied law, and was admitted to the standing of a "Writer to the Signet," in which capacity he practised many years in Edinburgh. During this period of his life he was very gay, and found great pleasure in society and in the amusements that were popular among the upper classes in Edinburgh at that time. But his mind becoming impressed with the importance of religion and the interests of his soul, he forsook his former habits and soon became noted for his seriousness of mind and decided piety. He was led eventually to study for the ministry. He studied theology under the distinguished Dr. Chalmers. Having completed his theological course, he was ordained in 1833, and he immediately left for Canada as an ordained missionary from the Church of Scotland. He laboured, for a short time after he came out here, in Kingston or the neighbourhood, and then went west and laboured in Newmarket, north of Toronto, and the neighbouring townships. There he married Miss Narcissa Gorham, who survives him. In 1836 or 1837, he came back to Gananoque, and was settled there, where he continued to labour, till in April, 1869, he resigned his pastorate.

He was always industrious and self-denying as a minister of the Gospel. In those early days, when roads were bad, and when in many directions there were no roads at all, Mr. Gordon was ever ready to do his part of missionary work, exploring new districts, attending Church courts, visiting the sick, etc. Long journeys were often undertaken by him on horseback when the roads were not fit for any vehicle. He took a great interest in the disruption controversy, and when a number of the ministers here thought they should by a decided act shew their sympathy with those in the old land, who forsook churches and manes and good livings for conscience' sake and the honour of Jesus as King and Head of the Church, he cast in his lot with them and became one of the original nineteen Free Church ministers in Canada. Only a very few of that little band now remain; Dr. Reid, of Toronto; Thomas Alexander, of Mt. Pleasant; Donald McKenzie, of Zorra; George Smellie, of Fergus; and Daniel Allan, now residing in Goderich, are the only survivors. Amid the difficulties and labours that fell to the lot of that new organization, Mr. Gordon was ever ready to bear his part.

Among the prominent features of his character we may mention his sincerity. This was always conspicuous, and if those associated with him were sometimes compelled to differ with him, they always felt and knew that he was in earnest, and that he was aiming at what he regarded as duty and truth. Another thing always prominent with Mr. Gordon was his zeal for the Master and His Kingdom. This he exhibited by his constant labours for the advancement of the cause of Christ in this new country. Those

who knew him when in his prime bear testimony to his readiness for all sorts of work connected with the promotion of the Gospel. This became his ruling desire to the end of his life, so that in these latter days when from increasing infirmity he was hardly able with his staff to walk about, he was continually asking as a favour to be taken to see the poor or the sick, and many a time he has been brought home, by some kind friend, worn out and utterly exhausted by a walk to see some old friend, or some sick person with whom he wished to speak of the Saviour. He was eminently modest in estimating his own labours as a minister. It is seldom one meets a man so sincerely impatient of praise as Mr. Gordon, or who would so promptly deprecate any laudations of his work as a servant of Jesus. He had a very humble view of himself and his work, and often did he deplore his want of success as he saw his own career. But while he thus depreciated himself he was very liberal and generous in judging of others. He had very little of the disposition to criticise others severely or find fault with them. He had that happier disposition that inclined him to look upon the brighter and more hopeful side of his neighbour's character. It was said of Aristides the just—the great Athenian—"that the merit of others instead of offending him became his own by the approbation he gave it." This spirit was largely shewn by Mr. Gordon.

In his prime he was very successful as a platform speaker. Those who remember him as he was twenty or thirty years ago tell with enthusiasm how brilliant and happy he could sometimes be, especially when called on without having time to prepare. When he prepared he did so very elaborately, and was apt to be tedious. This was his failing as a preacher. In his desire to impress his audience he often exhausted his patience. In conversation he was always choice and happy in his language and expressions, and always dignified and chaste in his sentiments. You could not think of anything loose or frivolous or unseemly as coming from Mr. Gordon. He had a rich, powerful voice, which retained its clearness, volume and vigour, till within a few hours of his death. He had also a great command of elegant appropriate language. His discourse in the social circle was always that of a cultivated Christian gentleman, who had formed his social habits in the old school, where well turned sentences and elegant diction were valued as they deserve to be.

The piety of this servant of God was one of his most noticeable features of character. This shone with a steady radiance. It was not his regular attendance upon public and private worship alone that shewed his piety; his whole conversation was fragrant with it. He was preëminently a man of one theme. During the last years of his life he took little interest in, and knew very little about, secular affairs. Passing events of the day, the topics that fill the press, he cared little for. In respect to these things he had very little to say, and when they were being discussed he usually sat silent. But when religious themes were touched upon his interest at once awoke, and, with a most evident relish, he listened to or joined in conversation bearing upon Christ and His cause in the world.

In Mr. Gordon one of the fathers of the Church and one of the founders of it in this part of Canada is gone. He has left behind him a name that all will respect, and many will say as they think of his peaceful death, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

SABBATH SCHOOL RETURNS 1880-1.

The blank forms on the Sabbath school work for the current ecclesiastical year have been mailed to all the Presbyteries of the Church.

Attention is directed to the instruction of the General Assembly in minutes, page 28, viz.: "That the Assembly, while regretting that so many congregations have failed to make returns, and rejoicing in the growing interest and increased efficiency in the work of the schools, enjoin congregations to furnish the information asked."

In order to enable the Conveners of Synodical Sabbath school Committees to report, the returns of Presbyteries ought to be forwarded early in April.

Should these blank forms fail to reach their destination, or further copies be desired, they will be furnished upon application. JOHN MCEWEN, *Convenor.*

Ingersoll, Jan. 4, 1880.

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### CERTAIN FAMILY SAFEGUARDS.

Anything which unifies a family and promotes the family feeling is a safeguard. Too many households are practically carried on as though they were merely lodging-houses and restaurants. The individuals composing them have their separate interests, and go on their differing ways as though there were no common tie to bind them closely, and as though kinship were a rope of sand, convenient for some purposes, but easily broken at will. Now, this is all wrong. God has set men, women and children in families, and by help of the family relation we come to a better comprehension of His love in providence, His wisdom in discretion, and His right to our obedience. "Of whom the whole family in heaven and on earth is named," is one of the sweetest and most suggestive texts in Holy Writ, reminding us that the Church below and the Church above are one, bound in the same fealty, worshipping the same Saviour, inheritors of the same divine promises, though part have crossed the flood, and part are crossing now. When father and mother have their life and friends quite apart from those of their children, when the boys are in a hurry to scatter in every direction after tea, and the girls prefer any place to their home, the home is in a dangerous state. It should be more than four walls, more than a roof, a shelter from the storm, and a place to eat and sleep in; and if it be only these and nothing more, it has failed in its mission. Sometimes people have so hard a time just to get on from day to day, that they think they are excusable if they sacrifice the amenities of life to its grim necessities. But poverty need be no bar to love. Sometimes people are so intent on laying up money for their children that they neglect their children's souls, and worldly advancement becomes the golden prize to which their energies are bent. Sordid ambition is inevitably a foe to domestic affection. It is a gross form of selfishness, and love withers when selfishness scorches its tender roots. Sometimes father and mother are so absorbed in society, or politics, or fashion, that they neglect their little children, and think they have done their whole duty when they have provided nurses and preceptors for them in their juvenile years. And the swift hours pass, and the weeks and months and years roll on, and after a while the unnatural spectacle is presented of young men and women who are heartless, irresponsible, fast, lovers of pleasure and devotees of their own wills. The artificial excitements of our day and generation are many. Temptations environ the path of the young. The family should be a bulwark, a defence, a representative of the most sacred principles of human nature, and a place of retreat to the sorrowful, the merry, the tired and the ardent alike. The very fact that so many ages, from the venerable grandparents to the toddler of two or three summers, may be gathered about a single hearthstone, shews that the mingling of experiences, temperaments and dispositions is meant to be beneficial all round.

There is one safeguard which it is not possible for every family to have in our migratory American life. We mean love of the birthplace. We are nomadic in our customs. The Bedouins of the desert do not shift their tents more easily than we our habitations. In most of our towns, moving-day is an institution. On the farm, too, often the one idea of the sons and daughters is to leave it when they can. It is sterile, it is lonely, it is slow, and the fledged birds cannot abide it. Anywhere to try their wings out of the old cradle nest. Now, love of the birthplace, and next to that love of some one homestead, is a potent force in character building. The home gathers to itself associations as the children grow up, and it has its memories of nuptial joy, of home-comings of the absent, of college friends brought thither for a vacation—yes, and sickness and death, and bereavement, sad but sacred reminiscences. Every man who can should aim to possess a bit of ground and a house, that he may give his children this advantage of steadiness, and that the features of nature may impress themselves on their hearts.

Family worship rightly conducted is a safeguard. It should not be perfunctory, and it should not be tedious, nor yet personal. Never take the family prayer time for reproof, for praying at somebody who has made a mistake. Never let the service be long

and wearisome to the flesh. Put heart in it. Let the reading of Scripture be serious, but let it be vivid and interesting. If there are children, let each have a Bible and read verse about. Let the petitions be sweet with thankfulness, and go trustfully to God with the family wants.

Confidence and intimate friendship between parents and children are safeguards. There must be authority. There must be good order and obedience. These are consistent with candour, with honesty, with open and undisguised affection. As the wee ones grow older, the son should be to his mother as a lover, the daughter to her father as a ministering angel.

Family song is a safeguard. Cultivate music, instrumental and vocal. Let the house be glad and gay. Do not frown on fun. Do not think a long face and a solemn demeanor especially pleasing to God. Imitate the birds, who have neither store-house nor barn, yet are fed from His hand, and who sing and sing in the day dawn and the dusk.—*Christian at Work.*

### THREESCORE AND TEN.

Threescore and ten! How the tide rolls on,  
Nearing the limitless sea;  
Bearing the voyager over life's flood  
To boundless eternity.  
On, through the childhood's sunny hours,  
On, through youth with its golden flowers,  
On, through manhood's ripened powers,  
Till age appears,  
With its crown of years,  
And the time-worn mariner, sighing for rest,  
Anchors at last in the port of the blest.

Threescore and ten! How the rolling years  
Are checkered with sunshine and shade!  
The calm chased away by the pitiless storm.  
Earth's joy into sorrow must fade,  
Spring with its bloom and perfume sped,  
Fruit-laden Summer quickly fled,  
Autumn come with weary tread,  
Bent with the load  
Of treasured food,  
And then stern Winter, with frosty breath,  
Throws over the fields the pall of death.

Threescore and ten! And if we shall reach  
The bound to life that here is set,  
How few of the comrades of early years  
Around us will linger yet!  
Father and mother, their journey is o'er;  
Brothers and sisters, we greet them no more;  
Our loved ones stand thro' the farther shore.  
They beckon us on,  
They point to the crown,  
And with longing hearts they wait  
To lead us through the pearly gate.

Threescore and ten! And the snows of years  
Are resting upon that brow;  
But, as backward we glance o'er the way we have trod,  
Before God our father we bow,  
And joyous we bring Him our song of praise,  
His mercies have cheered us through all our days,  
And we fervently pray that life's setting rays  
Through love divine  
May cloudless shine—  
Melting away in purer light  
That illumines the land which knows no night.

Threescore and ten! Stand firm in thy lot,  
Faithful and true to the end;  
Bending thine ear to catch every word  
Of the message the Master doth send;  
Wakeful thine eye, for far spent is the night;  
Burnished thine armour, thou soldier of light;  
Ready to march, for the day star is bright;  
Hold in the fight  
For truth and right!  
Thou a conqueror shalt stand  
With the exulting blood-bought band.

Threescore and ten! And what shall we add  
To measure the earthly strife?  
How many sands are left in the glass,  
Counting the years of life?  
One by one they silently fall,  
One by one till have fallen all,  
One by one till thy God shall call:  
"Thy race is run,  
Servant, well done!  
Faithful in the Lord's employ,  
Enter now into His joy!"

—Independent.

### POLITE LYING.

"You must come and see me very soon, my dear. I shall quite count upon a visit from you."  
"Oh, certainly, I shall be delighted to do so; it will afford me a great pleasure."

"I can't bear to go to her home," said the latter speaker, as the visitor turned away; "and I never shall return her call if I can help it, but I suppose one must be polite."

"I hope that very disagreeable Miss Blank won't

come soon, she's so hard to entertain," said the former to herself. "I felt bound to invite her, but I hope she won't come."

"What a darling little love of a baby," said Miss Cerulia Cush; "how you must dote on every one of his golden curls! Dear little fellow! Never mind his sticky fingers, he shall have as much cake as he wants. Yes, Mrs. Dotting, I quite agree with you. your Jimmie is the most remarkably precocious child I ever met with, and as for beauty—why, he's an angel. I wonder," soliloquized the spinster, looking ruefully at her smeared silk as the baby was borne ignominiously away, kicking and screaming, "how women can be such fools. Why, that child is a perfect fright, and what a temper the stupid little owl has, but of course his mother thinks him perfection, and one must seem to think so too, for politeness sake, if for nothing else."

"Did you do that piece of work yourself? How charming! You have such taste, and you are a very pattern of industry," says Miss Admirari, and during the next call she compares notes with her other dearest friend on the odious contrast of colour exhibited in the last achievement of friend number one, and suggests that it would be much more to the credit of the latter did she devote some of the time so largely wasted in fancy work to assisting her mother in household duties, or the church in good works.

"How delicious your pies are, and you really must give me the recipe for that cake," said Mrs. Notable. "I wish I were as good a cook as you. This aloud, but inaudibly: "I think my husband and children would starve if I condemned them to such sour bread, underdone cake, and pasty pie-crust."

"What a charming hat!" says sprightly Mrs. French; "you will be the belle of the season. Do favour me with the name of your milliner;" but to her own modiste she privately describes the horrible combination of pale green and blue with which Mrs. Fashion has seen fit to surround her sallow countenance.

"How can I express the pleasure you have given me! I so dote on poetry, and yours is so exquisite," says young John Critic, whose nerves have been quivering for an hour under the infliction of the false quantities and bad rhymes which his friend Bore has been reading to him from his manuscript.

"Cigars don't affect me in the least; indeed, I am quite partial to the aroma," says the white-lipped girl to her "gentleman friend," who smokes unconsciously at her side; her suffering only equalled by those of the other girl who persists in riding with her back to the horses, and says that the motion does not affect her in the least, though knowing that many times before she has been reduced to a state of miserable seasickness by a similar proceeding.

"Not at home to-day, John;" and the footman receives and delivers the message to visitors as unconsciously as though there were no moral wrong involved in the transaction.

A few days ago the writer was present at a dreary "examination" of two boys in grammar, arithmetic, and other ordinary school studies. These things, not very interesting to a general audience at any time, became exceedingly tedious as hour after hour dragged by; and at length the young governess, having called for the verbatim repetition of nearly the whole of Guyot's geography, turned and said, "Don't let us weary you. Tell us when you have had enough; you're not tired yet, I hope," with an air which said, "I know you desire a great deal more."

As the speaker paused, evidently expecting an answer, the small audience looked puzzled, when one lady relieved the embarrassment, with infinite tact, by saying, "Pray do not interrupt your examination till you have fully satisfied yourself and your pupils." The answer was given so politely and pleasantly that no one could be offended; but the hint was taken, and the "examination" soon closed, to the great relief of both pupils and audience.

It was the discussion of this little occurrence with a young clergyman who chanced to be among the audience that gave rise to an animated conversation concerning the propriety and morality of polite lying. Several, including the minister, asserted that both politeness and kindness demand that we frequently say that which we do not mean, admire that which we do not like, assent to that with which we do not agree, and in many ways speak and act lies to avoid wounding the feelings of others. One lady present, who immediately received the soubriquet of "Puritan,"

maintained that while it is not necessary to say all that we think; while we need never give adverse opinion unless it is positively called for; while we need not obtrude our likes and dislikes, nor express our unfavourable criticism; while, indeed, we should seek for something which we can honestly admire and praise in every one, all shams and subterfuges, all seemings that are not realities, and especially all words spoken with intent to deceive are, in plain Saxon, lies, and no amount of kindness of purpose can change their moral character.

The writer listened and thought. This tampering with the divinest of attributes—truth—seems to her to touch principles and forces far beneath the frothy surface of conventionality, and to account for many things which pain honest observers in the developments of our social life.—*Margaret E. Winslow, in Zion's Herald.*

**HOW THEY GOT A MINISTER.**

They came to a little village church and heard him. He preached a good sermon. He was reverent in manner; his church services were all orderly; everything moved smoothly. They quietly inquired about him of his own people, and there was but one answer: he was all that a good minister and pastor should be. Then they mailed him a little note. Their vacant pulpit had been placed at his disposal the first Sabbath of the following month; their people wanted to hear him. They would give him \$50 for preaching, and pay all expenses. To their surprise, and with a long list of applicants in their hands, from D.D.s to S.T.D.s, they got this reply:

"No, brethren, I cannot come and preach to you. I am not a candidate for your pulpit. I would not leave my church for another, unless providence pointed the way. Somehow I do not believe the way lies in the direction of appearing before a congregation of strangers and preaching on trial. I did this once. After that I heard I was not quite tall enough; my coat did not fit as it should; my necktie was awry, and I learned that this was 'not accidental, for it was just so in the evening.' In the first part of my sermon I spoke 'too loud,' in the latter part 'too low.' I gestured too much with my left arm; I was 'too nervous' in my manner. My sermon in the morning 'was rather too analytical;' I did not pray for the success of evangelistic work in the evening, although I had in the morning; and there was more of the same order. Brethren, I then said, 'As for myself no more candidacy.' Now, if you want to hear me, I shall be happy to welcome you to my church; but I have no idea you will come. My necktie is still awry at times, and sometimes I omit to pray for evangelistic work in the evening. But my people put up with all these and other serious deficiencies, and having learned in whatever state I am therewith to be content, I am satisfied to continue to preach for my people. If you ever want to hear me, come and welcome to my church; the sexton will give you a good seat."

The committee found they could not move the mountain toward Mohammed, so four Mohammeds kindly went to the mountain. They heard that minister. They gave him a call; he went to preach for them to see how he would like them, as the church, and not he, was the candidate. He preached; possibly his necktie was a little awry; possibly he omitted to pray for evangelistic work in the evening. Be that as it may, he accepted the call, was installed, and is now a successful minister.—*Christian at Work.*

**THE ALABASTER BOX.**

There was a town in Egypt called Alabastron, where boxes, vases, jars and such things were made of a peculiar stone—a kind of soft white marble which was found in that neighbourhood, and which was supposed to be specially adapted to preserve the odour of precious ointments. The Greeks named the things, from the place where they were made, "alabastra." The stone itself grew to be called by that name, and at last all bottles or vases that were made to keep perfume in, no matter what their shape was, or of what they were made, were called "alabastra." They have been found made of gold, glass, ivory, bones, and shells. Although their shapes differed, they were usually long and slender at the top, and round and full at the bottom.

The vases held generally about half a pint. The ointment used was very fragrant indeed. That used by the Jews was made of a variety of ingredients—

myrrh, sweet cinnamon, sweet calamus, cassia and olive oil; but it was not permitted to be used for any other purpose. We read in John that such as Mary used cost three hundred pence a pound. A penny was about fifteen cents; so calculating by avoirdupois weight, the pound of ointment would cost forty-five dollars.

**IMPORTUNITY.**

He standeth knocking at the door,  
"O Lord! how long? how long?  
Weeping, Thy patience I adore,  
And yet the bars are strong.  
Lord, draw them for me, for my hand is weak,  
The night is chill. Enter Thou till the streak  
Of ruddy morning flush the day's young cheek!"

He standeth knocking, knocking still,  
"Sweet, pleading voice, I hear,"  
The mist is rolling from the hill,  
The fourth slow watch is near.  
Through the small lattice I beheld His face,  
In the cold starlight, full of pitying grace;  
Yet how to guest Him in so mean place?

He standeth knocking, knocking loud!  
Yes! for the timbers creak;  
Eastward there low'rs an angry cloud;  
"Sweet Saviour, hear me speak;  
Oh, hide not there to feel the drenching rain!  
I bid Thee welcome, but in grief and pain  
Tell Thee my strength against these bars is vain."

He standeth knocking, knocking oft,  
The day of grace wears on,  
The chiding spirit whispers soft,  
"Perchance He may be gone  
Whilst thou still lingerest." "Not the bars alone  
Keep Thee out Lord; against the door is thrown  
Sand bags of care and hoarded gains and stone."

He standeth knocking, knocking faint,  
"Blest Saviour, leave me not;  
But let me tell Thee my complaint,  
The misery of my lot;  
And let me sweep the floor Thy feet must press,  
Deck myself royally for Thy caress,  
Make myself worthy ere Thou stoop to bless!"

He standeth knocking, knocking still,  
"Lord, help me in my doubt,  
Must I put forth this feeble will  
To draw Thee from without?  
Then help my weakness." Hear each stern bar give,  
The door flies backward. He but whispers "Live!"  
While on His patient breast I weeping, plead "Forgive!"  
—*Good Words.*

**THE LAWS OF MOSES.**

About thirty-five centuries ago, wondrous scenes were enacted in other and distant lands. In those far-off places of the earth, the epitome of moral law for generations that were to come was promulgated, as we believe, by divine inspiration, coming through the person of the leader of the Hebrew exodus from Egypt. By divine inspiration, I say, which hypothesis fully accounts for its wisdom. But if not by inspiration, it is a miracle of human wisdom; for I have said in public before, and now assert, that of all mere men who have lived in all time, Moses has done more than any other to tunnel the mountain of human knowledge through which trains of living wisdom have passed and are passing in these later ages for the civilization and progress of mankind.

We hear a great deal in modern times about the mistakes of Moses. The ten grand mistakes of Moses are the ten commandments, the laws of modern civilization. Let him who points out the mistakes of Moses amend those ten commandments and improve the decalogue if he can.—*Hon. J. R. Tucker.*

WHOEVER looks for a friend without imperfections will never find what he seeks. We love ourselves with all our faults, and we ought to love our friends in like manner.

A PREACHER took passage in one of the Lake Erie boats on a Sunday. He had not been long on board before he applied for permission to hold a religious meeting. "No," said the captain, to whom the application was made; "any minister who would travel on a Sunday isn't fit to preach on board my boat."

THERE are 5,773 post offices in Canada. The number of letters mailed during the year was 45,800,000; postal cards, 7,800,000; registered letters, 2,040,000; and free letters, 1,050,000. The newspapers from the office of publication, at the rate of one cent per pound, weighed 4,361,118 pounds; otherwise by post, 5,810,000 papers. The expenditure for the year to June last amounted to \$1,687,565. There were 581,470 letters received at the dead letter office.

**WORDS OF THE WISE.**

ANOTHER year, with all its hopes and fears,  
Has sunk into the deep abyss of time;  
And on the threshold of the new we stand,  
Like travellers to a strange and distant clime.  
Hope smiling beckons, bidding us take courage;  
Faith points to heaven where God and angels dwell,  
Assuring us that all our untried future  
Is known to Him who "doeth all things well."

THE Gospel is love and mercy from God to man, but it is also right and justice from man to man.

HOPE is like the wing of an angel, soaring up to heaven and bearing our prayers to the throne of God.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

HE who is false to the present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the effect when the weaving of a lifetime is unravelled.

THE self-emptied soul drinks in God's message of free grace as eagerly and as sweetly as the thirsty traveller drinks in water.

THE surest method of arriving at a knowledge of God's eternal purposes about us is to be found in the right use of the present moment.—*F. W. Faber.*

QUAINT old Richard Fuller very beautifully said that "he who spends all his life in sport is like one who wears nothing but fringes and eats nothing but sauces."

THE noblest spirits are those that turn to heaven, not in the hour of sorrow, but in that of joy. Like the lark, they wait for the cloud to disperse, that they may soar into their native element.

WE can find no "corners" in the Sermon on the Mount, no forced levy in the Golden Rule, no "speculation" in the "Single Eye," no monopoly except that of Joseph in Egypt.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

A MAN once complained to his minister that he had prayed a whole year that he might enjoy the comforts of religion, but found no answer to his prayer. "Go home now," said the minister, "and pray, 'Father, glorify Thyself.'"

HOMES are like harps, of which one is finely carved and bright with gilding, but ill-tuned and jarring the air with its discords; while another is old and plain and worn, but from its chords float strains that are a feast of music.—*Advance.*

WE can do nothing now to build the streets and gates [of heaven], but by God's grace we can do much, very much, now to begin to become the men and women to whom one day heaven shall be possible.—*Rev. Phillips Brooks.*

WHEN conscience is thoroughly afraid of the remembrance of thy past sins, and the devil assaileth thee with great violence, going about to overwhelm thee with heaps, floods, and whole seas of sin, to terrify thee, and draw thee from Christ, then arm thyself with such sentences as these: Christ the Son of God was given, not for the holy, righteous, worthy and such as were His friends; but for the wicked sinners, and for His enemies; therefore, if Satan say, "Thou art a sinner, and therefore must be condemned," then answer thou and say, "Because thou sayest I am a sinner, therefore will I be righteous and be saved;" and if he reply, "Nay, but sinners must be condemned," then answer thou and say, "No, for I fly to Christ, who hath given Himself for my sins, and, therefore, Satan, in that thou sayest I am a sinner, thou givest me armour and weapons against thyself, that with thine own sword I may cut thy throat, and tread thee under my feet."—*Luther.*

AH! if Jesus Christ were to require you to exchange the general good opinion which you enjoy for the humiliations of His life and the opprobrium of His death, the riches which abound in your houses for the abasement and destitution of His poverty; that comfortable life, that delicate bringing up, all those desires gratified as soon as formed, for the privations, the disquietudes, the sufferings of the body; the intense solicitude, or the sweet society of those dearly-loved ones who are the delight of your eyes and the joy of your hearts, for separation, bereavement, and bitter solicitude, do you think within yourselves that you would be ready to bear the loss of all things so that you may win Christ? If you inwardly answer, "This is a hard saying; who can bear it?" all is said. I do not here decide whether your soul can be saved such as you are; but it is very certain, such as you are, you will not be a follower of St. Paul.—*Monod.*



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## PRESBYTERIAL CONFERENCES.

WE have only room this week to refer in briefest terms to the Conference on the State of Religion, which has been held by the Presbytery of Toronto during the past days. In the highest and best sense of these terms these meetings have been a great success. All present felt that it was indeed good to be there, and very precious and permanent results may be looked for from this and similar meetings held here and elsewhere. We expect in our next issue to be able to give in full one or more of the papers read at the Conference.

## MISSIONARY MEETINGS IN TORONTO.

WE call special attention to the advertisement in another column in reference to the missionary services to be held in this city on this day week and the subsequent Sabbath. The various meetings which Dr Mackay has been holding for some considerable time past in the eastern sections of the Dominion, have been uniformly and exceptionally successful, not only or chiefly in the numbers which have attended and in the sums which have been raised, but in the deep spiritual interest which has been awakened, and in the very blessed personal quickening which many of God's people have thereby experienced. Almost without a single exception these visits of Dr. Mackay have been felt to be times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; and if a season of revival be simply one in which greater attention than usual is given to religion, and when the things connected with life and salvation are treated more than is ordinarily the case in accordance with what their recognized importance would seem to demand, then such a revival has been experienced in most of the congregations visited. We hope that this will be increasingly the case, not only in those localities where Dr. Mackay may still hold meetings, but all over the Church. It would be a token inexpressibly for good if in every congregation and among all its different classes, this interest were awakened and maintained—interest in one's own individual salvation and then in that of others; and that not so much by extraordinary and spasmodic efforts as in the usual course of faithful and sustained pastoral work, and in answer to united and believing prayer. The hearts of very many of God's people in our Church are greatly set upon this, and the indications all are that they will not be disappointed in their aspirations. A silent work of preparation has in many cases been going on, and such addresses as those of Dr. Mackay are greatly suited to further and develop this work. Personal interest in the man and the comparative romance of his career may have helped in some instances to intensify the excitement. But in far more we are persuaded that it has been of a higher and more substantial character, and that the more closely it is watched and the more dispassionately examined, the more will the conclusion be reached that the Spirit of the Lord has been very graciously and very unmistakably present in all His quickening and saving power. Let us hope that all which has as yet been experienced shall be only as the first droppings of a mighty and refreshing shower.

## "THE CHURCH" AND "THE DENOMINATIONS."

AT the late Episcopal Conference held in this city, Provost Whittaker read a paper which has called forth a good deal of unpleasantly hostile criticism, from the writer quietly taking it for granted that the Anglican Church is by way of eminence *the Church*, from which all other denominations of professed Christians are dissenters, and to union with which all will need to return before they can with propriety be regarded as parts of the body of Christ, or in any de-

gree have a claim to being recognized and treated as such. Bishop Sweatman has also been greatly found fault with for saying that he cultivated "a cordial *street acquaintance with Nonconformists*" but could not co-operate with them in any religious or semi-religious work except that of the Bible Society.

Now, we frankly say that we find little ground for all the astonishment and indignation which have been felt and expressed about such utterances. The whimsically absurd position taken by the Provost is simply that which rigid and consistent Churchmen have always occupied. The somewhat foolishly patronizing, not to say grotesque, airs of Bishop Sweatman, like those of Archbishop Lynch, are not in the slightest degree more exaggerated or offensive than those which have always been displayed by the great mass of his co-religionists. Their Church principles naturally, and necessarily lead them to follow such a course; and, however offensive and unbecoming that may be, it is something not so much calling for indignant protest as for sorrowful regret, not unmingled it may be with a considerable tendency to something like contempt. We are not sure if Provost Whittaker allows that it is possible for anything like genuine Christian character to be found in any of those who are separated from "the Church." We shall not say that he does not, for his words are ambiguous; but if he is logical in his reasoning and consistent in his practice, he certainly could not make such an admission seeing that in that case he would have to declare that he could not, for ecclesiastical reasons, engage in the slightest act of religious worship with some who, he was persuaded, had been bought with the same precious blood, were partakers of like precious faith with himself, and were journeying to the same heavenly home.

But whatever may be Provost Whittaker's theories, or Bishop Sweatman's practice, what does it matter, except to those gentlemen themselves and to those ecclesiastically associated with them? Arrogant and not seldom ignorant Churchmen have never been great novelties, and in such a country as this their lofty exclusiveness or peculiar ecclesiastical theories are matters of exceedingly little importance. If they are pleased with the toy of so-called Apostolic Succession, and are satisfied to make themselves at once absurd and offensive by Pharisaic exclusiveness, why not? Their lofty ecclesiastical assumptions have times without number been shewn to be foundationless, and their personal and Church isolation is, as far as others are concerned, a fit subject possibly for criticism but certainly not for complaint. They are not the first who have said, "Stand by thyself for I am holier than thou," and it is in the greatest degree unlikely that they will be the last. Spiritual fellowship, let it never be forgotten, is not a thing to be forced, and no one with becoming self-respect ought to complain when it is refused, for the very refusal clearly indicates that the oneness of sentiment, the sympathy of feeling, and the identity of aim and aspiration, indispensable to such fellowship, are not there. How either Provost Whittaker or Bishop Sweatman could fancy that such talk as they indulged in on the occasion in question, could have any soothing or conciliatory influence upon the "separatists," is more than we can divine. Perhaps they did not think of that at all, and meant nothing but a private and confidential comparison of notes among themselves as to the proper bearing of Churchmen "towards those that are without," which somehow or other got into the newspapers from the enterprise and ubiquity of reporters. In any case it is attaching far too much importance to a very small matter to make much or any ado over it. From one cause or another some of Christ's people have often not been able to recognize the characteristics of discipleship in others, though these were very marked and unmistakable. In such cases it has been to the loss, perhaps to the discredit, certainly to the ultimate regret, of those who were affected with such disagreeable and possibly culpable blindness; but it has always only made bad worse when there has been anything like a wrangle over the matter. The world is wide enough for both; the work pressing, sufficient to call forth the utmost ability of each. Foolish and foundationless claims to ecclesiastical superiority may very properly be exposed and exploded. Refusal of anything like fraternal intercourse or recognition of Christian character can only with proper self-respect be allowed in silence and indifference to go for what it is worth.

Till a spirit very different from what has hitherto prevailed and prevails now among the great mass of

the Anglican clergy both in this Dominion and elsewhere be displayed, we have been long convinced that anything like either friendly intercourse or fraternal co-operation between these and other bodies of Christians was quite out of the question. That such should be the case must be a matter of deep regret to many, but that it is undoubtedly the fact, is becoming every day more and more manifest to all; and shutting one's eyes to its reality will not make it less the fact, or less disagreeable, and discreditable as well.

## THE WALDENSES.

WE call special attention to the letter of Dr. Mathews, which will be found in another column. The Waldenses have become world-famous as those who kept the faith when all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones. The frightful character of the persecutions which they endured at the hands of the Pope and his myrmidons is, in a general way, familiar to all in any measure acquainted with the past history of the Church of Christ. Anything more atrocious than the treatment which these simple-hearted inhabitants of the Alpine valleys received at the hands of those who called themselves followers of Him who came not to destroy men's lives but to save them, could not well be imagined. We suppose it was understood to be the most effective and Christ-like plan which at that time could be thought of for the "Church" to pursue in its dealings with the "denominations." In describing these noble men and women of the valleys, one writer, so recently as 1870, says: "In every age the manners of the people have been the same. They are tall, graceful, vigorous; a mountain race, accustomed to labour, or to hunt: the chamois on his native crags. The women are fair and spotless; their rude but plaintive hymns are often heard resounding from the chestnut groves; their native refinement softens the apparent harshness of their frugal lives. Over the whole population of the Vaudois valleys has ever rested the charm of a spotless purity. Their fair and tranquil countenances speak only frankness and simplicity; their lives are passed in deeds of charity, in honest labours, and in unvarying self-respect. The vices and the follies, the luxury and the crime, that have swept over Europe, never invaded the happy valleys unless carried thither by the papal troops. No pride, no avarice, no fierce resentment, disturbs the peaceful Vaudois; no profanity, no crime, is heard of in this singular community. To wait upon the sick, to aid the stranger, are eagerly contended for as a privilege; compassion even for their enemies is the crowning excellence of this generous race." The same writer gives the following short account of the past history of these brave and simple-hearted believers: "We may accept, for we cannot refute, the narrative of their early history given by the Vaudois themselves. Soon after the dawn of Christianity, they assert, their ancestors embraced the faith of St. Paul, and practised the simple rites and usages described by Justin or Tertullian. The Scriptures became their only guide; the same belief, the same sacraments, they maintain to-day they held in the age of Constantine and Tertullian. They relate that, as the Romish Church grew in power and pride, their ancestors repelled its assumptions, and refused to submit to its authority; that when, in the ninth century, the use of images was enforced by superstitious popes, they, at least, never consented to become idolaters; that they never worshipped the Virgin, nor bowed at an idolatrous mass. When, in the eleventh century, Rome asserted its supremacy over kings and princes, the Vaudois were its bitterest foes. The three valleys formed the theological school of Europe. The Vaudois missionaries travelled into Hungary and Bohemia, France, England, even Scotland, and aroused the people to a sense of the fearful corruption of the Church. They pointed to Rome as the antichrist, the centre of every abomination. They taught, in the place of the Romish innovations, the pure faith of the apostolic age. Lollard, who led the way to the reforms of Wycliffe, was a preacher from the valleys; the Albigenes of Provence, in the twelfth century, were the fruits of the Vaudois missions; Germany and Bohemia were reformed by the teachers of Piedmont; Huss and Jerome did little more than proclaim the Vaudois faith; and Luther and Calvin were only the necessary offspring of the apostolic churches of the Alps." Perhaps this may be a little strongly put, though it would be difficult to exaggerate the high-hearted nobility and simple Christ-like devotion of

those faithful ones of the valleys. And now, in the changed times and circumstances of the present day, with these valleys free, and Italy everywhere open to the preaching of the Gospel, it is not unreasonable to expect that the brethren of other lands should so far send help and sympathy to those who are not only descendants of heroes of the faith, but have shewn themselves to be the worthy sons of noble sires, who are still with all zeal and efficiency prosecuting that great work in which their fathers laboured, "counting not their lives dear unto themselves that they might finish their course with joy, and the ministry which they had received of the Lord Jesus Christ to testify the Gospel of the grace of God."

THE TRUE HUMANITY OF CHRIST.\*

DR. CROSBY'S object in this essay is to set forth a view of the person of Christ which shall make His humanity more real to all of us, and His life as portrayed in Scripture more comprehensible than does the ordinary view. Dr. Crosby thinks that the creed of the present day ascribes to Christ two persons, and that Nestorianism is practically the doctrine of the Reformed Churches. He says that the humanity of Christ has been lost in the divinity, and that by this error His true humanity is as completely destroyed as it was by the Docete. He denies that there is in the Lord any duality of consciousness, intelligence or will. The Word (*Logos*) "became" not assumed flesh. He subjected Himself completely to all the limitations of manhood, and we cannot, during His humiliation predicate of Him any activity of the divine nature at all; His omniscience, omnipotence, omnipresence were in abeyance. "No action of our Saviour's earthly life, from Bethlehem to Calvary, exhibits divinity." Dr. Crosby attempts to shew that all the passages of Scripture which have been taken to prove that He exhibited knowledge or power such as belong only to God, affirm nothing of Him which might not have been affirmed of the prophets. If Jesus said to the stormy waves, "Peace, be still," Joshua said, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gibeon, and thou moon in the valley of Ajalon." If Jesus "knew what was in man;" Paul "perceived that the cripple had faith to be healed."

Dr. Crosby is as far as possible from calling in question our Lord's divinity. Nothing, indeed, could be clearer or terser than his statement of the proof of it in this essay. But the Godhead of Christ was "dormant," "paralyzed." It will thus be seen that Dr. Crosby maintains the modern doctrine of the *Kenosis*. This doctrine of the person of Christ, the writer tells us, he wrought out for himself from Scripture, having no knowledge of the history of the doctrine; and having subsequently given careful attention to the controversies on the subject, he saw no reason to modify his views.

We doubt whether this reverent and beautifully written essay throws any further light upon the great "mystery of Godliness." We scarcely expect the Church to improve upon, or advance beyond, the statement that "The eternal Son of God, by taking to Himself a true body and a reasonable soul, became man, and so was and continues to be, God and man, in two distinct natures and one person forever." This is the theology of Chacedon, and of Westminster, and of the Church at large.

The doctrine advocated by Dr. Crosby is liable, we think, to the following among other objections:

1. It asks us to believe that God may lay aside all His perfections, and be as if He possessed them not. He may cease to know all things, to have all power, to be everywhere present. Dr. Crosby believes that Christ is God, and yet during the days of His flesh no divine act was done by Him, or could be done. This complete *dormancy* of the divine nature is, we rather think, inconceivable. It is no limitation of the divine power to say that God cannot cease to be God; it is the very perfection of His nature which makes this impossible. The same perfection of nature forbids, we apprehend, the cessation of consciousness on the part of the *Logos* that He is God.

2. This doctrine seems inconsistent with the true humanity of Christ. For if the *Logos* was born of the Virgin Mary, how can Jesus Christ be a perfect man? This is still the *Logos*, and not a human soul, not a man. But if you say that the *Logos* was changed into

a human soul, or into man, have you not said something which is unintelligible, unbelievable?

3. If the Godhead of Christ resumes activity when the humiliation is past, how can we conceive of the Lord's person then? Does the human go into complete abeyance as the divine nature previously did? Is the human "dormant," "paralyzed?" Where, then, is the High Priest who can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities? But if the human nature retains its consciousness and its activity, have we not then a "duality of consciousness and activity," which has been pronounced to imply two persons? It is not enough to say that the "Divine nature overshadows the human;" for the question is—Is He really both divine and human? If so, why should He not have been such whilst He sojourned on earth?

4. Whilst the person of Christ is not rendered more comprehensible by this doctrine of the *Kenosis*, much violence must be done to many passages of Scripture to bring them into accord with it. For let it be remembered that according to this doctrine, the Lord exercises no divine attribute, and had no consciousness of divine attributes during His humiliation. His divine powers, in the words of Gess—with whom Dr. Crosby intimates his substantial agreement—"were gone, suspended, existing still, but only potentially." If the communication of the divine life from the Father was suspended during His earthly career, why should He be called Emmanuel—God with us? God is not with us, but only a man. And why in this case should it be said "we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father?" And so in his first epistle John says, "The life was manifested, and we have seen it and bear witness and shew unto you that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us." And to Philip the Lord says, "have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father; and how sayst thou shew us the Father?" And yet we are told that no action of the Saviour exhibits divinity. The knowledge of the human heart is ascribed to Christ. "Jesus knowing their thoughts, said;" "Jesus knew their thoughts and said;" "Jesus perceiving the thoughts of their heart," etc.; "Jesus knew all men and needed not that any should testify of man, for He knew what was in man." Is it satisfactory to say, as Dr. Crosby does, "there is nothing in these passages which could not apply to a man of acute observation, especially if inspired of God, as Jesus was without measure?" The omnipresence of Christ has been usually found in the words "No man hath ascended up to heaven, but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of man, which is in heaven." Dr. Crosby is an admirable Greek scholar, and any criticism of his will be received with the respect due to his great attainments, but why should he contend that the expression *ho on en to ourano* may be rendered "which was in heaven?" Is it not far more natural to explain the participle as testifying to the continued presence of the Lord in heaven? If not, why should not *en* have been employed? The very same may be said of the words in 2 Cor. viii. 9, which he cites in confirmation of the aoristic sense given by him to the participle. He "remains rich"—this is the permanent and necessary condition—though he "became poor."

No one questions the reality of the Lord's humiliation. "He made Himself of no reputation, and took upon Him the form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of men, and being found in fashion as a man, He humbled Himself (emptied Himself) and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross." But here it is not said that He ceased to be God, or ceased to have the consciousness of His Godhead, or laid aside the power of all divine action. It is the "form"—*morphe*—in which the change is found; the *ousia*, the *phusis* remains as before.

It requires little humility to say that on a subject such as this, we think and speak as children. It is little wonder if we cannot comprehend the mystery of the Lord's person. All we can do is to hold fast to Scripture, which teaches that He is truly God and truly man, and we must ascribe to Him, on earth and in heaven, all that is therein involved. And we can see, I think, that injury comes to us if either the one nature or the other is compromised in our conceptions of the Redeemer.

More and more may we, and all the Church, think of Him, adore, love, and serve Him. May we "know Him and the power of His resurrection, and the fellowship of His sufferings, being made conformable

unto His death." Even when our poor thoughts seem entirely baffled with the great theme and fall back upon us, we still feel that blessing comes to all who seek reverently to touch His sacred person.

PRESBYTERY OF MAITLAND.—This Presbytery met at Lucknow on the 21st December. There was a good attendance of members. Rev. A. F. McQueen was appointed moderator. A petition from Fordyce congregation, asking the Presbytery to form a station on the 10th concession of East Wawanosh, was laid on the table, and sessions affected cited. Members were asked if contributions had been sent for the Assembly Fund. It was agreed that the following ministers with their Presbytery elders constitute the following committees of the Presbytery—State of religion: Rev. Messrs. Ross, Jones, Sutherland, Brown, C. Cameron and Anderson. Finance: Rev. Messrs. Wilkins, McQuarrie, McKay, Leask, McFarlane and Grant. Home Mission: Rev. Messrs. D. Cameron, Taylor, McQueen, Murray and Davidson. Sabbath school: Rev. Messrs. Muir, Leitch, McRae, Hamilton and McNaughton. The following members were appointed to take charge of the schemes of the Church: Foreign Mission, J. L. Murray; Colleges, H. McQuarrie; Home Mission, D. Cameron; French Evangelization, R. W. Leitch; Infirmary Ministers' Fund, R. Leask; Widows and Orphans' Fund, G. Brown; Assembly Fund, D. B. McRae. Mr. Wilkins gave in the report on the mode of electing commissioners to the General Assembly. The following is an outline: For ministers, a roll shall be prepared according to ordination at the formation of the Presbytery, and names afterward added shall be by induction into the Presbytery. They shall be elected by rotation and by ballot in the following proportion: For five commissioners, three by rotation and two by ballot; for six commissioners, four by rotation, two by ballot; for seven commissioners, four by rotation, three by ballot. Those chosen by rotation shall be one-half from the top of the roll, the other half from the bottom; an odd number shall be from the top. By ballot, this is to be done in the usual way. For elders, the election by ballot shall be the same as that of ministers; any acting elder of the church shall be eligible. For the election by rotation a permanent roll according to congregations shall be prepared, and elders appointed in the order from the bottom of the roll to the top. If any Presbytery elder cannot attend the meeting of Assembly, the session he represents shall have the privilege of nominating another member of session to act as alternate for their representative elder. The names of alternates must be submitted to the Presbytery meeting at which commissioners to Assembly are appointed. The clerk to notify such sessions having the privilege to send commissioners at least three weeks before the meeting of Presbytery. The Presbytery agreed to hold Presbyterial visitation. The questions to be asked at such meetings were also adopted. The Presbytery was divided into four districts, and the members belonging to each district, respectively, to form the visitation committee for that district. The congregations to be all visited before the meeting of Presbytery on December, 1881. The districts are: 1st, Knox Church and St. Andrew's Church, Kincardine; Chalmers' Church, Kincardine township, Pine River, Ripley, and Huron. 2nd, Lucknow and Kinloss; St. Andrew's, Lucknow; Langside, Dungannon and Port Albert, Ashfield. 3rd, Wingham, St. Helen's and East Ashfield, Belgrave, Whitechurch and Fordyce, Bluevale and Eadie's. 4th, Knox Church and Melville Church, Fergus; Wroxeter, Fordwich and Gorrie; Cranbrook and Ethel; Duff's Church, Walton. Mr. Ross gave in the report on statistics and finances. The table on finances was ordered to be printed, with the recommendation. Professor McLaren was nominated as Moderator at the next General Assembly. The arranging for holding of missionary meetings was left with the session in each congregation. Mr. Cameron gave in the report regarding aid-receiving congregations. Messrs. Wilkins and McKay with their Presbytery elders were appointed to visit Fordwich and Gorrie congregations to inquire into their strength and ability to support ordinances. A like committee, consisting of Messrs. Ross and Jones, was appointed to visit Cranbrook and Ethel for the same purpose.—R. LEASK, Pres. Clerk.

The only cure for indolence is work; the only cure for selfishness is sacrifice; the only cure for unbelief is to shake off the ague of doubt by doing Christ's bidding; the only cure for timidity is to plunge into some dreaded duty before the chill comes on.

\* By Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D. New York: A. F. Randolph & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

## CHOICE LITERATURE.

## A DAY OF FATE.

BY REV. R. P. ROE.

HOOK FIRST.—CHAPTER XIV.—KINDLING A SPARK OF LIFE.

I soon had coffee made that was as black as the night without. Instead of calling Miss Warren, I took a tray from the dining-room, and carried it with several cups upstairs.

"Bring it here!" called the doctor.

I entered Miss Yocomb's room, and found that she had quite fully revived, and that Reuben had supported his father thither also. He reclined on the lounge, and his usually ruddy face was very pale. Both he and his wife appeared almost helpless; but the doctor had succeeded in arresting, by the use of ice, the distressing nausea that had followed consciousness. They looked at me in a bewildered manner as I entered, and could not seem to account for my presence at once. Nor did they, apparently, try to do so long, for their eyes turned toward little Zillah with a deeply troubled and perplexed expression, as if they were beginning to realize that the child was very ill, and that events of an extraordinary character had happened.

"Let me taste the coffee," said the doctor. "Ah! that's the kind—black and strong. See how it will bring them around," and he made Mr. and Mrs. Yocomb each swallow a cup of it.

"Miss Warren," he called, "give some of this to Miss Adah, if she is quiet enough to take it. I cannot leave the child."

Miss Warren came at once. Her face was clouded and anxious, and she looked with eager solicitude toward the still unconscious Zillah, whose hands Reuben was chafing.

"I think Miss Adah will soon be better," she replied to the doctor's inquiring glance, and she went back to her charge.

"Take some yourself," said the physician to me, in a low tone. "I fear we are going to have a serious time with the little girl."

"You do not realize," I urged, "that Miss Warren needs keeping up almost as truly as any of them."

"You'll have to take care of her then," said the doctor hastily; "she seems to be doing well herself, and doing well for others. Take her some coffee, and say that I said she must drink it."

I knocked at Adah's door and called, "Miss Warren, the doctor says you must drink this coffee."

"In a few moments," she answered, and after a little time she came out.

"Where's your cup?" she asked. "Have you taken any?"

"Not yet, of course."

"Why of course? If you want me to drink this you must get some at once."

"There may not be enough. I don't know how much the doctor may need."

"Then get a cup, and I'll give you half of this."

"Never," I answered promptly. "Do as the doctor bade you."

She went swiftly to Mrs. Yocomb's room and filled another cup.

"I pledge you my word I won't touch a drop till you have taken this. You don't realize what you have been through, Mr. Morton. Your hand so trembled that you could scarcely carry the cup; you are all unnerved. Come," she added gravely, "you must be in a condition to help, for I fear that Zillah is in a critical condition."

"I'm not going to break down," I said resolutely. "Give it to Reuben. Poor fellow, he was very wet."

She looked at my clothes, and then exclaimed,

"Why, Mr. Morton, don't you know you are wet through and through?"

"Am I?" and I looked down at my soaked garments.

"I don't believe you have a dry thread on you."

"I've been too excited to think of it. Of course, I got wet on the roof; but what's a summer shower? Your coffee's getting cold."

"So is yours."

"You have the doctor's orders."

"I would be glad if my wishes weighed a little with you," she said, appealingly.

"There, Miss Warren, if you put it that way I'd drink gall and vinegar," and I gulped down the coffee.

She vanished into Adah's room, saying, "You must take my word for it that I drink mine. I shall sip it while waiting on my patient."

Having insisted on Reuben's taking some also, I returned to the kitchen and made a new supply.

Mr. and Mrs. Yocomb's extreme prostration, both mental and physical, perplexed me. Their idolized child was still unconscious, and yet they could only look on in wondering and perplexed anxiety. I afterward learned that a partial paralysis of every faculty, especially of memory, was a common effect of a severe shock of electricity. It was now evident that Miss Warren, from some obscure cause, escaped harm from lightning. The words I had employed to reassure her turned out to be true—she had merely swooned—and thus, on recovery, had full possession of all her faculties.

"I would be glad if my wishes weighed a little with you," she had said. In wonder at myself, I asked, "What weighs more with me? By what right is this maiden, whom I have met to-day, taking such absolute control of my being? Am I over-wrought, morbid, fanciful, deluded by an excited imagination into beliefs and moods that will vanish in the clear sunlight and clearer light of reason? or has the vivid lightning revealed with absolute distinctness the woman on whom I can lean in perfect trust, and yet must often sustain in her pathetic weakness? The world would say we are strangers; but my heart and soul and every fibre of my being appear to recognize a kinship so close that I feel we never can be strangers again. It is true the lightning fuses

the hardest substances, making them one; however I am beginning to think that my hitherto callous nature has been smitten by a diviner fire. If so, heaven grant that I'm not the only one struck.

"Well, it's a queer world. When I broke down last Friday night, and sat cowering before the future in my editorial sanctum, I little dreamt that on Sunday night I should be making coffee in a good old Quaker's kitchen, and, what is still more strange, making a divinity out of a New York music-teacher!"

A moment later I added, "That's a stupid way of putting it. I'm not making a divinity out of her all. She is one, and I've had the wit to recognize the truth. Are her gentlemen friends all idiots that they have not—"

"What! Talking to yourself, Mr. Morton. I fear the events of this day are turning your head." And Miss Warren entered.

"Speak of an angel—you know the saying."

"Indeed! The only word I heard as I entered was 'idiot.'"

"Pardon me, you overheard the word 'idiots,' so can gather nothing from that."

"No, your mutterings are dark indeed. I see no light or sense in them; but the doctor came to Adah's door and asked me for more coffee."

"How is Miss Adah?"

"Doing nicely. She'll sleep soon, I think."

"I do hope little Zillah is recovering."

"Yes, Reuben put a radiant face within the door, a few minutes since, and said Zillah was 'coming to,' as he expressed it. Adah is doing so well that I feel assured about the others. Now that she is becoming quiet, I think I can leave her and help with Zillah."

"And you're not exhausting yourself?"

"I've not yet reached the stage of muttering delirium. Mr. Morton, will you permit me to suggest that you go to your room and put on dry clothes. You are not fit to be seen. Moreover, there is a mark athwart your nose that gives to your face a sinister aspect, not becoming in one whose deeds of darkness this night will bear the light of all coming time. It might be appropriate in a printing-office; but I don't intend to have little Zillah frightened. Oh, I'm so glad and grateful that we have all escaped! There, that will do; give me the tray."

"Beg your pardon; I shall carry it up myself. What on earth would I have done without you in this emergency?"

"Come, Mr. Morton, I'm not used to being disobeyed. Yes, you did look as helpless as only a man can look when there's illness; and there's no telling what awful remedies you might have administered before the doctor came. I think I shall take the credit of saving all our lives, since you and Reuben won't."

She pushed open the door of Mrs. Yocomb's room, and her face changed instantly.

Little Zillah lay on the bed and was still unconscious. Mrs. Yocomb had been moved into an arm-chair, and every moment comprehension of the truth grew clearer, and her motherly solicitude was intensified.

Reuben was evidently frightened, and the doctor's brow was knitted into a frown of perplexity.

"We thought she was coming to," said Reuben to Miss Warren, "but she's gone back worse than ever."

"Mr. Morton, I wish you to give to all a cup of that coffee and take some yourself," said the physician, in a quiet but authoritative voice. Mr. Yocomb, you must not rise; you will be ill again, and I now need all the help I can get with this child. We must try artificial respiration, spraying the chest with cold water, and every possible means."

"Would to God that I could help thee!" cried Mrs. Yocomb.

"You can help by keeping absolutely quiet. Mr. Morton, in this emergency you must become as a brother or one of the family."

"I am one with them to-night," I said earnestly; "let me help you in any way."

"You three must rub her with flannel and spirits, while I lift her arms slowly up and down to try to induce respiration."

The poor limp little body—how sacred it seemed to me!

We worked and worked till the perspiration poured from our faces. Every expedient was tried, until the physician at last desisted and stood back for a moment in anxious thought.

Then, in a tone broken with anguish, Mr. Yocomb exclaimed,

"Would to God the bolt had fallen on my head, and not on this dear little lamb."

In bitter protest against it all I cried, "The bolt has fallen on your heart, Mr. Yocomb. How is it that God has thunderbolts for lambs?"

"Richard Morton, thee's unjust," began Mrs. Yocomb, in a voice that she tried to render quiet and resigned. "Who art thou to judge God? 'What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know—' Oh, my child, my child!" broke out her wailing cry, and motherhood triumphed.

Reuben was sobbing over his sister with all the abandon of boyish grief, but the maiden stood before the little form, apparently lifeless, with clasped hands and dilated eyes.

"I can't—I won't give her up," she exclaimed passionately, and darted from the room.

I followed wondering. She was already in the kitchen, and had found a large tub.

"Fill this with hot water," she said to me. "No! let me do it; I'll trust no one. Yes, you may carry it up, but please be careful. I'll bring some cold water to temper it. Doctor," she exclaimed, re-entering the room, "we must work till we know there is no chance. Yes, and after we know it. Is not hot water good?"

"Anything is good that will restore suspended circulation," he replied; "we'll try it. But wait a moment. I've employed a nice test, and if there's life I think this little expedient will reveal it. He held the child's hand, and I noted that a string had been tied around one of the small white fingers, and that he intently watched the part of the finger beyond the string. I comprehended the act at once, and recognized that there would be little hope of life if this test

failed. If there was any circulation at all the string would not prevent the blood flowing out through the artery, but it would prevent its return, and, therefore, if there was life a faint colour would manifest itself in the finger. I bent over and held by breath in my eager scrutiny.

"The child's alive!" I exclaimed.

By a quick, impressive gesture the physician checked my manifestation of feeling and excitement as he said,

"Yes, she's alive, and that's about all. We'll try a plunge in the hot bath, and then friction and artificial respiration again."

We set to work once more with double zeal under the inspiration of Miss Warren's words and manner, but especially because assured that life still lingered. In less than a quarter of an hour there was a perceptible pulse. At last she was able to swallow a little stimulant, and the faint spark of life, of which we scarcely dared to speak lest our breath might extinguish it, began to kindle slowly. When at last she opened her eyes, Miss Warren turned hers heavenward with a fulness of gratitude that must have been sweet to the fatherly heart of God if the words be true, "Like as a father pitieeth his children."

Mrs. Yocomb threw herself on her knees by the bedside, sobbing, "Thank God! thank God!"

Reuben was growing wild with joy, and the father, overwhelmed with emotion, was struggling to rise, when the doctor said, in low, decided tones,

"Hush! Nothing must be said or done to excite or surprise her. Mr. and Mrs. Yocomb, as you love your child, control yourselves. You, Mr. Morton, would seem strange to her, and, with Reuben, had better leave us now. Miss Warren will help me, and I think all will be well."

"Don't overtax Miss Warren," I urged, lingering anxiously at the door a moment.

She gave me a smiling, reassuring nod, as much as to say that she would take care of herself.

"God bless her!" I murmured, as I sought my room.

"I believe she has saved the child."

## CHAPTER XV.—MY FATE.

Having lighted the lamp in my room, I looked around it with a delicious sense of proprietorship. Its quaint, homely comfort was just to my taste, and now appeared doubly attractive. Chief of all, it was a portion of the home I had had some part in saving, and we instinctively love that which ministers to our self-complacency. An old house seems to gain a life and being of its own, and I almost imagined it conscious of gratitude that its existence had not been blotted out. Mrs. Yocomb's cordial invitation to come and stay when I could gave me at the time a glad sense that I had found a country refuge to which I could occasionally escape when in need of rest. I felt now, however, as if the old walls themselves would welcome me. As to the inmates of the home, I feared that their grateful sense of the services I was so fortunate as to render might make their boundless sense of obligation embarrassing to me. It would be their disposition to repay an ordinary favour tenfold, and they would always believe that Reuben and I had saved their lives, and the old home which no doubt had long been in their family.

"Well, I'll never complain of fortune again," I thought, "since I've been permitted to do for these people what I have;" and I threw myself down on the lounge, conscious of the warm, comfortable glow imparted by dry clothes and the strong coffee, still more conscious of an inner satisfaction that the threatening events of the night had ended just as I could have wished.

"Since it was to be, thank God I was here and was able to act for the best," I murmured. "The June sunshine and the lightning have thrown considerable light on my future. I said to Emily Warren, 'What could I have done without you in this emergency?' With still greater emphasis I feel like asking, 'What would life be without you?' It seems absurd that one person should become essential to the life of another in a few brief hours. And yet, why absurd? Is it not rather in accord with the deepest and truest philosophy of life? Is the indissoluble union of two lives to result from long and careful calculations of the pros and cons? In true marriage it seems to me the soul should recognize its mate when meeting it."

It thus may be seen that I was no exception to that large class who accept or create a philosophy pleasing to it, and there is usually enough truth in any system to prevent its being wholly unreasonable.

I heard a step in the hall, and as I had left my door open so that at any sound I could spring up, I was so fortunate as to intercept the object of my thoughts. Her face was full of deep content, but very pale. To the eager questioning of my manner, she replied,

"The doctor says that Zillah is doing as well as we could expect. Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Miss Warren, you don't realize how pale you are. When are you going to rest? I've been lying down, and my conscience troubled me as I thought of you still working."

"I never imagined that editors had such tender consciences," she said, with a low laugh, and she vanished into Adah's room.

I knew she wouldn't stay long, and remained at the end of the hall, looking out of the window. The lightning flashes had grown faint and distant, but they were almost incessant, and they revealed that the clouds were growing thin toward the west, while near the horizon a star glimmered distinctly.

"Miss Warren," I called, as she came out of Adah's room, "I've a good omen to shew you. Do you see that star in the west? I think the morning will be cloudless?"

"But those flashes prove that the storm is causing fear and loss to other and distant homes."

"Not at all. It is, no doubt, causing 'better grain and clearer skies,' as Mr. Yocomb said. Such an experience as we have had to-night, while having its counterparts not infrequently, take the world over, is by no means common."

"Oh, I hope we may have no more heavy thunderstorms this summer. They are about the only drawback to this lovely season."

"You are perfectly safe so long as you remain here," I laughed; "you know the lightning never strikes twice in the same place."

"I hope to stay here, but for better reasons than that."

"So do I."

"I should think you would. You, certainly, are no longer homeless. Mr. and Mrs. Yocomb will adopt you in spite of yourself as soon as they realize it all. The string of the latch will always hang outside of the door for you, I can tell you; and a nice place it will be for a city man to come."

"And for a city woman too. Mrs. Yocomb had adopted you before all this happened, and I don't believe she'll forget that you really saved little Zillah's life."

"The dear little thing!" she exclaimed, tears starting to her eyes. "How pathetic her little unconscious form was!"

"To me," I replied earnestly, "it was the most exquisite and sacred thing I ever saw. I don't wonder you felt as you did when you said, 'I can't—I won't give her up,' for it seemed at the moment almost as if my life depended on her life, so powerful was her hold on my sympathy. The doctor spoke truer than he thought, for it seems as if the lightning had fused me into this family, and my grief would have been almost as great as Reuben's had little Zillah not revived."

"I feel as if it would have broken my heart," and her tears fell fast. Dashing them away she said, "I cry as well as laugh too easily, and I'm often so provoked that I could shake myself. I must say that I think we're all becoming well acquainted for people who have met so recently."

"Oh, as for you," I replied, "I knew you well in some previous state of existence, and have just met you again."

"Mr. Morton," she said, turning on me brusquely, "I shall not be quite sure as to your entire sanity till you have had a long sleep. You have seemed a little out of your head on some points ever since our extended acquaintance began. You have appeared impressed or oppressed with the hallucination that this day—is it to-day or to-morrow?"

"It's to-day for a little while longer," I replied, looking at my watch.

"Well, then, that to-day was 'a day of fate,' and you made me nervous on the subject—"

"Then I'm as sane as you are."

"No, I hadn't any such nonsense in my mind till you suggested it, but having once entertained the idea it haunted me."

"Yes, and it haunts me still," I said eagerly.

"What time is it, Mr. Morton?"

"It lacks but a few moments of midnight."

"No," she said laughingly, "I don't believe anything more will happen to-day, and as soon as the old clock down stairs strikes twelve I think the light of reason will burn again in your disordered mind. Good-night."

Instead of going, however, she hesitated, looked at me earnestly a moment, then asked,

"You said that you found me unconscious?"

"Yes."

"How did you revive me?"

"I carried you to the sofa under the window, which I opened. I then chafed your hands, but I think the wind and spray restored you."

"I don't remember fainting before; and—oh, well, this whole experience has been so strange that I can't realize it."

"Don't try to. If I'm a little out of my head, your soul will be out of your body if you don't take better care of yourself. You might as well be killed by lightning as over-fatigue. That doctor seems to think you are made of india-rubber."

"I've laughed to myself more than once at your injunctions to the doctor since Zillah revived. We've had such a narrow escape that I feel as if I ought not to laugh again for a year, but I can't help it. I won't thank you as I meant to—it might make you vain. Good-night," and she gave my hand a quick, strong pressure, and went swiftly back to Mrs. Yocomb's room.

Had my hand clasped only flesh and blood, bone and sinew? No, indeed. I felt that I had had within my grasp a gratitude and friendly regard that was so full and real that the warm-hearted, impulsive girl would not trust herself to express it in words. Her manner, however, was so frank and unconstrained that I knew her feelings to be only those of gratitude and friendly regard, seeing clearly that she entertained no such thoughts as had come unbidden to me.

In spite of my fatigue, the habit of my life, and the strong coffee would have banished all thought of sleep for hours to come, if there had been no other cause, but the touch of a little hand had put more glad awakening life within me than all the stimulants of the world.

I went down stairs and looked through the old house to see that all was right, with as much solicitude as if it were indeed my own home. Excepting the disorder I had caused in the kitchen and hall, it had the midnight aspect of quiet and order that might have existed for a century.

"I would not be afraid of the ghosts that came back to this home," I muttered. "Indeed, I would like to see Mr. and Mrs. Yocomb's ancestors; and, now I think of it, some one of them should wear a jaunty, worldly hat to account for Adah. By Jove! but she was beautiful as she lay there, with her perfect physical life suspended instantaneously. If the lightning would only create a woman within the exquisite casket, the result would well repay what we have passed through. Her mother would say, as I suppose, that another and subtler fire from heaven were needed for such a task."

As I came out into the hall the great clock began to strike, in the slow dignified manner befitting its age—

"One, two, three—twelve."

The day of fate had passed. I knew Emily Warren was laughing at me softly to herself as she and the physician watched with the patients in Mrs. Yocomb's room.

I was in no mood to laugh, for every moment the truth was growing clearer that I had met my fate.

I looked into the parlour, in which a lamp was burning, and conjured up the scene I had witnessed there. I saw a

fair young face, with eyes turned heavenward, and heard again the words, "My faith looks up to Thee."

Their faith had been sorely tried. The burning bolt from heaven seemed a strange response to that faith; the crashing thunder a wild, harsh echo to the girl's sweet, reverent tones.

"Is it all chance?" I queried, "or all inexorable law? Who or what is the author of the events of this night?" As if in answer, Mrs. Yocomb's text came into my mind: "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

"Well," I muttered, "perhaps there is as much reason in their philosophy as in any other. Somebody ought to be in charge of all this complex life and being."

I went out on the piazza. The rain was still falling, but softly and lightly. A freshening breeze was driving the thin, lingering clouds before it, and star after star looked out, as if lights were being kindled in the western sky. The moon was still hidden, but the vapour was not dense enough to greatly obscure her rays. In the partial light the valley seemed wider, the mountains higher, and everything more beautiful, in contrast with the black tempest that had so recently filled the scene.

I sat down on the piazza to watch with those who were watching with the child. I made up my mind that I certainly should not retire until the physician departed; and in my present mood I felt that my midsummer night's dream would be to me more interesting than that of Will Shakespeare. Hour after hour passed almost unnoted. The night became serene and beautiful. The moon, like a confident beauty, at last threw aside her veil of clouds, and smiled as if assured of welcome. Rain-drops gemmed every leaf; and when the breeze increased, myriads of them sparkled momentarily through the silver light. As morning approached the air grew so sweet that I recognized the truth that the new flowers of a new day were opening, and that I was inhaling their virgin perfume.

I rose and went softly to the ivy-covered gateway of the old garden, and the place seemed transfigured in the white moonlight. Even the kitchen vegetables lost their homely, prosaic aspect. I stole to the lilac bush, and peered at the home that had been roofless through all the wild storm. My approach had been so quiet that the little brown mother sat undisturbed, with her head under her wing; but the paternal robin, from an adjacent spray, regarded me with unfeigned surprise and alarm. He uttered a note of protest, and the mother-bird instantly raised her head and fixed on me her round, startled eyes. I stole away hastily, smiling to myself as I said,

"Both families will survive unharmed, and both nests are safe."

I went to the spot where I had stood with Emily Warren at the time I had half-jestingly, half-earnestly indulged my fancy to reproduce a bit of Eden-like frankness. Under the influence of the hour and my mood I was able to conjure up the maiden's form almost as if she were a real presence. I knew her far better now. With her I had passed through an ordeal that would test severely the best and strongest. She had been singularly strong and very weak; but the weakness had left no stain on her crystal truth, and her strength had been of the best and most womanly kind. As in the twilight, so in the white moonlight, she again made perfect harmony in the transfigured garden.

"There is but one woman in the world for me," I murmured, "as truly as there was only one for the first lonely man. I know not how it is with her, but I hope—oh, what would life now be to me without this hope!—that she cannot have inspired this absolute conviction that she is essential to my being without some answering sympathy in her own woman's heart. But whether this is true or not, or whether it ever can be true, I have met my fate."

As I returned from the garden I saw that the dawn was coming, and I sat down and watched it brighten with the feeling that a new and happy life was also coming.

THE END OF BOOK FIRST.

(To be continued.)

WONDROUS MUSIC.

"God tunes His nightingales in darkened cages,  
While earthly sound no more the ear engages,  
They catch the heavenly tone;  
When sorrow's fingers firmly touch the lyre,  
The soul's sweet music higher sounds and higher,  
For every stifled moan.

Oh! let me learn this wondrous music faster;  
Take Thou my jarring, unstrung heart, great Master,  
And tune it to Thy will.  
Make my whole life one act of consecration,  
So it may, in the glorious anthem of creation,  
One note of sweetness fill."

We call him great who does some deed  
That echo bears from shore to shore,  
Does that, and then does nothing more;  
Yet would his work earn richer meed,  
When brought before the King of kings,  
Were he but great in little things.

Think truly, and thy thought  
Shall some soul's famine feed;  
Speak truly, and each word of thine  
Shall be a fruitful seed;  
Live truly, and thy life shall be  
A grand and noble creed.

THE Rev. J. E. Carlyle supports Major Malan's proposal for the communication of a Royal Message to the Basutos, asking them, as loyal subjects of the Queen, to lay down their arms; and he proposes that Sir Hercules Robinson, who leaves London at the end of the month to assume the duties of Her Majesty's High Commissioner in South Africa, should be made the bearer of the message.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

WHEN will Brooklyn be at peace, and have ministers who will not make its pulpits and ecclesiastical meetings a reproach?

WHAT is fame? Gen. George B. McClellan, Governor of New Jersey, is transformed in the "Catholic Presbyterian" into "Mr. McClelland."

IT is stated that R. L. Stuart, of New York, has increased his gift to the San Francisco Theological Seminary (Presbyterian) from \$20,000 to \$50,000.

THERE is a rumour of a hegira of Jews from Germany, on account of the persecutions to which they are being subjected. France, Belgium and Italy are the objective points.

THE "Great Eastern" steamship has been definitely chartered for ten years to carry dead meat to the United Kingdom from the American sea-board or the River Plate.

THE English Baptist Missionary Society will soon send a missionary steamer to the Congo. It will be launched at Stanley Pool, which is in the midst of a fertile and populous country.

AUSTRIA is an intolerant power. When Bosnia was under the Turkish rule, the Scriptures would be freely distributed, now that Austria has come in, the Bible has been prohibited.

IT is thought that the Marquis of Ripon will soon resign the viceroyalty of India on account of ill-health. Lord Dufferin, formerly Governor-General of Canada, is mentioned as his probable successor.

IN 1878, sixty thousand natives of Japan were converted to the religion of Jesus Christ. In one district seventy-one Buddhist temples have been diverted to secular uses since 1873, and over 700 in the whole empire since 1871.

IT required 36,000 men on foot and 1,700 mounted soldiers to guard the road between Livadia and Sebastopol for two days and a night, while the Czar of Russia was journeying recently between the two places. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

A PROTESTANT defensive union has been formed in Jersey with the object of counteracting the influence of the Jesuits recently established in the island, who are said to be diligently propagating their views by domiciliary visitation and the establishment of schools.

PRINCE BISMARCK, in criticizing the remarks of certain American divines regarding the persecution of the Jews in Germany, says that in the present quarter of the century the first serious ostracism was practised by Americans, who prevented them from entering hotels at Saratoga and other places.

THE publication of the note in the *Osservatore Romano*, in which the Pope deprecates the serious character of the agitation in Ireland, is the one topic of conversation among the British Catholics at Rome. These are divided into two groups—the active sympathizers with the Land League, and those who feel how serious may be the consequences to Catholicism in Great Britain should the Pope be supposed to favor the movement in Ireland. The latter are greatly in the majority.

NEW troubles are manifesting themselves at the Vatican. The commission for the collection of Peter's pence has just sent in this year's account, showing a lamentable falling off. Three causes are assigned for this—hard times affecting the contributors; secondly, the change of person, from Pius IX. to Leo XIII.; thirdly, the new organization of the method of collecting, which, if it prevents waste and embarrassment, disigns and alienates the collectors. Many Bishops have intimated to the Pope that if he wishes to collect larger supplies he must adopt a policy of resistance, and abandon conciliation.

THE *Daily News*, discussing Mr. Laurence Oliphant's plan for the establishment of a Jewish colony in Palestine, says "the two main obstacles seem to be in the first place; the political jealousy certain to be aroused, and in the second, the very doubtful suitability of the Jews as agricultural colonists. The first point needs little comment. As to the second, Mr. Oliphant does not produce enough evidence in support of his theory. The strongest thing to be said in his favour is that in hardly any country have the political disabilities of the Jews enabled them to become landowners or landholders at all."

PROTESTANT Germany is already preparing to celebrate, three years hence, the four hundredth anniversary of the Saxon Reformer's birthday, November 10, 1483. It is proposed to fix upon the Wartburg, near Eisenach, as the middle point of the celebration. Dr. Kuster, the burgomaster of Eisenach, is the president of a committee charged with making the needful arrangements. It was in the Wartburg that Luther laboured at the work which was the completion of his activity as a reformer—the translation of the Bible into German. The famous "Luther-room" has become the germ of a Luther museum, which will probably receive many accessions by the time the anniversary arrives. It is contemplated to give the celebration an international character.

THE French Liberals have carried their points with reference to the better education of young women. The Senate has accepted the proposition of the lower house to establish intermediate schools, in which girls shall be taught the ordinary curriculum without being obliged to take religious instruction from priestly teachers. Instead of making French women the maids and servants of the clergy, the effort of the Republican Government will be to educate them in modern culture, and make of them patriotic citizens. Henri Martin, the historian, is making a great effort to establish a series of colleges in the principal centres of the country, in which young women may obtain such an education as has not hitherto been thought of for young girls, instead of the sleazy stuff taught them in the innumerable convents of the land. Some of these establishments have been terribly humiliated by an examination of their pupils, whose errors in orthography were ridiculous, and whose ignorance of the history of their own country and its literature was incredible.

## MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

REV. MR. MUNRO'S congregation, Embro, has already raised the sum of \$400 for Dr. Mackay's school for the training of native preachers in Formosa. Well done.

THE ladies of Knox Church, Harriston, held a bazaar in aid of the Building Fund, on the 23rd and 24th ult., and realized \$324. Their success was owing to the articles being useful, and the prices ordinary.

THE Rev. Mr. King, formerly of Buxton, was, on Tuesday, the 28th December, inducted into the pastoral charge of the Maidstone Presbyterian congregation. Mr. Scott of Leamington preached, Mr. Gray of Windsor presided and addressed the minister, and Mr. Smith of Amherstburgh addressed the people. At the close of the service Mr. King received a hearty welcome from the congregation.

ON Tuesday evening, the 28th December, the Presbyterians of Comber held a Christmas tree in their church in aid of the Sabbath school. The most interesting part of the proceedings was the presentation of a beautiful cutter to the pastor—Rev. Mr. Chestnut—by the members of the congregation, accompanied with an address expressive of the high regard in which he was held by the contributors.

ON New Year's eve the Bible class of St. Mark's Church, Montreal, met the Rev. J. Nichols in his vestry, and presented him with a very handsome writing desk, mounted with silver and mother of pearl. The presentation was made by Mr. Andrew Mann, with many well wishes and expressions of esteem. Mr. Nichols thanked the young people heartily for their valuable gift, and assured them that he should ever cherish for them the warmest affection.

ON the evening of the 31st ult., a large number of the members of the Yarmouth Bible class met at the manse in Belmont, and presented the Rev. K. McDonald, their pastor and teacher, with an address expressive of the warmest attachment to him and his family, and also a costly wolf-skin robe for his cutter, after which a sumptuous tea was served by the young people, and a pleasant evening was passed—closing the old year and opening the new with praise and thanksgiving to God for mercies past and prayer for the continuance of His blessings.—COM.

THE regular fortnightly meeting of the Young People's Association in connection with the St. James' square Presbyterian Church, Toronto, was held in their room on Monday evening last, the President in the chair. The following interesting programme was successfully carried out: Reading, by Mr. J. Monteith, entitled "Bingen on the Rhine;" piano solo, by Miss Inglis; extracts from the magazine, by the editor; essay, "Robert Burns," by Mr. J. H. Macdonald; song, "Bonnie Sweet Bessie," by Miss Douglass, and a reading entitled "Spectacles," by Miss M. Jaffrey. About forty members were present, and the evening passed very pleasantly.

THE lately inducted pastor of the Wallaceburg congregation was surprised on Saturday evening, the 1st inst., in the church, at the close of the distribution of prizes to the children of the Sabbath school, by receiving an envelope containing the sum of \$40 from his congregation. Mrs. McKeracher also received several handsome and valuable gifts from the children's New Year's tree. Such tokens of good will were hardly to be expected so soon after settlement; and though late in appearing, Mr. McKeracher is not unmindful of the kindness of the people of Prince Arthur's Landing and Fort William, his late charge, for presenting him on the occasion of his leaving them with the handsome sum of \$100.—COM.

THE young people belonging to Mr. Gracey's Bible class, St. Andrew's, Gananoque, gave him a surprise of a very agreeable kind the other evening. Having taken possession of the manse, they read a very flattering address, accompanying it with a well-filled purse, in token of their appreciation of their pastor's diligence and attention to them as teacher of the Bible class. Mr. Gracey replied in suitable terms, thanking the class for their kindness, and expressing the hope that still greater success should attend the class in its future meetings, both as to numbers attending and profit received. As the young people had provided themselves with abundant refreshments, tea was served, and a very pleasant evening indeed was spent.

At a recent date the Rev. J. A. McDonald was agreeably surprised by the two different branches of his charge, Bridgen and Bear Creek. The young people of the former appeared with a handsome cutter, and the people of the latter with a buffalo robe, cutter-mat, book-case, fur gauntlets, and for Mrs. McDonald a valuable silver butter cooler and silver knives and forks. The Presbyterian families of Waubuno, where Mr. McDonald has been holding service once a month, presented him on the evening of December 22nd with a well filled purse. Since the above the anniversary tea-meeting of Bear Creek congregation has been held and was a great success. Interesting addresses were delivered by Rev. J. Wilson, Canada Methodist, and Rev. M. Fraser of St. Thomas, which will not be forgotten for some time to come. The pastor of these congregations is to be congratulated on the impetus given to the Lord's work in this field since his introduction to it.—COM.

THE anniversary of the Sabbath school in connection with the Presbyterian church, Dundalk, was held on Christmas, and was a grand success. After ample justice had been done to the good things provided, Mr. H. Graham was called to the chair, and gave an interesting account of the progress of the school. The children rendered some beautiful pieces throughout the evening, Miss Graham presiding at the organ. A pleasing feature of the entertainment was the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Potter. Mr. Potter hoped that the congregations would be on the same friendly terms as he and Mr. Eakins, and regretted that the two anniversaries were held on the same evening, a fact which prevented his remaining. Mr. and Mrs. Eakins returned the visit. Mr. J. J. Middleton was called upon and gave an interesting and instructive address, and was followed by Mr. Eakins, pastor of the congregation, who with easy manner and pleasant address left a favourable impression on his audience. The proceedings were then brought to a close. Proceeds \$50.

THE first anniversary services were held in the First Presbyterian church, Brockville, on the 19th ult. These were the first anniversary services in the new church, which was opened to divine service a year ago. The magnificent church was filled both morning and evening. The pastor of the church, Mr. Burnfield, preached at both services. The congregation agreed to contribute one day's salary to the Building Fund. A large collection was received for this purpose. One contribution of \$100 was made by Mrs. McCarthy, a widow. Such generous gifts are worthy of special notice as a mark of the true liberal spirit that prevails largely in many of the members of this congregation. It is worthy of notice also that it may stimulate others to imitate the example. The congregation has increased rapidly in the numbers who attend divine service on Sabbath. The Sabbath school and every branch of the Church's work is in a flourishing condition. The power of God's Spirit has been felt working mightily in the hearts of many of the people during the past year. On the whole it is felt that the truest thankfulness is due to God for His continued goodness to the congregation, and the prayer of the people is that He may make His grace abound more and more.

ON Christmas eve the hall of St. Mark's Church, Montreal, was crowded with the children of the Sabbath school and their parents and friends. The hall was decorated with large flags, evergreens, and fancy paper ornaments. The centre of attraction, however, consisted of four large Christmas trees, laden with handsome presents for the children—knives, writing desks, books, photograph frames, and fancy articles of dress. Besides these, there were fruits, bags of sweets, and cakes. On the platform were Colonel Fraser, the superintendent of the school; Miss Reid, the organist; Mr. Barry, the precentor; and the Revs. J. S. Black, A. B. Mackay, R. H. Warden, and J. Nichols. The first three ministers named gave short and humorous addresses, interspersed with recitations, songs and duets by the children. Three prominent features of the festival were—1st, The Grand Trunk band, which gave selections of music during the evening, and took the meeting by storm, many thanks to the performers; 2nd, the presentation to Miss Carmichael, an old and valued teacher in the school, of a large and handsome book, from the scholars in her class; 3rd, the presentation of special prizes to Masters Freddie Leslie and George Gellatly, whose missionary boxes contained the largest sums—Gellatly's

having \$15.56. The meeting closed about ten o'clock, all present being delighted with it.

A SOIREE in the interests of the Presbyterian church of Charleston was held on New Year's evening, in the comfortable stone church of that village. Tea was served in the commodious basement from an early hour in the afternoon. The number present was such as to fill not only the seats but every foot of standing room in the aisles and doorways. The genial and popular member for Cardwell, Dr. Robinson, presided over the meeting. The programme, which was varied and extensive, was introduced about seven o'clock, and held unflagging sway for the space of three hours. The speeches and recitations were duly interspersed with selections by the church choir, and some sweet solos from Miss Snell, with two others contributed by Mrs. John Shaw, of Orangeville, at the request of the chairman, and one by a professor of music lately arrived in Charleston from the "land of brown heath and shaggy wood." Miss McFaul was organist, and throughout displayed taste and proficiency. The meeting both in number and interest was quite a success. The proceeds amounted to \$92, and had the church been capacious enough to have accommodated those who failed to secure standing room, they would doubtless have exceeded \$100. The Presbyterians of Charleston and its vicinity seem united and enterprising, and justly hold equally with the surrounding villages their pastor, Mr. McFaul, in high esteem.

THE children of St. Andrew's Sabbath school, Glencoe, had a most delightful treat in the town hall there on Christmas eve. Two large Christmas trees were loaded with presents, also a large stand had to be provided in the centre to hold those valuables which could not be hung on the trees. The hall above the platform was beautifully decorated with St. Andrew's crosses and stars of evergreens, along with several variegated mottoes. The hall was completely crowded, not an inch of standing room was to be found, and very many had to go away without getting in at all. Mr. Angus McKenzie occupied the chair, and enlivened the audience by his humorous remarks. The music was given by the children, who rendered their pieces to the satisfaction of all. Mrs. Cameron and Mrs. Shanks gave one or two instrumental pieces, which were loudly encored. Short and pointed addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Sutherland, Kappelle and Edmonds, Glencoe, and Rev. Mr. Cameron, pastor of the church. An excellent recitation was given by Master Peter McArthur, and a dialogue between Misses McNeil and McDonald, illustrating the old proverb "A stitch in time saves nine." One prominent feature in the evening's programme was the presentation of a beautiful gold watch, worth \$90, to Mr. W. W. Gordon from the congregation, in token of their appreciation of the gratuitous services he has rendered them as precentor for the last three years, and for the great interest he has taken in teaching singing to the young people of the congregation. Presents were distributed to old and young, and the children sang "Gathering home," which terminated a very pleasant evening's entertainment.

IN the John street Presbyterian Church, Belleville, the missionary meeting was recently held. Mayor Patterson occupied the chair, and on the platform were Rev. Geo. M. Milligan of Toronto, and the pastor, Rev. D. Mitchell. The attendance was large and influential. The pastor gave a detailed account of the work done during the year. By quoting from the minutes of Assembly the sums contributed by the congregations in Kingston and Belleville, and also by the churches outside these cities, it was shewn that the average per member in the two cities for Foreign Missions was between twenty-five and thirty cents, and in the other congregations about ten cents. This statement proved that with all which was said about giving too much to Foreign Missions while there were so many heathen at our doors, it was not a very large amount after all to give to a cause which had been shewn by the eloquent and stirring addresses of the Rev. Dr. Mackay, and by the living presence of that great missionary, to be worthy of liberal and prayerful support. Principal Grant had stated at a missionary meeting held in Kingston, that while Chalmers' and St. Andrew's Churches stood highest in the Presbytery as to the amounts contributed for Home Missions, John street Church, Belleville, took the lead in reference to Foreign Missions. Still he (Mr. M.) thought they could by adopting a system do more for

each and all of the schemes. Rev. Geo. M. Milligan followed with an address upon the principle of giving. The discourse, which occupied about an hour in delivery, proved a very original and thoughtful one, in which the speaker gave many happy and forcible illustrations, and made several practical and telling points. In particular he shewed that an educated ministry, such as the Presbyterian Church had always demanded, required a liberal maintenance. A pastor over a refined and educated community, had special wants which raised the cost of living. He must dress in keeping with the general standard. So must his wife and children. He has to keep up with the literature of the day, and a lexicon commentary, let alone the newspaper and magazine, could not be had without money. The minister's family could not well lag behind the parishioner's in musical culture, and so the piano became necessary. In dealing with the actual work, while congratulating the congregation upon what they had done, he reminded them that, as to be the healthiest in a hospital might not mean other than very great weakness, so to be most liberal amongst congregations that were as a whole far from the standard of Christian giving, might not signify the liberality of true consecration. They might be the best of a class, and yet not be very high according to the judgment of God. It was felt by all that Mr. Milligan would render a great service to the cause of missions were he to prepare this address for publication. At the close a large subscription to the schemes was made by those present, which will be considerably supplemented, and an influential committee was named to consider the best method of raising money for missionary objects.

**PRESBYTERY OF SAUGEEN.**—At the regular meeting of this Presbytery on the 21st December, at Clifford, Mr. Eakin having accepted the call to Dundalk and Fraser Settlement, the induction was appointed to take place on the 18th January, at two p.m. The convener of the Home Mission Committee having reported that Rev. John McKay accepted the invitation of North Luther mission field to become their missionary, it was resolved that Mr. McKay be recognized as the Presbytery's ordained missionary in North Luther for one year, from December 1st. A letter was read from the petitioners at Durham, asking that while the organ case is pending the decision of the Synod, the Presbytery give them preaching supply, so that they can worship together as a congregation. The Moderator ruled that as the answers were not declared frivolous and vexatious the letter was out of order, and the Presbytery could not send supply to the petitioners till the Synod gave its decision.

**PRESBYTERY OF BRUCE.**—This Presbytery held its regular meeting at Teeswater, on the 21st and 22nd ult. There were fifteen ministers and four elders in attendance. Rev. D. Duff was appointed Moderator for the next six months. There was read an extract minute of the Presbytery of Owen Sound, giving reasons for their action in erecting Crawford, in the township of Bentinck, into a mission station. On motion of Mr. Straith, it was agreed: "That the Presbytery record its satisfaction with the courteous reply of the Presbytery of Owen Sound to this Court and the Crawford station, and agree to take no action further than to express strong disapproval of any funds being drawn from the Home Mission Fund to support a station so adjacent to other established congregations." Mr. McClung tendered his resignation of the pastoral charge of the congregation of Balaklava, assigning as his reason inadequate support. The resignation was allowed to lie on the table in the meantime, and Rev. Mr. Eadie was appointed to preach in Balaklava, and cite the congregation to appear for their interests at an adjourned meeting of Presbytery to be held in Free St. John's Church, Walkerton, on Tuesday, the 11th day of January next, at one o'clock p.m. Mr. Tolmie submitted the Home Mission report, which was received, and for which the thanks of Presbytery were tendered to him. At the request of Rev. H. McKay, his resignation was allowed to lie on the table in the meantime. It was resolved to instruct the sessions of the bounds to hold missionary meetings, and to report to the Presbytery at its next meeting. The Presbytery having inquired into the state of congregations in arrears, were pleased to learn that some of these congregations have paid their arrears, and others have paid the greater part of their arrears. Professor McLaren was nominated as Moderator of the next General Assembly. It was

agreed that the committee appointed to visit Presbyterially the congregations of Teeswater give in their report at the adjourned meeting at Walkerton. Mr. Lean, elder, was heard in relation to Riversdale and Enniskillen. The supply of these stations was left in the hands of the Convener of the Home Mission Committee. Messrs. McLennan and Anderson were appointed to answer Mr. Wardrope's reasons of protest and appeal in the Whytock case, and to represent the Presbytery in the matter before the Synod of Hamilton and London. It was agreed to take up the remits of Assembly at the next meeting of Presbytery. Messrs. Scott, Tolmie, Gourlay and McLennan, ministers, were appointed a committee on the State of Religion, and to prepare a report to be submitted at the next meeting of Presbytery. The sessions of the bounds were instructed to forward the answers to the questions on the State of Religion to Mr. Scott, of Queen Hill P.O., not later than the last day of February next. The next meeting of Presbytery was appointed to be held in Knox Church, Paisley, on the second Tuesday of March next, at two o'clock p.m.—A. G. FORBES, Pres. Clerk.

## SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

### INTERNATIONAL LESSONS

#### LESSON IV.

Jan. 23. } THE BIRTH OF JESUS. { Luke 2-20.  
1881. }

**GOLDEN TEXT.**—"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke ii. 14.

#### HOME READINGS.

- M. Matt. i. 18-25. . . . . Annunciation to Joseph.
- Tu. Luke ii. 1-7. . . . . Birth of Christ.
- W. Luke ii. 8-20. . . . . Visit of the Shepherds.
- Th. Micah v. 1-7. . . . . Bethlehem-Ephratah.
- F. Isa. ix. 1-7. . . . . Prince of Peace.
- S. Dan. ix. 20-27. . . . . The Messiah Predicted.
- Sab. John i. 1-14. . . . . The Word made Flesh.

#### HELPS TO STUDY.

In the first verse of this chapter we are told that "in those days," that is, shortly after the birth of John the Baptist, "there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus that all the world [the Roman empire] should be taxed." In the execution of this order, in Palestine, it was arranged that the inhabitants should present themselves before the assessors, not where they happened to live at the time, but at the place to which they belonged by family descent; and so it happened that, although Mary resided at Nazareth, she went to Bethlehem "to be taxed," and Jesus was born there according to prophecy (Micah v. 2).

The announcement of the Saviour's birth to the shepherds is mentioned by Luke alone. Matthew says nothing of it, but records the visit of the magi, which Luke omits. The accounts are independent and compatible.

The following headings indicate the scope of our present lesson: (1) *The Shepherds and their Employment*, (2) *The Angel and his Message*, (3) *The Heavenly Host and their Song*, (4) *The New-born Saviour Found*, (5) *The Joy of the Shepherds*.

**I. THE SHEPHERDS AND THEIR EMPLOYMENT.**—Ver. 8. In the preceding verse the Evangelist has been telling us of Christ's birth in a stable at Bethlehem. The town was probably crowded, owing to the census-taking, and "there was no room . . . in the inn."

In the same country—Somewhere among the hills around Bethlehem.

Shepherds, abiding in the fields, keeping watch over their flocks by night. The proper care of their flocks required great vigilance, as appears from Jacob's words to Laban in Gen. xxxi. 38-40. The danger was principally from wild beasts and robbers.

**II. THE ANGEL AND HIS MESSAGE.**—Vers. 9-12. A host is present, but only one angel is at first visible. He delivers the message, and then the presence of his companions is made known by their harmonious burst of praise. Whether the shepherds saw more than one angel or not we are not told.

And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them. The "Westminster Teacher" has the following note on this passage: "The best place to have the angels come to us is at our post of duty, no matter how lowly it is. They never shew themselves to one who is ashamed of his calling, or too indolent to be faithful at his proper work. It did not seem a very pleasant way to live—to be poor, and to have to stay out all night in the field and keep awake and watch the sheep, that no robber or wild beast should come among them. I suppose the people who lived in the great houses thought the shepherds had a hard time of it, and perhaps they despised them for their lowly work and their poverty. It may be that the shepherds themselves sometimes envied the people who had fine houses and never needed to work or stay up nights. At least a good many people in these days who have to work hard are disposed to be envious of the rich. But I do not think these shepherds were ever sorry after that night that they were shepherds, and that they were at their post at that time. The angels honoured poverty and faithfulness when they came to the shepherds rather than to the door of some lordly palace, to proclaim their glorious tidings. The best place to be is always at the post of duty."

And the glory of the Lord shone round about them. See Ex. xvi. 10; xl. 34; Isaiah lx. 1; 2 Cor. iv. 6.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not. See Luke i. 30; Dan. x. 12; Rev. i. 17.

For, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. On this verse 11. Clay Trumbull writes as follows in the "S. S. Times": "It is very pleasant to hear good tidings for all the rest of the world; but it is pleasanter to know that we have a personal share in the benefits of which those tidings tell. There may be safety to others who are endangered, and not to us. The life-boat may come and go, and we be left on the wreck. Bread may be distributed to the hungry, and we fall of a share which shall keep us from starving. The physician may bring health to many, and pass us by unnoticed. All of our condemned fellows might be pardoned, and we have no release. Unless the good tidings are to us also, we cannot welcome them with boundless joy, however glad we are that there is help for others. The writer found himself, in the fortunes of war, a prisoner in the Libby, at Richmond. One evening, as the prisoners lay down to sleep, the story was whispered among them that a flag-of-truce boat had come up the river, and that some one of their number was to be released the next day. That was glad tidings for all. But the question in every prisoner's mind was, 'Am I to be released?' There were many dreams of home that night on that prison floor. In the early morning, after roll-call, there was breathless expectancy for the name of the favoured prisoner. It was the name of Chaplain Trumbull. Those glad tidings had a meaning to him they couldn't have to any of his companions. To him there came that day the message of deliverance from bondage, and he passed out from the prison-house, thanking God that the message was to him. 'Unto you' is a Saviour born. Whoever you are, whatever are your sins, there is salvation for you. 'Whosoever will' may share in the blessings of Christ's salvation. If you are lost, it is because you will not be saved; not because glad tidings came to others, and you had no invitation to partake of their benefits."

Unto you is born . . . a Saviour. See Isaiah ix. 6; Matt. i. 21; Gal. iv. 5; Titus ii. 14. City of David. See Micah v. 2; Matt. ii. 6. Christ means anointed. Lord expresses His character as divine ruler. The Septuagint renders the Hebrew word Jehovah by the same Greek word as is used here.

Ye shall find the babe . . . in a manger. Another paragraph from the writer last quoted will throw light on this passage: "Not, ye shall find the angel in the heavens, the king on his throne, the young prince in a palace, the commander at the head of his armies; but 'the babe in a manger.' How strange are God's ways of working out His strange plans! It is not by might, nor by power, that His agencies accomplish their vast work. The least things are often the greatest in His providence. 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought the things that are; that no flesh should glory in His presence.' It may be the shepherd boy with his sling who gains victory over the mailed giant in whose presence the whole army of Israel stands trembling. It may be the tinker in Bedford gaol who writes a master-piece in religious literature, to be honoured for centuries for its work and its worth. It may be the unschooled clerk from a Boston shoe-store who proclaims the Gospel with a fervency and power which the best cultured divines of all Christendom have not attained to. Or it may be in the most unprepossessing child of your school or class that the grandest possibilities for the kingdom of Christ to-day lie hid. Mother, as you long for the privilege of doing a great work throughout a well-spent life, look not out into the world, beyond your own circumscribed home; but look down into the face of that babe in your arms, or that bright boy by your side, and see there the germs of a power for good to perchance a score of generations, and then bend all your energies to the faithful and faith-filled training of that messenger of God committed to your charge. 'Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father: which is in heaven.'"

**III. THE HEAVENLY HOST AND THEIR SONG.**—Vers. 13, 14. Scarcely had the angel's message been delivered when the shepherds heard (and perhaps saw) a multitude of the heavenly host. Ever since the fall, these holy beings had pitied man, who had been originally led into sin by the fallen of their own race; and now they rejoice in the prospect of salvation for humanity and in the defeat of the adversary's schemes. Theirs is a little song with a large meaning. In nothing is the glory of God more brightly manifested, or His love more plainly shewn, than in sending His Son to this world to make atonement for sin; and without this a proclamation of peace between God and man could never be made. Modern translators make the words, "Glory in the highest [heavens] unto God, and on earth peace among men of [His] good pleasure."

**IV. THE NEW-BORN SAVIOUR FOUND.**—Vers. 15-19. The shepherds received the angel's announcement with faith and joy. They did not for a moment question its truth, but said one to another, let us now go . . . and see this thing . . . which the Lord hath made known to us. As in the case of the wise men from the east they were probably led to the proper place under divine guidance. They identified the child by the angel's description, and they related to Mary, Joseph and others, what they had seen and heard on the hillside.

**V. THE JOY OF THE SHEPHERDS.**—Ver. 20. These poor shepherds had heard the Gospel—the glad tidings of salvation—they had apparently believed and appropriated the angel's message. They had appreciated the force of the words, "unto you." They seem to have found Jesus, not only as a babe in a manger, but as a mighty God and a Saviour; and if they did so, then no one wonders that they went back to their flocks with their hearts filled with joy and peace, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen as it was told unto them.

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### DEAR CHILDREN FAR AWAY.

In lands full of darkness across the blue wave  
Are many dear children the Lord died to save,  
Who, reaching out hands from over the sea,  
Are pleading for light, here shiving so free.

No kind Christian parents to show them the way,  
To tell them of Jesus, to teach them to pray,  
To lead them in paths of wisdom and truth,  
And to teach them the love of God in their youth.

No Bible to lighten life's pathway of gloom,  
No hope full of glory beyond the dark tomb,  
No promise of God the sad soul to sustain,  
No knowledge that death to the Christian is gain.

No Jesus, no Bible, how sad is the sight!  
While here o'er our pathway the Gospel shines bright.  
Let us open our hearts to the poor children there,  
And give them the Bible, our help, and our prayer.

### ROBERT WATSON'S WATCH.

WHEN Robert Watson was about twelve years old, a kind relative made him the present of a watch. It had a beautiful appearance, and kept time to a minute. Indeed, Robert was very proud of his new watch, and was ready to tell the hour to any person. One day, however, he came to his papa and said, "Papa, my watch isn't going right. The hands haven't moved for such a long time." His papa took the watch and looked at it a little, and said, "I'm afraid, Robert, your watch requires cleaning. You had better take it to the watchmaker."

Off Robert started to the watchmaker's, and when he entered the shop he pulled his watch out of his pocket, and said, "Please, sir, can you mend my watch? It doesn't go well?" The watchmaker took the watch, and putting a curious glass before one of his eyes, he turned to a small gas jet, and, screwing up his face in such a way as to make Robert smile, he examined the works of the watch.

In a short while he said to Robert, "I'll set it all right for you, my boy. It needs cleaning. Call for it in a week."

Robert missed his watch greatly during that week. You see its tick, ticking in his vest pocket had made him almost feel that it was like a living friend; and he had got attached to it, and even used to take it out, when no one was near, to have a quiet look at it, and to admire its beautiful cases and pretty hands.

What a long week that seemed to Robert! And when the day appointed did arrive, how eagerly he set out for the watchmaker's! "There's your watch, nicely cleaned," said the watchmaker to him; "it will keep time now like the town clock."

So Robert got his watch again, and thought more of it than ever, because it was so reliable and exact. Every now and then he would test it by the great clock in the tower of the town hall; and it went so well that Robert declared it was quite as good as new.

Now let us see whether we can learn anything from this story of Robert's watch. I have known children who resembled it in some things; perhaps you may know them too. They are pleasant to look at, they have beautiful faces, and are nicely dressed; but just as Robert's watch would not go rightly, they do not act rightly. There is something wrong with them. They need to use that

prayer which David used, "Create in me a clean heart, O God."

You know that God is the great Maker, for the Bible tells us that "He hath made us, and not we ourselves." And as the watchmaker made Robert's watch, and knew all about its works, and could say at once what it needed, so God knows about us children, and when a wrong word is spoken, or a wicked deed is done, it shows that the heart requires cleansing, because sin is there.

Now, we read in the Bible, too, that "the blood of Jesus Christ, God's Son, cleanseth us from all sin." And it was because God saw how sinful our hearts were that He sent His Son to shed His blood. And I wish you all to know that by coming to Him you will be cleansed from sin. Only, God does not require to take us to pieces, as the watchmaker did with the watch. He sends His Spirit, so that we are renewed in the inner man. He puts new thoughts, new feelings, new hopes, in us, and thus makes us clean every whit.

After Robert had seen his watch go wrong, and when his papa had told him what was the matter with it, and where to take it to get it put right, if he had still carried it in his pocket, and not troubled to take it to the watchmaker, we would have thought him foolish. We would have said to him, if we had known him, "What's the use of carrying a watch that won't go, that doesn't keep right time?"

So may we not say to all boys and girls, "What's the use of having a heart that is not right with God, and that is not keeping in the way of His commandments?" And here, I think, you will admit that Robert teaches us a lesson. For instead of not caring to go to the watchmaker, he went off at once, and had his watch cleaned and put in order. So, children, let my last word to you at this time be, Go at once to God when you feel you have done wrong or are doing wrong. Tell your wants to Him, Do not hide your faults, but ask that He may give you a clean heart and renew within you a right spirit.

### "I KNEW, BUT DID NOT TELL."

AS the ice was just beginning to melt, there were a few bad-looking cracks across the pond above the mill-wheel. Willie heard that some of the boys were going to slide there. He knew the danger, for the master had explained it to him that very day. He felt that he ought to tell them; but it was a long way, and he wanted to have a game, and so did not. He did not get much enjoyment from his game all that evening.

That night the sad news was heard that one of the boys had been drowned. What a burst of pain and fear struck Willie when he heard it! It was the very boy that his mother had often, in times of trips and games, put under Willie's care!

That is one story; here is another.

A great nation has been given over into the care of Great Britain. The Christians here know that India is on the dangerous ice of idolatry. They believe that thousands are perishing; yet, as a Christian nation, we have never been properly in earnest in telling

India what we believe. There are millions who have never had a kind, earnest, pains-taking message.

Have we, amidst our pleasant lives, no sense of *guilt* about India?

### FOUND OUT.

ON the top of a hill was an orchard, and in one of the trees was a boy stealing apples; another boy was at the bottom of the tree, to see that nobody found them out. Nobody was near that they could see, but that did not prove that no one saw them; for, seven miles off, Professor Mitchell, the astronomer, was examining the setting sun with his telescope, and the hill happened to come within its range; the actions of the boys, the very tell-tale look on their faces, attracted his notice. He found them out. There was no escaping the great eye of his telescope looking full upon them. They little thought of such a thing. But there was another eye upon them, a greater and a sharper eye, and it followed them. It was God's eye, and His eye is on us. It sees in the night. It sees out of doors, it sees indoors. It sees our actions, it sees our hearts. It sees us, too, by name. Professor Mitchell did not know the boys. God knows everyone.

### THE SNOW-PRAYER.

A LITTLE girl went out to play one day in the fresh new snow, and when she came in she said:

"Mamma, I couldn't help praying when I was out at play."

"What did you pray, my dear?"

"I prayed the snow-prayer, mamma, that I learned once in Sabbath school; 'Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.'"

What a beautiful prayer! And here is a promise to go with it, "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow." And what can wash them white? The Bible answers, "They have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb."

VIRTUE is the safest helmet—the most secure defence.

"If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat; and if he be thirsty, give him water to drink: for thou shalt heap coals of fire upon his head, and the Lord shall reward thee."—*Prov. xxv. 21, 22.*

A LITTLE boy came home one day from church, from which his parents had been detained, and asked his father if he had ever read the twenty-first chapter of Revelation. "O, yes; often," said his father. "But did you ever read it aloud to us here at home?" "I think so." "Well, father, I don't think I ever heard it. The minister read it to-day, and it was just as if he had taken a pencil and paper and pictured it right out before us." So much is there in good reading, I have often wondered how Jesus read the old prophets, the day He went into the meeting and took up the Scriptures and read them before the congregation. The eyes of every one were fastened upon Him, and all "wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of His mouth."

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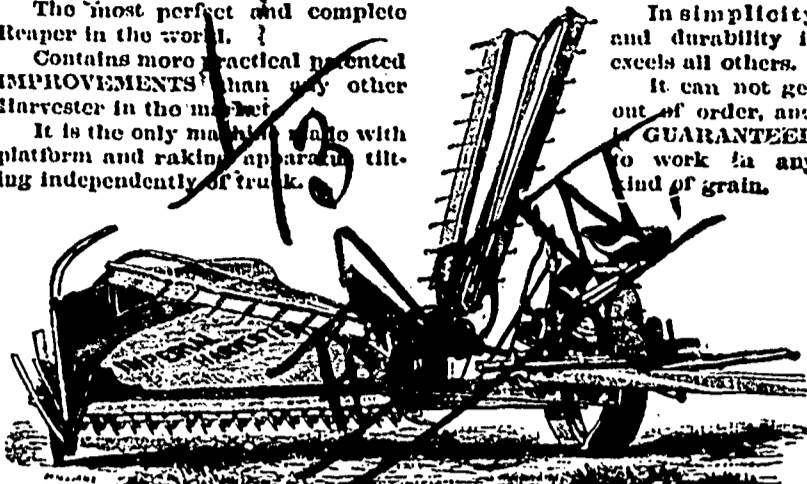
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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

- QUEBEC.—In Chalmers' Church, Richmond, on the second Tuesday of February, at half-past one p.m.
HERON.—In Chilton, on the third Tuesday of January, at ten a.m.
LONDON.—In Maria, on the third Tuesday of January, 1881, at seven p.m.
WHITBY.—At Oshawa, on the third Tuesday of January, 1881, at eleven a.m.
GURTON.—In First Presbyterian Church, Guelph, on the third Tuesday of January, 1881, at ten a.m.
HAMILTON.—At Jarvis, on the third Tuesday of January next (the 18th), at ten a.m. the evening to be devoted to a conference on Sabbath schools and their work.
BANKIE.—At Barrie, on Tuesday, 25th January, 1881, at eleven a.m.
PARIS.—In Duffries street Church, Paris, on the 24th January, 1881, at four p.m. for business, and at half-past seven p.m. to enter into a Conference on State of Religion.
OWEN SOUND.—In St. Paul's Church, Sydenham, on the 18th January, 1881, at half past one p.m. Presbyterian visitation at three p.m.
GLIMSARKY.—In Cornwall, on the 18th January, 1881, at two o'clock p.m.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's mother, Bristol, Que., on the 5th inst., by the Rev. M. H. Scott B.A., the Rev. M. D. M. Blakely, B.A., of Ross and Colburn, to Janet McJannet of Bristol, Que.

Rev. G. L. Mackay, D.D., MISSIONARY TO FORMOSA.

Arrangements are now completed for the following meetings which will be addressed by REV. DR. MACKAY in Toronto:

On Friday, the 21st inst., he will deliver in

COOKE'S CHURCH, at eight o'clock p.m. a lecture on "THE IDOLATRY OF CHINA."

On Sabbath, the 23rd, he will hold three services, viz. 1. and preach in

St. Andrew's Church, King Street, at eleven o'clock a.m. He will address a MASS MEETING OF THE CHILDREN of the Presbyterian Sabbath Schools at three o'clock p.m. in

KNOX CHURCH; and preach in St. James' Square Church, at seven o'clock p.m.

On Monday Evening, 24th inst., he will deliver a missionary address in

Charles Street Church, at eight o'clock.

At each of these meetings a collection will be taken up for Foreign Missions. WM. MACLAREN, Convener F. M. Committee. Toronto, January 11th, 1881.

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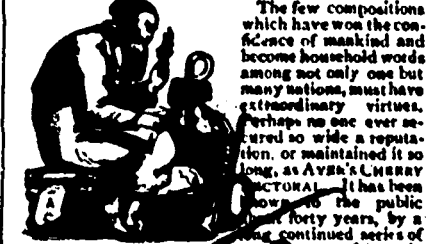
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