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MR. McTAVISH'S FAREWELL.

A LARGE CONGREGATION AND IMPRESSIVE SERVICES.

On Sabbath morning, 2nd inst., Chalmers' Church, Woodstock, was crowded to hear the Farewell sermon of the late Pastor of the congregation, the Rev. John McTavish, who has recently accepted a call and will shortly be inducted to the Pastorate of East Church, Inverness, Scotland. Many of the large assemblage present were from other congregations and denominations in town, all of whom, owing to the prominent part which he has taken in Church work here, feel a deep interest in the removal of Mr. McTavish to another sphere of labor. After singing, reading of Acts xx., and earnest devotional exercises, the reverend gentleman preached an able and exceedingly impressive sermon—only a brief synopsis of which is given below—from Acts xx. 32. During the delivery of his discourse, Mr. McTavish was listened to by all with the deepest attention and with evident emotion by very many of his own congregation.

THE SERMON.

Acts xx, verse 32.—"And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified."

A few years prior to the date of this narrative, said the speaker, the Apostle Paul came an entire stranger to Ephesus to hoist the Gospel standard. Twelve men had already been baptized with the baptism of John; i. e., they were baptized as men that looked for the Saviour yet to appear; they did not know that He had already come. This illustrates the difference between the baptism of John and our baptism. Paul's ministry at Ephesus was successful, as is clear from the following circumstances:—(1) That some who cared not for the Lord sought to preach Him after a fashion and work miracles in His name; (2) that others feeling their business interests to be endangered raised an outcry against Him; and (3) above all that many believed and were saved. There never was a successful Ministry that did not receive opposition. The world, the flesh and the devil are sure to fight it. This was the reason of the persecution. Persons engaged in a trade or traffic which will suffer by the Truth being proclaimed by a fearless Ministry will assuredly oppose it. He prayed God that Chalmers' Church congregation may never have a Ministry that will not meet with opposition from the world, or that the flesh and the devil can tolerate easily. When Paul was driven from Ephesus, no doubt many were saying, "What a loss this is to the cause of Jesus; how can His work go on without Him?" But God could get on without Paul. He can get on without any human instrument. Nevertheless he condescends to honor us by using us as His instruments. And when one of these instruments is removed from one sphere to another, you may be sure that there is no more work there for him to do. It is God's will that he is removed. Upon going away Paul sent for the elders of the church to meet him at Miletus and addressed them in the words of our text. By the word "God" in this passage is meant the Father, and the "word of His grace" evidently means the Lord Jesus Christ—thereby meaning the grand instrumentality by which men are brought to the knowledge of God. In this sense God and Christ Jesus are here spoken of as equals—an evidence of Christ's divinity. I don't understand this, but then I don't understand myself and am not surprised that I cannot understand God. The "grace" should more correctly be rendered "favor"—to show that the Lord Jesus is God's gift to man, not purchased, or deserved in any way, but purely a favor from God. This great gift Paul commends, or places before his friends when leaving them. Not that God was likely to forget them, but He honors His people by making them remembrancers to plead His own promises. Thus was Paul honored in commending them to God and the word of His grace.

Again, what did Paul wish for them? He wished them to be built up as a house. Every believer is a house for God. Not a finished or perfect house, but a house nevertheless—on a new foundation. Sin has made us so angular, so rough and out of shape that no wonder the world occasionally points out our defects—they forget what a terrible condition the Church has been brought out of, and hence the Apostle's desire that we should be built up anew, made perfect. God's love alone can do this. This was what prompted the Apostle to plead the cause of his people before God.

Next, the Apostle sought for them an "inheritance among them that are sanctified." And he desired that they should be built up and made so perfect that they would have the capacity to enjoy this inheritance. Sin has deprived us of our possessions. Not only so, but we have a great load of debt or sin upon us. We are nothing, and less than nothing. Think then of such sin-stricken wretches having their sins blotted out and being given an inheritance equal with God. And with such company—the sanctified, the saints in light. The value and pleasure of a residence or home depends much upon its surroundings, the kind of neighbors you have. Think of the surroundings, the associations of God's inheritance. The Lord make us all of that glorious company, and enable us in view of it to keep ourselves in the fear and love of God.

And now, my friends, suffer me to follow the example here set and apply this language, so far as it is applicable, to ourselves at the present time. I don't presume to apply it all to myself, yet I can surely say to the office-bearers of the church, take heed to yourselves and to the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers. God has given you a solemn charge and great responsibilities, and I hope He will enable you to discharge them faithfully. To the congregation, I would say, have confidence in your office-bearers, keep near them, and support them. I fear not to appeal to you, that while conscious of my imperfections, I have sought to proclaim the truth of God fully, openly, as I believed it. I have kept back nothing. I am in this respect clear of the blood of your souls before God. I may have given pain to some; I have never meant to do so. But I had to preach the truth and that only. In dealing with customs that I consider injurious to the spread of the Truth and the building up of believers I have offended some, but I acted conscientiously and am not afraid to meet them before the Judgment Seat of Christ. I have sought to bring you all to the Lord Jesus. I plead with you and I plead with God for you to give yourselves up more to God. Put your trust in Him. I know there are praying people in the congregation and their prayers will be heard. To those who have not yet given themselves to God, I would say, the day is past so far as I am to be the instrument. We are about to separate. It is not likely that we shall ever meet again in this world. I pray God that I may not be a witness against you in the next. In the Lord's name lay hold at once of the hope set before you in the Gospel. Close now. He asks nothing. We have an all-sufficient Saviour in Christ Jesus. He will never leave you, never forsake you. Accept him now. Will you not accept this inheritance? I know that some of you have considered me too strongly opposed to customs and amusements that prevail among you, but believe me it was not because I wished to mar your pleasure, but because I believed them to be injurious to your spiritual interests and the glory of God. And now I say to all, it is my earnest prayer that God may of His abundant mercy soon give you a Pastor who will be much more blessed in his labors than I have been. I thank God heartily for the souls gathered to Jesus since I came amongst you, and I thank Him for any spiritual enlightenment and comfort which any one has received. I go from among you without any unkind feeling, but with the sincerest affection for all of you. Those who have taken offense I can truly ask God to bless, and now for my friends' and brethren's sake peace be in thee I say, and for the House of God my Lord I will seek your good.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

The Rev. John McTavish, who is now in his fifty-ninth year, was educated at Glasgow University, Scotland, and was ordained and inducted to the pastorate of the Presbyterian congregation at Ballachulish, on the borders of Argyll and Invernesshire in the year 1844. Here he remained until 1852 when he removed for a year to Killlean in Kintyre. Having resolved to devote himself to Colonial work for the future he gave up this charge, intending to go to Australia. Illness and other circumstances, however, prevented him from leaving Scotland before the year 1854 when he set sail for Canada and was shortly after his arrival settled among the Presbyterians in Eldon and Thoron, counties of Victoria and Ontario. His then charge is now known as the Beaverton congregation, over which and Woodville he labored until 1872, when he received and accepted a call to Chalmers' Church, Woodstock. Having applied for and received leave of absence to spend a few months in Scotland during the past summer, chiefly for recreation and the benefit of his health, he visited, amongst other places, and preached in Inverness—the result of which was a call to him signed by nearly 1000 members, from the East Presbyterian Church of that city. The call was accepted, and this morning Mr. McTavish and family will leave Woodstock, accompanied by the station by a large number of his late congregation and others, to bid him a regretful and sorrowing good-bye, for

Scotland, to enter upon the duties of his new field.

Few ministers of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, have occupied a more prominent position in the work of the Church or have done more efficient service than has Mr. McTavish. A man of decided ability and strong convictions, he was a positive element which made itself felt in any community. As a preacher he was able, fresh and deeply in earnest, and the same indeed may be said of him in all his relations to the Church and Society. The Presbyterian Mission to the North-West, the French Evangelization scheme, the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund—all now acknowledged successes—and other important branches of the Church's present operations are in no small measure the result of his suggestions and subsequent advocacy. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that his removal from Canada is felt to be a severe loss to the Presbyterian Church, not alone by his brethren of the Ministry but by the members of that body generally.

THE RUMSELLER'S LICENSE.

For the Presbyterian.]

A license to weaken and paralyze the strong man, to destroy the intellect and dethrone reason; license to transform the noble and affectionate husband into a monster of cruelty, to break the heart of the gentle confiding being, whom he had vowed to love and cherish; license to darken even the memory of innocent, joyous childhood, by depriving them of a father's love, guidance and protection, boqueathing them the sad legacy of rags, tears, wretchedness, and the dire curse of example; license to injure and rob thy neighbor, whom thou art commanded to "love as thyself," take his last penny, drain his purse, and then spurn him from your presence; license to spread a net for thy brother man, enslave him, mark the effort of thy victim to break the fetters and escape the fearful thralldom; license to blight the fond hopes of parents by destroying their noble, promising boy, taking from them the prop of their declining years and bringing their "gray hair with sorrow to the grave;" license to kindle hatred and strife, to inflame the evil passions of humanity, to nerve the arm of the robber, whet the knife of the assassin, harden the heart, sear the conscience, debase the man created in the image of God, to the level of the beasts that perish; license to desecrate the Sabbath, open the flood-gates of wickedness, and change this beautiful world into a sink of corruption—a hell upon earth—and train and educate man for an endless perdition, for "No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of heaven." Review the dark catalogue of crime to which this nefarious license leads, oh! cruel rum-seller. Thy work of destruction is truly appalling! Thy mission is fearful, whilst accumulating thy unholy gain. Examine thy license! Will it stand investigation at the bar of conscience or the tribunal of the great God? "For all these things the Lord shall bring thee into judgment."

O. MERRIAM.

REV. DR. BONAR.

The Rev. Dr. Horatus Bonar is described by Dr. Prime, in the *Observer*, as a venerable-looking man, sixty-five years of age, short of stature, with a round, smooth, fresh face, beaming with intelligence and love. In the pulpit he reads very slowly, and his prayers are short, tender, and comprehensive. Of his work for the children of his charge, Dr. Prim. writes:

Dr. Bonar preaches on the first Sabbath evening of each month to the children of the congregation. The service begins at half-past six and closes at eight, which in this latitude is before sunset, and at nine it is perfect daylight, so that the hour is quite convenient to assemble the children. The house was crowded, the parents being out in full force, children from mission schools, and strangers not a few. The pastor was like a father among the children of his own house. He stepped down from his pulpit again and again, while they were assembling, to seat one and another, called to them to come forward, spoke tenderly to them, and evidently was an object of love to them all. All the children had a Bible in hand, and when the minister named the chapter he was about to read, he passed till they had found the place. He read a few words and hesitated, when the whole mass of them called out the next word, as he stopped only to have them show that they were keeping the place. He would ask them a question on what he was reading, and they would answer promptly. The same way it was when he read the hymns. Then he asked them a few questions in the Shorter Catechism, and they repeated the answers fluently. They sang some of the sweetest of the modern revival hymns, and with great spirit. For the sermon he found his text in Proverbs. "Wisdom hath builded her house," and, having taught them how Christ is the house, he proposed to tell them, 1, of the house; 2, of the open door; 3,

of the feast; 4, the company; and 5, the welcome. Under each of these heads he talked to them just as a parent would in the family circle, and they were all attention. He made them repeat the heads as he went on, and over and over, until they were fixed in their minds. Under the head of the open door, he asked if a boy twelve years old could go in, and they said—Yes. Could a babe get in? Yes. If all wanted to go in at once, could they get in? Yes. And if all the people in Scotland and England and America wanted to get in at the open door, could they all go in? Yes. The poor? Yes, without money or price. The gates of Eastern cities are shut at sunset, and he said: "I once came to the gate of Jerusalem, and it was shut. I knocked hard, but no one answered. At length I put a piece of money into the keyhole, and the keeper opened and let me in. But this door requires no fee, for all are welcome, and it stands open night and day." And so he went on; in the middle of his sermon he said, "I think you are tired; let us sing a hymn," and away they went with the "Sweetest carol ever sung."

and when they were quite waked up with it, he spoke to them again. The whole service was a proof of what I have so often said, that there is no need of clap-trap, funny stories, and baby talk, or religious twaddle, to interest children. Here they were taught the most important truths, saving truth, in simple language, and they were deeply interested. They listened with both ears, answered promptly, and probably remembered much that was said to them. Ministers who preach to children, and teachers, may take a hint from this great and excellent preacher, who knows how to instruct the old and the young. I have heard many Sabbath school sermons and addresses, but never one that more happily met the wants of the youthful mind and heart.

CLERGYMEN'S INFLUENCE.

It is quite possible to estimate the minister of religion too highly; to regard him as the source of blessing, instead of one of the channels through which blessing comes; to allow him to eclipse the Master whom he ought to reveal. This the Roman Catholics do; and we are not quite sure that it has not been done to a greater or less extent by some Protestants; but with them the movement has long been in an opposite direction. Now, it is quite possible to go too far in this direction also; to exalt the ministerial office as to deprive it of all weight and influence; to repeat the truism that "the minister is only a man" so frequently that it comes to mean that he is something less than a man. True he is only a man; but a man may be a Prince. The following extract from an American exchange seems to indicate a return to proper feeling on this subject:—

There is a tendency in certain schools of thought, even in the Christian Church, to regard the ministerial office as a thing to be treated with effluence rather than respect, and as a refuge for amiable souls rather than a vantage-ground for hearty work. Another idea is, that ministers, although really a relic of the days of priestcraft, may be tolerated if they are seen to work with twice the diligence of other Christians in every department of religious and secular reform. Thus *The Christian Register*, the Boston Unitarian organ, has just intimated that the world will "keep a place" for specially able and devoted clergymen, but will let the office die out if its occupants are merely seekers after their own ease and convenience. Now, we do not look back with pleasure upon those days when ministers were absurdly coddled, were given all the best corners in life, and were considered oracles on all possible subjects. The modern decline of priest-worship has had a good effect on the clerical profession, which is more self-reliant and manly than it used to be. But there is some danger lest thoughtless persons go too far. We do not see how the ministerial office can be dispensed with until Christians get to heaven and need no human minister. Every ecclesiastical body, from the hierarchical Church of Rome to the plain and informal body of Friends, must have certain members who devote themselves in some especial degree to the care of religious affairs, the visitation of the sick and poor, the management of public worship, or the instruction of the people by preaching. Such persons need a special training and a clear idea of the importance of their duties; and therefore they deserve a respect different, in some ways, from that accorded to the other Christian workers. There are divers theories of ordination; some Christians regard their clergymen as recipients of a special and permanent grace of the Holy Ghost, while others consider them merely as officers elected by their ecclesiastical peers to perform, for a longer or a shorter time, certain delegated religious duties. But even though there may be "a church without a bishop and a state without a king," we do not see how the church can get along without an order of preachers and workers. Whatever be their views of the authority of such an order or the source of its powers all Christians ought to agree that its office is permanent, until Christ's mandate to his messengers be fulfilled, and the whole world is Christianized.

It seems strange to have to argue for the permanence of the ministerial profession, but the paper we have quoted only voices a too common notion. The real trouble with *The Christian Register* is with its own denomination, which is now vexed both with vacant pulpits and with churchless ministers—as is the case in other denominations also. When every other de-

partment at Harvard has grown in numbers, the Divinity School has stood still, and not even the zeal of men like Edward Everett Hale or the bounty of rich scholarships can fill it up. It seldom has more than fifteen or twenty students, and a quarter of these drift out of the Unitarian ministry when they graduate. Yet the denomination has been talking about "manly men in the pulpit" for twenty five years. We believe that some of its members, *The Christian Register* included, have gone to the opposite extreme in their dislike of sacerdotalism and inefficiency. Many Sunday essays on literature or morals are not a good substitute for the old-fashioned notion of a preacher's duty. Just now we believe there is quite as much danger of looking down on the minister as of looking up to him. At any rate, able or stupid, he is the messenger of good news, or, in the Saxon phrase, the "gospeler." His words are true though his mouth be foolish.

In point of fact, we believe the clerical profession in its entirety, worth of respect, not only for its mission, but for its brains. It is about as completely the learned profession as ever it was. The proportion of liberally educated men in law and medicine is not a third as large as in the ministry, and the modern minister is pretty sure to be as well posted in regard to Darwin's last book or the meaning of the most recent Turkish victory as any of his medical or legal parishioners. He is quite as worthy of respect for his intelligence as the school-teacher or the journalist; and when his people find this out they should be the more willing to hear his religious message instead of demanding that he put it aside in consequence of his ability to interest them on other themes. In a word, the minister exists for the Church, not the Church for the minister.

A Thank Offering.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—I notice with a great deal of pleasure the reference in your issue of last week to the circular of the Rev. Dr. Cochran, Convener of the Home Mission Committee, in which he proposed that a special collection be taken up on Thanksgiving Day in aid of the Home Mission Fund. For some years past I have spoken to ministers as occasion offered, and urged the taking up of a "thank-offering" at the Thanksgiving service, for the benefit of the Mission Funds of the Church, and in nearly every case the suggestion was well received. The same suggestion was made to the Convener of Home Missions just before the meeting of the Assembly, and I am truly glad to see that he has, with his usual energy and zeal for the important branch of the Church's work over which he has presided so well, brought the matter officially before the ministers and congregations of the Church. It is surely not too much to ask of our people, that, when they go up to God's house to commemorate His goodness to them during the year, and return their thanks to Him for His great kindnesses, they shall give back into the treasury of the Lord a little of what he has loaned to them.

A comparatively small thank-offering from each member and adherent will add a good many thousand dollars to the Mission Fund; and it is to be hoped the congregations will respond nobly. I do not think that it should be confined to the Home Missions, but include the Foreign Missions as well. There need be no difficulty about the respective shares, as the total collections can be distributed on the basis of the ordinary funds. The carrying out of the suggestion will afford the people an opportunity of showing the practical value of their gratitude; and in giving, it should be as a "free-will offering," and not in any way to interfere with the regular contributions to the schemes of the Church, as, if allowed to do this, it cannot in any proper sense be a "thank-offering." I am, dear sir, sincerely yours, M.

A Conversation Between a Roman Catholic Priest and a Protestant.

Prot.—Could St. Paul forgive sins?
Priest.—He could.
Prot.—Please tell me who gave him the power.
Priest.—Jesus Christ.
Prot.—Please show me where you can point to one passage of Scripture to show that St. Paul ever forgave sins. He only preached forgiveness of sins through Christ. See Acts xiii. 38, 39; xvi. 31.
Prot.—But Peter could forgive sins. See John xx. 22, 23.
Prot.—Please look at Acts iv. 12; v. 31; x. 34, 35, 43; also, Chap. xi. 14; and you will find that he only preached forgiveness of sins through Jesus Christ and that he understood the commission he got in John xx. 22, 23.
Prot.—Was ever the blessed Virgin in America?
Priest.—No.
Prot.—Does she know the American people?
Priest.—No.
Prot.—Then why do the American people pray to her when she does not know them?
Priest.—God hears the prayers offered to her and tells them to her.
Prot.—Then God can give the blessing you want from Him and save her the trouble. We do not need another intercessor as we have Christ and none else will do but Him, John xiv. 6; 1 Tim. ii. 5.

AN ULSTER PROTESTANT.

Toronto, 4th Sept., 1877.

The Rev. R. P. McKay, will be ordained and inducted to the pastorate of Knox Church, Scarborough, on the 9th of October. Mr. McKay is at present on a tour in Great Britain.

Pastor and People.

TWO-EDGED PROVERBS.

I.—"EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF."

(Concluded.)

Many will be condemned by-and-by simply from their taking care, as they thought, of No. 1. Then, when they see matters in the light of God's nature, and Christ's life and death, and when their own true life stands before them in its proper light, they shall see how far they had departed from God's law in the whole spirit of that life. Perhaps they will be surprised. Perhaps, like those men in the parable, they will say, "Lord, when saw we Thee an-hungred, or thirsty, or naked, or sick, or in prison?" and perhaps the answer they will get shall be this, you could not see, because you would not see; you stood in your own light; you put your gross and earthly self between your real self and Me, and as you would none of My law, so now I mock at your calamity. Behold, all your life was strewn with opportunities of your living in others for Me. "Inasmuch," says Jesus, "as ye did it not unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye did it not to Me." Suppose you hear the remainder of that speech addressed to you, that a voice said to you, "Depart, thou cursed one, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels;" cannot you understand with what gibes and jeers and cruel mockings you may be received into the abodes of woe? horrible voices full of irony crying, "Here comes the man whose life-motto was, 'Every man for himself,'" your own heart's memory jeering and mocking too, and saying, "And thus miserably ends a lifelong taking care of No. 1!"

The fact is that all sin is against our real interest in the end. And so it comes to pass that a great deal of getting and keeping here may be simply dead loss, and ruinous as regards hereafter. If he that loses his life shall find it, how much more he that for Christ's sake gives up some smaller thing? If not even a cup of cold water can be given to a disciple in the name of Christ without its bringing hereafter a corresponding reward, how much more all those still larger services which it is in the power of every one to render?

Well, is it taking care of No. 1? is it being in any true sense of the word "for yourself" to lose the future great reward? Even suppose you have repented and sought Christ, and found life and safety in Him, are you pursuing your true interest when you are doing all you can to make your reward as small as possible for eternity? God has made a true sense in which a man's own interests are to be dear to him, in which his own self is to be precious; and you are missing God's way when you are following out your own. His teachings about yourself would lead you one way, your ideas on the subject lead you another; His would have lauded you in gain imperishable, your own can land you in nothing but loss.

I would say to such a man, Remember this, too—and it is a very serious consideration—every day that you spend with "Every man for himself" as your motto and rule of life hardens you to the power of the Cross, and makes you move farther and farther from its influence. One of the great operations of the Cross is to penetrate "self"—to break through its hard shell, to pierce the armour in which it is encased from head to foot. And if we buckle self closer and closer still, then the more do we shut ourselves up from those holy influences which would make us like Christ and fit for heaven. "Self," in some form, is the great enemy with which the Cross has to contend; and to hug ever closer the enemy of Christ is to do ourselves a deadly injury.

How can a man be said to be for himself in any sort as to good, when he is putting from himself his hope of life? And then I say to such a one, You are losing all real pleasure. There may be a poor shadowy pleasure for a moment in doing what that "self" desires which is not of God. It is folly to say that there is no pleasure in sin. If there were none, then people would not sin. The first sin was committed under inducements of pleasure—goodness of food, pleasure to the eye, the being made wise, all gave goodly promise; and under that inducement the sin was consummated. And so it is now. The miser, the drunkard, the voluptuary, and all who commit sin, find a pleasure of some kind in it for depraved self. But it abides not, and finally it stings.

The greatest pleasures are those which we find outside ourselves; they become our own, though we do nothing for self, still all our outgoings for others come back upon ourselves; good measure pressed down and running over is poured into our bosom. There is a story of, I believe, an Italian noble, who had lived entirely for himself, and exhausted, in what he thought pleasure, all his energies. At last life became burdensome to him, and he determined to commit suicide. On his way to the water in which he intended to drown himself he was accosted by a beggar-child asking alms. He threw the child a piece of gold, and was

proceeding on his way to the river, when he suddenly determined to go and see the child's sick mother, according to her earnest request when she asked for charity. He went; and the happiness he experienced in ministering to their wants, and seeing their gratitude, was such that he believed life was not quite exhausted, that it had some new sensations and interests still left, and henceforth he became a useful and a happy man.

Well, if all this be so, if self be likely to assume so undue a prominence, and to play as in our deepest, truest, and most real selves so false a part, surely, when we say, "Every man for himself," or when we are about to act on this principle, we had better take care what we are about. What we are called upon to do, is to take care, and to deal aright with self. Our deep, true, and real "self" has claims on us which we cannot disregard without ruin.

We must see well to it wherein our individual true happiness is to be found. Ask yourself, good reader, whether you have been making a mistake hitherto in this matter. If you have found no happiness, say to yourself, "Why am I thus?" We may feel inclined to lay the blame on this person and that, or on one circumstance and another, but in all probability the blame rests entirely upon ourselves.

You have a right to look for personal happiness; it is right that you should have no rest without it; and the way to get it is this—Come and get unburdened at the Cross, and then go and live with the usefulness which is the doctrine of that Cross. Take care of No. 1, as you value all that is really worth having, but take care of it in God's way. Many, while they think they are taking care of it, are really ruining it. Every man shall give account of himself to God, therefore not to take care of No. 1 would be to throw yourself away, and be unable to render up a good account when the day of reckoning comes.

Put this question to yourself, good reader, "What kind of a 'self' did God mean me to have?" and when you do this, you will find that it is impossible that it can be a self unlike His Son—the great pattern Man for all.

Be strong, and earnest, and all alive for yourself, that you may be made what He would have you be, and God will put your self right with Him, and being right with Him, it will be in right and blessed relationship with all others also.

You must indeed look well to yourself. You must not commit this all-important interest to another; you must see to it that you yourself are in Christ—that you yourself are living for Christ.

Do not expect that others will look after you—that you can offer as a valid excuse, by-and-by, that if you had been properly attended to, things would have been different with you from what they are now. What can you answer if you be asked, "To whom were you of so much importance as yourself; why then did you not look after yourself?" Little do men know what error, what truth, lie in this common saying, "Every man for himself."

Helping the Enemy.

Yesterday our waitress, a good, devout Romanist, came to my door and said: "Miss A., there is a young girl down stairs would like to see you." I went down stairs to find a neatly-dressed servant girl, collecting-book in hand, come to appeal to me for funds to build a new house for their priest. She called my attention to the name of my next neighbor, a devoted Christian woman, who had subscribed a small amount. I particularly dislike to refuse people, but I have always been very outspoken in the belief that Protestants ought not to assist Romanists in religious operations. Yet I knew my faithful Annie was in the next room, and could hear every word I said; and will she, thought I, believe in my interest for her, if I refuse to give to her beloved Church? I hesitated for a moment, and then said, "If I give anything, I will give it through Annie, who is interested in all that concerns the Church." The girl thanked me and withdrew. Again that afternoon I was appealed to for the same object, with a like result.

Perhaps it will surprise your readers that it cost me so much trouble to decide; but I could not make up my mind until this morning, because I could not bear to disappoint Annie.

This morning I said what I ought, of course, to have said at first—"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

The answer was to me clear and unmistakable: "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness." Then I thought, shall I just let it go—say nothing about it? No, that would leave my motives open to question. So I went into the dining-room, where Annie was washing the dishes, and said—

"Annie, what would you think of me if I refused to give anything to your Church?"

"I wouldn't think anything; I should never have asked you."

"If it had been your sister's house," I said, "I would have helped you gladly, but your priest's house is different. If I asked you to give towards our Church you would not do it, because you do not think it the true Church, and you would not think it right to help it along. I feel just so toward your Church."

"That's just what I was saying last night to George," she replied; "you didn't come to us when you were building Dr. T.'s church, and I don't see why we should come to you; and I don't see how you could give to us, if you think you are right. Did you know Mr. A. gave us three thousand?"

"Yes," said I, "and to the Methodists a plot of ground for their church."

"Yes, ma'am, and Harriet says she thinks he must be very stupid, and can't know what to do with his money, to give it away like that. I don't suppose he can be anything; do you, Miss A.?"

The Vaudois Church.

The Waldensian Church is making rapid progress throughout Italy. A writer in *Evangelical Christendom* gives a cheerful picture of its present prosperity. Cases of discipline are fewer; the number of meetings and of their frequenters is increasing; new societies and meetings have been started, in order to a taken everywhere more interest in the work of the church as regards education, benevolence, evangelization, and missions.—Their charitable and educational institutions are flourishing. The manner in which the lesson of the Gospel is working in the community is indicated by the following account of the upspringing of a Church in the secluded Alpine village of Coazze. This story is told by an evangelical laborer in a neighboring field.—One market day, at Figuerol, a young rustic from Coazze bought from a colporteur a cheap copy of the New Testament. He became deeply interested in its perusal, and before long was powerfully convicted by the Spirit of God. He at once left his home and moved to the city, so as to be within hearing of the Word. Soon he was a rejoicing believer. He then returned to Coazze, and made his livelihood by peddling, among other things, Bibles and tracts. The curiosity and conscience of his old neighbors were aroused by listening to his experience, as well as by reading the books he distributed, and they soon expressed a desire to hear the Gospel expounded by an authorized evangelist. On a bitter day in January, 1874, Signor Cardon arrived in the village late in the afternoon, after a long journey on foot over the mountain. Permission to use the public hall was promptly given him, and a congregation of more than seven hundred assembled to hear a pointed sermon founded on the words, "What must I do to be saved?" the evangelist met of course with some opposition from the priestly party, but the reception on the whole was favorable. A noble little society was formed, a fine chapel has since been erected, and the blessed influence is spreading to all the country around. In the city of Rome the efforts of Protestant missionaries have not been so successful as in less important centres, probably because of its occupancy by so many denominations at once, presenting to the Papists the appearance of a divided front, and, also, making the enforcement of discipline in each society very difficult.—*National Repository for May.*

Forgive Your Friends.

It is said again and again that it is the duty of a man to forgive his enemies. That is true. But there is another duty equally as plain and sometimes more difficult—to forgive your friends. Not your false friends; but those who are your true ones, and who have shown their friendship in many ways.

Our friends tax our patience sorely sometimes. They say and do things which it is hard for us to understand. They presume upon our friendship and tease us; they cross our pathway, and they fail when we depend upon them. Out of pure friendship they tell us things which annoy us, and their thoughtlessness inflicts a wound as deep as that which malice itself can make. Sometimes we marvel at the strange conduct of our friends. We are puzzled to explain it, and all that we can do is to forgive. No light word or strange deed of theirs shall break the tie which through years of intercourse was slowly formed.

One day, in a confidential mood, we wrote a private letter to a friend. It contained a defence of our conduct which some enemy had publicly assailed. What does our friend do but print the letter, and then send us a copy of the paper, with a letter which said: "I deemed it due to you that your satisfactory defense should be published. Pardon me if I have done wrong." We forgave him, but it was an effort, for we smarted under the mischief which he wrought.

Another friend makes you the butt of his wit. He loves you so he nicknames you in the presence of strangers. He gives you a good natured thump. He throws the rays of his wit on your foibles, and raises a laugh in the company at your expense. He pursues that line of conduct until you are driven to calling him to account. Then he is hurt and grieved that you should doubt for a moment the sincerity and depth of his friendship. He would risk his life he says to save yours. He says truly; so you forgive him.

Another friend, almost breathless, hastens to meet you. "Mr. A.," he begins, "said in my hearing a very ill-natured thing about you." You beg him to stop, as you do not wish to hear what was said, but you beg in vain. "I am your friend and must tell you." And so he quotes a malicious remark, which ought not to have been repeated, and which makes you excessively uncomfortable. Then he asks you to forgive him if in his friendly zeal he did wrong to repeat this precious bit of personal gossip, and you forgive him.

But the friend that is the hardest to forgive is he who feels it to be his duty to be your faithful critic, and to tell you of all your faults. He uses no judgment about the matter. His eyes are always open and staring, and his tongue is always moving. He sees something odd about your dress, something awkward in your manners, something ungrammatical in your speech, you wonder what there is about you that he likes. He is worse than an accusing conscience, and in your loftiest tone you call him to order. "Pardon me for my criticisms," he says, "for they are well intentioned, and faithful are the wounds of a friend." What can you do but pardon him?

Forgive your friends! If you find it hard to do this, O think how often they have forgiven you!—*Methodist.*

"They are without fault before the throne of God."—Revelation xiv. 5. Is not this a most glorious prospect and portion for the believer? Am I looking forward to it as my own? And am I living a life of preparation for the blessedness thus promised to the faithful? Do I so trust in Christ, and so live a life of conformity to His will, as, through grace, to be fitted for heaven, as through the divine mercy and promise I may have a title to it? Does the expectation of coming glory encourage me to be faithful unto death?

O Jesus! Friend Unfailing!

O Jesus! Friend unfailing!
How dear art Thou to me!
Are cares or fears assailing?
I find my strength in Thee
Why should my feet grow weary
Of this my pilgrim way?
Rough though the path and dreary,
It ends in perfect day.
Naught, naught I court as pleasure,
Compared, O Christ, with Thee!
Thy sorrow without measure
Earned peace and joy for me!
I love to own, Lord Jesus!
Thy claims o'er the Divine;
Bought with Thy blood most precious,
Whose can I be but Thine?
What fills my heart with gladness?
Thy Thy abounding grace.
Where can I look in sadness,
But Jesus, on Thy face?
My all is Thy providing,
Thy love can ne'er grow cold;
In Thee, my Refuge, hiding,
No good wilt Thou withhold.
Why should I droop in sorrow?
Thou'rt ever by my side.
Why, trembling, dread the morrow?
What ill can e'er befall?
If I my cross have taken,
'Tis but to follow Thee;
If scorned, despised, forsaken,
Nought severs Thee from me.
O worldly pomp and glory,
Your charms are spread in vain!
I've heard a sweeter story!
I've found a truer gain!
Where Christ a place prepareth,
There is my loved abode;
There shall I gaze on Jesus!
There shall I dwell with God!
For every tribulation,
For every sore distress,
In Christ I've full salvation,
Sure help, and quiet rest.
No fear of foes prevailing!
I triumph, Lord, in Thee!
O Jesus! Friend unfailing!
How dear art Thou to me!

Meanness.

Economy is an excellent thing. That is, it is very comfortable to be able to say to one's self, "I will do without this, that, or the other luxury, rather than run the risk of being a beggar in my old age," or even to find it possible to live without what is usually deemed a necessity, rather than to run into debt. But exaggerated economy, or rather meanness, is something which must render its possessor wretched, and something too selfish to forbid themselves anything they desire. They covet rich food and fine dress, ease, and idleness, but they begrudge to those who minister to their wants their well earned price, and always forget that "the laborer is worthy of his hire."

From the lips of such people you hear nothing but complaints. Every one is overreaching them. The dressmaker has sent in a frightful bill; the cook has no right to such wages; the abominable landlord thinks no rent too much for his house; it is impossible to have anything done without being cheated. In fine, they want all that people have to sell, and have within their souls a miserly desire to get it for nothing. Always accusing other people of their own vices, they save their conscience, and when they do get something for nothing fancy themselves happy. But it is only a fancy. They can never know the pleasant warmth that fills the heart when a generous action has been done at its prompting. Never can they feel the pleasant independence that follows liberal and ungrudging payment of those to whose toil or trouble one is indebted.

Life is a constant battle to them, and many a sordid thirft is happier than those who forget that they have no right to economy at the expense of other people, and whoever wittingly takes money from another to add to his own purse is, at least at heart, a thief.

Noise in the Pulpit.

A celebrated divine who was remarkable in the first period of his ministry for a boisterous mode of preaching, suddenly changed his whole manner in the pulpit, and adopted a mild and dispassionate mode of delivery. One of his brethren observing it, inquired of him what induced him to make the change. He answered, "When I was young, I thought it was the thunder that killed people, but when I grew wiser I discovered it was the lightning; so I determined in future to thunder less and lighten more."

There is an immeasurable distance between the genuine and the spurious Christian. The genuine Christian may be weak, wild, eccentric, fanatical, faulty; but he is right-hearted; you find "the root of the matter" in him. The spurious Christian is the most dangerous of men, and one of the most difficult to deal with. You see what he is, but you find it almost impossible to keep clear of him. He will seek your acquaintance in order to authenticate his own character—to endorse his own reputation; but avoid him. His errors and vices will be assigned to the Church by an indiscriminating world. There is less danger in associating with worldly people by profession, and more tenderness to be exercised toward them.—*Richard Cecil.*

As the earth must have its sun, so the soul must have its Christ. The longing of every heart is for power to look beyond the mists and darkness of life, to penetrate through the seen to the unseen, and learn something of the character of Deity and of his purpose concerning us. That is a longing which men will ever have, let the coming ages bring with them what they may, and one which has never been so fully satisfied as in the person of Mary's gentle Son. There may be those who, in the future as now, will continue to claim that philosophy and science, and the natural religion which grows out of them, suffice to answer man's questions as to God and human destiny; but this class, as to-day, will always be small. The world calls for bread, and will not be satisfied with husks. It can only feed its hunger on the manna of Revelation; and until God shall vouchsafe unto it a higher manifestation of His wisdom, love, and power, it cannot give up its Christ.

Random Readings.

ONE cannot well know himself, unless he knows his Creator.—*Eastern Proverb.*

THE man who is not thankful for a favor, will not be faulted if treated amiss.—*African Proverb.*

HE who wishes to secure the good of others, has already secured his own.—*Chinese Maxim.*

THERE is in every human countenance either a history or a prophecy, which must add, or at least soften, every reflecting observer.—*Coleridge.*

NOTHING draws along with it such a glory as the Sabbath. Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation. It has been the coronation day of martyrs—the first day of sabbate. It has been from the first day till now the sublime day of the Church of God; still the outgoings of its morning and evening rejoice. Let us then remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.

HE who labours only for his personal pleasure may well be discouraged by the shortness and uncertainty of life, and cease from his selfish toil on the first approach of disease; but whoever has fully realized the grand continuity of intellectual tradition and takes his own place in it, between the future and the past, will work until he can work no more and then gaze hopefully on the world's great future.—*Hamerton.*

THERE is nobody to say that, having tried the Bible, they found it injurious. The more reading, without a proper regard to the truth and the help that is needed from God, will prove a savor of death; but the fault is not in the word, but in the man. Throughout the Church there is one universal testimony to the fact that the word of God is a benefit and blessing to those who use it properly.

No one will do for himself who does not do for somebody else. Taking care of number one is always best accomplished when we are bearing burdens, giving cups of cold water, and otherwise manifesting our interest in those who have need. Let a man begin life with a determination to build himself up by selfishness, and he will pass through it a miserable failure, both as regards his own happiness and his influence on society.

MEETING with a person, the other day, who had formerly been in the liquor traffic, I asked him why he left the trade. His reply was as follows: "In looking over my account-book one day, I counted up the names of forty-four men who had been regular customers of mine most of them for years. Thirty-two of these men, to my certain knowledge, had gone down to a drunkard's grave, and ten of the remain-twelve were then living confirmed sots! I was appalled and horrified. To remain in such a dreadful, degrading and murderous trade I could not, hence I abandoned it." Such are the fruits of rum-selling.

If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my weary hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a bare coffin without a flower, a funeral without an eulogy, than a life, without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Let us learn to anoint our friends before-hand for their burial. Post-mortem kindnesses do not cheer the burdened spirit. Flowers on the coffin cast no fragrance backward over the weary days.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

You can be happy in plain clothes and in a small house. "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." But you cannot be happy with debts for yesterday's luxuries, and discounts over their loss. Let us encourage modesty and sobriety of life. The rage for wealth has ruined thousands in conscience, in character, in reputation. Let us eschew ostentation of life, and increase our power to help the needy around us. A suit or a hat less in a year will be easily endured, and the savings will cheer the man or the woman who works for you. Look down more; look up less; substitute charity flowing down for envy trying to fly up. You will be happier.—*Methodist.*

In itself, and merely for itself, death need not be terrible, and often is not. But it is the light of the higher life in Christ which alone glorifies it. And unless this light has sunk into our hearts, I know not whence hope can reach us. We may be resigned or peaceful. We may accept the inevitable with a calm front. We may be even glad to be done with the struggle of existence, and leave our name to be forgotten and our work to be done by others. We may be able to say to ourselves, if not in the sense of St. Paul, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," I am ready to lie down and die and cease to be, if this is my fate. But in such a mood of mind there is no cheerfulness, no spring of hope. With such a thought St. Paul could neither comfort himself nor content the Thessalonians. Nay, for himself he felt that he would be intensely miserable if he had only such a thought. "If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all most miserable."—*Principal Tulloch.*

Love to Christ smooths the path of duty, and wings the feet to travel it; it is the bow which impels the arrow of obedience; it is the mainspring moving the wheels of duty; it is the strong arm tugging the oar of diligence. Love is the marrow of the bones of fidelity, the blood in the veins of piety, the sinew of spiritual strength, yea, the life of sincere devotion. He that hath love can no more be motionless than the aspen in the gale, the sere leaf in the hurricane, or the spray in the tempest. As well may hearts cease to beat as love to labor. Love is instinct with activity, it cannot be idle; it is full of energy, it cannot content itself with little; it is the well-spring of heroism, and great deeds are the gushings of its fountain; it is a giant, it heapeeth mountains on mountains, and thinks the pile but little; it is a mighty mystery, for it changes bitter into sweet; it calls death life, and life death; and it makes pain less painful than enjoyment.—*Exchange.*

Our Young Folks.

The "Hollenberry" Cup.

"Mother, what you think's brokened? Your 'hollenberry' cup! All to pieces! Susie said this all in one breath, holding up the handle of a small fragment of a clear, delicate china cup, with only one scarlet 'hollenberry' and part of a leaf left on it. "But don't scold Will, she added; "he didn't mean to, and he's awful sorry now."

"How did Willie break it?" asked Susie's mother, quietly, and not looking nearly as much like scolding Will as Susie had expected, though in truth she was more sorry than Susie knew. For the dainty French china cup and saucer—exquisite in shape, and bordered with holly leaves and clusters of scarlet holly berries—was dear to her in itself, and as the gift of an absent and cherished friend.

"O, he was arranging the ferns in the tall vase—he and Bertha jarred 'em over, whirling about, I s'pose; anyway, they were jarred down, and when he was putting them up straight the silver vase fell over against the cup."

"And I wish," said Bertha, who now stood just behind Susie, and was half a head taller, "I wish everything pretty we care for was made of silver or gold, or else ivory! Then they wouldn't be all spoiled to pieces the minute they were touched!"

Mrs. Gaylord smiled as she followed the children to the parlor. Will was on the sofa, and Bessie, a sweet girl of fourteen, stood by him, trying to fit together the fragments, and waiting for Susie's bit.

"I'm sorry," said Will, as he looked above the mantel, contemplating the vacancy he had made by upsetting the cup.

Mrs. Gaylord knew that before he spoke as well as after; so she said, cheerfully, "I learned when a little girl that it was of no use to cry over spilled milk, and I am sure it is too late to begin now." Four pairs of eyes were watching her, and she did not think how well she was teaching them the same lesson.

"You may put the pieces out of sight, Bessie, and we will forget it."

After leaving them, Bessie took the bits to her own room, followed by Bertha and Susie. She found that, although there were half a dozen pieces, they were all there, and she could fit them exactly.

"What a nice surprise it would be to mother and Will if this could be very neatly mended," she said, slowly; "and if two little people can keep a secret, I'll do my best to make it all right again."

"Oh, we can," said Bertha.

"We truly will," said Susie.

Bessie got a little vial of cement, and looked carefully at the directions on its side. If Bessie had one fault it was impatience. If there were any trait likely to enable her to overcome it, she had this also. It was the joy it gave her to give others pleasant surprises. Her drawing-teacher had told her that if anything would prevent her success as an artist it would be her impatience to finish a piece as soon as it was begun. The broken cup proved a test. She first brushed the cement on the edges of the larger piece, and fitted it to the half cup. Then she tried the next in size, but in pressing it gently in its place, out fell the other piece. This she tried again and again, while Bertha's "Oh!" and Susie's "You never can!" did not lessen her nervousness. At last she said "I see how it is; it is a long job. I shall have to put in one piece at a time, and wait for that to get dry and tight; and that'll take one day; and then put in another piece, and let that dry, and so on."

"O—dear—me!" said Susie. But it was the only way. The next day the children went up to their secret work. The large piece was in all right. Bessie fitted another to it beautifully. Then she tried one more. Out both fell.

"O dear! I've half a mind to throw it away. Mother thinks it's gone, anyway."

"Can't you make one piece stay? You know what you said," hinted Bertha; "and then we can go down and forget it till to-morrow."

This helped Bessie's patience, and the second piece was put in, and the cup set away. The next day all proved well thus far, as before, and again Bessie tried to "finish the job," but the old rule of "one at a time" persisted in being obeyed. "Three days more," sighed Susie. But, lo! on the third and last day the one little triangular piece that was left wouldn't fit in. Somehow it was just a little too large for its place. In trying very hard to press it in, out came the piece next it. This was put back easily, and Bessie said, "This little 'triangle hole' is so far under that it will never show," and she walked to the coal-scuttle in the closet and dropped the last tiny fragment of china down among the black coals, sure that no eye would ever see it again.

"There'll always be a hole in the 'hollenberry' cup!" sobbed Susie, as the bit of china disappeared.

"Wait till to-morrow and see," said Bessie; "we'll finish it yet."

So the little face brightened again. Next day the cup was all right except the one tiny hole. Bessie washed it carefully, and the china looked more nearly than ever, and the holly berries a brighter scarlet. What should be done with the hole. A happy thought struck her. She found some little snowy flakes of plaster of Paris, and out one with her penknife, putting it gently into the open place. Then she mixed up a little plaster and smoothed it nicely over, and let it harden. Sure enough, it was all right. Taking a brush from her paint-box, with white paint she delicately brushed over the cracked lines, and, lo! her patience was rewarded.

"No one could tell it was ever brokened!" said Susie, bending forward, and pressing her hands as tightly together as possible to enforce her delight.

"I wouldn't know it myself!" said Bertha.

Bessie carried the cup to its old place beside the silver vase, happy in two thoughts—that she had a surprise for her mother (and it proved quite as pleasant a one as she had anticipated), and that she had proved that she could conquer impatience and learn how good it is to "labor and to wait,"—St. Nicholas.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXVIII.

Sept. 23, 1877. PAUL AT MILETUS. Acts xx. 17-33.

COMMIT TO MEMORY. Vt. 22-27. PARALLEL PAGES.—Rev. II. 2-7; Ezek. xxxiii. 1-9.

SCRIPTURE READINGS.—With v. 17, read 2 Tim. iv. 20; with v. 18, compare Acts xix. 10; with v. 19, read Acts xix. 23, and v. 21; with v. 20, read 2 Tim. iv. 2; with v. 21, read Luke xxiv. 47; with v. 22, compare v. 16; with v. 23, read Acts ix. 16; with v. 24, read Phil. ii. 18; with v. 25, 26, read 2 Cor. vii. 2; with v. 27, compare Ezek. iii. 17-21; with v. 28, read Isa. xl. 11; with v. 29, read John x. 20; with v. 30, read John iv. 1; with v. 31, compare Col. i. 23; with v. 32, read John xvii. 17.

THE FOLLOWING PLACES ARE TO BE IDENTIFIED: Ephesus, Miletus.

GOLDEN TEXT.—For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake.—2 Cor. iv. 5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The whole counsel of God is to be declared.

The aim of the apostle being to reach Jerusalem at Pentecost (v. 16), he decides not to delay at Ephesus, yet he desired to see the elders and representatives of the church there, and to give them needed parting counsel. He had, no doubt, to arrange according to the time of the ship in which he sailed, and he may have apprehended possible delay if he had entered Ephesus. Miletus was to the south, on the coast, and a day's journey from Ephesus. He sent for the elders, and urged upon them their responsibility. The main counsel is in v. 28, "Take heed unto yourselves and to all the flock," and all that precedes and follows, is intended to enforce that appeal. That is the central thought which the various considerations mentioned are meant to fix in their minds. The first of these is:

I. PAUL'S RIGHT TO EXHORT (vs. 18-21).

He recalls the form of his labor among them for their good. Imputations and charges no doubt had been brought against him; "enemies to the cross of Christ" would not fail to malign him. Hence the appeal he makes to the men who knew him ever since he entered (proconsular) "Asia." Ephesus had been the centre in which he had resided and laboured at all seasons, or all the time. His aim had been to serve the Lord (v. 19). His temper had been "with all humility of mind," willing to be nothing, that Christ might be all in all. His toil had been with tears for the sins and dangers of men (Phil. iii. 18), and in eager concern for their deliverance (2 Cor. ii. 4). And it had been in the midst of dangers from Jewish anger, and the attempt on his life (v. 8), a specimen of their plots. It was a faithful ministry. He did not seek to please but to profit them, and declared (v. 20) the whole counsel of God. Nor was this only in an official, formal, public way, but from house to house as he had opportunity. It is true the means of regular public teaching were not then as now, yet in this we may see how an earnest, faithful ministry will be a "house to house" no less than a public ministry.

The substance of his message to both Jews and Greeks was "repentance toward God" (v. 21), and faith in the Lord Jesus. He urged that men are sinners; that as such, they should be penitent; that sin offends and dishonors God; that Jesus is the Saviour; that men are to believe or have faith in Him in order to salvation. Of course this does not exclude other doctrines like that of the Holy Ghost. The minister has still to urge these central truths.

II. THE REASON FOR PRESENT URGENCY (vs. 22-25).

He was leaving for Jerusalem (v. 22), bound in the spirit, i. e., his heart set, as he hoped and believed, under the influence of the Holy Ghost, on being at Jerusalem, and this for no personal satisfaction, for he could not tell what new dangers might "befall him." He had no particular intimations on the point. He only knew generally by the Holy Ghost that he must suffer chains and prisons. Like the Master, he had the coming danger always before him. (See his words written about this time in Rom. xv. 80.)

In this connection he is led to speak of his own spirit. His life is not his own, it is a trust. It is of use for the ministry of Christ. He wishes to do all his work (v. 24), to run the whole prescribed course, as the runner in the games must needs do. (See Phil. ii. 16.) He has received a ministry, the place and duty of a servant, from Christ. His service is to bear witness to the "Gospel of the grace of God." He never forgets by whom he is sent (Rom. i. 5). He is only "ready to be offered" when his work has been done (2 Tim. iv. 6). It should be so with ministers and teachers still. In the circumstances in which he was placed, with a strong persuasion, "I know," that he would not have another opportunity of laboring among them, that they should "see his face no more," he must appeal to their memory, their affection, their conscience. So he takes them to record, solemnly and tenderly, that if any perish, the fault is not his. Their blood lies not on him. He has not withheld the whole counsel of God. It is a most solemn address, and should not be lightly imitated.

III. THE BURDEN OF HIS ADDRESS (v. 28).

These officers in the Church need: (1) to take heed to themselves. They are required to be holy men and faithful elders or bishops, for the two words, by common consent, and according to the plain meaning of this and other passages, stand for the same persons. So he exhorts Timothy (1 Tim. iv. 16) to take heed, first, "to thyself," then, secondly, to "the doctrine." The person is before the office, and if unfit, may mar the office. They need: (2) to take heed to "all the flock." (See Jer. xxxi. 10; Micah vii. 14.) None to be overlooked as feeble, or poor, or unhelpful, or even ungrateful.

"In the flock," not over it; they are "overscers" or bishops (the English word is formed from the Greek *episcopos* by cutting off the first and last syllables). In two senses the Holy Ghost makes men officers in the Church, by giving the gifts and disposition, and by directing the choice of their fellow believers. Their duty is to "shepherd"—more than lead, guide, defend or feed the flock or "Church of God." It is to retain the common reading "God," as there seems reason to do, then the "parting" with His own blood "refers to the union of the divine and human natures in Christ. If we put, as some do, "Lord" here, it refers simply to Jesus as having redeemed the Church. (See Rev. v. 9, 10.) A shepherd's knowledge of the sheep, and theirs of him, is seen in John x. 3; John xxi. 16 shows the greatness of the charge, and 1 Pet. ii. 5, shows the dignity of the spiritual shepherd, for Christ is there called "shepherd and bishop" of souls.

IV. FURTHER REASONS FOR FIDELITY (v. 29).

The wolf is the natural enemy of the flock. So the natural figure for a false teacher or enemy of the Church. Paul expected such to assail the Ephesian Church "after his departure," either on general principles, or from special knowledge. Church officers, from greater knowledge and from official position, have responsibility in such cases. Men are sometimes counted troublers who only obey this injunction and try to keep out "wolves." "Not sparing," means wasting, destroying.

Danger was also to be dreaded from their own members taking up false views, making themselves leaders, forming parties and drawing followers after themselves. (See the "Nicaitans," Rev. ii. 6.) This is a common form of sinful ambition. In view of these dangers, he renews the warning (v. 31), watch, and the appeal founded, as in vs. 18-21 on his faithfulness.

So he commends (v. 32) them to God, their guide, protector, Saviour (Pa. xvi. 1), encouraging them to trust Him, and "to the word of His grace," the truth of God, which would confirm their faith and knowledge, and in the hands of the Holy Ghost conduct them to children's places among the holy family of God in heaven.

The points to be dwelt upon are the great responsibilities of ministers and teachers, the example of Paul, the way to be free of men's blood, the substance of Gospel teaching, the dangers to the Church of Christ, and the way in which they are to be met.

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

Miletus—where—elders—why "sent for"—their duties—the reasons for Paul's urgency—danger from two sources—grounds of his appeal—his own labor—the dangers he encountered—his views of his life-work—the burden of his teaching—his immediate intention—his expectation—his hope for the Church.

The Islands Waiting for His Law.

More than three hundred Islands in Polynesia are said to have been won from idolatry to Christianity within less than fifty years. Much of this work has been done by native teachers. Here is one of the cases. Rev. Dr. Turner writes respecting his recent visit to Nanumanga, as quoted in the *Illustrated Missionary News*: "It was only nine months since the teacher Ioane was landed here, and for the third time an effort was made to introduce the Gospel. We approached the island, therefore, with no small anxiety to know whether the young man and his wife were safe, and whether it had pleased God to crown his mission with success. The first canoe answered to his name. One native said, in broken English, 'He good man'; and by 11.30 the 'good man' stepped over the ship's side himself, shook hands, thanked God and proceeded to give us the cheering news that heathenism on the island had received its death-blow, that the altars in the temples were broken down, that the former ceremonies on the arrival of strangers were at an end, that a chapel seventy feet by thirty had been erected, and that one hundred and fifty, including the king and a number of the principal chiefs, had become Christians. This was all confirmed when we went on shore, and the results of this young man's humble, prudent, prayerful, and earnest work, by God's blessing, are truly wonderful. On his first Sabbath on shore, in September last, Ioane had twenty-four to hear him. On the second Sabbath he begged them to give up working on the Lord's day, and this they did. On the following Friday, at a conversational meeting with them about their gods, he said that their sacred pillar was merely a piece of wood made by God and perishable, but the true God never dies. The fish which they revered were made by God, and it was the same with their sacred birds, such as the areva or cuckoo. . . . The people were much impressed by what he said. At midnight he was waked up by two of the chiefs, who asked him to rise and go with them. They took him to the bush away from the hearing of everybody, and there they talked. They said they had made up their minds to turn over, but their great difficulty was how to get rid of the relics, or gods. He said he had no fear of them, and was ready to burn or bury, or remove in any way they liked. This was all they wanted, and they decided to let him be the executioner on the following day.

The day came; five of the chiefs took their seats, surrounded by all the people, and Ioane was sent for. The first thing to be done was to remove from the necks of these men the sacred necklaces which were supposed to link them on to the special protection of gods. It was considered death for any one to remove them, but Ioane stepped forward and broke the fragile network—the people staring in astonishment, and expecting every moment to see him fall down dead. The necklaces were removed, the spell was broken, the weakness of the gods manifest. 'And now,' said he 'let us pray,' and then and there he led their thoughts in prayer to the true God. He was then directed to go and break down the altars in the temples, remove the skulls and stone idols, and also the clubs and spears of the gods. Every eye followed him, many still looking upon him as a dead man. In went his axe to

the two pillars sacred to the 'shooting-star' god. He handled carefully the skulls as he took them from their places, and respectfully covered them with a piece of Samoan native cloth. . . . On the Monday they proceeded with the burial of the skulls and other sacred relics from the temples and family skull houses. Some of the new converts helped Ioane, and in that grave of heathenism, dug in the village malee, or place of public meeting, they laid 134 skulls, one wooden idol, two stone idols, fourteen shield trumpets, used in calling assemblies, and a lot of clubs and spears used only by order of the gods."

The Power of Caste.

There is another element in the Hindoo religion which cannot be ignored, and which gives it a tremendous power for good or evil. It is Caste. Every Hindoo child is born in a certain caste, out of which he cannot escape. When I landed at Bombay I observed that every native had upon his forehead a mark freshly made, as if with a stroke of the finger, which indicated the god he worshipped or the caste to which he belonged. Of these there are four principal ones—the Priest, or Brahmin caste, which issued out of the mouth of Brahm; the Warrior caste, which sprung from his arms and breast; the Merchant caste, from his thighs; and the Shoedras, or servile caste, which crawled out from between his feet; beside the Pariahs, who are below all castes. These divisions are absolute and unchangeable. To say that they are maintained by the force of ancient custom is not enough; they are fixed as by a law of nature. The strata of society are as immovable as the strata of the rockribbed hills. No man can stir out of his place. If he is up, he stays up by no virtue of his own; and if he is down, he stays down, beyond any power of man to deliver him. Upon these strata this power of caste rests with crushing weight. It holds them down as with the force of gravitation, as if the Himalayas were rolled upon them to press them to the earth.

So terrible is this power of caste, that if any one violates it in any way, he is put under the ban of a social ostracism, which is almost worse than death. He becomes literally an outcast. His nearest kindred disown him, and drive him from their door. If one becomes a Christian his family regard him as dead, and perform funeral rights for him, as if they were committing his body to the tomb. These facts should be remembered when wonder is expressed that more Hindoos are not converted. They have to go through the fires of martyrdom, and it is not strange if few should be found whose courage is equal to such a sacrifice.

Against this oppression there is no power of resistance, no lifting up from beneath to throw it off. One would suppose that the people themselves would revolt at this servitude, that every manly instinct would rise up in rebellion against such a degradation. But so ingrained is it in the very life of the people, that they cannot cast it out any more than they can cast out a poison in their blood. Indeed, they seem to glory in it. The lower castes crouch and bow down that others may pass over them. A Brahmin in Calcutta, who had become a Christian, told me that the people had often asked him to wash his feet in the water of the street that they might drink it!

Caste is a cold and cruel thing which hardens the heart against natural compassion. I know it is said that high caste is only an aristocracy of birth, and that, as such, it fosters a certain nobility of feeling, and also a mutual friendliness between those who belong to the same order. A caste is only a larger family, and in it there is the same feeling—a mixture of pride and of affection, which binds the family together. Perhaps it may nurture to some extent a kind of cleanliness, but it does this at the sacrifice of the broader and nobler sentiment of humanity. It hardens the heart into coldness and cruelty against all without one sacred pale. The Brahmin feels nothing for the sufferings of the Pariah, who is of another order of being as truly as if he were one of the lower animals. Thus the feeling of caste extinguishes the sentiment of human brotherhood.—Evangelist.

The Struggling Slave.

Twenty-five years ago a young man came to this country to be cured of a habit which proved incurable. He was an intelligent and agreeable young man, not yet twenty-five, of good family connections, and in comfortable circumstances. At his father's table he had acquired a taste for wine, which soon led to the desire for strong drink, and then for drink at frequent intervals.

Before he was aware of it, the habit of intemperance had become so strong that it was difficult to resist the cravings of appetite; and in a country where wine was on every table, and strong drink on every sideboard; where hospitality was incomplete without the social glass, and the most religious evening assembly did not break up without hot punch after prayers, there seemed little chance that the victim of intemperance could be rescued.

But this young man was sincerely desirous of being delivered from the chains which bound him, and was ready to make any sacrifices needful to effect his deliverance.

He had heard of the "Maine liquor law" in America, and thought that if he could come and live for a time in a country where it was impossible to obtain intoxicating drink, he might be weaned from his appetite. So he came to America, and found a home here with friends of his family. He was a fine-looking intelligent man of modest demeanor and cultivated manner. There was no occupation open to him in Maine, where he proposed to go, except in the lumberman's business. But he was strong and athletic, and not ashamed to work. So packing up a few rough clothes, he started for the woods of Maine, to work there through the winter. This effort seemed to promise success. Letters came from him now and then to his New England friends which were full of hope and encouragement. The appetite

seemed to be passing away. Not a drop of any kind of wine or spirits had passed his lips since he left home.

Then came a period of silence, and then a sad revelation. Having occasion to go to Portland for some clothes, this young man had seen upon a vessel in the harbor the British flag flying. The sight aroused his youthful patriotism, and love of country kindled in his breast a desire to speak with his countrymen. He went aboard the vessel. The captain treated him with British hospitality, and awakened anew the glowering demon of appetite within him. Fired with brandy, he hurried out of the State where liquor-selling was prohibited by law, and was found by his friends, after weeks of search, in one of the lowest dens of debauchery in Boston, robbed, bruised, and degraded in mind and body.

Kind friends took him to their home, nursed and cared for him, stimulated his moral sense, and encouraged him to try again. The trial was made in Boston, surrounded by the influences of a Christian home, and with every social and moral inducement to struggle against and conquer the foe. For a time success seemed certain, but temptation came in the guise of a friendly invitation to supper after an evening lecture, and again the flood-gates of appetite were opened and the unhappy victim was swept away. A new friend appeared who offered to take the unfortunate, but still struggling, young man into his family and business in a quiet and beautiful country town. For sixteen months there was total abstinence from everything which could intoxicate. The man became interested in cultivated society, in music, in religious interests which were free from temptation, and thought himself, as others believed, that he was a new man. So great and sure seemed the change that he became engaged to be married to a lovely woman, and went to the city to purchase articles needful for the wedding outfit. It was a fatal journey. The fiend met him upon the road, and instead of returning to the arms of his bride and the congratulations of his friends, he was picked up a week after in the gutter, a bloated and miserable wretch.

But hope and kindness were not yet exhausted, and a home was found for him in Minnesota, on a farm, far from temptation and with pleasant associates. His courage revived and he went West and labored for months in this new country. Health again renewed his frame, and, filled with joy at having reached a refuge from his destroyer, he determined to buy a farm near to his kind employer and settle permanently in Minnesota. He sent to the East for several thousand dollars deposited to his credit, and went to St. Paul to complete the transaction, and there again he fell into temptation and was ruined. Heart-broken and despairing, he returned to his native land, yielding to the love of drink, and sunk so low that his friends and relatives could not openly acknowledge or aid him. Yet God, who had never utterly forsaken the poor wretch, followed him with the monitions of a conscience not wholly seared, and in one of his repentant seasons he vanished from his native land, and was not heard of for years. There came one morning to his relatives, who had long thought him dead, a letter written on board a ship returning from South America.

In the last hope of breaking the chains of evil habit, this man had fled from civilized life, and for two years had found a refuge from his self-destroying vice, far from men and their temptations. But the strong frame which had been so sadly abused began to break, and a helpless invalid, he made his way to the coast and embarked for the home which he was never to reach.

The letter was written a few days before he died, and was full of penitence for a wasted life, and of humble hopes that his sins might be forgiven for Jesus Christ's sake. He had gained the victory over appetite, but alas! it was when appetite had destroyed the body, enfeebled the mind, and left him nothing save that hope of mercy and forgiveness which is the dying sinner's only light.

The story carries its own impressive lesson: a protest to those who have the care and training of the young against permitting or encouraging them to form habits of self-indulgence which may lead them to ruin; and a solemn warning to young men to control their appetites before these become their master.—Rev. C. A. Stoddard, D.D., in N. Y. Observer.

The Way They Do It.

A moribund landed proprietor in the north of Spain, notwithstanding the entreaties of his family and friends, refused to receive the consolations of religion. His family, thinking they had overcome his scruples, sent for the parish priest; but upon his arrival the sick man declined to receive him, and the priest withdrew, declaring that the devil would come in person to carry off so hardened a sinner as soon as he was dead. A few hours afterwards the sick man died, and while the family were watching over the body the door of the room was opened with a great noise, and there appeared upon the scene a personage arrayed in red, brandishing a pitch-fork, dragging a long tail after him, and smelling very strongly of sulphur. His appearance created so much terror that the women present fainted and the men rushed out of the room by another door. A man-servant, hearing the screams, and thinking that thieves had broken into the house, armed himself with a revolver, and made his way to the room from whence they proceeded. For a moment he, too, was terrified by the appearance of "the devil," who by this time had got the body in his arms; but, mastering his fears, he fired three barrels of his revolver at him, and the supposed devil, who fell to the ground, proved to be the parish sexton, who, by orders of the priest, had disguised himself, as he conceived, as Satan. He was quite dead when picked up, and four priests, who are suspected of complicity in this attempt to work upon the superstitious feelings of the family of the deceased, have been taken into custody.—Pall Mall Gazette.

British American Presbyterian,

107 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

FOR TERMS, SEE FRONT PAGE.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON

Editor and Proprietor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters and articles intended for the next issue should be in the hands of the Editor not later than Tuesday morning.

All communications must be accompanied by the writer's name, otherwise they will not be inserted.

Articles not accepted will be returned, if at the time they are sent, a request is made to that effect, and sufficient postage stamps are enclosed. Manuscripts not so accompanied will not be returned, and subsequent requests for their return cannot be complied with.

OUR GENERAL AGENT.

MR. CHARLES NICOL, General Agent for the PRESBYTERIAN, is now in Western Ontario pushing the interests of this Journal. We commend him to the best offices of ministers and people. A y assistance rendered him in his work will be taken by us as a personal kindness.

THE CANADA

Christian Monthly.

A Review and Record of Christian Thought, Christian Life, and Christian Work.

EDITED BY REV. JAMES CAMERON, CHATSWORTH.

NUMBER FOR SEPT., NOW OUT.

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1877.

In view of removing to new premises this week, we are under the necessity of going to press a day earlier than usual. On that account, some communications already received, and others which may probably yet come to hand, must be held over till next week.

MISSIONARIES, one after another, are falling in the deadly breach. Only a week elapsed between the report of the death of Carstairs Douglass and that of O. F. Preston, another Chinese missionary. And now Scotland is mourning the decease of one of her most promising sons—Dr. William Black of the Livingstonia Mission. He was a medical missionary of wonderful zeal and in every respect well adapted to his position. At the early age of thirty he was called to leave a work which he had just begun for other hands to carry on and complete. He died of fever at the Mission at Lake Nyassa.

The Rev. C. Chiniqny preached morning and evening of last Sabbath week in his church in Canning St., Montreal, to large congregations. He appeared to be in very good health and spirits, and evidently possessed his old vigor and enthusiasm. His congregation seemed overjoyed to see him again, and eagerly pressed up to speak to him after the conclusion of the services. The subject of Mr. Chiniqny's morning discourse was "Consider the love which God the Father hath manifested towards us." In the evening his topic was, "Jesus Christ, and not the Pope, our Pontiff." The reverend gentleman took occasion to give a flat denial to the slanderous reports which have been circulated, to the effect that he had asked for re-admission to the Church of Rome, and suggested that they had their origin with his old accusers.

The ink is scarcely dry from writing the article on Canadian reciprocity, when the intelligence reaches us that the Rev. Principal Snodgrass has resigned the Principality of Queen's College, and has accepted an appointment to a parish in the South of Scotland. This is a sad reprisal which the mother land has made upon us. Dr. Snodgrass will however carry with him the warmest regards and the kindest wishes of a large circle of friends in Canada. He has thoroughly earned his retirement from the cares of a great institution of learning to a quiet parish in the land of his birth, and many earnest prayers will follow him as he leaves the land of his adoption and settles down to the work which lies before him. We will not say more at present, as we only wished to illustrate further the point we made that we were too magnanimous in sending our prominent ministers to the great Edinburgh council, but we hope to have another opportunity of expressing our mind upon the resignation of the Rev. Principal.

CANADIAN RECIPROCIITY.

It is of interest to observe that there is hardly a paper of any standing in the United States but what is agitating the revival of the Reciprocity Treaty with the Dominion of Canada. There is no better sign of the recovery of business than this. During dull times the cause of Reciprocity is allowed to go into oblivion. No sooner is there felt the first breath of commercial prosperity than the whole host of editorial writers are found with earnest eloquence discussing the restoration of reciprocal relations with Canada.

There are more kinds of Reciprocity than that to which we refer, and with one of these we propose to deal in the present article. We refer to reciprocity in the matter of calling ministers from one country to the other. Quite a lively business in this direction is continually going on. But hitherto the Reciprocity, as the Irish wit would say, has been all on the one side. No sooner has a congregation in New York, or Chicago, or some other of the American cities become vacant, than spies are sent across the border line to look after some occupant of a Canadian pulpit who has risen above local renown, and who is the centre of growing influence amongst his people. The irrepressible Yankee is bound to find him out, and before we know anything about it to have him slipped off to the glorious land of liberty. It is a kind of goods in regard to which Reciprocity has reached perfection. There is no tariff laid on such. There is no Government official to overhaul anything of the nature of illicit traffic. All that has seemingly to be done is to make out a most promising call, having attached to it the not insignificant addendum of so many thousands a year with a parsonage and perquisites. So that before we open our eyes in the morning, the rising star is seen to disappear from our horizon, and soon we hear of him drawing his admiring crowds in a foreign city. In this way we have lost a goodly number of our most eloquent and popular preachers. The Americans have taken from us not only pulpitoers of the first magnitude, but they have also a large number of our men who are doing noble work in their parishes though as yet they are not known beyond their own immediate spheres. We send promising students who have passed through their principal studies in our own colleges to receive an extra polish at the hands of New Jersey, or the Union Theological Seminary, but we do not see them again in our midst, and the next thing we hear of them is that they have been seized—not as contraband goods but as an earnestly coveted prize, by some congregations in the States that have their eyes open or their wits about them.

There is something doubtless of a very gratifying nature in being able to supply good men for prominent pulpits in the United States. It also speaks volumes for our Colleges, for the learned and eloquent professors who are filling the chairs of Theology, for the mental talents and the gifts of grace which characterize the Ministry in the Dominion. But it would be vexing in the extreme if we were compelled to be supplying ministers all the time to the other side, without having a quid pro quo, in the shape of Canadian pulpits being filled by American pastors. It is gratifying to find that it is not so much a one-sided transaction as it used to be. Within a few years quite a large number of our prominent and useful ministers have been called from the States. We do not refer to the many, who it recent times have come over of their own accord,—attracted doubtless to Canada as a field of labor by the superior education and training of the people, the substantial comfort and independence of the clerical position, and the close resemblance of the pastoral office in this country to that of the mother land. Our reference is rather to clergymen who have received bona fide calls to minister to congregations on this side, and who have been led to accept them and are now actively engaged in their work. In this connection it is pleasant to learn that a unanimous call has been extended by the Central Presbyterian Church of Hamilton, to the Rev. Dr. Duryea of Brooklyn. Even though we hear whispers in the air that tell of secret negotiations going on in Princeton College to give the Dr. one of her Theological Chairs, and of other efforts being made to keep him in the States, we are glad to find that one of our congregations which was deprived of the services of an eminent pastor by a similar call to New York has had the luck to single out one of the most prominent of the American clergy, and to extend an invitation to him to fill their vacant pulpit. It is our earnest desire that Dr. Duryea will see his way to the acceptance of this important charge. The Central Church promises him a support that is equivalent to that of the best charges of New York and Brooklyn. But while the salary is a liberal one, it means much more than it expresses in words. It means the deep and loving attachment of an intelligent people. In fact, as other ministers in this charge have experienced, it means all they can give him. There is nothing they can do

that will be wanting to show that they are ready to extend to him a warm welcome, and to add from time to time whatever will minister to his comfort and usefulness. It is in this way we will establish reciprocal relations with the States in the matter of ministers. Let Dr. Duryea come and others will follow. Let our congregations do their best in the way of remunerating pastors, and it will soon be no uncommon thing to hear the very best of the American Clergy and the flower of their divinity students coming over and helping us. Nor do we say this because of any scarcity of ministers from which we are suffering, but because we believe in genuine Christian reciprocity in regard to ministers of religion, as we believe in a well constructed reciprocity treaty in matters relating to trade and commerce.

The remarks we have made suggest also the supply of pastors to and from the mother land. While in the past we have been greatly indebted to the churches in Scotland, England and Ireland for the many eminent ministers who are laboring in our midst, it is evident that the number going from us to them has not been so marked. It could not well have been otherwise, considering that Britain generally is the workshop where ministers are trained, and that the supply is much in excess of what she actually requires for her own use. The colleges of Scotland and Ireland especially have rendered us a vast service by sending many of their most promising sons to occupy our Canadian pulpits. Though these are not educating the youth of this country to the same extent as they did in former times in consequence of the superior education which our own Colleges now admittedly furnish, we must not forget that many of our native clergy were educated in the mother country. But times are changing with respect to Canadian ministers being called by churches across the Atlantic. Reciprocity with Canada in regard to this has already begun. There is the call by an Inverness congregation to the Rev. Mr. McTavish, of Woodstock, the acceptance of which is removing from us one of our best and most eloquent divines. Without egotism we can speak of Donald Fraser as our own. It is surprising to find that quite a number of Canadian ministers have recently been inducted into parishes in connection with the Church of Scotland. We are afraid we have been too liberal in sending our prominent men as delegates to the General Council at Edinburgh. It is with pleasure we notice that many of these have been exercising their gifts in the Scottish pulpits. Nor would we be the least surprised to find as the result the Home congregations sending wholesale for Canadian ministers. We should rather be delighted with the prospect than otherwise, for it will give us a moral right to call our ministers directly from the pulpits at home, and no longer await the uncertain process of clergymen coming over of their own accord to settle amongst us. And let us only raise the standard of our charges in every possible way, and we need not fear but that we will be able to command the very best pulpit talent which the old country can give. Let there be thorough reciprocity in the matter of our pulpits, and religion will flourish all the more, and pulpit eloquence will not wane in consequence.

HOME MISSIONS IN MANITOBA.

The following appears in the Manitoba Free Press, in reference to our cause in Emerson:

"EMERSON.—Lumber is being sent from here to build a Roman Catholic Church in the French reserve. The Church of England and the Methodist Church and parsonage in town have just been painted, and are much improved in appearance. The Presbyterians, although outnumbering other denominations, do not seem able to raise the money to finish their church—all it requires is plastering and to be furnished with seats. Mr. Scott holds his services in the Methodist Church."

We do trust some generous friends in Ontario and Quebec will at once remove this cause of reproach upon our Church, and assist Mr. Scott to finish the church. Some \$700 would go far to meet the want. Let contributions be sent to Rev. Dr. Reid, Toronto; or Rev. Dr. Cochrane, Brantford, at once.

The Wingham Presbyterian Church, Rev. H. McQuarrie, formerly of Drumbo and Princeton, pastor, which has been enlarged, was reopened last Sunday. Services were conducted by Rev. Dr. James of Knox Church, Hamilton.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be dispensed at the Presbyterian Church, North Mars, on Sabbath, the 16th Sept. Rev. J. L. Murray, of Woodville; Rev. Mr. Rogers, of Ashburnham; Rev. Mr. McLennan, of Kirkfield; and Rev. J. McNabb, of Beaverton, are expected to assist the pastor, Rev. D. McGregor, throughout the service. In addition to the services of Sabbath there will be preparatory services on Saturday, the 15th inst., and thanksgiving services on Monday, the 17th.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

The latest reports from India are unfavorable in the extreme. In Southern India the prospects as to autumn crops are said to be hopeless. In Western, Central and Northern India the issue is very doubtful, Eastern India will have food enough for its own population, but little to spare. Hitherto it is the Province of Madras that has suffered most severely. The condition of the people in that presidency is described as being most miserable. In the districts most affected, the greater number of the inhabitants are destitute, not only of food, but of clothes and shelter. At one stage of their dire need they found themselves under the necessity of feeding the thatch that covered their houses to their starving cattle; at another stage they sold the rafters to procure food for themselves. The immediate cause of this calamity is that the crops failed for want of rain. It is frightful to contemplate the condition of such a vast population in such a case as this. No wonder that it has aroused, or is arousing, the philanthropists of Britain and the friends of humanity throughout the world to immediate activity; and their activity cannot be too immediate. Compared with past ages, the present age is remarkable for speedy conveyance; but in the present instance it is feared that the means of conveyance will be all too slow. Here are the words of a Madras paper:

"The whole country, with the exception of a district here and there, and of one county, Tanjore, in which a native system of irrigation still survives, is too poor to bear misfortune. The distress must be alleviated from India and England, and it will tax them both. If the people are saved, it will be by an expenditure of millions, and even if millions are spent, those who can best realize the work to be attempted will be the nearest to despair of success. There are so many people, such endless distances, such wretched constitutions. We trust most deeply that the mayors and philanthropists and the public will be quick, for we warn them they have heard nothing yet. The last hope of rain is over, and by January the world will be ringing with the misery of Madras."

The Lord Mayor of London has started a subscription which, by the latest accounts, had reached \$150,000. Of this amount the Queen subscribed \$2,500, the Prince of Wales \$2,625, and the Princess of Wales \$525. In Edinburgh, Dublin, Manchester, Glasgow, and other large towns, meetings have been held and subscriptions opened for the relief of the sufferers; and a resolution was passed at a meeting held in Manchester declaring it to be the duty of the Government to organize adequate means of relief at the cost of the national exchequer.

To form a conception of the dreadfulness of famine, we have only to witness the discomfort, peevishness and anguish of a single person, who may for a day, by reason of absence from home or other circumstance, have been deprived of his regular meals. Multiply this pain by the vast figure which tells the population of Madras, and imagine it to be torturing week after week multitudes of men, women and children, who have no alleviating comforts, and slight hopes of relief from abroad or of a better time coming. It is authoritatively stated that 500,000 have already died, and that under the most favorable circumstances a quarter of the whole population must perish. With a picture of all this wretchedness kept vividly in mind, we cannot carelessly, or without a sigh for the sorrows of our far away fellowmen, utter the morning supplication, "Give us this day our daily bread."

In view of the bountiful harvest which we have just gathered in, have we not much reason for thankfulness to God; and although we are far removed from the scene of distress, could not something be done, even here, to relieve the perishing population of India.

The Garden Party held on the grounds of Hon. Wm. McMaster and Mr. John Macdonald, M.P.E., on Saturday last, in behalf of the Y.M.C.A. of this city, proved a noble success. There must have been upwards of seven thousand people on the ground. The day was everything that could be desired. The sun shone out brilliantly, while the hot rays were tempered with delightfully cool breezes. The game at Lacrosse between the Presbyterians and Methodists was regarded by the thronging spectators with great interest; the victory of course lying with the former. The Gymnasium exercises were keenly watched by the special admirers of such feats. A fine instrumental band enlivened the proceedings with delightful music. The telephone was an attractive object to many. Tea and refreshments were served by the ladies, who did everything within their power to meet the extraordinary demands of thousands of keenly appetised mortals. But everything was speedily devoured, and other thousands had to chew the end of bitter fancy over an empty manger. It was all, however, taken in good part. We are sure the Y.M.C.A. found the Garden Party a profitable investment, and we trust in other years to see similar treats and to witness such multitudes of pleasure-seekers. The visitors were most orderly, and the several proprietors of the grounds looked as if a benefit were being conferred upon themselves by the appreciative spectators.

JUBILEE OF REV. DR. JOHN TAYLOR.

The following from a transatlantic exchange refers to a gentleman well known to many of our readers in Canada: "The Rev. Dr. John Taylor having reached the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination, was waited on at his residence in Edinburgh, last week, by some friends, who, in their own name and that of others concurring in their views and feelings, presented him with an address and some valuable pieces of silver plate as a token of their high esteem. The proceedings of the deputation were begun by the Rev. John Rankine, Cupar-Fife, who engaged in prayer. The Rev. Dr. Johnston, Govan, then read the address, which was written on vellum, beautifully illuminated, and done up in morocco. The document referred to the principal incidents in Dr. Taylor's public career, and to the service which he had done to the world and the Church in the various spheres which he had occupied. An address was then delivered by Rev. David Macrae, sen., Glasgow, who feelingly referred to the fact that he was the only one now alive of all who took part in Dr. Taylor's ordination services at Auehtermuchty on the 15th August, 1827, precisely fifty years ago; also, as having presided at his induction at Busby, on the occasion of his settlement there after his return from Canada, where he had done much valuable service both as a minister of the Gospel and a professor of theology. Dr. Taylor, who was much affected, thanked the deputies and those whom they represented for the valuable tokens of their esteem and confidence, and spoke in very feeling terms of what he had been enabled to do for the cause of religion and liberty. Among other interesting statements, he said he believed that during the Voluntary controversy he had addressed more meetings than any man now living, and that a sermon which he had preached at Cupar-Fife, and which was afterwards published, on the Financial Law of the Christian Church, had been deemed so outrageous that some parish ministers had expressed their wonder that his friends allowed "that man Taylor of Auehtermuchty to go at large." He held that the Voluntary controversy had accomplished great results, though it might not have done all that the more sanguine and enthusiastic had expected, and that events seemed now to indicate that national establishments of religion, instead of being taken by assaults were likely to crumble to pieces by their own inherent weakness. The testimonial consisted of two beautiful; "used salvers and a coffee or water jug, all of solid silver, together with a massive gold bracelet for Mrs. Taylor. The list of subscribers included the names of many well-known public men.

Book Reviews.

SORRENTO AND INLAID WORK. By Arthur Hope. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Those who wish to learn the beautiful art of scroll sawing and carving in wood, which has of late attracted so much attention on this continent, are here furnished with a manual which will assist them very much. Mr. Hope is evidently a veteran in the art. His first rude attempts were made twenty years ago, with a roughly whittled saw frame, fitted with a blade made from a watch spring in which "teeth few and far between had been laboriously cut with a common file;" but the tools now in use are marvels of simplicity, beauty and adaptability. All the necessary appliances are minutely described in the book, and explicit directions are given as to every step in the process, from the selection and preparation of the wood to the last delicate touches required for securing a fine polish. The volume also contains a large variety of original designs.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WORLD. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D. Montreal: Dawson Bros. There is no real opposition between the Bible and true science. The apparent opposition has been altogether the result of shallow interpretation on both sides. He who attempts to give an account of the origin of the world by trying to interpret the words of Scripture without examining the world itself, will fail; and still more signal will be the failure of him who tries to furnish an account of the works of God without reference to the Word of God. In the words of Dr. James Hamilton, "If men of piety were also men of science, and if men of science were to read the Scriptures, there would be more faith on the earth and also more philosophy." The author of the book now before us furnishes an instance of that happy combination of piety and science, faith and philosophy which is necessary to the satisfactory accomplishment of such a work. An active working Christian, a good Hebrew scholar, a practised expounder of the Scriptures, and at the same time a thoroughly trained scientific man, fully abreast of the most recent discoveries, he is indeed well qualified for the task he has undertaken. The reader who takes up the volume with this knowledge of the author will expect much.

and he will not be disappointed. To give a just representation of the aims of the work we will quote a few sentences from the author's preface:

"The scope of this work is in the main identical with that of *Archæia*, published in 1860; but in attempting to prepare a new edition brought up to the present condition of the subject, it was found that so much required to be re-written as to make it essentially a new book, and it was therefore decided to give it a new name, more clearly indicating its character and purpose. The intention of this new publication is to throw as much light as possible on the present condition of the much-agitated questions regarding the origin of the world and its inhabitants. To students of the Bible it will afford the means of determining the precise import of the Biblical references to creation, and of their relation to what is known from other sources. To geologists and biologists it is intended to give some intelligible explanation of the connection of the doctrines of revealed religion with the results of their respective sciences. A still higher end to which the author would gladly contribute is that of aiding thoughtful men perplexed with the apparent antagonisms of science and religion, and of indicating how they may best harmonize our great and growing knowledge of nature with our old and cherished beliefs as to the origin and destiny of man."

A glance is sufficient to show that the author is quite justified in calling this a new book; and still we have not been able to discover that he has been under the necessity of modifying any of the views set forth in the former publication. In this connection it is significant that a very commendable table published in *Archæia*, exhibiting the parallelism of the Scripture cosmogony with the astronomical and geological history of the earth, has been reproduced in the present work without the alteration of a single word. The appendix contains a number of short but valuable papers on some of the most prominent questions of the day, more or less connected with the main subject.

THE TRUE PLACE AND WORK OF TEMPERANCE REFORMERS.

Temperance Societies originally arose out of a religious revival. The temperance reform is thus the offspring of Christianity; and ought always to be subordinate and accessory to it. It has often been laid to the charge of prominent men in the total abstinence ranks that they were running a sort of opposition to Christianity and endeavoring to reform human nature without the Gospel—without the power of the Holy Spirit. This of course could not be done; but the charge against total abstinence was, that they led ignorant men to be content with a mere outward and partial reformation, and to suppose that when they had relinquished their drunken habits they had attained to the height of holiness. Occasionally the speeches of some of the most unguarded of the temperance orators gave a color of justice to the charge. We believe, however, that very little harm was done in this way; and that as a rule the reformed drunkard became a church-goer, and was placed in a much more favorable position in relation to the gospel than he had formerly occupied. From the published addresses of the most prominent temperance lecturers of the present day we observe with pleasure that there does not remain any foundation on which a repetition of this old charge could be based; and that they place the temperance reform in its proper position in relation to the gospel, and recognize the necessity of regeneration to effect any permanent or saving deliverance from sin. As a sample, our readers may take the following extract from the speech of Mr. John B. Gough at the Chataqua meeting, paying particular attention to his closing remarks:

Our principle of total abstinence has been a great agency in removing the hindrance to men's hearing the truth. We have had wonderful evidences of this in the past few years, and there have been evidences of it scattered all through the many deeds of this temperance work. Let me give you a fact, perhaps some of you heard of it from me before; it is a strong fact, and we like strong facts. In the borough of Dundee, in Scotland, the Right Honorable Lord Kinnaird and his lady, who were real philanthropists, asked me if I would address an audience of outcasts, and I said, "If you can get me such an audience I will speak to them." They said, "Oh, we will get you such an audience. The town missionaries will bring in such an audience if you will give us a night." We named Saturday night. On that Saturday night I faced an audience of eight hundred men and women. You never saw an audience of outcasts, rags and filth, and it seemed as if the last lingering traces of human beauty had been dashed out by the hoof of debauchery; the image of God wiped out with the die of Satan stamped in its place. It is an awful sight to see eight hundred men and women in such a degraded condition, mentally and physically. When we came in, the Rev. Alexander Hanna, who came in with George Ruff, the Provost of the borough, said to me: "You have fire in the house to-night. Said I: 'What do you mean?' Said he: 'Do you see that tall woman seated by the platform?' I said 'Yes.' Said he, 'Her name is 'Hell-fire.' She is known by no other name in the vicinity of her residence. She is the most abandoned woman in the city of Dundee. Fifty-six times she has been arrested, and there is no policeman on the force can take her. She is a strong, muscular woman, and his right and left, and sometimes it will take three men to drag her from me, with the

blood streaming down her face; and the power of her tongue in blasphemy is so awful that men who can stand almost any amount of it will run away. Now if she is in humor you will see such a row to-night as you never saw before in your life. If she is come ripe for mischief you will see something of a row." I expected a row, and I did not like it, and as I saw the countenances of these men and women I expected trouble, so I began to talk to them easily and pleasantly, told them what I believed God meant they should be, what I believed they were, what I believed they might be. As I went on talking, not as to brutes, nor things, nor beasts, I saw a naked arm and hand raised and somebody cried out: "Oh, my God, man, that is all true!" The woman got on her feet; she waved her naked arm and hand to the audience, and she said it was all true, every word of it was true. When I sat down she got on the platform. I did not know but she was going to tackle me. I did not like the looks of the woman. I do not like to come in contact with such strong-minded women, I assure you, and she looked at me with her hands on her hips. "Well, take a good look at me, man, I am a bit of a beauty, aren't I?" And as she stepped forward, I stepped back. I did not like it. She said, "Take a good look at me," and I do not know as I ever came face to face with a more brazen-faced woman in my life. Presently she made one swift step, and came so near me that her breath was all in my face, hot, reeking with strong drink. Said she: "Would you give a body like me the pledge?" "Yes, ma'am." One of these very prudent men came up to me and said: "Don't; no, no, no, don't give her the pledge." "Why?" "She won't keep it." "How do you know?" "She can't keep it." "How do you know?" "Why, she is fooling you; she will be drunk before she goes to bed." I said, "Madam, here is a gentleman who says if you sign that pledge you cannot keep it." "I can't keep it—show me the man!" (Laughter.) "Ah, but," said I, "Madam, can you keep it?" "Can I keep it? If I will, I can." "Say you will, then." "I will." "Give me your hand." She put her burning hand in mine. "Sign the pledge." She signed it. It looked like dipping a fly in the ink and setting it to run across the paper. Said I, "Give me your hand again, you will keep it." "I will." "I said, 'I will come and see you before I go back to America.'" "Come and see me when you will, I will keep it." Some years after, in Dundee, before I went to America, I saw the woman, and I was introduced to her as Mrs. Archer, no longer "Hell-fire." I went to her house. Part of what she told me was this, and I wish I could tell you what she told me. "Ah, Mr. Gough, I am a poor, ignorant body; what little I have known has been knocked out of me by the staves of the policemen, and they beat me about the head and have knocked pretty much all the sense out of me. But sometimes I have a dream, and I dream I am drunk, and I dream that the policeman have got me again, and I dream I am fighting, and then I get out of my bed, sir, and I go down on my knees, and I never go back to my bed again until the daylight comes, and I keep saying, 'God keep me. I can't get drunk any more.'" Her daughter said to me, "I have seen my mother at the dead of night in the bitter winter weather, on the bare floor crying, 'God keep me,' and I said, 'Mother come to your bed,' and she said, 'No, I have had a dream, and I can't get drunk any more.'" That woman is seen at all times, in all kinds of weather, going to the house of God. George Ruff, the Provost of the borough, sent me a photograph in a letter, in which he said she had kept the pledge for eighteen years. (Applause.) She has become a godly woman, and all her spare time is expended in rescuing abandoned women. She has gone down to the depths to bring them up. She has taken young girls out of the streets, kept them in her own little room for a week to save them from temptation. Now, my friends, total abstinence could not make that woman a Christian; total abstinence removed the hindrance to her hearing the truth, which must be heard to be believed and must be believed to affect the life. When Jesus went to the tomb of Lazarus there was a stone by the mouth of the tomb. He could have removed it if he saw fit, but he used human agency. They took away the stone. They rolled it away. Jesus spoke and Lazarus came forth. Now I believe that the total abstinence principle is the human agency that rolled away the stone from the sepulchre, and insipient putrefaction has trembled into life, and the dead corpse of a drunkard has been found in God's house, a living, active, Christian man—not made so by temperance, but made so by the power of His grace, brought under the influence of truth which must be heard—by the agency which I advocate as a remedy for the evil of drunkenness.

He that is possessed with a prejudice is possessed with a devil, and one of the worst kind of devils.

JAPAN'S population is announced officially to be something over thirty-three and one half millions.

EGYPT agrees to abolish all private traffic in slaves within seven years, and her slave-traders will be court-martialed as assassins.

THE Cremation Society of England are about to take legal advice, with the intention of testing in the law courts the power of bishops to prohibit them from burning instead of burying their friends in the churchyard.

DURING the month of July last past, 4,765 men, 840 women, and four young girls received relief and shelter in the work-house of the Berlin Asylum for the homeless. Of the men 2,149 were artisans, and the remainder were laborers. At the same time 7,543 men and 1,043 women were sheltered by the Berlin association for the relief of the homeless. Among these was found, with his family, a University graduate, who was preparing for an examination for a judgeship. He was sheltered a month, passed the examination and received the appointment.

Letter From Rev. O. Chiniquy to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal

On my arrival from the Maritime Provinces, I learn that your priests and your press organs have published that I have tried, during my last illness, to make my peace with your Church; I do not want to tell you that this is an unmitigated falsehood—I know it better than any man. No, my Lord, by the mercy of God I will never submit myself again to the ignominious yoke of the Pope, and allow me to give you and your priests and your press some of my reasons. (1) Your dogma of the Apostolical Succession from Peter to Pius IX. is an imposture. You can not find a single word in the Holy Gospel to show us that Peter has passed a single hour in Rome. You know very well also that the superiority or pre-eminence you give to Peter over the other apostles, is another imposture. Every time our Saviour was asked by his twelve Apostles, who would be the First, the Leader—the Pope—He always answered that there would not be such First, Leader, or Papa in His Church. More than that, He positively answered the mother of Zebedee's children, that he had not received from his Father the power to establish one of his apostles over the others. "To sit on my right hand or on my left is not mine to give," (Matt. xx. 23.) We have an irrefutable and infallible proof that our Saviour never put Peter at the head of the Apostles as the First, the Leader, or the Pope, as you call your supreme pontiff, in the dispute which occurred among the apostles a little before His death. "And there was also a strife among them, which of them should be counted greatest," Luke xxii. 24. Such a dispute would never have occurred, if Jesus Christ had established Peter the greatest, or the First, of them. They would surely have known it, and Jesus Christ would have answered "Have you so soon forgotten that Peter is the greatest among you, that he is the greatest among you, that he is the first from the day in which I appointed him the fundamental stone of my Church?" But, far from answering thus, the Son of God rebukes his Apostles and tells them positively "The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them. . . . But it shall not be so among you," Luke xxii. 25-26. Not only that modernly forged Primacy of Peter has never been acknowledged by any of the Apostles, but it has been squarely and positively denied by St. Paul. "For he that wrought effectually in Peter to the apostleship of the circumcision, the same was mighty in me towards the Gentiles," (Galatians ii. 8.) "And when James, Cephas and John, who seemed to be the pillars perceived the grace that was given unto me, they gave to me and Barnabas the right hand of fellowship, that we should go unto the heathen, and they unto circumcision." Here, Peter is named only after James, a thing which could never have been done by St. Paul, if he had known anything of the marvellous superiority and primacy of Peter over the rest of the Apostles. But please read the following words of Paul: "But when Peter was come to Antioch, I withheld him to the face because he was to blame," (Galatians ii. 11.) Is it not evident that Paul had not the least idea of any kind of superiority of Peter over him, when he, so publicly, withheld him to the face; and still more when he wrote these lines. Is it not clear that the Holy Ghost has inspired Paul to give us the history of his so stern withstanding to the face of Peter, that we might not be seduced by the grand imposture of the supremacy of Peter which is the corner stone of your apostate church. (2) I will never be a Roman Catholic, for the Roman Catholic Church is idolatrous. You worship God. Yes! but the god whom you worship is made with a wafer—it is a wafer-god that is on your altar! Every hour of your priestly life, you are guilty of the crime which Aaron committed when he caused the Israelites to worship a golden calf. The only difference between you and Aaron is that his god was made of gold, and yours is made of some dough baked by your nun, or your servant girls, between two well-polished and heated irons. You have a Christ on your altars! Yes!—and you are very devoted and truly pious towards that Christ—rather those christi; you praise their powers and their mercies; you sing beautiful songs in their honors; but the christi whom you worship are spoken of by our Saviour in the twenty-fourth of Matthew. "There will be false christi . . . and they shall shew great signs and wonders; inasmuch that if it were possible they shall deceive the very elect. . . . Wherefore if they shall say unto you, behold he (Christ) is in the secret chambers; believe it not." Now, how do you not see that that terrible prophecy is accomplished by you, every time you prostrate yourself before those christi, made of little cakes, and put in the secret chambers of your church? Do you not believe in those christi of the secret chambers, when the Son of God tells you, "Believe it not." Do you not go there to adore your wafer-god, when the true Christ says "Go not there!" In vain you tell us that Christ gave you the power to make your god with the engraven wafer. We answer you that Christ himself had not the power to make God and make himself with an engraven wafer; for his Father had forbidden such an absurd and abominable, idolatrous act, when on Mount Sinai, in the midst of thunders and lightnings, He said: "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing, that is in the heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me." Now, you know well that Christ came to accomplish, and not to break his Father's commandments. He could not give you the permission or the power to break them by ordering you, as you pretend he did, to make an engraven wafer, change it into your god and bow yourself down before it; for this is idolatry!—rank, shameful idolatry! I am ready to meet you or any of your priests in any public or private discussion, to show you, with the help of God, that when Christ told you to eat his

body and drink his blood, he was speaking with the same figure as when he said that he would eat the passeover. Though Christ said "I will eat the Passeover" he was not able to eat the Passeover; for the simple reason that the passeover of the exterminating angel over Egypt could not be eaten. But the lamb which was eaten in remembrance of the Passeover would be eaten—and that lamb was called the "Passeover." By the same figure of speech the body and blood of Christ would not be eaten. . . . But the bread which represented that body, would be eaten; and the bread then had to be called the "Body" by the same reason, and by the same rule of language—that the lamb was called the "Passeover," though it was not the Passeover—just in the same way and by the same rule of language that, when we look at the marble statue of Monseigneur Bourget, we say: "This is Monseigneur Bourget," though it is not Monseigneur Bourget at all. (3) I will never be a Roman Catholic, because every Roman Catholic bishop and priest is forced to perjure himself every time he explains a text of the Holy Scripture. Yes! though it is a very big and hard word, it is the truth. From the day that you have sworn when you were ordained a priest, to interpret the Holy Scriptures only according to the unanimous consent of the Holy Fathers, you have seldom preached on a text of the Scriptures without being guilty of perjury; for, after having studied the holy fathers with some attention, I am ready to prove to you that the holy fathers have been unanimous almost in only one thing, which was to differ on almost every text of the Scriptures on which they have written. For instance; you can not say that the books of the Maccabees are inspired without perjuring yourself with all your priests. For the greatest part of the holy fathers tell you that those books are not inspired. You can not, without perjuring yourself, say when Christ said to Peter—"Thou art Peter, and upon this rock, I will build my Church," it signified that Peter was meant by this rock, and that he is the corner stone of the Church—for you know very well (and if you do not know it, I can show it to you) that St. Augustine and many other holy fathers positively say that Christ meant himself, when he said: "Upon this rock, I will build my Church." (4) I cannot be any more a Roman Catholic, for I know that auricular confession is a diabolical institution. (5) I will never be a Roman Catholic; for I have seen with my eyes the inside of the walls of your Church, and they are filled with all the abominations of the world. Your celibacy is of diabolical institution. Your purgatory with the poor souls which burn in it, and are saved by paying you so many dollars, is of diabolical institution. Your waters of La Salette and Notre Dame de Lourdes, which are sold in your palace are of diabolical institution. Your forbidding to eat meat on certain days is of diabolical institution. Your defence of not reading the Holy Scriptures is of diabolical institution. Your infallible Pope and immaculate Mother of God are of diabolical institution. (6) With the help of God I will never think of making my peace with the Church of Rome; for her priests bishops and popes have shed the blood of millions of martyrs from John Huss to our dear brother Haeckel. On your Pope's hands I see the blood of the 75,000 Protestants slaughtered the night of St. Bartholomew and the blood of half a million of Christians slaughtered in mountains of Piedmont. (7) I will never be a Roman Catholic for your Church is the implacable enemy of all the laws of God and of all the rights, liberties and privileges of men. Your Church has degraded and brought into the dust and the mud all the nations she has ruled. I might give you many other reasons why I would never be a Roman Catholic, but I hope these are sufficient to show to my dear countrymen whom you so cruelly keep in the most ignominious ignorance and slavery, that, having once accepted Christ for my only Saviour and his Holy Word for my only guide, I cannot bow down any more before your idols and your wafer-gods. C. CHINQUY.

N.B.—I respectfully request all the Protestant Journals in Canada to reproduce this letter. C. O.

The Eternal Youth of Homer.

The "Iliad" is from two to three thousand years older than "Macbeth," and yet it is as fresh as if it had been written yesterday. We have there no lesson save in the emotions which rise in us as we read. Homer had no philosophy; he never struggles to press upon us his views about this or that; you can scarcely tell, indeed, whether his sympathies are Greek or Trojan; but he represents to us faithfully the men and women among whom he lived. He sang the tale of Troy, he touched his lyre, he drained the golden beaker in the halls of men like those on whom he was conferring immortality. And thus, although no Agamemnon, king of men, ever led a Grecian fleet to Ilium; though no Priam sought the midnight tent of Achilles; though Ulysses and Diomed and Nestor were but names, and Helen but a dream, yet, through Homer's power of representing men and women, those old Greeks will still stand out from amidst the darkness of the ancient world with a sharpness of outline which belongs to no period of history except the most recent. For the mere hard purposes of history, the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" are the most effective books which ever were written. We see the hall of Menelaus, we see the garden of Alcinoos, we see Nausicaa among her maidens on the shore, we see the mellow monarch sitting with ivory sceptre in the market-place dealing out genial justice. Or, again, when the wild mood is on, we can hear the crash of the spears, the rattle of the armor as the heroes fall, and the plunging of the horses among the slain. Could we enter the palace of an old Ionian lord, we know what we should see there; we know the words in which he would address us. We could meet Hector as a friend. If we could choose a companion to spend an evening with over a fireside, it would be the man of many counsels, the husband of Penelope.—*Froude's Science of History.*

British and Foreign Notes.

Two young girls, in a fit of religious enthusiasm, have drowned themselves in the "miraculous well" at Marpingen, in Rhenish Prussia.

The discovery of the existence of a universal Roman Catholic League has caused irritation at the Vatican, as being a premature disclosure of the object of the Syllabus. No official denial of the existence of the League has yet emanated from the Vatican.

A PROTRACTED drought of several months' duration has caused considerable suffering and damage to agriculture in Brazil. The United States naval vessels stationed at Rio Janeiro were obliged to distill salt water for use, as no fresh water could be obtained on shore.

A VERY sudden death occurred last week in the confessional of St. John's Roman Catholic Church, Limerick. It appears that Mr. John Spaight, grocer and spirit merchant, was in the confessional engaged with his father confessor, when he became suddenly ill, and in less than ten minutes expired.

The United Presbyterian Church has resolved, in harmony with the efforts of other Churches on behalf of English-speaking residents on the Continent, to hold services in Norway. The Rev. George Dobson, of Inverness, began this work last year in Bergen, and we understand that the Rev. Dr. Cairns has gone to Christiania in connection with the same scheme.

The death is announced of the Rev. Dr. Alexander Lochore, who for the long period of fifty-four years has been the pastor of the parish of Drymen, Stirlingshire. Dr. Lochore, who had attained his eighty-fifth year, had for some time been in feeble health, and latterly had been unable to preach, except at rare intervals. Dr. Lochore studied at Glasgow University, and in 1874, when he had completed his jubilee as parish minister of Drymen, the degree of D.D. was conferred on him by the Senatus of the University.

The miracle season has set in in France. The *Univers* hears from Lourdes that three miracles were performed on Monday, one being a cure of paralysis of eight years' standing. More than 1000 pilgrims left Paris last Friday night for Lourdes, together with 150 indigent sick persons whose expenses had been subscribed for. According to latest intelligence the miracles at Lourdes amount to ten. The six persons whose names are given are all women, three of them being nuns.

THE new First Lord of the Admiralty is about to have a windfall of some £20,000, which the late Mr. Ward Hunt made no allowance for in his Naval Estimates. A number of Church livings, in the gift hitherto of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty and the Governors of Greenwich Hospital, are being disposed of by private treaty, and the amount which the sale of these advowsons will realize is estimated as likely to be rather over than under £20,000. The livings have been put up to tender by the Admiralty in accordance with an Act of Parliament, but none of the tenders have been accepted.

ACCORDING to Dr. Montfort, Glasgow takes the palm as the leading Presbyterian city in the world. It has one hundred and eighty-five churches of this order, divided among the different Presbyterian branches in the following proportions:—Covenanters, 1; United Original Seceders, 3; Morrisonites, 10; Established Church, 49; United Presbyterian, 52; Free Church, 70. Of other denominations there are but thirty-five churches, which gives the decided preponderance of the religious influence of the city to Presbyterianism. Glasgow has a population of half a million; therefore, with its two hundred and twenty churches, there is a church for every twenty-two hundred and seventy-three persons.

DR. CUYLER, writing from Colorado, where he has been travelling, says:—"The most remarkable pioneer of missionary work here is that heroic 'Kit Carson' of Presbyterianism. Sheldon Jackson. I met him at Denver, just in from a tramp over the Rocky Mountains, exploring for preaching stations and for sites on which to organize new churches. He told me that in crossing the snow ranges on foot he was obliged to rise at two o'clock in the morning and travel before the sun had softened the snow-crust. He slept out-of-doors, wrapped in his blanket. Mr. Jackson is worth more to Colorado than any one of its richest silver or gold mines. He has already gathered a Presbytery of thirty ministers, with as many thriving churches."

A DEPUTATION of Protestant Churchmen headed by Mr. Maden Holt, M.P., had an interview with the Bishop of Manchester and presented a memorial denouncing the action of the extreme Ritualists as a conspiracy against the Reformed Church. The Bishop, in reply, said, so far from the doctrine of sacraments, or habitual confession having any tendency to develop spiritual life in the individual or in the community, all ecclesiastical history proved that there had been no surer instrument for demoralizing and unspiritualizing the Church. In future he would not ordain to the priesthood any one who admitted holding the doctrine of habitual or sacramental confession, and he would not promote to the cure of souls any clergyman who held those views.

PRINCIPAL McCOSH, of Princeton College, America, delivered a special sermon in the East Free Church, Brechin, Scotland, and made special reference to Broad-Churchism as it exists in the Scottish Churches. He considered it was the duty of the Churches to apply discipline to those who take up very extreme opinions, and that those who were so dealt with should retire and form separate Churches, as there was "no honesty in their continuing in a Church with whose standards they do not agree either in the letter or the spirit." The Principal said he would have brought the subject before the Pan-Presbyterian Council; but it was scarcely appropriate, and might have jarred upon the feelings of many. The testimony of the Council was all in favor of the old orthodoxy, and would make it necessary that there be a separation of those "who have adopted new views, which they are perfectly entitled to hold, but not in the old Churches."

Choice Literature.

Jovinian: or the Early Days of Papal Rome.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

The pontiff had been seated in conclave, and were on the point of separating, when a message was brought to Gaius. A gleam of satisfaction passed over his countenance. "Stay, father, for a few moments," he said. "A rascally slave who forsook had taken into his head to turn Christian, and to decamp, moreover, with my nephew, of whom he had charge, has been captured. I will question the vile wretch as to what has become of my youth, and failing to draw forth the information, as I think likely, we will make some sport of the slave before he is sent off to receive the punishment he merits."

The countenance of Cæcus exhibited a look of disgust, as if he had no desire to be troubled in the matter, but three or four of the other pontiffs acquiescing, Gaius directed that the Numidian should be brought in. Eros soon appeared, heavily manacled, with a guard of four armed men, who watched narrowly every movement he made, and kept their weapons ready for use, as if they feared that even now he would endeavor to escape.

The prisoner advanced with an undaunted countenance, and head erect, as if perfectly fearless of the stern judges before whom he stood. In vain Gaius inquired what had become of Jovinian. Eros replied that he had parted from him outside the gates, that he had gone with a friend, and that more about him he knew not. He acknowledged without hesitation that he had sinned against his master in allowing the youth committed to his charge to depart, and that he was ready to pay the penalty of his fault. "Wretched being, you have heaped crime upon crime," exclaimed Gaius; "you have endeavored to escape from slavery, you have disobeyed my commands, and you, I understand, deny the existence of the immortal gods, and, following the example of the impious Nazarenes, refuse to worship them."

"I worship one who is willing and able to save me, who died that I might be set free, and who has forgiven me all my sins," answered the Numidian.

"What blasphemy is this you hear!" exclaimed several of the pontiffs in chorus. "He does not deny his crime, and yet talks of his sins being forgiven. Away with him. Let the cross be his doom!"

Gaius, who had no wish to lose the services of a valuable slave, pleaded that a less severe doom than death would be sufficient, and suggested that he should be subjected to the ordinary punishment inflicted on runaway slaves—that of being hung up by the hands with weights attached to his feet, exposed to the noon-day sun till he should faint from exhaustion. The other pontiffs, however, were inexorable. The slave had been brought before them for trial, and his death alone would satisfy them. Perhaps they took a secret pleasure in annoying their brother pontiff.

Cæcus decided the matter, though he had apparently taken no interest in the discussion. "Let the wretch die the vilest of deaths. He has dishonored the immortal gods!" he muttered. "It may advance our cause, as it will serve to bring into contempt the name of their founder, when the Christians see a base slave suffering the death he was said to have endured."

Short time was allowed to the Numidian to prepare for his doom. He was to suffer not as a martyr, but as a runaway slave. Strictly guarded all night, he passed it in prayer and singing hymns to the Saviour he had so lately learned to love and trust. Early in the morning he was led forth to be conducted outside the city, bearing on his shoulders a heavy beam with a cross piece attached, on which his arms were to be extended till death should put an end to his sufferings.

As Eros, staggering under the heavy weight of the cross, proceeded through the streets of Rome, many there were who looked on with horror and dismay at the spectacle. Cæcus, more thoughtful than Gaius, had provided a guard, for he well knew that the Christians were already sufficiently numerous and powerful to have effected a rescue should they have discovered that he was really suffering for holding to the faith of the Gospel. A crowd had collected, and was following, composed chiefly of such idlers as are invariably attracted by any spectacle, though it may even be to see a fellow-creature put to death. Gaius and some of the other pontiffs walked at some distance behind, the motives which induced them to come being in no way superior to that of the vulgar mass. The condemned slave and his guards had proceeded some way when a litter, preceded by a litter, was seen approaching. It stopped, for the crowd was too dense to allow it to pass; Eros cast up his eyes, they met those of the vestal Marcia, horror-struck at what she saw. The love of life, the dread of the torture prepared for him, prompted the condemned slave. Throwing down his burden, before his guards could stop him, he sprang towards the litter, and, clasping the vestal's feet, claimed her protection.

"It is given," she answered. "Citizens of Rome, the right is mine, as you all know, to set this criminal free. Let no man lay hands on him."

"He is free! he is free!" shouted several persons from among the crowd. "The ancient laws of Rome must be supported."

The guards and some others seemed unwilling to be disappointed of their prey, but the licitors kept them off, and some, evidently recognizing Eros as a Christian, gathering round, bore him off out of sight just as Gaius and his companions arrived on the spot. They dared not disallow the claim made by Marcia, for it had been the privilege of the vestals from time immemorial, should they meet a criminal going to execution, to demand his release, provided the encounter was accidental, and that such was the case in this instance there appeared to be no doubt.

Marcia proceeded on her way, and Gaius, who was not altogether displeased at the occurrence, as he hoped to recover his slave, returned to the college.

CHAPTER X.—THE TRIAL OF THE VESTAL.

The vestal Cælia was summoned to undergo her trial before the college of pontiffs seated in council.

She stood looking pale but undaunted in their presence. The pontiff Cæcus was her judge, and at the same time one of her accusers. With the others she was not allowed to be confronted.

She acknowledged without hesitation that the sacred fire had gone out while under her charge, and she confessed her fault. She defended herself as to the holding her for a long time in conversation. She confessed also that she had been reading a book held in respect by the Nazarenes. She claimed the right of a free born Roman to peruse the work, which was one well known to be approved of by the emperor.

"You may have a right to read that or any other work, but not to imitate the principles of that accursed sect which it advocates," answered Cæcus, "and that you do hold them you have acknowledged to me."

"And I pray for grace that I may hold them to the end," replied Cælia, looking the pontiff calmly in the face as she held her hands clasped hanging down before her.

"She admits that the sacred fire was extinguished in consequence of her carelessness," exclaimed Cæcus, turning to the other pontiffs; "nor does she express the slightest regret at her horrible sin. One who has committed a crime is capable of committing any other wickedness, however odious, and that she has done so, and that she has broken her vows, has been proved by the witnesses we have examined. That she is no longer worthy of being numbered among the vestals of Rome I have already placed sufficient evidence before you."

Cæcus read over the false accusations which had been brought against the vestal. "The guilty participator of her crime had escaped," he observed, "but would undoubtedly be captured." Still, from the cath of the several witnesses—which he named—her guilt was evident.

A flush mantled on the brow of the young vestal as she heard herself accused of a crime so foreign to her nature; yet she did not quail before that of her stern judge and accuser.

"You know, and these my other judges know, that I am innocent," she said in a voice which trembled but slightly. "If I am to be put to death, I am ready to die if you have a right to destroy me; as a Roman maiden, with fame unsullied, I am guilty only of no longer believing in the goddess to whom in my childhood and ignorance my vows were made. I confess myself a Christian, and confess also that I desire to escape from longer serving the false goddess in whom you pretend to believe. But I indignantly deny the terrible accusation brought against me, which you yourself know to be utterly false."

"Away with the girl, terror has made her mad!" cried the enraged pontiff, forgetting the dignity of his position, and shaking his fists fiercely at the accused maiden.

Cælia did not reply, but raising her hands to heaven—the only time she had altered the position which she had from the first maintained—she implored that protection which is in whom she believed was able and willing to afford.

She did not deign to plead to her cruel judges. She saw clearly that, for some object of their own, they had pre-determined on her destruction. She calmly waited to hear what more they had to say.

Cæcus, standing up, pronounced her doom—that which from time immemorial had been inflicted on vestals who had been guilty of breaking their vows.

Her garments—worn by the vestals—and badges of office were to be taken from her, and she was to be habited as a corpse, placed in a litter, and borne through the Forum, attended by her relatives and friends, with all the ceremony of a real funeral. Then she was to be carried to the Campus Sceleratus situated close to the Colosse Gate, just within the city walls. In this spot a small vault underground, as in other cases, would have been prepared. It would contain a couch, a lamp, and a table, with a jar of water and a small amount of food.

Had the Pontifex Maximus been in Rome it would have been his duty to take a chief part in the ceremony. Having lifted up his hand, he would have opened the litter, led forth the culprit, and placed her on the steps of the ladder by which she would be compelled to descend to the subterranean cell, and he would there have delivered her over to the common executioner and his assistants. They would lead her down into her living tomb, draw up the ladder, and then fill in the passage to the vault with earth so as to make the surface level with the surrounding ground.

Here the hapless vestal, deprived of all marks of respect ordinarily paid to the spirits of the departed, would be left to perish miserably by starvation, should terror not have previously deprived her of life.

Such was the doom pronounced on Cælia.

She heard it unmoved, and walked with unflinching steps between two of the officers of the pontiff, to be delivered back to Fausta, the Vestalis Maxima, who was in waiting to receive her. Not an expression of pity escaped the lips of the old vestal, although the knew as well as Cæcus that Cælia was innocent of the graver crime of which she was charged. But her heart had become hardened and scathed; not a grain of sympathy for her fellow creatures remained in her bosom.

She believed she was acting in a way pleasing to the goddesses she served, and she would have been ready to sacrifice her nearest relatives, if by so doing she would have advanced the cause of idolatry. She was aware that she no longer retained the affection of any of the vestals under her charge. Harsh and irritable, she ruled them with a rod of iron; and believed that the service of the temple had never been so faithfully performed as it was since she became its principal priestess. Fausta has since had countless imitators, most of whom have been as completely deceived as she was.

Cælia was conducted back to the cell in which she had before been confined, beneath the floor of the temple, where only the coarsest viands were allowed her to sustain nature. She was guarded night

and day by twelve vestals, who were directed to summon assistance should they require it. Cæcus was satisfied that the death of the vestal would prove to the multitude that the ancient religion of Rome was still paramount, notwithstanding the predictions of the emperor in favor of Christianity, and the privileges he was inclined to grant to the Nazarenes. He, therefore, hardened his heart against all feeling of pity at the terrible fate about to be inflicted on the innocent maiden, and now prepared, with the energy of his nature, to make arrangements for the grand procession which was about to take place, and which he had resolved should precede the cruel ceremony on which he had determined. He was well aware that the Emperor Constantine would forbid so barbarous an act, but as he was engaged in the East in building his new city it was impossible for him to hear of it for a long time to come, and, although when he became cognizant of what had occurred, he would undoubtedly blame the pontiffs, Cæcus believed that he and the other members of the college had yet sufficient influence in Rome to set even Augustus himself at defiance.

The day broke bright and beautiful. All the altars in the temples, and the shrines in the streets, were gaily decorated with wreaths and flowers; while banners and gaily-colored cloths were hung out from the windows, or over the walls of the private houses, in the streets through which the procession was to pass. As usual, numbers of religious mendicants—members of a brotherhood devoted to begging—with huge stochols on their backs, and figures of gods or demi-gods in their hands, were on foot, eager to collect contributions from the multitude assembled on the occasion. The members of several other heathen brotherhoods also might have been seen hurrying through the city, to take their part in the spectacle.

Now the procession streamed forth from the temple of Flora, which formed one of a line of magnificent temples, extending from the Flavian amphitheatre to the north of the Palatine and Capitoline hills, that of Rome and Venus being the most easterly, and nearest to the amphitheatre. As it appeared shouts of joy and applause were raised by the multitude. There had been no lack of persons ready to perform the duty of carrying the banners and figures of the gods and the goddesses. Cæcus had also secured the assistance of as large a number of the female part of the population as he could collect, for he believed that could he keep them attached to the old faith, there would be less danger of their husbands becoming its opponents. Some hundreds of dames and damsels dressed in white, their heads adorned with glittering jewels and bright wreaths, streamed forth from the temple, scattering handfuls of flowers before and around them. Bands of musicians performed their most lively airs suited to the occasion; vast numbers of young children dressed also in white, with floral ornaments, chanted at intervals hymns in honor of the goddess. Priests also, of numerous temples, with shorn crowns, were there, carrying banners or figures of the gods they served, or sacred relics. The heathen magistrates and officers of state had willingly consented to attend and exhibit themselves in the procession, although the Christians had universally refused, under any pretence, to take a part in the idolatrous performance. Cæcus—as he watched the pageant winding its enormous length along the streets, the banners and gilded statues glittering in the sun, before he took his accustomed place with his brother pontiffs—felt satisfied that the larger portion of the population of Rome still sided with them.

Gaius alone, as he walked along, muttered not a few expressions of discontent. "To say the least of it these processions are a bore," he grumbled. "They may please the mob, but sensible men ridicule them; and we who superintend them, and have thus to parade through the streets, have become the laughing stock of all the wise men and philosophers. It will in no way benefit us, notwithstanding the trouble we take in the matter; how completely I have failed of convincing my young nephew of the advisability of the worship of the immortal gods, his running away and refusing to return is strong evidence. As to putting to death this poor girl Cælia I do not half like it. The emperor will visit us with his anger should her Christian friends prove her innocence, as they are sure to attempt doing. They are wonderfully active in defending their own friends when they can do so by means of the law, without having recourse to force. This may be on account of their mean and timid spirits, though it is said that they fight well in battle, and that the emperor places great dependence on their courage and fidelity. Well, well, 'Times change and we must change with them,' as one of our poets sings; but for my part I would rather have retained our old-fashioned ways. What was endured so long must be the best. The oldest religion cannot but be the right one, as all events most suited to the multitude, while it has not failed to bring a copious revenue into our coffers, and that after all is the matter of chief consequence to us. All the accounts, however, which come from Byzantium show that Augustus is becoming more and more inclined to favor these Christians. I wish that Cæcus had not been so obstinate, and would at once have consented to abandon our falling cause."

When passing close to the Arch of Constantine, which had been erected after the visit of the emperor to Rome, close to the Flavian amphitheatre, he glanced up to it with a look of contempt. "What can be expected of our Romans now-a-days, when the whole architectural talent of our city can only produce a monstrosity like that!" he observed to a brother pontiff walking next to him. "The times are changed, and we must change with them," he repeated, "if we wish to retain our position."

The other pontiff only shook his head, and groaned.

CHAPTER XI.—RELEASED.

As the procession moved along towards the Sacra Via, Gaius observed a number of persons of a better class standing aloof, and watching the procession with looks far removed from admiration. Although the

most earnest Christians kept away from such exhibitions, he observed several people of good position whom he knew to have embraced the new faith, while there were others, among whom he recognized a poet, an architect, a sculptor, two or three philosophers, and some other men of intellect, who, although not Christians, he knew well had no belief in the immortal gods of Rome, and were wont to look with most supreme contempt on spectacles such as that in which he was taking a part.

"These they stand, sneering at us," he muttered; "perhaps they come to look as they believe to be for the last time at our gods and goddesses parading our city; but they are mistaken, they will hold their places still in the faith and affection of the people albeit they may be habited in some different garments."

Now and then the eye of Gaius caught that of some young gallant, who nodded to him familiarly, and smiled at his evident annoyance as he endeavored to keep up his dignity. The procession moved along towards the Capitoline Hill, on which stood the great temple of Jupiter, where the chief ceremonies of the day were to be performed. The people waved garlands, and shouted, the more devout prostrating themselves before the statues as they passed along, until the hill was gained. Cæcus had taken care to have a large number of animals ready for the sacrifice, so that the people might not be stunted in their expected portions of meat. He well knew that they chiefly valued these ceremonies for the food they were certain to obtain after them.

The procession once more filed off through the street, depositing the figures of the gods and goddesses in their respective temples and shrines; but the business of the day was not over. Cæcus and his brother pontiffs had undertaken to superintend a ceremony of a very different character.

On arriving at the temple of Vesta they there found Fausta prepared for the part she was to play. Within the court was seen a litter closely covered in, borne by men with shrouded faces, and habited in dark robes. Its appearance was lugubrious in the extreme.

"Have you prepared the guilty creature for her just doom?" asked Cæcus of the Vestalis Maxima.

"She waits you in her cell," answered Fausta, "but you have not as yet inflicted the scourging, which, according to the ancient custom, she should suffer."

"We will omit it in her case," answered Cæcus, with whom his brother pontiffs had previously pleaded, even their minds revolting at causing one so young and innocent to suffer such degradation. "It would of necessity have to be inflicted in private; therefore, no one will know whether or not she has suffered. No object, therefore, will be gained," observed Cæcus.

"Are you in these days thus to neglect our ancient customs?" exclaimed Fausta. "That she is young and beautiful is no reason why she should escape the punishment which is her due."

The pontiff made no reply; perhaps even he discerned the love of cruelty which the remark of the ancient priestess exhibited.

"I am thankful I have not to submit to the discipline which the old virgin is inclined to inflict on her disciples," muttered Gaius. "I would as lief see a tigress deprived of her cubs placed in charge of a flock of sheep, as a band of young maidens given to the custody of a bitter old woman like Fausta. If they were not inclined to act naughtily before, they would be driven to do so, in very despair, when subject to her tender mercies."

"We can delay no longer," said Cæcus to the older vestal; "let the criminal be brought forth and placed in the litter."

His orders were obeyed. After a short interval a figure, closely veiled, in coarse attire, was conducted forth, and unresistingly placed in the litter. Cæcus then gave the word to the bearers and attendants to move on. Fausta and three other vestals accompanied the funeral procession, but no weeping relatives and friends—as in most instances would have been the case—followed Cælia. She was alone in the world, without loving kindred. Her maternal relations were far away with the armies of the emperor, and her mother, sisters and female connections, had been removed by death since she, in her extreme youth, had been dedicated by her heathen father to the service of the goddess.

She was thus considered a fit victim, whose barbarous fate there was no one to revenge. Marcia had spoken of her as her sister, but she was a sister only of the affections. Slowly the mournful procession moved on, and a stranger would have supposed that a corpse was being borne to the funeral pile, but those who watched at a distance knew well—from the direction it was taking to the Campus Sceleratus—that there was a terrible fate prepared for the occupant of the litter. Such a spectacle had not been for a long time seen in Rome, and did not fail to attract a large number of the population.

Gaius, who was looking about him, remarked amongst the crowd a considerable number of persons whom he knew to be Christians, who walked along with sad and averted looks. Some he recognized as presbyters and deacons, and other officers of the Christian church. He felt no little surprise at seeing them, he even fancied that he saw the Christian bishop, but as his costume differed but slightly from the rest of the people, he was uncertain that such was the case. He did not feel altogether satisfied about the matter, but still, as they were unarmed, he believed that even should they feel inclined to rescue the doomed vestal they would not make any attempt. "What can it mean?" said he to himself. "I wish that Cæcus had left the matter alone; it is my belief that you shall gain nothing by the death of this young creature, and we shall have much greater difficulty hereafter when we pretend to turn Christians in persuading these presbyters and others that we are in earnest. However, it is too late now to expostulate with him. Cæcus is a man who having once determined on carrying out an object is not to be deterred from it."

(To be continued.)

SIXTY-TWO Associations will be represented at the fifth annual convention of the Y.M.C.A. at Champaign, Ill., Sept. 6-9.

Scientific and Useful.

CREAM COOKIES

One egg, one large cup sugar, one cup of cream, one half cup of flour, half a teaspoonful of soda, flour enough to roll.

WHIPS.

Beat the whites of four eggs to a froth; take a pint and a half of good cream, sweetened by fine white sugar; beat well together, flavor with wine, lemon, almond, and serve in small glasses.

INDIAN CAKE.

Two cups sour milk, two tablespoonful good molasses or sugar, one teaspoon soda, a little salt, half-cup flour and Indian meal to make a very thin batter. An egg improves it. Bake a nice brown.

NUT CAKE.

Two cups sugar, one cup butter, three cups flour, one cup cold water, four eggs, one teaspoonful soda, two teaspoonfuls cream tartar, two cups kernels hickory nuts, carefully picked out and added last of all.

GLOSS ON SHIRT BOSOMS.

Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put in a pitcher, and pour on it one pint of boiling water, cover it and let it stand all night. In the morning pour it carefully from the dregs into a bottle; use one tablespoonful to a pint of starch made in the usual manner; use a polishing iron also.

OATMEAL GRUEL.

Mix a dessert spoonful of fine oatmeal or patent groats with two tablespoonfuls of cold water, and boil for ten minutes, stirring frequently. For a richer gruel, two tablespoonfuls of groats in a quart of water for an hour. Strain through a sieve; stir in a piece of butter as large as a walnut, and some sugar, nutmeg or ginger.

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.

One cupful "granulated" yellow meal one half cupful wheat flour; mix with these enough cold water to thoroughly moisten; stir into one pint of boiling milk; put into a pudding-dish, add a small piece of butter, one tablespoonful sugar, one pint cold milk, salt and ginger to taste; bake three hours. The "granulated" is by far better than the fine-ground meal.

CURLING A SWITCH OF NATURAL HAIR.

Comb it out nicely and oil it; roll tightly on muslin rags, four of them, fastened by a string; boil for half an hour in soap-suds; sponge them, and set to dry in any warm place, still leaving them done up; allow a full week for drying; longer would be better; separate and brush carefully on a curling stick without wetting.

PLAIN MINCE-MEAT.

Procure a good piece of meat without bone, and cover with boiling water; let simmer until tender and the water nearly exhausted, do not let it brown; wash cold mince fine, rejecting all fat; save the water, and when cold, take the fat from it and put the water on the meat. To one bowlful of meat add two bowlfuls minced, juicy apples, one bowlful raisins, one-half bowlful currants, and one teaspoonful minced nut; sugar and spice to taste; a pinch of salt, and cider sufficient to moisten.

NOODLE SOUP.

Three hours before dinner, take three eggs and a teaspoonful of salt; mix with enough flour to make a stiff dough; beat well with a rolling-pin, use more the better; cut into four pieces and roll each as thin as possible; keep on rolling till the dough is thin as paper; spread on a paper to dry, but do not leave until so dry as to break when rolled into long rolls to cut. With a sharp knife, slice into rings no thicker than a broom splint; spread out to dry, shaking them out well. Fifteen minutes before dinner, shake them lightly into five quarts of liquor in which a chicken or a piece of nice fresh beef has been cooked; the broth having been well skimmed, salt to taste, and add a cup of sweet milk or cream, and a pinch of parsley or saffron if liked; boil up two or three times and serve.

REMEDY FOR BURNS.

Dr. R. H. Alcott writes to the London Times: "The late lamentable accident on board the *Thunderer*, at Portsmouth, recalls to my recollection a remedy for burns or scalds, which was suggested to me some years ago by Lord Ebury. As an old medical man, and from personal observation, I can vouch for its efficacy, and, in the absence of professional assistance, the application may prove of inestimable value. The remedy is simply this: 'The common whitening of commerce, reduced by cold water to the consistence of cream, is to be spread on a light linen rag, and the whole burned surface instantly covered, and thus excluded from the action of the air. The ease it affords is instantaneous, and it only requires to be kept moist by subsequent occasional sprinkling of cold water.'

HINT TO BUTTER MAKERS.

It has been found that the quicker milk is cooled after milking, and while yet quite warm, the faster the cream will rise, and for the reason that, water being a better conductor of heat than oil and expanding faster and more in proportion to the amount of caloric received, and shrinking in the same proportion, it thus follows that the lower we cool to a certain point and the more dense we have the water, the butter-globules remaining nearly of the same density as at first, the sooner they will rise to the surface. For instance, we will take any amount of milk as soon as milked, and after cooling it immediately down to thirty-five degrees turn it into glass vessels eight or ten or twenty inches deep, and we will see by the results that the cream will all rise in from three to four hours; and, further, the quantity of cream thrown up, will be more than can be obtained by any other method which I have tried. And, again, butter made from milk that is thoroughly cooled immediately after milking is of far superior flavor to butter made in the ordinary way.

BALTIMORE is constructing a tunnel seven miles long, and twelve feet in diameter, in its endeavor to get a supply of pure water.

Mear.

I heard the words of the preacher, As he read that hymn so dear, Which mother sang at our cradle To the ancient tune of Mear.

"Miss in the Kitchen."

The following humorous "etch of a young man's first attempt at cooking is from a little brochure, under the above title, by Miss Burton:—

cream jug, which possessed attractive contents, and from which withdrawal was impossible, completed the spectacle of merriment and confusion by rushing about the kitchen in blind terror—the cream jug on its head—a most laughable sight, had not the jug been of the finest porcelain.

Hints to Young Housekeepers.

There is no evading the fact that as a rule, servants are very trying. But perhaps we ought not to wonder at it, when we consider the ignorance in which many of them have been raised, and the inefficiency, of many of the people who employ them.

Good help makes housekeeping comparatively easy, but that only falls to the lot of the fortunate few, all the rest must do the best they can, with the help they can get.

In selecting your house or apartments, do not take one where the kitchen is either damp and underground, or lighted by a well-hole. Such places are not fit for human beings to live in, and should be discountenanced by all conscientious and humane people.

The servant has a hard time of it at the best (it may be, and most likely is, because of her ignorance and lack of skill and management, and ignorance always has to suffer) but do not let her, in your house, suffer from want of a comfortable, attractive place in which to do her work.

Perhaps you are longing for the time to come when you can afford to keep a number of servants. You think then you would be relieved from all care and responsibility, with nothing to do but to enjoy yourself; but our advice is, enjoy the present, pluck all the flowers you can by the way—and they do grow in the pathway of all, if we will let us see them.

Alcohol in Hot Weather.

The Lancet has rendered good service by calling attention to the evils arising from the use of alcohol during hot weather.

person, if we may so express it, well ventilated by opening the windows of the former and clothing himself rationally, who attends to the functions of his skin by "rubbing" regularly, and who lives temperately, is a very unlikely subject for sunstroke.

In another part of a recent issue, under the heading "Sunstroke and Alcohol," the Lancet remarks: "The necessity of temperance in drink, on the part of those whose avocations lead them to be exposed to the sun this weather, can not be too forcibly urged.

The philosophy embodied in Sir Charles Napier's shrewd observation "The sun had no ally in liquor in my brain"—is gradually becoming better understood by the people, and it is gratifying to find that the medical press and many members of the profession are now striving to enlighten the public on this important point.

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Official Announcements.

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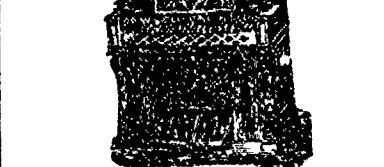
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