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# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL 15.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15th, 1886.

No. 38.

## Notes of the Week.

A SERIES of entertainments given by Mr. Kennedy and members of his family in Shaftesbury Hall, last week, was much appreciated. Large audiences were present each evening, who thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Kennedy's expressive rendering of Scottish song and story.

At the recent International Congress of the Salvation Army, held in London, it was stated that there are 1,552 corps and 3,662 officers. Twenty-eight thousand two hundred weekly, and 1,466,400 yearly services are held. The newspaper of the Army is printed in nineteen different languages, and the Salvation banner waves in nineteen different countries and colonies.

In the death of Mr. Samuel Morley, English Non-conformity has lost one of its most distinguished representatives. He was a successful business man, and amassed great wealth, which he used liberally in the promotion of religious and philanthropic work. In politics he was an advanced Liberal, and first represented Nottingham and then Bristol in the House of Commons. He was greatly esteemed for his high personal character, leaving an example worthy of imitation.

ADVANCE sheets of the *Canadian Gazette*, published in London, indicate that the Indian and Colonial Exhibition has been successful beyond precedent. Last week 210,303 persons passed the turnstiles of the Exhibition, making a total since the opening of 2,821,706. This figure compares very favourably with the following attendances, during the same time, at previous exhibitions: 1885—Inventions Exhibition, 2,269,146; 1884—Health Exhibition, 2,241,544; 1883—Fisheries Exhibition, 1,523,899.

PRESS correspondents, writing about Lord Randolph Churchill, the present leader of the British House of Commons, assert that the strain his position entails is telling severely on his health. With Mr. Gladstone the case seems different. Dr. Sir Andrew Clark declares that there is not an unsound spot in all Mr. Gladstone's physical being, and that the great statesmen will probably live at least fifteen years longer, if he does not work more than three men usually do when the three men are very busy men.

A LARGE meeting was held in Toronto Mutual Street Rink last week, to welcome the Loyalist delegates from Ireland. The Rev. Dr. Kane, of Belfast, and G. H. Smith, of Armagh, delivered effective addresses in which they gave their reasons for opposing Home Rule in Ireland. Dr. Kane is an energetic and forcible speaker. A resolution, expressing sympathy and support, was moved by Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, who spoke with his accustomed precision and effectiveness. The resolution was carried with enthusiasm.

AFTER a long and very able debate, in which a number of representative men took part, the General Conference of the Methodist Church decided in favour of University Confederation. It is a noteworthy fact that two speakers in favour of the movement gave emphasis to their arguments by the announcement that they were prepared to subscribe to the funds requisite for bringing Victoria University to Toronto, the sums of \$25,000 and \$30,000 respectively, while one of them, on behalf of a third, promised another \$30,000. These no doubt were felt to be telling arguments. The majority in favour of confederation was not large, only twenty-five, yet it is sufficient. The decision is in harmony with the best interests of the Methodist Church and the progress of the higher education in Ontario.

THE eminent London publishing firm of Sampson, Low, Marston, Searle & Rivington, announce that "A Short History of the Canadian People," by George Bruce, M.A., LL.D., Professor in Manitoba College,

is about to be published. It promises to be a most interesting volume. The prospectus says: The author of "The Short History of the Canadian People" aims at viewing Canada from a "Dominion" standpoint. Being a Canadian, born and bred, he wishes to portray the beginnings and growth of life, in the several Provinces, from Halifax to Victoria, with patriotic feeling. His extensive acquaintance with the various parts of Canada, and his connections with learned circles in Britain and the United States, have given him exceptional opportunities in consulting useful manuscripts and original documents.

To very many of our readers in all parts of the world, says the *Christian Leader*, the bestowal of a baronetcy on the Lord Provost of Edinburgh will possess special interest, inasmuch as the recipient of the honour is the head of the eminent publishing firm of Messrs. T and T Clark, who have done so much to place English readers in possession of the best theological literature of Germany. Sir Thomas Clark well merits the high honour conferred upon him during her sojourn at her ancient palace of Holyrood by the sovereign. A native of Edinburgh, where he was born in 1823, he is the son-in-law of Dr. Davidson, senior minister of Lady Glenorchy's Free Church; and his eldest son, who is in business with his father, married recently a daughter of the late Rev. Henry Douglas, Free Church minister of Kirkcaldy.

THE disturbed districts of Belfast, says the *Witness* of that city, are really in a very serious condition at present, and it is plain that their restoration to a settled state will be a matter of no ordinary difficulty. On the Shankill and Lodge Roads the police have entirely lost the confidence of the people, who refuse to tolerate even their presence, and on the Falls Road, where they are on duty in large numbers, they seem utterly useless in the protection of the law-abiding inhabitants. We need wise heads and firm hands to manage our local affairs just now, and unfortunately we seem to have neither. If all the action of the Executive Committee of Magistrates is of a piece with their conduct as regards Albert Street Church, as illustrated by the marvellous resolution at which they arrived, it is no wonder the town has become a byword for the inefficiency of its authorities.

IN an editorial the *Regina Leader* gives a concise statement of the past progress and present condition and future prospects of Presbyterianism in Manitoba and the North West. It says: There is no centre or settlement of any size or importance where a missionary of the Church is not labouring, and no village or town of any size on the railway where visibility is not given to Presbyterianism by the erection of a church. The inflow of settlers to the North-West has been largely Presbyterian. The census of the North-West revealed the fact that *one-third* of the white population was Presbyterian. The population in Manitoba is said to be larger still. The funds for the prosecution of this work, in addition to what may be obtained from local sources, come from Ontario. Presbyterianism is a vigorous plant in this country, and it promises a thrifty growth in years to come.

IN the Scottish Episcopal Church views of the most extreme type are now all but universally prevalent. High Churchism in Scotland is scarcely distinguishable from Popery itself. The correspondent of a Scotch paper narrates a conversation he once had with the late Bishop of Argyll: A young Episcopalian had come to reside in a district where his own Church was not represented. At first the stranger attended the parish church. It soon came to be understood that he had been enjoined to desist and to give up public worship altogether. I suggested certain possible evils that might result from such advice. The bishop replied that it could not be helped. He could in no case approve of worshipping in a Presbyterian church on the part of a member of his Church. I pushed the matter, when he added if the services of his own Church were not available, he would ad-

vise members of his communion to attend a Roman Catholic church if they could, but not a Presbyterian. If a Presbyterian had said anything so foolish, he would have been unsparingly denounced as a bigot.

THE despatches from China of the past week concerning the massacre of Christians in West China, evidently refer to the uprising in Chungking, of which details have been given in our own columns. After driving out the missionaries and foreign residents of Chungking, and destroying the mission property, the populace appears to have attacked the native Christians and almost exterminated them. There were few Protestants in that Province, Sechuen, but Catholic converts must have been very numerous. There has also been another outbreak in Cochinchina against Catholic Christians. That the outbreak in Sechuen is due to the imprudence of the missionaries, as the despatches charge, we do not at all believe. The *New York Independent* is correct when it says: The evidence goes to show that it was the news of the outrages against Chinamen in the United States, and the feeling against French Catholics caused by the French hostilities against the Empire that maddened the Sechuen populace, and we must regard the riots, bad as they are, as a reflex of our own bad conduct.

IN its denunciation of gambling the *Montreal Witness* has been unsparing. Wherever the evil exists it is attacked with the utmost directness. This demoralizing vice becomes only the more hideous when it is carried on under the guise of religious sanction. A flagrant case in Montreal is thus stigmatized: When Christ went into the temple and found people buying and selling therein He cast them out, saying, "It is written, My house is the house of prayer: but ye have made it a den of thieves." A stately temple has been built to the name of Christ, and the Roman Catholic authorities who have charge of it have turned it into a den of thieves. Just now gambling of the worst description is going on in it. In one of the transepts, well out of sight, a wheel of fortune, which the police would not allow in any other place, is set and is being whirled around, while young men and women stand around in a crowd and gamble. Children are going about and see gambling carried on in the church. This is an iniquity of the worst sort. It is an outrage upon Christianity; it is a betrayal of Christ in the house of His friends. If the police did their duty, they would go up to the cathedral, seize the gambling machine, and arrest those in charge of it. What hope is there of stamping out this abominable and demoralizing vice if the Roman Catholic Church thus shamelessly profits by it as do all manner of blacklegs!

AT the opening of the Provincial Synod of the Church of England in Montreal last week, the opening sermon was preached by Bishop Sullivan, who delivered an eloquent and forcible discourse, showing that the Church should be a spiritual body and an active organization, that it should be active in missionary work, and be elastic in matters of church government, also that it should be a united body, proving that the Church was essentially one. He also referred to the fact that there were essential differences between the Church of England and the Church of Rome which would prevent the former from ever uniting with Rome as she stood at present. If the Church of England desired union, it must turn toward the other Protestant bodies. Bishop Sullivan dwelt at length, and with great force, on the necessity for union among Protestants. He advocated that a deputation should be sent from the Church of England to the other Protestant bodies to ascertain if they desired the union which the Church of England had so much at heart. He expressed the belief that the Church of England stood between the extremes of the great Christian Church, and that union would at last be found for all within her bounds. He also advocated an enlargement and enriching of the Prayer Book, but not its revision. He hoped that by a little change in the Act of Uniformity they would obtain such option in conducting services as would allow the other Protestant bodies to unite with them.

## Our Contributors.

### THE SWEET REASONABLENESS OF MR. AND MRS. WOODBEE.

BY KNOXONIAN.

When the service was over, Mr. Woodbee made a vigorous attempt to push his way up to the pulpit, in order that he might have a conversation with Dr. Boanerges. He wished to say to the Doctor: "If we just had a man like *you* in our church at Smith's Corners." Woodbee belonged to that loyal and lovely class of Christians who always button-hole a strange minister after the sermon, and say, with a sickly smile: "If we just had a man like *you* here." They think this is a pious way of informing a stranger that they are not satisfied with their own minister, and of giving the stranger some "taffy" at the same time. And there have been—perhaps there are now—ministers so utterly destitute of common sense and professional honour as to consider the "taffy" that comes from behind that sickly, Judas-like smile a high compliment. Depend upon it, the man who takes that contemptible, cowardly way of trying to injure his own minister would soon treat the stranger in exactly the same way if he had a chance. A minister who takes compliments of that kind, at the expense of his absent brother, is worse than the sneak who gives them, for he should know better.

Woodbee had another object in view in trying to speak with Dr. Boanerges. He wished to go home to Smith's Corners and paralyze the Corners people by beginning sentences in this way: "That time Dr. Boanerges and I were talking;" "Dr. Boanerges told me," etc., etc. He thought that to speak in this way would give him distinction among the Corners people. It would add to the tone of the Woodbee family. The effort to obtain an interview was unsuccessful. Before Woodbee elbowed his way through the crowd, the Doctor passed into the vestry, took off his gown and started home.

Mr. and Mrs. Woodbee then left for their boarding house. On the way this highly spiritual conversation took place:

Mr. W.—"Oh! he's great."

Mrs. W.—"Yes, he is awfully clever."

Mr. W.—"I do admire his style."

Mrs. W.—"Yes, he is too awfully nice for anything."

Mr. W.—"I like him first-class."

Mrs. W.—"So do I."

Mr. W.—"I like his gestures."

Mrs. W.—"Oh yes; how I do love to see him shake his head and stretch out his arm."

Mr. W.—"His sermon had a very perspiring effect on me."

Mrs. W.—"I feel most perspired when he raises his arm, and hollers."

Mr. W.—"I don't see how I can ever listen to our own minister after that."

Mrs. W.—"No, I am sure I can never hear Mr. Faithful again."

Mr. W.—"Mr. Faithful hasn't got no style."

Mrs. W.—"No, dear, he hasn't; and Mrs. Faithful hasn't got none neither."

Mr. W.—"I like a preacher as is an elocutionist. Mr. Faithful is no elocutionist."

Mrs. W.—"No, dear, he is not an elocutionist. He is a Scotchman, and you know I never liked the Scotch. Can't we put Mr. Faithful away, and get a minister as is an elocutionist?"

Mr. W.—"I have been trying that for some time. I have spoken to everybody that I thought had anything agin him, and have done all in my power to make him move."

Mrs. W.—"And why doesn't he go when he knows the Woodbees are agin him?"

Mr. W.—"Well, it is just this. There's a lot of people there who say he is a good faithful man and a good Gospel preacher. He's been with most of them in trouble, and they seem bound to stick to him. I did work up a few that the session had been dealing with, but it doesn't seem as though the bulk of them would make a move."

Mrs. W.—"Well, I don't see how any minister can wait there when he knows the Woodbees are agin him."

Mr. W.—"I don't neither."

Mrs. W.—"You must try again when we get home."

Mr. W.—"I will, We must have a minister like

Dr. Boanerges if we should pay him six hundred dollars a year."

Mrs. W.—"It will be *so* nice. The new minister's family will associate with *us*. They'll know we are the principal people."

At this point Mr. and Mrs. Woodbee arrived at their boarding-house, and the conversation ended. We may meet them again. While they were enjoying their holiday and laying plans to "hoist" their minister, he was driving nearly twenty miles every Sabbath with the thermometer over ninety, preaching three times a day, visiting the sick and administering to the dying. He had not had a good rest for many years, and was often very weary. Poverty and biting care were gradually beginning to leave their mark. It is needless to say that when the Woodbees returned home Mr. Faithful's burdens were not made any lighter.

### FROM THE FAR WEST.

NOTES BY MEMBERS OF THE PRESBYTERY OF REGINA.

EDMONTON.

The congregation of Edmonton gave a reception to welcome the Rev. A. B. Baird, B.D., on his return from Ontario. An address was presented through Mr. A. S. Grant, B.A., refreshments were served, and everything passed off in a most enjoyable fashion.

BIRD TAIL INDIAN RESERVE.

The Rev. Solomon Tunkansuiciye's congregation, on the Bird Tail Indian Reserve, is raising money for the purchase of an organ. Sioux Ben, as he is called by his white neighbours, is taking the lead in circulating the subscription list, and has secured about half of the money required. He is one of the elders, and is master of tolerably good English. This congregation is in a most efficient state of organization. Two well attended prayer meetings are held during the week, and when the minister has occasion to be absent on Sabbath, the whole service is conducted by the elders.

RED DEER.

The settlers at the crossing of the Red Deer River, on the road between Calgary and Edmonton, want a missionary. The settlement is Presbyterian by a large majority, and the only service they have had hitherto has been that given occasionally, and usually on a week evening, by a passing minister, on his way to or from Edmonton.

EDUCATION.

It is a matter for congratulation that the Board of Education for the Territories has shown itself solicitous, not only for the efficient teaching, but for the efficient equipment, of the schools under its care. Besides settling on a liberal basis the grants in aid of teachers' salaries, the board has taken a step in advance of what has been done in any of the Provinces of Canada, and has arranged to outfit each school with a teacher's desk, two double desks for pupils, with the latest improvements, half a dozen maps, a globe and a set of reading charts. The office of inspector is filled in several cases by missionaries of our Church.

CHANGE IN CLERKSHIP.

Rev. A. Urquhart, finding that his duties as Clerk of the Presbytery of Regina threw too much work upon his hands, has resigned that position, his successor in office being Rev. A. Hamilton, of Qu'Appelle station. The office is anything but a sinecure, as the Presbytery has oversight of nearly forty congregations and mission groups, most of them in a fluctuating condition, and many enjoying services only during summer. The securing proper statistical information from the fields in itself is, in the circumstances and under the conditions of Church life in the Territories, a difficult matter; and almost every item of Presbytery work requires considerable correspondence and calculation. Mr. Urquhart is pastor of the largest congregation in the Presbytery, and with considerable mission work in the neighbourhood to look after, found it impossible to devote the needed time to outside duties. He is to be congratulated upon the progress made by the Presbytery during his term of Clerkship, which dates from the Presbytery's formation last year.

CALGARY.

The following historical account is slightly abbreviated from "A Summary of the Early History of Knox

Church, Calgary," being a paper read by Rev. A. Robertson at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Presbyterian Church in Calgary last month. The paper was afterward, with other documents, deposited in the cavity immediately underneath the corner-stone.

The first time that Calgary, as a mission field, was mentioned in our Church courts, was in the year 1883, when Rev. Jas. Robertson, Superintendent of Missions, brought before the Presbytery of Manitoba, at its winter meeting, the needs of the West in connection with mission work. His attention had been previously called to Calgary by Major Walker, resident of the district. The name of Mr. Angus Robertson, at that time a member of the graduating class of Knox College, Toronto, was then brought forward; and on the 24th May, 1883, Mr. Robertson was licensed, ordained, and appointed by the Presbytery of Manitoba, meeting in Winnipeg, to mission work in the Calgary district. At that date the railway was hardly three-fourths of the way to Calgary, and Calgary itself was an undeveloped village on the east, not as now, on the west, side of the Elbow River. Mr. Robertson reached his field of labour on the 11th June, after travelling about 250 miles by buckboard. The following Sabbath, the 18th, the first services were held in Messrs. J. G. Baker & Co.'s store, and a congregation of about seventy-five gathered. Calgary was the second point occupied by our Church in the Alberta District, Edmonton having a little more than a year previously secured for missionary the Rev. A. B. Baird, B.D. Our Church was the first Protestant body to send to Calgary a regularly appointed ordained missionary; others, from the Methodist and Episcopal denominations, soon followed. After the first week, services were held for some months, in the hospital of the North-West Mounted Police, which was kindly placed at our disposal. From the hospital, a shift was made to a tent on the east side of the Elbow, occupied for services by both Methodists and Presbyterians. Then the need of a suitable place of worship became apparent. Building materials were extremely high, and our people, all told, did not number over forty; but they went to work with a will, and built on a site donated by Capt. John Stewart. There was opened for public worship on the 21st October, 1883, a commodious Presbyterian Church. Next month, the field was visited by the Superintendent of Missions, and arrangements were made for organizing the congregation. A meeting for this purpose was held by the missionary in charge on the 21st November. A session was organized and managers appointed; Major Walker, Session Clerk; Dr. A. Henderson, chairman of Managers. The sacrament of the Lord's supper was dispensed for the first time, on the 9th March, 1884, when eight communicants sat down at the table. Same month, the church was moved to the west side of the Elbow, to a site consisting of five lots donated by the North-West Land Co., on which also the present new building is being erected. On 1st July, 1885, Rev. J. C. Herdman, B.D., formerly of Campbellton, New Brunswick, came out as ordained missionary to the Calgary field. On 17th February, 1886, the congregation decided to become self-supporting in their finances, being the first charge in the Presbytery of Regina to take this step. Three months later, the outlying mission stations of Pine Creek and High River, formerly supplied from Calgary, were organized into a separate charge. Other points along the railway, also similarly supplied, were arranged to be visited in connection with the Rocky Mountain mission; and the foundation was commenced of the new stone church, of which the corner-stone is being laid this 21st July, 1886.

### IN MEMORIAM.

DR. JOHN McLEAN, EX-PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.

BY THE REV. JAMES LITTLE.

If the righteous are to be held in everlasting remembrance, Dr. McLean will never be forgotten. His life, character and words, like Mary's broken box of precious ointment, silently diffused their own sweetness, manifested their native richness, and embalmed themselves in every one's memory. Where-soever his name is known, his Christian bounty, his goodness, varied and consecrated scholarship, his

well rounded Christian character, will be spoken of with honour.

The present writer, having as a student been under his care, was at the first brought into relations of friendship with him, which continued true and warm till the close of his life. I have more than once seen him during the past year, and feel that it is not amiss that I should bestow the tribute of a few true words to his memory, though they fall far short of what his merits deserve. I also think most of those who read this notice will feel the sympathy, not only of race and religion, but of admiration of his character and culture.

Dr. John McLean was born in Princeton, N. J., in the year 1800, his father was Professor of Natural Philosophy in the college of that place, and enjoyed the reputation of being the foremost teacher of chemistry then in the United States. His grandfather was a surgeon in General Wolfe's army, and was one of the first to scale the Heights of Abraham on the day Quebec was taken by the British. The family belonged to the old, and now almost extinct, Highland clan of the McLeans. At the age of thirteen young John entered the college of Princeton, in which his father was professor, and of which he was himself one day to become the honoured head. During the second year of his course his father died, which threatened an interruption of his studies, but he continued them till he graduated in 1816. He has often told me with pathetic words of the weight of new care which devolved henceforth on him as the eldest son of a large family, having but limited means. Though scarcely sixteen, he promptly assumed the new responsibility. God was evidently leading and preparing him for greater things. In a blessed work of grace which visited the college in 1815, he was, amongst others who became eminent, brought to Christ, and made open profession of faith in his Saviour. Young as he was, the mould and form his character then assumed as a Christian he retained to the end of life. From 1818 to 1829 he was constantly on the staff of instructors in the college, sometimes as tutor, for the most part as professor in one or other of the departments of instruction. In 1829 he became vice-president, adding its honours and duties to those he already performed as instructor. In this relation he continued till 1854, when he was appointed president, and from that date till 1868 discharged the duties of his new office with great fidelity and success. In this last-named year he resigned, and was succeeded by the present incumbent, Rev. Dr. McCosh.

On retiring from the presidency he also resigned all his emoluments and income. He had not accumulated a fortune during his long period of high and honourable service, for he spent almost all his income on others, and in meeting the claims made daily upon his benevolence. The trustees of the college gave him the moderate retiring allowance of \$1,500 a year, and a few friends presented him with a comfortable residence. Here the evening of a prolonged, useful and laborious life was spent in calm and peaceful serenity, amongst loving friends and in the enjoyment of the universal respect of the community—town as well as gown. His home was still the abode of kindness and hospitality. Old graduates who came to town never failed to visit Dr. McLean, from whom they always received cordial and paternal greetings. We visited the venerable shades of Princeton, and met loved friends of yore in October of last year. We had not seen Dr. McLean for many years, and during this time we had changed much in appearance, yet not a moment did he hesitate in recognizing us, and equally to our surprise and delight, for nearly an hour continued relating the history of our classmates, who numbered nearly one hundred. His head was as clear, his heart as warm as they were a quarter of a century before. In June of the present year, at the urgent request of classmates, we attended Commencement in Princeton, and had a delightful reunion. The most touching incident of the occasion was at the Alumni dinner, when some 500 graduates had assembled in the large dining-hall. Dr. McLean, who had been indisposed for some time, gathered up his strength to come once more and meet the graduates whom he loved with a father's generous affection. As he entered, closely wrapped, though it was June, his gray hairs falling over his collar, every graduate instantly arose, with a burst of applause, which continued till all had poured out in audible and energetic sounds their cordial greetings. He was not

able to address them in response, but acknowledged the heartiness of the welcome by the silent tears which trickled from his eyes, and by calling on Dr. Cameron (a tried friend of both the college and himself) to read a few words he had previously written for the occasion; then, as if exhausted by the effort he had made, and gratified with the cordial expression of filial regard bestowed, he withdrew from this, the seventieth and last anniversary of his graduation, amid the hushed and tearful silence of all.

Dr. McLean, though a modest and unobtrusive man, was yet conspicuous in many ways. He was prominent as a promoter of the material welfare of the college, and its efficient government. During his presidency Old Nassau Hall was rebuilt, after the conflagration of 1855; some \$500,000 were added to the funds of the college; some ten professors were added to the teaching staff, and nearly 1,000 young men were graduated. Incidents of his watchfulness in detecting and confronting wrong-doing, and of his leniency toward the culprit, are in the memory and on the lips of every graduate. He was also conspicuous for his well-rounded mental powers and scholarly attainments. He filled with credit nearly every chair of instruction in the college, at one time or another. He also kept abreast with the progress of Biblical, classic and literary knowledge. He published many addresses, sermons and papers. He furnished from time to time able articles for the *Princeton Review* in its palmiest days. He also preached during his earlier years as frequently as most pastors. Since retiring from official life he has issued the history of the college down to 1854, in two large volumes, besides a small volume of an autobiographic character for private circulation. Such were the lines over which his mental activity ranged.

Another conspicuous element of his character was his unselfish benevolence—his bounty flowed like a stream. Perhaps the most conspicuous and most widely beneficial quality he possessed was zeal for the spiritual welfare of his students. He was himself a true follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. He had the love of a true pastor for the best interests of the flock of young men committed for four important years to his care. His zeal for their spiritual good was manifested in his prayers, sermons and addresses in the college chapel, in his constant oversight and paternal counsels. He included in the course of the college curriculum instruction in the Word of God and in the essential principles of the Christian religion. All the students were required on Sabbath or Mondays, or on both, to recite on these subjects. His daily prayer was that the college might ever be a fountain of Christian instruction and influence to the Church of God and to society at large. On his last public appearance at the Alumni dinner (June, 1886), in expressing his earnest wishes for the future prosperity of the college, he charged the graduates to see that while promoting all useful learning they never allowed it to fail of the noble design of its pious founders, which was to promote religious education, especially to prepare young men for the ministry of the Gospel of Christ. The close of his life was calm and peaceful, on the morning of the 10th August, without pain, he passed away, in the hopes of the Gospel, in the eighty-seventh year of his age. He was honoured with the degree of D.D. in 1841 by Jefferson and Washington College, in Pennsylvania, and in 1854 with the degree of LL.D. from the University of the State of New York.

In these times, when talent, genius and success are extolled by the many above the highest Christian virtues or most unselfish devotion to the service of Christ, it does our hearts good to recall this noble-minded, single-hearted and wholly consecrated minister of Christ, so long the honoured chief of a great institution of learning, going down to his grave, like a shock of corn fully ripe, amid the love, honour and admiration of educated thousands.

#### THE WORKINGMAN'S HOME.

NO. VIII.—HOME EDUCATION.—Continued.

Modern Christianity, in many of its aspects, is but a weak, sickly thing—more closely related to mere sentiment and feeling than to deep, enlightened principle. We have reason to fear that the want of a thorough religious training in the home is the primary and fundamental cause of this; and, if so, it ought to become a subject of serious and grave reflection to

those who have the moral elevation of the people at heart. What a help would family co-operation render to the labours of the Gospel minister, and how far more important would it be to see a Sunday school established in every family than to have a large congregational assembly, composed of the children of Church members! Although the poor man's child must, to a considerable extent, be dependent on the schoolmaster for the cultivation and development of the intellect, it is not right that he should be entirely so. His assiduous and oftentimes ill-requited labours might be materially helped by parents taking a lively interest in the lessons of their children, seeing that their home-work is carefully and properly executed, and assisting them over any difficulties that may arise. Progress would thus be more rapid and sure, and greater proficiency might be attained. There are, also, many branches of education not directly and practically taught at school, to which parents might pleasantly and profitably direct the studies of their children. On the broad field of nature many highly interesting and instructive, yet simple, truths, may be gathered, quite within the grasp of a child, leading him to exercise reflection, and awakening reverence for the great God, the maker and preserver of all. Nor must the education of the female members of the household be neglected, but encouraged in every possible manner. Destined to be the mothers of the unborn generation, their influence will yet tell on the happiness of other homes; and a certain portion of their education ought to be of a kind suitable to the sphere in life which they are expected to occupy.

Every rightly constituted family, old and young, rich and poor, find in mental improvement, and in the acquisition of knowledge, one of their highest and best fireside enjoyments. We may regard the family newspaper or periodical as holding a prominent, we might almost say essential, place among home educators, and every household, who can at all afford to do so, will endeavour to procure it at least once a week. The political, social and religious affairs of our own, as well as other countries, must always form a subject of interest; and in this most eventful era in which we live, when the disturbed or unsettled state of society throughout the world at large betokens that

God's purposes are ripening fast, unfolding every hour, the newspaper will always be received as a welcome guest into every intelligent household. Of course, the selection of a newspaper will depend very much on the principles and tastes of the reader; but there are papers of a certain questionable character, having an extensive circulation amongst the working classes, which no man with a regard to morality would desire to see introduced into his family. We refer more especially to certain of the London (England) newspapers. The same remark applies with equal force to much of our cheap serial literature. A few of the more widely circulated periodicals are calculated to exercise a decidedly immoral and degrading influence on the mind, by pandering to the lowest tastes and appetites. There are others that cannot be characterized as immoral, which are yet so frivolous and trifling that their purchase becomes a waste of money, and their perusal a waste of time. Nay, more; they engender a habit of mental indolence, and weaken the desire for more substantial reading. Every workingman should study to acquire a small family library, and this can be done gradually, and often at little cost. Now and then a cheap, yet edifying and instructive, book may occasionally be picked up, from which the family might derive much pleasure and benefit; and thus his collection may ultimately increase, until his books become a most useful ornament to his house, and the companions of many a pleasant and happy hour. A WORKINGMAN.

YET another unexpected turn in Bulgarian affairs has occurred. Prince Alexander no sooner reached Sofia on his return than the news comes that he has started for Darmstadt once more. Received with demonstrations of enthusiasm and devotion by his people and the army, it looked as if his position in Bulgaria was more secure than ever. On reaching Sofia, however, he announces his abdication. Russian intrigue, as far as he is concerned, has triumphed, German and Austrian apathy, no less than Russian persistency, has contributed to this new phase of the interminable Eastern Question. Surprises have not ended with Alexander's abdication.

## Pastor and People.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

### ANOTHER OF THE GREAT HYMNS OF THE CHURCH.

BY REV. DUNCAN MORRISON, M.A., OWEN SOUND.

SUN OF MY SOUL, THOU SAVIOUR DEAR.

Gray's "Elegy" is a poem, which for finish, polish and the perfect smoothness of its versification, stands at the very summit of modern literature. The same remark may be made concerning the "Christian Year," the name of Keble's book of hymns; so called, from the circumstance that the hymns are arranged in the order of the festivals and fasts, or holy seasons, of the Church of England during the year. The book has had a wonderful success, ninety-six large editions having been disposed of in the author's lifetime; and in 1873, when the copyright expired, 305,500 copies had been sold; and, since that date, we know that the circulation has enormously increased both in England and America. A book that has commanded such a sale, and has taken such a hold of the hearts of thousands, stirring the very fountains of thought, and voicing the deepest aspirations of men, must be regarded as a great gift to the Church. Sir J. T. Coleridge, speaking of the hymns as a whole, says there is nothing equal to them in the language; and Prescott declares, "I know of no body of uninspired poetry where purity and power—the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, the knowledge of the human heart, where the love of nature and the love of Christ, are so wonderfully combined."

The book was the work of years, the offspring of much thought and revision. The author had intended that years of labour still should be spent upon it, bringing the hymns up to the loftier ideal in his mind; but such was the impotency that was raised for their publication that he yielded. At the same time, I venture the remark, that it is not so much for their strength, as their calm beauty and wonderful finish, that they have won their way to their high place. This is certainly the case with the hymn under consideration.

#### ENGLISH HYMN.

Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my Saviour's breast!

Abide with me from morn till eve;  
For, without Thee, I cannot live.  
Abide with me when night is high,  
For, without Thee, I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin,  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick, enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till, in the ocean of Thy love,  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

#### LATIN HYMN.

O Jesu, tu sol anime,  
Quum propius non tenebra,  
Terrestria ne patere  
Te oculis contegere.

Quum somni rores subdulcis,  
Quum cadunt pallescere graves  
Sit cura ultima, Jesu,  
Quiescam brachius noctu.

Morator mane ad noctem,  
Nam te absente non possum  
Durare; ac mortis umbra  
Emittas, Christe, juberat.

Siquisque aberrans longe  
Contempsit lucem hodie,  
Cubare sine ne cœcum  
Illustra hæc nocte cum.

O vigila juxta ægrum,  
Ditæque donis inopem,  
Noctæque sit masti somnis  
Infantis similis dulcis.

Salvator a disis tu mane,  
Periculis feram ante,  
O semper in te quiescam  
Ad secularum seculum!

But who was this J. Keble who has proved such a blessing to the Church, and won for himself such a name? The answer is, The son of the Rev. John

Keble, vicar of Coln, St. Aldwins, Gloucestershire, England. He became a classical scholar of great distinction, taking many prizes, and graduating with a double first (1810), though only eighteen years of age. Such was his reputation that he was appointed professor of poetry in the University of Oxford in 1831, and on the death of his father (1835), he succeeded to the vicarage, which he had held for over fifty years; but that he exchanged for Bisley, Hampshire, the following year, and this he held for thirty years—held till, under a stroke of paralysis, he sank into unconsciousness, and passed away into the great spirit land in his seventy-fourth year, whither he was followed by his beloved wife, Charlotte, youngest daughter of the Rev. George Clarke, of Fairford, a few months afterward.

Will it be believed that this spirit, so devout—so ethereal—this master of sacred song, whose life was so beautiful, and whose heart was so responsive to the great truths of the Bible, was the leader of the High Church party in England, and the real author of the Tractarian movement (1833), which carried so many gifted spirits into the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church? Certainly this is the view of Cardinal Newman; but in vain do we look for any tint or trace of Tractarian teaching in these hymns. Great is their variety, great their scope and compass; many are the themes handled, and the voices raised, but there is no dissonance in the notes, no false or uncertain sound in the utterances—nothing to offend the most orthodox ear. The hands may be the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob—the inspiration that of the Father of Lights, from whom cometh every good and perfect gift.

What is the genesis of this hymn? How came it to be written? Was there any special providence in the life of the author at the time that led to its composition? This is one feature pertaining to the history of the great hymns of the Church which should be kept in view, seeing that a knowledge of the circumstances in which the hymn was written lends not a little to its charm and its power, but concerning this we can find nothing authentic. All we know for sure is, that he had given himself to the task of preparing hymns adapted to all the holy seasons observed in the Church of England during the year, and that this is one of the course.

It may be that in his meditations on death, he had some presentiment of that fatal stroke of paralysis under which he sank—that his spirit, so ethereal, so bright with the beauty of holiness, pierced through the veil of coming years, realized in fancy that solemn hour when the wheel should be broken at the cistern, and the silver cord should be loosed, and in the way of anticipation sang

Abide with me when night is nigh;  
For, without Thee, I dare not die.

But all this is conjecture. This is a secret that eternity alone can reveal; but there is no conjecture or doubt as to its power. Who that has ever heard it sung as it ought to be sung will ever forget it—and will not in his best moments thank God that He put it into the heart of John Keble to write this grand hymn?

#### STAND UP FOR JESUS.

What a touching history many of our hymns have. Take for instance "Stand up, stand up for Jesus." It was written by Rev. George Duffield, in 1858, at Philadelphia, and its genesis was as follows.

Rev. Dudley T. Tyng, a young preacher of wondrous eloquence, preached one Sunday in Jayne's Hall, Philadelphia, to five thousand men, and the author of the hymn states that "of the 5,000 men there assembled at least 1,000, it is believed, were the slain of the Lord." Mr. Tyng's text was Exodus x. 11, "Not so, go now ye that are men, and serve the Lord."

The next Wednesday he went out to the barn where a mule was shelling corn, and the sleeve of his study gown catching on the cogs of the wheel his arm was torn out by the roots. He died in a few hours. His dying message to the Young Men's Christian Association and to his brethren of the ministry was, "Stand up for Jesus." The next Sunday Mr. Duffield preached from Eph. vi. 14, "and the above verses were written simply as the concluding exhortation."

Out of deep grief, and inspired by that tragic yet wonderfully spiritual death, came a hymn which is immortal, and is sung around the world. Could we but know the history of every hymn we sing, and see the agony of soul out of which each grew, they would have new meanings for us, and some of them would be bathed in heavenly glory.

On the 2nd of last June we had a long and delightful conversation with Mr. Sankey, on the way to Saratoga. He then assured us that he should some time publish a book full of anecdotes of the genesis of the "Moody and Sankey Hymns," and of the incidents which had come under his own observation of the effects of singing them. It would undoubtedly be a most interesting volume, and lead many to stand up for Jesus. May his life be spared to accomplish it.—Golden Rule.

#### A VERY PEACEFUL COMPROMISE.

In a paper on "Clerical Life in Yarrow," in the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review*, the following passage occurs:

"The distance people in these districts would travel for the sake of gratifying their sectarian proclivities is almost incredible. It is only on such testimony as we have from Dr. Russell that we could believe it. We are forced to credit them with thorough conscientiousness in the matter. Nothing else would have supported such habits."

"Robbie Hogg used to walk every Sabbath to Selkirk, nearly twelve miles, to enjoy the ministrations of the venerable Dr. Lawson, and afterward his son, who succeeded him. When unable to walk, he rode, and when, from rheumatism, he was unable to bestride a horse, he rode sideways, and this till he was nearly ninety years of age. More zealous still, an Old Light Seceder labourer at Eldinhope was wont on every alternate Sabbath to trudge all the way to Midlem, to hear a minister of his own denomination. In doing so he passed Yarrow Kirk, marched through Selkirk, where there were various churches, thus travelling, going and returning, fully forty miles. While serving at Hayston, near Peebles, he was shipped at the same shrine, a Sabbath-day's journey of fifty miles."

The dissenting feeling often make itself strongly felt in other ways, and often required most careful treatment to prevent worse differences and divisions. The following will illustrate one phrase of this:

"When the late Mr. Charles Cunningham, farmer, Nenhous, was married to Miss Henderson, daughter of John Henderson, farmer in Longhope, my father, as parish minister, tied the knot. The ceremony over, he remained for the night. In the course of the evening, old Mr. Henderson came to him and said: 'I'm sair put till 't about the kirkin' o' the young folks.'

"How so?" said my father.

"Oh! ye maybe ken that I'm an elder in the meeting-house at Selkirk?"

"My father replied that he was quite aware of that."

"Well," he proceeded, "our folk are verra strict. Did not I, on one occasion, go up to Broughton, to see my brother-in-law ordained as the parish minister? The thing got wind among our people, and naething wud serve them but I maun tak' a public rebuke; and there wud hae been nae help for it, hadna auld Dr. Lawson stood my friend. But I wudna wish to gie them ony cause for offence a second time."

"Certainly not!" rejoined my father.

"Now, what I wud like wud be that they were kirkit in the meeting-house."

"My father assured him that it would be the same thing to himself where the young people went to church. Encouraged by this liberality, the old elder continued:

"Will ye speak to Charlie, for I dinna like?"

"Oh, certainly!" was the reply; and no sooner said than done.

"The bridegroom, however, was not so prepared for the concession as was his spiritual adviser, and demurred. It was then agreed that it would be ungracious to refuse the first request made by his father-in-law, and that the arrangement would be perfectly agreeable to himself. After a little parley and persuasion, Charlie yielded conditionally:

"Weel, weel, if I gang wi' her the first day to Selkirk, she sall gang wi' me the next to Yarrow, which my father thought a very peaceable compromise; and thus the peace alike of the honeymoon and the meeting-house remained unbroken."

#### THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST.

We are living in a highly sceptical age; our faith is attacked on every side; objections are constantly advanced against Christianity; in certain quarters antagonism is asserted between science and faith, and we meet with many who have no scruple in openly avowing their infidelity. But the very existence of Christianity is a proof of its divinity, for it is founded, not merely on the belief, but on the fact of the resurrection of Christ; if Christ had not risen, Christianity would long ago have perished. And if this be the case, and for ourselves we can see no answer, then Christianity must be true; it is attested by the crowning miracle of Christ's resurrection. The Church of Christ is the living proof that Christ has risen. Having convinced ourselves of the truth of Christianity by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, we need not greatly trouble ourselves with those objections which we meet with; they cannot possibly affect the foundation. We are not to be always looking into the grounds of our faith, like scholars always learning the alphabet, but being once convinced of the truth of Christianity, we are to act up to our convictions. There may be difficulties which we cannot remove, objections which we cannot answer, questions which we cannot solve; but believing in the resurrection of Christ all these difficulties and objections and questions are overcome, or at least they do not concern us; for we know the truth and the truth has made us free.—Paton J. Gloag, D.D.

**UNSEEN RESULTS OF THE PASTOR'S WORK.**

While the faithful pastor is permitted to see results, small or great, from his labours, he does not by any means see them all. All that he sees is not all that he does. His unrecognized work may be as large as that which appears to his vision. Much of the effect of his ministry never comes in time to his notice, and he must wait until that day when all the results of human work are gathered and reviewed, before he can know the full extent of the work he has done for his Lord. There are persons who attended his ministrations, perhaps but a few times, or it may be only once, whose faces he does not recognize and whose needs he does not know. They feel the helpful influence of his words, receive the stimulating impress of his hand, and then leave his presence to go their ways, and he sees them no more. They have been blessed by his ministry though he did not know he blessed them. Unknown to him, they carry in their hearts a tender and grateful memory of him, and in their prayers thank God for the word that did them so much good. While, then, in the glad acknowledgment of some new born soul, saved by his endeavours, and in the tender expression of thankfulness from souls helped by his ministrations, the pastor has deep and abiding joy, this joy may be increased by the reasonable belief that others besides those have been helped and saved by his ministry.

Especially may this be true in the matter of conversions. The pastor is accustomed to count the number of conversions that he knows have occurred under his labours, and he considers these as the complete results of his efforts. But may there not have been more? May there not have been souls secretly born of the Spirit under his ministry, and he did not see their faces nor hear their cry? When the Augustinian monk of Italy had finished his sermon, he did not know that his burning words had moved young Savonarola to decide to become a monk, and that thus he had directed to a course of life one who in following that course became the greatest reformer of the fifteenth century, the most powerful preacher of Europe and one of the saintliest characters of history. The illiterate layman preaching in a barn in Ireland, and telling in simple words the moving story of the cross, did not know that young Toplady was one of his interested hearers, and that out of the experience of that hour there should be born one of the sweetest lyrics of the Church, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me." And when the plain preacher in England, with uplift hand and tearful eye, was exhorting his hearers to "look and live," he did not know that a heart long burdened with sin would find in his fervent exhortation the counsel that it needed and the peace it had so long desired. Neither did he know that the young Spurgeon who then "looked and lived" would become one of the most useful servants of the Lord and the mightiest preacher of his day. Such are some of the unseen results of the preacher's work, such some effects that we must wait for the future to disclose.

Sometimes the results of the pastor's ministry come unexpectedly to his knowledge, and he is surprised and delighted at effects of whose existence he was not aware. A recent incident furnishes an impressive illustration of this truth. A pastor in an eastern city preached a sermon on the "Prodigal Son." It was prepared with care and delivered in hope, but so far as the preacher could tell it produced no result. Some time afterward a young girl called upon this pastor and made the following statement. "Last winter a friend of mine, Annie G., made me a visit, and we went together to hear you preach a sermon on the 'Prodigal Son.' Under that sermon Annie was converted to God. Soon afterward her visit ended, and she returned to her home in a distant part of the city. A few days ago she was taken very sick, and one day she called her mother to her bedside and said: 'Mother, I am going to die; my friend whom I visited last winter will be at my funeral, and when she comes I want you to ask her, as my dying request, to go and see the pastor and tell him that I was converted under his ministry. Tell him, also, that I was a happy Christian, and died trusting in Jesus for my salvation.'" Of all this the pastor knew nothing; but oh, how it gladdened his heart to know that her precious soul was saved, and saved through his ministry.

We know that the experience of childhood is a series of surprises. The new facts of nature, of science, of history and of domestic life that are revealed to us in that period, keep us in a state of continuous wonder. When the fact is one that causes delight, that delight is all the greater because it is a surprise. And so we believe that much of our joy in the other world will come from its delightful surprises. To meet there with one who was saved through our ministry, to greet another whose lovely character was developed through our instructions, and to look upon the face of another who in the trials and sorrows of life was sustained and comforted by the words we spoke, though all unknown to us on earth—these things will excite a joy that words are inadequate to express.

CHRIST lives and He asks living followers.

**WAIT PATIENTLY FOR HIM**

God doth not bid thee wait  
To disappoint at last;  
A golden promise, fair and great,  
In precept-mould is cast.  
Soon shall the morning gild  
The dark horizon rim;  
Thy heart's desire shall be fulfilled:  
"Wait patiently for Him."

The weary waiting times  
Are but the muffled peals,  
Low preluding celestial chimes  
That hail His chariot wheels.  
Trust Him to tune thy voice  
To blend with seraphim.  
His "Wait" shall issue in "Rejoice"  
"Wait patiently for Him."

He doth not bid thee wait.  
Like driftwood on the wave,  
For fickle chance or fixed fate  
To ruin or to save.  
Thine eyes shall surely see  
No distant hope or dim—  
The Lord thy God arise for thee:  
"Wait patiently for Him."

Frances Ridley Haegerat.

**A DEATH SCENE.**

The following account is given in the *Christian*, of the last days and hours of the wife of Dr. Horatus Bonar, of Edinburgh:

We had not told her she was dying, for we could not believe it ourselves, but she did not need to be told. "Don't be frightened, L—" she said, "if I say, 'Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit.' And again: 'I feel as if I were just slipping away. I don't think I could feel different if I were going to die.' And again: 'Don't cry about me.'"

Near the beginning of her illness she said to her husband: "Pray for me, for I am in sore trouble." But it was the only time that she seemed greatly distressed.

Another time she said: "Am I trusting too much to my religious feelings? I am afraid I don't feel my sins enough." This was the nearest approach to anything like spiritual trouble, as if the very excess to her calm and confidence perplexed her for a moment. When reminded that it was Jesus in whom she was trusting, the shade passed.

Her son told her the text he had chosen for a little meeting: "Being justified by faith, we have peace with God." She fairly started with delight, and said: "How strange, that is the only text I have been able to fix in my mind all day! Like Christ! Do you think I could ever be like Christ? How wonderful it will be! He giveth me salvation! He giveth me—giveth me salvation, salvation!" she repeated, lingering on each word as if the thought were too great to take in. "I wonder whether Jesus will carry me all the way, or if He'll just come and meet me at the door. My precious Saviour, whom I have dishonoured so often. There now, I have got relief. Do you think it was an angel that helped me?"

After talking a good deal, she sank into a sort of stupor during the last few hours. Yet she could be roused when spoken to. "Do you know me?" she was sometimes asked. "To be sure I do," she would say, as if surprised at the question. She seemed as if composing herself for a night's rest. "Be quiet—hush good-night," she would say when any one stirred. "Very comfortable," she said once in answer to a question. Then the pulse died away imperceptibly, and without even seeing death she saw her Saviour.

She was one who in former times had greatly feared the act of dying. "It is terrible to die and be laid in the grave," she used to say, with a shudder. "The only thing that reconciles me to it is that Jesus lay there." Yet when the hour came, she not only never passed through the faintest shadow of the struggle she had dreaded, but the very thought of it never crossed her mind. So the Lord keeps His word: "He that keepeth my sayings shall never see death."

**NO SHIFTING RESPONSIBILITY.**

We sometimes fear lest Sunday schools have done more harm than good, in that they have so tended to lighten the practical pressure of moral obligation upon the minds of the parents in regard to the spiritual welfare of their children. Such parents cannot safely turn them off upon the conscience of even the best Sunday school teachers. They are their own flesh and blood, and for them they must answer. If they themselves are what they ought to be, they have some reasonable hope of so training their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord that they will grow up Sabbath-keepers and good people every-where. But if they dawdle half the hours when they ought to be at church over a Sunday newspaper, and retail its witticisms and criticisms at the dinner-table, let them not fancy that any kind of law-work will protect their children, or any Sabbath school teacher's fidelity insure their usefulness here or their happiness hereafter.—*Congregationalist*.

**A BEAUTIFUL DEED.**

A prettier story, more pathetic, more lovely, has seldom been told than one published in the *Daily Telegraph*. For once that lover of fustian has touched the fount of tears with a bit of real pathos and simple truth. A hospital for sick children in the east end of London should at least, one would think, be as good a building, as well-fitted for its purpose as a stable at the west end. Yet the work of which this story tells was carried on in a "tumble-down old wharf warehouse," such a place as the readers of Dickens can easily picture to themselves. It might have formed part of the business premises of the famous Mr. Quilp, and for certain none of the gay procession thronging Hyde-park would have suffered one of their sleek horses to abide in it a single night. But it had to do for the sick children simply because there was no money to build another place. And then one day, up the rickety stairs, holding on to the rope that served for banister, came a shabby, gruff old man, asking in a tone that seemed to threaten an action for damages if this were a children's hospital, and if they did not want a proper "hospital." The secretary, with faint hopes of a guinea, answered these questions and received—a cheque for a thousand pounds! They went over the place, and when this unexpected angel of blessing had seen the children he came back, asked again for pen and ink, and wrote—a second thousand! Then, with his coat buttoned, he was about to go, but one story after another of healing and of child-heroism flowed from the secretary's lips until with a gruff "Ha!" the coat was thrown back once more, the magic book produced, and a third thousand laid beside the others. "I found my way up and I can find my way down. Good-day!" The man of shabby coat and gruff voice was gone; the secretary held in his hand the new hospital. That generous giver probably did not drive behind powdered lackeys in the park.—*Christian Leader*.

**THE THORN.**

My God, I have never thanked Thee for my thorn. I have thanked Thee a thousand times for my roses, but not once for my thorn. I have been looking forward to a world where I shall get compensation for my cross, but I have never thought of my cross as itself a present glory. Thou divine love, whose human path has been perfected through suffering, teach me the glory of my cross, teach me the value of my thorn. Show me that I have climbed to Thee by the path of pain. Show me that my tears have made my rainbow. Reveal to me that my strength was the product of that hour when I wrestled until the breaking of the day. Then shall I know that my thorn was blessed by Thee, then shall I know that my cross was a gift from Thee, and I shall raise a monument to the hour of my sorrow, and the words which I shall write upon it will be these: "It was good for me to have been afflicted."—*Dr. George Matheson*.

**HOW TO KILL SIN.**

Wouldst thou have much power against sin and much increase of holiness, let thine eye be much on Christ; set thine heart on Him, let it dwell in Him, and be still with Him. When sin is likely to prevail in any kind, go to Him, tell Him of the insurrection of His enemies and thy inability to resist, and desire Him to suppress them, and to help thee against them, that they gain nothing by their stirring but some new wound. If thy heart begin to be taken with and moved toward sin, lay it before Him; the beams of his love shall eat out the fire of those sinful lusts. Wouldst thou have thy pride and passions and love of the world, and self love killed, go sue for the virtue of His death, and that will do it. Seek His Spirit, the spirit of meekness, and humility, and divine love. Look on Him, and he will draw thy heart heavenward, and unite it to Himself, and make it like Himself. And is not that the thing thou desirest?—*Leighton*.

**NO HOPE BUT IN CHRIST.**

The great German scholar, Prof. Dr. De Wette, furnished Theodore Parker, and almost all modern infidels of that school, with the weapons with which they attack the faith of the Christian Church. But this same De Wette, called "the universal doubter," was so fortunate as to marry an eminently holy and lovely Christian lady, and the influence of her merciful spirit and life led to a wondrous change in all his thought and teaching. In his last commentary we find these memorable words: "Only this I know; in no other is there salvation, except in the name of Jesus Christ, and Him crucified, and for the human race there is nothing higher than the God-man realized in Him and the kingdom of God planted in Him."

EVERY day we may see some new thing in Christ; His love has neither brim nor bottom. Oh, that I had help to praise Him.—*Samuel Rutherford*.



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MR. WALTER KERR—for many years an esteemed elder of our Church—is the duly authorized agent for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN. He will collect outstanding accounts, and take names of new subscribers. Friends are invited to give any assistance in their power to Mr. Kerr in all the congregations he may visit.



TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1886.

PRESBYTERIANS turn to the Blue Book to see how much congregations are doing for the cause of Christ. There is another place where they might go to learn how much Canadian people of all denominations might do. That place is the fair ground of the Agricultural and Arts Association. Let every man who knows the amounts given for religious purposes by the different denominations walk about these grounds for a couple of days, and then ask himself if the people of Ontario of any denomination give in proportion to their means? Any honest, intelligent man will in a moment say, No, they do not. Nine-tenths of the property in that exhibition is owned by church-going people—Protestants too most likely. That property represents millions more at home and millions held by men who never send anything to an exhibition, for there are thousands of men, even in Ontario, who never take anything to a show. Are the givings of any of our denominations in proportion to our means? The fact is we are only beginning to learn to give. It makes one ashamed to look around at the displays of wealth and luxury on the fair ground, and then think of the condition of our Augmentation and Aged and Infirm Ministers' Funds. And no small part of that show, you may depend, is owned by Presbyterians. They never take a back seat in any competition. Would that competition could be got up with somebody in the matter of giving.

WHEN the veteran preacher, Dr. Somerville, was in Canada ten years ago, he said to one of our ministers, "You Canadians don't know how good a country God has given you!" The truth of that observation may be illustrated by a walk through "Canada's Great Fair," as the *Globe* would call it. The most intelligent Ontario citizen has but a dim conception of the wealth and resources of his Province until he spends a few days on this fair ground. Any unprejudiced man who has travelled must leave this fair as thousands have left it, with the firm conviction that the farmers and manufacturers of Ontario can hold their own against any country in the world. Of course there are many lines in which we cannot compete with the older civilizations of Europe where labour is cheap and the subdivisions of labour have brought things to a high degree of perfection. But we can do some things that the older civilizations cannot do, and the average man has many blessings here that are possessed by the average man in few countries in the world. Year by year the improvement in our manufactures becomes more and more apparent. The wealth and resources of the farmer are constantly on the increase. We hear a good deal occasionally about hard times, low prices and failures in the crops of certain kinds. Let any man take a walk through the fair, and as he looks upon the evidences of comfort, wealth and, in many cases, luxury on every hand, say if the people of Ontario have any reason to complain. The fact is, too many of them, as Dr. Somerville remarked, do not know how good a country God has given them.

Now that our ministers are coming home from their summer trips and beginning work in good spirits, it would, we think, be a good thing to have a

practical discussion on pastoral visitation. The problem to be solved is how to visit a *family*, especially in town and city congregations. There is no difficulty in making a "call" upon the good lady of the house. Any body can do that. The question is how can the family as such be visited so that the pastor may meet and hold religious intercourse with all its members. A friendly call is not a pastoral visit. Social intercourse, however pleasant, is not, or at least should not be, the principal thing aimed at. With the head of the house at business, the children at school, and perhaps some of the younger members in situations, how are all to be brought together for religious exercises? That is the question. We invite correspondence on this most important question. Pastors who have solved the problem, even approximately, might explain their methods of working. We are quite aware that there is no one best way of doing anything. The best way in one congregation may not be the best way in another. Still, the conditions under which the work must be done are much the same in our town and city congregations. There is fortunately little difficulty in the country, as the great majority of the people there are master of their own time. There is a great danger lest pastoral visitation, in the proper sense of the word, should become a thing of the past. Indeed, we have heard most esteemed pastors declare that visiting families as such in our state of society is an impossibility. It is not even attempted in many congregations on the other side of the lines.

THE crisis through which our Methodist friends are going at the present time on the University question shows the inconvenience caused by having a church paper in the strict sense of that term. The *Guardian* is the property of the denomination, and is, of course, under denominational control. Its very able and accomplished editor for the time being is a gentleman who has a mind of his own, and is not the least backward in expressing his opinions in the editorial columns under his control. He is strongly in favour of University Federation. A large number of his brethren are opposed to federation. The consequence is that they have had to read a good deal of unpalatable literature, and read it in a paper of which they are in part proprietors. To change the editorial management and put an anti-federationist in the chair would not mend matters, because all he wrote would be equally distasteful to the friends of federation. The only course left is to put a man in the chair who has no opinions at all. A man of that kind would in the end not please any body. It is vastly better for a Church to have no organ in the sense in which that term is generally understood. A Church journal must be conducted by somebody. That somebody can never satisfy all the people in the Church; and if the people own the paper, each man has a perfect right to insist that the paper expresses his particular views. Divided ownership and divided responsibility have brought many a journal to the ground, and will bring many more. Still, we do not anticipate anything serious in the case of our Methodist friends. They have marvellous capacity for turning sharp corners, and adapting themselves to circumstances. What is more, they stick to the Church, and to their Church paper, even when things are not going just as they wish.

THE Methodist Conference did a wise thing last week when it laid on the table a resolution affirming that the Methodist Church is not sufficiently represented in Parliament and on the bench, and recommending Methodists "to take a deeper interest in the political affairs of the country, and support each other more strongly than in the past." What surprises us is that eighty-eight members of Conference should have voted against shelving such a resolution. One of the worst things in Canadian politics is that so many subdivisions of the people and so many sections of the country clamour for representation in public affairs. What earthly or spiritual good would a few additional members of Parliament and a few additional judges do Methodism? One rousing, old-time camp-meeting, one lively "special effort," would do more for Canadian Methodism than the sending of fifty Methodists to Parliament. It was stated that there are only four Methodists among the seventy-four senators. This may be a bad thing for the Sen-

ate, but it is perhaps not a bad thing for Methodism. There is no member of the Methodist Church in the Dominion or Ontario Governments. Well, supposing there is not, what of it? What help does a government give a church in this country? Out of forty county judges only three are Methodists, and there is but one Methodist on the Bench at Osgoode Hall. Well, judges are usually an excellent class of men, but we have yet to learn that they help the Church more than any other class of equal numbers and position. An evil-disposed person might put an unpleasant construction on this complaint about the lack of Methodist judges. It has never been asserted that Methodist litigants get less than justice as the courts are now constituted. Certainly they do not want more. An uncharitable person, unfriendly to Methodism, might ask: If they do not want more than justice, why ask that their own people be put on the Bench? Methodism has become the power that it is without the aid of politicians and governments—aye, often in spite of politicians and governments, and it is a matter of regret to many that eighty-eight members of the Canadian General Conference should have voted on this matter as they did.

**A RECENT BIOGRAPHY.\***

THE motives that prompt the publication of biographies are varied. The individual may have occupied a prominent and influential position, and general interest is sufficient not only to justify, but to demand, the appearance of a work detailing the incidents of his life, and an account of the services rendered by him. In other instances the individual life may have been so instructive that a permanent record of its incidents and experiences may be peculiarly helpful to others. And yet, again, though the sphere in which a good man may have moved has been very circumscribed, he may have been so beloved in his own circle that affection has been prompted to preserve the memory of his goodness in a memorial volume. In the case of the Rev. David King, D.D., LL.D., no doubt all these reasons have combined to account for the appearance of this most excellent volume, that tells so affectionately the story of the gentle, yet active, the tried and suffering life of one who left an impress for good on the age in which he lived.

David King was born at Montrose, Scotland, where his father was pastor of the Secession Church, on the 20th May, 1806. Though delicate in health, he as a lad was studious and observant, while not disdaining the innocent amusements in which his schoolfellows indulged. In his fourteenth year he entered Aberdeen University, where, however, he remained but one session, completing his arts curriculum at Edinburgh, and taking his theological course at Glasgow. Soon after obtaining license he began his ministry at Dalkeith, where he gave evidence of decided preaching power. From the beginning to the close of his ministry he was most diligent and conscientious in the work of pulpit preparation. His eminent abilities were soon recognized, and a call from Greyfriars, Glasgow, was addressed to him. He was settled in the commercial metropolis of Scotland in 1833. The congregation to which he ministered had for its first pastor the Rev. James Fisher, one of the founders of the Secession Church.

Under Dr. King's ministry the congregation entered on a course of great prosperity. He was abundant in his labours, and succeeded in organizing various schemes of practical Christian usefulness. In the neighbourhood of the Church was a crowded and neglected district. Here Sabbath and week day schools were planted, which did excellent work. The cause of missions and the abolition of slavery found in him a powerful and a zealous advocate. He also took an active and a leading part in all the great moral and social movements of his time.

Incessant and onerous labour, however, began to tell severely on a frame never very robust, and in his forty-seventh year he was prostrated by severe illness, from which he never fully recovered. Before this time he had gone to Jamaica, and visited several of the principal cities in the United States. He also visited Toronto, where he states he was most hospitably entertained, going to Montreal by the St. Law-

\*MEMOIR OF THE REV. DAVID KING, LL.D. By his wife and daughter; together with some of his sermons. (Glasgow: James Maclehoose & Sons.)

rence route, the beauty of the scenery making an indelible impression on his memory.

There being no immediate prospect of his recovery, he felt constrained to resign the pastorate of Greyfriars, and for weary years he travelled in search of health which never was fully restored. Being, however, so far recovered, he accepted a call to Westbourne Grove, London, where amid discouragements, he did good work for a few years. His last charge was Morningside, Edinburgh, but after a time he felt his strength failing, and he finally retired. He died in London May 20, 1883.

In desiring the visible union of the Christian Church Dr. King was in advance of his time. To him, and to his life-long friend, Mr. John Henderson, Park, the Evangelical Alliance chiefly owes its origin. He took a leading and active part in the conferences that resulted in its establishment. He was also one of the most active promoters of the union of the Relief and Secession Churches in 1845; and later, he pleaded earnestly and eloquently for the union of all the non-established Presbyterian Churches in Scotland. Though he did not live to see the fulfilment of his desire, surely the hope is not illusory that a more comprehensive union of the Presbyterianism of Scotland will yet be achieved.

The two volumes by which Dr. King is best known are "The Ruling Eldership," by many regarded as one of the best treatises on the duties and functions of the eldership yet published, and his "Geology." At one time he contemplated a larger work on Natural Theology, but this never took definite shape.

The volume before us, written by his wife and daughter—the former is sister of Sir William Thomson—gives an excellent idea of a loving, devoted and gentle life, tried by repeated afflictions uncomplainingly endured. The work has been written with admirable good taste, and is a worthy tribute to the memory of a great and good man who faithfully fulfilled his allotted task. There are eleven discourses in the volume, which give as good an idea of his preaching as can be given when the eloquent and melodious voice is silenced by death.

**CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.**

THE Irish Presbyterian Church is showing considerable interest in the improvement of the public service of praise. Judging from the tone of an article that appears in the last issue of the *Belfast Witness* one might not unjustly conclude that in portions of the Irish Church, as well as in some sections of our own, congregational singing is not by any means all that it ought to be. It would be a mistake to suppose that efforts for the improvement of the psalmody in the Irish Church originate in the protracted organ controversy that agitated it so profoundly. No doubt those who favour the use of instrumental music fondly believe that it would be a powerful aid in improving congregational singing. It certainly has helped, along with other causes, to introduce a higher and more appropriate style of sacred music, and has given an artistic direction to taste in this matter; but any one worshipping in our churches where the musical service is of the best cannot fail to note that general, hearty congregational singing is the exception not the rule at present prevailing.

Praise is as much a part of public worship as prayer, or the preaching of the Word. It ought to be as reverent and impressive as the other parts of the service, but at present it does not seem to receive the attention that it ought. Can it be that worshippers too often overlook the importance that ought to attach to this essential part of public devotion? Were attention directed to the necessity that exists for improvement in the service of praise there is no doubt that a great advance would soon be made, and much spiritual benefit would surely result. It would elevate the tone of Christian feeling and life in congregations as it would certainly be more consonant with scriptural ideas of praise than the too general indifference now observable.

The last General Assembly of the Irish Church resolved that special sermons on the subject of Church praise should be preached throughout the Church on the last Sabbath of August. This indicates the importance attached to this subject, and no doubt great good will result from this general effort to direct the minds of the people to a matter that has been too much overlooked. The circular issued by the Psal-

modity Committee of the Irish Church contains the following:

Our Church has much to learn as to the place and power of music in the service of the sanctuary. The vast numbers of our people who have neglected to develop their musical talents, or who refuse to add their voices to sound the praises of the Lord at public worship, not only rob themselves, but deprive the Church too of the advantage to be derived from their participation in the ordinance; and they distinctly disobey the command, "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." While it is gratifying to learn that the praise service of many of our congregations is improving, it must not be forgotten that true progress cannot be made, nor can proficiency be maintained in music without continuous conscientious practice. And not only should congregational classes be organized annually and kept up for several months of the year, but music should form part of the instruction in our Sabbath and daily schools. It is a mournful fact that out of 7,832 national schools in Ireland music was taught in only 971 of these last year.

**THE COMMON COLLEGE FUND.**

IN congregations where systematic arrangements for contributing to the various Schemes of the Church do not exist, the time-honoured method of making an annual collection is resorted to. From the subjoined circular, just issued, it will be seen that the annual collection for the Common College Fund is appointed for the 19th instant. No loyal Presbyterian questions for a moment the importance to the Church of thoroughly equipped colleges. It ought not to be overlooked that a prompt and liberal response to the appeal should be made in every congregation and mission station throughout the Church. Let the Colleges begin the academic year with all the encouragement the Church can give.

**THE COMMON COLLEGE FUND.—ANNUAL COLLECTION—SABBATH, 19TH SEPTEMBER, 1886.**

By appointment of the General Assembly, the annual collection on behalf of the College Fund takes place on the third Sabbath of September.

Five years ago a common fund was instituted for the support of Knox, Queen's, and Montreal Theological Colleges, to be divided according to their requirements.

The amount required for the current year, as approved by the General Assembly, is \$14,200, viz.:

Knox College.....	\$6,900
Queen's Theological Faculty.....	4,000
Presbyterian College, Montreal.....	3,300
	<hr/>
	\$14,200.

In June last the following resolution was adopted by the General Assembly: "That it be optional with congregations to contribute to the Common College Fund, or to it and such one or more of the colleges as they may desire specially to benefit by their liberality."

It is earnestly hoped that from every congregation and mission station liberal contributions will be received, so that the colleges may obtain the amount required for their efficient maintenance.

There is very much to encourage in connection with our Theological Institutions. The number of students having the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in Canada in view is at present upwards of two hundred and fifty. Last spring about fifty completed their theological curriculum—the largest number of graduates in any year in the history of the Church. With so many young men consecrating themselves to the work, is it too much to expect that the Church will furnish the means necessary for the efficient equipment of our theological halls? An average contribution of 20 cents per communicant will more than suffice for this purpose.

In addition to liberal contributions there should be earnest prayer on behalf of professors and students that they may have a rich baptism of the Spirit of God. If such believing prayer abounded throughout the Church, might we not hope to see a rising ministry even more faithful and successful than in days that are past; then would the Church be revived and quickened, and the moral wastes would rejoice and blossom as the rose. Yours faithfully,

WM. REID, D. D., } Joint Treasurers.  
ROBT. H. WARDEN, }

198 St. James Street, Montreal, 31st August, 1886.

**Books and Magazines.**

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York: Macmillan & Co.)—With the September number another volume of this attractive magazine is completed. In real merit, both literary and artistic, the *English Illustrated* has more than fulfilled its promise. It has also the recommendation of cheapness, among other interesting contributions, may mention "A Dynamite Factory," by H. Sutherland Edwards, and a finely illustrated paper on "A September Day in the Valley of the Arno," by Janet Ross.

RECEIVED: THE JEWISH INTELLIGENCER (London: Nisbet & Co.), THE NEW MOON (Lowell, Mass.: New Moon Publishing Co).

**THE MISSIONARY WORLD.**

The *Bombay Guardian* of a recent date contains the following: The Rev. Dr. Sheshadri, in his last year's report to the Free Church Mission Committee, speaks thus of one Eli Lakshuman Lokhande, who died recently: "Lakshuman was a simple-minded man. He was very fond of singing Christian hymns. In fact, during waking moments, he used to compose hymns and use them as his prayers. A little before his death, he requested his sons and daughters and grandchildren to come round him. He exhorted them to remain steadfast in the faith they had adopted, and, after blessing them, sweetly passed away to be for ever with the Lord whom he loved." This man was originally a Mang, whose father, grandfather and great-grandfather had been hanged by the Nizam's Government for dacoity. He was a tall, big man, nearly six feet and a half in height. But he looked quite mild and gentle, with lines of seriousness deeply marked on his face. He came every day for prayers with his wife and children at twelve o'clock at noon, to the house of the preacher, at a distance of two miles. When his wife was confined, she boldly testified her faith in the new truths she had embraced. Although earnestly urged, and a persistent effort was made to work upon her old superstitious fears, she refused to worship the dreadful Sathwais, who are invoked on the fifth day; she said that the Sathwais had no power whatsoever, either to do good or harm; she trusted in God. She refused also to perform on the twelfth day the ceremony of giving a name to the child. When she was able to walk the great distance of two miles in the hot sun, she came with her babe to the preacher's house, and laid it at his feet, asking him to offer it to the Lord, who had so graciously preserved it and her. Of course the preacher was perplexed. Himself unordained, he did not know what ceremony to perform for the child of unbaptized parents. But he took it in his arms and dedicated it to the Lord, bestowing on it the name of Santa (saint), which he still bears. Lakshuman's faith was as strong as his wife's, and the man would speak of his new religion to all he came across. He used to do it with such meekness and withal with such earnestness, that even the Brahmin officials with whom he came in contact used to hear him with respect.

On every Tuesday, which was the market day at Jalna, he used to have a great many guests at his house, his friends from the neighbouring villages. On one such day he had many guests, but had no food to give them. What could the poor man do? He had recourse to the following plan. I will state it in his own words: "Before (before he was enlightened) I should have gone and robbed the people going to their villages from the market; in the dark, in some lonely part of the road we suddenly attack people with our heavy rods, and when they lie down insensible, we strip them of all they have. But I could not do that now." "What did you do then," asked the preacher. "I went quietly into a corner of my hut and fell down on my knees, asking God to help me. I said, O Lord, Thou knowest my distress. So many have come, and I have not a bit of bread to place before them. Steal I cannot, for Thou hast changed my heart and taken from it my desire to steal. Do then give me the means of feeding my guests; or I will go and spread the skirt of my dhotar and ask them to excuse me. I will tell them that I have no food in the house, and they, as well as myself, must remain without food. But God did not despise my prayer. I left my house after I had prayed and went to the chawdi (the government rest-house) to do my work of a village watchman, and I soon collected a handful of coppers from the travellers. I immediately bought grain, my wife ground it and made cakes of it, and my guests were entertained." The preacher was much struck by the child-like faith of Lakshuman, who remained faithful unto death.

Let those proud worldlings who would despise the work of evangelization among the degraded classes bear this in mind, that unless they give the same evidence of a renewed mind that the despised outcasts give—that unless they experience within their own breasts the change which Lakshuman Lokhande had, they will have no share in the exalted privileges and prerogatives of the Gospel. They might call themselves Christians or philosophers, but He who will judge at the last day will refuse to acknowledge them.

Choice Literature.

LORD OF HIMSELF.

CHAPTER II.

"Untuned unto the worldly care Of public fame or private breath."

--Wotton.

Mrs. Reeves started off in very good time for her journey to Caddiford. She seemed quite eager and anxious to be off, as if she feared that something might happen to hinder her, and could not be at ease until she had fairly started. Dick was naturally curious about her errand, but she had assured him that she was not going in any way to interfere with his decision as to Mr. Dodds' offer, and for anything else he was happily confident that she would be sure to act for the best. Besides, Dick had plenty to do, and no time for brooding over puzzles, or for thinking himself injured in being left in the dark.

Dick had a pair of shoes on which he was at work, but he had also a great many little tasks to get through before he could settle down to that business. He, the only child of the home, had from his earliest days helped his mother in her household duties. Many things which would have been toil to her had been only recreation for him--carrying and carrying water, gathering and breaking sticks, driving in a nail here, or lifting a heavy piece of furniture there. Nor had his domestic services ended with these matters. Dick Reeves could make a bed, polish shoes, sweep a floor and boil a kettle with any girl in the village. If his mother ever had a day's headache, or some kindly office to perform for a neighbour, she had always been able to rest with an easy mind, or to go off with a light heart, knowing that she would not return to find things in a muddle.

He was in the middle of some of these tasks when a neighbour looked in. Dick would not have called her a neighbour. He called her a "near hand person," "for for a neighbour is one who does you good, and sets you up," Dick philosophized, "and Mrs. Saunders does you harm, and pulls you down. If the good Samaritan was a neighbour, then she is the opposite of a neighbour," he decided.

However, the minute he saw her he set a chair for her and stirred up the fire. "One must take care to be civil to those one does not like," he mused. "One is more than civil to those one likes--without taking care."

Mrs. Saunders sat down with a groan. She was always groaning, and as she was a very jovial, rubicund person herself, her groans seemed to convey pity for all the world in general, and for her special companion in particular. That made folks sensitive for nobody likes pity, and when they were once made sensitive they felt her irritating hursts more keenly, and that gave her the more satisfaction. Mrs. Saunders was like a fly or a flea not worth while making a fuss about, but quite enough to make life intolerable.

"I'm sorry that you're ill," said Dick, demurely. "Oh, I'm not ill," she said, significantly. "I'm only thinking of you and your poor mother and the changed times which are before you."

"The only change that matters is father's death," returned Dick, with a sinking heart, for he could not repudiate the coarsest sympathy on that score.

"But that's the common lot," said Mrs. Saunders, "Folks must die. It was different when Saunders was taken and I left well off and comfortable. I reckon your mother did not know where to turn till your father's rich cousin came down to advise and help. I was glad to see him come. Says I to the doctor, 'We need not trouble ourselves any more about Mrs. Reeves--there's Mr. Dodds come to look after her; there's some that hasn't any rich relations at all.' But, next to wanting help, the hardest thing is receiving it, Dick. It's grand to need nothing from no man."

"But I'd like to give something to somebody, sometimes, myself," said Dick. "And so I suppose do some other folks. So we must each have our turns in giving and taking." Dick would neither confirm nor contradict Mrs. Saunders' notion as to Mr. Dodds' visit. Mr. Dodds had meant to be kind after his own fashion, and if that fashion was not theirs, that was no blame to him. If he told Mrs. Saunders that Mr. Dodds had not helped them, then she would not trouble herself to look in these rights and wrongs of it, she would only cry shame upon Mr. Dodds, and so do him an injustice.

"Dear, dear," sighed Mrs. Saunders, noticing that Dick was peeling the potatoes. "I suppose your poor mother was so eager to go off and get the proper mourning that she needed so sadly that she left you to do that for your self. If there's one thing more than another that I hate, it is to see a man doing woman's work. You're hardly a man yet, Dick, but a boy's the same."

"What makes you hate it?" Dick asked quietly. "It seems so beneath him," she answered. "Providence has put the man over the woman, don't you see?" she added, impressively.

Dick laughed. "Then he ought to be able and willing to do all she does, and something over too."

"But it's her duty to do these things for him," said Mrs. Saunders. "He is the bread winner."

"And it's her duty to do bread winning too when he can't," remarked Dick. "Father's last days owed a good deal to mother's embroidery."

"Of course it's a good woman's duty to do her best," said Mrs. Saunders.

"What's good for the gander is good for the goose," laughed Dick: "and if it's good for the man to be kept when he can't work, it's good for the woman to be helped when she can't. And the woman can't earn and the man can't help, at a pinch, unless they've got into practice."

Mrs. Saunders shook her head. "Ah," she said, plaintively, "you must have always had plenty to do, with your mother such a poor, fragile body; and it's good of you to try to make the best of it. It's more than some would do."

Dick had had enough of this. "I suppose a fellow has

a right to do any work he likes," he said stoutly, "and there's nothing I like better than helping mother."

Mrs. Saunders sighed, and sat in silence for a few minutes; then she said she thought she had better go--she was not one for much gadding about, only it was a Christian duty to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction. She had not been to Caddiford for ten years, though she might like a chase and go comfortably any day. "So good-bye, Dick," she said. "I'm glad to have seen you, and to find you so contented with your lot, which all would not be, but which it is well you are, for I don't see what is to improve it much. Nothing but a miracle can lift you out of this old groove you're in."

"If I ought to be lifted out of it there'll be a miracle, ma'am," said Dick. "Father said miracles are quite easy, once one is inside them, where God is."

Mrs. Saunders turned up her eyes as if she heard blasphemy, and Dick opened the door for her to pass out, and shut it quickly behind her, for Mrs. Saunders was a person who sometimes turned back.

As soon as he had put everything in order he went to his father's bench, and applied himself to his shoemaking. Here, that Caddiford bootmaker who hired a hundred "hands" and had "made his fortune," while the dead man Reeves had only earned his daily bread, had no such pleasant corner in his big villa as the cottage nook where Dick sat down to work. It had a low, deep window, from which the worker, looking up, could see a pleasant, sunny road winding down to a little hollow, where the church stood among its yews. On the window-sill was a brown earthenware jar, filled with varieties of bright nasturtium. Overhead, in a wide wicker cage, with a great bunch of groundsel stuck in its sides, hung a starling, whose one sentence, "There's a good time coming, boys," chimed in with sympathy in gladness, and with cheer in woe--why, it had not even jarred the hearts of the widow and orphan as it rang through the house while the master's coffin lay on the trestles! Dick's bench was of oak, so solid and massy that half-a-dozen "upholstery chairs" might have been hewn from it. And, as he sat there, the sweet, sunny influences stole into his young heart, so that, in spite of the sorrow which lay there, and the cares stirring round it, he began unconsciously to sing to himself Sorrow and care are not evil, as sin and remorse are; they are part of God's plan in nature, like silent midnight or barren mountain passes, and we know the flowers can grow in the one and the birds sing over the other.

There was not very much more to do to the pair of shoes on which he was working. They had been in hand for a long while, only taken up at odd times, for they were not bespoken, but were intended for a certain old farm servant, who was sure to come for them sooner or later. So Dick looked around for something else he could do. He had not very much leather in stock, and it was rather disheartening to begin work to suit the requirements of former customers, who might not care to employ him now that he must work with his father's directing skill. But Dick's eye fell on some tiny scraps of delicate brown kid-cuttings from some boots which had been made months before for some lady who had stayed a while in the neighbourhood sketching.

"There is enough there for a little child's shoes," mused Dick. "It would make a very pretty pair, only there's nobody in the village who could pay what would be a right price for such an article. But I'll make them! Father used to say, 'In all labour there is profit.' And if nobody comes along who can afford to buy 'em, then they'll do for a present to somebody who can't. It's odd how some people seem to think that they keep what they let waste, and lose what they give. The gift that does not cost anything is the best gift after all, because it is somebody's gain and nobody's loss. And that's the way with love itself, for nobody loses by loving. I've heard an old verse which runs something like this:

"We only give what we can share; Gifts, without giving hands, are rare."

So Dick worked through the day, thinking of talks which he and his father had had, and singing sometimes. No thing happened; he was not much interrupted--only he gave a drink of water to a tramp, and went in pursuit of a chicken which he saw straying, it having escaped through a hole in the netting of a neighbour's poultry yard, and Dick took it back and restored it to the frantic hen, whose volubility he could interpret as he liked, as thanks to himself or as a scolding to her chick. Dick was a boy who "waited on" animals, who opened the door when the cat mewed, and made up a bed for the old dog to lie upon. It was told as a laugh against him that he had once earned a saucer of water to a frog which lay half dead of drought on the high road on a sultry day. But if the angels knew of that, they would not laugh, except it might be for very joy. They know more than we do. We don't think it is derogatory to God to take care of us and give us bread and water, and really God is very much more above us than we are above a frog, and most people would own that if it was so put to them, only so few people take trouble to put things rightly to themselves!

Late in the afternoon, when the shadows were falling, just about the same time as Mr. Buyers and Mr. Dodds had driven out on the preceding evening, Dick saw his mother hastening homewards. The carrier's cart had put her down at the cross-roads. She was walking fast, and her figure looked more erect and her head higher than it had since the day when she was told that her husband was stricken with a mortal sickness.

"Something good has surely happened to mother," thought Dick.

Something good! May be. But to different people such different things make something good. To one, it is good to have received a fortune. To another, it is equally good to have given one away.

She came in with a strange light shining in her face. She kissed Dick, and without a word took off her shawl and bonnet. He could not take his eyes from her. What was it about her which had changed since morning--a change al-

most as great as that which Mr. Dodds had noticed before he discovered that her hair had turned white? Why!--now it was that her hair was wholly hidden--that her cap, of a different shape from any she had ever worn, was now drawn closely round her face, so that scarcely one thread of "father's silver" was to be seen.

Dick stood before her and put a gentle hand on each of her shoulders, for she was a little woman beside the tall youth. As they gazed into each other's eyes a suspicion of the truth flashed across him.

"Mother!" he cried, in half-terrified dismay, "mother--your hair!"

"The price they gave me for it in Caddiford has paid all we owe at the shop," she said, with a gentle triumph which had not one note of regret in it. "Father's silver has paid it, Dick. You will not start in life in debt."

Dick sat down, fairly overcome. "What made you think of such a thing?" he asked.

"I heard Mr. Buyers whisper to Mr. Dodds, yesterday: 'What a price they would give for that hair!' Silver hair, fine and abundant, is the rarest hair for buying and selling, they say. Many want it and very few people have it, and the few who do seldom wish to sell it."

"O, mother," wailed Dick, "just to think that this has become of the hair father used to be so proud of!"

"He liked it in life and it has served him in death," she answered. "I never liked it so well as when I saw it on the wig-maker's counter, and felt its golden value in my hand. It did not matter to me any more. I don't think you'll like me less for lacking it, Dick."

"O, mother!" groaned Dick, "but if father could only know!"

"Who is sure he does not know, Dick?" she returned.

"I hope not," said Dick, impulsively, "for the thought of such a thing would have broken his heart!"

"He will have greater wisdom now," she said calmly, "and it is possible that what I have done may give him exactly the same sort of gentle delight he once had in the pretty hair itself. Sainted spirits in heaven are not likely to see our eyes and our hair, or the clothes we wear and the houses we live in. They must see our spirits, and the light of God's pleasure, or the darkness of His sorrow surrounding us. And they won't care for anything but love and right. Those are the happiness and prosperity of heaven, Dick."

"I would have paid the bills in time, mother," said Dick ruefully.

"I chose to pay them now," she said. "I never hoped to feel again so much pleasure as I had in doing it."

"I have never thought about heaven in the way you seem to do, mother," mused Dick.

His mother looked at him: "One never does, Dick," she said, "till one's own life is buried in another's grave. The disciples never understood about the resurrection till after Jesus was dead. God teaches us one thing at a time, and unbelievers are generally those who deny the lessons they've not come to yet."

"When have you had time to think over these things, mother?" Dick asked.

"Watching at nights through your father's illness," she said, "and waking at night since he was taken. Those are women's ways to a good deal of wisdom, Dick--and the best men know it. But now tell me what has been going on since I went away in the morning."

"Mrs. Saunders looked in," Dick answered, his face suddenly darkening, for he remembered her vulgar inference that his mother had eagerly gone to expend an imaginary dole in mourning. "What will people think when they see you without your hair, mother?"

She laughed softly. "I hope they won't think at all," she answered. "I hope they won't notice it. I must make up my cap very adroitly, and nobody will look at me so curiously as you did, Dick."

"Mother," Dick burst out, "do you think there are many things like this done on the sly, as it were?"

"Of course there are," she answered.

"Then it does seem too bad!" was his rash decision. "There's Cousin Dodds getting credit for helping you--as he has not done--and you getting no credit for--"

"For doing what was right--and very sweet to me to do," she replied rebukingly.

"But then, mother," pleaded Dick, "to hear of a good deed helps other people to do right."

"To talk of our own actions is wrong," said the widow, "and we must not do evil that good may come."

"Well, it is a great comfort that God knows," observed Dick.

"He alone knows the best side of the world He made," said the mother.

"But when there is so much evil that that may be truly related, and so much more that is always being suspected," remarked Dick. "I can't help saying that it is a pity the good should not have a hearing."

"Oh, but it does," said Mrs. Reeves; "the secrets which God knows He tells in the right time and place. He alone can tell them without spoiling them, Dick."

"Do you think He will ever tell about you, mother?" asked the lad.

"There is nothing to tell about me," she answered. At that moment there was a sound of wheels drawn up just outside, and then a light, impatient rap at the door, and a clear, high voice--an unknown voice--asked:

"Is this where the shoemaker lives?"

As Dick opened the door a singular feeling came over him, as if he was opening the door of his own unknown future.

(To be continued.)

THE annual "Covenanters' Gathering" at Harbowrag, West Linton, was largely attended. The speakers were Revs. Mr. Aitken, Free Church, Carlisle; Mr. Strong, parish minister of Glenroese; Mr. Thomas, U. P., Howgate, and Mr. Phillips of Ruthersford.

**THE CENTRAL ENGINE OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM.**

The visible globe of the sun is 1,250,000 times as large as the earth; within the surface so seen there lies a mass exceeding the earth's 320,000 times; the materials present in the sun's globe are the same as those which form the globe of our earth—at least we know that iron, copper, zinc, sodium, magnesium, calcium, titanium and a number of other metallic elements are present; hydrogen is certainly there in enormous quantities, and Dr. Henry Draper proved also that oxygen is present, while no astronomer doubts that those other elements which have not as yet been detected in the sun are really present in his mass.

Now have we any evidence as to the way in which the mighty mass of the sun is disposed within that surface which encloses what we term his volume?—though in reality one can hardly say what his volume is, seeing that there are portions of his mass outside the surface which bounds his visible globe. Is the sun's mass uniformly distributed throughout that visible globe, 1,560,000 times as large as our earth? or is it concentrated toward the centre? or, on the other hand, is the denser part near the surface, so that the sun is what Professor Young once suggested, a gigantic bubble? There are three lines on which we can seek for an answer to these questions.

First, we find that the visible surface of the sun behaves in a manner utterly inconsistent alike with the idea that this surface is near the real surface of an inferior globe and with the idea that the visible surface is part of a mighty vesicle or bubble. The spot zones are carried around at different rates, according to their distance from the equatorial solar regions. Not to follow Faye and others in niceties of calculation (far from justified by the evidence we have), I may say that the equatorial zone gains about one rotation in seven on the spot zones, or, roughly, some 2,700,000 miles in 200 days—say 13,500 miles per day. Such a velocity as this, close on ten miles in a minute, could not possibly exist in a cloud-laden region (such as the visible surface of the sun undoubtedly is), and as affecting regions exceeding the whole surface of the earth thousands of times, unless that cloud-laden region were very far away from the real surface of the sun, and therefore from the frictional effects of the true solar rotation. The real mass of the sun, however distributed, can only rotate as one; the visible cloud surface has many rates of rotation; therefore there must be an enormous distance between the two.

Secondly, calculation has been made by competent mathematicians respecting the amount of polar compression which would arise from the rotation of a globe such as the sun appears to be, at the average rate of rotation indicated by the solar spots. It is found that the polar flattening would be well within the measuring capacity of our best instruments. But if there is one thing certain about the sun, it is that (within such capacity) his apparent globe is not flattened at all. It is absolutely certain, then, that the real globe of the sun lies far within the surface of flowing clouds which we see and measure.

Thirdly, our earth has her story to tell about the sun's interior. We know from the earth's crust that, for periods of time which geologists now estimate by tens of millions of years, the sun's power has been at work on the earth's crust, by rain, wind and storm, fashioning and refashioning the structure of that crust, now forming layers, anon cutting them up, but throughout leaving clear traces of his handiwork. Croll estimates the duration of this part of the earth's history—that is, of the time during which the earth's crust has been forming under the solar action—at fully one hundred millions of years. In other words, our earth tells us of at least one hundred millions of years of sun work, at the sun's present rate of working. It is a matter of no importance whether we suppose that the sun has worked all the time at its present rate, or has sometimes worked with more energy, sometimes with less. It is the quantity of sun work—not the way in which the work has been done, which alone has to be considered. Now all physicists and astronomers are agreed in regarding the sun's emission of heat as due wholly, or almost wholly, to solar gravitation, resulting in the steady contraction of the sun's mass. To get from the sun of past ages the amount of work which our earth tells us he has actually done, we must suppose him once to have been very much larger than he is now—how much larger we cannot say.

I take it also that the change which takes place in the aspect of the sun's corona as the number of sun spots varies, and the alteration of the physical condition of the corona—in such sort that when there are many spots its spectrum indicates the presence of glowing hydrogen, whereas, when there are few the lines of hydrogen are few or wanting—correspond also with the theory that the time of sun spots is a time of great eruptive activity. For the rush of ejected masses through the coronal region would cause the hydrogen present there (not as an atmosphere, but irregularly distributed and moving around the sun) to glow with greater lustre, so as to show the lines of hydrogen in the spectrum of the corona.

It is, at any rate, remarkable that all the facts known to us in regard to the sun spots themselves, to the coloured flames, and to the corona, should agree in confirming that which is already all but demonstrated by three strong lines of evidence, that the real working mass of the sun is very much smaller than the globe we measure as his, and that all the phenomena which give so great an interest to the study of the sun are due to tremendous forces at work: tens of thousands of miles below the surface which limits our view of his globe, and hides from us the processes by which the life of the solar system is maintained.—R. A. Proctor, in *Harper's Magazine for September*.

No German house can be found willing to undertake the publication of the German edition of Mr. Carnegie's "Triumph of Democracy." The universal answer is that the political sentiments of the book would bring any firm which ventured to publish it into conflict with the Government.

**A SONG OF REST.**

O weary Hands! that, all the day,  
Were set to labour hard and long,  
Now softly fall the shadows gray,  
The bells are rung for even song.  
An hour ago the golden sun  
Sank slowly down into the west;  
Poor, weary Hands, your toil is done;  
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

O weary Feet: that many a mile  
Have trudged along a stony way,  
At last ye reach the trusting stile;  
No longer fear to go astray.  
The gently bending, rustling trees  
Rock the young birds within the nest,  
And softly sings the quiet breeze?  
" 'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest! "

O weary Eyes! from which the tears  
Fell many a time like thunder rain—  
O weary Heart! that through the years  
Beat with such bitter, restless pain.  
To-night forget the stormy strife,  
And know, what heaven shall send is best;  
Lay down the tangled web of life;  
'Tis time for rest!—'tis time for rest!

—Florence Tyle.

**ARRANGING CUT FLOWERS.**

In order to have our plants healthy and productive, the flowers they bear must be continually cut and removed, lest they mar greatly the prospect for future bloom. This is but a reasonable conclusion. But what to do with the flowers themselves. Every lover of these, especially one who has ministered to their wants, knows well their value. Pity it is that we cannot all be so blest as to have that wonderful knowledge or skill that can take the humblest flowers, and add to them a marvel of beauty and grace by some simple arrangement of them. But we are not all so. Much may be gained by practice and observation in the arrangement of cut flowers. It takes time and patience. It is best to begin with a few buds and blossoms at a time, blending the colours carefully and noting the effect. In the simple wearing of little nosegays or a handful of the same variety of flowers much knowledge may be gained. Here we see a graceful young girl with a half-opened rose-bud upon her dress, the effect of which is most charming. Another would have worn it carelessly, and the effect would have been lost. And so, here and there, some one has caught the happy idea of filling a tiny vase each day with fresh flowers for the home. A whole world of happy trial opens out from it. What a new and charming thought is presented each day to the observer of it. From this simple daily pleasure grows a new grace of basket and vase for church offering and sick room. Month after month, garden and conservatory, or, may be, only a few window plants well cared for, supply the material for our skill. Sometimes 'tis but a grouping of royal pansies, whose faces smile up at you in saucy fashion as you sigh, "Ah, if I only could." Roses, mignonette, ragged robin and what not, all take their turn. But, over and over again, 'tis but some exquisite thought wrought out in each. Even a tangle of wild sweet briar serves our purpose.—H. K., in *Vick's Magazine for September*.

**THE REALITY OF GENIUS.**

Yes, genius will work; it is impelled "to scorn delights and live laborious days." It "cannot else." The fire must out or it will consume its inheritor. Mr. Churchill, in "Kavanagh," just misses being a genius, because he is not driven to perform his work either at a heat or by rational stages. The story of unconscious self-training ever repeats itself: the childhood of Burns and Keats and Mrs. Browning, of James Watt, has a method of finding the precise nature suited to it. Of course a poor soil, the absence of sunlight, will starve the plant or warp it to some morbid form. But how gloriously it thrives in its true habitat and at its proper season. Time and the man have fitted each other so happily that many ask—as Mr. Howell asks concerning Grant, Bismarck, Columbus, Darwin, Lincoln—who calls such an one a genius! Often, too, as in the cases of at least two of these men, the coincidents are so marked that the actors lose the sense of their own destiny, and imagine themselves chiefly suited to something quite otherwise from the work to which the very stars of heaven have impelled them. But fair aptitude, with ceaseless industry and aspiration, never can impose itself for genius upon the world. It will produce Southey's in a romantic period and Trollope's in a realistic one. We see the genius of Poe broken by lack of will, and that of Emily Bronte clouded by a fatal bodily disease; but, as against "Wuthering Heights," with its passionate incompleteness, Trollope's entire product stands for nothing more than an extensive illustration of mechanical work against that which reeks with individuality, and when set against the work of true genius reinforced by purpose, physical strength and opportunity, as exhibited by Thackeray or Hugo or Dickens, comparison is simply out of thought. Not every mind catches fire with its own friction and emits flashes that surprise itself, as in dreams one is startled at things said to him, though he actually is both interlocutor and answerer. Thus Swift, reading his "Tale of a Tub," exclaims, "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!" Thackeray confessed his delight with the passage where Mrs. Crawley, for a moment, adores her stupid husband after his one heroic act. "There," cried the novelist, "is a stroke of genius!" It was one of the occasions when, like our Autocrat composing "The Chambered Nautilus," he had written "better than he could."—E. C. Stebbins, in *New Princeton Review for September*.

**British and Foreign.**

NEW YORK City has thirty schools for the Chinese. FROM the 1st of November the *Century* magazine will be published in Britain by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin. MR. THOMAS MARTIN, of Exeter, suggests that a public testimonial should be presented to Rev. Peter Leys.

AT Sydney, N. S. W., the Salvation Army went and prayed in front of a minister's house who had ventured to criticise them.

THE latest survivor of the Duke of Wellington's Peninsular medical staff has just died, after a vigorous old age—Dr. Thomas Ward Joston.

MISS FRANCES WILLARD has established a temperance hospital in Chicago. This is the second of its kind in the world, the first being in London.

THE office-bearers of Stevenson Church have resigned, in consequence of the election of Mr. Kyd, assistant at Dalry, and the Presbytery has appointed a committee.

IN France, Algiers and Switzerland there are no fewer than sixteen clergymen bearing the name of Monod; and three of these are theological professors as well as preachers.

A MEMORIAL cross has been erected in St. Giles, by the officers and men of the Royal Scots Greys, to their comrades who fell when with the Camel Corps in the Soudan last year.

MR. JAMES BROWN, the oldest Sabbath school teacher in Scotland, died in Glasgow lately, in his ninety-second year. He was teacher of the Bible class of the Y. M. C. A. for twenty years.

HENCEFORTH none but ministers of the Churches of England, Scotland and Ireland, or priests of the Romish Church, are to be allowed to conduct marriages on board H. M.'s ships.

A HIGH Japanese official is in the United States, looking up the subject of school text-books, his Government having ordered that the English language shall be taught in the public schools.

THE Sydney Presbytery, by a majority of three, carried Dr. Steel's motion asking Parliament to pass the Divorce Bill so far as to make not only adultery but also wilful desertion a ground of divorce.

A SELECTION of Principal Tulloch's sermons is in the press, consisting of discourses preached at St. Andrews, at Edinburgh, before the Assembly, and before the Queen at Balmoral and in Craibie Church.

DR. DONALD FRASER, of London, and Rev. W. Balfour, Edinburgh, preached in the Free Church, Oban, on Sabbath week, while Rev. Hugh MacIntosh, of London, officiated in the Free English Church.

MR. BENTLEY, accompanied by his wife, is on the eve of returning to the Congo; with him go four young men, one of these, the son of Rev. R. Shindler, of Addleston, and one young lady, Miss Seed, of Sheffield.

DR. MACFADYEN, of Manchester, who has been occupying the pulpit at Oban with great acceptance during August, conducted the eighty-first anniversary services in commemoration of the formation of the Church there.

DR. JOHN SMALL, librarian of Edinburgh University for nearly forty years, and who amongst many other kindred labours edited the standard edition of the poetical works of Gavin Douglas, died lately in his fifty-eighth year.

DR. W. M. TAYLOR, of New York, again preached the anniversary sermons for his old friend, Mr. Kirkwood, of Troon, recently. The masterly discourses were listened to by overflowing audiences. The collection exceeded \$150.

A NONCONFORMIST minister at Bangor is said to have lost a legacy of \$5,000 by omitting to call, when hurrying from a special service to catch a train, on an eccentric tradesman who had been one of his congregation for some years.

THE skeleton of Bishop Courtenay, Edward IV.'s Lord Privy Seal, has been discovered in a coffin, built up in masonry in the crypt of Winchester Cathedral. Courtenay was at Bosworth, and is mentioned by Shakespeare in "Richard III."

REV. A. D. MACKENZIE, of Kilmorack, opened the new Free Church at Halkirk, near Thurso, which has been erected at a cost of \$10,000. Dr. Somerville intended to have been present, but was prevented by illness. The collection was \$465.

IT is said that Mrs. Grant not only receives the larger part of the profits from the sale of the General's *Memoirs*, but has also the privilege of examining the whole of the publisher's accounts whenever she pleases. Her share of the proceeds already amounts to \$630,000.

THE Pope has done one of the coolest things on record, by sending to the Heidelberg festival a representative, who carried thither the gift of a splendidly bound catalogue of the 2,600 precious MSS. of which the Heidelberg University was robbed by Tilly, who presented them to the Pope.

DR. BLACK, of Inverness, Dr. Kennedy, of London, and others, took part in a meeting in the High Church, Inverness, to bid farewell to Mr. James G. Mackay, medical missionary to Madagascar, and his young wife. Mr. Mackay has been an active worker in connection with the congregation.

DR. A. A. BONAR, of Glasgow, who is spending his summer holidays at Ardsalighn Farmhouse, Ardsalighn, in Argyllshire, conducts divine service, either there or in the Church of Kilmoray every Sabbath. The venerable biographer of M<sup>r</sup>. Cheyne does not fail to attract crowded congregations, whether at the farm or the church.

THE leading members of the Romish council walked in procession from the steamer at Fort Augustus to St. Benedict's Abbey, wearing their robes, the monks singing psalms. The monastery was illuminated in the evening. Lord Lovat, wearing Highland costume, was the Archbishop of Edinburgh's train-bearer at the opening of the council.

## Ministers and Churches.

REV. DR. BRYCE and Mrs. Bryce have returned to Winnipeg from the east.

THE Rev. Mr. Annand has received \$300 for the Santo Mission since the General Assembly rose.

THE Rev. J. C. Smith, of Guelph, has returned from his trip to the Old Country much improved in health.

THE Rev. Geo. Maxwell was inducted as pastor of St. Sylvester and Leeds Village, Presbytery of Quebec, on the 20th August.

MR. JAS. SUTHERLAND was ordained on the 19th August, and inducted the same day to the pastoral charge of Inverness, Presbytery of Quebec.

THE Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Laing have left Dundas for a trip west, going as far as the State of Nebraska. They will be absent about two weeks.

THE first Assembly of Australia met in Sydney on the 13th July. There were about forty representatives present. Mr. Nish, son-in-law of the late Dr. Geddie, was elected Moderator.

THE Rev. G. McArthur, Presbyterian minister of Cardinal and Mainsville, in the Presbytery of Brockville, was given a well-filled purse on the occasion of leaving for Thousand Island Park for a holiday.

THE Rev. Mr. McTavish, of Brandon, who formerly taught school at White Lake, Renfrew County, preached in the Presbyterian Church for two Sundays. His old friends and scholars enjoyed his visit very much.

THE members of the Presbyterian Church, Hespeler, have presented their pastor, the Rev. Geo. Haigh, with a fine silver-mounted harness to correspond with the valuable buggy lately presented to him by his Duon congregation.

ON Sabbath week the Rev. Dr. Torrance preached in Hawksville and Linwood, and declared the pastoral charges of the congregations vacant through the translation of Rev. Alex. Russell to a charge in the bounds of the Presbytery of Chatham.

"MEMORIALS of the Fathers of the Presbyterian Church in the Maritime Provinces" is now being prepared for the press. The author, Rev. Richmond Logan, late of Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, is now supplying vacancies within the bounds of the Maritime Synod.

DR. McCULLOCH, the venerable ex-pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Toronto, has had but one congregation during a period of forty-seven years. He has always been a member of the Toronto Presbytery, and has seen lorty changes in the roll of that Presbytery during his ministry.

MISS CHARLOTTE MONTGOMERY, of Prince Edward Island, has left for Persia where she will join her sister in missionary work. Previous to her departure the congregation of Malpeque presented her with a purse of money, and at a special prayer meeting commended her to the care and guidance of the Great Head of the Church.

AT the last observance of the sacrament of the Lord's supper in Cooke's Church, Toronto, sixteen persons were added to the membership by certificate and profession of faith. Since the induction of Mr. Paterson in July last, the attendance has increased so largely that there is every hope of this once prosperous church having now made a start upon a solid basis.

ALLENSVILLE CHURCH was opened on Sabbath, 29th August. Rev. J. A. Proudfoot, D.D., preached a forcible sermon from Zech. iv. 10 to a large and appreciative audience. The erection of this building marks a new era in the history of Presbyterianism in that neighbourhood. As it is a long way from any other place of worship there is a fair prospect of rapid increase.

THE Rev. T. G. Thomson, Vancouver, B. C., acknowledges with gratitude the receipt of following sums for Vancouver Church building: St. Andrew's Church, Whitty, \$29; Rev. P. Langill, Hampton, \$5; James Frier, Shediac, \$5; Mrs. C. A. Fisk, Helena, Montana, \$5; Wroxeater, \$18.50; Mrs. Dana, Montreal, \$5; St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, \$52.89; Bank Street Church, Ottawa, \$25; Knox Church, Ottawa, \$25.

AS next Sabbath, the 19th, is the day appointed for the Collection on Behalf of Colleges, it is well to remember that the General Assembly decided that congregations have liberty to send their contributions to any of the colleges or to the Common Fund. If a congregation desires to send to a single college it must be so specified, e.g., if the money is sent for Queen's, it must be indicated "For Queen's"; if for Knox College, then "For Knox College," etc.

THE Rev. John Robbins, of Glencoe, has received a communication from the secretary of a Presbyterian congregation in the south of London, England, asking him at what date he could be in London with a view of taking charge of the congregation. Mr. Robbins preached to this congregation on Sabbaths while in London, last spring. Several Canadian ministers have found fine fields of labour in the metropolis of the Empire. If Mr. Robbins should go there, he will add another to the list.

THE attention of all the graduates and undergraduates of Knox College is directed to the annual meeting of the Alumni Association, to be held in the college building on Tuesday and Wednesday, October 5th and 6th. An important business of interest to every graduate is to come before the meeting, it is hoped there will be a large representation of members from the different Presbyteries. Programmes and railway certificates entitling to reduced rates will be sent to all members of the association by the secretary, Rev. Mr. Freeman.

FROM the *Herald* we learn that the new church about to be erected by St. Andrew's congregation, Carleton Place, will be of native stone, trimmed with Beckwith stone

facings. The seating capacity will be five hundred on one floor, with orchestra for choir in rear of the minister's platform. The basement will be finished off for Sabbath school purposes, with suitable class rooms, committee rooms, library, furnace rooms, kitchen, etc. The style of architecture chosen is Early English Gothic, adapted to our modern wants and our climate. The cost is to be kept as near as possible to \$8,000.

THE Rev. James C. Quinn, M.A., Emerson, the Grand Worthy Patriarch of the Sons of Temperance, delivered a lecture on total abstinence in the schoolhouse, Balmoral, lately. The lecturer, after a sketch of the progress of temperance at the present time, dwelt at some length on the benefits of total abstinence to the individual and prohibition to the nation, holding the attention of the large audience over an hour. A hearty vote of thanks having been given to the Rev. Mr. Quinn, the meeting was closed by the benediction by Rev. Mr. MacFarland. Mr. Quinn also gave a public temperance lecture in the Town Hall, Stonewall.

A LADIES' Aid Society was lately organized in connection with the Presbyterian Church, Lochalsh, under the following officers: Mrs. John Cowan, president; Mrs. D. McLennan, vice president; Miss A. McLennan, secretary; Miss S. McDonald, treasurer. And on the following Thursday evening a number of the young people of the place and neighbourhood formed themselves into a society having for its object the improvement of their minds, morally and intellectually. The following officers were chosen:—J. G. Murdoch, president; J. J. Gilson, vice-president; H. McIntosh, second vice president; W. J. McIntosh, secretary; F. McLennan, treasurer; P. McIntyre, J. McLennan and M. Matheson, managing committee.

THE Kemptville Presbyterian Sabbath School held its annual excursion on Tuesday, the 21st ult. Although late in the season, the trip by rail to Prescott, and St. Lawrence steamer to Thousand Island Park was in every way as enjoyable as that of last year, and the financial success almost as good. The Oxford Mills brass band kindly gave their services, and everything conducive to a pleasant time aided in making the event one of the bright spots in the memories of all who participated. The Sabbath School Committee take pleasure in thanking the managers of the C. P. R. road for the splendid coach accommodation provided. Agents Parker, of Ottawa, and Bottom, of Kemptville, who lent their services in projecting the excursion, are also worthy of thanks.

AT the close of an earnest discourse in MacNab Street Church, Hamilton, the Rev. D. H. Fletcher referred to the late Mr. Donald McLellan, an old member, and one who had taken an active part in the formation of the congregation. Mr. Fletcher had been assured by the medical attendant before he left that there was little probability of the patient's ultimate restoration, but he didn't think that death was so near. Deceased had strong faith in the goodness and mercy of God, and was remarkable for his devotion to duty. He was regular in attendance on the means of grace, and held that no one could causelessly be absent without incurring guilt. Nothing kept him away except sickness or absence from home. He excelled in searching out and ministering to the necessities of the poor and afflicted. He took a lively interest in Church matters, and at one time had a strong desire to study for the ministry. After meeting necessary claims, he bequeathed a portion of his means to enable indigent young men to prosecute their studies with a view to the ministry.

THE Rev. A. Macdougall preached his anniversary sermon on Sabbath week in Calvin Church, St. John, N. B. He remarked that he had laboured diligently for the prosperity of the Church and congregation, and his labours had been abundantly blessed; it had been a year of unalloyed joy, of true Christian life. He had had the satisfaction of seeing many new members identify themselves with the Church at the communion table. Mr. Macdougall paid a high tribute to the late Dr. MacIver, who had been a warm and zealous worker for the Church up to the time of his decease. During the past year the congregation had paid an indebtedness of \$637, besides an additional expense of about \$400; the building has been repaired and repainted; and the membership has been increased, and forty new communicants added to the roll; the Sabbath school membership has been largely augmented; the prayer meetings have been blessed by the addition of new members; to himself and family the congregation have been very kind and attentive. Therefore, he said, the Lord has done great things for us, whereof we ought to be thankful. Let us bear in mind, said he, that success attends our every effort. Let us labour earnestly and faithfully, that He may continue to increase our faith in Him; that as He has blessed us in the past, so may He in the future. Thus with grateful hearts let us say, *Ebenezer*, "The Lord is with us."

THE lawn party in connection with the tenth anniversary of Rev. Mr. Drummond's pastorate was recently held at the manse, Newcastle, and proved a grand success. The weather was all that could be desired, and the gathering was one of an unusual nature in this vicinity. A pleasing feature was the large number present from the various congregations, which shows that the utmost harmony prevails. Numerous friends were present from Bowmanville, Orono, Newtonville and the surrounding country. No pains were spared by the committee to make the grounds as attractive as possible. This was the more easily accomplished on account of the unusual beauty and convenience of the manse grounds. The banquet and ice cream reflect great credit on the ladies of the committee and others who provided the spread. When darkness drew on, the grounds presented a beautiful appearance from the numerous Chinese and other lanterns. Rev. Mr. Drummond took the chair, when short speeches were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Walker and Fraser, and by Mr. Wightman, who has spent some years in France and Germany, and an excellent poem was read by Mr. E. Bowie as an address to Rev. Mr. Drummond. Good and much appreciated music was

rendered by the Trinity Choir, from Bowmanville, Miss A. Brown and W. Brittain, of Newcastle, and Mr. Gamsby, of Orono. The proceedings closed after a most enjoyable evening.

THE Rev. Mr. Cuthbertson was inducted into the charge of Wyoming and South Plympton on the 18th April, 1877. Since that period, the village church has been enlarged and repainted and the attendance has steadily increased. In the end of July last the united congregation directed their minister to take a month's holidays, recognizing that preaching three times every Sabbath, with week day duties connected, is a great tax on mental and physical powers. Taking advantage of the absence of their minister, the Plympton part of the charge overhauled and repainted their church, carpeted their platform and carpeted and painted the vestry, making it a snug little retreat. The re-opening services took place on the 29th ult. The Rev. John McRobie preached an eloquent sermon on "The Call of Zacchæus," and in the afternoon Mr. Cuthbertson preached on "The Abundant Entrance." The attendance was large and attentive. Collection \$40, which, added to the proceeds of a social held on the grounds of Mr. John Dewar, makes the sum \$109. The expenses are thus nearly fully met. Since Mr. Cuthbertson's settlement the congregation has given him a manse and twice an increase of salary. As Clerk of Presbytery he has the respect and esteem of all its members, and wields a recognized influence throughout the congregations of the bounds. Between him and his congregation there is perfect confidence and solid, steady progress is the result.

THE *Erin Advocate* says: On the evening of Sabbath week the Rev. Wm. Whitefield, A.M., lately of Dunbar, Scotland, delivered a discourse in the Presbyterian Church, Erin, on the principles held by the Covenanters of Scotland, and the great work which they accomplished for religion. After speaking of the noble testimony which they bore for the headship of Christ and the Church's spirituality and independence, he showed how their struggles advanced the cause of civil and religious freedom. He described some of the more memorable scenes in their history, from the time of their assembling on Duns Law to the number of 26,000, when from every tent door there floated a broad blue banner with motto inscribed in golden letters, "For Christ's Crown and Covenant." In referring to the Battle of Drumclog, he spoke of his own descent from a Covenanter martyr who fell in the battle, viz., Mr. James Thomson, of Stonehouse, who was also an ancestor of the late Rev. Mr. Thomson, who was minister at Erin. As the congregation of Erin is principally composed of those who are natives of Scotland, and of Scotch origin, some of whom are descended from the martyrs of the Covenant, the discourse was listened to with great interest and attention throughout. The preacher closed with some important practical lessons flowing from the subject, and impressed upon his hearers the duty of adhering to the great principles for which their ancestors contended.

COMMENTING on the Rev. L. G. Macneill's decision to accept the call addressed to him by the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, St. John, N. B., the *St. John's Nfld. Evening Mercury* says:—Nearly eight years have elapsed since Mr. Macneill was settled here as minister of St. Andrew's Church. He at once took a high place as an eloquent and impressive preacher and very able platform speaker and public lecturer. That position he has more than maintained to the present hour. His natural gifts and high attainments fitted him to take a prominent part in religious and philanthropic work, in addition to the special duties of his pastorate. On the platform of the Bible and Missionary Societies his addresses were marked by earnestness, power and effectiveness. The temperance cause called forth his best powers in its advocacy; while as a lecturer on literary subjects he was surpassed by few, and invariably drew large audiences. His genial temper and freedom from narrowness and bigotry led him to form friendly relations with all other Christian denominations, and to take part in their work; so that he enjoyed, in a high degree, the esteem and respect of the whole community. Under his able and faithful ministrations St. Andrew's Church has prospered greatly and has enjoyed unbroken harmony. The severance of the tie which binds them together as minister and people will be very painful to both. It is with feelings of deep regret that his numerous attached friends and admirers have learned his decision to remove to another sphere of labour. It is needless to add that their kindest and best wishes will follow him, and that they cordially desire that he may enjoy happiness and success among the people to whom he is henceforth to minister.

IN a communication, dated Casselman, the Rev. William Christie writes: Not long ago, through the pressing solicitation of a few pious, devoted members of the body of Christ there, a mission station was started at Casselman (C. A. R.), under the auspices of the Presbytery of Quebec. By the good hand of God upon them, accompanied by faithful efforts, the cause has prospered, and still continues to grow, until it issued in an application to last meeting of Presbytery to be constituted into a distinct congregation, under its fostering care and supervision. The Presbytery appointed one of its own members to proceed with two elders to Casselman, and dispense the sacrament of the Lord's supper at an early convenient day. On Sabbath, the 29th ult.—a great day for us—twenty-two communicants, with two ministers and two veteran elders from Ottawa, sat down to the table of the Lord, and commemorated, according to His dying command, the matchless love of the once crucified, but now risen and exalted, Redeemer to perishing men. It was a field-day for Casselman, and one, we believe, long to be remembered by many present, when the glorious standard of the cross was raised in their midst, and so many valiant ones, young and old, together were found and willing to rally round the old banner of love in the name of the divine Master, and in honour of His cause. Their church is reared already and fast approaching completion; another red-letter day is in store when it will be opened, and solemnly consecrated to the public worship

of the Triune Jehovah. We look for still greater things to come, when there will be a complete fulfilment in their sweet and happy experience of the gracious promise uttered of old by the evangelistic prophet, "A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation." The mighty Lord hasten it in His own proper time, and grant us the distinguished privilege of witnessing its rich glory, and enjoying its blessed fruits, even though in the distant future.

MONTREAL NOTES.

THE new St. Gabriel Church, on St. Catharine Street, is to be formally opened on Sabbath, 26th inst., when services are to be held, conducted respectively by Principal Grant, Principal MacVicar, and Rev. D. J. Macdonnell. On the preceding Sabbath, 19th inst., farewell services are to be conducted in the venerable Old St. Gabriel Church. The Rev. Dr. Cook is expected to preach in the morning, and the Rev. R. Campbell in the evening. At the close of the morning service the communion is to be administered.

Principal MacVicar has gone West to preach at the re-opening of Knox Church, Hamilton, on Sabbath first, and the following Sabbath, 19th inst., at the opening of the new church erected by the Division Street congregation, Owen Sound.

THE Rev. J. F. McBain, of Georgetown, at a meeting of the Montreal Presbytery on Tuesday, accepted the call to Providence, Rhode Island, and leaves his present charge at the end of this month. His people made a strong effort to retain him, offering to increase his stipend \$200, but Mr. McBain felt it to be his duty to accept the call.

WITH the exception of the Rev. J. Fieck (who is expected to arrive by the English steamer this week), all the city ministers have returned from their vacation, and are again in their own pulpits. The schools having re-opened, most of the families who have been spending the vacation in the country or at the seaside have returned to the city. The weather continues very hot, more like August than September. The business outlook here is hopeful, more so than for several years past, and the prospects bid fair for a great improvement in almost all branches of trade. It is hoped that with increased profits on the part of our merchants there will be increased liberality toward the Church's work. Worldly prosperity too often brings increased gaiety and worldliness of spirit, forgetfulness of God and indifference to the things of eternity.

It is learned with much regret by her many friends here that Mrs. J. S. Black, the wife of the former pastor of Erskine Church, is at present in very poor health. Her removal to Colorado Springs, a little over two years ago, was found beneficial, but latterly she has become much weaker, and fears are entertained of her restoration to health.

THE Rev. Dr. Stevenson, for the past twelve years pastor of Emmanuel Church, and one of our most popular lecturers, has just returned from a visit to England. While there he preached several times in the Congregational Church at Brixton, formerly ministered to by Rev. J. Baldwin Brown. He has been invited to the pastorate of this church, and has resigned his present charge. His loss will be a severe blow to Emmanuel Church, and also to the Congregational College here, of which Dr. Stevenson has been principal for some years. It will be no easy matter to fill his place, either in the Church or college. It is understood that he will leave the city in October.

THE Montreal Presbyterian Woman's Missionary Society on Friday last resumed its regular monthly meetings, Miss Sanderson, one of the vice-presidents, occupying the chair. An interesting letter from Mrs. Morton, of Trinidad, with details of the work on that island, was read by Miss Brown. A paper on Christian Steadfastness was read by Miss Samuel, of Cote St. Antoine, and was greatly appreciated by the meeting. It is hoped that this society will increase the number of its auxiliaries, and greatly extend its influence and usefulness. Last year its monthly meetings were largely attended, and were found profitable and helpful to many.

A NEW departure is being taken by Erskine Church. Heretofore the communion service has been invariably held in the morning. At the regular quarterly communion on the 25th inst. the ordinance is to be administered at the evening service, and, if deemed desirable, one communion service will hereafter annually be held at night.

THE Roman Catholics are holding a Bazaar in the new St. Peter's Cathedral here, during this whole month, under the auspices of the archbishop and priests, to obtain funds for the completion of the cathedral. Nearly everything is being raffled for, not sold. Over 80,000 tickets for a lottery have been disposed of, and the most barefaced gambling is carried on. Several Protestants (?) have sent contributions to the Bazaar.

THEY compel us here in Montreal to pay out of the public purse money expended in decorations, arches, etc., in honour of the new Roman Cardinal. Bold as the Church and hierarchy are here, they even at times speak out in Ontario, as is evidenced by the following report of the Roman Catholic gospel as taught lately in a sermon preached in Toronto by Mgr. O'Brien, the Papal Allegate:—"The Pope speaks in the name of Christ, and the man who despises the Pope despises Christ. The world has been shocked, has been frightened, at the expounding of this grand truth. Then, it says, there is only one in the world who has power to direct us. Are we all to bow down the knee to the one man in Rome? Are we all to be dependent upon him for salvation? Are we to go to him before we knock at the gates of Paradise, and are we to be excluded forever if he should close the gates against us? Yes, notwithstanding the anger, notwithstanding the horror, of the world, this is the revealed truth of God." And yet some Protestants (?) think there is no need for colporteurs and missionaries to seek to evangelize Roman Catholics.

THE sacrament of the Lord's supper was observed in St. Joseph Street Presbyterian Church, Montreal, on Sabbath, September 5th. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Smith, conducted the service, which was largely attended. Preparatory services were conducted by Rev. W. R. Cruikshank, B.A., after which fourteen persons were received into the communion of the Church. Since the pastor's induction, seventy-four persons have been received into membership.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

BY REV. R. P. MACKAY, B.A.

Sept. 26, }

REVIEW.

{ 1886

I. Jesus and the Blind Man. (Chap. ix. 1-17.)—Jesus was escaping from the stones ready to be hurled at him when he saw this blind man. The disciples inquired into the causes of affliction. Jesus taught them to think, not so much of the cause, as to try to bring about the proper effect—to manifest the work of God—to bring the afflicted into the light.

He said that for himself and others there was a proper time to work—*whilst it was day*—and that the night would soon come when it would be too late. Even Jesus had, when upon earth, a work that he could not afterward do.

He further adds that in order to do our work we need more than the light of day—He Himself was the true light of the world, and walking in His light, we shall not fail.

He then anointed the man's eyes with clay, and sent him to Siloam, where he washed and came seeing. After the Pharisees failed to corrupt him and turn him against his benefactor, which they sought because the miracle was wrought on the Sabbath, they cast him out of the synagogue, and thus gave him the honour of being the first confessor.

II. Jesus the Good Shepherd. (Chap. x. 1-18.)—The Pharisees here see themselves as in a mirror. The Good Shepherd is described as one who enters by the door, to whom the porter (the Spirit) opens—whose voice the sheep hear—who leads them to pasture and calls them by name.

The false shepherd enters by some other way—he seeks not the Spirit's testimony—and the result is that he does no good—the sheep hear not his voice.

The Saviour then rises from His description of the under-shepherd to Himself, the Chief Shepherd. He comes not to kill or steal or destroy, as false shepherds do, but to give life. He stands by His sheep in danger, and flees not like the hireling. He knows His sheep intimately, and they know Him—none of them is lost, and all shall at last be with Him— one fold and one shepherd.

III. The Death of Lazarus. (Chap. xi. 1-16.)—The beautiful message, "Behold, he whom Thou lovest is sick," made no direct request, nor did they ask on account of any claim they had. They came because He loved them, and simply brought the matter to His notice. They knew His love would do what was best. He did not go to them, nor tell them that Lazarus was well. He said, "This sickness is not unto death, but for the glory of God." Neither the sisters nor disciples understood Him. The sisters did not know what to make of it, for Lazarus died the same day. The disciples took it for granted that he had restored Lazarus to health, for they forgot about him—did not think about him—when but two days after Jesus proposed to go into Judaea. He thus taught them, in answer to their fears, that great lesson, that we all have our appointed time for work, and that it is our duty to do our work in that time, for the night is coming when we can no longer work.

IV. The Resurrection of Lazarus. (Chap. xi. 17-44.)—When Jesus came to Bethany, Martha was the first to hear of His arrival, and went at once to meet Him. Then ensued that wonderful conversation about the resurrection, in which He taught that in Himself there was victory over death, i.e., resurrection. Martha in her weakness of faith, put away from her the comfort, but he brought it near by saying, I am the Resurrection. Mary came with the same expression of regret and cast herself at His feet, weeping. When Jesus saw her and the Jews weeping, He groaned in spirit—was angry—because of all the unbelief, and of all the misery that is the result of unbelief.

His anger then softened into sympathy with those about Him: and He went. After again rebuking Martha's hesitating unbelief, He thanked the Father for hearing His prayer; and spoke the word of power, and Lazarus came forth. O that He would speak the word of power to us all!

V. Jesus Honoured. (Chap. xii. 1-16.)—His first visit to Bethany, after raising Lazarus from the dead, was honoured with a feast, at which Mary anointed His feet with precious ointment. To Judas' avaricious complaint He gave four words in reply. He saw that Mary was troubled, and in her defence, told them not to trouble her, for she wrought a beautiful work upon Him. He acknowledged that they were right in thinking of the poor, but that there were other duties as well; and that some duties would not remain. We must at once attend to them, or the opportunity would be gone.

Mary unconsciously, or perhaps consciously, acted a prophecy, anointing Him beforehand for His burial. On account of this, her name and act would never be forgotten. On the way to Jerusalem, on the Sabbath, Jesus had His triumphal procession, thus publicly declaring Himself to be the King of the Jews, and giving the Jews an opportunity of definitely rejecting Him.

VI. Gentiles Seeking Jesus. (Chap. xii. 20-36.)—On Tuesday of Passion Week some Greeks sought an interview through Philip. They expressed, in their desire to see Jesus, the felt need of the world in its misery. There is a Saviour needed.

Jesus saw that from the recent procession, and what they had seen and heard, they expected a temporal kingdom. He told them that the hour of His glorification was at hand, but that it was to be through the cross. Nature teaches that suffering is the way to glory. A grain of corn must die before it grows and multiplies. It must be so with His followers. He that will win life eternal must sacrifice the worldly life. That is the service He requires—and such will the Father honour. As He thus spoke of the cross His soul shrank within Him, and He prayed—in answer to which a voice came from heaven, for His sake and the sake of the people. Creered by it, He then spoke of the power of the cross in conquering Satan and attracting men. To their difficulty in reconciling His words with the Old Testament, He says: Do present duty. Walk in the light whilst you have it and you will get more light.

VII. Jesus Teaching Humility. (Chap. xiii. 1-17.)—Here is the wonderful contrast. Jesus knew His own origin from God—His possessions—all things, and His destiny going to God—and in the consciousness of this knowledge He washed the disciples' feet. The interpretation of the act was partly elicited by Peter's wilfulness. He meant to teach all His disciples that they cannot have part in Him unless they are washed in His blood—that we are in the need of constant washing, because we constantly come into contact with the world and gather defilement, and this example of humble and loving service they are to follow. No service is to be regarded as too humble if it will do good to another.

VIII. Warning to Judas and Peter. (Chap. xiii. 21-35.)—He told them about the treachery of Judas in order that when it came they might not be overcome. After Judas left the company—having resisted the most persistent love—Jesus saw the cross illumined with coronations of glory. The Father was glorified, and the Son was to be lifted into the glory of the Father.

He felt that they could not appreciate what He had been saying, and told them that as little children they could not yet go with Him, but that they were to seek, in obedience to the new command, and that afterward He would take them to be with Himself. Peter thought he was now ready to follow even to death—Jesus humbled him by predicting his denial.

IX. Jesus Comforting His Disciples. (Chap. xiv. 1-14.)—In answer to Peter's question, Whither goest Thou? and in order to comfort their troubled hearts, He gave these hints about our future home. The real antidote to all trouble is belief in God the Father and Son. If we know no more, it should be enough to know that they undertake for us. In order to strengthen their faith He speaks of the mansions He is going to prepare and of His return to take them to be with Himself. If they but believed in Him and the Father, they would be enabled to do greater works than He had done. The instrument by which such could be accomplished is prayer.

X. Jesus the True Vine. (Chap. xv. 1-16.)—The Father is the Husbandman, and His object is to have the branches bear much fruit. A branch that does not bear fruit is rejected, but every branch that bears fruit is purged that it may bring forth more fruit. The secret of fruit-bearing is abiding in Christ. In order to abide in Christ, we must have His word abiding in us; we must abide in His love. Love is the essential element that binds the Saviour to His people, the test of which love is obedience. The results of such abiding love will be fullness of joy. The extent of love is unto death. That is the spirit of friendship, such friendship as Christ had for His own.

XI. The Mission of the Spirit. (Chap. xvi. 5-20.)—It was necessary that Jesus' personal presence should be taken away before the Spirit came. The disciples needed to rise above the material in order to become susceptible to the higher life the Spirit would bring. His departure was necessary that justice might be satisfied, and the gift of the Spirit be possible. Also that the glorification of Christ might take place, the presentation of which glorified Christ was the Spirit's mission. When the Spirit came He would convince the world of the greatest of all sins—the sin of unbelief. He would convince them of His perfect righteousness and of the victory over Satan—from whose judgment they might escape if they would. For the disciples themselves He would be a reminder and expounder of all the words they had heard from Him. Through the Spirit's influence all their sorrow would be turned into joy.

XII. Jesus Interceding. (Chap. xvii.)—A wonderful prayer—seeking His own glorification for the glory of the Father, and the good of His redeemed.

It is said that nothing in the history of South Australia has done more to injure religion than the defalcations of Walker, late secretary of the Y. M. C. A., at Adelaide.

To the jubilee fund of the Presbyterian Church in Victoria four gentlemen have given \$5,000 each, seven \$2,500 each, three \$1,000 each, one \$1,500, and seven \$750 each.

LORNE Presbytery has sustained the call of Rev. M. McCallum, of Stratton, to Muckairn. Objections have been raised, on the ground that the local land league had conspired to secure his election, but these were overruled.

THE Gospel is preached in the United States by members of the Lutheran Church in thirteen tongues: English, German, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, Icelandic, Finnish, Bohemian, Polish, French, Servian, Salvanian and Wendian.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has written a letter to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, offering \$125,000 for the establishment of a free library, on the condition that Edinburgh adopts the free library act, by the terms of which a tax not exceeding one penny in the pound is charged, to defray the current expenses of public libraries.

THE wife of Rev. Robert Linklater, St. Peter's, London Docks, has been refused an interim injunction against the publishers of "Converts to Rome in the Nineteenth Century," in which her name is entered as a convert. She swears that both she and her husband are Protestants, and the announcement is calculated to do her injury.

## Sparkles.

PAPER is being used as a substitute for wood. It is also being used as a substitute for railroads and mining companies.

To be sole possessor of a secret is frequently a source of unhappiness. For instance: a man knows he is a great man; no one else knows it, and he is miserable in consequence.

HE was informed that a lady had called to see him in his absence. "A lady," he mused aloud, "a lady." Upon an accurate description he suddenly brightened up and added, "Oh, dot vos no lady: dot vos my wife."

**Mrs. Langtry, Sara Bernhardt, and Adeline Patti Revisit Toronto.**

These celebrated artistes will arrive here in the coming season to give us pleasure during the dreary months. Some people, however, prefer a different kind of pleasure and that is to furnish a home of their own, and have music, cards and games to while away the hours. Jolliffe's is the place to furnish these homes, and 467 to 473 Queen Street West contains an enormous variety for you to choose from.

**GENTLEMAN** (outside the Polo grounds): "Sonny, is there a game going on inside?" **Small boy**: "Yes, sir." **Gentleman**: "Are you certain? I don't hear any howls, or hoots, or hisses." **Small boy**: "Dat's 'cause Sullivan's empirin' de game."

**HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.**—An honest medicine is the noblest work of man, and we can assure our readers that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is not only reliable, but is almost infallible to cure Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Canker of the Stomach and bowels, and the various Summer Complaints, whose attacks are often sudden and fatal.

"Is your son studying the languages?" inquired the visitor of Mrs. Bently, whose son George is at college. "Oh! yes," Mrs. Bently replied. "It was only yesterday that he writ home for money to buy a German student lamp and a French clock."

**THE QUESTION SETTLED.**—Those eminent men, Dr. James Clark, Physician to Queen Victoria, and Dr. Hughes Bennet say that consumption can be cured. DR. WISTAR knew this when he discovered his widely-known BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY, and experience has proved the correctness of his opinion.

**PONSONBY**: "What! no fishing or boating?" **Proprietor of Humplack House**: "Nary." "No bathing, of course?" "Certainly not." "I guess I won't stay. You have not a single attraction." "Yes, I have. There's a girl stopping here who's worth half a million." She is all alone and— "Give me a cheap room on the third floor."

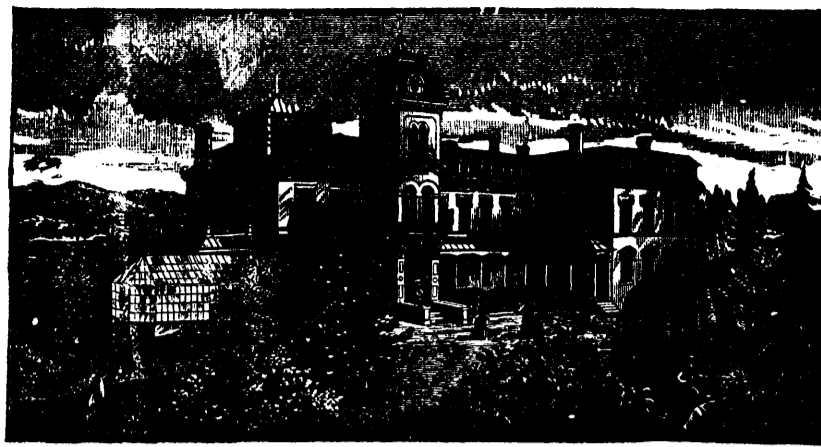
**MY MOTHER** was troubled for twenty years with a dry, hacking cough, and was completely cured by the use of WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY. She is now seventy-three years old, and well. C. H. DEXTER, 55 Winchester Street, Boston.

A VERY remarkable mineral water has recently been discovered in volcanic formation about 150 miles north-west of San Francisco. It is a hot spring of intense strength, very strong to the taste. F. W. Hutch, M.D., permanent secretary to the Board of Health, San Francisco, says that it is the most remarkable mineral water ever brought to his notice, and the analysis of Professor Pryce, M.D., of the same city, shows at once sulphur, salt, carbonate, alkaline, and slightly ferruginous water. It is known as CASTALIAN. It is said to be an unfailing cure for diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys and their attendant evils, diseases of the skin and mucous membranes. Nature seems to have provided this remedy at the time it is most needed. Who knows but this is the identical fountain of youth sought for by Ponce de Leon, the Spanish adventurer. It is said to give extraordinary results in the curing of disease and restoring vitality. Mr. Meacham, of the Arcade Pharmacy, 133 Yonge Street, reports daily increasing sales and wonderful cures. It is also on sale at 230 Queen Street West, 732 Yonge Street. The trade can procure it at the Central Depot, 169 Queen Street East.

A SOUTH-WESTERN citizen tied one end of a rope around his waist, the other day, while he lassoed a Texas steer with the other. He thought he had the animal; but at the end of the first hundred yards he found that the steer had him.

### Horsford's Acid Phosphate. In Debility.

Dr. W. H. HOLCOMBE, New Orleans, La., says: "I found it an admirable remedy for debilitated state of the system, produced by the wear and tear of the nervous energies."

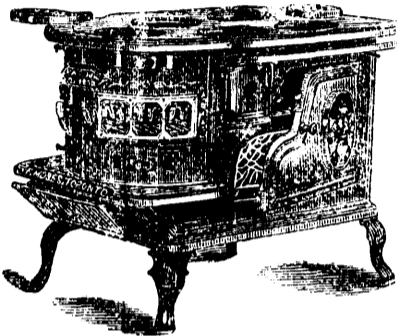


## BRANTFORD LADIES' COLLEGE.

The Session opens Wednesday, September 1st, 1886.

The Literary, Art, and Music Departments are under the charge of able and enthusiastic masters and instructors. The leading Ladies' College in University work. Students prepared for full matriculation. Send for calendar and observe the actual working staff.

T. M. MACINTYRE, LL.B., Ph.D.



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The course of study embraces English in all its branches, Latin, the Modern Languages, Music, and Drawing and Painting. French and Music specialties. Resident pupils have a refined Christian home with careful personal supervision.

The Fall Term will begin on the 9th of September.

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Course in Agriculture, Live Stock, Dairying, Veterinary Science and English specially adapted to the wants of farmers' sons.

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Guelph, July, 1886.

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There is no medium through which disease so often attacks the system as by Constipation, and there is no other ill flesh is heir to more apt to be neglected, from the fact material inconvenience may not be immediately felt from irregular action of the bowels. When there is not regular action the retention of decayed and effete matter, with its poisonous gases, soon poisons the whole system by being absorbed into it causing piles, fistula, headache, impure blood, and many other serious affections. Burdock Blood Bitters will immediately relieve and one bottle positively cure or relieve any case of Constipation.

"Was troubled for a year with torpid liver and indigestion, and after trying everything imaginable used Burdock Blood Bitters. The first bottle revived me and the second cured me entirely."  
—J. S. Williamson, Rochester, N. Y.

**PROF. LOW'S SULPHUR SOAP** is a cheap and handy form of obtaining the healing virtues of a sulphur bath.

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What the Magazine has been in the past is the publisher's best guarantee for its character in the future...

CONTRIBUTORS.

- The following is a characteristic list of Authors whose contributions have appeared in its pages since January, 1885: Frank Abell, Sir Rutherford Alcock...

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With the month of May, 1886, THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE was changed from a monthly to a weekly. It gives more good "solid" literature...

TRIAL TRIP—25 CENTS.

For the nominal sum of 25 cents THE LIBRARY MAGAZINE will be sent to the end of the year 1886, beginning with the issue current at the time the order is received...

THE CRITICS SAY:

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HUMPHREYS'

Manual of all Diseases, by F. HUMPHREYS, M.D. RICHLY BOUND IN CLOTH and GOLD. MAILED FREE—SEND STAMP.

Table with columns: DISEASES, CURES, PRICE. Lists various ailments and their treatments.

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Table listing homeopathic remedies and their prices for various ailments.

SPECIFICS.

Sold by Druggists, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.—HUMPHREYS' MEDICINE CO. 109 Fulton St. N.Y.

James' Dome Black Lead advertisement with details about the product and its manufacturer.

NATIONAL PILLS will cure constipated bowels and regulate the liver.

GOLD! GOLD! GOLD!

Messrs. A. JARDINE & CO.

GENTLEMEN,—With regard to your Baking Powder, known as Pure Gold, I have used it in my Bakery and sold it in my store ever since you commenced manufacturing it...

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9<sup>th</sup> King Street East.

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Kent Bros. advertisement for watches, featuring an image of a pocket watch.

WORMS CAUSE MUCH SICKNESS among children that Freeman's Worm Powders will surely cure.

Esterbrook Steel Pens advertisement featuring an image of a fountain pen.

The Henderson Hot Air Furnace advertisement featuring an image of a furnace.

Dr. E. C. West's Dandelion advertisement for liver, blood, stomach, and kidney health.

Interior Decorations advertisement for wallpaper, tiles, and stained glass.

F. Diver & Co. Electro and Stereotypers advertisement located at 14 King St. E.

National Electro & Stereotype advertisement for printing and metal furniture.

Universal Bath advertisement for medicinal and recreational use.

New England Conservatory of Music advertisement for Boston, Mass.

\$500.00 Reward advertisement for liver, blood, and stomach ailments.

Canada Stained Glass Works advertisement for memorial windows and household glass.



**Publishers' Department.**

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.**—Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarrhoea, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

**MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.**

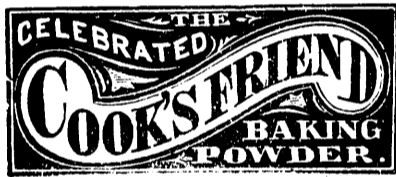
**PETERBORO'**.—In St. Andrew's Church, Peterboro', on Tuesday, September 21, at half-past ten a.m.  
**KINGSTON**.—In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Monday, September 20, at three p.m.  
**WINNIPEG**.—In Knox Church, Winnipeg, on Tuesday, October 5, at seven p.m.  
**ROCK LAKE**.—At Pilot Mound, on Tuesday, 28th September, at half-past seven p.m.  
**GUELPH**.—In Knox Church, Guelph, on Tuesday, September 21, at half-past ten a.m.  
**MAITLAND**.—At Wingham, on Tuesday, September 21, at one p.m.  
**SAUGEEN**.—In Mount Forest, on Tuesday, September 21, at ten a.m.  
**WHITBY**.—In Bowmanville, on Tuesday, October 19, at ten o'clock a.m.  
**BRANDON**.—In Portage la Prairie, on Tuesday, September 21.  
**QUEBEC**.—In Sherbrooke, on Tuesday, September 21, at eight p.m.  
**BARRIE**.—At Barrie, on Tuesday, September 28, at eleven a.m.  
**MIRAMICHI**.—In the hall of St. James' Church, Newcastle, on Monday, October 4, at three p.m.  
**REGINA**.—At Moosomin, on Tuesday, Nov. 2.  
**CHATHAM**.—In St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, on September 21, at ten a.m.  
**COLUMBIA**.—In First Presbyterian Church, Victoria, on the first Wednesday in March, at ten a.m.  
**SARNIA**.—In St. Andrew's Church, Strathroy, on the 28th September, at two p.m.  
**OWEN SOUND**.—In Division Street Church, Owen Sound, on the third Tuesday of September, at half-past one p.m.

**BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.**

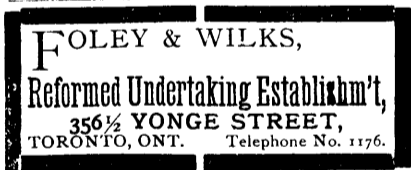
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**DIED.**

Suddenly, at the family residence, head of Queen Street, Hamilton, on 1st September, Janet Stewart, wife of Robert Forbes, aged sixty-eight years. A native of Perthshire, Scotland.  
At the Mission House, Couva, Trinidad, on Thursday, 19th August, John Knox, only son of Rev. J. K. and Florence Wright, aged four years and six months.



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Fare from Toronto and points West on Grand Trunk Railway:

To Duluth and return.....\$28  
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Including meals and berths. Good only during months of July and August.

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TORONTO.

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Chimes and Peals for CHURCHES, COLLEGES, TOWER CLOCKS, etc. Fully warranted; satisfaction guaranteed. Send for price and catalogue. **H. Y. MCSHANE & CO., BALTIMORE, Md., U. S.** Mention this paper.

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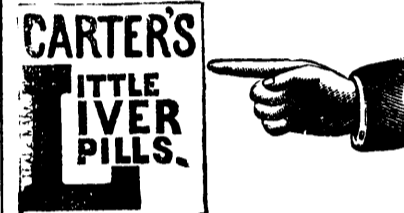
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Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

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Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure

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Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

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