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THE CANADIAN PRESBYTERIAN

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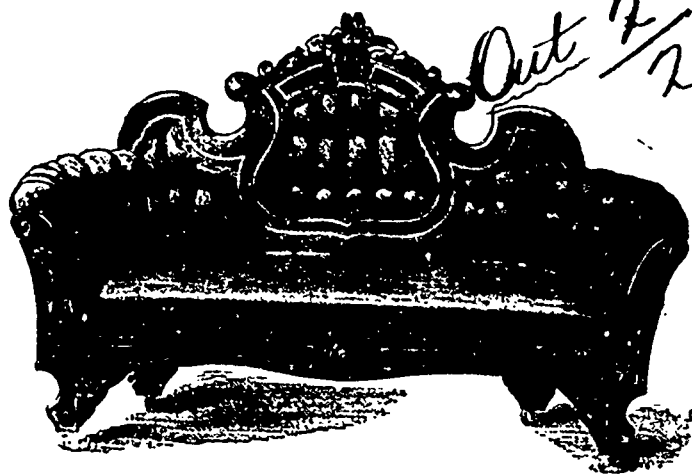
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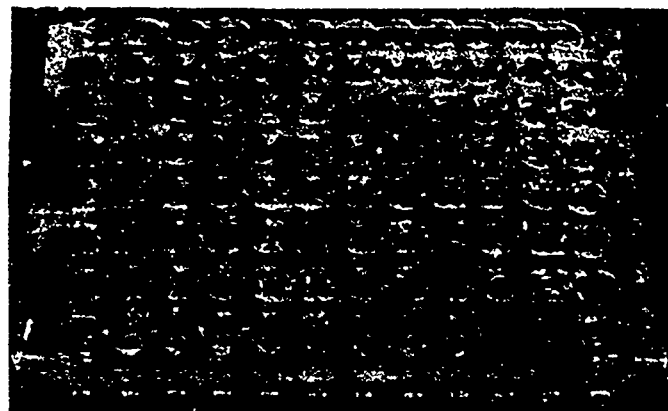
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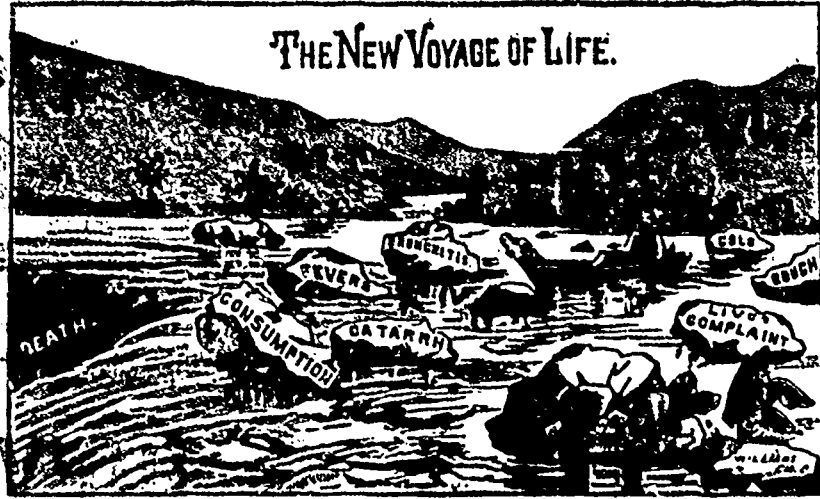


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ONLY CATARRH!

THE NEW VOYAGE OF LIFE.



Many thousands fully believe they or their friends are being hurried toward the grave by that terrible disease Consumption, and are being treated for that disease when they have only CATARRH in some of its many forms. We do not claim to cure Consumption, but fully believe from the results of our daily practice that we can save many who feel their case hopeless.

More Than 100,000 Die Every Year.

More than 100,000 die annually from Consumption in these United States, and a careful classification has revealed the startling fact that fully 50,000 of these cases were caused by Catarrh in the head, and had no known connection with hereditary causes. A large share of these cases might have been cured.

Danger Signals

Have you a cold in the head that does not get better? Have you an excessive secretion of mucus or matter in the nasal passages, which must either be blown from the nose, or drop back behind the palate, or hawked or snuffed backward to the throat? Are you troubled by hawking, spitting, weak and inflamed eyes, frequent soreness of the throat, ringing or roaring or other noises in the ears, more or less impairment of the hearing, loss of smell memory impaired, dullness or dizziness of the head, dryness and heat of the nose? Have you lost all sense of smell? Have you pain in the chest, lungs or bowels? Have you a hacking cough? Have you dyspepsia? Have you liver complaint? Is your breath foul?

If so, You Have Catarrh.

Some have all these symptoms, others only part. The leading symptom of ordinary cases of Catarrh is increased secretion of mucus of yellow or greenish coloured matter.

Foul breath is caused by the decomposing secretions exuded from festering ulcers far back in the head; sometimes the membrane covering the bones is eaten away, and the bones themselves gradually decay. Such cases indeed are objects of pity, as the stench from the corroding sores reveals the corruption within.

As every breath drawn into the lungs must pass over and become polluted by the secretion in the nasal passages it must necessarily follow that poisoning of the whole system gradually takes place; while the morbid matter that is swallowed during sleep passes into the stomach, enfeebles digestion, and often produces dyspepsia.

Catarrh Is a Dangerous Disease,

and should not be trifled with; care should be taken to look for the first indications, and cure them promptly. If your case is a bad one, affecting the throat and bronchial tubes, producing sticking, coughing and an almost constant effort to clear the passages, with tough, vile phlegm in the gullet or getting up in the morning, which is hard to eject, and other plain symptoms that the disease is stealing into the lungs, it should be attended to promptly and thoroughly.

Do not Procrastinate.

Thousands of sufferers have applied to me for relief. Many thousands more are waiting, fearful it would be an experiment that would only end in failure. Do not trifle away your opportunity. You may be sure that Catarrh takes no backward step. Your case may be daily growing beyond the reach of human aid. The statement of others who have found Child's Catarrh Specific the only certain sure cure should have weight, and convince you of the hopefulness of your own case.

Fifteen Years ago

Catarrh was considered an incurable disease. I had then suffered for fifteen years in a manner only known to those who have had this disease in some of its worst forms. My professional duties make exposure a necessity, and I was first attacked by a slight cold; terrible headaches, which could not be cured followed, with deafness and ringing in the ears, soreness of the throat, disgusting nasal discharges, weak, inflamed eyes, hawking, raising of vile matter, black and sometimes bloody mucus, coughing with great soreness of the lungs. The liver and stomach were polluted with the mass of diseased matter running from the head, chill dyspepsia, indigestion, and liver complaint made me a wreck and incapacitated me from my professional duties and confined me to my bed. Compelled to resign my pastorate, and feeling that my end was near, in desperation I gave up to the physicians and compounded my CATARRH SPECIFIC, and wrought upon myself a wonderful cure. Now, at the age of sixty-nine, I am wholly restored, can speak for hours with no difficulty, and never have had, in the whole fifteen years, the slightest return of the disease.

EVERY PHYSICIAN who has examined my specific says it is certain, and thorough, and perfect,
T. P. CHILDS.

CHILD'S CATARRH SPECIFIC

Will effectually and permanently cure any case of Catarrh, no matter how desperate. The treatment is local as well as constitutional, and can only be obtained at Troy, Ohio. We especially desire to treat those who have tried other remedies without success.

Our Letter Box:

Below we give a few of the thousands of letters we are constantly receiving. The record is a good guarantee that CHILDS' CATARRH SPECIFIC is no new, untried cure, but a positive and certain remedy. We, above all things, desire to establish confidence in our treatment, so that every sufferer from Catarrh and Bronchitis may feel certain of success in its use.

100,000 Catarrh cases have applied to me for relief. Many thousands have received my Specific, and are cured. We deem it only fair that every one who wishes should have the opportunity to ascertain whether we are able to accomplish all that we claim; and for this purpose we add a few of the many hundreds of unsolicited certificates which have been sent to us by grateful patients—as well as the addresses of some who have been successfully treated, almost any of whom will doubtless respond to any inquiry by letter, if accompanied by a stamp to pay postage. Having been cured themselves, they will be willing to let the afflicted know where they can find certain relief. We have thousands of these certificates from all classes—physicians, clergymen, lawyers, judges, merchants, bankers, and business men.

I write to tell you that I am perfectly cured of Catarrh. G. P. WISE, Magnolia, Ark.
The catarrh cough has entirely left me. I am well again. J. A. HULL, Cleveland, O.

I would not take a farm for your Specific if it could not be replaced.
J. P. ROBERTS, Chicago, Ill.

I would not take a thousand dollars for your inhalers. I am completely cured.
G. J. MCKNIGHT, Cleveland, O.

Your treatment has cured my daughter of Catarrh induced by a severe attack of measles.
JOHN W. RILEY, J. S. Express Agent, Troy, O.

My health is fully restored. The horrid and loathsome disease is all gone. My lungs feel all right.
MR. W. D. LINCOLN, York, Neb.

Your treatment did me great good. I have not lost a day by sickness this year.
ABNER GRAHAM, Biddle University, Charlotte, N. C.

I am glad to say that I found your medicine all that can be claimed for it. I am fully restored.
J. H. SIGFRIED, Pottsville, Pa.

I do not regret the money I cost in using your medicine. I can heartily recommend your treatment.
E. J. LIPPINCOTT, Clarkboro, Gloucester Co., N. J.

I have used your Catarrh treatment and am cured. A thousand thanks to you for so sure a remedy.
FANNY DEMENT, Dyer Station, Tenn.

I am much pleased to say that I have used the treatment faithfully, with the happiest and best results.
JOHN A. PIATT, Goff's Falls, N. H.

Your treatment cured me, your inhalers are excellent. This is the only radical cure I have ever found.
E. S. MARTIN, Pastor M. E. Church, Fort Carbon, Pa.

No amount of money could induce me to be placed in the misery I was in when I commenced using your medicine.
J. C. MCINTIRE, Fulton, Mo.

I am so far recovered that I am able to attend church, can walk half a mile; have a good appetite; am gaining all the time.
MR. A. N. MUNGER, Detroit, Mich.

Now I am cured; head free; air passages all open, and breathing natural. A thousand thanks to you for so sure a remedy.
JUDGE J. COLLETT, Lima, Ohio.

Your Cold Air Inhaling Balm has proved a great benefit to Mrs. Marble as well as myself. I can heartily recommend it to others.
E. MARBLE, Concord, Mich.

It affords me great pleasure to notify you that I have, as I sincerely believe, entirely recovered from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, through your very beneficial treatment.
B. BENEDICT, Baltimore, Md.

Passages of the head began to open, throat and bronchial tubes grew better, cough ceased, and now I can see to write. I owe my life to your treatment. THOS. J. DAILY, Troy, O.

I received your Catarrh Specific some time ago, and used as directed. It acted like a charm. It cured my cough and stopped that wheezing I had in my throat.
JAMES W. SANDERS, Five Mills, Mason Co., W. Va.

My throat is now so well restored that I can lecture daily without any difficulty, and find no difficulty whatever in preaching.
W. B. FAIRCHILD, D.D., LL.D., Chancellor University of Nebraska, Lincoln, Neb.

I am cured, another formidable case at last yielded to your treatment. W. B. MORSE, Bryan, Texas.

I am now entirely cured. When I had used it three months I felt like a different woman. Too much cannot be said in favour of your Catarrh treatment. It has saved my life.
MRS. E. G. MITCHELL, Fairbury, Ill.

Mrs. Mitchell lives near me, and has used your treatment with perfect success, and is now well and hearty. This I am witness to.
JOHN G. STEERS, Fairbury, Ill.

MR. J. C. WILMOTH, of Oxford, Ind., writes: You can say to whoever you like, that your Catarrh medicine has done me wonders; it has driven the disease out of my system.

For fifteen years I have been under the care of physicians for Consumption. In a letter dated four months later, she says: I am almost cured.
MOUNTAIN PARK, Ellis Co., Tex.

My wife continues in the best of health, and has no cough. It is with great pleasure we are able to recommend so wonderful a medicine as yours has proved to be to us.
J. H. BULLARD, Springfield, Mass.

Between nine and ten years ago, being afflicted with Catarrh, I obtained your course of treatment, and after persisting in its use some months, was completely cured, and have had no return of the disease.
A. J. STILL, Pattenburg, N. J.

I was terribly afflicted with nasal and bronchial Catarrh, and concluded to give your treatment a test. In a short time it cured me. I induced my brother to try it, and he too was cured.
B. C. JONES, Book River Falls, Wis.

More than a year ago I used your Catarrh remedies, with almost untold benefit to myself. I prize your remedies more than I can tell you.
MR. E. P. HOOKER, Defiance, O.

One of the most terrible cases of Catarrh we have had in our practice was that of W. S. Sander of Willis, Montgomery Co., Tex. He says: "In the spring of 1877 the disease assumed a new form, my mouth and throat were attacked, ulcers were formed, and soon the ulcers were all eaten away, and large sores through the posterior nares. My condition was not only deplorable, but apparently hopeless." After three months use of our treatment, he says: "I am entirely cured, all the horrible disease entirely removed."

This is to certify that I was a sufferer from nasal catarrh. I tried remedies of several physicians, but instead of getting better, I gradually grew worse. I saw your advertisement. I applied to you at once and received your remedies and commenced their use. At first I thought it was a humbug, but I followed your directions and now I can rejoice in saying I am well.
ROBT. Y. DANIEL, Troy, Ala.

Your wonderful remedy has by close application cured a most stubborn case. You are at liberty to use my name as a reference. Yours truly,
F. R. MILLEB, Smyrna, Tenn.

Your treatment has proved a complete success in my case; the disease had troubled me for about fifteen years. Yours truly,
THOS. D. JONES, Middle Granville, N. Y.

MR. Z. Z. LEE, of Grangeville, St. Helena, Pa. La., writes: I cannot speak too highly in praise of your valuable remedies which act like a charm in relieving the loathsome disease for which they are recommended. And I also authorize the use of my name in public.

I have been permanently cured of Catarrh in the head by the use of your Catarrh Specific. I will answer all letters addressed to me, in regard to this subject. Yours, with thanks,
E. POWELL, Heath, Burke Co., N. C.

You may use my name as a reference, as I have been cured by your treatment. I shall be pleased to answer any inquiries in regard to your remedies. Yours truly,
HARRY TRUEBELL, Rock Dale Mills, Mass.

DEAR SIR: Aug. 18, 1892.
You are at liberty to use my name as a reference in favour of the healing qualities of your remedy. It has not only cured my wife of Catarrh in the head and throat, but has cured her of dyspepsia. Yours truly,
B. B. DUNKIN, Carroll, Ind.

Colorado Springs, Col., Aug. 8, 1892.
DEAR SIR: You may use my name, also that of my wife; we have both been cured by your treatment. We recommend your remedies to all we hear saying they have Catarrh. We can do it with pleasure and conscientiously, for we know of what we speak.
L. W. SPAYD.

REV. E. S. MARTIN, Fort Carbon, Pa.
W. H. STRYKER, Shawestown, Pa.
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Child's Treatment for Catarrh, and for diseases of the Bronchial Tubes, can be taken at home, with perfect ease and safety, by the patient. No expense need be entailed beyond the cost of the medicine. A full statement of method of home treatment and cost will be sent on application. Address
REV. T. P. CHILDS, TROY, OHIO.

Say you saw this in the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN, Toronto, Ont.

THE FAITH OF DAVID.

"God hath made all things for Himself, even the wicked for the day of evil. The wrath of men praise Him; the remainder He will restrain." Unworthy men are often called to fulfil most worthy purposes; apparently inadequate instruments do His bidding. Balaam, self-destroyed, could utter prophetic strains which even Isaiah could not excel. Some of the sweetest strains of poetry have come from those whose lives alas have been vile. These things, beyond the fact that sin must ever be considered a strange thing, call for no special wonderment; but that this man, David, should be the king, "after God's own heart," is an apparent wonder and perplexity, and that those psalms, whose universal application to the varied experiences of earnest hearts and lives in every age and clime, attest their inspiration, should have been largely shaped, and written by such an one as God's elected poet of the sanctuary, does bewilder the trust we would repose in the purity and truth of God. Let us however not be turned aside, but fairly meet these perplexities, for we may be assured that, by thus doing, faith can but be strengthened and truth confirmed.

"After God's own heart." This expression occurs in 1 Sam. xiii. 14; it is repeated by Stephen, Acts xiii. 22, with which quotation Ps. lxxxix. 20 is associated. Attention to the context will manifest that the expression is not one of moral signification, but expressive of regal power in face of Israel's foes; compare vers. 22-3 in the Psalm. The days of Saul were days of cruel necessity, might made right, and no strong arm appeared to administer justice. Saul, chosen by popular vote, had disappointed the hopes of the nation; through whom should deliverance come? David appears his courage, strength and patriotism were fit instruments for consolidating, and events proved that under David Israel did attain solidity, order and influence. Isa. xlv. 28; xlv. in its reference to Cyrus will illustrate the use of expressions, which for theological purposes are often regarded as having a direct moral reference, to indicate simple fitness for the object then contemplated, which is all we are justified in reading into the words "after His own heart." 1 Chron. xxviii. 2-4, and 1 Kings v. 3 give a moral estimate which from Solomon's remark to Hiram would appear to have been well known. David might and did gather together wealth and material and plans for Jehovah's house, but that a man of violence should erect the permanent sanctuary for the Ark of the Covenant was not to be tolerated; divine indignation must mark its disavowal of David's acts of lawless violence. David's course of sin is neither approved of nor palliated in the records we deem sacred and divine. Let that be fully understood.

This may clear the way for a calm and candid view of David's career, which for moral purposes we may divide into three eras—youth; conflict and early rule; penitence, fervour and age.

As a youth we feel the full power of his name David, the beloved, the darling, "Ruddy, beautiful, and good to look upon," 1 Sam. xvi. 12, and yet the apparently neglected of the family, for "He keepeth the sheep" was said as Jesse's sons were made to pass before Samuel. He grows upon our sympathies as the chance champion of Israel, chap. xvii., and the expressed estimate of his brethrer, ver. 28, only brings out in bolder relief the indignant patriotism and trustful confidence of the stripling hero. No lip can falter or heart misgive in saying now "Surely the Lord's anointed is here." The simple guilelessness of the shepherd lad is certainly marked from his subsequent career by strong contrast.

"Latest born of Jesse's race,
Wonder lights thy bashful face,
While the prophet's gifted oil
Seals thee for a path of toil."

The scene soon changes, called by his prowess into prominence (chap. xviii. 7), the daughters of Israel's enthusiasm outran their discretion as they sang "Saul hath slain his thousands—DAVID HIS TEN THOUSANDS." We cannot wonder at Saul's jealousy even though we curse his ingratitude and the cruel persecution of one who, in tented field, palace and privacy alike, had proved himself a loving and faithful friend. David's happy days were passed; the doom of greatness was upon him, and his youthful integrity must be sorely tried. At his early entering, we may imagine well his guardian angel thus addressing him.

"Go, and 'mid thy flocks a while,
At thy doom of greatness smile;
Bold to bear God's heaviest load.
Dimly guessing at the road—
Rocky road, and scarce ascended,
Though thy foot be angel tanded,
Double praise thou shalt attain
In royal court and battle plain."

"Then comes heart-ache, care, distress,
Blighted hope and loneliness,
Wounds from friend and gifts from foe,
Dizzied faith and guilt and woe:
Loftiest aims by earth defiled,
Gleams of wisdom, sin beguiled.
Sated powers tyrannic mood,
Counsels shared with men of blood."

"Sad success, parental tears,
And a dreary gift of years
Strange that guileless face and form
To lavish on the scathery storm. . .
Little chary of thy fame,
Dust unborn may praise or blame,
But we mould thee for the root
Of man's promised healing fruit."

It was a hard experience to be hunted like a partridge on the mountain by the king he had faithfully served, the father of his wife and bosom friend. We can scarce wonder that hard usage and stern necessity should have changed the quiet, faithful shepherd lad into the almost lawless chief in the fastnesses of En-gedi (1 Sam. xxiii. 29), compelled at last to take refuge in the court of his hereditary foe, the people of Gath (chap. xxvii). Rough discipline for the anointed future King of Israel. Yet he continued mindful of his people and never, as the Roman Coriolanus, led a foreign foe against his ungrateful countrymen. And now comes Gilboa's fatal field; Saul and Jonathan find a common grave, and David pours out his pathetic grief in the lament preserved to us, 2 Sam. i. 19-27.

The men of Judah now crown David in Hebron; the war of the succession followed, 2 Sam. iii. 1, with the result tersely told: "The house of David waxed stronger and stronger, and the house of Saul waxed weaker and weaker," until at length the kingdom became established, Jebus was taken and the throne set upon Mount Zion. But David had gathered fierce men around him, and within had allowed lawless rule to have its sway. Violence was no stranger to his court; his own dread double crime avenged itself upon the helpless king in Joab's continued turbulence and Absalom's rebellion; blood never forsook his court nor trouble his home, and his dying charge to Solomon testified (1 Kings i. 1-9) how heavily the wrongs and weaknesses of his reign hung over his heart; yet he spent the closing years of his life in preparing for the great purpose of his heart which he was forbidden to perform, and handed over to Solomon his son, wealth, stores, and a united and peaceful kingdom. Israel was no longer scattered, broken, but united; and when under Rehoboam it divided, it did not break up into fragments but into two not necessarily hostile but compact kingdoms. David's work was done, and he slept with his fathers.

But David's inner life remains to us in his Psalms, and there we are to seek for what after all must temper our judgment regarding

the outer. He had fallen into many sins, blackest crimes, but "the remorse, the temptations, the often-baffled, never-ending struggle must not be forgotten," fierce conflict within, but

"A good man, in the direful grasp of ill,
His con-sciousness of right retaineth still."

and David's inner life has been powerfully spoken of as "the truest emblem ever given us of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, driven as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never ended, ever with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose began anew."

The double crime which above all others remains the foulest blot upon David's life was not committed in the courts of modern Europe but in the east, where a Sultan or Ceph would not think twice before he followed precisely the same rule of conduct, but where what followed would not be for one moment endured. Would the Sultan of Turkey this day endure a Nathan with the stern, "Thou art the man?" Will Christian people even now after eighteen centuries of Gospel light be submissive under the rebuke, not of sin in general, which is readily evaded, but of that sin in particular under which they have fallen? Ps. xxxii., li. remain the most perfect exponents of true penitence as chap. xxiii. is of contentment and trust.

David's penitence in a noteworthy manner differs from that of chiefs whose natural religion is ritualistic—he builds no sanctuary to atone, nor offers costly sacrifices to propitiate. "Thou desirest not sacrifice" are his words, else would I gladly, and could easily give it. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit—"a broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

Like Bunyan's pilgrim—David's journey was often broken, hindered, but he never turned back, his trust never forsook him, hence his crimes neither hardened his conscience nor let him to despair—in the name of his God he set up his banner, and even the excesses of his soldier life never caused him to forsake that standard. "Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth I desire besides Thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."

There is one whom David owns as Lord, he sits upon David's throne, the King of the true Israel, which at present like Israel ere David reigned is separated, and too frequently hostile, our personal conflicts partake largely—as the Psalms in their adaptation to our varied records abundantly testify—of David's chequered life—may we be partakers of his penitence and trust, our sacrifices may we through our great High Priests truly bring—*Canadian Independent.*

"My sin, O Lord,
I have confessed to Thee;
I have not hid
My great iniquity;
I spake and said,
All my transgressions now
Unto the Lord
Freely confess will I.
Thou pardonest hast,
My sins, iniquity."

"In evil day,
A hiding place to me
Thou only art!
Yea thou shalt set me free
From all distress;
And Thou my sure defence
On every side
About shall compass me,
With grateful songs
Of happy liberty."

It is not reason, or culture, or arts, or civil institutions, but "religion that makes vows kept"—vows of personal truthfulness, domestic purity, commercial integrity, or political honour.—*Watchtower.*

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE PRESBYTERIAN.

THE LITTLE PEACE-MAKERS.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

It was a cool afternoon in late Sep'tember, when Miss Marcia Dennett, closing behind her the heavy door of her old fashioned house, looked it with tremulous fingers, pocketed the key, and wound slowly down the path toward the gate, leaving silence and emptiness behind her.

The spectacle of Miss Marcia going out for a walk was so unusual as to attract attention from the neighbours. Miss Usher, the dressmaker, who lived opposite, was so startled thereby that she called her two assistants from their work to look at it.

"Ain't it peculiar," she said, "tha' she should be goin' out so? She ain't been outside that gate, to my knowledge, for these six months back, except just to the funeral the other day, and then it was in a close hack with all the blinds down. She was afraid of seein' some of the Hazards there, I suppose, but she needn't have been, for they didn't even know about Priscilla's being dead till after the buryin'." Miss Allen says, down to the Point. Miss Dennett kept it close on purpose, I guess. There wa'n't even a notice in the paper; and I don't call that payin' proper respect, when folks have lived with you as long as Priscilla did with her. Well—it's all curious. Where do you suppose that old creature has gone?"

It was toward the cemetery that the "old creature" was going. It was quite fifteen years since Miss Dennett had taken so long a walk, and the variation upon her habit of close home-keeping affected her strongly. The sunshine in her face, the movement of the wind made her giddy, the passers-by, in the by no means crowded street, seemed to be staring at her. She was thankful to find herself at the grave-yard gate, though, sooth to say, the enclosure which it guarded was a bare, unlovely spot enough. Many New England villages and towns can show such an one; a huddle of time-stained headstones, rising without order or regularity from long, ragged grasses, and the seed-pods of innumerable weeds, with here and there a pretentious monument of marble, dazzlingly white, and now and again one carefully tended plot, an oasis in the general desolation, to mark the contrast between the love that remembers and the carelessness which shuns.

The aspect of the place struck painfully upon Miss Dennett, as she made her way along the irregular foot-path to the remote corner where her old servant—her only friend—had recently been laid. It was a sentiment of late remorse and genuine regret which brought her there. Priscilla was the one creature who for years past had stood constant to her through good and through evil. Miss Marcia had hectored, brow-beaten, contradicted her, not infrequently, but all the time she had counted on Priscilla's absolute faithfulness, and had never counted in vain. Her death was the removal of a prop. Miss Dennett realized it, and felt shaken and weakened as she looked at the forlorn mound of barely sodded earth under the shadow of a tall grey fence, which covered all that remained of that long and loyal service. She sat down on a shabby little bench near by, for her limbs shook with fatigue, and fell to thinking.

Priscilla should have a head-stone. That look of neglect was too dreadful. A large, handsome head-stone she should have, and a fence, and something must be planted. Miss Marcia grew puzzled. She did not know how people did such things nowadays. Then her thoughts swept into a gentler channel as a tide of recollection welled up in memory. How hard-working Priscilla had been, and how patient; patient always, even when things were at their hardest. She recalled those last few moments, when Priscilla, her face already gray with the shadow of coming death, had faltered out one last plea: "You'll be so lonesome," the faint voice had said; "Oh, forgive Miss Alice, if it's only for my sake. It'll be hard, I know, but you'll be glad, once it's over."

"Hard!" Priscilla might well call it so. For fifteen years Miss Dennett had not looked on the face of the niece who had once been to her as her own child. They had parted finally and forever on the day when Alice had married Wallace Hazard against her aunt's express prohibition. Much pleading, many tearful arguments had been tried before the girl decided on the step which led to this severance.

"If you would only give a reason. If you would only tell me why you object to Wallace," she urged. "How can you expect me to give him up when you won't explain?"

"Take your own way if you must," was all the reply. "Take it; but the day you marry Wallace Hazard you bid good-bye to me." Was Miss Marcia likely to explain that her opposition to her niece's lover arose from the fact that he was son to the man who in her own youth had done her the irreparable wrong of first gaining her affections and then preferring and wedding another woman? The pride of the Dennett's had sealed her lips at the time and forever after; but none the less fiery keen was her resentment, and years had but added to it. No, she could not explain, but neither could she tolerate or forgive.

Alice waited, Alice wept; then she married her lover. For a long time the hope of reconciliation sustained her. She wrote letters, she came to the house; but the letters were not answered, and the door, which till then had always opened to her so gladly, was closed in her face by the weeping Priscilla, who must perforce obey the orders of her implacable mistress. "Don't come again, Miss Alice," she whispered, on the last of these occasions. "It's no use yet—she's as hard as hard."

So Alice ceased to come, but none the less did Priscilla plead her cause whenever she dared. When a little girl was born, to whom was given the name of Marcia, Priscilla bore the tidings to her mistress in hopes of a softening. But Miss Dennett only closed her lips tightly, and not a word escaped her when, a few months later, Priscilla, weeping, told her of the child's death.

When relations who are at variance live in the same place, there is a constant painfulness. Though they may not meet, there is always the risk of meeting; each day deepens the irritating apprehension. It was to avoid Alice that Miss Dennett formed the habit of home-keeping which had become the rule of her life. But now, as she sat looking at poor Priscilla's shabby mound, a sense of petulant and illogical injury swept over her.

"Forgive Alice," she muttered to herself. "Pray, how did she expect me to set about it, even if I had the mind, which I haven't? It is years since she came near the house. Priscilla was always unreasonable!"

She was still sitting on the bench in the shadow of a large hemlock, lingering, she scarce knew why, but in reality, I think, because the thought of the locked and empty house to which she must return was dreadful to her, when a sound of children's voices fell upon her ear, and presently two little girls came in sight. They were sturdy, fair-haired creatures, one apparently about ten years old, the other perhaps eight. They had long masses of rippling hair tied with black ribbons; their frocks were black, too—Miss Marcia noted that—and they carried between them a basketful of late garden flowers. They did not notice the figure in the shadow of the hemlock, but Miss Marcia could hear every word they said.

"Do you suppose little Oliver knows when we make him look so pretty?" asked the younger.

"Mamma says perhaps he does," replied the elder. "She says angels can see everything."

"Then I think mamma oughtn't to cry so when she talks to us about him," pursued the little one. "It would make him feel dreadfully if he were alive."

"Oh, hush, Prilla, mamma can't help it. You mustn't say that."

The children were close to Miss Marcia now. They paused in their walk.

"Oh, Prilla—see that," said the older girl. "That poor, poor grave over there under the fence, without any stone or fence or anything. Isn't it dreadful. It makes me feel badly just to look at it."

"Yes, because it looks so lonesome," said the other; "why don't somebody come and make it pretty like Oliver's? Didn't anyone care, Lilly?"

"I don't know," replied Lilly, keeping her eyes on the grave, as if fascinated by its very bareness. "Prill, I am thinking about something; we've got a good many flowers to-day, you know. Let's save some of them, and pick a good many wild ones to put with them, and come back here after we've done Oliver's and try to make this poor grave look better. Don't you think it would be nice?"

"Very nice. Oliver wouldn't care a bit if we did give away some of his flowers; and mamma will be glad, too. We'll tell her when we get back."

The childish voices died away. Miss Marcia, bending a branch aside, could see them at a distance, busy in one of the few carefully enclosed and tended plots, where several small head-stones showed above neatly cut turf. Later, they became visible, queuing too and fro, in search of flowers, apparently. And she had relapsed, into her dreary musings, broken only with curiosity as to whether they would really carry out their scheme, when she saw them coming back, still bearing the basket, heaped now with purple and white asters, and plumes of golden-rod. They went straight to Priscilla's grave.

"Let's make it like a bed—all flowers," said little Prill. "That would be nicest, don't you think so?"

"Yes—and hide all this yellow grass."

Touched almost to tears, moved and affected as she had seldom been in her life before, Miss Marcia watched as the fair little hands arranged one flower after another on the bare mound, clothing its uncomeliness with grace and bloom, ordering and smoothing all with tender and reverent touches. The wild flowers were heaped in a thick-garland round the edges, little Prill running off now and then for another branch of asters or a little more golden rod, or reaching up to the boughs of a low tree for sprays of crimson leaves. With a delicate perception of facts, the choicest blossoms were reserved for the middle of the grave, white honeysuckle, mignonette, a few clusters of heliotrope, one or two late roses.

"There," said the elder, as the last flower was

placed, "that looks a great, great deal better. It doesn't make me feel badly at all now."

"No, it's pretty now," declared her sister. "If anybody comes to look at it, as we come to Oliver, they'll be pleased, I think, don't you?"

"Now, Prilly, we ought to go, for it's getting near tea-time, and I want to tell mamma what we've done, awfully."

"So do I;" and the little one gave a happy skip as she went off with the empty basket. Moved by an impulse which she could neither define nor contradict, Miss Marcia arose and followed.

"If I could just see their mother a moment, and tell her what they've done, and how pleased I am," she said to herself, hardly realizing that the sudden emotion awakened within her was leading her to the unaccustomed act of seeking out the home of a stranger. Step by step she followed, keeping the children in sight. The walk was a long one, but the idea of turning back never occurred to her mind.

The part of the town to which the little ones led was new to Miss Dennett. It had grown up within a few years, and her rare walks had never lain in that direction. They entered a small house, standing in a neat garden trimmed with flowers, and a minute later Miss Dennett rang at the same door.

The fair-haired Lilly opened it. She still wore her hat, and, while Miss Dennett hesitated, at a loss how to explain her errand, little Prilla dashed downstairs, crying, in a disappointed voice: "Mamma is not in her room. Do you suppose she's gone out, Lilly?"

At the sound of her call, a door in the farther end of the hall opened hastily, and a lady appeared. "Here I am, children," she said; then, realizing the presence of a stranger, she advanced, blinking at the sudden light from the open door.

"What is it, Lilly?" she asked.

"It's a lady, mamma," began Lilly, then stopped amazed, for her mother, looking pale and strangely excited, had rushed forward. There was a cry: "Aunt, aunt, have you come to me at last?" Miss Marcia, pale as her niece, stood speechless for a moment, then, as if urged by an irresistible impulse, she slowly opened her arms, and, with a deep sob, closed them round Alice, who, with a burst of wild weeping, stroked the stern face, kissed it, and poured forth a torrent of rapid words.

"Oh, Aunt, that you should come to me now! Did you hear about it, aunt? About my boy, my darling little boy, my little Oliver? It is six months since he died, but it does not seem a week. Did you only just hear of it, Aunt? Was it that brought you?"

"No, it wasn't that. I didn't know that you had a boy, Alice, or that you had lost him. It was Priscilla brought me here, Priscilla and these children;" and she drew Lilly closely to her side, as though she could not let her go.

"How did they know it was you?" demanded the wondering Alice.

"They didn't. If they had I should never have come." Then the story was told, and Alice, with happy tears, kissed first one then the other of her darlings; Miss Marcia kissed them too.

"I am lonely and wretched," she confessed. "Since Priscilla died, it has seemed as if I could not endure my life any longer. She asked me to forgive you, Alice, when she was dying, and, if she knows about it, it will make her gladder yet, wherever she is. You must all come and live with me, you and these dear children; yes, and Wallace, too," answering the unspoken question in Alice's eyes. "There's plenty of room in the old house, and I haven't many years left, perhaps, in which to make up for my long harshness. I must have you all."

So a new day of peace and forgiveness dawned on the withered heart and the empty home; and Alice, as she bent that night over the sleep of her little girls, murmured, with a smile which was half tears: "My angels, my own darlings, if it had not been for your tender thought of a stranger's grave, this had never come to us. Blessed are the peacemakers. Ah! my little peacemakers, may you be blessed indeed."—*Boston Congregationalist*.

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IT is not death that makes the martyr, but the cause.

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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 10.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20th, 1882.

No. 51.

WESTERN GENERAL AGENT.

MR. JOHN MACAULEY is our 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. Macauley in all the congregations he may visit.

THE PRESBYTERIAN FOR 1883.

IN answer to numerous inquiries, we have to say that the clubbing arrangement for some time in force is not to be continued. We are sorry to have to state that it answered no good purpose. The circulation was not extended, although the price of the paper was reduced ONE-FOURTH to clubs of twenty; while the net result was a heavy falling off in the receipts from subscriptions.

The clubbing plan was adopted in deference to a widely expressed wish that THE PRESBYTERIAN should be placed within the reach of our people at \$1.50, in the expectation that the circulation would thus be largely increased. A fair trial of three years has demonstrated that our constituency is satisfied—in common with the Methodist, Anglican, and other denominations—to pay \$2.00 for a Church paper.

The price of THE PRESBYTERIAN for 1883 will therefore be \$2, with balance of year free to new subscribers. May we ask all our friends to renew promptly? And, when renewing, will not everyone try and send along the name of at least ONE NEW subscriber? A word to a friend would in nine cases out of ten result in another name for our subscription list; and in view of the benefits which a largely increased circulation would confer on our Church and people, surely the word will be spoken!

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

ANOTHER Royal authoress is added to the list. The Archduchess Valérie of Austria, following in her brother's footsteps, has composed several poems in the Magyar language, and is now writing a drama. The youthful writer is only fourteen.

THE session of the Edinburgh University Theological Society was opened with an address by the Rev. Dr. Story on "Church Reforms." The absence of liturgical forms, he contended, was not a true mark of Presbyterianism. Preaching, he thought, had lately improved, being more reasonable in length, more practical and more catholic.

ACCORDING to the census of 1880 there were 4,008,907 farms in the United States, but only 139,241 of these were farms of less than ten acres in extent. Small farming by peasant proprietors is the rule in France, Norway, Switzerland, Italy, Belgium, Prussia, and several of the German States; but there are many reasons why comparatively large farms should prevail in a country like the United States.

THE Thirteenth Annual Assembly of the Free Church of Italy has been held in Florence, thirty-four deputies, representing thirty churches, being present. The chief feature of the Assembly was consideration of the financial interests, which are not in a favourable condition. Little help has been received from America, and retrenchment was the order of the day. To avoid expense the Assembly is to meet triennially.

TORONTO, Guelph, Winnipeg, St. John, and other towns and cities in the Dominion are agitating the question of establishing free public libraries. In Ontario the Free Libraries Act renders the establishment of such libraries comparatively easy by making it competent for corporations to levy a tax for the purpose, when the wishes of the people have been duly ascertained. In Manitoba and New Brunswick the promoters of such libraries depend upon private

scriptions. Toronto and Guelph are to vote upon the subject within a few days.

THE Pope of Rome is said to have a "concern," to use a Quaker phrase, for the conversion of England. "He has ordered a collection of papers to be made from the archives of the Vatican relating to the separation of England from the Church of Rome. He hopes something may be found which will help to remove out of the way the difficulties which impeded the resumption of diplomatic intercourse between England and the Holy See." One of the English journals publishes all this, and then grimly remarks: "In this matter the people of England will have to be reckoned with."

WHEN old age and increased infirmities compelled Thurlow Weed to withdraw from the busy affairs of life, questions of a much higher order and of much greater importance arrested and interested his attention, as they had not done in earlier years. Not long before his final illness he said to a friend, with whom he was conversing, in regard to the great problem of a future life: "I cannot believe, and cannot be brought to believe, that the purpose of our creation is fulfilled by our short existence here. To me the existence of another world is a necessary supplement of this, to adjust its inequalities and imbue it with moral significance."

JOHN TOBIN, ex-President of the Hudson River Railroad, and at one time a power in Wall street, was arrested a few evenings ago near the Staten Island ferry in New York for drunkenness. Formerly a millionaire and a man whose operations set the Stock Exchange in an uproar and influenced speculation all over the country, he has become an utter wreck physically as well as financially. In the days of his prosperity his speculative schemes were on the scale of those of Cornelius Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew, and he dealt in shares by the hundred thousand shares. Now he is little better than a beggar, and the police say that he is rarely seen sober.

M. REVEILLAUD writes that the Moody and Sankey meetings in Paris were undoubtedly successful. For six nights vast crowds gathered in the Church of the Oratoire. M. Reveillaud says: "Never before in our experience have we borne away from a religious assembly so deep an impression of these thousands assembled in one place, these bowed heads, these bended knees, this genuine gospel unity and brotherhood, which induces the pale-faced workman from Mr. McAll's meetings to rub elbows with the white-handed fine lady." On the last evening Père Hyacinthe was present among the pastors, perhaps to learn, in the wonderful success of the earnest evangelist, the secret of his own lamentable failure.

AN eccentric Scotch clergyman, Dr. Waddell, thinks he has found out what is finally to become of Satan, the father of all evil. The learned divine reads the solution of the problem in that revelation of an angel coming down with a chain and a key and binding the dragon and casting him into the bottomless pit. The angel, he says, is electrical science; the chain is a coil of telegraph wire, and the key is the telegraph key. The angel of the dream has come down with the coil and the key and is encircling the world with chain lightning. The preacher said that in exactly the proportion that electricity encircles the world evil will be defeated, and the regeneration of mankind will progress. In this view telegraph wire stretchers and telegraph operators will supplant preachers, and the electric light is a beacon of paradise.

AT the London (Ont.) Sessions the Grand Jury made the following reference to the punishment of juvenile offenders: "That they fully concur in the remarks which were made by the Court on the subject of the punishment of juvenile offenders, and trust that before long the Legislature will see fit to place it in the power of judges at their discretion to order the administration of a moderate amount of corporal pun-

ishment either with or without the addition of solitary confinement as they see fit. The jury deem that in the majority of cases this will be found far more efficacious than the present system, whereby the youthful culprit is sent to mingle with older and more hardened offenders, and as an inevitable result comes out of prison worse than he went in." Judge Price also at the opening of the County Court at Kingston, spoke out strongly on the propriety of using this method of treating juvenile criminals.

CANON BASIL WILBERFORCE says that he read the Archbishop of York's recent denunciation of the vices of workingmen. The particular sins which the Archbishop condemned were "sporting, drinking, and other debasing pastimes." The Canon says he turned over his newspaper after reading the above, and observed: 1. The restoration of the drinking and dancing license to a house notorious for aristocratic profligacy. 2. Graphic accounts of the gambling transactions of the aristocracy in a well-known West End racing club. 3. The betting upon the next horse race, chronicled in the same type as the news from Egypt and the doings of the Imperial Parliament. 4. Two highly aristocratic divorce cases. He is accordingly driven to the conclusion that "to scold the workingmen for sporting and vice, and not to carry the same crusade boldly into higher quarters, is to strain at national gnats and swallow national camels wholesale." It is but fair to add that the Archbishop of York has oftentimes dwelt in no gentle language on the vices of the rich.

THE ladies are coming to the front rapidly. Mr. Alfred P. Hensman, who took an active part in the movement which ended in the admission of women to the degrees of the University of London, calls attention to a remarkable result of the recent examination for the degree of Bachelor of Arts. There were 237 candidates altogether, of whom 215 were men. Of these 215 men, 90, or about 42 per cent., obtained the degree. Of the 22 women who presented themselves no fewer than 16, or about 73 per cent., were successful. But further, only 58 of the 215 men, or 27 per cent., were placed in the first division, whereas 15 of the 22 women, or 68 per cent., succeeded in obtaining places in that division. To put it in another way, more than one in every three of the men who obtained their degrees were in the second division; only one of the sixteen women who became graduates failed to be placed in the first division. This is a great triumph for the ladies, whose average age we are told is not higher, but probably lower, than that of the male competitors for the degree.

THE experiment in co-education at the Royal Medical College, Kingston, has been subjected to a severe strain. On admitting ladies to the College it was understood that when dissecting they should occupy different rooms from those where the male students were engaged, and that the latter should attend lectures in the forenoon while the former were to attend in the afternoon. The dissecting is still carried on separately, but the professors finding it irksome to give the same protections twice a day had all the students together at the lecture room. Certain remarks at a recent lecture were felt embarrassing by the ladies, and to increase their discomfort some of the more thoughtless and unfeeling male students accentuated the painfulness of the situation by ill-timed applause. At a meeting of the faculty two letters were received, one from the ladies, complaining that the professor had not checked offensive demonstrations of the opposite sex, admitting that what was said by him might have been necessary for the interest of science, but that the applause of the males made the position an indelicate one for them. An attempt was made to overcome the difficulty by having the different sexes occupy different rooms during the lectures, as they now do when dissecting. Upon such conditions the ladies agreed to return to the classes, but the male students are now decidedly opposed to co-education, and seem bent on resisting all compromise.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

CONCERNING BAPTISM.—X.

BY REV. W. A. M'KAY, B.A., WOODSTOCK, AUTHOR OF "IMMERSION A ROMISH INVENTION"

From the *Christian Standard*.

MR. EDITOR,—In the "Standard" of April 8th you again return to what you are pleased to call "McKay's definition of baptism." You give several detached quotations from Dr. Dale, leaving the impression upon the minds of your readers that Dale teaches that the primary meaning of *baptizo* is very much, if not precisely, what immersionists maintain. I trust you did not intend to misrepresent the views of this good man and great scholar; but that you have done so very thoroughly any of your readers can see by referring to "Christic Baptism," p. 22, where Dr. Dale says: "If anything out of mathematics was ever proved, it has been proved that this word (*baptizo*) does not mean to dip; that it never did, that it never can so mean, without there be first an utter metamorphosis as to its essential character." I wonder what the good doctor would have said had he been told that within a year of his death his words would be quoted by an immersionist writer as favouring "the theory" which he so completely exploded. For immersionists to seek comfort from Dale is to attempt extracting sunbeams out of cucumbers. Dr. Dale did a great work—a work that will be an enduring monument to his profound scholarship, his patient research, and his wonderful power of analysis—but the result of his labours was, that he was convinced, as by a demonstration in Euclid, that *baptizo* "never did and never can mean to dip;" and his whole work is to the dipping theory what a charge of dynamite is to a crow's nest. If the editor will dip into Dale once more he will find on the page above quoted that Dale's "intusposition" was never "momentarily," but always "without any limitation" as to time. He will also find Dale denying that there is "a particle of evidence" for baptizing people "into water." The expression baptize into water (*eis hudor*) never occurs in the Word of God. Yet if *baptizo* means "to dip" and *eis* means "into," this is just the expression that we might always expect to find.

I am very anxious that the readers of the "Standard" should clearly comprehend the very peculiar method of reasoning by which the editor seeks to combat what he is pleased to term my definition of baptism. I will therefore here give in full the words in my book which constitute the text to the greater part of his review. They can be found on page 23: "They (Presbyterians) believe that it (*baptizo*) always expresses a condition or result irrespective of the mode or act by which it is brought about; and that in the Scriptures it denotes a thorough change of spiritual condition effected by the Holy Ghost applying the 'blood of sprinkling' to the soul. And this spiritual baptism of the soul is made manifest or signified by an external rite in which pure water is sprinkled or poured upon the person."

I can scarcely hope that all the readers of the "Standard" will agree with me in the above statement, but notwithstanding this, I venture to say that few, if any, of them will require to read it, as the editor says, "at least ten times before he understands it." Strange that, although the editor finds the above sentence so utterly incomprehensible, he nevertheless devotes so very much of his precious time and attention to it. He "cannot understand" it, and yet, week after week for months, he can write columns of reviews of it! How easily he can write about that which he does not understand—yea—and enlighten his readers about it!

The candid reader, whatever his own views may be, will find no difficulty in understanding that in the above quotation I teach what I believe to be the truth of God's Word, viz. that in the real baptism, such as is spoken of in 1 Cor. x. 13 "by one Spirit are we all baptized into one body"—the soul is changed as to its state and condition from condemnation to justification, from a lost to a saved state, and the external rite of water baptism "makes manifest" or signifies this change of the soul effected by the Spirit. I believe there are two things in baptism (a) a real, thorough change in the soul, (b) an external sign of that change. This external sign is called water baptism, the sign receiving the name from the thing signified.

Now, how does the editor attempt to disprove this? The reader will mark it well. As I showed in my last communication, the editor takes what I say of the baptism of the soul effected by the Holy Ghost and applies it to the mere external sign, or water baptism; and thus, by an easy *reductio ad absurdum*, he comes to a conclusion perfectly satisfactory to himself. What I state to be true of the substance he, very conclusively, shows is not true of the shadow, and therefore he concludes that it is not true at all! If I were to affirm that man is responsible, the editor would exclaim, "Man's shadow is not responsible, and therefore 'Mr. McKay's statement is a monstrous absurdity.'" What profound reasoning this would be! And yet this is precisely the reasoning in the "Standard" of March 25th and several other issues. I affirm that the Spirit of God baptizes the soul (1 Cor. xii. 14) by thoroughly changing its spiritual condition. The editor cries out: "Is Mr. McKay a water regenerationist? Does he believe that in this baptism (Acts x. 47), which was undoubtedly water baptism, there was a thorough change of spiritual condition?" etc. Again you say: "Paul thanked God that he had baptized none of the Corinthians but Crispus, Galus and the household of Stephanus (1 Cor. i. 14-16). That is, he thanked God that he had not brought any but these into a thorough change of spiritual condition." And so, because water cannot do what I affirm the Spirit of God does, the editor of the "Standard" shouts: "Mr. McKay's definition is a monstrous absurdity." I leave the reader to characterize the conduct of the man who could so misapply the language of an opponent. The cause cannot be of God that demands such downright dishonesty on the part of its advocates.

But the editor will say, It is the meaning of the word baptize we are seeking, and as baptism is in or with water, does it not follow that the changed condition expressed in *baptizo* is effected by the water?

I will try and make the answer so plain that even the editor can understand it without reading it "ten times." Take the ordinance of circumcision. The true, real circumcision, Paul tells us, was of the heart (Rom. ii. 28, 29), and was a changed condition or state effected in the soul by the Spirit of God—"made without hands" (Col. ii. 11), while that internal changed state of the soul was made manifest or signified by the cutting off a small piece of flesh. The external rite is called in Rom. iv. 11 the sign (symbol) of circumcision, not circumcision itself, for Paul says in the same epistle (ii. 28, 29) "neither is that circumcision which is outward in the flesh . . . circumcision is that of the heart." There was then a real circumcision which was of the heart (Deut. x. 16, and xxx. 6; Jer. iv. 4; Rom. ii. 28, 29; Phil. iiii. 3; Col. ii. 11); and there was an external rite, also called circumcision, but which was only a "sign" of the internal change of heart (Rom. iv. 11, etc.). And all that the "Standard" has said about my sentence on page 23 may, with equal fitness, be applied to what the apostle says about circumcision. The editor may find scores of places in the Bible where the words "circumcise" and "circumcision" denote the external rite; and demand of the apostle how he can harmonize his statement that circumcision is "of the heart," and "not outward in the flesh" with the fact that in Gen. xxi. 4, we read that "Abraham circumcised his son Isaac, being eight days old." Did Abraham change the heart of his infant son? If not, then we must understand that the sign or symbol of circumcision is very often spoken of when the word circumcision is used. So we say that the real baptism is internal and "by one Spirit" (1 Cor. xii. 13) thoroughly changing the state of the soul, while that real, internal baptism is to be symbolized by the sprinkling of pure water.

[To be continued, if the Lord will.]

PRESBYTERIANISM IN PONTIAC.

Pontiac is the great timber field which stretches away along the north side of the Upper Ottawa. But how different now! The days when the famous Indian chief of that name trod its slumbering forests! Pontiac county has at present many well-tilled fields and pleasant villages, and the forests have retired so far from us that many in our midst have never seen a mighty outspread army of these giant pines, whose united voice, when battling with the tempest, is only equalled in majesty by the roar of the ocean, or the crash of the thunder. Here, as elsewhere, Presbyterianism, has had its struggles and its triumphs. The

only self-supporting congregation in our body, in the county, is that of Bristol, which last year gave also to the various schemes of the Church about \$300. Here the name of David Wardrop, at present of Teeswater, Ont., is fragrant, because of his excellent work during a period of years. The present pastor is M. H. Scott, the son of one of the elders of Dr. Baile's congregation, Eramosa. The Bristol church is about forty-five miles above the city of Ottawa, not far from the bank of the Ottawa River. On all that stretch of forty-five miles no Presbyterian missionary was ever sent, except to the village of Aylmer, some nine miles on this side of Ottawa city. Yet the country is fertile, well settled, and that mostly with our people. Notice, that in almost the same distance as that between the cities of Guelph and Toronto, only one small congregation of Presbyterians. During this summer a missionary, Mr. J. C. Campbell, was sent into this region, under the care of Mr. Scott, of Bristol. He found some forty-five families still faithful to us and anxious for our services, and the mission was eminently successful. Following the course of the river westward, we reach the Litchfield congregation, with four stations, the farthest of which, Bryson, is about twenty-two miles from Bristol church. On the beginning of our work, Litchfield and Bristol formed one church, in the days of Mr. Melville. Litchfield is not yet self-supporting, but is fast coming up to that point, under the able pastorate of Jas. Robertson, who has laboured in the field for more than four years. It is expected that this year their contributions to schemes will equal the amount received from the Mission Fund. Still following the river, we reach Fort Coulonge, about seventeen miles beyond Bryson, noted as the pleasant residence of the Bryson families, amongst which are Senator Bryson, Hon. John Bryson, and the family of the late Hon. Thomas Bryson. Here our Jos. Gaudier has laboured with zeal and success for a number of years, and virtually has the field to himself. He has in all four stations, and besides this, labours in the timber shanties for a portion of the winter. This field is self supporting, except for the work done for and money received from the Lumberman's Mission. Those who know this whole field would like to see Mr. Gaudier relieved of his work in the shanties, as he has enough to do without it. Lastly, is our mission in the townships of Thorne and Leslie, some thirty miles north of Bristol. This field was occupied by the French Evangelization Society, which, assisted by the Home Mission, have worked the field for the last three years. Our French student, Mr. Duclos, has been in great favour, not only with his own countrymen, but also with our English-speaking people. There is at present a church in course of erection. This field is not very hopeful, from the fact that so much of the land is rugged and unfit for cultivation. Besides, these townships seem destined to fall into the hands of the Germans, of whom there are now about one hundred families. The writer has visited this field on two occasions, once when the roads were at their very worst. He has travelled the Gatineau roads and some of the worst roads in the Eastern Townships, but if you want to pass through all the terrors that one reads about in books of travels, you can experience them by visiting the Mission in Leslie in the spring of the year. After coming down the last mountain, and finding that our buggy was only broken in two places, we breathed a long breath, thanked God, and started southward; and we will not try the experiment again until the work of Christ demands it.

M. H. S.

CHURCH PROGRESS IN THE NORTH-WEST.

MR. EDITOR,—The last few months have been vital ones in the western part of our Presbytery, in consequence of the continuous church openings. Brandon led off, Rapid City followed, then Neepawa, and Minnedosa opens between Christmas and New Year.

The church at Rapid City is a neat frame one, 35 x 30, with vestry 14 x 12, stone foundation throughout, lathed, plastered, and nicely painted inside, and seated with chairs. The whole cost is about \$3,000, \$1,000 of which has been paid already, the remainder to be paid in two years. The weather was at its best on the day of the opening, and so were the Rev. Messrs. Robertson and Bell, who carried the hearts and understandings of their hearers with them, not by strange devices, but by simple, earnest presentation of the good old story. The usual soiree followed on Tuesday evening, and the sum total of Sabbath collections and proceeds of soiree amounted to \$290. Not

lead for this frozen clime, Mr. Editor! Neepawa church was opened a month later by the Rev. Mr. Robertson. It is also frame, 25 x 30, but finished for the time being with paper, instead of plaster. The weather was not so favourable, but over \$200 was cleared at the opening services and social. Rev. D. McCrae, our missionary at this point, is an able and judicious worker, and has spared neither time nor labour to overtake a field of twenty five miles square, and this church is only one of the tokens of his success.

The Carberry church was opened Nov. 19th. Carberry lies in the centre of the Big Plains, as intersected by the C.P.R. It is a good illustration of the fluctuating state of things in Manitoba. You may probably remember De Winton, of famous memory in the "boom" of last winter. Lots sold there from \$125 to \$500, and thousands of dollars were invested. The C. P.R. has found out that their interests are not served by the continuance of De Winton (Mrs. Grundy says that they have not found the owners pliable enough), and in one week every house worth moving was transported up to Carberry, about one and a half miles farther west, and De Winton relapses into its normal condition of prairie—living only in the memory of speculators with sadly depleted pockets. As soon as the new town was surveyed, lots for a church were procured, and building commenced at once, and within four months of the birth of Carberry, and a month before the contract required, the church was consecrated to the service of God by the Rev. J. Robertson. The Rev. D. McCannell, our missionary, had a host of friends to assist him, and the whole services netted over \$200. Here, Mr. Editor, are three churches costing over \$7,000, opened within the last two months, the whole cost being covered by subscriptions by congregations, none of which have been in existence three years. And let it be further remembered, that this is the only prosperous year Manitoba has seen. Wet in '79, frost in '80, and hail in '81, destroying the rich promise of abundant harvest. Our people in Ontario, who contributed so liberally to our aid, will see that while we are striving to utilize all they send us, we are at the same time using every exertion to show ourselves worthy of such aid, and to uphold the banner of the Church to which we are proud to belong. C. T.
Nov. 27th, 1882.

THE BIBLE IN THE SCHOOLS.

MR. EDITOR,—When my critic, Mr. Acheson, closes his letter with the jubilant *veritas vincit*, I am forcibly reminded of 1 Kings xx. 2, to which I refer him. I would like to remind him, however, that the question before us is not what ought to be, but what is, and that elaborate unfoldings of Douay Bible errors, etc., etc., cannot alter the simple fact that the law of the Province is as it is, and that as it is it does not acknowledge schools, *unless Separate*, as either Protestant or Catholic. The simple consideration that under certain conditions both Protestants and Catholics are accorded the right of Separate schools makes manifest the thoroughly undenominational character of the Public school *de jure*. Nor has my friend made plain that the School Act distinguishes between the Bible in the Douay version and the Bible in the King James version. I know the Douay Bible has been used unquestioned in a Public school, and I will gladly accept any reference to the School Act making such use illegal.
ALTER B.

THE MATTAWA.

MR. EDITOR,—You have heard, from time to time, a great deal from the North-West, but some information about this part of the world will be new to many of your readers. Having been appointed missionary to the Mattawa District, I reached Pembroke on the evening of Nov. 9th. It is not long since Pembroke was counted by many to be almost beyond the bounds of civilization. It is now a fine town of 3,000 inhabitants, and is beautifully situated on the banks of the Ottawa. On the train for Mattawa there was a large number of French Canadians, with their bundles and trunks, bound for the lumber shanties of the far north. A short distance above Pembroke the country assumes that barren aspect that appears all the way to Mattawa. Above Bissett's Station we pass the "big hole." This is one of those bottomless muskegs we have heard so much about. Though a fabulous amount of timber and earth has been thrown in, the track is not yet solid. It sinks under the weight of the engine as thin ice bends under the skater. When

we approach it the whistle blows, and the conductor and brakemen hold out their lamps, as it is now dark, to see that we are safely over it. If this hole is anything like the bed of the Ottawa, no wonder it cannot be filled. A few miles away, at Rockliffe, it takes a line of more than 400 feet to reach the bottom of the river.

A hundred miles above Pembroke we came to Mattawa. The country around is uninviting to the agriculturist. It is a land of stones, rocks, and hills, with occasional patches of good land here and there among the rocks. Mattawa derives its importance from its position. The C. P. Railway, which follows the Ottawa more than 300 miles from Montreal, here leaves it, bending towards the west, while the bed of the Ottawa bends directly north. Here, also, the Ottawa is joined by the Mattawa River, which flows from near Lake Nipissing. Mattawa River, though small compared with the great Ottawa, is a stream of considerable size, and at this season of the year flows with a volume twenty times as great as the Thames or Grand River.

Mattawa thus becomes the distributing centre for the great lumbering districts of the Upper Ottawa and its tributaries. There has been quite a "boom" here. Building operations are active. Lots are selling at rather a high figure. Rent is high, and of vacant houses there are none. The Canada Methodists have built a church this summer, and the Church of England a church and parsonage. In regard to the work of the missionary here, you may hear from me again.
D. L. MACKECHNIE.

December 5th, 1882.

PIONEER WORK IN THE NORTH-WEST.

[Mr. R. G. Sinclair, who has been doing good missionary work in the North-West, sends us the following:]

MR. EDITOR,—According to promise, I send you a few notes concerning Carrot River country. Carrot River rises in Water Hen Lake, at the foot of the Birch Hills, takes an easterly direction, and finally flows into the Saskatchewan. On the eastern side of the lake, and extending down the river about six miles, is the settlement to which I was appointed, and which has lately adopted the name Kanistanow. The settlement is still in its infancy, as until lately this country has been comparatively unknown, lying as it does east of the usually travelled trail. Besides a number of young men who reside on their claims only a part of the year, there are in Kanistanow eleven families, six of whom are Presbyterians. The others belong either to the Church of England or Methodist Church. Most of the land still unsettled has been granted to the Press Colonization Company. It will be in the market early next spring. Mr. Montgomery, the energetic and gentlemanly agent of the company here, informs me that they give homesteads and pre-emptions to settlers on the same terms as the Government, so that next season we confidently expect a large immigration.

In my next letter I will inform your readers what is being attempted in the way of supplying the spiritual wants of the settlers, and the provision for the future.
Prince Albert, Nov. 16. R. G. SINCLAIR.

ENDOWMENT OF KNOX COLLEGE.

MR. EDITOR,—There is so happy a coincidence between the year of the initiation of the scheme for the endowment of Knox College and another important ecclesiastical event, that it is amazing that the attention of the Church has not been drawn thereto.

This is the jubilee year of the establishment of the United Presbyterian Church in Ontario and Quebec. Although for twenty-one years that Church has had, through the auspicious union of 1861, no separate existence, yet its influence on the religious progress and political privileges of Ontario has been invaluable.

Is this jubilee year to pass away without honour or acknowledgment of any kind? Is there no ecclesiastical *esprit de corps* among the sons of those early and hardy pioneers of Christian freedom and holy truth?

A third fact bearing upon the remarkable coincidence is, that a young man, trained by one of the ablest of these early pioneers, is now Principal of Knox College, and is regarded as the ablest teacher of exegesis on this continent.

Surely, then, there must exist somewhere among the members of that noble denomination, one possessed of a generous, golden heart, and of sufficient wealth, who is prepared to put down his *thousand dollars* for

each of the fifty years of the jubilee, and do for the Chair of Exegesis what has been already done for that of Systematic Theology. Who is he who will thus erect a monument which will keep his own name honoured for ever, and will also perpetuate the greatness of a band of eminent servants of the Cross? Or it may be that such honour is too great for one person. Let the glory, then, of building such a monument be shared with other ten, or twenty, that they also may be held in everlasting remembrance.

This chair might very appropriately be called the Jubilee, or the Proudfoot Taylor Chair of Exegetical Theology.

Our fervent hope is that this proposal has only to be suggested to be taken up with burning enthusiasm by many a warm hearted son of the old U. P. Church, and that, before 1882 expires, the voluntary principle will have given a convincing proof of its power and vigour by culminating, as the glorious close of its half-century of life, in a donation of fifty thousand dollars to theological education.

AN OLD GRADUATE OF KNOX COLLEGE,
BUT NOT OF THE U. P. BRANCH.

6th December, 1882.

THE LATE REV. J. W. CHESNUT.

The Rev. James Watt Chesnut, minister of West Tilbury and Comber, in the Presbytery of Chatham, after a somewhat protracted and painful illness, was called to his rest on October 27th.

He was born at Kingston, Ont., on February the 7th, 1822, and born again at the age of twenty-two years, he devoted himself henceforward to the service of Christ. While at Knox College, though in delicate health, he proved himself a diligent and successful student.

Ordained at Madoc, in the Presbytery of Kingston, and inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation there in 1853, he remained for some years in the arduous pioneer labours of that extended field, after which, in 1858, he was called to and accepted the pastorate of Mandamin, in the Presbytery of London. The kindly bonds that united minister and congregation in this charge continued unbroken for nearly seventeen years, and the affectionate disposition of the people, unchanged by the lapse of years, manifested itself in their most kindly attention towards Mr. Chesnut during his illness, and not less in their practical consideration for Mrs. Chesnut and the children since his death. The remaining years of his ministry were spent at Dunbar, in the Presbytery of Brockville, and the charge from which the Master called him.

Mr. Chesnut was twice married. On October 25th, 1859, he was married by the Rev. John Smith, now of Toronto, to Jean Stirling Climie, daughter of the Rev. John Climie, of the Congregational Church at Bowmanville. She was a help meet indeed, but died at an early age. August 3rd, 1870, he was again married to Jessie King Leishman, E. q. of Richibucto, New Brunswick, and sister of the Rev. John Leishman, of Newburgh, Ont. Two little daughters remain to mourn, with their afflicted mother, a loving father taken from them in their tender years.

A prominent minister who had known the deceased most intimately, both as a student and minister, says of him: "He was a kind friend, a faithful pastor, and a loving husband."

Perhaps nothing could better illustrate the characteristics which marked his ministerial life, than the words with which it closed. On the morning of June 25th, he preached for the last time to his congregation in West Tilbury. The text was 2 Tim. ii. 19: "Nevertheless the foundation of God standeth sure, having this seal, The Lord knoweth them that are His. And let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity."

His ministry of thirty years had not been without its trials. He was not always understood. His large acquaintance with both the letter and the spirit of God's Word, his solemn sense of responsibility, and constant determination to please God rather than man, were not always fully appreciated, but in the midst of all he knew that "The foundation of God standeth sure," and that, though there might be human misunderstanding, "The Lord knoweth them that are His."

Faithful unto death, when the Master came he was ready. The message had been expected. There but remained the last tender words of the departing husband and father, and his work was done. He said, "I will sleep now. I will sleep in Jesus." J. G.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

THE MOTHER'S KNEE.

BY THE REV. JAMES A. M. DILSON, M.A.

The one truly and enduringly sacred spot on earth is the mother's knee. More sweet and tender memories, that moisten the eye, and gladden the heart, and regulate the life, cluster about it than any other spot, however dear and holy. That is the dearest and holiest of them all. It abides forever, like the Church of God, the symbol of preaching and prayer and discipline; the symbol of man's spiritual relations and of his soul's necessities. It is his first house of God, where he is taught divine things, where the revelation of the unseen first steals in upon his heart; it is his first oratory, where he is instructed how to draw near to God, where he learns the prayers that he never forgets, and that never cease to charm him with their beautiful simplicity and loving directness; it is his first school, where he is made subject to another will, that learning to obey he may be fit to rule. Hallowed spot! fountain of untold blessings for the life of man.

Usually it is first of all a place of prayer. There the lisping lips learn to lift the heart to God, and the golden chain is forged that ever after is to bind the being to the Unseen;—a chain that holds even in the greatest stress of weather;—a chain charged with unspeakable good to the soul. John Randolph, of Roanoke, tells us that at one time he might have become a French infidel but for the memory of his mother's hand upon his head as he knelt at her side to repeat after her the Lord's Prayer. Francis Ridley Havergal in her brief autobiographical notes, gives unmistakable evidence of her pious mother's training. When recording what she remembered of her soul-life after she was six years of age, she says: "One sort of habit I got into in a steady way, which was persevered in with more or less fervour according to the particular fit in which I might be. Every Sunday afternoon I went alone into a little front room (at Henwick) over the hall, and there used to read a chapter in the New Testament, and then knelt down and prayed for a few minutes, after which I usually felt soothed and less naughty." Her mother once said to her: "Dear child, you have your own bedroom now, it ought to be a little Bethel." When she was twelve years old her mother taught her this wise and beautiful prayer: "*Prepare me for all that Thou art preparing for me.*" And a few weeks before her own death she referred to this, saying: "The words mamma taught me in 1838 have been a *life prayer with me.*" And so it ever is with all devout and thoughtful ones.

The mother's knee is also the place of instruction, instruction of all kinds that bears upon the practical side of life; instruction in righteousness. Often it is poured into apparently heedless ears, but being heard it is remembered, and acted upon with heroic bravery. The Rev. Newman Hall says: "The very first thing that I can remember is sitting on my mother's knee and learning from her lips that glorious declaration, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I can still feel her hand on my head, and see her earnest face, and hear the music of her sweet voice. The great truth which was so precious to herself, she desired her children to know, at least in words, from their earliest days." Mr. Hall, in giving his experience of the truth, says, "How dear that text has been to me!" It moulded his life. But a mother's training goes all round the circle of the soul's wants, and touches upon all that the life will need in its world-faring journey.

What careful training the following incident shows. "One day in London, when Thomas Carlyle was within a few months of eighty, he was walking in company with an American stranger who had that day called to see him. They approached a street crossing. When half-way over Carlyle suddenly stopped, and stooping down kicked something out of the mud, at the risk of being run over by one of the many carriages that were rushing past. With his bare hands he brushed the mud off, and placed the white substance in a clean spot on the curb-stone. 'That,' said he, in a tone as sweet and in words as beautiful as his companion had ever heard, 'is only a crust of bread. Yet I was taught by mother never to waste, and above all bread, more precious than gold, the substance that is the same to the body that the mind is to the soul. I am sure the hungry sparrows or a hungry dog will get

nourishment from that bit of bread.'" Ah! consider well the fact that lies beneath that. Carlyle about eighty years old, and his mother's early teaching is guiding him and controlling him still! It has not faded out of sight; it is as fresh and as clear in the heart as the day it was spoken, only far more deeply felt and realized. The teaching has passed out of the bare word into a living puissant principle. It has in the deepest sense become life.

The mother's knee is also the place of correction. This is, though the last, not the least important of its functions. It symbolizes discipline. And happy is the man who has the great gift of a mother who knows when to use the rod. Thomas Carlyle's aphorism shall stand much testing, "No able man ever had a fool for a mother." The wisdom of the mother is seen in her discipline; loving, tender, but firm and forceful, it ever is. It is strong and steady. As the quaint Thomas Fuller puts it, "Our wise parent both instructs his children in piety, and with correction blasts the first buds of profaneness in them. *He that will not use the rod on his child, his child shall be used as a rod on him.*" And what does one wiser than Thomas Fuller say on this point? "He that spareth his rod, hateth his son; but he that loveth him, chasteneth him betimes." "Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying." "Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him." That is God's teaching, and many parents are wise enough to act consistently on it; and always with the best results. Boswell tells us that once, when Johnson saw some young ladies, in Lincolnshire, who were remarkably well-behaved, owing to their mother's strict discipline and severe correction, he exclaimed, in one of Shakespeare's lines a little varied,

"Rod, I will honour thee for this thy duty."

Consider it how we may, it is at the mother's knee that the foundation stones of all beautiful, noble, worthy and enduring character are laid, in words and acts of no great importance, apparently, at the time; yet, by the steady enforcement and reiteration of them, they are remembered, regarded, and acted upon, to the enriching of the life with qualities that are every way desirable. The culture that the children need is mostly received here. And, therefore, no attention, no painstaking, no denial of one's own feeling, is too great to attain the end that all should earnestly seek—namely, a lovely Christian character in the children.

SANCTIFY THE IMAGINATION.

The favourite food of the imagination is a work of romance. . . . Now what is a work of romance? It is a fictitious narrative composed by abstraction; a process of the author's mind, from what really occurs.

Human life, if it be considered in its ordinary course, is a dull and plodding routine of occupations and amusements, whose uniformity is the rule, while the passages of interest constitute the exception. But there is in all, even in its humblest forms, an under-song of poetry, which makes itself heard to those who listen for it, as it were from a distance, just as the sound of chiming bells, which the ear detects as untrue when close beneath the bell turret, is mellowed into harmony, if it comes to us across wooded copse and sheets of water and green pasture land.

Now the province of romance is to abstract from human life this its poetical element, to seize its salient points of character and incident, to omit and abridge all the mechanical and routine passages intervening between the salient points, and to weave these points into an artificial plot. The result is a representation of life which, if not untrue in the sense of unnatural, is at least such as never was, and never will be realized. And accordingly, our feeling in turning again to our daily pursuits, after the perusal of such works, is one of disappointment. It is as if we woke from a beautiful and pleasant dream, to grapple once more with the mechanical routine of our ordinary occupations.

Such is the species of gratification . . . the imaginative faculty seeks for itself. But what is the gratification which God provides for it in His Word?

In the Book of Revelation He opens to us the sublimities of a higher sphere of existence—a sphere where sin and sorrow are unknown—a sphere of whose glories and blessedness our conceptions will always fall short, exalt them how we may. One takes up the Book, and there reads of an Awful Form sealed on the throne which has been prepared from everlasting; . . . of twenty-four elders clothed in white raiment,

who cast down their golden crowns before the firmamental sea of crystal, above which the throne is set: of a great multitude of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues, . . . who stand before the throne with palms . . . in their hands; of jubilant harpers . . . a new heaven and a new earth . . .

And what is the central figure around which all this blessedness and this glory is grouped? It is the figure of Him who once trod upon this earth, veiling the glories of His Godhead beneath the form of a servant, and under a shroud of flesh and blood.

But He is no longer the Man of Sorrows and unacquainted with grief. He is no longer compassed about with the infirmities which flesh is heir to; no longer pillows his shelterless head upon the rugged mountain steep, nor sits in languor and exhaustion upon Jacob's well. He hath put off his work-day apparel, and hath arrayed Himself in His robes of royalty. And a glimpse of Him in His array is afforded to us by the inspired seer in Patmos. . . . Here we have truth, pure truth, outstripping fiction, even when fiction is invested in her most glowing colours and soars upon her sublimest wing. . . . Can we doubt that the glories of the spiritual world, when made to pass before the eyes of a mind which is disciplined by the Spirit of God, will have the blessed effect of purifying the imaginative faculty; yea, of strengthening its wing and rendering it competent to higher flights.—*Goulburn.*

BROTHER BROWN AND HIS GIFTS.

It was on that day of "hard, pitiless begging"—they called it missionary day.

Brother B. was there. Brother Brown had spoken of his conversion in the early morning. The tears, great crystal drops, had coursed down his furrowed cheeks as he recounted his experience for "nigh to forty years," how the Lord had dealt with him graciously, and given him very many blessings, "for which," he said, "I trust I am truly thankful."

And then, wiping away the tears with his red silk handkerchief, he remarked that all he had in this world he owed to religion, that he was trying "in his poor weak way" to serve the Lord, and he hoped he would finally meet his dear brothers and sisters in heaven.

"God bless you, brother Brown," said the good leader.

"He's an old skinflint," said crazy Bill, who sat in a back seat, in a hoarse whisper as he shook his head behind a broad-shouldered sinner in the direction of brother Brown.

Most of the congregation heard him, but happily brother Brown was a little deaf on that side, and so he was spared the annoyance of knowing that anything unusual had occurred.

Brother Brown had prayed loudly that the Lord would send salvation to a church which, he told the Lord, was in a dead condition; that he would break the sinner's heart and revive his brethren who were growing so cold he hadn't heard them speak in meeting for six months—and then, said he, in great earnestness, shaking the whole church with his knees pounding upon the floor and frightening the children who were just coming in, with his thunderous tones, "O Lord, give our ministers more religion!—real, old-fashioned religion."

Now the public service had begun, and brother Brown was in his own pew. He never missed the preaching, though it wasn't what used to be, he often said with a sigh.

The preacher had got to his "secondly," and brother Brown, who had been nodding, was now asleep.

He dreamed; and the shadows that came and went on his wrinkled face told plainly that no ordinary visions were fitting through his brain.

He was suddenly in the vestibule of Heaven—he could hear the music distinctly—and when he first appeared, the door being slightly ajar, he obtained a glimpse of its glories.

He was going right in, but he heard a stern voice near by, which said, "Stop, mortal, only the just can enter here."

At first he was indignant, but his tongue seemed tied and a strange spell came over him; his heart and pulse were almost still.

"On what is your hope based?" said the apparition before him.

"I was a Christian down in the world for forty years," said brother Brown.

"That avails you nothing!" was the solemn answer. "Have you no other plea?"

Brother Brown began to tremble.

"I have always tried to do my duty," he said, with hesitation, stammering with emotion.

"We shall see," said his questioner as he took down a great book from a shelf containing millions of like appearance; "a strict account is kept here with every mortal."

By this time brother Brown was shaking like an aspen leaf.

The book opened readily to the page, having his name in bold letters at the top of the account:

ABRAHAM BROWN.

To Almighty God, Dr.

To breath of life.....
 To sixty years of health.....
 To eight sons and daughters.....
 To a farm.....
 To one lot of bonds.....
 To money at interest.....
 To Christian privileges during life.....
 To salvation through Christ.....
 To all the sufferings of the Lord Jesus.....

Item after item, many thousands of them, aggregating the value of many worlds.

Brother Brown was sinking in anguish. At length he could speak. "It is unpaid," he moaned as he fell insensible to the floor.

"Stand up!" said a voice, which with firmness and sternness was awful: "Behold the payments!"

And he saw what he had done in all the years—so little, so mocking to heaven's beneficence, in its insignificance, the pittance for God's poor and for a perishing world; the plenty, the ease, the luxury, the hoarded store of treasure, of talent, and of property for self, that he cried out in sorrow, "What shall I do? I have no hope! lost! lost! lost!"

A hand rested upon his shoulder. He saw no form, but a voice was heard:

"Thou may'st return to earth, and again at the end of thy years, thou shalt knock at this gate of pearl, and perchance shall find admission."

Brother Brown awoke as the people were singing:

"I gave My life for thee,
 My precious blood I shed,
 That thou might'st ransomed be,
 And quickened from the dead.
 I gave, I gave my life for thee,
 What hast thou given for Me?"

Another score of years lived Abraham Brown. He could never give enough; in every cause his name was first, and in secret benevolence his bounty was without limit. He never thought of self, but of his Heavenly Master's wish. The neighbours never knew the hinge on which his life turned, but when he died many saw heaven's transformation scene as the glory hung over his dying bed, and they heard him whisper, oh, so earnestly.

"The gate is open wide, I see, I see; behold the veil: It is well with my soul!"

GOSPEL WORK.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY IN BRISTOL.

Mr. Moody's first appearance at Bristol on Tuesday evening was characteristic. He had missed his train, and arrived only just in time to give his address. Instead of making any allusion to or apology for his being late, he immediately proceeded with his sermon, in the course of which he laid emphasis on the importance of heeding and obeying the written word rather than the experiences of others. He had seen by the time-table that the train left Paddington at three, but noticing an official, who ought to know, to assure himself he asked what time the train left. "Quarter-past three," was the reply. He took his word, and missed the train, for the book was right and the man was wrong. Always go by the book, not by human experience. The time-table itself is fallible, but God's Word is absolute truth—trust in that alone.

On Friday evening a little baby, crying attracted the attention of the audience just as the address was to begin. Mr. Moody took the opportunity of saying that it would not disturb him in the least, but it was very embarrassing to a mother to have 1,400 people turn round and look at her. He would a good deal rather preach to those mothers who cannot come except they bring their babies, than to the ladies who had servants to leave them with at home. It would be a kind and considerate thing for a lady to go down to a poor sister's home and nurse the baby while the mother came to the meeting. At Aberdeen, a mother anxious about her soul wanted to go into the inquiry-room, but having a baby in her arms she was afraid

of disturbing others. A tall man, however, standing by, said he would nurse her child, and he walked up and down with the little one in his arms until the mother returned, having received the peace she sought.

Mr. Moody has been assisted by the arrival of Mr. Scroggie from Scotland, who has taken the overflow meetings, and has preached with great simplicity and directness. The principal meetings are held at the Colston Hall, which seats about 2,500, the overflow in Lodge-street Chapel, near by, and when that becomes too small, at the Drill Hall, which seats more than Colston Hall. Mr. Bliss, of America, has also arrived from Plymouth, where he remained to carry on the meetings after Mr. Moody had left. He is holding meetings of young men, and will probably remain after Messrs. Moody and Sankey have gone.

In this as in all evangelistic work there is, of course, much that cannot be recorded. It could not be told without betraying confidences which must be held sacred. We can but speak in general terms of

INCIDENTS,

the particulars of which would be of the deepest interest. For instance: A Government official is on business in a provincial town. He strolls out at night and finds the circus on one side of a square, the Moody and Sankey meeting on the other: he goes with the stream into the latter, and is led to Christ. A lady goes from her country home into the neighbouring town and inquires what entertainments are going on; is told by a tradesman of the meetings, and decides to go; remains to the after-meeting, apparently out of curiosity, has no intention of being converted, but all the time the Spirit, unconsciously to herself, is acting upon her heart, and eventually she is saved.

A Major, with his wife and daughter, comes from a distant town to Paris. After one of the first addresses, he says to Mr. Moody, "Ah, you spotted me today!" "How so?" "Why, you said we could not be forgiven if we refuse to forgive others. I have had a quarrel with my brother-in-law, and I am going to write him a letter at once, that we may be reconciled." He wrote the letter and was reconciled to God as soon as the hindrance was removed.

Two trustees differ as to their trust, and the more awkward tempered of the two determines to throw the affair into Chancery, against the wishes of the other. But one day he comes to retract and apologize—he has been converted. His co-trustee thinks that if believing in Christ can make such a change as this he will seek Him too, and is saved.

The aged woman mentioned in our last as having travelled all night to be at the Paris meeting was awakened at ten years of age by a New Testament given her by an Englishman passing through her town. At twenty-five she married, both being unconverted. Her husband's family made her very unhappy, and she cried to the God of whom she had read in her New Testament. At last, one day she went out of her house into a retired spot, and besought the Lord to have mercy upon her. He heard her cry and gave her perfect peace. She was the first convert in her town; the neighbours thought that she had become insane, and asked her husband what he was going to do with her. But she lived the Gospel. Now there are three of Mr. M'All's meetings in the town.

Now and then a representative of the press gets blessing. They go to observe and to report, not expecting personal good. A Spaniard came to the American Chapel, and on being spoken to, said, "Oh, I am a journalist." The necessity of the new birth was pressed upon him, but he replied, "I am a political man. I am the editor of such a newspaper, I shall be glad to receive information about this work." He was willing to report for the information of his Spanish readers, but had been so accustomed to attend public meetings as an observer that he had no idea of any other attitude than that of a looker-on.

CHEMISTS tell us that a single grain of the substance called iodine will impart colour to several thousand times its weight of water. It is so in higher things—one companion, one book, one habit, may affect the whole of life and character.

CHRISTIANITY insists, first of all, on a real faith. Whatever else it has or lacks, the soul, to be saved, must obey an honest purpose. It must believe with the affections heartily. With the heart man believeth unto salvation before confession is made with the mouth.

MISSION NOTES.

THE Rev. Wm. Lloyd, of the English Church Mission at Foochow, mentions, with gratitude to God, the perfect freedom which missionaries now enjoy in preaching the Gospel in nearly all parts of China. Certainly very great changes have taken place in the empire in this respect.

THE native Christians of Cawnpore are exhibiting an aggressive phase of Christian activity that is a hopeful indication. Of their own accord they have established a Sunday school for nominal Christian children of whom there are a great many in Cawnpore.

A COFFEE-HOUSE has been opened in Constantinople as a centre of Gospel work. On its outer walls is painted in Arabic the words, "Come unto Me all ye that are weary and heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." The lady director of it speaks four languages, she having been employed as colporteur by the Bible Societies. During the two months in which it has been open more than a hundred Bibles, Testaments, or Psalms in various languages have been sold. A Black Sea pirate, who has been converted through the agency of the preaching of a Greek in the reading-room, is now a student.

THE "Bombay Guardian" says: How many people are converted to Christianity, in all the world, every year? Three millions? Our readers will exclaim that this is an extravagant estimate, and will doubt if even one million are won. Well, it appears from Boehm and Wagner's new edition of their work on the World's Population, that this has increased by twenty-eight millions in about ten years. So that for the Gospel to keep up with the increase of the world's population, it would need to win about four millions annually. The majority of Christians seem to think that the force of circumstances is going to bring about the conversion of the world, and that it is enough if they look on and feebly thank God. The Church of Christ must become aggressive to an extent little dreamed of at present.

"EVANGELICAL CHRISTENDOM" says of the work in Eastern Turkey: There has been a growth in all departments of mission work during the past year. A greatly increased interest in education has been developed among the Armenians; the schools have increased in attendance, and improved in quality. The objection to education comes almost wholly from the Turkish Government, which fears that too much education will develop too great a spirit of independence; but a strong organization has been formed having for its object the introduction of improved schools in different parts of the country. This is an encouraging sign; if not an indication, at least a forerunner, of progress. A wealthy Armenian residing in St. Petersburg has set apart something like £50,000 to found for his countrymen an institution answering to a German gymnasium. Ten years ago he sent seven young Armenians to Germany to be educated, as a preliminary step. Most of them have now returned, and recently began to lay the foundation of a new institution, to be located at Erzeroum. It is proposed, if Government approval can be so secured, to erect a building at a cost of about £10,000. The work of education will be begun with twenty-five Armenian boys, chosen from different parts of the country.

THE progress in self-help in the Niger Mission of the Church Missionary Society is very encouraging. It is not long since Nembe (in the Niger Delta), the capital of Brass, was occupied; yet, when Archdeacon Crowther visited it, recently, he preached to 693 in the morning and 404 in the afternoon. In the morning he proposed to the people to make an effort to raise funds for a church, showed them plans, and spoke of the probable cost. The chiefs then asked leave to retire for consultation. All the men went out with them. They sent in once to know the cost of a church to accommodate 900, and whether they should expect any help from England. The answer was that the church would cost \$4,000, and that no help would be afforded from England. When the men returned, subscriptions began to come in, and soon no less than \$2,000 was promised, men rising frequently to add to their subscriptions. Three of the native carpenters have made a fine pulpit for the new church. Chief Spiff, one of the earliest converts at Brass, is dead. His reverence for the Sabbath was so great that he refused on one occasion to appear at the landing on that day to receive a package brought him by steamer, and it was carried away. He wrote to the company that he "would rather suffer the loss of everything than land a single package on the Lord's Day," and that "Sunday work does no man any good."

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1882.

IN order to make room for the business announcements of numerous friends, as well as not to unduly curtail our space for reading matter, we this week add eight pages to the size of THE PRESBYTERIAN.

WE are requested to say that the queries of the Assembly's Committee on the State of Religion have been sent to all Clerks of Presbyteries, for sessions within their bounds, but if they have failed to reach any of these, they are requested to apply at once to Rev. Walter M. Roger, Ashburn, Ont.

SUPPOSING a minister has a salary of, say \$600, the addition of another hundred may make all the difference to him that there is between comfort and tight-pinching. He makes both ends meet on \$600 by a degree of economy that is absolutely degrading to an educated, sensitive man. Another hundred would make a different man of him, and make his home a different place. In many cases he might have the additional hundred as well as not. In a congregation of two hundred members the increase would only be an additional cent per Sabbath. It might easily be done in a congregation of only one hundred members, as even then the increase would only be two cents per Sabbath. Nor does a calculation based on membership show how easily an additional hundred might be added to a minister's salary. Some of the most liberal contributors, in many congregations, are not members, and therefore the rate per member mentioned above might be reduced. Readers of THE PRESBYTERIAN, if a minister is pinched as many are, remember a cent or two per week will make his circumstances comparatively easy.

"WRITING two sermons each week is very hard work," says the minister. Yes, brother; but if you were going up and down the land as a probationer, preaching the same sermons every Sabbath with no chance to make new ones, would you like it better? "Hard work visiting this weather." Well yes, rather hard when the snow is so deep; but supposing you had no families to visit, how would that do? "Great amount of worry connected with congregational work." Yes, a good deal—much more than there might be if people had a reasonable amount of common sense in their heads and good grace in their hearts; but supposing you had no congregation, how would you like that? There is no doubt that the demands made on ministers increase every year. There may not be as many miles to travel in a year as the pioneer ministers travelled—over rough roads; too; there may not be as much rough out-door work, but there is more worry and nervous strain. People are more finical in their tastes, more fickle in their dispositions, they change more readily from church to church, and if they pay more money they demand more for it. Some of them don't even pay any more—some of the hardest to please don't pay at all.

THE clatter of tea-cups is again heard in the land. Those who enjoy tea-meetings are having a good time.

Some of those who hate them are having splendid opportunities for cultivating patience and self-denial. Tea-meetings may be a good thing or a bad thing, but they are here, and it may be well to make as much of them as possible. If they are hurtful, let them be so conducted as to be as little hurtful as possible. If they are beneficial, then every good Presbyterian should try and increase the benefits derived from them. We take the liberty of making a suggestion. Let every minister who engages to speak at a soiree resolve to deliver a lively speech of twenty minutes or half an hour on some live topic. If the people are prepared to listen to his address, let him deliver it in the best style he can. If they do not wish to listen, let him stop at the end of the first sentence. Seldom do ministers appear in a more humiliating position than when one, as chairman, and another as speaker, are battling for a hearing at a noisy soiree. It may be asked, what should a speaker do if half the audience wish to hear and half do not. He should stop certainly. Let the people pay the penalty of having unmannerly fools in their meeting. Why should one man, and he often a stranger, do so? Let it be once understood that no minister will address a noisy meeting in which two or three score of ill-bred persons keep up a constant clatter, and then ministers will not be tempted to talk foolishly at such places, on the plea that sensible speeches will not be listened to.

THE Hon. Lewis Wallbridge, of Belleville, has been appointed Chief Justice of Manitoba. Mr. Wallbridge was called to the bar in 1839, and must then have been at least twenty-one years of age. He may have been thirty, for anything we know; but assuming that he was called at twenty-one, he is now in his sixty-fifth year. An average minister at that age would most likely be living on a retiring allowance of about \$300 per annum or less. Were he in an official position in the Church he might be tolerated at sixty-five, but no "advanced" Christian would dream of calling him to a pastoral charge at sixty-five; few at ten years less than sixty-five. And yet Sir John Macdonald, who gets credit even from his most pronounced opponents for making good judicial appointments, appoints a lawyer of sixty-five to the most difficult judicial position in the Dominion. Why is it that experience makes for a man mightily in law and medicine, and makes against him in the ministry? Ministers themselves are perhaps a little to blame. Our Home Mission Committee, however willing, would not dare to appoint the Apostle Paul to a responsible place in the North-West if he were sixty-five years of age. Some Presbyteries are equally loud in their call for young men. If ministers examine each other's teeth and look for gray hairs in each other's heads with a microscope they cannot blame congregations for following their example. Sir Hugh Allan was President, Vice-President, or Director of twenty-three companies when he died, besides managing his magnificent fleet. Sir Hugh was *seventy-three*. A minister at seventy-three ought to be in heaven. At least so say American church-going people. The day may yet come when congregations will have as much sense as insurance and cotton companies. It has not come yet. We have heard that congregations and committees frequently calculate on the number of years' work there is "in" their man. Might it not be well to give a minister any work he is able and willing to do well, and leave the length of his days to the Lord?

CHRISTMAS.

THE intense devotion to business characteristic of our time needs an occasional counteractive. Herbert Spencer has been preaching his gospel of relaxation. The monotonous grinding of the wheels of industry, without a pause in the strain, would produce disastrous consequences. Happily there are stated occasions which afford cessation from the weary round of toil. These supply a pleasant variety and invigoration for a renewal of wonted avocations, and make the task all the easier; for work, after all, is man's mission as it is, in his present state of being, a main condition of his happiness. The festive season of the year now at hand affords a welcome respite to the diligent worker. With what eagerness it is looked forward to by all classes! Not to the great world of childhood only is the Christmas season the glad gala-day of the year, fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, nay the whole rank and file of home relationship cast aside the cares and worries of life—burdensome enough in

many cases—and become young again amid the general joy that fills the homes of Christendom at this happy period of the year.

Many begin the season with public religious services, and, though it is just possible that in some cases there may be room for a suspicion of superstitious formality, there can be no reasonable objection to a public religious recognition of the Saviour's advent to this sin-burdened earth. To begin the festive time with solemn acts of public devotion, harmonizes with the most sacred associations of the day, nor is it likely that those who sincerely engage in earnest devotion will readily drift into those excesses that darken with gloom the mirth of Christmas time.

It is the season of all seasons that sees home life at its best. The school-books are put aside without misgiving, merry laughter echoes through the house, fun and frolic are rife. Santa Claus is waited for with impatient expectancy, even though the innocent delusion is in many cases shattered forever. It is a glad, a merry time, and why should it not be such? The family re-unions bind yet more closely the ties of affection to home and kindred those who still remain within its sacred enclosure, and those on whom duty imposes absence. And soft and pensive recollections of little snow-clad graves, of voices now silent on earth, will melt some hearts to a deeper tenderness. Then what precious opportunities do these holidays afford to those on the threshold of manly and womanly life, to whisper the accents of love's young dream! No wonder that as the years go by Christmas is as popular as ever.

And yet there cannot in this world of toil and sorrow be unmixed joy everywhere. There are many cheerless homes and empty larders—many sorrow-stricken hearts. It is gratifying to know that numerous benevolent corporations and many of the Churches, are in the habit of providing good cheer for the less fortunate ones. This is well, and it doeth good like a medicine, but wise and indispensable in existing conditions as is organized charity, individual benevolence never ceases to be a duty. Religion and humanity alike sanction its exercise. There are also ample fields for the indulgence of this precious luxury—the luxury of doing good. Not a few of the inmates of happy homes take pleasure in shedding some rays of gladness into less favoured abodes. Nor should the inmates of our public charities be forgotten. Let Christmas be a day of gladness to rich and poor alike. In heartily wishing a MERRY CHRISTMAS to the many readers of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN of all ages, we do so in the best words we know of: "And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. . . . And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men."

BENEVOLENCE IN COUNCIL.

THE Trades' Benevolent Association have had their annual meeting in this city. It is a fact not without significance that the daily press have given rather meagre reports of the proceedings. What little has transpired is worth considering. A memorial from the Toronto branch was fully discussed. The first clause, which was adopted, reads thus:

"We are in favour of the Government placing a limit on the number of licenses to be issued; but we would suggest, however, that any municipality might petition to have the limit extended in special cases, such as summer resorts, towns where there are large markets, and a few causes which make it indispensable that extra accommodation should be furnished for the public."

This looks somewhat harmless, but it is a quiet incision for the introduction of the thin end of the wedge of municipal tinkering at the Crooks Act. We do not hint that municipalities are incompetent to deal with licenses, but it is known by experience that pressure can be brought to bear which these corporations would not always be able to resist. People generally will be inclined to let well alone. Other clauses, looking more directly to municipal action in the control of licenses, were voted down.

A paragraph in the memorial having for its object the sale of liquor at exhibitions and fairs was adopted. The gentlemen who voted for this provision will find that, in addition to the sentiment of the temperance people, other interests will oppose it. Those who control exhibitions are aware that the sale of intoxicants within the grounds would more or less contri-

bute to their failure, and they may be relied upon to exclude the sale of stimulants.

What are we to think now of the many asseverations that the liquor vendors did not wish a relaxation of the early closing clause of the present License Act? Here is what the memorial says on this matter:

"We will call your attention to the unsatisfactory working of the Saturday night seven o'clock law, and ask for an extension to eleven o'clock."

After debate a compromise was reached by the substitution of the hour of nine for that of eleven. In any respect the existing Act has been a grateful boon to many it is without doubt in the removal of temptation by the early closing on Saturday night of all places where liquor is sold. The cry against it is restricted almost entirely to those who are in the trade. They have resolved to approach both the Dominion and Provincial Legislatures to obtain more favourable conditions than they now possess.

The delegation had a grand banquet on the evening of their first day of meeting. It was evidently a magnificent affair. Though a number of our public men were invited guests, it was surprising to notice how many denied themselves the pleasure of being present. One notability, however, was there—the popular pastor of Bond street Congregational Church. It would scarcely be fair to say that on this occasion there was a parallel between him and Baalam, for we are not prepared to assert that he loves the wages of unrighteousness, but if he was brought there to bless, his blessing was of the thinnest kind. The eccentric divine is not much if he is not prophetic, and though he had a mild vaticination regarding Canada's future, he missed a grand opportunity in failing to foretell the destiny of the liquor traffic. As an Englishman, Dr. Wild claimed fair play for those engaged in it. Others besides him wished them nothing less. Men in other lines of business find that the progress of discovery, the invention of machinery, and the altered condition of society compel them to direct their energies to different pursuits. So it will be with those in the liquor trade. Let the immense capital invested in its manufacture be diverted to productive industries, and though we do not venture to say that it will undo the evils it has wrought, it will turn a curse into a blessing to many besides themselves.

MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

The annual meeting of this society was held on the 11th November, in the Divinity Hall. Mr. Thom, the Vice-President, occupied the chair and conducted the opening devotional exercises. The following officers were appointed for the ensuing year, viz.:—President, L. W. Thom; Vice-President, D. McTavish, M.A.; Corresponding Secretary, P. M. Pollock, B.A.; Recording Secretary, S. W. Dyde; Treasurer, John McLeod; Librarian, A. Patterson; Committee of Management, Messrs. John Young, B.A., J. Carr Anderson, N. Campbell, and F. W. Johnson.

The reports of the retiring officers showed the Society to be in a very satisfactory condition, the treasurer having a balance of \$43 on hand. Having had, however, eight men in the employment of the Association last summer, this balance, and much more to supplement it, will be urgently needed.

The second meeting of the Association was held in the usual rendezvous on the 25th ult. The President, Mr. Thom, in the chair, and after the opening exercises the following resolutions were adopted: "That Hinchinbrooke, Shaebot Lake, and the Mississippi stations be regularly supplied bi-monthly, and also that the usual home stations be attended to, also the charitable institutions in and around Kingston, as well as the common goal." Most interesting reports were read by Messrs. R. C. Murray, B.A., and F. W. Johnson, the only two missionaries the Society was able to send to Manitoba last summer, the former of his work at Grand Valley, and the latter on the C.P.R. We will need at least \$1,200 for next year's operations, as our motto is "gang forward." The work is increasing on our hands year by year, and we have been obliged to refuse several requests for service for lack of funds. Where the supply this year is to come from we do not as yet know, but we do know that we have a loving Father to go to, who never yet refused to hear the prayer of His servants for help to assist in sending abroad the glad tidings of salvation through His Son. Messrs. Steele, Monro and Grant were appointed to report at the next meeting on the 9th inst.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

NORSE STORIES, RETOLD FROM THE EDDAS. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. (Boston: Roberts Brothers; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.)—These fascinating and somewhat varied Scandinavian stories are presented in a most attractive form for young readers.

THE KNOCK-ABOUT CLUB ALONGSHORE. By C. A. Stephens. (Boston: Estes & Lauriat; Toronto: Hart & Company.)—Mr. Stephens has written a book that most boys will read with delighted interest. In addition to the racy narrative there is a rich profusion of illustrative engravings.

HISTORY OF INDIAN MISSIONS ON THE PACIFIC COAST. By Rev. Myron Eells. (Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union; Toronto: John Young.)—This is a plain narrative of facts by a native of the region of which he chiefly writes, and who spent several years in Christianizing the red man of the west.

THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO HEAVEN. By Rev. E. Payson Hammond. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs.)—Mr. Hammond is a gifted speaker to children, and in this little book he says some good things in an interesting way, but the egotism that follows him as a shadow is too visible in its pages.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE FOR 1885 is a gem in its way. The coloured illustrations combine beauty and accuracy of artistic execution, while the minute delicacy of the other engravings with which the "Guide" is profusely illustrated, and the lucid and concise letter-press descriptions render it an authority in horticulture.

THE MODERN HAGAR. By Charles M. Clay. (New York: George W. Harlan & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.)—This work consists of two volumes forming an issue of the Katterskill series. It may be described as a good specimen of the typical American novel, full of stirring incident and containing many passages of tender feeling.

ON THE WAY HOME. By the author of "Through the Winter." (Philadelphia: The American Sunday School Union; Toronto: John Young.)—Readers of the story now appearing in our pages will have an idea of the style of the new work by the same author, now before us. It is specially written for Sunday school girls, and is well worth their reading.

TRUTH has attained an assured place as a first-class weekly magazine. Its publisher is to be congratulated on its recent improvements in form and substance. In addition to a varied and extensive selection of interesting and instructive reading matter, it contains short, pithy, and outspoken comments on current topics. From the healthiness of its tone it is admirably adapted for family reading.

MY HOUSEHOLD PETS. Translated by Susan Coolidge. (Boston: Roberts Brothers; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.)—This book, translated from the French of Theophile Gautier, gives a lively account of household pets with which every young person is familiar, and others with which a great many would rather not be on familiar terms. Good illustrations enhance the beauty and value of the book.

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF ELIZABETH PRENTISS. (New York: Anson D. Randolph & Co., Toronto: Willing & Williamson.)—This goodly volume records the life, the work, and the suffering of a gifted Christian woman. Much of its charm is found in the autobiography and letters which she left behind her. The book will be widely read and secure for itself a lasting place in religious literature.

A COMPEND OF BAPTISM. By Wm. Hamilton, D.D. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls, Toronto: Wm. Briggs.)—This is an American reprint, by the enterprising publishers, Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls, of Dr. Hamilton's able but temperate book on the Baptist controversy. Having been previously noticed in these columns, it is now only necessary to congratulate the author on the remarkable success that has attended its publication.

ZIG-ZAG JOURNEYS IN THE OCCIDENT. By Hezekiah Butterworth. (Boston: Estes & Lauriat; Toronto: Hart & Company.)—Youthful readers can make the journey across the continent in most pleasant and instructive company, having Hezekiah Butterworth as guide. Several tales of pioneer life and historical incidents are related in a style that boys thoroughly comprehend and delight in. Numerous engravings help the reader wonderfully to form correct ideas of the scenes and incidents described.

THE WISDOM OF THE BRAHMIN. A DIDACTIC POEM. Translated from the German of Friedrich Rückert, by Charles T. Brooks. Books I.-VI. (Boston: Roberts Brothers; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.)—This translation of Rückert's greatest poem is by an appreciative and loving admirer. This present publication is tentative. Only six out of the twenty books of which it consists are given. Thoughtful and cultivated readers will be anxious to possess the rest after reading this suggestive portion of "The Wisdom of the Brahmin."

THE GOSPEL BY MARK IN PHONETIC SPELLING. By C. W. K. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto:

William Briggs.) The English language is not perfect. To attempt its improvement is not criminal. As yet enthusiasts for spelling reform have not met with much success. Unless they are more happy in their efforts than is evidenced in this publication the regret need not be very poignant. The words "ontu," and "onderstand," may belong to the English of the future, but at present they seem to have a wonderfully Hibernian ring about them.

THE CATHOLIC PRESBYTERIAN. Edited by Dr. W. G. Blaikie. (London: James Nisbet & Co.; New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.)—The "Catholic Presbyterian" for November is fully up in point of excellence and variety to any preceding issue. There is a brief but comprehensive analysis of the "Religious Census of 1881," by the Rev. James Cameron, Chatsworth, besides articles of value and interest from the pens of well-known representative Presbyterians. We are pleased to notice that Dr. W. G. Blaikie has, at the solicitation of his friends, agreed to continue his editorial duties in connection with this serial until the next meeting of the Council at Belfast, in 1884.

FRANK LESLIE'S SUNDAY MAGAZINE. T. De Witt Talmage, D.D., Editor. (New York: Frank Leslie & Co.)—The January number of this serial contains several new and attractive features. In addition to Dr. Talmage's own contributions, the opening chapters of two interesting and instructive works are given. They are intended to run through the year. The one is "Religious Denominations in the United States," the other "The American Pilgrim in Palestine," by Edwin De Leon. The sketches of the denominations are to be written by representative men in the respective Churches, that on Methodism being written by the Rev. Dr. Daniel Curry. George Macdonald is also announced as a stated contributor. The present issue of the "Sunday Magazine" is large in quantity and excellent in quality.

THE SOUTHERN PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW. (Columbia, S.C.: The Presbyterian Printing House.)—The present number of this quarterly contains several contributions of high merit. There are two posthumous articles that many will read with special interest because of their intrinsic excellence, and the esteem in which their authors were held when living. One is a discussion on the topic, "The Lord's Day, and not the Jewish Sabbath," by the late Rev. John Beveridge, and the other, "Documentary History of the Assembly of 1837," by the late Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge. The article by our own Agnes M. Machar, on "An Apostolic Missionary in China," being the story of Dr. Mackay's work in Formosa simply and lovingly told, is reproduced from the "Catholic Presbyterian." "An Inquiry into the Agreivousness of Presbyterianism," by an author who, though a crisp and candid writer, discreetly withholds his name from the reader, is an able, thoughtful, and timely paper, and likely to provoke consideration and lively discussion. The Review of Recent Publications, admirably written, briefly glances at all noteworthy new books in theology, philosophy, science, and literature, in which a kindly word is spoken for Dr. John M. Gibson's last work, "The Mosaic Era."

THE STANDARD SERIES. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs.)—Number 73 of this valuable series is "New Testament Helps for any Version or Edition." It contains a mass of facts, carefully arranged, for the most part in tabular form, besides a condensed concordance to the Revised New Testament. To every earnest student this little work will be found to be a most valuable help. Mr. John Liggins' article on "Opium" forms number 74. The impeachment of England's statesmanship, in so far as its complicity with the opium traffic in the East is concerned, is painfully just. Nor does the writer speak smooth things to the American people on this subject. Have not Christian nations evils sufficiently appalling to combat, without the added guilt of fostering, for the love of gain, one of the most demoralizing forms of self-indulgence that curses its unhappy victims? The "Lesson in the Closet," by Dr. Deems, of the Church of the Strangers, New York, forms number 76. The author in his preface asks, "Is there not a danger that we may be so absorbed in studies of language, geography, criticism, etc., as to lose the spiritual culture which after all is the intent of Holy Scriptures?" To obviate such danger Dr. Deems has produced this admirable little work "as a help to those who are teachers and scholars in Sunday schools, and who desire to unite spiritual life with Biblical learning."

THERE will never be a second Saviour to atone for the guilt of rejecting the first.—*Dr. Wardlaw.*

THE Supplemented Lesson Scheme for next year is now ready. Orders by mail filled at the rate of 60 cents per 100 copies.

MINISTERS and Sabbath School Teachers will find the "Expository Bible Readings on the Golden Text for 1885" exceedingly useful. Mailed free on receipt of 25 cents.

MRS. WM. E. DODGE, of New York, has lately given \$2,000 to the Mills Seminary, of California, to found a scholarship for the daughters of clergymen, those of missionaries to have the preference.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

THROUGH THE WINTER.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

It was with a sigh of mingled weariness and relief that Helen leaned back against the soft cushions of the doctor's carriage. Physically she was very tired, while mentally excited. Aunt Hagar's words had stirred her deeply, and yet she was not sad. She felt as if the wings of some great, solemn joy had touched her; almost as if she had been standing for a little while where Bunyan's pilgrims stood—on the hills from whence they caught a far-off gleam of the gates of the Celestial City.

And yet, so strangely mixed were her feelings, she dreaded to have Dr. Waldemar speak of Aunt Hagar. It seemed to her she could not repress tears and even sobs if he should.

Was it due solely to his skill as a physician that he understood her, and, as they started toward home, changed the current of her thoughts by saying, pleasantly:

"The storm this morning was a great disappointment to Margaret, Miss Humphrey. She was very anxious to visit you this afternoon, and only my mother's express command could keep her at home. You know she is yet very far from strong, and we have to be careful of her."

"I know," Helen answered. "I wanted very much to see her, but I knew she could not come out in such weather."

"How came you to be out in it?" Dr. Waldemar questioned, kindly. "Are you so strong that you do not consider it necessary to be careful, or are you enough of an Undine to enjoy battling with wind and water?"

Helen's cheeks flushed painfully. "I don't think I know what you mean by Undine," she said, humbly; "but I came out this afternoon because Aunt Hagar sent for me."

A bright, pleasant smile answered her first, then Dr. Waldemar said:

"So forgetful of your own comfort, you came out to give comfort and sympathy to another? That is better than being an Undine, Miss Helen. She was only a beautiful water-sprite, an imaginative character in a very pretty German story. You must read it some day. But now tell me what you, who have been doing your duty so bravely this afternoon, think of this," and Dr. Waldemar repeated a few lines of Wordsworth's "Ode to Duty":

"Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through
Thee, are fresh and young."

They were two very earnest, radiant eyes into which Dr. Waldemar looked as he ceased.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"I can't tell you. I don't want to say that it is beautiful; I want a newer word than that—a holier word."

"You like it, then?"

"Yes, much; very much," Helen repeated with emphasis. "Who wrote it?" she asked in a moment, in a different tone—one that seemed touched with a hint of sadness.

"Wordsworth, an English poet."

"Did he write other things as beautiful?"

"He wrote a great many poems: some, perhaps, more beautiful; others very inferior. But his writings abound in thoughts that are like gems for their purity and clearness. You will read him some day, I hope, Miss Helen."

"I don't know," Helen answered in a quiet voice, out of which the animation had quite died.

Dr. Waldemar looked at her with kind, thoughtful eyes, and quietly said,

"Let not your heart be troubled. We sometimes come to hard places in life, where inclination urges us in one way and duty calls us strongly in another. Following duty we may have to leave many pleasant, many desirable things behind, it may seem to us forever. But the promise stands sure, Miss Helen: 'all these things shall be added.' Not to-day, perhaps, nor even to-morrow, but in His own best time."

But Helen said: "We do lack a great deal here: we have to wait a long while sometimes before we can eat bread without scarceness, before we are satisfied."

"Are you sure?" he asked, giving her another of his pleasant smiles. "I do not believe, do you, that the children of a King—a King who has such rich provisions stored up in His treasure-houses, are destined to go hungering all their days on earth? Do you know what makes a cross, Miss Helen?"

"I don't think I can explain it," Helen answered.

"Neither could a little boy of whom I once read, and so he took to his father the question over which he had been pondering."

"Papa, what makes a cross—a Christian's cross?"

"And the father took two pieces of wood and laid them parallel."

"Is that a cross?" he asked.

"Oh, no," said the little boy, "the sticks lie the same way now—to make a cross one must cross the other."

"And the father said: 'Just so, my boy, is it with a Christian's will and God's. When they lie the same way there is no cross. It is only when our will crosses our heavenly Father's that we are conscious of being cross-bearers.'"

"And, Miss Helen, I believe it is possible to come so close to the Master, to lay our wills so contentedly, cheerfully by the side of His, that to bear the cross after Him will become a sacred joy, and not a mortal pain."

Helen did not answer, and Dr. Waldemar did not speak again until they were near her father's; then he said:

"You are almost home, Miss Helen: can you forgive my

preaching you such a long sermon? a sermon I do not really think you needed."

Her smile, bright, though a little moved, answered him; she only said:

"I thank you, Dr. Waldemar. Are you going to see Aunt Hagar to-night?"

"Yes, I am going back there very soon. May I tell Margaret you will be ready to see her to-morrow?"

"If she can come I shall be very glad to see her."

"I will bring her, then. I think we have the promise of a lovely day to-morrow. See how red the sky is. May I presume, as a physician, to give you a little advice?" he asked, with a smile, as he helped her to alight.

"If you think I need it," she said.

He smiled. "Doctors seldom give advice unnecessarily, Miss Helen. Mine is very simple. It is that you neither use mind nor hands this evening, but as soon as possible close your eyes and enter dreamland. Will you follow it?"

Helen laughed. "Do doctors always have to be answered with yes or no?" she said. "I am afraid I cannot promise, Dr. Waldemar, but I am grateful."

"You must prove your gratitude by following my prescription," he said, gently. "Good night."

The next day was mild and sunny, more like an April day that had lost its way than a mid-December one, and early in the afternoon Dr. Waldemar's little carriage stopped before Mr. Humphrey's gate, and Margaret alighted.

"Come at last, Helen," she said, in her soft, glad voice, as Helen met her at the door. "I began to think I should never see you again, but I've come now to stay the whole afternoon, or until Guy comes back; and I am so glad."

The gladness was mutual. Helen took her visitor into the warm sitting-room, gently removed her wraps, and seated her in the most comfortable chair, talking in her own pleasant winning manner all the while. Ronald and Sibyl came in, very anxious to see the pretty young lady who had been so kind to them on their visit; but they soon stole off to their play, and the two girls were left alone.

They chatted together in their bright, girlish fashion for a while, each fresh young heart quick to understand and respond to the other, and each exerting an influence on the other of which she little dreamed. Helen was cheered and animated by Margaret's playfulness and vivacity; while some of Margaret's purest and truest impulses were roused by what seemed to her the beautiful unselfishness of Helen's life; and she inwardly resolved she would do more for others and less for herself in future. Resting comfortably in her easy chair she watched Helen, whose hands, even while she talked, were busily employed on the white apron she was making for Sibyl.

"Are you always busy, Helen?" she asked.

"Yes, almost," Helen answered, with a smile. "I have to be, you know."

"You are worse than a sermon for idle girls, who do nothing but fancy work. I can't sit here with folded hands any longer: do give me an apron string to hem."

Helen laughed; but on Margaret's insisting, the string was given; and while their bright heads bent cosily over their work the two girls grew more confidential and intimate. Margaret looked up after a while and glanced out of the window.

"It will soon be sundown," she said; "Guy will come for me before long. Helen, my most important business with you hasn't been touched on yet. Have you made any plans or arrangements for Christmas day?"

"No," Helen answered, with a touch of sadness in her voice; "the day will be much like other days here, I fear. Mamma always made it cheerful and pleasant for us, but now it will be very quiet." And Helen's eyes told how much she yearned for the mother, whose words and deeds of unselfish love had never failed to make sunshine for her children. Margaret's hand lay tenderly on Helen's for a moment, but her voice was cheerful and glad as ever.

"That was one thing I wanted to see you for, Helen," she said. "We have planned—mamma and I—to have a real, merry old-fashioned Christmas; and we want you, and Sibyl, and your three brothers to spend it with us. You are to come Christmas eve, and spend the night; will you do it, Helen?"

"What, all of us?"

"Yes, all of you," Margaret repeated. "The cottage is large enough, and our hearts are larger yet; there will be plenty of room for you all. You will come, Helen," she urged; "you will spoil all my plans if you don't say yes!"

Helen grew thoughtful. "I am afraid papa will be very lonely," she said.

"Oh, Mr. Humphrey is to dine with us on Christmas day; that is, if he will confer that pleasure on us. It won't be any use for you to make any objections, or try to excuse yourself, Helen: you must come."

"I will if I can," Helen answered. "Margaret, you do not know how much I appreciate your kindness, nor how glad I shall be to accept it, if I can; but you know I have to consider a great many things beside my own pleasure."

"Well, I hope you don't see any impossible mountains rising in your way. It is something gained to know your own pleasure would induce you to come; and for the rest, I shall have to send mamma to use her influence. You will find us a very determined family to deal with, Helen. We intend to have you with us on Christmas day whether you will or no, so you may as well begin now to make your arrangements work towards that end."

Before Helen could answer the door opened, and Sibyl ushered in Dr. Waldemar.

"Guy," cried his sister; "how could you come so soon? I am not half ready to go yet."

"Are you sure Miss Humphrey isn't quite ready to have you go?" he retorted pleasantly. "Miss Helen," he said, as he shook her hand, "I am afraid you did not follow my prescription faithfully last night. How do you do to-day?"

"I think I am very well, Dr. Waldemar. I don't think I was in any need of your prescription."

"You think," he said, with a smile. "Well, thinkers disagree sometimes, Miss Helen; and not always because they stand on opposite sides of the shield either."

"Guyon, you are always talking in riddles," said Margaret. "Just what do you now mean?"

"You don't want me to tell you the story of the two knights between the shield, do you?"

"No, it is as old as Methuselah; do spare our ears its repetition; but what do you mean by quoting it to Helen?"

"Nothing very serious," he said, with a smile. "Only I, as a physician, look on Miss Helen and think at once she needs something for her health which I take the liberty of prescribing. She, on the other hand, doesn't look on herself, but off—at the moon or stars, perhaps—and thinks she has no need of my advice. Both of us cannot think correctly; and I shall not own myself in error until Miss Helen's cheeks bear a fainter resemblance to white roses than they do to-day."

"Oh, is that it? Helen, you may as well do as Guy wants you to: people always do."

"Do they?" he said; "then, my little sister, will you please put on your wrappings and let me take you home?"

While Margaret was preparing for her ride Dr. Waldemar turned again to Helen.

"Miss Helen," he asked, "have you any engagement for Thursday?"

"No," Helen answered, in some surprise at the question.

"Then will you give my mother, and Margaret, and myself a great pleasure, by spending the evening with us? I will come for you at any time you will appoint, and bring you home in good season."

The light in Helen's eyes was very bright for a moment, and her cheeks lost the resemblance to white roses Dr. Waldemar had just suggested.

"Thank you," she said brightly; "I shall be—"

She stopped suddenly, and a shadow flitted across her face.

"May I finish your sentence for you?" Dr. Waldemar asked. "You will be happy to give us all so much pleasure. Is not that what you would say, Miss Helen?"

"I am afraid not," she answered, quietly. "I don't think I can do it, Dr. Waldemar. I belong to my brothers in the evening."

He looked at her as much as if he thought there were other claims that had a right to indulgence, but he only said, gently:

"I am very sorry, but some other time, Miss Helen, I hope you will be able to come."

"I am ready at last," said Margaret, warm and cosy in her furs. "Guy, I am sorry to interrupt you, but I feel like a huge polar bear in all these furs. Don't keep me waiting now in this warm room. Helen, if you and Guy cannot agree to think alike, I trust at least that we can. Christmas eve, remember, if not before, you are to come to us."

And so, with bright words and brighter anticipations, they parted.

Helen addressed the little ones, told them the "night-cap story" they always wanted, and, kneeling by their bedsides, heard their childish prayers.

"Nellie," whispered Ronald, "you are sure God heard?"

"Yes dear. Why?"

"Because, Nellie, I prayed something in my heart. I didn't speak out loud. He doesn't want us always to pray so everyone can hear, does He?"

"No, dear, if our heart prays, God will hear, though our lips are still."

"How good He is," Ronald said, as he turned drowsily on his pillow.

While Helen had been occupied with the children, the door-bell had rung, and Fred, in great delight, had admitted Dr. Waldemar, and led him into the sitting-room.

"Where is Helen?" asked Mr. Humphrey, after greeting his guest politely.

"Up-stairs with Ronald and Sibyl," answered Philip; "shall I call her?"

"Not for me," interrupted Dr. Waldemar: "I can wait: do not disturb her. Mr. Humphrey," turning to him, "what do you think of the presidential election?"

It was a question in which Mr. Humphrey was greatly interested, and he was soon launched on a sea of argument. Quiet note, in the meanwhile, Dr. Waldemar took of the room and its furnishings and occupants. The plants, carefully tended in the window; the perfect order and yet homelike cosiness of the room; the bright-eyed boys; the table covered with school-books, and papers, and games, all told a story Dr. Waldemar read slowly and thoughtfully, while at the same time he listened with polite if not interested attention to Mr. Humphrey.

And so, when Helen came quietly in with her work-basket, she was surprised to find him.

"You know the old saying, Miss Helen," he said, as he shook hands with her: "If the mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain." Margaret wished me to be the bearer of this little box," he added.

"It contains some views of the Holy Land, illustrating the Sunday school lesson. She thought you would like to see them."

"How kind—how very kind she is," Helen said, delightfully. And then, with a pretty, modest grace, she asked:

"Would she like you to bring them back to-night? Shall we look at them now?"

He smiled. "As you please, Miss Helen. I do not believe she is in any haste for their return; but if your brothers would like to see them, you might look at them now. I have visited some of the places, perhaps we might all study the lesson together in this way."

"Hurrah!" cried Fred, enthusiastically, "that's just the thing. Phil and I know our lessons, Helen, and we were ready for a game of Muggins; but this will be better than all the dominoes in the country."

The table was quickly cleared, and the little group gathered round it. Even Mr. Humphrey was soon drawn to it by the magic of Dr. Waldemar's manner, and still more by his lucid, graphic explanations. He had travelled and read much, and of all his studies, the Bible had ever been to him the freshest and dearest. He was well fitted now to lead his hearers over the ancient land, and make them feel that it was holy. His sincere, reverent faith

touched Mr. Humphrey. He shrank from letting his guest's clear eyes see the web of sophisms and doubts with which he had succeeded in blinding his own spiritual vision. The scales were partially lifted from Mr. Humphrey's eyes that night, and if he did not believe, he could no longer pride himself on his unbelief. He had met a mind stronger and greater than his own, more highly cultured, more richly stored; and that mind, like the wise men of old, counted it its chiefest honour to be a worshipper at the feet of the meek and lowly Jesus.

That evening was an interesting one to Helen and her brothers. With their Bibles for their guide-book, they visited the places to which the pictured views invited them; and perhaps no travelling they might ever do in the future would give them the unmixed delight they enjoyed that evening, as they took their first journey, as they called it, with Dr. Waldermar and his stereoscope.

When at ten o'clock Dr. Waldermar was taking leave, he gave to Mr. Humphrey his mother's invitation for the young people to spend the Christmas holidays with her. And Mr. Humphrey not only accepted for his children, but consented, with evident pleasure, to eat his own Christmas dinner with Mrs. Waldermar.

How had Dr. Waldermar managed it? Helen knew her father would have made many objections, and perhaps refused altogether if she had told him of their invitation. She went to bed with her heart singing for joy, and more than ever convinced that there was no bitterness in God's balm.

(To be continued.)

QUESTIONS TO A FRETFUL WIFE.

"Hester!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, ceasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting upright, "Do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?"

"What do you mean?" was the startling reply. "He will marry the sweetest-tempered girl he can find."

"Oh! Auntie!" Hester began. "Don't interrupt me until I have finished," said Aunt Susan leaning back and taking up her knitting. "She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are—in fact, I think not; but she will be good-natured."

"Why, Auntie—"

"That isn't all," composedly continued Aunt Susan. "To-day your husband was half-way across the kitchen-floor bringing you the first ripe peaches; and all you did was to look on and say: 'There, Will, just see your tracks on my clean floor! I won't have my floors all tracked up.' Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the window. To-day you screwed up your face when he kissed you, because his mustache was damp, and said: 'I never want you to kiss me again.' When he empties anything, you tell him not to spill it. When he lifts anything, you tell him not to break it. From morning until night your sharp voice is heard complaining and fault-finding. And last winter when you were sick, you scolded him about his allowing the pump to freeze, and took no notice when he said: 'I was so anxious about you that I did not think of the pump.'"

"But Auntie—"

"Hearken, child. The strongest and most intelligent of them all care more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in the world; and without this the cleverest and most perfect housekeeper is sure to lose her husband's affections in time. There may be a few more men like Will—as gentle, as loving, as chivalrous, as forgetful of self, and so satisfied with loving that their affections will die a long, struggling death; but in most cases it takes but a few years of fretfulness and fault-finding to turn a husband's love into irritated indifference."

"But Auntie—"

"Yes, well you are not dead yet, and that sweet natured woman has not been found; so you have time to become so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better tempered woman in existence."—*Satan.*

FOURTEEN GREAT MISTAKES.

It is a great mistake to set up our own standard of right and wrong, and judge people accordingly; it is a great mistake to measure the enjoyment of others by our own, to expect uniformity of opinion in the world, to look for judgment and experience in youth; to endeavour to mould all dispositions alike; not to yield to immaterial trifles: to look for perfection in our own actions; to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; not to alleviate all that needs alleviation, as far as lies in our power; not to make allowances for the infirmities of others; to consider everything impossible which we cannot perform; to believe only what our finite minds can grasp, to expect to be able to understand everything. The greatest of all mistakes is to live only for time, when any moment may launch us into eternity.

ONE FOR THE CLERGYMAN.

A German clergyman, who was travelling, stopped at a hotel much frequented by wags and jokers. The host, not being used to have a clergyman at his table, looked at him with surprise; the guests used all their artillery of wit upon him without eliciting a remark. The clergyman ate his dinner quietly, apparently without observing the gibes and sneers of his neighbours. One of them at last in despair at his forbearance, said to him, "Well, I wonder at your patience! I have you not heard all that has been said to you?" "Oh, yes, but I am used to it. Do you know who I am?" "No, sir." "Well, I will inform you. I am chaplain of a lunatic asylum; such remarks have no effect on me."

At the golden wedding of the veteran missionary, Rev. Dr. Elias Riggs, at Constantinople, Dr. Isaac G. Bliss presented him with four Bibles in Armenian, Bulgarian, Osmanli-Turkish, and Armeo-Turkish, the languages into which he had helped to translate God's Word.

HER ONLY ONE.

"Good dame, how many children have you?"
Then with a loving and troubled face,
Sadly she looked at an empty place:
"Friend, I have two."
"Nay, Mother," the father gravely said;
"We have only one; and so long ago
He left his home, I am sure we know
He must be dead."

"Yes, I have two—one a little child,
Comes to me often at evening light;
His pure, sweet face, and garments white,
All undefiled.
With clear, bright eyes, and soft, soft hair,
He climbs upon his mother's knee,
Folds baby hands and whispers to me
His evening prayer."

"The other, he took a wilful way,
Went far out West, and they link his name
With deeds of cruelty and shame.
I can but pray,
And a mother's prayers are never cold;
So in my heart the innocent child
And the reckless man by sin defiled,
The same I hold."

"But yet I keep them ever apart;
For I will not stain the memory
Of the boy who once prayed at my knee,
Close to my heart.
The man he grew to will come again;
No matter how far away he may roam,
Father and Mother will bring him home—
Prayers are not in vain."

The stranger stood in the broader light.
"Oh, Mother! oh, Father!" he, weeping, said,
"I have come back to your side, to tread
The path that's right."
And so the answer to prayer was won;
And the Father wept glad tears of joy,
And the mother kissed and blessed her boy—
Her only one!

—Mary B. Burnett.

THE WAITING TIME.

No time of seeming inactivity is laid upon you by God without a just reason. It is God calling upon you to do His business by ripening in quiet all your powers for some higher sphere of activity which is about to be opened to you. The time is coming when you shall be called again to the front of the battle. Let that solemn thought of dread, yet kindling expectancy fill the cup of your life with the inner-work of self-development which will make you ready and prepared when your name is called. The eighteen years at Nazareth—what was their result? A few years of action concentrated, intense, infinite; not one word, not one deed, which did not tell, and which will not tell upon the universe forever.

Eighteen years of silence, and then—the regeneration of the world accomplished, his Father's business done—*Alford.*

The noblest life is one devoted to helping others. God's presence in a house makes a cottage a palace. We cannot expect perfection in anyone; but we may demand consistency of everyone.

Nothing worse, or more depraving, than some portions of our leading and influential journals can possibly be set before the eyes of boys and girls.

The humble man, though surrounded with the scorn and reproach of the world, is still in peace, for the stability of his peace resteth not upon the world, but upon God.

When a person of feeling and discernment reads a book, and it excites in him elevated thoughts, he may be sure the work is good, and he needs no other mode of proving it.

The danger from a million and a half of voters who cannot read the ballots they put in the ballot-box, is greater than the precedent of national aid to the common schools.

There is no such thing as an accident in an event which occurs through negligence, and the responsibility for that negligence goes to the very head of the railroad company.

How is it that in the enterprises of this life he who can command the most correct and extensive views of results is wise, and not he who grasps an immortality of well-being?

What a man believes he will do; and if he has no faith to guide his practice and impel him to action he will only drift—and no man ever drifted into a good and useful life, certainly not into salvation.

A BITTER word may make a wound that will never heal. A kind word may win a friend that will never turn. A caution may save a soul; and yet silence is sometimes more stinging, and at other times more soothing than any word.

The spirit of one earnest, enterprising Christian worker in a community arouses others to action—sometimes shames them to activity—and their good example becomes contagious. Most people wait for leaders, and an earnest soul with boldness and faith may lead hosts of others to glorious conquests.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR, New York, sends every New Year, through the Children's Aid Society, a party of 100 homeless boys to the West, at an expense of about \$1,500. She has thus sent 913 boys to good homes in the West and South at an expense of \$13,157.

"RUM was back of it all. Oh, they ought to stop the sale of that terrible, terrible drink," was the piteous exclamation of a young wife murderer in Brooklyn last week, when sentenced to life imprisonment for the fearful crime of which he claimed to be unconscious.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THERE are eighty-four Sabbath schools in Syria, with 3,794 pupils.

THERE have been destructive floods along the Rhine, the river having risen higher than at any time in the century.

AT the close of 1877 there was in South Dakota only one Presbyterian Church; at the close of 1881 there were twenty-five churches.

THE statement that \$2,000,000 worth of alcoholic drinks is daily used in the United States, is said to be based on careful calculations.

THE Presbytery of Cincinnati has adopted a sustentation scheme by which it proposes to lift up the salaries of all its pastors to a living standard.

THE Signal Service station on Pike's Peak is 14,000 feet above sea level, and is constructed of granite laid in cement, to resist the furious storms.

THE kingdom of the Netherlands is to have its first International Exhibition next year, at Amsterdam, continuing from May 1st to October 1st.

THE New York Children's Aid Society since 1853 has provided homes in the West and South for 67,287 of the neglected poor children of that city.

THREE deeds of the Indian Chief Quochatsie, dating back to 1639, and conveying large tracts of lands in Plymouth to the Pilgrim Fathers, have lately been found in Massachusetts.

A NEW sect has been formed in Finland, taking for one of its dogmas the supreme authority of woman in the family. The husband has to take an oath of absolute submission to his wife.

THE Wesleyan minister at Oporto, Portugal, states that Corporal Joachim was not imprisoned for attending his meeting, which he says is not a punishable offence, but for other offences.

DR. MACLAY, of the Methodist Mission in Japan, states that the cholera which ravaged the country during the summer and autumn, by which 20,000 persons died, has almost totally disappeared.

THE Dean of Westminster consents to the appeal of the Longfellow Memorial Committee, composed of many eminent Englishmen, that a bust of our American poet may be placed in the Abbey.

FOUR barrels of the water of the Great Salt Lake will leave, after evaporation, nearly a barrel of salt. The lake was discovered in the year 1820, and no outlet from it has yet been ascertained.

RECENTLY published statistics regarding Madagascar show that in a population of 2,500,000 there are 70,000 Christians, and it was less than sixty years ago that the first missionary visited this island.

AN English company offers to drain the waters of Lake Geneva, in Switzerland, into the River Rhone, and to pay \$1,000,000 for the privilege, provided they can have the land that will thus be left dry.

MR. MOODY has been holding meetings for a week each in the University towns of Cambridge and Oxford. In the meetings for the members of the University at Cambridge, from 1,800 to 2,000 students attended.

IT is estimated that \$250,000 will be necessary to finish the Washington Monument, and the present Congress will be asked to appropriate the entire amount, so that the monument may be completed by the end of the next fiscal year.

A SILVER coin about 1,400 years old has been found at Bruenn, in Moravia, Austria. It had on one side the likeness of Attila, king of the Huns, with the inscription, "Attila Rex," and on the other the outlines of a fortified place.

DR. MCGREGOR, the eloquent Scottish preacher, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, who made a tour through the North-West last year, is doing Canada great service in the motherland by his excellent addresses on the resources of the Dominion.

THE Burmans are beginning to show increased interest in Christianity. Though the Baptist missionaries in Burmah began their labours among them, they only number about 1,500 converts, while there are 81,899 church members among the Kerens.

REV. JOHN RANKIN, of Ironton, O., is said to be the oldest living clergyman of the Presbyterian denomination in the United States. He is ninety years of age, and began preaching in 1816. He organized an abolition society in Kentucky in 1817.

THE Waldensian Synod, at its late meeting, sent its first missionary outside the Italian field. The Rev. J. Weitzacker, a gifted young pastor at Nice, came forward and offered himself for the mission established on the Zambesi River in South Africa.

BISHOP CROWTHER, whose missionary diocese covers West Africa, has returned to his field of labour on the Niger River. He has been absent from it for some time, and has laid in a liberal supply of printing material in order to circulate the Bible among the benighted Africans in their own language.

THE Baldwin Locomotive Works of Philadelphia completed, November 23rd, the semi-centennial anniversary of their first locomotive. Since then they have constructed 6,477, and are now building ten a week. Their works occupy nine acres, and they employ from 2,600 to 3,000 men.

THE full name of F. Anstey, the author of "Vice Versa," is Mr. T. Anstey Guthrie. He was born so lately as 1856, was educated at Trinity Hall, Cambridge, where he came out in the third class of the Law Tripos in 1879. He was called to the bar, but has never practised. His only work at present is "Vice Versa." Mr. Guthrie was born and resides at Kensington.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

A SERIES of lectures on Astronomy, by the Rev. P. Wright, was begun on Tuesday evening, 12th inst., in Knox Church, Stratford.

LAST week a number of the friends connected with the Presbyterian congregation at Midland, presented the pastor, the Rev. David James, with a handsome cutter.

THE Rev. Mr. Burnfield delivered an interesting lecture in the First Presbyterian Church, Brockville, last week on "Egypt, its Temples, Pyramids, and People." The lecture was very much appreciated.

PROF. MURRAY, of McGill College, Montreal, preached in Convocation Hall, Queen's College, an eloquent sermon on the Temptations of Christ. He also delivered to the students a lecture on the Life and Philosophy of Berkeley.

THE fifth and last of a course of five lectures, under the auspices of the Willing Workers' Society of Stanley street Presbyterian Church, Montreal, was given by the Rev. Dr. Stevenson, who took for his subject, "Some American Poets."

THE Rev. Charles Chiniquy lectured recently at Mildmay on "Why I left the Church of Rome." The meeting was disturbed by a few roughs who smashed in windows and threw missiles in a promiscuous manner. No casualties are reported.

AN eloquent and thoughtful sermon was preached to the members of the Winnipeg St. Andrew's Society by the Rev. D. M. Gordon, B.D., their recently appointed chaplain. At the banquet, on the 30th ult., speeches were delivered by the Rev. Professor Bryce, Hart and Gordon; Mr. Pitblado being absent through indisposition.

THE Rev. William McLean, M.A., of St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, and the Rev. E. B. McLaren, M.A., B.D., Brampton, have been presiding in St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa. It is probable that, in the course of a week, steps will be taken to fill the pulpit of this church, rendered vacant by the resignation of the Rev. D. M. Gordon, now of Winnipeg.

THE Presbyterian congregation of Renfrew has finally concluded to erect a handsome stone church next summer to cost about \$10,000. The committee appointed to canvass for subscriptions have met with most encouraging success, and it is anticipated that no trouble will be experienced in raising the full amount at once, so that they will be able to open the church entirely free from encumbrance.

THE annual soiree of the Erskine Presbyterian Church was held last week. Rev. John Smith, pastor of the church, presided, and in the course of his opening address stated that every department of the church was in a most flourishing condition. Speeches by Rev. Hugh Johnston, G. M. Milligan, and Prof. Gregg, and selections of sacred music by the choir completed a very enjoyable evening's entertainment.

THE Rev. J. M. Boyd, B.D., of Beauharnois, was lately made the happy recipient of a valuable present in the shape of a fine fur coat and mittens, presented by the congregation of Chateaugay of which he has charge. It was a most fitting token of the warm attachment existing between pastor and people. The presentation was accompanied with a most kindly and appropriate address, to which Mr. Boyd responded in feeling and grateful terms.

LIEUT.-COL. HAULTAIN, R.A., died at Peterborough on the 11th inst. The deceased gentleman was widely known throughout the Church in Canada. He was an elder for over twenty years in St. Paul's congregation, Peterborough, and was abundant in labours of religion and philanthropy. Descended from a heroic Huguenot ancestry he maintained an exemplary and consistent Christian demeanour, tempered by gentleness and quiet dignity. His loss will be felt far beyond the immediate sphere of his life and labour.

THE annual missionary meeting of the East Presbyterian Church, Toronto, was held last week. The occasion was most interesting. The chair was occupied by the pastor, the Rev. J. M. Cameron. Suitable and affective addresses were delivered by Rev. Samuel Lyle Hamilton, James M. Douglas, lately returned missionary from India, and Alexander Gilray, College street Church. Mr. Douglas's address was listened to with special interest because of the amount of information imparted relating to the progress of evangelization in India.

THE Central Church, Hamilton, is putting forth unusual efforts to make their annual missionary meeting interesting, profitable, and successful. On the Sabbath previous to last Mr. Lyle preached two missionary sermons, and last Sabbath Professor McLaren, Convener of the Assembly's Foreign Missions, preached the annual mission sermons. On the evening of Wednesday, the 20th, Mr. Wm. McMurrich, Mayor of Toronto, and Mr. Samuel Blake, Q.C., and other able speakers are to address the meeting.

ON the night of the 11th inst. the members of the Bible class of Knox Church, Manchester, to the number of over fifty, repaired to the manse and presented the Rev. James Pritchard, their pastor and teacher, with a handsome fur overcoat valued at forty-two dollars. They read a very affectionate address, to which a suitable reply was given by the pastor. The reverend gentleman and his wife made the young people feel at home in the manse, and after having spent a pleasant evening returned to their homes delighted and benefited with the evening's exercises.

ON Wednesday evening last an unusually large representation of the congregation of Napier met, presumably as a prayer meeting, which astonished the pastor, Mr. J. R. Johnston, not a little. After service, however, the matter was explained, when one of the elders, Mr. John Aitken, took the chair and called upon Mr. W. S. Calvert, secretary for the congregation, to come forward. Mr. Calvert responded, and presented the minister with a most sympathetic and encouraging address, together with a purse of money to provide him with a cutter and set of robes for the winter, but which was much more than sufficient for that purpose. The Napier people are becoming noted for that kind of thing. Only a year ago they met in the house of Mrs. J. G. Sutherland, and presented her with a most costly silver tea service and cruet stand, beautifully engraved, as a token of their appreciation of the services rendered by her and her family to the congregation. It may be stated in connection with the above, that the congregation of Alvinston, which with Napier makes one pastoral charge, have just erected a large two storey brick manse, and Mr. Johnston feels that his lot is cast amongst a generous and affectionate people.—COM.

SOME weeks ago, writes the Rev. John W. Smith, of Grafton, we held our missionary meetings at Grafton and Vernonville. We were favoured with the presence of the Rev. James Douglas, lately returned from Indore, India. The meetings, in expectation of interesting intelligence from the foreign mission field, were large. We were not disappointed. For, though another minister was present in connection with the Home Mission Scheme, he said nothing. Mr. Douglas occupied fully two hours in his address, and so interesting was the intelligence he communicated concerning India and Indian Missions generally, and our own Indian Mission in particular, that the audience would have cheerfully waited double the time. The same was the feeling of the meetings at Colborne and Brighton. As the season for missionary meetings approaches, I would beg to suggest to ministers and sessions that if they could secure Mr. Douglas for their meetings they would give a new impetus to the missionary spirit. This would be specially so among the young. The young were greatly interested in the intelligence he gave them. The Foreign Mission Committee might make arrangements for Mr. Douglas visiting as many of the congregations as possible during the season of missionary meetings. The work done in India seems well done and encouraging.

ON the evening of Tuesday, the 5th inst., many of the people of Locheil assembled in the church at Kirkhill, and having enjoyed a sumptuous repast provided by the ladies, one of their number read the following address: "To the Rev. William Ferguson, minister of Kirkhill: Reverend and Dear Sir,—We are met upon this pleasant occasion for the purpose of testifying the great personal regard and esteem in which you, Mrs. Ferguson and family, are held by us and the public generally. Although six months have barely elapsed since you took up your residence in our midst in order to discharge the duties of your ministry, you have excited our esteem and respect in no ordinary degree. We sincerely trust that the bonds of affection which now bind you and your people may continue to grow stronger as the years pass by, and that the mutual benefit which will surely accrue therefrom may daily become more evident. We are pleased to state that the esteem in which you and Mrs. Ferguson are

held, is not by any means confined to the members of your congregation, but is shared in by all who have had the pleasure of meeting you; and as a proof of this statement, we the members and adherents of your own congregation, the members and adherents of St. Columba Church, Lochiel, and others, have very great pleasure in requesting Mrs. Ferguson and yourself to accept the accompanying tokens of their regard and affection, with an earnest prayer that the Almighty may confer every needful blessing upon you and yours." The accompaniments were, to Mr. Ferguson, a horse, cutter, buffalo robes, bells, whip and oats; to Mrs. Ferguson, a well-filled purse, flour, butter, cheese, etc., etc. Mr. Ferguson replied in very appropriate terms on behalf of Mrs. Ferguson and himself. After several excellent addresses the people dispersed, having enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

PRESBYTERY OF LINDSAY.—This Presbytery met at Uxbridge on Tuesday, the 28th November, at 10 o'clock a.m., the Rev. A. Ross, M.A., Moderator. There were present eight ministers and eight elders. Former minutes were read and sustained. A number of reports were received. A call from St. Andrew's Church, Scott and Uxbridge, was laid on the table, addressed to the Rev. Joseph Alexander, M.A., of Norval, Presbytery of Toronto. Mr. Scott's conduct as Moderator was approved, and the call, which was unanimous, sustained and ordered to be transmitted to Toronto Presbytery. The Rev. E. Cockburn was appointed to represent the Presbytery of Lindsay and the congregation of Scott and Uxbridge at Toronto Presbytery. A communication was read from the Secretary of a society recently formed within the Presbytery of Lindsay, being a Presbyterial association in connection with the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of our Church, acquainting the Presbytery with the fact of the formation of such an association, and asking the Presbytery's sympathy and co-operation. On due consideration the Presbytery hereby expresses its approval of the association in question, and commends it to the favourable consideration of our several congregations. The Rev. A. G. McLashlin gave his ordination trials. The Presbytery was highly satisfied with these, sustained them, and appointed his ordination and induction at Leaskdale on Tuesday the 12th December, at 10.30 o'clock a.m., Mr. A. Ross to preside, Mr. Sinclair to preach, Mr. Elliot to address the pastor, and Mr. Cockburn the people. The missionary meetings this winter to be left in the hands of Sessions to arrange and report at next meeting. The next regular meeting to be held at Cannington on Tuesday the 27th February, at 10 o'clock a.m.—JAMES R. SCOTT, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF PARIS.—This Presbytery held its regular quarterly meeting in Chalmers Church, Woodstock, on the 13th inst. There was a large attendance of members. The Presbytery resumed consideration of the resignation of the Rev. R. Scrimgeour of the pastoral charge of Glenmorris. Parties being called, Mr. Scrimgeour addressed the court adhering to and pressing the acceptance of his resignation. Messrs. Fleming, Harvey, and Millar were then heard on behalf of the Session and congregation, and bore testimony to the great ability of Mr. Scrimgeour's pupil ministrations. It was thereafter moved by Mr. Little and seconded by Mr. Munro that the resignation be accepted. On motion of Dr. Cochrane, it was agreed that in taking the vote the roll be called and the state of the vote recorded. Thirteen voted for the motion and twelve declined voting. The motion was declared carried, parties were recalled, the decision intimated to them, and they signified their acquiescence therein. Messrs. Hume, Inglis, and P. Marshall, elder, were appointed to prepare a suitable minute, expressive of the esteem in which Mr. Scrimgeour is held by the brethren, and their regret at his removal from the bounds. Mr. John Thomson was appointed to preach at Glenmorris and declare the church vacant, and act as Moderator of Session during the vacancy. A moderation in a call was granted to Knox Church, Ingersoll, to be held on the 26th inst., at 7 o'clock p.m., and an adjourned meeting of Presbytery appointed for that purpose. Circulars on the State of Religion were distributed, and Messrs. Martin (Convener), McKinlay, and Beattie, ministers, and Messrs. Hossie and Barr, elders, were appointed a committee to take charge of the answers to the same, and prepare the report from the Presbytery to the Assembly's Committee; and Sessions were instructed to make their returns to the Presbytery's

Committee not later than the first day of February, 1883. The Presbytery agreed to hold the next ordinary meeting in Zion Church, Brantford, on the second Monday of March, at 7.30 o'clock p.m., and devote the first sederunt to a conference on the State of Religion. Circulars anent Sabbath school work were distributed, and Messrs. McEwen, McGregor, and Hossie were appointed a committee to take charge of replies to the same, and prepare report. It was agreed that at the next meeting Session records be called for, and that the Presbytery elect delegates to the Assembly.—W. T. McMULLEN, *Pres. Clerk.*

KNOX COLLEGE STUDENTS' MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The following is a statement of the sums of money received by the Treasurer up to date:

I. Received from the fields occupied by the missionaries of the Society—Per G. B. Greig (Manitoba): Indian Ford, \$26 25; Treherene, \$30 50; Olive, \$63.75; Holland, \$70 15; Campbell's, \$42; McLeod, \$37; total, \$269 65. Per J. S. McKay (Manitoba): Souris City, \$35; McPherson's, \$49; Shield's, \$74 05; McMillan's, \$83 50; Milford, \$118.70; total, \$360 25. Per John McGillivray (Manitoulin field): Little Current, \$16 50; Slack's, \$4; Mudge Bay, \$10 05; Billing's Township, \$10; Gore Bay and Ice Lake, \$34; total, \$74 55. Per Thomas Nixon (Manitoba): Railway men (C. P. Ry.), \$75; Rev. J. Robertson, \$182; total, \$257. Per W. G. Hanna (Manitoulin field): \$33. Per A. H. Drum (Bayville field): Bayville, \$68 21; Hamilton's, \$18 25; Robertson's, \$4; Burk's Falls, \$5; total, \$95 46. Per W. L. H. Rowand: Commanda Lake, \$3 25; McKonkey Station, \$1; Rye Station, \$7.50; Commanda Station, \$18 75; total, \$30 50. Per G. Ballantyne (Algoma District): \$70 47. Per W. M. Fleming: Essex Centre, \$188 95; Edgar, \$31; Woodsee, \$38; total, \$257.95.

II. Received from friends in other places—Per W. G. Wallace: Deer Park Sabbath school, \$15. Per T. Davidson: Mount Forest, \$5 25; Mono Centre and Camilla, \$10; Orangeville, \$14 25; total, \$29.50. Per A. Kinnear: Kinnear's Mills and Reid's congregation, \$16 40. Per A. Hamilton: Avonton and Carlingford congregations, \$13 06. Per J. McMillan: Woodville congregation, \$8 90. Per J. Malcolm: Beverly congregation, \$14. Per A. Robertson: Cooke's Church, Caradoc, \$5 53; Friend in Wendigo, \$10; total, \$15.53. Per H. C. Howard: Maple Valley, \$5.09; Singhampton, \$4; total, \$9.09. Per W. D. Grant (Stanley street Church, Argo): Morning collection, \$31.19; Evening collection, \$8 53; Sunday school, \$8 58; total, \$48 30. Per W. D. Grant, \$2. Per W. A. Duncan: Barton, \$8; Ancaster East (Scotch Block), \$27.25; total, \$35 25. Per H. Norris: Haynes' Avenue Sunday school, St. Catharines, \$13. Per Thos. McCracken: Duchess street Sunday school, \$10. Per W. L. H. Rowand: Commanda Lake, \$3. Per J. S. McKay (Manitoba field): McPherson's, \$2; Millford, \$25; total, \$27. Per J. Mutch: Claremont, \$34. Per J. Builder: W. H. McLaren (Hamilton), \$5. Per Rev. C. H. Cooke: Coldsprings, \$7 50.

We take this opportunity of thanking our friends for their liberality in the past, and hope they will continue to show their appreciation of the work done by this Society by sending us their subscriptions as in former years.

THOMAS NIXON, *Treasurer.*

Knox Courier, December 12, 1882.

KNOX COLLEGE METAPHYSICAL AND LITERARY SOCIETY.

The last public meeting of this society for the present year was held on Friday, evening in the Convocation Hall of the college at 7 30 o'clock.

As usual, the Hall was comfortably filled with a fashionable and appreciative audience. Rev. P. McF. McLeod occupied the chair. The meeting opened with prayer by the Rev. J. Kirkpatrick.

A musical selection, entitled "How to Build a Boat," was then rendered by the glee club, under the able leadership of Prof. Collins, which was highly applauded. The President, Mr. Jas. Ballantyne, B.A., was next called upon to read the inaugural address. He first referred to the history of the society during the past year, especially to its intention to issue "The Knox College Monthly," as a representative of the college and a medium for the expression of the views of its graduates and undergraduates on theological, missionary, literary, and college questions. It was announced that the first number would appear about the

middle of January. The subject of the address was "The Study of Languages." He urged its importance in the outside studies of those whose special education had begun. It was considered necessary, in view of the aim of education, which is to make a man an epitome of the race that has existed before him, and in response to the demands for extensive culture in those who claim to be educated. Language was shown to be the first step in education, leading to the possession of the riches of the past. The necessity of the sacred orator becoming familiar with all that is best in English was dwelt upon. The benefit of a study of foreign languages was emphasized on account of the positive information gained, and as a direct way to a knowledge and mastery of our own. The theological student needs Latin and Greek, but as they do not tend to strengthen his sympathy with the race as it now exists, and as they afford little discipline to the mind in the way they are usually studied, the study of the modern languages of Europe, especially German, was recommended as a profitable way to gain that general culture which the specialist requires. The subject throughout was treated in an able manner, and furnishes ample proof of diligent carefulness and vigilant accuracy on the part of the President.

The reader of the evening was Mr. A. B. Meldrum, whose selection was "The Burial March of Dundee," which secured the deep attention of the audience, and evoked ardent acclamation.

Another musical selection, entitled "Windlass Song," was rendered by the glee club with good effect. The question, "Does Nature furnish evidence sufficient to warrant a belief in Immortality?" was then debated, the affirmative side being argued by Messrs. J. S. Henderson and J. C. Smith, B.A., and the negative by Messrs. D. M. Ramsay, B.A., and J. A. Jaffaray, B.A. The arguments, *pro* and *con.*, were well presented, the chairman deciding in favour of the affirmative.

After singing the Doxology, and pronouncing the benediction, the proceedings terminated.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Rev. Dr. Reid has received the following sums for Schemes of the Church, etc., viz.:—Legacy of a Little Girl, for Foreign Mission, \$1.50; Jeanie, for Home Mission, \$1, Foreign Mission, \$1, Knox College, 50 cents, and French Evangelization, 50 cents; a Sympathizer with Widows and Orphans, etc., for Widows' Fund, \$10; J. B. Belmont, Home Mission, \$1; Several Highlanders in the Township of Brooke, for Foreign Mission, C. J. Ford College at Tamsui, Formosa, \$15; One who Sympathizes with Missions, etc., Home Mission, \$8.43, and Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, \$8 43; A Young Friend, Georgetown, Ont., for Foreign Mission, \$1; the late Mrs. Thom, per J. H. Thom, Esq., for College Endowment, \$100, Church Building in North-West Territory, \$100, French Evangelization, \$100; Widows' Fund, \$25; and for Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, \$75; W. F., Metropolitan, for Foreign Mission, \$5.

A CHRISTIAN must be a man of faith every step of the way—one whom the world knows not, though he well knows the world.—*Cecil.*

THE three reasons which a good woman presented for objecting to preacher were striking ones. She said that in the first place he read his sermon; in the second place he did not read it well; and in the third place it was not worth reading.

THERE are a few Abrahams; not a large number of Isaacs; but a great many Jacobs—to whom it is most comforting to know that, however poor stuff we are made of by nature, God can make use of us, if only we will yield ourselves to Him "vessels unto honour, sanctified and meet for the Master's use, and prepared unto every good work."—*J. Munro Gibson.*

THERE are now between three and four hundred Christian schools in China, containing over six thousand pupils. A Presbyterian lady missionary, mentioning this phase of Christian work, claims that through the agency of these schools "before many years, if the Church be faithful to her trust, the whole Chinese Empire will be full of light."

THERE are six hundred and ten Chinamen on the rolls of Sabbath schools in New York and Brooklyn, of whom forty are professed Christians, and twenty more are believed to be Christians. One young Chinaman refused to work on the Sabbath, at the peril of losing a good position, and generally the converts do not shrink from self-denial and trouble.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON LII.

FOURTH QUARTERLY REVIEW.—1882.

December 24th.

This last Review of the year should combine, as far as practicable, a survey, not only of the lessons of the past quarter, but of the whole year; you can, it is true, do this but briefly, yet it will be well to do it. You can glance at the thought of each review, and out of all weave the story of Christ's life, miracles, teachings, sufferings, death and resurrection, keeping in mind, as the great central thought, that this was not accidental or purposeless, but that it was the manifestation of the wisdom and love of God working out the salvation of men; so loving us that He gave His only begotten Son to become a man, to dwell for a time on the earth, and then to die for us, the just for the unjust, that He might bring us to God.

A Review is, or should be, an attempt to leave in the minds of the members of your class the facts and teachings of the lessons by judicious questioning. Of all things, this requires careful preparation, you want to fix in your own minds, first, the most important points in your lessons, and then to consider how you can best bring out these by questioning your scholars. Perhaps the suggestions of *Peloubet* on this will help us. Question about—

1. The *Beginning of the Gospel*, as we have it in Lesson I.
2. About *His Ministry*, its length, the places He visited, those in which most of His mighty works were wrought, the mountains, lake, river and desert connected with His ministry.
3. About *His teachings*, those specially addressed to the disciples, those to the multitude, and those to the Scribes and Pharisees; ask what parables were spoken; get the pith of the teaching in Lesson V., First Quarter; V., Second Quarter; VI., of Third Quarter, and III. in Fourth Quarter.
4. About *His Miracles*, who were healed, and of what diseases; what miracles were not miracles of healing, strictly, but miracles of mercy; and then get from your class the lessons we may learn from those miracles.
5. About *Personal Incidents*—the habit of Jesus with respect to prayer; to the worship of the synagogue and the Sabbath. Under this section you can talk about Lesson X., Second Quarter; V. of Third Quarter, and I. of Fourth Quarter; here, too, you may bring out the names of those who were prominent in following Christ, or ministering to Him, and those who were in bitter opposition to Him, and His betrayer.

6. About *His Death*—Commencing with the Last Supper, on through the agony in the garden, the betrayal, the foretold examination, rejection by the Jews, and choice of Barabbas; crucifixion, with its incidents, and death of Jesus, the wonders of those hours, the place of burial and the friends who came forward to do these last offices for the dead Saviour.

7. About *His Resurrection and Ascension*—the incidents of that morning of the first day of the week. Who went to the tomb? what they found? together with the surprise, fear and joy that successively filled the minds of the disciples. To whom Jesus appeared? what He said? the length of time after His resurrection until the ascension, and circumstances attending the latter, and the words of the Master, the witnesses, and the effect upon the disciples generally.

You may think on reading the above that it is more than you will accomplish without anything further; possibly; it will depend somewhat on the teaching your class has had, on their remembrance of the teaching, and on yourself in reviewing. You can, of course, compress considerably if you find that this portion is going to take all your time, as it will be of all things important that you should bring out the great Gospel truth of the purpose of this life and death; the one great central truth around which all resolved, and that is *salvation*. Christ's life and death was *the Gospel*, the good news; if it were possible to omit that fact out of the Bible, it would be the most terrible book in the world, a record of God's anger against Sin, and no way of escape. With elder scholars it will be sufficient to recall the "Main Lesson," of some of the lessons, as November 19th, 26th etc.; but, for younger scholars, a small blackboard or slate exercise will help to fix the teaching more firmly on their memories. Give them the word "Salvation," on the previous Sabbath, and ask them to bring texts bearing upon this truth, the initial letter of which shall form the word, thus—

Set forth to be a propitiation (Rom. 3: 25).

A lamb without blemish and without spot (1 Pet. 1: 19).

Look unto Me and be ye saved (Isa. 45: 21).

Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ (1 Cor. 15: 57).

An offering and a sacrifice to God (Eph. 5: 2).

The Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all (Isa. 53: 6).

In whom we have redemption (Eph. 1: 7).

Obedient unto death, even the death of the cross (Phil.

2: 8).

Neither is there salvation in any other (Acts 4: 12).

You may be able to bring out other texts, or your scholars may, so much the better, encourage them even if their attempts are not to the point; never discourage a scholar by laughter or impatient remark from trying to find out some truth or text for himself. And now, dear fellow teacher, as we stand together, you, your class, and the writer, and look back for a final loving look over the Lesson of the year, shall we not join in praise to God for such a revelation of Himself as He has given us in His Son, and shall we not, with one hand upon the irrevocable past and the other upon the unknown future, give ourselves to God in a new service with entire dedication of heart and life. May the coming year be a bright one for all Sunday school Teachers and their classes.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

A WINTER SONG.

Oh, Summer has the roses
And the laughing light south wind,
And the merry meadows lined
With dewy, dancing posies ;
But Winter has the sprites
And the witching frosty nights.

Oh, Summer has the splendour
Of the corn-fields wide and deep,
Where scarlet poppies sleep
And wary shadows wander ;
But Winter fields are rare
With diamonds everywhere.

Oh, Summer has the wild bees,
And the ringing, singing note
In the robin's tuneful throat,
And the leaf-talk in the trees ;
But Winter has the chimps
Of the merry Christmas time.

Oh, Summer has the lustre
Of the sunbeams warm and bright,
And rains that fall at night
Where reeds and lilies cluster ;
But deep in Winter's snow
The fires of Christmas glow



BUFFALO HUNTING IN THE NORTH-WEST.

The buffalo is a strong and fierce-looking animal. Though terrible in appearance, it is nevertheless very gentle in disposition. There are people, both old and young, who imagine that bullying and bragging are signs of strength. This is a mistake. True strength is usually combined with gentleness, and it is a fine combination: the strength dignifies the gentleness and the gentleness beautifies the strength. When pursued and driven to bay by the Indians, buffaloes will turn fiercely on their pursuers, and sometimes inflict severe injuries on rider and horse. To the Indians of the North-West the buffalo is of the greatest use. Many tribes are almost entirely dependent on the animal for their food and clothing. They use the dressed hide of the buffalo in making their tents. The parts of the animal that the red men esteem as delicacies are the hump, the tongue, and the marrow bones, which they cook in their own peculiar fashion.

Long ago these animals roamed over what is now the Dominion of Canada as far east as

the Ottawa River, though they were not to be found on the eastern sea coast. To witness the actual scene depicted here our readers would have to go thousands of miles to the westward. Then possibly they might not see many Indians using spears and bows and arrows while hunting buffalo. Many of these wanderers of the boundless prairie are now provided with rifles.

Buffaloes and Indians both are diminishing in numbers. Even in the middle ages buffalo were to be seen in various parts of Europe, but from that continent they have entirely disappeared, and unless the authorities, sustained by the people, take measures to prevent it, the total destruction of these natives of the great west will be complete in a short time. The picture represents a pursuit that is passing away. War and the chase will be replaced by the pursuits of peaceful industry, and a mighty nation will dwell where hordes of In-

to see their paths, which were to be the spokes of the wheel. But alas! there was only one straight track.

"Charlie," said the others, "how did you keep your track so straight?"

"Why, that is easy enough to tell," said Charlie. "I took that pole for my mark and kept my eyes on it, and never looked down once."

"But," said Joe, "I took that bush for my mark, and didn't get my path as straight as yours. Why was that?"

"Because you kept looking at us," said the others, "instead of keeping your eyes on the mark."

So remember this, boys, and girls too. You all have a path to make, and the steps are your actions. They will show more plainly than you think. Better begin right, then, and make a determination to live a Christian life, asking help from the Lord, and doing all the good you can. Then you will make straight paths in life, as Charlie did in the snow. Instead of looking at others' imperfections, keep your eyes on your perfect mark.

GIRLS ON THE FARM.

A great deal has been said and written concerning the rights of farmers' boys, but nothing about the girls. It is a common thing for farmers to pay their sons fair wages for their work; yet the daughters do not receive a dollar from month to month. Why should this difference exist between the farmer's girl and the boy? The former is quite as much entitled to a reward for services as the latter. In truth, the farmer's girl is frequently the more valuable of the two. She is expected in many cases to arise very early get breakfast, clean up the house and prepare the other meals required

through the day, or if not, to at least largely aid in all these household duties. In addition she is looked upon by father, mother and brother to entertain company—to act the hostess at least as a creditable second to the mother, and while she may be the pride of the family, and regarded as a sort of privileged character, yet much is expected from her in ten thousand smaller features of home life. Why, then, should she not be encouraged with at least as much pay as the boy? In addition to that, the farm house should be made as attractive as possible—with a piano, plenty of books, newspapers and pictures; cultivate a taste in the girls for flowers, etc. These features, with a moderate amount of work, should produce a happy and contented home farm life.

TO ALL "OUR YOUNG FOLKS"

WE HEARTILY WISH

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

AND

A Happy New Year!

dian tribes spent their energies in chasing game or in fighting each other. What a blessed nation it will be if it takes Christ for its light and life.

"STRAIGHT" PATHS.

Some of my readers, no doubt, never lived out on the prairie; so perhaps you would like to hear a short story about some of the little folks who live on the prairies of Western Iowa.

When I commenced teaching, my school consisted of quite a number of boys and girls who were always busy; in fact I never knew one of them to be idle. The time of which I speak was early in the winter, and cold weather had just begun. One evening a light snow fell, and next morning the children were very busy making snow-balls or snowmen, and were all having a very good time, when Johnnie cried out:—

"Let's make a wheel!"

So at it they went. Selecting a hazel bush as the centre, they all started out in different directions, each taking twenty steps from the bush. This being done, they looked behind

REMEMBER THIS. IF YOU ARE SICK.

If you are sick, HOP BITTERS will surely aid Nature in making you well again when all else fails.

If you are comparatively well, but feel the need of a grand tonic and stimulant, never rest easy till you are made a new being by the use of

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are the sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of kidney disease, stop tempting death this moment, and turn for a cure to

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If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of

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In short, they cure ALL Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, etc., and

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will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle.

Will you let them suffer? Cleanse, Purify, and Enrich the Blood with Hop Bitters,

And you will have no sickness or suffering or doctor's bills to pay.

KIDNEY-WORT FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION. No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equaled the celebrated KIDNEY-WORT as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, the medicine will overcome it.

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For further particulars apply to R. H. TOMLINSON, Manager. Toronto, 12th September, 1882.

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When death was hourly expected all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. JAMES was experimenting with the many herbs of Calcutta, he eventually made a preparation which cured his only child of Consumption.

FEMALE COMPLAINTS. Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y. I write to tell you what your FAVORITE RESTORATION has done for me. I had been a sufferer from female complaints, especially "discharges," for over six years.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

BIRTH. At 480 Lewis Street, Ottawa, on the 13th inst. the wife of James B. Halkett, Marine and Fisheries Department, of a daughter.

MARRIAGE. At Archibald, Manitoba, on the 29th Nov by the Rev. J. A. Townsend, Sarah, daughter of Samuel McDougall, Esq., of Archibald, to William Paul, son of George Paul, Esq., of Camden, Ont.

MRS. EMILY H. BROADS, Melbende, Mich. Young and middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility, precocity, loss of memory, and kindred symptoms, should send three stamps for Part VII. of pamphlets issued by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

- TORONTO.—On the 16th of January, at eleven a.m. STRATFORD.—In Knox Church, Stratford, January 2nd, at ten a.m. OTTAWA.—In Bank Street Church, Ottawa, on the second Tuesday of February, at ten a.m. MONTREAL.—In St Paul's Church, Montreal, on Tuesday, the 9th of January next, at eleven a.m. PETERBOROUGH.—In St. Andrew's Church, Peterborough, on Tuesday, 10th January, 1889, at two p.m. QUEBEC.—At Sherbrooke, on second Tuesday of February, at ten a.m. OWEN SOUND.—Regular meeting in Knox Church, Owen Sound, on the third Tuesday of January, 1889, at half-past one p.m. CONGREGATION to meet for Presbyterial Visitation at half-past seven p.m. LINDSAY.—At Cannington, on the last Tuesday of February, at ten a.m. BARRIE.—At Barrie, on the 30th of January, 883, at eleven o'clock a.m. LINDSAY.—At Cannington, on last Tuesday of February, at ten a.m. BARRIE.—In the Presbyterian Church, Barrie, 30th January, at eleven a.m. PARIS.—In Zion Church, Brantford, on the second Monday of March, at half-past seven p.m.

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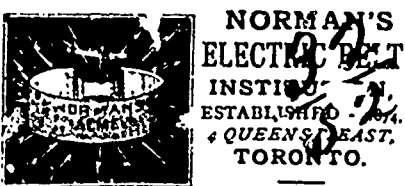
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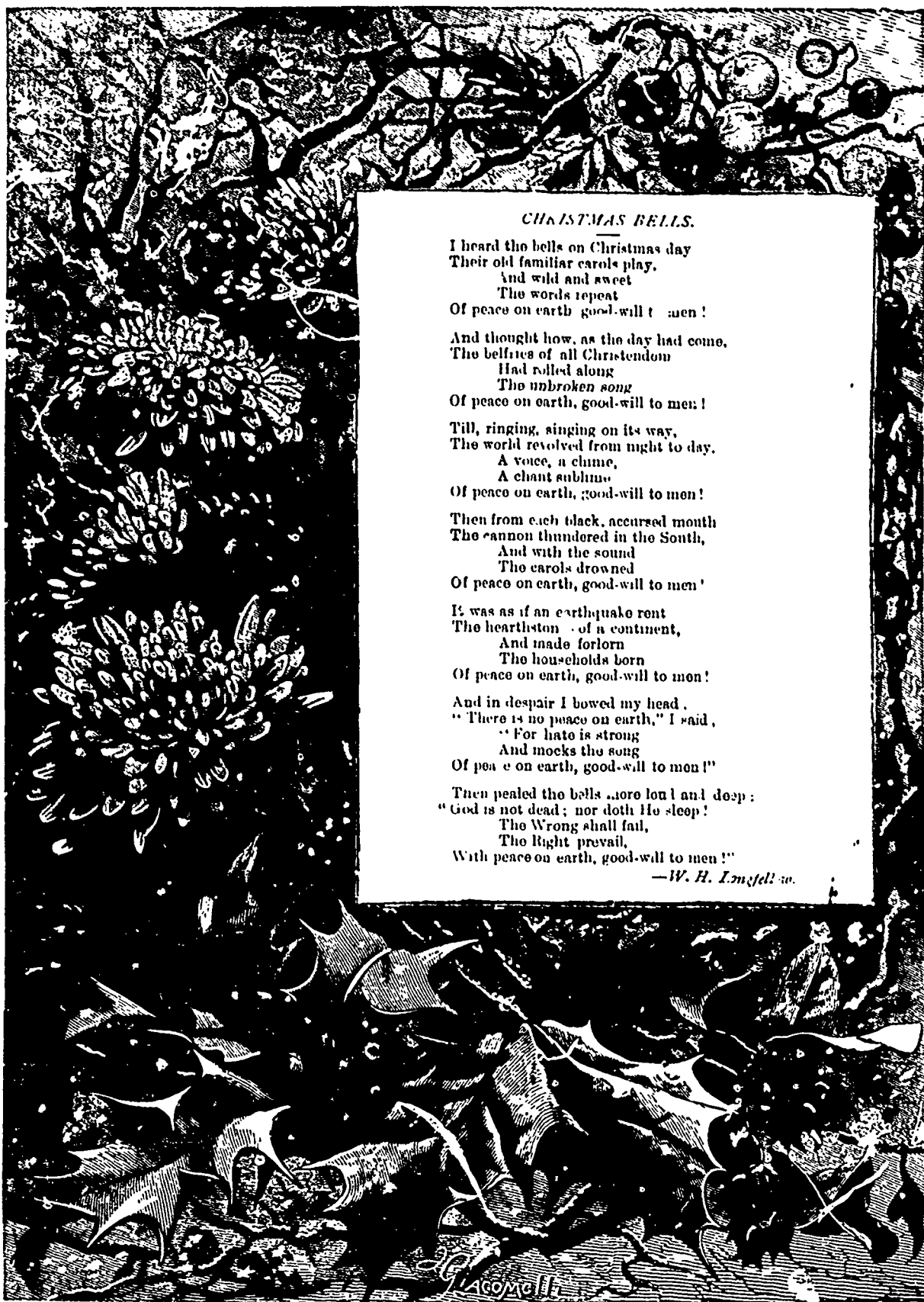
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A Merry Christmas,



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
 Their old familiar carols play,
 And wild and sweet
 The words repeat
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
 The bells of all Christendom
 Had rolled along
 The unbroken song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
 The world revolved from night to day,
 A voice, a chime,
 A chant sublime
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
 The cannon thundered in the South,
 And with the sound
 The carols drowned
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
 The hearthstone of a continent,
 And made forlorn
 The households born
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head,
 "There is no peace on earth," I said,
 "For hate is strong
 And mocks the song
 Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
 "God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
 The Wrong shall fail,
 The Right prevail,
 With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—W. H. Longfellow.

and a Happy New Year.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE BOUGHS.

Holly and mistletoe make the Merry Christmas in England and France, where the memory of the old Druids dwell and linger by cromlech and barrow and the time-honoured oak. We have no devotion to the mistletoe here, and, though some sickly specimens come across to be sold at their weight in gold, it is no essential to our Christmas festivities. But its season comes to cheer old and young, and the extremes of life meet in gladness in these happy days, which seem to bring all men into closer brotherhood. The rich open their hearts and their treasures, the poor lay aside their cares; in cot and in prison there is gladness, and even in the hospitals, where physical agony fetters the afflicted with bonds of pain, the glad refrain of Christmas seems to lull for a time the acuteness of suffering, and anthems of praise to God are heard on every side.

SIX LITTLE TURKEYS.

Six little turkeys, and all in a row!
 Now what they were hatched for, they didn't know:
 Our grandmama did, but she could not tell,
 She watered and fed them every day well,
 But not one of the six heard her once say,
 She was fattening them all for Christmas day.

Six little turkeys! From morning till night
 They would run away and hide out of sight,
 Grandmama's sun bonnet scarcely at all
 Found time to hang on its peg on the wall:
 For they kept her all summer watching about
 The byways and hedges, calling them out.

Six large, fat turkeys and all in a row
 On Christmas morning! And one was to go
 To Sam, one to Tom, another to Lu
 (Dear little grandchildren loving and true);
 One was to be sent to poor Widow Gray,
 With six helpless children to feed that day:

Our Betty cooked one for lame little Joe—
 His mother is sick and feeble, you know.
 Grandmama was so happy, she didn't mind
 Running all summer the turkeys to find,
 For she knew when Christmas day came round,
 The very best place for each would be found.

—New York Evangelist.

FEMALE SOCIETY.

What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to and at ease in the society of men superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversations with the other sex.

Women in this way lose all undue frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry.

And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and heart changes continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, and their richness, like gold, is brought into finer workmanship by the fingers of woman than it ever could be by those of men.

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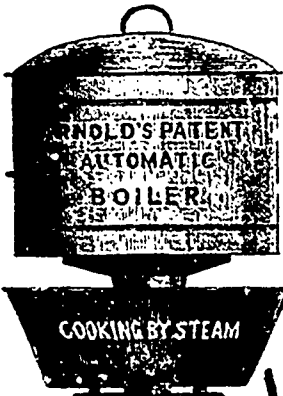
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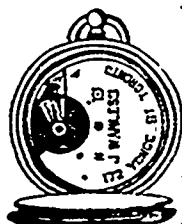
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To Superintendents and Teachers.

We shall be glad to forward specimen copies of the Sabbath School Papers published by the undersigned. They are three in number, and have all been before the Canadian Public for several years.

It is claimed for the **SABBATH SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN** that no better paper for Presbyterian Schools can be got anywhere. During the past and current year a good deal of matter has appeared in its columns well calculated to awaken the interest of the young in our Foreign Missions and other Church work; the illustrations have been attractive; and the general contents of such a character as would prove interesting to the older scholars. During 1883, our best efforts shall be directed to making this paper, if possible, more useful than at any previous period since its commencement, seven years ago.

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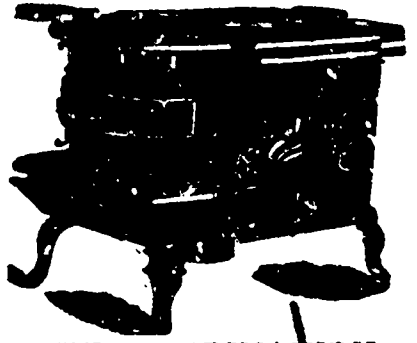
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