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## Contributors and Correspondents.

### DIARY OF THE EAST.

NABLUS (ANCIENT SYCHAR) - SAMARIA - GERIZIM.

For a couple of days I could not go out of the house at all, and began to find the time rather long. I finished all the work materials I had with me, and no more was to be had in Nablus. I could not even get either cotton or wool to knit with. I wrote up all my writing paper in home letters, wondering all the time when I would ever get them dispatched. No more writing paper was to be had in Nablus, but happily Mr. F. had a stock of it brought from Jerusalem. Mrs. F.'s afternoons were occupied with the girls of a little school, who came to her for instruction in knitting and sewing. Funny little things they looked, squatting on the floor, dressed in full trousers, tied round their waists over a cotton under garment, a little jacket overall, and a cotton pocket-handkerchief tied over their heads. They repeated a good deal of Scripture to me, which they had learned in the morning school, when—strange thing for a girl's school in Palestine—they are taught by a master. He, poor man, has only one arm, so is very, very, of the employment.

The three days of rain culminated in a storm of thunder, lightning, hail, and snow.

When I looked out on the 19th, Ebal and Gerizim were quite white, but the sun was shining brightly, so Mr. F. mounted his donkey, and I my horse, and we set off to visit Jacob's Well. It is just at the junction of the glen that divides Ebal from Gerizim, with the more open valley or plain of Moreh, that runs north and south between the eastern end of these hills, and other hills that bound the Jordan valley on the west. The actual well lies hid under the ruins of a church which once stood over the sacred site. Nothing now appears but a few heaps of cut stones, which any one might pass without supposing them worthy of observation. Dismounting, and scrambling up one of these heaps, Mr. F. bade me look down a large rough hole. This is the top of a broken arch. Looking down through it, I saw nothing but a heap of the stones that had fallen from the crown of the arch, and filled up the mouth of the well. Mr. F. helped me to get down through the whole, that I might see where the actual mouth of the well is. He warned me, however, to be careful how I stepped on the stones that are sticking in it just as they have fallen from above, for it might quite well happen that they would give way, and a fall down the seventy foot deep well would be the consequence. Through clunks between the stones we sent a little pebble down, and heard it splash in water far below. This, then, was really the well by which our Lord sat, wearied with his journey, yet intent on doing his Father's will, and gathering in a poor sinner to his fold of safety and peace. It seemed strange that it should lie thus desolate and neglected, while dubious traditional sites are decorated and honored. Yet, of the two, I preferred the desolation, it seemed to me much less dis honouring than the frippery ornament and superstitious observances of the Latin, Greek, and other idolatrous churches. Perhaps the state of Jacob's well is partly accounted for by the fact that it is at present in possession of the Greek church, while the church of which the ruins consist is believed to have been a Latin church of the times of the Crusaders. Were the Greek Church to attempt restoring it, very possibly the Latins might bring forward their ancient claims to the site. Thus the continual strife and jealousy of the two bodies is the cause of this most interesting spot being left in sad, but peaceful, desolation.

After seeing what was to be seen of the well, the next thing was to get out of the little sort of crypt into which we had descended. Getting down had been a good deal easier than getting up. The gap by which we dropped down being in the centre of the top of the arch there was no wall to climb up by, and I was not tall enough to get my hands up to the edge of the hole.

The only way was for Mr. F. to go up first, and reaching down his arm pull me up by main force till I could lay hold for myself. It was rather ticklish work. I almost pulled him down on the top of me, but happily he held on firmly, and at last I was again above ground.

The flowers which had been so lovely about the well on the day I reached Nablus, had now been sadly spoiled by the rain and snow, which still lay about in patches, though melting fast in the hot sun. I succeeded, however, in getting a few anemones to dry in remembrance of this most sacred spot.

As believed really to mark the site of Joseph's grave, and accordingly is venerated by Jew, Moslem, and Christian alike. A little to the north of it a small village on the eastern spur of Ebal is believed by some to be the ancient Sychar. It now bears the name of Ascar.

Whether this place, or Nablus, stand for Sychar, can make no difference, as regards the identity of Jacob's Well, which is undoubted, it being the only "deep well" there is. It lies at about the same distance from the two places, and both are so well supplied with water nearer them, that in regard to each, the same question would arise why should the woman go so far to seek water, when she could get it so much nearer. That the inhabitants of Palestine will, and do still, go far to seek good water, I often had ocular demonstration, and the water of this well may have been cooler than what is to be had in either Nablus or Ascar. At Ascar the stream which was rushing out from a cave, actually had a cloud of steam rising from it, it was so much warmer than the atmosphere. At Nablus, too, the water which we drank was far from cold, and in summer Mrs. F. said it actually got cooler after she had kept it in a shaded place in the house, than it was when brought in by the water-carriers, who, here, as at Alexandria, sell the precious fluid about the streets. Very likely here, as there, their cry would just be a repetition of Isaiah's call of old, "Ho! every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters." No doubt he borrowed his call from some street-cry familiar to all his hearers, and from which he only marked the strong contrast which he aded, "come and buy without money and without price."

On the afternoon of the same day Mr. F. took me to the top of Mount Gerizim. It is possible to ride to the top of it, and I should have done so, had not the snow made the track very slippery on the steepest part, that I preferred walking part of the way to sitting on the struggling horse. It was strange after winding up through almost trees in full blossom in the little side glen by which we ascended, to come out on a half a foot of snow at the summit, through which the bright scarlet and delicate mauve of anemones and cyclamens peeped out. Near the top we passed the spot where the Samaritans hold their Passover service, at a date some weeks later than the Jewish passover. The whole body encamp on the hill and slay a lamb for each family, with various accompanying ceremonies. There is no building now standing on Gerizim except the remains of a small square tower, which has been turned into a Moslem Well, with a little white dome which is seen from a long distance on all sides. We made our way to this through snow, drifted into deep masses in hollow places, among the extensive ruins of what was at one time a Christian church. It needed some care to avoid falling into several mouths of vaults or wells, which were nearly hidden by the snow. From the top of the Well we had a splendid view, extending from Carmel and the hills of Galilee on the north, to those of Judea on the south, Hermon showing its snowy top above the lower hills. Eastward the long range of Gilboa was visible, westward the boundary line was the Mediterranean, on the margin of which I could dimly discern Jaffa with my glass. The hills to the east of the plain of Mukhu or Moreh, have a dip in them which marks the way by which travellers from the days of Abraham and Jacob still now ascend from the fords of Jordan on their way from Gilboa to Samaria. A little village on the slope of a pleasant hill still bears the name of Salm, and is probably that "Salmoa" a city of Shechem, near which Jacob pitched his tent on his return from Padanaram. We sat long enjoying the view, and watching a beautiful uccopie sitting about, raising and depressing its handsome crest. It was the only living thing visible there besides ourselves, but we had seen the track of what Mr. F. believed was a wolf not far off. On descending from the roof of the Well, Mr. F. took me a short distance southwards on the undulating summit of Gerizim, to where a large level surface of natural rock, with a rough pit on one side, and some very old foundations of walls mark the holy place of the Samaritans. Traditions makes it to be the scene of the offering up of Isaac, of Jacob's vision at Bethel, and of the setting up of the ark. So holy do the Samaritans count it, that they remove their shoes on approaching it, and it is the place towards which they turn in prayer. There are so many ruins near this place that it would appear as if a village must at one time have existed here.

On the way down from Gerizim I was again obliged to dismount, not only from the road being slippery, but because my horse took to continual kicking, which, in going down a steep slippery road, was far from comfortable. I could not understand what had so changed my good quiet friend, but Mr. F. soon found out that Mustapha, the poor creature had been both neglected and half-starved during the four days in which I had not been able to use it. Apparently he had never once removed the thick saddle-cloth, or looked at its back, which must have got burst during the long hot ride from Rem-Allah. The consequence of this neglect was a sore which the saddle pressed on in going down hill, so no wonder the poor thing expressed its sense of ill-usage by kicking. After this Mr. F. took my steed under his own care, but the damage done was not easily undone. This sort of neglect is most common in Palestine, and in consequence very few horses are without sores on their backs during the travelling season. March 20th, Mr. F. and I made an attempt to reach Samaria, but we were but a very short distance on our way when tremendous rain came down, obliging us first to take shelter in a mill, and then to turn back altogether. The mill

was driven by water power. There are abundant springs in different directions near Nablus, and at this time more than half the flat ground near the town was flooded from the long continued wet. The mill was very simple. We found a woman in it waiting for her flour. The grain which she had brought was thinned—a kind of miller which grows well in Palestine, and the flour from which is considered by the natives more nourishing than even wheat. The seed is sown at the end of the rains, and if they have been abundant enough to soak the ground thoroughly it thrives well, but it will not prosper if much rain falls on it after it has sprung up. On our way the day we passed a little flat of ground just outside the city wall, which Bishop Gobat had lately obtained with the hope of building a small church on it for Mr. F.'s native congregation. The arrangement for this purchase had cost months of trouble and annoyance. When I was at Nablus a wall was being built around it, which was considered the most certain way of establishing a legal claim to it. There were some circumstances connected with the matter which I thought curiously illustrative, both of the state of the country, and of a passage of Scripture which had formerly seemed strange to me. I had often wondered why, when Abraham's purchase of the cave and field of Machpelah is described, the trees in it are mentioned separately. I fancied that the purchase of a field would necessarily include that of the trees in it also. But in Palestine I found it was not so at all. After the little field at Nablus had been bought and paid for, and papers to that effect had been drawn up, a Moslem in Nablus, who hated the idea of a Christian church being built there, found out a man who had a sort of traditional notion that he had some claim on the property, and urged him on to bring it forward. This he did by proceeding to plough the field. Bishop Gobat being very desirous to avoid all offence, had all papers that could be found connected with the property examined, when it was found that the man's family was a collateral branch of that one which had sold the field, and that he had really some right—not to the land—but to the old Jezebel olive trees that were on it. Just about the same time the principal adversary died suddenly in the Turkish bath. This struck the Moslem bigly very much, and the man whose claim had been brought forward was quite willing to receive compensation for it. The making out titles deeds must be a most troublesome affair in Palestine. All kinds of divided and subdivided shares belong to various branches of the owner's family, claims which very likely and most usually lie dormant as long as the land or house descends in a regular line, but which are sure to be raked up, and become very troublesome if there is any sale of the property. After all seemed settled, and the wall round the field begun, one day Mr. F. was unpleasantly surprised by the wives of all the workmen arriving at his house screaming and raving, as our eastern women do scream and rave. The cause was not far to seek. All their husbands were in prison, and not only could earn no wages, but had to be fed by their friends. The government does not feed prisoners, they may starve if their friends do not feed them. Some old law requiring a permit for building had been received for the special purpose of tormenting the Christians, and again weeks were wasted in attending native courts writing to head quarters at Damascus, etc. The way in which the matter was ended was also characteristic. A despatch from Bishop Gobat to the Governor of Damascus was dropped by the postman in the street at Nablus. Thus it was known that high authorities were being applied to. Nablus also boasts a telegraph station. By it Mr. F. telegraphed to Damascus. This, too, became known, and the underlings at Nablus began to fear they might get into trouble by going too far in their bigotry, and so all at once matters were arranged with the utmost ease. Perhaps the Governor of Nablus had been looking at a large building there which spoke warning to him. It is the largest and handsomest house in the town, a sort of palace, but going to ruin before it is fully built. Its history is this. A former Governor of Nablus had erected it by forced labor, for which he paid the workmen nothing, but before it was completed, some cabal at headquarters ended in his being turned out of office. So there the house stands in its unfinished state, a picture of how matters go on in that unhappy and misruled land.

(To Be Continued).

### Dr. Fraser.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR—If you say I should have written again long before this, I quite agree with you. I am ashamed that I have allowed so many months to slip past. I have good excuses in abundance, and might easily give them, but I refrain.

The summer is almost over now. The nights and mornings are beginning to be cooler, though the heat in the middle of the day and afternoon seems as great as ever. Mrs. Fraser and I have a good summer well. The children have been much more affected by the long continued and extreme heat. We must, however, be sincerely thankful that hitherto we have been spared any serious illness. Indeed, no one in the whole community of foreigners has been seriously ill this summer.

But your readers will be more interested to hear about "the work" than about ourselves and the other foreigners in port. To

Mr. Mackay, it has been a summer of devoted labour, abundantly blessed. His plan of working necessitates his absence from us, often for weeks at a time, but we are consoled by knowing how much good he is blessed to do. Hitherto, as you perhaps knew, Mr. M. has been carrying on mission work in the country, and training native helpers at the same time. In this way, the young men go with him to a certain place where they wait remain for some days or weeks studying, and morning and evening preaching to as many of the people as can be got together to listen. In addition to this, Mr. Mackay still pursues the plan he has followed since his arrival, of giving medicines to the sick. An immense number are seen and relieved, very many permanently cured. Indeed, I am quite sure he does more medical mission work in the country than I do in the port, for there are a great many who will take medicine, if it is brought right to their doors, who would not undertake a journey of some miles to procure it. We use a great deal of medicine, but the Church at home must never begin to think that the money spent in buying medicines might be more profitably laid out in some other way. Every one that is relieved or cured is one with very many prejudices thereby removed, is one friendly to us personally, is one more ready to hear the Gospel than he was before, and unless they hear they cannot believe. Mr. Mackay himself lays much stress upon this department of his work that he never thinks of setting out for a long stay in the country without having his medicine chest well stocked. But I began this letter with the intention of telling you about the opening of a new chapel, and here I am at what ought to be the end of it without having told you.

For more than a year, several families at Khatso, one of the ports of the Island, about twenty miles north east of here, have been pressing Mr. Mackay to go and preach the Gospel in their town. Considering it useless to begin work where there are no agencies by which to carry it on, and wishing to try the sincerity of the people while helpers were being trained, he put them off from time to time, until at last, about two months ago, a formal request, with the signatures of the parties attached, came, and Mr. Mackay promised them to go. When after a few days he went to see what could be done, you may judge of his surprise and thankfulness to find that the people had brought a large Chinese house and fitted it up with seats and a platform, besides preparing a very comfortable room for Mr. Mackay himself. Thanks be to the Giver of all Good! The work there, then, has had a most promising opening. May the Lord bless and prosper it!

Last Sabbath Mrs. Fraser and the children went with me eight or nine miles up the river to the opening of another new chapel, at *Tai-tung pony*. It is between two and three months since it was begun, and is ready now that it is finished, a very fine chapel. It is built of brick, and roofed with tiles, will hold more than a hundred worshippers, has a large raised platform at the end of the audience hall, two comfortable rooms in the wings at each side, beside a place to cook food. (The plan of the house is Chinese in outline, and the rooms are necessary for the helper to reside in, or the missionary on his visits). The day was beautifully fine, though hot, and we had a most interesting time. The British Consul who is interested in our work, and very friendly, was there, also, Mr. and Mrs. Baudains of the Customs, so that the Chinese were able to see that there was more than one who cared for them. The room was crowded full of worshippers and members who had come from our other stations, and the large yard in front of the Chapel, over which was stretched a large awning, was full also. I never saw a more interested or attentive congregation, and I must say that I have heard young men in Canada who couldn't preach as well as the helpers, who were all there, but who couldn't all have an opportunity of speaking for fear of prolonging the service to too great a length. The singing, too, on account of so many worshippers from the different stations, was very good. The heartiness and the absence of dissipation were remarkable. The order of service was short pointed addresses alternating with the singing of hymns. We took Mark xii. 17, to show that Christianity doesn't encourage dissipation, and that loyalty, good and necessary as it is, is not the whole duty of man. Tong sui from Heb. xii. 1, exhorted and encouraged the people to more earnest Christian life. Aw from Rom. xii. 1, drew their minds away from the sacrifices to idols to the sacrifice which God demands and accepts. And Mr. Mackay followed with a stirring address from Isaiah xxxv. 7. In the afternoon, after a recess of a couple of hours, we again met more people than in the forenoon. May gave a most practical address on 2 Peter i. 10, 11, taken with what followed. Then Serg followed with a most telling exposition of John vii. 24. Ah Hoa from Matt. 18, pointed out what the Christian had to fall back on for strength and comfort. And Mr. McKay from Eph. vi. 12 called attention to the opposition Christians were to meet with, and how they might stand fast against all enemies. It was a day that will not soon be forgotten by those who were there. The Lord is certainly blessing, extending and establishing his work here. Pray for us that we may have grace to continue to the end!

Yours very sincerely, J. B. FRASER.  
Toronto, Aug. 21, 1875.  
P.S.—We are praying God to bless the union, the glad news of which has just reached us.

### Congregational Title Deeds.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

In stating to you my views of some things connected with the legal right to the Canada Presbyterian Church property, and requesting you if I was wrong to put me right in the PRESBYTERIAN, I little thought that I would have to enter the lists with a brow beating brawler.

As he has the meanness to write under an anonymous mask, and his answers only a tissue of assertions without proof, with such an admixture of silly criticism, scurrilous sarcasm and personal abuse, indicating the most malignant hatred, I rather felt inclined not to notice him at all, for in disputing with such a character there is danger of sacrificing the preciousness of character or the meekness of the Christian. I will even to notice his vile personalities further than to say that it always indicates a bad cause when such means are required to support it.

For his side of the question he offers no substantial proof; he does indeed say that the sites of Churches and manors stand in names of trustees chosen annually by their respective congregations. But does this give those congregations a legal right to the property? Then, how comes it that before these trustees can in any way dispose of it, they must in all humility approach the Presbytery and ask liberty of them to sell what "Mr. Barrister" says is the trustees own property?

Or how comes it that in some of our larger towns, such as Galt, Guelph, and if I mistake not, at least one Church in Hamilton, where a number of our best business men are connected with the congregational management. How comes it, I say, that these men would not allow their Church property to be decided in that way? but have it done free from the control of the Presbytery. Possibly "Mr. Barrister" will suit give me the three dollars by stating as formerly that all I have said here is only another tissue of falsehoods, but should he do this it will not be difficult to prove on which side the truth lies.

Hoping that you will do me the favour to publish this as soon as convenient, will oblige, dear sir, yours respectfully,  
ERICSON C. ANDERSON.

### "I will Answer."

This promise is still on record and God still fulfil it, sometimes literally "whilst thou art calling." Witness the following. About a year ago a young minister settled in a new charge. His attention was soon painfully but eagerly attracted by a number of backsliders through intemperance in the congregation, some of whom had not approached the Lord's table, nor ever entered the Church for years. Occasion was taken at an early opportunity to call for special prayer and effort on their behalf, as not beyond the power of grace of Him for whom "nothing is too hard." Peter's deliverance, while the Church was still not in prayer for him, (Acts xii.), was presented as the ground of faith in God, and hope for the deliverance of these poor prisoners of Satan. To the surprise of the minister himself, the last of the company had not left the manse, where the meeting was held, when one of the very persons prayed for knocked at the door—a very intelligent, respectable, tidy woman when sober, but for years subject to frequent fits of drunkenness. She came in a very deplorable condition to ask for prayer, sympathy, and help. The result was, as far as man can judge, a complete deliverance from this degrading vice. She with her husband, whose circumstances were very similar, signed the pledge which was being circulated in the congregation. After about nine months of sobriety she applied and has been restored to the full communion of the Church. It may be added that there is reason to hope that before long other similar cases of reformation will issue in similar restoration.

### ANOTHER CASE

might be mentioned, suited to encourage perseverance as well as expectation. That the answer is often delayed we need not wonder, when we so often "ask, and when the principle is variable is, according to your faith be it unto you."

In the course of special meetings in a town in this province a year and a half ago, the following request, among others, was handed in and complied with. "Prayer is earnestly asked by a believing wife for her husband, who is very far from God." The slip now lies before me, with name and date added. Also another from the same person a few days after: "Prayer is earnestly requested again by a believing wife for her husband, that God may have mercy upon him, and deliver him from the power of Satan." It was a sad case of separation as the only means of escape from the violence and brutality of one who had the education and social position of a gentleman, but, through drink and degradation, the habits of a demon. It excited much sympathy, and prayer was offered earnestly and patiently for this, both literal and figurative, prodigal in a far country. And now the tidings come that he has been converted in Mr. Moody's meetings in London, and that his poor wife's faith is rewarded with the unspeakable joy of rejoicing in him in an altered home. How do these facts, well known to the writer, say to us, "Have faith in God." Others, equally striking, might be added, but these perhaps for the present may suffice to encourage some who don't realize that "men ought always to pray and not to faint," "to come boldly to the throne of grace." They may also suggest to others the propriety of similar testimony to God's faithfulness, whereof "the righteous shall hear and be glad."  
W. M. B.  
Oct. 24th, 1875.

Pastor and People.

Disturbers of Worship.

Give a preacher a good "send off" when he begins his sermon, and then listen attentively, and in nine cases out of ten you will be rewarded with an interesting and instructive discourse. Many things done by thoughtless and inconsiderate hearers perplex and annoy the sensitive preacher, and where there is little "sensitivity" there is little respect. I will point out briefly some of the individuals who trouble the ministry and disturb the devotion of the well-behaved and devout hearer.

1. Those who are late. They are not all alike, for some have been detained by sickness and unforeseen accidents, but the habitual late comers are sure to stalk up the aisle during the service, and his squeaking boots proclaim his arrival, and call the attention of the auditors to his Sabbath suit and the fine figure it covers. The noise he makes adds discord to music, and introduces a vein of thought not in unison with sacred worship, and provokes criticism not complimentary to his taste and judgment. Business men say in the silent speech of reflection, "He is not on time here, and cannot be depended upon when he makes a contract in trade." In that way his name and presence become associated with broken engagements, unpaid bills, and protracted notes.

2. Those who cough needlessly. Those whose bodily afflictions and infirmities make coughing a necessity are not included in these strictures. A large number of persons have a habit of yielding to the slightest irritation of the throat. The juice of the mouth, the saliva, would if used, moisten the membrane of the throat, and the exercise of the will would completely conquer the inclination to cough; but one begins to bark, the habit becomes contagious, and those who are never heard in any other way in public attract attention by making an unpleasant sound, which is neither a sob nor a shout. A sermon punctuated with coughs is almost as unintelligible as the speech of a drunken man, which contains as many hic-cups as syllables. The minister makes a fine point which is lost in a cough. He is eloquent, but his rhetoric is spoiled and the climax is crowned with a cough. He touches the heart with his pathetic, and moves the intellect with his passionate logic, but the effect has been irrevocably impaired by a needless cough.

3. Inattentive hearers. Men and women who claim the advantage of education and culture, will do in church what they would not do in their parlors. They will shut their eyes and put down their heads when a friend, and that friend their pastor, is talking to them. They would not insult a stranger in their drawing-rooms by going to sleep when he was conversing with them, and yet they will indulge the habit of sleeping in church when the minister is delivering to them a message which cost him a week of hard work. Such bad manners come close to the border-line of bad morals, save in those instances in which sleep is a disease which the vigilance of the afflicted fails to cure. Men who never sleep at their desks, who are wide awake on the street and at places of amusement, need not seek to conceal themselves behind an excuse for sleeping in church. It often signifies too much eating and too little appreciation.

4. Those who leave during service. Sickness and positive engagements may make it necessary for a hearer to leave church before the conclusion of the services. I have no reproach for them. I refer to the little vessels that soon fill up and run over and run out—to the unquiet hearers who go to church to see and be seen, and who make themselves conspicuous by their impatience and noise. Perhaps they are offended because the preacher has uttered an unpopular sentiment, and they seek to advertise their anger and parade their opposition to his views by leaving the church abruptly. There are men of narrow minds who endeavour to control the minister by their down-sitting and uprising, their coming and their outgoing, but they only make themselves prominently ridiculous and conspicuously foolish.

5. Those who are critical. Some hearers are nothing unless they are critical. Slips of the tongue are nuts for them to crack. Mistakes of any kind are sure to be noticed by them, and they are sure to let the minister know how sharp they are at discovering the wishes and accidents that may overtake a man in the pulpit. "To err is human." The other part of the quotation is not known to them. These maudlin critics are not all qualified for the task they assume. In the words of Miss Emily Fataful they have been dipped in a solution of useless accomplishments, and know just enough to annoy those whose mission is to teach the lesson of eternal truth. Nothing pleases them so much as a misquotation or the literary blunder of a minister unless it might be an act of immorality. I might add to this list those who whisper in church loud enough to attract notice, those who bang their books into the pew boxes, those who scrape the footstools upon the church floor, and those who spit tobacco juice where there is no receptacle for it. Christian Intelligencer.

The Wife of John Bunyan

It has been observed by some one, we cannot recollect who, that there is no copy instance in the whole history of England of a woman making her appearance at Westminster Hall, and before the Judges of Assize, in order to make a formal defence in favor of the unfortunate. That woman was the young and interesting wife of John Bunyan, who had become the sacrifice for conscience sake.

Although Elizabeth stands alone among her sex as an advocate, yet there never was offered a more eloquent and unsophisticated defence than that which she made on behalf of her husband. She, first of all, had the courage to appear before the House of Lords to ask the Supreme Court

of Appeals to relax the rigors of persecuting law. Their Lordships, it is said, rudely told her to go to the Judges of Assize, who had condemned her husband, and without fee she did so. At the Assize Court Sir Matthew Hale presided, and he was accompanied by Judge Twicken, a magistrate of forcible temperment, whose countenance and demeanour strangely contracted by the mildness and placidity of the Lord Chief Justice. We are indebted to John Bunyan himself for a description of the conduct of Judge Twicken on this memorable occasion. He says: "Judge Twicken snapt at my poor wife, Elizabeth, and angrily told her that her husband was a convicted person, and could not be released unless he would promise to preach no more."

But Elizabeth, however much she loved her husband, was more enamoured of the Gospel, and she gave the court to understand that her husband could not purchase freedom at the expense of his conscience about the mercy and compassion of God.

"It is false," continued Elizabeth, "to say that he has done wrong; for at the meetings where they preached they had God's presence with them."

"Will he leave off preaching?" roared Twicken.

"My Lord," said Elizabeth, "he dares not leave off preaching as long as he can speak. But, my Lords," she proceeded with tears in her eyes, "just consider that we have four small children, one of them blind, and all of them have nothing to live upon while their father is in prison, but the charity of Christian people. O my Lords, I myself smayed at the news when my husband was apprehended, and being but young and unaccustomed to such things, I fell in labor, and was delivered of a dead child."

This was too much for Sir Matthew Hale, who now interposed with the ejaculation, "Alas! poor woman?" He then inquired what was her husband's calling.

"A tinker, please you, my Lord," said his wife; and because he is a tinker, and a poor man, he is despised, and cannot have justice."

Law is stronger than tears. The Lord Chief Justice told her that her husband had broken it; he told her that there was but one person in the realm who could pardon her husband, and that person was the King. But how was the broken-hearted wife of a tinker to find her way to the footstool of a monarch? "Alas! poor woman," he said, "I am sorry for your pitiable case."

Elizabeth now became convinced how vain it was to expect justice and mercy from an earthly tribunal; and with a heroic glory which can only be found in the annals of the Christian faith, she pointed to her tears as she departed, and uttered words which never should die as long as the English language exists. "See these tears," said she; "but I do not weep for myself. I weep for you, when I think what an account such poor creatures as you will have to give at the coming of the Lord."

This scene took place, we will add, not only before John Bunyan was known as the author of a book, but before he had ever conceived the outline of his "Pilgrim's Progress." He was kept in jail, in order that he might not preach; but by this persecution he was enabled to write a book in his prison cell, which was preached to England for many generations, and which will edify and enlighten the world to the remotest posterity.

Money.

The Gospel needs it. The good news of grace cannot be successfully spread without a liberal use of cash. The need is always urgent, and the supply stinted. What shall we do? A company of Christian workers were once burdened with desire for means to do a needful work, and they betook themselves to prayer. Hour after hour their applications were urged before the throne of grace, and yet their souls struggled with anxious desire. At last there was a calm, and answers began to come. Larger and larger the contributions grew, until the treasury was full with abundance. Christians possess wealth, and God can move them to give. He delights in benevolence, and honors the prayers of those who are strongly exercised by its impulses. Hence, where there is mighty prayer, he hatters to reveal his power that his children may be enabled to bear the burdens of others. Asking for money selfishly, he will not regard; asking from love of others, and especially from concern for the lost for whom Christ died, he delights to hear and hastens to respond. Special prayer for money for specific work, if more common, would bring large resources to the church. Concern in prayer is of great value, for the Lord has pleasure in the fellowship of love. We ought not to hesitate to attack the most selfish souls in all the church, and inspire the Saviour to unlock them. He has many ways to touch them, and can bring money from the rock, money out of sordid hands. With masterful faith, and persistent supplications, money can be had to preach the Gospel, and bear forward the kingdom of Christ.

Heavenly Economy.

"Gather up the fragments that remain, that nothing be lost." Multitudes of men, women, and children perform their daily labor because they must. Their necessities compel them. They have no other motives than to procure food, shelter, and clothing. They are slaves. Necessity is their master, and they are driven to their toil by his whip. They get nothing but what they work for—freedom from the lash, and a supply for their natural wants. They get no intellectual and moral development. There are no fragments after their feasts. They eat everything to the bone. Others again work for comfort, for elegance, for beauty, for fashion, for equality with others, for wealth, honor, and power. Whether they succeed or not in the thing they work for, they obtain nothing beyond it, if they work for those alone. There are no fragments for them—no higher soul within.

Another class, and I fear much the

smallest, do the same natural things. They cook and sew, and order the household; they buy and sell; they dig in the field, and work in the sooty shop; they make money, and hold office, and gain honors and power. But they do much more than this. They put a higher purpose into their work, and they reap a much larger reward. They do not work any harder, they do not work so hard. Their ruling motive is to do good, not to get good. They work from love to the Lord and man, and while they get the same natural wages, they get an amount of spiritual good that far exceeds in value their natural wages, however great they may be. They are enlarging their souls, and forming them into the image of heaven, and preparing them to receive heavenly and eternal delights. They reap the fullest reward of their labor on every plane of the mind. Every faculty is fed, and there is more than they can receive, that will last to eternity. Is it not a miserable waste to work for that which perishes in a day, when you can get the temporal wages, and gather up an eternal reward besides? Can there be any other economy than that which calls all man's faculties into play, from the highest to the lowest, and gathers up the spiritual as the natural reward?—Chauncy Giver.

Cranmer's Burning.

You saw him how he passed among the crowd, And even as he walked the Spanish fears Still piled his with entreaty and reproach; But Cranmer, as the helmsman at the helm Steers, ever looking to the happy heaven Where he shall rest at night, moved to his death And I could see that many silent hands Came from the crowd and rest his own; and thus

When we had come where Ridley burnt with Latimer, He, with a cheerful smile, as one whose mind Is all unduped, in haste put off the rage They had mocked his misery with, and all in white.

His long white beard, which he had never shaven Since Henry's death, down-sweeping to the chain Wherewith they bound him to the stake, he stood.

More like an ancient father of the church, Than heretic of those times. And still the friars Plied him, but Cranmer only took his bow. Or answer'd them in smiling negatives; Whereat Lord Williams gave a sudden cry: "Make short! make short!" and so they lit the wood.

Then Cranmer lifted his left hand to heaven, And thrust his right into the bitter flame; And crying, in his deep voice, more than once, "Thou hast offended—this unworthy hand!" So held it till it all was burned, before The flame had reached his body. I stood near—Marked him—he never uttered moan or pain; He never stirred or writhed, but like a statue, Tampering in the greatness of the flame.

Gave up the ghost; and so passed, martyr-like—Martyr I may not call him—passed—but whither?—Tennyson's "Queen Mary."

Lost Beneath the Cross.

The cross of Jesus has been lifted up so that all may behold it. Christ was not crucified within the walls of a jail, but in plain view of all the multitude. The record of his life and death is an open page before us, so that he who perishes amid this Gospel light has no one to criminate but himself. I have read of those who are lost in snow-storms, that often their bodies are found at the gate of their own dwelling. Although Christ has made an all-sufficient atonement, so that all who will lock to the cross of Christ may be saved, I fear that beneath the very cross itself shall be found thousands upon thousands of the unredeemed and forever lost, because they will not so much as look away from their sins unto him who, from the cross, is looking upon them.

Many have planted beneath and trimmed around the cross so many fruitless, earthly hopes, that it is impossible to see the bleeding body of Him that hangs upon the cross crucified, that they may receive into their hearts that blessed and sure hope of immortality, which the world can neither give nor take away.

Many have builded about the cross such a high wall of sectarian animosity, that neither do they themselves touch the hem of the healing garment of King Jesus, nor do they permit others to do so. For shame, for shame! Tear down those walls of division, and let the victim on the cross be seen as the victor over death and sin, to all who will look upon him. Reader, be careful to make your salvation sure, that at last you may not be found under the flowing stream of redeeming blood, beneath the cross of the loving Son of God, lost! lost! lost!

Caught with Guile.

If men desire to talk, reason, or work together, they must make a beginning, by finding some single thing in which they can sympathize or agree. They must come in contact at some point. The engine must be set down to where the cars are, and a lash on to them, before it can draw the train, with all its steam and machinery. To find this point of contact and connection, is the theme of mutual interest,—and that without departing from Christian character and duty, nor joining in worldliness, folly, and frivolity,—often talks the skill of those who are "wise as serpents and harmless as doves." "Being crafty," says the apostle, "I caught you with guile; and a righteous craftiness which saves sinners by out-witting them, and leads them unsuspectingly to higher and better things than they have ever known or desired, is a rare qualification in those whom God calls to be fishers of men."

It is related of Mr. Cowie, a godly Scotch minister, that one of his attached hearers was the wife of a wealthy farmer, who, after weeping and praying in vain for her ungodly husband, brought her grief before her pastor, whose preaching she could by no persuasion induce him to hear. After listening to the case, which seemed quite inaccessible, Mr. Cowie inquired, "Is there anything your good man has a liking to?" "He heeds for nothing in this world, was the reply, 'forbye his beards and his siller, and it be na' his

fiddle.' The hint was enough; the minister soon found his way to the farm-house, where, after a dry reception, and kindly enquiries about his cattle and corn, he awoke the farmer's feelings on the subject of his favourite pastime. The fiddle was produced, and the man of earth was astonished and charmed with the sweet music it gave forth in the hands of the feared and hated man of God. The minister next induced him to return his call by the offered treat of a finer instrument in his own house where he was. Delighted with the swelling tones of a large violin, he needed then but slight persuasion from his wife to accompany her and hear his friend preach. The word took effect in conviction and salvation, and the groveling earth-worm was transformed into a free-hearted son of God, full of lively hope of the great inheritance above."

A Thought for Infidels.

No candid observer will deny that whatever of good there may be in our American civilization is the product of Christianity. Still less can he deny that the grand motives which are working for the elevation and purification of our society are strictly Christian. The immense energies of the Christian Church, stimulated by a love that shrinks from no obstacle, are all bent toward this great aim of universal purification. These millions of sermons and exhortations, which are a constant power for good, these countless prayers and songs of praise, on which the heavy-laden lift their hearts above the temptations and sorrows of the world, are all the product of faith in Jesus Christ. That which gives us protection by day and by night—the dwellings we live in, the clothes we wear, the institutions of social order, all these are the direct offspring of Christianity. All that distinguishes us from the Pagan world—all that makes us what we are, and all that stimulates us in the task of making ourselves better than we are—is Christian. A belief in Jesus Christ is the very fountain-head of everything that is desirable and praiseworthy in our civilization, and this civilization is the flower of time. Humanity has reached its noblest, its highest, its grandest altitudes of excellence, its high-water mark, through the influence of this faith.—Springfield Republican.

Marthas.

Martha is a generic term. It applies to all ages and conditions. It means everyone who, for lack of trust in Providence, is ever anxious about the things of this world. It means everyone who is poorish and fretful, because, as he may say, his affairs do not go smoothly. It means everyone who always looks down on the dark side of things, forgetting if he would raise his eyes a little higher he would see the sun of heaven shining. It means all those who magnify their moloch of discomfort into a mountain of affliction. It means all those who are bedraggled in the mire of worldly cares, because they will not view them from a heavenly standpoint. Martha is the name of those who, to their actual troubles, add many imaginary ones—who are always taking thought for the morrow, though the Lord has said that "the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself." All those are Marthas, who, absorbed in self and its immediate surroundings, make them the centre of the universe, and their own efforts its motive power. No wonder that when they fall in any undertaking, or meet with unexpected obstacles, they are irritated and disheartened. Martha is in the nursery, the kitchen, the counting house, the workshop, the schoolroom, the temple—in every place where men and women may attempt to carry out their own ends by their own strength, and may encounter opposition and discomfiture.—Rev. James Reid.

Husbands and Their Habits.

Some husbands never leave home in the morning without kissing their wives and bidding them "good bye, dear," in the tones of unwearied love; and whether it be policy or fact it has all the effect of fact, and those homes are generally pleasant ones, providing always that the wives are appreciative and welcome the discipline in a kindly spirit. We know an old gentleman who lived with his wife over fifty years, and never left home without the kiss and the "good-bye, dear." Some husbands shake hands with their wives and hurry off as fast as possible, as though the effort were a something that they were anxious to forget, holding their heads down and darting round the first corner.

Some husbands before leaving home ask very tenderly, "What would you like for dinner, my dear?" knowing all the while that she will select something for his particular palate, and off he goes. Some husbands will leave home without saying anything at all, but thinking a good deal, as evinced by their turning round at the last point of observation and waving an adieu at the pleasant face or faces at the window. Some husbands never say a word, rising from the breakfast table with the lofty indifference of a lord, and going out with a heartless disregard of those left behind. It is a fortunate thing for their wives that they can find sympathy elsewhere. Some husbands never leave home without some unkind word or look, as if they were thinking that such a course will keep things straight in their absence. Then, on returning, some husbands come home jolly and happy, unscathed by the world; some sulky and early, with its disappointments. Some husbands bring home a newspaper or a book, and bury themselves for the evening in its contents. Some husbands are called away every evening by business or social engagements; some doze in speechless stupidity on a sofa until bed-time. Some husbands are curious to learn of their wives what has transpired through the day time; others are attracted by nothing short of a child's tumbling down stairs, or the house taking fire. "Depend upon it," says Dr. Spooner, "that home is the happiest where kindness and interest, and politeness, and attention are the rule on the part of the husbands—of course all the responsibility rests with them—and temptation finds no footing there."

Woman's Love of Sewing

The following, descriptive of woman's fancy for needle work, is from Hawthorne's "Mable Farn." "There is something exquisitely pleasant and touching—at least of a very sweet, soft, and winning effect—in this peculiarity of woman's work, distinguishing her from men. Our own sex is incapable of any such by-play aside from the main business of life; but woman—be they of what earthly rank they may, however gifted with intellect or genius, or endowed with such talents—has always some tiny little handiwork ready to fill up the gaps of every vacant moment. A needle is familiar to the fingers of them all. A queen, no doubt, plies it on occasions; the woman poet can use it as advantageously as her pen; the woman's eye that has discovered a new star turns from its glory to send the polished little instrument gleaming along the end of her handkerchief, or to dars a casual flaw in her dress, and they have the advantage of us in this respect. The slender threads of silk or cotton keep them united with the small familiar gentle interests of life; the continually operating influences do much for the health of the character, and carry off what would otherwise be a dangerous accumulation of morbid sensibility. A vast deal of human sympathy runs along the electric line, stretching from the throne to the wicker chair of the humblest seamstress, and keeping high and low in a species of common union with their kindred beings. Methinks it is a token of healthy and gentle characteristic, when women of accomplishments and high thoughts love to sew, especially as they are never more at home with their own hearts than when so occupied."

Random Readings.

I ACCEPT the fact, the simple fact, the august, solemn fact, that it was necessary for Christ to suffer. Those who say that Christ's sufferings were not vicarious, will have to fight, not only with the Bible, but with all the weight of human life.

We think the Congregationalist very nearly right in the following judgment:—"A good sermon can't be preached too often, but the preacher must be warmed up every time. Whitefield's best sermon was preached fifty-nine times."

A PROMINENT minister confesses that there was one strange omission in his training as a preacher. He was urged over and over again in a variety of terms, and with every degree of foreboding in urgency, to be orthodox, to be Scriptural, to be simple, to be practical, to be personal, but nobody ever enjoined it upon him to be interesting.

In the ruins of Pompeii there was found a petrified woman, who, instead of trying to fly from the destroyed city, had spent her time in gathering up her jewels. There are multitudes making the same mistake. By trying to get earth and heaven they lose both. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Be one thing or the other.

Some one estimates that all the prayers recorded in the Bible could be repeated in thirty-five minutes. Most of them are from one minute to two minutes long. The Prayer of Solomon is less than ten minutes. Is there not a lesson and a warning in these facts, which should be noted by Christians? Let us not imagine that we are to be heard for our much-speaking.

Don't scowl, it spoils faces. Before you know it, your forehead will resemble a small railroad map. There is a grand trunk line now from your cockle to the bridge of your nose, intersected by parallel lines running east and west, with curves arching your eyebrows; and how much older you look for it!

Learning without learning is death, and idleness the grave of a living man. It was a brave saying of Seneca—and every scholar can say it—that he was never less alone than when alone. We pity those who spend themselves, and mis-spent their time in doing nothing, or worse than nothing—who are always idle, or ill employed.

A SENSIBLE explanation of a very common fact was given by wise old Dr. Nott:—"Men who go over from one denomination to another always stand up more than straight, and for two reasons.—First, to satisfy their new friends that they have heartily renounced their former error; secondly, to convince their former friends that they had good reasons for their desertion."

We must not hope to be mowers, And to gather the ripe, gold ears, Unless we have first been sowers, And watered the furrows with tears.

It is not just as we take it, This mystical world of ours; Life's field will yield, as we make it, A harvest of thorns or flowers.

SINCE a few minutes can turn the healthiest bodies into breathless carcasses, and put those very things which we had principally relied on into the hands of our enemies, it were little less than madness to repose a disturber trust in these transitory possessions or treacherous advantages which we enjoy but by so flimsy a tenure. No, we must not venture to wander far from God, upon the presumption that death is far enough from us, but rather, in the very height of our joy, we should endeavor to remember that they who boast themselves to Jay may themselves prove feasts for the worms to-morrow.—Boyle.

Mr. DISRAELI intimates that England does not forget the spirit and purpose of the Jesuits, and that though she has been lenient in the past she is not wholly without vigilance. In Parliament, on the 10th of June, having referred to the fact of the presence of Jesuits in that country, under the act of George IV., also to the fact that Her Majesty's government had not proceeded against any Jesuit. Under that act he said: "At the same time I beg it to be understood that the provisions of the act are not looked upon by Her Majesty's government as obsolete, but, on the contrary, as reserved powers of the law, which they will be prepared to avail themselves if necessary."

Our Young Folks.

Uncle Job's Gift.

Johnnie sat perched upon the barn-yard fence, his hands thrust deep down in his pockets, his blue eyes wide awake with wonder. A novel position for Johnnie, ordinarily, his brick little body bobbed to and fro like a windmill; and no wonder Aunt Martha regarded him, amazed, from the kitchen window.

"Come down to the meadow," Uncle Job had said, "when the clock strikes three I am going to make you a present."

Such a future to an eight-year-old boy! Johnnie's joints stiffened instantly; he could not eat his dinner, much less eke out the interval with his usual sports; his life seemed lost in that speck of afternoon. So up on the fence post he perched, his blue eyes wide open with wonder, his fingers hammering great holes in his trousers' pocket.

Clang, clang, clang—the town clock struck three! The fence that had known Johnnie suddenly knew him no more; straight westward he totted his brick little body, till, breathless, he stood in the meadow, where Uncle Job was diligently stacking hay.

Johnnie approached the hay-rifts with a kind of awe.

"Please, Uncle Job—"

That gentleman looked up with a smile; it seemed like dinner to Johnnie, when he was impatient for dessert.

"On time, oh, my boy?" said Uncle Job cheerily; and then throwing down his rake, he drew Johnnie towards him and continued,

"I was to make you a present, I believe, Johnnie, and so I will—the grandest one you ever had in your life. You mayn't like it at first. It ain't a top nor a jack-knife, nor anything like that; but it's so beautiful that it shines all over; and though it's easy broken, you can break it ten times a day, and yet use it again whenever you like. It's meant for use, too; it thrives better by wear and tear, the only trouble is to keep it, Johnnie."

Here Uncle Job paused, but Johnnie was too absorbed to notice. A present he mightn't like, perhaps, though it was so beautiful that it shines all over; at present he could break at will, and yet use it whenever he pleased, a present it was hard to keep—neither a top nor a jack-knife—

"What can it be?" he exclaimed at last, aloud.

"It is a rule," broke in Uncle Job softly.

"A golden rule."

Johnnie stared straight down into Uncle Job's eyes. No mischief there; rather an earnestness, deep and solemn.

The boy seemed bewildered. He was familiar with rules masculine, feminine, and neuter; but golden ones were strange to his experience. For, you see, Johnnie was a little waif that Uncle Job had recently adopted, and his native atmosphere had not favoured those extra buds and blossoms. Still Johnnie knew what gold was, and after a minute, he turned, his blue eyes brimming with curiosity.

"Show it to me, Uncle Job, please."

Uncle Job made no movement towards his pocket, though Johnnie eyed it closely. He said, simply:

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Johnnie's lips quivered. There was no beauty to him in the unfamiliar words. He seemed lost in the belief that a great disappointment was in store for him.

"But the present," he gasped.

A big tear rose in Uncle Job's eye. He tightened his arms around Johnnie, and kissed his sad little face.

"My boy," he said, "will you say those words with me?"

Johnnie complied, wondering; and out upon the summer air floated like a hymn—

"Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."

Then continued Uncle Job, softly:

"Johnnie, this is all I have for you to-day—these dozen words. No gift at all you think it, now; but if you resolve to keep it, it'll rank you so rich and happy that you won't wonder Uncle Job thought it worth a half-mile trip to the meadow. And Johnnie—you know one gift don't hinder another—there are hosts of tops and jack-knives yet to get, and hosts of days to get them in," and Uncle Job's eyes twinkled so mysteriously that Johnnie was moved to a merry laugh.

Johnnie had great faith in Uncle Job. He could not understand it, yet he believed implicitly all he had heard, and that, if he kept the golden rule, he would be the richest and happiest boy in the world. So he listened eagerly to Uncle Job's explanation, and resolved to try always to act towards others just as he would like them to act towards him.

I wish I could tell you all the wondrous trials he made, and how bravely he strove to reap the promised good. For it was not always smooth walking in Johnnie's path; he had his trips and tumbles; he turned sometimes to the right and left. But by effort he grew strong, and his reward was rich indeed. No boy was loved like Johnnie; none had so many friends. And, to manhood grown, no gift does he regard more gratefully than the one Uncle Job gave him that summer afternoon.—The Methodist.

DUTIES are ours, events are God's. This removes an infinite burden from the shoulders of a miserable, tempted, dying creature. On this consideration only can he securely lay down his head and close his eyes.—Occult.

The chief want of the times is not a higher culture. The chief want in our literature is an honest, native spirit, and the chief want in our politics, an untrading patriotism. As to our politics, the evil is not in the lack of knowledge so much as in lack of conscience.

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XLIV.

OUR FRIENDS AND FOES OF JESUS. (John 17:1-17)

COMMENT TO MEMORY, vs. 18-19. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—1 Cor. xiii. 13; Ex. xxxiii. 31, 32; Mt. x. 22.

SCRIPTURE READINGS.—With v. 11, read Rom. xiv. 17; with v. 12, read Eph. v. 2; with v. 14, read Matt. xii. 60; with v. 15, read Gen. xviii. 17, and Rom. viii. 15; with v. 16, read Eph. ii. 10; with v. 17, read Ps. cxviii. 1; with vs. 18, 19, read 1 John iii. 12, and compare Acts xxviii. 23.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Whosoever therefore will be a friend of the world is the enemy of God.—James iv. 4.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The world hates Christ's friends.

When this lesson, in its title, speaks of the friends and foes of Jesus, it does not call us to look at the individuals who loved or hated him during his ministry merely, or even chiefly, but to the grounds on which to the end of time, men would be, by him and his Gospel, divided into two classes, one drawn to him by his revealed love and character, the other hating him for that very character, and hating also all who belonged to him.

We might follow here a series of causes and effects. The first cause is in Christ's love (v. 12), which leads him to die for his people (v. 13), in the exercise of which love he chooses them (v. 16), and ordains them to bring forth fruit and abound in effectual prayer as results. This love leads him to speak to them so as to gladden them (v. 11), and as the effect of his words, they love one another (v. 12). His love takes hold of them and makes them "friends," and a result is that they come into his confidence and know his mind (v. 15). This relation to him and union with him makes the world hate them, as it hated him (v. 18), for the world notices that they are not of it.

There is thus a true unity in the passage, which is to be maintained in teaching the lesson.

I. We have in v. 11, Christ's love in speech. "These things have I spoken," etc., the things of the last session, the union of Christ and believers and their consequent fruitfulness in love and in all good works. Their outward lot in life would abound in trouble, but he did not send it because he loved to have them suffer. He desires rather that they should have "joy."

The means of true Christian gladness is the Word of the Redeemer. How often afflicted saints have found this! See Ps. cxix. 54. Think of all to whom the Bible has been the one book! (The "Words of Jesus"—a valuable little book). This "joy" is inward—"in you," and consists with sorrow around, as the heart may be sad while rejoicing in all around (Prov. xiv. 13). It is "remaining," not like the laughter of fools (Ecc. vii. 6). It is Christ's joy, the same in kind that he had, for even the "man of sorrows" had a joy of his own. See the kind of it in Matt. xi. 25. It is joy that God is glorified, that the simple know him, that souls are saved, that he is supreme. Therefore it may be "full," will be if "the Word of Christ dwells in us richly" (Col. iii. 16). If men could, that is would, do all as Christ bids them, and could say, "I am his disciple and doing his work with all my heart," they would have "fulness of joy."

(This joy is to be distinguished from mere natural good spirits; from gratified self-love; from sons of succeeding; from hope of reward). As plants from warm climates only live in a warm atmosphere, so this joy can only exist where there is brotherly love. Hence he gives here the new commandment. See 1 John iii. 10. Selfishness, pride, spite, revenge, and scorn kill this joy. So he says (v. 12), "Love one another." This love is not founded on natural amiability, or oneness of interest, name or creed, but on oneness in Christ. This love is unselfish, generous, and even to death, if needful for the good of others, for its model is Christ's love to them. Which brings us to

II. Christ's love in action. He satisfied the last test of love—laid down his life—for friends, not for those who had loved, obliged and established a claim on him, but for enemies on whom he looked with affection and pity, and whom he longed to befriend. (Rom. v. 8). To what he gave himself the Gospel narrative shows (John xix). This will always remain as the crowning proof Christ's regard to men. His death on the cross is the unanswerable plea to our hearts. See Paul's language (Gal. ii. 20). Hear the glorified (Rev. v. 9). Hence the charm of such hymns as "There is a fountain filled with blood," "Rock of Ages," etc. Hence the power of the preaching of the cross. Hence Sabbath-school teachers must teach Christ crucified (2 Cor. iv. 6).

It is easy for men to profess. "Talk is cheap." This is what Christ did.—"He died for our sins" (1 Cor. xv. 3).

III. Christ's love in fellowship (vs. 14-16). Having redeemed and drawn to himself disciples, he does not keep them as mere servants. They do serve him indeed, but they are lifted into communion with him. They prove their sincerity by obedience to his wishes—a test which all men understand and require. This does not make, but proves their friends. They are seen to be such by their regard to his will. Hence the practical character of Christ's religion. All knowledge in the head; all fluency on the lip; all fervor of apparent feeling; all zeal for one's party, or one's class is to be distrusted in ourselves or others, if not attended by "doing whatsoever Christ commands."

Such disciples are not kept at a distance, nor treated as strangers or mere servants (v. 15). They are "friends" (Luke xii. 4). They have his will made known to them. This was true peculiarly of the first company, when the Holy Ghost came; it is true of all true saints. They get spiritual insight. See Ps. xxv. 14. They have an "unction from the Holy One" (1 John ii. 20).

Their knowledge, even of divine things, is not indeed perfect or universal. It extends to what concerns their salvation, what the Father has arranged in the cov-

enant of grace for the blessed Redeemer to create. This is the meaning of "all things that I have heard," etc.

Observe: the tempter promised our first parents that "they should be as gods, knowing," etc. (Gen. iii. 5). It was a lying word. But the Redeemer by Jesus has a true promise to them, and can say (1 John i. 9), "Our fellowship is with the Father, and with his Son, Jesus Christ."

IV. Christ's love in his people's fruitful lives (v. 16). He chose them, not they him. All is of grace, nothing of our merit, with us as with them. He "ordained" (not as to an office or by a formal appointment) them to bear "fruit," in holy, useful lives, and evangelistic labors; lasting fruit, in the church of God, which they founded (Eph. ii. 20).

Yet not their power, but the Lord's, invoked in prayer, brought about this result. It is at once a "fruit," part of what saints bring forth, and a seed of more fruit. All prayer is in his name. We dishonor Christ when we forget this. This implies that the petitions are not selfish, least of all wicked, but in the lines of God's will, and Christ's work, and of his people's fruitfulness.

V. Christ's love provoking hostility (vs. 17-19). He loves the world which John so well remembered, on behalf of brotherly love, in another connection. Love one another, all the more will ye need to do this because the world will hate you and this need not surprise you. It hated me (v. 18). Christ's purity showed men's sin. His light revealed their darkness. His meek and lowly spirit showed, while it vexed, their pride. They hated him "without a cause."

This hatred arises from the very nature of saints. They are redeemed from the world in God's purpose. They are converted from the world, and turned to God by his grace. They are lifted above it by his spirit. They act from other than worldly motives, in so far as they are Christians, and the world sees them as not of its own and hates them (v. 19). It is a suspicious thing if the world, that hates Christ, does us honor.

The following points may be enforced. (a) How much weight our Lord gives to love. Sentimentalism and all other forms of selfishness are against his command (Eph. iv. 31, 32).

(b) How much honor he puts on saints. "Friends!" Let us seek this honor and not that which cometh from the world (John v. 44).

(c) How watchful we should be against worldliness (Rom. xii. 2). There is no need indeed to make ourselves unlike the world, let us be as Christ would have us, and we shall be unlike it.

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

The words of Jesus—why here spoken—disciples' joy—its mark—how Christ's joy—the new commandment—the model of Christian love—the highest test of love—Christ's proof of love—the evidence of being his friends—proof of his friendship—extent of knowledge—what is known—how it is known—why chosen—nature of fruit—meaning of remain—place of prayer—his name—meaning of the world—its feeling towards Christ—his disciples—the principle of it—our duty in consequence, and the points to be remembered.

Incident in an Observatory.

It is now some years since I paid a visit to the royal observatory at A—. I had the good fortune to secure an introduction to the assistant astronomer, a genial and communicative man, who took both pride and pleasure in showing the wonderful instrumental appliances and contrivances, in the large and lofty building, for obtaining, with mathematical exactitude, the facts and data of his science—a science which, it will be admitted, is, apart from religious truth, the sublimest and most awe-inspiring that can engage the human mind. It would be interesting to give an account of the various instruments in an observatory, and their uses, such as those to which my notice was drawn. I pass this over, however, and all the more readily, since books are easily procurable in which such information is clearly and attractively given. My special object, now, is to relate a curious and striking incident which occurred during my visit, involving moral and spiritual lessons suggested to the writer at the time, and which were often remembered with advantage in after life. In the course of our inspection, my friend, the assistant astronomer, pointing to a certain instrument, said, "This is called a 'mural circle.' It is contrived for a twofold purpose, to observe the transit of stars across the meridian, and to mark the angular distance of each of these stars when so crossing from the pole of the heavens. It is not to this, however, I wish to direct your attention, but to a rather startling fact, which I think will interest you more. You observe," he said, "the large size of the instrument; it is a telescope, some feet in length, in connection with a double wheel, of wide circumference, and of heavy spokes; one wheel is fixed, and the other, you see, is movable with the instrument, and the whole apparatus is firmly supported in the plane of the meridian, on a long and powerful axis, which axis is inserted deeply into this great column of stone, from whence is derived the name of the instrument, 'mural' (i. e. wall) circle."

"It is of the greatest moment," he continued, "that this instrument should be steady; even a slight vibration would vitiate an observation and render it useless. To secure steadiness, therefore, this column of stone, or rather of marble (for it is really such, the neighbourhood supplying that material in abundance) is of the most massive construction. It rises, as you perceive about seven feet from the floor, is sunk several feet into the earth, and the whole structure—column, circles, and telescope—weigh together some 120 tons."

"You see that vessel there," he said, while pointing to it. It was a large cup of mercury, resting on a brass stand, which had been set, like the axis of the mural circle, into the marble column. "You observe," he continued, "the shadow of the window sash upon the bright surface of the

mercury." "Yes," I replied, "and it is very indistinct, for the axis is clearly staining." "And that is so much better for my purpose," he observed. "Now, he proceeded, "keep your eyes fixed steadily upon the shadow of the window sash, while I give a gentle blow to the marble column." I did as directed, and while gazing intently upon the shadow mark, my friend, with his hand, gave such a blow to the great marble pillar, as boys in sport give to their playmate, and to my amazement, the shadow on the cap of mercury began on the instant to move and tremble. "You see," said he, "the effect of that little concussion. It has stirred and agitated the whole 120 tons of solid stone, and the effect," he added, "will never be lost. The vibration given will continue in its results and effects forever. And no doubt," he went on to say, "from what you have seen, you will not be prepared to believe the saying of one of our modern philosophers, which some in their ignorance 'laughed at, namely, this: 'That, at every step we take, we shake the world.' As I looked and pondered, I seemed never to see so clearly, and to feel so deeply, my responsibility as a moral agent in the universe of God. It was plain, to demonstration, that no act or even word of mine was without a result; but that everything I did, bore a relation and exercised an influence upon the world around me—and that not merely upon the material but upon the moral, upon the lives and characters of my fellow men; for if result followed action in the one world, it was certain the same thing must obtain in the other. To use the words of an apostle (although in another connection), 'I could not live to myself, and neither could I die to myself.' I seemed also to perceive with startling vividness that no human deed, however trifling it may appear, can, with truth, be regarded as insignificant. I had known before that in certain special circumstances, a so-called trifling act may be fraught with stupendous results; for I had read how in passing through an Alpine ravine, a loudly sounded word of human speech had been known at times to bring down upon a band of travellers, by its vibration in the air, the overhanging avalanche. But here it was revealed that every movement, springing from the living forces of heart and mind within me, was productive of no mean result.—British Messenger.

Respect the Boys.

How much of the carelessness, recklessness, and want of self respect that are manifested by boys at school, or in the family, are due to the fact that teachers and parents do not pay proper respect to them? This is a question that is worthy of some thought on the part of educators of youth, whether their function is exercised in the family or in the school room.

One very important ingredient of self respect is the recognition by others that we are worthy of their respect. The touching of the old adage, "give a dog a bad name," is exemplified among boys in families and schools without number. They are not treated with the consideration or respect that is their due, and they become unworthy of both. Courtesy is disregarded toward them, and in return they send courtesy to Coventry. Acted toward as if they were of no consequence and command no deference, either as to their opinions, preferences, desires, or personal dignity, they sink down to the value at which they are rated, and respect neither themselves nor others. And thus they lose all sense of reverence or veneration; for it may be set down as an axiom that a boy—and for that matter a man—who does not respect himself, will have but slight feelings of reverence or veneration for others; or, by an easy gradation, for the law, human or divine.

It should be the rule in every family, and should be rigidly required of every teacher in our public and other schools, that children must be treated with outward demonstrations of respect. A certain deference should be paid them, and they should be made to understand that they are not insignificant or troublesome nobodies, but important somebody. They should be invariably treated with politeness, dignity, and genuine loving courtesy.

An excellent story was recently told by Rev. Dr. Legge, at a grammar school exhibition, in London, which is illustrative of the principle that we would enforce, and which we respectfully commend to the notice of parents, teachers, and all who are engaged in the education of youth—more especially of boys. Dr. Legge's story was of the celebrated John Frobonius, one of the masters of the school which Luther attended when a boy, at Eisenach. This wise teacher always raised his cap to his pupils when he entered the schoolroom; and when asked why he did so, he replied: "There are among those boys men of whom God will one day make burgomasters, chancellors, doctors, and magistrates. Although you do not see them with the badges of their dignity, it is right that you should treat them with respect."—Intelligencer.

Marriage Superstitions.

The numerous superstitions that still linger among us constitute a very interesting, though painful, field for thought and reflection. A few of the most popular, in connection with love and marriage, we place before our readers:

On St. Mark's Eve! custom still lingers among the maidens of Northamptonshire to make the dumb cake. The number of the party never exceeds three. They meet in silence to make the cake, and as soon as the clock strikes twelve they each break a portion off to eat; when done, they walk up to bed backward, without speaking a word—for, if one speaks, the spell is broken. Those that are to be married see the likeness of their sweetheart's hurrying after them. Those that are to die unmarried neither hear nor see anything, but they have terrible dreams, which are sure to be new-made graves, winding-sheets, and church yards, and of rings that will fit no finger or which, if they do, crumble into dust as soon as put on.

There is another dumb ceremony also prevalent in Northamptonshire of eating the yolk of an egg in silence, and then filling the shell with salt, when the sweet-scent is sure to make his visit in some way or other before morning.

The young women of Scotland, in former times, determined the figure and size of their husbands by drawing cabbage-stalks blind-fold on All-Hallow Even, or Hallowe'en, the 31st of October, and, like the English, flung nuts into the fire. It is mentioned by Burns that "the first ceremony of Hallowe'en is putting each a stock or plant of kail. They must go out hand in hand, with eyes shut, and pull the first they meet with. It being big or little, straight or crooked, is prophetic of the size and shape of the grand object of all their spells—the husband or wife. If any yird, or earth, sticks to the root, that is tocher or fortune; and the taste of the custoe—that is, the heart of the steek—is indicative of the natural temper and disposition. Lastly, the stems—or to give them their ordinary appellation, the runts—are placed somewhere above the head of the door, and the Christian names of the people whom chance brings into the house are, according to the priority of placing the runts, the names in question."

The Welsh have a play in which the youth of both sexes seek for an even-leaved sprig of the ash; and the first of either sex that finds and calls out *Cymer*, is answered by the first of the other that succeeds; and these two, if the women fails not, are to be joined in wedlock.

Burning the nuts was once a favorite charm in Scotland. The name the lad and lass to each particular nut, as they lay them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, the course and issue of the courtship will be.

In Ireland, when the young woman wished to know if their lovers were faithful, they put three nuts upon the bars of the grate, naming the nuts after the lovers. If the nut cracked or jumped, the lover would prove unfaithful. If it began to blaze or burn, he had a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts named after the girl and her lover burned together, they would be married.

Eating an apple at a glass was another charm once in vogue. "Take a candle and go alone to a looking-glass. Eat an apple before it, and (tradition says you should comb your hair all the time) the face of your conjugal companion to be will be seen in the glass, as if peeping over your shoulder."

"Throwing a stocking," is a singular sort of love divination on the first evening of a wedding. After the bride has retired, and while she is undressing, she delivers one of her stockings to a female attendant, who throws it at random among the company assembled on the occasion. The person on whom it happens to alight will, it is supposed, be the next to enter into the blessed state of matrimony.—*Jewish Messenger*.

One of our Business Kings.

James F. Johnson, in his lecture on the Kings of Dunbar, says: "The great majority of business have no mysticisms, no cunning tricks. They simply serve the public with great skill and systematic fidelity. That is all their cunning. Mr. A. T. Stewart once held language something like this in conversation with a friend: 'People come to me and ask me what is the secret of my success in business. Why I have no secret. I tell them my business has been a matter of principle from the start. If the Golden Rule can be incorporated into purely commercial affairs, it has been done in this establishment, where every customer is treated precisely as the seller himself would like to be treated were he a customer. What I mean is this: first of all, nothing is misrepresented, and no faults are concealed. Then the price is fixed, once for all, at the lowest possible figure. Finally, neither the circumstances of the buyer nor the magnitude of his purchase are suffered to influence the salesman in his conduct or demeanour. In our dealings with employees the same principle of justice is adhered to.' After a pause, Mr. Stewart added: 'Of course I don't speak of this as deserving of praise. We find it absolutely necessary. An establishment like this could not be conducted for any length of time in any other way. The one thing which we cannot afford is a violation of principle. In the whole world I do not believe there can be found one business of forty years' standing which is not founded on the same principle of giving a good dollar's worth for a dollar.'

Arctic Exploration.

Within the polar circle there is an enormous area, comprising at least two million square miles, of which we know simply nothing. We shall have presently to speak of the various speculations regarding the nature of this vast extent of the world's surface; it is enough for our immediate purpose to say that we do not know anything whatever about it. Whether it is land, water, or ice; whether the climate is cold or warm; whether there are inhabitants, animals, plants, or whether it is a howling wilderness—speculation has included almost every absurdity; but of knowledge, such as alone intelligent man can be content with, we have absolutely none. To attain some such knowledge is the first object now proposed in Arctic exploration. It is considered unfitting and unseemly, in the present state of scientific progress, that there should be this large area of our own earth still so utterly unknown. The examination of it is loudly called for; it is a problem of universal interest, the solution of which appeals not to commercial profits pecuniary advantage, and increased facility of transport or communication, but simply, in the first instance, to those higher feelings and yearnings which, whatever our remote ancestry, now distinguish us from the brutes. We want to traverse this unknown space, and see and know what it is.—*Edinburgh Review*.

WAR HAS COMMENCED AT CAPA PALMAS between Liberia and the Aborigines.

British American Presbyterian.

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The volume for Merch and Apprentices before the year was a most attractive appearance. It is published by the Association of these two classes, and contains the articles in the letter book, and a more readable and instructive than in former years. The paper is bound, and both parents and children will be well pleased with the volume.

The paper is good, and supplies a great desideratum among the young. It should certainly meet with a wide circulation. - Rev. Wm. Ross, Kirkcaldy.

Specimen copies will be sent to any address. C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, P.O. DR. 214 ST. GEORGE STREET, TORONTO.

British American Presbyterian. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1876.

THE STATE OF THE QUESTION.

We are now having a new illustration of the old saying "fire a fire a small spark may kindle." At the close of the opening services of Knox College the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, gave expression to sentiments in regard to the Confession of Faith which have been the cause of a considerable commotion within the Presbyterian Church, and beyond its pale.

It seems to be the opinion of sensible people, and we suppose by this time the opinion of the speaker himself, that it was a mistake to give utterance on a joyous occasion to sentiments that caused pain, to utter on a platform where discussion was forbidden, sentiments that forced discussion from reluctant lips.

It is questionable whether much good can result from newspaper intermeddling in such matters, beyond merely reporting facts, until such time as the proper courts have dealt with the case. The statement of Mr. Macdonnell was uttered in the presence of his own Presbytery. That Presbytery (the Presbytery of Toronto) is composed of wise, calm, sound, and learned men. If in their opinion the statements of their brother were open to exception they ought to know how to deal with him. Mr. Macdonnell is a young man, he spoke to some extent without premeditation, and under the influence of a measure of excitement, and on a subject on which it is difficult to speak freely and at the same time safely. His Presbytery could weigh all these things as no "newspaper men" could; and weighing these things they could deal with him in that spirit of love and faithfulness which the Master commands in such cases.

The press of the Province, however, has spoken without waiting for the Presbytery. Secular and religious newspapers, without waiting for witnesses, judge or jury, or even hearing the accused in his own defence have pronounced their verdicts on Mr. Macdonnell, on the Confession of Faith, on the Presbyterian Church, and a lot of other things about which the writers know a good deal or very little. It is, therefore, to be expected that a larger variety of opinion, some wise and some foolish, has been sent abroad on a matter that was not really in a ripe state for newspaper discussion.

On the supposition that Mr. Macdonnell has ceased to believe in the "Westminster Confession of Faith," which point is not yet proved, the remarks of the Globe are quite to the point:

"We hear many cry out against the thirty-nine articles as being a yoke of bondage which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear. The same thing is said of the Westminster Confession of Faith. They better the intellect. They tempt to dishonesty. They are narrow. They are imperfect. They are wrong. Suppose they were all that their enemies say they are, why all the cater? What legitimate ground is there for complaint? Where is the 'let or command? The adherents of the Episcopalian or Presbyterian Churches are, like those of all other ecclesiastical organizations, such simply by their own voluntary choice. They can be made such or as such retained simply as they may themselves please. At any moment they can walk forth disenthralled and free."

We are sorry we cannot say the same thing with regard to the following remarks of the Mail:

"The opinion of a reflective mind will be apt to think that a meeting of the question why, at a gathering of Presbyterian divines, should raise a storm to affirm that the Bible is a higher authority than the Westminster Confession. In these days, when 'iron-clad' creeds, framed

centuries ago, are being called in question, they are likely to get the worst of the battle who try to set them above Scripture itself."

The Mail is quite mistaken if it supposed that there ever has been anywhere in the world a "gathering of Presbyterian divines," who could raise a storm to affirm that the Bible is a higher authority than the Westminster Confession. The Presbyterian Church is always and everywhere, and careful to maintain, as the Presbyterian Church in Canada, in the suite laws of union, agreed on in Montreal in June, that,

"The Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, being the Word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and manners," and that "The Westminster Confession of Faith shall form the 'subordinate' standard of this church."

According to these express words the Bible is "supreme" and the Confession "subordinate," how then could it raise a storm at the recent gathering of Presbyterian divines in Toronto, to assert the very thing asserted unanimously by the same divines at a recent gathering in Montreal? "People of a reflective turn of mind" should inform themselves as to facts before they begin "to think long and deeply" over questions of that kind.

It is no doubt the congregational associations and tendencies of the Montreal Witness that leads it to think the mistake contained in the following words from an editorial on the subject:—

"All who think for themselves in these days a sufficient jealousy of human definitions of truth to find little blame in any man declining to be bound in all points by any complicated dogmatic system," etc.

Sympathy with men "who decline to be bound in all points by any complicated dogmatic system," is the "congregational" dogma of confessions, and it might do very well to give expression to this sympathy, were Mr. Macdonnell in the position of a man who openly, and at the outset refused to become a Presbyterian, preferring rather to be something else; or were he in the position of a man who, feeling the confession a fetter, manfully waked out of the Presbyterian Church to find a church where he could enjoy greater latitude of belief. But the position of the pastor of St. Andrew's Church is neither of the two. He entered the ministry of a church in which, rightfully or wrongfully, wisely or foolishly, subscription to the Westminster Confession is a condition not of membership, but of pastoralship. Both in the Established and Free Churches of Scotland, ministers on receiving license, on being ordained, and on being inducted, are asked the question, (which, of course, they answer in the affirmative) "Do you sincerely own and believe the whole doctrine contained in the Confession of Faith . . . to be founded on the Word of God, and do you acknowledge the same as the Confession of your Faith, and will you firmly and constantly adhere thereto, and to the utmost of your power, assert, maintain, and defend the same?" We do not understand how the Witness can "find little to blame" in a man solemnly confessing and promising before a public congregation, and an assembled Presbytery, in terms of the above question, and yet, on the heels of that profession, confession, and promise, going on his way to cast fault with the "Confession," and find discredit thereon. Would the Witness "find little to blame" in a friend who, to his face to-day professes friendship, and yet who, on going abroad to-morrow, expresses something the reverse, while all the time that man is enjoying his hospitality. The extent to which Mr. Macdonnell finds fault with the Confession, is a point not clearly settled yet; but should he ever, unfortunately, be in the position of "declining to be bound" by the "Confession of Faith," while he clings to the status of a minister who professes that he is bound by the Confession, there would surely be much to blame in any man, especially a minister of the Gospel, occupying such a position.

SENSIBLE.

This is a time when Christians and Benevolent Societies are considering means and measures for raising funds for their several enterprises, to pay for past indebtedness, and to push on new undertakings. We are glad to observe everywhere a growth of tendency to cease from human inventions in raising money, and to trust only to ways that are honourable and Scriptural. Some remarks made at the recent meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association in Montreal on this subject, are worthy the attention of ministers and congregations. In discussing the best mode of raising funds for the general work of the Association, Mr. Callicott, of Montreal, opened in an able paper:

"In debt meant to be in danger, and prudence and caution were necessary; each member should fully realize the character and importance of any undertaking, and then be ready to aid it liberally. He would ask the organizations had they given with due liberality, or had they withheld and thus dwarfed the work?

care should be taken to place before the public the needs of the institutions. He objected to the money being raised by bazaars, straw-belt festivals, &c., as undignified and wasteful means. Lectures from good men were not objectionable, however, the true way to raise money was by direct appeal; fathers and mothers were deeply interested; every Christian held deeply responsible; the field was large enough, and the question was how to reach and cover it."

The President referred to bazaars and said he was sorry to raise money. One who held in Toronto had the blessing of God upon it, he believed, it was successful, and proved a bond of union among Christians. It was not carried on in a worldly spirit, and they could with honest hearts give God the glory of it. However, the straightforward appeal for the Lord's sake was undoubtedly the best.

Mr. Ritchie took exception to bazaar as a rule; it might be given freely from principle; not because it was drawn from them, but because they were bought with a price, and it became their glory. When it was necessary to get up an excitement to gather funds, there was some thing wrong. It should be regarded a privilege to give. He must condemn bazaars totally; what was more common than to see games of chance at these places?

Mr. O'borne, of Montreal, said if the members were truly in love with the work surely they would look at this important question, and should come to feel it a privilege to bear the great burden of finance. In regard to the Montreal Association he, as Financial Secretary, said he had come in contact with all classes of givers and mean men. A number of members were, he was sorry to say, not putting their shoulders to the wheel; their own credit was staked on their taking this burden of finance upon them.

W. Thane Miller said they wanted to love wisely and count judiciously. (Laughter.) In Cincinnati, the committee made an estimate of the entire expenses for the year, they submitted this to a finance committee of eight wealthy men, who dissected it, and agreed to raise the necessary amount; the association had no further trouble beyond giving. The committee agreed to raise so much, and then consulted a directory, got lists of their acquaintances, called on them and reported frequently, in two or three weeks they had the necessary amount subscribed. The financial secretary then went out when it was due and got it. The plan worked admirably.

These remarks, coming from men who have a practical knowledge of the world, and from the non-denominational character of their society, who might be excused for resorting to exceptional modes for raising money are entitled to all the more weight. The straight line is the shortest distance between two points, in morals as well as in mathematics, every body admits that. In raising funds, however, it would seem as if the churches were in danger of thinking that the shortest distance was by the crookedest path, but men are discovering that in this matter also, the straight, direct path, is the best.

Ministers and Churches.

On the 27th ult., the congregation of Moss presented the Rev. A. Stewart with a very fine phaeton, valued at \$185, accompanied by a very flattering address. Mr. Stewart replied in very feeling and appropriate terms.

On Thursday the 7th instant, the Town Hall of Hullier, County of Prince Edward, was crowded with a respectable assembly of Methodists, Episcopalians and Presbyterians, to do honour to A. C. Morton, a student missionary who has laboured for the last three summers in that Township. An excellent tea with the usual accompaniments was dispensed with a liberal hand to the guests. Thereafter Dr. Thornton of Canseau, was called to the chair, and Rev. Messrs. Robinson, MacMechan, and Morton delivered addresses appropriate to the occasion. The speeches were interspersed with very agreeable music, vocal and instrumental, furnished by the local choir. The proceeds, about \$60, were presented to Mr. Morton, as an expression of the goodwill of the whole community. Mr. Morton, who believes takes the theological classes in Knox College this session, where his friends wish him like success to what he has famed elsewhere.

After seventeen years of residence and early Christian labors in Napanea, our warm and excellent friend, Rev. John Scott, has resigned his charge as pastor of the Presbyterian congregation here, and is about to leave as a missionary to South Africa. Few Christian ministers have been more universally respected and beloved by the people as a whole, than Mr. Scott. It is well known that to the stranger, the sick, and the destitute, irrespective of denomination or position, he has always shown himself a sincere friend. We say advisedly there are few indeed who know him who do not deeply regret his departure from our midst. Before leaving it was resolved to entertain him with a complimentary supper, which was done at the Presbyterian Church on Tuesday evening. The body of the Church was crowded with people, representing every denomination and class in Napanea, and numbers not connected with his own Church, came in, miles distant, to be present. The ladies had made ample provision for refreshing all who came with their delectable luxuries, which were served in abundance, after which order was called,

and Mr. McGee called to the chair. Suitable speeches were made by Revs. B. Blackstock, J. Finch, (Centerville), R. Lamb, and A. Schuster, after which an address in behalf of the friends of Mr. Scott, was read by Mr. Russell, and a purse of \$500 presented by Mr. McLeod. The Rev. gentleman made an affectionate and suitably reply, bidding his farewell of those among whom he has so long lived and labored. Many faces of even strong men were moist with tears of affection during the delivery of his address. Mr. Scott leaves Napanea with the best wishes of the people and the earnest prayers of the devoted team of all Churches here. He goes to South Africa as a missionary.

Correspondence.

First Anti-Union Shot!

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN. SIR.—A dispute between the Presbytery of Glengarry, in connection with the Church of Scotland, consisting of Rev. Thomas McPherson, of Lancaster, and Brodie of Lochiel, visited this Township last week.

Their arrival was headed by a flourish of trumpets, and a fair and mixed audience assembled in Sisk's Hall to listen to their inflammatory speeches.

It was stated Mr. Lang—their leader—would be present as well as Mr. Davidson, but they did not put in an appearance—the former being still in Scotland, and the latter, it is stated, being about to accept the situation.

Mr. McPherson did not say much, although the little he did say was most offensive to the late Canada Presbyterian, people, and the whole United Church. We are informed by this gentleman that the United Church has no creed—the Confession of Faith having been altered, as he said, to suit the Irish Presbyterians!

Mr. Brodie was more abusive, in his own way, than his colleague. If we can believe him, the whole of the ministers from the Kirk, who entered the Union committed perjury! Strange doctrine this, but the people hereabouts would expect no better from this gentleman—knowing somewhat of his extraordinary traits since coming to this Presbytery, twelve months ago. It is well known he introduced an overture the first time he had a seat in this Presbytery, which, if acted on, would damage our whole constitution, and overturn the work of the Church in this country—during seventy years.

The deputation accomplished nothing. But I am mistaken, they did; for they removed the Rev. Dr. Lamont's name from the roll of their Presbytery, and declared St. Luke's vacant! And they are to do the same thing at Martintown at an early day.

There were a few sympathisers in this Township met their objections singlehanded, and without gloves, and it is said the remnant regret having invited them to Finch.

I may add that the little opposition in Finch does not arise from hostility to union per se, but by reason of old and long standing prejudices on both sides.

It is a pity to find such men as Messrs. McPherson and Brodie sowing the seeds of discord in Glengarry, and leading some of our staunch Highlanders to believe that an influx of Church of Scotland ministers may be expected on an early day to fill all the pulpits of union ministers.

To counteract any influence they possess—the Presbytery must better itself and thus show the Presbyterians of Glengarry who are their real friends. Yours, RUAIRIDH.

Finch, Oct. 9th, 1876.

Congregational Union.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—The late union of the various sections of the Presbyterian Church have been attended with such satisfactory results, that the brethren in rural districts have been following suit in the matter of congregational union. No where thus is practical it is greatly to be desired, in some localities where two congregations have been struggling for existence, and scarcely able to keep the ministers even in respectable poverty, it is beyond all question for the interests of all parties to unite, providing that this can be done amicably.

But should the proposed union be the means of alienating any considerable number of members of a congregation which already has not one member to spare, then I say parties should hesitate before concluding to such a union. Then, on the other hand, the uniting of two or more congregations may interfere with the rights and comforts of settled pastors, who have "borne the burden and heat of the day," and who, by some undermining process, or unseasonable pressure, may be obliged to leave a field of great usefulness, and seek a "charge" elsewhere. "Union" under such circumstances cannot be a duty. The bond that unites minister and people is very sacred, and should not be readily broken.

At present I have before my mind a case in point. In a village, not fifty miles from Toronto, there are two congregations, one of the congregations has been vacant for some months, the other has a settled pastor, who is much esteemed by his people, and who, for talents and general usefulness, is considerably over the average. Now it is said that the congregation without a minister is anxious to unite with the other, on the condition that the respected pastor (who was the unanimous choice of the people) will resign. This is asking quite too much, and suppose it was granted, are the parties pushing this question sure that it would be for good? In the first place, they might be a considerable

time vacant before they would have a hearing of a man whom they would like. Secondly, when the time for choosing a successor would come, even then they might not be unanimous, in fact, their views might be further apart than they now, so that all things considered, the recent congregation referred to, would stand their interest, financially and spiritually, by making any little differences which now exist, and in a spirit of brotherly love and mutual forbearance, set in their lot with their brethren, who, without doubt, will receive them in a like spirit, and in doing so will strengthen the unity of one beloved Zion!

The present is not the time for congregational union and misunderstanding. Our denominations are putting forth increased energy in behalf of their systems, and will Presbyterians injure their cause by following these things which do not make for peace.

Our Church has a glorious history, her "ecclesiastical polity" approaches near to the pattern laid down in the Scriptures, her worship is simple but sublime, within her walls beloved friends, now in heaven, learned the way of salvation. Let us unite as one man, and to exhibit these principles, that our neighbors, however unwilling, will be compelled to acknowledge that ours is the more excellent way."

I am, yours, An Obedient Member.

Toronto, 11th Oct., 1876.

IN MEMORIAM.

At Lucknow, Ont., on the 26th Sept., 1875, died of diphtheria, Hattie Kirkpatrick, oldest daughter of the Rev. Wm. Johnson, M.A., late highly esteemed minister of St. Andrew's Church, Lindsay. The decease of this remarkably interesting young lady calls for more than a passing notice. She was born in the manse of Saltfleet, June 21st, 1854, and had lived with her parents continually till the time of her death. In addition to a sound English education, received under the careful tuition of her loving father and mother, she was quite proficient in the Latin and French languages, and had read a little mathematics. In polite literature she was well versed, having read some of the choice works of most of our distinguished authors. But it was as a loving member of the family, as well as a diligent worker in the Sabbath School, that she was mostly distinguished. Towards her brothers and sisters she was ever affectionate and kind. She was much sought for to assist at religious conventions and other assemblies held for religious purposes, where her refined taste, her dignified manner, and her charming voice won all hearts. She passed away in the full triumph of the Christian's faith. As to herself she had not a fear—all was bright before her. Her Jesus had died for her. She had cast her soul and her all on Jesus. She was going to Jesus. These were the expressions of her happy soul in her last hours. In the full possession of her faculties she gave directions to her parents about many matters on her mind, and bade them meet her in heaven. Each of her little brothers and sisters she called to her bed-side, and with her whole soul in her eyes, made them promise to meet her in glory. To each she gave her last words of solemn advice—to each her last parting kiss—and farewell. While all around her was covered with grief, she remained calm and fearless, and oft enquired, "O why do you weep?" "I am happy," "I am going to be with Jesus." With her father, who attended assiduously night and day on her, she held many long conversations on spiritual subjects, and gave him the greatest satisfaction as to her eternal prosperity. As death drew near she became more earnest. "My dear dear father, my dear darling mother, good-bye; my dear loving brothers and sisters, good-bye; O meet me, all of you, in Heaven." When told that she would soon rejoice dear departed friends, and particularly a little sister gone to heaven whom she had greatly loved here, she would say, "O yes, I will see K. and Nellie and others. But I will see Jesus!" As she became weaker, she ceased not her previous conversation, and requested that when she should become speechless the name of Jesus should be spoken in her ears, for the last sound she wished to hear on earth was the name of Jesus. This was literally done—and a blessed sight it was to witness this Christian family all engaged in earnest waiting at the throne of grace for her spirit, and whispering the name of Jesus in her ears till she had ceased to breathe. "Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."

The Prince of Wales has left London for India.



Choice Literature.

Still and Deep.

By F. M. S. ...

CHAPTER V. (CONTINUED.)

"The three years at last when it was necessary for us all to England; and Mrs. Trevelyan especially was anxious that her child should be born in her native land. We embarked all four on the vessel that was to convey us home, and for a few days we sailed in peace and happiness, over pleasant seas and under smiling skies; it was on a lovely tranquil evening that the shock of destiny came to shatter all our joys, and fix upon my soul the load of guilt which it has borne in anguish ever since. Bertrand, that you may understand what I have now to tell you, I must explain that in spite of the close and earnest friendship which subsisted between Trevelyan and myself, there was one subject on which we had always differed—he was a strong liberal in politics, a democrat and a republican, and I, as you know, abhorred such principles, and deem them almost sacrilegious. We had, in our more youthful days, had so many disputes on these subjects, that they had threatened almost to dissolve the tie which united us to one another, and by mutual consent we had agreed to abstain from ever touching on politics at all. It was I, however, who most dreaded a recurrence to these vexed questions, for I knew that it was the one theme which roused my fiery temper to a degree that was almost beyond my control; and only the unusual excitement of the times could have led me to break my resolution of keeping silence with Trevelyan. But it was the year 1848, and a shipward bound from England, with which we had spoken that day, had brought us news of the revolutionary troubles which were at that time convulsing France and well-nigh the whole of Europe. I was violently excited by the tidings, and so in a lesser degree was Trevelyan; for, at least, his native country was in peace, while mine was distracted by the machinations of those whom I deemed her worst enemies. So long as the light lasted that day I pored over the newspaper accounts, working myself up into a state of furious indignation against the very theories which Trevelyan most affected, and when I could no longer see to read, I joined him on the poop of the vessel, where he was standing looking out over the darkening ocean, and quite unable to restrain myself, I plunged into a violent discussion on the principles which seemed to me to be undermining the whole basis of society; of course, Trevelyan took a precisely opposite view, and we paced to and fro in hot and eager argument, which grew every moment more fiercely angry on both sides, but especially on mine; we were alone, for your mother and his had retired to rest, and the swift descending night of those latitudes had fallen upon us, so that we scarcely saw each other's faces. Some words which Trevelyan uttered suddenly enraged me beyond endurance; I turned round upon him with a burst of passion; I raised my clenched fist! Bertrand, he thought I was going to strike him, but I was not! I call the justice of heaven to witness for me," continued the dying man, lifting up his clasped hands with a solemn gesture, "that never, in so much as a thought, did I seek to aim a blow at my dearest friend! No, I had but made the movement in support of my impassioned oratory; but he misunderstood it—alas for him! and, oh far more, alas for me, for all—he started back, exclaiming, 'Lisle, do not kill me!' the words ring yet in my ear with their involuntary cry of terror, and then his foot struck against some obstacle unperceived in the dark, and he fell backwards over the side of the vessel, close to which he was standing at the moment. Bertrand, Bertrand, I heard the heavy plunge of his body into the deep dark sea; for one moment I was appalled and thunderstruck that I seemed almost paralyzed, but the next I made my cries resound through the ship, and soon the terrible shout of 'A man overboard!' was heard from one end of it to another; in a second the captain's orders rang out clear and firm; the vessel was stopped, the boats were lowered; a search was organized over the surface of the shadowy heaving water within a given space, whose alone it was possible he might be struggling, in vain! Never was there cry or sound from out the depths of that unathombable ocean which could so much as tell us where he had gone down. As I hung over the side of the vessel in inexpressible agony, I saw the vessel returning one by one, empty as they went. He was gone! he was lost! he was dead; my dearest friend; and I had killed him!" the old man lent his head full back as he spoke, while tears—these saddest tears which fall from dying eyes—trickled slowly down his wasted cheeks.

"No, my dear father, no," said Bertrand, earnestly; "you did not kill him: it was quite an accident."

"An accident which would never have occurred if I had not acted on him with such fury in my looks of passion, that he believed I meant to hurl him to the ground; nay, more, his last words—oh, terrible to think that being such in fact, they were indeed the last cry from his lips, implied that he died me even with a murderous intent. He was a man of nervous temperament, my angry countenance, my menacing gesture, made him start back to escape me, and sent him straightway to his death. I did not kill him willfully; but none the less surely was it my hand and none other which drove him down in all the strength and beauty of his early manhood, to lie unburied in the ocean grave. Bertrand, when the conviction came upon me that it was so, that I had acted in truth my passion had slain my friend, and that never more, by my act, should I or his adoring wife, or any one who had loved him, behold on earth his bright young face, the sharp arrow of an intolerable remorse pointed at my most heart, and there it has remained fixed, from that day until now."

"Surely you blame yourself too much," said Bertrand, soothingly.

"Do you think that would the evil I wrought in the one awful moment which was raised all my life? You have got to bear the end of that night's tragedy. When the edict that told of some catastrophe resounded through the ship, they reached the cabin of Trevelyan's poor young wife, who was lying not yet asleep, above in her cabin; the infuriated instinct of a true affection instantly told her that evil had befallen the one object of her love. Suddenly, as we were watching with streaming eyes for the return of the boats, we saw a white-robed figure come flying along the deck with streaming hair and ghastly face, while Robert's name rang out with a despairing cry from her pillared lips; the silence from all around told her that her fond heart had divined the truth; had not some of the men held her back for fear she would have flung herself after him into the sea; and all the time we were waiting to know the result of the search she was struggling madly to free herself from their hold, knowing, as if her eyes had seen his lifeless corpse, that he was to be sought only in the fathomless depths which would never yield him up till the Judgment Day. When at length the boats came back, and it was admitted by every one that all hope was over, she seemed to collapse like a senseless heap in the arms of those who held her; she was carried down into the cabin where my wife and the other women in the ship gathered round her. Before morning a poor fatherless child had been born into the world; and as little Mary's sweet life dawned into being, that of her mother sank away; they buried her next day in the same deep waters that had engulfed the treasure of her heart; and in death they were not divided; but, Bertrand, it was my passionate hand which had flung them both into their untimely grave."

CHAPTER VI.

Bertrand remained silent as Mr. Lisle lay back with his eyes closed and his lips moving, evidently in secret prayer. He knew too well how sensitive was his father's nature, to have any hope of lessening the scrupulousness of conscience which made him judge himself so severely for the unfortunate consequences of an act, that had not itself been almost blameless; he could well remember how he had noticed, even in his childish days, that Mr. Lisle's whole life was shadowed by some unspoken sadness which never varied or left him, and he could understand easily enough how the highly-wrought temperament, which had made the Comte de Lisle sacrifice all his worldly prospects to a sentiment of loyalty, had led him to surrender also the joy of his existence to an exaggerated sense of remorse; he felt that it was useless to combat the feeling at this supreme hour, when those events of life which touched on the region of conscience are projected on the soul, to the exclusion of all others, by the light that streams from the opening doors of the unseen world. Bertrand thought it better to try and lead his father's mind gently to contemplation of the one part connected with this sad history of which it must give him pleasure to think, so he said brightly, "Well, dear father, at least you have one great comfort in the thought of the happy home you have been able to give to your poor friend's daughter; I understand now why you have adopted Mary Trevelyan, and your having done so has been a blessing to herself as well as to us."

"Could anything make up to her for all of which I deprived her? Think of it, Bertrand—father and mother both slain on the very night of her birth; home, protection, fortune, all torn away, for her parents, and the income Trevelyan derived from his salary of course died with him. She was utterly, through my means, a helpless infant, not only alone in this world, without even a provision for her future maintenance."

"But you did all you could to supply her loss."

"Yes, while I lived; but here, hovering as I am over the brink of the grave, my power of reparation ends, and it is for this cause, my son, that I felt such an urgent necessity to see you before I departed; so that my spirit already disengaged from earth had yet no power to go forth upon its unknown flight till I had spoken with you face to face. Bertrand, I dare not coerce you in such a matter, even if I had the power which, in the independence of your maturity, I certainly have not, but let me tell you that the one hope which sustains me in the arms of death, is that I so long have cherished, that you would carry on the reparation for my evil deed when I have gone to give account for it before my Judge."

"You must tell me exactly what you mean, dear father," said Bertrand, fixing his fearless blue eyes upon the dying man's wan face.

"Surely I love her," said Bertrand with a smile; "I see plainly enough what your wish is now, father, you would have me make her my wife."

The old man clasped his wasted hands together with passionate energy.

"If only you can with a true heart, Bertrand. Not even that I may die in peace, not even that my dark deed may be blotting out in the darkness of her happy life, would I ask you to marry a woman in you do not love, but that were in itself a sin, and it could for work misery for you both; but if you love her as her husband should—and surely you must, changing as she is, our sweet white flower—you will lift away for ever the load that has crushed me down these twenty years; then shall I feel that my expiation, vicariously wrought by you, has been indeed most perfect, covering over all her life, from the cradle to the grave, with a love and a joy as full and blissful as that of which she was through me bereft. All through these years, in the past, anticipating this my final hour, I have always felt that if I were destined to leave her at the last a lonely struggling poverty-stricken life, not only were the restitution I had striven to make to her hopelessly incomplete, but it would have been better for her if I had added to my own guilt by casting her an unconscionable infant into the waves that engulfed her parents, that she might have joined them at least in the safety of their rest. But now the bitterness of death will all be past for me if I may know that Trevelyan's child will be your happy wife, my Bertrand."

"Then be at ease, so far as I am concerned, dear father, for I am very willing, I love Mary dearly. I am sure that my life in her hands will be surrounded with the tenderest care, and although I do not think that I have ever been roused to any passionate affection for her, perhaps because I have always known and cherished her, yet I think the steadiest sentiment with which she has inspired me will lay the foundation for a far more sure and lasting happiness than that which could spring from a more ardent fancy."

"Oh, Bertrand, if you know the blessed peace and comfort you have given me!" said the old man, raising his eyes, streaming with joyful tears, to heaven, "How can I be thankful enough?"

"But, father," said his son, with a slight smile, "are you not taking too much for granted? It is not enough that I alone am willing to link my fate with Mary's; how do I know that she has any such feeling for me as would lead her to give her own consent? If I know Mary Trevelyan at all, she is the very last person in the world who, for any reason whatever, would marry a man she did not love—no, not to escape death would she do it!"

"You are right in that conviction, Bertrand. Mary is a pure and high-souled girl, if there ever was one, and I know—for she has told me—that not only would she rather die than wed where her heart was not already given, but that she would think it a degradation of the very name of love ever to give her deep affections to any but one upon the earth."

"Then what reason have I to hope that I shall be the one?" said Bertrand, rather anxiously.

"I do not think you need have any fear, my Bertrand," said the old man, turning to him with a tender smile; "it would not be easy to live with you for years and fail to love you."

"So you may think in your partiality, my dearest father; but Mary Trevelyan may take a very different view of the son to whom you have always been so indulgent. It is strange that intimate as we have been all our lives, I should not now have the remotest idea what the nature of Mary's feelings towards myself may really be, we have always been good friends, and the unobtrusive kindness she has shown me has been unceasing, but beyond that I have never penetrated her reserve in the very least; she is so exceeding still and quiet always, that it is hard to tell whether she has strong feelings lurking beneath her unruined calm of any kind at all."

"Ah, Bertrand, believe me, there is depth in her stillness, and there is a power and intensity of affection in that reserved and quiet nature, which is far beyond what any more passionate temperament could feel; I can prove it to you if you will, and I think it could scarce be a boast of confidence to tell you that which you will so soon learn for yourself."

"But surely it cannot be that quiet silent Mary has ever spoken to you herself on such a theme," said Bertrand.

"Not willingly, you may be very certain; nor could even I have wrung the avowal from her, but for the circumstances of the moment when I asked it. I will tell you now it was, Bertrand. Four days ago, as I sat with Mary on the lawn, under the starlight, I seemed to receive in some undefined manner a special summons for my speedy departure from this world, and a great fear seized me that I might not live to see you again, and learn if on your own lips whether it would be possible for you to give to Mary the home your heart which I so desired she should have. I resolved that if I were not allowed to live—as mercifully I have been—I would leave a letter for you containing the substance of the sad history I have told you to night, and a statement of the strong desire I felt that you should in this way complete the reparation I had sought to make. But I felt as you did, that this, my cherished scheme, must fall completely to the ground if Mary herself could not give to you alone all the deep and single-hearted love I well knew she could bestow but once or all, and I could not resist the temptation of trying to win the truth from her in the pathos of my dying state. Even thus it was, as drawing the life blood from her heart to wring the secret from her tender delicate nature, but I did succeed. I told her how my departing soul was held back to earth by the overwhelming anxiety I felt that my one supreme desire would be fulfilled, and that she should be your wife. I could not bring myself to tell her that I, whom she cherished as the protector who had guarded her from infancy, was in effect, the destroyer of her father—that dead father, to whose

memory she was so tender that she never called her by the name, (from daughter as she was to me—but I did tell her, that for a secret reason, the only hope I had of passing from this earth in peace was centered in the possibility of her union with your son, and I implored her to tell me if on her side there would be no obstacle, for I scarce feared any upon yours. I had to tell her, Bertrand, that I felt sure you loved her, before I could win a syllable from her lips, and when at length she spoke, it was only to utter what she believed would be buried with me in the grave."

"And what was it father? you will tell me, will you not?" said Bertrand, eagerly.

"I will tell you the words she said," replied the old man, softly. "When I asked her, with the urgency of a dying man, 'Mary, do you love my son?' she answered, quite unfeignedly, 'Better than my life; he is, and ever will be, my one and only love.'"

"She said that!" exclaimed Bertrand, starting to his feet. "Dear, sweet Mary, if it be so we shall indeed be strangely happy!"

"Yes; and I, dying, shall possess a joy which for twenty weary years my life has never known."

"Dear father, I must drive away all sorrowful recollections now, and repose on our love for you and each other. Oh that these new hopes might draw you back to earth, and give you to us for a little longer!"

"That may not be, my Bertrand," said he smiling sadly; "I feel the cold hand of death laid even now upon my heart; but you have brought a strange peace to my soul, and I feel at last that I can rest. Kiss me once again as you used to do long years ago, when you came, a little child, to give me your sweet 'Good-night,' and then leave me to sleep a while, for I am weary."

Bertrand bent down his handsome head, and pressed his lips pallid with life and health upon the wasted pallid face, then, seeing that his father's eyes were already closing, he slipped softly from the room, and sent nurse Farry back to watch by Mr. Lisle till morning.

(To be continued.)

Some Scottish Proverbs.

For the illustration of my subject I have gone to that grand old storehouse of sententious truisms and common sense, the Book of Scotch Proverbs.

And first, let us take those which refer to the worst of all good things, money. "Baith weal and woo," says the proverb, "come aye wi' woe's gear." And again, "There's a slippery stane afore the ha' door." And, again, "Muckle corn, muckle care." And, again, "Content is nae bairn o' wealth;" "If that has muckle would aye hae mair." And again, "Money mak's and money mair." And again, "Poverty is the mother o' health;" "Money aye's gear is money aye's death." And yet again, "A penny in my purse will gat me no drink when my frien's wiuna."

Then we have those which refer to fair and fine things, such as: "Beauty is but skin-deep."

"Bonnie birds are aye the warst singers." "A fat housekeeper mak's lean excoctors." "Fair folk are aye fusionless."

"Fire and water are gude servants, but bad masters." "Fat hens are ill-layers." "Bees that has honey i' their mouths hae stings i' their tongues." "A green yule mak's a fat kirkyard."

"Ripe fruit is sunest rotten." "No frost in the kist, neerost the waddy."

"Muckle pleasure, muckle pain." "A' are gude lasses, but where do the ill wivies come frae?"

"A dink madden aft mak's a dirty wifo." "A braw thing needs twa to set it aff."

"A new pair o' broeks will cast down an auld coat."

"An auld day mak's a Sabbath-day's daw."

"Fair words winna mak' the pot boil." "Love ower het soon cools."

"A kiss and a tinnisful o' cauld water mak's a gey wersh breakfast."

"The higher the hill, the laigher the gree." Another lot of wise saws deals with the cardinal virtues:

"Penny wise, pound foolish," for example. "Spare at the spigot, and lo' out at the bung hole."

"He that counts a' costs will ne'er pit pleugh i' the ground." "He that lives on hope has a slim diet."

bearer would scorn to fetch a picture of her; that heredity, growing the more spread, except by the agency of some body, whose ep' points hit out at the appropriate person to perform the duty. An English habit, also, is not to be puzzled by the notions of the native domestic, strange to our notions, of collecting around them a class of relatives, old and young, more or less dependent for subsistence on the monthly wages of the bread-winner. There "fellows," like others of their plastic race, are by no means obtuse, and are content to be tucked away in sheds and huts, or to flit about the passages of some rattle-globe villa, while a pipkin of grain and a spoonful of green compace, with a little cotton cloth, their few wants.

But many a Briton unused to the country, yet drawing a high pay, must marvel at the number of mouths that he unconsciously has to fill and must feel at times uncomfortably uncertain as to whether he has not made a gigantic mistake in supposing that the monthly payment of a few pounds sterling expunges his liability towards his servants, and as to the prospect of a little bit being sent for all the rice and curries, all the wheat and pulse, and clarified butter consumed by the domestic army that follows at his beck.

Servants in India have two merits to counterbalance such faults as are inherent in a race remarkable for the subtle ingenuity with which on occasion it can cheat and be. They are grateful, not merely for the exceptional kindness, but for the bread and salt they have eaten; and any breach of trust is abhorrent to even the classic conscience of a Hindoo, so that the very man who takes the lead in plundering the Sahib's store-room, when pitching his wife against the duller fancy of his European employer, may be roused honest by being appointed dragon in ordinary over the treasures that it contains.

Care of the Eyes.

In the August number of the Sanitarian we find a list of rules for the care of the eyes which are worth preserving.

When writing, reading, drawing, sewing, etc., always take care that— (a.) That the room is comfortably cool, and the feet warm.

(b.) There is nothing tight about the neck.

(c.) There is plenty of light without dazzling the eyes.

(d.) The sun does not shine directly on the object we are at work upon.

(e.) The light does not come from in front; it is best when it comes over the left shoulder.

(f.) The head is not very much bent over the work.

(g.) The page is nearly perpendicular to the line of sight; that is that the eye is nearly opposite the middle of the page, for an object held slanting is not seen so clearly.

(h.) That the page, or other object, is not less than fifteen inches from the eye.

Near-sightedness is apt to increase rapidly when a person wears, in reading, the glasses intended to enable him to see distant objects.

In any case, when the eyes have any defect, avoid fine needle-work, drawing of very maps, and all such work, except for very short tasks, not exceeding half an hour each, and in the morning.

Never study or write before breakfast by candle light.

Do not lie down when reading.

If your eyes are aching from fire-light, from looking at the snow, from over-work, or other cause, a pair of colored glasses may be advised, to be used for a while. Light blue or grayish blue is the best shade, but these glasses are likely to be abused, and, unless, after advice to be worn except under medical advice. Almost all these persons who continue to wear colored glasses, having perhaps first received advice to wear them from medical men, would be better without them. Traveling vendors of spectacles are not to be trusted; as their wares are apt to be recommended as ignorantly and indiscriminately as in the time of the "Vicar of Wakefield."

If you have to hold the pages of *Harp or Magazine* nearer than fifteen inches in order to read easily, it is probable that you are quite near-sighted. If you have to hold it two or three feet away before you can see easily, you are probably far-sighted. In either case, it is very desirable to consult a physician before getting a pair of glasses, for a misfit may permanently injure your eyes.

Never play tricks with the eyes, as squinting or rolling them.

The eyes are often troublesome when the stomach is out of order.

Avoid reading or sewing by twilight or when debilitated by recent illness, especially fever.

Every seamstress ought to have a cutting-out table, to place her work on such a plane as to make it possible to exercise a close scrutiny without bending the head or the eyes much forward.

Usually, except for aged persons or chronic invalids, the winter temperature in work-rooms ought not to exceed sixty or sixty-five degrees. To sit with impurity in a room at a lower temperature some added clothing will be necessary. The feet of a student or seamstress should be kept comfortably warm while tasks are being done. Slopers or tables in a room are valuable for a student; one to stand at, the other to sit at.

An attempt has been made to burn the public school in Oshawa.

Scientific and Useful.

CLOTHING THAT WILL NOT BURN.

It is well known that certain substances, notably phosphates of ammonia, incorporated in the fibres of dresses render the fabric fireproof...

MAKING LEATHER EASY TO METAL.

A method of affixing leather to metal so that it will split before it can be torn off, consists in digesting a quantity of nut-galls, reduced to powder, in eight parts of distilled water...

BENEFICIAL INFLUENCE OF TEA.

The beneficial results of the introduction of tea and coffee have been singularly overlooked or underrated. It has been, however, well described as lending "to the most wonderful change that ever took place in the diet of modern civilized nations..."

VENTILATION OF CUPBOARDS.

In the sanitary arrangements of houses, even for the richer classes, the ventilation of cupboards is neglected. In places lot as tenements, closets are receptacles for bread and the fragments of various other kinds of food...

IMITATION OF PRECIOUS STONES.

There is in Paris a vast establishment—the most extensive of its kind in the world—where the imitation of pearls, diamonds, and precious stones generally, is carried on with all the skill which modern ingenuity renders possible...

THE PROPAGATION OF CELERY.

Celery is a native of Norway and Sweden, where it grows near the edges of swamps. This it is rarely cultivated as it should be, hence the stunted specimens which appear in our markets...

"FACTS ARE STUBBORN THINGS."

Thousands of human beings are yearly borne on the swift current of disease down to the grave, just because they do not possess a sufficient knowledge of themselves. A man meets his neighbor, and the first salutation is, "How are you?" or "How is your health?"...

Special Notices.

ELECTRICITY! THOMAS' EXCELSTOR ELECTRIC OIL!—WORTH TEN TIMES ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.—Pain cannot stay where it is used. It is the cheapest medicine ever made. One dose cures common sore throat. One bottle has cured bronchitis. Fifty cents' worth has cured an old standing cough...

MAPLE GROVE, ANCASTER. Messrs. W. G. Chute & Co. GENTLEMEN,—I feel bound by a sense of duty, and a desire to benefit my fellow-beings, to make known the wonderful effect of your Indian Rheumatic Cure...

HARDWARE. RODGERS' Ivory handled Table and Dessert Knives. RODGERS' Sott's Carvers and Stools. ELECTRO-PLATE. Table, Desert, and Tea Spoons.

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