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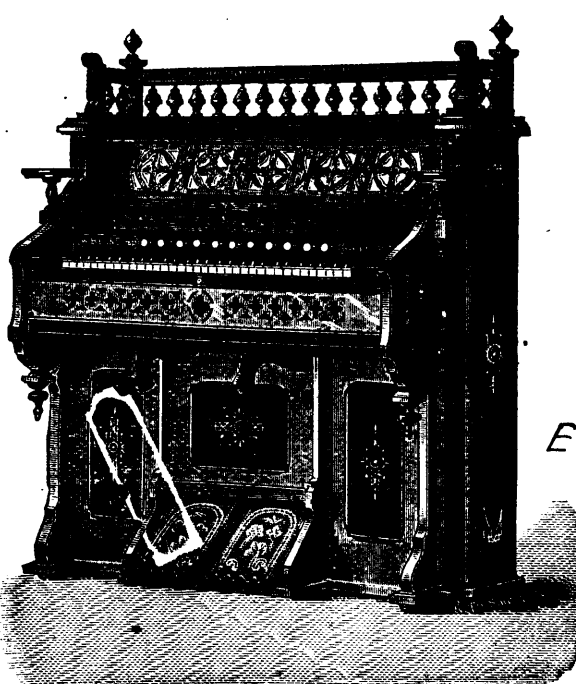
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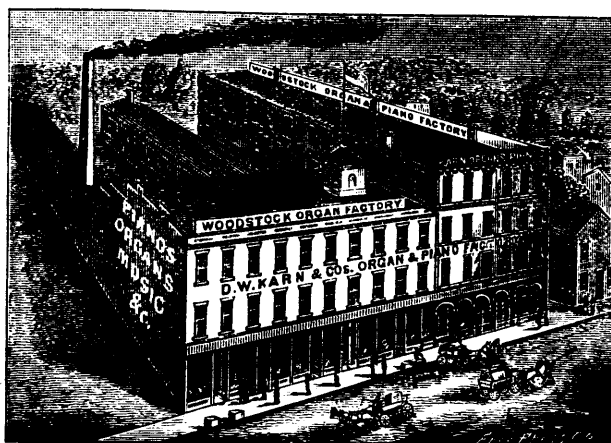
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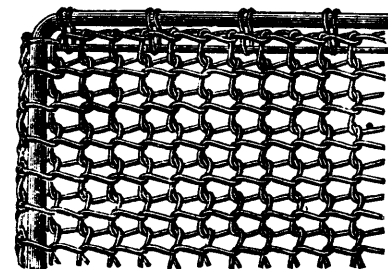
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FRIED BREAD.—A dish much liked for breakfast is fried bread. This may be made by beating three eggs with a teaspoonful of salt; have ready a skillet of hot lard or dripping; dip some slices of bread in cold water, then in the egg, and fry on both sides a very light brown; season with pepper. Of course you can use more if your family is large, but this will be sufficient for three or four persons.

PRINCESS PUDDING.—Soak for an hour in a pint of cold water one box of Cox's gelatine, and add one pint of boiling water, one pint of wine, the juice of four lemons and three large cupfuls of sugar. Beat the whites of four eggs to a stiff froth, and stir into a jelly when it begins to thicken. Pour into a large mould and set in a cool place or ice water. When ready to serve, turn out as you would jelly, only have the pudding in a deep dish. Pour one quart of boiled custard around it and serve.

JOHNSTON'S JOURNAL, as we can vouch from personal knowledge, is a magazine that few would be without if they would examine a number or two and see how much good reading, handsomely and profusely illustrated, it furnishes for so little money. The December 12 issue, for instance, among other able, timely and popular articles, has one on the Natural Gas Wells of Pennsylvania, with three illustrations from sketches made on the spot by the author; one on the Crisis in Eastern Europe, with a portrait of Prince Alexander; a view of Philippopolis and illustrations of several types of the Bulgarian natives; an account of European Conquests in Farther Asia, with several illustrations of scenes in Burmah and portraits of Burmese officials, and a popular explanation of the Steam Engine, by the well-known Joshua Rose, M.E. with three illustrations. In addition there are illustrated reviews of notable new books, a two-page analysis of Grant's personal Memoirs, just out; the serial story, which is exceedingly interesting without being sensational; the Departments—including Editorial Paragraphs, Literary Notes, Themes for the Thoughtful, Personal Gossip, New Anecdotes—and a number of excellent miscellaneous articles without illustrations. So many good things for ten cents a number, or (every other week) \$2 a year, account for the deserved popularity of the magazine. Ask your newsdealer to order for you the December 12, Christmas and January nine numbers of Johnston's Journal, or remit 30 cents for the three, or \$2 for 1886 subscription, to W. J. Johnston, Publisher, 9 Murray Street, New York.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES. For Wasting Children. Dr. S. W. COHEN, of Waco, Texas, says: "I have used your Emulsion in Infantile wasting, with good results. It not only restored wasted tissue, but gives strength, and I heartily recommend it for diseases attended by atrophy."

One Experience of Many.

Having experienced a great deal of "Trouble" from indigestion, so much so that I came near losing my life!

My trouble always came after eating any food—

However light And digestible, For two or three hours at a time I had to go through the most excruciating pains, "And the only way I ever got "Relief!"

Was by throwing up all my stomach contained!! No one can conceive the pains that I had to go through, until "At last!"

I was taken! "So that for three weeks lay in bed and Could eat nothing!!! My sufferings were so that I called two doctors to give me something that would stop the pain. Their efforts were no good to me. At last I heard a good deal "About your Hop Bitters! And determined to try them." Got a bottle—in four hours I took the contents of One!!!!

Next day I was out of bed, and have not soon a "Sick!" Hour, from the same cause, since. I have recommended it to hundreds of others. You have no such "Advocate as I am."

GEO. KENDALL, Allston, Boston, Mass

Downright Cruelty.

To permit yourself and family to "Suffer!" With sickness when it can be prevented and cured so easily With Hop Bitters!!!

Nono genuine without a bunch of green Hoja on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

CATARRH: A NEW TREATMENT.

Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern medicine has been attained by the DIXON treatment for Catarrh. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patent medicine and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting from the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished, the Catarrh is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, a cure effected by him four years ago are cured still. No one else has attempted to cure Catarrh in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured Catarrh. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favourable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King Street, west, Toronto, Canada and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.

A HOME DRUGGIST TESTIFIES.

Popularity at home is not always the best test of merit, but we point proudly to the fact that no other medicine has won for itself such universal approbation in its own city, state, and country, and among all people, as

Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The following letter from one of our best-known Massachusetts Druggists should be of interest to every sufferer:—

"Eight years ago I had an attack of Rheumatism, so severe that I could not move from the bed, or dress, without help. I tried several remedies without much if any relief, until I took AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by the use of two bottles of which I was completely cured. Have sold large quantities of your SARSAPARILLA, and it still retains its wonderful popularity. The many notable cures it has effected in this vicinity convince me that it is the best blood medicine ever offered to the public."

GEO. ANDREWS, overcor in the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years before his removal to Lowell afflicted with Salt Rheum in its worst form. His ulcers actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by AYER'S SARSAPARILLA. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1885.

SALT RHEUM.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists; \$1, six bottles for \$6.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL 14.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16th, 1885.

No. 51.

NOW READY.

The International Scheme of S. S. Lessons

FOR 1886.

Specially Prepared for Presbyterian Sabbath Schools.

60 cents per Hundred Copies. Mailed free on receipt of price.

The Presbyterian Printing and Publishing Co.,
5 JORDAN STREET, TORONTO.

Notes of the Week.

THE secretary of the Renfrew Scott Act Association recently sent letters to all parts of the county inquiring of the most prominent residents respecting the working of the Scott Act. In answer he has received replies endorsing the measure and attesting its successful operation from the Crown land agent, ex-mayor, registrar, postmaster of this the county seat, and also from the Methodist and Presbyterian ministers, in addition to many leading merchants. Three magistrates of Arnprior among others state that it is successfully enforced there. Similar written evidence has been given by two Reeves, three Catholic priests, the Protestant ministers, and a large number of influential residents from all parts of the county. The Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance are publishing the letters in full.

DECREASE in the number of small-pox cases in Montreal still continues. With the vigilance of late displayed, the terrible scourge may be expected soon to disappear. It is certain that the sad experience of the past few months has done much to remove the unreasonable aversion to vaccination that has so long and unaccountably prevailed among so many of our French-Canadian fellow-citizens. It is also certain that they will be in a better position to cope with the scourge should it in the future threaten to become epidemic. In Charlottetown, P. E. I., also the worst seems now over. There the people at once took effective measures to localize the infection and their efforts have been crowned with remarkable success. Here in Toronto one or two new cases have been reported, but as all such are immediately isolated, no serious apprehensions need be entertained.

THE representative American millionaire, while still active and energetic, has been suddenly summoned from the world. William H. Vanderbilt laid down his life and his immense wealth without warning. A man of great business capacity and shrewdness, he was placed in circumstances where he could not fail to amass riches. He had artistic tastes, as is evidenced by the palatial residences he built and adorned for himself and for members of his family. He gave of his means for the aid of Vanderbilt University, still he never acquired the reputation of being a charitable man. It does not appear that his efforts to promote the well-being of his fellow-men were at all proportionate to the means he had at his disposal. Outside the immediate sphere of his activity, he was known only as the millionaire and in this capacity he will chiefly be remembered.

THE Presidential message to Congress differs in some respects from the Royal speech usually addressed to her Majesty's faithful Lords and Commons. The former is a much more formidable document and contains a much more exhaustive treatment of subjects enumerated than is generally to be found in the Queen's speech. President Cleveland's message, published last week, deals with several important questions, some of them interesting to Canadians. They are treated in a friendly manner and in a tone at once calm and dignified. He urges the appointment of a commission to treat with a similar body appointed by the British Government for a settlement of the

Fisheries question. He also urges a revision of the Extradition Treaty, so that reciprocity in scoundrelism may receive a wholesome check. Among other recommendations interesting to Canadians may be mentioned the adoption of an international copyright.

THE executive of the Presbyterian Woman's Foreign Mission Board, Chicago, have adopted and recommended to auxiliaries the following plan for Christmas offerings. It is this: To send to every lady in the congregation a printed copy of the following address, and, at the same time, an envelope addressed to the treasurer of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Church. Where the plan had been tried, the address and envelope were enclosed in envelopes, directed to the ladies and placed in their pews. The response on the first Sabbath was about \$40, and the entire cost had been only \$1.50. This is the address: When Christmas comes, the birthday of Him, best beloved of angels and of God, we shall bring gifts to our best beloved, and these gifts will be costly in money or in love, or in both. Is it not a fitting thing that we women of the Church should give a Christmas gift to the Lord whom we love? If each woman in the congregation will give, over and above all other gifts, from 10c. to \$1, we can secure at least \$100 for those least of all "Christ's little ones"—the heathen. Will you not help as you can in this tribute of love to our Lord, that we may "magnify Him together" who "counted not His own life?" Please put the money into the enclosed envelope, and drop it into the contribution bags, or the boxes at the door, to-day, or as soon as possible.

"LA PRESSE" in a long article, headed "Lotteries and the Law," says:—The lottery, when it takes the form of a purely mercantile enterprise, merely to take money out of the pockets of poor people, is most reprehensible, and in almost every country in the world has been severely dealt with by the law. In Canada lotteries have been prohibited, unless for church purposes. Charity has its rights, and such lotteries cannot have an evil influence over the morals and fortunes of our people. [?] The law is particularly severe on the subject of foreign lotteries, and we fail to understand the sluggishness that exists among officials when the law is so explicitly laid down, and which prohibits the buying or selling of such lottery tickets. This law, it would seem, is but a dead letter in this Province, for the simple reason that the Minister of Justice has failed to prosecute. Lotteries are immoral, and it behooves justice to interdict them and to punish the organizers. The Crown should make the laws respected, and its indifference in doing so is one of the great causes of demoralization in the Province. We see every day in the public journals announcements of dangerous foreign lotteries such as that of the State of Louisiana. It has been organized by Generals Beauregard and Early, and it has already drawn an enormous sum out of Canada, and has cost Montreal more than the small-pox epidemic has done. It is nothing more than organized theft, and should be suppressed.

THE daily newspapers of London, says the *Christian Leader*, bestow so little attention on religious news, giving much more of their space to cricket and football than they devote to the work of all the Christian churches, that one need not be surprised to find the *Indian Witness* complaining that while the trivial incidents connected with sport are telegraphed from the metropolis to the Indian papers, all mention of events in the religious world is carefully excluded. The score made by the Marylebone Cricket Club in a match against Rutland is deemed of more importance than the most striking event connected with religious progress. The truth is, however, that the secular press both in Britain and in India will continue to go in its old ruts, which are distinctly adverse to vital religion, until professing Christians are themselves faithful in this matter. There is not a city in Britain in which leading Christian professors will not be found united with men of the world in doing all they can to strengthen a newspaper press that either ignores

Christianity, or in a veiled form seeks to undermine it. When an attempt is made by a Christian journalist to mend matters, it is very little support that he gets from professing Christians. The secular journals have but one motive, and that is to make their properties pay. When they find that there is a demand for a different article from that which they at present supply, they will not be long in changing their tactics. The blame for what our Calcutta contemporary complains of rests not so much with the newspapers as with members of the Christian Church.

CONCERNING the violation of the Scott Act in Bruce County, the Rev. John Mordy, secretary of the Alliance in that county, recently wrote: The Scott Act is frequently violated in our county, but it is done secretly and by parties who would perjure themselves if summoned to give evidence in the court. Experiments show that out of a hundred who violate the Scott Act, scarcely one can be found that will not take a false oath. Men who regard their oath are afraid to drink, as they are most likely to be called upon to give evidence, and as the drinking is mostly confined to parties ready to perjure themselves, evidence is very hard to get. A second difficulty is to get magistrates to sit in the cases. Some of the magistrates who tried liquor cases have been burned out and others have been threatened, so that we have now an endless amount of trouble in getting magistrates to try liquor cases. We hope soon to get over this difficulty by the appointment of a police magistrate. Prosecutors appointed by the temperance people have hitherto done all the prosecuting. We hope soon either to get the inspectors to work or to hoist them out of the position and make room for men who are some use. The Scott Act has not had a fair trial in our county, and yet it has done much good. There is scarcely any locality in which some have not been sobered, but before an intelligent opinion can be passed on the working of the Act, we need to get a police magistrate and new inspectors in sympathy with the law. The Scott Act will then be a Gatling gun for mowing down the grog-shops of the county.

THE Disestablishment question has given rise to keen discussion in Great Britain. A meeting of Free Churchmen opposed to the action of the majority at the recent meeting of the Commission in dealing with Disestablishment was held in Edinburgh lately. Over 600 are said to have been present. Professor Smenton, who presided, maintained that the Church and the State were two divine institutions, and that they were so constituted as to be capable of alliance and co-operation. Voluntarism, he argued, would break down the Protestantism of the country; and in the cry for Disestablishment could be detected that atheistic spirit which was at the present day working so much harm throughout Europe. Rev. Thomas Hill drew attention to the fact that the fathers of the Free Church did not advocate Disestablishment, but the reformation of the Established Church. Mr. Bannatyne, of Aberdeen, advised them to trust God and keep their powder dry. The proceedings of the evening were characterized by considerable heartiness. A conference on the subject was also held in the City Temple, London, in which prominent Church and Dissenting divines took friendly part in the discussion, and gave no evidence that they apprehended dreadful consequences to follow Disestablishment. A contemporary states that the Rev. Mr. M'Diarmid, of Grantown Free Church, is in favour of Disestablishment, but his people are not. The other Sabbath he replied in the pulpit to some of the statements made at a Church Defence meeting in the village. One of his elders stood up in his pew and asked whether it would not be better to leave all that to a week-day and go on with the work of the Sabbath Day. Mr. M'Diarmid replied that what he was doing was Sabbath work, and that if the elder did not think so he could retire, but he would not be allowed to interrupt the service of the Lord's house. The elder sat down, but afterward rose and went out. This episode has created great excitement in Grantown.

Our Contributors.

CONTINUATION OF THE DISCUSSION ON THE VACANT PROFESSORSHIP.

BY KNOXIAN.

Mr. Social Parasite said he was strongly in favour of importing a professor. There was no use in trying to find a suitable man in this country. Canadians, like all colonists, were inferior people. They were rough, raw and democratic. Our best congregations were compelled to go elsewhere for suitable pastors, and he thought that if the best class of pastors could not be obtained here it was in vain to look for a professor in the ranks of the Canadian ministry. Canadians were lacking in brains, in culture, in social refinement and many other desirable qualities. What they wanted was a man who would give tone to the institution. Canadians were sadly lacking in tone. He dwelt at length on the superior learning, eloquence, culture and refinement of imported ministers, as compared with those trained in Canada. Canadian ministers might do very well to canvass for subscriptions in the back townships, but he would never think of putting one in a city pulpit or in a professor's chair. Many of our people were in the habit of visiting the Old Country, and when they returned it was customary for them to speak about lords and dukes and other great people. What they wanted was a man who could take part in such intellectual conversation, and make the Canadians who do not travel wonder. He had great sympathy with the Hamilton printer, who used to boast, when a little under the influence of anti Scott beverages, that he had been frequently kicked by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. He would much prefer a man who had been kicked by a duke to a raw Canadian who had never been brought into any kind of contact with the upper classes. Tone was the principal thing wanted, and as there was no native tone in Canada, he thought it was the duty of the Church to import some.

Mr. Jonathan Sharp agreed with much that Brother Parasite had said, but he thought a good man could be got in a country on this side of the Atlantic. There were six thousand ministers in the Presbyterian Church of the United States, and he was almost certain one of them might be induced to come over here if a good salary were offered. Indeed, he might go further, and say that one of their professors might perhaps come if sufficient inducements were held out to him. They have about a dozen theological seminaries, and it was just possible that some of the professors in these institutions might not be very comfortable. A man who had failed over there would do quite well for Canada. Canadians were somewhat given to thinking that if a man came from a large place, he must necessarily be a great man. All you need to do to excite the open-eyed, open-mouthed wonder of an average Canadian audience is to tell them that a speaker has come from a large place. If a speaker from a great city in America or Great Britain should quote the line, "Mary had a little lamb," they were sure to applaud most vociferously. There were, no doubt, some Canadian audiences that could not be caught in this way, and that had intelligence enough to judge any speech or sermon on its merits; but he believed the majority of them would judge any man by the size of the place he came from. They had not penetration enough even to ask what kind of a position he occupied at home. He gave instances of evangelists who were unknown at home, but who made a most decided sensation in some of our Canadian cities. There was another point which should not be overlooked. The *Globe* might always be relied on to vigorously puff an imported man. As a matter of policy he thought they should import a professor.

Mr. John Young Canada on rising was received with ringing cheers from all parts of the house. He said he yielded to no man in love for the old land, or respect for the memory of the many good men who had come out from the Old Country and laid the foundations of Presbyterianism in this New World. Many of them were grand, heroic men, whose names the Church would never willingly let die. (Cheers.) They were not all, however, of that class. Some belonged to what they called in the Old Country, "sticket ministers," and came to Canada simply because they could not get congregations at home. He had just as much love for the old land as Mr. Parasite had, and a great deal more than Mr. Sharp had; but though he

thanked God from his heart of hearts for all that Scotland and Ireland had done for the Church in Canada—though he thanked God for nerving the men of other days to fight for the privileges which they had transmitted to us—he was not prepared to listen silently to the ungenerous—he would not use a stronger word—things that had been said of Canada and Canadians. (Loud applause.) Our parents were all from the old land. Was it paying them any compliment to say that their children were lacking in brains and culture? Would it be any compliment to Mr. Parasite or Mr. Sharp to say that their children had no intellectual power—perhaps, for an obvious reason, they could not be expected to have much (cries of "order," and laughter)—but would these gentlemen think it any compliment to say that their sons were unfit to fill responsible positions? (Applause.) Would it be paying any compliment to Mrs. Parasite or Mrs. Sharp to say that they had not trained their children in a manner that fitted them to move in good society? These gentlemen did not seem to be able to see that when they tried to belittle Canadians they libelled Old Country people, for Old Country people trained the present race of Canadians. (Loud applause.) He rather suspected that if the Old Country people who made Canada what it is could rise out of their graves, they would not thank Mr. Parasite for compliments at the expense of their own children. (Loud cheers.) The speaker then went rapidly over the points that had been raised by Mr. Parasite and Mr. Sharp. He denied that all Canadian audiences would applaud a man simply because he came from a large city. He indignantly denied that Canadians were intellectually inferior to any class of men under the sun. Would any man say that the Blakes, Mosses, Bethunes, Boyds, Mowats, McLennans and Macarthis of the Canadian Bar were inferior men? Just the other day, Mr. Edward Blake spoke at a banquet in Edinburgh—the modern Athens—in such company as Lord Rosebery, Mr. Gladstone and other leading men of the Empire, and the Canadian could hold his own and something more. (Loud cheers.) He denied indignantly that ministers recently imported were all noted for superior eloquence, learning or ability of any kind, and was proceeding to give some illustrations, when he was called to order by the chair. Most of the men in prominent positions, such as members of Parliament, superintendents of our public institutions, judges and other prominent official men were Canadians, and it seemed the very climax of absurdity to say that no suitable Canadian could be found to fill this chair. Knox College students took more honors at the university than law students—at least so he was informed—but did the Government send all over creation for judges or for counsel to conduct important cases? Not they. These politicians that we pray for have more sense than we have. ("Order.") They might call "order," or anything else, but these were the facts. He always noticed that when a man made a good point, somebody called "order." One reason why law students rose to the highest places in the profession was because they knew the places were open to them. Divinity students knew that there were men like Mr. Parasite always standing between them and promotion. There is just as much culture and brain power in the ministry as in any other profession in the country; just as much brain power and culture in our colleges as can be found among young men in training for any profession, and he could not see why they should go out of the country for a professor. There was just one reason. A number of people come out to Canada as poor as Lazarus. They grow rich here, get good positions here, and then show their gratitude by belittling everything and everybody in the country that has dealt so kindly by them. The importing is usually done to please them. Mr. Canada took his seat amidst loud applause.

Mr. Historicus Pedant, M.A., said Church History must be made a specialty. What was the use in educating ministers unless they knew all about the extinct heresies? Killing extinct Satans in classical style was no small part of a minister's work.

Mr. Good Sense differed entirely from the last speaker. What they wanted was a professor to train the young men to preach the Gospel. Special care should be taken to secure the services of a man well qualified to teach Homiletics and Pastoral Theology. He never heard of a man failing in the pulpit because he did not know Church History. Men failed every day because they could not preach.

(The remainder of the Report cannot be given until next June.)

THE WORK IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY THE REV. T. G. THOMSON, GRANVILLE, B. C.

When in a settled charge in Ontario I often wished for letters from missionaries engaged in the home fields, such as we had from foreign missionaries, that we might be able to lay the facts before the people regarding the needs of the various fields, to appeal to their liberality. I believe our people have only to be told what is wanted and they will give. Now that I am engaged as a missionary in this field—the farthest West in the Church—it may not be out of place to lay before your readers some facts regarding it.

Granville, or Coal Harbour, or, as some call it, Vancouver City, is a little village of about 500 inhabitants (about 100 of these Chinese), situated on Burrard Inlet, a beautiful sheet of water, three miles wide here, and about twenty miles long, stretching beyond Port Moody, with the gigantic hills of the Cascade Range rising from the water's edge to a height of 6,000 feet, heavily wooded with Douglas fir. Granville, Port Moody and New Westminster form a triangle, with a wild, unbroken forest lying between, the two latter being equidistant, twelve miles from Granville. On the opposite side of the Inlet is a small Indian village, where there is a Roman Catholic Mission, with a very fine chapel, built at a cost of \$5,000. They have two priests and several nuns. The Bishop paid a visit lately to this mission, where he received a very warm and hearty reception. The deportment and the manner in which the people engaged in their religious exercises set a good example to the white people on this side. A mile east of this village is Moodyville, with nearly 100 inhabitants, the male portion being engaged chiefly at the saw-mill. Here Methodists and Episcopalians hold service alternately in the school house.

In Granville there are fourteen Presbyterian families, with a number of young men from families belonging to our Church in the East, and two families at English Bay. Some of these have been here for a number of years, and have been to a large extent depending on the Methodists for divine service. Others have excused themselves from service because there was no Presbyterian minister here. The Episcopalians have a church, while the Methodists and Presbyterians have service alternately in the school house. There are four hotels, two saloons and two breweries in full operation seven days every week. The moral law regarding the Sabbath—indeed, the whole moral law—is sadly disregarded; the civil law respecting the Sabbath has not reached the place. I am told contracts are arranged and entered into on that day. Cattle are bought and sold, and I have seen chopping, washing, axe-grinding, saw-sharpening and many other employments engaged in on the Lord's Day, not by Indians, but by white men, some of whom, while in the East, were probably looked on as good men—moral men—because they were surrounded by good influences and found easy access into the Church. When men get away from the sound of the Gospel, and are exposed to the temptations of so many hotels and saloons, the consequence is desecration of the Sabbath, vice and sensuality. It is very painful, coming from service on the Sabbath, to see the hotels lighted up, doing business as on other days. I have been told that more money is made in these places on one Sabbath than all the ministers of the place receive in one year. How far this is true I am unable to say; but certainly it is partly true. Young men from Christian homes in the East have gone into the logging camps here and, following their custom at home, reading their Bibles before retiring, would be laughed at, and told: "You'll not be long here till you give that up." Said one to me the other day: "I soon gave it up, and became as bad as the others." Much evil has also arisen from the intermarriage of white men with Indian women, and deplorable results have followed. Surely here the Gospel of the Lord Jesus needs to be preached. It has often been argued by church members when the claims of Home Missions were presented that mission stations should support ordinances themselves—that they are quite able. This may be true; in some cases they are able, but in many cases they have become so indifferent and so cold to the Gospel that they will not contribute to its support. Is it not the duty of the Church to send the Gospel and "compel them to come in"? Has it not been the experience of the Church that those in these very mission stations to whom the Gospel has been blessed have become the most liberal to the Church? I am

fully persuaded had the Home Mission Committee possessed the necessary funds, and followed our people everywhere with the Gospel, much of the wickedness existing here and in other places would have been prevented. Here it may be asked: How far is the Church, each individual Christian, responsible for this wickedness? If Christians could only see with their eyes the necessities of this field and others throughout the Province, they would learn to deny themselves and could not withhold the means to send the Gospel. I know of two young men in one of the camps, brought up in a Christian home in the East, who, during service in the camp one evening, were reminded of a mother's training and prayers. They went to the store that week, and bought clothes that they might attend church. We have a few who, amid all temptations, have felt God to be their refuge, and have remained true to their profession, waiting for ordinances in connection with their own Church. Some have tired waiting, and have gone over to the Methodist Church, and are to-day the life of that Church. The few who remain with us are ready to help and, perhaps, according to their means, are doing more than any in settled congregations in the East.

At North Arm, on the Fraser River—my other station—it is different. Here the Rev. Messrs. Jamieson and Dunn ministered as they had opportunity, and the fruits are seen and felt throughout the whole neighbourhood. The congregation is scattered over the mainland, Sea and Lulu Islands. We have fifteen families, and on July 5 they were organized into a congregation, with a communion roll of fourteen members. Mr. J. Brown, an elder of St. Andrew's Church, very kindly came down and assisted. Afterward the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed. It was the smallest communion table I ever served, but the Master was truly present—we had sweet communion together. Two elders were elected—Mr. Fitzgerald McCleery and Mr. Hugh Boyd. The former was an elder in New Westminster. They are both noble, sterling Christian men, ready and willing to do what they can for the furtherance of the Gospel, and whose wives are in thorough sympathy with them as co-workers with Christ Jesus. We have no church here yet, but have service in the Methodist Church every second Sabbath on the mainland, and the other Sabbath in the town hall on Lulu Island—which gives the Presbyterians on the South Arm, opposite Ladner's Landing, an opportunity of attending service—but we ought to have another missionary at Ladner's. Steps are being taken to secure a site for a church on the mainland, and we hope soon to have a site secured here. We expect to have a church in each place in a few months. Though we have many difficulties to contend with, the work is very encouraging. May the Lord open the hearts of His people to send the Gospel to every corner of this Province!

KNOX COLLEGE AND ITS NEW PROFESSOR.

MR. EDITOR,—The subject should be viewed both calmly and justly. The importance of the work to be done by the Professor of Homiletics, Pastoral Theology and Church History cannot be over-estimated. This is especially true of the first two departments, for they have a direct bearing on the success or otherwise of the minister's work. Knowledge is power, and the most effective minister, other things being equal, would be the one who could draw from every department of knowledge weapons for the truth which he preaches. But relatively, for the work of the preacher, the departments of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology are of supreme importance. On the other hand, to the majority of ministers it will be no serious hindrance to their work to have only a limited knowledge of the rise of heresies, the causes that led to them, the fierce and unchristian wranglings of opponents and the decisions of councils that have so much prominence on the page of history down to the Council of Chalcedon. From then until now there are many eras of importance, during which the origin and growth of religious life and independent thought may be traced as having influenced all succeeding times. It is useful to be acquainted with the outlines of Church History; but it is necessary, for any degree of success, to have a thorough acquaintance with Homiletics and Pastoral Theology.

The Professor of Homiletics does not teach the truth which the minister is to preach, but how to adapt and wield it to the best advantage. The

preacher's aim is to influence the will, the reason and the emotions of his hearers. The chief weapon which Homiletics supplies is the ability to present truth in a philosophic, that is, in a rational manner. Style, in so far as that refers to gesture and the use of the voice, is a natural gift, which can be cultivated within limits, by the help of a teacher of elocution.

The duties of a Professor of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology and his qualifications can scarcely be mentioned, without mentioning names. I agree with your correspondent "Clericus," when he says: "The other professors will supply the students with ample stores of first-class ammunition, the new professor must be able to drill the students in the most effective methods of using it." Further down, and in naming some of the qualifications of this professor, he says he must be "clear and thorough in his grasp of the system of Theology." There seems a contradiction here, for the other professors are to supply the stores of ammunition, among which stores must surely be included a system of Theology, and the new professor is to drill the students in the most effective methods of using it, so that the Professor of Homiletics is not required to be capable, at the same time, of filling the chair of Systematic Theology. "Clericus" well says that he should be "a man in the full vigour of life, a man of large sympathies, of acknowledged success as a preacher and pastor."

A successful preacher is difficult to define. Is he a man who can cater to the love of the sensational and marvellous in human nature, and thus draw crowded houses and fill the coffers of the church? Is he the man who can pour out a torrent of brilliant nothings for half-an-hour that will leave no more trace behind them than the flashing meteors in their course through the heavens? If to preach Christ and Him crucified be the preacher's work, then he who moves the conscience, who turns many to Christ as their only Saviour, and is the means of helping to build up mainly Christian character, is the successful preacher. True, preachers may be and are successful in this highest Christian like sense, without much regard to oratorical methods or philosophical principles in presenting truth, but this fact is no valid argument against Homiletics, for it is equally valid, then, against all departments of a college course.

The Church has a lecturer in Homiletics and Pastoral Theology, and one who has done the work with fidelity and ability. Dr. Proudfoot is a tried man, and we cannot ignore, surely, the existing condition of things. He virtually occupies the chair now, and in my judgment there are many valid reasons why he should receive the permanent appointment at the hands of the Church.

1. He is well qualified for the chair. He has spent money, time and hard labour in preparing for the work. For eighteen years he has very successfully taught what "Clericus" admits to be very important subjects, and which will be included among the duties of the new professor. Dr. Proudfoot has a clear, powerful and philosophic mind, which is capable of perceiving differences between things, their relations to each other and the object to be attained. Will eighteen years' experience have no value in the opinion of the Church? Is experience an evil? Surely if anything can intensify the claims of Dr. Proudfoot, it is this very fact that he has had so long and valuable experience. If, instead of one professor, lecturers were appointed in each of the above-named subjects and others, it should be noticed that however great their ability, however extensive their theoretical knowledge, might be, two or three years at least would be required to gain experience and practical skill in the departments taught. But while the theories were being shaped and perfected, the classes would have suffered permanent injury. And this evil would be continued year after year, as long as the system lasted.

2. Dr. Proudfoot is a man of physical and mental vigour, who keeps abreast of the times, not only in his own, but in other departments also. He spares no pains in preparing himself for his work. He gives his students every advantage. As an illustration of this, I mention the fact that he prepares and distributes to his students copies of his daily lectures. Thus, instead of the students consuming their time in taking, more or less perfect notes, the whole time is devoted to a thorough examination of the work in hand. It is true that Dr. Proudfoot has gray hair. But are gray hairs to be a crime? Are they to be the ground of refusing justice to a man who has a powerful constitution and mental vigour?

3. He has laid the foundation of the departments of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology in Knox College. He has made them a power in that institution. He has built upon the foundation which he has laid, until now these departments form a *sine qua non* of every student's course of study. I feel, moreover, confident that hundreds of the graduates of Knox College throughout the Dominion will testify to the great good derived from Dr. Proudfoot's lectures. And many of his recent students think further that his system is more perfect and his power as a teacher more effective than in former years.

4. Dr. Proudfoot's system of Homiletic teaching is original and scientific. If his practical work as a preacher be judged by the true standard, it will bear minute criticism. Shedd says: "The test of excellence in a sermon is continuance of influence." The influence of Dr. Proudfoot's sermons must be spiritual and continued, otherwise for eighteen years he could not have retained his congregation at all. Let some of the brilliant orators leave their congregations for five days a week, for eighteen winters in succession, return on Friday, prepare Sabbath's work and discharge pastoral duties, and I verily think some of them would be found wanting. Be that as it may, Dr. Proudfoot has retained his hold on his congregation and discharged his heavy duties with success amid heavy disadvantages.

Dr. Proudfoot's system is not intended to make students mere imitators. It is no part of his work. His system is above that and beyond it. His aim is to have students preach the Gospel along philosophic lines, but at the same time leaving the widest scope for the operation of the preacher's individuality. Does it not weaken a preacher's power over his hearers, when they see him to be a mere imitator of other men, however great? A mere imitator of Beecher, Talmage, Spurgeon, Hall, or any other noted preacher, is unnatural, and, therefore, a mere sham so far. Dr. Proudfoot's aim is both rational and Christian, it is to make his students true preachers and not poor imitators. Besides, if he set any man up as an ideal, let him be the most successful preacher possible, the result would be to have a Church whose ministers would be on one dead level as to style and method of preaching. Variety is wanted. That is obtained by allowing the individual free scope for his personal talents, and Dr. Proudfoot wisely refuses to destroy individuality by lifting up any one human ideal, living or dead, and saying: "Be like him."

Whatever may be done in the future, I trust that in the present case the Church will show regard for her own best interests by appointing Dr. Proudfoot to the chair. I trust she will do justice to the man who has laboured faithfully for so many years in this work, by making him permanent Professor in Homiletics, Pastoral Theology and Church History. I am confident this would give unbounded satisfaction to many ministers who have studied under Dr. Proudfoot, and to others, both laymen and ministers, in the Church.

JUSTITIA.

THE REAL ISSUE.

MR. EDITOR,—The real point at issue in all temperance legislation is this: Has society the right to protect itself against the evils of the liquor traffic? The question is one of immense importance. It is one in which every citizen has an interest. The marvel is that there should be two sides to such a question, other than the inside and outside of a lunatic asylum. Yet there are men who actually deny to society the right to purge itself of the vice of drunkenness, with all its attendant woes! This is the position virtually taken by Mr. Tassie, and, I presume, by nearly all supporters and abettors of the traffic in strong drink. He even seriously argues that though a majority of the people are in favour of wiping out what they believe to be a foul blot on our civilization, a government is justified in refusing to carry out the people's desire not only, but may even weaken and destroy existing laws, which are at least a partial embodiment of the popular will. This is the true spirit of the evil traffic, speaking boldly out. So long as the moral sense of the people can be so debauched by the traffic as to vote for its support, all is well. It cares little for the groans of its victims, or for the wrongs done to hopeless mothers and helpless children, so long as by dint of its own demoralizing influence it can keep itself on the popular side. But let the conscience of the majority be sufficiently aroused, and

their fears sufficiently excited as to demand the abolition of an acknowledged curse, and they must be suppressed by legal machinery at the instance of a liquor oligarchy! Does Mr. Tassie know that in speaking as he does about the "tyranny of majorities," he is talking nonsense quite unworthy of himself, and that such language can fittingly emanate only from a despot or a dunce? Does he imagine that anything can save such utterances either from the scorn with which a free people regards the threat of the tyrant, or the contempt due to their imbecility? In a government by the people, it is insanity to oppose the will of the majority by other than moral influences. It makes no difference in the long run whether the rulers are personally in accord with the people or not, for the people rule, and will ultimately place men in power who voice their will.

It is an unspeakable blessing to a nation when its rulers are men who fear God and hate covetousness, and who neither for place nor power can be swayed from integrity and truth. Blessed is the nation that is in such a case—which has at its service such men as W. E. Gladstone, a man who knows both how to obey his conscience and honour his Queen, and whose name will go down to posterity radiant with intellectual and moral glory—as high in the nation's affections as the Queen he serves—with the undying honour affixed to his memory that his hand was never stained by a bribe, his lips with a lie, or his heart with a sordid motive. And nations are themselves to blame where vice is enthroned and ungodly men exalted. If the people set a premium on cleverly-executed villainy—if they have sunk low enough to applaud unscrupulous cleverness, and reward it by their confidence, they are likely to reap the fruits of it in a fearfully luxuriant harvest of corruption that may ultimately swamp the commonwealth and curse posterity. And just here is the political danger arising from the liquor traffic: Its power to drag down and debase the masses, and thus poison legislation at its fountains. It requires little ability to drag men down, so that a force, the most contemptible in an intellectual or moral aspect, may be society's most powerful antagonist. The politician who works on the cupidity of men, who stimulates their greed by visions of plunder, needs not a tithe of the mental ability, to say nothing of the moral power, that must be wielded by the statesman who appeals to the nobler sentiments of his followers, who calls on them to act on the loftier plane of a self-sacrificing patriotism, and who can succeed in his task not only by the persuasion of the intellect but by enkindling the purest emotions of the heart. The former is working along the line of man's natural depravity; and it requires neither genius nor ability to do the work of evil in a world where things run naturally down hill. Just as Isaac Newton's dog, by a wag of its tail, could upset the candle and destroy the intellectual labours of years, so the most brainless reprobate may destroy the noblest products of industry, and counteract the uplifting influence of the holiest of men. The saloons of every great city, together with their first-born children, the gambling dens—from the aristocratic club-house for genteel soul-murder, down to the lowest rum-den of the rabble—are, humanly speaking, a mightier power for dragging men down than the churches and other religious agencies are for lifting them up. And when society, goaded by the love of home, shakes itself, after years of struggle, from the grip of its deadliest foe, let that foe stand forth convicted and condemned and take the punishment that is meet.

Members of the firm of Kyle, Tassie & Co. seem to think the highest liberty society enjoys is liberty to sell strong drink; liberty to manufacture drunkards, and carry on under protection of law a traffic which society declares is destructive to its very life. They seem to hold in sober earnest, what the poet uttered only as a piece of convivial banter:

Freedom and whiskey gang together—
Tak' all your dram!

The veriest slaves of the cup not uncommonly prate of their liberty. They scorn the wholesome restraints of society, but hug the chains forged by appetite and custom. To such, Carlyle speaks in language quaint and vigorous: "No man oppresses thee, O free and independent franchiser! but does not this stupid pewter pot oppress? No son of Adam can bid thee come and go; but this absurd pot of heavy wet—this can, and does! Thou art the thrall, not of Cædric the Saxon, but of thy own brutal appetites, and this scoured

dish of liquor. And thou pratest of thy liberty! Thou entire blockhead!"

Our contention is that the liquor traffic is wholly bad, and merits destruction. It exists as a bitter, blighting curse on everything virtuous and pure. It is the sworn foe of the home, and of domestic happiness. It is the enemy of law, order and morality. It is the cause of at least three-fourths of the crime in this Dominion. It is the training-school for scoundrels and the cradle in which vice is rocked.

This is, in substance, the charge which we bring against the liquor traffic, and every intelligent man in this land knows that the charge can be sustained. The evidence has been reiterated times past reckoning by our judges; it has been deeply graven on the criminal records of the nation; it has found a voice in the walls of the broken-hearted, the groans of the despairing, and the curses of self-immolated victims; and it has been traced in letters of blood spilled by the wine-inflamed assassin.

And what are the benefits it bestows? Can Mr. Tassie suggest some real blessing the saloon has conferred on society as a counterpoise to these dire evils? The goods of the grocer minister to natural want. The blacksmith takes as his raw material the iron bars, and the carpenter the rough boards, and these they fashion into ploughs and waggons, and various shapes of utility and beauty. The lawyer, for the money you give him, defends your property and your good name; and the physician restores health to your child and joy to your home. Can Mr. Tassie tell what this saloon-keeper returns to society for the money he collects and the wrongs he inflicts? P. WRIGHT.

December 8, 1885.

THE RIEL QUESTION AGAIN.

ITS RELIGIOUS ASPECT.

MR. EDITOR,—I observe in your last issue—Nov. 12—a letter on the Riel question signed "B." As that letter contains a good deal more of railing than of argument, it is unnecessary for me to answer it in detail, or to repeat a plea for mercy on the ground of extenuating circumstances not to be ignored, which remains entirely unaffected by anything he has said.

In so far, however, as he implies—as he certainly does—that we are not called to "show mercy or brotherly feeling" to those who do not show the same to us, allow me simply to quote, in protest against such a position, words which even "B." will hardly venture to call "sentimental."

"But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you."

"Charity suffereth long and is kind; . . . is not easily provoked . . . thinketh no evil; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things. Charity never faileth."

Permit me also, in the same connection, to append the following beautiful hymn by Mrs. Browning, which is not generally known, and well deserves a place in our church hymnals:

God named Love, whose power Thou art,
Thy crown'd Church before Thee stands,
With too much hating in her heart,
And too much striving in her hands.

"Love as I loved you"—runs the sound
That on Thy lips expiring sate;
Sweet word, in bitter striving drowned,
We hated as the worldly hate.

Yet, Lord, Thy wrong'd love fulfil,
Thy Church, though fallen, before Thee stands
Behold, the voice is Jacob's still,
Albeit the hands are Esau's hands.

Hast Thou no tears like those bespent
Upon Thy Zion's ancient part?
No moving looks like those which sent
Their softness through a traitor's heart?

Oh! move us—Thou hast power to move—
One in the One Beloved to be;
Teach us the heights and depths of love,
Give thine—that we may love like Thee!

The Christian Church has won her victories in the past, and will do so in the future, not by encouraging rancour and animosity, but in the might of the love that "never faileth."

FIDELIS.

Nov. 14, 1885.

THE money spent for liquor in any city would pay all the municipal expenses, and give every citizen two good suits of clothes a year.

AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' FUND.

The following circular is addressed to ministers congregations and Presbyteries:

In view of the approach of the season when congregations make the annual appropriation of their contributions to the Schemes of the Church, the Committee on the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund would call the attention of ministers, congregations and Presbyteries to the action of the late General Assembly, with a view to the increase of the capabilities of the Fund, especially in the interests of beneficiaries who have little or no other means of support. It is well known that there is a great difference of opinion in relation to the principle on which annuities should be given to retired ministers. Many are strongly of the opinion that the annuity should be regarded as a recognition of ministerial service, and given irrespective of the circumstances of the recipient; and others hold as strongly that the circumstances of retired ministers should be taken into account in determining the amount of aid to be given from the Fund. It is not at all likely that this difference of opinion will ever cease to exist; so that the Church seems shut up to a compromise such as that resolved upon, for the time being, by the Assembly. According to the Assembly's resolution, an annuity will be given, up to a certain figure, to all retired ministers, as a recognition of ministerial service, and a supplement given in cases where need requires it. It is proposed, in the meantime, that the annuities granted according to the present regulations shall not be indiscriminately increased beyond the figure of the last five years (\$220), unless such increase can be made without touching the income derived from capital; and that the income from capital, in so far as it may not be required to pay annuities up to that figure, shall be used for the purpose of making an addition to the annuities of those who are in circumstances that require it.

In view of the resolution of the Assembly, there are two things that the Committee would earnestly urge, in accordance with the Assembly's own express recommendation: (1) That the amount contributed by congregations be largely increased, so that the Committee may keep up the payment of the present annuities without using any portion of the interest of capital for the purpose. That there may be such an increase, it will be necessary that Presbyteries should employ all their influence to secure more or less liberal contributions from all the congregations within their bounds. And (2) that, inasmuch as the present capital is so small as to be quite insufficient to make any considerable addition to the annuities of the many beneficiaries who are in straitened circumstances, the wealthier members of the Church be exhorted to take the matter into their serious consideration and to contribute of their abundance to the increase of the capital. Though the increase of the capital is secured by the order of the Assembly (of 1878) to add to it all bequests and individual donations, experience shows that there will be no such increase as to make it a source of appreciable benefit to the present generation of failing ministers, unless a few who have the ability are moved to contribute generously with a view to its immediate or very early increase.

JAMES MIDDLEMISS, } Joint Conveners.
J. K. McDONALD, }

Toronto, Nov. 25, 1885.

THE departure of Archdeacon Farrar gives the *New York Evangelist* occasion to remark that after three months on this side the Atlantic—during which he visited Canada and the United States, going as far south as Baltimore and Washington, and as far west as Cincinnati, Chicago and Milwaukee—in leaving, he carries with him only the most pleasant remembrances of this country, in which he leaves only pleasant impressions behind him. Like Dean Stanley and Lord Coleridge, wherever he has gone, he has been received with boundless hospitality. He came a stranger, but he is a stranger no longer, for he has been made to feel that he would be "at home," a welcome guest, beside every hearthstone in the land. In the immense audiences that he has addressed in our principal cities, he has had before him the best that we could show—audiences which have listened with the closest attention to the distinguished preacher of Westminster Abbey. The coming among us of such a man, as of Dean Stanley and Lord Coleridge, tends to draw closer the ties which bind England and America together.

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Pastor and People.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

UNINTENTIONAL WRONG.

BY REV. JAMES HASTIE, CORNWALL.

Much wrong is done—unintentional in many cases, let us hope—toward not a few ministers in our Church; those, to wit, who have had the honour and the onus of building up a weak congregation into a strong; or who have been incumbents during the erection and payment of a new church. A small salary is given at the outset, usually, and necessarily so. For years hard work and small remuneration go hand-in-hand. Only by the most rigid economy and persistent self-denial is it that the pastor can make both ends meet at the close of the year, and some years the two ends don't meet. When at length the increased numbers and wealth of the congregation fully warrant an increase of stipend, a new church is wanted. This may mean ten thousand dollars, perhaps more. Half of it is subscribed for, perhaps three-fourths, the rest is borrowed money. This blocks any increase of salary for another half-dozen years. Meantime the congregation is complimented by others and compliments itself on its liberality, and the compliment is deserved; while it also keeps a steady eye upon the unprovided for balance. So long as that balance remains, any increase of salary is accounted out of the question.—“Let us first pay our debts.”

By the time the new church is clear of debt an enlargement is needed, or extensive improvements are decided on, and this precludes any increase of stipend for another term of years. At this point, the pastor's health begins to fail, or advancing years tell upon his energies, while with ill-omened synchronism hints reach him from different quarters that his congregation would welcome a change of pastor.

A change does take place, sometimes laterally, sometimes vertically; he is translated to another parish here perchance, or he is translated to Paradise above; or possibly resignation is forced, and he is turned adrift upon the haphazard territory of the “Probationers' Commons” with income cut off and with no savings to fall back on.

A successor who did nothing toward the upbuilding of that congregation steps into his vacated place, and is greeted with a salary, at the outset, of hundreds in advance of his predecessor, and with all machinery ready and in good running order. The \$700 salary is followed by a \$1,000; the \$1,000 by a \$1,500; the \$1,500 by a \$2,000, etc. etc.; while in many cases the man who did nothing toward building up the congregation gets the large salary, the man who did all gets the small.

A huge wrong this—unintentional in many cases, let us hope—yet the wrong is there, and its sting is there all the same.

But, happily, there are congregations in our Church, to whom this article does not apply. They too have developed from weak congregations into strong. They too have built new churches, have enlarged, have ornamented; but, *par passu* with increasing expenditure on edifices, they increased their pastor's salary; the \$700 became \$1,000, the \$1,000 became \$1,500, etc., etc., with this difference, that the man who deserved the increase is the man who got the increase, and not some other man who never contributed one iota toward congregational progress there.

Were this course taken by congregations generally, they would find that the veteran pastors, to whom they are so deeply indebted, would even now renew their youth and evince that vivacity of manner and freshness of resource, and *snaf*, said to be so much the characteristic of the fresh graduate. For when, along with the sight of seeing one's congregation growing larger, there is the experience of feeling one's purse growing heavier by a few hundreds a year at the same time, the two act like a charm in giving to a pastor's flagging energies vivacity and freshness and snap. The minister needs a good feed of oats as well as his horse, and a good feed of appropriate oats acts on each respectively much the same way.

This subject is *a propos* to the present season of the year, when managing boards and annual meetings are about to talk over finance; and this live question is hereby respectfully submitted to their consciences as one big with possibilities for much good.

SANCTIFICATION OF THE BODY

It is remarkable with what pertinacity, vehemence and force of logic the apostle insists upon the sanctification of the body. We have a specimen of this in the sixth chapter of 1st Corinthians. He is deprecating the abuse and misuse of our physical members. “The body is for the Lord” (verse 13). “Your bodies are the members of Christ” (verse 15). “Your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost, who is in you” (verse 19). “He who is joined unto the Lord is one spirit” (verse 17). This is very strong language and full of warning. He comforts us by assuring us that “the Lord is for the body” (verse 13). There is a mutual relationship. There is a Divine protection.

There are covenant obligations on both sides. Our purity and His providence are counterparts. This intimacy ends not with death. The body, as well as the soul and spirit, is to be preserved blameless until Christ's coming.

For this I do find
We two are so joined,
He'll not live in glory,
And leave me behind.

“God hath both raised up the Lord, and will also raise up us by His own power.” The conclusion irresistibly follows:—“Therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.” “Present your bodies a living sacrifice.” Every part of the human trinity should glorify the Divine Trinity.—*Christian Standard*.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

JIM'S DREAM.

BY MINNIE G. FRASER.

Poor homeless Jim—his small, bare feet
Had wandered down the sloppy street,
Since the sun rose; and now, 'twas going down,
But tired out, he lingered in the town.

'Twas Christmas eve; the angels sang
Long years ago. The heavens rang
With the glad news—“To us a child is born,”
But Jim had toiled since early, early morn.

And now within cathedral walls
He creeps; the softened light enthral
His little heart. With awe he gazes round;
He dare not move—the place is hallowed ground.

Sweet music—tender, soft and low,
Rippling like waters in their flow—
Is floating on the fascinated air,
Dying away in a deep, pleading prayer.

The boy lay down and fell asleep,
And slumbering, heard the organ sweep
In mighty harmonies from chord to chord,
While choral voices sang: “Praise ye the Lord!”

And fleeting fancies filled his brain,
And visions mingled with the strain;
Pure forms of beauty dawned upon his sight,
Elysian scenes—bright transports of delight.

He saw the city of the King,
He heard a voice say: “Go and bring
Home little Jim”—and then he seemed to rise
And angel wings to bear him to the skies.

The golden gates were opened wide,
And he passed through, while by his side
An angel walked, who gently took his hand
And showed him all the glories of that land.

For beauteous fields of green were there,
And Eschol's grapes in clusters rare
Hung purple ripe, and shady, waving trees,
Whose branches whispered in the balmy breeze.

Each seraph's face was full of love
And perfect peace. They dwelt above
All thought of ill. Their robes were glistening white,
And on their heads were jewelled crowns of light.

Jim fain would hide his little feet,
Black with the squalor of the street;
Looked at his ragged coat with brimming eyes—
He was not fit to be in Paradise.

The angel led him to a throne,
And in its midst was seated One
Who took his hand, and wiped away his tears,
And comforted and calmed his tremulous fears.

And looking up, he knew the Lord;
'Twas He; and this His gracious word;
And in an agony began to pray—
“O, keep me, Father; send me not away.”

And, wondrous ecstasy!
With joy he heard Him say:
“Robe little Jim,” and, O, the radiant sight!
For evermore he walked in spotless white.

And when the sexton came at morn,
A friendless wail with clothes all torn
Was lying dead within the sacred dome,
He mourned, nor knew the lad was safe at home.

JOHN KNOX AS A PREACHER.

Wherever he laboured indeed, his word was with power, and the English ambassador at the Court of Scotland was speaking of what he had himself seen when he wrote to Cecil: “I assure you the voice of one man is able in an hour to put more life in us than six hundred trumpets continually blustering in our ears.” But indeed, the Reformation in Scotland was itself very largely the result of his preaching. No doubt it was begun before he entered on the work, and there were others labouring as well as he. But to him most of all are due the organization and conservation of the work in the formation of a national

church. By his ministry the entire face and future of Scotland were changed. She has made great progress in many directions since his day, and outgrown many of the limitations within which, perhaps, he would have restricted her, but the success of his work made it possible for her to become what she is to-day. And it was as a preacher mainly that he did his work. He was a statesman indeed as his great scheme of education clearly proves; and the fact that his advice was sought by multitudes in difficulties is an evidence that he was a man of wisdom. But though different excellencies might come out in him on different occasions, they were all in exercise, and always at their best in the pulpit. It was the glass which focussed all his powers into a point and quickened them into an intensity that kindled everything it touched. It brightened his intellect, enlivened his imagination, clarified his judgment, inflamed his courage, and gave fiery energy to his utterance. He was never elsewhere so great in any one of these particulars as he was when in the pulpit, in them all; for there, over and above the “*præferendum ingenium Scotorum*” which he had in such large measure, and the glow of animation which fills the soul of the orator as he addresses an audience, he had the feeling that he was called of God to be faithful, and that lifted him entirely out of himself. He spoke because he could not but speak; and his words went in to men. Like those modern missiles which burst within the wounds which they have made, so his words exploded within the hearts of those who received them, and set them on fire with convictions that flamed forth in conduct. It was apparently impossible for any one to listen to him without being moved either to antagonism or to agreement, or—for he could be tender also—to tears.

It may be said, indeed, that he allowed himself too great liberty in commenting, in the pulpit, on public men and national affairs; and we may readily admit that in ordinary times and under altered circumstances it would be unwise in most preachers to do precisely as he did; but we have to bear in mind that the crisis through which his country was passing at that time was as much religious as political, and that the pulpit was the only organ at his command. To his credit be it recorded that he was, if not the first, at least among the very first to perceive the importance of making and guiding public opinion aright. He saw that the people were to be the ultimate arbiters of the great matters that were then in debate, and he was determined to reach them. But the daily press was not then born; few, comparatively speaking, could even read, so that pamphlets were of little use and the public meeting had not yet come into existence. Only the pulpit was his, and so, by his five sermons a week in Edinburgh, and his frequent itinerancies through different parts of the country, he did what is now done by editors in their columns and by statesmen in their campaigns and the like. He was not always wise, neither was he always discriminating in his utterances; but he was always transparently honest, unflinchingly bold, and unselfishly patriotic; and when we add that all these qualities in him were raised to the white heat of enthusiasm and fused into the unity of holiness by his devotion to the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, we are at no loss to account for the magnitude of the work he did. He spoke and wrote and acted as ever in His sight, and more, perhaps, than any other man in modern history, he might have taken for the motto of his life the oft-repeated asseveration of Elijah, “As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand.” This was the secret of his courage, the root of his inflexibility, and the source of his power.—*Wm. M. Taylor, D.D.*

SELF-PRAISE.

A man once walked along the banks of the mighty Euphrates River. Its waters moved softly and silently along. “Why do not thy waters surge and roar?” asked the man. And the river replied: “I need not shout aloud: my name is known widely enough. The green meadows which I water and the lofty trees upon my banks—these tell who I am.”

The man came afterward to the banks of the Tigris River. Its waves dashed along wildly and with clouds of foam. “Hallo, how loud you are shouting!” said the man. “Ah,” said the river, “my shouting does not help me at all. I still am not praised like other streams, however loudly I proclaim that I am something in the world.”

The man went further. He saw trees with the costliest and most beautiful fruit. They offered their fruits without a sound. “Why so still, good trees?” he asked. “Why not rustle like your companions in the wood?” “We are known,” they replied, “by the fruit we bear, however silent we are.” Soon the man came to a wood whose trees towered to the skies, and whose empty crests kept up a constant roar. “Why do you make such a noise?” he asked. “Ah,” they replied, “we have shouted loud and long, and yet we are not treated as we deserve.”

“Now, I know,” said the man, “who praises himself amounts to nothing. The truly meritorious require no self-praise. That truth I will not forget.”—*Jewish Messenger*.

THE TRUST OF THEIR FATHERS.

The following is the concluding portion of an able and interesting sermon addressed to the members of St. Andrew's Society, Winnipeg, in Knox Church, by the Rev. D. M. Gordon:

With freedom and increasing education came increased material prosperity. Where character was formed by such influences as the Bible, the parish school and home-training, there came increasing habits of honest industry and thrift. The limited resources of the land were more and more used and multiplied, until Scotland became prominent for the intelligence, the industry and the average comfort of her people. Many of her sons have gone forth to other lands. Like the Greeks of old, who, when they went forth to colonize a country, took with them some of the sacred fire from the altars of their native city, so the sons of Scotland have borne with them to new lands the sacred fire from the altar of their homes, the love of the open Bible, and of religious and civil liberty. Brethren, it is not enough for us to say, as, thank God, we honestly can say, "Our fathers trusted in Thee." The very use of the words may remind us of the danger that threatened those who said "We have Abraham to our father," to whom the Lord of truth replied, "If ye were Abraham's children ye would do the works of Abraham." It is not enough for us to say "Our fathers trusted in Thee" unless we can add, "In Thee we trust." The greater the privilege the greater the responsibility; having such examples we are called to follow them; claiming such a lineage we should strive to be worthy of it. We may not have the same battles to fight as they, but we have the same service and are called to obey the same unseen Leader. We may not have to contend for liberty, for though our forefathers obtained it with great price, we, through their labours, have been free born. But we may need to contend for justice, justice to every class and creed, and the struggle for justice is just the fight for freedom in another form. We may have no war to wage against the arbitrary rule of unrighteous monarchs, but we may have to guard against wrong in the rulers whom we elect to make our laws. We may not have to lay the foundation of government or of education, but we must build up the fabric in harmony with the ground-plan already prepared for us. We may not need to fight that religion should be free to exist, but we must see to it that religion shall flourish within our land, and that our life as a people shall be built up in righteousness; most of all, we must feed the fire of personal religion and maintain the altar of God's worship within our homes, for individual character and home-life build up the nation; as they are, so it shall be. For generations the Scottish people have been marked by faithful maintenance of God's worship, by devoted love of freedom, of justice, and of education, by honesty and industry. These are virtues that the world must always need, and these we are called to practise in this good land where God has placed us. If we have brought the fire from the altars of the old land and from the homes of our fathers, let the fire burn steadily here. The best contribution we can make to the life and welfare of our country is to be true to the spirit of those heroes of faith who wrought great things for Scotland of old, and for whose words and works we bless God as we say, "Our Fathers trusted in Thee."

HOW CHRISTMAS EVANS BECAME FAMOUS.

In an unexpected moment he became famous. It was at one of those wonderful gatherings—an association meeting—held at Velinvole in the immediate-neighborhood of Llanelly. A great concourse of people was assembled in the open air. There was some hitch in the arrangements. Two great men were expected, but still some one or other was wanted to break the ice—to prepare the way. On so short a notice, notwithstanding the abundance of preaching power, no one was found willing to take the vacant place. Christmas Evans was there, walking about the edge of the crowd—a tall, bony, haggard young man, uncouth and ill-dressed. The master of ceremonies for the occasion, the pastor of the district, was in an agony of perplexity to find his man—one who, if not equal to the mightiest, would yet be sufficient to the occasion. In his despair he went to our old friend Timothy Thomas, but he, declining for himself, said abruptly: "Why not ask that one-eyed lad from the North? I hear that he preaches quite wonderfully." So the pastor went to him. He instantly consented. Many who were there afterward expressed the surprise they felt at the communication going on between the pastor and the odd looking youth. "Surely," they said, "he can never ask that absurdity to preach!" They felt that an egregious mistake was being committed, and some went away to refresh themselves, and others to rest beneath the hedges around, until the great men should come, and others who stayed comforted themselves with the assurance that "the one-eyed lad" would have the good sense to be very short. But for the young preacher, while he was musing, the fire was burning; he was now, for the first time, to front one of those grand Welsh audiences,

the sacred Eisteddfod, of which we have spoken, and to be the preacher of an occasion which through all his life after was to be his constant work. Henceforth there was to be, perhaps, not an association meeting of his denomination of which he was not to be the most attractive preacher, the most longed-for and brilliant star. He took a grand text: "And you, that were sometime alienated, and enemies in your mind by wicked works, yet now hath He reconciled in the body of His flesh through death, to present you holy and unblamable and unreprouvable in His sight." Old men used to describe afterward how he justified their first fears by his stiff, awkward movements; but the organ was in those first moments building, and soon it began to play. He showed himself a master of the instrument of speech. Closer and closer the audience began to gather near him. They got up and came in from the hedges; the crowd grew more and more dense with eager listeners; the sermon became alive with dramatic representation: the throng of preachers present confessed that they were dazzled with the brilliancy of the language and imagery falling from the lips of this altogether unknown and unexpected young prophet. Presently, beneath some appalling stroke of words, numbers started to their feet, and in the pauses—if pauses were permitted in the paragraph—the question went, "Who is this?" "Whom have we here?" His words went rocking to and fro; he caught the "hwyf,"—he had also caught the people in it; he went swelling along at full sail. The people began to cry, "Goganiad!" (Glory!) "Bendigedig!" (Blessed!) The excitement was at its highest, when, amidst the weeping and rejoicing of the mighty multitude, the preacher came to an end. Drawn together from all parts of Wales to the meeting, when they went their separate ways home they carried the memory of "the one-eyed lad" with them. Christmas Evans was, from that moment, one of the most famous preachers in the Principality.—*Rev. Paxton Hood.*

"I WILL NOT LET THEE GO."

"And the disciples said, send her away, for she crieth after us."
I will not let Thee go, Thou help in time of need!
Heap ill on ill,
I trust Thee still,
E'en when it seems as Thou wouldst slay indeed!
Do as Thou wilt with me,
I yet will cling to Thee;
Hide thou thy face, yet, Help in time of need,
I will not let Thee go!
I will not let Thee go; should I forsake my bliss?
No, Lord, Thou'rt mine,
And I am Thine—
Thee will I hold when all things else I miss:
Though dark and sad the night,
Joy cometh with Thy light,
O, Thou, my Sun! should I forsake my bliss?
I will not let Thee go.
I will not let Thee go, my God, my Life, my Lord!
Not death can tear
Me from His care,
Who for my sake His soul in death outpoured.
Thou diedst for love to me.
I say in love to Thee,
E'en when my heart shall break, my God, my Life, my
Lord,
I will not let Thee go.
—From the German of Dezzler, 1692.

MEEKNESS.

Meekness is not weakness. A man may be weak and meek, but he is not meek because he is weak. Rather, meekness implies strength, some strength of passion. No being without passion can be meek. Meekness, therefore, is not apathy, since it demands feeling. Meekness is not stoicism, is not that self-control which comes from the culture of the mind, and is produced by mingling with gentle society. No man is naturally meek. Some people are born servile. They are Uriah Heeps from their birth. Some are born humble, some soft, some weak, some lymphatic. No man was ever born meek. The natural characteristic which most resembles meekness, which a man may have from his birth, is despicable; and when he acquires it by practice it is villanous. St. Paul teaches in Gal. v. that "meekness is the fruit of the Spirit." It is a purely Christian virtue. The heathen neither had it nor taught it. Roman virtue was precisely the opposite of meekness. He was the most virtuous man who used his powers of body and mind to punish his enemy. The meek man is a man out of whom pride, unforgiveness, and hatred have been taken by the Spirit of God. He knows his rights; he maintains them quietly. He feels through all his soul any injury done him, but never seeks redress by vengeance. That which by nature is despicable in man is absolutely sublime when superinduced upon his character by the Holy Spirit. He abstains from injuring his enemy, not because he does not feel the injury done himself, nor because he has not power or skill to take vengeance,

nor because it is politic to suffer wrong for a season, but because it is pleasing to his Heavenly Father that he should overcome evil with good. Our highest example of unsummarized meekness is in our Lord Jesus Christ. The greatest possible injury was done to Him, such as no other man ever endured. He thrilled to the core of His soul on being spit upon. Then did Jesus, being more insulted than any other man could be, having far more might and power over His enemies than ever any other man did have, bear all His wrongs as quietly as if He had no ability to take vengeance.

Cowards and weaklings can never be meek, but strong, positive, passionate natures come to their utmost grandeur when they endure temporary wrong to themselves for the sake of eternal right to the universe.

AN UNSPENT FORCE.

Christianity gives proof of its divinity in its power to transmit itself from age to age and from individual to individual without losing one whit of its original force. Christianity is subjected to no law of inertia. The momentum given it by the omnipotent hand of its Founder is never overcome. It moves straight on, gathering in its progress a new power of development, multiplying new forces of life at each onward stage. The old original energy with which the Gospel spread through Samaria was operative years after in conquering the Roman World, and later still in diffusing itself through Europe. And to-day, here in America, the seed cast by Christ into the soil of Judea grows with the same potency and effect. It is something marvellous how vital is this germinating quality in Christianity. A seed of gospel truth, wafted by some wayward wind to some desert spot, takes root, and a wide waste soon blooms like a rose. In some lone farm-house a mother at twilight hour gathers her child to her knees and teaches him to hsp the name of Jesus in prayer. The mother dies, and lies buried, and by the world forgotten; but the child of her prayers, grown into a Christian manhood, in the great city is drawing multitudes to Christ. The seed, planted with tears in the boy's heart, may have been long in catching root; but the seed burst at last into the warm, moist soil of his great, tender nature, and the plant, grown vigorous, has been shedding its fructifying seeds in thousands on thousands of other hearts—themselves producing seed for the salvation of an innumerable number. Christ took the leaven and put it into the lump of the world and he gave promise that the leaven should work there until the whole was leavened. It is a dull eye that cannot see all through the time past, and on every side in the world to-day, the sure fulfilment of the provisions of our Lord. Let minister and teacher and mother and every Christian work on. The word, the prayer, the holy life shall not return unto God void; they shall germinate, and shall bear and scatter the seeds through coming generations, giving everywhere promise of the final harvest which shall cover the earth.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

REASONS FOR ACCEPTING GOD'S OFFER.

One reason why the sinner should accept God's offer of salvation is His readiness to forgive the returning prodigal; another reason for doing so is the richness and vastness of His mercy, which He Himself assigns. "For My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts." God's plans, purposes, views and ideas are infinitely above those of men, and hence the sinner has abundant reason for trusting in His mercy. A third reason why man should heed the Saviour's call is found in the certainty of the divine promises. "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater; so shall My word be that goeth forth out of My mouth: it shall not return unto Me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it." The natural heart is hard and barren, but showers of divine grace can soften it, and cause it to bring forth fruit to the glory of God, and whenever these showers descend, God's purposes are accomplished—not one has ever failed—not one ever will fail.

THE enforcement of the law against polygamy in Utah has led to serious results. There is an obvious determination on the part of the United States authorities to suppress the abominable practice prevalent among the Mormons, who have at last realized the fact that the days of toleration are over, and are at their wits' end. Bitter opposition has been carried to the verge of armed resistance, troops have been hurried into Utah to be in readiness should the excited Mormons be foolhardy enough to provoke an encounter. Recent accounts lead to the belief that they are disposed to pause before committing themselves to a war of desperation. It is evident that the peculiar institution founded by Joseph Smith is nearing its end.

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



TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1885.

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN would confer a favour by forwarding by postal card the names and addresses of friends not now receiving the paper to whom it will be sent free by mail till the close of 1885. This offer is made with the view of interesting members of the Presbyterian Church who are unacquainted with the character and objects of the paper and to induce them to become subscribers.

WHAT should be the length of the sermon? This is one of the questions that will not down. It is asked by somebody in the secular and religious press almost every day. When those who attempt an answer come down to figures they generally say about "half an hour." This is rather indefinite. "About half an hour" may mean forty or forty-five minutes, which many would think too long, or twenty minutes, which a few might consider too short. One thing, however, is quite clear. The age of diffuseness and verbosity is over, at least for the present. The people demand a brief, incisive, condensed treatment of subjects. Nor do we think that their taste is evidence of antipathy against or lack of interest in the Gospel. The man who feels most uneasy under the prolix, never-ending conclusion may, and often does, do more to send the Gospel to the home and foreign fields than any other man in church. Patience under prolixity is no evidence of piety. The man who can listen for two hours usually does no work for Christ in the afternoon, and cannot always be depended on to put even a cent on the plate. Good Christian people of this age have just as good a right to want a sermon half an hour long as Christian people of another age to want one two hours long. All of which we say while believing that the clock is a poor standard to judge sermons by. Some sermons are longer at ten minutes than others are at an hour.

AT this season of the year one is often forcibly—perhaps we should say painfully—reminded that other forms of address need shortening quite as much as sermons. From autumn until spring one part of the human family in Canada is engaged every evening except perhaps Saturday, in addressing the other part. Turn where you will, the floodgates of ecclesiastical, social, municipal and parliamentary oratory are open. There is a deluge of oratory, or at least, of talk. Considering the importance of the subjects discussed, nine out of every ten of the other orators are just as great sinners against time and patience as the most prolix preacher. Is there a public dinner, or a soiree, or a ward meeting, or a political gathering or a sitting of Parliament at which some pretentious bore does not weary people with his platitudes? The bore is all the more intolerable because the fault is entirely his own. A man who can make points and pass on is always listened to and appreciated. The orator who says nothing, clumsily, stupidly, tediously and forever, is the man who tires the souls of his fellow men. Who has not sickened over the introduction of the ordinary tea-meeting speech? Downright conceit and egotism are at the base of a good many of the never-ending addresses one has to listen to. Every feature, every tone, of the speaker seems to say: "You ought to be glad to hear me at any length."

People who listen have their rights as well as those who speak, and it is no wonder that they occasionally insist on these rights in a most unmistakable manner.

A BUSINESS man, writing to the *Interior* on the subject of Systematic Giving, says he has read the reports of ten Synods and as many Presbyteries and cannot find that these courts give much attention to practical measures for developing the liberality of the people. Our business man puts this business-like question to the editor:

Suppose all our Presbyteries were to devote, say, only one-fourth of their time during their meetings to the discussion of practical plans on this subject, don't you think the time would be well spent, and that the contributions of the Church to the work of the Master would thereby be increased at least twenty-five per cent. annually more than by the present methods?

We don't know how it might be in the West, but we are quite satisfied that if some Presbyteries nearer home were to spend one-fourth of their time in discussing practical plans for supporting the Schemes of the Church the Augmentation Scheme would not be borrowing and our retired ministers would not be trying to eke out an existence on \$200 a year. Presbyteries, or at least some Presbyteries, give fifteen or twenty minutes, when two-thirds of the members are gone, to the most vital Schemes of the Church and spend the rest of the time in adjusting local matters of little importance and pottering over small questions of procedure. There is money enough in the Church to support all her Schemes handsomely, and the people are willing to give it. Many of the people, however, are never reached. There is no proper organization to reach them. A few are expected to contribute, and do contribute, but in many congregations there is no method for reaching the many. The collection plate at the door on a wet or even dry Sabbath is a grim mockery: There is not nearly as much difference between the liberality of congregations as many people imagine. The difference is mainly in the mode of raising the money. The mode that gets something from everybody is the one that succeeds. The fact is, many Presbyteries pay almost no attention of a practical kind to the methods adopted by congregations for raising money.

THERE was a somewhat novel judicial case before the Chicago Presbytery the other day. A session within the bounds excommunicated a member for an offence described as "general cantankerousness." The Presbytery reversed the decision, not on the ground that general cantankerousness is not an offence, but because they considered excommunication too severe a penalty. A commission was appointed to find some adequate penalty on this side of excommunication. One peculiarity of the case was that the elders voted to uphold the decision and keep the cantankerous man out. The *Interior* thinks the elders took the correct view. The *Interior* is right, as it always is. General cantankerousness is an offence a thousand-fold more injurious to the Church than any isolated case of sin of any kind can possibly be. A man may be at least a negatively good man until he commits some isolated act that merits expulsion. If he has done no good he may at least have done no harm. But the worst feature of the cantankerous man's sin usually consists in the fact that for years and years he has been a nuisance. He has perhaps turned two or three pastors out of their pulpits, has kept up a continual disturbance in the session, or the managers' board, or the Sabbath school, or the choir, or perhaps in all four. He has turned congregational meetings into a bear garden for fifteen or twenty years. He has interfered with every worker, and done little or nothing and paid little or nothing himself. All the time that this cantankerous creature has been making himself a nuisance, perhaps the session has been dealing with a few young people for dancing, or perhaps with some unfortunates who were not able to resist the temptation to drink. Does any sane man say that the young people who go through a quadrille in a private house do as much harm as that man who has disturbed the Church of God for twenty years? Is the unfortunate who cannot control his appetite as great a sinner as this chronic disturber? Sometimes the chronic disturber is in the session himself. It is a burlesque on Church government and discipline to see a cantankerous creature administering discipline to others who are much better than he. There is no offence, no sin, no crime that does more harm to the Church than general and long-continued cantankerousness. It

would be well if all the cantankerous cranks were handled as the Chicago Session handled this one. It will never be done until laymen do it. The clergy deal with a man readily enough for a little doctrinal heresy, but they never take hold of a crank as sensible laymen do.

THE ELECTIONS IN ULSTER AND THE PRESBYTERIANS.

IN Ulster, at the last census, there were over 463,000 Presbyterians, and over 329,000 Episcopalians. It would, in the circumstances, be a modest expectation were the Presbyterians to have a half of the representatives in Parliament. This has never been the case; indeed, it has been very far from being the case. We can remember a time—that was before the tenant electors were protected by the secrecy of the ballot—when from all Ulster not more than one Presbyterian was sent to Parliament. Since the ballot came into operation and, besides, the Land Act, which gives security of tenure, and a protection against rack-renting, there has been some improvement; but never yet have Presbyterians got their full share, or anything like it. They, as well as Roman Catholics, during the whole of the eighteenth century, were under disabilities of a most disgraceful kind. Besides the dominance of the State Church, the landlords were, for the most part, members of the Episcopal Church, and so it came about that nearly all the members of Parliament, as well as nine-tenths of the Justices of the Peace, were Episcopalians. Of twenty-nine members in the late Parliament from Ulster, some twenty-six were Protestants, and yet no more than eight were Presbyterians. These were very few in comparison; but, on the other hand, they were men in whom the Church generally had the fullest confidence, no matter what side of politics they belonged to, and some of them were on one side and some on the other. It is almost invidious to mention names, but it is quite safe to say that Thomas A. Dickson, James T. Corry, Sir Thomas McClure, Charles E. Lewis and W. T. Sinclair are men that any constituency in Ulster might be proud to have as representatives. Of course we do not say that because a candidate is a Presbyterian on that account alone he ought to be supported; we are neither so foolish nor so bigoted as to say that; but, other things being equal, we hold that a voter should have some regard to such claims.

In the new Parliament Presbyterians from Ulster will be at a discount. There has, for some reason or other, been a falling from grace. Only three, so far as we can see, have been returned. Of the gentlemen whose names are given above, not one will be in the new House, and all except one offered their services. Sir Thomas McClure retired because of age. In Antrim, Belfast and Down, are these now return four members each, the Presbyterians have a majority over any other denomination. Yet out of the twelve members only one is a Presbyterian. We have no doubt the Orangemen are very much to blame for the result. The members of that body put partisan politics, it appears, above every other consideration, and on this occasion they and the Parnellites are found working for the same end. It is a queer combination, it is an unholy alliance, and it cannot last long. We do not always approve of the course that the *Derry Sentinel* pursues; but justice demands that we give that paper our meed of praise for the way it acted in the late election. Had its advice been followed, and the Abercorn family lent all its great influence to the same course, there would, in all likelihood, have been three or four fewer Home Rulers in the House, and in several of these cases Presbyterians would have been sitting in their places. Those that would not be advised acted the part of the dog in the manger; they forced on contests, and so played into the hands of the party they profess to detest. Where voters were led to act as they did, they will see when it is too late that they were neither helping their country nor the Church to which they belong. It is humiliating to think of the result. There is not the slightest doubt that two seats in Tyrone and one in Derry have been lost in this way. It is stated that the focus of the evil influence was in Belfast; but of this we cannot say any further than what is stated in the papers. Many in Canada feel sore because of the insanity, as it is deemed, that was shown in the matter. We trust a lesson has been learned that will not be forgotten, especially by the men of Antrim, Belfast and Down.

EDUCATION IN MANITOBA.

A SHORT time ago we received the Report of the Superintendent of Education for the Protestant Schools of Manitoba for the year ending 31st January, 1885. Like most reports of the kind it bristles with facts and figures, by no means dry and uninteresting. Pioneer settlers in the North-West may well be thankful that so early in the history of the Province, Manitoba has been able to establish such an excellent and well-equipped educational system as she now possesses, being in its main features similar to that existing in Ontario.

From the efforts made, even in sparsely-settled districts, to establish the best schools possible in the circumstances, it is evident that the hardy settlers highly appreciate the value of a good education for their children. The School System of Manitoba was organized in 1871. The number of schools reported for that year was sixteen, with a total attendance of 816 pupils. The following year one school only was added to the number, while the attendance rose to 1,095. In 1873, the number of schools remained stationary, with a slight increase in attendance. From that time up to the present there has been a steady increase both in the number of schools and in the attendance of pupils. The report gives the number of schools for last year as 359, and the total attendance as 13,641, an increase of nearly 3,000 over that reported for 1883. The census of Protestant children between five and fifteen years of age, taken in November, 1884, was found to be 14,129.

Engaged in teaching there were 170 male and 189 female teachers, of whom forty-seven held first-class, 118 second class, 138 third class, and fifty-six interim certificates. In the rural districts the average salary of male teachers was \$460, that of female teachers being \$407. In cities and towns there is considerable variety, the highest averages being . Winnipeg, \$1,078 for male and \$556 for female teachers; Brandon, giving male teachers an average of \$1,000 and female teachers just exactly the half of that amount, while Portage la Prairie pays on an average \$1,000 to male and \$396 to female teachers.

Laudable efforts are being made to advance the interests of higher education in Manitoba. There is an efficient Normal School in Winnipeg. No special buildings have yet been erected for this most necessary institution, but the friends of learning have not waited for proper surroundings before undertaking the work of training competent teachers for the growing demands of educational work. The Normal School session begins in November and ends in March following. A second session consists of institutes exclusively for the instruction and training of third-class teachers. They may be held throughout the Province in places deemed most convenient and suitable by the Board of Education.

There are also three Collegiate Departments in operation at present, one at Winnipeg, the others being at Brandon and Portage la Prairie, where, according to the inspectors' report, excellent work has been done. They say that "quite a number of students matriculated from them into the University last spring and acquitted themselves with credit." The system of school inspection is similar to that existing in Ontario previous to the appointment of county inspectors. There are no complaints of inefficiency, and judging from the names—among them being those of several well-known Presbyterian ministers—there is every reason to believe that the work of inspection is faithfully attended to.

The report contains elaborate tables of receipts and expenditures. The various items disbursed are unusually minute; this is a thing to be commended. It is interesting to the friends of education, and it is only fair to the tax-payer that full information should be given as to the manner in which public funds are expended. Here, however, let it suffice to state that the total receipts for educational purposes from all sources were \$328,847.41, and the total expenditure amounted to \$302,373.38.

It is evident that the people of Manitoba have made commendable efforts to secure an efficient system of education. They realize its importance, and are prepared to make sacrifices to secure its advantages. It is to be hoped that they will not lose sight of the moral and religious training of the young. Experience has shown that secular education alone fails to secure the highest development of the immortal soul. We must not forget that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." The Church and the family have a heavy responsibility resting on them. The home and the Sabbath school are most important factors in the work of education.

Books and Magazines.

WORDS OF PEACE FOR THE YOUNG. A packet of Twelve Assorted Texts, printed in Fourteen Colours. (Toronto: S. R. Briggs.)—As Christmas gifts for the young these cards are bright, beautiful and remarkably cheap.

OBSCURE SCRIPTURE CHARACTERS AND MINOR LIGHTS OF SCRIPTURE. By Frederick Hastings. (Toronto: S. R. Briggs.)—These thoughtful sketches of the less prominent characters in sacred story are worthy of careful perusal.

ON THE FOUR GOSPELS. By J. G. Bellett. (Boston: J. A. Whipple.)—The design of this little work is to give the reader of the Gospels a clear and succinct view of their contents as a whole. It is concise and Scriptural in statement.

KATIE; AN EDINBURGH LASSIE. By Robina F. Hardy (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)—This is a new story by the popular authoress of "Jock Halliday." Though it has a local colouring, it touches universal human sympathies, and conveys most valuable lessons.

LEONORE. By Edgar Allan Poe. EVE OF ST. AGNES. By John Keats. (Boston: Estes & Lauriat.)—These literary classics are published for the holiday season. They are magnificent specimens of the engraver's art. Typographically they are exquisite, and in every respect they cannot fail to captivate the fancy of book lovers.

ABIDE IN CHRIST. Thoughts on the Blessed Life of Fellowship with the Son of God. By Rev. Andrew Murray, Wellington, Cape of Good Hope. (Toronto: S. R. Briggs.)—This work, which has received a cordial and wide welcome, is an excellent aid to devotion. There is a continuity in the line of thought, but it is composed of brief meditations of a plain and practical kind for each day of the month.

THE LESSON COMMENTARY on the International School Lessons for 1886. By Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D., and Rev. J. L. Hurlbut, M.A. (Boston: Ira Bradley & Co.; Toronto: Upper Canada Book and Tract Depository.)—Sabbath school teachers, and Bible students generally, will find this a most valuable and profitable help in enabling them to obtain a clear and comprehensive grasp of the subjects set for 1886.

ROBERT BURNS. An Anniversary Poem. By Duncan McGregor Crerar. (London: Marcus Ward & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Co.)—In more senses than one this little work is an artistic gem. It is got up in a tasteful antique style. Each page is beautifully illustrated by subjects familiar to all acquainted with the poetry of Robert Burns. The poem reveals many excellencies. The author, well-known in Canada, is gifted with true poetic fire and feeling.

A LAYMAN'S STUDY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE. By Francis Bowen, LL.D. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs.)—Dr. Bowen, Alford Professor of Philosophy in Harvard, has written a scholarly treatise on the English Bible, considered in its literary and secular aspect. He has done his work well, in an honest and reverential spirit. The book will no doubt enable many to see new beauties in the sacred Scriptures and to place a higher value on its teachings.

SELECT NOTES. A Commentary on the International Lessons for 1886. By Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D., and M. A. Peloubet. INTERNATIONAL QUESTION-BOOK for the Older Scholars; Parts I. and II. LITTLE LEARNERS' QUESTION BOOK, and Sunday School Lessons with Golden Texts and Bible Texts. (Boston: W. A. Wilde & Co.; Toronto: James Bain & Son.)—The many teachers who have used the Peloubet Series of Helps for the study of the International Lessons do not need to be informed of their value. The issue for the coming year is in advance of all previous efforts.

QUAINT SERMONS OF SAMUEL RUTHERFORD Hitherto Unpublished. With Preface by the Rev. Andrew A. Bonar, D.D. (Toronto: S. R. Briggs.)—Mr. James Eccles Russell, London, a son of a Scottish manse, told Dr. Andrew Bonar that he had in his possession as an heirloom a manuscript volume of sermons by the saintly Rutherford, whose "Letters" have done so much to promote a pure and exalted piety. These sermons, now published, are rich in Gospel truth and breathe a fine fervency of spirit. They are a splendid specimen of Scottish preaching in the seventeenth century.

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

(Continued.)

In connection with the camp is quite a large bazaar; but Mr. Wilson has begun work in what is called Old Neemuch, distant about one mile from the camp. Here we have rented a large (for a native place) two-story place, in which our teacher, Balaram, lives, and where the school is held. The school was opened with a large number of boys, and for weeks about a hundred were present every day; but lately, on two of their number expressing a wish to become Christians, the majority took fright, thinking that force would be used to make them all give up their own religion, and since that the attendance has been much smaller. Balaram, however, seems to be a man of good judgment, and is much liked in the bazaar; and as the natives will do almost anything to obtain an English education, there is no doubt that the school will yet flourish. Some of the people take a very common-sense view of the matter, and say: "Let the boys do as they like; if they want to become Christians, why hinder them?" These, as you may understand, are not the most religious part of the community, however, or else they do not realize what becoming a Christian means. Few of the people, I suppose, had ever heard before the school was opened of Christianity, and being as a rule, devoted Hindoos, they naturally are uneasy at hearing the claims of another religion pressed.

We have a service in the bazaar every Sabbath afternoon, attended by the few native Christians in Neemuch, and by quite a large number of Hindoos and Mahomedans, who listen attentively and seem interested in what they hear. To nearly all, the Gospel of Christ is a new story, and it is exceedingly interesting to watch the faces of the people and to hear their comments as they hear for the first time that which by us is often lightly passed over and little thought about on account of its familiarity. Balaram conducted the service and preached last Sabbath, and I did not wonder at his eloquence, seeing the intense eagerness to hear of the audience that he was addressing. Such a congregation should, one would think, touch with a coal of fire the lips of even the dullest speaker. You will be glad to hear that some friends of St. James Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto, are sending us an organ for use at our meetings in the bazaar. The natives are wonderfully fond of music and of musical instruments, and the sound of an organ will attract the many who would not otherwise come to the meetings. Native tunes are not, to our ears, musical, but I do not know whether our English tunes would ever have to them the meaning of their own. Their singing of these tunes is hideous. The tune just depends on the wind of the singer, and no evident attempt is made to keep a melody within any one given key. I am sure the organ will be of great use in training those who will join us as well as an attraction to outsiders.

In Neemuch we have opened a fairly good medical dispensary, and have engaged the services of an English doctor who has had considerable experience in treating Indian diseases, and who has had good success so far in his work. Most of his time he spends here, but he visits Mundesor every week, and has as many patients as he can attend to there. Indeed, there ought to be a medical man and dispensary for each place; the work is too much for one. This is a very necessary form of mission labour, and a form that all can appreciate.

My letter is already so long that I must not do more than mention Mundesor. Mundesor is a walled city, having a population of twenty-five thousand. It is a distinctively native town, and has acquired an undeniable notoriety for lawlessness and turbulence. There are no less than twelve police offices in the place; and, indeed, it is said that Neemuch camp is necessary, if for nothing else, to keep Mundesor in order. It is a terribly filthy place—thoroughly native in this respect—and where, as at present, cholera breaks out among the people they are carried off by hundreds. Our teacher there, Jugal Ka Shore, lost his own two children lately by the disease, and a number of his pupils have died, so that the school is rather small just now. Dr. Kidd, of the medical dispensary, visits Mundesor for a couple of days every week. But though the people are glad to go to him to get relief in any ordinary sickness, they regard cholera, small-pox, etc., as visitations from the "gods," and they will use no means to prevent or cure.

Mission work is now fairly begun in these two towns, and the hope is that Scindia, in whose territory they are, and who is one of the most powerful and independent of native princes, may not follow Holkar's example and use all the means in his power to hinder its progress.

M. WILSON.

Choice Literature.

MISS GILBERT'S CAREER.

CHAPTER III.—HUCKLEBURY RUN AND ITS ENTERPRISING PROPRIETOR.

New and important characters wait impatiently for an introduction to the reader, and why pause to relate events that occurred, as a matter of course, after the death of Little Venus? Why pause to tell of Aunt Catharine's further exposition of "her mind"; of the touching funeral of the little girl, attended to her grave by the entire corps of the "Crampton Light Infantry," in procession; of each little member going up and tossing flowers into her grave; of the prayers and preachings of the good pastor over the "mysterious providence"; of the reaction against infant schools among the people of Crampton; of the disgust of Dr. Gilbert with the ignorance and superstition of those whom he had striven to benefit; and of the freedom in which Miss Fanny Gilbert was left to dream of a career?

A few weeks after the events which have been narrated, Dr. Gilbert had a long interview with Mrs. Blague, in her snug back parlour. That little lady, pale with her recent sickness, and dropping tears freely under the stress of present gloomy reflections, sat rocking the cradle of her little boy, and rocking herself at the same time.

"You must cheer up," said the doctor, with a voice so sonorous that it seemed to jar the floor.

"Ah! doctor, you say it very easily; I find it very hard." "Well, you must stir about, you must get out doors and see people, and—and—get strength. That was always Mrs. Gilbert's way."

"Poor Mrs. Gilbert!" responded Mrs. Blague, with an involuntary sigh. "How much comfort she would be to me, if she were living!"

Aunt Catharine's recent remarks upon Mrs. Gilbert had made the doctor sensitive, and he changed the direction of the conversation.

"Well, to come back to business. We may as well look all our troubles in the face. I find, on examining your husband's accounts, that, after paying all the debts, you will only have this house left. Now the practical question is how are you going to live. You are not able to earn any thing, and you will not be, while this child is young. You have but one resort, and that is Arthur. He is eighteen years old—smart and strong—able to earn his own living and yours too; and if he is a boy of the spirit I take him to be, he will devote himself to you gladly."

"But it will be such a disappointment to him to be obliged to relinquish study; and I had set my heart on his going through college. It was the strongest wish of his father that he should be an educated man, and have a chance to rise in the world. I would willingly give up the house—"

"It cannot be done, madam," said the doctor, interrupting her. "You've got a house, keep it over your head. You've got a son able to earn money enough to support you in it. Let him do it. It is as plainly God's providence for you," said the doctor, rising, and walking back and forth across the room, "as if He had told you so in so many words. Let Arthur be called, and let us find out what he thinks about it."

Arthur is in his chamber writing up accounts; and while Mrs. Blague goes to call him, let us engage ourselves with a bit of history which is passing through the busy mind of Dr. Gilbert. Mr. Blague had been a humble country tradesman, industrious and frugal, but not prosperous. He had lived comfortably and respectably, but he had lived a life of sorrow. His first child, Arthur, had thriven, but he had had many children, all of whom he had lost. Some taint of constitution had attached to all in turn, and, just as they were blossoming into childhood, one after another had sickened and died. These repeated blows had so stricken the feeble mother that she had become what strong people call "a broken-down woman." For her, there were no bright skies, no green fields, no pleasant melody of birds, no beautiful flowers, no life-inspiring breezes; and when the last blow came, and he, who had been her constant friend and her one stay and support, was taken from her, her spirit was crushed into a helpless grief from which she did not even care to rise. The birth of another boy, after the death of her husband, was but an added grief, for she had lost all hope now that any child of hers might live.

So, when Dr. Gilbert told her to "cheer up," it only made her the more sensible that she was beyond the ability of cheerfulness. When he bade her "stir about," she comprehended no motive for the effort. She could cheer no one; she could be cheered by no one. Vital elasticity there was none within her. Her life had become a passive, grieving, plain thing.

There is a sound upon the stairs, and Dr. Gilbert, growing impatient with a few minutes' delay, looks at his watch. Arthur Blague opens the door, and respectfully steps aside for his mother to enter. He is tall enough and strong enough to lift her in his arms like a child. His hair is black, his eye is dark—there is something manly beyond his years in his bearing—yet the down of manhood hardly darkens his lip. Shaking Dr. Gilbert's hand, he advances to the cradle, and taking it up, he removes it to another room. The mother follows passively, and he shuts the door after her. Dr. Gilbert clears his throat, and forgets what, in his hasty promptness, he was going to say. Arthur is not a boy any longer, and there is something in his presence—felt, but undefinable—that gives Dr. Gilbert the consciousness that he has will and character to deal with.

Can streams rise higher than their fountains? They can, and they do. There was more power, more character, more life, in this boy, than either his father or his mother possessed—nay, more than both together possessed. He was of a more generous pattern, physically and mentally, than either. Where did he come from? What germ of a feeble life enclosed the germ of this large life? Philosophy tells of great hereditary qualities stepping proudly over the heads of many generations, and entering into life again. Philosophy tells us that family life is like a garden vine, that repeats the

parent root at long intervals, and pushes on with new vitality. Philosophy is a cheat. God makes new Adams every day.

Arthur Blague took a chair in front of Dr. Gilbert, and calmly looked him in the face. The doctor cleared his throat, and began: "As the administrator of your father's estate, and as his old friend, I am, of course, much interested in the future comfort and welfare of his family."

Dr. Gilbert paused, uncertain how to proceed, and drummed upon the arm of his chair with his finger-nails. Arthur still looked in his face, and simply responded "Yes, sir."

"Well," pursued the doctor, entirely breaking down on his preamble, "to make a long story short, we can only save this house from the estate; and some means are to be devised for supporting your mother, her little one and yourself."

"Yes, sir," responded Arthur again.

"I am aware," continued Dr. Gilbert, getting easier, "that you have entertained high aims in life, and you know, Arthur, that I sympathize with you in them. It will be very hard for you to relinquish them, I know; but you see how it is, and I have no doubt you will be ready to make the sacrifice."

"I suppose," replied Arthur, "that I can change my plans, without changing my aims."

Light dawned on the doctor. He would encourage the boy to entertain a pleasant delusion, though he was entirely at a loss to imagine how a man could become eminent without first attaining, in the regular way, what people are accustomed to call "an education."

"A very proper distinction," said the doctor, rubbing his hands. "Keep your aims and change your means. Keep your eye on the goal, and, if circumstances make it necessary to change the path by which you have chosen to reach it, then adopt a new path. A good distinction—very good. I am glad you thought of it, because it will help you, and make a change in your plans comparatively easy."

"Easy!" exclaimed Arthur, a half-contemptuous twinge in his lip, and added: "I take it that the simple question with me is what is right and what is best."

"Very well, how do you decide that question?"

"I decided, before my father was laid in the grave, that it was right and best for me to support my mother and myself, and that it would be a shame and a curse to me to relinquish her, or submit myself to the charity of friends, in order to attain my own selfish ends."

"A brave decision, Arthur Blague!" exclaimed the doctor, with a hearty smile. "Now what do you propose to do? Will you teach a school this winter?"

"I think not."

"Why not?"

"Because I wish to undertake some employment which I can follow constantly, and which will give me a regular income throughout the year. It must be near my home, for my mother cannot be left alone. It must be an employment of promise, in which I can feel that I am learning that which will be of more value to me than my wages."

"I don't know where you'll find it," said the doctor, shaking his head, dubiously. "There isn't much going on in Crampton. Waggon-making is down. I had to take one for a debt last week, and sacrifice on it. Brooms are very uncertain. Brush is high now, and nobody makes anything. Ketchum & Fleesum are doing a good deal with palm-leaf hats, I suppose. They make a considerable noise about it, at least. What do you say to going into their store?"

"I've had enough of stores," replied Arthur, decidedly.

"Well, there's old Ruggles, down at Hucklebury Run. He is about the only man in Crampton who is making anything. Cotton and sugar are high now, and the market for linsey-woolsey was never better at the South. He employs a great many hands and pays good wages."

Arthur cast his eyes, which he had held steadily on the doctor's face till this moment, upon the floor. His face grew red, and a mingled expression of pain and disgust passed over it.

The doctor noticed the change, and added: "I know that they tell hard stories about matters down at the Run. Old Ruggles, as we call him, isn't exactly a popular man. I suppose he does the best he can for himself, like the rest of us, but he's a driving fellow, and brings a great deal of money into the place. He's a member of our parish, you know, and pays something for the support of the Gospel." "And starves what he pays out of his operatives, unless they lie," replied Arthur.

"Well, well, we can't always tell about these things. Men who have so many people to manage have a great many trials we know nothing about. I'm inclined to think he is a little hard, but he will do as he agrees to do; and the question which you have to settle is whether you can earn enough in his employ to support the family and still be learning something that will enable you to get up in life."

"Dr. Gilbert," said Arthur, warmly, "you know that old Ruggles did my father more injury than any other man he ever dealt with. He always overreached him, and always abused his confidence. I have quarrelled with him myself, and he hates me. I have no respect for him, and can have none."

"Very well, if you can do better, I have nothing to say; but you see how it is. I confess that I see nothing for you to do, unless you can find it in his establishment."

Arthur rose, and walked the room in undisguised distress. It was torture to think of being under the control of one whom he knew to be mean-spirited and tyrannical. Then the humiliation of coming upon a level with those who had been the slaves of their employer for years, and who, for bread, had forfeited their manhood in a craven sycophancy, chafed his pride almost beyond endurance. The loss of caste with his associates in the village—young men with whom he had hoped to dispute the honours of a higher grade of life—he could bear better than this, but it helped to make his cup more bitter.

"You see," suggested the doctor, watching him closely, "that you will not be obliged to stay at the Run at night.

You can breakfast here, take your dinner along with you, and come home to sup and sleep."

Arthur did not need the suggestion. He had struggled with himself, and he had conquered. Brushing tears from his eyes that the conflict had cost him, he calmly seated himself again, and said: "The matter is settled. I shall go to the Run, if I can get employment there."

He had hardly finished his sentence when the doctor rose from his seat, hurried to the window, raised it, and shouted to a man passing along the street in a waggon, behind a half-fed horse. Having just then received a swinging cut with the whip, the animal was not readily checked. So the driver gave him another cut to make him stop, and as the horse did not understand that way of doing business, he gave him another cut to make him understand it, shouting "whoa then!" so savagely that he could be heard from one end of Crampton Common to the other.

The doctor beckoned him to return. Arthur trembled from head to foot, not with apprehension but with indignation. It was old Ruggles himself, on his regular morning visit to the post office. As he came back to the window, his horse, half-crazed with pain and fear, was not readily pulled up, and he was whipped again, and then he was driven round and round a circle in front of the house, and whipped all the way. At length the poor brute stood still.

"I'll teach you," said old Ruggles, spitefully, and then seeing for the first time who had called him, whined out by way of apology. "The fact is, doctor, the women drive this horse so much that he isn't good for anything. I hate to whip a horse."

"I never whip a horse," said the doctor.

"Well, you can't always get along without it. Horses are like folks. You have to straighten them out once in a while. He! he! he!" and the proprietor of Hucklebury Run tried to smile amiably.

"Have you a few minutes to spare now?" inquired Dr. Gilbert.

"Well! yes—always enough to do, you know. We are working folks down to the Run. Can't stop long. What is it?"

"A little matter of business. Suppose you tie your horse and come in."

Old Ruggles looked down upon his rusty satinet suit, perfectly conscious that he was out of place in a decent house and good company.

"I ain't fixed up any, you see," said he, "but handsome is that handsome does, as they say. He! he! he!" and he tried to smile again. Arthur was burning with disgust. His sensitive nature revolted from contact with the man, but he stepped to the door and admitted him. He took Arthur's unresisting hand, and remembering that he was in a house which death had recently visited, he drew on a very long and a very sympathetic face, and told Arthur he was glad to see him looking well, and inquired how his mother "stood up under it." Then he blew his nose, a tough organ, accustomed by long usage to that process, and on the present occasion blown as an expression of sympathy for the bereaved family, and as a signal for the commencement of business.

"We were talking of you the moment you drove past the window," said the doctor, preliminarily.

"Saying nothing bad, I hope," replied Ruggles, looking from the doctor to Arthur, and from Arthur to the doctor again, with his small, shrewd, gray eyes. Arthur blushed, but the doctor, intent on business, paid no attention to the remark and proceeded.

"Perhaps you know, Mr. Ruggles, that Mr. Blague's affairs did not turn out so well as we had hoped, for the sake of his family, they might."

Ruggles nodded his head, and said that he had heard something to that effect.

"Which," continued the doctor, "will make it necessary for our young friend Arthur to relinquish some of his plans, and to devote himself to obtaining a support for himself and the family."

Ruggles nodded his head again, evidently puzzled to know why all this should be said to him.

Dr. Gilbert proceeded: "Arthur and I have been considering the matter and have come to the conclusion that a situation in your establishment would perhaps give him the best opportunity he could have for earning reasonable wages and, at the same time, of acquiring knowledge of a business that would enable him at some future day to realize a competence."

Arthur's eyes were riveted upon the face of his future employer. The gray eyes twinkled with a new light, the thin, long lips twitched with unwonted excitement, and the hard, wrinkled cheeks, black as ink with a three days' beard, seemed to hug more tightly the bones beneath them. The thought that the son of the old tradesman—that Arthur Blague, who had defied him, and who had proudly expressed his contempt of him to his face, should become his dependent, was one which gratified every thing that was malignant in his nature. Arthur, with his keen instincts, read the hard face as it it were the page of an open book.

Old Ruggles looked about the room, wrinkled his forehead as if in a brown study, and whistled to himself. He was at home now. He forgot his rusty suit of satinet. He forgot the dissonance of his breeding with that of the quiet house in which he sat. He was the lord of a favour and a destiny, and, as a fitting expression of his new dignity, he put his dusty feet in a chair, and whistled again.

"Well, I don't know hardly what to say about it. I've got all the help I care about, and I'm afraid that Arthur ain't quite used enough to work to be contented with us. We are working folks down to the Run, you know;" having said which, old Ruggles subsided into another whistle.

"I'm not afraid of work, sir," said Arthur.

"Well, I'm glad to hear you say it. Pluck is every thing, but I—I—don't exactly like to have you do it. It's a kind of—sort of—coming down, ain't it?" The proprietor of Hucklebury Run grinned maliciously, and thought he was looking amiable and sympathetic.

"If you are particular about knowing my opinion on that point," replied Arthur, sharply, "I think it is."

"Now, that's just the trouble I expected. You see we are all alike down to the Run. I work just as hard as any of my hands, and we can't have anybody round that feels above his business. You can't learn my business, and learn it so that it will be of any use to you, unless you begin at the foot of the ladder and work. I began at the foot of the ladder, and I make 'em all begin at the foot of the ladder, Hucklebury Run is the last place to have high notions in."

"I suppose a man may have such notions as he chooses, provided he does his work well," said Arthur, and added: "but if you don't want me, there is an end of it. I shall try somewhere else."

"I suppose I can make a place for you, but I couldn't give you much the first year."

"How much?"

"Let's see!" and the manufacturer ciphered it out with his eyes on the ceiling. "Ten times twelve is a hundred and twenty—e—ten times twelve is a hundred and twenty—e—fifty-two dollars—fifty-two quarters—fifty-two quarters—sixty-five—wages and board. Well, a hundred and eighty-five dollars for the first year. That's—ah—ten dollars a month for twelve months, and a dollar and a quarter a week for board."

"Is that all you can give?" inquired Dr. Gilbert, very much disappointed.

"It's all that it's safe to offer, I assure you, doctor. The fact is he may not like and I may not like. If he should earn more, why, of course, I would increase his wages."

"But the board," replied the doctor, "is very low. A young man of Arthur's age cannot live on it."

"A dollar and a quarter a week is all I ever pay at the boarding-house, and my hands live just as well as I do. We are all alike down to the Run. We work hard, and live economically."

Old Ruggles comprehended his advantage perfectly. He knew there was no other steady employment in Crampton procurable, that would pay Arthur as good wages as he had offered him. So he blew his nasal horn, as a hint that he was in a hurry.

"We will let you know," said the doctor, "and will not detain you longer this morning."

The manufacturer rose to his feet, so intent on new and pleasant thoughts that he forgot to bid his friends good morning. His horse shrank from him as he approached, and was sharply jerked in the mouth as a punishment for his apprehensions. As the jerk brought the raw-mouthed creature back almost upon his haunches, he kicked him in the side to bring him up again.

"I'll teach you," spitefully exclaimed the lord of Hucklebury Run again, as if he were addressing an equal, or one of his operatives. Then he added, as a piece of information that it would be well for the horse to know, that he "hadn't got a woman's hold of him now." The animal understood the information, and went off down the street at a rattling pace.

Arthur said not a word, but stood exploring vacancy through one of the parlour windows. Dr. Gilbert said not a word, and drummed with his fingers upon the other.

"Well, Arthur, what do you say?" inquired the doctor, breaking the silence at last.

"I shall go, I suppose," he replied with a sigh that was almost a groan.

"I think I would try it."

"If I try it, I shall go through it," said Arthur. "I know what I shall have to encounter. I know the man; I know his men, and I know his place. I am to be insulted, humiliated and over-worked."

"Oh, you exaggerate. You must not be too sensitive. The world is all rougher than you have supposed it to be, Arthur; and Mr. Ruggles is not so much worse than everybody else as you imagine. Do your work well, be quiet, learn all you can, improve all your spare time, and keep up your high aims, and all will come out right in the end."

Having said this in his most encouraging tone, Dr. Gilbert looked at his watch, and said he must go. The moment he crossed the threshold and closed the garden gate behind him, the subject was dismissed from his mind for a time, and he plunged into the business of the day as if a young and unperverted nature, struggling with destiny, were a matter of the smallest consequence. Arthur's life was only one of the things that engaged his attention, and as soon as it was disposed of, other things came in turn, Mrs. Blague's house was to be saved, and the family was to be supported, more or less ably and respectably, by Arthur. On the establishment of his plans with relation to these affairs, he left Arthur to himself.

Dr. Gilbert had not been aware, during his interview with Arthur, of the struggle for self-control that the young man had been carrying on all the time. The moment Arthur was left alone, the reaction came. He thought of the sneers of his old companions, the mean satisfaction of those whose position had made them jealous of him, the society into which he should be cast at the Run, the humiliations which his employer would be sure to visit upon him, and then he gave himself up to a nervous frenzy. He walked the room, he swung his arms with uncontrollable excitement, and exclaimed in a horse whisper which he meant should escape the ear of his mother, "Oh, I cannot do it! I cannot do it! I cannot do it!"

Then there arose a little wail in the next room, and the clenched hands, wildly swinging, fell at his side; the rapid feet, pacing up and down the parlour, were stayed, and a gush of tears came to the relief of the excited brain. He heard the appeal of a little helpless life, placed by Providence in his hands. Should he, could he, be faithless to the trust? As he stood listening to the feeble cry of the infant, his mother's voice broke into a plaintive lullaby, to which the cradle kept time—a sweet, dreamy melody, not of joy, but of misery—which recalled to him sweet faces of little brothers and sisters, long since turned to dust. Still the little voice wailed on, still the mother sang her plaintive lullaby, still the gently-rocking cradle kept time, and still Arthur stood where the baby's voice arrested him. Under the influence of the two voices, he learned in a few minutes to confront calmly the life before him. Into his hands God had given a helpless woman—that woman his mother;

a helpless child—that child his brother. God had honoured him by a great confidence, and he felt his heart springing up into heroic resolution. He would devote himself to them, trusting God to take care of and prosper him. He would outlive humiliation, contumely and hardship. Outside of the realm of love and of duty, he would know no life.

Strong, and at peace with himself once more, he lifted the latch of the door that divided him from his mother, and approached her with a smile. The cradle was empty, and the baby was sleeping on her bosom. She lifted her desponding eyes to Arthur, and heaving a sigh, asked him what had been decided upon.

"I am going to work for wages, mother, and shall board at home with you," replied the young man.

"Who has been in the room with you? I heard a strange voice."

"That was Mr. Ruggles, of Hucklebury Run."

"What could he want here?"

"We called him in. I am going to work for him."

"In the factory?"

"In the factory."

"Oh, Arthur!" and the poor woman hid her face in her handkerchief, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"What is there to cry about, mother?"

"To think that you should be called to suffer so for me," and his mother renewed her sobbing.

Gently the tall boy dropped upon his knees, gently he took his mother's hand, gently he bent over and kissed the soft cheek of the sleeping baby, and then he said: "I want to tell you, mother, all about what I am going to do, and what I wish you to do. I am going to work for Mr. Ruggles. I do not like him, and I expect a great many hardships, but I am young and strong. I can get along with my work and with him if I can have you happy at home. Now you must not worry about me, nor ask me questions. I shall go in the morning and come at night, and I shall do this until I find some better way to do. You must be as cheerful as you can, and if you feel badly about me, don't tell me of it. It will fret me, and do more to make me wretched than all that old Ruggles can do. One of these years it will all be right, and I shall have a business, and we can live together and be happy. It will be lonely here, but the neighbours will be kind, and you can visit here and there, and little Jamie will grow and be company for you, and—and—you will be cheerful, will you not, mother?" And he kissed his mother's forehead.

She could not take her handkerchief from her eyes; she could not speak. She only pressed his hand.

(To be continued.)

THE SNOW-STORM.

Lightly and whitely
As wheat from the grain,
Thickly and quickly
As thoughts through the brain,
So fast and so dumb
Do the snow-flakes come;
Swift, swift as the lays drop
From glad poet-lips,
Soft, soft as the days drop
From Time's finger-tips.
Oh, so many, so many!
Yet no sound from any.
Oh, so fast, oh, so fast!
Yet no track where they passed.
Oh, so fragile, so frail!
Yet no force can prevail
To speed them or stay them.
No prayer can outweigh them.
They fall where they must,
Through the fathomless gray,
And bring to earth's dust
What of heaven they may.

—Grate Denio Litchfield, in the Christmas St. Nicholas.

BABYLON'S HANGING GARDENS.

Mr George Rawlinson, in his "Egypt and Babylon," has the following account of the "hanging gardens," which were regarded as one of the seven wonders of the world:

They were said to have been constructed for the delectation of a Median princess, who disliked the flat monotony of the Babylonian plain, and longed for something that might remind her of the irregularities of nature in her own country. The construction is described in terms which are somewhat difficult to understand; but by comparing the several accounts, we gather that the structure was a square, 400 feet each way, elevated to the height of at least 150 feet, and consisting of several tiers of arches, superimposed one upon another, after the manner employed by the Romans in the construction of their amphitheatres. The building was divided into as many stories as there were tiers of arches, the number of those being uncertain, and was supported by internal walls of great thickness. In these stories were many palatial apartments, where visitors rested on their way to the upper terrace; and in the uppermost story was a room containing hydraulic machinery, whereby water was raised from the Euphrates to the level of the garden itself. This was superimposed on the uppermost tier of arches, and was a flat surface composed of four layers; first, one of reeds mixed with bitumen; next one of brickwork; then one of lead, and finally a thick layer of earth, affording ample depth for the roots of the largest trees. The garden was planted with trees and shrubs of various kinds, and possibly with flowers, though they are not mentioned. A spacious pleasure-ground was thus provided as an adjunct to the palace, where royalty was secure from observation, and where the delights of umbrageous foliage, flashing fountains, gay flowerbeds, and secluded walks could be obtained at the cost of mounting a staircase somewhat longer than those of our great London and Paris hotels.

THE Madagascar Government continues to take strong measures to suppress intemperance.

British and Foreign.

THE Irish Presbyterian Church has 555 congregations. THE Presbyterian Church of England numbers 283 congregations and a membership of 58,423.

A STONE coffin containing an urn has been found near Dundee, and the urn has been sent to the Dundee Museum.

EDINBURGH Band of Hope Union, formed ten years ago, has now 200 branches, with a membership of 20,000.

AN advowson, which would have fetched \$15,000 a few years ago, was "knocked down" at Norwich lately for \$2,250.

A MEMORIAL cross has been erected in Moffat Cemetery over the grave of Dr. Macvicar, minister of the parish from 1851 to 1884.

THE U. P. Church of Scotland has 557 congregations, a membership of 179,891, and 11,564 teachers, with 92,014 Sabbath school scholars.

KILLAVULLEN branch of the national league has resolved to boycott the parish priest because of the opposition he has always manifested toward the league.

THE Rev. Dr. Phin paid memorial tributes to the worth and work of Principal Pirie and Dr. Wallis Smith at the meeting of the Established Church commission.

THE Free Church of Scotland numbers 1,035 separate congregations, with a membership of 324,000, and has 16,109 teachers and 205,392 Sabbath school scholars.

MISS SMITH, a wealthy old lady, who died recently at Chapel Hill, N. C., bequeathed 100 acres of land and \$125 in cash to each of six of her old slaves who are now living.

IN England there are now upward of 30,000 blind persons. The proportion of blind people to the population of all European nations bears very nearly the same ratio—one in 1,000.

IT is predicted that moonshining, though still carried on to some extent in the mountainous portions of South Carolina, is so beset with dangers that the business will soon be abandoned altogether.

EROMANGA is the only island in the New Hebrides where missionaries were murdered. Twelve years ago it contained only twelve church members; now not a heathen is to be found on the island.

AN illuminated address of sympathy has been presented to General Gordon's sister, signed by the princesses, peeresses and wives of bishops and of members of the House of Commons, as representing the women of the United Kingdom.

MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE, ex-Postmaster-General, said lately that there are a million of children in England who do not attend school by reason of the poverty of their parents. It may be added that in half of these cases drink is the cause of it.

LORD PROVOST CLARK presided at a meeting of persons interested in the Belgian Evangelical Society, held in Edinburgh recently. Pastor A. Brocher said the Society had now twenty-six congregations and a large staff of Bible readers and colporteurs.

MISS ANNIE MARTIN, who died recently at Broughty Ferry in her seventy-seventh year, was the last surviving member of the family of the late Rev. S. Martin, of Kirkcaldy. Her four sisters were all married to ministers, one of these being Edward Irving.

THE Hon. Keith Falconer, son of the late Earl of Kintore, has resolved to dedicate himself to work among the Mohammedans in the East, and, in accordance with his own request, has received the *imprimatur* of the Free Church General Assembly through its commission.

THE outrageous inequality of sentences in England has given rise to the suggestion that a Board of Revision, consisting of retired judges, should meet once a week, and submit their report to the Home Secretary monthly, of cases in which they deem interference desirable.

FORTY years ago, ninety-three per cent. of all marriages in England and Wales took place in the churches of the Establishment. Last year, according to the report of the Registrar-General, the proportion of marriages elsewhere than in the churches had risen from seven to thirty per cent.

THE Rev. Mr. Don, of King William's Town, South Africa, has been thrown into gaol to be tried on a criminal libel because of the strongly condemnatory letter he wrote about the shooting of a native by a farmer. The Foreign Mission Committee are watching the development of the case.

MR. J. P. COLDSTREAM, W.S., opening the bazaar of the Invalids' Auxiliary to Edinburgh medical mission, stated that the goods to be sold were supplied by 200 invalid ladies, who, by working thus for physical sufferers in foreign lands, took their thoughts away from their own sufferings.

A LADY Presbyterian missionary on the west coast of Africa, is the only white Christian for some hundreds of miles, and has no means of travel but by a skiff up and down the river. She has the training of young men and women, not only in their education and Christian life, but in their every-day pursuits. She is very happy in her work.

IN some of the Pacific islands toddy is prepared by slicing off the spathe and collecting the sap morning and evening in a calabash suspended underneath. At first this liquid has the appearance and taste of molasses; allowed to ferment, it becomes highly intoxicating. Wherever Christianity has been accepted, this practice has been abandoned.

THE Tramp Law of Connecticut was denounced in his sermon at Stratford on a recent Sabbath by the Rev. Mr. Hand (Methodist) as the only one of the State laws he could not obey. He appealed for pity and charity to the poor and the outcast wherever found, and advised his people to ignore the Tramp Law and help the needy under all circumstances.

Ministers and Churches.

MR. S. WOODS, M.A., Principal of the Ottawa Ladies' College, has been lecturing in Pembroke, on "Pagan England."

The Presbyterian Church at Wolfville has been removed down to the village, and it now occupies a very eligible site. It will soon be re-opened for public worship.

By the death of Mrs. Capt. John Brooks, of Bridgeport, the First Presbyterian Church of that city receives the bulk of the estate, \$125,000, to use for benevolent purposes.

REV. DR. BURNS preached the opening sermon in the new Presbyterian Church at Hastings on Sunday. He also lectured on Monday evening for the benefit of the new church.

The new Presbyterian Church, at Spring Hill was dedicated on the 13th inst. On that occasion, Revs. Messrs. Sedgwick, Darragh and McLean, of Great Village, conducted the services.

THE Rev. Dr. McCurdy, a good Presbyterian, and an eminent oriental scholar, has been appointed assistant to Professor Hirschfelder in the department of Oriental Languages and Literature in Toronto University.

THE Ladies' Missionary and Benevolent Society of St. Andrew's Church, Truro, recently sent to Miss Semple, Trinidad, a mission box packed with garments and Christ mas presents for the children of her mission school.

THE town clergymen of Paris met the other night and decided to appoint committees of their respective congregations to make arrangements for holding a series of entertainments during the winter in aid of the poor of Paris.

THE congregation at St. Stephen, N. B., have erected a large hall which will serve for Sabbath school room and lecture hall. Since the settlement of the present pastor, Rev. Mr. Shore, a considerable addition to the Sabbath school and prayer meeting is noticeable.

Owen Sound Times: The congregation of the Division Street Presbyterian Church, Owen Sound, are erecting one of the finest edifices in the town, and the ladies are going to do their share toward paying for it by holding an extensive bazaar in the town hall on Wednesday and Thursday next.

THE Rev. John Macdonald, for many years minister of Scotstown, Presbytery of Quebec, died on the 7th of December, after an illness of nine weeks. The whole community loses in him a friend, a medical practitioner, and a minister of the Gospel, who was highly esteemed by all who knew him.

In connection with the communion services recently held in Knox Church, St. Thomas, twenty five new members were added to the church. A programme of topics for consideration at the weekly prayer meeting has been issued. The themes are varied, appropriate and practical, due prominence being given both to Home and Foreign Missions.

REV. J. C. QUINN, M.A., formerly of Bathurst, N. B., has accepted the call from Emerson Presbyterian Church. He has—says an exchange—the reputation of being an excellent preacher, and brings to his work here the advantage of extended experience in the East. He is a man of weight, both in the English and Scotch sense of the phrase.

THE Rev. Dr. Moffat, of West Winchester, lectured last week at the Mechanics' Institute, Kempville. The subject was "Self Culture," or how the Institute can aid our young men to rise in life. It was a vigorous lecture, specially adapted to develop highest manhood. Dr. Moffat has delivered his lecture this year to a large number of Institutes scattered over all Ontario.

THE Rev. A. Robertson, former pastor of the Presbyterian Church of Calgary, who has been labouring along the line of construction for the past summer, has returned, and occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church. His many friends in Calgary decided to arrange a social where the people will have a chance to say adieu to him before he leaves for the East.

THE Presbyterian Church, Oshawa, after being renovated and beautified at considerable expense, was re-opened on Sabbath 6th inst., when Professor McLaren, of Knox College, preached two excellent sermons to large and appreciative audiences. The congregation are to be congratulated, both on the character of the opening services, and on the greatly improved appearance of their place of worship.

On Tuesday evening week, the Rev. W. Bennett, of Peterborough, delivered a lecture in Notwood on "Chiquity, his Trials and Triumphs." The lecturer thus concludes its notice of the lecture: Mr. Bennett in his lecture has done both his subject and himself justice, and we hope that congregations who have not heard the lecture will see to it that they do so, since it is one both highly instructive and interesting.

MISS ROSE, who has been teaching in the Fish River Indian District, Manitoba, has gone to take charge of the young Indians on Papot's, Muskapetung's and Pasqua's Reserves. It is the intention of the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Society to start a school out there as near as possible in the centre of these three reserves so as to afford them equal chance of instruction. It will be springtime before Miss Rose will be able to open her school.

ON Friday of last week, says the Halifax Witness, Dr. Burns afforded instruction and delight to a large audience in Fort Massey Church. For an hour and a half he carried us with him through scenes famed in story, in Germany and Austria, charming us with eloquent description, and suggestive allusion, and pleasant narrative. With the mind's eye we could see what he saw, and sympathize with his appreciation of the beautiful, the picturesque, the grand in nature and art.

THE death of Mr. J. S. Chambers, Paris, which occurred on Sunday evening week, was felt with deep regret by

a large number of friends throughout the town. He was in his twentieth year, and gave promise of a superior manhood. He was intelligent, of very pleasing manners, and possessed a spirit of integrity which could not but be admired by all who knew him. For some time he has been an earnest Christian, and connected with Dumfries Street Presbyterian Church.

THE New Lowell Presbyterians had an entertainment recently, at which quite a number of people from Creemore were present. Miss Bell gave a few recitations in a very creditable manner. Mr. Galbraith, of Creemore, also rendered assistance by singing a Scotch song and giving a Scotch reading—which was fairly appreciated. The attendance was good, and the ladies getting up the entertainment must have secured a financial success.

ON the evening of Tuesday, the 8th December, a very pleasant gathering took place in the fifth concession of Vaughan, Mr. William Watson, of Pine Grove, in the chair. The young people presented Rev. R. Gray, of York Mills and Fisherville, with a purse of money and an address expressing their affection, esteem and great regret at his leaving, and thanking him for his long and faithful ministrations rendered in their monthly Sabbath service.

ON Friday evening week, the concert given under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church, Deseronto, was decidedly the best of the kind ever given in the village, and was exceedingly creditable to the enterprise of those who had it in charge. The principal performers were Miss Howden, of Millbrook, Mrs. W. T. Ross, of Picton, and Mr. E. W. Schuch, of Toronto. Several local artists took part, including Mrs. Campbell, Miss O'Connor, Mr. Bedford, and others, acquitting themselves very creditably. The chair was occupied by Mr. E. W. Rathbun. There was a large attendance, and the undertaking was a financial success.

ON Tuesday evening, the 8th inst., the members of the Presbyterian Bible class, Collingwood, to the number of about sixty, surprised the manse and took full possession. Mr. William McRae, on behalf of the class, read an address to Mrs. A. Rodgers, their teacher, expressive of their high appreciation of her labours, and as a token of their esteem and kindly regards, Miss Stephens handed her a purse containing \$20. A pleasant evening was spent. Refreshments provided by the company were handed round, and after joining in praise and prayer, the company departed.

MR. S. W. DYDE, a graduate of Queen's College, Kingston, has been appointed to the chair of Metaphysics in the New Brunswick University at Fredericton. A despatch from the latter place says: "The University Senate at its session this afternoon appointed two new professors out of the fourteen candidates for the respective chairs of English Literature and Modern Languages and of Metaphysics. Mr. S. W. Dyde, a graduate of Queen's College, Kingston, who was very distinguished in his course there, and was recommended by Principal Grant and Professor Watson as one of the most original thinkers who ever left the institution, takes the chair of Metaphysics, of the university." Rev. Dr. Jardine, of Brockville, formerly occupied the chair referred to.

An esteemed correspondent, "J. C." writes: In your issue of the 2nd instant appears an article, bearing the caption "The Supply of Vacant Congregations." The article is timely, and commends itself to all who are anxious to see a remedy for the present *unfortunate* arrangement, if indeed our present mode of supplying vacancies can be called an "arrangement." I am pleased to learn that the large and influential Presbytery of Toronto has moved in the matter, since whatever is emitted from it anent the welfare of the Church is sure to prevail. The Presbytery of Toronto however, was not the first to move in this important matter. At the meeting of Synod, held in Belleville in 1884, an overture from the Presbytery of Peterborough, in reference to vacancies, was read, which overture was in the line of the recommendations of the Toronto Presbytery. The chief opposition to that overture came from the venerable father who is now moving so energetically in the right direction, and it was laid under the table. The supporter of the overture said that the day was near when its principle would be accepted by the Church, and now it seems he was correct.

THERE was a large attendance at the annual social of the West Presbyterian Church last week. Refreshments, varied and ample, were served in the lecture room, and the ladies who attended to the wants of the guests merited the expressions of satisfaction freely exchanged across the tables. Shortly after eight o'clock, when all were assembled in the church, the Rev. Mr. Wallace, the much-respected pastor of the congregation, took the chair, and in a few appropriate and well-chosen remarks congratulated his people on the good work they had done in the past, which had gradually led to the West Church now occupying a prominent position amongst the churches of the city. The speakers were the Revs. J. M. Cameron, E. A. Stafford, M.A., H. D. Powis and John Smith, whose addresses were thoroughly practical and instructive, and abounded with anecdotes full of quaint humour and pathos. The choir rendered some choice sacred pieces in a manner highly creditable to them and gratifying to the audience. Miss Macgregor presided at the new organ, and in her hands the capabilities of a really fine instrument were fully displayed. The meeting was an unqualified success, and when it closed all present appeared to be well pleased with themselves, each other, and the Church to which they belong. The following evening, a no less enjoyable entertainment for the young people was held.

AT the last regular meeting of the Presbytery of Brockville, the following scheme for the holding of missionary meetings was adopted, viz.: First—That missionary meetings be held in all congregations and mission stations within the bounds before the March meeting of Presbytery. Secondly—That for this purpose the Presbytery be divided into districts over each of which a deputation appointed by the Presbytery shall have charge to see that meetings are duly appointed, that they are held, and that collections are taken. The deputation, in each case, shall see that arrangements are

made for the giving of suitable addresses at all meetings within their district. Thirdly—That, to this end, the Presbytery be divided into districts as follows, with deputations in charge as herein named, viz.: First District—Waddington, Morrisburg, Dunbar, Colquhoun, North Williamsburg, Winchester Springs, Iroquois. Deputation—Messrs Bayne, Robertson and Grant, ministers; with Messrs Deeks, J. C. Munro and E. Marshall, elders. Second District—West Winchester, Morewood, Cryster, Hyndman, Osgoode Line, Dixon's Corners, The Valley. Deputation—Dr. Moffat, Messrs. Pullar and McIlroy, ministers; with Dr. McIntyre, Messrs Wm. Hyndman and Adam Harkness, elders. Third District—Cardinal, Mainsville, Ventnor, Spencerville, Heckston, South Mountain, Prescott. Deputation—Messrs Kellock, Stuart and MacArthur, ministers; with Messrs W. Holmes, J. J. Anderson and K. McPherson, elders. Fourth District—Kemptville, Oxford Mills, Oxford, Bishop's Mills, Merrickville, North Augusta, Fairfield, First Church, Brockville. Deputation—Messrs. McDiarmid, Canning and Burnfield, ministers; with Messrs. J. M. Gill, W. H. Cochran and E. McCrum, elders. Fifth District—St. John's, Brockville, Lyn, Mallorytown, Caintown, Farmersville, Westport, Newboro, Morton, Seley's Bay. Deputation—Dr. Jardine, Messrs Richards and Ross, ministers; with Messrs. Thomas Patterson, John Dickey and D. Thompson, elders. Fourthly—That at all meetings prominence be given to the Augmentation Scheme, especially in aided congregations. Fifthly—That the first named member in each deputation be convener of the same, who shall report in full at the March meeting of Presbytery touching attendance at the meetings, the interest manifested in missions, the collections and any other matters worthy of note. Sixthly—These deputations shall also endeavour to encourage the formation of Mission Associations and Women's Foreign Missionary Societies where such are not in operation.

PRESBYTERY OF BARRIE.—This Presbytery met at Penetanguishene on Tuesday, 8th Dec., at three p.m., for the purpose of inducting Mr. Hugh Currie into the pastoral charge of Penetanguishene and Wyebridge. Mr. L. James of Midland, according to appointment of Presbytery, presided. Mr. J. A. Morrison, of Knox and Guthrie Churches, Oro, preached a sermon on Heb. iv. 14. Mr. Currie was then inducted in due form, and addresses were delivered to the newly-inducted pastor, and to the congregation by Mr. R. Moodie and Mr. J. Leishman. In the evening there was a less formal meeting of a number of members and friends of the congregation and the ministers who took part in the afternoon service. Mr. James filled the chair, and made a touching reference to his past relation to the congregation. Other speakers congratulated the congregation on having a pastor for the first time settled over them, and suitably exhorted them. Mr. Currie made a few closing remarks. The choir consisting of five persons, small but choice, sang several pieces in a style so admirable as to elicit commendatory notice from the speakers.—ROBERT MOODIE, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF BROCKVILLE.—This Presbytery met at Prescott on Tuesday, December 2. There was a large attendance of both ministers and elders. The Rev James McIlroy, of Dixon's Corners, was elected Moderator for the next six months, and took the chair. Messrs. Lancashire and McRae were invited to sit as corresponding members. On motion of Mr. Burnfield, seconded by Mr. Robertson, the Rev. Dr. Proudfoot, of London, Ontario, was nominated for the new Professorship in Knox College, Toronto. The records of Knox Church, Morrisburg, were examined and attested. The Clerk read a circular from the Assembly's sub-committee on the Augmentation Scheme, and detailed arrangements were made for bringing the claims of the Scheme before all the congregations and mission stations within the bounds and also for raising the amount apportioned to this Presbytery. The Clerk presented the report of the committee on Remits. After lengthened consideration, the work was subdivided and entrusted to a number of small committees with instructions to formulate deliverances for presentation at the March meeting. The Clerk then read an extract minute from the Presbytery of Montreal, announcing that Mr. Lee had declined the call from Hyndman and Osgoode Line, and Mr. McDiarmid was authorized to moderate in a call there when the people are prepared. The date of Mr. Canning's retirement from the pastoral charge of Oxford was, at his own request, fixed for March 31, 1886. Mr. Richards reported on behalf of the committee appointed to draft a constitution for a Presbyterial Sabbath School Association. The report was adopted, and the first annual convention of the association was appointed to be held at Prescott during the third week of January. The committee were instructed to prepare a programme for the convention. Dr. Jardine submitted a scheme for tabulating and collating Sabbath school reports. It was decided to recommend the scheme to the Sabbath schools of the Presbytery. Mr. Kellock presented the Home Mission report, which set forth that the winter supply had been secured for all the mission fields of the Presbytery. At the evening sederunt, Mr. Stewart introduced the officers and members of the Presbyterial Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, which had been organized in the afternoon. The Moderator, in the name of the Presbytery, extended a cordial welcome to the members of the society, after which Mrs. Blair gave an interesting account of the origin and growth of the organization within the bounds. During the present year, auxiliaries have been formed at Brockville, Prescott, Morrisburg and Spencerville. The following are the officers of the Presbyterial organization:—Mrs. Blair, Prescott, president; Mrs. Kellock, Spencerville, vice-president; Mrs. Burnfield, Brockville, recording secretary; Mrs. I. Dowsley, Prescott, corresponding secretary; and Mrs. Bayne, Morrisburg, treasurer. Brief and stirring addresses were delivered by members of the Presbytery, after which it was moved by Mr. Bayne, seconded by Dr. Jardine, and agreed, "That the Presbytery, having heard with great pleasure the report of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society of the Presbytery of Brockville, cordially approve of the movement inaugurated by the

ladies; assure them of our sympathy and help and our earnest prayers that their efforts may be crowned with success." Dr. Moffatt, at the request of the Moderator, offered special prayer on behalf of the society just formed. A request from the congregation of Spencerville for leave to sell their manse, and the proceeds to be devoted to the erection of a new manse, was granted. The next regular meeting of the Presbytery was appointed to be held in St. John's Church, Brockville, on the first Tuesday of March next, at two p.m.—G. D. BAYNE, Pres. Clerk.

MONTREAL NOTES.

THE Presbyterian ladies of Cote St. Antoine have resolved to carpet and cushion the new church now being built in that suburb, and to provide the requisite furnishings for the pulpit, etc. To procure the necessary funds they are to hold a bazaar about the middle of January, and already many willing hands are at work preparing fancy and useful articles for the sale. Mrs. Professor Campbell, 14 Dorchester Terrace, Cote St. Antoine, will be glad to receive the contributions of friends toward the bazaar.

ONE of the most spirited and liberal of the smaller congregations of the Church is that of Beauharnois and Chateaugay. Though the families only number sixty three in all, yet, when the Augmentation Scheme was inaugurated they resolved to increase their minister's salary to \$750 and a manse, so as to be self-supporting. In addition to their contributions for missionary purposes have largely increased from year to year. For the current year Beauharnois alone, with its forty-two communicants, has given upwards of \$110 to the Schemes of the Church, an average of fully \$2.50 per member. This result is very largely owing to the efforts of the pastor, the Rev. J. M. Boyd, B.D., since whose settlement three and a half years ago, the congregation has increased in the grace of liberality, and in this respect will doubtless stimulate the other congregations in the Chateaugay district to devise liberal things for the advancement of the Lord's work.

THE Rev. R. H. Warden has received the sum of £200 sterling, from the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, being its annual generous grant on behalf of the French Evangelization Scheme of the Church.

ON Friday of last week a deputation of ministers and laymen waited on Mr. D. L. Moody, at St. Alban's, Vermont, and urged him to visit Montreal. He consented, and has arranged to be in the city from Saturday, the 2nd of January to the following Wednesday. He will conduct three meetings daily, and will probably be accompanied by Mr. Sankey. The evening meetings are to be for men. On the Sabbath morning at half-past eight the service is to be held in the American Presbyterian Church and is chiefly intended for Sabbath school teachers. It is hoped that Mr. Moody's visit will be abundantly blessed in arousing the careless and in quickening the spiritual life of believers. In many of the congregations in the city there seems to be at present a growing interest in spiritual things, and much lasting good is anticipated from the special services in the beginning of the New Year.

THE Rev. G. H. Wells, of the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal, preached in Peterborough on Sabbath last, in connection with the opening of the Sabbath school hall of St. Paul's Church there.

A GAELIC service was recently instituted in Crescent Street Church. It is held at three o'clock every Sabbath afternoon and is conducted by the Gaelic speaking students of the Presbyterian College. The attendance has been encouraging thus far.

THE College here closes on Friday, for the Christmas vacation. Many of the students are to be engaged during the holidays in mission work in this and adjacent Presbyteries; others to spend Christmas in visiting friends, while some occupy the time of the vacation in making up leeway in their studies, remaining in the city for that purpose.

It is gratifying to be able to report that the small-pox epidemic is now almost a thing of the past, the death rate in the city yesterday being only one and in the outlying municipalities two. The fact pointed out in these notes several weeks ago as to the small proportion of cases among French-Canadian Protestants is amply corroborated by an official report submitted to the Health Committee this week. That report shows that out of 425 French-Canadian Protestant families visited in the city, only thirteen families were smitten with the disease; it adds: "All who died were unvaccinated, or those on whom vaccination did not take, while all that recovered had one or two marks. Over one-third of the families having the disease were partly Roman Catholics who oppose vaccination. In one family of four, three were vaccinated, the fourth and beautiful child must not have her 'sweet arm scratched.' She fell a victim to the disease, the other children were untouched. In another family of five, all were vaccinated, but two did not take. Both of these took the disease and one died. The other three escaped. So, in some other families, the unvaccinated had the disease, whilst the vaccinated brothers and sisters did not have it. One family caught the disease from Roman Catholic neighbours who sought shelter for a night whilst their own house was undergoing fumigation. As a result four children had small-pox, but all recovered." Why should there be such a marked contrast between Protestant and Roman Catholic French-Canadians in this matter? Have we here another illustration of the superiority of Protestant teaching over that of Romanism, even in regard to other than spiritual matters?

THE Rev. John McDonald, of Scotstown, in the Presbytery of Quebec, died on Monday, the 7th inst., after an illness of six weeks. Mr. McDonald came out to Canada in 1863, commissioned by the Free Church of Scotland, and in the following year was settled as pastor of the Winslow congregation where he laboured for fourteen years, after which (1877) he was translated to Scotstown, of which congregation he was the first pastor. Besides his ministerial duties

he practised medicine, chiefly among the poor of the surrounding districts, by whom, as well as by all classes of the community, he was much respected and loved.

THE reception given to the Presbyterian College students on Friday evening by the Young People's Association of Erskine Church was quite a success. The lecture-room was tastefully decorated and arranged as a series of parlours, with tables here and there containing stereoscopes, works of art, &c. The evening was spent in social conversation varied at intervals with songs and short extempore addresses, and at the close refreshments were served by the ladies. Rev. L. H. Jordan and the vice-president of the society, Mr. R. S. Weir, cordially welcomed the students, two of whom—Messrs. A. Currie and A. McWilliams—spoke briefly in acknowledgment.

ON Sabbath first, the 20th inst., an extra collection is to be made at Erskine Church, on behalf of missions, with special reference to the fund for the Augmentation of Stipends. This congregation contributes for missions by means of envelopes weekly. In view, however, of the urgent need of funds at present this extra collection is being made. In announcing it last Sabbath the Rev. Mr. Jordan stated that in St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, a special plate collection for Augmentation on the 16th inst. had realized \$1,300. This is the first special collection asked by the pastor of Erskine Church since his settlement, and it will doubtless be liberally responded to by the people. Each one is expected to put his contribution in a special envelope on the collection plate next Sabbath.

OBITUARY.

EDWARD M'GILLIVRAY.

Death has claimed another of the early pioneers of the city of Ottawa, says the Citizen, in the person of Edward McGillivray, who departed this life at his residence in that city, at the age of seventy years.

Mr. McGillivray came to Bytown at a very early period of its history, and opened a general store on Wellington Street, where for a number of years he carried on a thriving mercantile business, one successful branch of which was a large trade in furs with the Indians, who were quite numerous in this neighbourhood at that time.

The deceased was a member of the City Council, as Alderman, in the years 1855, 1856 and 1857, and was elected Mayor of Ottawa by the Council, according to the Municipal Act of that time, for the years 1858 and 1859. In his capacity as alderman and mayor he was a strenuous advocate of public improvements, and did much toward the inception and carrying out of many of the much required improvements which were then made in various parts of the city.

As his name implies, the deceased was of Scotch parentage. He was a member of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, the congregation of which will lose by his death one of its very ablest members.

From the earliest rise of the temperance movement here, Mr. McGillivray identified himself with it, and by his advocacy and example became a recognized and powerful auxiliary of the principles of total abstinence, more particularly during the earlier stages of the movement, when the drinking customs of society constituted a much more prominent feature in social circles than they do at present.

The deceased leaves a wife and four daughters to lament his loss. No man in the Ottawa Valley was better known, and no one has died for many years in this community whose fate has excited more sympathy. In the sad hour of their bereavement, those whom he has left behind will not be forgotten in the sympathetic recollection of a very large circle of friends and acquaintances.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Dec. 27.] REVIEW. [1885.

I. Elisha at Dothan.—In this lesson, four points may be enforced by two or three questions in each.

(1) *Secrets known to God.*—Elisha was able to betray all the plans of the King of Syria. So God knows all our secrets, even the most hidden, and will some day bring them all to light.

(2) *Christian security.*—Elisha saw, as did his servant, after his eyes were opened, that he was surrounded by a friendly spirit world. They who believe the promise, "That the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him," will not be afraid. By prayer our eyes are opened to see these promises.

(3) *Enemies confounded.*—How easily God can overthrow His foes! He can paralyze the body, or dethrone the reason by a word, and leave us helpless. In His way Satan is leading men to their own destruction and they know it not.

(4) *Divine mercy.*—He lays men low in sickness—puts them in the net, and shows them their weakness and then sends them away, to see if they will hear and be wise. If not, He will utterly destroy.

II. Famine in Samaria.—Draw attention to

(1) *The famine.*—How great the distress, because God for a little while withheld His blessings! How easily He could deprive all men of their comforts and lives by forbidding the rain to fall or the sun to shine! Be more thankful.

(2) *Folly of unbelief.*—What seemed impossible to these unbelievers was very easily brought about. God has given us very great promises, which we should have no difficulty in believing, since they come from Him. The unbelievers will see but not enjoy these blessings.

III. Jehu's False Zeal.—Notice

(1) *The certainty of the divine threatening.*—Years before, Elijah had predicted the destruction of Ahab's family—

but because the punishment did not come at once, they went on from bad to worse, until finally it came. So God will certainly fulfil every threat He makes against sin, although in His mercy He delays. Be sure your sin will find you out.

(2) *Disaster comes when least expected.*—These Baal worshippers thought this was the brightest time in their history, when Jehu proclaimed himself their friend. Instead of that it was their doom. So often the sinner thinks he is most secure just when the grave is opening to receive him.

(3) *False zeal.*—We may get credit from men and give ourselves credit for a zeal, which, when analyzed, is simply selfishness. We should examine ourselves and see whether we do our work for the glory of God, which is the chief end of man.

IV. Temple Repaired.—Point out

(1) *Why the temple was out of repair.*—It was neglected. So our bodies and souls get out of repair when they are neglected. We need to be constantly feeding and cleansing and protecting from injury, in order to be right in God's sight.

(2) *The influence of a good man.*—Jehoiada, the High Priest, secured the throne for Joash, and trained him in the way in which he should go, and had the satisfaction of seeing him walking in the way of God's commandments.

(3) *Two attempts at repairing.*—When the first attempt failed, he tried again. We should not give up in despair if we should meet many disappointments. When he trusted the people the cause was successful. It does any one good to be trusted, and to be placed upon his honour.

(4) *The honest workmen.*—They took no reckoning of them, as to the use made of the money. What a sweet state of society!

V. Death of Elisha.—After a few words on the greatness of Elisha's life, and the silence of the Scriptures as to the latter forty-five years, notice

(1) *The condition of his death.*—He is universally lamented. He was regarded as "The chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof," a testimony that Christ gives the Church when He says that Christians are the salt of the earth. And in death, as in life, his whole attention is devoted to the good of Israel, as it was with Christ Himself.

(2) *Symbolic promise.*—It was a declaration of war against Syria to shoot the arrow eastward. It was a lesson as to the true source of power, when he put his hands in the hands of the king. It was a reproof to all unenergetic action—to all lack of enthusiasm in the Lord's work—when the King was told that his victory would only be partial.

(3) *After death.*—Elisha was honoured after death by the miracle, and it stamped his life, and especially the prophecy of the arrows, with the Lord's approval.

VI. Story of Jonah.—This interesting story has many points:

(1) *His commission.*—He was sent to Nineveh, as the first missionary to the heathen—a foretaste of times to come. It was also a reproof to Israel, as our Saviour used it. If Nineveh repented so readily, how wrong in Israel to resist all the lessons they received.

(2) *His flight.*—We cannot escape from God. We only bring distress to ourselves by trying it, and in our fall we bring others down with us.

(3) *The deliverance.*—He was miraculously delivered from death by a white shark, in whose belly he was for three days, as a type of Christ.

VII. Effect of Jonah's Preaching.—It was a very large city—sixty miles in circumference, and a wall 100 feet high—and a very wicked city—called the "city of violence," and "of blood."

(1) *Jonah's preaching.*—He did as he was told, and succeeded. There is no apparent proportion between the agent and the effect, but when we take the Holy Spirit into account, the case is easy. We should do all in that same obedient, dependent spirit.

(2) *Effects.*—They repented—put on sackcloth—turned from their sins and looked for mercy. They did not know how willing God is to pardon, as we know, yet looked and were saved.

Jonah afterwards acted foolishly by being angry at his own success.

VIII., IX. Hezekiah.—The two lessons cover his life.

(1) *His faithfulness.*—See how he enlisted the priests and Levites to prepare themselves and the temple for worship, how they destroyed idols, restored the true worship and then proceeded successfully against the Philistines. The Lord prospers His obedient servants, but the way of the wicked He turneth upside down.

(2) *His sickness.*—It was about the same time that Sennacherib came against him. The wonderful deliverance from the Assyrians is another illustration of the Lord's resources. He can do as He pleases. Hezekiah's prayer was answered, giving a striking illustration of the power of prayer. The condescension of God in hearing prayer and giving signs to strengthen weak faith is remarkable.

(3) *The visit of the ambassadors.*—Hezekiah was not so faithful as usual, and was thus tempted and punished. His piety appears in his submission to the divine will "Good is the word of the Lord which thou hast spoken."

X., XI., XII. The Prophecies of Isaiah.—These three lessons are exceedingly interesting and profitable. They form one whole. The first chapter shows the sinful condition of Israel and of all mankind. At the close of it the Lord asks them to come and consider the case, and promises that He will cleanse from all unrighteousness if they return unto Him. Then, in the fifty-third chapter, we have the ground upon which that salvation is offered—the atonement of Christ. There are eleven passages setting forth the fact that He died in the place of sinners.

In the fifty-fifth chapter we have the invitation: "Ho, every one that thirsteth"—given on the ground of that atonement. So that the three lessons in Isaiah are a complete plan of salvation—sin, atonement, pardon.

TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

"Now, don't tire yourself out, my dear mother," said I, stepping into the kitchen, which was completely filled with the smell of spices and other delicious odours. It was the day before Christmas, and mother sat by the kitchen table, with the big chopping-bowl in her lap, busily cutting up apples to add to the mince-meat, which was simmering on the stove.

"No, I'll look out for that," said she, smiling pleasantly. "I am having splendid luck with my cooking; just see how nice my fruit cake looks, and I'd like to have you taste of this mince-meat and see if you think it needs a little more boiled cider."

Nobody made better pies than mother, and, of course, she knew twice as well as I did what seasoning they required; but I "tasted" just to please her, and suggested that she put in a dust more of cloves, because I knew she was doing her best to get up an extra good Christmas dinner on my account, for, you see, I am expecting to see Harry Carlton the next day, and he was the one man in all the world to me then.

I kissed mother's wrinkled cheek and hurried off to my duties as teacher in the public school. Father was only book-keeper in the mill, and had delicate health besides, so I was obliged to do all I could to support myself and "help the family along." My voice was naturally clear and strong, and my parents had denied themselves many comforts that it might be carefully trained. I sang in the choir, gave a few music lessons, and, with my school teaching, earned quite a comfortable little salary. But my hard work was soon to be over, for Harry was coming home and we were to be married after the holidays.

I haven't told you about Harry, have I? It seems as if everybody knew about him as well as I do myself; but that is foolish, of course. He was a big, strong-bodied, chivalrous fellow, with a handsome, intelligent face, and laughing blue eyes. He was proud and sensitive, yet tender and generous-hearted to a fault. To me, who knew all his goodness, he was a perfect idol. Four years before he had told me in his straightforward, manly way that he loved me. But he was poor, and declared himself of the Irishman's opinion that, "if a fellow hadn't anything, he had no business to ask any girl to share it with him." Soon after a remunerative position was offered him in Japan, and he bade me good-bye with the words: "Be brave and patient, little woman, and, if we both live, in a few years we shall have the happiest home in all Canada."

Now the waiting and uncertainty were almost over, for I had Harry's last letter, dated a good while back, in my pocket, in which he said "I shall sail on the *Neptune*, which leaves Yokohama in two weeks, and if nothing happens, darling, we shall keep Christmas together."

I hardly knew how I was able to teach at all that day; the happiness I felt must have betrayed itself in my face and rung out in the exultant tones of my voice. On my way home from school I stopped at the post office, hoping to get word that the *Neptune* had arrived. A group of men were talking earnestly together, and I heard the *Neptune* mentioned several times; so I walked straight up to a gentleman whom I knew and asked if he had heard any bad news.

"Nothing definite," he replied: "the ship was due two days ago, and the owners begin to be uneasy; but that is not at all strange, ships are often delayed at this season of the year."

This answer reassured me. I had never had any real trouble, and, although I felt grieved and disappointed that the ship had not arrived, it never occurred to me that anything serious could have happened to her.

Christmas morning dawned clear and cold and our folks decided to go to church in the sleigh. The frost and snow often come before the holidays, you know. I stayed at home to take care of the house and finish getting dinner; besides, I should not like to be away if Harry should happen to come. Looking back upon that time now, I wonder how I could have been so calm. I hastened the turkeys, made sauce for the puddings, arranged the golden pippins and pound sweetings in the glass fruit dishes and placed tiny vases of cut flowers by the side of every plate. Then I ran upstairs to put on my new navy blue suit—Harry liked the colour, and it was very becoming to me. I had just finished tying the ribbons in my hair when mother came in. I turned round and gayly asked her if I was not beautiful, before I noticed her white sad face.

"Oh, mother," said I, "you have made yourself ill with hard work."

She staggered toward me, and throwing her arms around me, tremblingly exclaimed: "No, no, darling, I am not ill: God help you, my poor daughter! The *Neptune* has gone down."

I have been told that when a soldier first receives a bullet wound on the battle-field he is insensible to pain. That is something like the effect that the sudden shock of my great sorrow had upon me. I did not weep nor cry out, but stood like one paralyzed.

It is not possible for the soul to pass at once from the sunlight of hope to the darkness of despair. It will grope about for a while in the vain hope of regaining its natural atmosphere.

But the terrible awakening soon came, and then the long and almost hopeless struggle for submission to the inevitable. I used to feel that my suffering could have been more easily borne if I had been permitted to look upon his dead face or visit his grave. When the wind moaned at night, and I thought of the noble form that I had almost worshipped being buffeted by the cruel waves, it seemed as though I should be driven mad. But duty remains when hope and love are gone, and I gradually took up the fragments of my broken life and found comfort in constant, unselfish work.

Then a new trouble came. Father, who had never been strong, took a violent cold, and died of pneumonia. I think the sorrow I had borne made me more tender and considerate for the griefs of others, and I felt a thrill of satisfaction when mother stroked my hair in her old fond way, and called me her "sweet comfort."

Through the influence of Mr. Mason, our choir leader, I

obtained an appointment in a fashionable city church, a position made vacant by the resignation of the principal soprano, who was furthering her musical studies in Europe.

Mother and I sold our little home, paid all our debts, and moved to the city in May, where we lived in a comfortable, quiet way, in an unfashionable street. We formed a few pleasant acquaintances among our neighbours, some of whom were lonely and sorrowing like ourselves.

As Christmas approached, mother resolved to have them all at our house and "make the day as much like the old times in the country" as possible. For several days we were baking pies, stoning raisins and making a hundred other preparations for our little feast. But great choking lumps kept coming in my throat, for everything so vividly reminded me of that other Christmas, two years before, when the greatest worldly hope had been taken out of my life.

I put the finishing touches to the arrangement of our cosy little apartments and left mother to receive our guests while I attended service at the church.

I will not attempt to tell how I was sustained and soothed by the thoughtful discourse of the venerable old minister, who chose for his text the words "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." As my voice rose and swelled in the final anthem, it was but the expression of my heart, which was uttering a song of thanksgiving that I had ever been permitted to know and love Harry, although so rudely separated from him.

"Miss Morton, your voice is developing wonderfully; I congratulate you," said the leader, as I turned to leave the church.

I walked briskly home through the crisp frosty air. Just in front of me was a nurse absorbed in the conversation of a young man, apparently her lover, while a little girl, about three years old, trotted along several feet in advance. As I arrived at our house and turned to run up the steps, I was shocked to see the child dart in pursuit of a little dog almost under the wheels of a heavily-loaded van which was passing down the street.

I sprang to her rescue, and caught her in my arms, but in the excitement I struck my foot against the curb-stone, as I reached the sidewalk, and should have fallen violently to the ground, but that I was saved by a pair of strong arms.

My next recollection is being called back to consciousness by kisses, caresses and tears. I was lying on the lounge in our sitting-room. Harry was bending over me chafing my hands and calling me all manner of loving names. At first I did not know whether I was on earth, or in heaven with my darling. But mother was so nervous that she spilled the camphor in my face, and Harry was saying that if I did not stop crying because he had come back to me, he would go right away again, and then I realized the great happiness that had come to me. I do not like to talk about that scene. If you have ever experienced the sudden joy of having the dead restored to life, you will understand how I felt, as I leaned my head on Harry's shoulder and listened to the story of his rescue from a fragment of the *Neptune* two hours after she had gone down. The ship that had saved him was a clumsy sailing vessel, bound for Australia, whither he was taken; and, as he had lost all he had when the *Neptune* was lost, he had now to work hard for money enough to pay his passage home. He had only arrived in America that day, and was on his way to take the cars for Connecticut, when I stumbled into his arms on the street. Before he had answered all my questions, mother reminded us that our guests were waiting, and that the dinner was spoiling.

We have now a cozy little home of our own, and Harry is becoming a prosperous business man.

CHRISTMAS IN CALCUTTA.

Christmas in Calcutta! How strange it seemed to be shutting out the hot sun and sitting in the cool shade, with doors and windows open, while we thought of you all at home, round the blazing Yule log; and of the white world that lay outside, and the busy fingers that were twining the evergreens. There were Christmas decorations here too; for the natives dearly love all tokens of feasting, and they place tall plantain leaves and bunches of fruit in the gateways, as symbols of plenty, and hang up wreaths of laurel and Indian jasmine, or strings of small lamps and of those great orange marigolds, which they offer at the shrines of all their gods.

But of the real message of Christmas, the great mass of the people know little more than they did when on the site of this great city of palaces there stood only a wretched village called Kali-Kutta, the village of the dread goddess Kali, the "dark goddess of the iron mace," to whom a draught of warm human blood gives joy for a thousand years. Here grim human sacrifices were offered to her, and here, too, Hindoo mothers of old used to throw their tender babes as dainty morsels to the yawning jaws of crocodiles.

To the temple of Kali, south of the city, vast multitudes still resort, during the annual holidays known as Doorga-pooja—the worship of Doorga—by which name, as well as that of Davi, Kali is also commonly known.

So very small is the amount of interest bestowed on native customs and traditions by average foreigners, that but an exceedingly small proportion of the inhabitants of Calcutta ever dream of turning aside from their daily routine drive in the European quarter to visit Kali-ghat, the true god-mother or goddess-mother of the modern city; and yet an early morning in the temple affords a glimpse of the inner life of the people such as can never be obtained in the European city. For day by day, throughout the year, these sacred courts are thronged at early dawn by a most picturesque crowd of worshippers—lightly draped brown men, closely veiled jewelled women, and quaint little brown children brilliantly attired, and the sun's rays gleam on blue and orange and scarlet draperies, and are reflected by sparkling jewels,—nose-rings and ear-rings—rings on fingers and toes, silver and gold bangles, and the blaze of sunlight lends additional value to the deep, cool shadow of the temple wherein the white-robed priests move to and fro presenting the offerings of the worshippers.

In the outer court, two forked sticks tell of the daily sacrifice of blood, as atonement for the sins of the people, for on these rest the heads of the victims. There is a large fork for the heads of the devoted buffaloes, and a small one for those of sheep and lambs, goats and kids. Every morning at sunrise some victims are here offered, and on special days upward of a hundred are sacrificed—a sin-offering on so large a scale as to recall far greater sacrifices by Israelitish kings under the Mosiac dispensation. But these are exceptional occasions. The ordinary ceremonial is very simple, though deeply suggestive. Suppose the offering to be a few kids or lambs, an attendant of the temple seizes each poor little bleating creature by the fore legs, and holds them up over its shoulders; he then lays its head in the fork, and a stick is placed so as to keep it steady. Water is then poured over the victim, whose shudder proves that the offering is accepted by the deity. The sacrificial butcher (a big brown man in the very lightest of raiment) then comes forward, with a big curved knife, and chops off the head at a blow.

When all the victims have been slain, those who have offered them (both men and women) approach and kneeling on the blood-stained earth, lay their own heads on these rude sacrificial altars, beseeching great Doorga to accept of this atonement. Then all the heads are carried sunwise around the altar, and the worshippers—pilgrims from all parts of India—walk sunwise after them, and then make the sunwise circuit of the temple, adoring the goddess. Then the priest marks each worshipper on the forehead with her sacred symbol, and those who can afford it purchase blessed wreaths and garlands of large African marigolds. Thus shriven and adorned they go forth to the commonplace duties of daily life, while the bodies of the victims are cut up at the temple shambles, and the meat is offered for sale, so that all men may have a chance of feasting on "things offered to idols."

The great festival, called the Doorga-pooja, lasts a fortnight, during which all business ceases, even in Government offices, and Christians and Mohammedans rejoice in their holidays as much as the Hindoos themselves. Among the latter, every family who can afford it provides an image of the goddess varying in size from a few inches to twenty feet in height. These are made of clay or wood, and gaudily painted. Each image is solemnly consecrated by the Brahmins, who pray that the spirit of Doorga may descend and dwell in this form. Then during several days it receives solemn worship, washings and offerings, and incessant prayer; while the worshippers prostrate themselves in the dust, lying at full length, so that their feet, thighs, hands, breast, mouth, nose, eyes and forehead may all simultaneously touch the earth. Then succeed dancing and revelling until midnight, when divers animals are solemnly sacrificed; the head of each being of necessity severed at one blow, else dire disaster will ensue.

When atonement has thus been made for the grosser sins of the people, a small altar is erected and sprinkled with clean, dry sand, whereon are offered flowers, rice, clarified butter, and sweet grass, which, being burned with fire, are supposed to cleanse the worshippers from all remaining sin. On the last great day of the feast, the Brahmins formally unconsecrate the images, and with divers ceremonies dismiss the dread goddess from her multitudinous abodes, which, being no longer holy, are then carried to the banks of the Ganges amid wild rejoicings. The images are broken into a thousand pieces, and the fragments are tossed into the holy river, after which the busy mercantile city resumes its ordinary round of daily life.

These sacrifices are sometimes offered by the poorest of the people, who out of their wretched penury scrape and hoard every farthing they can by any means accumulate, that they may at length be able to bring to the temple an offering worthy of acceptance. We were told of the case of one man whose earnings were only twelve shillings a month. By dint of supporting his own existence, and that of his wife and children, exclusively on rice and a little curried fish, he contrived in the course of his life to devote £50 to the service of Doorga, as being the one thing needful, for the sake of which he and his family were content to deprive themselves of all that most men would deem necessities of life. However hard pressed they might be, nothing could induce them ever to touch the money laid aside for her. This particular instance was mentioned to us, as the type of a vast number of the poor Hindoos, whose marvellous self-denial in the service of their gods does certainly put our self-indulgent practice of Christianity to the blush. C. F. Gordon Cumming.

AN INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH.

How is it with the photographic camera and lens, our artificial eye? We will suppose that everything is in readiness, that its retina or sensitive plate is in perfect condition, and that not a ray of light has yet entered within the darkened chamber. Instead of being "the twinkling of an eye," we shall arrange so that the time elapsing between the opening and closing of the artificial eyelid shall be less than one-tenth of a second, or far less than the time necessary for our eyes to open and shut. It shall be as nearly "instantaneous" as possible. Everything is ready. Click! It has opened and shut. What has it seen in that little instant of time? If anything is in motion, it has been perceived in that fragment of a second as if motionless. Men walking along the street are pictured with uplifted feet. A trotting horse may be caught with all its four legs in the air, viewed just at the moment when he was clear of the ground. A man leaping with a high pole may be pictured in mid-air, precisely in the position in which he appears at the highest altitude. Motion seems rest. But this is not the most wonderful of its powers. Far beyond the keenest of human vision is its range of sight. If the light is good, this sensitive plate of glass will have recorded and discerned a thousand uplifted faces as perfectly as the human eye perceives the features of a single countenance. Every expression of joy or sorrow, every peculiarity of dress or attitude, the leaves of a forest or the grass by the wayside, will have been seen and delineated and retained perfectly in far less than the briefest possible twinkling of a human eye.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

Our Young Folks.

TOONG-SHIN NEW YEAR HOLIDAYS.

There has been quite a stir round the school house for these two days past; the boys are being examined in their various studies—Bible History, New Testament Lessons, Chinese History, Chinese Classics, Geography, Arithmetic, etc., etc. They have received their rewards from Dr. Williamson. These rewards are the beautiful coloured pictures which are published by the Religious Tract Society of London; some large, some small, according to the years and merits of the scholars. And now the school is to close, and the boys to go home for their New Year holidays.

Of all the busy bustling days this is the busiest day in all the year at Toong-Shin. The Chinese year goes by moons, and this is the fifteenth day of the last moon of their year.

The boys and girls have done well, and now all is excitement and preparation for going home.

We have had fine weather; but three days ago there came down a bitter wind, and all our Chinese are in dread of frost-bite. The little fellows are sure to get ears and cheeks frost-bitten if unprotected they cross the mountains that lie between Chefoo and their homes. So women and girls are hard at work making wadded hoods. Willing workers they are! No one is paid, yet all are eager for a share in the work.

The boys are out and in all day, and I am constantly appealed to as to what they may take home—big and little they are trotting in betimes. "May I take my hymn-book?" is the request of each. There is also a great deal of rapid copying, and I fear very careless is the writing, as they commit to paper two of their favourite hymns that are only in manuscript. These hymns are, "Who is He in yonder stall?" and "Where are now the Hebrew Children?"—"Where is now the prophet Daniel?" being the favourite verse.

At length all the bundles are tied up, all the hymns copied, the last string has been sown on the last hood, everything is in marching trim. The boys crowd round to say their farewells, and to hear the injunctions to be sure to be faithful and not forget the teaching they have had about Jesus, and that they with all modesty will tell their parents of the road to heaven.

All are dismissed to the dormitory. After a weary day I am too tired to sleep, and as I lie watching the moon in the bright sky, walking she seems, and I think of Shelley's "Beat of her unseen feet, which only the angels hear," when suddenly there is a sound of music, the clock has just chimed midnight. What can it be? I get up and go to the window that overlooks the boys' courtyard. There, standing in the moonlight, are men and boys with their hymn-books, singing that favourite hymn of the Rev. William Burns:

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made.

Clear and sweet on the frosty air rise the voices of the boys. The courtyard is full; there are our own men and boys, and neighbours not a few. In the glorious moonlight they all stand. After the hymn is finished—all the five verses—I can hear the preacher pray, and the whole group join in "Our Father, which art in heaven," the prayer Christ taught His disciples. How appropriate it

sounds in China, where they so often appeal to the "Tien Lau-yeh," literally the Heavenly Father; but alas! it is like the unknown god of the Athenians, of whom the Apostle Paul said: "Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship." But to all these boys and men He has been declared, and they know that "He is the God that made the world, and all things therein." (Acts xvii. 23, 24.)

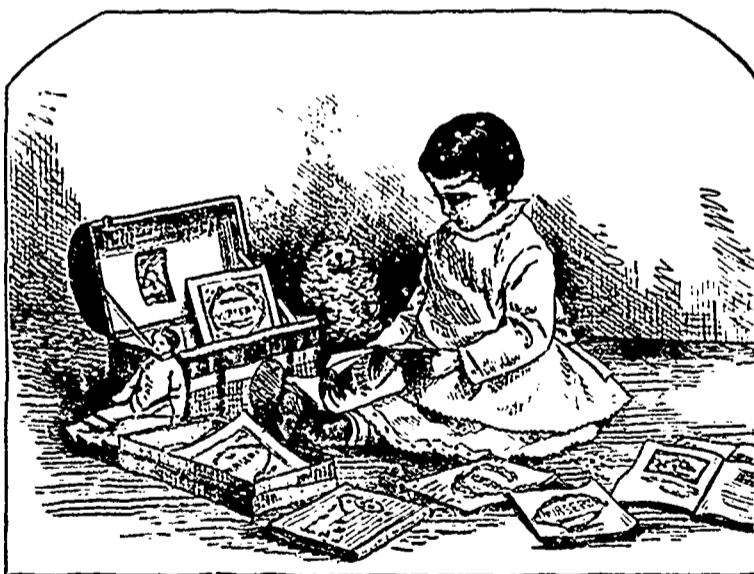
Little bundles are all piled on the Hospital steps; for every boy has his clothes to carry home. The parents of the boys provide all their clothing, and, with the exception of the aforesaid hoods, they have never got any from us. Each slings his



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

bundle over his shoulder on the end of a stick, and one by one they file out through the little postern door in the great gate of the premises. There is a regular chorus of "good-byes"; and as our men come up to their rooms, I hear them telling each other, "These boys are truly good children." I say "Yes," mentally, and add, "I pray they may become good men."

From the preacher I learn that, the night being so fine, the boys agreed they would start after midnight, so they ate their breakfast at 11 p.m., and



WHAT HAS SANTA CLAUS BROUGHT?

they would not go without their morning worship. I believe many of these boys, if not all, feel the truth of their favourite hymn:

Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made.

They always sing it to the Rev. William Burns's favourite tune, "Lennox." The distance the most of them have to walk to their homes varies from twenty-five to forty miles, over rough mountain tracks.

There are twenty-six boys, their ages varying from ten to fifteen. One boy is baptized, several are candidates for baptism; all have conducted themselves well during the year. When they go to their homes they are sure to tell their parents and neighbours of the things they have been

taught; and thus each boy will become a little missionary carrying the light into bonighted homes. Pray for the lads, that they may become followers of Jesus, the great High Priest of whom they are so fond of singing.

WHAT ENERGY HAS DONE.

Twenty-five years ago a few young men in London resolved to meet every evening to exchange ideas. The number gradually increased till it was necessary to hire a room. Growing ambitious, they hired lecturers, and many people were brought together. Many of them now trace back their success to this effort at gaining knowledge.

Indefatigable industry, coupled with the desire for knowledge, produced great results. Walter Scott, when he was in a lawyer's office, spent his evenings in study. John Britton, the author of architectural works, said: "I studied my books in bed on winter evenings, because too poor to afford a fire." He used every opportunity to read; the books he picked up for a few moments at the book-stalls helped him, he says. Napoleon had indomitable perseverance and energy. Dr. Livingstone at the age of ten years, working in a factory, bought with his first wages a Latin Grammar, and studied it until twelve at night. He studied Virgil and Horace the same way, and finally entered college, and was graduated.

Many will ask how they can advance themselves in knowledge. The first thing is determination; the next perseverance. Walter Scott gave this advice to a young man: "Do instantly whatever is to be done, and take the hours of recreation after business; never before it." Business men often say "Time is money"; but it is more than that to the young man. If used rightly, it is self-improvement, culture, strength and growth of character. The habit of idleness is a hard one to get rid of. Time spent in reading any thing and everything is weakening to the mind. Books chosen and read with care cultivate the mind and character. The books you read should raise your thoughts and aspirations, strengthen your energy, and help you in your work. Thackeray says: "Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and in life frequent that which is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly. Note what great men have admired; they admire great things; narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly."

HOME DUTIES FIRST.

A girl of fourteen, who had lately been converted, asked God to show her what she should do for Him, and what was her special work. After praying for some time the thought came to her mind that she could take her baby brother, only a few months old, and nurse him for the Lord. So she took the charge of the child.

This was godly and Christ-like. Home duties and fireside responsibilities have the first claim upon every child of God. We need not go abroad for work. God places within our reach.

"The daily round, the common task," provides ample opportunities for serving God, doing whatsoever our hands find to do.

"Little words, not eloquent speeches; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom, make up the Christian life."

A Christmas Anthem.

Words by C. O. A. FRASER.

[FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.]

Musio by CHAS. R. SINCLAIR.

So sang the an - gels, 'mid the stars on high, Glo - ry to God, on earth good will to men, Re -

eo - ho far the an - them of the sky; Ye roll - ing a - ges chant the glad re - frain.

CHORUS.

f Glo - ry to God on high, Who gave His Son to die For man de - filed. We *ritard. p*

hail the hal - lowed morn, The Lord of life was born, God's ho - ly child.

Let war its clamour still, and sheath the sword,
And sceptred potentates their homage lend;
In Bethlehem's lowly shade, behold the Lord!
Adoring, bow the knee, your praises blend.

That natal morn redeems all other days,
The blessed advent of the Christian year;
It smiles on all, munificent with grace,
A light from heaven reaching far and near.

Ye sons of wealth, your goodliest treasures bring,
To pining haunts of poverty repair;
Lay out your tribute to the new-born King;
The poor of earth are His peculiar care.

Yea, stoop to cheer the wretched and the vile;
Grudge not a hand to succour and to save;
He stooped for you, poor slaves of sin and guile,
And bowed His head to sorrow and the grave.

Sparkles.

A CHEMIST'S affairs are always in a state of liquidation.

DOORS wear their locks perfectly plain. It is the door itself that is hanged.

"WHAT I Told My Wife," is the title of a new book. It is almost needless to say that it is fiction.

MARY, to departing young man: "Adieu, adieu." Mary's little brother: "That fellow's adieu'd, ain't he?"

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

For Women and Children.

Dr. J. H. HOLT, New Orleans, La., says: "I have frequently found it of excellent service in cases of debility, loss of appetite, and in convalescence from exhaustive illness, and particularly of service in treatment of women and children."

"ISN'T my photograph excellent?" said a young wife to her husband. "Well, my dear," replied he, "I think there is a little too much repose about the mouth."

"DID you cry when your papa went away?" asked a kind-hearted neighbour of little Susie. "Well," said Susie, after reflecting for a moment, "I believe I did burst a few tears."

Nervous Debilitated Men

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PROFESSOR (to a class in history): "Why does a savage usually make up his mind more quickly than a white man?" Small boy (near the foot): "Because he mostly has less mind to make up."

SYDNEY SMITH said to his vestry, in reference to a block pavement proposal to be built around St. Paul's: "All you have to do, gentlemen, is to put your heads together, and the thing is done."

KIDNEY COMPLAINT.—Much is blamed upon the Kidneys when people are ill and suffer from weak and painful back, etc. If you regulate the Liver and Blood with Burdock Blood Bitters the Kidneys will soon resume a right action.

POISONOUS physician (to patient's wife): "Why did you delay sending for me until he was out of his mind?" Wife: "Oh, doctor, while he was in his right mind he wouldn't let me send for you!"

"I HAVE such an indulgent husband," said little Mrs. Doll. "Yes, so George says," responded Mrs. Spiteful, quietly. "Sometimes he indulges too much, doesn't he?" They no longer speak to each other.

CAPT. D. FOSTER, of Port Burwell, Ont., writes: "I am pleased to notify you of the benefit which I have received from your ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM. Having been troubled with an occasional cough, at times very severe, during years past, I have found your BALSAM to relieve my cough more readily than anything I ever tried. My wife has also used it with most satisfactory results."

POLICEMAN: "Have you a permit to play here?" Organ-grinder: "No; but it amuses the little ones so much." Policeman: "Then will you have the goodness to accompany me?" Organ-grinder: "Very well, sir. What do you wish to sing?"

PUNY, SICKLY, PRETTY children, are very trying to the patience of all who have the care of them, and in the majority of cases the fretfulness arises from a weak and emaciated condition of the body, caused by the drain on the constitution during the period of teething, or the rapid growth of childhood, in such cases give Robinson's Phosphorized Emulsion according to directions, or the advice of your physician.

"How does it happen that there are so many old maids among the school teachers?" asked a reporter of a school teacher the other day. "Because school teachers are, as a rule, women of sense; and no woman will give up a sixty dollar position for a ten dollar man," was the reply.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellow-men. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this remedy in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

VACCINATION.

SOME OF ITS DANGERS AND THE METHOD OF AVOIDING THEM.

I. A. Loveland, M.D., in Medical World.

"Several years ago I vaccinated a person whose health had always been excellent and who had never had an, kidney disease. The lymph used was bovine, obtained directly from one of the most reliable propagators in the country. The operation was carefully performed, and was a success as far as relates to its primary object. In about a month after vaccination the patient became dropsical. The urine was heavily charged with albumen; the skin was dry; appetite and strength diminished, in short the phenomena of a typical case of acute albuminuria existed. So obvious was the cause of death that no post-mortem examination was made. Authorities mention animal and zymotic poisons as among the causes producing Bright's disease. They speak of scarlet fever, measles, small-pox, as sometimes being the cause of albuminuria. If this is so, there is no good reason why vaccination may not occasionally become an etiological factor. In the case we are considering, the evidence that it was the cause is quite plain. The precise way in which the poison gained an entrance into the system and performed its deadly work, it is impossible to determine. Should Bright's disease arise, even in rare instances, after vaccination the sooner the profession find it out the better it will be for suffering humanity."

Dr. Loveland clearly shows that even so simple a matter as vaccination is liable to result in Bright's disease. Indeed medical authorities state that during the prevalence of small-pox there is albuminuria, and if this is so, undoubtedly vaccination, which produces a mild form of the disease, will be attended by some manifestation thereof.

The fact of the matter is, and it is getting to be more and more recognized every day, a very little disturbance of the system will produce derangements of the kidneys, which, eventually, result in Bright's disease. Overwork, mental or physical; over-anxiety; physical excesses; mental worry; excessive indulgence in certain stimulants and narcotics; irregularities of life and habits; the taking of a cold; changes of season and climate, all have a tendency to affect the system unfavorably and to produce a diseased condition of the kidneys.

People labour under a very erroneous impression who think that such disorders are rare, for it is a matter of record that primarily or secondarily they are the cause of a very large percentage of deaths.

Vaccination is perfectly right and proper, for there is no better preventive known to the profession. A very small amount of vaccine if it "takes," affects the whole system. On the contrary, a very small amount of medicine, if it is of the right kind, has equally powerful effect in the blood when properly administered.

It seems almost like vain repetition to state that pure blood means good health, but it is evident that the belief is popular from the fact that so many so-called remedies are advertised as the best blood purifiers.

Now in order to purify the blood a remedy must be alterative, and in considerable measure a diuretic; that is to say, it must have the elements in it that will act upon the blood as purifiers and will promote the action of the organs which remove the poison from the blood. Unless it has these elements it is absurd to call it a blood purifier.

The tired feeling; the depressed headaches; the fluttering at the stomach, vertigo; a sense of languor; an indescribable feeling of uneasiness and restlessness, all indicate, not disease necessarily of any one organ, but a torpid and heavy condition of the blood. It is impossible to purify a stream except at its source. It is impossible to keep the blood rich unless it is purified by the organs which nature has provided for that purpose.

We have shown, as we think every journalist ought to show to its readers, if able to do so, that the human kidneys are susceptible to the least cause disturbing the natural operation of the system, and it is also known that the organs are provided by nature to remove the waste and poisonous material of the blood and to wash it out of the system. This operation seems very simple, but owing to the fact conceded by the medical profession generally, until the discovery of Warner's safe cure, there was no known remedy which had any certain power over functional or chronic diseases of the kidneys or over blood impurities, consequently blood purification through these organs has been a difficult matter to perform if nature were at all deranged.

It is useless to multiply words on this subject because that remedy has a reputation conceded by the most intelligent physicians, of being without exception the most beneficent discovery in the realm of medicine ever made.

Vaccination is justifiable and proper as a preventive of small-pox, and if the remedy above mentioned is used in connection with the operation of vaccination, it is doubtful if an injurious effect will follow. The manufac-

turers state that they know from long extended experience in treating the sick, that blood disorders are extremely prevalent and that, judging from their own experience, there can possibly be no agency so effective in preventing and curing such disorders ever known. Children and grown people alike are subject to it and unless nature is given assistance at the proper time by a special agency such as we have named, persons so afflicted must succumb to the forces which are constantly trying to draw them down.

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STRATFORD.—In Knox Church, Stratford the second Tuesday in January, 1886.
WILFRID.—In Bowmanville, on the third Tuesday in January.
OWEN SOUND.—In Division Street Church, Owen Sound, on December 15, at half-past one p.m.
MIRAMICHI.—At Newcastle, on Tuesday, January 19, 1886, at eleven a.m.
HUROON.—At Clinton, on the third Tuesday of January, at half-past ten a.m.
GUELPH.—Burns Church, Erin, on the third Tuesday of January, 1886, at ten a.m. Conferences on State of Religion, Temperance, and Sabbath Schools in the afternoon and evening, and on the forenoon of Wednesday.
KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, on Monday, December 21st, at half-past seven p.m.
PETERBORO.—In St. Andrew's Church, Peterboro, on Tuesday, January 12th, at half-past ten a.m.
PITCOB.—In the hall of St. James Church, New Glasgow, on the second Tuesday of January, 1886, at half-past nine p.m.
HARRIS.—On the last Monday of January, 1886, at eleven a.m.
MONTREAL.—In the David Morrice Hall, on the second Tuesday in January, 1886, at ten a.m.
TORONTO.—In the usual place, on the 12th January, 1886, at ten a.m.
WINNIPEG.—In the church at Emerson, on Tuesday, 12th December, at half-past two p.m. Next regular meeting in Knox Church, Winnipeg, on the first Tuesday in March next, at half-past seven p.m.
LANARK AND RENFREW.—In Zion Church, Carleton Place, on Monday, February 22, at seven p.m.
LINDSAY.—At Beaverton, on the last Tuesday of February, at eleven a.m.

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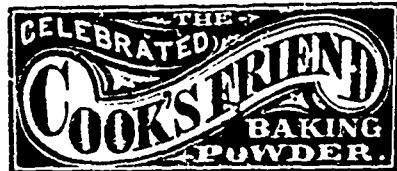
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From Rev. Dr. MYRLE, M.A., Pastor St. Joseph Street Presbyterian Church, Montreal, late Principal of Demill Ladies' College, Oshawa.
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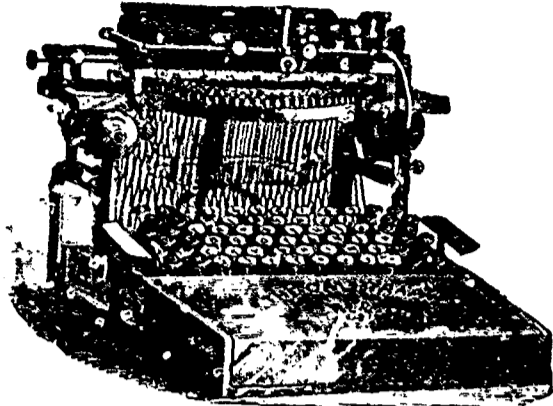
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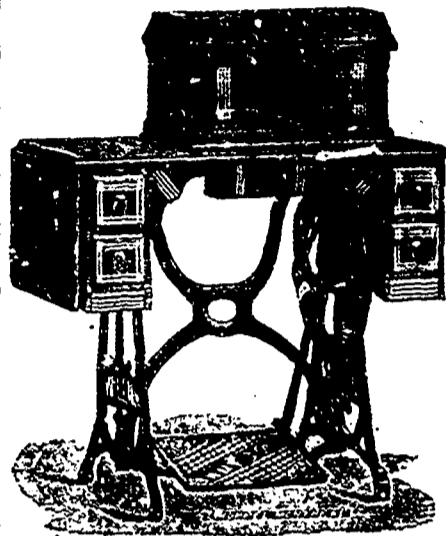
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