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British American Presbyterian.

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Contributors & Correspondents.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

Re-Opening of Calvin Church—Dr. Irvine—Lecture on the "Anglo-Saxon."

(From our own Correspondent.)

Last Sabbath was a red day in the calendar of the members of Calvin Church (Presbyterian) congregation in this city. Their new Church building has now been favorably opened for public worship. It will be remembered that I referred to this congregation on a former occasion as having lost their edifice some sixteen months ago by fire. It was for the moment a sore blow on a weak and struggling congregation. They were just beginning to feel that they had almost surmounted the difficulties that beset their path. The building was insured to about a third of its value only, and there was a remaining debt that the insurance just covered. Hence all that was left was the site. As soon as possible they set about rebuilding, and have now all but completed a beautiful and substantial building, one of the best in the city. This is of brick, the former was of wood. Its seating capacity is about 800.

The Rev. Dr. Irvine, now of Augusta, Georgia, conducted the opening services. The Dr. is well known in Canada, having been pastor successively in Toronto, Hamilton, and Montreal. His first pastorate on this side the Atlantic, however, was in this city. Twenty-eight years ago he came out to take charge of St. John Presbyterian Church, a congregation that had just been formed as an offshoot from St. Andrew's Church, the oldest Presbyterian congregation in the Province. He spent some eight or nine years here, the church that had been purchased from the Baptists having to be enlarged twice in that time. Calvin Church was afterwards an offshoot from the charge to which he ministered while here. His present visit is a revival of old memories which are still green, though he has paid but one visit here since he left, that visit being so long ago as 1858. At all these services which he conducted on Sabbath, the Church was crowded to the utmost, many having had to go away. The collections taken on the occasion were very handsome as collections go in St. John.

The first service was properly speaking, the dedicatory one. In the introductory services a hymn was sung which was composed for the opening of a church in the city of Savannah, by the pastor of it, the Rev. Mr. Park. Dr. Irvine being present on the occasion was struck with its appropriateness and sent a copy to St. John before he came. It is a beautiful and fitting composition. The portion of Scripture read was that recording the dedication of the Temple of Solomon, and the text was "Our holy and beautiful house," from which he preached an eloquent and powerful sermon. The other services were of an interesting and instructive nature. On the Monday evening also he gave a lecture on the "Anglo-Saxon," the proceeds of which went to the building fund. Altogether the occasion will be a memorable one, not only to the congregation, who are proud to see their edifice completed again, but also to the numerous personal friends of the Dr. who rejoice to see one once again whom they loved so well.

H.

St. John, 8th August, 1872.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN:

SIR.—Your review of the pamphlet, "Why women cannot be turned into men," may well be considered a challenge to every woman who reads it. I had hoped some one else would have attempted a full reply, but have seen only a very partial one.

The writer and reviewer of the pamphlet assert and assume with their utmost assurance and "kindliness" the deficiency, inferiority, incapacity and absolute dependence upon marriage of the whole sex; establishing their position by facts or otherwise for which no explanation is sought compatible with the dignity and capacity of woman. "Opposition to the advocates of 'Woman's Rights,' as at present generally understood," is womanly and right; proving her unfitness to occupy the sphere of man, though rendered other than superfluous only by the action of these aforementioned advocates, may be dignified and just; but a demonstration of her incapacity—her constitutional, irremediable incapacity—creditably to occupy

her own, is unjust, and must be faulty and false.

"That woman all along have been deficient in invention," is established among other things by a reference to the corn-grinding of the East, by contrasting the hand-mill used by the women with the wind, water, and steam mills which were brought into existence only after man had undertaken that department of labour. In the following sentence the writer herself fingers the key probably unlocking the mystery which she explains only by supposing and asserting the natural deficiency of woman. "When man," she says, "that is free man, took up corn-grinding themselves,"—and then a fine word panorama of results: "Men, that is, free men;" then the bondman is not prolific of inventions! and may be classed almost with woman in this respect. Perhaps her, too, is naturally deficient in inventiveness! Your authoress would scarcely offer the explanations in this case; but would probably account for facts by a statement of circumstances. Now what bondage can be compared to that of the married woman? It may be bondage of love, all the more complete, if so. (We will omit the consecration of the unmarried in the meantime.) How is it possible for a married woman to make her talents tell in the department of invention? Consider what is necessary in the case. Her mind must first be sufficiently free from other cares to be intelligently occupied upon the mechanical arrangements of the apparatus to be superseded. Genius would then have the opportunity to flash the light of its suggestion. Now comes the struggle with difficulties. She must find time and opportunity to think out her idea, to make slow and careful experiments in order to adapt the mechanical contrivances of the coming machine to the movements required and already performed by hand. The invention as yet exists only in the mind, works its wonders there, must be perfected there, planned as a whole, every point in its place, suited to its office. (Think of any married woman finding time,—time for uninterrupted and concentrated thought such as all this requires.) Now the first model must be constructed. The use of tools and command of means is in some measure required for this. The various defects, palpable in the material, though undiscovered in the spiritual creation must by testing and quick perception be detected and remedied. When all complete, and, as far as may be perfect in model, the construction of the machine itself is to be achieved. Time, thought, knowledge, the use of tools and means are all required now, before the first specimen in all its clumsiness and almost certain inefficiency could crown the labours and try the patience of the inventive genius. How could she do it? What would become of her household duties while all this was going on? "These are only difficulties," it may be said, "and if the inventive genius were possessed would be overcome; that they have not been overcome shows that the inventive genius is not possessed." Is that fair? Any one who candidly considers what is necessary in order to perfect a bright thought into an invention must see that infinitely varied occupations of woman, the constant and unavoidable demands upon her resources as to thought, strength, and time, keep her in a position far more unfavorable to the perfecting of such, than even the slave, unless he be crushed into something less than man by downright cruelty.

The needle and sewing machine are contrasted in the same way. It is very true that woman toiled away with the little needle for centuries, and that she would have done so to the end of time, but for the inventive genius of man is very probable; but to attribute this to a lack of inventiveness in her, or the faculties constituting inventiveness, is unfair and unfounded. Consider the history of the inventor. Elias Howe, touched with the sufferings of his own wife and others in connexion with the needle, determined to produce a machine to lighten their labour. He devoted his hours after work to the consideration and execution of his plan. Don't you suppose his wife might have done the same if she only had had the inventive genius! Month after month went by. The hours after work would no longer suffice. Howe was now a man of one idea, his whole time must now be given to the perfecting of his plan. Of course his wife might have done the same, had she only had inventive genius! His family must in the meantime be supported: a friend took his burden here, and supplied what was needed. Well, wouldn't a friend have

turned up for her too, and have discharged her duties just the same! When his work was completed and patented, no one in his own country cared to buy the patent, so he went to England, patented it there too, and found a firm there to purchase his right for a trifle; but they did not make the discovery very public, simply using the machine in their own workrooms. Back to America then, where he found a company making and selling his machines without any regard to the patent. He asserted his right, however, and succeeded eventually in not only introducing his wonderful modern improvement but in reaping the pecuniary benefit of his patience and skill. Now, of course, all this his wife might have done, and that she did not do it, and that no other man's wife did it, proves conclusively that women are deficient in inventiveness! True, the difficulties were great; but had the genius been possessed, they would have been overcome; that they were not overcome, shows that the genius was not possessed! It would be somewhat difficult to prove the first of these two propositions, but unless that is done, there is no ground of inference for the second, so calmly assumed in the article referred to.

Where such difficulties, in their nature insurmountable by her, are not in the way we do find woman's quick wit sufficient for her necessities in a way that your authoress quietly overlooks. She represents woman as receiving the needle and distaff from the hand of man, and blindly using them until he had something better ready to give her. I can refer to no authority, but think there is a tradition that both needle and distaff were invented by woman herself. And surely the writers own memory must furnish her with instances innumerable where the inventive genius or faculty of herself or sisters has been displayed in original contrivances as diverse and evanescent as the flowers of spring-time, not set in a model or matured into the ripe fruit of an invention, but helping and cheering through many difficulties, where man, perhaps, with his slower intellect, might have stopped for lack of an idea, or failed to go forward for lack of a rule to guide him.

One word as to music "A hundred women," it is said, "are taught music for every man that learns it; yet, while is the woman that holds rank among composers?" How are women taught music? as an accomplishment or as a profession? Is there one woman in a million who takes music as a profession; devotes her whole life and energy to it, carries her studies to their utmost lengths, forgetting that she is a woman, made for lovely works of love, and not for a life, either of artistic enthusiasm or ambition? Thus men become artists; and there is no other way. The creative power in its fulness and glory, can be exhibited only by such. If there be a woman who thus studies music, I would reverse the statement quoted and say, for one such there are hundreds and thousands of men.

The statements about cooking may be lamentably true, but the inferences drawn therefrom are illegitimate and particularly unkind. "Even cookery," it is said, "has not done much for them. It has not given them unflinching accuracy, for those things which can be done 'anyhow,' will be done 'anyhow,' more or less.—If a sodden potato, or a tough steak, or a heavy pancake would act as sudden sniting poisons, then cooking would not be intrusted to women; but as the process of poisoning is slow and imperceptible, it is left to them, and they practise it with great equanimity." Here incapacity is directly charged; not accidental, owing to circumstances, but necessary, natural, helpless, and hopeless, because women are women, and cannot be turned into men, or be expected to possess similar powers! How can I be brief? There is so much to say, so much injustice here. Is cookery so simple that it can be picked up "just anyhow," with or without a teacher? Is it not guided by rules and principles that must be mastered—not only remembered, but understood—in order to the intelligent practice of the art? Do not let those who do not understand think that a little painstaking is all that is required, for the painstaking learner without a guide is trying in the dark, and doomed to many, many mortifying disappointments and failures before even the simpler rules can be mastered for herself. And what percentage of the mothers are competent to act as intelligent teachers? Fortunately, it is not as small as the preceding sentences would lead one to suppose. How many

mothers and daughters constantly spread a table with light, sweet bread, delicious butter, cakes of which a confectioner need not be ashamed, and meat and vegetables with which no fault could be found. But with many, still, it is otherwise, and how are the girls in these households to acquire the knowledge and skill? Not "anyhow." When a man chooses baking as his profession, he goes to one who can teach him, and spends his days, one after the other, in repeated efforts to master the trade; he gives the whole of his mind to it, and finally can work with the utmost precision. Can it be laid against woman, that without a teacher, and with a dozen other professions to be mastered in some good degree, her efforts in the same line should not exhibit a similar precision? However abominable faulty cookery may be, it is, in most cases, not inexcusable. Neither is it irremediable, as the hypothesis of our author, if proved, would establish. But space forbids more here.

"Women cannot be turned into men." No, truly. But that can be proved without representing them as inferior beings, as your author has done. That may not have been her intention, but it is what she has achieved. Woman has her sphere, and man has his; but she is as exquisitely fitted for hers as he for his; neither is hers one that demands meaner qualifications. A man devotes himself, his whole energy, to one profession. After mastering it so far as already understood, he may, if a man of genius, press further and further into the hitherto unexplored regions bordering on what is now his own possession. Thus, as our author has it, "he seeks for knowledge and its sources, earns it, fights for it, buys it with hunger and wounds." This is just as it should be; less would be a disgrace. To this every facility is given him. How truly, then, much less than absolute perfection in his own profession is inexcusable in him, implying serious incapacity or carelessness. Now, there can be no denying that a woman's true work is house-keeping—making and keeping a home homelike. In order to this, she must acquire some good degree of proficiency in not one, but a multitude of arts. The blushing Canadian girl who consents to become William's or Thomas's bride, undertakes thereby to discharge the duties of a baker, a dairy-maid, a laundress, a dressmaker, a tailoress, not unfrequently a white-washer and paper-hanger, a gardener, a nursery-maid and teacher, with an occasional trial of the office of a sick-nurse. Can she have such a knowledge of all of those as he who has made one of them a life study? Is it wonderful that some of them are sometimes indifferently executed? Yet for this wonderful work she is by nature exactly fitted. Is it not casting a slur upon her Maker's wisdom to assert that she is not? Her quick, clever, comprehensive intellect, that has been neglected as far as training is concerned, to the shame of the stronger sex, is perfectly adapted to seize quickly and hold forever the essentials in all the arts that may be needed; to accommodate itself to the varied circumstances that are hers; and to enable her very often to bear up bravely, even when the proper, intelligent training has been almost totally neglected. Only let her education be a preparation for her duties; and in order to this, let her intellect be cultivated; let her, of all people, be taught to think. And besides, do let her mind be enriched with some of the treasures of knowledge which man, properly her provider, in this as in other departments, has so abundantly conquered and gathered. And see if educated womanhood, I say not accomplished, does not prove worthy of the truest admiration and trust.

Space forbids a presentation of the reasons why the unmarried woman, seemingly as free as the man, should not rival him in his own departments; but these must be obvious to the candid, and are natural and not humiliating. The subject of woman's dependence upon marriage, if not misrepresented in the article referred to, is very partially presented, so much of the truth only being dwelt upon as leaves the whole sex in a very pitiful and unnatural position, but it would not do to presume further upon your patience. I beg pardon for the length of the communication, but have not known how to condense further.

Yours truly,

August 2nd, 1872.

The flower which we do not pluck is the only one which never loses its beauty or its fragrance.—*Alger*.

A joyous, happy heart will gather up sunshine in life, where a mournful nature could find cause only for sorrow.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

SIR.—A copy of the enclosed has been sent to the "Presbyterian" Montreal, for insertion, but as I am quite sure it won't, I ask a space in your paper.

To the Editor PRESBYTERIAN, MONTREAL.

SIR.—The August number of your paper to hand, and I have read with regret the article headed "The New Governor General." A more senseless and unfortunate article could scarcely be found, and one which must engender feelings of bitterness, which a prudent man would allow to sleep and be forgotten.

Does the writer of that article not know, that there is no Established Church of Scotland or any other Church in this Canada of ours? The name in "connection" is as everybody knows, actually without meaning. We are proud of the name, and ought to be so, as we have received nothing but kindness and great consideration at her hands. Yet she has no jurisdiction, claims nor exercises none. It is true an ordained Minister of the Church of Scotland is received here and admitted to a charge without reordination, just as an ordained minister from the Presbyterian body of the United States, in good standing is received here. Both, however, have to sign an acknowledgment that our Church here is independent, before being placed. Why, then, harp upon that theme, when it is certainly senseless and hurtful.

Again, is it in good taste compatible with good breeding to lecture our "New Governor General," on how he should act towards the different sects in Canada? His known liberality of sentiment should have prevented our Snobish Editor from throwing dirt in the face of a man bearing the exalted character of Statesmanship and gentlemanly bearing and who is wholly devoid of bigotry.

Stop that miserable twaddle, or you will utterly disgust and drive away every respectable man from your fold. Except, perhaps, the few clerical and one lay snobs, who at the last meeting of Synod, desired to offer a left-handed compliment to the new Governor by a slight on our last.

Yours truly

D. J. M. IREDALE.

Ironstone Bank,

Markham, 12th August, 1872.

TERCENTENARY OF THE ST. BAR THOLEMEW MASSACRE.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

SIR.—Saturday, the 24th of this month (August), is the three hundredth anniversary of the butchery of the Protestants in France, commonly called the St. Bartholomew Massacre. Surely the Protestants of this country will not let the day pass by unnoticed. Ministers should on the following Sabbath direct the attention of their people to the subject. For my own part, I purpose doing so on both of the days referred to. I would be far from seeking to cherish enmity among Protestants against Roman Catholics as fellow beings. But Protestants ought to be kept in mind that Popery is in spirit the very same to-day that she was on the 24th of August 1572.

Yours,

UN MINISTRE HERETIQUE.

PLASTER AS A PROTECTION FROM FIRE.

After the conflagration in Paris, it was generally found that, with good plaster work over them, beams and columns of wood were entirely protected from the fire. In cases where limestone walls had been utterly ruined on the outside by the flames dashing through the window openings, the same walls, internally, escaped almost unscathed, owing to their being coated with plaster.

On many such plastered walls the distemper decorations were still to be made out. The iron roofs rendered good service, and the party walls of each house were carried up right through the roof—a most important precaution, for otherwise nothing could have prevented the disastrous conflagration from being more extensive than it was. It was also found that good wood work in beams and posts, good wood floors, well pegged, and good wooden staircases, were safer and more to be depended upon than cast iron columns and stone staircases, landings and floors. Stone staircases well protected by plaster were fireproof, although not so safe as wood in case of heavy debris falling upon them.

Selected Articles.

EDAL, GERIZIM AND THE WELL SYCHAR.

(From Christian Union).

O great dumb mountains of a solemn plain,
Lifting bare heads above earth's smiles and
tears:

Your lonely steadfast faith doth still retain
Familiar secrets of forgotten years.
Ebal! Gerizim! O that ye could tell
The sweet and story of great Jacob's well.

Under your shadows wandering shekels have stayed,
Kingdomless kings, and God-appointed sojers;
Nay more, "The Friend of God" here lived and
prayed.

And saw bright visions of the coming years—
Holding the Promise (well redeemed by Time)
Deep in his heart; as grape-flowers hold the
wine.

Ye saw the prudent Jacob pitch his tent,
And, careful of his peace, "dig his own well."
So that the Ishmaelites, who came and went,
Could strife nor service of his men compel—
Or his fair women glad, with sweet surprise
Of their bright beauty, any stranger's eyes.

Nor Home's seven hills, nor Troy's god-haunted
mount.

Saw swifter vengeance for a woman's shame
Than ye did see when Jacob's sons did count
With Shochem's men, for their fair sister's name.
O Love! O Woman! who shall lend a place
That hath no record of your power and grace?

Great companies with spice and balm and myrrh,
Within your graceful shadows kept their way;
And ye did hear the Midianites confer
With Jacob's sons for Joseph—as their prey;
Saw all his boyhood's terror, grief and pain,
Going a road he ne'er returned again.

And ye have heard the temple's hymn and prayer,
And all the cries of battle's rage and pain,
The songs of maidens with Syria's cloudy hair,
And eyes like purple pansies wet with rain;
The wail of slaves, the shouting for a king,
The myriad sounds to human life that cling.

But never in the dreary eastern day
Did your lulled echoes hold so sweet a sound
As when the son of David took his way
O'er the man and angel haunted ground:
Oh blessed Jacob! Ages yet shall tell
How weary Jesus rested on thy well.

Then mighty Love broke first the cords of Casto,
And tied the bond of Brotherhood anew
O well of Sychar! Cancel all the past,
And be to this our memory only true!
O Ebal and Gerizim! keep the rest,
Since this one scene is in the wide world's
breast!

THE OLD CRADLE.

BY REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE.

The historical and old-time cradle is dead, and buried in the rubbish of the garret. A baby of five months, filled with modern notions, would spurn to be rocked in the awkward and rustic thing. The baby spits the "Alexandria feeding-bottle" out of its mouth, and protests against the old-fashioned cradle, giving emphasis to its utterances by throwing down a rattle that cost seven dollars, and kicking off a shoe imported at fabulous expense; and upsetting the "baby-basket" with all its treasures of ivory-haired brushes and "Moon Fan." Not with voice but with violence of gesture and kicks and squirms it says: "What! You going to put me in that old cradle? Where is the nurse? My patience? What does mother mean? Get me a 'patented self-rocker.'" The parents yield. In comes the new-fangled crib. The machine is wound up, the baby put in, the crib set in motion, and mother goes off to make a first-rate speech at the "Woman's Rights Convention!" *Conundrum:* Why is a maternal educationist of this sort like a mother of old time, who trained four sons for the holy ministry, and through them was the means of reforming and saving a thousand souls, and through that thousand of saving ten thousand more? You answer: "No resemblance at all!" You are right. (Guessed the conundrum the first time. Go up to the head of the class!

Now, the "patented self-rockers," no doubt, have their proper use; but go up with me into the garret of your old homestead, and exclaim the cradle that you, a good while ago, slept in. The rockers are somewhat rough, as though a farmer's plane had fashioned them, and the sides just high enough for a child to learn to walk by. What a homely thing, take it all in all! You say: Stop your depreciation! We were all rocked in that. For about fifteen years that cradle was going much of the time. When the older child was taken out, a smaller child was put in. The cradle of the rockers is pleasant yet in my ears. There I took my first lessons in music as mother sang to me. Have heard what you would call far better singing since then, but none that so thoroughly touched me. She never got five hundred dollars per night for singing three songs at the Academy, with two or three encores grudgingly thrown in; but without pay she sometimes sang all night, and came out whenever encored, though she had only two little ears for an audience. It was a low subdued tone that sings to me yet across thirty-five years.

You see the edge of that rocker, worn quite deep? That is where her foot was placed while she sat with her knitting or sewing, on summer afternoons, while the bees hummed at the door, and the shout of the boy at the oxen was heard afield. From the way the rocker is worn, I think that sometimes the foot must have been very tired, and the ankle very sore; but I do not think she stop-

ped for that. When such a cradle as that got agoing it kept on for years.

Scarlet-foyer came in the door, and we all had it; and oh! how the cradle did go! We contended as to who should lie in it, but he seemed so very, very sick; and with him in the cradle it was "Rock!" "Rock!" "Rock!" But one day, just as long ago as you can remember, the cradle stopped. When a child is asleep there is no need of rocking. Charlie was asleep. He was sound asleep. Nothing would wake him. He needed taking up. Mother was too weak to do it. The neighbors came in to do that, and put a flower, fresh out of the garden-dew, between the two still hands. The fever had gone out of the cheek, and left it white, very white; the rose exchanged for the lily. There was one less to contend for the cradle. It soon started again, and with a voice not quite so firm as before, but more tender, the old song came back: "Bye! bye! lullaby!" which meant more to you than "Il Trovatore," rendered by operatroupe in the presence of an American audience, all leaning forward and nodding, to show how well they understood Italian.

There was a wooden canopy at the head of the old cradle, that somehow got loose and was taken off. But your infantile mind was so impressed with the face which much of the time hovered over you. Other women sometimes looked in at the child and said: "That child's hair will be red!" or, "What a peculiar chin!" or, "do you think that child will live to grow up?" and, although you were not old enough to understand their talk, by instinct you knew it was something disagreeable, and began to cry till the dear, sweet, familiar face again hovered and the rainbow arched the sky. Oh! we never get away from the benediction of such a face! It looks at us through storm and night. It smiles all to pieces the world's frown. After thirty-five years of rough tumbling on the world's couch, it puts us in the cradle again, and hushes us as with the very lullaby of heaven.

Let the old cradle rest in the garret! It has earned its quiet. The hands that shook up its pillow have quit work. The foot that kept the rocker in motion is through with its journey. The face that hovered has been veiled from mortal sight. Cradle of blessed memories! Cradle that soothed so many little griefs! Cradle that kindled so many hopes! Cradle that rested so many fatigues! Sleep now thyself, after so many years of putting others to sleep!

One of the great wants of the age is the right kind of a cradle and the right kind of a foot to rock it. We are opposed to the usurpation of "patented self-rockers." When I hear a boy calling his grandfather *old daddy*, and see the youngster whacking his mother across the face because she will not let him have ice-cream and lemonade in the same stomach, and at some refusal holding his breath till he gets black in the face, so that to save the child from fits the mother is compelled to give him another dumpling, and he afterward goes out into the world stubborn, wilful, selfish, and intractable: I say that boy was brought up in a "patented self-rocker." The old-time mother would have put him down in the old-fashioned cradle, and sung to him,

"Hush my dear, be still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed!"

and if that did not take the spunk out of him, would have laid him in an inverted position across her lap, with his face downward, and with a rousing spunk made him more susceptible to the music.

When a mother, who ought to be most interested in training her children for usefulness and heaven, gives her chief time to fixing up her back hair, and is worried to death because the curls she bought are not of the same shade as the sparsely-settled locks of her own raising; and culturing the dromedarian hump of dry-goods on her back, till, as she comes into church, a good old elder bursts into laughter behind his pocket-handkerchief, making the meriment sound as much like a sneeze as possible; her waking moments employed with discussions about polonaise, and vert-degris velvets, and ecrú, percale, and fringed guipure, and puffs, and sashes, rose-de-chêne silks, and scalloped flounces; her happiness in being admired at balls and parties and receptions—you may know that she has thrown off the care of her children, that they are looking after themselves, that they are being brought up by machinery instead of loving hands—in a word, that there is in her home a "patented self-rocker!"

So far as possible, let all women dress beautifully: so God dresses the meadows and the mountains. Let them wear pearls and diamonds if they can afford it: God has hung round the neck of his world strings of diamonds, and braided the black locks of the storm with bright ribbons of rainbow. Especially before and right after breakfast, ere they expect to be seen of the world, let them look neat and attractive for the family's sake. One of the most hideous sights is a slovenly woman at the breakfast-table. Let woman adorn herself. Let her speak on platforms so far as she may have time and ability to do so. But let

not mothers imagine that there is any new way of successfully training children, or of escaping the old-time self-denial and continuous painstaking.

Let this be the commencement of the law-suit:

OLD CRADLE

versus

PATENTED SELF-ROCKER.

Attorneys for plaintiff, all the cherished Memories of the past.

Attorneys for the defendant, all the Humbugs of the present.

For jury the good sense of all Christendom.

Crier! open the court and let the jury be empanelled.

PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON THE CALCULABLE VALUE OF PRAYER, IN THE "CONTEMPORARY REVIEW."

Professor Tyndall is one of the most eminent examples of the excellences and defects of the present race of scientific men. As an investigator he has had few equals in his department. He has been a very successful man. He has made discoveries which have corrected the mistakes and inaccurate observations of all his predecessors. He takes the chair of Faraday and wears his mantle becomingly. But he has not yet reached the limit of his discoveries. All Christendom believes, in some way or other, in the "efficacy of prayer," and Professor Tyndall is ambitious of earning new laurels by putting this belief into the crucible of science. So he and a fellow investigator have hit on a plan of bringing the value of prayer to an experimental test. He would have a hospital ward on which the prayers of Christendom should be focussed, like the mirrors of Archimedes, for a sufficiently long time to afford statistical results. He thinks the statistics of this ward, compared with that of wards in every other respect except this similarly conducted, would give an unimpeachable criterion of the value of prayer.

It would seem that the learned professor is not joking when he starts this amazing suggestion. He keeps his countenance. He even manages to look solemn. He calls his speculation a *serious* attempt to estimate the value of prayer. He is not at all conscious that he is talking nonsense. He really does think that the universe is set to the time of his stop-watch—that Divine mercy and compassion can be experimented with, and reduced to formulas, like chemical equivalents or the radiating powers of coloured surfaces—that prayer can be manufactured to order, and made up like a physician's prescription, and then administered like an effervescent draught, and the results, if any, ascertained by the chemical analysis of tissues and secretions, or by pathological anatomy and sanitary statistics. He thinks that the radiant heat of Providence, if it exists, can be correlated with the other forces of nature, and its laws embodied in a memoir for the Royal Society's "Transactions." He thinks that faith and aspiration, like any other gases, can be collected in his pneumatic trough, or concentrated like electricity, and then measured, weighed, tested, and exhaustively investigated, and their physiological properties determined by clinical use, just as we investigate ozone or laughing gas, or the vapour of chloroform.

If such a preposterous suggestion as this is to be treated in a serious way at all, it may be met by the enunciation of almost any spiritual law which can be affirmed concerning the relations between man and his Maker. There is scarcely any principle in rational Theism which it does not outrageously violate. For instance, it is of the essence of prayer that it should be spontaneous, a natural breathing of pious aspiration. If it is offered in order that "the absolute calculable value of prayer may be ascertained," it is degraded to a worse mockery than the lowest depths of Paganism have ever reached. If the results of prayer are to be classified, analysed, built up into tables of statistical returns, it is no longer prayer. The life of it has been dissected out, and we might just as well beat Chinese gongs or make a pilgrimage by crawling on all fours to some distant temple or shrine. In fact, there would be more real devotion, more genuine prayer, in these Pagan exercises than in Professor Tyndall's suggestion, because in them the attitude of the worshipper would be one of dependence and supplication, and not of intellectual analysis.

Professor Tyndall also must know that whatever might be the result of the proposed inquiry, the question to be elucidated would remain for all persons, both sceptics and believers, exactly where it was before. Those who believe in the efficacy of prayer have no such coarse mechanical notion about it as that its value is dependent on the number of persons who join by common consent in one petition. They do not suppose that the benefit of prayer can be secured like those of a charitable institution by vote and interest—or that a prayer is influential just as a monster petition presented to Parliament is, by

ignorant folks, supposed to be influential in proportion to the crowd of signatures appended to it. Why even in Parliamentary petitions this method is somewhat discredited, and the forcible reasoning of a single man is often more influential than the unintelligent clamour of the multitude. Does Professor Tyndall suppose that any of these persons would think their petitions safer—more certain of receiving respectful consideration in the High Court of Heaven—if they ascended to the skies endorsed by the simultaneous petitions of the whole race of man? He must know that such a process would utterly extinguish the very essence of such prayers, and that all those who pray most fervently are most anxious to do so "in secret," after they have entered into the closet and shut the door.

The truth is, Professor Tyndall's suggestion inevitably implies a foregone conclusion. If he had had any belief in prayer he would never have brought it forward, and whatever conviction it might produce would only be wrought on those who were most abundantly "convinced before." These persons would certainly be unaffected by the issue of the proposed experiment, whatever it might be. It would most likely confirm their scepticism. If it pointed the other way, they would find plenty of explanations by which the unwelcome conclusion could be averted. Indeed it would be most undesirable that the efficacy of prayer should be either proved or disproved in this way, so that men should be tempted to regard it as a mechanical force, or a scientific tool, to be used in a regulated way, to be valued like a steam-engine by the smoothness of its action, by the extent of its horsepower, by the number of *font-pounds* of work it is capable, under given conditions, of doing. It seems to us that a certain class of persons, who were once chased in a miraculous way by a whip of small cords out of the temple, must have had notions of temple service very analogous to those of Professor Tyndall. —*The Nonconformist.*

KEEP UP THE FAMILY ATTACHMENT.

One of the saddest things about a large family who have lived happily together under the old roof-tree, is the scattering to distant homes, which takes place as they grow up, one by one to years of maturity. It is often the case, that in the cares and bustle of business, letters grow more and more infrequent, and finally brothers and sisters will entirely lose sight of each other. These kindred ties are much to be sacred to be thus lightly severed. It takes such a little while to write a letter, and the expense is so trifling there can hardly be an excuse for the neglect.

A loving family circle thus widely severed, adopted a curious but beautiful plan for keeping informed of each others welfare. The two most remote on the first of each month write part of a page in a large sheet containing the principal news of the month, and this is sealed and sent to the family next in order. Some member of the household adds a little contribution and sends it to the next, and so on till the whole circle is complete. Thus the family circle goes round twelve times every year, and each one is kept well informed of the joys, sorrows, plans and pursuits of the others. Family gatherings are frequent in such households, and the old home attachments never grow cold. Some in particular, away from home, are apt to grow very neglectful of letter-writing. Oh, if they knew how many heart aches such neglect often causes to the loving breast that pillowed their tired heads in childhood, they would not be so thoughtless. If they knew the joy that a letter brought, and could see how its lightest words were dwelt over and talked by the fireside, they would not be so sparing of the messages. Are not some of us sadly in arrears in this particular?

MARVELS OF THE INSECT WORLD.

The *Spectator*, in its notice of M. Touchet's work, "The Universe," says: "Man generally flatters himself that his anatomy is about the highest effort of Divine skill; yet that of the insect is far more complicated. No portion of our organism can compare with the proboscis of the common fly. Man can boast 270 muscles. Lyonet, who spent his whole life watching a single species of caterpillar, discovered in it 4,000. The common fly has 8,000 eyes, and certain butterflies 25,000. M. Touchet treats it as an established fact that so fine are the sensory organs of ants that they converse by means of their antennae. Consequently the strength and activity of insects far surpasses ours in proportion. In the whole field of natural science there is nothing more astounding than the number of times a fly can flap its wings in a second; it must in that point of time vibrate its wings five or six hundred times. But in a rapid flight we are required to believe that 8,000 is a moderate estimate."

BEING SOCIABLE.

Some people display a wonderful tact for unsociability. It is not so much by their silence, their modesty, or their reserve, as by a peculiar disposition they manifest—an indefinable atmosphere in which they envelop themselves so as to repel the advances and resist the invitations of others. Indeed, silence is not inconsistent with social feelings, and those who say little and listen much and well are always popular in society. It was Miss Edgeworth who, after taking with charming and incessant volubility to a deaf mute for an hour, remarked that he was one of the most intelligent and interesting persons she ever met. Oftentimes those who talk most have least real sociability. Their gabble hides their utter want of social feeling and personal sympathy. Their prattle is purely selfish, mechanical, and cold. Volubility and vacaney seem to be naturally related to each other, and oftentimes the tongue is the substitute for thought instead of its organ. Sociability and loquacity may co-exist in the same person; but generally the one who talks the most thinks and feels the least.

True, sociability is a matter of sentiment, of mind, of character, rather than of words. It comes from a surplus of sympathy, of kind feelings, of personal regards, of contagious interest in things and thoughts. It is the overflow of the generous and kindly qualities of the heart, those which make us social beings, those which bind us most closely and tenderly to others and the family to which we belong. All real interest in others, all quick and generous sympathy, all desire to communicate with others, and share in their experiences, and participate in their life, enter as constituents into a true sociability. It is the humanity in us in communication with the humanity without us which makes the charm and sweetness and value of social intercourse. The hard and selfish nature is unsocial. The proud, vain, self-seeking temper destroys sociability. People who care only for themselves may run against others every moment, but their contact is as purely mechanical as the attrition of logs in a river, or pebbles on the beach. The talk which comes from no kind impulse and no kindling regard, but is manufactured by will merely because it is expected, is as destitute of social quality as the bellows which makes a breeze when pressed; and the talk made to display the speaker's wit or cleverness or learning is exhibition but not conversation.

A great deal of the calling and twittering and my-dear-ing have no more real connection with sociability than the flowery and feather's on a woman's hat have with her head. They are purely artificial, and tacked on by the milliner. There is a vast deal of social millinery, however, which passes for Nature's handiwork; and people are often praised for their fine social qualities merely because they are adepts in the art of saying pretty nothings by the hour, and exhibiting themselves in other people's drawing-rooms in an entertaining way. And, on the other hand, those who are eminently social in nature and spirit are often condemned as unsociable because they say little, and do not care to exhibit themselves and turn their hearts inside out for other people to admire.—Perhaps they are deficient in the graces of cultivated society; they may not have the gift of rapid utterance or sparkling repartee; they may find it hard to intrude their thoughts and feelings upon others while more valuable *intruders* make the air vibrate with their incessant buzz. But behind their reticence, and beneath the disguise of modest and unattractive ways, are all the elements of the truest sociability, which it requires but the least penetration to discover and the fit occasion to bring out.

Being sociable requires something more than ceaseless chattering and gadding about. It requires the culture and expression in all proper and hopeful ways of those thoughts and sentiments which are unselfish, generous, sympathetic, and human. It means a pervading interest in others and the general good. It means the lively commerce of mind with mind, and the communication of heart with heart, by listening as well as by speaking, by large receptivity as well as generous giving. And this sociability is just what is wanted to redeem our social intercourse and make our coming together hopeful, stimulative and ennobling. —*Golden Age.*

I would much rather that posterity should inquire why no statues were erected to me, than why they were.—*Cato.*

Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning-rod to attract trouble.—*Anon.*

Schism is not dividing hypocrites from hypocrites, formal professors from people of their own caste; it is not dividing nominal Episcopalians from each other, nominal Methodists from nominal Methodists, or nominal Quakers from nominal Quakers, etc. But schism is the dividing of real Christians from each other, and breaking the unity of the spirit.—*Francis Ashbury.*

THE BOLTED DOOR.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any hear my voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. iii. 20.

God is knocking,
Ever knocking,
At the heart's thrice bolted door,
Which we're locking,
Ever locking,
As we oft have done before;
And we hear, yet hearing, heed not,
While we faster bolt the door.

He is calling,
Ever calling,
In a soft and gentle tone,
To the fallen,
And the falling,
To the weary and the lone
Still they answer not the summons
Till the Spirit-voice has flown,

He's entreating,
Ever entreating,
By his mercy, by his care,
Knocking, knocking,
And repeating,
Calling, calling—this his prayer:
"Let me enter!" Hear it, mortal,
Open wide the sin-locked portal;
Hear it, mortal, open quickly!
God is waiting at the door.
Watchman and Reflector.

"QUESTION-DAY" IN THE HIGHLANDS.

Off the village of Plockton we anchored among a fleet of boats from Kishorn, from Jeantown, from Loch Aish. The haven was girt with striking shores, mountain walls and grey crag; the hills at Loch Carron grizzly with moraines and wasted precipices. Brushwood swept the beach; black pines covered the flanks of the hills, Rocky isles were scattered treacherously about; we had been the better for our pilot in the smack. The red sunlight was striking the great corries of Bein Gorm, and deepening the azure belts across the face of the mountain at Kishorn. About these shores the glitter of the deep marked hidden dangers. On Wintry nights the mouth of Loch Carron is full of treachery.

The fishing craft were run alongside a half-ebbed isle over which the strangers clambered. Through the village of Pockton they walked, a sober throng, towards the moorland. There was no want of sedateness; the faces might have been those of pilgrims nearing their shrine. We are not among idle worshippers summoned by chimes, by the solitary peal of the kirk-bell. Eyes were hardly raised from the roadway, greetings were tenderly given, silently spoken, subdued by humble reverence. Everywhere among the aged a sense of awe was deepening.

The people were turning aside from the road to Durnish; they were disappearing through a cleft in the rocks. We clambered with others over crags, past an aged man standing by a little box which was set upon a short staff, and into which coppers were thrown. We reached the edge of the corrie, a gully in a rock bluff. We were suddenly in the presence of three thousand people, more or less—a vast congregation filling the hollow and clustering about the sides. Our amazement pleased the bystanders; the young people looked up at us; the old folks sat silent and motionless. No service was going on; but faint whispers were reprov'd with sudden looks. In the narrower end of the hollow stood an upright wooden house, somewhat like a bathing-box, half open on the side next the congregation. In it were accommodated the officiating clergyman. The congregation waited very silently while the later comers found seats in the grassy hollow or upon the rocky ledges. The older folks sat nearer the clergyman—the old men with their bald heads uncovered, the old women with white handkerchiefs tied over their white caps. Plaids and overcoats were drawn over the head's at times; the women drew plaids and shawls over their caps. The matrons held a corner of their plaids over their mouths; shrouding their faces to the eyes through some decorous fashion and ancient usage. The little maidens lifted the corners of their pinafores, and endeavoured to cover the lower part of their faces as their mothers did. It somehow gave an earnest look to these simple worshippers. The younger women homo from the south avoided the custom; their gayer dresses were disturbing to the sombre grayness of the picture. Above the crest of the corrie young boys clambered, grave fellows in their ragged clothing.

We found that it was "Question-day"—one of the several consecutive days during which service is held, in these parts, by way of preparation for the communion.

While the worshippers were hidden in the moorland sanctuary, the crags about them commanded all the mountains of Carron and Kishorn, the Sound, Scalpa and Raasay, with its curious "Dun," the mighty peaks of Glencraig, and the nearer Coullins. In the hollow were gathered penitent folks, mourning with the outer signs of tribulation; all about them the glow of the summertime was softening the hills and falling upon the sea. There was no ecclesiastical accessories, or sacerdotal adornments; but the solemnness was supreme.

The silence so impressive was broken; one of the clergyman rose, and spoke in Gaelic in an undertone, the only language used. His words were spoken to an elder of the people, who rose, after a pause, and said some inaudible words. He had been asked to speak, but evaded himself. Another elder was appealed to; he also had some excuse. Others were spoken to; but all declined although they had previously agreed to speak and expound certain points in proof of their ableness to minister to the spiritual wants of some remote clachan. The fashion, or formality prevailed of declining to speak at the first call; it might seem ostentatious to do so, and the men were as coy as maidens. On the second request being made, the elder who had been first asked, and so far recovered as to speak with composure. He had a solemn and "punctual" way of uttering his advice. His plaid fell back from his arm, his measured speech sounded about the hollow, blown by fitful airs, and striking attentive ears. There was nothing in his sonorous voice to recall the broken speech of the Celt when he leaves the hills. Others of the elders spoke, and without further hesitation. There was no painful pauses in their speech; the speakers might have had the ready utterances of gifted tongues. Their language unchanged for centuries, was the same spoken by the first Christian teachers on their coasts. Our pilot told us that the Gospels had an "aust-fashioned" sound in the Gaelic, and the preaching had a more homely sense in his mother speech. It might have been the sombre throng, the anguish of the earnest faces, the moorland blackening in the moonlight, that gave a pitiful cadence to the voices; but an unknown tongue was moving us as the softer English has seldom done.

One of the preachers rose to speak; he was a tall, thin, wiry man, with high features and a black beard cut in the American style. His voice, loud and full, rung far across the moor. His discourse was more of a "spiritual nature" than the others we were to listen to. The Gaelic words for "grace" and "love" were frequently repeated. Towards the close his voice rose wildly, it might be emphatically; he chanted his sentences with a not unmusical rhythm. The congregation listened with a stricken calm; some of the people were swaying themselves to the pastor's cadences.

Another preacher spoke, a little man with grey wavy hair; his voice was thin, and had grown hoarse through much preaching in the open air. His speech was forced and unequal. He spoke in one tone and seemed to answer in another, suggesting irrelevant recollection of ventriloquial efforts; but his exhortations were earnest, and drew his audience near to him. He had some gift of eloquence missed among most speakers of the Saxon tongue.

A farmer-looking, hearty man closed the service. He had a homely way, and had homely advices to give. He spoke a sentence to the right and another to the left, pausing to consider before speaking again. He closed almost every sentence with "agus," and folded his hands to think over the rest of the sentence. When he was nearing the last of one of his homilies, he regretted that some came there with brazen faces, who believe in arts that were neither of this world nor were sanctioned by heaven, but came from the devil. Then followed an appeal to the congregation to remember the collection, which the elders were attending to on the outskirts of the corrie. The clergyman reminded his hearers that Christ had noticed the widow's mite.

The singing of the hymn was spiritless; the line read by the precursor was chanted by the congregation with a slight knowledge of the tune; but the winds softened the sound, and wafted it away into the heavens.

We walked along the way to Durnish, loitering till the sun was going down behind the violet wall of Raasay, with the peak of Duncane blackening in the glow like a pyre. We returned by the sanctuary, where some old men and women were loitering in the gloaming, feeling seeming comfort in the hushed words they spoke. They lingered as they might have done in the sunshine; there might still be a glow about the sanctified place that kindled the hearts of the worshippers. On the way to Plockton old people walked decently home to rest and prepare for the morrow.—*Sunday Magazine*.

Mere intellectual acuteness, divested, as it is in too many cases, of all that is comprehensive and great and good, is to me more revolting than the most helpless imbecility, seeming to breathe the spirit of Mephistopheles.—*Dr. Arnold*.

If men are to be fools, it were better that they were fools in little matters than in great. Dullness, turned up with temerity, is a lively all the worse for the facings; and the most tremendous of all things is a magnanimous dunce.—*Sydney Smith*.

ONE SPECIES OF INSANITY.

Did you ever see a woman who was possessed by the house cleaning fiend? Not periodically but at all times. Who would go about drawing her finger over every lounge and table and chair, peering into cracks and crannies for crooked pins and lint; holding tumbler up to the light for finger marks; in short, so utterly absorbed in the pursuit of dirt, that every other pursuit was nothing in comparison.

Now, being New England born I know what neatness is, and value it as only a New Englander can; but when it takes such shape as this, and robs life of all its charms, I turn my back upon it with righteous disgust. Who thanks these zealous juries for their self-imposed labor? Certainly not their husbands, who flee into corners from dust-pans and dust-brushes, and weary of the recitals of their prowess day by day. Certainly not their children, who have no place to stow away their little sacred property in the shape of bright bits of silk or paper, or broken cups which are dear and precious to them, and should always be held in respect within proper innocent limits.

Oh, ye careful and troubled Marthas of the household, stop and take breath. Place a flower on the mantel that you and your household may, perhaps, have some in your lives. So shall the cobwebs be brushed from your neglected brain, and you shall learn that something else besides cleanliness is necessary to make home really home for those dependent on your care.

Throw your broom out of doors; take your children by the hand, and let the fresh wind touch your wrinkled forehead. If your house is wound up to such an immaculate pitch of cleanliness, it can run on a few hours without your care. Laugh and talk with them, or, better still, listen to their foolish-wise talk. Bring home a bit of gingerbread for each of them, and play some simple game with them. Put on the freshest dress you have, and ask your husband, when he comes in, if he recognizes his wife.

"I wish my mother looked as pretty as you," said a little girl once to her neighbor.

"But your mamma is much prettier than I," replied the neighbor. The truth was that the child's mother was always in a wrapper unless company was expected. The rest of the time she was under the dominion of the house-fiend, and the children fled from such a joyless, utilitarian home, where no flower of beauty could ever get time to take root and blossom.

There is little need to interpret my meaning. Many a ruined life has come of a joyless home. Your children take to the sunlight as naturally as do the flowers. Shut it out of your houses, and they will go abroad in search of it, you may be sure of that. Isn't this worth thinking about, Oh, ye mothers? Careful and troubled about many things, and yet so blind to your first and greatest duty!—*Fanny Fern*.

WISE RAILROAD POLICY.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers a letter taken from the *Standard of the Cross*, which describes the policy of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company in the management of their vast shops at Altoona.

We believe that public corporations, as well as individuals, will be prospered in the largest degree, in this life, in proportion as they are mindful of their obligations to God and man in obeying the commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day." All honor to the Pennsylvania Central Railroad Company in the attempt of its directors to give its employees the blessings of the Sabbath.

"We left Cincinnati on Saturday morning for a rapid journey to New York, and return. Before midnight on Saturday Altoona was reached, and there we were to 'rest on the Sabbath day, according to the commandment.' This is the city where locomotives keep Sabbath—where freight trains rest on the Lord's day, and, as a consequence, where engineers, and brakemen, and railroad hands of all grades, are both permitted and encouraged to enjoy Sabbath repose and its useful relaxation.

"It is as grateful a feeling as it is strange, to awake on a Sunday morning in quietness—scarcely a sound stirring—amid a population of twelve thousand, who all the week are driving the immense works of the Pennsylvania Central, or hurrying in attendance on trains which pass every few minutes, both day and night. On Sunday the laboring air is still; those terrible shrieks and whistles of locomotives, which tear the atmosphere to pieces all the week, are hushed. There is no roll of trains, no roar of engines, no groaning of escaping steam. The Sabbath stillness is scarcely broken, except by Sabbath bells. One passenger train passes, I believe, each way in the early morning and in the evening; but we saw no freight trains moving. We counted thirteen freight trains standing on the tracks in front of the Logan House.

"The result of this policy is according to God's law and promise, but, of course, equally according to a natural law. Workmen of a higher moral calibre are secured. The men are faithful, have more physical endurance, and more spirit than when their powers are overtaxed by seven days' labor in every week. An accident on this road is very rare; and the profits are rolling up by millions. It is not my purpose to encourage people to keep the Lord's day because of the profit it brings, although there is no question about it. God's Word never has failed, and never will. His sanction of Sabbath observance is merely an interpretation of an invariable natural law. But all that I desire is to put the facts side by side. Railroad men can decide for themselves how near they are related as cause and effect."

THE PEACE OF GOD.

"The sun is very hot on this side of the boat," said a portly gentleman, who, with two aides, was standing on the deck of a large steamboat.

"It is boiling," said one of the ladies, fretfully, raising a tiny parasol. "It will ruin my complexion; and on the other end of the boat it is blowing a perfect gale. For my part, I don't see any pleasure in it."

"Nor I," said the other. "It is hollow, like all the other so-called pleasures. I don't believe there is such a thing in the world as happiness. I would be glad to find even peace; but the more you cry 'Peace, peace,' the more you feel that there is no peace."

They were startled by a voice, saying, "O, that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments! then had thy peace been as a river."

Turning, they saw an old man, leaning heavily on a cane, for he was evidently past his threescore and ten years. His garments were coarse and ill-fitting, though they were carefully brushed; and the ladies drew back with a dignified air. The gentleman was about to order the intruder away, but his gaze was fixed afar off, on the calm flowing waters of the river, and they contented themselves with drawing away.

The lady who had last spoken, leaned over the side of the boat, and looked for a time down into the water; then she said,—

"That wasn't a bad comparison of the old fellow about peace flowing as a river. Just think of it; calm, but deep, never-ceasing, never-ending; lost only in an ocean of the same. I would give the world for such a peace as that."

"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God.

The old man was still gazing at the blue waters, and perhaps was speaking aloud unconsciously; but an angry exclamation escaped from the gentleman, and they walked hastily away. Meeting the captain, the gentleman said,—

"Captain, why did you take that crazy man on board?"

"What crazy man, Mr. Porter? O!" as his eye followed Mr. Porter's "that is to old Father Reid. He is no more crazy than I am. He used to be a wealthy merchant, but failed. He paid his creditors in full, but he left himself penniless. He says it was a blessed day for him, for it led him to seek for rest and peace, where alone they must be found. He is the happiest man I ever saw, and I meet with a great many men in my trips up and down the river, and the busy captain bowed, and passed on.

In the afternoon a thunder-storm arose, the lightning flashed, the thunder pealed, the waters foamed, while the boat shook as if it were a reed, at the mercy of the storm. The passengers were terrified, ladies shrieked, and even sturdy men paled. Loud and clear, in the midst of the tumult, rose the voice of Father Reid:—

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the seas; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof; . . . God shall help us, and that right early."

The terror-stricken passengers almost felt as if he were a prophet, for even as he spoke the clouds broke, and though the rain still fell gently, a beautiful bow spanned the waters.

"Behold!" said Father Reid. "Behold the sign of God's promise, and be at peace;" and he quietly slipped out of the cabin, followed by Miss Porter, who grasped his hand, and asked,—

"Sir, how can I obtain this rest and peace?"

He looked at her with eyes full of love and pity, and said, gently,—

"Jesus said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

"I have heard that often before," said she; "but it seems new."

"Yes, it is the old, old story, yet ever new; but it is all you can do. Only trust Him and follow Him; then, indeed, the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your heart and mind, through Jesus Christ."

LICHEN ON THE ROCK.

Lichen and mosses, how of these?—Meek creatures; the first mercy of earth's veil; with hushed softness its dintless rocks, creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the sacred disgrace of ruin—laying quiet fingers on the trembling stones, to teach them rest. No words that I know of, will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough. How is one to tell of the rounded houses of furred and beaming green—the starred divisions of cubed bloom, fine filmed as if the spirits could spin porphyry as we do glass, the traceries of intricate silver, and fringes of amber, lustrous, as here-cent, burnished through every fibre into fitful brightness and glossy traverses of silken change, yet all subdued and pensive, and framed for the simplest sweetest office of grace. They will not be gathered like the flowers, for chaplet or love token, but of them the wild bird will make its pillow.

And, as the earth's first mercy so they are its last gift to us. When all other service is vain, from plant and tree, the soft mosses and the gray lichens take up their watch by the headstone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift bearing grasses have done their part for a time, but these do service forever. Trees for the builder's yard, flowers for the bride's chambré, coral for the granary, moss for the grave.

Yet as in one sense the humblest, in another, they are the most honored of the earth's children. Unfading, as motionless, the worm frets them not and the autumn wastes not. Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant hearted, is entrusted the dark, eternal tapestries of hills; to them, slow penciled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossoms like drifted snow, the summer dimes on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip gold—far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen spots rest, starlike on the stone; and the gathering orange stain, upon the edge of you western peak, reflects the sunsets of a thousand years.—*Rushkin*.

THE GREAT LAKES.

The following facts in regard to the five great lakes in North America, are not generally known, and will prove especially instructive to young people:—

Lake Superior is the largest body of fresh water in the world. Its greatest length is 355 miles, its greatest breadth 160 miles, and its area is given as 89,000 square miles, its average depth is variously given at 688 and 1,000 feet. It is 600 feet above the level of the sea, 22 feet higher than Lake Michigan, and 50 higher than Lake Erie.

Lake Michigan is 320 miles long, 108 miles in the widest part, and the mean depth of it is 600 feet. In its greatest length it is longer than Lake Superior, being 890 miles. It has an area of 28,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Huron is 200 miles, the greatest width 100 miles, the mean depth 600 feet, and the area 20,000 square miles.

Lake Erie's greatest length is 250 miles, its greatest width 50 miles, the mean depth of its waters 84 feet, making it by far the most shallow of all the five lakes, and it has a superficial area of about 9,000 square miles.

The greatest length of Lake Ontario is 180 miles, the greatest breadth 65 miles, the mean depth 260 feet, and the area 9,000 square miles.

The length of all the lakes is more than 1,500 miles.—*Rural New Yorker*.

SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE.

London papers relate curious anecdotes of the blunders made by Oxford undergraduates in the Scripture examination which they have to pass before taking their degrees. It is told of one that when asked who was the first king of Israel, he was so fortunate as to stumble on the name of Saul. He saw that he had hit the mark, and wishing to show how intimate his knowledge of the Scripture was, he added, confidently, "Saul, also called Paul." Another was called upon to mention "the two instances recorded in Scripture of the lower animals speaking." The undergraduate thought for a moment and replied, "Balaam's ass." "This one, sir. What is the other?" Under-graduate paused in earnest thought. At last a gleam of recollection lit up his face, as he replied, "The whale! The whale said unto Jonah, 'Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian!'"

Sir Thomas Frown says, "I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point, for to credit ordinary and visible objects, is not faith, but persuasion. This I think is no vulgar part of faith, to believe a thing not only above but against the arguments of our proper senses."

British American Presbyterian.

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ADVERTISING RATES.

Table with columns: Space, 3 Mo's, 6 Mo's, 1 Year. Rows include One column, Half column, Quarter column, One-sixth column, One-eighth column, One-tenth column, 12 lines or 1 inch, 6 to 8 lines, 4 to 6, 4 lines and under.

No double columns; cuts 25 per cent. extra; special in reading matter 15 cents. per line each insertion.

Any irregularity in the receipt of the PRESBYTERIAN will be immediately rectified on notice being sent by Postal Card or otherwise.

A DENOMINATIONAL ORGAN.

An overture on this subject from the London Synod was supported by Dr. Proudfoot, who thought that such a medium as a weekly newspaper would greatly advance many interests of the Church.

On motion of Mr. McMillan, an overture was discussed, it was resolved that the overture be rejected, and that the above-mentioned paper be recommended to the ministers and members of the C.P. Church as worthy of their hearty support.

British American Presbyterian.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUG. 16, 1872.

OUR FRIENDS are reminded that subscriptions to the BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN are payable in advance. With this issue we commence the second half year; and those who have not yet remitted, are invited to do so without any further delay.

SUBSCRIBERS who paid for six months and wish to continue, should RENEW AT ONCE, in order that their names may not be struck off the list.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

The elections absorb the attention of every one in Canada. And the Presidential election does the same on the other side. In each case both sides are confident of success.

All who can, are away to the sea side or to country quarters. In such weather, this is a most laudable proceeding which we shall be happy to imitate on the first favourable opportunity.

The British Parliament has been protracted after a long and not by any means unfruitful session. The ministry stands much more securely than it did at the opening, from the difficulties connected with the Washington Treaty having been got over.

There appears now to be no reason nor doubt that Dr. Livingstone is alive and has really been relieved by the Herald's commissioner. Not a few however are still sceptical, and are inclined to put the whole story down as a fabrication. We sympathized with these for a good while in their doubts, but now think that there is no good ground for any confirmed persistence in scepticism on the subject.

Jesuits are already leaving Prussia in great numbers. Some of them intend to settle in Prague, where they have purchased an old convent.

Dr. Dollinger says that all the Jesuit missions to Japan, Paraguay, the North American Indians, Greece, Persia, China, and Egypt, scarcely the recollection survives, while Spain, upon which they impressed their spirit so completely that they made it one grand monastery, produces nothing in literature, and, excepting Turkey, is the most retrograde country in Europe.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH STATISTICS.

The yearly financial and statistical statements in connection with the Canada Presbyterian Church have just been published, and afford a large amount of interesting and important information, not only to the members and adherents of that Church, but also to the general community.

The returns required from congregations are becoming every year more complete, though we fear in a good number of cases there is not that amount of fullness and accuracy which are so imperatively necessary. It ought to be regarded by every office bearer in the Church, not merely a duty but a positive pleasure and privilege to afford the most minutely accurate information to the Assembly of all the details in congregational life and work, whether those details may be favourable or the reverse. It will very seldom indeed take place that those congregations that are fairly prospering will refuse to give such needed information, hence it is always understood that where there are significant blanks against a congregation, that cause is somewhat under the weather, and nothing very flattering, or even passably decent can be said about it.

In some instances we notice the returns are given with great fullness and care, and that some Presbyteries also have so attended to the matter that there is scarcely a blank under any of the heads. Nothing short of this accuracy and fullness becoming universal will meet the necessities of the case, and we trust that in a few years at farthest the respected Convener of the Committee on Statistics will have to say that every congregation and station had reported in full.

We cannot give in our present issue so full a synopsis of these statistics as we could wish, but we note a few points and reserve the rest for a second notice.

In the Canada Presbyterian Church are eighteen Presbyteries, all within the bounds of Ontario, except those of Montreal and Manitoba.

According to these returns there are 389 congregations and 308 ministers on the different rolls of Presbyteries. With one or two exceptions, none of the ministers can be spoken of as having had a very lengthened term of service. The ordination of one dates as far back as the year 1810, and that of another to 1811. But no one in the active service of the Church has celebrated his jubilee, and very few indeed have passed the fortieth year of their pastoral life.

While not at all paid as they ought to be these pastors are much better supported than they were in former years, though when the difference in the cost of living is taken into view, it may be doubted whether in general they have a much greater command of the necessities and comforts of life. We are quite sure indeed that their natural condition has not improved in the same ratio as that of other sections of the community. Clerical strikes would not do, for the people might be tempted too readily to acquiesce in the idea, without attempting the removal of the grievance; but in all seriousness we could see more reasonableness in their doing so, than in the case of only too many who are ever anxious for the rise.

Six hundred dollars are named as the minimum under which, except in very rare cases, ministers are forbidden to be settled. In opposition to such a law it might be urged that if the parties concerned are quite willing to have another arrangement, who has any right to object? The Assembly has, for it may with propriety say that it is not for its credit, the minister's comfort or the people's edification, that any pastor

should be settled on less, even though individually he might be perfectly willing to be so.

It does not follow that the individual congregation should in each case raise that minimum sum, but that in some way or other it may be made good to the minister.

Yet while this very humble minimum has been named and aimed at, we are sorry to notice that in some cases it has not been attained. Sums as low as \$400 appear as the whole stipend promised, and in some cases even that does not appear to have been very regularly paid.

A few of the stipends are as high as \$2000 a year; a few others come up to \$2000; a large number average \$1000 and upwards, while still more are from \$600 to \$900.

We are glad to notice that there is every year an increase of mansees. Eleven have been erected or bought in the course of the past year, and others have been arranged for since.

The membership, as returned, is about 50,000, and the whole number under pastoral superintendance in connection with the C. P. Church must be at least 150,000. The returns give 127, 209 sitting in the various churches, but we think there must be more than that number.

The total contributions for all congregational and benevolent purposes throughout the year were \$470,434—not including a very large amount which never passed through the Church books. This is a large sum, but small compared with what is scattered by professed Christians in worse than folly every year. We might mention the position and doings of some of the individual congregations, but for all particulars we must refer to the statistics themselves.

As a whole, these returns show matters to be in a healthful, progressive condition. We do not say that the progress is so great, even in a financial point of view, as the prosperity of the country might have led us to expect. Still it is very encouraging. Every year the work and influence of the Canada Presbyterian Church are making marked advances, and it is to be hoped that in the future these will be even more remarkable than in the past.

UNIVERSITY EDUCATION FOR LADIES.

The struggle for some time going on in Scotland in reference to the admission of women as regular students at the Universities, has lately advanced a step and a very important one.

Miss Jex Blake and others a few months ago entered an action against the Senatus of the Edinburgh University, calling upon its members to show cause why women should not, according to the constitution of the University, be admitted as regular students to all the privileges and opportunities of study, enjoyed heretofore by gentlemen only.

The Lord Ordinary, Gifford, before whom the case was tried, has named an interlocutor in which he declares that the defenders have entirely failed to show that the University is restricted to male students. He further declares that the pursuers are entitled to all the rights and privilege of lawful students—subject only to the condition that they shall be taught in separate classes, confined entirely to women; and that on completing the prescribed studies they are entitled to proceed to examination for degrees. The defenders are also found liable to the pursuers in modified expenses.

This makes a surprising change in the aspect of affairs. A few young ladies began by asking as a great favour to be allowed to study for a degree in medicine. Their request was at first complied with and then rudely refused. These ladies were insulted and ridiculed in the most offensive manner, but they persevered. Now it would seem they are about to establish for all their sisters the right of attending all the classes in the National Universities, and of having separate hours and separate apartments set aside for their exclusive use and convenience. Of course, the legal aspect of the case is not finally settled, but still, so far, a great victory has been secured, and whatever money and determined effort can accomplish will assuredly be put into requisition to bring the whole to a successful issue.

THE CHENEY CASE.

Our readers may be somewhat familiar with the particulars of this rather interesting and important church "difficulty." It may be well, however, to refresh their memories by a short statement of the facts.

Dr. Cheney, one of the Anglican clergy, in Chicago, had been in the habit of omitting from the baptismal formula of that church the words, "We thank thee that this child is now regenerate," or words to that effect. In spite of all the technical explanations given to the expression in question to make it teach sound Protestant doctrine, Dr. C. felt that it taught actual, present, completed regeneration in every case, in the administration of the ordinance of baptism, and to that he would not, either directly or indirectly, lend himself.

This slight irregularity on the part of a conscientious and popular clergyman, like Dr. Cheney, might have been overlooked had not a prominent Baptist minister referred to it, and twitted Bishop Whitehouse about allowing such things. Thus challenged, the Bishop issued his injunction. Dr. Cheney gave no heed to the Episcopal order, and in due time the Bishop's monition took the form of a reproof, and excommunication with its necessary consequence of clerical degradation, and the deprivation of his benefice. But the people of Christ's Church stood by their pastor almost to a man, and so Dr. Cheney, though "degraded," has continued to occupy the parsonage and preach in the church, just as in former days.

This, of course, has brought the whole question into the courts of law. The congregation of Christ's Church wishing to show that they, as a corporation, have power to dispose of their church property as the majority may decide, while on the Bishop's part it is contended that ecclesiastical property goes always with those who hold the authorised teachings and doctrines of the denomination with which the congregation may have been in church fellowship.

This preliminary question has been settled, and reasonably so, against Dr. Cheney and his adherents. Judge Williams in his recent decision declares that the law is that if the defendants are using the property in a manner inconsistent with the laws and usages of the Episcopal Church then they are violating that law.

In the case of special trusts the finding has to be in accordance with the wording of those trusts. In the case of Independent Churches the decision of a majority of the corporation settles all questions. But in the case of a local Church corporation, organized under the government of a territorial Church like the Episcopal or Presbyterian, then the property is to be disposed of according to the rules, usages and legislation to which the local organization has voluntarily subjected itself. The only question now to be settled is this Cheney case, is whether or not in the proceeding of Dr. Cheney there have been any such violations of the laws and usages of the Episcopal Church, as to have justified Bishop Whitehouse in the course he followed.

Lively times are expected when this question comes up, as it will before a court of law, for settlement.

Will it be pleaded that it is incompetent for any civil court to take up and decide such a question? And that, whether right or wrong, the decision of the Bishop is final, from which there is no appeal possible but to Heaven?

The question is not whether or not Dr. Cheney was justified in omitting the words in question, but whether he had, notwithstanding that omission, a right to continue to occupy his church and parsonage in spite of his having been deposed by his ecclesiastical superior. If a court of law fairly and deliberately take up such a question as within its legitimate jurisdiction, where is the boasted independence of unendowed Church courts? An offender against Church authority may always in that case find his ultimate refuge in a court of law, and whether that court confirm or quash the ecclesiastical decision, Church independence will be equally destroyed.

If the court at Chicago even enter upon the consideration of the question

between Dr. Cheney and the Bishop, will not this be the result? And may not every case of discipline in any Church, whether Episcopalian or Presbyterian, on that footing find its way into the civil courts, causing the highest ecclesiastical sentence to be reviewed and possibly reversed by an authority which has no recognized ecclesiastical standing and character whatever?

In this point of view the question comes to have a far wider significance and importance than at first sight might appear. Apart altogether from the question of High Church and Low Church, we Presbyterians may well watch with peculiar interest the course followed in this case. No doubt we are not under the same law as rules at Chicago, but if the courts there decide they have jurisdiction, they may do the same here; and we may have the somewhat perplexing case of a Presbytery being condemned by the Court of Chancery as having done wrong in deposing a minister, and being liable to pecuniary damages for doing so.

WOMAN'S WORK AND SPHERE.

We very glad publish in another column, a letter from a Canadian lady in reply to the pamphlet, we sometime ago noticed, bearing the title "Why cannot Women become Men?"

The pamphlet in question was written by a Scotch lady of great vigour of thought, and of very considerable power of expression, while the indignant protest of her Canadian sister will we think be also recognized as distinguished by strong good sense, and very considerable cogency of argument. We do not wish to mingle in the controversy, but we feel that our work is not in vain when it is affording such ladies as "Isabella," the opportunity of expressing their views either upon woman's position and capabilities or on any other subject with so much fluency and force.

Among the women of the Presbyterian Church, as among the men, we are convinced there is a vast amount of latent ability which we should be glad to be the means of drawing forth for the advantage of society and the church. Short pithy papers, if written in a right spirit, will always be welcome, come whence they may; but surely we shall be excused if we say that when they come from ladies, whether old or young, whether married or single, they are specially acceptable.

"Isabella's" communication is rather long but we could not bring ourselves to omit any of it when put forward as a defence of the sex.

Referring to the breeze raised by some of our friends, on the insertion of the letter from "One Who Knows," the Christian Guardian offers the following pertinent remarks:—

"It seems there is a general tendency among the patrons of denominational religious papers, to assume that nothing should appear in such journals adverse to their views. It must be a very lifeless, noncommittal, unpronounced, platitudinarian sort of a paper that could fulfil this condition. Most people are very liberal, till anything is said that bears down on their position; then they begin to grumble. An editor might be as great a partizan as possible on their side of the question, and there would be no complaint. We are glad to see that our contemporary is not disposed to yield to that kind of dictation."

In the same connection we have received several kind letters from both sides. "A True Supporter," while far from agreeing with our correspondents estimate of the late Dr. Norman McLeod, sends us in the names of two subscribers, for our "encouragement."

It is related that after the disruption of the Church of Scotland an old woman attempted to vindicate the establishment by saying to a Free church minister, "when your hum has reek," as long as ours it'll maybe stand as much in need o' swooping. An anti-union journal in the Free church recalls the anecdote, and adds: "The old woman was a true prophet, and even understated the truth. Our 'hum' has not yet 'reekit' for thirty years, and yet the most devoted partizan must be constrained to admit that soot is accumulating with wonderful rapidity, and that the sooner the ecclesiastical chimney-sweep is vigorously at work the better."

THE MURDER OF MR. GORDON.

We were among the first to announce the murder of the Rev. Mr. Gordon, for a time one of the missionaries to the South Seas from the Presbyterian Church of the Lower Provinces.

The Rev. Dr. Steel, as agent for the New Hebrides Mission, has received intelligence by way of Tanna and Queensland, that the Rev. James D. Gordon, of Erromanga, has been murdered on the 25th of February last.

Ecclesiastical.

PRESBYTERY OF BROCKVILLE.

The Presbytery met on the sixth of Aug., at Prescott. Mr. Hastie was chosen Moderator for the next twelve months. The commission appointed to induct the Rev. Robert Binnie into the Pastoral charge of Cornwall, reported that they had attended to the duties devolved on them by the Presbytery.

WM. BECKETT, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF HURON.

This Presbytery held a meeting in Goderich, on the 9th and 10th days of July. Mr. Ferguson was elected Moderator for the ensuing six months. The Commissioners to the General Assembly gave a report of their attendance at the Supreme Court.

call at Culross, on the 29th inst. Mr. Cameron, of Bonaverton, having accepted the call to Lunenburg, his induction is to take place there on the 24th of the present month.

PRESBYTERY OF OTTAWA.

The last regular meeting of this Presbytery was held within Bank St. Church, Ottawa, on the 6th and 7th August. The attendance was smaller than usual, on account of so many being away for their summer holidays.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

St. Andrew's Church, Lindsay, held a very successful picnic, in connection with the Sunday School, on Wednesday of last week.

We are glad to announce that the Rev. Mr. Smith, Probationer, has been appointed to Prince Albert's Landing and Fort William for the winter months, by the Home Mission Committee.

Noticing the opening of the new Calvin Church, St. John, N. B., the Intelligencer says: "This Church deserves great credit for the spirit of enterprise and liberality evinced in the building of the new chapel."

The new Presbyterian Church in Baltimore was dedicated on Sabbath, Aug. 4. The Rev. Mr. Smith, of Bowmanville, preached in the morning and evening, and Prof. Gregg, of Knox College, in the afternoon.

On the evening of Friday last a surprise party, composed of the Widder and Lake Road congregations, in connection with the Canada Presbyterian Church, waited upon their pastor, the Rev. John McAlpine, and made him the very handsome presentation of a horse, buggy and harness, with buffalo-robe and whip.

If the Union controversy permit, it is stated that Dr. Deeg intends to pay a visit to his four sons in New Zealand, setting out in August or September, and travelling by the Land Pacific Railway, and returning by Egypt at the end of five or six months.

Serious charges of neglect are brought against Dr. Kir by the Zanzibar correspondent of the Bombay Gazette. It is asserted that he did not send the supplies to Dr. Livingstone, and that he has obtained "an amount of credit for his exertions to forward supplies to the great explorer which he never merited, it being matter of fact that his professions, as recorded in his despatches and his letters with reference to the transmission of supplies to Livingstone were entirely contradictory."

STATUS OF MINISTERS WITHOUT CHARGE.

By C. W.

When the status of ministers without charge was under discussion at the late meeting of the General Assembly of the Canada Presbyterian Church, it was remarked by an influential member of that body, that great care was necessary in permitting ministers without charge to have their names retained on the rolls of Presbyteries, as in the Presbyterian Church of the U. S., in which all ordained ministers are members of Presbytery, the ministers without charge, were in some cases able to outvote the settled pastor.

I have no doubt but it would be as easy to get ministers to divide on the colour of their hair, and vote against each other as on the question of being with or without charge. When the union took place between the old and new schools, the moderator appointed by the first General Assembly of the United Church to organize the first Synod of Missouri, was a minister without charge.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—I beg to congratulate you on the recognition and hearty recommendation of your paper by the General Assembly. Of this it is in every respect worthy. Indeed I do not know what those of us who reside in out of the way places could do without it.

I am afraid that the Home Mission Committee is placed at a serious disadvantage for the same reason. Why, sir, the newspapers have placed the Convener of the Home Mission Committee in a ridiculous position by representing him declining the General Mission Agency when such an office never had an existence in the Church.

time, as if ministers were such a drug in the market that there was no other way of disposing of them.

It is a matter of regret that while so many new settlements are being opened up which require to be provided with the means of grace, so many ministers should continue to be dragged from one end of the country to the other with so much discomfort to themselves, and so little advantage to the cause.

We make room for the above letter on the principle that free discussion when conducted in a moderate becoming way, will always issue in good. Our correspondent, we think misses the idea of Presbyterianism altogether when he claims the right for ministers to sit and vote in Church Courts though without charge.

We are persuaded our correspondent is also mistaken about the United Presbyterian Church in Scotland, requiring vacant congregations that have heard a good many probationers and fixed upon none as their pastors, to give reasons why they do not proceed to a call.

GRAVE COMPLAINT THAT THE PUBLICATION OF THE ASSEMBLY'S MINUTES HAS BEEN SO LONG DELAYED, AND CONSEQUENTIAL DAMAGES.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—I beg to congratulate you on the recognition and hearty recommendation of your paper by the General Assembly. Of this it is in every respect worthy. Indeed I do not know what those of us who reside in out of the way places could do without it.

Allow me then to complain that the publication of the Assembly's Minutes has been so long delayed, for the following reasons:—

As these minutes are presumed to contain the concentrated wisdom and authority of the Supreme Court of the Church, why are they kept two months out of the hands of those whom they are intended to interest and govern? It may be said that this is not attended with much practical inconvenience, as fair reports of the Assembly's proceedings were given in the newspapers and an epitome of them in the Record.

I am afraid that the Home Mission Committee is placed at a serious disadvantage for the same reason. Why, sir, the newspapers have placed the Convener of the Home Mission Committee in a ridiculous position by representing him declining the General Mission Agency when such an office never had an existence in the Church.

Then there is the action of last Assembly on the Union question, urgently demanding explanation and discussion. I believe that said action has been both misapprehended and misrepresented. But what can be done to correct this without the authoritative minutes? True, indeed the resolutions in reference to Union have been published widely enough; but there were dissents from one of the most important resolutions, and there were answers to those dissents, by which the resolution may be greatly modified, and which have not been published

at all. We wish to know who the dissenters were, and if the members of the Union Committee were among them, and what their reasons were, and what were the Assembly's answers to their reasons, which seem to have so modified the resolution itself that the members of the Committee although previously, unadvisedly declining reappointment, subsequently and unanimously accepted it.

Yours truly,
ONE WHO DOES NOT KNOW.

OUR ELECTIONS AND ROMAN CATHOLIC MEMBERS.

By A MINISTER OF THE OLD CHURCH.

This is the time of our elections for the Dominion Government, and truly important interests are at stake. We appoint those who are to guide the destinies of our country for some years to come, and as Christians and true men, we are as far as possible to place in power men reliable and true.

The Church of Rome is active watching events, and in one Province of our Dominion, at least, controlling the elections in such a way as may subvert her interests. Are we, as Protestants, to be indifferent and not look after our interests? The question arises, can we as Protestants and lovers of freedom, vote for a Roman Catholic? If the Roman Catholic be a true man, he must in any test question vote for his church against his country.

In view of these facts we, as Protestants, are to guard against giving power to those who cannot be trusted. If a Roman Catholic be true to his church he cannot be true to his country. At the present time the Roman Catholic vote of Canada East is a drag upon the wheels of progress.

But it will be said there are liberal Roman Catholics, honorable men, better far than their church. Most cheerfully, do we admit it. But the man better than his church is a man untrue to his church. Such a man can hardly be called an honest man. Yet such is human nature that there may be men who, actuated by honorable motives, yet act inconsistently and so not their inconsistency. A man may be professedly a Roman Catholic, and yet a man of progress. There such in Europe are men whose motto is that of Cavour "A Free Church in a Free State." We do not say that in no case we should vote for Roman Catholics. But remember the influences that bear upon the Roman Catholics the craft of Rome and the subtle workings of Jesuitism, and let us beware of appointing to places of power men who may not be trusted.

STATISTICS OF THE WELSH CALVINITIC METHODISTS (PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN WALES) FOR 1871.

Table with 4 columns: Category, 1870, Increase, 1871. Rows include: No of churches (1050, Increase 29), Places of worship (1146, " 20), Ministers (411, " 30), Preachers (313, Decrease 11), Deacons (3,446, Increase 125), Communicants (93,190, " 365), Children (43,257, " 2,234), Received into full communion (5,577, " 498), Expelled (1,262, " 58), Died (2,070, " 22), Teachers in Sabbath Schools (20,065, " 1,468), Sclerals (148,044, " 409), Hearers (245,166, " 118). Total Collections: Seat rents (£18,571, Increase £544), Col. for Ministry (41,166, " 1,917), Col. for Poor (4,203, Decrease 10), Chapel Debt (21,087, Decrease 4,118), all other purposes (20,191, Increase 3,630). Total £110,657.

The China Mail says that a Japanese bar been seized by the authorities for teaching the Catholic religion. Women are now granted the same rights as men for visiting the temple.

The Kaffarian Watchman reports a meeting of 1200 natives of six tribes at Irbula, South Africa, which was addressed by a number of the chiefs and leading men, who thanked God for the great change effected by the mission among them, each speaker testifying his gratitude by a donation. So numerous were the donors that the speaking had to be stopped, and in a short time the whole amount needed to free the church from debt was contributed. Five years ago the district was sunk in heathenism. Now it has six stations, six week-day schools, eight Sunday-schools, six church buildings free from debt, and two hundred church members.

Sabbath School Teacher.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

Aug. 25.

The Lord's Supper.—Matt. xxvi. 29-30. Parallel passages, Mark xiv. 22-26; Luke xxii. 19-20; 1 Cor. xi. 28-28.

Prove the Evil of Falsehood.

Repeat Psalm 116. 1-3; Proverbs 28. 18; Shorter Catechism 89.

Ver. 20.

What names are given to this feast? Breaking of bread, Acts ii. 42. The feast, 1 Cor. v. 8. Communion, 1 Cor. x. 16. The Lord's Table, 1 Cor. x. 21. The Lord's Supper, 1 Cor. xi. 20. Who were present on this occasion? Judas had gone out. "He then having received the sop, went immediately out, and it was night," John xiii. 27-30. What had they been eating before this? The passover, v. 19, 20. What is meant by blessing the bread? It is giving thanks. This is the expression used in Luke's Gospel, and in 1 Cor. xi. 24. Why was the bread broken? The bread of the Jews was not made in large loaves as with us, which requires to be cut into slices, but was in thin cakes, and when distributed was broken.

What did Jesus say was the meaning of this? "This is my body." "This is my body, which is given for you," Luke xxii. 19. "This is my body, which is broken for you," 1 Cor. xi. 24. What do these words mean? The bread broken represents the body of Christ wounded and crucified. What do Roman Catholics say it means? That the bread was the body and soul and divinity of Christ, which is a manifest absurdity, as Christ could not be there himself and yet have his own body in his own hands, and give it to be eaten. Jesus says, "I am the vine," "I am the door," just as he says, "This is my body."

LESSONS. 1. Never forget prayer. Pray at meals, Matt. xiv. 19; Acts xxvii. 35; Rom. xiv. 6. Pray in connection with all religious duties, Acts ii. 1-4. Acts xiii. 8.

2. The love of Christ. He gave himself to be crucified for us.

3. The need of faith in Christ. Bread cannot nourish us unless we eat of it; and we can only be saved by Christ if we truly in our hearts know him, and love and trust him.

Ver. 27, 28.

What did Jesus do on taking the cup? The name Eucharist, which is sometimes given to the Lord's Supper, is the Greek word for "thanks." Why were they to drink of the cup? What is meant by new testament? It is the same as new covenant. The sacrifices, &c., of the Jews belonged to the old testament, or the old covenant which God made with their fathers; but with Christ there is a new covenant, by which we are saved from sin and death. What is the blood of the new testament or covenant? All covenants were made sure by the killing of some animal; now this covenant of grace and mercy is made sure by the shedding of the blood of Christ. Why was this blood shed? For whose sins?

LESSONS. 1. This cup is offered to us all. All the blessings it contains may become ours. But salvation cannot be ours unless we come to Christ.

2. How much better the new covenant is than the old. No sacrifices now; Christ has died, Heb. viii. 9-13; Heb. xii. 24.

3. Pardon is free. Jesus has died for the remission of sins; not our works save us, but his sacrifice, 2 Cor. v. 21; Col. i. 14.

4. Salvation is for us all. His blood was shed for many, therefore any may seek him for salvation.

Ver. 29, 30.

What is meant by "this fruit of the vine?" Wine. When had Jesus partaken of it? At the passover; but it is generally believed he did not drink the cup of the Lord's Supper. See v. 27. Why was he to drink this cup new with them? Some think it means that the Jewish passover was now abolished, and that the Lord's Supper was to take its place; others, that our Lord refers to the spiritual joys of Christ with his people, both in this world and in heaven—the marriage supper of the Lamb, Rev. xvii. 7-9. Both may be included. What hymn was sung? One of the Psalms, from Ps. cxiii. to cxviii.

LESSONS. 1. The great blessing in store for Christ's people, Rev. xvii. 7-9; Rev. xxi. 1-7.

2. Sing praises to God, Isa. xlvi. 20; Heb. xiii. 15. Heaven is full of praise, Rev. xix. 1-7.

A finished life, a life which has made the best of all the materials granted to it, and through which, be its web dark or bright, its pattern clear or clouded, can now be traced plainly the hand of the great Designer—surely this is worth living for! It has fulfilled its appointed course, and returns to the giver of all breath pure as He gave it. Nor will He forget it when He counteth up His jewels.—Miss Mulock.

Our Young Folks.

MILKING TIME.

When shadows lengthen on the plain, And leaves are scattered in the sun; When cows are lowing in the lane, And coming homeward, one by one, When mists are tangled in the trees That overhang the river bank, And farmers chat and take their ease, And shouting pulls go "clink and clank," That's milking time.

When puss and Fido linger round, And run beside the dairy-maids; When circling swallows skim the ground, And on the eaves make sudden raids; When rosy girls a ditty sing, And squirrels hide in leafy home: And cross-wise jots go "ping and pling," And pails are heaped with creamy foam— That's milking time.

When little ones are tired with play, And in the corners blink and nod; When katydid is loud and gay, And wotted grows the faintly sod; When stars are low, and faintly glow, And waking fire-flies gather fast, Like drifted flakes of golden snow— It's hey for home; the hour is past For milking time.

WHAT CHARLIE DID.

Turning into a certain street, I saw a company of boys playing very earnestly, and evidently enjoying themselves greatly. One I noticed in particular, who seemed to be the leader of their sports; and just as I came up with them he was proposing a new game and giving instructions in regard to it. His whole heart seemed to be in the thing. At this moment a window was thrown open in the house I was passing, and a gentle voice called:

"Charlie, your father wants you." The window at once closed; and that mother—as I took her to be—immediately withdrew, without even stopping to see whether Charlie heard.

The boy was so busy that I doubted if that quiet voice would reach his ear; but it seemed she knew better than I. The words hardly escaped her lips when everything was dropped. The boys were left at play; and Charlie was soon within-doors, where of course I could not follow him.

Charlie had learned to obey. Always remember that prompt, cheerful obedience is what you are to render parents and teachers. Do not wait to be spoken to the second time, but run at the first call.—Sunday-school Paper.

MAKE YOUR OWN SUNSHINE.

"O dear, it always does rain when I want to go anywhere!" cried little Jennie Moore. "It's too bad; now I've got to stay in-doors all days, and I know I shall have a wretched day."

"Perhaps so," said Uncle Jack; "but you need not have a bad day, unless you choose."

"How can I help it? I wanted to go to the park and hear the band, and take Fido and play on the grass, and have a good time, and pull wild flowers, and eat sandwiches under the trees; and now there isn't going to be any sunshine at all, and I'll have just to stand here and see it rain, and see the water run off the duck's back all day."

"Well, let's make a little sunshine," said Uncle Jack.

"Make sunshine!" said Jennie; "why, how you do talk!" and she smiled through her tears. "You haven't got a sunshine factory, have you?"

"Well, I'm going to start one right off, if you'll be my partner," replied Uncle Jack. "Now let me give you these rules for making sunshine: First, don't think of what might have been if the day had been better; second, see how many pleasant things there are left to enjoy; and lastly, do all you can to make other people happy."

"Well, I'll try the last thing first," and she went to work to amuse her little brother Willie, who was crying. By the time she had him riding a chair and laughing she was laughing too.

"Well," said Uncle Jack, "I see you are a good sunshine-maker, for you've got about all you or your brother Willie can hold just now. But let's try what we can do with the second rule."

"But I haven't any thing to enjoy, 'cause all my dolls are old, and my picture-books all torn, and—"

"Hold," said Uncle Jack; "here's an old newspaper. Now let's get some fun out of it."

"Fun out of a newspaper! why, how you talk!"

But Uncle Jack showed her how to make a mask by cutting holes in the paper, and how to cut a whole family of paper-dolls, and how to make pretty things for Willie out of the paper. Then he got out the tea-tray, and showed her how to roll a marble round it.

And so she found many a pleasant amusement, and when bed-time came she kissed Uncle Jack, and said—

"Good-night, dear Uncle Jack."

"Good-night, little sunshine-maker," said Uncle Jack.

And she dreamed that night that Un-

cle Jack had built a great house, and put a sign over the door, which read: SUNSHINE FACTORY.

Uncle Jack and Little Jennie.

She made Uncle Jack laugh when she told him her dream; but she never forgot what you must remember; "A cheerful heart makes its own sunshine." —The Little Folks.

CONSCIENCE.

An ingenious mechanic invented a machine to register the number of revolutions made by the wheel of a carriage, so that its owner could tell just how many miles it was driven. A stable-keeper once had one put upon a carriage that he kept for letting, and by this means he could tell just how many miles any one went.

Two young men once hired it to go to a town some ten miles distant. Instead of simply going and returning, as they promised to do, they rode to another town some five miles farther, thus making the distance they passed over, going and coming, some thirty miles.

When they returned the owner of the establishment, without being noticed by the young men, glanced upon the face of the measuring instrument and discovered how many miles they had travelled.

"Where have you been?" he then asked them.

"Where we said we were going," was the answer.

"Have you not been farther than that?"

"Oh, no," they answered.

"How many miles have you been in all?"

"Twenty."

He touched the spring, the cover opened, and there, on the face of the instrument, the thirty miles were found recorded.

The young men were struck dumb with amazement at being thus discovered in an attempt to cheat the owner of the carriage. They had told a falsehood, thinking that no one would ever find them out. Little did they imagine that they carried with them, in that silent little box, an invisible witness which would expose their wickedness.

So God has put an invisible witness in our hearts to record all we say and do, think and feel. We never see the curious machine which keeps the account, but, nevertheless, it is there. It goes where we go, stops where we stop; it is with us continually. So long as we live we carry this invisible witness, like the box on the carriage-wheel, fastened upon the heart.

THE BIBLE AS A TEXT-BOOK.

Why should the study of this Book not form an essential part of every college course? It is the most intensely practical book in existence. It is the source and inspiration of all knowledge that is worth the knowing. It lies at the basis of all jurisprudence; it is the most complete system of ethics possible; it is all that gives unity and continuity to history; the leading ideas of the greatest of human philosophies are but paraphrases of some of its deep and significant truths. In the testimony of that celebrated linguistic scholar, Sir William Jones, that "The Scriptures contain, independently of a divine origin, more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty, more pure morality, more important history, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence, than could be collected from all other books that were ever composed in any age, or any idiom."

But we do not need in our day any arguments as to the worth of the Bible, or of Bible knowledge. This, then, is my proposition: The Bible should be reinstated as a text-book in every college and academy in the land. As much attention should be given to it as to any one department of study, as e. g., to history, or the metaphysics; it should be studied as a history, as a language; instead of banishing the study of Latin and Greek from our halls of learning they should be retained, and the Hebrew be admitted to equal standing and study; the study of Greek should no longer be confined to the Ionic and Attic epochs, but should embrace the Hellenic dialect, to which all others were but preparatory.

When this day comes, the students will be as well acquainted with the missionary journeys of St. Paul, as he now is with the wanderings of Æneas and his followers; he will be as familiar with the parallelisms of Job and David, as with the metres of Homer and Horace; he will be as well prepared to appreciate the beauties of style in Isaiah and Luke, as in Thucydides and Tacitus; he will be able to state as clearly Paul's argument to the Athenians as Socrates' arguments for immortality; he may be less versed in the intricacies of classic mythology, but he will more forcibly and fully comprehend the grand truths which underlie all evangelical theology; he will be as well prepared to defend the authenticity of the four Gospels, as to maintain the personality of Homer, or the genuineness of Nepos' Lives.—Zion's Herald.

Scientific and Useful.

BREAD AND BUTTER PUDDING.

A layer of quartered sour apples sprinkled with sugar and nutmeg; a layer of dry bread—no matter how dry—buttered; another layer of apples, with sugar and nutmeg, as before, and so continue until you have filled your dish.

BOILED SALMON TROUT.

Wash and dry the fish after cleaning it nicely. Wrap in a clean fish-cloth, lay it in a fish kettle, cover with cold salted water, and boil slowly from half to three-quarters of an hour, according to the size of the fish. When done, take off the cloth gently, so as not to break the trout; lay in a hot fish-platter and pour around it cream-gravy like that used for baked salmon trout, and serve hot. All fish, boiled or baked, are improved by cream-gravy. If you cannot obtain cream, use rich milk, and thicken it a little.

SHOEING HORSES.

It would seem that the commonest things were the worst done. Not one blacksmith in ten can be got to shoe a horse without cutting the frogs away. This is all wrong. The frog should not be pared one particle. You might as well cut away all the leaves of a tree and expect it to flourish as to pare away the frog and have a healthy foot. Do not allow a hot shoe to be put on the hoof to burn it to a level. It always injures and contracts it. Look for a blacksmith who knows his business well enough to level the foot without using the "actual cautery," and employ him. It will increase the health and working power of your horses.—Hearth and Home.

USE OF SULPHUR IN NESTS.

Powdered sulphur is a cheap preventive of parasites upon chickens. After a hen has been setting till well established, sprinkle a small handful upon her eggs when she is off, and upon all parts of the nest and for a little distance around it. Then when she goes on disturb her just enough to make her bristle her feathers, and then dust another handful down to the skin upon her head, neck, and every part of the body not in contract with the nest, and do not omit to put a pinch under each wing. Then, when the chickens are hatched, there will be no vermin whatever to leave the hen and gather upon the young, as is frequently the case when no precaution is taken. One thorough application such as we have described will suffice.

HOW TO EAT AN ORANGE.

Brazil is a great country for oranges, and the Brazilians know how to eat the delicious fruit. "To enjoy an orange thoroughly," says one of the newspaper correspondents in Professor Agassiz's present expedition, "you should eat in Brazilian fashion: You slice a segment of the flower end deep enough to go completely through the skin; then replacing the segment, thrust a fork through it to the very center of the orange, if the times are long enough. Holding the fork in your left hand, peel the orange with a very sharp, small table-knife, slicing all the skin off, the segment at the base of the fork begin in this operation a shield to prevent any danger of cutting the left thumb. Now, with two cuts of the knife dissect out the pulp of one of the pockets and convey it to the mouth. Follow this up, pocket by pocket; and the skins of the pocket remain on the fork, like the leaves of a book open until the covers touch."—San Francisco Bulletin.

APPLES FOR HUMAN FOOD.

With us the value of the apple, as an article of food, is far underrated. Besides containing a large amount of sugar, mucilage, and other nutritive matter, apples contain vegetable acids, aromatic qualities, &c., which act powerfully in the capacity of refrigerants, tonics, and antiseptics; and when freely used at the season of mellow ripeness, they prevent debility, indigestion, and avert, without doubt, many of the "ills which flesh is heir to." The operatives of Cornwall, England, consider ripe apples nearly as nourishing as bread, and far more so than potatoes. In the year of 1801—which was a year of much scarcity—apples, instead of being converted into cider, were sold to the poor, and the laborers asserted that they could "stand their work" on baked apples without meat; whereas a potato diet required either meat or some other substantial nutriment. The French and Germans use apples extensively, as do the inhabitants of all European nations. The laborers depend upon them as an article of food, and frequently make a dinner of sliced apples and bread. There is no fruit cooked in as many different ways in our country as apples; nor is there any fruit whose value, as an article of nutriment, is as great, and so little appreciated.—Water Cure Journal.

TOMATO CATCHUP.

We find the following recipe in one of our exchanges: "Catchup made by the following recipe in excellent. Housekeepers should try it, unless they may have a simpler and better one: Tomatoes 1 bushel; salt, 6 ounces; allspice,

ground, 6 drachms; yellow mustard, ground, 1 ounce ½ drachms; black pepper, ground, 8 ounces; cloves, ground, 6 drachms; mace, ground, 8 drachms; Cayenne pepper, ground, 2 drachms; vinegar, 1 gallon. Cut the tomatoes in pieces, boil and stew in their own liquor until quite soft. Take from the fire, strain, and rub through a middling fine hair sieve, so as to get the seeds and shells separated. Boil down the pulp and juice to the consistency of apple-butter, (very thick,) stirring all the time; when thick enough add the spice, stirred up with the vinegar, boil up twice, remove from the fire, let cool, and bottle.

"The powers that be at our house take up the challenge and say that catchup made by the following recipe, without vinegar, will keep good for years: "Procure a bushel of tomatoes, slice them into a jar, and put a layer of tomatoes and salt alternately. Let them stand forty-eight hours, then rub through a sieve; add of four onions, sliced, six drachms of allspice, ground, one ounce of ground mustard, three ounces of black pepper, three drachms of mace, two drachms of Cayenne pepper. Boil until thick, and bottle while hot."

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

The Romish Church enjoins celibacy on its clergy, principally on the ground that family ties interfere with that degree of consecration to the duties of the clerical office which the interests of religion demands. The Apostle Paul admits his right to take to himself a wife, but evidently sacrificed his right on the altar of his devotion to the work of the ministry. Protestants claim that the history of clerical celibacy proves the system to be generally hurtful to morality, and conceive that a wife may serve as a helpmeet to a minister in his sacred calling. But a view prevails at the present time that, in choosing a wife, the young clergyman is justified in limiting his ideas of her service to the care she may take of him. And it not unfrequently happens that his notions are limited to her adaptation to his personal tastes and individual habits. Indeed, some ministers imagine they perpetuate a witticism by informing their people that the churches, in calling them, did not call their wives.

But practically, it must be apparent that a minister's usefulness is greatly affected by the adaptation or non-adaptation of his wife to the peculiar nature of his calling. In her personal relations to her husband, she can either mitigate or aggravate the trials of a minister in the discharge of his official duties. She can manage to relieve him of domestic cares, or to add these to his other burdens. She can enable him to live within the limited salary which the churches are generally careful their pastors shall enjoy, or she can help to plunge him into debt. She can annoy him with complaints about church matters and gossip, or she can help him to bear manfully those she cannot keep from his knowledge.

In her intercourse with the church, she can provoke criticisms that will impair his influence, or neutralize censures which his imperfections might excite. She can become a cipher in the agencies of church-life, or she can become a leader or sympathetic co-operator in those measures of usefulness which so eminently belong to woman's sphere and adorn woman's character.

Instances are numerous in which a minister of fine abilities for doing good has been crippled by the counteracting influences of his wife; and, on the contrary, there are many cases in which the principal secret of a minister's success has been the beneficent services of his wife.

In choosing a wife, every young minister should remember that his consecration vows require him to take into prayerful consideration her fitness to become a laborer together with him in the work of the ministry. Every woman to whom an opportunity comes, should realize that her husband does not belong to her exclusively, but that he was wedded to the church before he was wedded to her." She may add to the brightness of his crown and share in the glory of his reward, or she may rob his crown of its luster, and herself suffer loss.—Christian World.

The peace of Christ was the fruit of combined toil and trust; in one case diffusing itself from the centre of His active life, in the other from that of His passive emotions; enabling Him in one case to do all things tranquilly, in the other to see all things tranquilly.—J. Martineau.

A man shall carry a bucket of water on his head and be very tired with the burden; but the same man when he dives into the sea shall have a thousand buckets on his head without perceiving their weight, because he is in the element and it entirely surrounds him. The duties of holiness are very irksome to men who are not in the element of holiness; but when once those men are cast into the element of grace, they bear ten times more and feel no weight, but are refreshed thereby with joy unspeakable.—Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

Scotland.

SCOTCH HYMN.

There are blossoms that have budded,
Been blighted & tho' cauld,
An' humbles that have perished,
Because they left the fauld;
But cower ye in aneath His wings,
Who did upon the troon,
An' gath'ers in His bosom
Helpless wouns like you and me.

In the world there's tife an' ton,
In the world there is woe,
But the world it is bonnie,
For our father made it so,
Then brighten up your armour,
An' be happy as ye gang,
Though your sky be affin clouded,
It wianna be for lang.

AYRSHIRE.

The Irvine Town Council have appointed Mr. Balfour, Balsillie, Burgh Assessor in room of the late Mr. Andrew Robertson.

Messrs. W. Alexander & Sons, Wallace town, have just erected a large steam saw mill in connection with their woodyard in Content street.

Robert Wyper, railway collector, recently won a handsome silver cup, presented to the Galston Bowling Club, by the president, Bailie McDonald.

The Session of one of the Free Churches in Ayr, in compliance with a petition signed by six members of the congregation who were Good Templars, a short time ago agreed to use unfermented wine (or wine as free as possible from all intoxicating properties) at their Communion services. This decision created considerable dissatisfaction in the congregation, and a petition was got up, signed by upwards of 100 members, praying the Session to rescind their former decision. The Session having also considered the latter petition, agreed to accede to it, and have decided that good port wine be used as formerly.

ARGYLLSHIRE.

The U. P. Presbytery of Campbelltown have elected the Rev. John Thomson, of North Richmond street Edinburgh, co-pastor to Dr. Boyd.

An attempt is being made to induce Mr. Dalrymple to get Arran included in the provisions of the Education Bill which relates to the Highlands.

Dr. James Anderson, who has practised during the past three years in Inverary, has been successful in obtaining a first-class appointment in Calcutta, for which he leaves shortly.

A little child, scarcely five years of age, who had strayed from its parents on Kilmun Hill, near Dunoon, lately, was found by a shepherd in an exhausted state, after having been lost for three days and two nights.

ABERDEENSHIRE.

Messrs. Alexander, Hall & Co., of Aberdeen, recently launched a fine screw steamer, named the "Graphic," for Robert Hellyer, of Hull.

Sir James H. Burnet, Bart., of Craigh, has given a donation of £1 to the funds of the Bon-Accord Swimming Club.

On the 20th inst., the body of John Thom, belonging to the Buchan district of Aberdeenshire, was found in a mill pond at a farm near Drumlithie, in the parish of Glenbervie, Kincardineshire.

A baker named John Melne was recently knocked down at Waterloo Quay, Aberdeen, by a runaway horse, and so severely cut about the head that his injuries were found to be of a dangerous nature.

The opening of the herring fishery at Aberdeen this year has been a comparative failure. The few boats that went to sea on the 15th returned with only a dozen or two of herring each.

BERWICKSHIRE.

By way of an auxiliary to the annual feast held by the people of Tweedmouth, a regatta took place on the Tweed, at Berwick, on the 22d inst., and was a great success.

Recently, the pupils attending St. Mary's Schools, Berwick, presented Mr. Raine with a handsome gold ring and a set of gold studs, and Mrs. Raine with an elegant walnut work-box.

At a recent meeting of the Mornington Free Church, the Rev. Alex. Christie, M. A., was presented with a handsome eight-day clock by Mr. James Kerr in name of the congregation and singing class, as a mark of their regard and esteem for him as their pastor.

A pensioner named Andrew Purves, committed suicide at Lauder on the 17th inst., by hanging himself in a shed adjoining his dwelling-house. He had been effected with sunstroke while serving in India, and it is supposed that temporary insanity had been brought on by excessive heat.

CAITHNESS-SHIRE.

In addition to the wire that is to connect Wick with Caithness, a new wire will also connect Wick with Castle-town.

Four boys are about to be tried by jury for taking part in the recent riot at Wick. It is reported that priest Capron may not unlikely be tried summarily also for assault and breach of the peace.

Not for many years has such dullness prevailed at Wick on the advent of the herring; fishing as that which now pervades all classes of the community concerned in the business. There have not been more than two or three boats at sea any night this month, and not a single barrel of herring has been cured for export, whereas at this date last year upwards of 8600 crans had been landed.

DUMFRIES-SHIRE.

The inhabitants of Annan are about to erect a new Town Hall on the site of the old one.

On the 10th ult., the examination of John Geddes, by the Lockerbie Free Presbytery was pronounced satisfactory and his ordination at Kirkmichael was fixed for the 26th ult.

The Hon. Marmaduke Constable Maxwell, of Terregles, died somewhat suddenly at Calais, France, on the 16th ult. He was buried at Terregles, his funeral being attended by a large number of county gentlemen of Dumfriesshire and the Stewarty, and the tenantry on his extensive estates.

FIFE-SHIRE.

A new building in course of erection by Mr. A. Hunter, Strathlurn, at Rathelphie, St. Andrews, caught fire on the 20th ult., and was with much difficulty extinguished.

Letters have been received from Australia announcing the death, at Adelaide, on the 27th April last, of the Rev. Ralph Drummond, formerly minister of the U. P. Church, Crail.

On the 16th ult., the body of John Smith, a joiner, aged 23 years was found among the debris of the Tradeston Mills, Glasgow. The deceased was the son of James Smith, wheelwright, Cupar.

The body of a middle-aged woman, named Agnes Doeg, who resided at Springfield, near Cupar-Fife, has been found in a mill-lade at Peterhead Springfield with a deep stab in her throat, and a table-knife lying near the body. It is conjectured that she had stabbed herself with the knife, and then fallen into the water.

FORFARSHIRE.

On the 19th ult., Thomas Hutcheson, farmer, Wester Cally, was killed by being thrown with much violence out of a cart.

Among the patents to which provisional protection has lately been granted is one by Mr. W. D. Brown, Forfar, for improvements in reaping machinery.

On the 19th ult. a fire broke out in a saw mill in Queen street, Cupar-Angus, belonging to Mrs. Dewar & Sons, the damage done being estimated at £150.

Mr. Alex. M. Davidson, South Free Church School, Kierriemuir, has been appointed master of the Inverbrothock parish school, in the room of Mr. Cuthbert, resigned.

Mr. Smith Clark, Dundee, formerly in the office of Mr. Halliburton, solicitor, has taken the first prize in the Class of Civil or Roman Law in the Edinburgh University, for the winter and summer sessions, 1871-2.

INVERNESS-SHIRE.

Alexander Baird, Esq., of Inshes, has presented the sum of £2 10s. to Mrs. Macnab, Drake's House, as a donation for the support of the Culcaeboc village school.

John McPherson, aged 22, residing with his friends at Blach, Ardour, near Fort William, committed suicide on the 18th ult., by hanging himself in an outhouse.

On the 15th ult., the body of a man named Ewen McKinnon, belonging to Fort William, was found in the harbor at Glasgow. Deceased was employed on the "Chesapeake," and was drowned on the 9th ult.

On the 19th ult. a young man named John Kemp, belonging to Inverness, who was employed as an assistant chemist in Dunfermline, was drowned at Limekilns, three miles south of Dunfermline, while bathing.

A new company, with Cluny Macpherson as Chairman, for the manufacture of agricultural implements, and making and erecting wire and other fencing, and carrying on a general iron foundry business, has just been started in the North.

The pupils attending the Culloden school were examined on the 10th ult.

by the Rev. Mr. Mackay, of the North Church. The efficiency of the pupils was commented upon at the close, and satisfaction expressed at the way in which the female department was conducted under Mr. and Misses McGillivray.

During the recent examination of Mr. Barclay, of Aberdeen, before the Game Law Committee, Lord Elcho produced a copy of the recent book by Mr. Fraser, of Inverness, on "The Land Statistics of Inverness-shire," and questioned the witness on several items of information contained therein.

MORAY AND NAIRN.

The Elgin Police Commissioners have appointed Sergt. Matthew, Old Aberdeen, Superintendent of Police.

The Banffshire Journal states that the regular fishing season on the Moray Firth has commenced. Curers have been offering the Macduff fishermen 20s. per cran, with £2 for perquisites, but the fishermen are demanding bounty money besides.

Mr. Mackintosh, of Raigmore, has presented petitions from the Parochial Board of the parish of Petty, in the counties of Inverness and Nairn, against the bill for amendment of the Scottish Poor Law; and from the Kirk-Session of the Free Church in Nairn, for total repeal of the Contagious Diseases Acts.

ORKNEY AND SHETLAND.

While the ship "Clydesdale" was on the outward passage to Quebec, Magnus Hunter, seaman, a native of Shetland, fell from the topsail into the sea, and was drowned.

Mr. Guthrie, the commissioner appointed in the room of Mr. Bowen to institute an inquiry into the truck system, as exemplified in the Shetland Islands, has furnished Mr. Bruce with a report drawn up from data obtained during a recent visit to the islands in question. He says "it has been so much a habit of the Shetlander's life to fish for his landlord, that he is only now discovering that there is anything strange or anomalous in it."

PERTH AND PEBBLES.

Lieut. Adam Murray, Royal Perthshire Militia, has concluded a course of drill at Aldershot, and has been granted a certificate of proficiency.

Thomas Hutcheson, farmer, Wester Cally, near Blairgowrie, has died from the effects of injuries received by having been jerked off the top of a coal-laden cart between Blairgowrie and Ballintraum.

On the 15th inst., an excursion train from Edinburgh was detained at Har-draughton Junction for several hours owing to the axle of the engine of another train having been broken, thus blocking up the line.

Mr. John Merson, agent for the Union Bank of Scotland, Innerleithen, has been appointed agent for the bank's branch at Buckie, Banffshire, and is to be succeeded by Mr. William Crawford, accountant in the branch of the Union Bank at Troon.

RENFREW AND SELKIRK.

Christina Lockie, wife of Robert Murrie, iron-grinder, Selkirk, died suddenly on the 18th inst., owing to violent diarrhoea.

On the 17th inst., a hawk, named Mrs. Connelly, died in a lodging-house in Greenock, from strangulation, while sitting before a fire.

Mr. Alexander McIntosh, the station-master on the Glasgow and South-Western Railway, Johnstone, was accidentally killed by being knocked down and run over by a train on the 18th inst.

Mr. John Browie, Jr., who has had charge of the finishing department at Wilderbank Mills, Galashiels, has been presented by the workmen with a handsome writing-desk and ink-stand.

The memorial window proposed to be inserted by Lord Cathcart in Paisley Abbey, consists of three lancets, and is to be filled with figures of Barak, Gideon, and Joshua, the three great warriors of the Old Testament, and in Memory of the Earl's ancestors, most of whom were soldiers, and one of whom, General Cathcart, distinguished himself in the Crimea.

ROXBURGH AND STIRLING.

The Kelso U. P. Presbytery have petitioned the House of Commons against the Prison Ministers Bill.

At a recent meeting of the Kelso Free Presbytery, a call from the Spruonston congregation to the Rev. Mr. Craig, Dundonald, was laid on the table and sustained by the Presbytery.

On the 10th inst., in the Golden Lion Hotel, Stirling, Major-General Sir James Alexander, of Westerton, was

duly installed as Masonic Provincial Grand Master of Stirlingshire, with the usual honors.

The congregation of the parish of Minto has presented the Rev. Mr. Wardrop, assistant to the Rev. Mr. Moreland, with a handsome purse containing 80 sovereigns, as a small token of the esteem in which they hold him in the discharge of his duties amongst them for the past two years.

ROSS-SHIRE.

The Lewis and Harris fishing has terminated for the season, with a total catch of about 88,000 crans against about 40,000 for 1871, and 135,000 for 1870. This year there were 921 boats engaged in the business, as compared with 1123 in 1871, and 1470 in 1870.

A Competition for a silver challenge medal recently took place at Dingwall, by members of the 2nd. Ross R. V., at 200 and 300 yards. The following are the highest scores:—Sergeant James Smith, 29; Ensign A. Fraser, 29; Alexander Macgregor, 28; Sergeant A. Ogilvie, 28; Sergeant D. MacMillan, 28; Robert Bain, 26; Charles Cumming, 25.

Mr. Mathieson, M. P., Ross-shire, while being examined regarding the operation of the Game Laws, said that the gross rental of Ross-shire was £240,000, of which £93,000 was game rent, and he thought that the rent of the deer forests was not less than £20,000. He believed that in Ross-shire there were about 300,000 sheep. He knew of one estate which was purchased for £30,000 and was sold seven or eight years afterwards for £70,000.

Ireland.

The potatoe disease has begun to appear in the central district of the county of Tipperary, in the village of Dunderum, and is regarded with feelings of apprehension by the farming classes.

At Meath Assizes, a merchant has obtained £505 damages against the Bank of Ireland for having dishonoured his check, while they held securities for a larger amount than that for which he had withdrawn from his account.

The Dublin correspondent of the Edinburgh Scotsman reiterates the statement that the Roman Catholic curate of Castlebar has actually been suspended by his Bishop for giving conscientious evidence favorable to Captain Trench.

At Clonmel Assizes, the jury disagreed in the trial of a farmer named Butler for the murder of his wife in county Tipperary. The defence was that although Butler gave her a blow on the head, her death was from the treatment of a quack doctor.

On Friday night Mr. Galbet, a magistrate of Tipperary, when returning home in his carriage from Killaloe, had his horses thrown and his carriage upset by ropes which were placed across the road. The occupants fortunately escaped without injury.

Judge Keogh, in reply to an address from the grand jury of county Tyrone on Tuesday, declared emphatically his determination to do his duty in administering the laws of the country notwithstanding all manner of intimidation. The Assize calendars in the north are very light.

Mr. Gladstone has, it is said, arranged to pay his visit to Ireland early in October. He will be accompanied by Mr. John Bright and Lord Spencer, and will address meetings in Dublin, Belfast, Londonderry, and probably in Cork. Mr. Bright, if he feels equal to the task, will speak at one or two of these places. The government policy upon education in Ireland is likely to be either the subject or the object of these addresses.

On Saturday Judge Keogh and his brother (Captain Keogh) attended mass at the chapel of Ternion, near Enniskillen. During mass the priest, addressing the congregation, said—"I believe that the famous Judge Keogh is in your midst." This caused great excitement. The judge took no notice of the remark, but his brother resented the insult by walking out of chapel. He was followed by a menacing crowd, and but for the intervention of some police who were in the chapel, a breach of the peace might have occurred. Two Enniskillen shopkeepers have been sent to trial for burning Keogh's effigy.

As to the value of conversions, God alone can judge. God alone can know how wide are the steps which a soul has to take before it can approach to a communion with him, to the dwelling of the perfect, or to the intercourse and friendship of a higher nature.—Goshe.

It is remarkable that persons who speculate the most boldly, often conform with the most perfect quietude to the external regulations of society. The thought suffices them without investing itself in the flesh and blood of action.—Hawthorne.

Miscellaneous.

The enfranchisement of Italy is nationally followed by a demand for popular education, freed from the control of the hierarchy. Some of the political clubs have been looking into the matter of education. They report in Rome 20,000 pupils under the priests, to 6,000 pupils in the secular schools established by the state. The fact is creating some excitement among the people, who object to leaving the next generation to be taught to hate the principles which this generation has established in its government at such a cost.

The proposed Universal Exhibition in Vienna, in 1873, promises to exceed in magnitude its predecessor. At the first London exhibition there were a little over 7,000 exhibitors, at the second over 9,000, at the two Paris exhibitions there were respectively, 11,000 and 13,000; there are already applications to the Vienna exhibition from 15,000 exhibitors from Austria alone, and there are also exhibitors not only from other European countries and the United States, but also from Brazil, China, Japan, Turkey, and Egypt.

The New York Herald which sent out Stanley to discover Dr. Livingstone in the interior of Africa, commissioned Julius Chambers to explore the source of the Mississippi river. With a light canoe of a little over a ton burden, he coasted for some time about Lake Itasca, in the northern part of Minnesota, until he satisfied himself that it was the source both of the Red river of the North and of the Mississippi, two streams flowing in opposite directions, and making the eastern part of this continent an island. He then paddled his way down the Mississippi in his little canoe to Quincy.

HOW PUBLISHERS PICK OUT BOOKS.

It is by no means easy to get a manuscript printed, as some unsophisticated authors fancy, for it has to run the gauntlet of those terrible persons known as "readers." All great publishers have several regular readers, besides others, eminent in various professions, whom they consult in relation to works of their several specialties. Their function is to give full consideration to, and their best advice upon, all matters submitted to them. For this they receive salary; and it would be considered on both sides a breach of trust if they accept any compensation whatever from the author for their work. In fact, unless there are special reasons to the contrary, the conscientious "reader prefers never to see the author in relation to the book while the question is pending." When he has read the manuscript he writes an opinion which he returns to the firm, sometimes in an elaborate analysis and criticism. But in any case he never recommends a book except after careful consideration. These opinions are carefully copied into a book, and prepared for reference. If the first reader's verdict is favorable, the manuscript is then sent to another reader, who knows nothing of what his predecessor has said. Usually, and in all cases of any possible doubt, the work is sent to a third reader. With three opinions by three different persons the firm consider they have materials sufficient for decision in the case.

LAY PREACHING.

"I want to tell you," said an American minister, "what a layman did for me in Greenfield, Mass. I was only sixteen years old. My mother had died in the previous December. I was driving the cows home toward evening through a slight rain. A man with an umbrella overtook me, and, holding it over me, said

'My boy, these are fine cows.'
'Yes,' said I, 'they are fine.'
'Why, that one with the short horns and broad back is a Durham.'
His interest in what interested me, won me. After a while he asked,
'Have you got a mother?'
'No sir,' said I, 'she died last Winter.'
'What was the last thing she said?'
'O, the last thing she said, was "May God have mercy on these children!"'
'Well, my boy, aint you a Christian?'
'No sir.'
'Why aint you?'
'I expect it is because I love sin so much.'

Fixing his eyes earnestly on mine, and shifting his umbrella so as to grasp my hand with his right hand, he said,
'What, my boy, and you not a Christian!'
'No sir,' said I with streaming eyes, 'but I want to be.'
And then he talked with me so gently and kindly that I shall never forget it. Oh, the preaching of a seasonable word! It was lay preaching."

Wise men have but few confidants, and cunning ones, none.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS. MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERIES.

The following Presbyteries will meet at the places and times severally mentioned, viz:—
HEBRON.—At Seaforth, on the 2nd Tuesday of October, at 11 a.m.
OVEN SOUND.—At Owen Sound, on 3rd Tuesday of September, at 11 a.m.
LONDON.—At London, in St. Andrew's Church, on 1st Tuesday of September at 11 a.m.
STRATHROY.—At St. Marys, on 21st September, at 2 o'clock p.m.
GUELPH.—At Guelph, in Chalmers' Church, on 1st Tuesday of September, at 11 a.m.
PARIS.—At Paris, in Dumfries St. Church, on the 2nd Tuesday of September, at 11 a.m.
KINGSTON.—At Kingston, in Chalmers' Church, on the 2nd Tuesday of October, at 3 o'clock, p.m.
DURHAM.—At Durham, on the 17th September, at 11 a.m.
COMBING.—At Port Hope, on the 3rd Tuesday of September, at 10 o'clock a.m.
MONTREAL.—At Montreal, in Parkside Church, on the 1st Wednesday in October, at 10 o'clock a.m.
THROCKMORTON.—At Prescott, on 1st Tuesday of August, at 3 o'clock p.m.
OTTAWA.—At Ottawa, in Bank St. Church, on 1st Tuesday of August, at 2 o'clock p.m.
CHATHAM.—At Chatham, on the fourth Tuesday, of September.
ONTARIO.—At Prince Albert, on 3rd September, at 11 o'clock, a.m.
TORONTO.—In Knox Church, Toronto, on 1st Tuesday of September, at 11 o'clock, a.m.

CANADA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Presbytery Clerks will please address all communications on business connected with the Home Mission Committee, to the Rev. William Cochrane, Brantford, Ontario.

TORONTO MARKETS.

TRADE.—Has been rather quiet all week. BUTTER.—Holders are now offering considerable quantities and seem anxious to find buyers, but this is not to be done until the market is held or most determinedly. The only sales reported are those of a lot of 65 packages of selected at 13 1/2, and a car of the same sort to-day at 13 1/2 at Guelph. For round lots there are no buyers at any price. English advices continue to be unfavorable. In London there is nothing doing at latest advices, and at Liverpool quotations stood at figures equal to 15 to 17 1/2 here. CHEESE.—The market has been fairly active. There was a lot of 48 boxes of mixed qualities sold last week at 8, and two lots of 25 each sold at the same price this week. But a lot of fifty boxes of choice brought 9 1/2 outside. Prices of small lots have declined half a cent. EGGS.—Receipts have been on the increase, and there are now many to be had as are wanted. Prices have declined about a cent, the range at present being from 14 to 15c. PORK.—There is very little doing. The enquiry has fallen off, but holders are firm at unchanged quotations. BACON.—The market is active. Sales were made last week of 200 sides of Cumberland at 6 1/2; 100 sides at 7c; lots of one and two tons have sold at 7 1/2 to 7 3/4; a good demand exists for these and still smaller lots. LARD.—Stocks are very light. The demand continues to be active and prices firm. For a lot of 100 canvassed 13 1/2 has been paid and none could be had at a lower figure. LARD.—Seems to be rather more active. There have been sales this week of lots of 40 and 60 tins at 9c. Small lots are steady at 10 to 10 1/2c. HOES.—There is very little doing; almost all sales are by contract, prices are unchanged. DIBBS.—Are quiet but hold firmly. HORSE.—Some few sales of old have been sold at 15c, and a number of young ones at 10c. They are in good and of choice quality would probably command 60c, and scarcely any can be had.

Travellers' Guide.

Table with columns for departure and arrival times for various routes: GRAND TRUNK EAST, GRAND TRUNK WEST, GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, NORTHERN RAILWAY, TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY, TORONTO, GREY, AND BRUCE RAILWAY. Includes a section for 'HOURS OF CLOSING MAILS FROM TORONTO P. O.'

Special Notice.

Mr. JAMES I. FELLOWES. HALIFAX, Feb. 10th 1872. Dear Sir: In order that some other sufferer may be benefited, you are at liberty to give this letter publicity. In the winter of 1869 I was taken ill with Disease of the Heart, accompanied by violent palpitation, and from that time gradually became unable to perform my professional duties, and in consequence, up to a few weeks ago, when your Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites was recommended to me. The use of it during a very short time enabled me to resume my usual work, and now I am well, fat and hearty as I could wish to be. Yours very truly, W. FRANK COCHRAN.

THE INVENTOR.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILWAY. We met with a paragraph the other day which is very descriptive of this grand thoroughfare of the world, and now give it for the benefit of the Canadian public. The railways here, that is in England, are not better than our own. The English roads have deteriorated, or else our own have appreciated. I assume that the fastest train on the direct line between Liverpool and London may be taken as a fair sample, and compared with similar trains on the New York and Erie Railroad at home, with which I am most familiar. From Liverpool to London, two hundred and twenty miles, through first class fare is thirty-five shillings—say nine dollars. On the New York and Erie, from New York to the west end of suspension Bridge, in Canada, distance upwards of four hundred and fifty miles, in drawing room coach, the fare is nine dollars and twenty-five cents. We ride in by far the most elegant coaches on the Erie than here in England, and at only one half the cost. When I sit next to you on the Erie as in England, when I sit next to you in either case. In smoothness there is no comparison. Motion on the New York and Erie is like rolling on oil; but here we rattle in our seats like tin pails in a wheelbarrow. Here there are four wheels under a coach, on the New York and Erie, there are two. Here there are four wheels under a coach, on the Erie we can spin off one to six, and if judiciously selected, the coach is still mobile and not a wreck. Here it is difficult to talk, and impossible to write; on the Erie I do so with ease. I am proudly surprised, after an absence of some years, to find an English railway no longer superior to others in the world in any particular that affects a traveller—no, not even in the matter of dust and noise.

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TO PROBATIONERS AND MINISTERS OF THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Probationers or Ministers without charge, who are willing to supply the Mission Stations of Fort William and Prince Arthur's Landing, (in the Lake Superior district) during the ensuing winter, will please correspond with the Convener of the Home Mission Committee, REV. WILLIAM COCHRANE, BRANTFORD, ONT.

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