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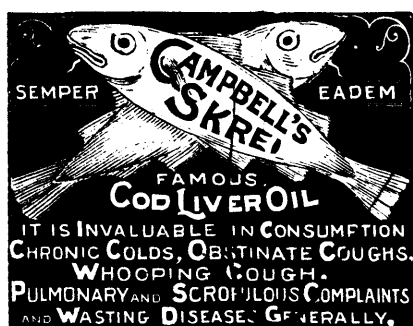
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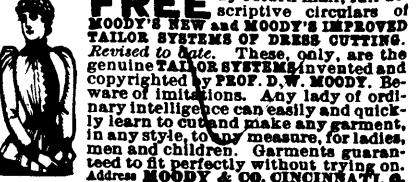


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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16th, 1892.

No. 46.

Notes of the Week.

AT a meeting of the Irish General Assembly's Committee in Correspondence with the Government, held in Dublin—summoned specially by the Moderator of the General Assembly—it was agreed to present an address of welcome to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, on the occasion of his assumption of office at Dublin Castle.

THE seventh annual convention of Christian Workers in the United States and Canada is being held in Boston. Efforts have been made to gather active Christian workers from every portion of the United States, Canada and England, and it is expected that the exercises will be not only extremely interesting but very valuable.

IF church government means anything, says Professor Charteris, then in Scotland it has been proved that Presbyterianism is stronger than Episcopalianism is even in England. The Scottish dissenter claims to be a stronger Presbyterian than the State churchman, whereas in England the dissenter has set up another form of church government.

THE Rev. William B. Greene, D.D., of Philadelphia, has been chosen to the chair of Apologetics and Ethics in Princeton theological seminary, made vacant by the death of Dr. Aiken. Dr. Greene graduated from Princeton in 1876, and from the seminary in 1879; was for two years pastor in Boston, and then succeeded Dr. Henry A. Boardman in the Tenth Presbyterian Church, of Philadelphia.

THE third annual meeting of the Young Men and Women's Guild of the United Presbyterian Church met in Edinburgh recently. The previous evening Rev. J. B. Hastings preached the sermon in his church in Palmerston Place. Mr. Peter Esslemont, M.P., presided at the annual public meeting, and Professor Marcus Dods, Rev. Dr. A. R. MacLewen and Mr. Shaw, M.P., were among the speakers.

MR. MOODY, interviewed by the *Christian Commonwealth* on the subject of his Scottish mission, said he had always liked Scotland, which he thought the most remarkable part of the world. No other nation had turned out so many great and good men. He did not find the Scots less impressionable and slower to respond than the English. He had done his best work in Scotland, and his very best in Glasgow.

A FORMER minister of the English Presbyterian Church, Dr. Robert Steel, now of Sydney, N. S. W., writes to a London relative: "I am at present in Adelaide, South Australia, attending the Assembly of the Presbyterian Churches of Australia and Tasmania, with a view to making one Presbyterian Church throughout all these Colonies. We have had a pleasant meeting, and received great hospitality. The weather is springtide, and the country is like a meadow." "The new world" may not only "redress the balance of the old," but show the way to a union between all the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland, with the English, Irish and Welsh Churches having a similar government. The reasons for such a union are much stronger than for the present divisions.

THE visit of the Rev. Dr. Clark, founder of the Society of Christian Endeavour, to New South Wales ended in September. Since the 13th, when he arrived from San Francisco in the *R. M. S. Mariposa*, on which he received a hearty welcome from Endeavourers, headed by the Rev. W. Scott, the President of the N. S. W. Union, Dr. Clark has had a busy time. Each day has been crowded with meetings and each meeting crowded with ardent Endeavourers. Almost every denomination in the Colonies has adopted the "Christian Endeavour." In a short time the Australasian membership will be close upon 20,000. Dr. Clark has the other colonies,

to visit. He sailed for China and Japan on October 19, then visits India, and the stations of American missions in Turkey in Asia and Europe. He finally visits England *via* Italy, where he hopes to arrive before June of next year.

PRESBYTERIANS in London, writes a correspondent, are very much exercised about the vacancies in their two most prominent pulpits, Regent Square and Marylebone. I am given to understand that no one is in view for either of these churches. Presbyterianism, like the sister denomination, evidently suffers from the want of front rank men. Good preachers are abundant, good scholars thicker than autumn leaves, but men of individual culture and force are exceedingly rare. Yet they are no doubt preparing themselves. Men are wanted fit to undertake great responsibilities, and to carry them quietly and without complaint for a long term of years. The circumstances at present are certainly such as may very fitly kindle a noble and worthy ambition in the breasts of young students for the ministry. The next great preacher, perhaps, will be a man who has read no sermons.

THE Young Men's Guild in connection with the Church of Scotland is now represented in seventy-seven out of the eighty-four Presbyteries of the Church. Out of the 21,621 members 700 are total abstainers. A proposal to have a travelling secretary is under consideration of the central committee. The magazine has a circulation of over 8,000, the Edinburgh branches taking most copies. Mr. Innes Wright is going as lay assistant to Kalimpong, Eastern Himalayas. Next conference is to be held in Edinburgh. At the recent meeting Professor Charteris said that when young he was very fond of dancing and has never seen anything wrong in it, but that it is a striking and deplorable incongruity for a morning fellowship class to be closed with a dance. He congratulated the Young Men's Guild on opposing gambling, which he would have put down with a strong hand at church bazaars, and advised them to study social questions instead of debating the never-ending question of Queen Mary's guilt.

THE *Scottish American* says: The congregation worshipping in the Broadway Tabernacle, this city, were deeply grieved last Sunday week when a letter from Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, pastor, was read, announcing that, while his health had been benefited by the six or eight months' rest which he had enjoyed from ministerial labours, he had, after careful consideration, resolved to resign the pastorate of the church. A strong bond of love has always existed between Dr. Taylor and his people, and his intimation caused quite a gloom of sadness to rest heavily on all, and they sincerely sympathized with him in his trouble. Dr. Taylor has been minister of the Broadway Tabernacle for over twenty years. He was called there from the Presbyterian Church at Bootle, England. At first his congregation here only numbered about 400; now they number 1,200, while the church has always been regarded as one of the most prominent in the city. That speaks volumes for his success as a pastor, and the separation about to take place is very keenly felt by both minister and people. As is well known, Dr. Taylor is a native of Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.

THE *British Weekly* says: In an able and vigorous sermon on Sunday morning, Dr. Monro Gibson, of St. John's Wood, London, spoke impressively on the relations between the Church and the working classes. He urged his hearers with great emphasis to frown upon everything that increased the alienation already so deplorable, and discussed the duty of the Churches, and particularly the Presbyterian Churches, in the matter. Dr. Gibson lamented that his own Church had done so little for the people, and expressed his desire that strong working men's churches, with membership of a thousand or so, should be established in places like Fulham, Battersea and Kilburn. In Kilburn this result may be said to be almost within sight. As yet the Presby-

terians have been successful mainly in cases where only a little preliminary help is needed, the congregation soon gathering in such numbers and wealth as to make further assistance superfluous. Dr. Gibson saw no necessity for the Presbyterians racing other Churches in the slums where the agencies already at work overlapped each other. There is great good sense in this view. Presbyterianism has undoubtedly laid a good foundation, and it is time it were appealing more directly to the masses.

THE thirteenth annual report of the Toronto City Mission was read at their meeting last week in the lecture room of the Central Methodist Church, Bloor Street. Dr. W. B. Geikie, president, gave a brief outline of the great work done by the mission since its organization. For 122 nights out of the year they had never been out of workers, and a splendid service had been done in reclaiming drunkards and outcasts of the city. The mission had been represented at the Toronto Exhibition and the Woodbridge fair, where they had crowded meetings. Mr. Robert Hall, the missionary in charge of the Gospel work, read the financial statement, which showed the mission to be in an exceedingly promising state indeed. He also gave a short outline of the work done during the year, and had a word of praise for the willing workers who assisted him. The Rev. J. V. Smith of the Metropolitan Church said he thought Mr. Hall eminently fitted for the work, and he knew of no one who had the confidence of the Christian public more entirely than Mr. Hall. He hoped the time would come when they would have a dozen Gospel carriages in the city. The Rev. Dr. Gordon, of Boston, was then introduced to the meeting, and spoke in an exceedingly interesting manner for nearly an hour of his own mission work in Boston and of the founding of a drunkards' home that has for years been doing effective work there. He gave many impressive incidents of the good results accomplished, especially among the foreign element of Boston's population. The meeting was a large one, and seemed thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the kindly work that the mission has in hand.

THE *British Weekly* says: A High Church Society has been formed within the Church of Scotland, and the prime mover is one of the most eminent and saintly theologians of this country—Professor Milligan, of Aberdeen. The veneration and affection with which we, in common with all who know his work, regard Dr. Milligan, and our strong sympathy with some of his views, incline us to regard this society with considerable favour. That a contingent of snobs and weaklings will be found with the better class of members is inevitable. All that can be done is to keep them in their place. If this were a movement towards Episcopacy or any form of magical religion, it would be condemned by the strong sense of the Scottish people. But we do not believe Dr. Milligan would lend himself to the disparagement of Presbyterian orders, and he knows that every tincture of grace must be denied these before there can be any union with Anglicanism. The good side of this movement is that the chief promoters are sensible of the serious and awful side of religion. That is what wants emphasizing in Scotland—not the high church, nor the low church, nor the broad church, but the deep church. So much energy has been expended on theological discussions and ecclesiastical debates, and so much genuine force has been given to preaching made easy, racy preaching, new preaching and the like, that the old, profound, reverent, severe and compelling religion of the past has largely disappeared. Yet it is in this form and no other that religion has ever ruled, and it has often commenced with externals. The teaching of Bishop Butler's first charge should never be forgotten. The great reasoner for Christianity perceived that by reasoning alone its empire could never be regained, and he assigned no mean place to the duty of seeing to the restoration of the outward solemnities. Of course such a society may very readily pass beyond Nonconformist sympathy, but we have confidence that Dr. Milligan will do his best to keep flunkeyism in its place.

Our Contributors.

THANKSGIVING HINTS FOR THOSE WHO WERE NOT AT THE THANKSGIVING SERVICE.

BY KNONIAN.

No doubt the great majority of those who luxuriate in the green pastures of this corner went to church on Thanksgiving Day, entered devoutly and heartily into the service and put a respectable portion of their surplus on the collection plate. If they did so the chances are that they enjoyed their thanksgiving, that their turkey was tender and that the work of assimilation went on kindly. A man with a grateful spirit nearly always gets on better in this world than a natural born grumbler. Ingratitude causes dyspepsia and dyspepsia is the father of a thousand ills real or imaginary, and if imaginary all the worse on that account. A dyspeptic man suffers tremendously from things that never take place.

There is a remote possibility, however, that a few good people who glance at this corner were not in church on Thanksgiving Day, and there can be no harm in mentioning for their benefit a few things for which Canadians should be thankful. As Abraham Lincoln used to say, let us begin with a little story.

Some years ago the individual who loads up this column took a trip in the Western States. The country was at that time over-run with tramps, and the railway people had no little difficulty in keeping them off the trains. Near St. Paul they found an unfortunate fellow who had neither money nor ticket in one of the first class coaches. The conductor and brakeman hustled him out of the car and pushed him down the bank in a manner that might possibly have been construed into a breach of the constitution of the United States. The doctrine that all men are free and equal may be all very well as a theory, but it was made painfully evident then and there that if a citizen of the United States has neither money nor ticket he cannot ride on a railway in that Republic any more than he could in one of the effete monarchies of Europe. The only Jeffersonian simplicity we noticed was displayed by the officials in putting the poor fellow off the train. They just pushed him down the steps. A nice looking young man on the train who watched the operation evidently with pity for the unfortunate tramp, turned to his companions and said —

BOYS, IT'S A GREAT THING TO HAVE A NICKEL.

It is a great thing to have a "nickel," understanding "nickel" to mean a little money. If you have any doubt about the truth of that proposition just try how far you can ride on the nearest railway without money or ticket. If you are not then satisfied, try how long you can board at a first class hotel without money or credit. Try how much money your cheque can rake out of a bank if you have no money in the institution. Try anyone of a thousand things and you will soon be thoroughly impressed with the fact that it is a great thing to have a little money. You never know how great a blessing a little money is until you try to get along among strangers without any. Even in Toronto the good a total stranger without a nickel might be forced to the conclusion that the city is not quite as pious as some of the Pavilion orators used to say it was.

If anybody forgot to give thanks last week for the little money he has, he should do so yet. As a preliminary exercise, let him meditate for a while on the position he would be in if he had no pocket money. What could a man do in a world like ours without a little money? That question goes to the roots, and yet we venture to say thousands of men never give it a moment's consideration. The only thing they do is growl because they have not more money.

There are few Canadians without a "nickel." Of course young people who have not begun to earn money, preachers and various other kinds of people never have much, but the great majority of our people have a little, and, let us repeat, even a little money is an unspeakably great blessing.

There are various ways of getting a little money in this country, several of which do not square well with the decalogue. About the best way is to earn it, and then you know how much it is worth, and you feel a kind of self-respect in handling it, that you never can feel in handling money earned by somebody else.

Now let all those people who were not at the Thanksgiving service give thanks for the little money they have, for, we repeat, it is a great thing to have a little money. It is also a great thing

TO HAVE ABUNDANCE OF ROOM.

Not long ago we asked a young man who had just returned from a tour in Great Britain and several other countries in Western Europe how he would like to live over there. "Too many people," "Too many people," "Too many people" was his emphatic reply. There are too many people for comfort in all the older civilizations. They trample one another down, and so many of them want work that in many lines wages barely keep soul and body together.

We have any amount of room in Canada. Room and food may be found by untold millions between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains. Why human beings should trample over one another in the older countries and almost starve to death when they can have homes in the North-West for nothing and abundance of food for tilling the prairie, is one of the mysteries not easily explained. We heard a man in

the North-West explain it by saying that people "love their native soil." No doubt they do, and that is all right, but we like to see a man have as much love for his children as for the soil of any country. The best soil for a poor man is the soil that gives his children bread and a good chance in life, and their mother a decent gown and bonnet to wear when she goes out to call on the neighbours. We back that kind of soil for a poor man against all the hills that ever pastured sheep and all the islands that ever starved a crofter. Sentiment is all very well, but the love of wife and children is surely as noble a sentiment as the love of rocks and mountains. Let us give thanks for room.

Food and raiment are great things. If you don't think so, try and do without them for a while. The trouble with too many of us is that the most valuable blessings—the blessings without which life would be an impossibility—are just the blessings that many never dream of giving thanks for. The every-day mercies are taken as a matter of course and too often taken with a growl.

Prophesying is a poor business, and prophesying evil is the poorest part of the business, but if the ingratitude shown by thousands of people in this country does not sooner or later bring national punishment of some kind, it is perfectly safe to say that the divine procedure towards Canada will be different from what it has been towards many other countries. Ingratitude is perhaps our national sin. It is the basest of all sins. There is no country under heaven in which a larger number of poor men have done fairly well than in Canada. Every ill we suffer from day to day is largely if not wholly of our own making. Let us stop growling, humble ourselves, behave better and give thanks. If we don't we may soon have a day of humiliation instead of a day of thanksgiving.

ON PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D., PH.D.

THE MINISTER'S TEMPTATIONS.

All Christians are subject to manifold temptations. As men and women called unto holiness they could not live in a world lying in the wicked one without temptations. And if this be true of the ordinary Christian, how much more true must it be of the minister who is a leader in the host, and therefore a shining mark to the enemy. His calling exposes him to temptation. He should not fear the face of man, and yet he may pay respect to persons. He should declare the whole truth, and perchance he may accommodate his teaching to the prejudices of his people, and keep off the unwelcome portions that would expose their sins and condemn their conduct. And so the very thing they need most they do not get. He should preach the Word, but because that has too great power of discovery and exposure and conviction, making men uneasy, he may turn aside into other realms and preach something outside of Scriptural truth. It too may be truth, but alas! not the truth that saves. It may entertain, but at the same time expose men to everlasting loss; for who knows when their appointed time will run out, when their opportunities will be all gone, and gone forever. Who knows? And who should dare to lose an opportunity of saving a soul. He should be instant in season and out of season; yet he may at times neglect his duty. The conditions may seem unfavourable, there is no desire for the wares in which he deals. He thinks he is justified in omitting that the Lord calls for. He should be a man of prayer, but he may consider his official acts as sufficient and so neglect the command "Enter into thy closet," etc. Why, temptations beset the minister. On every side they assault him and harass him. He may be enthusiastic, but a cold formal congregation will soon cool him off; chill him almost to death. Oh, it takes the consciousness of eternity and the judgment seat to keep a minister enthusiastic in such conditions.

Rowland Hill was a man of enthusiastic nature and warm temperament—he loved Jesus and the souls of men and preached the gospel as one who believed it. Once when preaching at Worton, he exclaimed, "Because I am in earnest, men call me an enthusiast. But I am not, mine are words of truth and soberness. When I first came here I was working on yonder hill. I saw a gravel pit fall in, and bury three men alive. I shouted so loudly for help that I was heard in the town a distance of a mile. Help came and the men were rescued. No one called me an enthusiast then. And when I see eternal destruction ready to fall upon sinners I must beseech them with cries and tears."

The minister may be sensitive and fear criticism. Many think that is the end of preaching. They conceive the sermon to be a cadaver laid out for the play of their scalpel. And a strong temptation lies here to overlook the true object of preaching to save souls and not to serve sermons. A sermon may be polished so fine that it may simply charm the ear, and never touch the heart. Dr. Cuyler of Brooklyn, one of the truly great men of our time, speaks to the minister in this way, "It is your business to stand up as the ambassador of the King of heaven, and to make your hearers afraid of you, or rather of your solemn, heaven sent message. In my early ministry I preached at Saratoga Springs; and the next day a plain working-man met me and said, 'Are not you the young man that preached in our meeting-house yesterday?' 'Yes, I am.' 'Well, I never felt so sorry for anyone when you got up, for I thought you did not know what a lot of cultured and critical people come to Saratoga. But I have noticed that if a minister during the first five

minutes convinces the people that he is trying to save their souls, he kills all the critics in the house." "That profound remark," says Dr. Cuyler, "of that plain Christian did me a world of good. When we are tempted by the dread of criticism, the only way is to realize that we are messengers of Jehovah, and to give our auditors so much reason to think of themselves that they will have no time to think of us. Most excellent advice is this!

The minister's life should be a confession of Christ. Vinet in his terse and beautiful way says of him, "The minister renders religion visible." Often he may be tempted to cover his light where it is most needed. An interesting story is told of the Rev. John Ryland, of Northampton, who being on a journey was overtaken by a violent storm, and was compelled to take shelter in the first inn he came to. The people of the house treated him with great kindness and hospitality. At length when the hour of rest approached, his host informed him that his chamber was prepared whenever he chose to retire. "But," said Mr. Ryland, "you have not had your family together, to read the Scriptures and to pray with them." The landlord confessed that he never thought of doing such a thing. "Then, sir," said Mr. Ryland, "I must beg you to order my horse immediately." The landlord and family entreated him not to expose himself to the inclemency of the weather at that late hour of the night; observing the storm was as violent as when he first came in. "May be so," replied Mr. Ryland, "but I had rather brave the storm than venture to sleep in a house where there is no prayer. Who can tell what may befall us before the morning? No sir, I dare not stay." The landlord still remonstrated, and expressing great regret that he should offend so agreeable a gentleman, at last said, he should have no objection "to call his family together," but he should not know what to do when they came. Mr. Ryland then proposed to conduct family worship, to which all readily consented. The family was immediately assembled, and Mr. Ryland called for a Bible; but no such book could be produced. However, he was enabled to supply the deficiency as he always carried a small Bible or Testament in his pocket. He read a portion of Scripture and then prayed with much fervour and solemnity, especially acknowledging the preserving goodness of God that none present had been struck dead by the storm, and imploring protection through the night. He earnestly prayed that the attention of all might be awakened to the things belonging to their everlasting peace, and that the family might never again meet in the morning, or separate at night without prayer. When he arose from his knees, almost every individual was bathed in tears, and the enquiry was awakened in several hearts, "Sir, what must we do to be saved?"

This day was indeed the beginning of days to that family; most if not all of them, became decided and devoted followers of Jesus Christ, and were the means of diffusing the knowledge of the gospel in a neighbourhood which had before been proverbially dark and destitute. Had Mr. Ryland yielded to a common temptation to temporize, no light had shone there, and the thought of that family would have been, ministers are no better than other people.

What a temptation there is to hide the sins of which we as ministers are guilty! What weakness the sin brings into our souls. It is said that when Origen, after his grievous falling into sin, was reading the Scriptures in the pulpit, he was silenced when coming on this passage: "What hast thou to do to declare my statutes?" The consciousness of his sin would not suffer him to speak. A temptation yielded to exposed him to further temptation!

What a temptation to a minister there is to stand in awe of a rich man! The glamour of his wealth fairly bewitches the man, whose eye ought to be like the eagle's, able to look into the sun. The only remedy for this feeling is to look at the man in the light of eternity and the judgment seat—then he dwindles into his proper proportions. Even great men are not above this temptation. But we are God's messengers, God's ambassadors, we represent Him. We do not go forth in our own interest, and so we may rid ourselves of the fear of man that bringeth a snare.

Let temptations come of any quarter they choose, there is for the minister the faithful promise of God: "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." And this also: "In that he himself hath suffered being tempted, he is able to succour them that are tempted."—1 Cor. x. 13, Heb. ii. 18. Let us then commit ourselves and our way unto the Lord, and trust also in Him and He shall bring it to pass. We must be faithful unto death, that we may receive the crown of life.

JERUSALEM REVIVING.

NO XII.

THE FEAST OF PASSOVER.

Passover is the greatest yearly feast of the Jews, and most strictly kept. It commemorates the marvellous exodus from Egyptian bondage, when the Lord brought forth His chosen people after a prolonged training in the school of adversity, "with a mighty hand and an outstretched arm, great terrible-ness, signs and wonders" (Deut. xxvi. 8) in sight of the then civilized nations of the world.

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea,
Jehovah has triumphed, His people are free.

It is a feast of joy and thankfulness for the mighty deliverance, inspiring hope and expectation of the promised greater far and wider ingathering to the land of their patrimony, which awaits them; so great as to eclipse the Egyptian exodus itself (Jer. xxiii. 3, 7, 8).

This year the feast commenced on the evening of April 11th. A rabbi friend, residing near this house, invited us to witness the Passover Supper, and, for the sake of my wife and children, I accepted his kind invitation.

On the previous Lord's Day the majority of the travellers who worshipped with us in the upper room of this mission were from the United States of America, mostly ministers of different denominations, among them the Rev. Drs. Marquis and Kent, of Chicago, Revs. Steele, of Boston; Brown, of Andover; Mr. Hodge, of Princeton; Dr. Patterson, of New York, etc. They somehow heard of this invitation, and almost all expressed a strong desire to accompany us. I told my rabbi friend of their wish, and he said, "let me know how many besides yourselves, six, and, if necessary, we shall have the supper in the drawing-room, lest the dining room should be too cramped, for, as you know, at this supper not only the children, but the domestics also, sit with us at the same table." Fearing that we should be too many, I mentioned the difficulty to another Jewish friend, living near the rabbi, and he at once most kindly offered to receive as many as would go to his own house.

We started at about seven o'clock, sixteen in all, and before dividing I went up to the rabbi's house, and found that, by removing divans, etc., and putting the table on one side, instead of in the centre of the room, there was space for all of us. I had offered to explain the service, and all were anxious to be where I was, rather than be separated.

As soon as we were seated, the service commenced; the rabbi had kindly delayed, evidently waiting for us.

THE PASSOVER SUPPER.

There are thirteen acts to be performed during the supper. First, the cup of blessing, prescribed before evening and morning meals on all Saturdays (the Jewish Sabbath) and full holy days. Second, to wash the hands, without saying the usual blessing. Third, to eat a piece of parsley dipped in vinegar, and pronouncing a blessing. Fourth, breaking of the middle one of three unleavened cakes into halves and hiding one half under the table cloth. Fifth, the recital of the service special to that evening, narrating the marvels of the Exodus, mostly chanting. Sixth, washing of hands, with a blessing, as usual before every meal all the year round. Seventh, the breaking of bread, with a blessing, obligatory at all meals. Eighth, eating of bitter herbs. Ninth, eating of a morsel of cake and bitter herbs, dipped in a mixture of spices dissolved in vinegar. Tenth, supper is eaten. Eleventh, eating of a morsel of the hidden half cake. Twelfth, grace after supper, a beautiful composition of gratitude and praise, said after all meals. Thirteenth, the chanting the Hallel—the Hallelujah Psalms. This is briefly the order of service. But there are four cups of blessing to be drunk, the one at the commencement, already named; one at end of the recital; one at end of grace, optional on Saturdays and holy days, but obligatory this evening; and one at end of the Hallel.

Each of the special acts has its religious significance, some of deep interest to the Bible student, and illustrating all that took place at the institution of the Lord's Supper. Our kind host most obligingly paused now and then while I explained everything done, translating passages of the recital, for the benefit of my minister friends from America, who never witnessed anything of the kind before, were most deeply interested and gratified, and took copious notes of the acts and of my expositions of them.

The rabbi, who is a wealthy and influential gentleman, had with him his eldest married son, a banker, with his wife, besides the other members of his family, young and old, and also a respectable Jew and his family, lately arrived from the Grecian Islands. The sons of both translated the paragraphs of the recital, some into Judeo-Spanish and some into modern Greek, for the edification of the ladies and the girls, who could not understand Hebrew.

While they were at supper we took leave to call on his neighbour, who received us most kindly, though we had disappointed him. He, not delayed by our presence and my expositions, was already singing the Hallel, which concluded the service, and then we returned to the rabbi's house to witness the remaining parts to the close. It was nearly midnight when we left, thanking our kind host for his catholic, liberal spirit. My friends were delighted with all they saw and heard, and I trust they and their congregations will remember this mission in their prayers, and then they will assuredly help in its support and consolidation.

RAM-ALLAH.

I was glad indeed to get to bed, for early in the morning I had been woken by a letter from Friend Johnson, of the Friend's Mission at Ram-Allah, to go to bury an aged native Christian, and I had been over eight hours on horseback there and back, on the roughest road I know as yet in Palestine, and on a horse that stumbled every minute. The son of the dead man, who is a Dragoman, had that very day to start with a party of travellers—clergy, I understood—for the North; but they kindly diverged from the road to allow him to attend his father's funeral, and they themselves were present at the service. We started from the Friend's Mission house for the meeting room in procession, the girls of the boarding school leading, singing hymns all the way. The

coffin was brought in, and the chapel was quite full with natives, men and women, young and old. We sang hymns, read the scriptures, with expository remarks, offered prayers, and then went in procession to the cemetery, the girls singing all the way, and again offered prayer and said a few words at the grave. I returned just in time to go to the Rabbi's house.

On parting I said to Friend Johnson, "I suppose I may now consider myself your chaplain." The first call to Ram-Allah was to celebrate a marriage, second, to conduct services on a Sabbath, and a blessed day it was, and now to bury the dead, just like this transitory life, alternate sunshine and shadow. I have thus been providentially linked to the American Friends' Mission at Ram-Allah, and I hope established a claim to their prayers and consecrated liberality.

PASSOVER LECTURE.

On the evening of April 12, I gave a lecture in this mission's upper room on the analogy between the Passover Supper, as celebrated by the Jews in all lands of their dispersion for some 2,000 years, and the institution of the Lord's Supper. The attendance was good, several Jerusalemite Mission workers, besides travellers, being present. Among them the Rev. Dr. Teape, of Edinburgh, Rev. Zeller, etc. I mentioned it to my rabbi friend of the previous evening, and to my great pleasurable surprise he and his neighbour, whom we visited, came, as also another rabbi and four Jews, of those who come to hear the Gospel frequently; and they all remained till the end. Jews shun the houses of Christians and Gentiles during the Passover, lest they should come in contact with anything leavened; but yet not only they, but other Jews visited me during the Passover, daily and in larger numbers than usual. Surely, a great change is taking place in the minds and hearts of many Jews in Jerusalem toward Christians and Christianity, or this could not be. Talmudism and prejudices are giving way before the preaching of the Gospel in their own beloved Hebrew and their domestic Spanish dialect.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A singular feature, demonstrative of the kindly confidence of the people in the missionary's sympathies as a friend in need, has been gradually growing up: Jews of all classes and conditions in life come to me in their troubles, domestic, social, religious and financial, for advise and counsel, young men in trouble with younger, perhaps silly or light-hearted wives, or with meddling mothers-in-law, come with questions of divorce, so easily granted by the rabbis; but which I prove to be contrary to the law of God, and generally succeed in promoting reconciliation and peace. In some cases the young men asked baptism, for then the marriage tie would be necessarily dissolved; and they wonder that I should reprimand them severely and sternly refuse to entertain their proposal to profess Christianity on such frivolous pretexts.

I have already related how even the Chief Rabbi, "the First in Zion," as his high title is sent his son, his "alter ego," and a most influential head of the Sephardi community, to consult me on a matter of importance relating to the poor and destitute.

The poor also come, and come more numerously, with tales of distress and misery, and it were hard indeed, and unlike the compassionate Divine Master, to refuse them succour and guidance to the utmost of my ability. It is written, "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God," and this is said to all God's people of whatever name; but thus far, apart from donations for Mrs. B.'s mothers' sewing meetings, and Miss B.'s class of girls, and apart from the collections after the Lord's Supper, invariably devoted to the relief of the poor, no means have been sent me for charity.

This office of pacificator and counsellor, bestowed on me tactily, takes up time; but it affords precious opportunities for preaching the higher and purer law of Christ, so immeasurably superior to the maxims and teachings of Talmudic Judaism.

"TO GOD BE THE GLORY."

Our kind friends and generous supporters in the land of the Pilgrim Fathers have by this time heard how the Lord has moved the heart of one of His faithful stewards to offer to pay for a site for the greatly needed evangelistic hall and mission premises in Jerusalem—the city of the Great King, the Lord our righteousness—where the non-Episcopal and non-Lutheran Evangelical Churches of the world, whether Presbyterian or Wesleyan, Congregational or Baptist, Friends or Brethren, have not a single foot of ground dedicated or devoted to any religious purpose whatsoever. They will join us in praises and thanksgiving to God for this happy prospect, and devotedly co-operate and assist in the speedy and full realization of this glorious project to supply the Holy City "with an house of prayer for all persons."

The church of our dear friend, the Rev. Dr. Murkland, of Baltimore, who preached twice in this upper room in March of last year, has set a noble example to all others by at once making a collection, sending me \$350 for the building fund. I trust others will act as promptly and as liberally, so that this anomalous state of things in the city of Jerusalem, which is crammed with religious edifices belonging to Papists and Greeks, Armenians and Copts, Jews and Moslems—a state of things so discredit to the Evangelical Churches of Christendom—may soon be wiped off and retrieved. If every evangelical congregation in the United States, England, Canada, Australia, etc., were to contribute but \$10 each, the needed funds would be available in a short time. But as only the few will realize the privilege and blessing of co-operating in this glorious enterprise, it behoves them to act as promptly and as liberally as the church in Baltimore.

I want collections in all congregations of Wesleyans and Baptists, Congregationalists and Presbyterians, Friends and Brethren, whom I will supply with collecting cards on application with a note from their pastors, deacons or elders.

My only apprehension is, lest in giving for the building,

the labourers should be forgotten. The church in Baltimore did not forget the workers, who, they know, rely wholly on God's gracious promises and the free-will offerings of His people, for on sending \$350 for the building fund, they sent also \$260 for the support of the labourers, besides \$10 for Mrs. B.'s Jewesses. To God be the glory.

JERUSALEM CHRONICLE.

Travellers' spring season at an end. Railway line from Jaffa progressing slowly. Weather extraordinary, high winds, sirocco showers. Public health not of the best, measles, diphtheria. Mr. Moody has been here giving stirring addresses on Gordon's Golgotha on two successive Sunday afternoons. Interdict against admission of Russian or other Jewish refugees still in force.

Rabbinic proclamation in synagogues, forbidding men or women visiting missionaries' houses, etc., nothing new, and soon forgotten and disregarded; but exhibiting an intolerant spirit and a consciousness of weakness.

A. BEN-OLIEL

Jerusalem, May 18, 1892.

CHINESE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

MR. EDITOR,—The following letter has been addressed to the editor of the *Christian Guardian*: "I have just to-day read in the *Guardian* that at the meeting of the General Board of Missions of the Methodist Church, held at Ottawa during the last week of September, it was resolved on motion of Rev. Dr. Potts, and seconded by Rev. Dr. Hannon, 'That in view of the comparatively limited Chinese population in British Columbia and the fact that their spiritual needs are fairly provided for by the Methodist missions, we regret that the constituency should be divided by the introduction of additional Protestant missions, and we recommend that the secretary be directed to correspond with the authorities of the Presbyterian Mission Board in regard to the matter.'"

This is so contrary to my idea of the spirit of the Methodist Church, that I am persuaded that the resolution was adopted under a misapprehension of the facts in the case, and to give the facts is one of the objects of this communication.

According to the last census reports there are 9,127 Chinese in Canada. Of these, I think, there are at least 8,000 in British Columbia. The largest number in any one place is about four thousand, in Victoria; next in order is New Westminster with about one thousand; the city of Vancouver follows, with perhaps eight hundred. Between two and three thousand are scattered in tens, twenties and fifties in various parts of the province.

To reach these 8,000 people the Methodist Church has three Chinese-speaking preachers, viz.: Rev. J. E. Gardner, in Victoria, one missionary to 4,000 persons; Mr. Ch'an Sing Kai, in New Westminster, one Chinese preacher to 1,000 persons and Dr. Liu Yik Pang, in Vancouver, one Chinese preacher to 800 persons.

In view of these facts, can it be said that the "spiritual needs" of the Chinese in British Columbia "are fairly provided for by the Methodist missions?"

Your own missionary, Rev. J. E. Gardner, tells me that there are at all times about four thousand Chinese in Victoria, and during the winter months, when the canneries are shut down, there are about five thousand. Mr. Gardner is the only Chinese-speaking worker the Methodist Church has on the Island of Vancouver; can he fairly provide for the spiritual needs of 5,000 persons? He would be the last man to say so; indeed, he has told me time and time again that he was glad that the Presbyterians were taking hold of the work among the Chinese in British Columbia, and that their doing so would help him much in his work. Yea, he has said to me, that he would be pleased to have the Presbyterians open their mission directly opposite his church on the same street—there happens to be a vacant lot there; it would do him no harm, but good. He is so pleased that the Presbyterians are taking up the work that he has done all in his power to help Mr. Winchester, the missionary appointed by the Presbyterian Church, even to giving him lessons in the Canton language, and he would have done much more than he has to help them but for sickness in his family.

Had Mr. Gardner been at that meeting in Ottawa, from what I know of him after an acquaintance of ten years, I should have expected him to offer an amendment to Dr. Potts' motion, to the effect that the Methodist Church rejoice to welcome their brethren of the Presbyterian Church as fellow-workers among the Chinese in British Columbia.

The Methodist Chinese church in Victoria can at most only seat 250 persons; supposing it to be filled with different audiences twice each Lord's Day, even then the Methodist Church would reach little more than one-tenth of the Chinese population of Victoria.

From the fact that the Methodist Church has but three Chinese-speaking preachers, in three different cities, to reach more than 9,000 Chinese, I conclude that the "spiritual needs" of the Chinese in British Columbia are not "fairly provided for by the Methodist missions."

My endeavour in this letter has been to show that the Methodist Church has not done all that is needed for the Chinese in British Columbia, and that it has no reason to regret that other Protestant missions are taking up the work. Had it been my purpose to tell of the noble effort of the Methodist Church to give the Gospel to the Chinese in British Columbia during the past seven years, I should have told you of the earnest, faithful work of Rev. J. E. Gardner, of Rev. E. Robson and his family, of Mr. Ch'an Sing Kai, of the Misses Leeke, Cartmel, Morrow and Clarke, and quite a number of ladies and gentlemen, who, not all Methodists, have helped in the good work. I should have told you of about one hundred and fifty Chinese brought out of darkness into light; of nearly thirty women and girls rescued from slavery and a life of shame; and of several Christian families here in Victoria as some of the tangible results of their labour of love.

The Methodist Church has done well, nobly well, and the present writer would gladly give to it all the credit that is due, but it has not, and can not with its present force of workers, fairly provide for the spiritual needs of the Chinese in British Columbia. I am sincerely yours,

C. A. COLMAN.

214 Pandora Ave., Victoria, B. C., Oct. 17, 1892.

Pastor and People.

"A SINNER, SAVED BY GRACE."

BY JOHN IMRIE.

O, God, I love to think of Thee,
And heaven, Thy holy dwelling-place;
I prostrate fall on bended knee,—
A sinner won by saving grace!

O, Jesus! blessed be Thy name,
I long to see Thy lovely face;
Thou bore for me the cross and shame,—
A poor lost sinner saved by grace!

And not for me alone Thy love,—
Enough for all the human race,
What multitudes there are above
That praise for aye Thy saving grace!

O, Saviour! I must worship Thee,
And all through life Thy footsteps trace;
I know Thou hast a place for me,—
For Thine I am by saving grace!

O, holy Comforter above,
Thy blessed Spirit shower on me;
May I reflect that perfect love
The light that leads me up to Thee!

Toronto, Canada.

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THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT.

EDITED BY M. H. C.

THE GARDENS OF ARIM.

Leaving Lokman still on his knees, the other two hastened down the hill, bought two swift-footed camels from the Amalika and speeded after the cloud, that they might receive all the praise for their successful mission. The cloud moved gently before them, inviting them on, and they followed rapidly, hardly taking time to eat by the way. At last the Adite land was reached, and the envoys saw all the people assembled to gaze upon the monstrous black pall that shrouded the sky just overhead. Breathless with the long race, the two messengers nevertheless dismounted and stood to receive the people's thanks. But gratitude was long gone out of their hearts, where selfishness only reigned. The relieved camels, weary as they were with the forced journey, tossed their heads and roared, then sped with far-outstretched legs rapidly towards their home. Then came a sound beyond the noise of thunder, a blast before which no living thing, man or beast or lofty tree, could stand, which no strong masonry of even Adite workmanship could resist, and the nation of the Adites was involved in total destruction. When at last the rain came, it fell on dead bodies and fallen trees, on ruined walls and barren sand. Thus did the day of long suffering come to an end as in the time of Noah, and as in that of Sodom's overthrow, and as it is yet to end when the salt of the earth is gathered out and the Judge of the world comes to execute judgment.

Lokman remained praying long after the other envoys had mounted their camels and ridden away. Some voice within told him to make no such purchase, but to go back as he had come. On the way he turned aside, both hungering and thirsting, to what seemed a grove of palm-trees. So indeed it was, and there he not only found food and water, but also his countrymen whom Hud had advised to leave the Adite land. He told them of the clouds, and they replied that they also had seen the black one moving westward like a living thing. And they had heard what he had not, the terrible noise that shook the earth for miles around. Together they went to their former home, fearing as they proceeded, but their fears were as nothing compared with the terrible reality. "Let us leave this place that God has cursed," the people cried. And Lokman answered, "Let us indeed leave the place, but know that God curses nor place nor man. It is man who brings a curse on himself and on the earth he inhabits, and on the things that God has made by yielding to the power of the Destroyer." So they went into the east and chose Lokman for their king, who ruled over them in the fear of God. Never did those who had witnessed the desolation forget the lesson taught by the overthrow of the first Adite nation.

Lokman's wife was among those saved by Hud, saved for Lokman's sake, for her father and all her relatives perished in the overthrow because they feared not God. Outwardly she worshipped, but her heart was with those who had been destroyed, and when her son Arim was born she determined to make him as far as she was able like the mighty men of old. So when he was old enough to learn, while his father taught him humbleness toward God and kindness toward all men, his mother sought to puff him up with ungodly pride, and with contempt for the peaceful and good-living Adites of the second nation. While Lokman warned him by the terrible fate of the despisers of religion who had perished in their sins, his wife told the boy tales of the prowess of these giants, what warriors and hunters they were, what clever robbers, how free they were, unbound by any law of God and man, until the child's mind, fired by the recital of his ancestors' deeds, learned to look upon his father as a mean-spirited creature, and to regard religion as a badge of slavery. Lokman soon saw this and tried to correct it, but the mischief was done and his efforts were all in vain. So the boy grew

up, tall, strong and handsome, an Adite of the Adites, but one of the old type who feared not God, neither regarded man.

Arim was a fullgrown man, a great hunter and warrior, a robber of caravans, a corrupter of youth, when his father Lokman died, calling upon the name of the God in whom he trusted. Just men carried him to his grave and made great lamentation over him. But Arim was secretly glad, for now he was free, with no strong hand to check him in his wild career, no warning voice to plead with his conscience that he should turn from the paths of wickedness. As his father's son he sat upon the Adite throne, but little justice was wrought on that judgment seat, save as it pleased his mad humour or suited his interests. Every kind of forbidden pleasure and crime he indulged in, and went so far as to become a man stealer. Going forth with his bands of strong young Adites into the defenceless villages beyond the bounds of his little kingdom, he would make prisoners of all their inhabitants, men, women and children, with all that they possessed of any value, and then in their sight commit their homes to the flames and cover their cultivated ground with stones. Then the sorrowful procession of new made slaves would set out, at the point of the spear or under the lash of hippopotamus hide whips, for the Adite country, there to be sold to cruel taskmasters, while their cattle and other property was divided between the king and their captors. So the Adites ceased to work and set their slaves to do all that they once were compelled to do for themselves.

A few good men and women remained who had seen the judgment and lived in the fear of God. Arim gave orders that no one should name the name of God openly or say anything to his young warriors about the fate of their countrymen, on pain of severe punishment. Otherwise, he said, his people could worship any God they chose. An old man called Khaldjun would not obey these orders, but said his prayers in public every day. He reproved the young men for their evil ways, and prophesied that the fate of the old nation would be that of the new, unless they repented and turned to God. He was dragged before Arim's judgment seat, and hundreds of wicked young men testified against him. The old man listened to all, then turned to the king and pleaded with him, for the love of God, for his father's memory, for the people's good, and his own salvation, to cease doing and teaching wrong. "What is this I hear?" thundered the king, "an insolent old traitor speaking treason to my face. Do you not know your master who has power to stop your words and your breath together?" The old man answered, mildly, "You have the power and I care not how soon you use it, for I have been longing to get out of this den of thieves into the paradise of God." "You shall go there straightway," roared the infuriated Arim, as he gave a signal to his warriors. With ferocity, not unmingled with shame, they led the feeble Khaldjun out into a stony field. There he knelt to make his last earthly prayer to God, saying, "Lord, receive me into Thy paradise," when the young men picked up great stones as large as a strong man could lift and threw them upon him so that he died.

The king passed by and looked at the mangled form of him whom he called his enemy, although he had been the best friend that remained to him since his father's death. "Had the insolent old hypocrite any more to say," he asked, and the murderers told how he had prayed God to receive him into His paradise. "Twice this paradise," said Arim to himself as he went towards his mother's house. After their greetings were over, he asked her what God's paradise was. She tried to put him off, saying it was better to enjoy the world and not think of such things. But he insisted on knowing, so she was forced to tell of the Garden of Eden, once fair and beautiful, without decay or any blemish, whence our first parents were driven on account of sin, and which God took up into the heavens to be a paradise for those who live and die to Him. The mother thought that perhaps her speech about God and paradise would frighten her son away from sin to seek after God, and as, though old, she was still a woman of the world, she did not like the thought. But nothing was farther removed from Arim's mind. "So God has a paradise hidden away somewhere, so that no man can see it," he said; "then Arim too will have his hidden away earthly paradise, where he can enjoy himself with those who worship him." The foolish, blasphemous woman, proud of the vain glorious despoiser of God that her poisonous training had made, knelt before her son and all unconsciously mocked the words of Khaldjun, the martyr, saying, "Receive me into thy paradise, lord Arim." The king promised, and left her.

To the south of the country of the new Adites lay the rocky peninsula of Sinai. It is a desolate region. Its great mountains of rock, granite, sandstone, chalk and other kinds shine wonderfully in the sun with many brilliant colours, presenting a scene of glory combined with majesty and desolation. It is supposed that at one time they were covered with trees and other vegetation, but that the copper and turquoise miners cut the trees down to make into charcoal for their smelting furnaces, so that the hot sun dried up what growth remained, and the rains swept the earth that supported it down into the village, whence it was carried by rapid mountain torrents and lost in the gulfs of the Red Sea. In one of the broadest of the valleys, shut in on almost every side by perpendicular rocks or cliffs, from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet high, Arim decided that he would make his garden. And there he meant to bring his bride, his mother, and the chief officers of his court.

First he went to claim his bride, far into the delta of Egypt where the river Nile became divided into seven streams that poured their waters into the Mediterranean Sea. With the Egyptian princess he obtained silver and gold and negro slaves, and much wealth of other kinds to enrich his Adite kingdom. And he promised her in a little while such an earthly paradise as the eye of mortal man had never seen. Then he set about his great undertaking. A large body of captives under the escort of a band of soldiers was led into the desolate valley, and set to work building a strong and high stone wall along its south-western end, with heavy buttresses of solid masonry, every here and there, to strengthen it against all pressure from above. Now, when the rains came down in torrents from the upper mountains of rock, washing away the soil, they found no outlet and so filled up the valley until it became a lake. But Arim had provided for this. In the centre of the valley running down its whole length he had made a water course of stone, an artificial canal widening here and there into fountains and small lakes. Into this canal the waters gradually subsided, leaving the rich earth they had brought down in the bed of the valley all round about. At the lower end of the valley in the wall was a sluice with a flood-gate, that could be thrown open when the waters increased too rapidly and be closed during the drought of summer. Dry earth of the best quality was brought in on the backs of camels, until at last, the desolate valley was such no longer, but a great succession of well-watered fertile fields.

There were skilful gardeners among the Egyptians, and the wealthy king of the Adites sent to his father-in-law for some of them, into whose hands he gave hundreds of slaves to do their bidding. Arim was not going to wait until seeds sprouted and grew through long years into shrubs and trees. He must have his garden at once. So the slaves under the guidance of the Egyptian gardeners dug up great palms and dragged them on long rollers and axles over the rough ground to the paradise and there planted them in the virgin soil. There also they planted fig trees and sycamores, pomegranates, and peach trees, olive trees, almond shrubs, evergreen oaks and acacias with milky blossoms, vines that climbed up the rocks, orange and lime trees; and under them, every kind of beautiful flower, roses and lilies, anemones, hyacinths, tulips, narcissus and the scarlet everlasting, while the air was filled with the fragrance of laurels and myrtles, of the oleaster and the styrax, of arbutus and thyme. And in the lakes, under the shelter of great cypress and willow trees, flourished the broad leaved lotus and the paper reed. The canal was stocked with all manner of fish, after the young of which came all kinds of brilliant water fowl, as well as after the rice that grew on the borders of the lakes. Wide patches of wheat and other grain invited the presence of song birds that filled the garden with melody by day and night. There was an enclosed park for deer, pastures for cattle and sheep, stables for horses, asses and camels. The wild goats could not be hindered climbing the steep mountain sides, but no serpent or dangerous beast was allowed to enter the gardens of Arim.

So the work of transformation was complete, and the slaves returned home, through the dreary burning wilderness, to the scene of their everyday life. Arim took his mother, his queen and her little son Haril, with singers and musicians, butlers and bakers, the chief people of his court and a great company of soldiers, and journeyed towards his paradise. The journey was a dreary and painful one, but it soon came to an end. Then before what seemed a wall of solid rock the king's trumpet sounded and the summons was answered by a blast within. Slowly, a massive gate of stone revolved, revealing a glimpse of the cool freshness and beauty beyond. In a moment the company seemed to leap from desolation and dread silence into heavenly beauty and perpetual song. As they moved forward to the lordly summer palace in the midst of the gardens, no one dared to speak. They were awe stricken and ravished with such a vision of earthly glory. First the king's mother found her tongue, and said as she knelt before her unworthy son: "This is thy work, lord Arim: I thank thee for admitting me into thy paradise." But the queen said, "Why do you kneel, mother? He is your son, and human like us all." "He is no man," was the reply. "Man could never make such a garden as this." Thereupon the courtiers cried, "This is the work of a god," and they bowed in homage before the vain despot who lorded it over them.

The garden was indeed a lovely place, a place like the lotus eater's land, to make one forget all ties and engagements, all business and duty, and yield up every sense and faculty to the enjoyment of the moment. Shut out or shut in from all the rest of the world, only the swift winged birds of prey hovering above, and the sure footed mountain goats upon the summit of the precipices could look down upon it. Had there been good people there, they would have known One whose eyes are over all the earth, and from whose knowledge nothing is hid. But Arim in his earthly paradise had usurped the place of God; yet he showed himself to be a man and a very vile one too. What to him were water and foliage, fruit and flowers, the hum of bees and the songs of birds, to him without a thought of the God who made them, and in them caused part of this beauty to be upon His creatures? They were simply objects of sense, and so they led unto other objects of sense, to music, singing and dancing, to gluttonous banqueting, to intemperate drinking and to worse things that one dare not name. So the beautiful gardens became vile in the sight of the Holy God, and vile also in the sight of that good Egyptian princess, the queen, and of her little son Haril, whose constant cries gave her the desired opportunity of leaving the scene of revelry, and retiring to a quiet spot in the artificial imitation of nature's loveliness.

(To be continued.)

Our Young Folks.

WISDOM.

Little masteries achieved,
 Little wants with care relieved,
 Little words with love expressed,
 Little wrongs at once confessed,
 Little graces meekly worn,
 Little slights with patience borne ;
 These are treasures that shall rise
 Far beyond the smiling skies.

Do all the good you can,
 To all the people you can,
 In every place you can,
 At every time you can,
 In all the ways you can,
 And as long as ever you can.

A TRUE DOG STORY.

Last year a clergyman of Norfolk, England, missed his pet dog and there was much grief in the family, for Rough, the lost collie, was a favourite with the grown folks as well as with the children. Some nine months later the clergyman happened to go to Cattle Hill where the drovers were, saw Rough and joyously laid claim to him ; but Rough's new master, a drover, refused to give him up and there was a dispute. Of course the drovers were in sympathy with their fellow, and the clergyman found the odds against him. The drover said that he had owned Rough for years ; the minister held to it that Rough was the very Rough that he had raised. Two policemen came running up and the case was stated.

"But how can you prove ownership?" asked one of the officers.

That put the minister in mind of something. He thrust his hand into his pocket, pulled out a penny, and gave it to the dog with the command, "Rough, fetch a loaf."

Rough with the penny in his mouth went to the nearest bakery, made it clear that he wanted some bread, and soon came trotting back to the crowd. The clergyman broke off a morsel, gave it to Rough and stood by while the dog munched it. Suddenly the clergyman exclaimed, "Rough, I believe that bread is poisoned!"

Out the dog spat the piece of bread, and the crowd cried "Bravo!"

There was no longer any doubt as to the true ownership, and, to the shame of the drover, the dog trotted off at the minister's heels.

THE COMPASS.

When He the Spirit of Truth is come, He will guide you into all truth.—
John xvi. 13.

The carriage was at the door. Papa, mamma and Clara Bell had said good-bye to everybody at least six times, for were they not to cross the great ocean to be gone a long time, and it takes more than one good-bye to last all summer?

Papa and mamma were sad, but Clara Bell was not sad at all. Why should she be, when there were so many new things to see? And wasn't mamma going too? Can anybody be sad when she has her mamma?

But when they were on the steamer, and the last spire of the city had disappeared, and the last brown line of shore had faded, Clara Bell drew a little sigh.

"Why, it's nothing but water," she said. "Where shall I go to walk?"

"Oh, you must walk on deck," said papa.

"But where shall I get dandelions and buttercups, and hear the birds sing?"

"You must wait for the poppies on the other side," said papa, "and maybe you will see the big seabirds—a gull, perhaps."

So Clara Bell watched for the sea-gulls every day, and she did not sigh any more, for there was a great deal to see on the steamer, even if there were no buttercups.

There were ropes, and sails, and little boats at the sides of the vessel, and ever so many queer things. She went down into the engine room one day, but she did not stay long, because it was so warm. And she was always sober afterwards, when she thought of the poor, heated men working by the hot fire.

But the best place on the steamer for Clara Bell was the pilot-house. She liked to stand there and watch the man with his hand on the wheel. Sometimes she talked with him.

"I don't see any path in the water," she said.

"No miss, it's all the same," the man answered.

"But how do you know where you are going?" asked the puzzled child.

"That tells me," said the pilot, pointing to something which looked to Clara Bell like a big watch. "It's a compass," the pilot explained, "and that little finger always points straight and true to the north. That's my guide. It shows me the way."

Clara Bell stood looking at the compass when papa came to find her. "That's a guide," she said, "that needle points straight and true, and shows the way."

"Yes," said papa, "the sailor at sea or the traveller on land must look at his compass and watch the pointing finger if he wishes to keep in the right way and reach his home."

"Is there another compass?" asked Clara Bell in surprise.

"Oh, yes," was the answer, "anybody can have a compass, and there is something else that anybody who will may have,—this is a guide in his heart to point out the right way. We call this guide the Spirit of God. It would be sad to be left on the great ocean with nothing to show the way. It is more sad to be without any guide into the way of truth." Clara Bell was so interested in the compass after this that when they landed in Liverpool, papa bought her a pocket compass, and she carried it everywhere with her to remind her to keep a compass in her heart.

I KNOW A THING OR TWO.

"My dear boy," said a father to his only son, "you are in bad company. The lads with whom you associate indulge in bad habits. They drink, smoke, swear, play cards and visit theatres. They are not safe company for you. I beg you to quit their society."

"You needn't be afraid for me, father," replied the boy, laughingly ; "I guess I know a thing or two. I know how far to go and when to stop."

The lad left his father's house twirling his cane in his fingers and laughing at the "old man's notions."

A few years later, and that lad, grown to manhood, stood at the bar of a court, before a jury which had just brought in a verdict of guilty against him for some crime in which he had been concerned. Before he was sentenced he addressed the court and said, among other things : "My downward course began in disobedience to my parents. I thought I knew as much as my father did, and I spurned his advice ; but as soon as I turned my back upon my home, temptations came upon me like a drove of hyenas and hurried me into ruin."

Mark that confession, ye boys who are beginning to be wiser than your parents ! Mark it and learn that disobedience is the first step on the road to ruin. Don't take it.

NEVER GIVE UP.

Never sit down and confess yourself beaten. If there are difficulties in the way, struggle with them like a man. Use all your resources, put forth all your strength, and "never say die." The case may seem hopeless, but there is generally a way out somehow. Are you bound and fettered by hurtful habits? Do not despair. You can't do much to help yourself, it is true, but there is One who never fails to strengthen the young man when he makes an honest attempt to overcome temptation and master every evil passion. "He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings." That is the experience of thousands of fellows who have felt their feet slipping, who have begun to sink in the quicksands of sin, and have reached out a hand to accept the loving help of the strong and gentle Christ. While He lives and loves, no man need ever give up.

A BAND OF MERCY BOY.

A short time ago, as a gentleman was crossing Market Street near Twenty-second Street, New York, a boy not over ten years old, who had been walking just before him, ran into the street and picked up a broken glass pitcher. He supposed he intended the pieces as missiles, since the desire to throw something seems instinct in every boy. Consequently the gentleman was much surprised when the boy tossed the pieces into a vacant lot on the corner and walked quietly on. As he passed whistling, the teller of the story said : "Why did you pick up that pitcher?" "I was afraid it might cut some horse's foot," he replied. My next question was a natural one : "Are you a Band of Mercy boy?" He smiled and said : "Oh yes, that's why I did it." The bands of mercy were drawn very closely around the dear little fellow's heart.

A BOY'S RELIGION.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, though he can't lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, climb and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against the larger ones. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution or deceit. And above all things, he ought now and then to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting a game to say he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement, that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.

No flowery rhetoric can tell the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla as well as the cures accomplished by this excellent medicine.

MINARD'S Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Nov. 27, 1892. } THE APOSTLES TURNING TO THE GENTILES. { Acts viii.
 1892. } { 44: xiv. 7.

GOLDEN TEXT.—I have set thee to be a light to the Gentiles.—Acts xiii. 47.

INTRODUCTORY.

When Paul and Barnabas preached the Gospel of Christ in the Jewish synagogue at Antioch in Pisidia, general interest was awakened. The Gospel did not leave the people there as it found them. A number of the Jews believed, so did many of the proselytes, and some of the Gentiles. Others hesitated and still others among the Jews were roused to active opposition to the ambassadors of Christ. During the week that intervened the Apostle and his companion had been diligent in the work of making known the Gospel to all whom they were able to reach.

I. The Gospel at Antioch in Pisidia. The Doctrine of Salvation by faith in the crucified Messiah made a deep impression for the time being among all classes in Antioch. Those who had heard Paul's sermon in the synagogue on the preceding Sabbath talked about it among their neighbours. The Apostle's labours during the week had greatly deepened and extended that interest. Almost the whole city was stirred, and most of the people assembled to hear what these preachers of saving truth had to say. The Jews, who had not been favourably impressed by Paul's proclamation of God's truth were stirred up with envy and jealous feeling at the success attending the Apostolic Mission. They began to dispute passionately with the Apostles. They contradicted what was said, and indulged in coarse and abusive language. The fierce opposition they encountered only made the missionaries more determined and courageous. They did not answer railing for railing, but told their excited opponents, "it was necessary that the word of God should first have been spoken to you ; but seeing ye put it from you, and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles." The Apostles had acted in strict conformity with the instructions they had divinely received. The offer of salvation was first made to the Jews. It was therefore necessary that they in the first instance should be invited to participate in its blessings. Their rejection of the Gospel was made regardless of the results of their action. They did not know the tremendous consequences of refusing the message of reconciliation. By so acting they judged themselves unworthy of everlasting life. Still in obedience to God's command the Apostles announced it as their purpose, to turn to the Gentiles. Paul then repeats to them God's command, as it applies to the Messiah. The reference is found in Isaiah xlix. 6. "I have set Thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that Thou shouldst be for salvation unto the ends of the earth." The Jews were invested with special religious privileges, but God's purpose was that through them all nations should be blessed. If they, through their unbelief, failed in the attainment of salvation through the Redeemer, that would not hinder the divine purpose. In fidelity to that purpose the apostles, in spite of the most determined opposition, resolved to make their appeal to the Gentiles. If the Jews were beside themselves with envy, the Gentiles were delighted with what they heard, and glorified the word spoken. The result was that "as many as were ordained to eternal life believed." This means that salvation is God's free gift. The mystery of the divine procedure neither destroys human freedom nor personal responsibility. The good work went on, "the word of the Lord was published through all the region." The enemies of the Gospel did not remain idle. Possibly they felt that their direct hostility, especially in the state of the public temper existing, would possibly accomplish little. They sought to enlist the sympathy and support of the most influential citizens in the place on their side. "They stirred up devout and honourable women," possibly proselytes to the Jewish faith, "and the chief men of the city," magistrates and such as were influential. By the aid of these the Jews succeeded in doing what they might otherwise have failed to accomplish. When good people take the wrong side they help others to do much mischief. The apostles, conforming to the instructions of their Master, "shook off the dust of their feet against them." Not in scorn nor in anger did they do this, but as a last remonstrance and a testimony that the responsibility of driving them out rested on their persecutors. The disciples felt behind were not discouraged by the persecution of their foes, nor cast down because the apostles had left them. They had the presence of the Comforter abiding with them, "they were filled with joy and with the Holy Ghost."

II. The Gospel at Iconium.—After leaving Antioch, Paul and Barnabas proceeded to Iconium, a large town in Lycaonia, about sixty miles south-east of the town from which they had been expelled. The name it had in the apostles' days can still be traced in its modern form, Konieh. It has a population of between twenty and thirty thousand inhabitants. They began their work in Iconium by preaching in the Jewish synagogue. Both went together. Their message was abundantly blessed, for "a great multitude both of the Jews and also of the Greeks believed." While in this there was much to encourage the apostles, they had also much opposition to encounter. Here again the unbelieving Jews were hostile to the Gospel and those that preached it. They were busy in their efforts to misrepresent the Gospel and to prejudice the minds of the Gentiles against the apostles. As long as they were permitted to declare God's truth they remained on the field. They were not intimidated by the active opposition of their foes. They were enabled to speak freely and boldly. They met with great success in their work, the Lord bearing "testimony unto the word of His grace, and granted signs and wonders to be done by their hands." When the Gospel gains an entrance into the hearts of men it produces harmony. When it is making its way among people it produces division. At Iconium it was made the occasion of keen party strife. "The multitude of the city was divided ; and part held with the Jews, and part with the apostles." The Jews, with the rulers of the synagogue and the Gentiles who were opposed to the Gospel, formed a conspiracy to attack Paul and Barnabas, to ill-treat them and to attack them with stones. The disciples having learned that such was the purpose of their persecutors they avoided the danger by leaving the city. They fled from strife, but not from their work. If the door was closed against them at Iconium they went southward and laboured in Lystra and Derbe, and the region round about. Wherever an opportunity presented itself "there they preached the Gospel."

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

What striking examples of fidelity in God's service do we see in Paul and Barnabas. Success and opposition alike stimulate them to greater constancy and zeal.

How great is the responsibility of every one to whom the Gospel comes. They that reject, reject everlasting life.

God's work goes steadily on. If the Jews refuse offered mercy, His messengers turn to the Gentiles.

Devout women and chief men by paying attention to the enemies of the truth may be responsible for doing much harm.

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The Canada Presbyterian.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 16th, 1892.

A GOVERNMENT has no right to tax the whole body of the people for the benefit of a few private individuals. At least that was the opinion given at the polls last week by the people of the United States.

IT pays in the end to have principles even in politics and to stick to them. Four years ago Grover Cleveland annoyed some of his friends and strengthened the ranks of his opponents by manfully laying before the people his policy of tariff reform. He went under in 1888 because he dared to say what he thought was right. The revolution of last week seems to say that even in politics honesty is the best policy—in the end.

THE Inter-Collegiate Missionary Alliance held its annual conference in Woodstock last week. The various colleges were well represented, Knox College, Queen's University and the Presbyterian College, Montreal, sent a number of delegates. The other denominational colleges each sent a worthy contingent. The proceedings show how the missionary spirit has begun to pervade college life, and how deep an interest is felt in the work of the world's evangelization. It may be expected that many of the young men who take an active part in college missionary organizations will in due time devote their talents and energies to the work of the Gospel in heathen lands.

THANKSGIVING DAY was the bluest seen in Ontario for many a year. It was a "raw and gusty day" and there were two or three inches of snow on the ground. Congregations were of course thin, and we fear the collections were thin, too. It is to be hoped that the large number of people who were afraid to venture out gave thanks at home. If the gratitude of the nation is to be estimated by the number of people in some of the churches, a day of humiliation would be a more suitable thing than a day of thanksgiving. In every town and on every concession in the country people may be found complaining about dull trade, low prices and ills of various kinds, real or imaginary. If people will not go out one day in a year to thank God for His mercies what do they deserve?

THE trial by jury of the ex-Premier of Quebec was one of those blunders that a celebrated Frenchman declared to be worse than a crime. Mercier was deposed by the Lieutenant Governor, tried by a Commission, tried again by the people, and condemned at the polls. His property was then sold out and he was politically as dead as Julius Caesar. His opponents insisted on indicting him for a criminal offence, in order that he might be

imprisoned. They outraged the feelings of every lover of British fair-play at the start, by showing a desire to keep the charges hanging over the head of the accused. The trial was forced on and he was acquitted, as everybody who understands human nature knew he would be. If one of those revolutions in public opinion, so common in old France and quite possible in Quebec, should make him Premier again his opponents will have the grim satisfaction of knowing that they took him from under the lowest rung of the political ladder and gave him a fresh start upwards.

WHAT mean these union thanksgiving services, and platform meetings and thanksgiving concerts, and various odd substitutes for the old-fashioned thanksgiving sermon, that we see reported in so many journals? Do they mean that the pastors are so busy that they cannot find time to prepare a thanksgiving sermon? Or do they mean that the people refuse to attend their own churches in numbers large enough to make it worth while to prepare a sermon for them? Are the people, even the Presbyterian people, tired of preaching, so tired that they prefer two or three semi-political addresses? Or have they become so ungrateful that they will not go to church and thank God for His mercies? What do these substitutes for preaching mean anyway? We very much fear they mean ingratitude on the part of the people and decreasing influence on the part of the Ontario pulpit. They are not good signs. A union meeting is often a flag of distress.

THE Interior compares the Presidential campaign just closed with the contest of the good old times—

The political campaign which has just closed will be as remarkable in history for its quietness as that of 1840 was for its noise. There has been no excitement, but a great vote. The country will probably never again see the campaign scenes of the past. In 1840 we had log-cabins and cider; in '44 barbecues; in '48 military bands and banners; in '52 the same; in '56 a fiery campaign, the preliminary skirmish of the civil war, the people filled with passion; in '60 still deeper feeling, but not so demonstrative as it was four years before, because the impending conflict was foreseen; in '64 it was all one way, also in '68 and '72; in '76 the old political ardour came on again, which was reproduced in '80, '84 and '88, but at each election with diminishing heat. And now in '92 we have a quiet thoughtful vote, and this we may expect for the future, until some impending question, like the labour question, come to a sharp issue.

Our neighbours seem to have entered upon an era of common sense in political matters. Why civilized men should act as lunatics or knaves when they elect their rulers is not a question easily answered. Perhaps the best of men are civilized only in spots.

IN the Province of Quebec, the liberty of the press is liable at times to summary suspension. Ecclesiastical authority steps in whenever, according to its opinion, criticism has been freely directed against frightful abuses which cannot be concealed. The recent flagrant case in which a priest was involved led to vigorous denunciation of existing immorality and, what struck home, the dangers of the confessional. The bishops tried by comparatively mild methods to silence press utterances on these subjects, but scathing criticism was continued. This was too much. The Archbishop of Montreal has issued a pastoral which was read in the Montreal churches last Sabbath in which the worst offenders, the *Canada Review*, and the *Echo des Deux Montagnes* are placed under the ban, and diverse spiritual penalties denounced on all who in any way give countenance or support to the offending publications. This summary mode of answering opponents is less troublesome than refuting them by argument. Even archi-Episcopal authority may be carried too far, and the pent up deluge may break forth with still greater violence.

THE next General Assembly should take decided action in regard to Thanksgiving Day. If the day is to be one for sport, for military reviews, sham battles, football matches and the like, the Supreme Court should instruct our ministers and people to stop mocking the Almighty by calling it a day of national thanksgiving. It is quite true that Thanksgiving Day is not the Sabbath, but if the name means anything it means a day on which the people should give thanks to God for His mercies. If the day appointed by the Government is to be merely a day for sport, the Assembly should memorialize the Government to change the name or stop making any appointment whatever. Theoretically

the present arrangement is good; practically it is becoming a mockery. If matters go on as they are, what is called Thanksgiving Day will soon be nothing more than a day of amusement—a day for sport with heavy betting and equally heavy drinking. Surely this nation has sins enough to account for without officially mocking God by calling a day of that kind a Thanksgiving Day. The General Assembly has often spent a good deal of time on matters of far less importance than national thanksgiving.

IT seems difficult for some of our Presbyteries to realize that the conditions in regard to population have been reversed in Ontario. Heretofore, especially in the western part of the Province, the Church has worked in an increasing population and that kind of work is always easy and agreeable. Now the tide has turned and we have to work in many places with a stationary population and in many others with a population steadily though perhaps slowly decreasing. The wisdom of the Church will be shown by an immediate adjustment of our work to the new conditions. But that is exactly what does not always take place. The civilized world knows how prone Presbyterians are to do everything "as it was done before." A few years ago many of our western Presbyteries might open a mission station or erect a congregation as often as they were asked so to do. No small part of their work was to grant new organizations. It is painfully clear now that some of them organized too much. The country was new and it was not always easy to know what place would grow and what dwindle. Besides this ever-present uncertainty railroads have made havoc of some places and have built up others. There need be no difficulty now in knowing exactly what the policy of the Church should be in the older parts of the country. No new organization should be granted until it is made reasonably clear that there are people there to organize and that the people are likely to remain. If Presbyteries will persist in opening unnecessary stations and establishing unnecessary congregations the Home Mission and Augmentation Committees should refuse aid. If people will persist in calling for the opening of unnecessary stations and congregations call for church extension let them pay for their theory with their own money. The true policy is to "double up" in the old parts of the country where the population is declining and extend in the new where the population is increasing. We must do that or die.

THE religious papers across the line are dealing vigorously with the odious crime of buying and selling votes in political contests. The *Christian at Work* says:—

The statements are made in the daily press and not denied, that large sums have been sent into different States, not for the purpose of procuring speakers—the money was not sent till last week, just as the campaign was closing—but for the purpose of bribing voters. Of such bribery there seems to be not the slightest doubt whatever. It was hoped by many that with the adoption of the secret ballot by forty of the forty-four States, bribery would measurably cease; but it seems that the politicians are willing to take their chances on securing the votes which they assume to buy; while the other alternative still remains,—that of bribing political opponents not to vote at all. Such a vote counts one, against two when the voter casts a purchased ballot,—but abstinence in voting seems to have its value in the market. Both forms of bribery, however, prevail all through the country, and are practised by both the great political parties. It is a crying shame that this abuse should exist, evidenced in the fact that bundles of currency of the denomination of one and two dollars have been shipped all over the country till there is a dearth of small bills here. Of course this means bribery at the polls; speakers are not paid in these small bills. It is clear we must have a recasting of our statutes bearing upon the franchise, before the purity of the ballot box can be assured.

"Recasting" the statutes is no remedy. In Canada the statutes have been cast and recast and cast again and bribery in one form or another still exists. The only effectual remedy is to recast the people. Just how that can be done is the problem. The only power we know that can recast them is the Gospel and unfortunately venal voters are not much under the influence of the Gospel and do not wish to be. Our contemporary adds:—

This use of money is the great crying evil that threatens us at the present time; and it is only the simple truth to say that no nation, least of all a republic, can maintain itself with a purchasable franchise. The announcements of the use of money for vote-purchasing have scarcely aroused any expostulation.

Responsible government has ceased to exist in any nation in which a large proportion of the voters are venal and the nation itself must soon rot out of existence. In the last analysis the stability of any

nation depends mainly on the integrity of its people. There is no future for any country in which one party bribes without shame and justifies its corruption by saying the other is just as bad. If that statement is true then so much the worse for the country.

WORK WHILE IT IS DAY.

IN a paper, "Old Memories Interviewed," which appeared recently in an English magazine, a lady gives some recollections of the distinguished people she had met. Here is a paragraph of general interest, and with a characteristic moral:—

Some years later, I must have been in the spring of 1865, I met Dr. Livingstone at one of those brilliant gatherings given by Sir Roderick Murchison in his character of president of the Geographical Society. It was a gay scene—a union of fashionable and diplomatic people, politicians, and other unclassed elements of a society, often boring and bored—with a qualifying admixture of scientific men and women, many of whom were foreigners. Amongst the crowd there was no personality more interesting, I thought, than that of Livingstone. His countenance wore all its old expression of supreme earnestness and of high purpose, but I fancied he looked sad and worn. This emboldened me to say, while regretting that he was again about to leave us for the wilds of Africa, that I thought he should rest now, having done more than his share of work. He replied, in these memorable words, so simply spoken, so characteristic of the man: "While," said he, "I have life and strength, I shall always feel I have a work to do."

The words with which the above paragraph concludes embody the principle on which the great missionary explorer acted throughout his grand self-denying life. It indicates how fully he realized the responsibility resting upon him to serve as best he could Him who had bestowed the gift of life, and the Saviour to whom it was consecrated. His aim from youth on to the end was noble. It involved self-sacrifice, singleness of purpose and love for his fellow men. How the grand unselfishness of devoted service rebukes the theory and practice of living for unworthy ends, and making all life subservient to selfish ambition and personal gratification. The two-fold work accomplished by Dr. Livingstone, direct service as a foreign missionary, and exploration in the interior of the great African continent that it might be opened up to the triumphs of the Gospel and civilizing influences, called into exercise the large capacity for earnest and unremitting toil and patient endurance that enabled him to accomplish so much. His example has stimulated a number of other labourers, animated by a kindred purpose, to enter on the same field, and now the Dark Continent obtains a degree of interested attention it never before received. Why should such devotion to duty be so comparatively rare, that when conspicuous instances occur they should be deemed extraordinary? Is it not the one law for all life on this planet? What simpler or more comprehensive expression of that law, apart from the inspired Word can be found than is to be found in the answer to the first question in the Shorter Catechism. Work in some form is the lot of humanity. It should not be drudgery or unwilling service, but whatever its sphere there ought to be a spirit of consecration, and, as enforced in the teaching of the New Testament, all service, high or humble, should be rendered as if to Christ as master. This would bring out more prominently the true nobility of toil. If such, then, ought to be the inspiring spirit of all honest labour, surely it ought to characterize the service of those whose lives are devoted to the spiritual and moral elevation of sinning and suffering humanity. Livingstone felt that his was a life-long obligation to work in the Lord's vineyard. His purpose was carried out to the end, when it came to him in the sublimity and pathos of his death in the interior of the great African continent. One of the Reformation worthies had the true idea of consecrated service when he said he had to toil on while life lasted, for he had eternity to rest in.

SPIRITUAL CULTURE.

RELIGIOUS life is manifold in its expression. One star differs from another in glory; so here on earth the individual believer has his own experience. The principle of religious life is one, but its manifestation is endlessly diversified. Faith and love are its essentials, but these unfold themselves in different ways. There are diversities of gifts, but the one Spirit. This is in accordance with the divine plan, which in a measure we see realized in the field of nature, in human life, and in the operations of grace. There are certain broad tendencies which religious life displays. In some it

appears to be closely interwoven with the intellectual life; in others it is more distinctly practical and emotional. In accordance with these individual tendencies, sympathy with different forms of outward religious life leads to alliance with such forms as appear best to meet the needs of the individual soul. In these affinities may be found a reason for the widely differing religious tendencies of this or any age. High Churchism apparently meets the wants of many in the present day. To those contemplating this special form of Christianity, which received such an impetus from the Tractarian movement, and which so extensively prevails in the Anglican Communion, it appears to magnify externals to an extent which not only seems dangerous, but ridiculous. And yet, behind it there is a degree of strong religious life. Several of the men identified with the origin of the ritualistic movement were men of eminent piety and deep religious fervour. Amid all its present exclusiveness and deficient charity, there are many in its ranks who are zealous and devoted in their cultivation of spiritual life. Those who hold closely by the doctrines of grace those attached to Evangelical Christianity place a high value on experimental religion, and the Churches known as Evangelical afford a congenial home for the nurture and expansion of the Christian life and its attendant graces. The Broad Church gives shelter to those who apprehend religion chiefly on the intellectual side, and many who are unidentified formally with this section of the modern church, have greater or less sympathy with the position assumed by its more distinctive leaders. In all of these differing forms of religious expression Christian life is finding development.

Nor can it be forgotten that there are spiritual dangers peculiar to each. Devout souls, fascinated by the symbolic splendours of ritualism, may be easily, yet insensibly, led to place an undue value on externals, a superstitious regard for non-essentials, which in turn conduces to the growth of that unlovely spirit of ecclesiastical arrogance, which unchurches those who cannot pronounce High Church shibboleths. The cleavage is widest between the High Church party and the evangelical denominations, and the line separating ritualistic Anglicans from the Church of Rome is steadily becoming less distinctly marked. The fact that so many have gone from this section of the Anglican Church to that of Rome at once suggests the special danger to which its adherents are exposed. There may be various causes why ritualism with its ornate services forms an attraction to so many in our day, but there would seem to be a degree of mental indolence, and a desire to lessen individual responsibility by depending on the Church and its priesthood—that is the designation modern Anglicans prefer—for securing the higher blessings of religious life. The journey from this stage of experience to acceptance of the dogmas of Rome and its authority over conscience is but short, and a great many traverse this short and easy route.

Broad Churchism is not so intolerant as High Churchmen are disposed to be. It is not much more friendly to Evangelical religion, but its disdain and exclusiveness are not so pronounced. The spiritual vitality it is supposed to nourish is not of a very robust character. It lives in an atmosphere of speculative doubt, which is never conducive to fervency of spirit. In the effort to reconcile religion with certain tendencies of modern thought, much that is essential to a vital Christianity is viewed with indifference, and rationalism with its chilling air stunts the growth of a healthy spiritual life.

But has evangelical Christianity, which rightly gives special prominence to the doctrines of grace, no dangers against which those who desire to live a life in conformity with the teaching and spirit of Christ have to guard? That section of Christianity has not yet attained; neither is it already perfect. It, too, has its narrowness, and is too much lacking in the spirit of true charity. It has not yet realized its own ideal. Much has to be achieved before it becomes a perfect embodiment of the great truths it has been its mission to teach. The Church of Christ in all its different sections is awakening to a higher sense of its great responsibilities. It is becoming earnest in its efforts for the diffusion of the Gospel both at home and abroad. What is it doing for the advancement of spiritual life among those within its fold? There are abundant activities in every department, but there is a question that deserves earnest consideration: Are the average professors of the Christian faith more reverent and devout in spirit, and becoming more Christ-like in their lives?

Books and Magazines.

THE Willard tract depository have on sale a beautiful photograph portrait of Rev. J. Paton, D.D., of the New Hebrides Mission. The likeness is strikingly accurate.

THE EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY. (Toronto: Canada Educational Monthly Publishing Co.) The November number opens with Professor Clark's paper on Tennyson. Then there are papers on "Teaching Elementary Physics," "Personality in Teaching," "Mathematics as a part of a course of Liberal Culture," "The Bread-and-Butter Education," "Literature in America," and a many other good things. There is besides much else of great value to those engaged in the practical work of Education.

KNOX COLLEGE MONTHLY. (Toronto: The I. E. Bryant Co.) The opening paper is the reproduction of Professor Gregg's admirable lecture delivered at the opening of Knox College Session. Mr. J. G. McKechnie, B.A., writes on "The Knox College Museum," as it is and as it ought to be. There is an interesting letter from Rev. J. Goforth, China, and an excellent paper on "Victoria Industrial School," by E. A. Harrison, B.A. The Rev. A. Brocher, who was present at the Pan-Presbyterian Council, contributes a short paper giving an account of "The Missionary Church of Belgium." The doings of the Alumni Association come in for extended treatment in the present number, which is one of great excellence.

BOOK NEWS. (Philadelphia: J. Wanamaker.) The November number is brimming over with good things for readers for holidays and for all days. The news of the new books just ready and to come, is nowhere else so fully chronicled. The plate portrait is of Tennyson, accompanied by a critical biographical sketch from the *New York Sun*. Portraits of Jean Ingelow, Earnest Renan and Herman Melville, are also presented with brief sketches of the authors' lives, and lists of their works. The issue contains besides these, upwards of thirty illustrations from new books, which have reviews, or else have received due mention in an all comprehensive price list of over sixteen pages. Mr. Dole contributes the Boston letter, and Mr. Williams the article on "New Books," both newsy and bright as ever.

THE CANADIAN ALMANAC. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.) This valuable and serviceable publication has made its appearance regularly for the last forty-six years, and it is better than ever. The new issue for 1893 has some new features to still further commend it to general acceptance; such as a list of barristers and solicitors in Ontario prepared for and incorporated with the Almanac. In connection with this is a list of practising notaries in the Province of Quebec, by special permission of the Law Society. The clergy list has been enlarged, and now includes all denominations in the Dominion. The astronomical information has been extended to Quebec and Winnipeg, and a tide table giving the times of high water at Quebec for 1893 has been prepared. The regular departments have been carefully revised and corrected to the latest possible date, and a list of the changes occurring since going to press is given on the last page of the book.

THE PRESBYTERIAN QUARTERLY. (Richmond, Va.: Whittet & Shepperson.)—The scholarship and literary talent in the Southern Church find scope for their exercise in this admirable quarterly. The subject that forms the opening paper is not a new one. It is old as humanity, and therefore of perennial interest, "The Immortality of the Soul." The subject receives able and scholarly treatment by Professor Dabney. Next comes "A Religious Estimate of Carlyle," by Francis L. Ferguson, St. Louis. Dr. Sample discusses "Romanism and the Public Schools." "A Modern Jehu" is the title of a paper that deals with Dr. Driver's critical methods. Dr. Primrose writes on "Pentecostal Baptism." "Some Literary Aspects of the Book of Judges" and "Beneficiary Education—its Present Unsatisfactory Status" come up for consideration. The department of Criticisms and Reviews is interesting and valuable. Among the regular contributors to this section we find the names of Dr. Watts, Belfast, and Dr. F. R. Beattie, of Columbia.

THE PRESBYTERIAN AND REFORMED REVIEW. (Philadelphia: MacCalla & Co.)—The current number of this very ably conducted quarterly is freighted with good things. The opening paper is by Professor Morris on "The Eschatology of our Symbols." Dr. Merrill contributes a paper of much interest on "Discoveries in Jerusalem." Principal Waller comments on "Some Recent Theological Movements in the Church of England." "The Present Aspect of our Religious Life" is considered by Rev. Dr. Gosman. There is a paper which, from the subject itself and because it is from the pen of the late Professor Aiken, of Princeton, will be read with peculiar interest. The Rev. Sylvester W. Beach discusses the question of "The Church and Popular Amusements." There is a learned contribution on "Urim and Thumim" by Rev. Henry E. Dosker. In the editorial department Principal Caven gives a resume of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. There is the usual comprehensive and ably written review of recent theological, philosophical and general literature—a feature by no means the least important and valuable in this standard publication.

AN ISLAND PARADISE and Reminiscences of Travel. By H. Spencer Howell. (Toronto: Hart & Riddell.)—The charming scenery of the Islands of the Pacific make a favourable impression on every beholder. No wonder that Mr. Howell dwells lovingly on the memories of the time spent on these lovely islands. His descriptions of what he saw in his journey round the world are most satisfactory. He does not weary the reader with prolix historical disquisitions, but tells his story straightforwardly in clear and graceful English. He observes keenly and with accuracy and is possessed of the art of clearly reproducing what he has observed. The entire book is pleasant reading. It awakens in the most inveterate stay-at-home, the desire to go forth and gaze on the scenes the author has been privileged to see. In most cases, however, that cannot be. The next best thing in the circumstances is to take up this book, and, with Mr. Howell for a cheerful and competent cicerone, anyone can have a pleasant journey round the world, and the comforts of home life at the same time. The book is handsomely printed and finely illustrated.

Choice Literature.

A POSSIBILITY.

(Concluded.)

Uncle Gregory smiled kindly into the blue eyes turned so earnestly up to his. "How shall we go about it?" he asked. "She must be sent to the city, put in—Hospital, and you—"

"Edna, Edna, don't talk nonsense!" interrupted her uncle.

Edna always found Dr. Gregory Gray quite a different person from her merry, genial uncle. He permitted no trifling in his office, and Edna generally discreetly avoided any meddling with professional matters, but to-day her ardour rendered her bold.

"You can do anything I am sure you can make her well," she urged, with that blind belief which is so distasteful to an intelligent physician.

Dr. Gray was evidently annoyed.

"Stop, stop, Edna; you are discussing a subject of which you are totally ignorant," he said. "Neither you nor I know yet the extent of this poor girl's helplessness, or whether or not it be possible to relieve her. Besides, people of her class often entertain strong prejudices against hospitals; she might refuse to enter one, and probably has not the means to go to the city anyway. You do not even know her name, do you? Ah, I thought not," as Edna shook her head. "Well, I can help you out there. It is Agnes White. She is the orphan niece of Captain Watson, with whom we go out sailing and fishing—an honest, intelligent fellow, but a poor one, with a large family."

"Uncle Gregory," began Edna, very timidly, "Mamma gives me a dollar every day for a ride on the beach. In two weeks that would be fourteen dollars—no, only twelve, as I do not ride on Sundays. Surely that would be enough for—Agnes White; and I know mamma will be willing to let me spend it as I like."

A wave, larger than any previous, glided swiftly toward the wreck, but so smoothly, so quietly, that Edna carelessly watched its advance, certain every instant that the next it would recede. But on and on it came, and at length she was only saved from a good wetting by Dr. Gray's strong arm. Swinging her to a place of safety, he laughed:—

"Evidently, my little niece, it is time for you to leave the beach if you propose disputing old Ocean's rights in this way!"

But Edna was in no joking mood.

"Suppose, Uncle Gregory," she began, dreamily—"suppose it had been a strong, strong wave—suppose it had caught me and carried me away, out there," pointing to the distant horizon, "you must always have thought of me with a doubt—an uncertainty as to whether I really would have amounted to anything or not. I think it would be very hard to die only a post—oh, Uncle Gregory, we must make Agnes White a possibility!"

Five hoary winters aroused old Ocean's stormy passions, and five gentle summers lulled him to rest again, before Edna Gray and her parents revisited that pleasant spot on the Jersey coast. The little party returned one fair June morning, when a thin mist, like a silvery veil, hung over the sea, and almost obscured that line where the sky and water meet.

The five years had not left Edna unchanged.

Herr Lunde was no longer so harsh in his criticisms as in those other days, and was wont to rest in his chair with head thrown back, and a certain satisfied expression in his blue eyes, when Edna sat at his beloved piano. True, old Bridget still predicted wonderful possibilities for "the little mistress," as she was fond of calling her; but when one observed the reliance and dependence her father was beginning to place in her, he would be very apt to fancy the "possibility" of five years ago was fast approaching fulfilment.

"Now, Edna, I have a fancy to let you select your own boarding place," said Dr. Gregory Gray to his niece, on the morning of their arrival. He had joined his brother's family for the day, just to bid them welcome, and see them nicely settled, he said.

"But you wrote mamma you had already engaged rooms for us," objected Edna.

"And so I have," replied her uncle; "but I am curious to see how our tastes agree. Now, for example, what do you think of this hotel?"

"Out of the question," pronounced Edna, decidedly. "Mamma never in the world could endure the noise and confusion of so large a place, we"—she broke off here, to turn to see if her father and mother were following in the queer, rickety little stage. But no, they had not yet turned the corner.

"And what of this?" questioned Dr. Gray, passing on to the next house.

Again Edna shook her head. "It would give me the jaundice to live in such a yellow house!" she declared.

Thus uncle and niece passed from street to street, laughing merrily as they went, at their own little jokes and criticisms. In her desire to know whether or not she had passed the house her uncle had chosen, Edna quite forgot to look behind them for the stage in which her father and mother were to have followed with the baggage.

They had neared the end of the village, and were at last approaching the sea, when Edna came to a sudden halt.

"Eureka, I have found it!" she exclaimed. "What a dear little house! And what a funny name, 'The Water-Watch.' See, Uncle Gregory," she continued, excitedly, "it is painted to represent one of those curious blossoms for which it is named. The wide piazza represents the five-o'clocks and is painted dark red, then the walls are the ten-o'clocks, and are coloured a shade lighter, of course, and the roof is the green umbrella—isn't it perfect? Ah! this would be my choice for an abode; but I suppose it is a private cottage," with a sigh of regret. "What a delightful view one must have, from that deep piazza, of the ocean and just that stretch of sand where the old wreck used to lie—the old wreck, where we used to have the good long talks. I almost feel that I cannot be satisfied anywhere else, now that I have seen the Water-Watch. Do you know, I never hear that name, or see the flower, without thinking of Agnes White. I suppose you have never heard anything more of her, since she left the hospital four years ago?"

But Dr. Gray did not heed this question. He was critically examining the house, and, after a moment's hesitation, proposed that they should knock:

"It will do no harm to look at their rooms," he said; "and who knows but that we may discover the witch."

And they did discover the witch—at least Edna loves to say they did—for their hands had not reached the door before it flew open, and she bounded out to greet them. Yes, it was easier, Edna declared, to believe that plump, rosy, merry-looking girl a witch, than to acknowledge her to be Agnes White. Yet it was Agnes White's pleasant eyes which beamed upon her, and Agnes White's voice which cried joyfully:—

"Oh, Miss Edna! how glad I am to see you."

"Can it be possible!" stammered Edna, amazed.

"Yes, it is, it is—I am a—possibility."

When the wonder of it all had worn off a little Agnes White told her story.

"Oh! it has been so long to wait," she said, "so long that Dr. Gray has planned this lovely surprise! You see the summer I left the hospital you expected to come here for a visit, and we had it all arranged, the doctor and I. That was why I did not write to thank you for that for which I never, never can express enough gratitude," this with a sob which called the answering tears to Edna's eyes. "Then you went to Europe instead—oh, but I was disappointed! Dr. Gray thought surely you would come the next summer; but again you failed us, and again and again, until I almost gave up hoping for your return."

"And is it your uncle and aunt who keep this cottage?" asked Edna, eagerly, when the other stopped for want of breath.

"Yes, yes, and all through the goodness of the doctor." There was but one doctor in all the world to Agnes White. In such simple homage as this, are physicians sometimes paid for their great knowledge and skill. "He thought of it first. While I was at the hospital I heard much talk of a comfortable, cheery, quiet place on the seashore, where people could go to rest and have good, wholesome food. I wrote Uncle Will about it, and how I could help Aunt Jane, because I was getting so strong, and how the doctor thought he knew quite a number of people who wanted just such a place in which to spend a few weeks. And Uncle Will rented this cottage the very day I left the hospital—such a glad, glad day!—and last year he bought it. I wanted it named 'The Edna,'" confessed Agnes with a blush; "but the doctor said that would sound too much like a boat, and suggested instead that it be called 'The Water-Watch.' I think it a nice name, don't you?" anxiously.

"Splendid!" was Edna's enthusiastic reply. "Oh, if we were only going to rent in here!" she broke off with a cry of delight, for at that instant she caught a glimpse of their trunks in the hall, and drew her own conclusions. "The whole thing is just like a fairy tale, and you are the good fairy," she cried, turning to find herself addressing empty space; for her uncle had slipped into the house at the beginning of their conversation, as, of course, Agnes was aware.

"Yes, he is the best, the kindest, the noblest man in the world," pronounced Agnes White, with solemn conviction. "Everyone in the hospital says so; they just love him, one and all."

Involuntarily the girl's eyes wandered to the beach, where the old wreck once lay, half buried in sand, where they had met for the first time. Agnes was the first to speak, as she had been on that other day, so long ago.

"And yet it was you, Miss Edna, who first thought of making me a possibility; the doctor told me so. But you—you are no longer a possibility," she continued, looking at her companion with admiring eyes, "you are a beautiful certainty."

Edna smilingly shook her head. She passed her arm around the other's waist, and again the two girls gazed silently out upon the water. Though so unlike the blue eyes had caught something of the same fine light, as they sought together that far, far away horizon.

By and by Edna murmured gently: "No, we are, one and all of us, only a possibility, but oh—such a glorious possibility!"—*M. M. Morley, in the N. Y. Independent.*

WHITTIER.

Peaceful thy message, yet for struggling right,
When Slavery's gauntlet in our face was flung,
While timid weaklings watched the dubious fight
No herald's challenge more defiant rung.

Yet was thy spirit tuned to gentle themes
Sought in the haunts thy humble youth had known.
Our stern New England's hills and valleys and streams,
Thy tuneful idylls made them all their own.

The wild flowers springing from thy native sod
Lent all their charms thy new-world song to fill,—
Gave thee the mayflower and the golden-rod
To match the daisy and the daffodil.

Best loved and saintliest of our singing train,
Earth's noblest tributes to thy name belong.
A lifelong record closed without a stain,
A blameless memory shrined in deathless song.

—*Oliver Wendell Holmes, in Atlantic Monthly.*

THE TESTIMONIALS

Published on behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are as reliable and as worthy your confidence as if they came from your best and most trusted neighbour. They state only the simple facts in regard to what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done, always within truth and reason.

Constipation and all troubles with the digestive organs and the liver are cured by HOOD'S PILLS. Unequalled as a dinner pill.

WHAT IS PASSION IN POETRY?

What is this quality which we recognize as passion in imaginative literature? What does Milton signify, in his masterly tractate on education, by the element of poetry which, as we have seen, he mentions last, as if to emphasize it? Poetry, he says, is simple—and so is all art at its best; it is sensuous—and thus related to our mortal perceptions; lastly, it is passionate—and this, I think, it must be to be genuine. In popular usage the word "passion" is almost a synonym for love, and we hear of "poets of passion," votaries of Eros or Anteros, as the case may be. Love has a fair claim to its title of the master passion, despite the arguments made in behalf of friendship and ambition respectively, and whether supremacy over human conduct, or its service to the artistic imagination, be the less. Almost every narrative-poem, novel or drama, whatsoever other threads its coil may carry, seems to have love for a central strand. Love has the heart of youth in it,

—And the heart
Giveth grace unto every art.

Love, we know, has brought about historic wars and treaties, has founded dynasties, made and unmade chiefs and cabinets, inspired men to great deeds or lured them to evil: in our own day has led more than one of its subjects to imperil the liberty of a nation, if not to deem, with Dryden's royal pair, "the world well lost"—a strenuous passion indeed, and one the force of which pervades imaginative literature. But if Milton had used the word impassioned, his meaning would be plainer to the vulgar apprehension. Poetic passion is intensity of emotion. Absolute sincerity banishes artifice, ensures earnest and natural expression; then beauty comes without effort, and the imaginative note is heard. We have the increased stress of breath, the tone and volume, that sway the listener. You cannot fire his imagination, you cannot rouse your own, in quite cold blood. Profound emotion seems, also, to find the aptest word, the strongest utterance—the most voluble or spasmodic—and to be content with it. Wordsworth speaks of "thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears," while Mill says that "the poetry of a poet is feeling itself, using thought only as a means of expression." The truth is that passion uses the imagination to supply conceptions for its language. On the other hand, the poet, imagining situations and experiences, becomes excited through dwelling on them. But whether passion or imagination be first aroused, they speed together like the wind-sired horses of Achilles.—*E. C. Stedman, in the Century for October.*

MISSIONARY WORLD.

FROM CANNIBALISM TO CHRIST.

Twelve years ago the Rev. Oscar Michelson landed on the island of Tonga, in the New Hebrides, alone among cannibals. He was broken up with fever. At first he had many perilous adventures, and again and again fled into hiding to save his life. Once a savage, now one of his best teachers, levelled a rifle to kill him, but was stopped by a look. He persevered amid many threatenings and dangers. His house became known as "the Sunday House," and Christian hymns were often heard mingling with heathen songs. From heart to heart, home to home, village to village, the Gospel won its way, until now thirty Christian teachers are labouring in as many different villages. Mr. Michelson's field now includes, he writes, four whole islands. The people speak three languages. During the week of prayer he held meetings simultaneously in all the villages. At one meeting 300 rose for prayer. Ten years ago they proposed to eat him. Now he lives in perfect safety. The rifles are rarely used for the purpose for which they were made, but Mr. Michelson often sees them used in pairs over the fire to hold the saucers. If a coin or some such object is lost on the road, the owner is almost sure to find it stuck up on a post, the next time he passes that way. Peace, love, honesty, prevail in the stead of savagery. Similar transformations were reported by Mr. Richards, of our Congo Mission, and by many another missionary. The Gospel is still the power of God unto salvation.

THE CANADIAN CHURCH AND MISSIONS.

The Presbyterian Church in Canada has sent out this year eleven new missionaries. Four young ladies, two of whom are M.D.'s, are now under appointment and have gone to India. Two others have left for Honan and Formosa, and Rev. C. Webster, this Church's first missionary to Palestine, is now on the way to Jerusalem. The last week in July was the most eventful week in the history of the foreign mission enterprise in the Presbyterian Church in Canada, for in that week three missionaries were ordained and designated for service. Our Trinidad Mission has now reached an important era in its history. Twenty-five years have passed since the pioneer missionary, Dr. Morton, left Nova Scotia and commenced work among the coolie population. The general work of the mission has been very much enlarged lately, adding very greatly to its cost. The Government of Trinidad passed a new school ordinance which had to be accepted by our staff of missionaries. The law, on the whole, is favourable to the mission. A number of new buildings are to be erected, which cost the Church \$10,000. In consequence of the Government's action a debt of over \$7,000

rests on the Foreign Mission Fund, and steps are being taken to wipe it out. A Presbyterian college has also been opened on the island, with a staff of three professors and an assistant and forty-six students in attendance. Several of our Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavour have contributed nobly toward the support of these students, and the institution will eventually prove a feeder to the wide heathen field of India.

Forty-seven years ago mission work in heathen lands was first commenced by one branch of the present United Presbyterian Church in Canada. The Presbyterian Church in Nova Scotia in 1846, comprising scarcely thirty congregations, sent forth their first missionary. Now there are not less than eight different fields occupied, viz., New Hebrides, Trinidad, Honan, India, Formosa, Jerusalem, Indians North-West and Chinese British Columbia. Three Presbyteries have also been formed—viz., Trinidad, India and Honan.

Upward of \$8,000 was on hand to commence operations among the Jews in Palestine, and the young man who has gone forth as the first missionary is eminently qualified for the work. The matter of establishing this mission has been under consideration for some years, and has lain very close to the hearts of not a few Canadian Presbyterian people. The mission has been inaugurated under most favourable auspices, and it is probable that in a short time another missionary will follow.—*Missionary Review*.

A GLINT FROM THE MISSION FIRESIDE.

Mrs. Annie Straith Jamieson, who delivered a lecture in Knox Church a few weeks ago, has written the following letter to the ladies of Woman's Foreign Missionary Auxiliary.—

MR. EDITOR,—In China I saw little children busy gathering dried grass and leaves and little twigs with which their mothers would make fire enough to cook rice. Separated from the Christian society and a thousand Christian influences that help to add fuel to the fire of enthusiasm for Christ's cause, missionaries need to take advantage of, and turn to good account, all the little sticks and straws they find by the wayside, in the shape of passing incidents in everyday life. I picked up a scrap of paper one day in which was printed a few sentences from some newspaper correspondent, condemning pride and selfish exclusiveness. The words read something like this: "I ken yin that could show a when o' these stuck up nae bodies a bright example an' that's no less than Queen Victoria hersel', nae pride yonner, a crackin' wi' auld wives in the hielants an' a makin' hersel' a body's body." Pleased and amused at the reference, I passed the scrap to Dr. Mackay, and, quick as a flash, as he often was to pick up the straw and set it ablaze, he replied at once, "that's good. Makin' hersel' a body's body—that's the gospel." I knew he was thinking of something far other than the "hielants" just then; it was the glint of a moment, a passing word, but I caught the idea and often during all these years it has come back to me. Sometimes I have thought that is one secret of Mrs. Mackay's success in mission work; ready to do anything and everything in her power to be of use to all around her, ready to entertain the wife of some Chinese official with all the ceremony and politeness of Chinese etiquette, and just as ready to sympathize with and relieve the suffering of some poor heart-broken woman who comes in pain of body and grief of mind to pour out her story to the pastor's wife; ready with a bright, cheery word for some European friend, a kindly criticism for one of the students, tender thought for the children, hours and hours of wearisome toil to teach the women; ready to brighten the lives of others and win them nearer and yet nearer to the Saviour she loves to imitate. "Makin' hersel' a body's body." Now in the study, now in the museum, now in the kitchen, now in the college, with a heart brimming over with sympathy and love for Canadian women thousands of miles away as for Formosans at her door. "A' body's body." Is there not something Christlike about the idea? "I am among you as he that doth serve."

JAPAN.

Reports from Japan indicate that about 400 people are baptized in the Protestant churches every month.

The Council of Missions of the Church of Christ in Japan, composed of missionaries representing six Presbyterian and Reformed Churches—the Reformed (Dutch), German Reformed, Presbyterian, Presbyterian South, United Presbyterian and Cumberland Presbyterian, and the Woman's Union Missionary Society—in its fifteenth annual report gives statistics which show fifty-four missionaries, forty-nine wives, and fifty-one other women, a total of 154, and 10,961 church-members. There are seventy theological students in the five schools for boys and young men, and of the 120 pupils in the Meiji Gakuin eighty-seven are Christians. There are also twenty-six schools for girls, young women, and children, with 1,774 pupils, of whom 315 are Christians.

According to the statistics in the annual report of the Japanese mission (American Board), there are 109 Congregational churches in Japan, with a total membership of 10,760. The number of additions by confession last year was 1,056, an increase of fifty-six over the preceding year. There are 129 preachers and twenty-two Bible women. The contributions for church purposes were \$25,706, a gain of nearly \$5,000 over the year before.

In Korea, the "Hermit Kingdom," which is one of the newest of fields, with its 80,000 square miles and 13,000,000

of population, eight societies are at work—the Methodist Episcopal, the Presbyterian North, and South, and of Australia, S. P. G., and two Canadian societies—in all with fifty-nine missionaries, of whom twenty-two are ordained, seventeen are wives, eleven unmarried women, and five are physicians.

PATAGONIAN MISSION.

The story of the mission to the Patagonians and Fuegians, as connected with the name of Captain Allen F. Gardiner, has few rivals even among the most pathetic tales of missionary heroism. Darwin recorded his verdict that in this extreme part of South America man existed in a lower state of improvement than in any other part of the world. Yet just here Captain Gardiner went. Failure could not disappoint nor disaster dismay him. When the natives drove him from the shore, he said, "the mission established must be for the present afloat." Accordingly two large decked boats were fitted out, and in December, 1850, they bore the mission party to Banner Cove. A year from that time the letter of Samuel Lafone brought the sad tidings of the death of these devoted men. Captain Gardiner's journal was found at Spaniard's Harbour. He appears to have died September 6th, of starvation; but over his remains was the rude inscription, "Wait my soul, upon God, for all my expectation is from Him." What wonder that Mr. Despard published far and wide the resolve: With God's help the mission shall be maintained! And it was maintained, and even Darwin confessed its grand success.

The Church of Scotland is represented in the foreign field by seventy-seven European missionaries, women included, and 314 native helpers. In 1891 the baptisms numbered 1,129, more than double those of the year before, and the total income was £46,124 (\$230,620), the largest sum ever reported.

This is the jubilee year of the Free Church, and in an appeal for special thank-offerings these statements are made: "Our Church has never had such a year of ingathering in our foreign mission work. We have seen the fields ripening to the harvest for many a year, but in this year we have been bringing in the sheaves. In Central Africa, in South Africa, and in the New Hebrides our mission work has been blessed and owned of God as it never was before; while in India we have been able to count our converts by the hundreds, when formerly we rejoiced in the tens. This is surely a cause for devout thankfulness. Nor are we alone in this harvesting. God is blessing the mission work of the whole Christian Church in India as it never was blessed before. The past year has been one of almost universal rejoicing in the mission field."

QUEER world! Queer people! Here are men and women by thousands suffering from all sorts of diseases, bearing all manners of pain, spending their all on physicians and "getting no better, but rather worse," when right at hand there's a remedy which says it can help them because it's helped thousands like them. "Another patent-medicine advertisement," you say. Yes—but not of the ordinary sort. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and it's different from the ordinary nostrums in this:—

It does what it claims to do, or it costs you nothing! The way is this: You pay your druggist \$1.00 for a bottle. You read the directions, and you follow them. You get better, or you don't. If you do, you buy another bottle, and perhaps another. If you don't get better, you get your money back. And the queer thing is that so many people are willing to be sick when the remedy's so near at hand.

A SOUND CANADIAN COMPANY.

The Toronto *Globe*, on September 24th, issued a special edition in honour of a great religious gathering in that city, and incidentally devoted some of its space to a description of Toronto's chief characteristics and business enterprises. Among the portraits are to be found those of the late Alexander Mackenzie, who at the time of his death was President of the North American Life Assurance Company; of John L. Blaikie, now the President; of William McCabe, LL.B., F.I.A., Managing Director; and of Secretary Goldman, A.I.A. The people of Great Britain ought to be interested in learning that Canada is more progressive in insurance matters than many of the European countries. Toronto may be said to be the centre of life insurance for the Dominion. The North American Life was the first to recognize the benefit conferred on the family by the immediate payment of the policy obligation.

In reforms in the system of insurance and liberalization of the conditions of the policy contract, there is perhaps no policy of insurance which exhibits these more strikingly than that known as the Compound Investment, issued by the North American. It is, without doubt, an ideal policy, and combines many benefits to its holder not covered by any other form of life insurance contract.

The Government Blue Book lately issued gives the standing of insurance companies. Most of these institutions are in a good financial position, being possessors of a large surplus over and above their capital stock, reserve funds and other liabilities, while again it is noticeable that there are others situated differently. The North American Life is among the favoured ones. Year by year it has shown steady and substantial advances in all of those departments which go to make up a strong and permanent organization.

The Company's staff is composed of men well and favourably known in financial and mercantile affairs of Canada, and perhaps in a great measure it is due to this fact that the Company's progress has been so rapid and marked.—*New York Insurance Times*, September, 1892.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

AFTER U. S. MEDICAL MEN FAIL, RELIEF COMES FROM CANADA.

The following letter tells the tale of one released from suffering, and needs no comment:—

Michigan Soldiers' Home, Hospital Ward A.
GRAND RAPIDS, March 27, 1892.

Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

GENTLEMEN,—I have your letter of the 24th, asking me what benefit Pink Pills for Pale People, and it gives me unbounded satisfaction to reply. Within ten days after I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, those terribly excruciating pains I had experienced in my limbs, heart, stomach, back and head, began to leave me, becoming less severe and less frequent, and before I had taken all of the second box they were gone. At times since, I have experienced aches, but they are nothing compared to the pains I had formerly suffered. For months I could get no sleep or rest, only from the use of morphine, two, three and five times daily. Soon after I began taking the Pink Pills I discontinued the morphine and have taken it but once since, and I am now only taking my fourth box of the Pills. Before I began taking Pink Pills I had no passage from my bowels except from the use of cathartics. Very soon after taking the Pills my bowels moved regularly and naturally constipation was entirely gone. Previous to commencing the use of Pink Pills my urine was milky in colour and after standing resembled a jelly substance. Now it is clear and perfectly natural, and shows no sediment whatever. I had lost the use of my legs and could not bear the weight of my body on them. By the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and cold baths and rubbing with a crash towel prescribed with them, my limbs have steadily gained in health and strength until I can now bear my full weight upon them. I have been gaining slowly, but surely, ever since I began the use of the Pink Pills, and am perfectly confident that I will be able to walk again and be comfortable, and this after doctoring for years with the best physicians and specialists, who said my disease could not be cured but only relieved temporarily by the use of hypodermic injections of morphine. I would not do without Dr. Williams' Pink Pills under any circumstance, even though they cost ten times what they do, and I strongly recommend them to persons afflicted with locomotor ataxia, paralysis, kidney troubles, nervous diseases and impurities of the blood. I have recommended the Pink Pills to a number of old comrades, and in every instance they have proved beneficial, can I therefore do less than warmly recommend them to all who read this letter? Yours very gratefully,

E. P. HAWLEY.

Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humours of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A WASHINGTON LETTER.

ONE FIRM IN BUFFALO SPENDS MORE MONEY AT THE BUFFALO POST OFFICE THAN ALL THE BANKS AND NEWSPAPERS COMBINED.

A Washington (D.C.) letter says, that the post-office authorities at Washington report that one firm in Buffalo—the World's Dispensary Medical Association—spends annually one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000) for stamps alone, in carrying on their extensive proprietary business. This is more than all the banks and newspapers of Buffalo combined spend for postage.

Here's a firm which has grown, step by step, through many years to greatness. The reason for this wonderful growth has been that they have faith in what they sell, so much faith that if they cannot benefit or cure, they don't want your money.

For many years they have been selling Dr. Pierce's remedies—one, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, for regulating and invigorating the liver and purifying the blood; the other, Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription, the hope of weakly womanhood, and they've been sold for years, sold by the million bottles; sold under a positive guarantee of benefiting or curing, or your money will be refunded.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

My son George has suffered with neuralgia round the heart since 1882, but by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT in 1889 it completely disappeared and has not troubled him since.

JAS. MCKEE.

Linwood, Ont.



A FOOT-HOLD for Consumption is what you are offering, if your blood is impure. Consumption is simply Lung Scrofula. A scrofulous condition, with a slight cough or cold, is all that it needs to develop it. But just as it depends upon the blood for its origin, so it depends upon the blood for its cure. The surest remedy for Scrofula in every form, the most effective blood-cleanser, flesh builder, and strength-restorer that's known to medical science, is Doctor Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. For Consumption in all its earlier stages, and for Weak Lungs, Asthma, Sore Coughs, and all Bronchial, Throat, and Lung affections, that is the only remedy so unfailing that it can be guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

No matter how long you've had Catarrh, or how severe, Dr. Sage's Remedy will effect a permanent cure. \$500 reward is offered by the proprietors of this medicine, for an incurable case of Catarrh.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER



PURIFIES AS WELL AS BEAUTIFIES the skin. No other cosmetic will do it. Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moisture, Redness, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies deterioration. On its virtues it has stood the test of 40 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer, and to a lady of the haughton (a patient). "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the most beautiful of all the skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. **FRED T. HOPKINS, Proprietor,** 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of anyone selling the same.

PHOTOGRAPH

indelibly upon your memory the connection with Jewellery and kindred lines the name of John Wanless & Co., Toronto. Large collection of novelties, and value for money.

For **50** Years

PERRY DAVIS'

Pain Killer

Has demonstrated its wonderful power of **KILLING EXTERNAL and INTERNAL PAIN.** No wonder then that it is found on

- The Surgeon's Shelf
- The Mother's Cupboard
- The Traveler's Valise,
- The Soldier's Knapsack
- The Sailor's Chest
- The Cowboy's Saddle
- The Farmer's Stable
- The Pioneer's Cabin
- The Sportsman's Grip
- The Cyclist's Bundle

ASK FOR THE NEW

"BIG 25c. BOTTLE."

Ministers and Churches.

It is said that Knox Presbyterian Church, Perth, may call Rev. Mr. Clay, who did good service in Ottawa.

The Presbyterian Church, Deseronto, has contributed \$31 for division between Belleville and Kingston hospitals.

At a meeting of the congregation of Fort Massey Presbyterian Church, Halifax, N.S., last week, it was decided to call Rev. R. L. Knowles of Ottawa.

The Rev. A. Dowsley, B.A., a returned missionary, lectured and exhibited his fine collection of curiosities to a fair audience in the Presbyterian Church, Keene, last week.

The Presbytery of Calgary have ordered a handsome memorial tablet to be erected in Presbyterian church, Calgary to the pioneer missionary in the West, Rev. Angus Robertson

The Presbyterians of Paris have at last succeeded in deciding on and purchasing a site for their new church, which they are about to erect there, and amalgamate their two churches.

The entertainment held recently in connection with the reopening of the West Lorne Presbyterian Church, was a thorough success. Over \$500 was raised to defray the expenses of the improvements.

Dr. Bryce recently spent a few days in Portage la Prairie in the interest of the new Manitoba College building. He succeeded in securing a handsome subscription list, Dr. Cowan heading it with \$200.

A UNION thanksgiving service was held in the Presbyterian Church, Ailsa Craig, being well attended. An appropriate sermon was preached by Rev. J. T. Smith (Methodist). The singing was led by a union choir.

At Luchute, Que., on Wednesday, November 9, Dr. Paterson, of St. Andrews, moderated in a call to the Rev. N. Waddell, B.D., of Russeltown, Que., to be minister of Henry's Church, vacant by the retirement of the Rev. W. Forlong.

At St. Pauls Church, Ingersoll, on Sunday last, nineteen new names were added to the roll, ten by certificate and nine by profession of faith. Under the able administration of E. R. Hutt this church is making good progress in every department of the work.

The Rev. G. D. Bayne was on a tour among the churches in the Mattawa district recently. On Sunday evening he preached in the Presbyterian church at Mattawa, and the Methodists of the town closed their church for the evening and went to hear Mr. Bayne.

A FAREWELL social was given by the ladies of the Presbyterian church, Maple Creek, Manitoba, to Mr. McKay recently. He leaves Maple Creek for his new field at Banff for the winter. The ladies presented Mr. McKay with an address and a well filled purse before leaving.

The new Presbyterian church at Crystal City was opened on Sunday, November 6. The morning services were conducted by Rev. W. Caven, of Manitow, the afternoon services by Rev. James Farquharson, of Pilot Mound, and the evening services by Rev. P. Fisher, of Boisserville.

Last week at Knox Church, Toronto, Rev. Dr. Cochran, of Brantford, delivered an interesting and instructive lecture on the subject of "St. Paul in Rome." The meeting was under the auspices of the Happy Cleaners' Mission Band, and was attended by a very appreciative audience.

Old St. Andrew's Young People's Association held a pleasant meeting last week in the church, when addresses were delivered by Dr. Price Brown, Dr. Geikie, and Mr. Barra, and the following ladies also contributed. Miss Bain, piano solo; Miss Bell Smith, recitation; and Miss Mulligan, song.

GROSS HOWIE, the Syrian evangelist, is announced to preach in Peterboro', and to lecture on Palestine and the liquor traffic on the 28th inst. He is to be in Ottawa and Quebec next December. His lectures on wines of the East and the liquor traffic in east and west are appreciated. Dr. Howie's home is now in Toronto.

A CAT got into the pipe-organ at the Presbyterian church at Tilsonburg on a recent Sunday and made it interesting for the organist, annoying to the preacher and amusing to the congregation. The feline could not be found until after the service was over, and quite frequently reminded the people that the organ was tenanted.

DR. ELIZABETH BEATTY, for years a medical missionary in India, will shortly take up her residence in Brantford to prosecute her profession. She is not able to return to India on account of the climate. Dr. Beatty succeeds Miss Dr. Dickson, who, on account of delicate health, has returned home and retired from active practice.

On the eve of the departure of the Rev. J. G. Potter from Merrickville, Ontario, last week the congregation tendered him a "farewell," when a very flattering address accompanied with a purse containing \$50 were presented to the retiring pastor. Mr. Potter was inducted into the pastorate of "Southside," Thursday, November 10th, at 7-30 p.m.

The Orangeville Auxiliary of the W. F. M. S., held their annual thank-offering meeting in the basement of St. Andrews church, on Thursday evening, October 27. A large number of ladies and members of the congregation were present. The offering amounted to \$24.43. The thank-offering stories were read and enjoyed by all present.

The Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, of St. John, N. B., has been appointed by headquarters to represent the Boys' Brigade in Canada, and will be pleased to send parcels of literature giving full insight into the principles and methods of the organization to any who are interested in the religious welfare of our boys. A small charge, thirty-five cents, is made to cover printing and postage.

A VERY interesting meeting was held in Knox Church, Portage la Prairie, on Wednesday evening. It was held under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Mission society and was presided over by the pastor, Rev. Peter Wright. An exhaustive and clever paper on "missionary work" was read by Mrs. Marlatt. The collection was a handsome sum for a prayer meeting one, \$61.15

DR COCHRANE, has received the sum of £300 sterling from the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, their gift for Home Mission work for two years. The Convener would remind congregations and missionary societies that the employment of missionaries in the North-West and other fields, the entire year after this, demands an increase of from \$10,000 to \$15,000 in the contribution to the Home Mission Fund.

A THANK-OFFERING service under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held in the Presbyterian Church, Grand Valley, on the 1st inst. Notwithstanding the very unfavourable state of the weather and roads the attendance was good. A very able and interesting address on foreign missions was delivered by Rev. D. C. Hossack, M.A., LL.B., of Orangeville. The offerings amounted to \$19.60.

THE Rev. M. D. M. Blakely, after eleven years of faithful and most acceptable pastorship over the Presbyterian churches of Ross and Cobden, has, we learn from the Cobden correspondent of the *Kenslow Mercury*, resigned his charge. What Mr. Blakely's motives and intentions are, says a local journal, we do not know. But this we do know, that Mr Blakely's resignation will be greatly regretted, and that it will be hard to fill his place in Ross.

THE Young Women's Christian Association have arranged a course of entertainments to be given in their hall, 18 Elm Street, on the third Monday of every month during the winter. The second of the series will take place on Monday evening, November 21, when Mrs. L. Rose York will read a number of her original sketches and poems, and Mr. Welzman will play some violin solos. A cordial invitation is extended to all. A collection will be taken at the door.

KNOX CHURCH, South London, held a large and appreciative audience last week when a concert was given in aid of the church debt fund. The success of the affair was due greatly to the good management of Mrs. Macpherson. Each selection was so well rendered that special mention could not justly be made of any individual number. Rev. James Ballantyne presided, and his introductory address was followed by a most acceptable programme of music and readings.

SABBATH the 6th inst. being the anniversary of the Rev. Mr. Gustavus Munroe's induction into Guthrie Church, Harrison, a number of friends representing the congregation waited on their pastor at the opening of the Y. P. S. C. E. on Monday evening and presented him with a valuable fur overcoat. During the year fifty-eight members have been added to the communion roll, and there is also a largely increased interest in the schemes of the church and cheering indications of prosperity generally.

VERY successful anniversary services were conducted in the Presbyterian church, Georgetown, on Sabbath, November 6, by the Rev. R. N. Grant, of Orillia. The attendance at both the morning and evening services was large, particularly at the evening, when the church was crowded to its utmost capacity. The pastor, Rev. D. M. Buchanan, on the previous Sabbath had asked for a free-will offering of \$300 towards the building fund. The congregation responded most heartily, for the total collections on the anniversary Sabbath amounted to \$361.63.

THE basement of Cooke's church, Toronto, was thronged last week with members of the congregation and their friends to hear a lecture delivered by the pastor, Rev. William Patterson, on "Scotland." The speaker dealt in an exceedingly interesting manner with the land of the thistle and the heather from the earliest period in its history up to the time of Robert the Bruce. At the conclusion of his address Mrs. Patterson sang "Jessie's Dream." The event, which was under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of that church, was very successful throughout.

BEFORE the Rev. Mr. Wade left Woodstock for his charge in Hamilton, Dr. McMullen presented a cordial address from the Ministerial Association to their departing brother. In reply to the address and to the remarks of the brethren Rev. Mr. Wade spoke with deep tenderness of feeling, assuring them how much he had enjoyed Christian fellowship with them, and adding that if the genius of the Church of England required him to unchurch other churches, the question of his remaining in her ministry or of seeking a field of labour in another communion would be briefly and easily settled.

THE Rev. J. G. Potter was inducted to the charge of the Southside Presbyterian Church on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. A large congregation assembled, and there was a good representation of the members of Toronto Presbytery. Rev. W. Reid, Weston, Moderator of Presbytery, presided. The sermon was preached by Rev. I. White; the minister was addressed by Rev. A. Gandier, and the congregation by Rev. William Fitzrell. A pleasant social followed the induction services. Mr. Potter enters on his new field of labour with encouraging prospects of success.

THE beautiful and commodious new Sunday school rooms erected by St. Andrews Church, Peterboro', were formally opened last Sabbath, November 6. The Rev. John Turabull, LL.B., of West Church, Toronto, officiated on the occasion, preaching able and eloquent sermons that were much appreciated by large congregations. There was also a social tea held in the new rooms on Monday evening, when an excellent programme was well rendered. The new rooms are of solid brick, heated with hot water and have seating capacity for about five hundred, irrespective of the

infant room and ladies' parlour. There are also a kitchen, library and cloak room.

WE hear, says the Brockville Recorder, very many favourable comments with reference to Mr. John M. Gill's presentation of three large furnaces for use in the new Presbyterian church here. It was an extremely generous act on the part of Mr. Gill and one which every Presbyterian appreciates. The following are a few of the presentations to the new church and we would not be surprised if some one would come along and pay for the walls. Handsome large pipe organ by Mr. J. P. Wiser, new bell, weighing 2,500 pounds, presented by Mrs. J. S. Corbin; three large furnaces, presented by J. M. Gill, Brockville; Pulpit Bible, presented by Mrs. Thompson; also cash presented by different people outside of the congregation.

THANKSGIVING services were general throughout the country on Thursday last. In Montreal, at St. Gabriels Church, the Rev. Dr. Campbell delivered a patriotic and practical discourse from the text, "Giving thanks always for all things." The Rev. A. J. Mowat, at Erskine Church, spoke from "That ray of sunshine in the Book of Lamentations. Therefore have I hope." The Rev. Dr. Hunter, of St. James Methodist Church, occupied the pulpit at Calvin Presbyterian Church. An eloquent sermon was given from the Scriptural declaration, "God hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth." A children's service also was held at Calvin Church in the afternoon. At Stanley Street Presbyterian Church the Rev. F. M. Dewey spoke upon our national reasons for thanksgiving.

ON Sunday morning week the Rev. G. Yeomans preached a sermon commemorative of the 400th anniversary of Columbus, and was listened to by a large congregation in Warton Presbyterian Church. In the evening the sacrament of the Lord's Supper was administered, and over forty new members were received into the Church. The number of communicants, which were forty-eight at the first communion after Mr. Yeoman's induction as pastor at the end of December, 1889, has now reached 214, or an increase of over five-fold in three years. A class of Sabbath school scholars is now receiving weekly lessons of instruction in preparation for coming to full communion. The Christian Endeavour Society has also shared in the increase, and is now large and vigorous.

ON Thursday evening week the Endeavour Society of St. Pauls Church, Peterborough, held a social in the Sunday school room. The attendance was very good and the evening a great success. It was a card social, each person being given half a card and having to search for the other half of his or her card. This was to promote sociability amongst those present and proved a successful plan. A programme was well rendered after the meeting had been opened by prayer by Rev. Mr. Goldsmith. Miss Montgomery gave a solo, Master De Witt Talmage Stewart recited, Mr. W. F. Nelson contributed a solo, Rev. Mr. Goldsmith gave an appropriate address, Mr. Murray gave a reading and Miss A. Johnston a solo. These numbers were all well rendered and made up an enjoyable programme, after which refreshments were served and a pleasant time spent socially. Mr. Sam Jordan kindly loaned some very handsome, choice plants for the platform decorations.

THE Rev. George Dempster, who for so many years has faithfully laboured as pastor of Zion Presbyterian Church, Hull, has been compelled by ill-health to remove to a warmer climate. As an evidence of the esteem in which he was held in that city the church was filled to overflowing last week when he preached his farewell sermon. Rev. Mr. McFarlane, late of Valleyfield, who has been appointed to take charge of the congregation during the coming winter, assisted the pastor in the farewell service and in a few brief sentences sympathized with the congregation in the circumstances which necessarily led to a separation. He was convinced that the severing of the tie which bound Rev. Mr.

Dyspepsia

Dr. T. H. Andrews, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, says of

Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

"A wonderful remedy which gave me most gratifying results in the worst forms of dyspepsia."

It reaches various forms of Dyspepsia that no other medicine seems to touch, assisting the weakened stomach, and making the process of digestion natural and easy.

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to **Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, U.S.** Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

For Sale by all Druggists.

Dempster to his congregation was more than the mere breaking of the ties of friendship...

The Board of Directors of the Upper Canada Tract Society met on Thursday evening last...

The Guelph Mercury says: The communion was observed in Chalmers Church on Sabbath week...

THE ORILLIA PACKET SAYS: We regret to have to record the death of the Rev. George Needham...

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can..."

almost the whole community. He is interred in the Edmondville burying ground, by the side of his child.

THE PRESBYTERIAN JOURNAL, Philadelphia, says: The First Presbyterian Church, Providence, R.I., celebrated its twentieth anniversary on Tuesday evening, October 25...

ANNIVERSARY SERVICES were conducted recently by Professor Caven, of Knox College, Toronto, in the Presbyterian Church, Campbellford.

PRESBYTERY OF STRATFORD.—This Presbytery met in Knox Church, Stratford, on the 5th inst. Rev. R. Hamilton, moderator. Mr. Campbell, of Granton asked the Presbytery regarding the arrangement of stations and hours of services in his field.

PRESBYTERY OF WHITBY.—This Presbytery met in St. Johns Church, Port Perry, on Tuesday, October 15. A conference under the direction of the Presbytery was held on the evening preceding...

D. Fraser, M.A., Bowmanville, on "The Conduct of Public Worship." As a result of the discussion which followed, a committee, with Mr. Fraser as Convener, was appointed by the Presbytery to prepare an order of public worship to be submitted to the next meeting of the Presbytery...

PRESBYTERY OF MONTREAL. An adjourned meeting of the Presbytery of Montreal was held in the Presbyterian College last week; Professor Scrimger, Moderator pro tem. The Rev. Dr. Smyth read a report of the Examining Committee recommending that the following students be certified to the Senate of the Presbyterian College...



Mr. Joseph Hemmerich

An old soldier, came out of the War greatly enfeebled by Typhoid Fever, and after being in various hospitals the doctors discharged him as incurable with Consumption.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Immediately his cough grew looser, night sweats ceased, and he regained good general health. He cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla, especially to country dwellers.

LADIES, REMEMBER OUR WOOLS

Are being sold retail at less than wholesale prices. Berlin, Shetland and Andalusian Wools, ALL COLOURS, 6c per ounce. Baldwin's Fingering Wool, all colours, 8c per skein, \$1.25 per lb.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED HENRY DAVIS DIRECT IMPORTER 232 YONGE STREET.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM J. MC CALLA.

On the 31st October, William J. McCalla, senior elder of the First Presbyterian Church, St. Catharines, was called to his rest and reward.

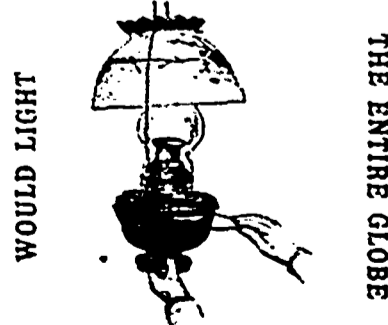
Mr. McCalla, a native of County Down, Ireland, came to Canada in 1854, and after a short residence in Hamilton located in St. Catharines, where, in partnership with his brother, he carried on a successful grocery and hardware business.

Mr. McCalla was first and always the servant of Christ, to whom he consecrated his eminent ability. His labours were abundant in the congregation in which he was an honoured and beloved office-bearer. Until failing health compelled him to give up active work, it was to him a privilege to visit the sick, the burdened, the tempted, and his presence always brought comfort.

For a number of years his health has been very indifferent. Bronchial colds and excruciating headaches caused him many sleepless nights and weary days. About a year ago, while attending a funeral he received a severe wetting, from the effects of which he never recovered.

The end came more suddenly than was expected, but its approach caused no alarm; to die was gain. Surrounded by his wife, nine children, his brother and two sisters, he obeyed the summons "Come up higher."

THE ESTIMATE THAT THE NUMBER OF "PITTSBURGH" LAMPS MADE IN THE LAST THREE YEARS



It is a speculation wholly in the air, and not authorized by us. But we do know that our Pittsburgh "Pittsburgh" will light a room 30 feet square more brilliantly than any other lamp in the market.

GOWANS, KENT & Co., TORONTO AND WINNIPEG. SOLE WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

ST. JACOBS OIL

120 GOUT
110
100 RHEUMATISM
90
80 SCIATICA
70
60 LUMBAGO
50
40 NEURALGIA
30
20 SPRAINS
10
0 SWELLINGS
10
20 STIFFNESS
30

REMEMBER
ST. JACOBS
OIL
NEVER
FAILS

CONQUERS PAIN

British and Foreign.

PROF. HENRY CALDERWOOD of Edinburgh University has been made a justice to the peace.

THE Rev. D. Winter of Auchtergaven is the new moderator of the Synod of Perth and Stirling.

THE Queen has subscribed \$2,500 to the building fund of the new church to be erected at Crathie.

MR. JAMES HUTCHISON, M.A., has been appointed assistant to Rev. A. R. MacLewen, D.D., Claremont Church, Glasgow.

THE Rev. J. MacIntyre of Manchuria says that in a short time a large proportion of the people of Manchuria will probably be Christians.

THE *Daily Telegraph*, bemoaning the drinking habits of women, advocates a law prohibiting a female from entering a public-house.

MR. D. J. GORDON, B.A., a licentiate of Comber Presbytery, has been ordained to the charge of the Shirecock congregation.

MISS PARK of Glasgow gave an address on "Practical Christianity" in Tain Parish Church recently. There was a large attendance.

FOUR thousand persons have signed a petition against Alderman Knill, a Roman Catholic, being allowed to become Lord Mayor of London.

AN Australian lady has given the Prince of Wales a peal of bells for the Imperial Institute. The peal will be second in London only to that of St. Paul's.

REV. JOHN CONWAY of Wooler has been called to Arthur's Hill Church, Newcastle. A native of Dundee, he was licensed four years ago by the Presbytery of that city.

THE new church at Saintfield, County Down, now one of the finest of its size in the Assembly, was opened recently by the Rev. Professor Heron, D.D., of Belfast.

THE *North American Review* probably paid \$500 for Mr. Gladstone's article; the *Times* paid \$1,150 to have it telegraphed; other papers paid from \$500 upwards.

THE memorial stone of the new church at Wardie, Edinburgh, was laid by Professor Calderwood. Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, Rev. Dr. Hutchison and Rev. James Macleod, the minister, took part in the ceremony.

DR. H. MARTYN CLARKE, a medical missionary from the Punjab, says the Roman Catholic priests wait until the Protestants have done their work and then swoop down on the flock, bribing and corrupting them to join them.

SUNDAY, October 30, was the sixtieth anniversary of the ordination of Rev. J. K. Leslie, and the fifty-third of his ministry in the Third Church, Cookstown. Mr. Leslie has asked to have an assistant and successor appointed.

MRS. MAITLAND MARGILL CRICHTON, who died in Edinburgh, lately, in her ninety-third year, played the piano to Sir Walter Scott when she was a girl, and had many interesting recollections of famous Scotsmen of the early part of the century.

REV. JOHN BROWNLIE of Portpatrick, whose "Hymns of our Pilgrimage" and "Zionward" have proved his poetic gift, has a third series of Pilgrim Songs in the press, to be published at Christmas by Messrs. James.

ON Mr. Moody's suggestion a permanent Evangelistic committee has been formed in London, such as exists in Glasgow, which will undertake responsibility connected with future concerted work. Mr. Moody is being pressed to return to London about the close of the year.

IN the report of the Glasgow Working Men's Sabbath Protection Association gratitude is expressed for Mr. Gladstone's support of the sanctity of the Sabbath, and it is hoped he will continue to resist encroachments on it. Sir George Trevelyan has agreed to receive a deputation.

MR. LAWSON TAIT, the distinguished surgeon, does not share the general opinion that drunkenness is increasing among women. And he thinks that when an intelligent and educated woman does fall a victim to drink there is a deep-rooted cause, either of physical suffering or mental distress.

SELKIRK Presbytery have sustained the call from Galashiels congregation to Rev. Dr. Hunter of St. Mary's Patrick. Rev. John Watters, a member of the church, protested against the call in excited language, but was removed from the bar on stating that the whole Presbytery were his enemies.

A VALENTINE was held on a recent Sabbath evening in Free St. Matthew's, Glasgow, with Principal Mackichan of Bomlay, and Rev. John C. Gibson, Thomas Barclay, W. Macgregor, and others of the China Mission of the Presbyterian Church of England. Rev. Dr. A. A. Bonar presided, and Principal Douglas and Rev. J. Fairley Daly took part. There was a crowded attendance.

MISS GOLDING, who after spending twenty-five years in nunneries was rescued eighteen months ago from one in France, detailed her experiences to a women's meeting in connection with the Protestant congress. Miss Marsland also stated that during her sojourn as a girl in a convent of France at least twenty English girls were persuaded to join the Roman Catholic Church, in many instances against the wishes of their parents.

RHEUMATISM; yes, and Neuralgia too, are greatly relieved and often entirely cured by the use of Pain-Killer—Try it. 25c. for New 2-oz. Bottles.

STRONG AND PROSPEROUS.

THE
SUN LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY
OF CANADA.

CHOLERA DEFEATED
BY CONSUMERS OF
MORSE'S MOTTLED SOAP
THE BEST
LAUNDRY SOAP
ON EARTH.

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Household Hints.

COLD SLAW.—Cut raw cabbage with a sharp knife and keep in ice box a while so it will be brittle. Serve with a little sugar and vinegar.

MILK PORRIDGE.—One tablespoonful flour, one pint milk. Make this like custard, in a double boiler (with water in the outside one). Cook about fifteen minutes, strain, beat with an eggbeater, and add a little salt.

OATMEAL GRUEL.—One quart of boiling water, three tablespoonfuls of oatmeal, one tablespoonful of salt. Let this boil in a double boiler for about two and a-half hours. Strain and add three tablespoonfuls of cream. Beat to a foam with an egg-beater.

MILK BISCUIT.—Two cupfuls of sifted flour, add two tablespoonfuls baking powder, mix and add one heaping tablespoonful of cold butter, cut in bits, mix through the flour, then slowly add sufficient sweet milk to make a soft dough; roll and cut out; bake in a very quick oven.

FARINA FOR THE SICK.—Two tablespoonfuls of farina, one pint of milk, one pinch of salt, three teaspoonfuls of sugar, one egg. The great secret is in the doing. Put the milk on the fire to scald. Beat the farina up with the yolk of the egg, adding a little water, enough to make it mix well. When the milk boils, stir in the farina, salt and sugar, and let it boil fifteen minutes. Take it off the stove, and as soon as it ceases to boil, stir in the white of the egg, beaten into a stiff froth and pour into a dish.

CHICKEN PANADA.—Take half the breast of a chicken, and after removing the skin and every particle of fat, place it in a saucepan with water enough to cover it, and let it slowly simmer for two hours. Take it from the broth and cut it in small particles, and then press them all through a wire sieve. None of the chicken must be used that has not been forced through the sieve. A large spoon is the best thing to press with. Add the broth to the chicken that has been passed through the sieve, and season it with salt. Then add four tablespoonfuls of cream and let it all scald up together. This is delicious and all the breast of the chicken is here, retained in a perfectly soft condition, nourishing and harmless.

FISH EN COQUILLE.—For this, any kind of fresh fish will do. Many prefer halibut, but I have used trout and white fish at different times and find either very nice. Boil in salted water slowly a fish weighing two or three pounds, wrapped in cheese cloth; when done, remove the cloth and set the fish to cool; when cold pick in flakes with a silver fork, rejecting the skin and bones. To every pound of fish before it is cooked allow half a pint of milk, table-spoonful butter and yolks of two eggs. Put milk in double kettle, mix the butter and flour until smooth, stir into the milk—stir until it boils, take off the fire, add salt, a little chopped parsley, and the fish; mix well, then stir in the eggs well beaten put in greased shells, set them in a dripping pan and bake twenty minutes. They should brown on top. Serve hot.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Small oysters are equally good for these. Allow one quart of oysters and three pints of grated bread crumbs; cut a loaf of bread in two lengthwise, then the halves in two, same way, grate and measure, then put on tins in oven to dry, stirring so they will not burn. In fifteen or twenty minutes they will be dry enough; take out and cool. Grease a pudding dish, put in a layer of oysters, being careful not to let any pieces of shell get in; sprinkle a little salt over them, then add a layer of the crumbs, sprinkle with salt and add bits of butter over the layer, then another layer of oysters, filling the dish with alternate layers, allowing in all four and a-half tablespoonfuls of cold butter and two spoonfuls of cold water for each layer of crumbs. Sprinkle the top with crumbs, cover twenty minutes, then uncover; in all, bake three-fourths of an hour in a quick oven.

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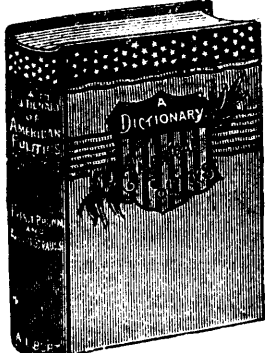
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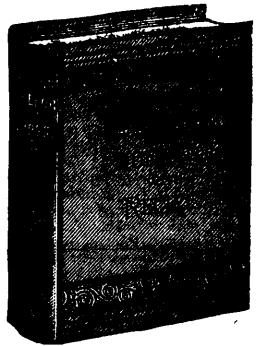
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Household Hints.

CORNMEAL GRUEL.—Two table-spoonfuls of cornmeal to one quart of boiling water and one teaspoonful of salt. Cook for about two hours, and prepare like the oatmeal gruel. You can add more salt if you choose.

CARAMEL RECIPE.—Two pounds dark brown sugar; light quarter of a pound of butter; one quarter cake of baker's chocolate (grated); and ten tablespoonfuls of milk. Boil twenty minutes and stir before pouring out.

CREAM SPONGE CAKE.—Three eggs, one cupful sugar, half cupful sweet cream, pinch of salt, one and a-half teaspoonfuls baking powder sifted into the flour; beat the yolks of the eggs, add sugar, salt, cream and enough flour to make a batter, beat the whites stiff, then stir into the mixture; add enough flour to thicken, but do not get it stiff; bake in patty tins.

TEA RUSKS.—Rusks raised without yeast are so much more quickly made than with it that they are preferable for warm weather. Three teacupfuls flour, one of milk, two tablespoonfuls butter, two eggs, three-fourths teacupful sugar, three teaspoonfuls baking powder, and a pinch of salt. Rub the butter and sugar together, add the well-beaten eggs, and lastly the flour. Bake like tea biscuits in a quick oven.

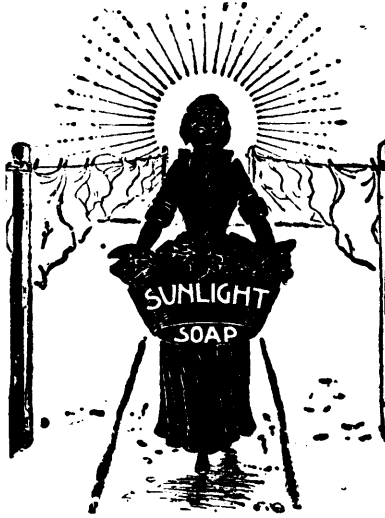
SCALLOPED POTATOES.—Peel and slice raw potatoes until you have enough, grease a pudding dish, put in a layer of sliced potatoes, sprinkle with salt and bits of butter, then pour over them a few spoonfuls of sweet milk, then add another layer of potatoes, and season, until dish is full; pour one-half cup of milk over the top, cover with an earthen plate, until nearly done, set in a quick oven and bake three-fourths of an hour. Uncover fifteen minutes before taking them out.

COCOANUT CAKE.—One cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful butter, one egg, two-thirds cupful milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, enough flour to thicken so it will drop readily from the spoon; cream the sugar and butter together, add the eggs, and part of the milk, beat, then add the remainder of the milk, sift baking powder into the flour and stir in slowly; bake in three layer cakes; soak one-fourth pound cocoanut with warm milk; before the cakes get cold put the cocoanut between the layers.

COCOA.—Cocoa is preferred by most people to chocolate. If you wish to make only one cupful in a short time, mix two even teaspoonfuls of cocoa with enough cold milk to make a paste, put in a teacup and fill cup with boiling milk; but a better way is to allow about one and a-half teaspoonfuls for each person, mix with cold milk, put some milk over the fire in double kettle, and when boiling hot, add a little sugar to the cocoa paste and stir into the milk; let it cook a minute, take from the fire and serve with plain cream or whipped cream.

FRIED OYSTERS.—Oysters should be kept in a cool place, but never where they will freeze. Select large ones for frying, allowing half a dozen or more for each person; pour in a colander and drain, then spread on a large cloth and throw one end over them, to take up the moisture; sprinkle a little salt over them. Have some stale bread, which has been well dried in the oven, rolled fine so you have plenty of crumbs, put a few on a deep plate and with a fork dip each oyster in the crumbs, until it is well covered. Lay the oysters in a row on a small board until all are prepared; then have three eggs well beaten, and dip each oyster in egg, then in the crumbs again, and set in a cool place for half an hour. When you wish to fry any for breakfast, prepare them the night before. There are several good ways to fry oysters. One is to have a kettle of fat smoking hot, put a layer of oysters in the bottom of a wire basket, sink the basket in the fat, from one and one-half to two minutes, lift out and drain the oysters on thin brown paper and remove to a hot platter and proceed to fry the rest. Others prefer to fry them in hot butter in a spider, turning them over; some fry them on a pancake griddle.

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BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, on the 2nd November, by the Rev. John S. Burnett, Norman McLeod, of the Township of Longueuil, to Margaret Kay, daughter of Mr. Kenneth Urquhart, River Road, Martintown.

At her father's residence, on the 3rd November, by the Rev. R. McLeod, Dunvegan, Miss Christina Harriett, youngest daughter of Mr. William Fraser, elder, Baltic's Corner, Glangary, Ont., to Mr. Duncan McNeil, Laggan, Ont.

At the residence of the bride's father, 149 Ash avenue, Montreal, on the 9th November, by the Rev. James Fleck, Herbert W. Burnett, to Agnes, daughter of Mr. John Scott.

DIED.

Alexandra, October 28, Donald McPhee, native of Invernesshire, Scotland, aged 94 years.

Suddenly, at Barrie, Ont., on Monday afternoon, 7th November, 1892, Robert Ross, late of the Northern Railway, in his 82nd year.

At his late residence, 63 Wellesley street, on Monday evening, November 7, Geo. Boyd, sr., in his 77th year.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

BARRIE.—At Barrie, Tuesday, November 29, 11 a.m.

BRUCE.—In Knox Church, Paisley, on 13th December, at 11 a.m.

LINDSAY.—At Uxbridge, Tuesday, November 29, at 11 a.m.

MAITLAND.—At Wingham, on Tuesday, 13th December, at 11.15 a.m.

MONTREAL.—In the Presbyterian College, on Tuesday, January 10, at 10 a.m.

OWEN SOUND.—In Division St. Hall, Owen Sound, Tuesday, December 20, at 10 a.m.

SARNIA.—In St. Andrews Church, Sarnia, on second Tuesday in December, at 2 p.m.

SAGUENAY.—In Knox Church, Harriston, on December 13, at 10 a.m.

STRATFORD.—In Knox Church, Mitchell, on January 17, at 2 p.m.

TORONTO.—In St. Andrews Church West, on Tuesday, December 6, at 10 a.m.

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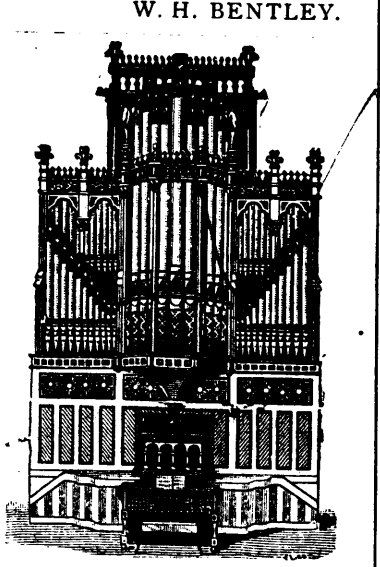
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