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FISH CAKES.—Pull to pieces with two forks the remains of any cold fish, carefully removing the bones. Mix some mashed potatoes and a small piece of butter with the fish, and season with salt and pepper to taste, adding a little cayenne or Nepaul pepper. Form into cakes, fry in butter till a golden colour, and garnish with fried parsley.

To REMOVE GREASE SPOTS.—These may easily be eradicated from linen by washing with pearl-ash and water. For satin and silks the following is an admirable recipe: Pour on the spot two drops of rectified spirits of wine, cover with a linen cloth, and press with a hot iron; the linen must be removed at once, and a little sulphuric ether rubbed gently over the stain.

It has been aptly remarked that there is one thing better than presence of mind, in case of accidents, and that is absence of body; but as accidents may happen to all, Haggard's Yellow Oil is perhaps the best remedy—it is better than an accident policy. Yellow Oil cures all manner of Flesh Wounds, Pain, Lameness, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, and is for external and internal use in all inflammatory and painful diseases. All medicine dealers sell it.

EGG SOUP. Put on the fire half a pint of milk and a quarter of a pint of water, with salt to taste. When the milk boils, beat slightly the white of an egg, pour it in the boiling milk drop by drop, stirring briskly all the time; when the egg has turned into hard little pellets, stir in the well-beaten yolk of the egg and take it off the fire immediately, as the soup should boil no longer after the yolk is added. Serve with fried bread crumbs and finely minced parsley.

To WASH FLANNELS.—I use my wringer to wash woollen blankets and stockings. Make a strong soap-suds with boiling water, and wring them through five or six times. Then rinse through two clear hot waters, the last one well blue. I have washed flannels, both coloured and white, in this way for the last twenty-five years without "felling." To prevent the edges of cotton or woollen sheets from curling, pass the selvage edge of the sheet into the wringer instead of the end.

It is said that heat travels faster than cold, because you can easily catch cold. If you do catch cold easily you can as easily cure it in its worst form if you use Haggard's Pectoral Balsam, the popular throat and lung remedy. It speedily cures the most troublesome cough, allays all irritation, dislodges tough phlegm, cures Asthma, Hoarseness and Bronchitis, and all diseases leading to Pulmonary Consumption.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Perhaps some of our best housekeepers may not know that to mix one-third wheat flour with buckwheat makes the cakes better than if made entirely of buckwheat, and it is economical also. To the buckwheat and flour add warm water sufficient to make a stiff batter, half a teaspoon of good yeast and a little salt; set in a warm place over night to rise. By saving a bowlful of batter at each baking, for starting another batch, yeast need not be used more than once a week.—Farm Journal.

FRENCH TREATMENT IN NEURALGIA.—In a recent communication to the Academie de Medecine, M. Fereol asserts the peculiar value of ammoniac sulphate of copper in the treatment of neuralgia. He states that in cases where every other resource has failed, even the administration of gelsemium and aconite, a cure or remarkable relief may be obtained to the most severe symptoms by means of this drug. Among the examples he gives of its use is one of trifacial neuralgia of two months' duration, with great insomnia, which was unrelieved by the extraction of teeth, quinine, bromide, aconite, or tincture of gelsemium, hydrometric injections of morphia or arsenic. From the first day of the administration of the sulphate of ammonia, however, there was a notable remission in the symptoms, and cessation of insomnia. In another severe case the dose was pushed to as many as eight grains without any other accident than nausea.

The world should be aroused to the deplorable condition of the females of our land! The enfeebled frame, the pale bloodless cheeks, hollow eyes, nervous debility, and the various distressing forms of female weakness, are matters that every matron in our country should consider. All forms of Debility and Irregularities peculiar to the sex may be promptly remedied by Burdock Blood Bitters.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 10.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 7th, 1881.

No. 1.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Church Missionary Society has ordained thirty-seven Maori ministers in New Zealand, all of whom are still engaged in pastoral duties.

MR. VANDERBILT has set an example which might be profitably followed by our Canadian Railway managers. He has issued an order prohibiting the sale of all sensational and immoral literature in the depots and trains of the New York Central Road. To prevent evasion he has specified by name the most notorious and widely circulated of the papers referred to.

A CELEBRATION of striking religious interest took place in Boston, two weeks ago, on the occasion of the 250th anniversary of the founding of the First Church of Boston, a society which may be fairly denominated as the pioneer church of America. Among the signers of the Covenant of the ancient society were Governor Winthrop, the first Chief Magistrate of Massachusetts, Dep.-Gov. Dudley Isaac Johnson, and the Rev. John Wilson.

AN evidence of the effect of mission work in this Empire, says the Japan "Weekly Mail," is afforded by the "Hochi Shinbun," a vernacular journal, which says that the chief priest of the Chion temple, at Kioto, is so distressed and alarmed at the spread of the doctrines of Christianity among his countrymen that he has drawn up a memoir containing his arguments (?) against the Christian religion, and transmitted it to the educational department.

THE Presbyterian Boards come in for a very large share of the estate of the late James E. Brown, of Kittanning, Penn. Mr. Brown left property valued at \$2,000,000. His will, after providing for various purposes with fifteen per cent. of the whole property, directs that twenty per cent. of the remainder, or about \$340,000, shall be paid to the Board of Domestic Missions; the same amount to the Board of Foreign Missions; the same amount to the American Bible Society; ten per cent., or \$170,000 each, to the Board of Education and the Church Erecting Fund; and \$85,000 each to the Board of Publication, the Fund for Disabled Ministers, the Work among the Freedmen, and the American and Foreign Christian Union.

THE agitation for disestablishment is still kept up in Scotland. At a recent meeting of the United Presbyterian Synod Committee on Disestablishment it was resolved that the time has come when the necessity of disestablishment in Scotland should be systematically advocated in Parliament, and urged on the Government; and that in view of the long-felt injustice and grievance of the Establishment in Scotland, the increased boldness of its assumptions and assertions in the assessments for churches and manse and otherwise, the position and number of those in the constituencies and in the Liberal ranks who demand disestablishment as an act of redress and justice, and in view of its highest bearings, the disestablishment and disendowment of the State Church in Scotland is a measure morally called for and urgent, and entitled to the early attention of Government and Parliament.

A PROMINENT clergyman of Chicago, after enumerating the variety of valuable matter usually found in a religious weekly paper, closes with the following remarks: "I suppose some Christian families feel that the price of a good religious paper is more than they are able to pay. But the value of such a paper, when taken and read, is above all price in money. The cost at the most is only six pennies a week. There are many mothers who so prize the assistance of such a paper in the education of their families that they would sooner wear one hat less a year than dispense with their paper. There are fathers who would buy a coat cheaper by the cost of the paper, rather than be deprived of its blessing. So deeply do I feel the need of such a paper as an educating force in my life and

home that I count it not at all among the luxuries but necessities of my table. And I am sure that where it is taken and read, and not laid upon the shelf to stay there, it will be an invaluable educator of both the home and the church into that life which we live by the faith of the Son of God."

THE following extract from the "Canadian Independent," speaks for itself:—"The gentleman and his lady who sent their pastor a cheque of \$500 a few days ago, will be kind enough to accept this acknowledgment in the 'Canadian Independent,' as a slight expression of thanks from himself and family for the same. Those who read will understand that said pastor's salary is regularly paid." We should be glad to have THE PRESBYTERIAN made the medium for many such acknowledgments. It will be observed that the kind friends thanked, sent their welcome donation anonymously, and that the church over which the recipient is pastor, is not remiss in paying the agreed-upon salary. Let us hope also that the salary itself is of a fairly reasonable amount, so that there may be every element in the case for the pastor favoured to "thank God and take courage." There are hundreds of people in all the churches of the land, who could in like manner send, we shall not say \$500, to their pastor and never miss it, but such a sum as would make many a good and true man feel that a burden had been lifted from his shoulders, and would send him anew to his work with a joyful energy which would not only last but grow through all the coming year.

A GOOD and pleasant thing is told in the N.Y. "Evangelist," of the Plymouth Congregational Church, in Cleveland, Ohio, and their excellent pastor, Rev. Charles Terry Collins, who we believe is a native of Hartford. "His people are building a beautiful house of worship. The contractor drew the money due for work done, and instead of paying his workmen, left for parts unknown, carrying the funds with him. These workmen had not the shadow of a claim upon the trustees, and expected nothing from them. But thirteen hundred dollars was due them from the absconded 'boss,' and they needed the money. Said Mr. Collins to his people: 'True, we do not owe these men a farthing, still let us make an effort to give them what their dishonest employer owes them, and never let it be said that the unrequited toil of men went into the rearing of this temple of the Most High.' And all the people said amen. And the labourers went that night to their homes rejoicing, carrying their lost and found pieces of silver with them." This is an example, it seems to us, that, imitated under similar circumstances, would be a powerful illustration of practical religion, and not only make defrauded labourers happy, but secure to the Church, thus honouring itself, the sympathy and good will of the community, worth far more to it than the pecuniary sacrifice.

THE violent and absurd agitation against the Jews, which has been carried on for the last two years in Germany, appears now to have reached a climax. A petition has been sent to Bismarck praying that the Jews be restricted in their civil rights, and that the absolute equality enjoyed by them with German citizens be abolished. An interesting discussion on the subject took place in the Lower House of the Prussian Diet. Herr Bachem, Court Chaplain Steecker, and others accused the Jews of acquiring wealth by disgraceful means. Herr Hael denounced the revival of a race hatred. The Minister of State said the existing laws established religious equality, and the Government had no intention of proposing a modification of them. But the self-constituted representatives of Teutonism have raised a cry which is only too popular with the unthinking masses. They assert that an alien and Semitic race, pouring in from all parts of the world, are monopolizing the benefits of the hardly earned national unity to the exclusion of their fellow-subjects, that they are amassing the capital, controlling the press and taking possession of Parliament and the State Offices. In support of these absurd allegations the country is flooded with violent and unjust

pamphlets and newspaper articles. Collisions between Jew and German are of frequent occurrence, not unfrequently blood is shed, and outrages done to men of Israelitish descent which could only be paralleled in the dark ages.

The London "Times" in a late issue has the following rather curious and interesting statements in reference to the ways and works, the habits and discipline of Cardinal Manning: "Very significant is the brief announcement that 'a Roman Catholic priest, who stated that he had quarrelled with his bishop and was quite destitute, was on Tuesday admitted into the Nottingham workhouse as a pauper.' The discipline of the Roman Catholic Church in England is of the strictest; the Ritualist clergymen who groaned under the very light yoke of his Grace of Canterbury will do well to pause before exchanging it for that of his Eminence of Westminster. There is but one law of safety for the Romish ecclesiastic—the law of implicit obedience to his superiors. The Cardinal rules his diocese with extraordinary severity, being in his own character a combination of St. Benedict and Gregory VII. He will suffer no priest in his diocese to smoke, and he encourages them all to take the pledge. That which he preaches he practises; and Cardinal Simeoni, when on a visit to England, occasioned no little consternation at the 'Archbishop's House' by lighting a cigar after dinner and passing round his cigar-case. Cardinal Manning carries his asceticism even to condemnation of pudding. Bread and meat and vegetables argues his Eminence, are enough to support the body in healthy working condition. Therefore any further addition to one's table savours of gluttony. This, however, is a rule for clerics. The Cardinal is indulgent towards laymen, and lately good-naturedly prevented at least one young lady from taking the vows. He saw she had not the vocation, and was resolved she should not make herself miserable for life."

THE N.Y. Times remarks wittily in respect to the evident disposition of the late Presbyterian Council to hold fast the form of sound words, which had come down to them from the past:—"This is, of course dreadfully narrow-minded and wholly unworthy of the age. The Presbyterians ought to sit humbly at the feet of Agnosticism and learn the true function of a religious denomination. They may think that the Presbyterian sect was formed in order to defend the doctrines of Christianity from attack. They should learn that the true object of a Church or any religious sect is to get rid of the doctrines of Christianity. They should take the broad, liberal ground that their creed is of no consequence, and that their whole duty is to grope in the dark for new doctrines, and thereby exhibit their love of progress. Instead of holding a meeting all by themselves in Philadelphia, the Presbyterian members of the Alliance should have gone to Concord, and after solemnly repudiating Christianity, they should have listened reverently to the Orphic utterances of Brown and Jones and Harris and Gamj, and tried to make a little progress in the vague and unthinkable. While we deplore the slavery of the Presbyterians, and, indeed, of all sects and Churches to their respective creeds, we should not forget that our mathematicians are also fettered by their creed, technically known as axioms. The whole science of geometry is founded upon certain axioms, and with a bigoted intolerance worthy only of a believer in Christianity, the student of geometry is required at the very beginning of his studies to profess his belief in the axioms. The arguments with which the geometers try to defend their adherence to their axioms strikingly resemble that by which the Presbyterians defend their adherence to their creed. It will at once be perceived that there can be no true progress in geometry more than in Christianity, so long as these degrading views are held. If progress in Christian thought means the rejection of Christian dogmas, progress in geometry must mean the rejection of geometrical axioms, and in their opposition to true progress there is little to choose between Christians and geometers."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

THE MARRIAGE QUESTION.

MR. EDITOR, In your paper of December 10th, there are certain remarks by the Rev. John Laing of Dundas, on my pamphlet on the marriage question. He says at the end, "If Mr. B. or some other writer will fairly meet this issue, it will do much to promote unity of sentiment among us." I should be happy to do all in my power to remove doubts and difficulties from the mind of our beloved brother with regard to this important subject, but, after all my labour, perhaps this cannot be done.

1. First of all let me notice Mr. Laing's objection to my "assuming" that a wife's sister is forbidden because a brother's widow is forbidden, while yet at the same time he "assumes" what the Scriptures nowhere assert, viz., that there is a difference between "relatives by blood" in the collateral line and "relatives by blood" in the direct line. I hold and believe that the Scriptures make no difference between them. "Let Mr. Laing *show* the proof and not assume it." Or if it be lawful for him to assume, my assumption is as good as his.

2. Mr. Laing does not perceive the force of my argument on page 25, with reference to a woman and her daughter and grand daughter, or a woman and her mother, being near kinswomen. I prove by verse 13 that a woman and her sister are also near kinswomen; for if my mother and her sister are near kinswomen, so are any other two sisters whatever. And as I do not believe in the distinction "assumed" between relatives by blood in the collateral line and those in the direct line, I maintain that a woman's sister is as much her *flesh* as her daughter and her mother. And when the daughter and mother of the wife are forbidden because they are "*sharrah*," flesh, or her near kinswomen; on the same ground I believe that a woman's sister is forbidden because she is the near kinswoman or flesh of the other, as stated in verse 13. Where is the authority for making a distinction between "*sharrah*" in the direct and "*sheer*" in the collateral line? If it be wickedness, "*zimmah*," to marry a woman who stands in the relation of "*sharrah*" to the wife, it must be equally wicked to marry a woman who may be called her "*sheer*," as her sister is denominated in verse 13. I refer Mr. Laing to what is stated on page 20, line 24, of my pamphlet, with regard to the principle of two sisters being one flesh, or near kinswomen.

3. Mr. Laing states in his fourth objection, "Unless we assume that the mother and the wife are 'one with the man' in the same sense, it is obvious, etc." Now every schoolboy knows that a man's mother is one flesh with him, in a sense which no other woman on earth can be, unless he enter the second time into some mother's womb and be born. According to this line of reasoning a man may marry any woman he pleases except his mother, for "unless we assume that the mother and the other woman are *one with the man* in the same sense, it is obvious that the mother is prohibited when the other is not, and that the prohibition rests on grounds which do not apply to the other." Now, no man will ever attempt to assume what has no existence, for there are no *two women* in the world that can be one with a man in the same sense, except those who are in the same degree of relationship, such as two sisters, two daughters, two aunts, or two nieces, or two wives if he has been married a second time. Each of these relatives are one with the man, and yet the relation in which they all stand to him is not *identical*. The argument, therefore, fails to the ground so far as it rests on identity of relationship. And as it remains to be proven that the Scriptures distinguish between relatives by blood in the direct line and those in the collateral line, I maintain that all the blood relations of the wife are forbidden; not only her daughter, grand-daughter and mother, but also her sister, her aunt, and her niece.

4. The principle "assumed" by Mr. Laing is not well-founded when he says, "The law affects only relatives by blood of the wife in the direct line, and does not affect those in the collateral line." He might as well assert that it affects only a man's own relatives by blood in the direct line, but not those in the collateral line, so that while he is forbidden to marry his mother or daughter, at the same time he is at liberty to marry his sister or niece. Now in order to show that

the Holy Scriptures do not recognize the distinction between blood relatives in the direct and collateral lines, we find it expressly forbidden in the ninth and eleventh verses, for a man to marry his sister or half-sister, legitimate or illegitimate, because they are his near kinswomen. In verse 12 he is forbidden to marry his father's sister, and in verse 13 his mother's sister on the same ground. It is, therefore, evident that the distinction between the direct and collateral lines has no authority or sanction from the Word of God, and the burden of proof rests with those who assert that there is a distinction in the case of the blood relations of a wife.

5. In the second objection Mr. Laing asserts to the "correlative prohibition" of a woman marrying her husband's brother, and yet further on, under objection third, in his "*mutatis mutandis*" of my words, he contradicts himself, and forgets the proposition to which he assented, for he says, "There is not a single instance of a husband's relatives by blood in the collateral line being forbidden to the wife." Now in verse 16 it is expressly forbidden that a woman should be married to her husband's brother, because he is her husband's relative by blood in the collateral line. In verse 14 it is forbidden that a woman should marry the nephew of her husband; he is also her husband's blood relative in the collateral line. Mr. Laing or any other writer may explain, if he can, how that which is sin for a woman may be lawful for a man to do. If it be sin for a woman to marry her husband's blood relatives in the collateral line, how can it be lawful for a man to marry his wife's blood relatives in the same line? Mr. Laing says, "if an instance can be given I will yield the question." As I have now produced two instances, viz., verses 14 and 16, therefore, by his own admission, he is bound to yield, which I fondly hope he may do, and come over to adopt my side of the question.

6. Near the end of his article Mr. Laing says, "The law of Moses interdicts a mother's sister on the ground that she is included in the phrase 'near of kin,' but does not interdict a wife's sister on the ground that she is near of kin to the wife." Now, the real and only ground on which the law of Moses forbids any woman is that she is near of kin to the man—verse 6: "None of you shall approach to any that is near of kin to him." The father's and mother's sisters are prohibited, because they are near kinswomen of the father and mother, and therefore, "near of kin" to the man himself. The daughter or grand-daughter, and the mother of a wife, are forbidden on the ground that they are the wife's near kinswomen, and so "near of kin" to the man, and as we find that there is no distinction between lineal and collateral relatives by blood, the sister of a wife cannot be allowed, because being the wife's near kinswoman, she is also "near of kin" to the husband, and must be included in the phrase "near of kin."

7. Under objection one, Mr. Laing says, "The relation in which they (*i.e.*, a brother's widow and a wife's sister) stand to a man is *analogous* but not *identical*." In opposition to this I maintain that, *mutatis mutandis*, the relation in which a brother's widow stands to a man, and a sister's husband stands to a woman, is *identical* and not *analogous*; unless it be asserted that on the one side the widow, being a female, and on the other the widower being a male, makes a difference, so that what is interdicted to the widow because she happens to be a woman, is lawful and right for the widower to do because he is a man. "God has not promulgated one law for males and another for females." The law is one and the same for both. Whatever is forbidden to the man is forbidden to the woman. The sexes are morally equivalent in the eye of God. The moral law is binding on men and women alike. But some people argue as if the law had no reference to women at all, because the commandments are all masculine in their form in Hebrew, being all addressed to the man. But the man includes the woman. Eve was as much bound to abstain from the forbidden fruit as Adam was, and yet it was to Adam that God said "Of the tree of knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat." We have no evidence that the woman existed at all when this command was given, for the prohibition is in the second person, singular, masculine, of the future tense of the verb.

8. The blood relatives of a man or woman within the forbidden degrees are five, two being in the direct and three in the collateral line, viz.: Father, son, mother, daughter, uncle, brother, nephew, aunt, sister,

niece. Some of these are expressly forbidden to the man, and some to the woman, and some are not mentioned at all. Of those forbidden to the man one is direct and two are collateral, so also of those forbidden to the woman, two are collateral and one is direct. But these are not the same, for the one forbidden in the direct line to the man is his superior, and of the two forbidden in the collateral line one is his superior and one his equal, while those not expressly forbidden are both his inferiors. On the other hand the one forbidden in the direct line to the woman is her inferior, and of the two forbidden in the collateral line one is her inferior and one her equal, while those not mentioned at all are both her superiors. A son is forbidden to marry his mother, but not a word is said of a daughter marrying her father. A mother cannot marry her son, but nothing is said of a man marrying his daughter. A nephew is interdicted from marrying his aunt, but nothing is said of a niece marrying her uncle. Does not this teach that in the eye of moral law man and woman are equal? Does it not also show that with reference to marriage there is no difference between blood relatives in the direct and collateral lines? How are we to decide the question if the argument from analogy be disallowed? We have no rule to guide us in the matter. Every one may act as he pleases and make a rule for himself. And if we must allow the argument from analogy in the one case, how are we to refuse it in the other? On what ground can we reject it? It seems to me that the only principle by which we are guided is that stated in the second chapter of my pamphlet, at pages 9-11. I would earnestly recommend our dear brother, Mr. Laing (and others who think as he does), to study carefully the subject of these pages and the Scripture texts on which they are founded, and by doing so I hope he may be led to entertain the same view of the subject.

DUNCAN B. BLAIR.

Barney's River, Dec. 20th, 1880.

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

MR. EDITOR,—Will you kindly give space in your columns for the following, in reply to the communication on *the marriage question* which appeared in your issue of December 10th?

Mr. Laing holds that the law (Levitical) does not by fair and necessary inference, prohibit marriage with a deceased wife's sister, etc.

Taking Leviticus xviii. 18, as it stands in our authorized version, and leaving out of view for the present the vexed question, whether the phrase translated, "a woman to her sister," should be given its literal meaning, instead of the idiomatic sense the same Hebrew words have given to them in Exodus xxvii. 3, 5, 6, 17, and other passages, viz., "one to another," I would like to ask Mr. Laing, for whose skill as a logician I have hitherto entertained the highest regard, whether he does not admit that it is a *non sequitur* that the verse in question permits the marriage of a man with his deceased wife's sister. That prince of theologians, the late Dr. Hodge, in his "Systematic Theology," vol. iii., page 416, referring to Leviticus xviii. 18, says:—"All that the passage teaches is, that if a man chooses to have two wives at the same time, which the law allowed, they must not be sisters; and the reason assigned is, that it would bring the sisters into a false relation to each other. This leaves the question of the propriety of marrying the sister of a deceased wife just where it was. This verse has no direct bearing on that subject." I am much mistaken in Mr. Laing as a logician, if he will assert that the verse either permits or prohibits marriage with a deceased wife's sister. He knows too well the consequence, to question for a moment the transference of the Levitical law of marriage to the Christian dispensation, and will doubtless admit at once that Leviticus xviii. 16, stands fast as a prohibition under the New Testament economy. Now, whatever the Rabbins may think who reject Paul's authority, or whatever difference may have existed, according to Baumgarten, from the fact that, "under the Old Testament the woman had not attained to the same degree of personality and independence as the man," I would like to know how, consistently with the principle Paul enunciated in Galatians iii. 28—"There is neither Jew nor Greek, there is neither bond nor free, there is neither male nor female; for ye are all one in Christ Jesus"—Mr. Laing avoids the necessity of applying the prohibition of Leviticus xviii. 16, to the woman, in this form: "Thou shalt

not uncover the nakedness of thy sister's husband, it is thy sister's nakedness." He has already admitted that if this analogue be granted its correlate must follow; and a man is forbidden to marry a deceased wife's sister.

W. T. WILKINS.

Bellevue, Dec. 13th.

PHILALETHES AND TRUTH.

MR. EDITOR,—After the reckless misrepresentation by "Philalethes" of the position taken by Principal Grant at the Philadelphia Council one should hardly be surprised at his misrepresentation of my letter, which, I may remark, in passing, was written solely on my own responsibility without any communication with Principal Grant, who follows the wise rule of paying no attention to anonymous attacks.

"Philalethes," besides the assumption contained in his signature, talks largely of truth, and of what is honourable and dishonourable. In which category would he place the man who professes to quote his opponent in *inverted commas*, and deliberately alters the printed words? He asserts that I "represent the Principal as saying that 'a minister, however widely divergent from the truth as taught by his Church, and as subscribed by himself, should stay in the Church till the Church puts him out.'" What I *did* say was, that he maintained that "a true minister's ordination vows are taken primarily to the Great Head of the Church; that so long as he feels himself faithful to *these*, it is his duty to remain at his post until the Church herself shall refuse to endorse him any longer as one of her teachers."

When "Philalethes" shall condescend to be truthful and honourable in argument, and to meet his opponent on the ground of what was said, instead of what was *not* said, it will be time enough to discuss with him the "essential, practical, profitable" element of truth! Till then, it is useless to discuss anything with a man whose ideas of argument seem to consist in bandying abusive language and reckless misrepresentation.

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

December 25th, 1880.

REV. DR. MACKAY.

MR. EDITOR,—I fully endorse all your Belleville correspondent says about this heroic soldier of the cross. I write you to say that I think it will be a pity if Dr. Mackay is permitted to return to Formosa without leaving a published record of his mission behind. If the copyright of such a work were secured to the Church, the proceeds arising from its sale might be devoted to the Formosa mission. I am sure such a work would have a large sale. The intense interest awakened throughout the country by Dr. Mackay's simple, yet thrilling narrative of his personal labours, is a sufficient guarantee for the success of such an enterprise. We think there is no modern missionary who can present a more wonderful record than this self-sacrificing missionary of our Canadian Church.

VERBUM SAP.

THE LEVITICAL LAW.

MR. EDITOR,—A good deal of discussion has been going on through the columns of the public press touching that portion of the Levitical law relative to the question of who may and who may not marry, and although considerable diversity of opinion appears to exist as to the precise scope and meaning of the passages in question, all, however, are agreed as to the force and binding of the law upon us at the present day. I desire to direct attention to another portion of the Levitical law, to be found in Leviticus xi., bearing upon the question of abstinence from use of the flesh of certain kinds of animals as food, and notably the flesh of swine. While I apprehend there cannot possibly exist any doubt as to the intent and meaning of the language used, nevertheless very vague opinions appear to prevail with regard to its application and its binding force upon us. In some particulars it is religiously adhered to, and in other particulars it is loosely held or entirely ignored. I know that an opinion prevails that this portion of the law is abolished, but can any valid reasons be given for this being the case? I would like to be informed upon what grounds that wise sanitary law given to the Jews, and founded upon the physiological law of our being, is so vaguely regarded or wholly set aside? Are we so differently constituted physically from the Jew that the law should not apply to us? Or do we profess to

be wiser in our day and generation than the Lawgiver, that we should thus presume to discriminate in regard to it?

Are we not bending and perverting the law to suit our confirmed habits and prejudices, and making it conform to the long established customs and misdirected tastes of society? A better understanding of this portion of the law is necessary

A SUBSCRIBER

ISAIAH'S SECOND SONG.

"Then Israel sang this song, Spring up, O well; sing ye unto it. The princes digged the well, the nobles of the people digged it, by the direction of the lawgiver, with their staves."—Num. xxi. 17, 18.

Spring up, spring up, O well!
Jehovah bids thee flow;
He brings His people near,
His grace and power to know.
Dug from the sand,
By princely hand,
With pilgrim staff,
Spring up, O well!

Spring up, spring up, O well!
The Rock was rent before;
And by this desert way
Its precious waters pour,
Through all our course,
Unfailing source
Of life divine;
Spring up, O well!

Spring up, spring up, O well!
The wilderness is past,
We reach with glad haste
The goodly land at last.
Thy rich supply
Here ever nigh,
Flows there a flood;
Spring up, O well!

Spring up, spring up, O well!
Though foes beset the way,
Still onward will we press
To love and life and day,
And when we stand
Within the land,
We'll raise thy praise;
Spring up, O well!

Spring up, spring up, O well!
With glad and grateful heart
We walk and fight and wait;
While now we know in part,
Yet still we long
To join the throng
Before the throne;
Spring up, O well!

A. B. MACKAY.

THEOLOGY IN MANITOBA COLLEGE.

MR. EDITOR,—An article appeared in your issue of November 5th, under the above heading, in which the writer, who is one of the professors in the above institution, advocates the support of the College wholly on the plea of cheapness. What is needed for the success of our cause in the North-West is not cheaper but more efficient work. The professor seems to lament the paucity of unmarried missionaries who are willing to labour in the North West. We think the Church is to be congratulated on that account. Of all the places in the world, where a labourer in Christ's vineyard needs the loving sympathy and counsel of a wife, it is in the frontier settlements. One important item the professor leaves out, and that is the worth of the minister's wife, who, though an unpaid labourer, in many instances exerts an influence, almost, if not altogether, as beneficial as the minister himself. One of the most potent powers for good in these new settlements is the example of a good Christian home.

We admire the zeal and devotion of young theological students, and gladly admit their important services to the Church. But any one at all acquainted with the results of their labour knows that the good they have achieved has been mainly that of pioneers paving the way for continuous mission work. Apply to one of these embryo frontier congregations the professor's plan. What is the probable result? The six dollars he proposes to allow the student, in most places in the North-West, would not pay for his board and washing. The result to the student—pecuniary loss. What is the result to the congregation? When he is withdrawn for the winter months, there is saving; but it is saving purchased at too dear a rate. Any interest awakened by his labours, however zealous, in most cases evaporates before his return next summer, and the work needs to begin anew at a dearer rate to the Church in the long run than if from the first provision had been made for continuous supply the whole year.

We cannot see that the interests of Manitoba College, or the Presbyterian cause in the North West, can be greatly helped by the advocacy of what is plainly unscriptural doctrine, for Paul declares "a bishop should be the husband of one wife." The interests of both would be far better promoted by the vigorous advocacy of a Church and Manse Building Fund, adopting the good old Presbyterian plan—the plan of Knox—wherever a Church was started a manse was built alongside. Nearly every other Presbyterian Church, whether Scotch or American, has a Church and Manse Building Fund. Why should not the Presbyterian Church in Canada adopt a similar plan, the only plan that will give "our noble Presbyterianism" the position it should have in the sparsely settled, yet rapidly increasing, settlements of the North West, and save our missionaries from needless sufferings.

JAMES STEVENS.

Prince Albert, N. W. T., Dec. 11th, 1880.

MISSION NOTES.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS OF REV. J. W. MACKENZIE, MISSIONARY IN BRAID, NEW BRIDGES.

We set sail from Sidney on the 10th of April, and had a rough, tedious passage to Aneiteum. Our poor natives at Erakor were very glad to see us back. They had been looking for us for over a fortnight, and were afraid that something had happened to the "Dayspring." Nearly all the natives from the three Christian villages were assembled at the boat-landing when we got ashore. They had a present of yams ready for the vessel, and another for ourselves. We found that the work had been moving on smoothly in our absence. The hurricane, which had been very severe in some places, had done very little damage, either to the natives, plantations, or our premises. Since our return we have been very much cheered, seeing the natives take such interest in the work. They have just completed a new school-house, in which we met yesterday for the first time. In the past we made one building serve for church and school. The school-house is a wattle and plastered building. The natives did all the work themselves, the only assistance I rendered being in putting in the desks. One of our natives is a very clever fellow, Kalumtak, brother of the chief Pomal. The school-house is the third time house he has built, or at least had the management of, during the last year or two. The first was a building of three rooms for his brother, the chief, then a house for himself, and now he is building a store-room for me.

The children's school is very interesting. We have fifty attending at present. A number of them belong to two other villages, but they have come to Erakor to be near the school, and the friends for the most part bring them food. You would be delighted to hear them sing. Over eighty attend our adult's day school, though this is their busy season. You cannot imagine how loth we are to leave our station at present, but I fear we shall be obliged to do so for a time. We intend going up to Sydney at the end of the year. Where we shall go then I cannot say. I must just leave it all in God's hands. Of this, however, I feel convinced, that it is only by going to a cold climate that my health can be permanently benefited.

Our annual meeting was held at Havannah Harbour this year. Our new missionary from Victoria was settled on Api, a heathen island. It is the most northerly occupied.

Erakor, Esate, Aug. 31, 1880.

You will be glad to learn that our Christian natives are beginning to take a deeper interest in the work than hitherto. At present we feel greatly encouraged. Nearly all our young men who were away in Queensland and other places are home again, and a number of them attend the candidates' class and day school. In former times we took charge of the morning school, but since our return from Sydney we have left it in the hands of the most advanced natives. We find the day schools as much as we can attend to.

September 7, 1880.

THE Christian life is a long and continual tendency of our hearts toward that eternal goodness which we desire on earth. All our happiness consists in thirsting for it. Now, this thirst is prayer. Ever desire to approach your Creator and you will never cease to pray. Do not think it is necessary to pronounce many words.—Fenelon.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

"WALK IN WISDOM TOWARD THEM THAT ARE WITHOUT."

Be natural. Be yourselves. Do not try to be somebody else. Do not have a Christian face occasionally masking your own face, a Christian voice taking the place of your own voice, a Christian language besides your own language. Of course, when you speak of the things of Christ, you must use certain words that belong to these things; but they are plain, simple, common words. Do not go out of the way to find others. Do not use too many of the expressions that may be very current among us and that we suppose everybody understands, but that everybody does not understand. Yea, more, to many they even give offence; and at that way, at the very moment when we are doing our best to lead the soul toward God and toward Christ, we are putting hindrances in his way. Be natural. Speak plainly. Christians are often charged with affectation. One says, "They seem to be walking on stilts." But that should not be laid to the account of their religion. Unnaturalness does not come from having too much religion, but from not having enough. The more we have of true faith and true life, the more natural we will be, and the more like Christ we will be. What could be more natural than the ways and words of Christ?

Be true. Be perfectly true. That does not simply mean, do not tell lies. It means, be transparent. Let men be able to see through you, to perceive that there is no guile, that there are no hidden motives, that while you profess to love God more than anything else, you are not loving other things more than God.

Be humble. Christ was so humble that he could say, without our being in the least shocked or even struck by it, "I am meek and lowly in heart." And if he was such, what ought we to be? Be humble under a sense of your sinfulness, under a sense of what you have been, under a sense of what there is in you that needs the constant cleansing of the blood of Christ, and the constant power of the Spirit of God. Be humble under the weight of God's mercies to you; then you will walk softly before others. Do not try to impress them with a sense of your superiority to them; if you do you will miss the mark altogether and make the contrary impression.

Be holy. While I would say, let us avoid anything unnatural, I would say much more loudly, let us avoid the slightest appearance of evil—of tampering with sin. Let us avoid making light of sin, either in our lives or in our conversation. Let us be consistent. This is true Christian eloquence and true Christian influence. Remember what Peter says to wives who have unbelieving husbands. Observe, the advice he gives to the wife is simply to obey her husband: "Likewise, ye wives, be in subjection to your own husbands; that, if any obey not the Word, they also may without the Word be won by the conversation"—that is, by the conduct—"of the wives; while they behold your chaste conversation coupled with fear" (1 Peter iii. 1, 2).

Thus let it appear, from your conduct, that your religion is not a matter of theory, of emotion, of talk, but a matter of fact. Indeed, if you please, let the very word "religion" alone; it is very seldom we find it in the Bible. But let there be seen in your daily life the flowing of a stream the source of which is in heaven. Let the impression go out from your daily walk and conversation that whatever you do is real, that it is founded and grounded on reality. I read a few days ago about a young man who was converted, and who was asked afterward, "Under whose preaching were you converted?" His reply was: "I was not converted under anybody's preaching; I was converted under my aunt's practising."

Again, if you will walk in wisdom toward them that are without—in the wisdom that cometh from above, that is first pure, then peaceable—

Be happy. Is that a command? It is. The Bible is full of it. "Rejoice." "Rejoice evermore." "Rejoice in the Lord." "These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy may remain in you, and that your joy may be full." Christ spoke thus a few hours before He said, "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." It is a deep joy, then, not inconsistent with suffering. If there is sunshine on your countenance others will believe that "the Lord our God is a sun and shield," and that Christ is "the Light of

the world." But, if we speak to them of that Sun and of that Light and they never see anything but darkness and gloominess in us, if they observe that the clouds or earth are sufficient to obscure the light which we profess to have received from heaven, they will not believe in it.

Be kind. Do not simply love them, but *show* that you love them. Be kind in very deed. Be thoughtful. Show your love to them in action. Not very long ago Mr. Weyland, of the London City Mission, was speaking in a meeting at Paris. He told us an incident with which you are perhaps familiar, and which took place in this town. There was a man, quite an infidel, who was dangerously ill, and a colporteur went to see him. The man would not receive him, and asked him never to come again. The colporteur after a few words left the house; but he noticed that the man was very poor. There seemed to be none of the things necessary to health about his home. What did the colporteur do? He did not go and write an address about charity, but he went to the grocer's and he sent provisions to the man. A little time after he went again. He was well received. The man said, "If you please, sir, was it you who sent those provisions?" "Well, yes, it was; but do not let us talk about that." "It was very kind of you. I treated you with so much discourtesy, and you were so good to me! My unbelieving friends, who profess to love me, have not done anything for me; but here you have sent me these provisions. Please read me something out of your book." He read to him and visited him again and again. Before that man died he was brought to a knowledge of Christ. The work had been begun by an act of kindness.

A little while ago I read an account of what happened to Pastor Funcke, of Bremen, who is well-known in Germany. He went to see a working-man, whom he describes as a tall, strong man, with a red beard, living in a miserable little place up a flight of rickety stairs. The man would not listen to him at all, but flew into a passion, saying, "I don't want to hear anything about your God. I don't believe there is a God." Then, clenching his fist, he said, "This is my god!" and, bringing it down on the table with a thump, he added: "If ever I find you on these premises again I will put my god into your face!" The pastor went away; but a few days later, hearing that the man was out of employment, he busied himself in finding a situation for him.

By and by the man heard of this. He went to him and said, "Is this true, sir, that you took the trouble to find me this employment?" "Why, yes, it is true." "Well," he said, "all Christians are not hypocrites!" That was to him a discovery, it seems. He invited the pastor to his house and listened to him. "And now," says M. Funcke, "he, his wife and children are among the best of my church members and theirs is one of the happiest homes in the parish." Surely this was "walking in wisdom toward them that are without."—*Pastor Theodore Monod, Paris.*

DEALING WITH DOUBTERS.

At the late Presbyterian Council, Dr. McCosh gave some instances of dealing with young men inclined to scepticism that are interesting.

In this country four out of the twelve hundred students who, trained under able Christian instructors, have graduated in Princeton since I became connected with it, have left its walls believing in nothing. Let me give their subsequent career. With the first—an able student—I talked and prayed when he went away. Two years after I heard of him conducting prayer-meetings; a year after he was elected by the College to deliver the Master's Oration, and he came back to give a noble defence of Christianity in the place where his fellow-students had known him as doubting of everything; and he is now a minister of the Gospel. The second was a good student in English literature; and I sent for him, after graduation, talked with him, and asked him to pray with me. He replied that I might pray if I chose; but as for himself, he did not believe in a God to pray to. I simply remarked that he had a pious mother, who was praying for him, and that I should not wonder if, in answer to her prayers, I found him coming back and asking me to pray with him. I gave him a letter which helped him to procure a position in a public office. Two years or so passed away, and I heard nothing of him. But one day I was in a hotel, hundreds of miles away, when a gentleman came up to

me and asked if I was President of Princeton College. Upon my allowing that I was, he said, "But what makes you rear infidels?" I assured him that we did not. He then told me that he had been obliged to listen from day to day in his boarding-house to the most rabid scoffing he had ever listened to. I named the young man at once, and told him that he had not got his infidelity from us. Feeling that he had teased me enough, the gentleman now said: "I may as well tell you the issue. That young man went down to his mother's house to convert her to infidelity, and she *foored* him; and he is now addressing Young Men's Christian Associations and is thinking of the ministry." Some time after he called on me, and, sitting in the same part of my study in which he had refused to pray with me, asked me to guide his devotions. He is now a minister of the Word. A third was led astray by the book "On the Supernatural." I have little opportunity of meeting with him; but I have heard of him within the last few months taking part in a Sunday school and opening it with prayer. The fourth was known in college as having given up all faith. I sent for him, after his graduation, and asked him what profession he meant to follow. He replied, somewhat sorrowfully, that he absolutely did not know what to turn himself to. "A lawyer?" I asked him. But he said he had no taste for it. He would like to be a journalist, he went on to say; but he was afraid of the temptations to which he would thereby be exposed. I then asked him if he would like to be a minister of the Gospel. He sprang from his seat and declared there was nothing that he would like so much; but that he had no faith in anything. He made only one request—that I would allow him to come back another year and study under me as a post-graduate. We parted after we had prayed. He came back the following year, to study higher science and philosophy. He is now an advanced student in a theological seminary.

I have hesitated as to whether I should tell these things in public; but I have a testimony to bear, and I may not have many other opportunities of bearing it.

VIRTUE IN FASHION.

A floating paragraph gives the news that it is "fashionable" at present in New York for young men of fortune to be strictly moral. Deep drinking has "gone out." Debauchery is reckoned "low." "Our best young men," remarks the writer, "are steady and moral."

It seems at first highly ridiculous to think of good morals as a fashionable usage, a feature of the season, like plush sacques, and the new way of waltzing. We shall perhaps see it announced hereafter in the fashion papers that looseness, now strictly confined to pantaloons, is to be totally banished from behaviour; and that it is no longer *comme il faut* to carry a night-key.

Who knows but we shall read that obedience to parents is *de rigueur* in the circles of fashion, and no young man is admitted to the best society unaccompanied by his mother!

But perhaps the notion of good conduct being fashionable is not quite so ridiculous as it seems. Vice has been fashionable; why not virtue?

Vice was in very high fashion for two or three centuries, counting from Francis I., king of France, the first king in modern times who was constantly and notoriously dissolute. His bad example was followed by his successor, and copied by Charles II., of England. It corrupted nearly every court in Europe; and where the court was corrupt, the nobility was likely to be less so.

For at least two hundred years the conspicuous and splendid classes in every leading nation were dissolute and debauched, even down to our own day. In 1750, for example, there was scarcely a virtuous court in Europe; and with the exception of the court of George III., there was none in the present century until Queen Victoria ascended the English throne.

If a young man of fortune behaved like a civilized and intelligent being—i.e., if he was temperate, moral, studious and thoughtful—he was apt to be regarded as wanting in "spirit;" and vast numbers of young men affected debauchery, as well as practised it merely to avoid this reproach.

The ideal young man is, of course, above such unworthy considerations; but then, the ideal young man is—ideal. There are a good many of the other kind—the real, the actual young men, who are proud

of their boots and neckties, and like to go with the crowd.

An old teacher told us the other day that there are three kinds of young men in every college: 1. The strong and good third, who will do right anyhow; 2. The weak and ill-disposed third, who will be pretty sure to go wrong; 3. The middling third, who will go right or wrong, according to the current.

It is this last named class who are so much under the power of fashion. If, for two hundred years, this intermediate kind of young men have gone into vice, because vice was fashionable, some of them may follow the fashion of virtue.

We therefore hasten to chronicle the fact that the newspapers declare that to be reckoned a man of fashion in New York, it is no longer necessary to break any of the commandments, nor imitate any of the lower animals—one point gained in "fashionable life!"—*Youth's Companion*.

THE OUTLOOK FROM THE END OF GENESIS.

At eventide, in the patriarchal era, there was light; but very soon the light fades away, and darkness settles down—the darkness of Egyptian night. Jacob dies. Joseph dies. The children of Israel disappear from view. And when we find them again in the first chapter of Exodus, we find them in the degradation of slavery.

Where are the promises now—those glorious promises that were made to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob? Not only are they unfulfilled, but there is no sign of their fulfilment.

Where is the promise of the land? There is not a patriarch's tent in the whole of it now. The Canaanite has undisputed possession of every part. Where are the altars that were raised by Abraham, Isaac and Jacob? The Amorite may desecrate them as he will. There is no one to guard them or enclose them from sacrilegious tread. Even the grave at Machpelah, that Abraham bought for a large sum of money, is deserted and dishonoured now. There is no one to plant even a flower on the once sacred spot. Where is the promise of the land?

And where is the promise of the seed that was to bring salvation? Joseph seemed as if he were to fulfill the promise when he came into power in Egypt and had all things under his control. But Joseph is dead now, and another Pharaoh has arisen who knows not Joseph, nor cares for Joseph's race. As to the promise of "the great nation" and the "many nations," there are no signs of any nation at all.

Thus all the promises seem gone, and what is left? A few words and a few bones. That is really all that is left of the rich promises of Genesis—a few words of Jacob, and a few bones of Joseph; words of Jacob that have gone out into the empty air and seem to be lost forever; bones of Joseph that are dead, with no appearance of a resurrection. That is the end. What a miserable ending of all the sacrifices and the hopes of "the father of the faithful!" Miserable wreck of the Gospel in Genesis! Of all that has interested us and excited expectation, nothing now remains that can be seen but Joseph's bones.

But with these bones is linked a word of God, on the faith of which the dying Joseph had spoken these words of calm assurance: "God will surely visit you, and ye shall carry up my bones from hence." The bones were dead, but the words were living. It was that word of God which "liveth and abideth forever." And therein lay the hope of the covenant. When we come to the close of the book, we are looking into a coffin, the narrow grave of Genesis. But as we look, we see it opening into the wide portal of Exodus. It is with this old tomb of Joseph as it is with the new tomb of him of Arimathea. The one seemed the grave of the old covenant, and the other seemed the grave of the new. But while the tomb of Joseph of Arimathea seemed the grave of Christianity, was it not indeed the gate of all its glory? So it is with the embalmed remains of Joseph in their narrow Egyptian coffin. Here we have the link between Genesis and Exodus. Joseph's bones bridge the dark chasm between them. There, on the Genesis side, they mark the end of the beginning, and a miserable end it seems; but they carry us over on the Exodus side, to the beginning of the end, and how glorious that end is doth not appear, until, after the long development of the ages, we reach the consummation in the glowing imagery of the Apocalypse.

Observe here the lesson which comes from comparing the directions given by Jacob concerning his bones, with those given by Joseph. Jacob says, "Bury me not in Egypt. Bury me with my fathers in the cave that is in the field of Machpelah." It was a very natural thing in the old man, as all his holiest feelings were with the Canaan of the past. Canaan was to him a memory and a grave. But Joseph's Canaan was different. It was the Canaan of the future—not a memory and a grave, but a hope and a home. And that is the reason why the directions of Joseph concerning his bones are spoken of in the eleventh of Hebrews as a special exercise of faith. Joseph says in effect: "Keep my bones in Egypt. Ye shall carry them indeed to Canaan, but not in a mere funeral procession, as the bones of my father have gone. In triumph, not in sadness, shall they go; not as to a grave in a cave, but as to the broad and beautiful land of promise."

Each charge was beautiful in its time. When Jacob died, all was bright. Witness the gorgeous funeral and the mourning among the Egyptians. When Joseph died, all was getting dark. Years had elapsed. The night of slavery was already settling down. No notice seems to be taken in Egypt of the death of the old and almost forgotten Joseph. The lesson of each is appropriate and memorable. When the world is at its brightest, forget not the grave. Such is the lesson of Jacob's dying charge. When the world is the darkest, forget not the home. Such is the lesson which the dying Joseph teaches. On the furthest verge of Genesis, we see two figures disappearing from our view—the one with his eye on the past, the other with his eye on the future. What is there in the field of vision? On this side, the memory of a tent—the prospect of a grave. On the other side—the side that Joseph looks to—God and His word, life, heaven, eternity.—*Rev. John Monro Gibson, D.D., in "Ages before Moses."*

GROWTH.

Growth is gladdening. He who grows in holiness grows in joy. Spiritual strength brings gladness.

It is a poor, half-hearted religion—not spiritual power, but the want of it—that breeds gloom. The consciousness that a man is becoming stronger in his faith, clearer in his convictions, warmer in his love, must, from its very nature, be a glad consciousness. And the hope of greater strength yet to be attained, of loftier heights yet to be reached, is more joyous still. A story is told of Thorwaldsen, the sculptor, that on one occasion when he was adding a few finishing touches to one of his masterpieces—a statue of Christ—a friend called upon him at his studio and found him in a very depressed and desponding mood. On inquiring the cause of this unusual and apparently untimely depression, the sculptor gave this singular answer—pointing to his work, he said, "I can see no fault in it; my genius is decaying; it is the first of my works that I have felt satisfied with."—*Spurgeon*.

BIND UP THE BROKEN-HEARTED.

It is a beautiful figure, this binding up—as though the Crucified One took the liniment and the strapping, and put it round the broken heart, and with His own dear, gentle hand proceeded to close up the wound and make it cease to bleed. Luke does not tell us that He came to bind up the broken-hearted; if you examine his version of the text, you will read that He came to heal them. That is going still further, because you may bind up and yet fail to cure it, but Jesus never fails in His surgery. He whose own heart was broken knows how to cure broken hearts. If you have that broken heart within you, beloved, Christ came to cure you; and He will do it, for He never came in vain: "He shall not fail nor be discouraged." With sovereign power anointed from on high He watches for the worst cases. Heart disease, incurable by man, is Christ's speciality. His Gospel touches the root of the soul's ill, the mischief which dwells in that place whence are the issues of life. With pity, wisdom, power, and condescension, He bends over our broken bones, and ere He has done with them He makes them all rejoice and sing glory to His name.—*Spurgeon*.

BURMAH stands third in the list of donors last year to the American Baptist Missionary Union: Massachusetts gave \$41,312, New York \$39,469, and Burmah \$31,616.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

SAID Ambrose, one of the early fathers: "As we must render an account of every idle word, so must we likewise of our idle silence."

"THE Lord is thy keeper," but not thy jailer. His keeping is not confinement, it is protection. When you commit your ways to Him He does not abridge your liberty; He only defends you against the evil. *J. M. Ludlow*.

WHERE science speaks of improvement, Christianity speaks of renovation; where science speaks of development, Christianity speaks of sanctification; where science speaks of progress, Christianity speaks of perfection.—*J. O. Thompson*.

THE truth is, whether a given excellence is a virtue or a grace, depends altogether on its relation to Jesus Christ; if practised without reference to Him, it is but a virtue; if practised with reference to Him, it is a grace.—*George Dana Boardman*.

THE truth cannot be burned, beheaded, or crucified. A lie on the throne is a lie still, and truth in a dungeon is truth still; and the lie on the throne is on the way to defeat, and the truth in the dungeon is on the way to victory. No accident of position can change the essential nature of things, or the eternal laws which determine their destinies.—*William McKinley*.

SIMEON adopted the following rules for the conduct of his life: 1. To hear as little as possible of whatever is to the prejudice of others. 2. To believe nothing of the kind till I am absolutely forced to. 3. Never to drink in the spirit of one who circulates an ill report. 4. Always to moderate the unkindness which is expressed towards others. 5. Always to believe that if the other side were heard a different account would be given of the matter.

IN our Lord's own life it is manifest that He did, day by day, a multitude of things for the mere sake of soothing trouble, of calming irritation, of smoothing asperities, of producing amiable feelings. While He instructed men, while He inspired them with noble heroisms and ambitions, His life was also filled with a thousand small shades of goodness, whose very nature it was to make men contented and happy, and His example is quoted for our imitation, "For even Christ pleased not Himself."

How easy is pen-and-paper piety, for one to write religiously! I will not say it costeth nothing; but it is far cheaper to work one's head than one's heart to goodness. Some, perchance, may guess me to be good by my writings, and so I shall deceive my reader. But, if I do not desire to be good, I must of all deceive myself. I can make a hundred meditations sooner than subdue the least sin in my soul. Yea, I was once in the mind never to write more for fear lest my writing at the last day prove records against me. And yet why should I not write, that, by reading my own book, the disproportion betwixt my lines and my life may make me blush myself (if not into goodness) into less badness than I would otherwise; that so my writings may condemn myself; that so God may be moved to acquit me.—*Thomas Fuller*.

THE plain truth is that nothing but an almighty personal friend will ever meet the legitimate wants of man's soul. Metaphysical notions, philosophical theories, abstract ideas, vague speculations about the unseen, the infinite, the inner light, and so forth, may satisfy a select few for a time, but the vast majority of mankind, if they have any religion at all, will never be content with a religion which does not supply them with a person to whom they may look and trust. It is just this craving after a person which gives the idolatry and saint-worship of Rome its curious power. And this principle once admitted, where will you find one so perfectly fitted to satisfy man as the Christ of the Bible? Look around the world, and point, if you can, to an object of faith fit to be compared with this blessed Son of God, set before our eyes in the gospels. In face of a dying world, we want positives not negatives. I see myriads of men and women, all over the world, after eighteen hundred years, continuing to drink at this fountain; and none who honestly stoop to drink complain that their thirst is not relieved. And all this time those who profess to despise the good old fountain can shew us nothing to take its place.—*Bp. Kyle*.

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Edited by Rev. Wm. Inglis.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 7, 1881.

TIME EXTENDED.

In order to accommodate a number who have not yet completed their clubs, we have decided to extend the time TO THE 1st FEBRUARY NEXT. A good deal may yet be done, and we urge friends to make an effort, especially in congregations where THE PRESBYTERIAN has few or no readers.

LOOK AT LABEL

on this copy of your papers, and if you find that the figures do not indicate 31st December, 1881, kindly remit at once, and thus become entitled to the beautiful engraving, "God's Word," which is sent to all subscribers paid up till the end of this year. If it should happen that your label tells a tale of remissness or carelessness in paying your indebtedness for your Church paper—shews you to be in arrears for TWO, FOUR, OR SIX YEARS—let not a day pass without making remittance to balance account, and payment for a year in advance. Don't meanly allow your paper to go unpaid for years, and then pay up and stop. This is scarcely "doing unto others as you would be done by."

THE SUPPORT OF THE POOR.

IN a new and sparsely peopled country like Canada there ought to be but a comparatively small number who really need to be supported by public charity. Of course there will always be some, even in the most prosperous communities, who, without any fault of their own or of their natural protectors, are in this condition of dependence; but with us all who are really in this condition might be easily and amply provided for. The vicious and improvident, or their children, are what constitute the greater portion of the burden, as they are always the most exacting in their demands and the most dissatisfied with their treatment. Of course even these cannot be allowed to starve, and they know it. Every now and then the cry is accordingly raised that a poor rate ought to be levied, and that the whole matter ought to be taken out of the region of charity, and made one of legal obligation. It will be a sad day for Canada when this course is adopted,

for all experience goes to shew that nothing is more efficient as a pauper-maker than legal provision for the support of the poor. It may be that, as things are at present, some escape from what might be called their proper share of this burden. If they do, it is to their own loss, and in leanness of soul they meet with their own appropriate punishment. It would be an imputation upon the religious character and spiritual vitality of any Christian congregation to suppose it either unable or unwilling to attend to the wants of its own poor. Nor does it savour of Phariseeism to add that the heavier part of the work of attending to the necessities of those outside the Church must also fall upon the followers of Christ. It has always done so, and it is doing so now. The work has been peculiarly Christian in its character and origin, for, spite of all that men may say to the contrary, it is to the direct and indirect influences of Christianity that the legal and voluntary provision for the poor owes its very existence as well as the larger portion of its extent and power. Take away all the charity that in one way or other flows from the teaching of the wonderful Prophet of Nazareth, and it will only be a very poor residuum which will be left. To say, indeed, that Christians are all doing their duty in this respect would be wildly beyond the mark, but to affirm that they are doing almost all that is being even attempted is also too evident to be effectively gainsaid. Even in Canada, however, there is plenty of room for the full exercise of this grace, and need for more being done than has yet been accomplished; not, however, in indiscriminate giving, but in ready sympathy, careful inquiry, and wise as well as prompt liberality. Clamorous mendicants will not easily suffer or starve. The difficulty lies not with them but with the modest, the retiring and the self-respecting, who will do anything rather than beg, and whom a little timely help and sympathy might strengthen and comfort and save. Will our readers excuse us if we ask whether or not they are doing all they can, and all they ought, in this good work?

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

THE week of prayer at the beginning of the year, which has now become something like an institution, has again nearly closed, and it is to be hoped that it has been a season of refreshing the world over, the results of which will be felt in blessing for not only days, but weeks and months and years to come. No spiritually-minded person would ever think of objecting to such special seasons of devotion, or would ever for a moment doubt about the certainty of full and overflowing answers being vouchsafed to such united supplications. If even two are encouraged to look with perfect confidence for gracious returns to prayer unitedly presented, shall not the mighty company, not easily numbered, out of many a kindred and people and tongue who have for these past days been meeting at the throne of grace, with confessions, supplications and giving of thanks have a like full confidence and a proportionately encouraging response? To think otherwise would be a practical surrender of all confidence in the efficacy of prayer, and in that would be involved the surrender of all that is really valuable in our faith and all that is really comforting and encouraging in our hope. God, our own God, really and truly, hears and answers prayer. Alas! for the individual or the church where this is practically ignored though still in theory retained as among the things most surely believed, and among the privileges most earnestly improved. Where the theory even has been surrendered it is not a case of spiritually dying, but simply one of spiritual death.

While all this, however, is regarded by every professing Christian as among the most evident of commonplaces, may there not be the possibility, unless great watchfulness is exercised, of such a fixed season of special supplication degenerating into a form, or on the other hand of its coming to be regarded as of peculiar significance and value, so that when it has been got over with more or less fervour and interest the ordinary and quiet use and wont is to be fallen back upon as at once inevitable and a matter of course? We do not, however, say that this possibility would be any valid reason for giving up the week of prayer at the beginning of January. Very much the reverse, though it is perfectly evident that in very many instances it is not gone into with the fervour and spontaneity by which in earlier times of its history it was characterized. In very many congregations, nay in whole districts, it is scarcely taken any notice of at

all, and it would be uncharitable in no common degree, and in many instances very wide of the mark, to say that in all such cases this neglect arose from a species of languor and spiritual deadness prevailing in these communities or congregations. In some instances this may have been the case. In others it is no doubt very different. The subjects suggested for each day of the past week are very appropriate for all the year round, and it will not be well if they are not made subjects for united supplication, not only for the first days of the year, but for all the rest. We should hope that very many, in their private and family devotions as well as in the more public meetings, joined cordially in the course suggested by the Evangelical Alliance. But it will be better and more blessed still if there be increasingly established the world over, a concert of prayer, not for one week merely, but for every week; when men and women, everywhere and at all times, shall lift up holy hands without wrath or doubting; when every season shall be one of special supplication, and the revival and the blessing shall be as continuous as they are precious and indispensable.

It will be matter for gladness and gratitude indeed if this be the case with all Christ's people and all His churches during 1881; if an ever-growing number have to say, it may be with wonder, it certainly will be with joy, "There have been those who have been praying for us, and the Lord has been graciously answering their petitions as we know and feel this day;" if, not by spurts of excitement, but by the steady glow of living faith, of ardent affection, and of changed spiritualized lives, the moral miracles of healing become ever more numerous and ever more striking and unquestionable; if the whole tone of thought and sentiment become more and more elevated and purified; and if even those who have not themselves been partakers of the blessing have in the presence of such transformations—so wondrous and so unquestionable—to acknowledge that their usual theories are at fault in accounting for the phenomena, while the practical good produced is, they must confess, as evident as it is influential and excellent. After all, the moral miracles of healing are the mightiest and most satisfactory. The changed heart and the forsaken sins are of far more significance than crutches cast aside at any miracle-working shrine, or than pads and bandages hung up as votive offerings and ocular proofs that visitors from the other world have at particular places and in particular circumstances shewn themselves mighty in working physical changes, if not in producing spiritual vitality and health, and filling the soul with light and peace. Whether or not the power of physical healing is still to be reckoned on as part of the instrumentality vouchsafed to Christ's Church for the gathering in of Christ's people and for their upholding in the faith we shall not say. Well authenticated cases of such healing in post-apostolic days are still evident desiderata. But about the moral miracles there can be no doubt whatever, and in the presence of these, and with such indefinitely multiplied, we can well leave the speculations about the other to rest in the meantime in abeyance under the full conviction that the recorded doings of the Lady of Lourdes or the cures of Springfield or Marmedorf or Boston or half a dozen of other such places have no such power to silence the gainsayer or to give rest to those who are tossed about and not comforted, as the sight of spiritual madmen, clothed and in their right mind at the feet of Christ; the darkened life made bright and beautiful, and the hopeless, aimless soul a veritable partaker of that which serves it as an anchor entering in within the veil, and all-sufficient to make it ride out in safety the mightiest spiritual tempest that ever blew. John Foster remarks in one place that when a man was able to ring the great bell of the universe it was a clear sign that the sermon coming after was certainly worth listening to. The misery is that the so-called bell-ringing at Lourdes and other places has ushered in no sermon whatever, or at the very best none worth either the time or patience necessary to attend to or be benefited by its teachings. But a soul enslaved—whom satan may have bound, lo, these thirty or forty, ay, or even fifty years—set forth emancipated and free, is not only the ringing the bell to the sermon, but is a mighty sermon itself, and one which so bears the seal of its divine Author that no thoughtful man can hesitate, in the contemplation of a change so radical and so permanent as it indicates, to confess that here is miracle, and from heaven.

Blessed with abundance of such miracles during

this and all coming years, our Canadian Churches need not sigh for the so called marvels of Lourdes, or the physical transformations and deliverances which some think must as surely issue in repentance as one imagined could not but follow from a visitant returning from the grave. With those there is proof unquestionable that the mighty Healer is still among us, with these, even though far more thoroughly authenticated than they have yet been, there might, after all, be nothing but unexplained material marvels, over which men might wonder, but through the might and majesty of which no dead soul could be or was quickened, and no unbelieving heart led to confess that Jesus was indeed the "Christ," the "Saviour," and the "Sent."

TO our own great surprise, and, we are sure, equally so to that of our readers, we are accused of entering into a wicked conspiracy with the "Globe" and Sir Francis Hincks to "crush one little magazine," which month by month makes known to all who care to purchase it the latest cogitations and opinions of "A Bystander." Of whatever sins of omission or commission we may have been guilty in this matter, we can say with all earnestness that "our hands are clean." We could never have dreamed of such a piece of presumptuous iniquity. As readily could our thoughts have gone out towards "crushing" William the Conqueror, Julius Cæsar, Confucius, Mohammed, or any other epoch-maker, either of the past or the present. We have not even persisted in "obtruding" the poor little CANADA PRESBYTERIAN upon the great man's notice, though we have called nonsense "nonsense," whoever might be the nonsense-utterer, and have also had the bad taste to prefer the Prophet of Nazareth to any of those in modern days, and in our own and other countries, who claim to have shot far ahead of that wondrous One's teaching, and to have in their own individual persons greatly improved upon His life. Earnestly and respectfully protesting against having any part in the work of this supposedly wicked triumvirate, we can only add an expression of our satisfaction at the assurances given that such malignant attempts are all likely to come to nought, noticing as we do that in the same issue of the "little magazine," in which the teaching and morality of the "Galilean peasant" are graciously patronized, the old words of calm superiority and confident anticipation are translated into modern language, and adapted to modern circumstances though—shall we say it?—we prefer them in the old shape of—"whosoever shall fall upon this stone shall be broken, but on whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder." We have, timeously, we trust, "stood from under." We hope the others concerned will be equally prudent and equally prompt.

WE find it necessary to say that in order to be entitled to the premium picture, friends ought to see that their subscription is paid up till 31st December, 1881. We have complaints occasionally from subscribers that they did not get last year's pictures. On investigation we find they only paid till 1st September, October, or November. This won't do. We desire that all subscriptions terminate at end of year; and to facilitate this we made the sending of premiums conditional on payment for the paper till 31st December. Subscribers will greatly oblige by bearing this in mind.

THE London Missionary Society reports thirty missionary labourers in various capacities under its superintendence in Madagascar; 70,125 native communicants, with 253,182 adherents; 882 elementary schools, with 48,150 pupils, exclusive of the Pastors' College and Normal and Central Schools.

I MAKE bold to say that as much delight may emanate from the pulpit on an arrested audience beneath it, as can emanate from the boards of a theatre—ay, and with as total a disjunction of mind too, from the essence of the habit of religion. A religion of taste is a very different thing from a religion of conscience. — *Thomas Chalmers.*

A MOTION was recently made in the Elgin Presbytery of the Church of Scotland concerning a suggestion that the formula of subscription to the Confession of Faith ought to be modified, to secure an increase of competent candidates for the ministry. The motion was vigorously opposed. One member regarded it as treason, almost. The motion was adopted by the casting vote of the Moderator.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1881 (Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick) is a veritable "thing of beauty," and contains a great deal of information in small space. One hundred and eight pages for ten cents! Who will be without this useful "guide?"

THE ORTHOEPICIST, a Pronouncing Manual. By Alfred Ayres. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.)—Gives the pronunciation of about 3,000 words, including a large number of names of foreign writers and artists that are often mispronounced. It will prove a useful manual.

MASHALLAH, a Flight into Egypt. By Charles W. Stoddard. (New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.)—Is one of the new Handy Volume Series. It is not only handy but very readable, giving interesting glimpses of tourist life on the Nile and amid the ruins of ancient cities.

ST. NICHOLAS (New York: Scribner & Co.) for the current year promises to be better and brighter than ever before, and that is saying a great deal. The January number is full of interesting reading for the young folks, beautiful with suitable illustrations. A more useful present could not be given to boy or girl.

THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW. January, 1881. (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.)—The International enters upon the new year with a very excellent number. Dr. Dale continues his interesting account of the denominational schools in England. Professor Fisher has an interesting and appreciative paper on Horace Bushnell. The Chinese question is discussed by Prof. Danslow. The first of a series of papers on Ireland appears from the pen of Leonard Courtney, who has just been appointed Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department in England, while Walter Chamberlain, the well-known member for Birmingham, goes on with his interesting sketches of bush life. We don't wonder at the "International" coming more and more into public favour, for it deserves to do so, by the vigorous and independent way in which many of the important questions of the day are discussed and described in its columns.

GOOD COMPANY for December, 1880. (Springfield, Mass.)—"Good Company" for December has been long in putting in an appearance, and it is a compliment we would not pay to a good many more pretentious magazines, to say that we have missed it, for it is really what its name implies, and will well repay anyone who invests three dollars in its twelve numbers. The writers may not carry about with them that air of absolute omniscience which is so whimsically characteristic of a good many really sensible people in the present day; but they know what they are talking about all the same, and can talk well. We don't pretend to be very deep in the matter of "style." Indeed we have rather got afraid of speaking about that since we have found so many rather poor fellows riding it to death, and though themselves unable to put three decent consecutive sentences together, even if it were to save their necks, continually fussing about this and that one's "exquisite style." But style or no style the writers in "Good Company" express themselves naturally and with easy vigour, and that we take it is all that could be desired in the way of manner.

LITTLE'S LIVING AGE enters on its 148th volume in January. The first weekly number of the new year and new volume—a good one with which to begin a subscription—has the following table of contents: "Village Life in New England," by a Non-resident American (Contemporary Review); "The Marshal Duke of Saldanha," (Quarterly Review); "Lyme Regis," "A Splinter of Petrified History," (Cornhill); "My Holiday in Jamaica," (Chambers' Journal); "The Pophone," (Spectator); "Girl and Grandfather," (Temple Bar); "Sir Alexander Cockburn," (Spectator); "Jewish Success and Laurels," (Spectator); and a variety of select poetry. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low. Foreign periodical literature embraces more thoroughly every year the work of the foremost writers in all departments of literature, science, politics and art; and "The Living Age," which gives in convenient form the best of this literature, can therefore hardly fail to become more and more valuable every year to its readers.

THE PRESBYTERIAN YEAR BOOK FOR 1881. Edited by the Rev. James Cameron, Chatsworth. (Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson. Price twenty-five cents.)—Very many of our readers need no introduction of ours to the PRESBYTERIAN YEAR BOOK for Canada. They have for a good many years past had personal knowledge of its fulness, accuracy and general handiness. They have found it for variety and comprehensiveness in reference to all matters Presbyterian, altogether without a rival. They have reckoned upon getting information on very many points connected with Presbyterianism throughout the world, and they have not reckoned in vain. All which this YEAR BOOK has been in the past it will be found to be for 1881, and more. In the compilation of such a handbook, the editor must have spent a very large amount of time, attention and labour, and he has done all to very good purpose. We are not aware of any publication, whether large or small, which gives anything like so much information in reference to all the different Presbyterian Churches throughout the world, while the forty pages devoted to the Philadelphia Council, are worth more than the price of the whole, and will be read by multitudes with greater interest and care than the minute and lengthy reports by and by to be issued. In reference to the Canadian Presbyterian Church we have every kind of information that could reasonably be expected, and so arranged and digested as to be easily available. We hope this handy little volume will command, as it deserves, a very wide circulation. We should like to see it in every Presbyterian household in the Dominion, and sure we are that the man who does not find that he receives pennyworths for his money by its perusal must either be very indifferent or very dull. If people are to take an interest in our Church and in all its belongings, they must make themselves acquainted with what it is and what it is doing, and in order to this they will find no better help than this YEAR BOOK for 1881. It is this year issued in good time and can be supplied from this office in any quantity on the terms mentioned in the advertisement. We ask our readers to buy it, and thus to make themselves intelligently acquainted with the extent of the Presbyterian Churches and the variety and importance of their operations.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

I acknowledge with thanks, in behalf of the American fund for the evangelization of France (deputation of Messrs. Réveillaud and Dodds), the receipt of \$183 (draft), being \$162.50 from members of the Knox Church congregation, and \$20.50 from prayer-meeting collection, St. Andrew's Church, Toronto.

HENRY M. BAIRD,
Treas. for the Fund.

The above receipt I hold for the money collected and forwarded by me in accordance with Rev. Mr. Dodd's desire.

HENRY M. PARSONS,
Minister Knox Church.

PRESBYTERY OF HURON.—This Presbytery met in Knox Church, Goderich, on November the 23rd, to take into consideration Dr. Ure's resignation. After delegates were heard, testifying to the great attachment of the people to Dr. Ure, and their unanimous desire that his resignation should be withdrawn, the following motion was unanimously carried by the Presbytery, viz.: "The Presbytery having heard papers and parties, records its satisfaction with the arrangement made by the congregation of Knox Church, Goderich, and associated stations, to retain the services of Dr. Ure among them, and hereby cordially expresses its approval of the same. The court rejoices that Dr. Ure has seen it to be his duty to withdraw his resignation, and heartily approves of said resignation being withdrawn; and while anew bearing testimony to the intelligence and liberality of the congregation of Knox Church, would at the same time recognize the good hand of God in retaining the services of a minister so eminent, and of a pastor so prudent and wise, for the congregations, and to this court a member more than ordinarily fitted to be pre-eminent in counsel and a guide in its deliberations."

THERE is much force in the words of Thomas Carlyle: "Our works are the mirror within which the spirit first sees its natural lineaments. Know thyself, is an impossible precept till it be translated into this partially possible one—know what thou canst work at."

CHOICE LITERATURE.

A DAY OF FATE.

BY REV. H. P. KOB.

BOOK FIRST.—CHAPTER XIII.—THE LIGHTNING AND A
SUBTLER FLAME.

On entering the parlour, I found Mr. Yocomb standing up and looking around in a dazed manner. He did not seem to know me, and in my deep anxiety I did not heed him. Kneeling beside Miss Warren I found that her pulse was very feeble. I lifted her gently upon the sofa, and threw open a window, so that the damp, gusty wind, full of spray from the rain, might blow in upon her.

Mr. Yocomb laid his hand heavily on my shoulder, and asked, in a thick voice, "What does it all mean?"

I saw that he was deathly pale, and that he tottered. Taking his arm, I supported him to a lounge in the hall, and said, "Mr. Yocomb, you were taken ill. You must lie down quietly till the physician comes."

He seemed so confused and unable to think that he accepted my explanation. Indeed, he soon became so ill from the effects of the shock that he could not rise.

Again I knelt at Miss Warren's side, and began chafing her hands; but the cool wind and spray did most to revive her. She opened her eyes, looked at me fixedly a few moments, and then tried to rise.

"Please keep quiet," I said, "till I bring you some brandy;" and I hastened to my room, tore open my valise, and was soon moistening her lips from a small flask. After swallowing a little she regained self-possession rapidly.

"What happened?" she asked.

"I fear you swooned."

She passed her hand over her brow, and looked around as if in search of some one, then said, "Where is Mrs. Yocomb?"

"She is in her room with Zillah."

"Please let me go to her;" and she again essayed to rise.

"Miss Warren," I said gently, "I have no right to ask a favour of you, but I will thank you very much if you will just remain quietly on this sofa till you are better. You remember we had a frightful storm. I never knew such heavy thunder."

"Ah! there it is again," she said, shuddering, as a heavy peal rolled away to the north.

"Miss Warren, you said once to-day that you could trust me. You can. I assure you the storm is past; there is no more danger from it, but there is danger unless you do as I bid you. Remain quietly here till you have recovered from your nervous prostration. I happen to have some knowledge in a case of this kind, and I know that much depends on your being quiet for an hour or more. You need not be alarmed if you do as I bid you. I will see to it that some one is within call all the time;" and I tried to speak cheerfully and decisively.

She smiled as she said, "Since you have assumed the rôle of doctor, I'll obey, for I know how arbitrary the profession is."

Then she again reclined wearily on the sofa, and I went out, closing the door.

I found Reuben beside his father, who certainly needed care, for the terrible nausea which attends recovery from a severe shock from electricity had set in.

"Reuben," I urged, "do go for the doctor; I'll do everything for your father that I can, but we must have a good physician at once. Go in your buggy as fast as you can drive in the dark—can't you take a lantern?—and bring the doctor with you. First tell him what has happened, so that he can bring the proper remedies. Be a man, Reuben; much depends on you to-night."

Within five minutes I heard the swift feet of Dapple splash out upon the road. The night was growing still and close, and the gusts occurred at longer intervals. The murky cloud had covered the sky, utterly obscuring the moonlight, and there was a steady and heavy fall of rain.

After Reuben had gone, a terrible sense of isolation and helplessness oppressed me. I remembered strange tales of lightning and its effects that I had heard. Would the mother and her two daughters survive? Was Mr. Yocomb seriously ill? But I found that the anxiety which tortured me most was in behalf of the one who gave the best promise of speedy recovery; and it was my chief hope that she would remain quietly where I had left her till the physician arrived. I had pretended to a far greater knowledge than I possessed, since in truth I had had very little experience in illness. If Miss Warren should leave the parlour, and thus learn that the farmhouse might become the scene of an awful tragedy, the effect upon her would probably be disastrous in the extreme.

These and like thoughts were coursing swiftly through my mind as I waited upon Mr. Yocomb, and sought to give him relief.

"Ice!" he gasped; "it's in the cellar."

I snatched up the candle that Reuben had left burning on the hall-table, and went for it. The place was strange, and I was not so quick and deft as many others would have been, and so was absent some moments.

Great was my surprise and consternation when I returned, for Miss Warren stood beside Mr. Yocomb, holding his head.

"Why are you here?" I asked, and my tone and manner betokened deep trouble.

"I'm better," she said, quietly and firmly.

"Miss Warren," I remonstrated, "I won't answer for the consequences if you don't go back to the parlour and remain there till the doctor comes. I know what I'm about."

"You don't look as if master of the situation. You are haggard—you seem half desperate—"

"I'm anxious about you, and if—"

"Mr. Morton, you are far more anxious about others. I've had time to think. A swoon is not such a desperate affair. You guessed rightly—a thunder-storm prostrates me, but as it passes I am myself again."

After aiding Mr. Yocomb to recline feebly on the lounge, she came to the table where I was breaking the ice, and said, in a low tone,

"Something very serious has happened."

I could not look at her. I dared not to speak even, for I was oppressed with the dread of a worse tragedy. With her morbid fear of lightning she might almost lose her reason if now, in her weak, unnerved condition, she saw its effect on Mrs. Yocomb and Adah.

"Mother," moaned Mr. Yocomb; "why don't mother come?"

"She's with Zillah upstairs," I faltered. "Zillah's ill."

"Then why does not Adah come to her father?" Miss Warren questioned, looking at me keenly.

I felt that disguise was useless.

"Mr. Morton, your hand so trembles that you can scarcely break the ice. Something dreadful has happened—there's the smell of smoke and fire in the house. Tell me, tell me!" and she laid her hand appealingly on my arm.

"Oh, Miss Warren," I groaned, "let me shield you. If further harm should come to you to-night—"

"Further harm will come unless you treat me as a woman, not as a child," she said firmly. "I know you mean it kindly, and no doubt I have seemed weak enough to warrant any amount of shielding."

At this moment there came a peal of thunder from the passing storm, and she sank shudderingly into a chair. As it passed she sprang up and said,

"I can't help that, but I can and will help you. I understand it all. The house has been struck, and Zillah, Adah, and Mr. Yocomb have been hurt. Let me feed Mr. Yocomb with the ice. Are you sure he should have ice? I would give him brandy first if I had my way, but you said you knew—"

"Miss Warren, I don't know—I'm in mortal terror in behalf of the family, but my chief dread has been that you would come to know the truth, and now I can't keep it from you. If you can be brave and strong enough to help me in this emergency, I will honour you and thank you every day of my life."

"Mother! mother! why doesn't mother come?" Mr. Yocomb called.

Miss Warren gave me a swift glance that was as reassuring as sunlight, and then went quietly into the parlour. A moment later she was giving Mr. Yocomb brandy and water, and quieting him with low, gentle words.

"You remember, Mr. Yocomb," she said, "that Zillah was greatly frightened by the storm. You would not have the mother leave the child just yet. Mr. Morton, will you go up-stairs and see if I can be of any assistance? I will join you there as soon as I have made Mr. Yocomb a little more comfortable," and she went to the parlour and brought out another pillow, and then threw open the hall-door in order that her patient might have more air, for he respired slowly and laboriously. Her words seemed to quiet him, and he gave himself into her hands. I looked at her wonderingly for a moment, then said, in a low tone,

"You are indeed a woman and a brave one. I recognize my superior officer, and resign command at once."

She shook her head as she gave me a glimmer of a smile, but urged, in a whisper, "Hasten, we must not lose a moment."

I swiftly mounted the stairs, relieved of my chief anxiety.

Through the open door I saw Adah's fair white face. She had not stirred. I now ventured in and spoke to her, but she was utterly unconscious. Taking her hand I was overjoyed to find a feeble pulse.

"It may all yet be well. God grant it," I muttered.

"He will," said Miss Warren, who had joined me almost immediately; "this is not a day of fate, I trust;" and she began moistening Adah's lips with brandy, and trying to cause her to swallow a little, while I chafed her pretty hands and rubbed brandy on her wrists.

"It seems to me as if an age, crowded with events, had elapsed since I started on my aimless walk this morning," I said, half in soliloquy.

"That you were directed hither will be cause for lasting gratitude. Was not the house on fire?"

"Yes, but Reuben was invaluable. He was out on the piazza, and so was not hurt."

"Was Mrs. Yocomb hurt?" she asked, looking at me in wild alarm.

"Please do not fail me," I entreated; "you have been so brave thus far. Mrs. Yocomb will soon revive, I think. You were unconscious at first."

She now realized the truth that Mrs. Yocomb was not caring for Zillah, and hastened to their room, impelled by an overmastering affection for the woman who had treated her with motherly kindness.

I followed her, and assured her that her friend was living. It needed but a moment to see that this was true, but little Zillah scarcely gave any sign of life. Both were unconscious.

The young girl now looked at me as if almost overwhelmed, and said, in a low, shuddering tone, "This is awful—far worse than I feared; I do wish the doctor was here."

"He must be here soon. I know you won't give way. In great emergencies a true woman is great. You may save—"

A thunder-peal from the retreating storm drowned my words. She grew white, and would have fallen had I not caught her and supported her to a chair.

"Give me—a few moments," she gasped, "and I'll be myself again. This shock is awful. Why, we would all have burned up—had you not put the fire out," and her eyes dilated with horror.

"We have no time for words," I said brusquely. "Here, take this brandy, and then let us do everything in our power to save life. I scarcely know what to do, but something must be done. If we can only do the right thing, all may yet be well."

In a moment the weakness passed, and she was her brave, quiet self once more.

"I won't fail you again," she said resolutely, as she tried

to force a little brandy between Mrs. Yocomb's pallid lips.

"You are a genuine woman," I replied heartily, as I chafed Mrs. Yocomb's wrists with the spirits; "I know how terrible the ordeal has been for you, and most young ladies would have contributed to the occasion nothing but hysterics."

"And you feared I would."

"I feared worse. You are morbidly timid in a thunder-storm, and I dreaded your learning what you now know, beyond measure."

"You were indeed burdened," she said, looking at me with strong sympathy.

"No matter. If you can keep up and suffer no ill consequences from this affair, I believe that the rest will come through all right. After all, they are affected only physically, but you—"

"I have been a little weak-minded. I know it, but if it doesn't thunder any more I'll keep up. Ever since I was a child the sound of thunder paralyzed me. Thank God, Mrs. Yocomb is beginning to revive."

"I will leave her in your care, and see if I can do anything for Mr. Yocomb. I thus shew that I trust you fully."

As I passed out I heard a faint voice call, "Mother!"

Going to the door of Adah's room I saw that she was conscious, and feebly trying to rise. As I entered she looked at me in utter bewilderment, then shrank with instinctive fear from the presence of a seeming intruder. I saw the impulse of her half-conscious mind, and called Miss Warren, who came at once, and her presence seemed reassuring.

"What's the matter?" she asked, with the same thick utterance that I had noted in Mr. Yocomb's voice. It seemed as if the organs of speech were partially paralyzed.

"You have been ill, my dear, but now you are much better. The doctor will be here soon," Miss Warren said, soothingly.

She seemed to comprehend the words imperfectly, and turned her wondering eyes towards me.

"Oh that the doctor would come!" I groaned. "Here you have two on your hands, and Mr. Yocomb is calling."

"Who's that?" asked Adah, feebly pointing to me.

"You remember Mr. Morton," Miss Warren said quietly, bathing the girl's face with cologne. "You brought him home from meeting this morning."

The girl's gaze was so fixed and peculiar that it held me a moment, and gave the odd impression of the strong curiosity of one waking up in a new world. Suddenly she closed her eyes and fell back faint and sick. At that moment, above the sound of the rain, I heard the quick splash of a horse's feet, and hastened down to greet the doctor.

In a few hasty words I added such explanation of the catastrophe as Reuben's partial account rendered necessary, and by the time I had finished we were at Mrs. Yocomb's door. Mr. Yocomb seemed sufficiently at rest to be left for a while.

"This is Miss Warren," I said. "She will be your invaluable assistant, but you must be careful of her, since she, too, has suffered very severely, and, I fear, is keeping up on the strength of her brave will, mainly."

The physician, fortunately, was a good one, and his manner gave us confidence from the start.

"I think I understand the affair sufficiently," he said; "and the best thing you can do for my patients, and for Miss Warren also, Mr. Morton, is to have some strong black coffee made as soon as possible. That will now prove an invaluable remedy, I think."

"I'll shew you where the coffee is," Miss Warren added promptly. "Unfortunately—perhaps fortunately—Mrs. Yocomb let the woman who assisted her go away for the night. Had she been here she might have been another burden."

Even though I had but a moment or two in the room, I saw that the doctor was anxious about little Zillah.

As Miss Warren waited on me I said earnestly, "What a godsend you are!"

"No," she replied with a tone and a glance that, to me, was sweeter and more welcome than all the June sunshine of that day. "I was here, and you were sent." Then her eyes grew full of dread, reminding me of the gaze she had bent on the storm before which she had cowered. "The house was on fire," she said; "we were all helpless—unconscious. You saved us. I beg, to realize it all."

"Come, Miss Warren, you now are 'seeing double.' Here, Reuben," I said to the young fellow, who came dripping in from the barn, "I want to introduce you in a new light. Miss Warren doesn't half know you yet, and I wish her to realize that you are no longer a boy, but a brave, level-headed man, that even when stunned by lightning could do as much as I did."

"Now, Richard Morton, I didn't do half as much as thee did. How's mother?" and he spoke with a boy's ingenuousness.

"Doing well under the care of the doctor you brought," I said; "and if you will now help me make this dying fire burn up quickly, she will have you to thank more than any one else when well again."

"I'm going to thank you now," Miss Warren exclaimed, seizing both of his hands. "God bless you, Reuben! You don't realize what you have done for us all."

The young fellow looked surprised. "I only did what Richard Morton told me," he protested, "and that wasn't much."

"Well, there's a pair of you," she laughed. "The fire put itself out, and Dapple went after the doctor." Then, as if overwhelmed with gratitude, she clasped her hands and looked upward, as she said, in low, thrilling tones, "Thank God, oh thank God I what a tragedy we have escaped!"

"Yes," I said, "it might have been a day of fate indeed. Life would have been an unendurable burden if what you feared had happened. What's more, I would have lost my faith in God had such a home and its inmates been destroyed. The thought of it makes me sick," and I sank into a chair.

"We must not think of it," she cried earnestly, "for there's much to be done still. There, I've helped you all I

can here. When the coffee's ready, call me, and I'll come for it. Get on dry clothes as soon as you can, Reuben, for you can be of great service to us up-stairs. I'm astonished at you, Mr. Morton, you haven't any nerve at all—you who have dealt in conflagrations, murders, wars, pestilences, earthquakes, writing them up in the most harrowing, blood-curdling style; you have absolutely turned white and faint because the inmates of a farm-house were shocked. I won't believe you are an editor at all unless you call me within five minutes."

Whether because her piquant words formed just the spur I needed, or because she had a mysterious power over me which made her will mine, I threw off the depression into which I had reacted from my overwhelming excitement and anxiety, and soon had my slowly kindling fire burning furiously, dimly conscious in the meantime that deep in my heart another and subtler flame was kindling also.

(To be continued.)

THE PROMPT CLERK.

A young man was commencing life as a clerk. One day his employer said to him:

"Now, to-morrow that cargo of cotton must be got out and weighed, and we must have a regular account of it."

He was a young man of energy. That was the first time he had been entrusted to superintend the execution of this work; he made his arrangements over night, spoke to the men about their carts and horses, and resolving to begin very early in the morning, he instructed the labourers to be there at half-past four o'clock. So they set to work and the thing was done; and about ten or eleven o'clock his master came in, and seeing him sitting in the counting-house, looked very black, supposing that his commands had not been executed.

"I thought," said the master, "you were requested to get out that cargo this morning?"

"It is all done," said the young man, "and here is the account of it."

He never looked behind him from that moment—never! His character was fixed; confidence was established. He was found to be the man to do the thing with promptness. He very soon came to be one that could not be spared; he was as necessary to the firm as any one of the partners. He was a religious man, and went through a life of great benevolence, and at his death was able to leave his children an ample fortune.

MAKE THE BEST OF THINGS.

We excuse a man for an occasional depression, just as we endure a rainy day. But who could endure three hundred and sixty-five days of cold drizzle? Yet there are men who are, without cessation, sombre and charged with evil prognostication. We may be born with a melancholy temperament, but that is no reason why we should yield to it. There is a way of shuffling the burden. In the lottery of life there are more prizes drawn than blanks, and to one misfortune there are fifty advantages. Despondency is the most unprofitable feeling a man can have. One good laugh is a bombshell exploding in the right place, while spleen and discontent is a gun that kicks over the man that shoots it off. Some must have got into heaven backward. Let us stand off from despondencies. Listen for sweet notes rather than discords. In a world where God has put exquisite tints upon the shell washed in the surf, and planted a paradise of bloom on a child's cheek, let us leave it to the owl to hoot, and the toad to croak, and the fault-finder to complain. Take outdoor exercise and avoid late suppers, if you would have a cheerful disposition. The habit of complaint finally drops into peevishness, and people become waspish and unapproachable.

NO USE.

There is no use in putting up the motto, "God bless our home," if the father is a rough old bear, and the spirit of discourtesy and rudeness is taught by the parents to the children, and by the older to the younger. There is no use in putting up a motto, "The Lord will provide," while the father is shiftless, the mother is shiftless, the boys refuse to work, and the girls busy themselves over gewgaws and finery. There is no use in putting up the motto, "The greatest of these is charity," while the tongue of the backbiter wags in the family, and silly gossip is dispensed at the tea-table. There is no use in placing up conspicuously the motto, "The liberal man deviseth liberal things," while the money clinks in the pockets of "the head of the household," grinning to get out to see the light of the day, and there are dollars and dimes for wines and tobacco and other luxuries, but positively not one cent for the church. In how many homes are these mottoes standing—let us say hanging—sarcasms, which serve only to point a jest and adorn a satire? The beauty of quiet lives, of trustful, hopeful, free-hearted, charitable lives is one of surpassing loveliness, and those lives shed their own incomparable fragrance, and the world knows where to find them. And they shall remain fresh and fadeless when the colours of pigment, and the worsted and the floss, have faded, and the frames have rotted away in their joints.

THE power which rules the universe, this great tender power, uses pain as a signal of danger. Just, generous, beautiful nature never strikes a foul blow; never attacks us behind our backs; never digs pitfalls, or lays ambushes—never wears a smile upon her face when there is vengeance in her heart. Patiently she teaches us her laws, plainly she writes her warnings, tenderly she graduates their force. Long before the fierce red danger-light of pain is flashed, she pleads with us—as though for her own sake, not ours—to be merciful to ourselves and to each other. She makes the over-worked brain to wander from the subject of its labours. She turns the over-indulged body against the delights of yesterday. These are her cautionary signals, "Go slow." She stands in her filthy courts and alleys that we pass daily,

and beckons us to enter and realize with our senses what we allow to exist in the midst of the culture of which we brag. And what do we do for ourselves? We ply whip and spur on the jaded brain, as though it were a jibbling horse—force it back into the road which leads to madness, and go on at full gallop. We drug the rebellious body with stimulants, we hide the signal and think we have escaped the danger, and are very festive before night. We turn aside, as the Pharisees did of old, and pass by on the other side with our handkerchief to our nose. At last, having broken nature's laws, and disregarded her warnings, forth she comes—drums beating, colours flying right in front to punish us. Then we go down on our knees and whisper about it having pleased God Almighty to send this affliction upon us, and we pray Him to work a miracle in order to reverse our disobedience, or save us from the trouble of doing our duty. In other words, we put our fingers in the fire, and beg that it may not hurt.—Temple Bar.

LET HIM WRITE.

Let Him write what He will upon our hearts
With His unerring pen. They are His own,
Hewn from the rock by His selecting grace,
Prepared for His own glory. Let Him write!
Be sure He will not cross out one sweet word
But to inscribe a sweeter—but to grave
One that shall shine forever to His praise,
And thus fulfil our deepest heart desire.
The tearful eye at first may read the line
"Bondage to grief!" but He shall wipe away
The tears and clear the vision, till it read
In ever-brightening letters—"Free to Serve!"
For whom the Son makes free is free indeed.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

God's agency does not exclude nor supersede our instrumentality. He gives the increase, but Paul must plant and Apollus water. He furnishes the wind, but we must spread the sails. He gives, but we gather. Prayers and diligence, dependence and activity, harmonize in the Scriptures, and are only inconsistent in the crudeness of ignorant and foolish men.—Wm. Jay.

SPURGEON had preached one of his strongest sermons on the doctrine of election. He was drawing the discourse to a close, when, stretching his hand toward the gallery, he said, "Perhaps there is now some poor sinner away up in the gallery who is saying, 'O I wish I knew whether I am one of the elect.' I can tell you," said Spurgeon; "if you are willing to be a Christian you are elected." And Spurgeon was right. Whosoever will, let him come.

THE latest word on the revised Bible is from the "Burlington Hawkeye," and is as follows: "There seems to be great anxiety and impatience on the part of the people to see the revised edition of the Bible, that they may see what changes have been made. The trouble with most people will be that they don't know enough about the old Bible to recognize the change when they see it. We heard a man say that he considered this unauthorized meddling with and changing of the sacred book little less than blasphemy. And at the time of making the remark he was hunting all through the book of Job to find the quotation, 'Make hay while the sun shines.'"

SCANT feeding of man or horse is small profit and sure loss. One thing is as plain as a pike-staff; the labourer cannot afford to keep a public house going while he has so little for his own private house. He has not a penny to spare, I'm sure, but had need to take all home to the missus that he can make by hook or by crook. Miss Hannah More wrote two verses which every ploughman should read, and mark, and learn:

"We say the times are grievous hard,
And hard they are 'tis true!
But, drinkers, to your wives and babes
They're harder made by you.

"The drunkard's tax is self-imposed
Like every other sin;
The taxes altogether cost
Not half so much as gin."

A LOOKING glass is of no use to a blind man. Some people hurt their eyes by using glasses which are not spectacles. I have tried to convince Joe Scroggs that it would be a fine thing for him to join the teetotalers, and he has nothing to say against it, only "he does not see it." All is blue with him now, for his furniture is nearly all sold, and his wife and children have not a shoe to their foot, and yet he laughs about "a yard of pump water." Can nothing be done for such poor fools? Why not shorten the hours for dealing out the drink! Why not shut up the public houses on Sundays? If these people have not got sense enough to take care of themselves the law should protect them. Will Shepherd says he has to fetch his sheep out of a field when they are likely to get blown through eating too much green meat, and there ought to be power to fetch sots out of a beer-shop when they are worse than blown through drink. How I wish I could make poor Scroggs see as I do, but there, if a fellow has no eyes he can't see the sun, though his nose is being scorched off in the glare of it.—John Ploughman.

ONE of the members of the French Cabinet predicts that before the present generation has passed away France will have become Protestant.

IN Spain, where Protestantism is having its resolute contest with Popery, the people are beginning to see that it cares for the body as well as the soul, elevating the person, the home, and society. The Protestant's house is clean, his children are clean, orderly, and well taught, while the Romanist's, next door, is dirty and disorderly. The Protestant schools are decent, bright, and airy, strangely in contrast in this as in other respects with the Romanist schools. These silent teachers are having an influence that the priests will find it hard to overcome.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

Mrs. Cross (Geo. Eliot) is dead; also Frank Buckland, the writer on natural history.

THE dispute between Russia and China remains unsettled still, and it appears not improbable that war will result.

PROTESTANTS are henceforth to be eligible to the Lower House of the Brazilian Congress, as are also naturalized foreigners and freedmen.

THE City Council of Glasgow, after a discussion of three nights, has refused to grant permission to open the museums and art galleries on Sunday.

LUTHERANS in Germany are proposing to celebrate, on a magnificent scale, the four hundredth anniversary of Martin Luther's birth, November 10, 1883.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL'S creditors have not yet been paid one cent. The failure occurred two years ago, and the liabilities are about \$4,000,000.

DR. PIERSON, the well-known Detroit Presbyterian pastor, has declined a tempting offer to become the pastor of a Congregational church in Minneapolis, Minn.

OWING to the improvement made in its financial condition by the gift of Mr. McCormick, the Chicago Presbyterian Theological Seminary hopes to retain Prof. F. L. Patton.

OFFICES last long in England. The first constable of the Tower of London was appointed by William the Conqueror, the last was commissioned in November by Queen Victoria.

THE anti-Jewish crusade in Berlin has gone so far that many Jews are preparing to emigrate to other parts of Europe. They find it very unpleasant to appear in public localities.

FIFTEEN Indians were at the recent meeting of the Presbytery of Ialaho, one of them an ordained minister, four ruling elders, two licentiates, three applying for licensure, and all of them church members.

It is not pleasant to see, as the "Lutheran Observer" states, that ninety newspaper editors are in prison in Germany for publishing wild socialistic sentiments, or for insulting the government authorities.

M. BLANQUI, the aged French Communist, who not long since was permitted to return from exile, is now editing a paper in Paris, whose principles may be inferred from its title, "Neither God nor Master."

A NEW electoral reform bill for Italy proposes to bestow the franchise on all who know how to read and write, and who pay taxes to the amount of \$40 yearly. This would increase the number of voters 1,400,000.

WHAT a fact is it for Christian people to consider that is stated by an English paper, that more money is spent in Great Britain and Ireland in two days for intoxicating drinks, than is given in a year for the cause of missions, Protestant and Catholic.

THIS was a gloomy Christmas for England. From South Africa comes the tidings of a massacre of the 94th Regiment by the insurgent Boers; from Ireland continued disturbances and the spread of the Land League, notwithstanding the presence of 30,000 troops.

THERE seems to be a sudden and vigorous revival of the enterprise started by M. de Lesseps for cutting the canal through the Isthmus of Panama. Large subscriptions are made to it in Europe, and it is confidently claimed that its financial success is secured.

THE "Occident" and "The Pacific" have full reports of the meetings and revival services, meaning of course the meetings held by Mr. Moody in San Francisco. The Christian Convention of California Workers was to be held last week under Mr. Moody's direction in that city.

TWO missionaries sent out from Mr. Guinness' Training Institute in London, have begun Christian labours among the Portuguese in the Cape de Verd Islands. The people, who have been brought up Romanists, gladly hear and welcome the truth of Christ, but the priests bitterly oppose its introduction.

THE Atlantic steamers have never encountered more severe weather and terrific storms than during last November and December. One captain says that a gale against which his steamer was beating was so strong that with a full head of steam on and the engines doing their best, they were driven back twenty-five miles.

THE present republican government in France is the first that has ever really struck its roots into the national life. French republics have been in the past the creations of doctrinaires or of the Parisian populace; they have never been the outgrowth of popular sentiment among the great body of the French people. The French peasant, who stands at the base of the political structure, and whose industry and economy are the source of the marvellous national prosperity, has never before yielded hearty allegiance to a republican form of government, but has dreaded it as in some unknown way threatening the stability of his land ownership; for there is nothing which the French peasant cares so much for or guards so sacredly as the little strip of territory which he calls his own. The republican leaders of to-day, with a wisdom which their fore-runners in other days never manifested, are making great and successful efforts to instruct the peasantry in the methods and character of republican government, and to win their confidence and faith in its good intentions and stability. The country districts have been flooded with tracts setting forth in the simplest and plainest manner possible the principles of republicanism, and instructing the citizen as to his rights and duties under the republican form of government. These tracts have been very widely read by the peasant proprietors, and the last election showed that they had borne fruit in a wide-spread popular conviction of the stability of the republic.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE contract for a new Presbyterian church in Osborne has been awarded. It will cost between \$4,000 and \$5,000.

At a united meeting of the congregations of Shakespeare, St. Andrew's and Hampstead, held at the former place—Rev. J. K. Hyslop, presiding—it was unanimously agreed to call the Rev. Mr. McClung, of Balaklava.

THE new Sabbath school building connected with the Presbyterian church, Sarnia, was opened with special services on Sabbath afternoon. It is a commodious edifice, and has been very handsomely fitted up.

ON Thursday evening, the 23rd instant, a number of the members of Knox Church, Sutton, called upon their pastor, the Rev. Jas. Frazer, at the Manse, and in the name of the congregation presented him with an address and valuable buffalo robe, and Mrs. Frazer with a fur cap.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, Montreal, one of the finest buildings in the city, is to be still further beautified. Arrangements are being made for the early completion of the spire. Dr. Jenkins is the honoured minister of St. Paul's, and largely through his exertions the debt on the church was liquidated last summer.

A MEETING of the Montreal Presbytery was held in Calvin Church, Laguerre, on Tuesday, Dec. 21st, and inducted the Rev. Telesphore Brouillette to the pastoral charge there. In a district largely French, Mr. Brouillette will not only minister to the old country settlers, but aid in the important work of French evangelization.

REV. G. M. CLARK, of the Presbyterian church at New Edinburgh, was presented with an address and a beautiful arm chair, and Mrs. Clark with a silver-mounted pickle jar and stand. A suitable reply was given to the address. Mr. Clark has just completed a year's pastorate of the church named, and is popular with the people.

THE Ottawa "Free Press" contains an extended notice of the Christmas festival in connection with the French Presbyterian church in that city, which was held in the Odd Fellows' Hall. It was a most successful entertainment, and must prove very encouraging to the Rev. Marc Ami, the pastor, who has been faithfully labouring in this field for some time past.

ON the 20th inst. Messrs. Robert Macgregor and George McClenaghan waited on the Rev. C. M. McKeracher, and in the name of the congregations of English River and Howick, presented him with an elegant and substantial family cutter and a sum of money. This is now the third time the congregations have expressed in a tangible form their kindly feelings towards their pastor and his family.

At the recent special Presbyterian congregational meeting at Whitechurch, it was unanimously agreed to purchase a glebe of five acres from Mr. Thomas Dunn, and to build thereon in the coming season a brick manse and outbuildings. The following building committee was duly appointed. Messrs. James Hamilton, James Martin, John Inglis, H. D. Henderson, James Ross and John Gillespie.

THE Rev. R. Scott, Presbyterian missionary, has received a call from the congregations of Burns' Church and Brooksdale, Zorra. He has laboured for several years with much acceptance in his present large field, containing the following preaching stations: Midland, Wyebridge, Wyevale, Penetanguishene, Vasey, and Miller's in Medonte. We understand he has accepted the call, much to the regret of those to be deprived of his services.

REV. J. A. ANDERSON, B.A., of Whitechurch, when spending his Christmas holidays at his father's home at Tiverton, was presented with an address and purse of money by a few of the friends of that congregation as a slight recognition of his services during last summer, when for a considerable time he relieved his father of his Sabbath services by occupying his pulpit. The purse was intended to be used in making an addition to Mr. Anderson's library.

THE anniversary tea-meeting, held in Union Church, Brucefield, on Friday evening last, was a very pleasant and successful affair. The chair was occupied by Rev. Mr. Thomson, pastor of the congregation, and suitable addresses were delivered by Rev.

Messrs. McCoy, of Egmondville; Danby, of Varna; and Livingstone, of Bayfield. On the following Monday evening the Sabbath school children had their tea-meeting, and a right good time they did have.

At this season of the year every Presbyterian family in the Dominion should make provision for the monthly visits of the "Record"—the official organ of the Church. The price—only 25 cents per year—places it within the reach of everyone, and all should take and read it. Mr. James Croil, 260 St. James street, Montreal, will, we feel certain, be pleased to have thousands of orders during the present month. These should be sent in at the earliest moment possible.

THE Presbyterian congregation of Gloucester held a very pleasant soiree in their new church recently. Mr. Hugh Masson was called to the chair. Tea was served, and judging from the manner in which it was partaken of, all hands seemed to consider that the ladies were good cooks. After tea, the musical and literary part of the programme was proceeded with. In bringing the proceedings to a close, the Rev. Mr. Monroe made a few appropriate remarks, thanking all who had assisted at the soiree.

AN entertainment consisting of vocal and instrumental music, readings and addresses, was held in the Presbyterian Church, Mimosa, on Christmas eve. There was also a Christmas tree. Before the presents on the tree were distributed, the Rev. W. Milligan, pastor of the congregation, was presented with a handsome black Persian lamb fur cap, by the ladies of the congregation. At the same time Mr. W. A. Allyn, student of Theology, Toronto, who is visiting around Mimosa, was also presented with a fine pair of winter gloves, by the ladies. Both the recipients feelingly expressed their thanks for the gifts.

ON the evening of the 23rd ult. a Christmas tree entertainment was held in the basement of the Presbyterian church, Cardinal. The Sabbath school children gratified a full house with music, recitations and readings. "Santa Claus" (in full regalia) then dispensed about \$30 worth of presents to the Sabbath school children, whose number has greatly increased during the year. The last act of Santa Claus there was to present the pastor, Mr. McKibbin, in the name of the Cardinal (Edwardsburg) branch of the charge, with a very good coon-skin coat, worth about \$45. Kind and encouraging words accompanied the gift, which is but one in a series of such favours shewn their minister and his family by the same people.

A SOCIAL, with a Christmas tree, was held on the 17th, by two of the five Sabbath schools in connection with St. Andrew's Church, New Richmond. The building was densely packed, and the young people were made happy by the distribution of 112 prizes and presents. The following scholars repeated the whole of the Shorter Catechism without a mistake: Anne May Campbell, Jessie McCormick, Anne Gilker, Gordon Moir, Wm. Cochrane, Willie Lindsay, Jas. Campbell; and Boyd Doddridge, Laura Gilker, Jane Campbell and Katie Lindsay with one mistake. At the close of the musical programme, short addresses were given by the pastor Rev. Mr. Lindsay, and Mr. R. H. Montgomery, to whose lady the Sabbath school is very largely indebted.

THE congregation of Esson Church held their usual soiree to celebrate the anniversary of the ordination of their pastor, the Rev. R. Fairbairn, B.A., on the 15th instant. As the weather was favourable and the roads good, the meeting was more than usually well attended. Among those present there were several from Orillia. Mr. Drury, Reeve of the township, occupied the chair, and gave an excellent introductory address. Able and instructive addresses were also delivered by Revs. J. Gray, M.A., J. I. Hindley, M.A., and R. Fairbairn, B.A. The choir of the congregation gave some excellent musical selections. The meeting was dismissed at a seasonable hour, with the benediction, by the Rev. J. I. Hindley. An enjoyable social was held on the following Friday evening, which also was well attended. The amount realized from both, \$38.50.

OWING to the unflagging exertions of Rev. Mr. Thompson, of Brucefield, who is moderator for Caven Church, he has, within the past few weeks, gathered together that congregation, and the members are now taking a lively interest in the cause dear to them, so much so, that there are now from seventy to one hundred members. At a meeting on Monday last

week, the following managers were appointed Messrs. Wm. Bawden, P. Lang, James Ramsay, R. Monteith, and D. Wanless. The session had also three new elders added to the list—Messrs. J. Anderson, D. McKay and A. Whiteford. James Ramsay was appointed Treasurer, and Mr. D. Wanless, Secretary. Dr. Lutz and Mr. G. Samwell were appointed auditors for this and last year. It is proposed to at once set to work and adopt some scheme that will wipe off all the heavy debt now hanging on the church.

THE young ladies in connection with the Dunbar ton Branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, held their first parlour social on the evening of the 30th ult., in the house of John Parker, Esq., kindly granted for the occasion. Despite the intense severity of the weather, the social, in all its aspects proved a very agreeable and gratifying success. After a sumptuous tea and its attendants, exhibiting at once the zeal and the skill, the taste and the tact, of the ladies, the Rev. Mr. Kennedy was called to the chair, and the report of the secretary was read, which shewed that while the Society had been three years in existence, the gatherings at monthly meetings by ten cent contributions amounted in the first year to \$10, in the second to \$19, it is expected that this year they will exceed \$30 for this mission alone. The adoption of the report was moved in a few deservedly commendatory remarks by the Rev. John Dunbar, and seconded by J. Parker, Esq. Thereafter an exceedingly pleasant evening was spent, in which readings and recitations, vocal and instrumental music, at once excellent and appropriate, formed the chief part of the entertainment.

THE South Mountain Presbyterian church, which has been erected during this year, was opened and dedicated to God for His worship, on Sabbath the 19th ult. The Rev. F. McQuaig, of Chalmers' Church, Kingston, officiated at the several diets of worship. His services made a deep impression upon the audience. His sermons were appropriate to the occasion, very instructive, and such as refresh the soul. Divine service was conducted three times during the day, and the church was insufficient to accommodate the number of people who came up to worship at the evening service. It was supposed that over one hundred people had to return home, not even being able to get standing room around the door. The church is constructed to seat about two hundred and fifty. The Rev. A. Henderson opened this station two years ago, beginning with ten families, and, through the energy and perseverance of pastor and people, the Presbyterians have the most handsome edifice in the village, and one situated on the most commanding site. The church has no encumbrance, and the pastor begins his work afresh with the new year, with every symptom of continued prosperity.

A NUMEROUSLY attended social was held at the manse of South Gower, on the 7th inst., in order to afford an opportunity to the members and adherents of the Rev. J. Leishman's charge, to bid him farewell on occasion of his leaving for another field of labour. The manse was crowded to its utmost capacity, with not only persons belonging to the congregation, but many other friends. After an ample supply of refreshments had been served, the assembled friends were entertained with vocal and instrumental music; and as the evening advanced, a chairman having been chosen, the meeting was called to order, and two addresses from the South Gower and the Mountain branches respectively of the rev. gentleman's charge were read, accompanied by a present to Mrs. Leishman of a beautiful silver butter-cooler, spoon-holder and spoons, and to Mr. Leishman of a purse of money. These addresses expressed the great regret felt by his people at Mr. Leishman's departure, but their prayer that he might be blessed in his new field of labour. Sentiments similar to those in the addresses were also expressed by some members of Presbytery present, and elders from neighbouring congregations.

THE new manse of Claude was taken possession of last Tuesday evening, 23rd ult., by well nigh 100 of old and young, from the Claude congregation. An address, signed by Mrs. Wm. Akitt and Mrs. John Smith, on behalf of the congregation and friends, and read by Charles Robinson, M.D., M.P.P., was presented to Rev. R. D. Fraser, M.A., the pastor, in which reference was made to his earnest labours during his ministry in the place, and best wishes were offered for his future success, and for the health and happiness of Mrs. Fraser and their children. The

address was accompanied by a purse containing the handsome sum of \$107, which was handed to the recipient by Mr. Wm. Akitt. Mr. Fraser said a few words in reply, heartily thanking the donors for their valuable gift and kind address, and expressing the hope that the tokens of deep spiritual interest, already shewing themselves in the congregation, might become more numerous, and that all might be found more earnest and active in the time to come. A delightful evening was spent over the contents of the well-filled baskets, with which the ladies had come provided, and in listening to an impromptu concert, in which, in addition to local talent, a large part was borne by Mr. Robert Haddon, of Knox College, whose admirable rendering of several recitations drew forth great applause.

THE new manse for the congregations of First and Second Churches (Mayfield and Claude), which has been under construction during the past season, has lately been completed, and is now occupied by the pastor, the Rev. R. D. Fraser, and his family. It stands on the noble lot of five acres, close to the village of Claude. The building is of red brick, with arches over doors and windows, and bases and caps of chimneys of white brick, and with Caledon freestone door and window sills; two storeys, with cottage roof. The ceilings are ten feet high, both on ground and first floors, and the study, drawing-room, dining-room and hall, are finished with rich cornice and centre pieces. The rooms are eleven in number, and are so arranged that the entire house is easily heated. The congregations have shewn a laudable desire to have the new manse both elegant and comfortable. Now that it is finished it holds its own well among the several handsome residences in the community. The total cost of the building is \$2,500, which is divided equally between the two congregations, and which will be paid in full at no very distant date. These congregations are now exceedingly well equipped in regard to buildings, the brick churches and the large school-halls and sheds, built during the late pastorate of Rev. R. Croll, now of Simcoe, being equal to those belonging to any country congregations in the county.

THE ordination and induction of the Rev. David Y. Ross, M.A., Presbyterian minister appointed to the charge of Westport, Newboro', Morton and Delta, took place in the church at Westport on the 29th inst. The Presbytery of Brockville at its last meeting delegated several of their number for this purpose. Some of these, however, were unable to be present. At four p.m. the ordination service took place, conducted by the Rev. J. Richards, of Lyn, and the Rev. George Burnfield, M.A., of Brockville. At the conclusion of the service the newly ordained minister was conducted to the door and heartily welcomed by the people. In the evening a welcome tea-meeting was held, which was largely attended and heartily enjoyed. Mr. E. Siler, of Morton, was unanimously called to the chair. Highly interesting and instructive addresses were then given by Mr. W. H. Friedenburgh and Mr. Hastings, of Westport; Mr. John Driffin, of Newboro', the Rev. Mr. Richards, Rev. Mr. Burnfield and the Rev. David Y. Ross. A choice selection of music was at intervals rendered by the choir, Mrs. Webster presiding at the organ. On account of the occasion of the meeting pleasant recollections of it will remain. The people have expressed the warmth of their feelings to their new pastor and his amiable partner by many kindly deeds as well as words. That the Lord may prosper him in his work is the prayer of many.

THE annual meeting held in connection with the Sabbath school of Haynes' avenue Presbyterian Church, St. Catharines, on the evening of Dec. 28th, was one of unusual interest. The house was filled to the door, there not being sufficient sitting room to accommodate all, as a number were present from the various congregations in the city. The programme was varied and interesting throughout. The first part of the programme consisted of singing, readings, etc., by the Sabbath school children. Tea was then served, and after singing a hymn, the Rev. George Burson, of Knox Church, and the Rev. Mr. Schuelor, of Hamilton, addressed the meeting with much acceptance. At this stage of the meeting the superintendent presented Mr. C. E. Hamilton with an illuminated address, on behalf of the Haynes' avenue and Merriton congregations, expressive of their regard and appreciation of services rendered by Mr. Hamilton. To

this Mr. Hamilton suitably replied, and was followed by short addresses from Mr. Aiken, of Winnipeg, Mr. Hamilton's future partner, Mr. A. T. Fotheringham, of Merriton, and Mr. Alex. Urquhart. In Mr. Hamilton's departure from this city the churches lose one of their most active workers, and his loss is much regretted by all, having become a general favourite with all denominations, his labours having been abundant, and not confined to any one denomination. The report read by the superintendent in connection with the school was very encouraging. The school has contributed this year to the schemes of the Church over \$40.

THE past two Sabbaths witnessed a new stage in the history of Presbyterianism, in the township of Hope. The old church at Perrytown, which had been erected about thirty five years ago was vacated, in order to enter the new building which the congregation has just erected in Garden Hill. It was decided to open the new and handsome edifice and to dedicate it to the worship of God on the last day of the old year and, to continue dedication services on the first day of the new year, in order that the year (1881) might mark the inauguration of the church. Hence, the congregation made efforts to secure Sabbath supply for these two Sabbaths, and success crowned their efforts by the services of four Presbyterian ministers having been secured. Rev. W. Armstrong, M.A., of Ottawa, preached the first sermon in the new church, to a very large audience. The text was Luke vi. 5, "For He loveth our nation and hath built us a synagogue." This was followed in the afternoon by Rev. R. J. Beattie, of Port Hope, who preached from Luke xv. 10, and by Rev. R. F. Beattie, M.A., of Baltimore, in the evening, from Hebrews ii. 3. On January 2nd, the Rev. Mr. Hunter, of Parkdale (Toronto), preached two appropriate sermons. The church was crowded at all the services, and the discourses were listened to with rapt attention. The soiree on the evening of Christmas day was very largely attended, many being unable to gain admittance. About \$300 was realized by the soiree and collection. The new church cost about \$4,000.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS
LESSON III.

Jan. 16. } THE PROPHECY OF ZACHARIAS. { Luke i. 1881. } 67-79.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."—Luke i. 78.

HOME READINGS.

- M. Luke i. 56-66..... The Birth of John.
- Tu. Luke i. 67-69..... The Prophecy of Zacharias.
- W. Gen. xvii. 1-14.... Circumcision.
- Th. Ps. lxxxix. 1-24... The Horn Exalted.
- F. Ps. cxi. 1-10..... The Fear of the Lord.
- S. Gen. xxii. 1-18.... God's Oath to Abraham.
- Sab. Mal. iii. 1-10..... The Forerunner Foretold.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Zacharias, receiving the prediction of the angel (see Lesson I.) with incredulity, was struck dumb, and continued in that condition until that prediction was partly fulfilled in the birth of his son.

The episode of Mary's visit to Elisabeth intervenes, with the hymn of pain which formed the subject of Lesson II.

Luke, in his opening chapters presents us with three remarkable Christian songs: (1) The Song of Mary (*Magnificat*), (2) The Song of Zacharias (*Benedictus*), (3) The Song of Simeon (*Nunc Dimittis*). Praise to God for the coming of Christ, and for the great salvation which He came to work out, forms the burden of all three.

It is with the second of these that we have to do in our present lesson. It was the first utterance of Zacharias after the restoration of his speech, and it consists of two sentences—the first (vers. 68-75) having reference directly and entirely to the Saviour's advent; the second (vers. 76-79) beginning with a direct address to his own child, and containing a prediction of that child's destined office, but recurring irresistibly to the great subject which occupied the mind of the venerable priest, the manifestation of Him whose shoe-latchet John the Baptist should not be worthy to unloose.

Under the following headings the lesson may be pretty thoroughly analyzed: (1) *The Promise of Salvation*, (2) *The Nature of Salvation*, (3) *The Announcement of Salvation*, (4) *The Dawn of Salvation*, (5) *The Effect of Salvation*.

I. THE PROMISE OF SALVATION.—vers. 67-73. Most of the expressions used by Zacharias in this hymn can be traced to the Old Testament. He repeats the words of the ancient prophets, with probably a clearer understanding of their meaning than these prophets themselves possessed. Zacharias was filled with the Holy Ghost. If so, then his words were inspired. See Num. xi. 25; 2 Sam. xxiii. 2; Joel ii. 28.

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel. The same form of words may be found in several places in the Old Testament, such as 1 Kings i. 48; 1 Chron. xxix. 10; Ps. xli. 13, etc. The word "blessed" translated into Latin gives

to the hymn the name *Benedictus*, by which it was known to the early Christian Church.

For He hath visited and redeemed His people. God can speak of the things that are to be as if they already were, and so can a prophet speaking in God's name and by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. Even as far back as Psalm cxi. 9 we find redemption spoken of in the past tense. God's promise is as sure as actual possession. It is thus that Old Testament believers were saved.

And hath raised up a horn of salvation. Those animals that have horns have them for purposes of defence and attack. On this account the horn was used figuratively by the Hebrews as a symbol of power or strength. See Psalm cxxxii. 17; 1 Sam. ii. 10; 2 Sam. xxii. 3.

House of His servant David. See 2 Sam. vii. 26; Isaiah xi. 1; Amos ix. 11; Jer. xxiii. 5.

As He spake by the mouth of His holy prophets. Compare Acts iii. 21; 1 Pet. i. 10. There are many intimations of the coming salvation to be found in the Old Testament, from Gen. iii. 15 to Mal. iii. 1-3. Zacharias may be regarded as the representative of Old Testament priests and prophets rejoicing over the anticipation of the speedy fulfilment of the expectation of centuries.

That we should be saved from our enemies. Compare Psalm cv. 10, 47. No doubt most of the Jews of that day expected merely such a deliverance as their ancestors had experienced from the hands of the Egyptians, Assyrians, etc. The domination of the Romans and the petty tyranny of Herod were most galling to them; and they eagerly looked for the Messiah, but they regarded Him merely as one who was to bring about a political revolution and secure to them the exercise of civil liberty. But when we contemplate the character and intelligence of such men as Zacharias and Simeon—their piety, their retired life, their apparent indifference to political matters, combined with the enthusiasm expressed in the language which they used in speaking of the coming deliverance—the conclusion is almost irresistible that they understood something of the true character of Christ's kingdom and of the nature of the salvation which He was to bring.

The mercy promised to our fathers. See Gen. xxv. 4; xxviii. 14; Deut. vii. 12; Psalm cv. 8; cv. 45.

1. THE NATURE OF THE SALVATION.—vers. 74-75. The enemies mentioned in verse 74 are evidently those enemies that hinder us from serving God. These may be temporal, but they are much more likely to be spiritual. The salvation which Christ brings enables us to serve God without fear of hindrance from without, and also without any slavish dread or terror of the God whom we love and worship (See Isaiah xxv. 10; Rom. viii. 15; 2 Tim. i. 17; Heb. ii. 15). But of this we may be assured, that we cannot serve God without being saved from our own sins, which are our worst enemies and our greatest hindrances.

In holiness and righteousness. The first of these two words, in the New Testament, refers to a person's purity of character, and the second to his standing as regards God's law. Christ bestows "righteousness" upon the believer, and he is then said to be *justified*; the Holy Spirit works "holiness" in the believer, and when the work is completed he is said to be *sanctified*. But in this place "righteousness," as well as "holiness," is applied to the conduct, or walk; and when used in that way "righteousness" means uprightness, or just dealing with others, while "holiness" indicates more especially personal purity.

III. THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF SALVATION.—vers. 76, 77. Here, for a moment, the seer turns to his own child and predicts his mission as the Saviour's herald, acting a subordinate but important part in preparing for the great deliverance.

To prepare His ways. See Isaiah xl. 3; Mal. iii. 1. The burden of John's preaching was "Repent ye for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." That was the preparation.

To give knowledge of salvation. John could not give salvation, but he could give the knowledge of it, he could point men to Jesus; and when we read his history we find that he did so, telling them to "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world."

IV. THE DAWN OF SALVATION.—ver. 78. The following extract is from the "S. S. Times": "In describing the revelation of Christ as the Redeemer of men, Zacharias says, the dayspring from on high hath visited us. This splendid figure of speech is taken from the dawn of the morning on the night. And in order to understand fully the force of the rhetoric, we must bear in mind one of the natural phenomena of those eastern regions. So pure is the atmosphere there, so far south, that clouds in the sky are not usual save in the rainy season. There seems really nothing to hinder the sun's going down, nothing to get in the way of his rising again. When he sets, he goes abruptly behind the adjacent hill; when he rises he comes up unannounced, and in a quick moment is altogether on hand for his daily work. That is to say, there is positively no twilight, as we describe it, in those latitudes. The instant the day reaches its natural close, the sun appears to slide down the sky without any leave-taking. Just so when the dawn starts. When yesterday's monarch dismisses himself, and it is time for to-day's to succeed him, there he is, unheralded and serenely unhurried, calmly seated in his shining pavilion of clear air. Nothing surprises a tourist more than this sudden change. Zacharias seizes this astonishing figure, and turns it to account. For four centuries it had been dark—dark with sin, dark with ignorance, dark with oppression—and now in one excited instant of disclosure the Sun of Righteousness had risen with healing in His wings. No wonder his heart was full; no wonder that his dumbness gave way, and his glad voice lifted such a song!"

V. THE EFFECT OF SALVATION.—ver. 79. There is no more common figure in any language than the putting of light for knowledge and darkness for ignorance. In darkness we can neither see the dangers by which we are surrounded, nor the way in which we ought to proceed; it is so also in our natural condition of ignorance regarding the dangers of sin, the claims of God's law, the direction of the path of duty; but the Gospel comes to give light to them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, to guide our feet into the way of peace.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WE COME AND GO.

If you or I
To-day should die,
The birds would sing as sweet to-morrow;
The vernal spring
Her flowers would bring.
A few would think of us with sorrow.

"Yes, he is dead,"
Would then be said;
The corn would floss, the grass yield hay,
The cattle low,
The summers go,
And few would heed us pass away.

How soon we pass!
How few, alas!
Remember those who turn to mould!
Whose faces fade
With autumn's shade,
Beneath the sodded church-yard cold.

Yes, it is so—
We come, we go—
They hail our birth, they mourn us dead;
A day or more,
The winter o'er,
Another takes our place instead.

IN GOD'S CARE.

ONE night, when Mr. Hansen, a rich Swedish merchant, was visiting Pomerania with his son, he took lodgings at a tidy looking inn, where, many years before, he had passed three days. It had been pleasant weather then, but now the wind raged fiercely, and the sea lashed itself into fury. The hardest of men had abandoned the coast, and, shivering with the cold, had returned to their homes. Edmund, the son of the merchant, Hansen, went out to look about him, wrapped in a woollen cloak, but soon came in, and said to the white-haired landlady:

"What fearful weather, Mother Martens! No one in his senses would venture on the sea just now."

"That is true enough, young man; no good would come of it," replied the old woman.

"You could very easily weather such a storm," said Edmund. "Such a voyage as you once made is not taken very often. My father has told me about it. You are shielded from wind and wave."

"Hush!" said the old woman, "we are everywhere under the eye of God. Those whom He keeps are well kept."

"That is true, Mother Martens," observed the merchant. "You have had proof of the divine power and goodness. The storm is still raging; let us close the shutters, and hear the story from the beginning to the end. Edmund will be pleased to know all about it."

"I do not like to speak of myself," said the woman; "one should leave that to others. However, you are right, sir; this narration may be useful to the young gentleman, and, as there is nothing more to be done outside, I will tell you how God gave me proof of His watchful care."

At these words the good old woman closed the shutters, put the kettle on the fire, and when the water was hot, and the tea served, she began:

"You see, sir, I am an old woman, I have lived many long years in this strange country; but the day I left my own land is as distinct in my memory as if it were yesterday. The cabin of my parents was situated on the sea coast in the southern part of Sweden. Our

greatest treasure was a cow, spotted black and white. We had raised her, and she was precious to us. It was my business to lead her every day to pasture. My father was a fisherman, and when the snow covered the country, and the sea was frozen over, we suffered much. Once we might have died of hunger if it had not been for the cow. The poor creature was the object of all our care.

"One time the winter was more severe than usual, the snow was piled up in heaps all around our cottage, and I, scarcely sixteen years old, longed for the spring as a bird for the sun. At last, one cold, foggy, misty day, the sun drew me to the door, and I led our cow along the shore, where, here and there, at the foot of the 'dunes' (banks of sand), were some tufts of grass. The cow bounded with joy, and I was truly happy. Suddenly she ran toward the sea, which was covered with thick ice that cracked and broke as she moved over it. She reached a large cake of ice, and, standing on it, attempted to drink. I had gone with her. I kept close to her side, and saw in the distance great blocks of ice carried away by the tide. Immediately I felt the ice under us move. I called to the cow and tried to drive her to the shore, but she had not drunk enough and would not stir; I cried aloud; I seized the cow and drew her with all my strength, and, I shudder to think of it, the ice on which we stood separated from the shore, and began to drift toward the open sea:

"To right and left, before and behind, the ice was carried away. I looked around. I was going farther and farther from the land. I was numb with fear. The ice collected in heads as it moved slowly or heavily along; and that on which we were floated as a small boat. The cow shook with cold. The swift tide pressed on us and drove us ahead. Darkness came on. The sun had set long ago, and now it was black night. The waves broke on our ice-cake—I fell on my knees—I prayed. The cow had lain down. I stretched myself close to her; this warmed me. Then I thought of my father—my mother—who would look for me so anxiously. I was filled with grief, and I slept, exhausted from fatigue.

"In the middle of the night I awoke, shivering, and my teeth chattering. Oh, what a spectacle was before me! On all sides where my eyes rested, nothing but the water, nothing but the dreadful sea. The stories about water elves or fairies, that I had heard told by sailors, came to my mind; I seemed to see monsters and phantoms come from the bottom of the abyss. I fancied I saw strange figures floating like clouds towards me. Then I shut my eyes and prayed again. When I opened them I saw a bright star ahead. I looked again. It was a light, and it surely moved. A boat, with men, is coming towards us. 'Oh, Nannette!' I cried, 'stand up.' It seemed to me she ought to shout for joy; but the poor shivering creature did not move.

"My fingers were numb and stiff, but I tore off my apron and waved it in the air, then—then—"

"Then," interrupted Edmund, with glowing eagerness, "they reached you and took you home—you and Nannette?"

"I do not know how it was," said the old

woman, whose eyes were filled with tears. "I remember only voices, and then finding myself on a big ship, and then being home again in the dear old cottage, and father thanking the blessed God and rubbing Nannette; and then the happiest moment, when father said, 'Oh! my daughter, I felt sure you would pray, and God would hear you.' My young friend, with God to help me, I was as safe on that open sea, as I am now by this bright, warm fire."

THE BABY'S SERMON.

THE children had been up in their mamma's room, after breakfast, Sabbath morning, learning their text; and when they had it perfectly, and were coming down stairs again for a run in the garden, while nurse was busy, Nannie and Frank fell to disputing. And what do you think about? Why, who should carry the great rubber ball down stairs.

Nannie wanted it because she had thought of it first, and Frank wanted it because he was the oldest. "You're a mean, selfish boy," said Nannie.

"You're a pig," said Frank.

"I'll just tell papa what a horrid boy you are," said Nannie.

"And I'll tell mamma I wish she'd sell you to somebody. I don't want such a sister," answered Frank.

"I don't love you one single bit," said Nannie.

"And who wants you to?" inquired Frank.

So these naughty children went on from bad to worse, saying all sorts of unkind and unpleasant things to one another—so very unkind that they were ashamed enough whenever they remembered them afterward.

At this time Baby Ben was coming down stairs behind them. Slowly, one foot at a time, holding fast to the bannister with both fat small hands, the little man made his way, and wider and wider opened his big blue eyes, as he heard the angry words.

The children stopped to finish their quarrel at the foot of the stairs. Frank was trying very hard to take the ball away from Nannie, and she had got as far as pulling his hair, the naughty girl, when the baby stopped on the lowest stair, and preached his sermon to them.

"Ickle children," said he, "love one another."

That was every word he said. It was the text the children had been learning in their mother's room such a short time before. Nannie dropped her hands, her face flushed, and she turned half away from Baby Ben, and nobody said anything for a moment.

"Here, Frank," said Nannie at last, holding out the ball, "you may have it, I'm going to be good."

"So am I," said Frank. "You shall have the first toss, Nannie. I'm—I'm real sorry I was cross."

So the two went off to the garden hand in hand, ashamed enough of having been so naughty, while the baby curled himself up in papa's big chair, and went fast asleep.

"SAY not, I will do so to him as he hath done to me: I will render to the man according to his work."—*Prov. xxiv. 29.*

