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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IN Central Turkey the Protestant community has made a gain of twelve per cent., and of 1,000 registered members within the year.

THE justification of the most earnest work which women can give to Foreign Missions is in the fact that "the bondage of heathenism falls heaviest upon women."

IN connection with the recent sessions of the Church Congress in Great Britain, a meeting of the Funeral and Mourning Reform Association was held, and the object of the association was warmly endorsed.

IT is reported that the resignation of the entire Spanish Ministry is imminent owing to the strong opposition of a party of statesmen to the proposed emancipation of slaves in Cuba.

THE Orleans Cathedral is to be decorated with ten painted windows representing scenes in the life of Joan of Arc. A subscription of 125,000 francs to meet the expense was made almost as soon as it was asked for.

A STATUE to Cervantes has been unveiled at Alcalá, Spain, where the immortal author of "Don Quixote" was born on the 9th of October, 1547. The Association of Spanish Writers participated in the festival.

THE Reformed Episcopal Church in the United Kingdom, otherwise known as the Reformed Church of England, have organized a Canadian Synod and made application to the General Synod to elect a Bishop for Canada. An ex-Vicar of the Church of England, who is a graduate of Oxford, is the one spoken of.

IN spite of the hard times in Ireland and the great outcry about everything going to ruin, we are glad to learn that the payments made to the Sustentation Fund of the Presbyterian Church of that country up to the last accounts were only £133 less than during the corresponding period of last year. It is expected that the amount for the whole year will equal, if not exceed, that of last.

A GREAT deal too much prominence has been given to the miserable encounter between the editors of the London "Telegraph" and "Truth." Column after column about it have appeared in all the leading newspapers. It is a comfort to know that we have now heard about the last of it, as there is a likelihood of the resulting law suit being settled privately. Had it never been heard of at all it would have been better for the credit of all concerned.

THE Home at Constantinople, under the charge of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, is overrun with applications to such an extent that the teachers have given up one of their parlours for a dormitory. This year for the first time Turkish girls have entered the institution, a step which marks a new era in its history. Last year there were two Bulgarian girls at the Home, now there are seven. The Turks are beginning in various places in Turkey to attend Christian service.

IN reply to the charge of failure of Foreign Missions, the "St. Louis Presbyterian" gives the following striking facts: "1. During the last year the Gospel was preached in one thousand towns and cities in China where it had not been previously heard. 2. In

China there are 14,000 native church members. 3. The missionaries of the American Baptist Church baptized last year 18,000 converts from heathenism. 4. In Madagascar the idols have been burned, and the London Missionary Society reports 1,000 churches and 67,726 church members. 5. The British Wesleyan Missionary Society reports 170,000 communicants. 6. Not less than 60,000 idolaters in Southern India cast away their idols and embraced Christianity in the year 1878."

BETRAYALS of trust seem the order of the day. Most of them professedly have been with the best intentions. The defaulters never meant, they say, to wrong any one. They merely took the loan of money which was not their own, intending to make it all right by-and-by. Somehow, however, the by-and-by never came. One of the latest of these cases is that of Dempster, the defaulting bank agent in Ingersoll. He seems to have been much respected in the locality, and the bank had the most implicit confidence in his honour and uprightness. It is the old story, living above his means and eager to keep up the farce, he stole and called it borrowing; and now he finds himself in gaol with very dreary prospects before him. His fate, however, won't warn multitudes who are following the same course, and at the same time hoping that all will come right at last.

THE Postmaster-General of the United States has done a very proper thing. A communication having been sent to him by the postal authorities of Canada stating that though all publications styled "Police Gazettes," etc., are prohibited circulation in the Dominion on account of their immoral character, yet in spite of all the precautions possible on the part of the Canadian postmasters some copies of such get into circulation on this side of the lines; and requesting the United States Government to take measures to prevent the forwarding of this class of matter in Canadian mails—an order was forthwith issued declaring that all such publications addressed to Canada shall henceforth be unmailable. This is as it ought to be. The corrupting influence of such papers cannot well be exaggerated, and it is a comfort to think that henceforth Canada will be free from their presence.

THE eleventh anniversary of the services in Agricultural Hall, London, was observed on Sabbath, October 12th, Rev. Dr. Thain Davidson, the master-spirit of the enterprise, presiding. He said that at no time in the eleven years had the appointed preacher failed to appear. The services had attracted many who never entered a place of worship, and not a few of them had been led to join some Christian church. During the past year, Dr. Davidson said, addresses had been delivered by ten Episcopalians, eleven Presbyterians, eleven Congregationalists, ten Baptists, and two Wesleyans. The expenses for the twelve months had been about \$1,250, and the collections at the doors had amounted to about \$850. The anniversary meeting, which as usual was kept within the hour, was addressed by an Episcopalian clergyman, a Wesleyan, a Congregationalist, and a Baptist.

AN article which appeared in the "Pall Mall Gazette" of October 8th, has attracted general attention in Great Britain. The writer claims that all the States of Europe and even the United States are in danger of a Socialistic revolution which will be fierce and destructive; that the immense standing armies, when the conflict comes, will be as likely to take the part of the Socialists as of the Government and the existing social order; and that the Socialists are led by men of ability, education, and character, "who recognize as clearly as their opponents the more important points in the situation." The article closes with the prophecy that "it is probable that one of the first results of the strong revolutionary impulse in Europe will be an increase of priestly authority," and that from the fear of the ultimate designs of the Socialists, engendered in the minds of the religious and well-to-do portions of the community, leading to the

different educational systems being put under clerical control, as the only way by which they can be kept from becoming not merely useless but in the highest degree morally hurtful and politically dangerous.

THE Rev. Fergus Ferguson, who was before the U. P. Synod of Scotland some two years ago on a charge of heresy, recently delivered a lecture on "Modern Orthodoxy." He said: "The sum of orthodoxy is contained in six points: That there is a God; that the universe is the work of God; that man is a being made in the image and after the likeness of God; that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God and the Saviour of the world; that the Church, as the body of Christ, is the organization in which the Spirit of God fully dwells, and by which, therefore, the mind of God as contained in the Sacred Scriptures may be most fully and clearly made known to the world, in order that the world might be brought back to God; and that the Bible is the Word of God." The dilemma of modern orthodoxy is, in Mr. Ferguson's opinion, the attempt to reconcile these six points with the notion of the eternity of evil—"a notion not only incompatible with every one of the fundamental propositions of pure orthodoxy, but logically destructive of every one of them." It remains to be seen what his co-Presbyters will have to say to this new manifesto of Mr. Ferguson.

JOHN DUNN, whose name has come up so often in connection with the Zulu war and who has been rewarded for his services by being made a chief under the new order of things, has a bitter hatred to all missionaries and mission work. His first act as a Zulu chief has been to forbid the entrance of all Christian missionaries into his dominions. We don't wonder at this in the slightest. The great mass of the white people in these border lands of South Africa with whom, no doubt, John Dunn has spent most of his life have exactly the same feelings. It is not the first time in which, in those regions, missionaries have been ordered off, and for the same reasons. The very presence of these missionaries is a protest against the iniquitous courses which too many of the white colonists follow. It makes them uncomfortable, and they therefore prefer to have none of it. The Dutch Boers some quarter of a century ago ordered all missionaries out of the Transvaal because they protested against the enslavement of the native children. John Dunn and others are only following suit. And they are wise in their generation. Some men have always hated the light because their deeds were evil.

THE Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has recently given a decision in the celebrated Stack-O'Hara case which may be taken as a precedent in the settlement of similar difficulties. Father Stack was removed from his pastorate in Williamsport by his Diocesan, Bishop O'Hara, without either being brought to trial or having another parish assigned to him. Stack took the matter into the Civil Courts and secured a decision in his favour. An appeal was entered on behalf of the Bishop, and now the Supreme Court has confirmed the judgment of the court below in the following terms: "Then, without reviewing the conflicting opinions as to the ecclesiastical power given to the Bishop to deny to a priest the exercise of all priestly functions, without assigning any cause, we cannot assent to the doctrine that the pastor's right of property may thus be stricken down, and he be prohibited from following his profession, without accusation and opportunity for hearing and trial. If it is not contrary to the laws of the Church—which we are not prepared to admit—it is contrary to the supreme law of the land." The plea of course was that the Civil Court had no jurisdiction, as what had been done had been quite in accordance with the laws of the Church and Stack had agreed to abide by these. This, however, was overruled and the civil law was declared to be supreme wherever material interests were involved. Some may be inclined to say that this decision trenches upon the principle of Spiritual Independence.

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

### APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

The correspondence on this subject which has for months been carried on in the Toronto "Globe," seems to have exhausted itself. Rome, Canterbury, and Geneva, has each had its say. The bishop-presbyter view has been well maintained; and where the intelligent reader has felt an interest in the subject, the Presbyterian view cannot fail to have commended itself as in accordance with scripture and apostolic practice. Dean Stanley in a sermon lately preached by him, refers to Bishop Lightfoot, "the most learned of all the living bishops of England," as having "proved beyond dispute that the early constitution of the apostolic churches of the first century was not that of a single pastor, but of a body of pastors indifferently styled 'bishops' or 'presbyters,' that it was not till the very end of the apostolic age that the office which we (Episcopalians) now call the Episcopate, gradually and slowly made its way in the churches of Asia Minor; that Presbytery was not a later growth out of Episcopacy, but that Episcopacy was a later growth out of Presbytery; that the office which the apostles adopted was a *rule* not of bishops but of presbyters. This frank, manly sentence is a sledge hammer blow at the very underpinning of High Church Episcopacy."

It may not be amiss for our Presbyterian friends to clip the above extract from the pen of Dean Stanley and to use it when assailed by the unscriptural arrogance of their High Church neighbours. It will always deal a heavy blow to ignorant assumption. It may also serve a good purpose to ask why in the Book of Common Prayer, the prayer for the clergy and people does not refer to *prelates* but to *bishops* and curates; meaning beyond question *priests* and curates in charge of congregations and not the *rulers of the clergy*? And again in the prayer for Easter Week, it is said, "So guide and govern the hearts of thy servants the bishops and pastors of this flock that they may lay hands suddenly," etc., does not this imply that to *pastors of flocks* belongs the laying on of hands and not to *prelates exclusively*? (1 Tim. v. 22). Notwithstanding statements in the Prayer Book which assert the three orders and prelacy, the above and other passages show that even in the time of Queen Elizabeth there were *bishops* who had power to ordain by laying on of hands and were not *prelates* but *priests* or *presbyters*.

### HOME MISSION FUND—"A SERIOUS CRISIS."

MR. EDITOR,—I was deeply grieved on reading your article in the last PRESBYTERIAN on result of the appeal to the Presbyterians of this Dominion on the "Home Mission Fund." Can it be possible that the ministers of our Church are indifferent to the progress of the Gospel? Do they care nothing about the missionaries we send out to the distant parts of the Dominion? or whether their salaries are paid or not? If they care nothing for the missionaries and the Gospel, have they no regard for the ministers and elders who compose the Home Mission Committee? Surely they cannot expect these Christian ministers and elders to meet from time to time, and appoint men to go to the distant parts of the Dominion to labour amongst the poor and scattered settlers of the land, and to have no regard to the promises they make. If they have any regard for the Committee, or the missionaries, or for our common Christianity, I implore the members and adherents of the Presbyterian Church, to awake to a sense of their position and responsibility. This state of things cannot last long. It will recoil upon our Church with a terrible effect, and in a manner we little expect. We must either *grow* or *die*. We cannot stand still. God's work must be carried on. If our Church does not do it, others will. Is there a Presbyterian minister or elder in the Church who has taken any part in the Church Courts these last thirty years, who has had not to mourn over the want of attention of our Church to the back settlements in Ontario, and thereby allowing our people to become absorbed into other churches? And much as we have condemned our early pioneers of the Church, we are just going to do the same thing. Well I remember the Rev. Dr. Burns pleading with, yes imploring, the Synod in Kingston, to send the Rev. John Black to the Red River. And was he sent too soon? We all know

we should have sent a minister long before. And are we now going to draw back? Never! We must go forward, we cannot allow our countrymen to perish for lack of spiritual knowledge. Money must be had. The missionaries must be paid. The people have the means, and if those at the helm of affairs cannot devise a plan to get it, I beg of them to step down and out, and let some others take their place. You say one hundred and ten congregations, and one hundred mission stations did not last year contribute to the fund, and after the Moderator issued his address to be read in all the churches, some ministers did not read it (our minister did not read it). Is it any wonder the people do not contribute to the fund? There is a cause why the people do not respond to the calls of the Church. Too many of our ministers never bring the claims of missions before the people. If a service each month were spent in laying missionary news and the claims of missions before the congregations, the people would take more interest in the work. If at the next meeting of the different Presbyteries, they would just take up the question and find out who read the Moderator's circular, and who did not, I am persuaded they would find out there were a good many delinquents. I agree with you, "the remedy lies largely in the hands of ministers and Sessions." If the Session Records at the meeting of Presbyteries were carefully examined, I doubt if we would have one hundred and ten congregations neglecting to attend to the schemes of the Church. Excuse me for trespassing on your space. I may again, if permitted, point out some of the reasons why this and other funds of the Church are not attended to. I can only say the scene which took place at the Home Mission meeting in Toronto at its last meeting, was well calculated to humble the pride of every Presbyterian in the land. As one who has done a little to help on our Church during a sojourn in Canada of over forty-five years, I implore both ministers and people to see that God's servants are paid what is their due, who are sent into distant fields to preach the precious truth.

Ontario, Sept. 21st, 1879.

AN ELDER.

### HOME MISSION COMMITTEE.

MR. EDITOR,—In your issue of the 24th Oct. "Presbyter" criticises the action of the Home Mission Committee at their recent meeting, and expresses regret that they "separated without proposing some course for the adoption of the Church in order to overcome the present difficulty." "Another Presbyter" writes in the issue of 31st Oct., in much the same strain, and hopes "the Committee will attempt something without delay."

I confess I do not see what the Committee could have proposed or done. They could not have proposed a special effort being made to wipe out the debt. The General Assembly by its action in June last forbade any movement in that direction.

It was quite unnecessary for the Committee to urge upon the Church increased liberality for Home Missions, for that had already been done by the Assembly. And, if an appeal from the Assembly, backed by a Pastoral Letter which all ministers were enjoined to read from the pulpit, would not secure the desired end, an appeal from the Committee was not likely to be more successful. Then how could such an appeal have been made? "Presbyter" says there have been circulars enough sent out in the past. That is true. The Committee have long since found out that circulars issued by them, setting forth the urgent needs of the fund, have been treated with indifference, almost with contempt.

Sending deputations to stir up Presbyteries was not to be thought of. The Committee has been found fault with for doing so on former occasions. Even if deputations had been sent, what was the probability of their doing much good? It has been said again and again, that there are Presbyteries in which, if a member interested in Home Missions introduces the subject and urges the importance and claims of that scheme, he soon finds himself speaking to an audience little larger than the moderator and the clerk. Deputations to deal with the large number of defaulting congregations could not be sent. Had the Committee proposed such a course they would have been met with an outcry about interference with the rights of Presbyteries. Even if such deputations could, without objection, have been sent, would they have effected any good? After earnest effort on the part of the deputation to arouse the people to a sense

of their duty, the extreme probability is that the minister of the congregation would get up and tell his people that they had been doing very well, doing quite as much as could be expected of them. It was vain for the Committee to ask Presbyteries to deal with such defaulting congregations. The Assembly has again and again, enjoined Presbyteries to deal with them. Have they generally done so? If Presbyteries in this matter systematically disobey the express command of the Supreme Court of the Church, were they likely to undertake the duty at the request of the Committee? Whatever might be the feeling of some individual members, I do not think the Committee, as a Committee looked on the situation with despair. There was, however, under the circumstances only one course open to them and they took it. The Church had in the past failed to provide sufficient funds, and on the most reliable data at the command of the Committee, the prospects of there being sufficient funds in April seemed exceedingly doubtful. Had the Committee then gone on to make grants for the coming six months, they would have been doing what, if done by a business man, in the ordinary business of life, is a fraudulent act, they would have been incurring liabilities without reasonable expectation of paying them.

The only remedy for the present state of things is that every minister should bring before his own congregation the importance of the Home Mission work, and urge its claims. The present lamentable state of things will continue just so long as a large number of the ministers, afraid lest their own interests should suffer, neglect to do this, even where they do not, as is too often the case, positively discourage their people from contributing.

T. W. TAYLOR.

### HOME MISSION DEBT.

MR. EDITOR, Having read Dr. Cochrane's reply to the strictures of "Presbyter" and "Another Presbyter" on the management of our Home Mission Committee's work, I think it is as clear as daylight, that like a man living beyond his means for a series of years, finding himself at length a bankrupt, so the Committee at the last meeting could no longer shut their eyes to the inevitable. No matter how urgent the appeal, or how clamant the case, they should long ere this have taken the stand which they are now taking, and have ceased to vote away funds which the Church was not placing at their disposal. Had they taken such a stand some years ago, individual localities might have suffered, but a denominational crash and calamity would have been avoided. But the General Assembly is not faultless in this matter either, in allowing itself to be led to its decisions by the eloquence of those who devote so little of their energies to the schemes of the Church, beyond what they expend on the floor of the house. A vigorous attempt was made last year to reduce the expenses of Knox College, and the attempt was eloquently and successfully resisted by a minister of a prominent town congregation, of nearly three hundred members, whose contribution to college purposes for the year amounted to the magnificent sum of six dollars! At the same time I do not think that the case is so hopeless as the Committee seem to regard it; it is only a little worse than it has been for some considerable time past. The General Assembly's decision did not require that every congregation's contribution for the year should be in Toronto by this time, but "as early as possible," and as most congregations have a Missionary Association and take up monthly contributions for the schemes of the Church, and divide their funds at the end of the year, clearly they cannot and will not send it before it is collected and appropriated, but are no doubt intending to send it "as early as possible." And when the time has arrived for such congregations to hold their annual missionary meetings, liberal appropriations will no doubt be made for Home Missions. Congregations of this class understand themselves as complying with the Assembly's directions, although the Committee may think otherwise. If the Assembly's meaning was that every congregation send its contribution by the 1st of October, then the Assembly repealed and reversed the constitution and rules of probably every Missionary Association in the Church. But this the Assembly did not do, I hold, and the effect of the Assembly's action will not be known till the end of March next.

Nov. 7, 1879.

MINISTER.

**MISSION WORK ON THE UPPER OTTAWA  
—FORT TEMISCAMINGUE AND THE  
REGIONS BEYOND.**

MR. EDITOR,—My only excuse for troubling you or your readers with any more of the Upper Ottawa is, because the country itself and the condition and circumstances of the people in every respect, and more particularly, religiously, are so little known to our Church at large; and seeing that we have undertaken to keep a missionary there, it is taken for granted that for that reason, if for no other, many in the Church will be glad to know more about this part of our Home Mission field.

The term Upper Ottawa, is something like "The West," it is rather difficult to fix just where it begins. As it is supposed to designate a region somewhere on the outer limits of Canadian civilization, we people of Pembroke naturally conclude it does not begin just here, but at the very least, a few miles above us. For missionary purposes, this is the case, and it is clear that it must terminate where the Ottawa terminates, that is where it begins (paradoxical as this may appear). Since our missionary, the Rev. S. J. Taylor, B.A., was settled in Mattawan in May last, I have been most anxious for my own sake, as well as to cheer and encourage Mr. Taylor in his lonely and laborious work to, take the round of his field, in whole or in part, in company with him. Every obstacle being at last overcome, on the morning of Sept. 30th, I left Pembroke, full of interested anticipation with respect to the work before us. As the dull and hazy autumn, or to use an expressive Canadian word, fall, morning brightened up into the warm, clear, shining day, the woods on both sides of the river shone out in such varied, picturesque and resplendent beauty as made all around look more like an enchanted land than a reality. Never have I seen autumn woods more fascinatingly beautiful. My Canadian enthusiasm and admiration would not shrink from challenging any part of the world to produce anything of the same kind to equal it. Before proceeding to our starting point, the village of Mattawan, two hundred miles above Ottawa, I may just say for the benefit of any tourist who may visit this district, that the sail from Pembroke to Des Joachins is decidedly the finest part of the hundred miles from this place to the little village spoken of.

On Wednesday Mattawan was reached, and in the evening, the usual prayer-meeting was held and was well attended. When the church was opened in March last the inside walls showed only the bare and unattractive logs, no pews, no convenient approach; now it is plastered inside and looks bright and cheery, a few comfortable pews, sufficient for the present, have been put in; the large boulders which obstructed the entrance have been cleared away, and everything indicates interest, taste and push on the part of those who lead our people at this place. Here I was joined by Mr. Taylor and from this place we were together. Our objective point on this occasion was Fort Temiscamingue and the region beyond, and being all ready to start at any moment, we only waited the opportunity to go. That not appearing on Thursday, we visited a number of the people expecting to move onward the next day. The next day accordingly, about 11 o'clock a.m., we started in one of the Hon. Hudson Bay Company's canoes, which had arrived the previous evening with Colin Rankin, Esq., the head agent of the Company in this district, who with the kindness and courtesy characteristic, not only of him as an individual, but of all their officials, now in the handsomest manner made good a promise long ago freely given to take me up the river when any of their canoes happened to be down. Our company consisted of the wife of one of the employes of Mr. Rankin, in rather delicate health, with a baby two and a half months old, Mr. Taylor, four half-breed Indians and a shantyman going up to his winter's work, as canoe-men, besides the writer. In addition we had three tents and their belongings, blankets, cooking utensils, provisions, and other lading. We had eighty miles before us, and with no head winds, expected to reach our destination late on Saturday night or early Sabbath morning. The river for several miles above Mattawan is broken by rapids, and soon we came to the first portage. Here for the first time I saw portaging done scientifically. The moment the canoe is landed and the last passenger is safe on shore, the loading is handed out with great quickness, every man seizes a tump-line, a sort of strong leather thong, several feet in length, with a band of two and a half or three inches wide in the

centre of it, binds this round a bag, or box, or whatever may be handiest, and swinging it on his back, rests the broad part of the line on his forehead, then piling on the top of bag or box, first one thing, then another, and another, until you wonder he does not sink, starts off for the head, as the upper end of a portage is called, at a half run, and repeats this process till all is over and in the canoe again, which has also been portaged, or led round, or towed up the rapid. Meanwhile the passengers have portaged themselves, and are ready when the canoe is. But what of this two-and-a-half months old baby and the frail mother? Whether it was owing to natural selection, or the eternal fitness of things, or some other profound and equally mysterious reason, deponent saith not, but somehow it always fell to his lot to portage the baby, and whether it was owing to the skill and tenderness with which it was done, or to natural endowment, is not for me to say, but I can bear testimony to the good nature of, at least, one Canadian baby. I flatter myself that, if our expedition should have no other result, I have earned the everlasting gratitude of the mother of this youngster. All went well till we came to the last of the portages on this stretch of the river, that at the Mountain Rapid. Here, while the canoe was being towed up by three of the men, the other two managing it, suddenly it swung round broadside to the strong and rapid current, in a narrow passage between two rocks, and began to fill, narrowly escaping an upset, but wetting all the cargo, which was not portaged here. Night was coming on, and the men, wet and tired, having got the canoe round to the head, determined to camp for the night. The good humour and pleasantry of the Indians, as they laughed, chatted, and joked, in their native tongue, while they built a blazing, crackling fire, set up the tents, hung out the things to dry on the bushes, made the tea, fried their pork, and prepared generally for supper and bed, was beyond all praise. Nothing like this life for giving an appetite. I actually caught myself in the very act of breaking the tenth commandment, looking with wistful eyes at the pork sputtering in the frying pan. Soon we had tea, though no pork, and we did ample and impartial justice to everything set before us, asking no questions, but not, I am afraid for conscience' sake. After tea, all gathered round the tent door and the account was read of Joseph and his brethren, then we had prayer, and all turned in for the night. This was my first experience of tenting in the camp ground, and I must confess that, what with the hardness of the bed, the novelty of the situation, the fire blazing near, the Indians laying close by, not in a tent, but under the open sky, wrapped up in their blankets, and the sound of the water rushing among the rocks, sleep was but an occasional visitor that night. At about half-past two next morning we were called up. The fire was cheerily blazing, breakfast steaming, the stars shining bright and clear, and going down to the river we performed our morning ablutions, and prepared for our early meal. To one unaccustomed to it, stealing up the river in so frail a craft, the darkness as yet unrelieved, except by the light of stars, the silence broken only by the regular measured dip of the paddles, and the water lapping against the canoe, the shadowy forms of the high dark banks ahead or slowly creeping past us, the feeling of far-awyness, if I may coin a word, all impart a weirdness to the scene and excite the imagination. Day at last broke, and while it was yet quite early we again drew up on shore. I exposed my ignorance of this mode of life by asking what this was for, and was told that we were going to have breakfast. Eating four times a day, with now and then five times, is the rule in this kind of travelling, and the beauty of it is, that you are always ready, and nobody dreams of grumbling. We were now on Seven League Lake, and at the head of this lake is the Long Sault Rapid. "Men are but children of a larger growth." While crossing this long portage, Mr. Taylor and myself—the mother and baby remained in the canoe—whiled away the time by unloosing a great boulder from its bed on the brow of the hill which formed the river bank, and at last down it went bounding, crashing, tearing, breaking and smashing to the bottom. O, it is fine to be a boy again! At a certain point the rapid is so rough and strong that everything had to be taken out of the canoe, and it is worth while going a long way to see four strong fellows working the tiny craft up through, among, and over concealed boulders, against the whole force of the strong swift stream. I stood and watched it with intense interest; every man standing up, wielding with sure and desperate energy a long stout

pole, hats off, hair blowing about, straining every muscle to its utmost; now they push altogether, sending her powerfully onward, now they hold her, now she is forced back, over she goes, no not quite, at it again and up she darts, slowly but surely; at last she is in smooth water, and the brave fellows, sweating, breathing hard, but cool, turn to cooking dinner.

Next morning was Sabbath and we were at the foot of Lake Temiscamingue about forty miles from the Fort, our destination. We were disappointed in having to spend the sacred day on the lake, instead of holding a service with the people at the end of our journey, but the only help was to make the best of it. Early in the morning we landed at a most delightful spot to breakfast. Meeting here a French Canadian who had come out with his gun to look after some traps he had set for foxes, we were told of a Protestant family about three-quarters of a mile away. We at once started to see them while breakfast was getting ready. We found a very kind, pleasant, and intelligent household, consisting of husband and wife, and two hired men. With them and the Frenchman and his wife we read and expounded the scriptures and prayed, and then after breakfast with them, which we could not refuse, hurried back at top speed to our canoe and went on our way. The day was one of surpassing loveliness and gave the lake, which is one of charming beauty, the fairest setting. The sail might be made a great many times, I should suppose, without finding a combination of so many elements to give continual interest and ever varying beauty to the scene. I can never forget it. I have heard it called a monotonous kind of beauty but I did not, nor can I imagine my ever feeling it so. It is a beautiful sheet of water from two to four or five miles wide. It glistened and sparkled in the sun; the shores changed in appearance every hour; now on the one hand, they receded in a rising upland to the distance of a mile or more, covered to the summit with many and gaily coloured foliage, bordered in the foreground with a line of pure white sand; on the other hand, they would now project into the lake in bold headlands of granite, solid and hard as iron, or broken into immense masses by the power of frost and heat, then they would stand up in a perpendicular, or even overhanging wall, frowning high above us; then you came upon some pretty island, seen reflected almost as clearly in the water below as it appeared above; and now you heard the brawling of a river as it tumbled over the rocks into the lake, and here and there, but at long intervals, appeared a dwelling or a mill. Autumn leaves lay floating idly or gently swaying up or down upon the bosom of the lake, and close by, the water would suddenly be broken into ripples by some fish darting up to catch a fly. And so the day passed, not without much silent and adoring worship of Him who "makes gay the solitary place, who has made the beauties of the wilderness as well as the fairer forms which cultivation glories in." At sunset the fort was reached, where we were hospitably welcomed and entertained by the family and household of Mr. Rankin. After supper all were gathered in, and with reading of the scriptures, exposition, exhortation, and prayer, the day was closed.

W. D. BALLANTYNE.

Pembroke, Oct. 1879.

THE congregation of St. George's Church, Edinburgh, has been looking round for a successor to the Rev. Dr. Stevenson. To expedite matters, a committee was recently appointed and it has recommended the Rev. Dr. Donald McLeod, Park Church, Glasgow. As many of our readers are aware the Doctor is a brother of the more celebrated "Norman," whom he succeeded as editor of "Good Words."

REV. JACOB ABBOTT, after a long and useful life, has passed away. His name has been known throughout Christendom for many years. The years which he spent in what is known as "the ministry" were but few, but his entire life was a ministry. By his pen he reached thousands whom he could not have reached by his voice, and his influence was ever for good. His first work was "The Young Christian," and it made its mark at once, and many copies of it have been scattered here and there. But it was only the beginning. It is said that he has written and published more than two hundred different books, and they are all designed for the young. To him certainly the words were applied, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

WATSON FRENCH'S SERMON.

There are no sermons like those which a man occasionally preaches to himself. The minister never talks to his people from the pulpit as searchingly as he sometimes talks to himself with head bowed on the table in his study. Watson French was not a minister, though. He never even spoke in prayer-meeting. His pastor had long carried him on his heart, and had aimed more than one sermon at him. But sermons seemed to glance off from him, until he turned preacher and took aim at himself. He had been to prayer-meeting one evening where some one had repeated the words of the apostle. "Lest any of you seem to come short." Coming home, he sat down alone in the sitting-room and the text came back to him, kept coming back, no matter how many times he tried to dismiss it from his thoughts, and finally fastened fully upon his attention.

"It must mean that some who call themselves Christians come short of being Christians," he said to himself. "I wonder if there's danger of my making such a mistake. I've been a member of the church these thirteen years. I keep up family prayers, when something doesn't prevent. I pay my pew-rent every quarter. I generally go to prayer-meeting, if I can get away from the store. I did my share on the building committee and in raising the church debt. I've never been deacon; no one ever voted for me. Now I think of it I should feel a little queer if they did. 'Deacon French,' how Stewart would laugh at the idea; I doubt if he knows that I belong to the church at all. And I suppose I have smoked up two or three boxes of cigars in his office, evenings, when we have been playing chess together. Have played there sometimes instead of going to prayer meeting. There's nothing bad about chess, though. But there's the tobacco. I have had my doubts about that. It's a bad habit, and lately that text has kept coming to me, 'Happy is he that condemneth not himself in the thing which he alloweth.' Such self-indulgence seems too much like coming short.

"And it can't be quite the thing for a disciple of Christ to be so soaked with business all the time as I am. It's the last thing I think about before I go to sleep and the first thing when I wake up. I think about it when I am pretending to pray. I don't mean to cheat my customers. They'd generally find it out if I did, and I'd lose in the end. But I do persuade people to buy things, sometimes, when I don't really think it's the best thing for them to do. That certainly isn't doing as I would be done by. There's politics, too; since I've been on the county committee I've consented to some mean dodges to beat the other side. And I've knuckled to the saloon interest as no Christian man ought to.

"I haven't enjoyed the prayer-meetings, either. They're dry. But I never did my share to make them interesting. I come in late, and sit on the back seat, and never take part. I know what the trouble is, too; I have no relish for religious things. There's the Bible, I don't know as I open it from one Sunday to another except at family prayers. As for closet prayer I gave that up long ago. I'm afraid there's been no real Christian life in my soul. I haven't any claim on the blessing promised to those who hunger and thirst after righteousness. I've been full of business, full of money-making, full of self-gratification, and empty of God. My example and my talk at home before my children have all been in the direction of this-worldness. Sunday has been a dull day to me. It's always a relief to me when Monday morning comes. Christ came to this world to save men from a life of sin. But I do nothing in the way of personal effort to lead men to Him from one year's end to another. I've felt no burden of souls. I've taken my ease. I've been content with just such a life as multitudes lead who do not profess to be Christian people at all. How I have 'come short' of the true Christian life, the Christ-like life! God help me to be a better man."

It was not a long sermon. It was a very plain one. But it dated for Watson French the beginning of a more consistent, fruitful life. His family saw it in the evident heartiness with which he conducted family worship; the church saw it in the cheerful, ready part he took in their social meetings; his customers saw it in the genuine care he showed for their interests; casual acquaintances saw it in the kindly, tender words

he spoke to them, now and then, commending Christ's service; the poor, and sick and discouraged saw it in the many helpful ways in which his Christian sympathy found expression.—*N. Y. Christian Weekly.*

## THOUGHTLESSNESS.

In general, I have no patience with people who talk about the "thoughtlessness of youth" indulgently. I had infinitely rather hear of thoughtless old age, and the indulgence due to that. When a man has done his work, and nothing can in any way be materially altered in his fate, let him forget his toil and jest with his fate, if he will; but what excuse can you find for wilfulness of thought, at the very time when every crisis of future fortune hangs on your decisions? A youth thoughtless when the career of all his days depends on the opportunity of a moment! A youth thoughtless when all the happiness of his home forever depends on the chances, or the passions of an hour! A youth thoughtless when his every act is a foundation stone of future conduct, and every imagination a fountain of life or death! Be thoughtless in any after years rather than now—though indeed there is only one place where a man may be nobly thoughtless—his death-bed. No thinking should ever be left to be done there.—*Ruskin.*

## THE S. S. SUPERINTENDENT AND MINISTER.

The minister should not seek to supersede the superintendent, nor to interfere with his government of the school; but the superintendent and the teachers should ever be in harmony with the preacher, and should consider themselves as but a part of his official staff.

The supervision of the minister should extend particularly to the selection of books for the library that is to be placed in the hands of the teachers and of the children of the school. It is but seldom that superintendents and teachers, engrossed with the busy cares of life, have full time to examine the multitudinous issues of the press which are sought to be placed in these libraries. Each publisher has a list of his own books, and wishes to sell them. He exchanges with other publishers, and thus may have a very large variety. He is so occupied with the financial affairs of his establishment that he may not know the precise character of the teachings of the books which he publishes. Without intending to do wrong, he recommends works which ought not to find their way into Sunday schools. A committee is oftentimes appointed by the teachers to purchase a library. It is frequently composed of men who are good and earnest and true; but they are not extensively acquainted with religious literature, and they purchase such works as have pretty titles, are well printed, are recommended by publishers, and, above all, which are of a low price. In this way books of doubtful or erroneous doctrinal teachings, or which sanction unchristian conduct, or works of fiction without either high imagination or beautiful style to recommend them, are placed in the library, and they vitiate rather than improve the taste. The books introduced into the Sunday school should contain such doctrinal or practical teaching as may be in harmony with the Church; otherwise the influence of the Sunday school may not only be of little service, but may even become of positive injury to the interests of the congregation. In this day of light and loose and skeptical publications, no duty is more imperative on the minister than to exercise a watchful supervision over the literature that is purchased by the church, and is placed by the church in the Sunday school library for the use of its children; for the young have a right to regard the teachings of such works as sanctioned by the church.

No matter how great may be the intellectual power and personal influence of the preacher, he cannot accomplish his work unaided and alone. He is the general of an army, but he cannot conquer without soldiers. He must have others to assist him. The duty of a preacher, then, is to study carefully the genius and organization of his church, and to secure all the assistance which that organization can furnish. Whatever officers, whether elders or deacons, trustees or stewards or leaders, may constitute the officary of his church, he is to place himself in intimate relations with each and all of them. His study should be how to employ, to the utmost degree, their talents in church activities, so as to assist in church develop-

ment and in aggressive work. He should further study how to enlist the entire talent of his church members, old and young, men and women, in spheres of active usefulness. This he should do not only for the assistance which they give him, but for the benefit which results, first to the church, and then to themselves. The true teacher is ever a learner. There is no process by which our learning becomes accurate and methodical so soon as by attempting to communicate it to others; hence every one who is engaged in doing good is also engaged in self-development and culture. In different denominations church organizations vary; but, be the organization what it may, the great object is to develop into perfect Christians the entire membership, and to act upon the world as an attractive and aggregating power which constantly adds to its own magnitude.—*Bishop Simpson.*

## FIRST FAMILY PRAYER.

The late Rowland Hill was once driven by a storm into a village inn, and compelled to spend the night. When it grew late the landlord sent a request by the waiter that the guest would go to bed; Mr. Hill replied, "I have been waiting a long time, expecting to be called to family prayer." "Family prayer! I don't know what you mean, sir; we never have such things here." "Indeed! then tell your master I cannot go to bed until we have had family prayer." The waiter informed his master, who, in consternation, bounced into the room occupied by the faithful minister, and said, "Sir, I wish you would go to bed. I cannot go till I have seen all the lights out; I am so afraid of fire." "So am I," was the reply; "but I have been expecting to be summoned to family prayer." "All very good, but it cannot be done in an inn." "Indeed! then pray get my horse. I cannot sleep in a house where there is no family prayer." The host preferred to dismiss his prejudice rather than his guest, and said, "I have no objection to have prayer, but I don't know how." "Well, then, summon your people and let us see what can be done." The landlord obeyed, and in a few minutes the astonished domestics were on their knees, and the landlord called upon to pray. "Sir, I never prayed in my life; I don't know how." "Ask God to teach you," was the gentle reply. The landlord said, folding his hands, "God teach us how to pray." "That is prayer, my friend," cried Mr. Hill, joyfully; "go on." "I am sure I don't know what to say now, sir." "Yes you do; God has taught you how to pray; now thank him for it." "Thank you, God Almighty, for letting us pray to you." "Amen! amen!" exclaimed Mr. Hill, and then prayed himself. Two years afterward, Mr. Hill found in that same village a chapel and a school, as the result of the first effort of family prayer at the "Black Lion."—*N. Y. Observer.*

## CARLYLE'S FATHER.

Thomas Carlyle thus describes his father: "I think of all the men I have ever known, my father was quite the remarkablest. Quite a farmer sort of person, using vigilant thrift and careful industry, abiding by veracity and faith, and with an extraordinary insight into the very heart of things and men. I can remember that, from my childhood, I was surprised at his using many words of which I knew not the meaning; and even as I grew to manhood I was not a little puzzled by them, and supposed that they must be of his own coinage. But later, in my black letter reading I discovered that every one of them I could recall was of the sound Saxon stock which had lain buried, yet fruitful withal, in the quick memory of the humbler sort of folk. He was an elder of the kirk, and it was very pleasant to see him in his daily and weekly relations with the minister of the parish. They had been friends from youth. That parish minister was the first person that ever taught me Latin. The last time I ever saw my father was on my journey from Craigenputtock to London. I was on my way to this modern Babylon, with a manuscript in my hand, 'Sartor Resartus' by name, which I wished to get into print. I came up on my foul's errand, and I saw my father no more, for I had not been in town many days when tidings came that he was dead. He had gone to bed at night, as well as usual, it seemed; but they found in the morning that he had passed from the realm of sleep to that of day. It was a fit end for such a life as his had been. He was a man into the four corners of whose house there had shined through

the years of his pilgrimage, by day and by night, the light of the glory of God; and at the last he was not, for God took him."—*Hand and Heart.*

#### BOOKLESS HOMES.

A dreary place is a bookless house, my young friends; see that in founding a home for yourselves you do not neglect the household library. We rejoice in pretty furniture and artistic pictures; but we want to see a new book sandwiched between every two purchases, and newspapers and magazines drifting around so thickly that the very order of the sitting-room is imperilled. We never knew anything worse than intelligent sons and daughters grow out of such untidiness. To go to housekeeping without a family Bible and an unabridged dictionary ought to be elected a criminal offence. Here lies the beginning of wisdom. Then we should add modern history to ancient, poetry to science, Scott, Thackeray, Dickens, Hawthorne, and Holmes to theology. We should know the opinions of the best minds to day upon all questions of social life, of philosophy, of agriculture. We have known famous business men, keen financiers, to grow out of bookless homes, but never the great hearted and tender-souled. So, parents, remember this, glance over your libraries to see if there be not some vacancy to fill up with the volume which will add to the cheer of the windy wintry nights. Get for the boy a book of history or travels; for the girl a copy of Tennyson, or Longfellow, or Browning—some sweet poet who sings along the quiet vales of life in notes we all can understand! Win them to read aloud around the evening lamp, and most unconsciously their young souls will be drawn out to follow after those who call, to follow, and sing, and be glad—for great is the power of influence.

#### PRACTICAL SYMPATHY.

In one of our sleeping cars in America there was an old bachelor who was annoyed by the continued crying of a child, and the ineffectual attempts of the father to quiet it. Pulling aside the curtain, and putting out his head, he said, "Where is the mother of that child? Why doesn't she stop this nuisance?" The father said very quietly, "The mother is in the baggage-car in her coffin; I am travelling home with the baby. This is the second night I have been with the child, and the little creature is wearying for its mother. I am sorry if its plaintive cries disturb any one in this car." "Wait a minute," said the old bachelor. The old man got up and dressed himself, and compelled the father to lie down and sleep, while he took the babe himself. That old bachelor stilling the cry of the babe all night was a hero. And the man who, for the sake of others, gives up a lawful gratification in his own house or in the social circle, is as great a hero as though he stood upon the battlefield.—*J. B. Gough.*

MEN have often been warned against old prejudices; it were better we should be cautioned against new conceits. The novelty of our opinion on any moral question is really a presumption against it. Generally speaking, it is only the half thinker who in matters concerning the feelings and ancestral opinions of men stumbles on new conclusions. The true philosopher searches out something else,—the propriety of the feeling, the wisdom of the opinion, the deep and living roots of whatever is fair or enduring. For on such points, to use a happy phrase of Dugald Stewart's, "our first and third thoughts will be found to coincide."

THIS day of intellectual conflict is indebted to Mr. Mallock for a pertinent, admirably expressed question, namely, "Is life worth living?" The debate between Christianity and sceptical philosophy cannot be directed to a more practical conclusion than an answer to such a question. One of the fathers of the present philosophy of scepticism was Alexander Humboldt. He reached this conclusion "I despise humanity in all its strata; I foresee that our posterity will be far more unhappy than we are. If for eighty years one strives and inquires, still one is obliged to confess that he has striven for nothing and found out nothing. Did we at least only know why we are in the world?" Such a life of unbelief as that of Humboldt was therefore not worth living, according to his own admission.

#### MISSIONARY NOTES.

THE Moravian Church now has three hundred and twenty-three preachers engaged in missionary work, with one thousand five hundred and four native assistants, and has made seventy-one thousand conversions in heathen countries.

At the latest dates from England, says the "Missionary Herald," the London Missionary Society was still without direct intelligence from Ujiji, as to the safety of the mission party there. Messrs. Souther and Griffith, who were on their way to the interior with Dr. Mullens, continued their journey from Mpwapwa after the death of the latter, and letters have been received from them of so late a date as August 6. They have taken a more northerly route than is common, and they write in glowing terms of their progress and the character of the people they have met, describing them as peaceable, intelligent, and honest. "Our future prospects," they say, "are cheering in the extreme." The mission party of the English Baptist Society, on their way to San Salvador and the Congo, also report a wonderfully rapid and prosperous journey.

FROM the paper on "The Proposed Mission in Central Africa," read by Dr. J. O. Means at the meeting of the American Board in Syracuse, we gather the following facts concerning mission work already begun in that region. The Church Mission Society of England, thirty-five years ago, led the way for all that has come and is coming, by planting a mission at Mombasa, on the Indian Ocean, near Zanabar. Three years ago this venerable society struck inland seven or eight hundred miles to Victoria Nyanza, and began a mission in Uganda and Karagwa, with stations at Mpwapwa and elsewhere, intermediate from the coast. This region is in the extreme northern part of Central Africa, and is of vast magnitude. Great difficulties are encountered in the mission, great sacrifices of precious lives, and large expenditures of treasure, have been made, but the latest intelligence is full of promise. The United Methodist Free Churches of England have had a mission since 1862, at Ribe, near Mombasa, a few miles from the ocean, and about one hundred and fifty miles south of the Dana river. The Universities' Mission, the first mission in the interior, established by gentlemen of Oxford, Cambridge, Durham and Dublin Universities, was commenced in 1860, among the Shire highlands, near Lake Nyassa, and after the sad death of Bishop McKenzie, was removed to Zanzibar, and now has stations on that island, at Magila, on the mainland, two days inland, at Massasi, one hundred and thirty miles inland, and is occupying the territory between Lake Nyassa and the ocean. The London Missionary Society Congregational, has taken the region of Lake Tanganyika, seven hundred miles by road from the ocean. It is to have stations at Mirambo's town, in Ugara, at Ujiji on the east shore, and elsewhere on the lake. The region is immense, and of commanding importance, on the great line of caravans across the continent. It is proving very costly in life and treasure to lay the foundations.—On Lake Nyassa, farther south, in 1872, the Free Church of Scotland commenced the Livingstone Mission, and the Established Church a mission at Blantyre, near by.—The Societe des Missions Evangeliques, of Paris, in conjunction with its Basutu churches, has made explorations with the view of occupying the Barotse Valley, which is the region about the head waters of the Zambesi, above the Victoria Falls, some 1,200 miles from the mouth of the river.—The Livingstone Inland Mission has had missionaries since 1878 on the Atlantic coast, working about the mouth of the Congo, and measures are in progress to re-enforce them and push into the region north of Stanley Pool.—The Baptist Missionary Society of England has a station at Makuta, near the Congo, south of the Yellala Cataracts, and is endeavouring to reach Stanley Pool and work upward on the south side of the great river. The Roman Catholics have missions at Zanzibar, at Bagamoyo, at Ujiji, and in Mtesa's kingdom and on the Congo. A company of priests is also on the way to the Barotse Valley, traversing the immense spaces in waggons from Capetown.—The International Association for the Suppression of the Slave Trade and opening of Central Africa, is another really Christian organization, and is not to be omitted in enumerating the agencies at work for the redemption of Central Africa. It has stations at Bagamoyo on the east, at Loanda on the west coast, at Ujiji, and Nyangwe, and at Muata Yanvo's capital in the interior, and at other commanding centres.

#### BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

##### *Littell's Living Age.*

Boston: Littell & Co.

The numbers of "The Living Age" for the weeks ending October 25th and November 1st contain a choice selection of articles from the foremost English periodicals. The readers of this weekly magazine have a constant and an abundant supply of current literature.

##### *The Image of the Cross and Lights on the Altar.*

Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

This little book makes a well-directed attack on some of the idolatrous practices of the Church of Rome and her imitators. Its specific aim is to show that the image of the cross, lights on the altar, etc., are not of Christian but of heathen origin, and owe their present position to the compromise between pseudo-Christianity and Paganism on which the Romish apostasy is founded. The author wastes no words. With little comment he places his verified facts before the reader, and packs into fifty-eight pages the essence of many a bulky volume, and the result of much research.

##### *The Eclectic Magazine.*

New York: E. R. Pelton.

The November number of the "Eclectic Magazine" opens with the first instalment of an article on "History and Politics." It is from "Macmillan's Magazine," and the writer is Professor Seeley of Cambridge. The burden of it seems to be that in order to become adepts in the science of politics people must study history on a plan somewhat similar to that proposed by Mr. Buckle. The "Dialogue on Human Happiness," by W. H. Mallock, is written in an attractive style, but its substance is merely a compound of popularized positivist philosophy and sickly sentiment. It appeared originally in the "Nineteenth Century." From "Fraser's Magazine," we have the beginning of "My Journal in the Holy Land," by Mrs. Brasse, wife of the great English contractor of that name. The journal promises to be interesting, the writer evincing considerable descriptive power. The subject of the editor's biographical paper in the present number is M. Guizot, and a portrait of that famous statesman faces the first page. The number contains twenty articles in all, and on the whole they are well selected.

##### *The International Review.*

New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

The first article in the November number of the "International" is an Art critique on some of the specimens of sculpture exhibited this year in "The Paris Salon." The second is by T. W. Osborn, and treats of "The Darien Canal" in view of its proposed construction by a French company under the leadership of M. de Lesseps. After quoting the dog-in-the-manger resolution passed by the American Senate last June, re-affirming the Monroe doctrine and protesting against the construction of the canal by any European power, Mr. Osborn proceeds to shew that the exigencies of commerce demand the immediate opening of such a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific; that its construction will benefit the commercial interests of the United States more than those of any other country; and that the American Government ought to take the work into its own hands and proceed with it without delay, or reconcile itself to the inevitable consequence indicated in the formula, "If you don't, another will." By Mr. Osborn's calculation, the saving in freight to the American trade, resulting from the construction of this canal will amount to \$35,995,000 annually; to that of Great Britain \$9,950,000; and to that of France \$2,186,000; so that to these three nations alone, the total cost of the work—which, taking the average of several estimates, amounts to about \$100,000,000—will be returned in a little more than two years, in the shape of savings on freight. In the paper on "The Dawn of Better Times," Mr. R. P. Porter produces a most encouraging array of comparative statistics to demonstrate that "the country is fairly launched upon a period of better times," and that it will soon have entirely recovered from the depression of the last five years. The remaining articles in the present number are: "The Use and Abuse of the Pardoning Power," by Russell Gray; "The Art of Casting in Plaster among the Ancient Greeks and Romans," by W. W. Story; "Victorien Sardou," by J. Brander Matthews; Contemporary Literature; Recent English Books.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Editor and Proprietor.

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1879.

BEGIN the canvass early; make use of sample copies; let the people know what THE PRESBYTERIAN is, and the work it is doing; invite them to subscribe without delay. Balance of year free to new subscribers for 1880.

## HOME MISSION FUND.

WE have this week given more space to correspondence on the state of the Home Mission Fund than we can well afford. The importance of the subject and the evident diversity of view prevailing must be our excuse. We are quite sure that all the friends who have written on the point are animated by the honest desire to advance the interests of the Church and especially to relieve the Home Mission Fund from its present embarrassing condition. Nothing but the very kindest feelings, we are persuaded, are cherished by any one of our correspondents towards the members of the Home Mission Committee, and even those of them who are ready to criticize the proceedings of that Committee most severely are convinced that though the course adopted is in their estimation not a wise one, the error at the very worst has been one of judgment, not of either cowardice or indifference.

And yet it is very difficult for onlookers to see what other course the Committee could have adopted. With a stationary or falling income, it has continued from year to year to maintain and even extend its scale of operations in the hope that the increased liberality of the members of the Church, arising from a more correct sense of duty and the return of good times, would make all straight and relieve the temporary difficulty without the humiliation to the whole body and the necessary suffering and loss to individuals arising from the dismissal of missionaries and the abandonment of promising and very needy fields of labour. It is very possible that from a mere business point of view the Committee erred in delaying so long to face the crisis, in hoping so persistently against hope, and in continuing to add to its pecuniary obligations till the burden became intolerable. But if in this a mistake was made, it was surely a very venial one, for which the whole of the Church is quite as much responsible as the Committee. The very faintest suggestion of curtailment was received with expressions of strong disapprobation, and the reduction of the salaries of all the missionaries was thought greatly preferable to the absolute withdrawal of any. The Church urged the Committee to a bold, believing and hopeful course. And the Committee was very willing to be so urged. It knew the extent, the need and the promising character of the various fields of operation better than outsiders could possibly do, while it was keenly alive to the claims of the missionaries and to the exceedingly painful position in which not a few of these would be placed by their being withdrawn from their various fields of labour. But borrowing from banks, and hoping that something would turn up, could not go on for ever. It was simply continuing to let on the steam and at the same time sitting on the safety valve. When the crash would come was a mere question of time, and the longer the delay, the more formidable the catastrophe. Instead of the Commit-

tee being to blame then for being so precipitate in bringing the Church face to face with the actual facts, it would have been better, perhaps, as one of our correspondents suggests, that this had been done a considerable time ago. And yet a good deal can be said on the other side. A season of very deep depression of trade, and a series of poor, if not actually bad crops, have been tided over. The general outlook is greatly more cheerful now than it has been for a good while past, and the ability to raise all the money needed has certainly been increased.

But is it fair or right, is it in accordance with our Church order or consistent with the directions of the Supreme Court to expect that the Committees appointed by the General Assembly shall not only administer the funds of the Church entrusted to them in the most economical and efficient manner possible, but shall also see that these funds be raised, and, if necessary, shall undergo all the personal labour and incur all the individual responsibility attendant upon such a course? It would seem to us that such a proceeding as an ordinary plan of action would simply be a confession that our Presbyterian system had turned out a failure and had helplessly broken down; while even as an extraordinary measure, the order of the General Assembly would in every case be a manifestly indispensable preliminary to such a proceeding. Much painful experience has shown that it is often a very unpleasant work for deputations from Central Committees to visit Presbyteries and Congregations even when they are backed by the authority and command of the Supreme Court. But to attempt such a course without that sanction or even in spite of something like a prohibition, has generally, if not always, been to invite failure and to incur very disagreeable and very useless personal mortification.

Besides, such a suggestion as that the Committee in this case should have taken the work entirely out of the hands of Presbyteries implies something very offensive, though we are convinced, perfectly unintentionally so to the great body of our ministers and elders. It intimates that they are cold and indifferent to the work of home missions, if not positively hostile; and that they cannot be trusted to see that the directions of the General Assembly in this respect are faithfully, constitutionally, and universally carried out. The Supreme Court of the Church has direct access to each congregation of the body. Every minister and elder at ordination engaged to be subject to their ecclesiastical superiors and to see that the decisions and directions of these were faithfully and honestly put in force. Have Presbyteries rebelled against this arrangement? Then these Presbyteries ought to be dealt with, unless the Church is willing to acknowledge itself in a condition of ecclesiastical anarchy. Have individual members of Presbyteries set themselves to nullify the arrangements of the Supreme Court or to defy the authority of their own local one? Then they are showing themselves untrue not only to the Church, but to their own honour and to the sanctity of their own engagements. There is not a Presbyterian minister in Canada, nor is there a Session, that has a right to come between a congregation and the General Assembly and say that that congregation shall not have an opportunity of making every collection which the Assembly orders unless it have a sanctioned equivalent for each or all of these. What that collection shall be, whether large or small, must be determined by the congregation itself, but that an opportunity shall be afforded it to make the collection is beyond all question. And that minister is not a loyal son of the Church, nor faithful to his ordination vows who will do or say anything to prevent that collection being made or its equivalent being given.

Are we prepared to acknowledge that we have such disloyal ministers and elders, and such inefficient Presbyteries as this suggested practical supersession of their functions would imply? We should be sorry to be shut up to so melancholy a conclusion, for to do so would be to confess that our boasted Presbyterian system at a time of crisis and difficulty had broken helplessly down; that our Presbyteries had become so absorbed in mere local interests that they had no regard for the general work of the Church, and were either unable or unwilling to carry out its laws; and that individual ministers and congregations were so narrow and isolated in their views, and so selfish in their feelings that they had practically given up the Presbyterianism of which they had been in the habit of boasting and had fallen back on that Congregationalism which they had so often repudiated, and whose

inefficiency for successfully aggressive Christian work they had so often proclaimed. We have no such idea of our Presbyteries and congregations. That there is abundance of power, though it may be somewhat latent, in the Presbyterian Church of Canada to carry forward with triumphant success all the departments of Church work, few, if any, competently acquainted with it would question, far less absolutely deny. Who may be the legitimate agents to bring out this latent power—is the only present question. If we could believe that Presbyteries and Sessions were in such a state of spiritual coma that they could not be trusted with what is certainly an integral part of their legitimate and normal work, then we should feel that there was good cause to tremble for the future of our Zion, for we could in that case have little hope that the spasmodic and abnormal would succeed when the steady, constant and legitimate had confessedly failed. The ever swelling outflow of Christian liberality must have its source and motive power in enlightened conviction, holy feeling and humble faith. Who under God are most likely to tap this fountain, to strengthen this conviction, and develop and intensify this faith? We must believe that the local influences which our Presbyterian system so wisely provides, may be expected to be far more successful in such a work than the flying visits of deputations, however eloquent or the earnest appeals of strangers, however much to the point. Presbyteries, besides, can if they please, call in such outside workers to their assistance. If they either cannot or will not do either one thing or another, matters are in a bad way.

## IS A "MORAL INTERREGNUM" IMMINENT?

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH has endeavoured in a long article in the current number of the "Atlantic" to show that it is. He has, however, neglected to tell us what he means by the phrase, and his prophetic foreshadowings may, therefore, be conveniently taken as pointing either to what almost all would readily admit or to what far more would as emphatically deny. If there is a "moral interregnum" whenever there is a more or less widely diffused spirit of rebellion against what may be known as practical morality, and a considerable departure from that course of conduct which had usually been called virtue, and which had consisted in the maintenance of truthfulness, integrity, generous regard for the feelings and interests of others, with all those varied opinions, feelings and practices which have been looked upon as constituting this morality and have been cherished as such; then it might be said that in all Christian times there is and always has been such an "interregnum." Those who have upheld such morality in theory and reduced it to practice in their own lives, have always been in a minority, so that when there has been even more than the usual amount of practical defection from the laws of this morality, it has been after all but a mere matter of degree, not any violent and universal breaking away from the course which had been previously followed, or anything like an utter and absolute collapse of authority on the part of those principles and practices which had formerly more or less widely ruled. If we take the phrase in this sense as conveying the idea of a decay of moral force, and that arising from a collapse of faith in those facts or truths (real or supposed) on which that morality rested, and from which it drew its vitality and power, then all that is suggested by Mr. Smith's rather unusual phrase is the ordinary and oft remarked upon fact, that the whole past history of Christian morals has been made up of revivals and decays, and that there is nothing not only more likely, but more certain than that in this respect the future will bear a more or less marked resemblance to the present and the past. In this sense we should be little inclined to quarrel with Mr. Smith's conclusions, though we might think it strange he should have taken such trouble to prove what few or any would be inclined to deny.

But if we are to understand by Mr. Smith's expression an utter collapse of Christian morality (for it is to this he has exclusive reference) as one of the possibilities, if not absolute certainties of the near future, such a collapse as may be properly represented by that cessation of executive authority usually described as an *interregnum* when though one king is actually dead another has not taken his place, then we may be permitted to more than doubt the force of his evidence and the accuracy of his conclusions. His whole

course of statement and argument in this case points to Christian morality, as this is usually understood, very speedily, or at any rate in the course of a generation, sharing the fate of that which prevailed in Greece and Rome and other countries during what may be styled the ages of heathen faith. During those ages when men really believed in the religion they professed, there was, as Mr. Smith states, more or less of practical morality in their lives. When that faith universally disappeared then the morality which rested on that basis also took its departure. When this departure was complete then we are to believe the "interregnum" began, for it was only then that the king was actually dead—not sick and feeble—and this "interregnum" would naturally continue till the uprising and success of another religion with its own morality based upon its own peculiar sanctions. Now let us notice here another of Mr. Smith's ambiguities. He draws the parallel between the absolute and final collapse of Greek and Roman heathenism with the disappearance once and for all, and everywhere, of the morality which rested on it, and the more or less noticeable decays, not collapses, of Christian faith and morals. For Greek or Roman heathenism there was no revival, no resurrection. It died, and remained ever afterwards dead and powerless. As in every true *interregnum*, this moral executive, absolutely, universally and finally ceased. There has been no corresponding experience in the history of Christian morals and consequently no such "interregna" as Mr. Smith adduces as parallels. The decay of Christian faith never reached the stage of universal death; the collapse of Christian morality has never been so complete as was that which, if it did not suppress, it at any rate supplanted. Mr. Smith ranges over the nineteen Christian centuries, and fixes on this, that and the other season of partially prevailing unbelief and immorality, calls them "moral interregna" comparable each with the final and universal fall of classical heathenism, and then points out what he regards as the infallible signs of another and very possibly final collapse of Christian morality being at the door. We object altogether to the correctness of his parallels. The Christian system whether doctrinal or practical, never suffered such an eclipse as, confessedly, heathenism did. It was never universally scouted as a found-out cheat, or quietly and regretfully laid on the shelf as a thing no longer held and never to be so more. All the cases adduced by Mr. Smith as "moral interregna" during all these past generations were limited in their range and anything but absolute in their intensity. The morality which again and again reappeared was the same morality, and it had never, even at the worst, ceased to have a place in human hearts, and a restraining, elevating influence on human lives. There never has been in all the period to which Mr. Smith refers, such an "interregnum" as that which took place between the period when heathen morality was smitten through and through, and when that which was formally and characteristically Christian reigned in its stead.

It is quite true that very frequently the parallel has been drawn between the state of faith and morals at the time when Christ appeared and that which very generally prevails in Christendom at the present hour. It has often been attempted to show that there is the same hollowness of religious profession; the same eager and unscrupulous pursuit of wealth; the same general relaxation of morals, and that resulting from a similar decay or eclipse of faith; the same cynical selfishness and cruelty which the thin veneering of culture, instead of concealing, only made more manifest and more offensive; the same scoffing at patriotism as only worthy of a prig; the same estimate of virtue as a mere haggling about the price; the same worship of harlotry with corresponding practice and appropriate temples; the same readiness to sacrifice liberty for rest and to glory in manacles if they only happened to be of gold. But surely if in many respects the similarity is noticeable, the points of contrast are even more so. The indictment brought by Mr. Smith against the England and English of the present day is terrible as it is striking,—painful as in many respects it is true. But the generalization is all too sweeping; the evidence quite insufficient fully to substantiate the charge, or to justify the fear. English and American *litterateurs* may as a class be as hard, cold, selfish, cynical and cruel as they are represented; the statesmen as unscrupulous; the "golden youth" as debauched; the men of science generally as sceptical; the leaders of fashion as impure; the believers in

mere success however immoral and unscrupulous, as numerous and as base; and mammon worship as undisguised and brutal as it is said to be. But there is another side of the shield, never for a moment to be lost sight of. England, even when the pimps and bawds, the parasites and prostitutes of the Second Charles were flaunting out their short and disgraceful hour of triumph, was still greatly Puritan and religiously sound to a far greater extent than many onlookers might have supposed. Far more is this the case with the whole English-speaking population of the present day. The evils which lie on the surface are not so discouraging as they have been, while, after making every allowance for the amount of ostentatious hypocrisy which undoubtedly so far prevails among many professing Christians, this is to be said without fear of successful contradiction, that there are at present more intellects, genuinely swayed by faith in Christian doctrine, and more lives effectively influenced for good by Christian morality, than perhaps there ever were at any former period in the world's history. Amid the confusion and restlessness on every side there may, with some, appear much reason for anxiety as to the morality of the future. The Christian finds far more for exultant hope. The triumph of the right and the true and the pure may not be at the door, but it is coming, and rapidly.

#### MR. GEORGE MULLER.

TORONTO has been favoured during the past week by a visit from the widely known and greatly loved George Müller, of the Orphanage, Bristol, England. He has laboured in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association in this city during these past days of united prayer, and has done so with great power and universal acceptance. As is well known, Mr. Müller has for a very long period carried on a system of enlightened and most successful Christian benevolence on behalf of orphan children of both sexes. He has systematically, and on principle, repudiated all solicitation for funds, whether by direct appeal or indirect manipulation. His plan has been to make his own and his *protégés'* needs the subject of earnest and persevering prayer to God, and as the result of more than forty years' experience, he declares that he has found it the best, most efficient and most satisfactory of any. He has never, he says, really needed money or other help, but he has got it, "good measure, pressed down and running over." In this way he has been enabled to spend more than half a million of pounds sterling on his schemes of benevolence, has educated, fed and clothed thousands of orphans, and has had the satisfaction of seeing very many of these leading prosperous, honourable and Christian lives. In old age, he is as eager, energetic and successful in his work as ever, and is still as abundantly bringing forth fruit to the honour and glory of that Master whom he has served so long and whom he loves so well. His addresses in Toronto have been characterized by great simplicity, marked directness, occasional pathos, uniform seriousness and unobtrusive spirituality. It would be too much to expect that every one should have been satisfied with every word he spoke or with all his views of truth and duty. But his quiet words of earnest appeal, tender affection, and honest admonition and entreaty will have power in the hearts of not a few in this locality, for a far longer period and with far more beneficial results than ever had the boisterous declamation and the somewhat turgid and bizarre eloquence of much more pretentious revivalists. Amid the great outcry about the want of funds to carry on religious and benevolent enterprises, it might almost be worth while to inquire if Müller's plan had been honestly, earnestly and perseveringly put to the trial, and if, after all, it has been so far found wanting that God's people have been fain to fall back upon church soirees and bazaars, to say nothing of concerts, oratorios, raffles, and other instrumentalities even more grotesque and equally equivocal.

It is reported that the missionaries of the American Board have been compelled to leave Austria. The government has fined some men for reading the Bible to their neighbours, and has imprisoned others for allowing their neighbours to be present at family worship.

It is curious to be told that the proceedings of the Peace Congress which met at Naples on the 26th ult., to promote a general disarmament throughout the

world were characterized by indescribable confusion. The meeting terminated with hissing, applause and other demonstrations.

THE Greenock Presbytery, U. P. Church, Scotland, has voted unanimously to suspend five of the elders of the Gourrock church, Mr. Macrae's old parish, for refusing to return to their allegiance, and referred to the Edinburgh Presbytery for action, with marks of disapproval, the report of a sermon by the Rev. J. S. Mill, of Leith, in which he expresses sympathy with Mr. Macrae and "reflects on the whole Church."

WE are glad to hear that a memoir of the late Principal Harper, D.D., of the Seminary of the United Presbyterian Church, Scotland, is in course of preparation by the Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh. Any letters or reminiscences of Dr. Harper, which his friends in Canada may please to forward, will be gratefully received by Mr. E. Erskine Harper, and, if required, returned after the book has been completed. There may be some among our readers who were students under the late Principal, and who may have some characteristic reminiscences to convey. Letters should be addressed to Mr. Erskine Harper, care of Mr. Elliot, publisher, Edinburgh.

THE thirty-eighth public meeting of Knox College Metaphysical and Literary Society was held in Convocation Hall of the College on the evening of this day week. The weather was unfavourable, still the audience was a very large one, the hall being all but quite full. The Glee Club opened the proceedings with "The Three Chafers." Mr. A. B. Baird, the President, then read his inaugural, taking as his subject "*Esprit du Corps*." The subject of debate was "Is war a lawful means of settling national disputes?" Both sides acquitted themselves very creditably. The Chairman (Prof. Maclaren) said he could not say who had the best of it. The next public meeting of the Society is to be held on the 5th December.

THE Presbytery of Montreal met in St. Paul's Church on the 30th ult., and considered the hymn book as sent down to Presbyteries by the General Assembly. There was also reported a call from St. Hyacinthe, Que., as moderated in there on the 27th by the Rev. C. A. Doudiet. The call was in favour of Rev. Mr. Pelletier, who signified his acceptance of the same. The Presbytery arranged that his induction take place on the 10th of November, at seven p.m., the Rev. A. B. Cruchet to preach and preside, Rev. Jas. McCaul to address the minister, and Revs. R. H. Warden and C. A. Doudiet to address the people. The Presbytery met in the evening of the same day in Canning street church, and inducted Rev. A. B. Cruchet to the pastoral charge of that congregation. The Moderator, the Rev. George Coull, presided. Mr. Doudiet preached and put the usual questions to Mr. Cruchet, Professor Campbell addressed the newly inducted minister, and Mr. Brouillette concluded this very interesting induction service by an address to the congregation present.

IT is sometimes claimed that THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN is too high-priced. The complaint is not well-founded. This journal, considering size and make-up, is as low priced as any religious paper in the Dominion, while it is considerably cheaper than several which could be mentioned. Will the reader, who may fancy that he pays too dearly for his religious paper, look at the following points among many which might be urged in favour of the subscription rates for denominational papers: "The difference between the price of the religious journals and that of the large secular weeklies, is explained by the fact that the latter are made up chiefly out of matter taken from the dailies with which they are connected, without additional cost of composition. The matter is transferred from the daily to the weekly without any re-setting of type. Besides the weekly issue is a help to the daily, in many respects, and may often be afforded at a price below its actual cost. The religious weekly enjoys no such advantages, and must rely wholly on its own income for support." Besides, as a general rule, the secular weekly has a much larger advertising patronage than falls to the share of the religious paper, another reason why the former can be furnished at a lower rate than the latter. Our club rates are certainly liberal enough to bring THE PRESBYTERIAN within the reach of every man who cares to place a religious journal in the hands of the members of his family.

## CHOICE LITERATURE.

## A KNIGHT OF THE XIX. CENTURY.

BY REV. W. F. ROE, AUTHOR OF "FROM JEST TO EARNEST."

## CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

Haldane remained upon the saloon steps, where he had been left, blinking stupidly at a distant street lamp. He had a vague impression that something was wrong—that a misfortune of some kind had befallen him—but all was confused and blurred. He would soon have gone to sleep again, had not the door opened, and a man emerged, who exclaimed,

"Faix, an' who have we here, noddin' to himself as if he knew more'n other folks? Are ye waitin' for some un to ax ye within for a comfortin' dhrap?"

"Take me 'ome," mumbled Haldane.

"Where's yer home?"

"Mrs. Haldane's," answered the youth, thinking himself in his native town.

"By me sowl, if it isn't Boss Arnot's new clerk. Sure's my name is Pat McCabe, 'tis Mither Haldane. I say, are ye sick?"

"Take me 'ome."

"Faix, I see," winking at two or three of his cronies who had gathered at the open door. "It's a disease I'm taken wid myself at odd spells, though I takes moighty good care to kape out o' the way of odd man Arnot when I'm so afflicted. He has a quare way o' thinkin' that ivery man about him can go as rigaler as if made in a mashshine shop, bad luck till 'im."

Perhaps all in Mr. Arnot's employ would have echoed this sentiment, could the ill-luck have blighted him without reaching them. In working his employes as he did his machinery, Mr. Arnot forgot that the latter was often oiled, but that he entirely neglected to lubricate the wills of the former with occasional expressions of kindness and interest in their welfare. Thus it came to pass that, even down to poor Pat McCabe, man-of-all-work around the office building, all felt that their employer was a hard, driving task-master, who ever looked beyond them and their interests to what they accomplished for him. The spirit of the master infused itself among the men, and the tendency of each one to look out for himself without regard to others was increased. If Pat had served a kinder and more considerate man, he might have been inclined to show greater consideration for the intoxicated youth; but Pat's favourite phrase, "Divil take the hindmost," was but a fair expression of the spirit which animated his master, and the majority in his employ. When therefore Haldane, in his thick imperfect utterance, again said, "Take me 'ome," Pat concluded that it would be the best and safest course for himself. Helping the young man to his feet he said,

"Can ye walk? Mighty onstiddy on yer pins; but I'm athinkin' I can get ye to the g house afore mornin'. Should I lave ye on the street, and odd man Arnot find it out, I'd be in the street meself widout a job 'fore he ate his dinner. Stiddy now; lean against me, and don't wabble yer legs so."

With like exhortations the elder and more wary disciple of Bacchus disappeared with his charge in the gloom of the night.

It chanced that the light burned late, on this evening, in Mrs. Arnot's parlour. The lady's indisposition had confined her to her room and couch during the greater part of the day; but as the sun declined the distress in her head had gradually ceased, and she had found her airy drawing room a welcome change from the apartment heavy with the odour of anaesthetics. Two students from the University had aided in beguiling the early part of the evening, and then Laura had commenced reading aloud an interesting tale, which had suspended the consciousness of time. But as the marble clock on the mantel chimed out the hour of twelve, Mrs. Arnot rose hastily from the sofa, exclaiming:

"What am I thinking of, to keep you up so late! If your mother knew that you were out of your bed she would hesitate to trust you with me again."

"One more chapter, dear auntie, please?"

"Yes, dear, several more—to-morrow, but bed now, instanter. Come, kiss your remorseful aunt good-night. I'll remain here a while longer, for either your foolish story or the after effects of my wretched headache make me a trifle morbid and wakeful to-night. Oh, how that bell stardles me! what can it mean so late?"

The loud ring at the door remained unanswered a few moments, for the servants had all retired. But the applicant without did not wait long before repeating the summons still more emphatically.

Then they heard the library door open, and Mr. Arnot's heavy step in the hall, as he went himself to learn the nature of the untimely call. His wife's nervous timidity vanished at once, and she stepped forward to join her husband, while Laura stood looking out from the parlour entrance with a pale and frightened face. "Can it be bad news from home?" she thought.

"Who is there?" demanded Mr. Arnot, sternly.

"Me and Mither Haldane," answered a voice without in broadest brogue.

"Mr. Haldane?" exclaimed Mr. Arnot, excitedly; "what can this mean? Who is he?" he next asked loudly.

"Me is Pat McCabe, sure; the same as tidies up the office and does yer errands. Mr. Haldane's had a bad torn, and I've brought him home."

As Mr. Arnot swung open the door, a man, who seemingly had been leaning against it, fell prone within the hall. Laura gave a slight scream, and Mrs. Arnot was much alarmed, thinking that Haldane was suffering from some sudden and alarming attack. Thoughts of at once telegraphing to his mother were entering her mind, when the object of her solicitude tried to rise, and mumbled in the thick utterance of intoxication,

"This isn't home. Take me to mother's."

Mrs. Arnot's eyes turned questioningly to her husband,

and she saw that his face was dark with anger and disgust. "He is drunk," he said, turning to Pat who stood in the door, cap in hand.

"Faix, sur, it looks moighty loike it. But it's not fur a dacent sober man loike meself to spake sartainly o' sich matters."

"Few words and to the point, sir," said Mr. Arnot, harshly; "your breath tells where you have been. But where did you find this—and how came you to find him?"

Either Mr. Arnot was at a loss for a term which would express his estimation of the young man, who had slowly and unsteadily risen, and was supporting himself by holding fast the hat rack, or he was restrained in his utterance by the presence of his wife.

"Well sur," said Pat, with as ingenuous and candid an air as if he were telling the truth, "the wife o' a neighbour o' mine was takin on the suddint, and I went for the docther, and as I was a comm home, who shud I see sittin on the doorsthep but Mr. Haldane, and I thought it me duty to bring him home to yees."

"You have done right. Was it on the doorstep of a drinking-place you found him?"

"I'm a-thinkin it was, sur; it had that sort o' look."

Mr. Arnot turned to his wife and said coldly, "You now see how it works. But this is not a fit object for you and Laura to look upon, so please retire. I will see that he gets safely to his room. I suppose he must go there, though the station-house is the more proper place for him."

"He certainly must go to his own room," said Mrs. Arnot, firmly but quietly.

"Well, then, steady him along up the stairs, Pat. I will show you where to put the—" and Mr. Arnot again seemed to hesitate for a term, but the blank was more expressive of his contempt than any epithet could be, since his tone and manner suggested the worst.

Returning to the parlour, Mrs. Arnot found Laura's face expressive of the deepest alarm and distress.

"Oh, auntie, what does all this mean? Am I in any way to blame? He said he would go to ruin if I didn't—but how could I?"

"No, my dear, you are not in the slightest degree to blame. Mr. Haldane seems both bad and foolish. I feel to-night that he is not worthy to speak to you, much less is he fit to be entrusted with that which you will eventually give, I hope, only to one who is pre-eminently noble and good. Come with me to your room, my child. I am very sorry I permitted you to stay up to-night."

But Laura was sleepless and deeply troubled; she had never seen a labourer—much less one of her own acquaintances—in Haldane's condition before; and to her young, innocent mind the event had almost the character of a tragedy. Although conscious of entire blamelessness, she supposed that she was more directly the cause of Haldane's behaviour than was true, and that he was carrying out his threat to destroy himself by reckless dissipation. She did not know that he had been beguiled into his miserable condition through bad habits of long standing, and that he had fallen into the clutches of those who always infest public haunts, and live by preying upon the fast, foolish, and unwary. Haldane, from his character and associations, was liable to such an experience whenever circumstances combined to make it possible. Young men with no more principle than he possessed are never safe from disaster, and they who trust them, trust rather to the chances of their not meeting the peculiar temptations and tests to which they would prove unequal. Laura could not then know how little she had to do with the tremendous downfall of her premature lover. The same conditions given, he would probably have met with the same experience upon any occasion. After his first glass of punch, the small degree of discretion that he had learned thus far in life began to desert him; and every man as he becomes intoxicated is first a fool, and then the victim of every one who chooses to take advantage of his voluntary helplessness and degradation.

But innocent Laura saw a romantic and tragic element in the painful event, and she fell asleep with some vague womanly thought about saving a fellow-creature by the sacrifice of herself. The morning light, however, the truth concerning Haldane, and her own good sense, would banish such morbid fancies. Indeed, the worst possible way in which a young woman can set about reforming a bad man is to marry him. The usual result is greatly increased guilt on the part of the husband, and life-long hopeless wretchedness for the wife.

## CHAPTER IX.—PAT AND THE PRESS.

Pat having staided and half carried Haldane to his room, Mr. Arnot demanded of his clerk what had become of the money entrusted to his care; but his only answer was a stupid, uncomprehending stare.

"Hold his hands," said Mr. Arnot, impatiently.

McCabe having obeyed, the man of business, whose solicitude in the affair had no concern with the young man's immeasurable loss, but related only to his own money, immediately felt in Haldane's pockets for the envelopes which had contained the thousand dollars in currency. The envelopes were safe enough—one evidently opened with the utmost care, and the other torn recklessly—but the money was gone.

When Haldane saw the envelopes, there was a momentary expression of trouble and perplexity upon his face, and he tried to speak, but his thick utterance was unintelligible. This gleam of intelligence passed quickly, however, and the stupor of intoxication reasserted itself. His heavy eyelids drooped, and Pat with difficulty could keep him upon his feet.

"Toss him there on the lounge; take off his muddy boots. Nothing further can be done while he is in this beastly condition," said Mr. Arnot, in a voice that was as harsh as the expression of his face.

The empty envelopes and Mr. Arnot's dark looks suggested a great deal to Pat, and he saw that one of his "sprees" was an innocent matter compared with this affair.

"Now, go down to my study and wait there for me."

Pat obeyed in a very steady and decorous manner, for

the matter was assuming such gravity as to sober him completely.

Mr. Arnot satisfied himself that there was no chance of escape from the windows, and then, after another look of disgust and anger at Haldane, who was now sleeping heavily, he took the key from the door and locked it on the outside.

Descending to his study, the irate gentleman next wrote a note and gave it to his porter, saying—

"Take that to the police headquarters, and ask that it be sent to the superintendent at once. No mistake, now, as you value your place; and mind not a word of all this to anyone."

"Faix, sir, I'll be as dumb as an oyster, and do yer bidding in a jiffy," said Pat, backing out of the room, and glad to escape from one whose threatening aspect seemed to forbode evil to anyone within his reach.

"He looks black enough to murder the poor young spalpeen," muttered the Irishman, as he hastened to do his errand, remembering now in his trepidation that, though he had escaped from his master, the big, red-faced, stout-armed wife of his bosom was still to be propitiated after his late prowlings.

When he entered the main street, a light that glimmered from the top of a tall building suggested how he might obtain that kind of oil which, cast upon the domestic billows that so often raged in his fourth floor back room, was most effective in producing a little temporary smoothness. A lasting calm was not to be hoped for.

Since the weather was always fouler within his domestic haven than without, and on this occasion threatened to be at its worst, Pat at one time half decided not to run into port at all, but the glimmer of the light already mentioned suggested another course.

Although the night was far spent, Pat still longed for a "wink o' slape" before going to his work, and, in order to enjoy it, knew that he must obtain the means of allaying the storm, which was not merely brewing, but which, from the lateness of the hour, had long been brewed. In his own opinion, the greenness of his native isle had long ago faded from his mental and moral complexion, and he did not propose that any stray dollars, which by any shrewdness or artifice could be diverted into his pocket, should get by him.

Since his wife had developed into a huge female divinity, at whose shrine it seemed probable that he would eventually become a human sacrifice, and whose wrath, in the meantime, it was his daily task to appease, Pat had gradually formed the habit of making a sort of companion of himself. In accordance with his custom, therefore, he stopped under the high window from whence gleamed the light, for the sake of a little personal counsel.

"Now, Pat," he muttered, "if yees had gone home at nine o'clock, yees wouldn't be afeard to go home now; and yees go home now widout a dollar more or less, the odd 'ooman will make yer wish yees had set on the kerbstone the rest o' the night. They sez some men has no bowels o' marces, and after what I've seen the night, and afore the night too, I kin belave that Boss Arnot's in'ards were cast at the same foundry where he gets his mashshines. He told me that I must spake nary a word about what I've seen and heard, and if I should try and turn an honest penny by givin' a knowin' wink or two where they wud pay for the same, that 'ud be the end of Pat McCabe at the big office. And yet they sez that them as buys news is loike them that takes stolen goods—moighty willin' to kape dark about where they got it, so that they kin get more next time. That's the iditor o' the "Carrier" in yon high room, and p'raps he'll pay me as much for a wink and a hint ter night as I'll get for my day's work tomorrow. Bust me if I don't thry him, if he'll fust promise me to say if anyone axes him that he niver saw Pat McCabe in his loife;" and the suddenly improvised reporter climbed the long stairways to where the night editor sat at his desk.

Pat gave a hearty rap for manners, but as the night was waning he walked in without waiting for an answer, and addressed the startled newspaper man with a business-like directness which might often be advantageously imitated:

"Is this the shop where yer pays a dacent price for news?"

"It depends on the importance of the news and its truthfulness," answered the editor, after eyeing the intruder suspiciously for a moment.

"Thin I've got ye on both counts, though I didn't think ye'd bear down so heavy on its being thru," said Pat advancing confidently.

As the door of the press-room, in which men were at work, stood open, the editor felt no alarm from the sudden appearance of the burly figure before him, but, supposing the man had been drinking, he said impatiently:

"Please state your business briefly, as my time is valuable."

"If yer time is worth more'n news, I'll go to another shop," said Pat stuffily, making a feint of departure.

"That's a good fellow, go along," chimed in the editor, bending down to his writing again.

Such disastrous acquiescence puzzled Pat for a moment, and he growled, "No wonder yer prints a paper that's loike a lump of lead, when stead o' looking for news yer turns it away from yer doors."

"Now, look here, my man," said the editor rising, "if you have anything to say, say it. If you have been drinking you will not be permitted to make a row in this office."

"It's not me, but another man that's been shrinkin'."

"Well," snarled the editor, "if the other man had the drink you have the 'drunk,' as 'if you don't take yourself off, I'll call some men from the press-room who may put you down stairs uncomfortably fast."

"Hold on a bit," remonstrated Pat, "before yer ruffle yer feathers clane over yer head and blinds yer eyes. Wud a man loike Boss Arnot send me, if I was dhruunk, wid a letter at this time o' night? and wud he send a letter to the superintendent o' the police at this time o' the night to ax him the time o' day? Afore yer calls yer spalpeens out o' the press-room squint at that."

The moment the editor caught sight of the business stamp

on Mr. Arnot's letter and the formal handwriting, his manner changed and he said saucily:

"I beg your pardon—we have misunderstood one another—take a chair."

"There's been no misunderstanding on my part," retorted Pat, with an injured air; "I've got as dainty a bit o' scandalist under me tongue as iver ye spiced yer paper wid, and yees thrates me as if I was the inimy o' yer soul."

"Well, you see," said the editor apologetically, "your not being on our regular employ, Mr.—I beg your pardon—and your coming in this unusual way and hour—"

"But, begorry, somethin' unusual's happened."

"So I understand; it was very good of you to come to us first; just give me the points and I will jot them down."

"But what are yees goin' to give me for the pints?"

"That depends upon what they are worth. News cannot be paid for until we learn its value."

"Och! here I'm rinnin' a grate risk in tellin' ye at all, and whin I've spilt it all out, and can't pick it up agin, ye may show me the door, and tell me to go 'long wid me rub-bish."

"If you find what you have to report in the paper, you may know it is worth something. So if you will look at the paper to-morrow you can see whether it will be worth your while to call again," said the editor, becoming impatient at Pat's hesitancy to open his budget.

"But I'm sore in need of a dollar or two to-night. Dade, it's as much as me loife's worth to go home widout 'em."

"See here, my good friend," said the editor rising and speaking very energetically; "my time is very valuable, and you have taken considerable of it. Whatever may be the nature of your news, it will not be worth anything to me if you do not tell it at once."

"Well, you see the biggest part o' the news is goin' to happen to-morrow."

"Well, well, what has happened to-night?"

"Will ye promise not to mention me name?"

"How can I mention it when I don't know it?"

"That's thrue, that's thrue. Now me mind's aisy on that pint, for ye must know that Boss Arnot's in'ards are made o' cast iron, and he'd have no marcy on a fellar. Ye'll surely give me a dollar, at laste."

"Yes, if your story is worth printing, and I give you just three minutes in which to tell it."

Thus pinned down, Pat related all he knew and surmised concerning Haldane's woeful predicament, saying in conclusion,

"Ye must know that this Haldane is not a poor spa'peen uv a clerk, but a gentleman's son. They sez that his folks is as stylish and rich as the Arnots themselves. If ye'll have a reportur up at the office in the mornin', ye'll git the balance o' the tale."

Having received his dollar, Pat went chuckling on his way to deliver his employer's letter to the superintendent of the city police.

"Faix! I was as wise as a sarpen in not tellin' me name, for ye niver can trust these iditors. It's no green Irishman that can make a dollar after twelve o' the night."

A sleepy reporter was aroused and despatched after Pat, in order to learn, if possible, the contents of Mr. Arnot's note.

In the meantime heavily leaded lines—vague and mysterious—concerning "Crime in High Life," were set up, accompanied on the editorial page by a paragraph to the following effect:

"With our usual enterprise and keen scent for news, we discovered at a late hour last night that an intelligent Irishman in the employ of Mr. Arnot had been entrusted by that gentleman with a letter written after the hour of midnight to the superintendent of the police. The guilty party appears to be a Mr. Haldane—a young man of aristocratic and wealthy connections—who is at present in Mr. Arnot's employ and a member of his family. We think we are aware of the nature of his grave offence, but in justice to all concerned we refer our readers to our next issue, wherein they will find full particulars of the painful affair, since we have obtained peculiar facilities for learning them. No arrests have yet been made."

"That will pique all the gossips in town, and nearly do ble our next issue," complacently muttered the local editor, as he carried the scrawl at the last moment into the composing-room.

In the meantime the hero of our story—if such a term by any latitude of meaning can be applied to one whose folly had brought him into such a prosaic and miserable plight—still lay in a heavy stupor on the lounge where Pat had thrown his form, that had been as limp and helpless as if it had become a mere body without a soul. But the consequences of his action did not cease with his paralysis, any more than do the influences of evil deeds perish with a dying man.

(To be continued.)

WAYSIDE SIGHTS IN SYRIA.

There are not many birds to be seen in Syria, and those we have come across are of the species common in England, such as quails, two or three kinds of partridges, snipe, woodcocks, besides robins, wagtails, larks, and several varieties of woodpecker. One seldom or never hears a bird sing, but then I can't help fancying that it is because there are so few trees for them to alight upon. It is impossible to imagine a bird singing except on a branch. Think of a nightingale without a bush! The flowers are lovely, even at this inclement time of the year. Crocuses grow in profusion, and of every imaginable colour. They look so fresh and fragile that it seems little short of a miracle how they manage to push their delicate heads through the rock-bound earth. There are besides great patches of narcissus, tulips, and asphodels to be seen in every direction, and in places the sterile-looking ground is fairly covered with gum cistus and wild pinks. The oleanders, which fringe the streams, are more beautiful and luxuriant, with their masses of pink blossoms, than anything I ever saw. The blossoms are single, but in great trusses, and ever so much prettier than the double variety usually cultivated in England.

Whilst climbing slowly up a steep bank on the opposite side, a Bedouin of the tribe of Ben Issachar, mounted on a pretty black mare, overtook us at full gallop. He pulled up and joined our party, and we talked to him for some time through Karam. Albert offered to buy his long spear with silver-bound joints. At one end was an iron point to stick into the ground when not in use, and at the other end a sharp point of burnished steel. He was a most friendly and affable Bedouin, and shewed us all his arms—pistols, sword, knife, and so forth. When we arrived at the rocky plateau at the top of the hill, he gave a sort of performance for our amusement, galloping about and whirling his lance with dramatic effect and many loud cries, as he thrust at and parried thrusts from an imaginary enemy. He turned and twisted his mare about with incredible ease and swiftness, only guiding her with a halter; for the bit, which is scarcely ever used except in warfare, hung idle from his saddle all the time. We rode together for some distance, and at parting, he took the charm from his horse's neck—a piece of crescent shaped wood—and presented it to me with a most graceful salaam. Altogether we were highly pleased with our fellow-traveller, until old Hadji Hassa let out that his parting words had been a strongly expressed wish to find any two of us alone in a place where he could use his weapons in earnest. Six together were beyond his ideas so he made the best of his disappointment. — Mrs. Brassey in *Frazer's Magazine*.

A HEBREW LEGEND.

From an ancient, learned Rabbi comes this legend full of grace, Floating down through countless ages, from a lost and scattered race.

Far away, where the horizon forms a line 'twixt earth and sky, There arose a glittering city, with its peaks and turrets high.

Flooded with a wondrous glory which in splendour downward rolled, Seeming like the way to Heaven, through a country paved with gold.

Sweet as odours from the tropics was the free, life-giving air, Fraught with the divine elixir—making all immortal there.

And the fame of that far city, seen above the sunset high— Pointing with its sparkling fingers, ever upward to the sky—

Went abroad to all earth's people, and they clasped their dear ones tight, And they journeyed from the valleys up towards the golden light.

And for long, long years they dwelt there, with life's goblet brimming o'er; Deep and deeper though they quaffed it, full it sparkled evermore.

But a strange and restless yearning woke at last, as years went by, And they stole away in silence, one by one—that they might die.

—Boston Transcript.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Mark the forget-me-not by yon brookside, Its roots the mud, its stem the waters hide; Its blossoms seek the sky, So, though thy feet be rooted in earth's slime, Raise 'thou thy head above the waves of time— Look up on high!

See how the blossoms, earthward bent a while, Turn, as they open, to meet the sun's bright smile, And, as they upward gaze, First flush with pink, then mirror heaven's own blue, And every floweret bears, of sunny hue, A crown of rays.

O thou whose thoughts are fixed on this world's toys, Look up to Him from whom are all thy joys. The beatific sight Will change thee till the human grow divine, And at the last upon thy brow shall shine A crown of light.

—Sunday Magazine.

READING WITHOUT THINKING.

We quite understand the ambition of men engaged in intellectual pursuits to "keep up with the world's thought." But it is this effort that fills all the professions with crammed men, and leaves them scant of thinkers. Baling the ocean with a dipper is the work for those only who do not realize the shortness of time and the greatness of the task. There is so little ultimate truth in the world; science is pulling up her stakes and setting them forward so frequently; religion herself is changing her lines so much on everything save a few great facts, that not half so much would be lost as the average student, now pressed and puzzled on all sides, would think, if he should intermit his bailing pursuit of knowledge for a few years, and go to using what wisdom he has. The daily press will keep a man from getting rusty. A few of the old classics—including first the chief classic of all, the Bible—will give him food and stimulant enough; and nature and his own heart will give him the best themes and thoughts.—*Golden Rule*.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE Waldensian Church, over-loaded as it is with a large and increasing evangelistic work, in its poverty maintains two hospitals at Latour, which Englishmen report to be "jewels of order, of comfort, and neatness."

THE Old Testament Company of the British Bible Revision Committee, held their fifty ninth session a few weeks ago. The second revision of the Psalms was completed and the revision of Job was carried as far as chapter xv. ver. 16.

THE Theological Seminary at Princeton offers a prize of six hundred dollars, to be awarded at the close of the term, with the understanding that the student gaining the prize will spend the year following in study at Princeton. It is to be known as the "Hebrew Fellowship."

THE Established Church of Scotland received, last year, about \$90,000, with which they sustained sixty-three mission stations, having 1,956 communicants and 7,905 attendance; also ninety mission churches, having 12,295 communicants and 22,000 attendance, and aided in the erection of twenty-two churches with 9,891 sittings.

AN important concession to foreigners has been made at Tientsin, where a large hospital for the treatment of disease has been built by Leung Chang in gratitude for the recovery of his wife under the treatment of foreign physicians after the native doctors had given her up. The hospital is entirely under the care of foreign medical men.

THE American Board has 16 missions, 75 stations, 598 out-stations, 150 ordained missionaries, 7 physicians, 232 female assistants, 132 native pastors, 302 native catechists, 516 native school-teachers, and 220 other helpers. There are as nearly as can be learned, 14,675 church members, and 26,737 pupils in schools under the direction of the Board.

THE Rev. Bartholomew Goddard, a converted Roman Catholic priest, was married to Miss Mary Asuncionpi Codolosa at St. George's, Hanover square, London, on the 20th of October. The marriage ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Passalenti, Director of the London Mission to Italians, the Rev. J. H. Moran and the Rev. T. Heffeld acting as witnesses.

THE Free Church of Scotland proposes a missionary jubilee this year, inasmuch as fifty years ago, in 1829, Dr. Alex. Duff was ordained as the first missionary of the Church of Scotland to India. A jubilee fund will be raised of at least \$100,000, and efforts will be made throughout the Church to deepen the interest of the entire communion in the work of missions.

THE first of a series of monthly united meetings of the English-speaking congregations in Paris to promote the progress of evangelization, was held on Monday, the 3rd inst. Rev. Mr. McCall gave an account of the operations commenced by him eight years ago, and spoke warmly of the aid rendered by the English and American ministers. Nearly all the English and American ministers in Paris were present.

THERE were at one time 230 Japanese students in the United States, but only about twenty now remain. The number of Chinese students in the educational institutions is 120. There are three Japanese girls at Vassar just entering upon their second year there, and one of them has been elected president of the Sophomore class. The Japanese Government is training them for teachers, and three more are expected soon.

THE opening ceremonies were recently held at Glasgow, of the Glasgow Christian Institute, said to be one of the finest buildings of the kind in Great Britain, and designed to furnish accommodations for the Sabbath-school Union, the Foundry Boys' Religious Society, and the United Young Men's Association. These associations have a combined membership of 14,000. The building cost \$150,000, and is nearly all paid for.

ATHENS journals publish the returns of the last census made in Greece. The population of the kingdom, which in 1870 was 1,457,894, had risen in 1879 to 1,679,775, an increase of 221,881. In 1858, when the first census was made, the number of inhabitants was 850,006, so that it has almost doubled in forty years. In 1870 Athens had a population of 40,000 souls, in 1879 it had augmented to 74,000, and the Piræus, which at the former date had 11,000, has now 22,000. About half a century ago Athens was only a village and the Piræus did not exist as a town.

AT the railway stations, in India, the passengers are served with water by a Brahmin, from whom, being of the highest caste, all persons may take without defilement. He goes along the train with his brass vessel; a sudra, or low-caste man, stoops, and in his open hands placed together and raised to the level of his mouth, receives the precious liquid. The vessel of the Brahmin is not touched, else he would be defiled. A Brahmin asks water, and is served with it in the smaller vessels, from which he drinks, there being no defilement between Brahmin and Brahmin.

THE "Record," of the Free Church of Scotland, says:—"There was never a time when it seemed more necessary to quicken the zeal of the Church in earnest practical work. It is an ominous circumstance that so many of the missionary societies have found it needful to talk about retrenchment. With the fields growing whiter unto the harvest, the labourers are becoming fewer, and the means of multiplying them becoming less. If the battle is not to go back, there must be a new rally; and, to make this successful, every minister must sound the alarm within his own borders."

THE Paris "Gaulois" thus states the determination of the ex-Empress Eugenie to make a pilgrimage to Zululand: "Very important intelligence reaches us from Scotland; the Empress Eugenie has just formed a great resolution, which has been dictated to her by her inconsolable grief. She has announced to her *entourage* that she will leave Scotland next February for Zululand, where she will kneel and pray on the spot which has been bedewed with the blood of her ill-fated son. The Empress determination is irrevocable, and the respectful objections offered by her faithful followers have had to yield to the formal wish of the august exile."

## MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, it is expected, will return to Canada in time for the meeting of the General Assembly in June next.

REV. G. M. CLARK, recently of Kemptville, has accepted the call unanimously extended to him by the Presbyterian church of New Edinburgh.

REV. S. H. EASTMAN, B.A., has accepted the call from the congregation at Oshawa. The ordination and induction will take place on Tuesday, 25th inst.

THE new Presbyterian church in Norwich was opened for public worship on the 2nd instant, with sermons appropriate to the auspicious occasion. This was followed on the Monday by a supper and concert, which were in every respect very successful. The supply of everything was all that could be desired, the speakers were specially happy in their remarks, and all were pleased.

THE opening social of the Parkdale Presbyterian church was held on the 3rd inst. Addresses were delivered by the Hon. J. McMurrich and by several ministers of the Gospel. In the course of the evening addresses in verse and beautifully illuminated, were presented to the Rev. Mr. Abraham from friends of the Sabbath school, and to Miss Rankin, the organist of the church, by her Sabbath school class.

THE annual missionary meeting of the East Puslinch congregation was held in Duff's Church on Monday night, 3rd inst. Rev. Alex. McKay, D.D., presided. Excellent addresses on missions were delivered by Rev. J. Davidson of Alma, Rev. J. B. Mullan of Fergus, Rev. W. Ferguson of Glamis, and Rev. W. Meldrum of Morriston. The attendance was larger than usual. The collection was for the Home Mission.

THE annual meeting of the union congregation of Roslin and Thurlow, in the Presbytery of Kingston, was held on the 22nd of October. The reports showed that during the past year the congregations had made considerable progress, that both had contributed to all the schemes of the Church, and that they were free from debt. The reports also showed that they were in receipt of a grant of \$150 from the Home Mission Fund, but that in future, with the blessing of God resting upon them, they were determined to be self-sustaining so that the grant might go to weaker and poorer congregations.

ON Sunday, the 2nd inst., the new Presbyterian Church at McIntyre's Corners, Osprey, erected through the efforts of Mr. Chisholm, was dedicated to the service of God. Rev. Mr. Rodgers, of Collingwood, preached in the morning; Rev. Mr. McDonald, of Creemore, in the afternoon; and Rev. Mr. Millard, of Maple Valley, in the evening, to good congregations. On Monday the bazaar and tea meeting was held, and about 375 sat down to tea. Several addresses were delivered by speakers from a distance, and the entertainment proved a complete success both financially and otherwise.

THE Halifax "Witness" gives an account of an interesting meeting held at the manse, Lower La Have, N.S., on the 17th ult., convened in consequence of the departure of Rev. Mr. McMillan, Presbyterian minister, from the congregation, for the purpose of taking a new charge at Sydney Mines, Cape Breton. Mr. McMillan had spent eighteen years in this field of labour, and his friends met to testify their esteem and appreciation of him and his wife. An address was read by Rev. A. Brown, to which Mr. McMillan replied. Mrs. McMillan was made the recipient of a sum of money and many valuable articles.

THE Rev. Thomas Christie, missionary to Trinidad, left Halifax on Monday, the 27th October, for Bermuda, on his return to Trinidad. Mr. Christie has been in Nova Scotia since last spring, partly for his health and partly to deepen the interest of the people of the Lower Provinces in the work of Missions. On the previous Friday a farewell meeting was held in St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, at which suitable addresses were delivered and the following resolution, moved by Dr. Burns and seconded by Dr. McGregor, unanimously adopted: "This meeting desires to express undiminished interest in the Trinidad Mission, as an important part of the great Foreign Mission work to whose vigorous prosecution our Church has pledged herself. We would gratefully recognize the benefit that has accrued to the mission from the visit

of Rev. Thomas Christie. His many interesting and instructive addresses have refreshed the churches he visited, and secured for the work increased material aid and a deeper seat in the affections of our people. We would cordially commend him and his worthy partner and their young family, in returning to the field of their love and labour, to that covenant-keeping God who has hitherto graciously befriended them and who can alone preserve their going out and coming in from henceforth and forever."

A NEW Presbyterian church was opened for public worship in the village of Ashton on Sabbath, November 2nd. The Rev. Principal Grant, D.D., of Queen's College, Kingston, preached morning and evening, and the Rev. W. Dyre, of the Canada Methodist Church, in the afternoon, to large and attentive audiences. On the following evening a tea meeting was held and largely attended. Tea was served in the school-house near by, after which the chair was taken in the church by the pastor of the congregation, Mr. Macalister, and for over two hours the audience were entertained and instructed by addresses from the clergymen present, and music by the choir of St. John's Church, Almonte. The building is of stone, 56 feet by 40 feet, with spire 95 feet high. It is seated for about 300, with neat platform pulpit, having the platform carpeted and the aisles laid with matting—a comfortable, commodious church, easy to speak in, and in every way adapted for its intended use, all built (thanks to "hard times") at a cost of two thousand and fifty dollars. And better still, the cost is all provided for with the exception of about three hundred dollars, with good hopes of having that also soon subscribed. That this church built ag may prove a valuable aid in the work of the Lord in this community, that the Lord will often manifest His presence there and make it the place where many shall be born again, is the earnest hope and prayer of those who have been engaged in its erection.—COM.

KNOX CHURCH, Paisley, was dedicated to the worship of God on Sabbath, 2nd inst. The morning and afternoon services were conducted by Rev. Prof. McLaren of Knox College, who preached from Matt. vi. 19-21, and from Acts xvi. 14, 15 and 25-34. The large church was well filled on both occasions and the audience were held spell-bound by the clear, logical and impressive reasoning of the theological professor. In the evening, the Rev. John Smith, of Erskine Church, Toronto, preached from Isaiah xlix. 15, 16, with his usual eloquence and power, and kept his hearers in breathless attention while he declared to them the gospel of the grace of God as manifesting His love. In the afternoon the Sabbath school and youth of the flock were addressed by Mr. Smith and Prof. McLaren. On the evening of the following Monday, the people again assembled to hear Mr. Smith deliver his celebrated lecture on "Prejudice and Progress." On the platform, besides the lecturer and the pastor (Rev. John Strauth), were the Revs. A. Tolmie of Southampton, J. Gourlay of Port Elgin, A. Forbes of the Episcopal church, J. Green of the Canada Methodist church, and J. Campbell of the Baptist church, Paisley, and D. Sinclair, Esq., M.P.P. The lecture was both instructive and entertaining. The people of Paisley have cause to be grateful to God that He had put it into their heart, and enabled them, to erect such an edifice for His worship. It is large and handsome and would be an ornament to any city. It will accommodate about a thousand. The structure is of brick and stone, with galleries on two sides and at one end. The seats are circular. The gallery is so constructed that the front is relieved with a large concave, which gives to the whole building a cheerful aspect. We cannot close this notice more appropriately than by quoting the concluding remarks of Prof. McLaren. After referring to the erection and completion of the building which had that day been dedicated to the worship of God, he said, "This beautiful house is an ornament to the place and a credit to your intelligence, enterprise and liberality. In erecting such a church you have done well. For while we do not believe that God dwells in temples made with hands, or that under the gospel there are any Holy Places which can claim His special presence, we think it is seemly that the place where we assemble for His worship should, in the comfort and comeliness of its appointments, correspond, in some measure, with our advancing wealth. When God has prospered you as a community, it seems but reasonable that His house should reflect something of your prosper-

ity. It may safely be taken for granted that a people whose worldly circumstances are steadily improving, and who are content to worship God in a mean and unsuitable house, are not profiting very largely by the religion they profess. In building this church you have done well. But it is only a means to an end. This beautiful edifice is but a scaffolding for the erection of a spiritual house which you must seek to rear within these walls. Then gird yourselves for earnest, united spiritual work, and He who has so evidently blessed you in the past, will bless you more largely in the days to come. It is a matter of much pleasure to me personally to come here and observe in this church and congregation such manifest tokens of the success which has crowned the labours of an old friend and fellow-student. I congratulate minister and people on what we witness this day. This is an important landmark in your history. You may this day erect your memorial pillar and inscribe upon it Ebenezer. To you it is a day of thankful retrospect and hopeful anticipation. Let it also be a day of high and holy resolve, and then shall this house aid you to work more efficiently for the Master, and enable you, in the truest sense, to lay up for yourselves treasure in heaven."

PRESBYTERY OF STRATFORD.—This Court met at Stratford, on the 4th inst., all the ministers, twenty, being present, and twelve elders. It was agreed that sessions be enjoined to see that the subject of missions be brought before their congregations as they deem best, and report, and that deputations be appointed, as last year, to correspond with sessions, and to give their services at missionary meetings as they may be able to arrange. Messrs. McAlpine and Hall were accordingly appointed a deputation to the north part of the Presbytery, and Messrs. Wilson and Scott to the south. Leave was granted to the congregation of Knox church, St. Mary's, to mortgage their church property to the extent of \$6,000, for the purpose of raising money to meet the debt thereon. The committee on re-arrangement reported that the congregations of Hampstead, St. Andrew's and Shakespeare, had agreed upon the details of union, and the report was received and the committee thanked for their diligence. Representatives of the congregation of North Easthope were heard in support of a petition for a reconsideration of the decision uniting the three congregations just named. It was agreed to reconsider at next ordinary meeting as desired, and to cite all parties concerned to appear for their interests. Mr. Hislop was appointed *ad interim* moderator of the session of Hampstead, etc., in place of Mr. Macleod, resigned, and Messrs. Alex. Robertson and James Hamilton were appointed assessors with him to form a session for the purpose of presiding at the election of new sessions in the congregations, should that become necessary. Mr. Johnston tendered the resignation of the charge of Molesworth and Trowbridge, and it was agreed to ask the congregations to appear for their interests at next ordinary meeting. A committee was appointed to prepare regulations anent the payment of expenses of deputations of Presbytery. A minute in relation to Mr. Cameron's translation, prepared by the committee appointed, was adopted in the terms following: "Having agreed to the translation of the Rev. John J. Cameron, the Presbytery desire to put on record an expression of regard for his abilities as a preacher, for his attainments as a scholar, for his diligence in his late field of labour, and for his amiability of character, and to express their hearty desire that the divine blessing may rest upon him and his labours in his new sphere." Mr. Gordon gave notice of motion at next meeting in regard to the employment of students. The Home Mission Committee was instructed to ascertain the present condition and prospects of the station of New Hamburg, and report at next meeting. It was agreed to enjoin ministers to report in writing to the Clerk before next meeting, whether they have read from their pulpits the address of the Moderator of the General Assembly on Home Missions, and what steps have been taken to give every individual an opportunity to contribute for that object. It was agreed to take up remits of Assembly at the mid-winter meeting. Presbytery adjourned to meet for ordinary business at half-past nine o'clock a.m., on the 18th inst., in Knox Church, Stratford.

THE Episcopalians have been holding a Church Congress in Swansea, South Wales.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XLVII.

Nov. 23. } THE GLORIFIED SAVIOUR { Rev. 1 }  
1879. } 10-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty."—Rev. i. 8.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. Rev. i. 1-9. John to the seven churches.
- T. Rev. i. 10-20. The glorified Saviour.
- W. Dan. vii. 9-18. The Ancient of Days and the Son of Man.
- Th. Rev. ii. 1-11. . . . Ephesus—Smyrna.
- F. Rev. ii. 12-29. Pergamos—Thyatira.
- S. Isa. xli. 1-14. The Holy One of Israel.
- Sab. Isa. xlix. 9-19. The First and the Last.

HELPS TO STUDY.

As stated in a former lesson, the fourth Gospel, the three epistles of John, and the Book of Revelation, were written by one person—the Apostle John, the son of Zebedee and brother of James.

The last mentioned book, which contains our present lesson, is also called the Apocalypse (the Greek word used by the writer in the first verse). Both names mean *unfolding*, or *making known*.

The disclosures which the book contains—chiefly relating to the history of the Church of Christ—were made to John in the rocky islet of Patmos in the Egean Sea (the Archipelago) to which he had been banished by the Roman emperor Domitian; and the book was written either there or at Ephesus, after the apostle had been released from banishment by the emperor Nerva.

The fact that this book is not only prophetic but highly figurative renders its interpretation peculiarly difficult; and various opinions have been given by commentators as to the particular events foreshadowed in it; but independently of its prophetic character, it contains very much that is calculated to instruct and support and comfort the Christian; preparing the individual believer and the Church at large for trial and persecution, and at the same time revealing the ever active care and watchfulness of the glorified Saviour, and giving repeated assurance of final triumph. Many a Christian martyr has gone to the stake with the poetic words of this book upon his lips, his imagination filled with its grand imagery, and his desire raised by its teachings to "the things which are above, where Christ dwelleth."

Our lesson contains a description of the opening scene of the wonderful vision, symbolizing the glorified Saviour in His relation to the Church; with the apostle's commission to write an account of the things revealed to him. The children will readily take hold of the following division: (1) *What John Heard*, (2) *What John Saw*, (3) *What John was to Do*.

I. WHAT JOHN HEARD.—VERS. 10, 11. It sometimes happens that the remote and lonely settler, if careless and godless, loses his reckoning of the days of the week and knows not when the Sabbath comes; but the true Christian is always careful to observe "the Lord's day," and it is no burden to him to do so, for he delights in it. John, even in his solitary exile, did not neglect the command, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and it was while thus following the path of duty that this precious revelation from God for himself and others was given to him.

I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day. The words "in the Spirit" probably indicate not only that John was under the ordinary influence of the Holy Spirit, as all Christians are, but that he was inspired, and endowed for the time with supernatural perception. The word translated "was" really indicates transition and might be literally rendered *became*. For examples of inspiration see Ezek. ii. 2; 2 Peter i. 21; 2 Cor. xii. 2. For "Lord's day" see John xx. 19, 26.

I . . . . . heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet: The voice of the Son of God (John v. 25); the voice shall raise the dead (John v. 28). See also 1 Sam. xxix. 3-9; 1 Sam. xxx. 33; Dan. x. 6. For "trumpet" see Matt. xxiv. 31; 1 Thess. iv. 16.

Saying that I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last. It is Christ that speaks, for in the 13th verse the speaker is called the "Son of Man," and in the 18th verse the speaker says "I am He that liveth and was dead." Here then, under the figure of *alpha* and *omega*—the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet—Christ proclaims His eternal existence, both past and future.

Unto the seven churches: Directly to the seven churches of Asia (Ephesus, etc.), with which John was previously and afterwards closely identified; and through them to the whole Christian Church in all ages—the number seven denoting completeness, perfection, or universality. The second and third chapters contain a message to each one of these churches, suited to its condition, and instructive not only to them but to other branches of the Church of Christ.

II. WHAT JOHN SAW.—VERS. 12-16.

To see the voice: Elipsis for the source of the voice—the speaker. John's example of attention ought to be followed. An attentive listener generally looks at the speaker.

Seven golden candlesticks: Like the one candlestick with the seven lamps in the tabernacle, symbolizing the entire Church. Gold—purity and value. What is a candlestick for? What is the Church for?

Son of Man: The prophetic name of Christ (Dan. vii. 13), adopted by Himself (Matt. xvi. 13).

The garment down to the foot indicates the priestly office, and the golden girdle the office of king. Head and hairs white like wool . . . . . as snow, is said to denote purity, dignity, and glory; eyes as a flame of fire—searching power, holiness, omniscience; feet like unto fine brass, etc.—perhaps freedom from all grossness, fervid activity, and power to tread down enemies; voice as the sound of many

waters—the strength of the comparison is in its indefiniteness; John does not say *how* many waters; and when a modern orator substitutes for this expression "deep-toned as Niagara," he belittles the voice. It would be well to compare this entire description with the description given in Daniel vii. 9; x. 5, 6.

In His right hand seven stars; The faithful ministers of Christ. Their position, "in His right hand," indicates His peculiar care over them and also His intention to use or wield them for the doing of His work. Sharp, two-edged sword: His Word, by which He conquers. Countenance as the sun shining in his strength: dazzling in brightness and majesty. In the days of the Saviour's suffering and sorrow on earth "His visage was marred more than the sons of men," but in His glorified state it is so resplendent that the seer selects the brightest object in nature to compare it with, and if he could have found a brighter object, he would, doubtless, have taken it.

III. WHAT JOHN WAS TO DO.—VERS. 17-20.

After being overpowered by this Divine vision, so that he fell at His feet as dead, and afterwards revived by the touch of the Saviour's right hand, and re-assured by the gracious words, fear not; I am . . . . . He that liveth and was dead—the very Jesus who loved him and whom he loved—John receives his commission: Write the things which thou hast seen, and the things which are, and things which shall be hereafter. In the opening scene of the vision, already described, John had "seen" a representation of the glory, and power, and majesty, of Christ in His state of exaltation; of the position and use of the Church in the world; and of the Saviour's intimate relation to it and care over it. This he is authorized to write for the instruction of believers.

He is also directed to write "the things which are"—the condition of the churches existing at that time, their merits and their failings, their dangers and their duty.

And, finally, he is to write "the things which shall be hereafter"—the (then) future history of the Church; her struggles against the world and the flesh and the devil; her reverses, successes, straits, deliverances, and ultimate triumph over every enemy.

Those who have Him for their friend who has the keys of hell and of death are surely safe. He "openeth and no man shutteth; and shutteth and no man openeth." To Him belong "the issues from death," and in this fact His people have often found refuge in their last extremity.

YESTERDAY, TO-DAY, AND FOREVER.

Blue, dim, and solitary, in the wide offing, as one sails over the Egean Sea, rises the isle of Patmos suddenly, out in the distance. There is no reason specially for a visit. Little or nothing remains to be seen ashore.

But the Christian tourist sits thoughtfully on the deck, and recalls from his familiar reading that here John, the last of the apostolic band, and the loneliest, was once worshipping, and heard a trumpet; he looked, and saw a vision; he listened, and received an encouragement; he was obedient, and wrote the Apocalypse.

What did the trumpet articulate?

For it uttered words. Its blast rang out in terms and tones of human speech. On that solemn Sunday morning, while this spiritually minded man was in the act of communion with God, the heavens overhead became vocal. He tells the story in his own simple way:

"I was in the Spirit on the Lord's day, and heard behind me a great voice, as of a trumpet, saying, I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord which is and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty."

There is, so scientific people tell us, one point, even in a whirling wheel, which is at rest. One line of atoms at the axis, around which all the others revolve, is still. When we conceive of providence, intricate and confused as it is, well typed by the prophet as "a wheel in the middle of a wheel," we are always to remember that God Himself is sitting unmoved at the centre of the universe, the Father of lights, from whom cometh down every good and every perfect gift, and with whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. And there is relief and comfort in this.

Shocked and shifted as we are in this life, our minds become impressed with a sense of insecurity. We are agitated with a thousand disquiet. No lot in the world is safe. Affairs fluctuate. Individual experience fits and plays with the phases of the moon. Institutions are not fixed. Even the perpetual hills do bow, and the eternal seas do change their bounds. Stability seems but an empty fiction or a dream. Versatilities mock our expectation; vicissitude is the rule of earthly existence.

Over all sits God calmly. His throne never moves. His eye never sleeps. His patience never wears. He wills and waits at His own pleasure. We look up and find Him watching; we know were to find Him always. And the beauty and glory and welcome of this thought is centred in upon the one revelation that the God whom we see is the Saviour whom we love; "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."

The idea of our divine Lord as a person is to many minds exceedingly indefinite. He seems a mere historic character, born, living, dying, like any other being among the generations of men. We accept His deity as a mysterious doctrine of revelation, essential, of course, to His office and work; but our understanding of the ineffable meaning it bears is very vague and irrelevant. And that strange life, which began at the manger in Bethlehem, ran through some sorrowful years in Galilee, and then ended on the cross at Jerusalem, has no real significance as a mission of Immanuel, "God with us." We hardly know how to deal with it. Really the weakness of many believers is owing to their absolute inability to make this personal career of our Redeemer available in their experience.

Such confusion is perfectly natural. It is the necessary sequence of a miserable mistake. How childishly inadequate is the conception of an infinite Son of God, which limits Him consciously or unconsciously to an earthly history ending in a failure! Now the Scripture insists that Jesus' birth was not

His beginning, nor was His death His end. The thirty-three years of His human existence bear almost no measure or relation to the real duration of His life. He was living for an eternity previous to their commencing, He is living now in an eternity as unbroken and as boundless as ever. The incarnation was an incident in His career; it was only a part of His work of redemption, a necessary part, a noble part, but not the whole. His biography would have to be written with an alphabet, the Alpha of which no human voice ever repeated, the Omega of which no mortal tongue would know how to speak.—Charles S. Robinson, D. D. in *S. S. Times*.

THE BOOK OF REVELATION.

This book, with which the canon of the New Testament closes, stands in very striking contrast with all that have gone before it. Its glowing and gorgeous imagery, its symbolic visions of the coming history of the world, are, as far as that volume is concerned, absolutely unique. And yet if the method of education which had been begun under the old covenant was to reach its completion in the new, if men were to have stamped with divine authority what their yearning expectations might otherwise fashion for themselves, it was to be expected *a priori*, that it would not close without embracing that aspect of the truth which took the form of an apocalypse. The later prophets of the Old Testament, Ezekiel and Daniel, in some measure even Isaiah and Jeremiah, had seen such visions, shadowing forth the history of the great kingdoms of the world, and the coming of the Messiah. One whose thoughts had been specially turned to their prophetic writings, to the coming of the Son of man in the clouds of heaven (Dan. 7: 13; Matt. 26: 64), to "the abomination of desolation spoken of by Daniel the prophet" (Dan. 9: 27; Matt. 24: 15), would be led, we may well believe, to desire earnestly that he too might be blest with like manifestations of the divine glory, with like foreshadowings of the future triumphs of the divine kingdom. The pentecostal gift itself was connected with seeing visions and dreaming dreams (Acts 2: 17). St. Peter, his friend and companion, had been taught by a vision the great truth that he was to call no man common or unclean. St. Paul, though he wrote no Book of Revelation, had yet been the recipient of "visions and revelations of the Lord" without number, and had been caught up to the third heaven, and to the paradise of God. . . . It was, if one may so speak, the natural and fitting consummation of these scattered teachings, that one, at least, of the great leaders of the Church should be called to receive and transmit an apocalypse of this nature; and if divine gifts are adapted, according to the wisdom of the Eternal Spirit, to the character and powers of those to whom they are given, we may be bold to say that there was no one on whom this gift was so likely to be bestowed as on the beloved disciple, who had shared the secrets of his Master's heart; who had been able to receive and record the higher teaching, which transcended the power of the earlier evangelists. The idealizing mystic temperament which lives in what to others seem abstract terms, light and darkness, life and death, love and wrath, is also that which is most readily led to clothe its thoughts in symbols, and to shadow forth the future, not in the form of an anticipated chronicle of things to come, but in mysterious visions and things hard to be understood. It was fit that the beloved disciple should be taught in the same way as Daniel, the "man greatly beloved," had been of old, and that he whose sense of the love of God and Christ was clearer and deeper than that of most others, should see that love revealed, both in the clear light of unmingled truth, and in the rainbow hues that encircled the everlasting throne. . . .

Yet the chief value of the book practically is, after all, independent of its predictive element. It has enriched the devotion and the poetry of Christendom with the most glowing imagery, with symbols of profoundest meaning. All that is noblest and most beautiful in the writings of Isaiah, Daniel, Ezekiel, in the ritual of the tabernacle and Temple, is brought together by the writer into what has well been called a gorgeous "mosaic" of gems, in which all that was most precious sparkles as with a new radiance. No book in the Bible has so helped to raise the thoughts and imaginations of the poor above their common life, and to make them, more or less, unconscious poets. The hymns of Christendom would lose a large portion of their beauty and their powers if we were to strike out from them all that flows directly and indirectly from the Revelation of St. John.—The Rev. Dr. E. H. Plumtree, in *The Bible Educator*.

THE "Baptist Teacher," makes use of the following beautiful and impressive illustrations: "The work of the teacher is not unlike that of the photographer, who employs ten-fold more time to prepare the surface which receives the impression than he takes to secure the impression itself. The impression is the work of a moment. And so with the teacher. A half-hour is allotted in which the impression must be made. Of how much importance, then, is the preparation, when this impression must be made to endure!"

It is a good thing for every teacher to keep a faithful record of every one of his scholars. It is a great satisfaction for a teacher to be able to give one so approximately complete as is the following, which is taken from the private record of a teacher in the St. John's M. E. School, of Newburgh, N. Y., and which was published in the "Sunday School Journal." "I have been a teacher in our school for over twenty-five years. Have taught one hundred and thirty-nine scholars, ninety-one of whom are now Christians, twenty are in the Sunday school work, one in the ministry, four have been called home, and twenty-one have moved away, of whom I can give no account."

HAVE you a club in your congregation for the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN?

THE late elections in the States have gone so much in favour of the Republicans that it is generally conceded their candidate for the Presidential Chair will be tolerably sure, next year, of being elected.

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

## IF THE ICE BREAKS.

THERE is always a deal of thin ice about in the beginning of winter, and "no end" of boys and girls who want to have "just one skate." One can hardly read a paper without seeing an account of some ducking or drowning accident. I wonder if the little skaters who will read this have ever thought what they would do if the ice should break under them, or they should, by any mishap, fall into the water?

The best way is to *keep* out, and then you won't have any trouble about *getting* out. Never venture on ice over swift or deep water, that hasn't been well tested by some older person. Never go near air-holes or shaky places, just to show how smart you are. The safest place on the ice is good enough for a boy who has sense enough to make it worth while for him to grow up. Remember the old story of the coachman who got a fat job, not by showing how near he could drive to the edge of a precipice, but how far he could keep from it. It is not cowardly to avoid danger, when it can be honourably shunned. Foolhardiness is not bravery.

But if you do go through the ice, the first thing is to keep as cool in your head as you will be in body. Wits, pluck, and breath, are the three life-preservers. If you find you are "going under" once, shut your mouth, and hold your nose if you think of it. Come up as quick as you can, and throw your arms well out over the solid edge of the ice, if within reach, or across any floating cake, and *hang on!*—hang on for dear life! "Holler," if you can; but don't cry—till you are out of the water. Crying is bad for all three of your life-preservers. It scatters the wits, scares away the pluck, and uses up the breath. Don't cry. Shout, if help is near, and hang on. If the ice is firm enough, perhaps you can lift yourself out by your arms, by getting a little help from your knee. If you are so fortunate, don't try to get on to your feet at once, but roll over until you are well beyond the cracks, and free from all danger of slipping in. Your weight is thus distributed over more surface, and with your wet clothing it is easier to roll than to walk.

If you are out of the water, and some poor fellow is in, use your wits sharply to save him. If a rail, or a board, can be had at once, shove it out to him, and tell him to grab it. Speak bravely and hopefully to him, and direct him what to do. When he gets a good hold, pull steadily, so as not to jerk it away; but swiftly, so as to make sure of him. If the ice will warrant it,—as it will around a hole that has been cut out of solid ice,—and there are boys enough, form a line, take hold of hands, and let the strongest take the lead and pull him out, while the line draws them both safely back. When there is nothing better, tie two or three comforters together to make a rope, or pass one end of a long coat to the poor fellow: I have seen a lad saved in this way, when there would have been no time to go for other help. Do something,—do anything that isn't hopelessly reckless,—rather than see a

mate drown before your eyes while you stand gaping and helpless by.

And when he is out, let him run to the nearest house for care, if strong enough. The exercise will do him good. If too weak for this, bundle him in your own warm coat and carry him there on the double-quick.

The sagest advice of all I have saved to the last: Go to a rink, or slide instead of skate, and you will never "get in."—*Uncle Zack, in the Golden Rule.*

## A YOUNG OURANG-OUTANG.

THE ourang-outang, or "man of the woods," as the name signifies (because the creature bears the closest resemblance to man of all the monkey tribe), is mostly found in the islands of Borneo and Sumatra. It is often very troublesome in the gardens and fruit-orchards of the natives, coming out of its forest hiding places by night, and wantonly destroying great quantities which it does not devour. It is hunted, therefore, to reduce the number in the vicinity of their fields and dwellings, but its cunning is such that it is very difficult to approach. It takes refuge in the tops of lofty trees, whose branches and foliage conceal it from its pursuers. Even when mortally wounded by a shot, it will often so carefully place itself in a crotch, or upon a mass of matted leaves, that its body does not fall from the tree when life is extinct.

A late traveller in those islands has given a most interesting account of his experience in hunting these animals, and his observations of their habits in their native forests.

On one occasion he shot a full grown female which was carrying a young one in her arms. He did not know this until it fell with its dead mother from the tree, clinging to her with so tight a grasp that it was difficult to separate them. The little creature was very young, not more than a foot long, and quite babyish in its appearance and behaviour.

This traveller, who was also a great naturalist, and was exploring the islands to find out all he could about animal and vegetable life there, was very anxious to preserve this little ourang-outang, that he might watch its growth and development. He carried it home, and tried to provide some food which would nourish it, in place of milk, which could not be obtained. He did not succeed very well, for though he kept it alive for three months, it did not grow or thrive. But the incidents of its brief existence, as he relates them, are both interesting and amusing.

The arms of the ourang as most of our young readers know, are very long in proportion to its body. In the full grown animal, when he stands erect, they reach almost to the ankles. Those of the little one were also long and flexible, with the fingers adapted to cling tenaciously to whatever it could get hold of. In this way it had grasped the tufts of hair on the mother's shoulder so tightly that she could leap from branch to branch, and spring from one tree to another, without shaking it off. It was therefore uneasy when captured, to find something to cling to and hang upon, as it had done to its mother. Mr. Wallace (the traveller's name) pitied its restless reach-

ings for this purpose, and tried to comfort it by tending it in his arms, but he was soon obliged to give that up, for, in spite of all he could do, it would seize his beard with such a grip that he could not get it away without assistance.

At length he hit upon a device which gave the little creature much comfort for a while. He rolled a buffalo skin into a bundle with the hair outward, and allowed it to grasp and climb upon it as much as it liked. This strengthened its limbs and improved its health, but in a short time it began to suck the skin, and got so much hair into its throat and stomach, as to produce sickness. It became necessary, therefore, to take away the bundle which had given it so much pleasure.

But it pined for companionship. It wanted something warm and living to cuddle up to, just as all young animals do. It soon learned to like petting and handling, and would cry like any baby to be taken up. The daily bath and gentle brushing which it received, gave it comfort and enjoyment.

After a while, Mr. Wallace succeeded in capturing a young monkey of another species, for a companion to the little ourang. It was thought to be about the same age, but so much more mature and lively, that it quite tyrannized over the weaker party, treating it with great indifference and disdain, though not with any ill-nature. Its superior strength and agility gave it a great advantage over the wee babyish creature that was no match for it in anything. It would take food out of its mouth, pull it about, sit down on its face or stomach without the least consideration of its feelings. The young ourang, however, submitted to all these indignities patiently, for the sake of the warmth and comfort it derived from a living body close to its own.

It had no teeth when first taken; but in a short time it cut the two front ones of the lower jaw, acting very much like a human infant at the trying period of teething.

Mr. Wallace hoped to raise the little thing, to which he became very much attached. But all his efforts to procure suitable food for it failed. It needed milk, which was not to be obtained, to make it strong and healthy. So, after faithfully caring for it night and day for three months, it died, much to his regret and disappointment.—*Congregationalist.*

## ONE DROP AT A TIME.

HAVE you ever watched an icicle as it formed? You noticed how it froze, one drop at a time, until it was a foot long or more. If the water was clear, the icicle remained clear, and sparkling brightly in the sun; but if the water was but slightly muddy, the icicle looked foul, and its beauty was spoiled. Just so our characters are forming: one little thought or feeling at a time adds its influence. If each thought be pure and right, the soul will be lovely and sparkle with happiness; but if impure and wrong, there will be wretchedness.

THERE is no such thing as luck. It's a fancy name for being always at our duty, and so sure to be ready when the good times come.

**Scientific and Useful.**

**CREAM CANDY.**—One level teaspoonful of butter; one pound of granulated sugar; one teaspoonful of cream-tartar; one tablespoonful of vinegar, and one-half tumbler of water. When nearly done, add one and a half tablespoonfuls of extract of lemon.

**MOLASSES FRUIT CAKE.**—One and a half pound flour; one pound powdered sugar; one cup of molasses; one cup of sour cream; five eggs, beaten very light; one pound of rasins, seeded and cut into thirds; one teaspoonful of cinnamon and cloves; one-half grated nutmeg; one-half teaspoonful of ginger; three-fourths pound butter; one teaspoonful soda, dissolved in hot water; cream, butter, and sugar; warm the molasses slightly and beat into this with spices and cream, add the yolks of the eggs, stir in the flour and the whites alternately, the soda water, then the fruit, well dredged with flour: beat all together vigorously for at least three minutes before putting into well buttered tins to be baked. It will require long and careful baking, the molasses rendering it liable to burn.

**TO BRUSH VELVET.**—The art of removing lint, dust and light matters adhering to velvet consists in the proper mode of managing the brush. Take a hat-brush (not too soft, but having the bristles elastic, and returning at once to their original state after being pressed aside), hold it firmly under the palm of the hand, in the direction of the arm, and with the bristles downward, and pressing them first gently into the substance of the velvet, then twist around the arm, hand and brush all together, as on an axis, without moving them forward or backward. The foreign matters will thus be drawn up, and flirited out of the flock without injury to the substance of the velvet, and the brush must be lifted up and placed in a similar manner over every part required to be brushed. By this means velvet will be improved instead of deteriorated, and will last for years.

**FACTS ABOUT FLOUR.**—Flour is peculiarly sensitive to atmospheric influences, hence it should never be stored in a room with sour liquids, nor where onions or fish are kept, nor any article that taints the air of the room in which it is stored. Any smell perceptible to the senses will be absorbed by flour. Avoid damp cellars or lofts where a free circulation of air cannot be obtained. Keep in a cool, dry, airy room, and not exposed to a freezing temperature nor to intense summer, or to artificial heat for any length of time above 70° to 75° Fahr. It should not come in contact with grain or other substances which are liable to heat. Flour should be sifted and the particles thoroughly disintegrated, and then warmed before baking. This treatment improves the colour and baking properties of the dough. The sponge should be prepared for the oven as soon as the yeast has performed its mission, otherwise fermentation sets in and acidity results.

**OPIATES FOR CHILDREN.**—If parents could only be given to understand that the active principle in all these infant cordials is opium, and that the effects of this dangerous drug are manifold and lasting, they would hesitate a very long time before administering a teaspoonful even when so directed by the physician. But for the eagerness of our most active temperance friends, who have for years concentrated public attention upon the physiological effects of alcohol, a much wider knowledge of those of opium would have been gained and the danger of jumping out of the alcoholic frying pan into the opiate fire would not threaten, as it does, now all civilized countries. Opium should never be administered even to adults, much less to children, except by medical direction, and then only under favourable conditions. Those who fancy that the drug in any form, whether as laudanum or in the more concentrated and active form of morphine, simply produces a quiescent state of the nerves favourable to slumber and then passes off, know nothing about it. There are few vital organs that are not affected by it, and one dose of it may upset the whole tone of the system. It is cumulative. The parent who begins to quiet a fretful child with one teaspoonful must soon administer two, and challenge a score of disorders in her infant in order to gain sleep for it and for herself. She may be laying the foundation for the opium habit in her little one, and may live to witness its agonies when it reaches maturity. The wailing of a fretful child is not only irritating, it is sometimes maddening to the parent, and the sleeping potion is as often administered to ensure sleep for the parent as to benefit the little one. But we are sure that very few mothers, when once made aware of the risk they run in administering opiates to children, would rather endure all the miseries they know of than take the chance of poisoning them immediately or indirectly with drugs.



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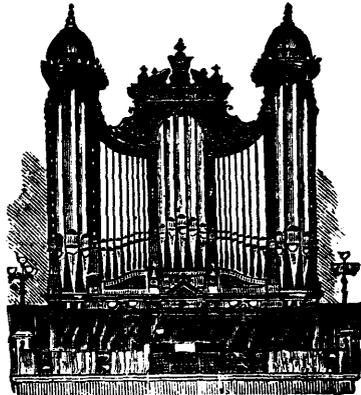
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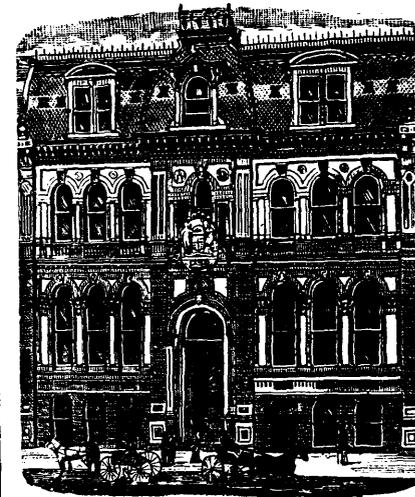
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At Harrington, on Monday, Oct. 27th, 1879, Sarah, the beloved wife of William McKenzie, Elder, aged 82 years.

At Richmond Road, Rochesterville, on the 7th November, after four and a half days' illness, Isabella Alice, aged 13 years and 7 months, the only daughter of the Rev. Joseph White.

On the 25th October, at his residence in the 7th concession of Roxborough, near Athol, Glengarry, Ontario, Alexander McKercher, a native of the Parish of Kenmore, Breadalbane Perthshire, Scotland, in the 91st year of his age.

On Friday, November 7th, at 60 Bellevue-avenue, Toronto, Annie M. Bain, beloved wife of Rev. Alexander Gilray.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

KINGSTON.—Adjourned meeting at Clark's Mills, on Tuesday, 2nd of December ensuing, at one p.m. Quarterly meeting in St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, on Monday, 29th of December, at half-past seven p.m.

HAMILTON.—The next stated meeting will be held in Central Church, Hamilton, on the third Tuesday of November (the 18th), at ten o'clock a.m.

LINDSAY.—At Woodville, on Tuesday, 25th November, at eleven a.m.

CHATHAM.—In the First Presbyterian Church, on Tuesday, 16th December next, at eleven o'clock.

LONDON.—In First Presbyterian Church, London, on Tuesday, November 18th, at two p.m.

BRARIE.—At Barrie, Tuesday, 25th November, at eleven o'clock.

MONTREAL.—In St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on Tuesday, the 13th January, at eleven a.m.

PARIS.—In Erskine Church, Ingersoll, on 9th December, at 7:30 p.m.

GLENGARRY.—A special meeting will be held at Williamstown, on November 18th, for the ordination of Rev. John Matheson, B.A., and the transaction of other business.

TORONTO.—In the usual place, on the 25th of November, at half-past two p.m.

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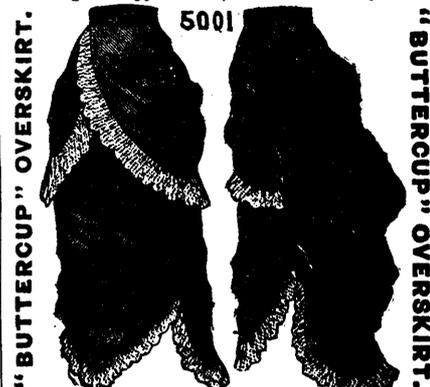
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