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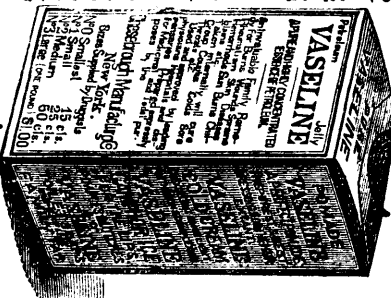
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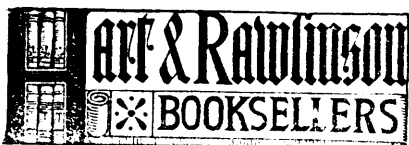
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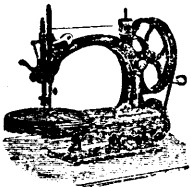
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## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THERE is in prospect a great law suit for next year, when the revised New Testament appears. An eminent firm of London publishers has resolved to print an edition of the new version, and dispute the legal power of the company of revisers to hold a copyright, or transfer it to the universities.

THE discussion as to the possibility of a general disarmament has increased of late throughout Europe. It is estimated that there are at the present time 2,578,000 men under arms, and that if war were threatened 7,358,000 could be put into the field within ten days. This enormous drain upon the material resources of the nations is the main cause for demanding the reduction of the military.

THE attempt of the French Jesuits to enter Spain and Portugal has caused great excitement in those countries. At Alicante and Barcelona their arrival occasioned hostile demonstrations, and they were compelled to re-embark. On their attempt to enter Portugal, the various governors were instructed strictly to enforce the decrees of 1834 abolishing all religious orders. Protestant England and America seem to be almost the only countries where their arrival makes no public excitement and their efforts are not dreaded or interfered with.

THE Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago, lately ministered to by the Rev. Dr. Gibson, now of London, England, has extended a call to the Rev. John S. McIntosh, of Belfast, Ireland, with a salary of \$3,000 and gross expenses paid. Mr. McIntosh is the most popular Presbyterian minister in his country, and wields a power which is felt not only in Ireland, but in England and Scotland also. He is at present the pastor of the May street Church in Belfast, and was appointed to succeed the venerable and famous Dr. Cooke, by Dr. Cooke himself.

THREE Anglican Ritualists are languishing in gaol for contempt of court. They are the Rev. Messrs. Dale, Green, and Enraght, who respectively disregarded the orders of Lord Penzance, as Dean of the Court of Arches, directing them to discontinue certain practices contrary to the Public Worship Act. It is supposed that the reverend gentlemen will be released after a short imprisonment. In the case of Mr. Tooth who was imprisoned for similar reasons, the Queen interfered and ordered his release. Mr. Dale declines to concede anything whatever.

THE French Evangelical Society has sent a deputation, whereof Dr. Pressence was a member, to England, to obtain an audience with the new governor of Cape Colony, Africa, concerning the Basutos. The Society has had missions among the tribe for over half a century and has wrought a great work among them. The purpose of the deputation was to commend to the new governor the favourable consideration of the mission stations and to beg that whenever the time arrives for negotiating peace with that unhappy people the missionaries may be allowed to plead for them. From barbarism, even occasional cannibalism, the Basutos have been rescued by the faithful and continued work of the French missionaries, so that "now the whole nation has come under the influence of Christianity and is advancing rapidly in civilization." In this work Chief Moshesh has been indefatigable. "Flourishing churches have been

founded, to which numerous converts have been added by baptism every year. A vigorous religious life has been developed," the Scriptures have been translated and printed, and "an excellent training-school for evangelists sends forth year by year native helpers into the mission-field." Of course, the present war will work great injury to this important mission.

CANON FARRAR, in a recent address entitled "Temperance and Legislation," published by the National Temperance Society, referring to the cry so often made, that "You cannot make people sober by Act of Parliament," says: "Gentlemen, it is not true that you cannot, to an immense extent, make people sober by Act of Parliament. You can; it has been done over vast tracts of America. It is being done in wide areas of our colonies. It is done in hundreds of our English parishes where the land-owner has the wisdom to shelter his people from crime and pauperism by the simple rule which he, on his single authority, can make, and make unquestioned, but which hundreds of poor men and poor women and poor children on his estate cannot make, however passionately they desire it, and however deeply it affects their social, moral and religious welfare—namely, that there shall not be a single liquor-shop on his estate. Not make people sober by Act of Parliament! Why, at this very moment, to their immense benefit, you are making 20,000 people, among whom are the very worst drunkards in England, not only sober by Act of Parliament, but absolute teetotallers! Who are these? Why, they are the poor prisoners now in our prisons, not one of whom from the day that he enters prison, is allowed to touch a drop of alcohol, and who, in consequence of this restriction, are as a class, in spite of all their other disadvantages, so completely the healthiest class of people in England that there is a lower rate of mortality among prisoners than there is among professional men, and that as the death-rate stands highest of all among publicans, who sell alcohol, so it stands lowest of all among the prisoners, who are absolutely deprived of every drop of it."

THE following is from a United States exchange. The evil complained of, and somewhat graphically described, is not nearly so prevalent among Canadian congregations as it used to be, and not so much so among Presbyterians as in other denominations. It exists, however, to a greater or less extent. As suggested, the first thing is to pay a minister a fair, reasonable salary, and then gifts, as expressive of kindly feeling, but not in order to make up a scant stipend, will be all the more acceptable, and will do all, both givers and receivers, the more good: "The time of ministerial donations has come, and the voices of the donors are heard in the land. A minister certainly has a right to receive presents, but it is not well to make a donation a part of his salary. It degrades him to be grateful for something which is his right, not his good fortune. He is bowing his thanks when he ought to stand up and feel that he has only his due. It must be borne in mind that there are some people, also, whom we cannot trust, and they will improve the opportunity to turn in any quantity of sorry crops and second-hand clothing. There are others who would do anything for their minister, to whose eyes the dust he walks on turns to diamonds, and if there be a donation, the minister has the best of their 'fatted calf.' Such, though, let it be said to all candidates for the ministry, are not the only ones in the parish. The parson must take human nature as he finds it, and if he should have a donation, he will be likely to find one stripe of generosity that will let his teeth bite close down to the bone, that a good man's faith may have chance for exercise. Let it not be forgotten, also, that a donation at the parsonage costs something, and it will need a second donation to pay the expenses of the first. The better way is to give the minister a fair salary in the first place, making him a present in addition if you will; but do not advertise a donation and light into a blaze all the parsonage windows, that some folks may have a chance to flourish round and lavish upon the minister turnips and fish as a part of his salary."

## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

### ANDREW.

A SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE ST. ANDREW'S AND CALEDONIAN SOCIETIES, MONTREAL, 30TH NOVEMBER, 1880, BY REV. A. B. MACKAY, CRESCENT STREET CHURCH, MONTREAL.

It is sometimes difficult on a special occasion to find a suitable subject to address those that are gathered together, but I think my subject stares me in the face this afternoon, for on my right hand hangs the banner of this Society, with the representation of St. Andrew and his cross. This is a meeting of the St. Andrew's Society on St. Andrew's day, and, therefore, what can be more appropriate than to direct your attention for a short time to St. Andrew, or, rather, plain "Andrew," without the prefix, for I love the simplicity of the New Testament, and we must never forget that the humblest believer in the Lord Jesus Christ is as truly a saint as Andrew, or any of the apostles.

As you all know, there are a good many traditions about Andrew. He is the great Saint of Russia as well as of Scotland, and many wonderful things are recorded of him and his doings. I need scarcely say to such an audience as this that the most, if not all, of these traditions are myths, and scarcely worthy of even this passing notice, and, therefore, I will at once bring under your notice what is recorded of him by his bosom companion, the Apostle John. We shall find that he is well worthy of the imitation of Scotchmen and of all men.

### I. ANDREW PUT HIMSELF IN THE WAY OF GETTING GOOD.

When he was a young man the whole of his native land was moved by the appearance and utterances of the great desert preacher, John the Baptist. Everywhere this wonderful man was spoken about, thousands flocked to hear his powerful preaching of repentance. Among the crowd came this fisherman of Bethsaida, or, to translate it freely, of "Fishergate," on the sea of Galilee.

He listened, and his heart was moved. He felt that a strange power was exerted over him by this great prophet, therefore he lingered near him. He went again and again to listen to him, and at last became his disciple. Unlike the fickle crowd that came and went, Andrew stuck to this preacher of repentance, and only left him when he himself directed him to Jesus.

Now, I think that all the world will allow that Scotchmen, as a rule, are imitators of Andrew in this respect; they do put themselves in the way of getting good. Are they not pre-eminently a religious people, a church-going people, a Sabbath-honouring people? It is one of the best, as it is one of the most marked, characteristics of this nation. Who does not recall the exquisite picture of Scotch piety drawn by Burns in "The Cottar's Saturday Night?" Is it not a true picture of how many Scotchmen revere divine things, and look to God for His blessing? Alas! that it is not, as it should be, a picture of the habitual practice in every Scottish home. Even from a material point of view, Scottish fathers would do well to imitate that Cottar, for nothing more surely leads to outward prosperity and advancement than the daily acknowledgment of God in the family by "the saint, the father, and the husband." Therefore, right truly does the great poet sing—

"From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs;  
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad,  
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,  
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

O Scotia, my dear, my native soil,  
For whom my warmest wish to heaven is sent!  
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil  
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content."

But, again, like Andrew, not only are Scotchmen, as a rule, ready to put themselves under good influence, they are generally noted for pertinacity in their adherence to that which they consider good. As a rule you will find them sticking to their religion all the world over. They may be accused of coldness, but they can scarcely be accused of fickleness anywhere.

They are like Andrew again in this respect. In England, a very trying place for Presbyterianism, I have found many of them adhering steadfastly to their simple faith amid many discouragements; and in my experience I have found that those in humble circumstances were the most faithful in their allegiance. The rich and the indifferent sometimes gravitated towards the fashionable religion; the poor and the earnest stuck to the faith of their fathers.

But, after all this has been said, we must confess with sorrow that some of our countrymen do not imitate Andrew in this respect. Too many keep away from good influences. How many, instead of coming regularly with their families to church, are regular attendants of Dr. Greenfield or the Rev. Mr. Stay-at-Home; and how many more are companions of Alexander Half-day-hearer, Esquire, for this gentleman has succeeded well in the world, and thinks it beneath his dignity to go twice to church on the Lord's day. It is not fashionable. He must have his ease, or his late dinner, and the minister may preach to empty pews so far as he is concerned. This ought not to be—though Andrew was only a fisherman, it would be well for us all if we imitated him, and put ourselves as often as possible in the way of getting good.

#### II.—ANDREW ALSO SOUGHT FOR THE VERY HIGHEST GOOD.

It was good to follow John the Baptist, but it was better to follow Jesus, and Andrew did this also. After all, John was nothing more than "a voice crying in the wilderness;" he was only a finger-post pointing to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." How stupid it would be to sit down under a finger post instead of going on to the end of the journey. Just as foolish would it have been for Andrew to have rested content with the ministry of John. He was not so foolish; he was not so superficial, and, therefore, when John cried, "Behold the Lamb of God," and pointed to Jesus, Andrew left the great prophet to seek the great Saviour.

Let us imitate Andrew in this, and not only put ourselves under good influences, but seek to know Jesus. Andrew, as the disciple of John, is the representative of the vast mass of the Scottish people, but as the seeker of Jesus he does not represent so many. He came with a great multitude to hear John, he had only one companion in seeking Jesus. Is not this true to the life. Vast multitudes are pleased to have a form of godliness, not so many care to acknowledge its power. How many Scotchmen think that all is done when they put themselves under good influences, when they have a pew in the church, when they lead an outwardly decent and respectable life. It is a vast mistake. Let us imitate Andrew. Let us never rest contented with a mere outward relation to Christianity. Seek to get from the minister to his Master. We, ministers of the Gospel, are nothing but finger-posts to point out the way to the Lord Jesus, and, as the mission of John would have been a failure if some of his disciples had not followed Jesus, so our work is a failure if it does not make you seek each for yourself "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world."

Scots are great seekers. In what corner of the globe will you not find them searching diligently for riches, honour, power, happiness? But does not Andrew shew us something higher and nobler? Does he not, by his example, cry out to us, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness." And to incite us to this blessed search have we not the Saviour's blessed assurance, "all these things shall be added unto you," and also His solemn question: "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

#### III.—ANDREW FOUND WHAT HE SOUGHT FOR.

If Andrew follows Jesus afar off, seeking after Him doubtfully and perhaps diffidently, Jesus knows all about him, and is ready to meet his case. He had His eye on Andrew all the time, though he is unconscious of it. When Andrew followed Jesus, at once, we are told, Jesus turned. Why? We are not told that Andrew called after Him, but the very fact that he followed made Jesus turn. He, the Son of the living God felt the strain of that seeking soul upon His heart, and, therefore, He turned and said, "What seek ye?" Andrew answered, "Where dwellest thou?" Then did Jesus the Son of the Highest extend to him the loving invitation, "Come and see;" and we are told "they came and saw and abode with

Him that day." Yes, rest assured of this, that no one ever truly sought the Lord Jesus and failed to find Him. He receives every sincere seeker. All Andrew's difficulties were answered by Jesus. All his longings were met. His heart, his mind, his conscience were fully satisfied. You have many difficulties and doubts and fears. I cannot answer them, I cannot dissipate them, but if you come to Jesus and lay your case before Him, as Andrew did, I am certain they will disappear.

The first chapter of John's Gospel has been well called the chapter of *Eureka's*. Andrew finds the Messiah. Jesus finds Philip. Philip finds Nathaniel. Archimedes was in a transport of joy when he shouted "*Eureka! eureka!*" but what was his joy and enthusiasm compared with that of the soul which has found its Saviour. This is the joy of Andrew's heart, and we should never rest content until it is ours. Friend, have you found Andrew's Saviour? Do you know and believe the love God has to you? Have you passed from death to life? You shake your head doubtfully; perhaps you heave a sigh. Why have you not found Him? Let me answer by a story I have heard of two Highland fishermen. They were busy fishing in one of the salt water lakes on the west of Scotland, when suddenly a dense mist came down, and they thought it would be as well to make for the shore, which was only one or two hundred yards from them. So they put out the oars and began to pull. They rowed for about five minutes, yet did not reach the land. They were surprised, but they pulled harder for another five minutes; still no land. The perspiration began to burst from them, and they pulled with might and main. A quarter of an hour's hard work, and still no land. They paused. "What's the matter, Donald; surely the land has moved." "Aye," answered Donald, "or the boat's bewitched." Immediately a bright idea struck his companion, and he said, "Donald, did you pull up the anchor?" Donald looked, and at once the explanation of their ill success was shewn, and the error rectified. Friends, you laugh at these Highlanders, but are not some of you much more fatally foolish than they were? You would like to find the Saviour. You will say, perhaps, that you are seeking Him. Yet you do not succeed; you make no progress; you are no nearer land now than you were years ago. Why is this? Is it not because your soul is still anchored to some sin? You love the world; you are overcome by temptation. The whiskey bottle keeps you under its power. I have heard of "an *anker* of whiskey," and I am afraid it is the anchor of too many Scotchmen's souls—an anchor, not of hope, but of black despair, for it keeps them back from the salvation of the Lamb of God.

#### IV.—ANDREW CONFESSED THE TRUTH.

Having found the Saviour, he could not hold his tongue; he must speak out boldly that which he knew and believed. Thus, you see, Andrew overcame his natural reticence. Reticence in regard to spiritual matters is a characteristic of some natures, especially of the Scotch. In some respects it has its advantages, for a glib, parrot-like piety, that will chatter for ever about itself, is very offensive. Still waters run deep, and there is far too much religion from the teeth outwards. Some most earnest Christians are slow of speech; they consider their spiritual experiences a "holy of holies" into which none but God's great High Priest can come, and there is much truth in this idea. There are passages between the soul and God over which at all times a reverent veil should be drawn; there are some things that should never be told. This is indicated, indeed, in the case of Andrew. What passed between Jesus and him on that momentous night is not revealed.

But, while this is freely acknowledged, we may go to error on the other side. Avoiding the hedge of presumption, we may tumble into the ditch of dumbness. We read that "they that feared the Lord talked often together," and we are told the Lord hearkened and heard their conversation, and wrote it down in a book of remembrance in token of His delight. Now, as a rule, Scotch Christianity is too reticent. We have much need to imitate Andrew, and speak out concerning spiritual things, for is it not written, "If thou confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved?"

Andrew also spoke with certainty. Listen to his words: "We have found the Messiah!" Surely here you have the accent of conviction; and does it not

sound familiar to every Scottish ear. In many ways we imitate it. We often hear of the "*Perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*." I would rather call it by one word, viz., "Emphasis." A Scotchman is not himself if he is not emphatic. The gentle and genial Charles Lamb once said, "I don't like Scotchmen." "Why?" asked a friend. "Because they are sure of everything." This witness is true. Some natures glory in uncertainty—in a dim religious light; not your true Scot. He must have something definite, tangible, clear. I by no means deny that some Scotchmen doubt; but even then there is a satisfactory dogmatism about their doubts, even they are clothed in the cast-off garments of assurance.

Now, I have heard several times since I came to this continent that Calvinism is dead. Not quite, I answer. It will never die till the name of Scot is extinct, and till Scotchmen cease to revere and study the Word of God. In this quality of emphasis, this attitude of certainty, lies in great measure the power of the Scottish character. I have noticed, with great regret, that some Scotchmen are seeking to undermine that certainty, in regard to the religious opinions which have been the glory and strength of the nation for hundreds of years. To use a figure suggested by our national poet, there has risen a race of new-fangled and pretentious spiritual cooks, that would have us leave off our Presbyterian porridge and Calvinistic cream for some continental hashes which the true Scotch stomach rejects "wi' perfect sconner." They have taken lessons, not in French, but in German and English cookery classes, and

"Look down wi' sneering scornful view—  
On such a dinner"

as nourished giants like Wishart, Hamilton, Knox, Rutherford, Erskine, Chalmers. Fie, fie! Out upon the renegades. The spirit of another Jenny Geddes is needed to put them to the rout, for such teachers undermine all spiritual health and strength.

What can a moping, blear-eyed, twaddling doubter do in the great spiritual battle of the world? Nothing.

"Poor sinner! See him ower his trash,  
As feckless as a withered rash,  
His spindle shank a guid whip lash,  
His nieve a nit;  
Through bloody flood or field to dash,  
Oh! how unfit."

Who has done the hard fighting of the world's moral and spiritual battle? Your Apostles of the Church of the Holy Ambiguity? No; but men like Andrew, who could say with certainty, "We have found the Messiah." Ye Scots, follow your leader.

#### V.—ANDREW BECAME A BENEFACTOR.

He was a benefactor, to begin with, to his own brother Simon. Simon Peter was, perhaps, Andrew's elder, as he certainly was his bigger brother; yet it is Andrew that brings Simon to the Saviour, not Simon who brings Andrew. This is often the case in spiritual matters; the less brings the greater, and thus the excellency of the power is manifested to be of God. And think what a work Andrew accomplished, what a blessing he conferred on the Church and the world, what an honour he received by bringing his brother to Jesus. If Andrew had done nothing more than that, his would have been a well-spent life. Friends, let us remember Andrew. The highest possible honours we can win are rewards for such deeds as that. I delight to hear of every honour of every kind that any Scot wins in an honourable way; but this honour, the honour of bringing a soul to Jesus, is the very highest. You don't believe it. You can't see it. Well, friends, you'll be all of my opinion in a few years. When? When all the riches and honours you have acquired in time are forever behind you; and you have entered into that state of weal or of woe which is fixed for ever and ever. Then, "they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever." I am content to wait till then. Are you?

Andrew was also helpful to the needy. When Jesus wanted to feed the hungry multitude, he said to Philip, "Whence shall we buy bread that they may eat?" Philip was perplexed, but Andrew had his eye on at least a slight provision, and said, "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes." He felt they were all too little, but he also felt he must speak of them, and he was rewarded when he was told to bring them to Jesus. Still more was he rewarded when he saw them multiplying in His hands, when he saw the five thousand satisfied, when he helped to gather up the twelve baskets of

fragments, and it may be returned them to the lad. Is there not a delightful parallelism between this act and the work of this Society? Do you not seek to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to shelter the outcast? I rejoice in all the wisdom and benevolence that have characterized all the workings of this Society. I rejoice in all the liberality it has evoked, and like that lad, I am sure you are none of you anything the worse off for what you have done to help it. Indeed, these words of the Apostle Andrew would, I think, be a capital motto for every St. Andrew's Society, "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes." You may feel, like him, that they are all too little for the necessities of the case, but get the blessing of Christ on your gifts and you will find they will go much further. You can't see it? A dollar is only a hundred cents, and it makes no matter whether or not it has the blessing of Christ. Just so, six sceptic five barley loaves are five barley loaves and they can never feed five thousand. Well, I believe they did, and more I am convinced that if in our charities we would more simply honour God, and entreat His blessing, a thousandfold more good would be done.

But I must hurry on and point out how Andrew benefited the stranger as well as his brother and his countrymen. On the occasion of Jesus' triumphal entry into Jerusalem, a number of Gentiles came to Philip saying, "We would see Jesus?" Philip spoke to Andrew and he introduced these Gentiles to Jesus. This was a remarkable incident. It showed that Andrew had a large heart, uncontracted by Jewish prejudices. I rejoice to think that Scotchmen to a great extent resemble him. I have found them everywhere cosmopolitan—"ready, aye ready" for any good or charitable work. Now the highest manifestation of a truly cosmopolitan and philanthropic spirit, is just such work as Andrew here did, viz., introducing the benighted to Jesus. Scotland has many famous men, and I glory in all the good that each and all have accomplished in their several spheres; but I chiefly glory in those of their number who tread most closely on the heels of Andrew here. Far above all earthly honour and power and riches, far above all warlike achievements, far above all intellectual greatness and poetic fervour, is *missionary zeal*. Alexander Duff in India, William Burns in China, David Livingstone dying on his knees in the heart of the dark continent, Africa; these, and such like men as these, will bring Scotland the highest glory in the great day of account. These are the truest admirers of Andrew who brought the Gentiles to Jesus.

#### SCOTS!

will you follow him, will you accept his Saviour and imitate his work? I love and cherish with you all the memories of bonny Scotland. Absence only makes the heart grow fonder. If ever I forget its heathery hills and fertile straths; its wimpling burns and broomy knowes; its fragrant links and blithesome larks; its misty peaks, its sunny lochs, its sounding seas; its manly yet tender tongue; its stirring music, its glorious songs, its historic heroes, let my right hand forget its cunning. If my heart fails to burn at the sight of the tartan let it cease to beat; but fellow-countrymen, the memories and the glories of the past will never do when we pass into "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns," if we are not washed in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore, brother Scots, one and all, my heart's desire and prayer to God for you is that you may be saved; that you and every member of every family represented here may be gathered to the home of God on high.

"There ever bask in uncreated rays,  
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,  
Together hymning your Creator's praise,  
In such society yet still more dear;  
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere."  
God bless you all. Amen.

#### A MOTHER OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

BY THE REV. R. C. MOFFAT, WALKERTON.

Lamartine lovingly writes, "Our mother's knee was always our familiar altar in infancy and boyhood." God pity the poor child which has no mother's knee where it may whisper prayer. There may be a mother to toil over the fashionable raiment, to toil for the daily food, to toil for entrance into some higher circle of social life; but if no time to start for the cross of Jesus, where is the Christian motherhood? Yet if the stern realities of life bring face to face with

utmost need and helplessness, then intense desire must grasp the hand of grace, and at once there is an eternal change in heart, life and destiny. And most vividly one of the grand old masters makes the picture immortal: Christiana and her children hand in hand for the celestial city.

#### THE BITTER YEARS.

"God bless our home," may adorn the wall; but if sin enters, if jealousy scowls, if envy stings, then farewell family peace. The loving Hannah has lavished upon her the richest love of a noble husband; but as every rose has its thorn, so there lives no woman without her own special trouble, it may be sacredly hidden, it may be heroically borne, yet it is there. Peniel had its agony of soul concentrated into one night, this tender woman writhed under daily martyrdom for years. Hannah's life was really a hornet's nest, and the nearer the house of God, the more sacred the hour, the more virulent the poison. *Had she been a thoughtless, godless woman, life had become an intolerable burden.* But in these dark years she has learned the lesson which every suffering woman must ever learn, that intense pain must creep, yea on bleeding knees, until it reaches omnipotent power.

#### THE SOUL'S AGONY.

Does the child rush in its little whirlwind of trouble to a mother's bosom, there to pour out its sorrow? so what else can this wounded heart do, but "take it to the Lord in prayer?" Crowds may come and go amid the sacred calm of Shiloh; but this weary one lies in unspeakable agony, and wrestles with infinite love. The forms of prayer may satisfy the cold formalist when the calm sunshine shines on the rippling waves,

"But, let the strong temptation rise,  
As whirlwinds sweep the sea,  
We find no strength to 'scape the wreck,  
Save, pitying God, in Thee."

And when the deck is sinking beneath the feet, who, with a soul, dare sneer at a loving woman taking a life grip of the hand mighty to save? Only a few weeks ago when a lady was dragged into the crowded boat from the sinking wreck, and there knelt in adoring praise, strong men felt the fitness. Yea, last month, when the shores of Lake Michigan were strewn with those silent timbers, men dead, with deepest emotion, that card nailed to one of them: "The ship is fast breaking up; oh God this is dreadful."

Hannah's creed should be every woman's creed; the soul may be walled in, but it can never be roofed over.

#### THE STRANGE MISUNDERSTANDING.

To the venerable Eli there was a strange fascination in that silent long-praying woman.

There may be ready tears from the eloquent pathos of the pulpit; but ah, inexpressibly sacred are all such tears when they come from a burdened heart. Ministers of Christ, here is our inexhaustible empire: to watch for souls in trouble, for the agonized seekers after Jesus. Came not our Master "to heal the broken-hearted; to set at liberty them that are bruised." And oh how the heart of womanhood thrills with eternal vitality when she is first supremely conscious of that eternal love; "He loved me and gave Himself for me." So, while an Eli may take one extreme, and sadly trace her fervour to the wine cup; it is just as easy to use the tenderest words, as if conversion, before ever conviction has brought in agony to the mercy seat.

But does Hannah bitterly resent the dark suspicion? nay verily, but with sweet fearless honesty she sweeps it away for ever: No, my Lord, it is not wine of earth drunk in, but the wine of sorrow poured out before the Lord.

#### THE BURDEN LEFT IN SHILOH.

The burden may be laid down yet taken up again; it may be carried for ever, blighting and cursing to the last hour of life; or it may be joyously left in the hands of the great burden-bearer. The venerable Eli, when he hears the secret of her silent impassioned worship, is humbled and melted. He is no father confessor to ask for the cause of her sorrow, or even for what she had wept and prayed; nay, he is a man, a father, and a true minister of God. So, were members and ministers to bring their little miserable misunderstandings face to face before the Lord, for one honest hour—oh, what barriers would be burned for ever away. No heart is so tender as that of the gray-haired minister; and now Eli is moved, deeply moved, for this noble daughter of sorrow.

He hastens, with broken voice and deepest sympathy, to heal, to bless, and as the peace of God sweeps from heart to heart, there is a great calm. And as he lays his hand upon her head and pleads for the covenant blessing of the God of Israel, we wonder not that the burden of life was left for ever in Shiloh.

Prayer may begin in darkness, but when the peace of God cometh, the soul has its first personal foretaste of that glorious life, when "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

#### THE MOTHER'S GRAND LOAN.

There is joy and gladness in Ramah; mother love is sacredly pressing to the heart her first born, and dreaming of a name which shall be sacred for ever. What is baptism? Not the giving of a name, but the giving of a life; asked of God, heard of God, given to God. The happy years have gone, and a striking group is seen in Shiloh, the full heart has come with full hands. *The praise may not be as impassioned as the prayer, but it is there, the stream is full to the brim, and running over, with a mother's undying gratitude.*

Too often in real life, the heavier the purse, the tighter the purse string is drawn, but here grace has come to give, to give the very best, yea unto the Lord for ever. She may have little gold to give, but she gives her heart, and the heart consecrated, she can sublimely say of her first born, "As long as he liveth he shall be lent unto the Lord." Many may prate about being only God's stewards, but let some cultured daughter, some brilliant son, consecrate themselves to some lowly Christian work, then we dare not listen to the words of worldly scorn about such a beggarly ministry. Even the heart of the Christian mother of Knill was wrung with trouble when the son of her many prayers had devoted himself to the far-off work of Christ. What hours of agony in that closet! at last the glorious peace, as she comes out saying, "Now my dear son it is all settled, God has given me grace to say to you, go, go my son, go." And then that sacred wedding ring, worn with the toil of forty years, is taken off, placed on his, and her son is God's son for ever, with a mother's whole-souled benediction. And long after, as he comes back and kneels in the same room, we hear him whispering, "Blessed be God for a praying mother."

#### THE MOTHER'S BLESSING.

She has many of them now, but she cannot forget the absent one. These absent ones, what mother can forget. All over christendom busy mothers find sacred toil in those little coats for the loved ones far away. But the mother heart has many a silent telegram that God may save, may guide, may bless the absent ones. The mother of a Byron may drive her sensitive child from her presence as a "lame brat;" the mother of a Samuel fills his soul with love and consecration. Shall we trace the history of a Byron in life and influence? nay, we draw the veil, and read, instead, of a Samuel: "He worshiped, he ministered, he grew, and the Lord was with him." The spikenard of Mary, the garments of Dorcas, the loving words of Priscilla, are still living inspirations wherever Christian women are. So praying sons, working sons, honoured sons, are God's abiding benedictions wherever there are Christian mothers.

The benediction may come from Shiloh or from Canada; and come it must, as surely as the Lord hath said it. A veteran missionary is dying in far-away China; they ask in broken whispers, have you any message for the loved ones far away; life makes its last effort: "Tell my old mother I thank God she led me to Jesus."

Thousands, with heart-felt love, can look to a Christian mother, perhaps a sainted one, her well-worn Bible, her well-known arm-chair, her loving faith, her many self-denials, her life-long example, and they softly whisper, "blessed mother." Last month, crouching in a wretched hovel in our Queen City, you hear that wreck of womanhood moaning, "Oh, that I were a child at my mother's knee." Once the queenly daughter of wealth, once the leader of fashion; but now when the hurried inquest lifts the curtain of life, what a revelation of pitiable ruin! Ah, sin, fashionable sin, cruel sin, can tear from a mother's knee and sink to uttermost depths. But grace, blessed grace, grace burning in a godly mother's heart is omnipotent with God; and a Samuel is consecrated, and kept, and used, an honour and a blessing to his mother and his mother's God for ever.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE REV. J. TAYLOR, M.D., D.D.

An eminent and truly venerable minister who was permitted to render varied and valuable service to our Canadian Church, has just passed away at the ripe age of eighty. Although constitutionally averse to anything like show or noisy fame, and though actually by choice and on principle courting the shade, Dr. Taylor yet held a position of much influence among his brethren. As professor of theology in one section of the Presbyterian Church before our first union, he was brought into intimate relation with many of her ministers and members. From time to time he held forth the word of life from many of her pulpits. For a number of years he edited the denominational magazine. He was thus, despite an extreme and invincible modesty, widely known, and wherever he was known he was beloved and revered. The announcement of his death which, notwithstanding his advanced age, has come with a certain measure of unexpectedness, has thus sent a pang into many a Canadian manse and private home. But the sorrow is greatly lessened by the consideration that this excellent minister had served his generation faithfully, and that his work was done—and well done—before he fell asleep. Sometimes it almost seems as if a burning and shining light has barely begun to shed its radiance afar, when it goes out in the darkness of the grave. Sometimes on the other hand an observer is almost tempted to think that a good man has—to use Milton's word *overlived* himself, his light having died down into the poor ashes of what once he was. Doubtless it is even there all as it should be. Our times are in God's hands, and His saints die only when the right moment has come. But to human feeling it is a great comfort when we can see, as in Dr. Taylor's case, that the work of life has in a measure attained completeness, and yet that the tired worker's faculties continue sound until, released by death, he departs to enjoy the heavenly rest, the beatific vision, and the eternal weight of glory.

Those who knew Dr. Taylor well were aware that he possessed accomplishments and attainments which only a long and careful training could supply. He was throughout life emphatically a student. From the time of his arrival in Canada onwards, he identified himself very little with public movements or controversies. During his ministry in Scotland, when "he never changed nor even sought to change his place," it was to a certain extent otherwise, for it is believed that there he took a somewhat prominent part in the anti-corn-law agitation. The following incident was connected with this period of his life.—Some of his students will remember how one evening strong-brained, warm-hearted Mr. Kennedy, of Dunbarton, induced the Professor himself to tell the story. He had borne his part in the great movement for the abolition of the corn-laws. The struggle was at its height, and the whole land was throbbing with fierce excitement, when one Sabbath evening it was expected that Dr. Taylor would conduct service in a particular church. A simple-minded old minister conducted the morning service. He was asked to read an announcement to which some clever wag had made an unauthorized addition. The notice given was to the effect that Dr. Taylor, of Auchtermuchty, would preach that evening, and *spiritualize the corn laws*. A great congregation assembled, and it is almost certain that they listened to an excellent sermon. It is probable, however, that there was a feeling of disappointment with many, for of course the unconscious preacher made no reference to the great question of the hour. Those who were accustomed to sit under Dr. Taylor's ministry will remember how carefully he guarded against anything that resembled the fanciful and eccentric method which is called "spiritualizing." It is proper to remark here that, while discharging the duties of Professor in the Divinity Hall, he also ministered with great faithfulness to the congregation which has since grown so large and prosperous, and is now known as St. James' Square Church. In that congregation and its devoted pastor he retained to the last a loving interest. On going to the church in that old time a hearer would note the preacher's head and face, which reminded some of the face and head of William Jay, as seen in a well-known portrait. He would note yet further the style of preaching, which was usually in a large measure expository, and was always extremely plain and unadorned, for Dr. Taylor was never upborne on wings of fancy or poetic phrase. He would note again how remarkably full and ripe was the

preacher's knowledge of Scripture, with what simplicity he stated his views, and in how discriminating a manner he guarded them from possible misapplication. He proclaimed a rich, full orb'd Pauline Gospel. While Dr. Taylor was connected with the Hall in Toronto the work of instruction devolved entirely upon him. He was sole Professor. At one time a similar arrangement obtained in Scotland, each of the universities even having at first but one Professor of Divinity proper. The genial and gifted Jameson of Methven, began a pamphlet on Theological Tuition with the remark "In England it requires ten men to make a pin, in Scotland it requires only one man to make a minister, and hence it is that in polish and point a batch of Scottish parsons is so far inferior to a batch of English pins!" In this trenchant remark, memorable and even valuable as in some respects it is, there lurks a fallacy which can be very easily detected. It has been justly pointed out that the parallel does not hold, because in the manufacture of the pin the article itself is wholly passive, whereas the student himself ought to be, and indeed must be, the main factor in the making of a minister. While the force of this will be readily conceded, it cannot be denied on the other hand that there must be serious drawbacks connected with a system which commits to one professor the tuition of students in all the departments of theological learning. Dr. Taylor did his work admirably under the arrangements which existed during the period of his professorship. Instruction was given largely by means of text books, the examination on which was relieved and supplemented by means of prelections of a very luminous and unpretending character. The Professor's range of reading, both in ancient and modern literature, had been very wide, and from the ample stores thus accumulated he drew freely for the illustration of any theme that was under consideration. Sometimes in the answers given by students and in the rejoinders which they called forth, there was that which produced a pleasant ripple on the placid current of academic life. The following little incidents will not wound the living, and cannot dishonour the dead. One morning in the Church History class the Professor asked a student what a certain notable person "did next." The student whose memory failed him at this point, answered hesitatingly, "He died, sir." "Yes, yes," rejoined the Professor, with a perceptibly quickened utterance and a peculiar shake of the head, "we all die; but what did he do before he died?" On another occasion the members of the class were being examined on the history of the momentous struggle between the Emperor Henry IV. and Pope Gregory VII. The point had been reached when Henry was suffered to stand for three days together in the depth of winter, barefooted and bareheaded, before the castle of Canossa, where the merciless Pontiff at that time resided. The Professor asked a student what sort of reception was accorded by the Pope to the persistent Emperor. "Extremely cold, sir," was the reply. The student was regarded for a moment with a doubtful and questioning look as if the double meaning of the answer was being weighed. Then came the comment. "Yes, very cold indeed, and in every sense. The Pontiff's heart within must have been as cold as the Emperor's body without."

In conducting the class of New Testament Exegesis Dr. Taylor greatly excelled. His high attainments as a classical scholar here stood him in good stead. The original was gone over with the greatest care, grammatical peculiarities being noted with scrupulous fidelity. At the same time his devout nature insured a reverential treatment of the sacred volume. I do not think that I ever heard him quote Luther's strong saying, "The best grammarian is the best theologian," or that of Augustine, "The heart is the best theologian," but it is certain that his method admirably illustrated the measure of truth which lies in both aphorisms. Large portions of the New Testament were, during successive sessions, gone over critically and with most copious referencing. Sometimes by the use of a very simple analogy the explanation of a passage would be rendered at once clear and memorable. Thus, for example, some of us can yet recall the vivid way in which he used to illustrate what is called the *irritating* power of the law—its power of waking into fiercest action the principle of rebellion which had been sleeping before. He compared it to a great stone thrown into the channel of a brook. The current would not thereby be arrested or diverted. It would but chafe and foam round the obstruction that had been placed in its way. Passages in the seventh of

Romans, which were at one time dark and difficult, have been rendered clear by this and similar analogies. Sometimes again he would, in a sentence or two, bring fully to light a valuable distinction which others were prone to overlook. An instance occurs to me in connection with the anointing spoken of in those passages in the Gospel and in the Epistle of James, which are commonly adduced by Roman Catholics in support of the doctrine of extreme unction. He pointed out that while the pretended papal sacrament is only administered when life is despaired of, the apostolic anointing is, both in the Gospel and the Epistle, expressly connected with the recovery of the persons anointed. Some of Dr. Taylor's students have had reason to know that this position is unassailable. There were other cases, as in the perplexing passage "Every one shall be salted with fire, and every sacrifice shall be salted with salt," when he carefully abstained from giving an independent opinion, contenting himself with presenting the views of others. He had a strong conviction concerning the necessary limits of the human understanding, and was too wise to attempt, and too honest to pretend, to solve the insolvable.

When the union took place between the Free and the United Presbyterian Churches, Dr. Taylor resigned both his pastoral charge and the office of professor. The Hall over which he had presided was now to be merged in Knox College, in which a Chair would have been most cordially placed at his disposal, but he preferred returning to Scotland, where he laboured for some time at Busby, near Glasgow. He subsequently went to reside in Edinburgh, where he spent the remainder of his days in well earned retirement.

When, a few years ago, he re-visited this country, his old friends could not help remarking how gently time had been dealing with him. Considering the number of years that had passed away, he seemed wonderfully little altered. He manifested the kindest interest in his former students, and retained all the unselfish thoughtfulness for others, as well as a certain deferential courtliness of manner, by which he had been uniformly distinguished of old. With the mellowed wisdom of age, and with a heavenliness of speech that well became one who felt that in the course of nature he could not be very far from the margin of "that vast ocean he must sail so soon," there were jets of a quiet, playful humour which were very delightful to witness and are very pleasant to recall. For example, nothing could exceed the enjoyment with which he told the following story of church-heating in Scotland. He had been speaking of the long services in the winters of his youth, when churches in the country were never warmed, and when in consequence the hearers must often have been reduced to a state approaching torpor. In contrast with this era of numbness and wretchedness, he told how a certain minister, during a winter of exceptional mildness, had occasion to expostulate with his sexton on the needlessly high temperature which had of late been maintained in the church. That intelligent official replied, "Ay, the fowk are complainin' o' the kirk being ower warm; but it's no my fault; it's a' the weather outside, for I put on just the same coals every day." It is but right to say that this gleeful humour was by no means habitual with Dr. Taylor, and whenever or wherever indulged, never degenerated into levity. He could most truthfully have addressed to his old students and congregation the words of his favourite apostle. "Ye are witnesses, and God also, how holily, and justly and unblameably we behaved ourselves among you that believe, as ye know also how we exhorted, and comforted, and charged every one of you, as a father doth his children, that ye would walk worthy of God, who hath called you unto His Kingdom and glory."

On looking it over, one can see that there was granted to Dr. Taylor the blessing of a beautifully rounded and symmetrical life. His youth is known to have been extremely studious and diligent. Then came many years of manful labour in different spheres. In all he shewed himself a workman that needed not to be ashamed. By God's grace he was enabled to make full proof of his ministry. Then came a serene old age, which in him looked more like later middle life, so hale and vigorous did he still seem to be. That period was one of well-earned repose. The most illustrious of our Scottish divines held it very desirable that the last ten years of a Christian's life should be a sort of Sabbath. Earth's working days over, there was granted to Dr. Taylor that quiet Sab-

bath of life which Chalmers so much desired and was denied. That blessed decade of restful years is ended now; but it has been crowned and consummated with the rest that remaineth for the people of Gr

W. D.

SUSTENTATION FUND.

MR. EDITOR,—Now that I have read Mr. Patterson's long letters I feel more disposed to acquiesce in the editorial judgment of Mr. Croil. Why Mr. Patterson should think it needful to assume the bitter tone so apparent in his letters I am at a loss to understand, as he is quite a stranger to me, but I hope to be able to answer him without indulging in such courtesies as might be expected to pass between rival political partisans, but which are utterly unbecoming in Christian ministers discussing a question of great importance to the welfare of the Church. I am sorry that it will be impossible for most of your readers to compare Mr. Patterson's letters with my papers which appeared in the "Record" more than a year ago, but any who take the trouble to do so will find that he does them but scant justice by his quotations. These papers were necessarily brief and general statements, not detailed statistical reports, and were written with the understanding that the readers had some knowledge of the subject, and would be able to supply what was omitted. Of course had I then been acquainted with Mr. Patterson, I would not have assumed so much, but would have carefully explained that when I said that twenty-nine years after the Disruption a dividend of £150 was reached for every minister of the Church, I meant every minister on the equal dividend platform, not ministers on the retired list, or ministers of Home Mission and Church Extension charges. I am sure your readers will agree with me that it would be a waste of time to follow Mr. Patterson in his detailed comparison of the working of the two schemes in Scotland, for the circumstances of the Churches are so different that no decision to help us in this country can be drawn from the result. I will content myself therefore with noticing some of the statements which require to be looked into before being accepted by your readers.

1. Is it the case, as Mr. Patterson affirms, that the members of the United Presbyterian Church are poorer, man for man, than the members of the Free Church? Mr. Patterson says everyone who knows Scotland is aware that it is so. Well, I profess to know Scotland, and I entirely differ from Mr. Patterson. While there may be on the one hand more wealth in the Free Church, it is certain that on the other hand there is deeper poverty. Mr. Patterson gloats over the fact that the United Presbyterian Church has no congregation of over 400 members that is not self-sustaining, and that the Free Church has some with 600 members which have not reached that stage, and concludes that these facts are to be accounted for, simply by the greater liberality of the United Presbyterians. Now, sir, when Mr. Patterson mentions the congregations he refers to, I will undertake to prove that, in proportion to their means, they are doing as much as their United Presbyterian neighbours. It is easy to make a vague statement such as that referred to, which may turn out very far from the truth when carefully examined. For instance, here is a church planted in one of the wynds of Glasgow, and attended by the very poorest of the poor, and in a street not very far away is a church attended by tradespeople and mechanics, and an upper middle class. Mr. Patterson might refer to these as situated side by side, and draw comparisons very much to the discredit of the poor man's church, but we know that such comparisons would be very unjust. The true state of the case is, that the United Presbyterian Church has occupied the towns and cities rather than the rural districts, and that though it may not number in its ranks many of what are called the aristocracy, it has doubtless a larger number of well-to-do people than any other denomination in Scotland. There are whole counties in the north of Scotland where the United Presbyterian Church has no hold whatever upon the population, and only an isolated congregation here and there, while the Free Church for years has been supplying the spiritual wants of the people—a people in many instances utterly unable to do anything for the support of the Gospel. If Mr. Patterson had lived in the Highlands, and attended any of the large Free Church congregations, he would be at no loss to account for the low rate of giving per

member, for he would see that those devoted Highlanders were not withholding through disloyalty to the Church or covetousness, but through their absolute poverty. Again, as I shewed in my last letter, the Free Church has planted ninety new churches within the last ten years. Where have these been planted? For the most part in the midst of the poor, among a class unable to do much for themselves, and yet prizing the means of grace. As a student I laboured in a Church Extension charge in Edinburgh, and can speak from experience of the poverty of the people, and at the same time their loyalty to the Church. I have known of old women who were receiving parish relief laying past their threepence per month for the Sustentation Fund, and I venture to say the success of the Sustentation Fund has been owing to the self-denying gifts of such poor people, rather than to the great donations of the rich. Here then is not only the explanation of the difference of giving per member, but also of the large number of aid-receiving charges in the Free Church. Mr. Patterson says that "former committees considered the large number of aid-receiving congregations in the Free Church as a good reason for recommending our Church not to adopt a sustentation fund. But I am very sure no impartial observer of the history of the Free Church will agree with that committee. As long as the poor outnumber the rich in Scotland it will be the glory of the Free Church that her aid-receiving congregations outnumber the self-sustaining. If Mr. Patterson will take the Blue Book of the Free Church and examine its statistics he will see that the greater number of those aid-receiving congregations are in districts unknown to the United Presbyterians, and which they have never attempted to reach; and that while there are, doubtless, exceptional cases in which the congregations are not so well worked as they might be, the mass of these aid-receiving charges are giving with a liberality that leaves nothing to be desired.

Would Mr. Patterson not be pleased if we as a Church were able to plant fully organized charges throughout our Dominion, wherever there were people ready to come and hear the Gospel, and would he consider it a reproach that the proportion of aid-giving to aid-receiving, were the same as in the Free Church? I think we would all be too apt to boast of such an achievement. But is it a fact that, taking contributions for all purposes, the United Presbyterian Church is more liberal than the Free Church? I answer, it is not. The total income, for all purposes, of the Free Church exceeds that of the United Presbyterian Church by at least five shillings per member, and notwithstanding the pressure of the times the income of the Free Church last year exceeded the previous year by the sum of £40,000, and any previous year by £13,000. In my previous letter I have answered Mr. Patterson's statement about my "profound ignorance" of the Supplementing Scheme of the United Presbyterian Church by giving him some information which he evidently did not possess concerning the working of that scheme. I will content myself therefore with a single quotation from the "United Presbyterian Magazine," which will shew that intelligent men in that denomination are not so sure about its perfection as Mr. Patterson evidently is, or so doubtful about the effects of a central fund. "That scheme therefore which maintains the central idea of one ministry and one Church which supports it, is the scheme which is most in harmony with the great principles of the New Testament. The only system of ministers' support which is in harmony with the Christian Statute Book and the spirit of its Author is a central stipend fund which in one way or another secures the support of all the pastors of the Church. But we go one step further and add that it is the only system that can ever secure the Christianization of a whole nation. We are not quite satisfied that we have reached the true goal in our present augmentation fund, but whether changes come sooner or later we hope they will be in the direction we have indicated."

Mr. Patterson objects to my statement that the tendency of a supplementing fund is to destroy the principle of Presbyterian parity, and says that I do not inform him how it has this tendency. Is it no degradation to a sensitive and high-spirited man to be compelled to go before a committee of brethren once a year and expose his poverty before them, and answer their queries as to the reasons of his making such application? I have had testimony from brethren in the United Presbyterian Church in England, before their union with the English Presbyterians, of the

humiliation they suffered in going to Edinburgh to plead for help from a committee who knew little or nothing of their circumstances, and could not sympathize with their difficulties. I have heard brethren whom I respect required to give an account of themselves and their work, which was as painful for us to hear as for them to tell, before their Presbytery would consent to make application for a grant. Of course Mr. Patterson will say that these difficulties apply to a sustentation fund as well as to a supplementing fund, but I can answer from the experience of brethren who have laboured under both plans, that a well regulated sustentation fund preserves the self-respect and dignity of the ministers as the other method does not.

Again, Mr. Patterson becomes witty over my statement that it puts the patronage of our weaker charges virtually into the hands of a committee. All that I meant by that was that a supplementing committee had necessarily larger powers than a sustentation committee, and that the ability of weak charges to call a minister depended entirely upon the grant voted to them by the committee, and that grant was liable to change every year or to be suddenly withdrawn, whereas the regulations upon which a sustentation committee work prevent such sudden and arbitrary changes, and protect the rights of the congregation as well as the rights of the minister.

But now I come to the case of the Presbyterian Church in England, about which I ought to know something, as I was a minister of that Church when it adopted a sustentation fund, and took a humble part in advocating its adoption. Mr. Patterson says she "used all the eclat of the union for its promotion." Will it surprise Mr. Patterson to hear that the Sustentation Fund was an accomplished fact two years before the union with the United Presbyterians in England? And further, will it surprise Mr. Patterson to be informed that, of the 100 ministers who then united with the English Presbyterians, not one objected to the Sustentation Fund, and many of them became its most ardent supporters. But again Mr. Patterson says it is too soon to speak of that fund as a success. Does he know that it is exactly the same age as the surplus fund of the United Presbyterian Church? Mr. Patterson has his doubts about the prospects of that fund, but the Church itself does not share his fears. They have passed through several years of terrible commercial depression; they have had a large additional burden thrown upon them by the union, only partially lightened by the help received from Scotland, and with all that they have still secured to their ministers £200 per annum, and have no intention of reducing the equal dividend. Mr. Patterson refers to the fact that he has been for thirty years connected with a supplementing scheme in the eastern Provinces. Will he tell the Church his experiences? I have before me the minutes of 1877. Here is the report of the Supplementing Committee. "Of the 170 congregations in the Synod 94 sent no contributions to the supplementing fund. Not a few of the congregations that made no collection are themselves supplemented." The reports for the following years are very much in the same strain, and they present anything but a bright prospect for the future if the whole Church should come under the working of such a supplementing fund. Mr. Patterson has wasted a great deal of ink in seeking to prove that my statement, that a supplementing fund would call forth the liberality of the Church, was altogether wrong. Why did he not correct my error from the experience of his own Supplementing Committee. For thirty years a scheme has been worked by Mr. Patterson and his committee, and what has come of it the Assembly minutes make very plain. But would it not be better for us, like sensible men to discuss the plan now before Presbyteries, and see whether we cannot take advantage of the experiences of all the Churches and raise the standard of ministerial support at least to a minimum of \$1,000 per annum.

P. MCF. MACLEOD.

THE Burials Act has been brought into operation at Epworth, John Wesley's birthplace, under circumstances which deserve special notice. An aged Roman Catholic died, and the Rev. Canon Gurden, of Crowle, in accordance with the wishes of the deceased's relatives, took steps to have her buried according to her faith. Although the notice required under the Act had not been strictly given, the vicar, Rev. Mr. Dundas, at once consented, and the interment took place. It is 320 years since a Roman Catholic priest officiated at a funeral in Epworth churchyard before.



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*Edited by Rev. Wm. Inglis.*

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**CLUBBING.**

The reports from many quarters are most encouraging. Already not a few clubs have been sent in, and in other quarters the work is being prosecuted with vigour. Wherever nothing has yet been done we desire to urge immediate action. One day next week will be worth half-a-dozen later on. Let the effort be made at once, and a good club will probably be the result. Our Premium Engraving for the year 1881, entitled "God's Word," has just been received, and we shall at once commence to mail it to subscribers in the order in which names are entered on our books.

**CHURCH DEBTS.**

NO argument against church debts is now needed, for all are agreed that such obligations are not blessings in disguise, but at the very best only necessary evils. Time was when many thought differently, when a mortgage on a church property was looked upon as a benefit rather than otherwise—a something calculated to encourage rather than to depress, to stimulate church life and activity rather than to deaden and destroy. That time, however, has passed away, and now with ecclesiastical liabilities as with personal ones, people feel that the less they have to do so much the better. At the same time we can scarcely sympathize with those who say that it is not only imprudent, but sinful, to contract any debts at any time or in any circumstances for religious purposes. Occasionally this can scarcely be avoided, though in all cases it is very necessary in the contraction of such obligations to have that prudence which is profitable to direct. A congregation, like an individual, may have very good reason for believing that, in the erection of buildings necessary for carrying on the work for which it has been called into existence, it may very prudently and properly spread the payments over a certain number of years. Making every reasonable calculation it may be able to say that the necessary work can in this way be accomplished both more easily and more efficiently than if attempted by one great and exhausting effort. At the same time it is very evident that the less of this the better, and that the danger of getting almost inextricably into debt is in ordinary cases far greater, and far more formidable than that of erecting unworthily shabby churches, or of crippling the energies of congregations by making extraordinary efforts to pay for everything in cash.

For some time past there has been all over the Presbyterian Church in Canada a very praiseworthy activity in the erection of comfortable and commodious places of worship. It may be quite true that people could have done more had they chosen, but at the same time they deserve all commendation for what they have accomplished. Nor is it true, as is often insinuated, and sometimes even broadly asserted, that this has, as a rule, been done by merely running into debt and leaving formidable obligations for coming generations to discharge. In a good many cases it is quite true that new churches have been opened not altogether free of incumbrances, and that in some instances the liabilities have been and are rather formidable. But we are not aware of almost any even of these where a very large amount of present effort has not been made, or where the outlay has been unreasonably beyond the position and prospects of those who incurred it. To speak of this, that, and the other congregation being "drowned in debt" is, in the vast majority of cases, to use unwarrantably harsh language, and to imply very undeserved condemnation. Isolated instances of the kind there are, but, far from being the rule, they are the rare exception. It has come to be the fashion, for instance, with some people to point to Toronto, and especially to the Presbyterian congregations there, as striking illustrations of this

extravagance and debt-contracting tendency in the erection of church edifices. We are told that there is scarcely a Presbyterian church in the whole of the metropolis of Ontario, which is not hopelessly depressed and hampered by a load of debt which can neither be borne nor got quit of. And it is at the same time broadly asserted that if such congregations could not afford to build such fine and expensive churches, they ought to have been satisfied with less. All such talk is really very much beside the mark. That there is a very considerable amount of debt on some of the lately erected churches here is quite true, but that the energies of the several congregations are depressed, and their general activity in the cause of Christ interfered with, by these obligations is very far from being the fact. On the contrary, it will be found that the congregations in question are anything but depressed, and that as a matter of fact they are now doing more for extra-congregational purposes both at home and abroad than ever they did before. True, it may be urged that if they had erected less expensive churches they would have had the more to devote to other purposes. Very possibly, but is it quite certain that they would have had the heart to give with correspondingly greater liberality on account of what they had saved on their several church properties? We doubt it. Not one of these congregations is lazily acquiescing in its burden of pecuniary obligation as a permanency, and, after all, we are not aware of one of them that has incurred liabilities beyond what prudence might justify, and what ordinary exertion and liberality, with the blessing of God, may not within a reasonable period comfortably and completely discharge.

At the same time it is quite true that when it can at all be managed it is in every way preferable to have new churches opened entirely free of debt, if that freedom is taken not as an argument for resting and being thankful, but for making still greater and more vigorous efforts in holding forth, as well as holding fast, the word of life. Very gratifying cases of this latter kind of liberality and successful exertion are occurring every now and then, and we trust that the zeal and liberality of such congregations will provoke many to go and do likewise. It has often been remarked that very few if any are likely to hurt themselves either in the way of building churches or in supporting religious ordinances. It is all the other way. Those who have been most liberal in such work have had to testify that the more they have done, the more their power of doing has increased. Loss by giving to the Gospel they have not felt to be possible. It has been all gain, so that the extra effort, in connection with the erection of a new place of worship, or in any other department of Christian enterprise, has only quickened activity and increased the power both of doing and giving, while the gain in spiritual prosperity has in many cases been best of all. It would be a great mistake for any congregation to lessen or altogether to give up its contributions to the general schemes of the Church on the plea that in the meantime it is so much taken up with its own operations it has nothing to spare. The reports of congregations are giving gratifying proofs that the opposite is the better plan, that the more that is being done for congregational purposes, so much the more will be spared for outside work, and *vice versa*. The Presbyterians in Canada can do a great deal more in this way than they have as yet attempted. They are but warming to the work, and we believe that a few years will see not only all present church debts extinguished, but the general work of the Church conducted on a scale and with a liberality which will make present exertions and contributions even the most liberal appear comparatively insignificant, and as indicative of what could be described as only the day of small things.

**PRIVATE CHARACTER IN THE TREATMENT OF PUBLIC PERSONS.**

THE "Mail" dismisses our criticisms on its defence of the notorious Sara with the simple reiteration of the not very self-evident proposition that neither we nor anyone else could ever think of carrying out the principle applied to the Bernhardt in our treatment of other public characters. Instead of such a thing being impossible, we hold that is just that which ought to be done far more generally and far more rigidly than may unfortunately have been the case—just that which we shall do our humble endeavour to carry out to the letter in every such instance. As it is, this principle

is carried out more or less in every community and in all the details of social life, where morality has not become a dead letter, and decency and honour have not been fairly laughed out of court as exploded frauds. What is the meaning of the whole system of certificates of good moral character? Has it no meaning? Is it merely a poor soulless tradition handed down from times when the old-fashioned virtues of sobriety, truthfulness and honour were still somewhat in vogue? Are such certificates of any use? Are they ever acted on? Does their possession ever secure a position and bread? Does their absence ever entail rejection and shame? If so, then the principle which the "Mail" says cannot be applied is most certainly so far brought into requisition. But is it urged that that may be all very well for servant men and waiting damsels, but for those in the higher scale it would never do? Wouldn't it? What about the doctor that is to heal our bodies, or the minister that may be asked to benefit our souls? No bringing the facts of their private lives to determine the treatment they shall receive or the confidence we shall repose in them! Are we to take into all the confidences of private life the doctor who is notoriously a rake, or the minister who preaches a good sermon, but goes every night regularly to bed drunk, though in a strictly "private" capacity? Are Christianly decent men to run and race all the day, button-holing and badgering in favour of the election to public office of men who make no secret of their believing that seduction is a mere innocent amusement, and that to debauch one's neighbour's wife, and thus wreck his family peace and perhaps drive him to an early and dishonoured grave, is nothing—and have their conduct regarded as all right and proper? We may be sunk pretty low, but we should hope we have not yet come down so far as that would imply. To be sure, we have heard of professedly Christian and decent men voting and canvassing for cockfighters, blacklegs, gamblers, drunkards, swearers, and profligates of the deepest and most ostentatious description, and excusing their conduct on the plea that their candidates were "clever fellows," and would look after public interests well. But did anybody ever hear of this taking place except in localities where morality had sunk to the lowest ebb, and where Christianity had become the poorest sham? Private character no factor in the formation of public judgment, or in the honour and confidence given to public persons! The whole moral sense of any community which has not sunk into the condition of an incipient Sodom rises up in indignant protest against such a principle. Certainly a wooden-headed blockhead is not to be chosen for public service—for a member of Parliament for instance—because he happens to be a decent man. But on the other hand will decent, pure-minded, Christian fathers of families, and members of churches, choose one to represent them in the highest assembly in the country, to make laws for them, and generally to mould the nation's course in their name, and as their representative, who is a miserable, swearing, drinking, rake-helly, debauchee—one who scoffs at decency, and boasts of his triumphs in gallantry, and makes his whole life one long-continued scandal, almost as bad as that of Sara herself—simply because he has a certain amount of ability, and has not as yet sinned away his entire garnishing of brains? We trow not. Perhaps there may be cases where this, unfortunately, has taken place. Perhaps there may be those in Ottawa to-day who never would have been there if the decent Christian voters of the country had done their duty, and who in that case *ought* never to have been where they are. But take the worst of them, and suppose that they had, with half the indecent impudence of this wandering actress, proclaimed on every house-top and at every street-corner their own degradation and disgrace, would any constituency in Canada, even the most ignorant, mercenary and immoral, have chosen them to sit in Parliament? We do not believe it. And would it have been thought outrageous and unpardonable for decent men and decent journals to have protested in the name of all the proprieties against the election of such, even though this one had been the "proudest he that ever walked the footstool," and that one among the ablest that ever helped to frame a nation's laws and mould its destinies? We should hope not. To return, however, more particularly to the case under discussion, we have merely to add, what indeed is the baldest commonplace to any at all acquainted with the past, that again and again have there come round times of great pretended and often

genuine refinement of taste and "culture," combined with the loosest morality and the most flagitious lives—times when excellence, supposed or real, in art or literature, not only excused all the sins of Sodom, but positively made them fashionable and famous. The people, for instance, that hung upon the lips of Chrysostom—the golden-mouthed—and, no doubt, praised his preaching as something exquisite and most affecting—"very refined and cultured, you know"—could not, according to that father's own mournful complaint, be kept from rushing out of the church when the news was whispered from bench to bench that a famous actress was in that "most entrancing act," where it was necessary for her to appear in *puris naturalibus*. The preacher was all well enough for an ordinary sensation—"quite a sweet man, and oh how eloquent"—but in comparison with the Sarah Bernhardt of the day he had to hide his diminished head. Those whose reading in Chrysostom's sermons is both more extensive and more accurate than we can pretend to will have no difficulty in verifying the passage. But has such a state of things ever ended in anything but reformation or ruin—ever, when persisted in, resulted in anything but in the decay even of that art which was praised, and in the return of that coarseness and barbarism and tastelessness which were regarded with the chiefest horror, unless there came repentance for the sin and an irrepressible recoil from the "cultured" infamy? The Christianly æsthetic worshippers of the nude, in the days of Chrysostom, were doubtless very "advanced thinkers," and despised all narrowness and prudery. We have not by any means got their length yet, even with Sara Bernhardt as the cynosure of "cultured" drivel; and "sacred prophets" in any quantity both in prose and verse, saying, often very helplessly, that it is all right; but we make very pretty and very interesting progress—upward or downward? Which?

#### ENDYMION.\*

This book does not lie very much in our way and does not therefore call for any lengthened criticisms at our hands. Of course it is understood that everyone has either read it or is about to do so without delay. The world has already been assured in every variety of phrase, and with all the characteristic certainty of some supposed oracles in taste, that it is a "great book," distinguished by almost every excellence, and all but free from the objectionable features which rather marred the former efforts of the "gifted author." That may all be, but we still cannot acquiesce in the verdict, and can neither sympathize with nor join in the applause. We, of course, have no personal knowledge of the "manners and customs" of the "great folks" that are here introduced to the notice and admiration of the outside world. They may be all as they are described. For their own sakes, however, and for the credit of their class, we hope not—seeing that as a general thing a more stilted, stagey, moon-struck set of talkers than the most of these great personages who are exhibited in "Endymion" for the world's admiration it would be difficult to imagine. The most of the descriptions, whether of men or things, are given in the spirit of a flunkey, and with something like the eloquence of a successful auctioneer of real estate. Of course we have "boudoirs," and "saloons," and "glades," and "vistas," and "noble piles," and "charming glimpses," "costumes," "barbs," "blaring trumpets," and general fanfare *ad nauseam*, but all more in the style of G. W. M. Reynolds, than of one who has actually lived and moved and had his being among such things; more in the spirit of Robbins as he did his best at an "eloquent" advertisement, than of a Prime Minister whom long experience, it might have been expected, would have weaned from childish admiration of mere external glitter, and whose good sense and mature years, it might have been hoped, would have pruned off the tawdry affectations, as well as toned down the showman style of other days. The whole drift and tendency of the book are also ignoble and unhealthy in the last degree. It preaches the gospel of "getting on," and that exclusively, with the cynicism of a conscious humbug, and with the eager ostentatious frankness of one to whom conscience is incognizable and responsibility to anything higher than "society" has become a foolish delusion and an exploded dream. Have a "will" and a "definite object" to be pursued at all hazards, and in spite of all difficulties, and suc-

cess is certain at an earlier or later day. Whatever is felt to be necessary to such success is of course, from that very fact, justifiable. If a mother's heart has to be broken or a father has to be trampled in the dust, of course it is a pity, but it can't be helped. Anything that stands in the way of the "strong will" must give place. As another "great" man would phrase it, "One can't have omelettes without breaking shells." The December massacres in the streets of Paris were certainly disagreeable, but then they were "necessary," if Louis Napoleon was ever to come to the purple and realize what he himself knew to be his "purpose" though other people called it his dream. So we suppose these things were all right as well as all the other nameless infamies of the second empire, or rather—we beg pardon—the glories of Prince Florestan.

We do not say that there are no clever, bitter, biting passages to be found in "Endymion," for Disraeli could not possibly write a book without many of these cropping up, unless his right hand had entirely lost its cunning, and his busy, restless brain had been permanently enfeebled if not utterly destroyed. But we do say that one will search in vain from its first sentence to its last for any sentiment that is really noble, or for any principle that "makes for righteousness" either here or hereafter. We can only hope, let us add, that the love-making in those exalted regions is more natural, less stilted and less ridiculous than "Endymion" teaches us to believe it is; that the pathos is more tender and life-like; and that the tears and hysterics are not quite so melodramatic, and not quite so suggestive of

"Oh Sophonisba! Sophonisba, oh!"

"Oh Jemmy Thomson! Jemmy Thomson, oh!"

Any number of illustrations of the bad taste and poor morality of which we complain could easily be adduced. Our space, however, won't allow, and at any rate as "everybody" is understood to read this literary "marvel" of the closing year, it will not be difficult for all to mark such passages and apply the moral for themselves. Those who paid fifty thousand dollars for the copyright had better push the sale with all their might, and make hay while the sun shines. Such things stale very fast, and though, naturally, even small people like to know what is supposed to be said and felt and thought in those empyrean social regions with which alone the whilom Benjamin loves to meddle; and amid the gorgeous upholstery and diamonds in which he revels far more delightedly than if he had been to the "manner born," yet it is surprising how soon one gets tired of such exhibitions—just as it is often felt that though the first visit to Madame Tussaud's wax-works may be pleasant, the second is afflictive, and the third has in it something like the supposed experiences of death, or at least creates an *ennui* to effect an escape from which might seem to justify even the extremest measures. Of course keys to the different characters introduced have been published for the benefit and delight of the uninitiated small. We are assured that this is that and that that is some one else equally noticeable. Louis Napoleon, whom everybody has by this time discounted as emphatically "Napoleon the little," though not more "the unprincipled" than the rest of his race, flourishes, we are assured, as Prince Florestan, and as such "comes to his own again" in something of the melodramatic fashion of his uncle on his famous return from Elba. We don't see that the poor "moulting eagle" is made to do duty, and the "special constable" dodge of 1848 is also not pressed into the service. We have said that we had no room for quotations, but the temptation is too great to withhold the following piece of tin-trumpetry which is not a bit more absurd and Brummagem than the average that is going:

"On the evening of the day on which Prince Florestan personally left the letter with Lady Roehampton, he quitted London with the Duke of St. Angelo and his aides-de-camp, and, embarking in his steam yacht, which was lying at Southampton, quitted England. They pursued a prosperous course for about a week, when they passed through the Straits of Gibraltar, and not long afterward cast anchor in a small and solitary bay. Then the prince and his companions and half a dozen servants, well armed and in military attire, left the yacht, and proceeded on foot into the country for a short distance, when they arrived at a large farm-house. Here, it was evident that they were expected. Men came forward with many horses, and mounted, and accompanied the party which had arrived. They advanced about ten miles, and halted as they were approaching a small but fortified town.

"The prince sent the Duke of St. Angelo forward to announce his arrival to the governor, and to require him to surrender. The governor, however, refused, and ordered the garrison to fire on the invaders. This they declined to do;

the governor, with many ejaculations, and stamping with rage, broke his sword, and the prince entered the town. He was warmly received, and the troops, amounting to about twelve hundred men, placed themselves at his disposal. The prince remained at this town only a couple of hours, and at the head of his forces advanced into the country. At a range of hills he halted, sent out reconnoitering parties, and pitched his camp. In the morning the Marquis of Vallombrosa, with a large party of gentlemen well mounted, arrived, and were warmly greeted. The prince learned from them that the news of his invasion had reached the governor of the province, who was at one of the most considerable cities of the kingdom, with a population exceeding two hundred thousand, and with a military division for its garrison. 'They will not wait for our arrival,' said Vallombrosa, 'but trusting to their numbers, will come out and attack us.'

"The news of the scouts being that the mountain passes were quite unoccupied by the enemy, the prince determined instantly to continue his advance and take up a strong position on the other side of the range, and to await his fate. The passage was well effected, and on the fourth day of the invasion the advanced guard of the enemy were in sight. The prince commanded that no one should attend him, but alone, and tying a white handkerchief round his sword, he galloped up to the hostile lines and said, in a clear, loud voice, 'My men, this is the sword of my father!'

"'Florestan forever!' was the only and universal reply. The cheers of the advanced guard reached and were re-echoed by the main body. The commander-in-chief, bareheaded, came up to give his allegiance and receive his Majesty's orders. They were for immediate progress, and at the head of the army which had been sent out to destroy him, Florestan in due course entered the enthusiastic city which recognized him as its sovereign. The city was illuminated, and he went to the opera in the evening. The singing was not confined to the theatre. During the whole night the city itself was one song of joy and triumph, and that night no one slept.

"After this there was no trouble and no delay. It was a triumphal march. Every town opened its gates, and devoted municipalities proffered golden keys. Every village sent forth its troop of beautiful maidens, scattering roses, and singing the national anthem which had been composed by Queen Agrippina. On the tenth day of the invasion King Florestan, utterly unopposed, entered the magnificent capital of his realm and slept in the purple bed which had witnessed his princely birth."

There! Let "Thaddeus of Warsaw," "The Mysteries of the Court of George the Fourth," and "My name is Norval on the Grampian hills!" severally or unitedly beat that if they can.

## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE BOY'S OWN ANNUAL; THE GIRL'S OWN ANNUAL. (Toronto: W. Warwick & Son.)—These elegant volumes are the monthly parts of the "Boy's Own Paper" and "Girl's Own Paper," bound up in pretty books—a present for the good boy or girl of the family. A more fitting Christmasbox or New Year's gift it would be difficult to mention; and we have no doubt the publishers will be called upon to supply thousands of copies.

ALL TRUE. (New York: Anson D. Randolph & Co. Toronto: James Bain & Son. \$1.50.)—This is a collection of wholesome stories, edited by Dr. Macaulay of the "Sunday at Home," etc., giving particulars of missionary enterprises, and stirring incidents of Christian history and biography. Perhaps the most effective chapter in the volume is that descriptive of the "Massacre of the Huguenots." Every page, however, is most interesting; and many of our Sabbath school libraries would be much improved if the "proper authorities" only saw that more books of the "All True" stamp were placed on their catalogues instead of the sickly-sentimental stuff which too frequently makes up the staple of such libraries.

THE OLD, OLD STORY. (Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.)—Every succeeding year publishers make new efforts to distance competitors in the race to provide the public with attractive novelties for the holiday season. In this department Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson have ever taken the lead; and, in the Ribbon Series of choice little books, this enterprising firm are surpassing themselves and delighting their patrons. So popular have these books become that already orders have been filled for English and American houses. The covers are beautifully hand painted, and thus employment is given to a number of deserving Canadian artists, paving the way, perhaps, for more ambitious orders. "The Old, Old Story" and companion volumes, form exceedingly pretty and appropriate presents at this season of the year; and the demand, so far, is fully up to the supply.

ON Friday evening, the 3rd inst., the Rev. John Munro, B.A., Presbyterian minister at Manotick, was presented with an address, and a fur overcoat from the people of the south Gloucester section of his congregation.

\* By the Right Hon. the Earl of Beaconsfield. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Toronto: Hart & Rowlinson.

## CHOICE LITERATURE.

## A DAY OF FATE.

BY REV. E. F. ROE

BOOK FIRST.—CHAPTER IX.—"OLD PLOD."

"Emily Warren, why does thee bring Richard Morton back so soon?" asked Mr. Yocomb, suspending for a moment the sweep of his hand that was scattering grain.

"You are mistaken, sir," I said; "I brought Miss Warren back. I thought she would enjoy seeing you feed the poultry, the horses, and especially the cows."

"Thee's more self-denying than I'd a been," he resumed, with his humorous twinkle. "Don't tell mother, but I wouldn't mind taking a walk with Emily Warren myself on a June evening like this."

"I will take a walk with you whenever you wish," laughed Miss Warren; "but I'll surely tell Mrs. Yocomb."

"Oh! I know I'd get found out," said the old man, shaking his head ruefully; "I always do."

"I am sure you would if Miss Warren were here," I added. "I am at a loss to know how early in the day she found me out."

"Well, I guess thee's a pretty square sort of a man. If thee'd been stealing sheep Emily Warren wouldn't laugh at thee so approvingly. I'm finding out that she rather likes the people she laughs at. At least, I take that view, for she laughs at me a great deal. I know from Emily Warren's laugh that thee hadn't anything very bad to tell mother."

"I admit that, at the time, I enjoyed being laughed at—a rather rare experience."

"You needn't, either of you, plume yourselves that you are irresistibly funny. I laugh easily. Mr. Yocomb, why do you feed the chickens so slowly? I have noticed it before. Now Reuben, and Hiram, the man, throw the corn all down at once."

"They are in more of a hurry than I am. I don't like to do anything in a hurry, least of all to eat my dinner. Now, why should thee chickens, turkeys, and ducks gobble everything right down? The corn seems to taste good to them; so, after a handful, I want till they have had a chance to think how good the last kernel was before they get another. You see I greatly prolong their pleasure."

"And in these intervals you meditate on Thanksgiving day, I suppose," she said.

"Emily Warren, thee's a good Yankee. I admit that that young gobbler thee did suggest a day on which I am always very thankful, and with good reason. I had about concluded before thee came that, if we were both spared—i.e., that gobbler and I—till next November, I would probably survive him."

"How can you have the heart to plan against that poor creature's life so coolly? See how he turns his round, innocent eyes toward you, as if in gratitude. If he could know that the hand that feeds him would chop off his head, what a moral shock he would sustain! That upturned beak should be to you like a reproachful face."

"Emily Warren, we expect thee to eat thy Thanksgiving dinner with us; and that young gobbler will probably be on the table. Now what part of him will thee take on that occasion?"

"A piece of the breast, if you please."

"Richard Morton, is not Emily Warren as false and cruel as I am?"

"Just about."

"Is thee not afraid of her?"

"I would be if she were unfriendly."

"Oh, thee thinks everybody in this house is friendly. Emily Warren, thee must keep up our good name," he added, with a mischievous nod toward her.

"Mr. Yocomb, you are forgetting the chickens altogether. There are some staid and elderly hens that are going to bed in disgust, you have kept them waiting so long."

"See how quick they'll change their minds," he said, as he threw down a handful of corn. "Now isn't that just like a hen?" he added, as they hastened back.

"And just like a woman also, I'm sure you want to suggest," said Miss Warren.

"I suppose thee never changes thy mind."

"I'm going to change the subject. Poultry with their feathers on don't interest me very much. The male birds remind me of a detestable class of conceited men, that one must see daily in the city, whose gallantry is all affectation, and who never for a moment lose sight of themselves or their own importance. That strutting gobbler there, Mr. Morton, remind me of certain eminent statesmen whom your paper delights to honour, and I imagine that that ridiculous creature embodies their idea of the American eagle. Then the hen, have such a simple, unthinking aspect. They act as if they expected to be crowed over as a matter of course; and thus typify the followers of these statesmen, who are so pre-eminent in their own estimation. Their exalted perches seem to be awarded unquestioningly."

"So you think, Miss Warren, that I have the simple, unthinking aspect typified by the physiognomy of these hens?"

"Mr. Morton, I was generalizing. We always except present company. Remember, I disagree with your paper, not you; but why you look up to these human species of the gobbler is something I can't understand, and being only a woman, that need not seem strange to you."

"Since I must tell you the truth on all occasions, *noiens volens*, you have hit on a subject wherein I differ from my paper. Human phases of the gobbler are not pleasant."

"But the turkey phase is, every," said Mr. Yocomb, throwing a handful of corn down before his favourite, which, like certain eminent statesmen, immediately looked after his own interests.

"Mr. Yocomb, please let me help you feed the horses," said Miss Warren, leading the way into the barn, where on one side were mows for hay and grain, and, on the other, stalls for several horses. The sleek and comfortable animals seemed to know the young girl, for they thrust out their

black and brown noses toward her and projected their ears, instead of laying them back viciously, as when I approached; and one old plough-horse that had been much neglected, until Miss Warren began to pet him, gave a loud ecstatic whinny.

"Oh, you big, honest old fellows!" she exclaimed, caressing one and another, "I'd rather teach you than half my pupils."

"In which half do you place me?" I asked.

"You? Oh, I forgot; I was to teach you topography. I will assign you by and by, after you have had a few lessons."

"A man ought to do as well as a horse, so I hope to win your favour."

"I wish all men did as well as Mr. Yocomb's horses. They evidently have the family name and respectability to keep up. Mr. Yocomb, what is it that smells so sweetly?"

"That is the red-top clover we cut last week."

"Oh, isn't it good? I wouldn't mind having some myself, and she snatched down a fragrant handful from the mow. "Here, Old Plod," she said, turning to the plough-horse, "the world has rather snubbed you, as it has honest worth before. Mr. Yocomb, you and Keuben are much too fond of gay horses."

"Shall I tell Reuben that thee'd rather ride after Old Plod, as thee calls him?"

"No, I thank you; I'll go on as I've begun. I'm not changeable."

"Now, friend Morton, is not Emily Warren as bad as I am about gay horses?"

"I'm inclined to think she is about as bad as you are in all respects."

"Emily Warren, thee needn't put on any more airs. Richard Morton thinks thee isn't any better than I am, and there's nothing under the sun an editor doesn't know."

"I wish he were right this time," she said, with a laugh and sigh curiously blended. "It seems to me, Mr. Yocomb, that you have grown here in the country like your clover-hay, and are as good and wholesome. In New York it is so different, especially if one has no home life; you breathe a different atmosphere from us in more respects than one. This fragrant old barn appears to me more of a sanctuary than some churches in which I have tried to worship, and its dim evening light more religious."

"According to your faith," I said, "no shrine has ever contained so precious a gift as a manger."

"According to *our* faith, if you please, Mr. Morton."

By an instinct that ignored a custom of the Friends, but exemplified their spirit, the old man took off his hat as he said. "Yes, friend Morton, according to *our* faith. The child that was cradled in a manger tends to make the world innocent."

The old barn has indeed become a sanctuary, I thought, in the brief silence that followed. Miss Warren stepped to the door, and I saw a quick gesture of her hands to her eyes. Then she turned and said in her piquant way,

"Mr. Yocomb, our talk reminds me of the long grace in Latin which the priests said before meals, and which the hungry people couldn't understand. The horses are hinting broadly that oats would be more edifying. If it were Monday, I'd wager you a plum that they would all leave your oats to eat clover-hay out of my hand."

"We'll arrange about the bet to-morrow, and now try the experiment," said Mr. Yocomb, relapsing into his genial humour at once.

I was learning, however, that a deep, earnest nature was hidden by this outward sheen and sparkle. Filling his four-quart measure from the cobwebbed bin, he soon gave each horse his allowance.

"Now, Richard Morton, thee watch her, and see that she doesn't coax too much, or come it over them with any unlawful witchery. Take the hay thyself, Emily, and we'll stand back."

I went to the farther end of the barn, near Old Plod, and stood where I could see the maiden's profile against the light that streamed through the open door. Never shall I forget the picture I then saw. The tall, ample figure of the old Quaker stood in the background, and his smile was broad and genial enough to have lighted up a dungeon. Above him rose the odorous clover, a handful of which Miss Warren held out to the horse in the first stall. Her lips were parted, her eyes shining, and her face had the intent, eager interest of a child, while her attitudes and motions were full of unstudied and unconscious grace.

The first horse munched stolidly away at his oats. She put the tempting wisp against his nose, at which he laid back his ears and looked vicious. She turned to Mr. Yocomb, and the old barn echoed to a laugh that was music itself as she said,

"You have won your plum if it is Sunday. I shall try all the other horses, however, and thus learn to value correctly the expressions of affection I have received from these long-nosed gentlemen."

One after another they munched on, regardless of the clover. Step by step she came nearer to me, smiling and frowning at her want of success. My heart thrilled at a beauty that was so unconventional and so utterly self-forgetful. The blooming clover, before it fell at a sweep of the scythe, was the fit emblem of her then, she looked so young, so fair, and sweet.

"They are as bad as men," she exclaimed, "who will forgive any wrong rather than an interruption at dinner."

She now stood at my side before Old Plod, that thus far, in his single-minded attention to his oats, had seemingly forgotten her presence, but as he lifted his head from the manger, and saw her, he took a step forward, and reached his great brown nose toward her, rather than for the clover. In brief, he said, in his poor dumb way,

"I like you better than hay or oats."

The horse's simple, undisguised affection, for some reason, touched the girl deeply; for she dropped the hay and threw her arm around the horse's head, leaning her face against his. I saw a tear in her eye as she murmured,

"You have more heart than all the rest put together. I don't believe anyone was ever kind to you before, and you've

been a bit lonely, like myself." Then she led the way hastily out of the barn, saying, "Old Plod and I are sworn friends from this time forth; and I shall take your advice, Old Plod."

I was soon at her side, and asked,

"What advice did Old Plod give you?"

For some inexplicable reason she coloured deeply, then laughed as she said,

"It's rarely wise to think aloud; but impulsive people will do it sometimes. I suppose we all occasionally have questions to decide that to us are perplexing and important, though of little consequence to the world. Come; if we are to see the old garden, we must make the most of the fading light. After my interview with Old Plod, I can't descend to cows and pigs; so good-by, Mr. Yocomb."

## CHAPTER X.—A BIT OF EDEN.

"This is my first entrance into Eden," I said, as we passed through the rustic gate made of cedar branches and between posts green with American ivy.

"Like another man, you won't stay here long."

"Like Adam, I shall certainly go out when you do."

"That will be before very long, since I have promised Mr. Yocomb some music."

"Even though a Bohemian editor, as you may think, I am conscious of a profound gratitude to some beneficent power, for I never could have chosen so wisely myself. I might have been in Sodom and Gomorrah—for New York in contrast seems a union of both—receiving reports of the crimes and casualties of the day, but I am here, with this garden in the foreground and music in the background."

"You don't know anything about the music, and you may yet wish it so far in the background as to be inaudible."

"I admit that I will be in a dilemma when we reach the music, for no matter how much I protest, you will know just what I think."

"Yes, you had better be honest."

"Come, open for me the treasures of your ripe experience. You have been a week in the country. I know you will give me a rosebud—a rare old-fashioned one, if you please, with a quaint, sweet meaning, for I see that such abound in this garden, and I am wholly out of humour with the latest mode in everything. Recalling your taste for homely, honest worth, as shown by your passion for Old Plod, I shall seek a blossom among the vegetables for you. Ah, here is one that is sweet, white, and pretty," and I plucked a cluster of flowers from a potato-hill. "By the way, what flower is this?" I asked demurely.

She looked at it blankly for a moment, then remarked, with a smile, "You have said that it was sweet, white, and pretty. Why inquire further?"

"Miss Warren, you have been a week in the country and don't know a potato-blossom."

"Our relations may be changed," she said, "and you become the teacher."

"Oh, here comes Zillah. We will settle the question according to Scripture. Does it not say, 'A little child shall lead them?' Whom are you so glad to see, little one, Miss Warren or me?"

"I don't know thee very well yet," she said shyly.

"Do you know Miss Warren very well?"

"Oh, yes, indeed."

"How soon did you come to know her well?"

"The first day, when she kissed me."

"I think that's a very nice way of getting acquainted. Won't you let me kiss you good-night when you get sleepy."

She looked at me with a doubtful smile, and said, "I'm afraid thy mustache will tickle me."

The birds were singing in the orchard near, but there was not a note that to my ear was more musical than Miss Warren's laugh. I stooped down before the little girl as I said,

"Suppose we see if a kiss tickles you now, and if it don't now, you won't mind it then, you know."

She came hesitatingly to me, and gave the coveted salute with a delicious mingling of maidenly shyness and childish innocence and frankness.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "Eden itself contained nothing better than that. To think that I should have been so honoured—I who have written the records of enough crimes to sink a world!"

"Perhaps if you had committed some of them she wouldn't have kissed you."

"If I had to live in a ninety-nine story tenement-house, as so many do, I think that I would have committed them all. Well, I may come to it. Life is a risky battle to such as I, but I'm in heaven now."

"You do seem very happy," she said, looking at me wistfully.

"I am very happy. I have given myself up wholly to the influences of this day, letting them sway me, lead me whithersoever they will. If this is a day of destiny, no stupid malignity of mine shall thwart the happy combination of the stars. That the Fates are propitious I have singular reason to hope. Yesterday I was a broken and dispirited man. This evening I feel the influence of all this glad June life. Good Mrs. Yocomb has taken me in hand. I'm to study topography with a teacher who has several other lumps besides that of locality, and Zillah is going to shew us the garden of Eden."

"Is this like the garden of Eden?" the little girl asked, looking up at me in surprise.

"Well, I'm not sure that it's just like it, but I'm more than content with this garden. In one respect I think it's better—there are no snakes here. Now, Zillah, lead where you please, I'm in the following mood. Do you know where any of these birds live? Do you think any of them are at home on their nests? If so, we'll call and pay our respects. When I was a horrid boy I robbed a bird's nest, and I often have a twinge of remorse for it."

"Do you want to see a robin's nest?" asked Zillah excitedly.

"Yes, indeed."

"Then come, and walk softly when I do. There's one

in that lilac-bush there. If we don't make a noise, perhaps we can see mother robin on the nest. Sh—, sh—, very softly; now lift me up as father did—there, don't you see her?"

I did for a moment, and then the bird flew away on a swift, silent wing, but from a neighbouring tree the paternal robin clamoured loudly against our intrusion. Nevertheless, Zillah and I peeped in.

"Oh, the queer little things!" she said, "they seem all mouth and swallow."

"Mrs. Robin undoubtedly thinks them lovely. Miss Warren, you are not quite tall enough, and since I can't hold you up like Zillah, I'll get a box from the tool-house. Isn't this the jolliest house-keeping you ever saw? A father, mother, and six children, with a house six inches across and open to the sky. Compare that with a Fifth Avenue mansion!"

"I think it compares very favourably with many mansions on the Avenue," she said, after I returned with a box and she had peered for a moment into the roofless home.

"I thought you always spoke the truth," I remarked assuming a look of blank amazement.

"Well, prove that I don't."  
"Do you mean to say that you think that a simple house, of which this nest is the type, compares favourably with a Fifth Avenue mansion?"

"I do."  
"What do you know about such mansions?"  
"I have pupils in some of the best of them."

"I hear the voices of many birds, but you are the *rara avis* of them all," I said, looking very incredulous.

"Not at all; I am simply matter-of-fact. Which is worth the more, a furnished house or the growing children in it?"

"The children ought to be."

"Well, many a woman has so much house and furniture to look after that she has no time for her children. The little brown nother we have frightened away can give nearly all her time to her children; and, by the way, they may take cold unless we depart and let her shelter them again with her warm feathers. Besides, the protesting paterfamilias on the pear-tree there is not aware of our good-will toward him and his, and is naturally very anxious as to what we human monsters intend. The mother bird keeps quiet, but she is watching us from some leafy cover with tenfold his anxiety."

"You will admit, however, that the man bird is doing the best he can."

"Oh, yes, I have a broad charity for all of his kind."

"Well, I am one of his kind, and so shall take heart and bask in your general good will. Stop your noise, old fellow, and go and tell your wife she may come home to the children. I differ from you, Miss Warren, as I foresee I often shall. You are not matter-of-fact at all. You are unconventional, unique—"

"Why not say queer, and give your meaning in good plain English?"

"Because that is not my meaning. I fear you are worse—that you are romantic. Moreover, I am told that girls who dote on love in a cottage all marry rich men if the chance comes."

She bit her lip, coloured, and seemed annoyed, but said, after a moment's hesitation, "Well, why shouldn't they, if the rich men are the right men?"

"Oh, I think such a course eminently proper and thrifty. I'm not finding fault with it in the least. They who do this are a little inconsistent, however, in shunning so carefully that ideal cottage, over which, as young ladies, they had mild and poetic raptures. Now, I can't associate this kind of thing with you. If you had 'drawings or leadings,' as Mrs. Yocomb would say, toward a Fifth Avenue mansion, you would say so in effect. I fear you are romantic, and are under the delusion that love in a cottage means happiness. You have a very honest face, and you looked into that nest as if you liked it."

(To be continued.)

A COMPREHENSIVE PRAYER.

Thomas à Kempis, who died just one hundred years before the German Reformation, is said to be the author of this prayer: "Give me a clear understanding against all impurity, a right faith against all doubtfulness, a firm hope against all difficulties, fervent charity against all indifference and negligence, great patience against all disturbance, holy meditation against every filthy imagination, continual prayer against the devil's assaults, good occupation against the tire-someness and drowsiness of the heart, and lastly, a devout remembrance of Thy holy passion against the wounding of the soul by vices. Assist me, O my God, with all these, Thy good gifts, and confirm me in all Thy holy words. Amen."

THE COLOUR OF FLOWERS.

At a recent meeting of the Vaudois Society of Natural Sciences, Professor Schnetzer read an interesting paper on the colour of flowers. It has been generally supposed that the various colours observed in plants were due to so many different matters, each colour being a different chemical combination without relation to the others. Now Professor Schnetzer shews by experiments that when the colour of a flower has been isolated, by putting it in spirits of wine, one may, by adding an acid or alkaline substance, obtain all the colours which plants present. Flowers of peony, e.g., give, when placed in alcohol, a red-violet liquid. If some salt of sorrel be added, the liquid becomes pure red; while soda changes it, according to the quantity, into violet, blue or green. In this latter case the green liquid appears red by transmitted light, just as does chlorophyll (the green colouring matter or leaves). The sepals of peony, which are green with a red border, become wholly red when put in salt of sorrel. These changes of colour, which can be had at will, may quite well be produced in the plant by the same causes, for in all plants there are always acid or alkaline matters. Further, it is certain that the transformation from green into

red, observed in the leaves of many plants in autumn, is due to the action of tannin which they contain with chlorophyll. Thus, without wishing to limit it absolutely, Professor Schnetzer supposes *a priori* that there is in plants only one colouring matter—chlorophyll—which, being modified by certain agents, furnishes all the tints which flowers and leaves present. As to white flowers, it has been found that their coloration is due to air contained in the cells of the petals. On placing the latter under the receiver of an air-pump, they are seen to lose their colour and become transparent as the air escapes from them.—*Times*.

"NUNC DIMITTIS."

'Tis a good world and fair,  
And excellently lovely. If there be  
Among the myriad spheres of upper air,  
One yet more beautiful, some other where,  
It matters not to me.

What can I crave of good  
That here I find not? Nature's stores are spread  
Abroad with such profusion, that I would  
Not have one glory added, if I could,  
Beneath or overhead.

And I have loved right well  
The world God gave us to be happy in—  
A world—maybe—without a parallel  
Below that Heaven of heavens, where doth not dwell  
The discontent of sin.

And yet, though I behold  
Its matchless splendours stretched on every side—  
Its sapphire seas, its hills, its sunset gold,  
Its leafage, fresh as Eden's was of old—  
I am not satisfied.

Dark, blurring shadows fall  
On everything; a strange confusion reigns;  
The whole creation travaileth, and, through all,  
I hear the same sad murmur that Saint Paul  
Heard, sitting in his chains.

Where'er I look abroad,  
What blight I see! What pain, and sin, and woe!  
What taint of death beneath the greenest sod!  
Until I shudder, questioning how God  
Can bear to have it so!

I marvel that His love  
Is not out-worn; I wonder that He hath  
A plentitude of patience, so above  
Finite conception, that it still can prove  
A stay upon His wrath.

And then—because I tire  
Of self, and of this poor humanity—  
Because I grovel where I should aspire,  
And wail my thwarted hope and balked desire,  
With such small faith to see,

That yet, o'er all this ill,  
God's final good shall triumph, when the sum  
Is reckoned up; that even, if I will,  
I, at the least, in mine own bosom still  
May see His kingdom come—

Because of this, I say,  
I pine for that pure realm where turmoils cease,  
Sighing (more tired of them, than day by day  
Heart broken after heaven!) "Lord, let, I pray,  
Thy servant go in peace!"

How braver 'twere to wait  
His sovereign will, the how, the where, the when,  
Doing what work He sets me, small or great,  
Until He calls, and I make answer straight,  
With *Nunc Dimittis!* —*Scribner's Magazine*.

THE FIRST DOLLAR.

The following story is true, and must please as well as counsel our young readers:

Many years ago, a gentleman from the town of Methuen, Mass., while on a visit to a prominent merchant in Boston, was asked by the merchant if he knew a boy in Methuen that he could recommend to work in his store. At first he could think of none, he knew that only a faithful, honest boy would suit the thrifty merchant; at last, however, he called to mind a boy of excellent character in his neighbourhood, but he feared he would hardly do, as his parents were very poor, and he had no education or other advantages to fit him for such a position.

But the description of the boy's habits pleased the merchant so much that he handed the gentleman a dollar with which to pay the boy's fare to Boston by stage, and requested him to send the lad to the city, and if on a personal interview, he should not prove satisfactory, he would pay his fare back home again.

The gentleman, as requested, visited the boy's parents and, stating the merchant's proposal, advised them to send the boy for trial. He then gave him the dollar which was to pay his fare to Boston, and departed.

Under similar circumstances ninety-nine out of every hundred boys would have said, "Now for a good time! I never saw a city, and never rode in the stage. Oh! there will be so much to see, and it will be such a nice ride, and here is money sent to pay my fare!" Not so with this boy.

Putting the money carefully in his pocket, he said to himself, "This is the first dollar I ever had. How I wish I could save it! It is only twenty-five miles to Boston. I can walk there in a day. I'll do it and save my dollar."

His mother patched up his clothes as well as she could, and early next morning the little fellow parted with his

father and mother at the door of their humble home, and set out on his long tramp to the great city, which he reached tired and dusty, a little before sunset. He found the merchant, who sternly asked:

"Where have you been all day? The stage came in hours ago."

The boy thought that he had displeased the merchant at the outset, and with downcast eyes and trembling tone, he answered:

"I did not come in on the stage, sir."  
"Did not come on the stage! What do you mean? Didn't I send you money to pay your fare?"

The boy thought it was all up with him, sure. Through the gathering tears he managed to reply, "I am very sorry, sir. I did not mean to offend you. I thought I would walk and save the dollar. I never had one before."

Placing his hand gently upon the boy's head, the merchant replied, "My little man, you're exactly right. Come home with me and get some supper." Then, turning to a bystander, he remarked: "I would not take a thousand dollars for this boy to-day."

The boy has grown up to manhood and has since become widely known in business circles. He is now the owner of an extensive mill at Methuen, the Pemberton mills at Lawrence, a banking house in Boston, and one of the finest farms in Massachusetts.

ONLY ONE THING NEEDED.

"I wish I knew just one thing," said a little golden-haired girl as she yawned over her Sunday-school lesson.

"Well, and what is that one thing, Jeannie?" asked a young man as he seated himself by her side upon the stone doorsteps. "Tell me, and it may be that I can help you."

"Oh, I know you can, brother Robert, if you only will," said Jeannie, giving a sigh of relief. "You know everything, almost. I have been studying the story of a blind man who was told to go and wash in the pool of Siloam. Now, I do not see how he could have been cured just by washing his eyes."

"Nor could he," said Robert, "only that Jesus chose to work a miracle in his case, and so to shew to all around the power and the goodness of God."

"But Jesus could have made him see without sending him off to wash at all," said Jeannie. "Why didn't He? He might have just spoken one word, and have cured him of his blindness."

"Jesus chooses to work in His own way, and it is always the very best way," said Robert. "We may be sure of that, even when we do not understand. I think He often tests the faith and obedience of those whom He helps. Perhaps He wanted to prove whether the blind man really believed in Him."

"I do not see how it proved any great faith to do such a very easy thing," said Jeannie.

"Do you not?" replied her brother. "Remember that this blind beggar knew all the places about Jerusalem quite well. He knew that people went to this pool often without receiving any healing from the water. It is very likely that he had often been there himself. If he went then and obeyed Jesus, expecting to be cured, he must have believed that Jesus could and would cure him in that way."

"I wish Jesus would tell me to do some such easy thing as that," said Jeannie. "I know I would do it."

"He has told you to come to the fountain of all life, there to wash and be clean. Are you ready to do it, Jeannie?"

"I do not know what you mean," said Jeannie.

"You know the verse of the hymn that we so often sing," said Robert—

"There is a fountain filled with blood  
Drawn from Emmanuel's veins,  
And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
Lose all their guilty stains."

A MISSIONARY at Canton has arranged a new Chinese alphabet of thirty-three letters, by which he claims that all the words which now require so many thousand symbols can be written.

TOMORROW may bring unexpected pleasure, if we improve the present. But if we neglect the golden opportunities of to-day, the future will hold nothing for us but remorse and pain.

THE joys of the world bring sorrow, but the sorrows of repentance are full of joy. If it be bitter anguish to know that we are sinners, is it not unspeakable joy to know that we are saved by grace?

JACOB'S heart was never so full of joy as when his head lay hardest. God is often most present with us in our greatest dejections, and loves to give comfort to those who are forsaken of their hopes.

THERE are men in the world who wear a girdle of fret, as trying as any friar's, to annoy themselves. They fancy that in such experience is to be found the highest fulfilment of religious duty and the truest expression of this world's probation.—*Rev. Stephen H. Trigg*.

DR. PUSEY, the old Oxford Professor whose name has been associated with the rise and progress of Ritualism in the Church of England, has entered the lists in controversy with Canon Farrar in regard to the punishment of finally impenitent men. His main argument is one which is summed up in the following words, and is clearly undeniable: "No one has yet been found to doubt that the mass of Christians have from the first believed the future punishment of the lost to be everlasting. We see it, even apart from Holy Scripture, in those close upon the times of Jesus; it was the faith of the martyrs; it was recognized as the faith of Christians by the heathen. One who searched for human causes of the first marvellous propagation of the Gospel counted this belief as one of the five causes; that the Christians believed it so energetically as to be able to impress their belief upon the heathen also. No one doubts that the millions upon millions of Christians, centuries after centuries, have believed it."

## MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE Rev. J. R. Macleod, of Kingsbury and Brompton Gore, has been presented by his congregation with a fine sleigh, whip, bells, and valuable fur coat.

ON the 21st November the anniversary sermons connected with the close of the fourth year of Mr. M. Fraser's pastorate, were preached in Knox Church, St. Thomas, by the Rev. W. Cochrane, D.D., of Brantford. The sermons were very able and eloquent. On the Monday following, in the same place, the Doctor delivered his lecture on "Whitefield the Prince of Preachers," to the great delight of all present.

ON Tuesday evening, the 7th inst., the Carp branch of the Presbyterian congregations of Carp and Kimburn presented their pastor, the Rev. J. W. Penman, with a handsome new cutter and an elegant set of buffalo robes, in token of their appreciation of his labours since he came among them as their pastor. Mr. Penman tendered his warmest thanks to the congregation for their generous gift, assuring them that he appreciated their kindness towards him.

THE annual meeting of the congregation of Mosa, London Presbytery, was held on the 30th of November. There is no debt on the congregation. Stupend and current expenses were paid; and \$178.15 were sent to the different schemes of the Church. The meetings and work of the session and deacons' court were pleasant and agreeable. Thirteen names were added to the communicants' roll. Baptism was administered to a number of children and several adults. The Lord's supper was dispensed three times during the year. By motions, unanimously carried, the congregation agreed to pay the expenses incurred by the pastor in attending the superior courts in the future, and to give him a vacation of four weeks sometime during the summer season.—COM.

THE second meeting of the Young People's Association in connection with St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, was held on Monday evening last at eight o'clock in the young men's parlour, and the chair was occupied by the Rev. Mr. King. The principal business was the election of office-bearers for the ensuing year. The following members were elected to office: President, Mr. R. C. Steel; 1st Vice-President, Wm. Johnston, M.A.; 2nd Vice-President, Joseph Monteith; Secretary, A. P. Hightman; Treasurer, Miss M. McIntosh; Editor, Mr. Thos. Gibson; Directors, Miss M. Smith, Miss E. Monteith, Miss M. Douglass, and Mr. John Paton. After the election of officers the President elect took the chair and made a few remarks. A humorous selection was then read by Mr. Willie Gordon. About fifty members were present at the meeting, and a very pleasant evening was spent.

ON the evening of the 25th of November, a large number of the members and adherents of the Presbyterian church, Gravenhurst, took possession of the manse, and presented Mrs. Dawson with an address and a purse of \$50, as a token of esteem and appreciation of her services rendered for the improvement of the psalmody of the church and for the welfare of the congregation at large. Mr. Dawson made a suitable reply, and in the course of his remarks said that we should work for the church and the increase of the kingdom of Christ without even the thought of a pecuniary reward. The love of Christ should constrain us to work for the cause of Christ and the salvation of souls, and the nature of this mission needs the consecration of every gift, and the devoted work of every member of the congregation. An excellent tea having been prepared by the ladies, a very pleasant evening was spent, and the social gathering retired to their homes at an early hour.

A VERY successful tea meeting in connection with St. Andrew's Church, Glencoe, was held in the Town Hall, on the evening of Thursday, the 18th Nov. The hall was filled to overflowing. The chair was occupied by the Rev. H. Cameron, pastor of the church. After all had partaken of an excellent repast, very interesting and instructive addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Fraser, St. Thomas; Beamer, Wardsville; and Rev. Messrs. Kappel and Edmonds, Glencoe. The music, which was furnished entirely by St. Andrew's choir, was excellent. The proceeds amounted to about \$150. This sum, along with other exertions made during this year, has quite freed St. Andrew's Church from a debt which for several years has been hanging over it. Great praise is due to

the Rev. Mr. Cameron, the pastor, who, having just completed the first year of his ministry, has during that time used every laudable means to attain this object, and his exertions have been crowned with success. St. Andrew's Church is in a very flourishing condition, and pastor and people work most harmoniously together.

THE congregation of the West Presbyterian Church, Toronto, held their annual soiree on the 9th inst. Tea was served in the lecture room, after which the company adjourned to the church, which was well filled. The Rev. Mr. Wallace, pastor, presided, and there were present on the platform Rev. Dr. Reid, Rev. Mr. R. Cade, Rev. Mr. Milligan, Rev. Mr. Macleod, Rev. Mr. Salmon, and Hon. John McMurrich. The Rev. Mr. Wallace in a few observations related how greatly the congregation should be grateful for the position they occupied at present. About a generation ago the Rev. Dr. Reid had organized the first congregation of what was now the West Presbyterian Church in the small building known as the Temperance Hall on Brock street. He was pleased to state that their membership had increased one hundred since they had entered into their new church, and there were thirty others who were intending to join. Those present were subsequently addressed by the gentlemen already named. The music was furnished by the choir. Mr. Tilley sang a solo, and the choir sang several pieces. The reunion was altogether a very pleasant affair.

ON Wednesday, the 8th inst., the ministerial representatives of the several Protestant Churches, in Perth, called upon the Rev. Mr. Burns at Knox Church manse, and presented him with the following address: "Perth, Dec. 8th, 1880. Rev. and dear Sir,—It is with regret that we have learned that you have sent in your resignation of the Pastorate of Knox Church in this town, and have bidden the congregation to which you have ministered for the past twelve years, farewell. Having had opportunities of observing your devotion to the interests of your Church, and the earnestness and energy shewn by you in bringing into efficient and permanent operation its missionary machinery, as also your blameless and laborious life during these many years of faithful service, we cannot let you depart from among us without expressing our warm appreciation of your many traits as a Christian gentleman and faithful servant of our divine Master; and, whilst regretting your removal to another field of labour, extending to you our hearty good wishes for your welfare and happiness in your future home.—R. L. Stephenson, M.A., Rector of Perth; Wm. Bain, D.D., Minister of St. Andrew's Church; Geo. McRitchie, Minister in Methodist Church."

THE induction of Rev. Mr. McKeracher as pastor of the Presbyterian congregation in Wallaceburg, took place on Monday, 29th ult., when Rev. Mr. Battisby, after formally constituting Presbytery, announced that Rev. Mr. Forest would preach the induction sermon, and that Rev. Mr. McColl and himself would address the pastor and congregation respectively. The sermon was an earnest, practical and timely discourse from Acts ix. 6. In the evening the attendance at the social was not very large, but the welcome given to Mr. McKeracher and family was cordial and sincere. The choir sang more than the usual number of pieces, and did it in good style. Mr. John H. Mickle officiated as chairman, and announced the following speakers, viz. Rev. Messrs. Beilby, Andrews, Forest, Cookman and McKeracher. Not the least pleasant feature of the day's proceedings was the handing to the newly-installed pastor of the church the amount of his first quarter's salary. Mr. Forest referred to the past history of the church and congregation, which he said had been in existence about thirty years, although it never had had a settled minister until now. He himself had visited Wallaceburg about twenty-five years ago, and preached to the congregation about three months as a missionary. The congregation being now united, and working harmoniously together, it may reasonably be expected that Mr. McKeracher, who has already proved himself to be a popular and successful minister, will be favoured with a large measure of prosperity.

ON Friday, 3rd inst., the Rev. J. G. Macgregor, of Elora, and his estimable wife, completed their fiftieth year of married life, and their golden wedding was celebrated by the presence of several members of their family from a distance, who had gathered to congratulate them on keeping an anniversary which very few

have the privilege of observing. A very pleasing incident in the day's proceedings was the presentation to Mr. Macgregor, on behalf of a number of his former pupils, of a purse containing a hundred dollars in gold. The presentation was made in quite an informal manner, by Rev. Geo. Smellie, of Fergus, a very old friend of Mr. Macgregor's, to whom is specially due the credit of initiating the scheme, and carrying it to such a successful termination. Had the time at Mr. Smellie's disposal been more extended, doubtless many others of the old pupils of the Elora Grammar School, of which Mr. Macgregor was so long Principal, would have been glad to join in this mark of esteem and gratitude to their former teacher. Those who formerly attended that school while it was under his charge are now scattered far and wide through Canada and the United States, and it was possible to reach only a limited number in time for the anniversary. Mr. Macgregor in a feeling manner acknowledged the pleasure he had in receiving such a flattering proof of the regard of his former pupils, and the gratification he experienced in seeing so many of them now occupying positions of honour and usefulness in various professions and employments, in this and other countries.

PRESBYTERY OF STRATFORD.—This Court met at Stratford, on the 7th and 8th inst. The time was taken up mostly by cases of discipline from Biddulph, which were disposed of, at least for the present. The Rev. P. Wright was inducted under favourable auspices into the pastoral charge of Knox Church, Stratford. An account of the services has already been published. A call to Mr. Robert Scott, of Wyebidge, from Burns' Church and Brooksdale, signed by fifty members and seventy-nine adherents, promising \$700 stipend and a manse, was sustained, and necessary steps ordered. Provisional arrangements were made for the induction. Mr. P. R. Ross, from the Montreal College, was licensed to preach the gospel. Members of Presbytery were appointed to see to the interests of the schemes of the Church, a member to each scheme. It was agreed that sessions be enjoined to see that the subject of missions be brought before their respective congregations in such manner as they may deem expedient, and report to Presbytery.

PRESBYTERY OF LINDSAY.—This Presbytery met at Woodville, on the 30th November; present, all the ministers and six elders. A minute was entered in memory of the late Rev. D. McGregor, and the interests of the congregation of Longford and North Mara attended to, the Rev. J. McNabb being appointed Moderator of session. The Rev. J. T. Paul was appointed Moderator of Kirkfield session. Committees examined session records of Longford, Uxbridge and Cambray, also treasurers' books, and reported all carefully and correctly kept. The Rev. E. Cockburn, M.A., reported organizing a congregation at Zepoyr in connection with Leaskdale. A certificate was granted to Mr. D. Forrest, student of theology, to Queen's College. Arrangements were made for Presbyterial visitation of congregations, to commence with Fenelon and Cambray, on Tuesday, 14th December; Woodville, Wednesday, 15th; and Beaverton, Thursday, 16th. It was intimated that Dr. Mackay, of Formosa, would be at Woodville on the 16th January, and at Uxbridge, on the 18th. Rev. J. Hastie agreed to correspond with him for a meeting at Lindsay on the 17th. The following members were appointed to attend to subscriptions for the schemes of the Church: Revs. E. Cockburn, Home Mission; J. McNabb, Foreign Missions; J. Elliot, French Evangelization; J. Hastie, College Fund and Manitoba College; J. W. Smyth, Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund; Wm. Lohead, Widows' and Orphans' Fund; D. McDonald, Assembly Fund; Mr. J. C. Gilchrist, Synod and Presbytery Fund. The Presbytery nominated the Rev. Principal McVicar, of Montreal, as Moderator, for the next General Assembly. The Presbytery's Sabbath School Convention was appointed to be held at Uxbridge on Wednesday, 23rd of February. The next regular meeting of Presbytery to be held at Uxbridge on the last Tuesday of February, at ten a.m.—J. R. SCOTT, *Pres-Clerk*.

IN 1878 sixty thousand natives of Japan were converted to the religion of Jesus Christ.

IN one district in Japan seventy-one Buddhist temples have been diverted to secular uses since 1873, and over seven hundred in the whole Empire since 1871.

FOR FEMALE READERS.

TEN REASONS WHY I SHOULD BE A MEMBER OF A WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

1. Because I profess to be a Christian and to take Christ as my master and Lord, and His last command was "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."
2. Because I am a Christian woman, rejoicing in the light and revelation which the Gospel has brought to woman, and, therefore, I am bound to feel for my sisters in heathen lands, who have not the same unspeakable blessings.
3. Because other Christian women have left home and friends, and the comforts of civilized life, and gone out to work among their sisters in the dark places of the earth, from love to them and to Christ, and my duty is no less than theirs.
4. Because if I do not go myself, I am bound in honour and in gratitude to do my utmost to send Gospel light to my sisters, by means of others.
5. Because I can do most for this end by joining a society. I shall thus be able to work in concert with others, and can unite my prayers and contributions with theirs.
6. Because numbers of my Christian sisters are already praying and working together for such ends, and I have no right to refuse to aid and encourage them to the utmost of my power.
7. Because the missionary work is the most glorious in the whole world, being the work of Christ Himself; and the results achieved by it will endure when all other things have passed away.
8. Because Christ is the leader and commander in this crusade against darkness and sin, and to be enrolled under His banner is at once a distinguished honour and a pledge of victory.
9. Because if I refuse to join in this work, it will be done without me, but I may see reason to regret to all eternity that I rejected the opportunity *now* offered me, to "come to the help of the Lord against the mighty."
10. Because the above reasons are all good reasons.

Dost Thou call me, Lord,  
Dost Thou ask for me!  
Then with all my woman's heart,  
Do I answer Thee!

Dost Thou bid me send  
To the utmost earth  
That most blessed light which gave  
Mine own spirit birth?

Help me, Lord, to feel  
For the bitter lot  
Of my sisters, sad at heart,  
Who have found Thee not;

So that I may send  
From Thy gifts to me  
Help to raise the darkened soul  
Thine own light to see!

Help me, Lord, to give  
For Thy love untold,  
All that Thou wouldst have from me—  
Time and thought and gold.

And the love which counts  
All it gives too small,  
So shall life be truly mine  
When Thou hast mine all. A. M. M.

MISSION NOTES.

THE inhabitants of the New Hebrides have consigned to London 3,700 pounds weight of arrow-root, by way of payment for an edition of the New Testament in their own language.

THE following note, written by a missionary recently sent out by our Ladies' Board (Mrs. Graham, president), to Japan, will be read with interest. An open-air Christian meeting, heralded by announcements impinging upon heathen edicts, and which was addressed from the steps of an idol's pedestal, is an event of moment and historical significance: Tokio, Japan, Oct. 19, 1880.—Last Tuesday and Wednesday we had a large open-air meeting in Myeno Park, in the upper part of the city. The native Christians a few weeks ago sent around a paper, saying "they thought it was time they had made a more public declaration of their belief in Christianity," and proposed getting up an open-air meeting for preaching at Myeno, one of the most public places in Tokio. They asked the help of foreigners, as the expense would be something. They went to the Government for permission to use a certain piece of ground in the

Park. They were refused that ground; but the Government officers said they did not have any objection to Christianity—they wanted that plainly understood; and it was not on that account they were refused, but because they did not want to rent that piece of ground. They gave them afterwards another piece equally good. Notices were put all over the city in public places of this meeting, and also published in the newspapers. In some places where edicts against Christianity were posted, condemning persons to death who professed the new religion—just under these edicts were notices of this meeting. What a change! and what cannot the Spirit of God do? Mr. Okuno, who got up this meeting, was an old Buddhist priest in the temples in Myeno, where he was last week preaching Christ. He is such a nice-looking old man, with gray beard and hair, and is so earnest in preaching! I have seen him at the communion table, talking, and the tears streaming down his face. The crowd was tremendous the second day—so great that those on the outside could not hear, and other ministers got up another congregation. There is a very large bronze statue of Buddha standing out in the open air near where the preaching was going on, and I heard that one of the native ministers stood on the steps of this idol and preached. I did not see that, but he was certainly standing under the very shadow of it. Although such a large crowd, it was remarkable what order they kept, though they seemed very anxious to hear, and pushed forward constantly. There were about thirty speakers, native and foreign. The preaching began at nine o'clock, and continued until five p.m. Many familiar hymns were sung to the organ, and the girls from the Seminary aided in carrying on the singing. I hear that there is quite a freshening up among the churches, and we hope to see and hear great results from this good preaching and presentation of the truth. It was a grand sight to see that large crowd—the largest, I presume, ever gathered for such a purpose in Japan, or at least in Tokio—and many were the prayers offered at that meeting, I trust to be answered for eternity.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON LII.

Dec. 26. } HOME MISSIONS. } 2 Chron. xvii. 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And they taught in Judah, and had the book of the law of the Lord with them, and went about throughout all the cities of Judah, and taught the people."—2 Chron. xvii. 9.

HOME READINGS.

- M. 2 Chron. xvii. 1-10... Home Missions.
- Tu. 2 Chron. xxxiv. 1-13... The Temple Repaired.
- W. Ezra iii. 8-13... The Second Temple.
- Th. Neh. viii. 1-12... The Law Expounded.
- F. Ps. lxxxix. 15-29... The Joyful Sound.
- S. Luke ix. 1-6... The Mission of the Twelve.
- Sab. Luke x. 1-11... The Mission of the Seventy.

HELPS TO STUDY.

In the International Lesson Scheme a blank has, as usual, been left at the end of the quarter, to be occupied by such a lesson as may be considered desirable for the purpose of meeting local or denominational exigencies.

For the convenience of such schools as may avail themselves of our aid in choosing a subject, we supply a lesson on the important theme of Home Missions, the last three similar vacancies having been filled in with lessons on "Temperance," "Foreign Missions," and "The Lord's Supper," respectively.

Our choice in the present instance coincides with that of the American Presbyterian Board of Publication, and to their magazine, the "Westminster Teacher," we are indebted for the selection of the text and Home Readings.

The following are the lesson topics: (1) *Jehoshaphat's Character*, (2) *Jehoshaphat's Home Mission Scheme*, (3) *Benefits to the Nation*, (4) *Modern Home Missions*.

I. JEHOSEPHAT'S CHARACTER.—Vers. 1-6.—Jehoshaphat succeeded his father, Asa, as king of Judah in the thirty-fifth year of his age, and reigned twenty-five years—B.C. 914-889. Among the successors of David and Solomon he is conspicuous for his sincere piety, his devotion to the welfare of his people, and the prosperity of his reign.

1. *A Wise King.* In the days of Rehoboam (Jehoshaphat's great grandfather), ten tribes had revolted, and established the kingdom of Israel (as distinguished from that of Judah) under Jeroboam the son of Nebat, who made Samaria his capital. This led to troublous times and a grievous falling away on the part of the people from the religion of their fathers. Jeroboam's kingdom was founded upon a basis of idolatry, and his subjects became professed worshippers of false gods. The tribes of Judah and Benjamin, which adhered to the House of David, continued nominally to worship the true God. The priests and other Levites, driven from Israel, took refuge in Judah and maintained the

ritualistic part of their religion, "burning unto the Lord every morning and every evening burnt sacrifices and sweet incense;" but the "teaching priest" seems for a season to have gone out of fashion in Judah even as in Israel. The people of both kingdoms were to a great extent sunk in ignorance, occupied with petty jealousies and strife, and a prey to foes from without. Asa, Jehoshaphat's father, had made an effort to improve matters, but had failed on account of his want of trust in God. Jehoshaphat's first step was a wise one—he fortified the border towns, and thus drew an impassable line between his own people and those of the idolatrous kingdom.

2. *A Pious King.* The Lord was with Jehoshaphat. That shows that Jehoshaphat was going in the right direction. Because he walked in the first ways of his father David—imitating the virtues, but not the failings, of his pious ancestor. Sought to the Lord God of his father—either his ancestor, David, or his immediate father, Asa, who was also a good man, though weak in faith.

3. *A Beloved and Prosperous King.* The Lord established the kingdom in his hand. There was no danger of any further revolt. His people loved him, and manifested their good feeling towards him, and their confidence in him, by bringing presents, and filling his coffers with riches, by means of which he might prosecute his schemes of benevolence.

II. JEHOSEPHAT'S HOME MISSION SCHEME. Vers. 7-9. This wise king knew that fortified border towns, though very useful in their place, could not keep evil out of his country; that taking away the high places and groves used in the practice of idolatry—though a very necessary step, would not of itself make his people true worshippers of the God of heaven and earth; that neither public nor private morality could ever be secured by the mere prohibition of wickedness; that in order to exclude evil the heart must be filled with good; and that for these reasons his people required religious instruction.

1. *The Teachers.* Jehoshaphat's Home Mission Committee and teaching staff were composed of the most intelligent and the most influential men at his command—five princes, nine Levites, and two priests. These went about throughout all the cities of Judah, and taught the people.

2. *The Text Book.* These teachers had the Book of the Law of the Lord with them; that was all, and that was enough. Their Bible was not nearly so large as ours, but it contained all that was necessary for the people of that day to know; it exhibited the demands of God's law; it demonstrated the depravity and inability of man; and, pointing to a Saviour to come, it proclaimed the remission of sin through the shedding of blood.

3. *The Taught.* Those to be taught were, in the first place, the people "within the bounds." The command, "Go ye unto all the world," had not then been given. "The people," included the young as well as the old—the men, women and children.

III. BENEFITS TO THE NATION.—Vers. 10. The remains of idolatry had been swept away. "But this," says the "Westminster Teacher," "was only a negative and preparatory work. The bad is gone, but nothing is put in its place, and soon will spring up again. The ground is cleared of its weeds and noxious vegetation, but it will not long remain empty; and unless good seeds are sown in the soil, and plants of beauty set to grow there, the weeds will soon again come up and retake possession. The idols were removed, but the people must worship something; hence the necessity for re-establishing the true worship. This is a principle that ought not to be overlooked in any works of reform. There is no use to displace the evil unless we replace it by the good. The best way to keep a boy from reading bad books and papers is to furnish him good books that will fill and satisfy his heart. So of evil amusements, companions and everything else."

1. *An Instructed People.* Mere secular education will not make a people moral. It does not diminish crime; and educated criminals are not preferable to ignorant ones. The people of the kingdom of Judah received religious instruction, and they became, as a people, good law-abiding citizens.

2. *A Respected People.* When the Jews followed the example of the neighbouring heathen nations, engaged in their sinful practices, and were "liberal" enough to tolerate their idolatry, they lost the respect even of those whom they imitated; when they returned to the Lord and kept His commandments, even the wicked thought well of them. So it has been with the Church and the world in all ages.

3. *A Sane People.* True religion imparts earnestness to the character, and conduces to manliness. There are no better warriors than those who fear God. The Lord of hosts also fights for those who trust in Him. One result of the revival of religion among the Jews was that the fear of the Lord fell upon all the kingdoms of the lands that were round about Judah, so that they made no war against Jehoshaphat.

IV. MODERN HOME MISSION WORK.—Even in the present day Home Mission work should occupy no secondary position. When Christ cast the legion of devils out of the poor man at Gadara, He told him to go home to his friends and tell them what great things the Lord had done for him. When a person is converted his family will know of it first, though in due course the beneficial results of the change will affect the congregation, the Church, and then the world. Of one great sinner it is said that when he was converted his very horse knew the change. At the same time it must be remembered that Home and Foreign Missions are not at all antagonistic, and that as a rule those who contribute most generously to the one yield also the heartiest support to the other. The better the home field is cultivated the easier it is to get both men and money for the foreign field. There is also sometimes a beneficial reaction in the other direction—have we not at the present moment a foreign missionary (on furlough) doing most effective work amongst our home congregations? The readers of this paper are well informed regarding the great extent and the urgent necessities of the Home Mission field of our Church. No hand need be folded for want of work as long as Romanism prevails in Quebec, and new settlers keep pouring into Ontario, Manitoba, and the North-West Territories.

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### WHO ARE THE HAPPY?

Are the pleasures all in palace?  
Are the happy people all  
Drinking from a silver chalice,  
And treading in a marble hall?

Are all the happy mother-hood  
Set down in fairy places?  
Do all the blessed sons and daughters  
Wear broadcloth, silk and laces?

Are all the ills and cares of life  
Tied up in ragged bundles—  
And dropped—at the weary labourer's door  
Where his scant-clad baby tumbles?

The rain comes down on evil and good,  
The sunshine blesses us all  
But the comforts and joys dwell more in the cot  
While care thrives in palace and hall.

God pity the poor; and who are they?  
Not those with honest faces  
Who whistling go to their daily toil,  
And cheerfully fill their places.

God pity the poor who are poor indeed,  
Poor in sympathy, kindness and love,  
And bid them look over the clouds of care,  
To the rest and sunlight above.

### HARRY AND KITTY WHITEFOOT

TWO busy little feet, two hands, each with five little pink servants, who didn't mind getting a little sticky and dirty, if they could only keep busy; a sweet face, with two red lips to kiss and talk for it; one funny little round nose to smell for it, and two pretty pink ears and two bright eyes to carry the news from the outside world into the busy little brain that lived shut up in the dark, inside the curly head—all this helped to make Harry.

But I haven't told you the very best part yet. Harry had what he called a "think" in him that made him so thoughtful and kind that everybody loved him dearly. It made the sticky little fingers stroke grandma's face when she had the headache, it made the little feet very ready to run to help mamma, and I really suppose it lay at the bottom of all the trouble about Kittie Whitefoot.

The wind and rain were so cold that day when they found her on the piazza, that it really did seem too bad not to take her in. Yet mamma didn't like cats, and sister Helen thought them "simply disgusting." Sister Helen wasn't good authority: for she thought peanuts and black licorice were "simply disgusting," too, and nearly everybody knows better than that. Harry had to beg very hard before mamma shewed any signs of relenting.

"You don't want such a kittie as this, Harry," she objected; "it is thin and miserable, and has dreadfully weak eyes."

"I wonder," mused Harry, "if this is one of God's little kitties. If it is, I suppose God knew my papa was a doctor, and mended people; so He sended her here on purpose."

Mamma kissed her little boy without saying a word. Have you ever noticed that when mammas do so, they almost always mean yes? Harry took kittie to the kitchen, and put her down by the range, where the warmth and some nice milk soon made her so happy that she commenced to purr contentedly.

"Her's got a little teakittie in herself," said Harry; "it's boilin', 'cause her's so warm."

In a few days kittie's appearance was deci-

dedly improved, but the eyes remained very weak. In vain did Harry watch for a chance to speak to papa. Ever so many people were sick, and he was so busy from morning till night that for days he had not a minute to spare. Still Harry did not give up hope. If he couldn't get papa's advice, his own bright eyes were strong, and he would keep them wide open, and try to find out what people did for weak eyes.

But it became evident that something must be done. What should it be? At last a happy thought struck him. When he felt so sick that time when papa was away, and the bed kept tipping over, and the walls kept spinning round, grandma said mamma had better soak his feet because it couldn't do any harm. Yes, he would soak his kittie's feet. He got one of the pretty teacups with roses on it, because he reasoned that if kittie could see anything, she ought to see pretty things. Filling the cup with hot water, he dipped one after another of kittie's white feet into it. Kittie meowed long and loud, much to Harry's delight. "Her likes it, her does; her's singin'" said he to himself. Just as he began to realize that kittie's eyes were no better after all his trouble, Matilda came down and looked upon the whole performance with profound displeasure. Our little doctor was ordered to leave the kitchen, and never again to touch "them cups your ma takes such stock in." When mamma heard the story, Harry was shut up in the nursery for the rest of the afternoon, to help him remember not to meddle with the china closet again.

So it happened that a very gloomy little face was peering out of the nursery window when a little boy from the Eye and Ear Infirmary came down the street. Harry watched him and was wondering if he knew how wretched little boys felt when they were shut up for a whole forenoon, when something attracted his attention. Could it be? Yes; the little boy had a little green blind over his eyes, or perhaps it was a leaf. How did it get there? Did it grow just as the green leaves grew over the violets? How nice it would be if people had little leaves over their eyes: His eyes were blue, so would be almost just like violets. O if mamma would only come she could tell him all about it. She knew about everything. Pretty soon when mamma came up stairs to bring him his supper, she was surprised to see the little face looking so bright and eager.

"O mamma! there was a little boy with a cunning little green blind, or else it was a leaf, and do they grow just like the violet leaves, or—"

Here mamma stopped him, and by dint of questioning found that it must have been a little boy with a green shade over his eyes.

"But what for does he wear a green shade?" questioned Harry.

"Because he has weak eyes, I suppose. But I must go now, and as soon as you have eaten your supper you must go to bed."

Away went mamma; but oh! how much Harry had to think about. So that was what they did when people had weak eyes. How funny for little boys to have just the same kind of eyes as his kittie! Perhaps it was only

good to soak people's feet when they had the sickness that made the bed tip over. At any rate his dear little Kittie Whitefoot should have a green shade the very minute he woke up in the morning. And when at last, he went to sleep it was only to dream of little kittens with green shades over their eyes, playing with blue violets with green leaves over theirs. And the very plumpest of all the little kittens was his own Kittie Whitefoot.

### ASK MOTHER.

YES, go and ask mother. She knows how to straighten the tangled threads in the knitting—how to fix the ball so it will bound, how to bind up and soothe the pain in the bruised finger. Mother knows, go and ask her. Charley says, "Mother knows everything, I wonder where she went to school?" Dear, patient mother! she has had a wise and good teacher in the school of life, and He has taught her the best of all lessons, patience.

Dear children, ask mother as long as you can; she will help you over the hard places, but don't forget to thank her. By-and-by there will come a time when mother will go away and not come back; when the patient hands will lie folded over the still heart that can no more awaken to your cries, when mother is at rest from her earthly labours, and you can ask her for counsel and help never again. Don't forget to thank her.

Live—like the rose, so bud, so bloom—  
In growing beauty live;  
So sweeten life with the perfume  
That gentle actions give.

Die—like the rose, that when thou'rt gone  
Sweet happy thoughts of thee,  
Like rose leaves, may be treasured up  
To embalm the memory.

Another six days' work is done,  
Another Sabbath has begun  
Return my soul, enjoy thy rest,  
Improve the hours thy God hath blest.

In holy duties, let the day  
In holy pleasures pass away:  
How sweet a Sabbath thus to spend,  
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

### BIBLE STORIES.

HOW we all have loved them, and love them still, even we grown up ones, and you who feel yourselves almost grown up!

When the little ones of a family circle are gathered to listen to a Bible story, you will seldom fail to see the older ones listening, too, although they may know the story by heart. And surely this is well, for our blessed Lord caused the Scriptures "to be written for our learning," and we never shall find that we have grown too old or too wise to learn fresh wisdom from them.

Those dear, familiar histories of Abraham and Isaac, of Jacob and Joseph, of David and also Samuel, and of the prophets, should not be read or listened to merely for amusement. It was meant that we should learn something from all that is told us of their earthly lives. Yes, by carefully studying these "Bible stories" of the saints of old, we may learn to "embrace and ever hold fast" that blessed hope which cheered them on—even the hope of everlasting life.

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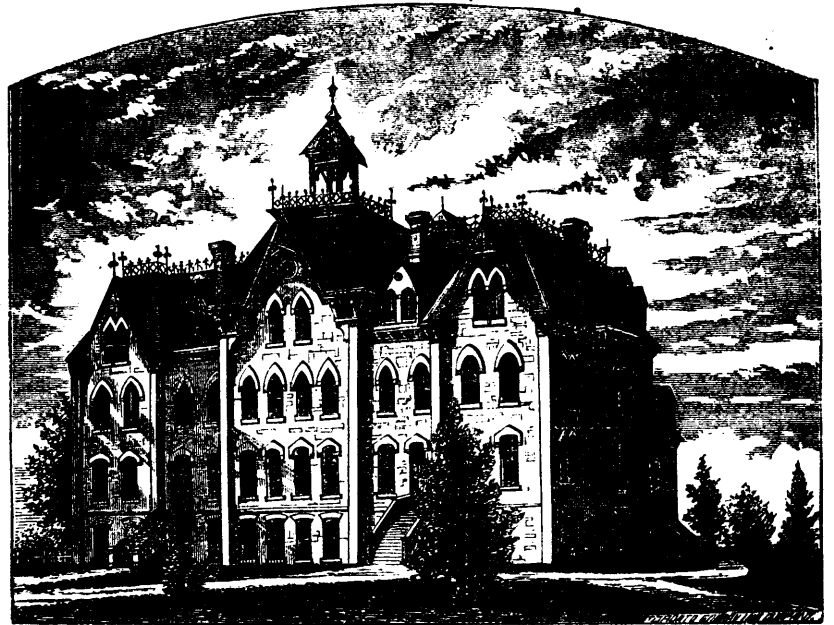
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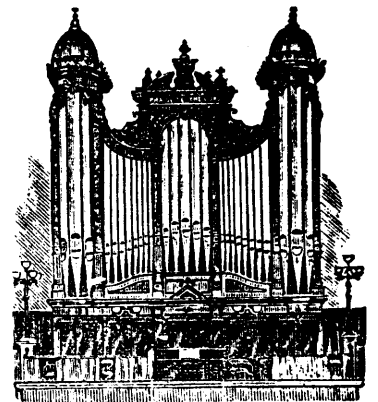
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Their premises are the most complete and extensive to be found on this Continent, and having abundant facilities as well as an experience extending over forty years, they are in a position to warrant the highest attainable standard of excellence, and can offer the lowest range of prices and most favourable terms.

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## BALDNESS.

Neither gasoline, vasoline, Carboline, or Allen's, Ayer's, or Hall's hair restorers have produced luxuriant hair on bald heads. That great discovery is due to Mr. Wintercorbyn, 144 King St. West, Toronto, as can be testified by hundreds of living witnesses in this city and the Province. He challenges all the so-called restorers to produce a like result.

The Restorator is put up in bottles at \$1 per bottle, or six for \$5. For further information, address CHARLES MAITLAND WINTERCORBYN, 144 King Street West, Toronto.

10 NEW AND BEAUTIFUL JAPANESE Cards, 10 comic, and 10 new transparent, just issued, with name on all, 10c. Agent's complete outfit, 10c. 10 samples, 3c. stamp. Blank Cards for printers at lowest rates. Queen City Card House, Toronto, Ont.



PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

IT would be faint praise to say that Messrs. Clougher Bros. have a large and choice assortment of holiday cards. Their stock is so extensive and so varied, as to make it very difficult to make a choice, when all are so beautiful. A somewhat novel description of card is their hand-painted tablet—all the rage this season.

**YELLOW OIL** is the most deservedly popular remedy in the market for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises, Frost Bites, Sore Throat, Lamé Back, Contraction of the Muscles, Croup, Quinsey, and every variety of Pain, Lameness or Inflammation. For internal use as well as external use. Yellow Oil will never fail you. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

**THE PERUVIAN SYRUP** has cured thousands who were suffering from Dyspepsia, Debility, Liver Complaint, Boils, Humours, Female Complaints, etc. Pamphlets free to any address. Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston.

**BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS** cures Scrofula and all humours of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and the Bowels, at the same time, while it allays nervous irritation and tones up the debilitated system. It cures all humours, from a pimple to the worst form of Scrofula. For sale by all dealers. Sample bottle ten cents, regular size \$1.00.

**YELLOW OIL** is unsurpassed for the cure of Burns, Scalds, Bruises, Wounds, Frost Bites and Chilblains. No other medicine required in the household. It is for internal as well as external use. Every bottle is guaranteed to give satisfaction. All medicine dealers sell it.

If your hair is coming out, or turning gray, do not murmur over a misfortune you can so easily avert. Ayer's Hair Vigor will remove the cause of your grief by restoring your hair to its natural colour, and therewith your good looks and good nature.

ONE dose of Hagar's Pectoral Balsam will relieve a Cough so promptly as to convince the most sceptical of its merits as a Throat and Lung healer; it is the great specific for all Pulmonary complaints tending towards Consumption. The safest, most pleasant, best and cheapest Cough Cure known. For sale by all dealers in medicine.

**BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS** is the only medicine that acts upon the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and the Bowels at the same time, while it allays nervous irritation, and tones up the debilitated system. It cures all humours, from an ordinary pimple to the worst form of Scrofula. For sale by all dealers. Sample bottle ten cents, regular size \$1.00.

THE holiday number of the "Illustrated London News" is simply superb. It is profusely and appropriately illustrated, while the Christmas supplement is a finely executed chromo, entitled "In Wonderland," from the picture by Mr. Frank Holl, A.R.A. These words of commendation apply with equal force to the current issue of the "Graphic." Both journals can be had at Messrs. Clougher Bros., booksellers, King street east, Toronto.

**CURE that cough!** You can do it speedily, safely and surely with Hagar's Pectoral Balsam. Now is the season to guard against colds. If you would prevent Consumption neglect not the most trifling symptoms. Hagar's Pectoral Balsam will never fail you. It cures Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough and all Pulmonary complaints. Obtain it of your druggist.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

**BIRTHS.**  
At Prescott, on the 4th December, the wife of Rev. J. Stewart, of a daughter.  
In Mole-worh, on the 27th ult., the wife of the Rev. T. T. Johnston, of a son.  
At Stratford, on the 28th ult., the wife of Mr. C. W. Young, of the "Beacon," of a son.  
On the 8th inst., at 459 Sherbourne street, Toronto, Mrs. Alexander Boyd, of a daughter.  
In Guelph, on the 7th inst., the wife of D. McCrae, coal and wood merchant, of a daughter.

**MARRIED.**  
At the Presbyterian manse, Embro, Ont., on the 7th of December, by the Rev. Gustavus Munro, M.A., brother of the bride, Mr. Hugh Murray, of West Zorra, Ont., to Isabella, daughter of the late George Munro, of Dalhousie Mills, Lancaster, Ont.

**DIED.**  
At the manse of St. Andrew's, London, on the 11th inst., Hermine Maud, only daughter of Rev. J. Alister Murray, aged three years and five months.

THE MACKINNON PEN.



Useful and Ornamental. Absolutely Indestructible.  
A BEAUTIFUL AND EVERLASTING HOLIDAY PRESENT.  
Warranted for three years. Will write for a week without replenishing. The Minister's Favourite. Descriptive Pamphlets on application. C. W. YOUNG, General Agent for Canada, Box 550, Stratford, Ont.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

**KINGSTON.**—In St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, on Tuesday, 21st December, at ten a.m.  
**MAITLAND.**—At Lucknow, on the third Tuesday of December, at two p.m.  
**QUEBEC.**—In Chalmers' Church, Richmond, on the second Tuesday of February, at half-past one p.m.  
**HURON.**—In Clinton, on the third Tuesday of January, at ten a.m.  
**LONDON.**—In Sarnia, on the third Tuesday of January, 1881, at seven p.m.  
**PETERBORO.**—Regular meeting in St. Paul's Church, Peterboro' on the second Tuesday of January, at two p.m.  
**BRUCE.**—At Teeswater, on the 21st December, at two p.m.  
**MONTREAL.**—In St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on Tuesday, 11th January 1881.  
**WHITBY.**—At Oshawa, on the third Tuesday of January, 1881, at eleven a.m.  
**LINDSAY.**—At Uxbridge, on the last Tuesday of February, at ten a.m.  
**GUELPH.**—In First Presbyterian Church, Guelph, on the third Tuesday of January, 1881, at ten a.m.  
**HAMILTON.**—At Jarvis, on the third Tuesday of January next (the 18th), at ten a.m., the evening to be devoted to a conference on Sabbath schools and their work.  
**TORONTO.**—In the usual place, on the second Tuesday of January, at eleven a.m.  
**BARRIE.**—At Barrie, on Tuesday, 25th January, 1881, at eleven a.m.

**J. WANLESS,**  
IMPORTER OF  
**WATCHES, CLOCKS**  
AND  
**Fine Jewelry,**  
invites attention to his specially large and varied assortment of rich goods just opened out, suitable for  
**HOLIDAY GIFTS.**  
Inspection cordially invited.  
A STOCK OF  
*Diamonds and Precious Stones*  
always on hand.  
**NO. 172 YONGE ST., TORONTO.**  
Manufacturing of Jewelry and repairing of Watches and Clocks on the premises a specialty.

**OVERCOATS.**  
Our annual clearing sale of Overcoats has begun, and will continue through December. Great bargains this month.  
**R. J. HUNTER,**  
Cor. King and Church Sts.,  
TORONTO.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla,**  
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD.  
This compound of the vegetable alteratives, Sarsaparilla, Dock, Stillingia, and Mandrake, with the Iodides of Potash and Iron, makes a most effectual cure of a series of complaints which are very prevalent and afflicting. It purifies the blood, purges out the lurking humours in the system, that undermine health and settle in troublesome disorders. Eruptions of the skin are the appearance on the surface of humours that should be expelled from the blood. Internal derangements are the determination of these same humours to some internal organ, or organs, whose action they derange, and whose substance they disease and destroy. **AYER'S SARSAPARILLA** expels these humours from the blood. When they are gone, the disorders they produce disappear, such as *Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Eruptions and Eruptive Diseases of the Skin, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Pimples, Pustules, Blisters, Boils, Tumours, Itch and Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers and Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhoea arising from internal ulceration and other diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation and General Debility.* With their departure health returns. Prepared by  
**DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,**  
Practical and Analytical Chemists.  
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine.

**R. R. R.**  
**Radway's Ready Relief**  
CURES THE WORST PAINS  
In from One to Twenty Minutes.  
**NOT ONE HOUR**  
after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is  
**THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY**  
that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.  
**IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,**  
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bed ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,  
**Radway's Ready Relief**  
WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.  
**INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS,**  
**INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER,**  
**INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS,**  
**CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS,**  
**SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING,**  
**PALPITATION OF THE HEART,**  
**HYSTERIC, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA,**  
**CATARRH, INFLUENZA,**  
**HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE,**  
**NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM,**  
**COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS,**  
**CHILBLAINS AND FROST-BITES.**  
The application of the **READY RELIEF** to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.  
Thirty to sixty drops in a half tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.  
Travellers should always carry a bottle of **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.  
**FEVER AND AGUE**  
**FEVER AND AGUE** cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by **RADWAY'S PILLS**) so quick as **RADWAY'S READY RELIEF**. Twenty-five cents per bottle.

**Dr. Radway's Regulating Pills,**  
perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. **PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.**

**DR. RADWAY'S**  
**Sarsaparillian Resolvent,**  
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER,  
FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE,  
Scrofula or Syphilitic, Hereditary or Contagious,  
be it seated in the Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, Corrupting the Solids and Vitiating the Fluids. Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Dolor-aux, White Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Diseases, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gout, Dropsy, Rickets, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Consumption, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc. **PRICE \$1 PER BOTTLE.**

**HEALTH---BEAUTY.**  
**STRONG, PURE AND RICH BLOOD, INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT, CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION, SECURED TO ALL THROUGH**  
**Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent**  
Every drop of the Sarsaparillian Resolvent communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine and other fluids and juices of the system, the vigour of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous discharges from the ears, and the worst forms of Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Ache, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Cancers in the Womb, and all Weakening and Painful Discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the Life Principle are within the curative range of this wonder of modern chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them. If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that are continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood, and this the Sarsaparillian will and does secure, a cure is certain; for when once this remedy commences its work of purification, and succeeds in diminishing the loss of wastes, its repairs will be rapid, and every day the patient will feel himself growing better and stronger, the food digesting better, appetite improving, and flesh and weight increasing.  
Sold by druggists. **PRICE, ONE DOLLAR.**  
**Dr. Radway & Co., 32 Warren St. N.Y.**

**BURDOCK'S BLOOD PURIFIER.**  
National Pills, superior to all other purgatives in strength and virtue, in safety and mildness of action.  
**489 St. Paul St. Montreal,**

**WICKED FOR CLERGYMEN.**—"I believe it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen or other public men to be led into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article is made up of common valuable remedies known to all, and that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use. I will not be without them."  
Rev. —, Washington, D. C.

**ORGANS** \$30 to \$1,000; 2 to 32 Stops. Pianos, \$125 up. Paper free. Address Daniel F. Beatty, Washington, N.J.  
**50 CHROMOS**, name in new type, 10c. by mail. 40 Agts. samples, 10c. U. S. CARD CO., Northford, Ct.

**DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT**  
**OF WILD STRAWBERRY**  
WILL CURE  
**DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, and all SUMMER COMPLAINTS.**  
It soothes, heals and strengthens, and can be relied on as a specific. A trial will convince.

**FINE MUSIC**  
By request, Frantz Abt, the eminent composer, recently selected from Liszt's (the late) estate, the greatest music publisher in the world, 148 pieces of music as representative of the best music by the greatest composers of Germany. As Germany stands first in music, this collection is, indeed, a rare one. Each piece is a gem. Printed by Litoff on fine paper, full size, German and English words. The collection is divided into twelve portfolios (six of vocal and six of instrumental), each portfolio containing from nine to fourteen complete pieces. The portfolios are beautifully ornamented in colors and by full-page engravings—12 different engravings—making them exceedingly attractive for the music rack or stand. Price, 50 cents each, or the twelve for \$5.00. The most desirable collection that has yet appeared in "Broadway." To induce musicians to try this music, I will send one portfolio (only one) for 50 cents. Stamps taken. Address R. W. Shoppell, No. 60 Bible House, New York.

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**100 CHOICE SELECTIONS**  
**NO. 18 NOW READY.**  
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**A GREAT OFFER FOR HOLIDAYS!!!**  
**PIANOS & ORGANS at EXTRAORDINARY LOW prices for cash.** Installments received. Splendid ORGANS, \$45, \$50, \$60 up. Magnificent **ROSEWOOD PIANOS, Stool and Cover only \$160.** Warranted 6 years. Illustrated Catalogue mailed. Agents Wanted. **HORACE WATERS & CO.,** Manufacturers & Dealers, 826 Broadway, New York. Box 3530.

If you are a man of business, weakened by the strain of your duties, avoid stimulants and use **Hop Bitters.**  
If you are young and suffering from any infirmity, or if you are a man of letter, suffering from night work, to restore brain nerve and waste, use **Hop B.**  
If you are young and suffering from any infirmity, or if you are a man of letter, suffering from night work, to restore brain nerve and waste, use **Hop B.**  
Thousands die annually from some form of **Kidney** disease that might have been prevented by a timely use of **Hop Bitters.**  
Whoever you are, whenever you feel that your system needs cleansing, toning or stimulating, without intoxicating, take **Hop Bitters.**  
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If you are simply weak and low spirited, try it. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.  
**D. I. C.** is an absolute and irrefragable cure for drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco, or narcotics.  
Sold by druggists. Send for Circular.  
**HOP BITTERS**  
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National Pills, superior to all other purgatives in strength and virtue, in safety and mildness of action.