

THE PRESBYTERIAN

Vol. 12.—No. 35
Whole No 656.

Toronto, Wednesday, August 27th, 1884.

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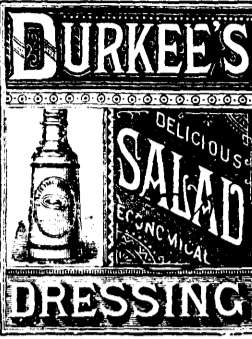
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ONE way to beguile an invalid into taking more beef tea than he is willing for, is to add gelatine to it and let it cool in a mould. When it is hard and like jelly serve with salt and with wafers.

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IN pickling lemons slit them from end to end in quarters, then round the centre, cutting only the rind, fill the slits with salt, rub in the brine, and turn every day for four days, then put in a jar with two ounces of mustard seed and two cloves to every six lemons; boil the brine with vinegar and ginger. When cold, pour over the lemons.

A VALUABLE FIND.—Mr. Isaac Brown, of Bothwell, declares that he found one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters worth \$500 to him. It cured him of Salt Rheum from which he had suffered years after other treatment had failed to relieve.

TO KEEP HONEY.—Honey that is to be kept till fall or until cold weather, should be kept in a cool place, but some pains should be taken or else it will sour. If kept in a damp cellar, moisture will collect upon the combs and the honey become thin and sour. It is a good plan to place the boxes in the cellar until autumn, when the weather gets cool, when they may be transferred to a cool room, so the moths may not get into them.

THE late Charles Delmonico was in the habit of recommending the "hot water cure" in case of wanting appetite, etc., and said of it: "Few people know how to cook water. The secret is in putting good, fresh water into a neat kettle, already quite warm, and setting the water to boiling quickly, and then taking it right off for use in tea, coffee, or other drinks, before it is spoiled. To let it steam and simmer and evaporate until the good water was all in the atmosphere, and the lime and iron and dregs only left in the kettle—bah! that is what makes a great many people sick and is worse than no water at all."

MR. W. A. WING, Westport, writes: "I wish to inform you of the wonderful results which followed the use of Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A cough of six months' standing had reduced me to such an extent that I was unable to work. I tried many remedies without effect: at last I used this Emulsion, and before three bottles were used I am glad to say I was restored to perfect health."

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BEEF TEA.—Well-made beef tea is a wholesome, nutritious, and palatable article of diet, not only for invalids, but for every one. Get the butcher to chop up fine a pound of nice lean beef cut from the round; put it in a sauce-pan with about a quart of cold water; let it stand fifteen minutes, then bring it to a boil, and let it boil for ten minutes; set it aside on the stove to steep for ten or fifteen minutes; then strain, and if not to be drank at once, put away in a cool place till wanted. Stir up and reheat to prepare for use, adding salt then or when strained to suit the taste.

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"And we are so glad, that he used your Bitters." A LADY, of Utica, N. Y.
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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 17.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27th, 1884.

No. 35.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A PROMINENT chemist, of Elmira, N. Y., states in the *Advertiser* of that city, that he had lately been led to think that even the higher grades of cigarettes contained opium. He, therefore, collected by purchase of reputable dealers, a dozen packages of the most prominent and high-priced cigarettes to be had, which he forwarded to a Pittsburg chemist for analysis. The considerable quantity of opium in all the standard brands was astounding. The universally recognized bondage resulting from the use of opium in any form or degree, especially by smoking or absorption, renders the murderous design of the admixture and the sharp lesson to be learned terribly plain.

A FEW weeks ago a Chinaman, resident in Toronto, had fallen a prey to the terrible scourge of his nation, the opium habit. He was so completely shattered that scarcely any hope of his recovery could be entertained. It is now stated that others of his countrymen are following his bad example, and that the evil habit is extending among the Chinese laundrymen in the city. Hitherto, as a class, they have been regarded as industrious and inoffensive. Many of them attend a class for religious instruction, conducted by Christian workers. Most of the Chinese in Toronto still maintain a good reputation, and those addicted to opium are the exceptions. If opium dens find a lodgment in Canada, it will not only be a calamity for the Mongolians, but it will have an injurious effect on others. In American cities, where opium joints have been permitted, other customers besides Chinese were found patronizing them. It is hoped that effective measures will be taken to nip the evil in the bud, both for the sake of the strangers who have taken up their residence in our midst, and for preventing the outbreak of a moral pestilence.

It is simply surprising that confidence sharpers so frequently ply their oft-exposed game on unwary travellers. It is no less surprising that there should be so many unwary travellers. Scarcely a week passes without the papers telling of some stranger who had been met at a railway station or approached on a train by a plausible and smooth-spoken tramp out of uniform, to whom the unsuspecting stranger takes kindly and talks freely. At the right moment when the stranger has reached the proper degree of consistency, the sharper recollects that he has a charge to pay instantly, but unfortunately at the moment he has only a check for about twice the amount which he will at once exchange with the stranger for ready cash. The latter, with the degree of primitive innocence he retains, completes the transaction by handing over his hard earned money. The friendship, hastily formed, ends with equal abruptness, and the duped victim generally years for one more glimpse of his vanished friend. In general there is but little pity for the poor victim, because he should have known better, but there is much indignation against the scoundrels who so persistently ply the confidence game.

RUPTURE between France and China is complete. Diplomacy has done its utmost. French aggression in Tonquin has provoked resentment. The affair at Lang Son was a slap in the face of French honour. It was more than could be endured. A large indemnity was demanded. French war vessels hovered near Foo Chow. Meanwhile unsatisfactory negotiations were proceeding in the direction of war, not of peace. China was willing to submit the differences to the adjustment of a neutral arbiter. The President of the United States was named. France insisted on the indemnity, and was willing to make a reduction in the amount, but on this point China was inflexible. Then came the attack on Keelung, which did no good. It failed to benefit the French position, and added exasperation to the Chinese. Then came threats and counter threats, fruitless attempts to reach an understanding, the interchange of farewells and the breaking up of diplomatic relations, and the first stages of a war the end of which it may be difficult to anticipate. It may

be only a cloud no bigger than a man's hand. It may disappear speedily, and it may by complication reach large proportions, and lead to unlooked for results. We are deeply interested as to what may befall our promising mission in Formosa.

GROVER CLEVELAND, the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States, has at length issued his letter of acceptance. Unlike the elaborate manifesto of his Republican rival, it does not enter into a minute discussion of political questions, but deals plainly and directly with a few general principles, to whose maintenance he pledges himself. He asserts that party government is a necessity in accordance with the principles of the constitution. He is of opinion that when a political party makes the obtaining and retention of office its chief object it ceases to do the proper work for which it was organized, and falls in carrying out the idea of popular government. Another good point in Governor Cleveland's letter of acceptance is the reference to the duty of civil servants. The employment of those engaged in the public service in electioneering, and in compelling them to make forced contributions to election expenses has been a crying evil in United States politics for many years past. A reform of this glaring abuse is demanded, and the Democratic candidate promises to effect it. Benjamin Butler is now fairly out as a candidate for the presidency. He is simply in the field as a disturbing element. He went to Chicago hoping to receive the nomination at the Democratic convention, but having failed he seems bent on doing all the harm to the party he can.

EVEN the most humane and charitably disposed can no longer doubt that the lives of several survivors of the Greely expedition were sustained by a resort to cannibalism. No one seems to judge too harshly the men who were reduced to the direst straits, exposed to terrible privations, brought face to face with death in one of its most appalling forms. It is generally considered that the men's misfortune was greater than their crime. When the proper time comes when a full investigation into the circumstances has been held and all the facts made known, an opportunity will be afforded for forming a just estimate of the tragic ending of the exploring party. Efforts to justify cannibalism in defence of the survivors seem altogether unnecessary and unwarranted. Under all circumstances it is horrible and revolting. A thorough and exhaustive investigation ought to comprehend more than the actual facts relating to the sufferings and desperation of the Greely expedition. It ought to be known if proper precautions had been taken to prevent the awful calamities by which they were overtaken, and if the expedition sent a year ago for their relief did all that could be done to rescue the missing explorers. The terrible experiences gained in hazardous experiments through years of arctic exploration should have taught the lesson that no possible contingency ought to have been unprovided for.

THE Rev. T. Nicol, B. D., of the Tolbooth Church, Edinburgh, who was lately in Smyrna, gives a graphic description of his visit to the Jewish quarter: It lies well up the broad slope on which the city is built; and although most of the houses look poor, in respect of cleanliness and comfort they compare favourably, both inside and outside, with the houses of the other quarters. The Sabbath was being religiously observed. Parents and children were gathered round the doorstep, or on the terraces of the houses, in that bond of family life which has always been so strong and wholesome among the Jewish people. The men were at leisure from toil, as all work is forbidden. The women were free from household cares, their cleaning and cooking for the Sabbath having all been got through the day before. Even the men may not smoke, as it is not lawful to light a fire on the Sabbath day! There was an air of cheerfulness over all, which was as far as possible from the heaviness and gloom said to belong to the Jewish Sabbath, and the stillness throughout the quarter reminded one of Sab-

bath in a quite Scottish village at home. In the synagogue there was an utter absence of devoutness or even reverence. The rabbi was intoning in Hebrew the prescribed Scripture portion, and when he ceased his little boy took up the lesson and read with great fluency in a shrill treble, some of the older people humming the words after him. As a religious exercise the whole performance seemed heartless and unmeaning.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, who has had an interview with Mr. Stanley, gives an interesting account of the explorer's views as to the future of the Congo. He says that Mr. Stanley assured him that the ends which the African Association have in view have so far been accomplished with complete success. He encourages every means of developing the trade and resources of the country. He would give every encouragement to small traders, who, with a modest capital, had enterprise enough to quit the lower river, and establish themselves at the upper stations. A very profitable business could be done by such traders, and he would do all in his power to assist them. Mr. Stanley scouts the idea that Africa is the most hopeless and barren of the continents, and he has seen a good deal of it. The Congo region at least, he maintains, is one of the most fertile on the globe. We are usually told by those who take a pessimistic view of Africa that ivory, gum and oil are the only products of any consequence, and that the first will be exhausted in a few years. Mr. Stanley says that ivory will last for generations yet; that gum and oil alone give an ample field for trade. All along the 1,000 miles of the middle and upper Congo, the banks are crowded with oil palms, "and," said he, "divide that 1,000 by forty-two, and it will give you some idea of what you may expect the Congo to produce." Bananas, oranges and other fruits have been cultivated with complete success. Mr. Stanley considers himself perfectly justified in maintaining that the native products themselves are varied and inexhaustible, and that the country is capable of unlimited agricultural development. Mr. Stanley maintains that, apart from a little risk of fever when passing up the mouth of the river, there is no reason why white men should not enjoy as good health in Africa as in England.

THE nationalist agitation in Ireland is largely supported by the Irish in America. Were it not for the excitement kept up by a class of designing politicians, and the large amount of money they succeed in securing, the native organization would not possess the power it does. The Irish in America are the only people who keep up an incessant agitation in the affairs of the land they have left. The Germans, Scandinavians and all other races, while not ceasing to think kindly of their native land, pursue the peaceful pursuits of industry and become attached to the land of their adoption. The recent convention held in Boston at which Sexton made an inflammatory speech, is no wise different from similar meetings held from time to time. The same fire-and-fury-breathing spirit characterized much of the speaking, and the usual vigorous resolutions were duly passed. Perhaps the most noted, though by no means novel, feature of the convention was the presence of Mr. Parnell's mother. The employment and parade of the good old lady is all very well, but there is a keen eye to business in the whole affair. It is stated that she held a conference in Boston with a number of Catholic Bishops and leaders of the Irish League, concerning the means by which the coming political contest in this country can be turned to the advancement of Ireland's cause. It is understood that Mrs. Parnell represented her son. His proposition was that an offer be submitted to the Republican and Democratic parties that the one that will incorporate a plank in the platform in favour of admitting goods of Irish manufacture free of duty, specifying such goods as cannot be manufactured elsewhere than in Ireland, and the importation of which will compete with goods of American production, shall secure the organized support of the Irish-American vote. Mrs. Parnell then went to New York to take preliminary steps towards the organization of Irish interests. It is but fair to add that Mrs. Parnell has since come out with a disclaimer.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

GENEVA AS IT WAS AND AS IT NOW IS.

THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY AND THE NINETEENTH.

Last week I paid a visit to a friend—a pastor in one of the national churches of Geneva—and naturally we had much conversation regarding the change which had come over that city since the sixteenth century, when Calvin ruled in civil and ecclesiastical affairs. To many of the readers of THE PRESBYTERIAN the substance of our conversation will possess a certain interest. Voltaire writing of the

CITY OF CALVIN,

two centuries before his day, calls it a noble, rich, proud city, whose people were always calculating but never laughing, where balls and comedy were hated, and where the Psalms of David was the great source of pleasure. He speaks of the gloomy race of preachers who had imprinted sadness on the brows of all. Other writers tell how the private houses, like the churches, were stripped of all ornaments. The reformers were not allowed to wear silk or velvet. The law intervened everywhere, regulating the fashions, and fixing even the bills of fare at meals,—"two plates, meat and vegetables, without pastry." The Consistory made appear before it all who "sinned against morals." And what were some of their crimes? A woman took it into her head to pray in Latin an "Ave Maria," or "Let the souls of the faithful rest in peace." Another had worn her hair hanging, a man had appeared in public with "puffed breeches," young people had been caught in an inn, etc. Inns were permitted only to be visited by strangers, for whom the inn-keeper was made responsible. On arriving travellers were stripped of their swords, and were not allowed to go out after supper, nor to drink anything but the red wine of the country. If they failed to pray before partaking of a repast, the inn-keeper was held responsible. Girls who had the temerity to skate, were called to appear at once. A snuff-taker who, during a sermon had offered a pinch to his neighbour, a debtor and creditor who had arranged some matter of business when leaving church, a woman who had looked at the preacher with too marked attention, a peasant who had given to his cow the Scriptural name of Rebecca, etc. These are a few of the crimes selected at random from a list before me. During the sixteenth century nothing for the

GRATIFICATION OF THE TASTE

was permitted. Art and the muses were banished by the early reformers. Dancing, and even the sight of dancing, was prohibited. Music was not allowed even at nuptial feasts. Sacred music itself was suspected by Calvin. He admitted that the song of the church might serve for edification, "provided always that they took care that the ears were not more attentive to the harmony of the singing than the mind to the spiritual sense of the words." All mystery plays, all theatrical representations were strictly forbidden, as were all scenic plays, up to the eighteenth century—comedy could not be acted even in private houses. A recitation of the "Cid" in costume (which aggravated the offence) had almost caused the government and the "venerable company of pastors" to quarrel. This time, however, it was the clergy who had to submit.

THE GOVERNMENT OF GENEVA

was composed of three powers, one possessing sovereign power, the others executive only. These were the "Little Council," consisting of twenty-five magistrates, the "Council of Two Hundred" citizens, and the "Council General," made up of the "Little Council," the "Council of Two Hundred," and of all the people. There was a "Chamber of Reform" chosen from amongst the members of the "Little Council" and the "Council of Two Hundred," whose duty it was to apply the sumptuary laws, and to repress abuses of toilet and luxury. Although Geneva long continued to be attached to its ancient usages, the austere simplicity and rigour of the laws of the sixteenth century began to be relaxed towards the end of the seventeenth, and still more in the eighteenth. A proof of this is given in the report of a meeting of the

CHAMBER OF REFORM

of January, 1758. After telling how the Chamber was applying itself to prevent the introduction of new fashions, such as "furbelows and other charms" upon women's dress, and how it had repressed all "gilding," it enumerates the following propositions as having

been passed. "That they be careful to prevent the wearing on the hat, gold or silver bands—a practice some sought to renew—that they stop the habit of wearing ear-rings, false stones and steel ornaments on the part of females—that they be exact in preventing excessive expense in the case of mourning—that they prevent masters charging such high prices that people of ordinary means can no longer give an education suitable to their children—that they dismiss a new dancing master, who has set a bad example, and may influence others—that they forbid *summes de chambres* to wear lace ruffles—that they absolutely disallow domestics from having two suits of mourning, and also draped carriages, which are coming into fashion," etc. Up to the middle of the eighteenth century

ROMAN CATHOLIC

were forbidden to dwell in Geneva. They might pass through the city, and even spend a few days in it, but not remain permanently. Towards the middle of the century the authorities began to be rather lax in their treatment of offenders, owing, it is alleged, to the writings of Voltaire, who resided in the vicinity. In 1759 there were found to be 150 Roman Catholics in the city, of whom forty were valets, and fifty domestic servants. This was regarded with fresh suspicion by the old Genevese.

JOHN CALVIN,

who obtained almost sovereign power in Geneva in all the affairs of church and state, was by birth a Frenchman, being born at Noyon, in Picardy in 1509. He had been expelled from France on account of his doctrines, and sought an asylum in Geneva, where he joined Farel in 1536, and remained here until his death, in 1564. He is described as being a thin, sickly man, the subject of "five or six maladies." Yet he preached or lectured every day to hundreds of students, and found time to read everything, to write tracts by hundreds, and letters by thousands. He was an eminent Latin scholar, and took part in all matters, in the great affairs of kings as well as the small matters of the parish. Occasionally, arming himself with a trowel, he even went and worked on the ramparts of the town. Calvin's work was stupendous. Without him the Geneva of his day would not have held out against the arms of its neighbours, and the seductions of Francis de Sales. Strengthened by his discipline the little republic became the city of an idea—the focus of a light which has shone for three centuries—a light which to day has certainly grown dim, though not wholly extinguished. All the visible objects now in this city with which Calvin had any connection are, a chair he used to sit upon, which stands behind the pulpit of the old cathedral, (St. Pierre,) and the house in which he lived, No. 11 rue des Chanoines, on the west of the cathedral. "Geneva, that astonishing asylum between three nations," says Michelet, "lasted by its

MORAL FORCE.

No territory, no army, nothing as regards space, time or materials—the city of intellect, built by stoicism upon the rock of predestination. To all people in peril, Sparta, for an army, sent a Spartan. It was thus with Geneva. To England she gave Peter Martyr to Scotland, John Knox; to the Netherlands Marix—three men, and three revolutions. If in any part of Europe there was need of blood and torture, a man to be burned or broken on the wheel, this man was at Geneva, ready and disposed, and departed, thanking God and singing psalms to Him."

There was another element in Genevan society besides that of the old reformers, which was an appreciable factor in forming the character of the people. This was the

REFUGEE ELEMENT,

which was always present, and which helped to impart an unpoetic and rather sombre hue to the population. Those who have studied church history know how ready Geneva always was to welcome to its borders those who were flying from religious persecution; as many as 1,500 French, and 300 Italians being present at the same time in the city. The tone and general bearing of this class was not likely to encourage gayety or frivolity of any kind. They were mostly men and women of serious thought, whose brows were pale with study, and whose countenances wore the sadness inseparable from exile.

THE GENEVA OF TO-DAY,

as seen from the lake, wears a look of magnificence which nearer inspection does not quite justify. Its

hotels are certainly palatial in their appearance, its boulevards pretentious, its squares, parks and gardens pleasant enough. Its position, too, favours its appearance. Built on both sides of the lake, which here contracts to the size of a large river, with beautiful bridges connecting the shores, to the tourist who enters it for the first time, Geneva does look, both by day and night, truly charming. The lake, so placid in a summer evening, extending away to the north-east as far as the eye can reach, and reflecting on its surface every passing cloud, and every tree and hill which rises on its shores, does "woo" every beholder "with its crystal face." How pleasant, too, to watch "the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone," as it parts from "the bosom of its nursing lake," and hurries on, cleaving its way between "heights which appear as lovers who have parted," to lose itself, after a long journey, in the waters of the Mediterranean. What a contrast in colour this lovely stream presents at Geneva to that which it has as it issues, muddy and black, from the mighty glacier, which lies far away between the Forca and the Grimsel. What fine views are to be had of the Jura mountains on one side, and of Mont Blanc on the other, with the Mote and the Brezon in the foreground.

Deprived of its lake and river and of its views, the Geneva of to-day would possess but little interest to the summer visitor, who rarely cares to look beneath the outward appearance of things. Tourists are too restless, too anxious to penetrate the mountain fastnesses to give much thought to past history, or to dwell on it as the birthplace of great men, and the centre of events which have influenced the civilization of the world. In the old town, on the left bank—the Geneva of history—the streets are narrow, steep and crooked, and the houses old and dingy, and many of them inhabited by a class of people of foreign origin, some of whom have left their own countries for their country's good. Nearly half

THE POPULATION.

of the little Canton of Geneva, the smallest next to Zug, in the Confederation, are natives of France; and there are, in addition, at least 4,000 Germans, 3,000 Italians and 3,000 of other nationalities, with 18,000 Switzers from other Cantons. The Genevese are therefore a minority in their own country. It is easy to understand the effect of so large a foreign element on the morals and manners of the people. No wonder that the old inhabitants sometimes regretfully look back to the good old times of even fifty years ago, when the Genevese formed but one family, when the city was enclosed within its ancient walls; when industry and commerce flourished, when trade was conducted exclusively by Swiss merchants; when distinguished English families came in their own carriages and made long stays; when the Council of State fixed the number of *cafes* at twelve, and allowed no strangers unfurnished with passports to enter the gates; when rows were unknown, and beggars and vagabonds few and far between. But these good old times are no more; the quaint walks have disappeared, the city extending far beyond their limits; passports are no longer needed; *cafes* have increased to five or six hundred, arrivals are often more than 3,000 a day, many of them being disreputable men and women of different nationalities. One inducement to strangers to come to Geneva is the facility of marriage and divorce, one process being almost as easy as the other, owing to the laxity with which the law in this respect is administered. Or the

CLERGY

of the National Church, seven of the sixteen in the city are rationalists, and four out of the seventeen in the country parishes. Even the ministers of the Evangelical Free Church have not adhered to the doctrines on which that branch of the Church was founded. More than half the whole population is Roman Catholic. No wonder, then, if worldliness now prevails over spirituality in this the city of Calvin, and that every species of immorality is rampant, where the "Chamber of Reform" once held so tight a rein. Next to *cafe* and hotel-keeping, cigar-selling, and watchmaking, one of the most important trades in the Geneva of to-day is

BANKING,

there being as many as thirty individuals, firms and joint stock companies, who are described as bankers. In the days when every Swiss canton had its own monetary system, and every German principality its

own peculiar coinage, there might have been some reason in this number of bankers. But as monetary matters stand now, it is difficult to understand how so many of these institutions can keep their doors open. The Swiss are shrewd in business matters, and proverbially fond of money. As an illustration of this national shrewdness, it is said that when the Town Council of Geneva found that the late Duke of Brunswick's legacy (twenty million francs) consisted principally of Turkish, Egyptian and Prussian securities, they sold out at once, and so saved the greater part of their inheritance.

THE PERSECUTING SPIRIT

of the sixteenth century still lingers in this little republic. The banishment of Castellin in 1540, one of Calvin's fellow labourers, for his differing from him on the doctrine of predestination, and the execution of the Spanish physician Servetus, by order of the "Great Council," in 1553, are well known. Even Theodoro de Beza, described as a man of "uncommon suavity and exquisite urbanity," wrote a book in which he affirms the right to kill those who do not think as we do. These doctrines and practices of the sixteenth century, we see carried out in the nineteenth, by the virtual rulers of Geneva the rabble. Scarcely a week passes without members of the Salvation Army—helpless women and young persons being so maltreated that in some cases for life, and in some cases death, are the result.

My object in this letter being only to point out some of the leading characteristics of the Geneva of the olden time, under the influence of the Reformers, and some of the more prominent features of the reactionary period which succeeded, and not to describe what is to be seen by visitors, I close for the present. Those who take the trouble to read what I have hastily written, can draw their own conclusions T. H.

Clarens, Switzerland, May, 1884.

REV. MR. CHINIQUY WRITES AGAIN.

MR. EDITOR.—So many of your young readers ask me more details about the perils through which I have had to pass, when preaching the Gospel to the Roman Catholics, that I cannot answer them except through the press. Besides that, as those details are exceedingly interesting, I hope you will allow me a corner in your columns to satisfy them.

The attempt of the Roman Catholics to kill me at Quebec, the 17th of June was the seventeenth time they had tried to take away my life, to prevent me from preaching the Gospel. At the last riot of Quebec, I saw three priests who were evidently encouraging and leading the multitude of the would-be murderers. It is a true miracle that I escaped with my life in that last attempt to kill me, for there were more than 2,000 people armed with stones and sticks, evidently determined to murder me. More than one hundred stones struck my head and my shoulders, and those stones were so big and thrown with such a force that each of them could have killed a man if not stopped by the mighty hand of God. It was a real providential circumstance that there were two heavy cloth overcoats on the seat of the carriage. I put one around my head and the other around the shoulders. They acted as shields to prevent the flesh from being cut and the bones from being broken. But, notwithstanding them, my head and my shoulders were soon as a jelly and were covered with bruises. When arrived at the hotel St. Louis, with my heroic friend, Mr. Zolique Lefebvre, I told him: "Our escape is a miraculous one—let us bless our merciful God who has so visibly saved our lives." But before that, we wanted to hear what our dear Saviour had to say to us, in such a solemn hour. We read the fifteenth chapter of John, and I can tell you that we never felt the words of our Good Master so sweet as when, bruised, wounded and bleeding for His love, we heard Him saying to us:

"I am the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

"Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, He purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

"Now ye are clean through the word I have spoken unto you.

"Abide in me, and I in you.

"I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you, continue ye in my love.

"These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

"Greater love hath no man than this that a man lay down his life for his friends.

"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you.

"If the world hate you, ye know that it hated me before it hated you.

"Remember the word that I said unto you. The servant is not greater than his lord. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you.

"But all these things they will do unto you for my name's sake, because they know not Him that sent me.

"And ye also shall bear witness, because ye have been with me from the beginning."

These words were flowing into our souls as the drops of water which flow from the fountains of eternal life. We understood, then, once more, how the apostles went rejoicing after having been cruelly beaten by the Jews. For we were also filled with an unspeakable joy for having shed our blood and been covered with bruises and wounds for the dear Saviour's sake. We fell on our knees and blessed our God for having saved our lives. But we blessed Him still more for having granted us to suffer those humiliations and wounds for His holy and glorious Gospel's sake.

Of course the next night was a sleepless one. When we were not busy in praising God for having granted us to seal our testimony for Jesus Christ with our blood and almost with our lives, we had to follow the dictates of our intelligences, which were telling us to stop the blood which was freely flowing from the six wounds Mr. Lefebvre had on his face—and I had to prevent inflammation of the brain, by washing my head, very often, with cold water.

The next day it was my hope that this stoning of my head would have no serious consequence, and that the acute pains I was suffering would soon be over. But it was the will of God that it should be differently. When back home, I was nailed to a bed of suffering for more than three weeks, in danger to die from brain inflammation. My God only knows what tortures I have suffered during those long days and still longer nights. My only consolation, then, was to look at the crown of thorns of my adorable Saviour, and to bless Him that he was granting me to suffer something for Him also.

Now, thanks be to God, I am well, and ready to go again to Quebec, or any other place where His Providence will guide my steps, for the advance of his Kingdom.

We are the soldiers of Christ—must we not be ready every day, to suffer and die for Him, as He died for us?

I have been asked by many to give the details of my narrow escapes, but it would be too long. The only thing the short limits of this letter allow me to do, is to say that I have been stoned and wounded seventeen times. The places where I came nearer to be killed were Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Halifax, Antigonish, Charlottetown, in Canada—Sydney, Ballarat, Geelong, Castlemain, Haroham, in Australia—and Hobart Town, in Tasmania. In this last city, (which is our Antipodes) the governor, though a Catholic, was obliged to call all the troops under arms, and put the city under martial law for three days to save my life, which came very near, several times, to be taken away by the Roman Catholics. Twice, the pistol balls of the would-be assassins passed only a few inches from my ears.

But the sufferings of those seventeen times that I have been stoned and bruised for the Gospel cause are nothing, compared with the other humiliations and perils through which it has pleased the Good Master to try his unprofitable servant.

When the bishops and priests saw that it was not so easy as they had expected, at first, to silence me with their stones and their pistol balls, they engaged more than one hundred false witnesses to accuse me in different times, with every crime that a man can commit, with the hope to send me to the penitentiary. At the request of a priest sent from Montreal, seventy farmers of Bourbonnais perjured themselves and swore that I had set fire to their church. That priest, convinced from the lips of his own witnesses, of having

invented that horrible calumny, was subsequently condemned to several years of penitentiary. But he remained there only six months. The Roman Catholics came during a dark night and broke the door of the jail and helped him to escape to Montreal, where he died a few months after, from the sufferings he had endured during his incarceration. The name of that priest is F. Brunet—oblate of Mary Immaculate. It was proved by his own penitents that it was through "auricular confession" that he had circulated that calumny, and persuaded them to sustain it with their oaths.

I have been dragged as a criminal, before the Civil Courts, by the Bishop of Rome, thirty-two times, and I have been kept a prisoner under ball, by the sheriff, for eighteen years. After the Bishops and the priests had lost one of those suits, they immediately began another one. But my merciful Heavenly Father has always come to my help in those hours of perils and humiliations, and He has protected me under the mantle of His mercies.

One day I was reduced to such a degree of poverty by those indignations, that the sheriff sold my last chair and table, my stove, my bed, and even my library, at the door of the Court House of Kankakee, I kept only my dear Bible, which I put under my head as a pillow, when I had to sleep on the naked floor, for my dear Saviour's sake, during the next night which I will never forget.

Humanly speaking, it is very hard to be cursed as I am by my former friends—to be an outcast in my own country, to be condemned to death, and never to be sure of a single day. But it is sweet to suffer for Jesus' sake, and the hundreds of stones which have struck and bruised me are more precious to me than all the gold and gems of the world.

I have answered those questions put to me by many Canadian friends, not to induce them to have any bad feelings against the Roman Catholics, but only that they may not be deceived by the honeyed words of Bishop Lynch, and that they may know that the Rome of to-day is the same Rome which deluged the world with the blood of your heroic ancestors.

We must not hate the Roman Catholics, but we must pity and pray for them; we must do all in our power to throw some rays of the saving light into the awful night with which Rome surrounds the intelligence of the poor slaves whom she keeps at the feet of her idols.

Let my Christian friends of Canada allow me to tell them that there is a thing which does me more harm, and causes me more sadness than the stones or the sticks and the pistol-balls with which I have so often been attacked. It is the indifference, not to say contempt, with which they hear our supplications for help. It is hard to be stoned by the Roman Catholics, it is harder to receive the cold shoulder of the Protestants. I have no words to speak my distress and my desolation when I see how the disciples of Christ refuse to help me to save the priests who knock at my door crying, "What must we do to be saved!" A few crumbs from their tables would strengthen our hands, and help us to do more of the most blessed evangelical work of modern times. But that favour is refused; the ears are shut to our prayers; the hearts hardened against our wants. My hope was that I would find easily 200 friends in Canada to help me to publish my book by sending in advance the value of the volume, \$5. But instead of 200 such friends to give me a helping hand, I have hardly found twenty-five! Believe me, my dear Christian brothers and sisters in Canada, this public rebuke you have given me to-day, is more humiliating and painful to me, than all the stones thrown at my head by the Roman Catholics. It is not as a complaint and a reproach that I say these things, for you owe me nothing, and it is good, no doubt, that I should add this humiliation and rebuke I receive from you, to the stones and cursings of the Roman Catholics. Was not my dear Saviour rebuked and rejected by all in the last hours of His agony. I am near the end of my trials—more than seventy-five years have passed over me. If it be the will of God that I should be rebuked, rejected, forgotten and forsaken by you in these last days of my pilgrimage, let His holy will be done. Only please ask from our Heavenly Father more humble submission—faith and zeal.

From your devoted brother in Christ

C. CHINIQUY.

St. Ann, Kankakee Co., Illinois, Aug. 10th, 1884.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

RESTING IN GOD.

Since thy Father's arm sustains thee,
Peaceful be ;
When a chastening hand restrains thee
It is He.
Know His love in full completeness
Fills the measure of thy weakness ;
If He wound thy spirit sore,
Trust Him more.

Without murmur, uncomplaining,
In His hand
Lay whatever things thou canst not
Understand.
Though the world thy folly spurneth,
From thy faith in pity turneth,
Peace thy inmost soul shall fill
Lying still.

Like an infant, if thou thinkest,
Thou canst stand ;
Child-like proudly pushing back
The offered hand,
Courage soon is changed to fear,
Strength doth feebleness appear
In His love if thou abide
He will guide.

Fearlest sometimes that thy Father
Hath forgot ?
When the clouds around thee gather
Doubt Him not.
Always has the daylight broken,
Always has He comfort spoken.
Better hath He been for years
Than thy fears.

Therefore, whatso'er betideth,
Night or day—
Know His love for thee provideth
Good, alway.
Crown of sorrow gladly take,
Grateful wear it for His sake,
Sweetly bending to His will,
Lying still.

To His own thy Saviour giveth
Daily strength ;
To each troubled soul that liveth
Peace at length.
Weakest lambs have largest share
Of this tender Shepherd's care ;
Ask Him not, then, "When?" or "How?"
Only bow.

EFFORT AND FAITH.

A Tuscan coastguard reported to his government that there had been a lamentable shipwreck on the coast, and he said : "Notwithstanding that I lent to the crew on board the ship every assistance possible by means of my speaking trumpet, I regret to say that a number of bodies were washed upon the shore next morning, dead."

Very wonderful, was it not? And yet this is the kind of assistance which many who profess the faith lend to the people. They have yielded them the assistance which many who profess the faith lend to the people. They have yielded them the assistance of rhetoric, flowers of speech, and poetical quotations, and yet men have persisted in impenitence. There has been no real care for souls. The sermon was preached, but the people were not prayed for in secret. The people were not hunted for as men search for precious things. They were not wept over; they were not in very deed cared about. After all, it was the speaking trumpet's help and nothing else. But our faith makes us abundant in good works. If you are doing all you possibly can for Christ, endeavour to do yet more. I believe a Christian man is generally right when he is trying to do more than he can; and when he goes still further beyond that point, he will be even more nearly right. There are scarcely any bounds to the possibility of service. Many a man who is now doing little, might, with the same exertion, do twice as much by wise arrangement and courageous enterprise. For instance, in our country town a sermon delivered on the village green would, in all probability, be worth twenty sermons preached in the chapel; and in London a sermon delivered to a crowd in a public hall or theatre may accomplish ten times as much good as if it had fallen on the accomplished ears of our regular auditors. We need, like the apostle, to launch out into the deep, or our nets will never enclose a great multitude of fishes. If we had but the pluck to come out of our hiding place and face the foe, we should soon achieve immense success. We need far more faith in the Holy Ghost. He will bless us if we cast ourselves entirely upon Him.—*Spurgeon.*

THE THRONE OF WOMAN.

The well-being of society rests on our homes, and what are their foundation stones but woman's care and devotion? A good mother is worth an army of acquaintances, and a true-hearted, noble-minded sister is more precious than the "dear five hundred friends." The love we experienced for domestic blessings increases faith in an infinite goodness, and is a foretaste of a better world to come.

Our homes, as one well observes, are the support of the Government and the Church, and all the associations that give blessings and vitality to social existence are herein originated and fostered.

Those who have played around the same doorstep, basked in the same mother's smile, in whose veins the same blood flows, are bound by a sacred tie that can never be broken. Distance may separate, quarrels may occur, but those who have a capacity to love anything must have at times a bubbling up of fond recollections, and a yearning after the joys of by-gone days. Every woman has a mission on earth. Be she of high or low degree—in single blessedness or double—she is recreant to her duty if she sits with folded hands and empty head and heart, and frowns on all claims to her benevolence or efforts for the welfare of others. There is "something to do" for every one—a household to put in order, a child to attend to, some parent to care for, some class of unfortunate, degraded, or homeless humanity to befriend. "To whom much is given, of them much will be required." That soul is poor, indeed, that leaves the world without having exerted an influence that will be felt for good after she has passed away.

There is little beauty in the lives of those women who are drawn into the gay circles of fashionable life, whose arena is public display, whose nursery is their prison. At home does woman appear in her true glory; in the inner sanctuary of home life can she be most like those who walk above "in soft, white light" and follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth.—*Cleveland Leader.*

THE UNREASONABLENESS OF THE PEW.

Many a good man in the pulpit is saddened and discouraged by the fault-finding of the pew. This carping of the hearer sometimes extends to almost everything connected with the pastor. His sermons are usually first attacked. They are didactic and uninteresting in matter and cold in delivery. This petulance of speech never takes into consideration the drain made upon the mental resources, by the preparation each week of two discourses, the numerous drafts each week upon his time and sympathies by the multiplicity of matters that require his attention not only among his own flock, but in his relation to the Church at large and to the world. Comparatively few hearers seem to comprehend that the rush and pressure of the present age affect the minister in his sphere of labour quite as much as the occupant of any pew in the scenes of his daily life. It requires time for reading, study, research, meditation away from worldly care and bustle to formulate even one sermon a week, that will meet the demands of this exacting age. But to find a few hours for this preparation-work for a sermon any week is often a problem whose solution puzzles the ingenuity of many a pastor. How much more difficult the question when two sermons must be in readiness for each Sabbath, and several addresses must be delivered during the week. The impossibility of accomplishing such a task has been felt by men of great ability in an age when the exactions of the pew were comparatively gentle, and the quietude of the study was comparatively lengthy and interrupted. Bishop Andrews, no weakling in intellect and no idler in the vineyard, was accustomed to say when speaking of these trials of the ministry: "When I preach twice on Sunday, I have to prate once." Brethren of the pew, be considerate. Your pastor's godly life is his best sermon.—*Pulpit Treasury.*

GO AFTER MEN.

The preacher must not sit down and wait for men to come to him, like a physician for patients, or a dentist for men to have their teeth extracted; but must go after them, and take them as he finds them.

An eminent American pastor said a few years ago that his church was "dying of respectability." May not this be the case with many of our churches? It will not do for the preacher, in these busy, whirling, rushing, practical days of ours, when nearly every man

is doing his own reading and thinking, to wrap himself up in his clerical coat and white cravat and expect the world to run after him, or blindly believe all he says. He must impress himself upon men by the power that is in him, and they must feel that he is one of them, and in sympathy with them.

Says Dr. Austin Phelps: "It may be that we are living in an abnormal current of social changes. It may be that we are passing through a period of transition in history in which one sea is pouring itself through a narrow channel into another, like Erie into Ontario. Niagara, therefore, may be the fit emblem of our modern life. We may be approaching very near to the last times. The world may be moving with a rush which is its ultimate momentum. But one of the first principles of Christianity is to take men as it finds them, and where it finds them, and then and there adjust itself to them." Its mission is to do for men all that it can do under the disadvantages which sin or any other invincible fact creates. A Christian pulpit can not wait for men to come into a state in which they can receive its ministrations gracefully, tastefully, in a scholarly way, or even contemplatively and candidly. Least of all, has the pulpit any right to refuse to be received in any other way.

CHRIST BESIDE US.

Once I remember being told in my childhood the old story of a prince who appeared among the daughters of men, beautiful and trustful, and there won his bride by the charms of his gentleness and love; but when he came to tell the maiden of his lineage and his home, he had to reveal to her that he dwelt far away in the centre of the underworld; there his father was king, and the place was splendid, beyond what imagination could paint in a picture; but the path that led to it was unknown to souls of human birth; the entrance to even the beginning of it was beneath the waves of the ocean; she must simply put her hand in his with wifely trust and plunge off the cliff into the waters; it would be a hard moment of suffering, fear, perhaps; in an instant more they would rise through the billows, and then they would see the radiant towers of the royal residence, shining in jewels, and kindled with light that was not of the sun or stars.

Just so, whatever the vast and beautiful hereafter may be, it seems to me that there must always be this placing of every soul's hand in the hand of Christ, as on the day of its "first espousals" unto Him. He has told us of His "Father's house with many mansions." I do not see any way in which we can escape the silent, solemn plunge into the ocean which flows all around the world. It is a sunless passage, but very swift; Christ is just beside us, and the palace of rest and hope is shining beyond.—*Dr. C. Robinson.*

MORNING BIBLE READING.

The best time for Bible reading is in the morning. The mind and body are fresh after the repose of the night, and the highest powers of thought may be brought to bear upon the chapter selected. But, with most people, each recurring morning brings its own pressing tasks. Business cares, the daily toil, and the duties of the household are the first and most engrossing concerns. Some hours must pass, with many, before they can find time to sit down to any quiet reading. Let the plan be honestly tried by taking some words from God's Book for the first meditation of the morning. Make for the next month a fair steadfast trial of the plan of studying the Bible when your faculties are at mental high-water mark. You wonder at the familiarity of this or that friend with the Psalms, the Epistles, the Gospels. It has been gained, a little at a time, by patient daily reading—thoughtful and prayerful reading, too, which was hived by the soul as something worth treasuring. We shall all gain immeasurably in our influence, as well as in our comfort by giving more of our unwearied thought to the Holy Book. A few tired, sleepy, worn-out moments at night, and those only, are almost an insult to the Master whom you profess to serve.

RECENT advices from the Petchaburi (Siam) mission field are quite encouraging. On the last Sunday in April seven adults united with the Presbyterian Church at Bangaboc, and on the first Sunday in May, a large accession of membership was expected at Pochalay; also about fifty enquirers after religion throughout the region in which Dr. Sturge practices.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1884.

AMONG the evil habits of growing lads and young men seriously complained of must be reckoned gathering in groups at street corners, spending the evening in disgraceful talk and insulting the passers-by. When policemen are more than ordinarily watchful they disperse the young scamps. No sooner are they scattered than they reassemble elsewhere and continue their disgusting pastime. This evil is to be found in large cities, but is by no means confined to them. It is met with and deplored in towns and villages throughout the country: A more irrational method of spending the evening hours can scarcely be thought of. Healthful and innocent recreation, a quiet walk into the country, reading, and such like, would be much more preferable and certainly more profitable. One thing is clear, that young people who misspend their leisure time in loafing about street corners are on the down-track. For their own safety they cannot too soon bethink themselves, and abandon a course that leads to disaster and covers them and their friends with shame. Parents, guardians and all who have the care of youth ought to use their influence to put down one of our disgraceful Canadian institutions, street-corner rowdiness.

CONGREGATIONS in city or country who have granted their minister a holiday will now feel much better pleased with themselves than if they had permitted him to plod on without a respite. The ministers who have had the privilege of a vacation are grateful for it, and have sought to use it to the best advantage of themselves and their flocks. Like other men, a brief cessation from the ordinary labours in which they are engaged is greatly enjoyed. Though there are some who have the mistaken notion that a minister has an easy time all the year round, there are few men who work harder than the faithful pastor, who has to study his sermons, visit his people, counsel them in their difficulties, visit them in sickness, console the bereaved, warn the erring, succour the tempted, and tend the dying. Besides all this he has his regular meetings and classes, and numerous public duties to discharge. A vacation is an absolute necessity. Now those who have been spending their holidays in travel at home and abroad are returning to the spheres and the labour they love. They come back invigorated in nerve and brain. Their thoughts have been widened by observation and by meeting with others than they are accustomed to meet in their daily rounds. Their sermons will be all the better for the brief leisure they have enjoyed. The benefits they have derived they share with their people.

FROM American exchanges we notice that a mild discussion is springing up as to the manner in which hymns should be read in public worship. It is taken for granted that in general the reading of the hymn is far from being what it ought to be. There seems to be a desire for elocutionary effect in hymn reading. So utterly shocked are some æsthetic critics with the slyly and indifferent reading, that they go the length of proposing its omission altogether. They trace the custom of hymn reading to the time when illiteracy prevailed, when people had no hymn books, and could not read them if they had. Now that hymn books are plentiful, and people can read, there is, they argue, no necessity for the formal reading of the hymn. These critics also urge that the discontinuance would help to shorten the service. Of late years

church services have been very materially abbreviated, and those who find fault with a religious service of little more than an hour, are hard to please. It would not be surprising to find them in time objecting to services altogether. It is not desirable that there should only be a bald announcement of the number of the psalm or hymn to be sung. Better bestow some care that the reading express the sentiment of the composition, and that it may contribute to the devotional feeling of the worshippers. Whatever tends to the improvement of the service of the sanctuary is worth considering.

GREAT cities abound in contrasts. Great wealth and abject poverty, lavish magnificence and wretched squalour, highest types of Christian excellence and the lowest examples of moral debasement are to be found in the same city. Rev. Dr. Henry M. Scudder, of Chicago, whose experience and observation as a missionary enable him to speak with some degree of authority, says that "for unmixed wickedness and total depravity no city in Asia could equal Chicago or New York," and that this continent has a class of villains "lower and meaner than the lowest and meanest in India or China." These are strong sayings, but a glance at criminal records, and the testimony of police authorities, are amply sufficient to verify them. These plague-spots on our modern civilization cannot be allowed to continue. Many are alive to the responsibility that such a state of things entails. They are doing what they can to mitigate and restrain the evil, but the mass are indifferent. Their own pursuits engross their time and thought. They have none to bestow on what is becoming a serious problem. Years ago Lord Shaftesbury declared that the dangerous classes inhabiting the London slums were a menace to national stability. If the higher considerations of Christian philanthropy fail to inspire the people to seek a remedy for the moral and spiritual destitution, and the growing criminality resulting therefrom, the instinct of self-preservation ought to suggest active remedial efforts. In all large cities there is a sphere for Christian work. The Christian Church ought to be foremost in the endeavour to rescue the perishing.

THE HALTON BATTLE GROUND.

IN conducting the Scott Act campaign the friends of temperance have not only been wonderfully energetic, but they have shown that they can avail themselves of all legitimate means best adapted to the furtherance of the object in view. They have utilized the platform and the press with considerable assiduity, and with much effect. In the propagation of sound ideas on the question at issue there has been little apathy. The friends of the cause have evidently realized the importance and gravity of the occasion. They have been provoked to zeal and diligence by the strenuous efforts of the opponents of the Act.

Opposition has almost exclusively come from those immediately interested in the continuance of the present state of things. A stray philosopher here and there has urged the old and time-worn arguments that prohibition does not prohibit, that personal liberty is interfered with when prohibitory legislation is enacted. A gentleman engaged in the liquor trade has been writing a series of letters addressed to clergymen, with the avowed purpose of demonstrating that the Bible countenances the use of strong drink. Able, eloquent and subtle pleas on behalf of slavery were urged by southern divines, but in spite of their exegesis, that foul blot on modern civilization was swept away, and who could be found arguing biblical support in favour of "the sum of all the villainies" in our time? Many who pleaded passionately for slavery before 1861, are now, in their calm, declining days, devoutly thankful that the cause of slavery has been wiped out, even at the cost of blood, and tears and treasure. So it will be a few years hence, when the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquor has been extinguished, by peaceful legislation, in Canada.

Many non-abstainers are thoroughly in sympathy with the Act. They are candid enough to see the awful consequences which the traffic entails, and are perfectly willing that a measure designed to mitigate the curse of intemperance should have a fair trial. A few doctrinaires outside of the circle whose interest it is to maintain the existing trade in strong drink, may continue to theorize, but the question has become

too practical and pressing to be influenced by secluded dreamers. It is all very well to excogitate objections to a peculiar measure of social reform, but these gentlemen would be listened to more patiently and respectfully if they could substantiate their objections to the Scott Act by proposing one more effective. Until such a scheme is matured—a scheme that will permit a free sale and a free use of intoxicants, and at the same time lessen the evils of intemperance, and prevent the infringement of personal freedom—the best thing that can be done is to use the legal means provided for the suppression of intemperance. The best means at present possessed is the Scott Act. The duty of the hour is to secure its adoption and enforcement.

The successful and enthusiastic gathering for several days at Milton Grove, in the heart of Halton County, where a vote on the repeal of the Act, is to be taken on the 9th of next month, have powerfully contributed to strengthen the temperance sentiment in the popular mind. Several of the ablest and most efficient advocates of restrictive legislation have addressed the immense audiences that assembled day after day in Milton Grove. Among those who contributed largely to the success of the demonstration may be mentioned Mrs. Laura F. Fixen, a Danish lady resident in Minnesota, who told how the victory over the drink traffic in Iowa was achieved. She made a powerful appeal in behalf of women and children who require protection from the cruelties inflicted on them through strong drink.

The Hon. John B. Finch, of Lincoln, Nebraska, well and widely known as one of the most eloquent and logical speakers on the temperance question, delivered an able address which excited his numerous hearers to enthusiasm. "The traffic," he said, "is not to be tried by temperance lecturers, but by its own results as recorded in police courts, asylums, goals, penitentiaries, ruined homes and broken hearts."

The Rev. John Smith, of Erskine Church, Toronto, made a vigorous arraignment of the liquor traffic. He showed that it counteracted the benevolent designs of society, and asked what the liquor traffic was doing to build up and benefit society? In the United States it took from the people \$600,000,000. There were 500,000 men engaged in the business, and in our own country, \$36,000,000 was spent yearly, and 40,000 individuals were in its employment. The speaker then dwelt on the sin of deriving a revenue from the vices of the people, enlarging in full on its vicious effects on civilization.

Perhaps the greatest attraction in the Milton Temperance Camp was the presence of ex-Governor St. John, of Kansas, the nominee of the United States Temperance Convention for the presidency. The largest attendance was on the day on which he spoke. His address was stirring and powerful, meeting with a ready response from his hearers. The following sentences will show the terseness of his mode of address:

In Canada, you contribute fifteen times as much to tear down through the saloons as you do to build up through the school system. In the United States we spend twenty times as much to tear down as we do to build up. And yet we complain that the boys are bad. Many a father tells me with a long face that his boy is a bad boy. If he will go back to his own personal example, to his own ballot, he will find what in part caused it. In this country you pay twenty dollars for liquor for every one you spend for missionary effort. Twenty dollars for the devil and only one for Christ, and the devil can't save one of you.

Mr. E. King Dodds, who is retained by the liquor interest, was invited to defend the cause in which he is engaged, but he did not accept the challenge. The Rev. A. M. Phillips replied in detail to the arguments urged by Mr. Dodds against the Scott Act. The closing speaker was Dr. Dorchester, of Massachusetts, who discussed the relative merits of a prohibitory or a license system, giving his decided preference for the former as the only effective method of coping successfully with the evils of intemperance.

This grand gathering at Milton has been a powerful influence in strengthening the hands of earnest workers in the County of Halton. It has greatly encouraged and stimulated the workers there. The doubts of many and the fears of others have been removed. There is the utmost confidence that the Act will be sustained. Even in this there is possible danger. Nothing is more fatal to success than over-confidence. From this time on in Halton till the last vote is polled there must be ceaseless effort. It will be time enough to rest and rejoice when the victory is won.

THE CRIMINAL RECORD.

A BLUE Book has just been issued giving the criminal statistics of the Dominion for the year 1882. It contains in condensed form a mass of valuable and suggestive information. The high-water mark of crime continues to rise, but it has to be remembered that the population of Canada is steadily increasing; it is, however, obvious that the increase of crime keeps pace with the increase of population.

The number of crimes reported for 1882 is 44,082, this being a per centage of one accused of crime for every 101 of the population, a proportion most people will think far too high. Ontario in the criminal record is credited with 25,439; Quebec, 9,578; Nova Scotia, 1,896; New Brunswick, 3,099; Prince Edward Island, 658; Manitoba, 784; British Columbia, 672; North West Territories, 21.

There were thirty-five persons charged with murder. Of these, twelve were convicted, one detained as a lunatic, six awaiting trial when the returns were completed, and sixteen acquitted.

The total number charged with offences against the person is 6,624. Ontario heads the list with 4,200 of these. The next class is offences against property with violence, which number 310, of which 147 are credited to Ontario. Offences against property without violence come next, numbering 4,090, of which Ontario's share is 2,625. Malicious offences against property, total, 1,018—Ontario, 690. Forgery and offences against the currency, total, 76—Ontario, 50. Other cases not included in foregoing classes, 31,964—Ontario, 17,727.

Persons charged with criminal offences to the number of 5,215 were unable to read or write. Of these Ontario had 1,679, being surpassed by Quebec, whose record is 2,111. The accused who had received an elementary education numbered 18,610, of these 9,038 belonged to Ontario. Those who had received a superior education are given as 286, to which number Ontario contributed 132. Of accused persons, 1,082 were under sixteen years of age; 2,892 were between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one; 13,454 between the ages of twenty-one and forty, while those aged forty years and over numbered 6,821.

As to the nationality of those charged with criminal offences, we find the following. England and Wales, 2,297; Ireland, 3,821; Scotland, 1,165; Canada, 14,823; United States, 1,278; other foreign countries, 624; other British possessions, 307.

The religious profession of the accused is returned as follows. Roman Catholic, 12,245; Church of England, 3,878; Presbyterian, 2,447; Methodist, 1,841; Baptist, 637. There are 2,301 returned as Protestants, without other designation, and 373 under the head of "other denominations."

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE BOOK WORM. (New York: John B. Alden.)—The number for August contains the description of Babylon the Great, from Rawlinson's "Seven Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World."

OUR GEORGE; OR HOW TO GROW WISE. By Mrs. Helen E. Brown. (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication; Toronto: James Bain & Son.)—A bright and well-told story for young children, inculcating habits of observation and containing a good moral.

MRS. HURD'S NIECE. By Ella Farman. (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co.)—This well-written story, giving a narrative of "Six Months of a Girl's Life," tells how she came under good influences from which she derived the greatest benefit. It forms the August number of a new and remarkably cheap series entitled "The Young Folks' Library."

ELECTRA. Edited by Annie E. Wilson and Isabella M. Leyburn. (Louisville, Ky.: Isabella M. Leyburn.)—The August number of this attractive magazine is a specially good one. The contents are varied, readable, instructive and of excellent tone. The familiar portrait, finely engraved on steel, of Beatrice di Cenci forms the frontispiece.

LITTLE HANS AND HIS BIBLE LEAF. By Franz Hoffman. (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication; Toronto: James Bain & Son.)—This interesting story, interestingly told by its well-known German author, has been translated and adapted for English readers by Louise Seymour Houghton. It affords delightful and profitable reading for young folks. It also contains good illustrations.

GLENAIRLIE; OR THE LAST OF THE GRAMES. By Robina Hardy. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)—The authoress of "Jock Halliday," possesses in a high degree the art of telling a good story of Scottish life. The present work is in no respect inferior to that which helped to extend Miss Hardy's fame. The story and its incidents are natural, interesting, well sustained, it has a fine influence and healthy tone.

DOROTHEA KIRK; OR FREE TO SERVE. By Annie S. Swan. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier.)—Most of our readers have a high idea of Miss Swan's power as a writer of fiction, from her famous story of "Aldersyde." "Dorothea Kirk," first appeared in the *Glasgow Christian Leader*, under the title of "Free to Serve." It is now reprinted in book form. Many will be delighted to read this work from the pen of the young and gifted authoress.

HOW SORROW WAS CHANGED INTO SYMPATHY. (New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.)—A good idea of the nature and design of this neat little book is conveyed by the prefatory note. This volume contains the story of Eddy and Bessie, written by Mrs. Prentiss shortly after their death, and passages from which were given in her memoir, verses relating chiefly to the loss of these children, a few of her letters to bereaved friends, and some thoughts by the editor on the death of infants. The most of it is now printed for the first time. The work is designed especially for mothers who mourn the loss of young children.

SINGING ON THE WAY. A Collection of Hymns and Tunes for Sunday Schools, Social Worship and Congregations. By Mrs. Belle M. Jewett, assisted by Dr. J. P. Holbrook. (Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.)—"Singing on the Way" has had a short trial before the public, and has been reviewed by the press with marked favour. It has just changed publishers, and its new owners wish that this worthy compilation shall be generally known as holding an honourable place among their choice music books. The book is of the size and shape of the familiar Gospel Songs, and is a cheap and desirable book, with pure and elevated poetry and music for use both in the Sunday School and the home.

HAND-BOOK FOR THE DOMINION OF CANADA. By S. E. Dawson (Montreal: Dawson Brothers.)—This admirable Hand-Book is one of the first-fruits of the meeting in Montreal of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Primarily it has been prepared for enabling the members of the Association to obtain brief, concise and accurate information of the condition and resources of the Dominion. The work is well and thoroughly done as the limits of a guide book of ordinary dimensions would permit. Special pains have been taken to make it as complete and reliable as possible. Mr. Dawson has done his part well, and his efforts have been ably seconded by writers who are thoroughly conversant with the respective subjects on which they have written. It contains several useful and accurate maps. The pleasure and profit derivable from their visit to Canada by members of the British Association and tourists generally will be greatly enhanced by the aid this Hand-Book is fitted to render. Its value, however, is not confined to a class. Every one desiring to see and know what is interesting in Canada will find it a valuable assistant.

RUTHERFORD. A novel by Edgar Fawcett. (New-York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs.)—This is the latest issue of "The Standard Library." "Rutherford" is by the author of "The Adventures of a Widow," which appeared in the *Week*. Mr. Fawcett has of late been steadily and rapidly advancing toward the foremost place among American novelists. He deals with phases of society that require the utmost skill; but his quick insight into character, his ready sympathies, and his conscientious literary art, have proved more than equal to the tasks he has undertaken. It is certain that many of the best critics are watching his course with high anticipations. In "Rutherford," his latest work, neither they nor the public will be disappointed. It is a novel of New York society, and rarely has character been portrayed with more delicate but effective touches than in the case of some of these representatives of Knickerbocker caste. The story is by no means confined to them however, but is enriched to a very great degree by characters taken from lower social planes. Nothing the author has ever done, perhaps, surpasses his characterization of Pansy and Marion, the two sisters

who have fallen from affluence to poverty. Through them he arouses the deepest sympathies, and shows a dramatic power that is full of promise. It is needless, of course, to commend the literary finish of Mr. Fawcett's style.

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

A letter appeared in last week's PRESBYTERIAN over the signature of Mr. W. S. Ball, which, without waiting for his other promised communication, I think it well briefly to notice.

Mr. Ball's figures do not present a comparison between the tabulated statistics of the respective fields in 1882 and 1884, as he will observe by looking at page 124 of the appendix to the Minutes of 1882.

It is true, however, that a comparison between the reports of these two years shows a decrease in membership of 158, and in Sabbath-School attendance of 35, but this decrease is only apparent and admits of satisfactory explanation from various standpoints. To give but one illustration of this: In 1882 the St. Anne, Kankakee, field reports a membership of 425, in 1884 of 200—a difference of 225, accounted for by the fact that in 1882 their report seems to include all who then claimed connection with Mr. Chiniquy's congregation. There are now other French Protestant congregations in the surrounding district under the care of the American Church.

The aim of the Board of French Evangelization is to obtain as accurate and reliable statistics as possible. The difficulty of obtaining absolutely or even approximately correct statistics in any department of church work is well known. It is worthy of note that while the statistical committee reported to the General Assembly last June as to the membership of the Church that "all the Synods show a decrease except that of Toronto and Kingston." The Board of French Evangelization reported an addition during the year to the membership of the French churches of 192, "nearly all of whom were on profession of faith, and chiefly gathered in from the Church of Rome." It ought to be borne in mind that when deaths or removals take place in English-speaking congregations the membership is generally made up by reason of immigration or by additions from the families of the congregation; whereas when deaths or removals occur in French churches the membership, if made up at all, must be almost entirely by converts from the Church of Rome. Suppose the cases were reversed and that removals by death, etc., in our English-speaking congregations during the last ten years had only been made good—in so far as made good at all—by converts from the English, Scotch, and Irish sections of the Roman Catholic Church, would a comparison of the statistics of these ten years show an increase or a decrease in the membership?

I mention this for the purpose of calling attention to the difference between English and French work in our Church, and to the unfairness of judging the one by the standard of the other. Owing to various causes, one of which is the species of petty persecution encountered at the hands of neighbours and comrades in the workshop, etc., a considerable proportion of the French Canadian converts from Romanism have removed to the United States, where, though lost to us so far as appearing in our statistical report is concerned, they are not lost to Protestantism, or to the Gospel. Only last week I visited a field where nearly one half of the French Protestant families have recently removed elsewhere. In several of the English congregations of our Church some of our French converts have found a home, and thus drop from the membership of our French Churches.

This work of French Canadian Evangelization is admittedly a most difficult one, and one not without discouragement. Though not authorized to speak on their behalf, I know that the Board will be glad to receive and to give careful consideration to any suggestions from Presbyteries or ministers, or friends of the work generally. Their only desire and aim is to further its interests in every way within their power.

I cannot help adding that amid their trying and self-denying labours, the best of our missionaries are cheered and strengthened by the thought that they have the sympathy, and an interest in the prayers of the Church, and nothing so tends to paralyze and discourage them as unfair or ungenerous criticism.

ROBT. H. WARREN.

Montreal, 25th August, 1884.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

THE LAST OF THE LUSCOMBS.

BY HELEN PEARSON HARNARD.

XXXIII.—UP THE RIVER.

As the days went on there was no change in Winn's feelings. The song in his heart was still full of exultant harmony. Sometimes, indeed, there crept into it a minor strain. It was when he thought of Elsie Moor. He had not seen her since that Sabbath evening when the stranger entered the prayer meeting, and that last glimpse of her troubled face lingered in his memory. Reading it by his own deep emotion that night, he felt assured that she had also been moved by the stranger's appeal.

Jack and Minnie Willoughby, Kitty Graham, and even Calvin Watkins, had risen for prayer in the vestry, and were striving to enter the better way. There were others also; every meeting was crowded; daily the interest deepened, still Elsie was missing. She was also absent from school.

"Does any one know why Elsie is away?" Master Graham asked, every morning when the roll was called.

No one knew or offered to call at her home in the woods. Those who ventured were never welcomed by her gloomy father. Indeed, he had been actually rude on several occasions, showing so plainly that he did not wish associates for his daughter, that the young people did not go again.

Winn had been there but once since the time, so long ago, when he went up the river with Captain Marsh; but he had not forgotten that lovely ride, or the vision of the brown-eyed maid, as she appeared to him. He could not have told why, but Elsie Moor was always invested with a peculiar interest. Perhaps it was because she was connected with those first days at the Lighthouse, or because he seemed to understand being lonely himself. What an isolated life she must have led in the years before she went to school. True, there was no trace of this in her bright face. Her buoyant nature had evidently risen above the morbid clouds her father made in their domestic sky. Winn had scarcely seen her look serious until that Sabbath evening. It was no wonder, then, that the new expression on her face haunted him until he felt impelled to call upon her. He longed to tell her all that had happened to their mutual friends, and of his own happiness, and end by asking her to join them in the new way. Winn thought of it much, and planned many imaginary talks between them before he decided to go. So, it came to pass, that one Saturday afternoon Winn entered into no contracts for jobs for anybody in the village, but arrayed in his best suit, entered his boat, and was soon rowing across the bay towards the mouth of the river.

It was in the early fall, the bushes that fringed the river banks were full of many-hued leaves; wild grapes hung from tangled thickets far above the young boatman's reach; several squirrels scampered along a fallen wall carrying hoards of nuts; a large gray squirrel was swimming across the stream holding his long, bushy tail over his back. He was so frightened when he saw the boat that he seemed too bewildered to know which way to turn, swimming back and forth in one spot.

Winn met only birds and squirrels as he pursued his course up the winding river; when he reached the ferry, even the ferryman's craft was not in sight. Winn was not sorry that he was absent, although he had expected to meet him.

Winn had fastened his boat to the landing and stepped ashore, without glancing at the hut. When he did so he saw Elsie sitting in the low doorway, sewing. He thought she looked doubtfully at him as he advanced along the path. He was certain she gave several timid glances behind her, as if there were somebody around.

"Father has gone across the river," she said. "I did not come to see him," replied Winfred. Elsie making no reply, he added: "Master Graham asks after you every morning. We all wonder why you stay away from school."

Elsie turned a deep crimson, Winn thought her eyes were full of tears, but they were bent upon her work.

Winfred waited a moment in silence, for her to speak. She kept on sewing.

"Have we done anything to offend you, have I?" he asked, at length.

"Oh no, indeed not!" exclaimed Elsie, looking up wonderingly. "Why do you imagine such a thing?"

"You do not ask me to stay," said Winn, with simple dignity.

Elsie flushed again, and bit her lips, then glanced up again at the youth, as he leaned against a tree.

"Don't think me rude, or inhospitable," she said, in a low, hurried tone, "don't ask me why, for I cannot tell you, but I cannot welcome any of my friends here, at present."

Winfred's face cleared. He felt assured that it was not her fault that she did not offer him a seat, or make him at home.

"It is too bad!" said Winn, hotly. "What have you done? What have any of us done, to be treated in this way? I'll ask your father."

"Oh, don't, please don't!" cried Elsie, apprehensively. "It will all come right by and by," adding in a low, sweet tone, "I have faith that it will."

Something new and solemn vibrated in the girl's voice. Winn bent upon her a grave, searching look, and after a moment, said:

"Elsie, I've come to tell you that some of us hope we are Christians. We've been trying ever since that Sabbath evening—you remember it—when the stranger talked to us?"

"I shall never forget it," said Elsie, tremulously. "I never thought much about such things until then. The more I thought the more I felt that I must decide for eternity, and one day I gave myself to Christ. I have been very happy ever since. I longed to tell Kitty and Minnie, and you all, but the way was closed against me. My 'testimony' must wait."

"You told your father?"

"Yes," replied Elsie, "I felt as if I must speak, and he"—she flushed again, and spoke slowly and carefully as if weighing her words, that she might not give utterance to anything unkind of her parent;—"he thinks I had better stay at home by myself for the present, until—until my new feelings wear away."

"Will they?"

Winfred spoke eagerly, bending forward a little, as he leaned against the tree, to catch her reply.

"They grow deeper every day," said Elsie; "they come for me when father is—unhappy; they are company for me, when I am alone here. For since I went to school, and made such dear friends there, I feel the more the loneliness of this place."

Winfred looked about, as she spoke. It was indeed an isolated spot for a young girl's home; already the weird shadows were creeping along the ground beneath the tall forest trees; no other house was in sight, not a living being besides themselves. Noting also the stillness within the hut, Winn asked if the housekeeper were not there.

"No, he sent her away, very soon after," Elsie said; "he thought she influenced me. He knew she took me to meetings."

They talked a long time on these subjects. Elsie sent many loving messages to her girl-friends.

"Tell them I am with them; they must think of me when they open their Bibles, or are in the prayer-meeting, listening to good Parson Willoughby; and their fathers and mothers are happy that they have chosen the good way!"

Elsie spoke plaintively, with eyes full of tears. For a moment she evidently contrasted her lot with theirs.

Winfred did not reply. At length he inquired: "Shall I tell Parson Willoughby?"

Elsie thought a moment. "I hardly know what to say. Would it be disobeying my father if I sent him a message? I'd like to have him know how I feel."

It was very flattering to Winfred, her appealing to him in the matter; but the boy was too deeply interested in the subject of their talk to notice that.

"No one has a right to forbid us to confess Christ before the whole world;" he cried, "you surely are not going to stay here all your life and not witness for Him?"

Elsie's brown eyes were full of perplexity as he spoke.

"I think about that much of the time," she said. "I believe the way will open for me, without opposing my father. He has had such a sad, lonely life without mother and the rest! I would not grieve him for the world."

"But you cannot please him in this thing," said Winfred. "I cannot change, but God can change him," replied Elsie, with a womanly dignity that surprised the lad.

They were both silent a few moments; then Elsie said again, weighing her words, something new for the heedless brown-eyed maid:

"I think you may tell Parson Willoughby. Tell him I love Jesus and would gladly rise in meeting with others; but I'm waiting for father."

She folded her work, and slowly rose, turning half towards the hut as she spoke. Just then a passing breeze gently lifted a branch of the old tree. A rift of golden sunlight came through, and lay like a crown upon her young head.

"I must go in now, Winfred," she said softly, "good-bye."

"Good-bye, Elsie," he gravely responded, still leaning against the tree, a wistful look in his blue eyes. He was thinking what a blessed thing it would be to have such a sister, how they could talk together of this new and beautiful way, going onward and upward in sweet communion.

The hut door closed; she was gone. Winfred slowly wended his way to the landing; then floated down the river, occasionally dipping an oar to guide the boat around some sharp bend. The glory of the clouds tinged the banks. The glory of the sunset was reflected in the sparkling water. A glory beyond the brush of nature filled the lad's soul as he thought of Elsie and the others entering together into the new way.

If he could have looked behind just then, and seen the ferryman's face as he entered the hut, the lad's heart would have been filled with other feelings; pity for Elsie, and possibly hardness towards her father.

Elsie was preparing their simple meal as John Moor entered. How daintily the table was set, how the china shone, and the slice of meat as she was toasting was cut so thin that you could see the glowing coals through it. It must be just such a delicate brown to satisfy the little housekeeper. The hand that held the toast trembled slightly as her father stalked in.

"I'm just about ready, father," she said, a little nervously.

John Moor made no reply. Elsie glanced quickly at him. There seemed a deeper shade upon his brow than usual. He placed his gun in the corner, took off his hunting equipment, and threw the game-bag down beside them.

Elsie rose and put the toast on the table, then inquired as she peeped into the tea-kettle:

"Did you shoot anything, father?"

"There's a couple of partridges in the bag," he replied, adding suddenly, and in his hardest tones: "Anybody been here this afternoon?"

"The horn sounded twice from across the river," replied Elsie.

But that was no reason why her lip should quiver and her cheek flush! For an instant she was tempted to let the matter drop there, feeling sure that her father did not know that one of her new friends had ventured to their retreat; but her conscience would not let her deceive him. With out raising her eyes, she added, as carelessly as she could: "And one of the scholars called—Winfred Campbell."

John Moor regarded her closely from across the table. There had been a strange light in his eyes.

"Yes," said he slowly. "I saw him! Well for you that you told me the truth."

"I will always try to, father," said Elsie.

"Try to!" You'll have to," cried he, harshly. He brought his fist down as if to emphasize his remark. The

little table shook till the china clattered. The tears sprang to Elsie's eyes.

"Dear father, don't speak so to me," she said, gently: "I try to please you."

"It's always try, try, try!" exclaimed the man. "I want it to be from your own will, because you want to!"

A hard task it was under the circumstances! Elsie's spirit shrank back as she looked into the future, where his will, crossing the new path of duty must be also her delight.

"I thought you knew I did not wish you to have any communication with the young folks," continued John Moor.

"I could not help Winfred's coming," began Elsie, and was interrupted.

"Well, if you cannot, I will. I'll have my own way on my own ground. A pretty piece of impudence, to come in here when I was away!"

"But father, he did not know you were gone!" pleaded Elsie.

"Silence!" he roared, in his most exasperated tones. Then, when Elsie shrank back with a shiver, and a tear fell on her plate, he added, "It's all these new ideas you've got at meeting. We got along well enough before. If you'd kept away from church you wouldn't have got these notions, and we'd continued happy. Now, there'll be no peace betwixt us; if you don't actually join the church against my will, you'll be wanting to, and that'll spoil my comfort."

How could he talk of "comfort," whose soul was steeped in bitterness against his God, because of the death of his wife and children! A sudden pity flooded the girl's soul, overweighing her trial.

"Dear father, I'll try to make you happy," she faltered; "indeed, you would be happy if you would not close your heart against the truth. Oh, if you would only see things as I do now, and we could join the church together."

Her father interrupted her pleading with an expletive that made her shudder.

"Never speak to me so!" he added; "if you would do as I bid, forget your new notions."

"I can never give up my Christian hope," said Elsie, her young face resembling her father's, as it settled into firm lines; "I must keep that to the end." Then softening, she gently added, "It will help me to wait for you, dear father!"

"You'll wait till I'm in my grave, then," said her father; "you'll never get my consent, or my company. Before I'd—"

"Don't! don't!" she interposed, putting up her hands as if to ward off some blow; "dear, dear father, don't say anything rash! It seems as if God were listening, as if He would punish. Oh, father—"

She burst into tears. John Moor pushed his plate from him with another expletive, and strode from the house.

(To be continued.)

TOULON, THE PLAGUE-STRICKEN CITY.

Toulon, at present the chief town of an arrondissement of the Var, is situated on the northern shore of a bay which runs for some distance in a northwesterly direction into the French mainland. To the north a high chain of hills runs half around the bay; protected by lofty promontories from easterly or westerly winds. It is guarded from the south wind by a peninsula running across the entrance, to the north of which are the great roads. Close to the town are two large basins, formed by magnificent quays and moles, called the old and the new ports, the eastern one for vessels of war and merchantmen, the other kept exclusively for the navy, having been greatly enlarged in 1856. The depth of the outer road is sixty feet, that of the inner road, and the basins thirty feet, so that a fully-equipped vessel of the line can float at ease in them. Since 1784 the plan of enlarging the town and the harbour has been frequently discussed, but it was not really undertaken till 1836, being at that time highly necessary, for the flourishing town of Marseilles was attracting all the trade, and Toulon gradually sinking as a commercial port. The enlargement of the town, however, was not set about till 1836, and that through the extension of the war harbour, which was disproportionate to Louis Napoleon's rapidly created fleet. While the war harbour formerly could not hold thirty ships of the line, it is now spacious enough for 150 ironclad frigates. Toulon has endured repeated sieges, which nearly all resulted unfortunately for the town. In 599 it was captured by the Goths, in 789 torn from the Saracens by Charles Martel, but thrice besieged and desolated by them in 1178, 1196 and in 1211. In 1554 it was occupied by the troops of Charles V., under the Constable of Bourbon. In the Spanish war of succession it gloriously withstood the siege of Prince Eugene, who, after twenty-four days of heavy fighting, with 30,000 men, was compelled to retreat. The last tragic event of this nature was the siege and recapture of the city in 1793 by the Republicans, for the convention behaved with even unusual ferocity. When Toulon surrendered to the English it had 28,000 inhabitants; a short time after the departure of the latter the number was reduced to 7,000; now it has a resident tax-paying population of 60,000. But Toulon has also suffered equally by pestilences, which raged with unparalleled fury. Since the commencement of the fifteenth century the town has been visited no less than nine times by the plague, the worst being in 1721, the last time it made its appearance.

BACH AND HIS ORGAN.

Not only the artist and lover, however, but the craftsman comes before us in the records of Bach's early church organist life. He knew all about the technical build of the "huge house of the sounds," and his thoroughly practical specification for the repairs and improvement of the organ at his next post, the Blasius-Kirche, at Mühlhausen, which is given in full, is very interesting as well in its provisions as in its downright and dictatorial tone, as of a man who knew thoroughly what he was about and would have no scamping. Unfortunately, even musical readers in England know generally so little of the mysteries of the organ that we much fear that the quotation from this document

would not be appreciated here; but it may be mentioned, as showing how little inclined was Bach at this time to anything like the asceticism of the modern purists on the organ, that he not only gives special directions about the repair of the "tremulant" so that it may be regular in its pulsations, but that he added to the pedal a new "Glockenspiel," or scale of bells, played by the pedal keys. What would be said to this in a modern church organ? There is a Glockenspiel stop on the Crystal Palace organ, and when the first organ player of the day presumed to introduce this at the last Handel Festival, in a particularly bell-like passage in Handel's First Concerto, we remember how the critics came down upon him. Bach's former organ at Luneberg had a "Cymbelstein" also, a contrivance for strutting cymbals in the organ, probably by a special pedal. Whether these additions are really in keeping with the genius of the instrument, and whether Bach himself in his older period of more serious organ composition, would have cared as much about them, of course may be questions to be asked; but the fact is interesting as showing that organ concerts in the good old days were by no means the sedate and solemn affairs that they are often supposed to have been.—*The Edinburgh Review.*

EXTRAVAGANCE IN LIVING.

Such crimes as those of Ferdinand Ward, while they spring often from depravity, are oftener the result of mere weakness of character. Thackeray in many of his minor sketches constantly draws the portrait of the man and woman whose means are not equal to the style of living which they desire; and they desire it not for itself, but only because others have it. They are not strong and steady enough to be content with that which they can command and afford, and the means to secure the other must somehow be obtained. Thackeray puts the fact in the simplest and most amusing form. The young couple must give a dinner, and instead of the joint of lamb and the glass of beer which is the only repast to which they have the moral right to invite a friend—if, indeed, the beer may be morally permitted—they must needs prepare a feast which they can not honourably afford, and for the sole reason that other people who can afford it give such feasts.

It is this doing a little more, or a great deal more, than the doer can honestly afford, which leads to the swindles of Wall Street. Living in a house too expensive for his means, maintaining it accordingly, dressing as his richer neighbours dress, doing in all things as they do—it is this weak complacency which is hidden in the fine houses, and drives to the Park in the fine equipages, which presently ends in Ludlow Street Jail and hopeless disgrace. Yet it is the poorest kind of competition, because the little imitator might see even with his dull eyes that there must always be a few persons who can "do the thing" better than all the rest, and without feeling it. The bull-frog may swell until he bursts, but he can not rival the ox.

This is the tendency which all sensible people—and a great many otherwise sensible people are swept away by it—ought quietly to resist. The power of individual example is immense, but it is often underestimated by the individual. "My vote is of no consequence, but, since you wish it, I will vote," said a man to his neighbour, and the right candidate was elected by a majority of one. The family which in the midst of a saturnalia of luxury and extravagance refuses to take part in it, and holds to a simple, moderate, temperate way, is diminishing the supply of Ferdinand Wards and Wall street panics.—*Editor's Easy Chair, in Harper's Magazine for August.*

MAHOMETAN MAHDIS.

During the last few months every one has been speaking of the Mahdi, but comparatively few, it is safe to say, have connected any precise idea with the title assumed by Sheikh Mohammed of Dongola, or have had before their minds in using that title the remarkable passages in the past history of Islam which the name of Mahdi calls up to the Oriental student. And, singularly enough, uncertainty as to the true meaning of a word which is far more uncommon in Arabic authors has not been confined to persons ignorant of Arabic. For as the name of the Mahdi is written in ordinary Arabic books, that is without the points marking the vowels, it is possible to read and explain it in more than one way. A writer in the *Times*, who may be safely identified with an Arabic scholar of most distinguished eminence, has recently proposed to speak, not of the Mahdi, but of the Mahdi, and interprets the word as meaning "the guide," the spiritual and inspired guide, that is, of the followers of Islam. It is well, therefore, to observe at the outset that it can be shown conclusively that this view, though supported by an eminent scholar, is certainly wrong. Without going into questions of grammar, it is enough to say that the decision between the current pronunciation and that proposed in the *Times* can be made at once, if the word is found in verse, by the simple process of scansion. Now, there are abundance of verses in which the Mahdi is spoken of, and they prove that the current pronunciation is correct. They prove, also, that the word is the passive participle of a verb meaning to guide, and the Mahdi, therefore, is not the guide of the faithful, but he who is himself guided by divine grace and inspiration.—*Prof. W. Robertson Smith.*

QUAKERISM IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Quakerism aimed at the overthrow of nearly all vested interests. The Quaker dogma of an unpaid ministry was hateful to the ministers of other denominations; its non-litigious principles dealt as great a blow at the very existence of the lawyer as its non-combatant ones did at that of the soldier. All who loved the beautiful disliked the idea of a religion which forbade music and painting, and which prescribed a sober monotony of dress. Whilst the ray dreaded one that held every amusement, however harmless, as mere waste of time, and therefore sinful, the rich and noble still more

dreaded one that destroyed all equalities of rank, and forbade the homage they considered theirs by right. The Quaker system not only ran counter to the habits and customs of the time, but it ran perpetually counter to them. Other Dissenters, if they chose, might conform to them in social or political matters, but the Quaker was forbidden by his creed to do so. In the house and workshop, in the fields or on the highway, he was a marked man. His speech was couched in different phrases from that of other men, his dress was not of the same cut, and was of more sober colour; his manners were less polished and seemingly less courteous. His whole existence was a protest against conventionalities, nor could he consent to make any concessions to the weaker brethren. None of these peculiarities were absolutely novel, nor were any of the religious doctrines of the Quakers. In the most distinctive of the latter, the doctrine of an inward spiritual light which superseded revelation, they had been forestalled, at least in part, by the German mystics, and in the others, such as the non-use of the Sacraments, they did little more than copy or continue earlier Puritan religious systems.—*George Fox and the Early Quakers.*

TO-MORROW.

"You'll come to-morrow, then;" light words lightly said
Gayly she waved her little hand, gayly he bared his head

"You'll come to-morrow, then," and the man on his errand
went,
With a tender prayer on heart and lip, yet on his work intent.

The woman a moment lingered; "would he turn for a parting
look?"
Then with half a smile and half a sigh, her household burthen took.

"You'll come to-morrow, then," and when the morrow
broke,
Pale lips in the crowded city, of the "railway accident" spoke.

A strong man in a stranger's home, in death's dread quiet
lay,
And a woman sobbed a full heart out in a cottage a mile
away.

So lightly our thoughts leap onward, so lightly we hope and
plan,
While Fate waits grimly by and smiles, to catch her plaything—man—

Discounting the dim, strange future, while his blind eyes
cannot see
What a single flying hour brings; where the next step may
be.

And love floats laughing onward, and at his side glides
sorrow,
While men and women between them walk, and say, "We'll
meet to-morrow!"

—All the Year Round.

A JOURNEY TO THE SUN.

As to the distance of ninety-three million miles, a cannon-ball would travel it in about fifteen years. It may help us to remember that at the speed attained by the Limited Express on our railroads, a train which had left the sun for the earth when the *Mayflower* sailed from Delfhaven with the Pilgrim Fathers, and which ran at that rate day and night, would in 1884 still be a journey of some years away from its terrestrial station. The fare, at the customary rates, would be rather over \$2,500,000, so that it is clear that we should need both money and leisure for the journey.

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the sun's distance is given by expressing it in terms of what the physiologists would call velocity of nerve transmission. It has been found that sensation is not absolutely instantaneous, but that it occupies a very minute time in travelling along the nerves; so that if a child puts its finger into the caudle, there is a certain almost inconceivably small space of time, say the one-hundredth of a second, before he feels the heat. In case, then, a child's arm were long enough to touch the sun, it can be calculated from this known rate of transmission that the infant would have to live to be a man of over a hundred before it knew that its fingers were burned.—*Prof. S. P. Langley, in the September Century.*

THE Queen has agreed to a young men's society designating their central premises by the name of Prince Leopold.

THE War Department at Rome has invited all Italian immigrants settled in foreign countries to return home and fulfil their military duties, every male twenty-one years old being subject to conscription, regardless of naturalization abroad. Italy has repeatedly refused to exempt her sons naturalized in the United States.

THE Free Presbytery of Edinburgh has refused to sustain the call from Newington congregation to Mr. Macaskill of Greenock. There are 568 names on the communion roll, and the call was signed by 263 and the dissent by 259, but from the latter 26 had to be deducted as having also signed the call. Of adherents, 86 signed the call and 100 the dissent.

A DEPUTATION from the Assembly visited Dunbeath congregation, Caithness. Three elders sent them a communication which the minister and the majority of his session, regarded as reflecting upon them. In consequence they suspended one of the elders, but the presbytery has now directed that he be restored to his office. Mr. Ross has appealed to the Synod.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

BERLIN oculists report that the iron dust floating from elevated railroads in the streets has added 5 per cent to the profits of the profession.

THE membership of the Wesleyan Church in Great Britain is 407,085, with 35,272 on trial, and 41,800 young persons in junior society classes.

THE Maharajah of Travancore has offered to award a gold medal annually in the medical college at Madras to encourage the medical education of women.

THE Church of England Temperance Society had a great temperance holiday at the London Health Exhibition, on the 2nd inst, when over 50,000 people attended.

THE Rev. C. E. B. Reed, secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, the eldest son of the late Sir Charles Reed, has met with a fatal accident at Pontresina.

EDINBURGH Established Presbytery has appointed a committee to examine and report upon the relations between the presbytery of Edinburgh and the churches in India.

CERTAIN portions of the Alps have been covered with snow this summer to an unprecedented extent; not only did the winter snow not melt, but a fresh supply fell in July.

THE Crown Princess of Germany, the eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, speaks English, German, French, and Italian so well, that it would be difficult to say which is her native tongue.

THE directors of the London and Brighton Railway are supplying pure water, at their principal stations, to travellers at one penny a glass. It is brought round while the trains are waiting.

A NEW English church has been built on the Riffel Alps above Zermatt, 7,000 feet above the sea level, the highest place of worship in the world, with the exception of the monastery of St. Bernard.

PANDITA RAMA BAI, who astonished the people of India by her scholarly attainments, has been appointed teacher of Sanscrit, in the ladies' college at Cheltenham. She lately became a convert to Christianity.

ROSEMARY-STREET congregation, Belfast, has added \$700 to the salary of Rev. Wm. Park, making it \$3,700. This is believed to be the largest stipend paid to any minister of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland.

A NOVEL feature in the recent experience of the zenana workers at Soory, in India, is the earnest desire of many of the Mussulman women to be taught. They are beginning to realize that women as well as men have minds.

THE bread eaten at table in Turin is a yard long and an eighth of an inch in diameter, of a pipe-stem form, very crisp, and exceedingly palatable. It is called "grissini," after the doctor who invented it on hygienic principles.

THE Rev. Mr. Frankland has been reduced to a superannuary and inhibited from preaching by the English Wesleyan conference, for maintaining that the doctrine of future punishment is not in harmony with the Methodist standards.

THE Empress of Germany has never been able to walk since the accident she met with when she fell while walking in her room. Only on rare occasions now does she show herself at court, where her appearance inspires profound sympathy and pity.

PRINCE GEORGE, of Germany, is the author of several dramas and tragedies which denote a poetical mind with a strong tendency to melancholy. He is unmarried, and leads a most retired and studious life. He scarcely ever appears at court or in society.

AT Berge-la-ville, France, two children of fourteen, attached by a hook a slow match to the skirt of a child of seven and then set the match on fire. Their victim rushed home, uttering frantic cries, and died in great agony, being seized with an attack on the brain.

To prevent waste in the cost of collection, the greater part of the Liverpool charities allow their funds to be collected by the Central Relief Society, which collects and distributes subscriptions to seventy-seven different charities, the gross amount being about \$110,000 a year.

A MONUMENT of Carrara marble, costing only \$3,000, is to be erected to Garibaldi in Padua. Italy is the land both of cheap monuments and cheap marble; the busts of 100 philosophers, poets, orators, and scientists adorn the Pincian Hill at Rome, and the whole lot cost only \$10,000.

THE late Lord Justice Lush commenced life with the determination to devote to benevolent and religious purposes one-tenth of his income. He carried out this resolution when his income was small, and he did not deviate from it—except to exceed that proportion—when it was greatly increased.

MR. MOODY's co-workers in London presented him the night before his departure with a splendid clock, striking the Westminster chimes on gongs. The presentation was made at the Hon. Mr. Kinnsaid's house, and Lord and Lady Aberdeen were of the company assembled on the occasion.

THE centenary of Rothesay U. P. congregation is to be celebrated this month. Prof. Calderwood preached on the 10th inst. Dr. Ogilvie, of Falkirk, conducted a children's service, and on Sabbath 17th, Dr. Hutton, Paisley, moderator of the Synod, and Dr. Cochrane, Brantford, occupied the pulpit.

THE supply of women teachers for the English schools under the School Board is unequal to the demand. The dearth of assistants is, to some extent, due to so many giving up the school desk for matrimony, but an even greater reason is the exceedingly stiff preliminary examination which the young girl teachers are now required to pass.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE Rev. Principal King, of Winnipeg, preached in Princeton on Sabbath week.

MRS. THIRDE, Huntsville, acknowledges with thanks one dollar, from a little friend, Duart.

THE Rev. Allen Simpson, of Halifax, has been visiting at Grand Falls, on the Upper St. John.

THE Presbyterian church at Lakefield, has just received a renovation and looks quite improved.

REV. ROBERT HAMILTON, Motherwell, is expected home from his trip to the old country next week.

THE Rev. William D. Armstrong, of Ottawa, has been visiting his parents and friends at Millbrook.

THE Rev. A. H. Scott, M.A., Owen Sound, has returned from his trip to Europe, and has resumed his duties.

THE Rev. John Straitb, Shelburne, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Toronto, on Sabbath week.

THE Rev. Geo. Bell, LL.D., of Queen's University, preached in St. Andrew's Church, Perth, last Sabbath.

THE Rev. Mr. Hamilton, lately from Scotland, occupied the pulpit of West End Presbyterian Church, Truro, on Sabbath week.

THE Rev. Jas. Bryant, Bradford, having returned from his three weeks' vacation, resumed his pastoral duties on Sunday week.

IT is expected that the Rev. Dr. Ormiston will resume his pastoral labours in the Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue, New York, in the fall.

KNOX and Chalmers Church Sabbath schools, Woodstock, united in an excursion to Port Stanley last week. A pleasant day was spent.

THE Rev. A. A. Drummond, of Newcastle, formerly of Shakespeare, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Stratford, on Sunday week, morning and evening.

THE anniversary of the opening of the Presbyterian church, Moose Jaw, was celebrated on Sunday, August the 16th. An entertainment was given on the Monday evening following.

THE Rev. Dr. Bryce, of Winnipeg, preached a very interesting sermon to the Foresters in Knox Church, Rat Portage, on Sunday evening, week. Members of the order attended in regalia.

MISS HELEN BELL, who goes to Central India as a missionary, left Hamilton last week for her new home in the east. She goes to England first, and will there be joined by other missionaries.

THE Rev. T. S. Chambers, of the Presbyterian Church, Sunbury, preached an excellent sermon last Sabbath, for the first time since his return from Ireland. He was warmly welcomed by his old friends.

WHILE Rev. A. Bell and family, of Portage la Prairie, were driving recently, the horses became frantic. Mrs. Bell was thrown out and remained unconscious for some time. She is now convalescent.

IT appears as if the Trustees of Knox Church, the new Presbyterian church in London South, are likely to have a law suit upon their hands, owing to a boundary difficulty between them and the owner of the adjoining property.

THE Rev. A. M. Fairbairn, D.D., Principal of Airdale College, Bradford, England, and Chairman of the Congregational Union of England and Wales for 1883, preached in Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, last Sabbath evening.

THE Rev. Principal King preached to his former congregation in Toronto last Sabbath morning and evening. Both discourses were practical and impressive. He is to preach again in St. James' Square Church next Sabbath.

THE Rev. Mr. McTavish, who is officiating at Chesterfield during the absence of Mr. Robertson, is in Halton at present. Rev. Mr. Robertson, wife and mother, leave Scotland for Canada on the 29th inst. A hearty reception awaits them.

THE new and handsome edifice erected by the congregation of Knox Church, Winnipeg, was opened for public worship on Sabbath week. Rev. H. M. Parsons, Toronto, and Rev. D. M. Gordon, pastor of the church, preached appropriate sermons.

MR. J. CAMPBELL, who graduated from Knox College last spring, has received and accepted a call to the congregations of Granton and Lucan. His ordination and induction will take place in the Granton Church on Tuesday, Sept. 9th, at three p.m.

AFTER the prayer meeting in Calvin Church, St. John, N.B., on Wednesday evening week, Rev. Dr. Macrae and Rev. Mr. McKay ordained Messrs. Frank White and C. H. Doig elders of the Church. On the following Sunday a communion service was held in the church.

THE Rev. Mr. Wardrope, of Teeswater, preached last Sabbath in St. George Presbyterian Church morning and evening. The Rev. Mr. Moffat, of Walkerton, will preach next Sabbath, the 31st, and administer the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Mr. Pettigrew, of Glenmorris, will occupy the pulpit at the usual preparatory service.

THE *Goderich Signal* says: Mr. A. H. Drumm, student of Knox Church, who will assist Dr. Ure during the summer months, has entered upon his work. Mr. Drumm was at one time a compositor, and his experience on the case will be of considerable assistance to him in his sacred calling. He is well spoken of as a student.

ON Thursday evening, August 7, a public temperance meeting was held in the Presbyterian Church at Bass River, Nova Scotia, which was well attended. Councillor A. S. D. Fulton occupied the chair. Victoria Lodge, I. O. G. T., presented Rev. Alex. Cameron with an address, expressing their appreciation of his firm stand in behalf of temperance.

FROM the *St. Mary's Argus*: The Rev. W. A. Wilson, M.A., pastor of Knox Church, reached home on Thursday last from the Pan-Presbyterian Council held in Belfast, Ireland. Mr. Wilson will at once prepare to take his departure for his new field in India, to which place he has been appointed as a missionary. The pulpit of Knox Church has not yet been declared vacant, but it will be in the course of a short time.

A SHORT time ago the members of the East Presbyterian Church Bible class waited on their esteemed pastor, Rev. J. M. Cameron, and presented him with an address expressive of their appreciation of his faithful and conscientious efforts on their behalf. The address was accompanied with a very handsome and comfortable study chair, constructed in the latest style. Mr. Cameron, in thanking the donors for their unlooked-for gift, made a very appropriate reply.

THE Rev. H. A. Robertson, Erromanga, at First Presbyterian Church, Truro, gave an interesting account of his labours as a missionary and of the progress of mission work. A reception to Mrs. Fraser Campbell was given by the ladies of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society and the Light Bearers Mission Band, in Presbyterian Hall. In the evening a public welcome missionary meeting, under the auspices of the three Presbyterian congregations, was held in First Presbyterian Church. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Campbell, Mr. Robertson, Truro clergymen and others.

THE *Embro Courier*: Rev. G. Munro, M.A., on Sunday last completed his eleventh year as pastor of Knox Church, Embro. During that long period there have been many changes in the congregation. Many of the true old pioneers who welcomed Mr. Munro here have gone to their rest, and await their reward; but still the work goes on, and the sons and daughters are ably walking in the footsteps of their fathers and mothers, and to-day there is no finer rural congregation in this country. Mr. Munro's labours have been greatly blessed in the past, and the future no doubt will be a repetition of the past.

THE *Stratford Beacon* says: The Rev. John Kay is off on a six weeks' holiday. He expects to spend most of it in New York. There are few more earnest students or more untiring workers in the ministry than Mr. Kay, and his much attached people heartily wish that after a season of rest and recreation he will return with fresh vigour to his important work in this place. During his absence the services here and in North Mornington will be conducted by Mr. Beattie, of Knox College, and Rev. Thos. Lowry, of Toronto. As Mr. Lowry was formerly an honoured pastor here, his anticipated visit gives much pleasure.

AT the meeting of the Presbytery of St. John, held last week in St. David's Church, a call from St. Andrew's Church, sustained by the Presbytery of Quebec, in favour of Rev. A. T. Love, St. Stephen, was read, and, on motion, was put into Mr. Love's hands for consideration. It is possible that Mr. Love may be able to arrive at a decision regarding his duty in relation to the call, by the next regular meeting of the Presbytery on September 2nd. The unanimity of

the call, and other peculiar circumstances of the Quebec Church, are strongly in favour of Mr. Love's acceptance, while his popularity and usefulness in St. Stephen plead strongly in favour of his remaining there. Should Mr. Love not be able to decide before the next meeting of Presbytery, the congregation may be summoned to appear for their interests at an adjourned meeting. The congregation of Carleton were authorized to borrow \$2,500 on mortgage for church improvements.

ST. PAUL'S Presbyterian Church, Peterborough, under the pastoral care of Rev. E. F. Torrance, M.A., has had a year of gratifying progress. From the annual reports recently published it is learned that during the year the membership was increased by the addition of fifty-seven, though removals were more than usually numerous. The ordinary revenue amounted to \$3,824, and the expenditure to \$3,321.59. The congregation possesses a well organized Missionary Association, whose report states that there was one contribution of \$100, three of \$15, one of \$13, five of \$12, one of \$11, six of \$10, two of \$9, three of \$8, one of \$7, twelve of \$6, thirteen of \$5, and sixteen of \$4. Thus sixty-four contributed \$539. One of the objects of the Society is to awaken a deeper interest in mission work. The Sabbath-school has twenty-nine teachers. The average attendance of scholars and members of the Bible Class during the past year has been 257, and during 1882 it was 264, showing a decrease of seven. The largest attendance on any one day was 292 on the 23rd September, and the smallest 170, on the 23rd December.

THE induction of the Rev. A. K. Urquhart to the pastorate of Knox Presbyterian Church, Regina, took place on Tuesday, the 12th inst., at three p.m. At the hour named the church was filled with an audience of church members and visitors, and on the platform were Rev. James Robertson, Superintendent of Missions for the North-West Territories; Rev. P. S. Livingston, of Broadview; Rev. J. H. McTavish, of Indian Head; Rev. Mr. McKinley, of Toronto; and Rev. Mr. Hoskins, of Regina. The sermon was delivered by the Superintendent of Missions, and the address to the pastor by the Rev. P. S. Livingston. The Rev. J. H. McTavish was then ordained to preach the Gospel according to the prescribed forms of ordination, and duly received as a member of Presbytery. A social meeting of the friends of the congregation was held in the evening, Mr. McGirr in the chair. The seating capacity of the hall was taxed to its utmost to provide accommodation for the guests. The proceedings of the evening were of a varied nature, the north end of the hall which contained the tables presided over by the Ladies' Aid Association, proving a great attraction. The occasion was one of general congratulation, and a proposal was made which we hope ere long will be carried out, to erect a church which will be a credit both to the congregation and to the town.

THE annual picnic in connection with St. Paul's Presbyterian Church and Sunday School, Peterborough, took place last Wednesday to the grove in Norwood. A special excursion train with about three hundred on board left Peterborough by the Ontario & Quebec Railway, and reached Norwood station about noon. The excursionists proceeded to the grove some distance from the station, owned by Mrs. Grover, where a number of comfortable seats and tables were erected for their convenience, where tea, milk, water and ice were provided on the grounds. Dinner was thoroughly enjoyed by all, after which swings and other amusements were indulged in by the children. Every one seemed to take an interest in the events of the afternoon, notwithstanding the great heat during the day. The hospitality of some of the citizens of Norwood was again manifested in a liberal manner. Many of the excursionists availed themselves of pressing invitations to visit and take tea, during the afternoon while others were favoured with carriage drives through the village. The excursion reached Peterborough about nine o'clock, all being delighted with the day's proceedings. Those in charge of the picnic were attentive, and looked well after all the arrangements. They desire to express their thanks to Mr. Roxburgh especially, for the many acts of kindness shown by him on this occasion.

THE *Halifax Presbyterian Witness* says: The Rev. H. A. Robertson, of Erromanga, with Mrs. Robertson and eldest daughter, arrived at Mahone Bay on Friday, the 8th, and enjoyed a quiet rest on Saturday.

Sabbath was fine and cool, and the Presbyterian Church was filled by an interested audience, who listened with closest attention as Mr. Robertson told his story of the labours, and dangers, and successes of mission work in the far off South Seas. How eloquent facts are! Such visits from our missionaries arouse the interest of our people in the work of the Church as nothing else can. We see their faces, hear their voices, and listen to their wondrous story, and what we have read about, and thought about, and wondered about, and may be sometimes doubted about becomes to us a living, grand reality. It is a good plan, too, for the missionaries to have their wives with them, so that the people may not forget the dear, brave women who have dared so much, and done so much for the Master's cause. But what, to devoted Christians, is present toil or hardship, in view of future glory? for like the Great Apostle, they "reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed to us ward." In the afternoon they went to Lunenburg in time to speak a few words to the Sabbath School. In the evening Mr. Robertson addressed a very large congregation, and made a most favourable impression. On Monday evening a very pleasant gathering spent an enjoyable and profitable "at home" with the missionaries at Mr. Millar's. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday Mr. Robertson spent at LaHave, New Dublin, and Bridgewater, and returned to Halifax by coach on Friday.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Rev. Dr. Reid has received the following contributions for schemes of the Church, viz. W. A. Niagara, for Foreign Missions, \$5; Widow's Mite, for Foreign Missions, Eromanga, \$10 (Correction, Legacy of the late Miss Florence Clarke, of Chinguacousey, in PRESBYTERIAN of week before last was one dollar. It should have been \$100).

An important and sensational trial has just been concluded after occupying several days at Carlsruhe, in Baden. The accused was a money lender named Housman, who had a terrible reputation for usurious practice and cruelty toward those who were in his power. There were seventy witnesses who testified to his unjust extortions of money, and almost all of them were debtors who had been gradually stripped of all their possessions by him. The public prosecutor in his address to the jury said that the prisoner had been a curse to the country, and had been shown to be without a trace of humanity. Housman was found guilty and was sentenced to pay a fine of 8,000 marks, to be imprisoned for six years, and to be deprived of civil rights for five years thereafter.

THE Free Church of Scotland is giving more and more encouragement to the Ladies' Society for Missions. At home the society has gained fuller recognition by the General Assembly, which has sent forth a recommendation to "Ministers and office-bearers to aid in the formation of auxiliaries in those Presbyteries and congregations where they do not exist." The efforts of the Presbyterian women of Scotland for the increase of female education in India have brought forth fruit. Mr. T. M. Russell, formerly of Calcutta, and, therefore, well acquainted with the wants of India, has made a donation of \$17,500 in furtherance of this department of missionary labour. European residents in India appreciate the advantages of female physicians there in reaching the people. The United Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions has recently received an offer from Mrs. Beynon, who, with her husband, General Beynon, resided many years in Jeypore, to provide a fully-qualified lady doctor and a nurse for that city.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Sept. 7, 1884. } **CONFIDENCE IN GOD.** { Ps. 27: 1-14.
GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Lord is my Light and my Salvation, whom shall I fear?"—Ver. 1.
TIME.—Uncertain. But evidently a time of trouble. Some writers place it at the time when Doge the Edomite spake against David, others during the rebellion of Absalom, before the decisive battle.
NOTES AND COMMENTS.—Ver. 1. David speaks of God Jehovah, as being three things to him, and in view of that fact he asks "Whom should I fear?" God is "light," amidst the darkness of the circumstances that surround the

Psalmist; darkness signifies sorrow, stumbling, death; hence, light is the very opposite of these, it is knowledge, peace, safety, "Salvation;" deliverance.—Prov. 11: 8; Job 5: 19. "Strength of my life," or "stronghold of my life"—Prov. 18: 10, and Psa. 18: 10.

Ver. 2. "Wicked—eat up my flesh:" remembering the beasts of prey of his early days and comparing these to those:—Psa. 14: 4. "Stumbled—fell:" as they had expected I should do, but God was with me, so the man that is on the rock Christ Jesus shall see the waves of angry sinners dash themselves upon the rock, to overwhelm him, but be cast back broken and helpless from the strength of God.

Ver. 3. "An host:" it is the soldier who is speaking and contemplating the greatest possible danger that could arise—perhaps in his thoughts was Saul and his army, or the great host that Absalom had gathered together to crush his father; in this "will I be confident:" desperate though it may appear to men even in that my confidence shall not fail.

Ver. 4. "One thing:" whatever else may come to me or whatever may be my position, "desired—seek after:" that's the true spiritual and common sense way "Desire:" pray for blessings from God, and then strive to work in the line of your prayers, rarely then will you pray in vain, but desiring without seeking, when seeking is possible, is a mockery and a snare. "Dwell in the House of the Lord:" to the Psalmist the work of the Priests, constantly ministering in holy things, was the holiest and the happiest lot; "all the days:" he would be there as at home, the sanctuary his constant resort; "beauty of the Lord:" that is, to behold in the outward symbols all the gracious attitudes of God "F-a-quire," or "contemplate," with delight; "temple:" the ark was still in the tent, but the original idea is not of a building, but of a place, separated from other places and devoted to God.

Ver. 5. "Hide me:" spiritual safety is now the thought, "pavilion" or "booth:" a figurative expression, as are the others in this verse; "secret—tabernacle:" as if he had said, "Were there no other place God would hide me even in the Holy of Holies: "on a rock," as in Notes on Ver. 2.

Ver. 6. "Head lifted up:" the token of deliverance and honour—Gen. 40: 14. David expected deliverance from his enemies. "Offer in His tabernacle:" not quietly in my palace but publicly in the place of worship; "sacrifices of joy," or, as in Margin, "shouting," the shout of exultation; "sing"—sing praises; "these will be the sacrificing joys.

Ver. 7. As in the Psalm of the last lesson, and many others, we have a sudden transition of thought: the Psalmist now breaks out into a prayer and a cry for mercy. The pendulum of spirituality swings from prayer to praise, and from praise to prayer.

Ver. 8. "Seek my face:" to seek the face of a King is to seek his favour and protection—Esther 5: 1-3. "My heart saith" or "is saying"—constantly answering to the gracious invitation of God. When God speaks to us we must faithfully respond.

Ver. 9. I am seeking, therefore "hide not thy face:" the word *far* is supplied by the translators and should be omitted. David did not write "far;" he knew that the least hiding of God's face would bring darkness and sorrow. The first step of the Lord's displeasure; "passed not away," the second step: the plea of the prayer is "I am thy servant," and the servant should be where his Lord is, so "put me not away"—John 12: 26. "Thou hast been," art "my help," so, leave not, neither forsake; "how strong the plea of "my salvation," or better, "my salvation God;" that is what God is to him—his salvation.

Ver. 10. "My father and mother:" Parental love is the highest type of earthly affection, yet it is as nothing to the love of God. "Take me up" as a little child in a tender parent's arms—"father and mother" may "forsake," but the everlasting Father, never!

Ver. 11. "Thy way:"—the way thou knowest to be the right and safe one; "plain path:" a straight and even path—Psalm. 26: 12—that he might not stumble. "Enemies:" who were ready to take advantage of any fall. David asks, not only to be shewn the way, but to be guided in it.

Ver. 12. "Will of mine enemies:" which was his destruction; if the enemies of the people of God had their way there would not be many left in the world. "False witnesses:" the weapon of the enemies of the people of God in all ages, as of their Master who could not be condemned without that resort. How rarely you find an unbeliever who can speak with candour and truthfulness of religion and its professors; false witness either from ignorance or by design, is almost universal with them. "Breathe out cruelty:" a very vivid expression; his enemies were so filled with malice and hatred that their very breath was tainted with it.—Acts 9: 1.

Ver. 13. "I had fainted." the original is abrupt, and these words were supplied by the translators, to make the connection, but as has been well observed "perished"—is more the idea as in opposition to "the land of the living, i. e., this life, in which he believed" to see the goodness of the Lord,—a continuance of the goodness he had experienced, and as in previous verse, deliverance from the wrath of his enemies, and such as "breathe out cruelty."

Ver. 14. "Wait:" twice repeated, has the sense of hope; trust in the Lord, but beyond that it carries the idea of a duty, and answers to the N. T. "Watch:" "of good courage:" David's faith to David's fears; so Psa. 42: 5-11; and 43: 5: "he shall strengthen." This had been his experience and his constant assurance: Psa. 31: 24.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Confidence in God is the theme of our lesson, and following the excellent arrangement of the Homily in "Half-hours With the Lesson," we would consider the subject under three topical heads. (1) Occasions of confidence. (2) Grounds of confidence. (3) Fruits of confidence. On the first topic, an occasion is *in time of peril* Such peril David was often placed in during his chequered life, peril by wild beasts in the wilderness, by the enemies of Israel and Israel's God, by the malice and persecution of

Saul, by the rebellion of his son, and in many other ways; but in the midst of it all he could keep his faith and trust firmly on the Lord, and say: "The Lord is on my side, I will not fear what man can do unto me;" like also the great apostle of the Gentiles, who, speaking of the perils to which they were exposed could exclaim: "In all these things we are more than conquerors"—Rom. 8: 27.

Times of Privation: Whenever this Psalm was written, it is evident that David was shut out from the privileges of God's House. "One thing," he says, "I have desired, that will I seek after;" and in Psa. 84 he seems to envy the very birds that made their nests in the sanctuary, while he could not draw near to it; and there are times of deprivation which fall upon all men, times of disease, of poverty, and of suffering; but in all such times they can take up the utterances of David and say to their sorrowing soul: "Hope thou in God, He is the health of my countenance and my God." *Times of Desertion:* David experienced what many a good man has since David's day, that the closest friends are not always to be depended upon, and that some who have been "familiar" friends, even as a "brother," fall away and join the ranks of enemies. In all such times we can have the confidence in God that David had. He cannot be unfaithful; He cannot betray the trust reposed in Him. "In God I have put my trust; I will not fear what man can do unto me"—Psa. 56: 4. *Times of Calumny:* Those who strive to serve God and are in opposition to the world have always found, that there is nothing too bad for the world to say respecting them. The amount of calumny and misrepresentation directed against believers would be amazing if we did not remember that it has been the same in all ages and in every land, and that even the incarnate Lord, who was goodness and purity itself, was spoken against, accused of being a wine-bibber, a traitor, a blasphemer, of being in league with Satan, and of not being worthy to live. If these things were done in the green tree, "what shall be done in the dry?" Will not the world that maligned the Master, malign his followers? Well, in all such times those who are God's children may say as David did: "He shall save me from the reproach of him that would swallow me up"—Psa. 57: 3; and can take to themselves the comforting words of the Saviour: "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my name's sake"—Matt. 9: 11. *Times of Temptation:* When the enemy comes in like a flood, when we feel our strength failing, our feet well nigh slipping; then is the time to feel that God can help us and God alone, that he can save us from the evil one, and deliver us in the time of temptation. Well would it have been for David if he had always felt thus and trusted thus; how different would have been the latter part of his life; how much sorrow and darkness he would have been saved.

On the second topic the grounds of confidence are so many that we can do little more than enumerate them. We have confidence in God because of His *Almighty Power*. Whatever we need He can do, read Isa. 40: 15-22; and feel that He who can do all this is our God, our Father and our Friend; what then have we to fear? Again His *knowledge of our needs and weakness*, inspires trust in Him, for this knowledge is joined to infinite love and kindness, He knows our wants and He is willing and ready to supply them all. Then there is the *remembrance of past mercies*. The Psalmist found such a remembrance in ver. 2 of our lesson, and it was that which inspired him with confidence to go against the Philistine Goliath—1 Sam. 17: 37. Who has not at some time or other felt the good hand of the Lord in blessing and saving; let this be a ground of confidence for the future. And have we not *The Promises of God*, exceedingly sweet and precious to rely upon; promises which never were, and never can be broken—for Scripture illustrations of this, see *Again Lesson* below. David said in ver. 13 that he "had fainted unless" he "had believed," not simply hoped, but had the confidence of faith "to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living."

On the third topic, we may teach that one fruit is *Deliverance from fear*, as here David says: "Whom shall I fear?" ver. 1. "My heart shall not fear," ver. 3; and so in the face of all the evils that come against him of men and devils the Christian can say "of whom shall I be afraid?" *Safety from harm*, that is from all spiritual and eternal harm. God may see fit to let the wicked prevail against the temporal well being, even the life of his people, though even in that there appear to be, at times, wonderful interpositions, but be that as it may, the soul is invulnerable to all the attacks of the wicked, and no evil of that kind shall come nigh them that trust in the Lord. Finally there is, "*Peace and joy*," in ver. 6. David would "offer sacrifices of joy, I will sing, yea, I will give praises unto the Lord," and in the darkest hour as well as in the brightest, in sufferings, in loss, in whatever outward circumstances come, the Christian has peace; "great peace have they that love Thy law," to them God "will speak peace," Psa. 85: 8, and in His "name shall they rejoice all the day," Psa. 89: 16.

INCIDENTAL TRUTHS AND TEACHINGS.

Light in the darkness of the soul, salvation for the sin of the soul, the great need of man.
 Light on the way home, the privilege of believers.
 Their final and complete salvation, is also assured.
 Conscious helplessness and danger, should draw us near to God.
 Where God is, there is His Temple, those who abide in Him abide in His House.
 In time of trouble there is none to flee to like God.
 Happy the heart that responds to the voice of God.
 Earthly friends may fail us, the Lord never will.
 Those who wait on the Lord, shall be helped in His own right time.
 The past has a voice to the future, telling of trust and confidence in God.
 Main Lesson.—The great ground of our confidence, the faithfulness of God—Deut. 7: 9; Num. 23: 19; Josh. 23: 14; Psa. 114: 89, 90; Matt. 24: 35, 2 Tim. 2: 13; Heb. 6: 18; 10: 23.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

ONLY NOW AND THEN.

Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you do a wrong act
Only "now and then."
For you must be careful
As you go along,
If you would be manly,
Capable, and strong

Many a wretched sot, boys,
That one daily meets,
Drinking from the beer-kegs,
Living in the streets,
Falling in the gutter,
Over and again,
Once was dressed in broadcloth,
Drinking "now and then!"

When you have a habit
That is wrong, you know,
Knock it off at once, lads,
With a sudden blow.
Think it no excuse, boys,
Merging into men,
That you break commandments
Only "now and then!"

BOYS' OPPORTUNITIES.

"Well, what is it, my boy?" asked Mrs. Leonard, as Frank came in from school one Thursday afternoon, and pettishly threw his books upon the table. Twirling his hat in his hands, Frank answered:

"It's everything, mother. You know it's composition day. Well, the subject is, 'My Opportunities.' I don't believe I have any opportunities. I think I might write about some other person's opportunities, though. Only think, the boys have all gone over to the cricket ground this afternoon, and here I have got to stay shut up in the house to write that miserable composition. The other boys can write theirs this evening, while I am tied up to that old store. That's just the way all my opportunities slip from me—my opportunities for sport at any rate."

"I am glad you added that last clause," said his mother; "but you know you could have gone with the boys."

"Why, mother Leonard! do you think I would give up the chance of going to college for an afternoon's fun? When I promised father I would save him the expense of hiring a clerk, by helping in the store evenings and Saturdays, so he could better afford to send me to college, I meant to stick to it. But, you see, the fathers of the other fellows are able to send them to college without their having to pinch and dig for it."

"Frank, you are looking only at your opportunities for sport. Just think of some of your opportunities for making a noble, strong-minded, educated man of yourself. You forget how many boys there are who cannot possibly receive so good an education as you, because they haven't the advantages. There is Tom Howard. You have often told me what a desire that boy has for learning. And there's a whole family looking to him for support, on account of his father's intemperance. But the boy is fast learning many things that neither books nor school could teach him."

Frank lifted his face with a penitent yet eager look, and said, "Mother, I had entirely forgotten that blessed old Tom. I am afraid I have been—well, at least, cracking the tenth commandment. Preach away, ma'am."

"I knew you would come round to the right view," she answered. "In missing the sport you are gaining something better. By being obliged to depend on yourself in part for the expense of your education, you are learning self-reliance, which will be of inestimable value to you in future life. I think, too, that you will improve—and are improving your opportunities for learning, better than if you were at no trouble to obtain it. We all prize a thing that costs something."

"Thanks for your sermon, mother," said Frank. "I believe 'My Opportunities' will make a first rate subject for a composition."

HOW BECKY SAVED A BABY'S LIFE.

Some years ago, in the far West, there stood on the brow of a hill a very lonely-looking house; the nearest neighbours lived more than a mile away. In summer, when the roads were good, the neighbours saw a good deal of each other, but in winter, when the snow lay piled in great drifts, it was more difficult to get about. It had been arranged amongst the settlers that in case of distress or trouble a loud horn should be blown. In this house of which I have spoken lived Farmer Wilson, his wife and little Becky, his only child. One morning she had been left alone with her dog Frisky while her parents had gone to the village for supplies.

As the hour approached for their return, the faithful companions stationed themselves at the window to catch the first view of the farm waggon as it came over the hill. Suddenly they were startled by the loud blast of the horn, three times it sounded. "What shall I do?" thought Becky. "If father were only here! May be they are in great trouble."

Then a sudden thought struck her. "I know what we'll do, Frisk," said she, "we'll hang father's horn on the door to let him know there's trouble; perhaps we can help." Then she knelt down just for a minute and asked God to take care of her and help her do what she could, and was off, with Frisky at her heels. They soon reached the house from which the horn had been blown, and tapped at the door. A very troubled voice called "Come in;" but when Mrs. Mayhue, who lived there, saw only Becky, she looked dreadfully disappointed:

"I hoped your father would come, for poor baby is very sick, and I am afraid if we cannot get a doctor he will die. What shall we do?"

"I'm sure I can mind Tommy if you'll go for the doctor yourself," said Becky. "I'll do my best, and I'm sure mother will soon be here when she finds us gone."

"That's a good plan," said the poor frightened mother, "and I'll hurry back."

The hours passed very slowly, and the baby moaned and tossed, but the brave little girl soothed him as well as she could. Her courage was almost gone when she heard steps at the door, and knew that help was at hand.

"I was just in time," said the doctor, after examining the baby; "a little later and I could have done nothing for him. But thanks to this little girl, you were able to come for me; you owe the baby's life to her."

Becky's father and mother had come in just in time to hear these words, and their hearts throbbed with joy when they heard of their dear child's thoughtfulness and care.

A MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

A weather beaten sailor, on making his homeward passage, as he doubled the stormy cape, encountered a dreadful tempest. The mother had heard of his arrival outside the cape; she was waiting with the anxiety a mother alone can know to see her son. But now the storm had arisen, and when the ship was in the most dangerous place, fearing that each blast, as it swept the raging deep, might howl the requiem of her son, with strong faith in God, she commenced praying for his safety. At this moment news came that the vessel was lost.

The father, an unconverted man, had till this time, preserved a sullen silence, but now he wept aloud. The mother observed: "It is in the hands of Him who doeth all things well;" and again the subdued and softened spirit bowed, in an inaudible voice, broken only by the bursting of a full heart, to God.

Darkness had now spread her mantle abroad, and they retired, but not to rest, and anxiously waited for the morning, hoping, at least, that some relic of their lost one might be found.

The morning came. The winds were hushed, and the ocean lay comparatively calm, as though its fury had subsided since its victim was no more. At this moment the little gate in front of the dwelling turned on its hinges; the door opened, and their son, their lost, loved son, stood before them. The vessel had been driven into one of the many harbours on the coast, and was safe. The father rushed to meet him. His mother, hanging on his neck, anxiously exclaimed: "My child, how came you here?"

"Mother," said he, as the tears coursed down his sunburnt face, "I knew you would pray me home."

What a spectacle! A wild, reckless youth, acknowledging the efficacy of prayer! It seems he was aware of his situation, and that he laboured with these thoughts: "My mother prays; Christians' prayers are answered, and I may be saved." This reflection, when almost exhausted with fatigue, and ready to give up in despair, gave him fresh courage, and with renewed effort he laboured till the harbour was gained. Christian mother, go thou and do likewise. Pray for that son who is likely to be wrecked in the storm of life, and his prospects blasted forever. He may be saved.

A WORD TO BOYS.

When do you suppose he developed all those admirable qualities? When he was a boy. The boy that is late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man.

The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot, I didn't think," will never be a reliable man.

Miscellaneous.

A LITTLE water in butter will prevent it from burning when used for frying.

FROSTING FOR CAKE.—A very little cream of tartar in the frosting for a cake will hasten the hardening process. If the knife is often dipped into water while spreading the frosting it will give a gloss or polish greatly to be desired.

KEDGERRE FOR BREAKFAST.—Take some rice which has been boiled on the previous day, put it into a saucepan with a little butter to warm over the fire; keep stirring, or it will burn. While stirring, add the broken meat or any cold fish, and three or four eggs, which have been previously hard-boiled and chopped. Continue stirring, adding a little salt and pepper; when thoroughly hot it is done, and should be immediately served, piled high in the centre of a dish on a folded napkin.

THERE is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms.

FRESH CAKES.—Take about half a pound of cold-dressed fish and three quarters of a pound of cold-boiled potatoes, beat them well together in a mortar, with the addition of an egg and a little milk. Season with salt and pepper, and if liked, a very little eschalot and thyme; if not, a little anchovy sauce. With a little flour roll it into balls, which should be slightly flattened; fry them brown, and serve on a napkin garnished with parsley.

HOLLOWAY'S Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts.

HOW TO CRYSTALLIZE GRASSES.—Take one pound of alum to one quart of water and set on the back of the stove to dissolve, but do not boil, and when thoroughly dissolved pour in a pitcher or tall jar. Have your bouquet arranged and tied; now suspend from the top of your pitcher or jar, stems up, and the grasses well covered with the water; now set aside, and do not disturb for twenty-four hours, when you may take out and behold the beautiful crystals formed there.

ALLEN'S Lung Balsam is the standard cure for Coughs and Colds in the States. See adv.

VARY THE FLAVOUR.—It is a good plan to vary the manner in which you flavour the roast of beef; this can be done by squeezing the juice of half a lemon over it and putting the other half inside the roast. Another way is to put half of a carrot, one small onion, and a little parsley in the dripping pan, and roast over it. Do not be led by any bad adviser to put one drop of water into your dripping pan, until you have tried the experiment of roasting beef in this way. It makes a striking difference in the flavour of the meat.

THE FRUITS OF FOLLY.—Eating green apples, cucumbers and unripe fruits generally, may be so termed. Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures all Summer Complaints.

VIRGINIA CORN-BREAD.—Virginia corn-bread is a nice dish for breakfast. Break in a bowl two eggs, adding a teaspoon just of soda, and twice as much salt. Beat well. Stir into this mixture a pint of sour milk or buttermilk, then add a pint of corn meal and stir to a smooth batter. Put into a small baking-pan a piece of lard about the size of an egg; heat it to a trying heat on the top of the stove, pour in the batter, place the pan inside the stove, and bake quickly.

As a general thing ladies who make any pretensions to refinement desire to have soft white hands. We believe that there is nothing will tend more to produce this effect than Murray & Lanman's Florida Water mixed with the water in the basin. It removes redness and roughness. The ladies of Cuba and South America were the first to discover the extraordinary virtues of this floral water as a cosmetic, and have long since discarded the use of all others.

SALMON PUDDING.—One can salmon, two eggs, one tablespoonful melted butter, one cup bread crumbs, pepper, salt, minced green pickle. Pick the fish to pieces when you have drained off every drop of the liquor for sauce. Work in melted butter, seasoning, eggs, and crumbs. Put into a buttered bowl or tin cake-mould, cover tightly with a tin pail-lid or plate, and set in a dripping-pan of boiling water. Cook in a hot oven—filling up the water in the pan as it boils away with more from the tea-kettle—for one hour. Set in cold water for one minute to loosen the pudding from the sides, and turn out upon a hot platter. Make the sauce by adding to a cupful of drawn butter the liquor from the can, a raw beaten egg, a teaspoonful of chopped pickle, pepper, salt, and minced parsley. Boil up and pour over the pudding.

A WICKED ADULTERATION.

Eleven Per Cent of Tartrate of Lime Discovered in Price's Baking Powder.

Analysis of Price's Baking Powder, of Chicago, shows: LIME..... 3.53 per ct. AMMONIA..... 1.05 per ct. Starch..... 19.00 per ct.

Prof. Habirshaw, of New York, found the following in Price's Powder:

TARTRATE OF LIME..... 11.85 per ct.

Aside from the inferiority of a powder containing a useless substance equaling about one-eighth of its entire weight (and which is the cause of the great lack of strength of Price's Baking Powder, as shown by the tests of the Government Chemists), there is to be considered the serious consequences that may arise from taking this large amount of lime into the system.

Lime can not be decomposed by heat, and is not eliminated in mixing or baking, and, therefore, all of this enormous proportion, as found in Price's Baking Powder, remains in the bread, biscuit, or cake with which it is mixed, and is taken into the stomach.

By the application of heat to lime, carbonic acid gas is driven off, and there is left quick-lime, a caustic so powerful that it is used by tanners to eat the hair from hides of animals, and in dissecting-rooms to quickly rot the flesh from the bones of dead subjects.

Lime mixed with starch (and both are found in Price's Powder) will produce a ferment. The process is not quick, and does not take place until the food in which the baking powder is used has been some time in the stomach. Indigestion, dyspepsia, and more serious disorders result.

The cause of this large amount of Lime in Price's Baking Powder is the use of cheap and impure materials.

Prof. C. B. Gibson, Chemist of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, had in view, these impure powders containing lime, like Price's, when, after having made an examination of many of them, he volunteered the following testimony that Royal Baking Powder is the best and purest in the market:

THE ROYAL ABSOLUTELY PURE.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co.: I recently procured a sample of your (Royal) baking powder from the kitchen of a private family in this city, and subjected it to an examination. I found it so different from many of the baking powders advertised as 'strictly' and 'absolutely pure,' and so far superior that I thought you would be pleased to know it, and might find use for the certificate.

In view of the vast difference and stupendous frauds that are offered to the most gullible people on the face of the earth, it pleases me occasionally to strike an honest article.

Respectfully,

C. B. GIBSON, Analytical Chemist.

WHAT IS CATARRH?

Catarrh is a mucopurulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are: Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of uræmia, the germ poison of syphilis, mercurial, toxicæmia, from the retention of the effeted matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons, that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces, or back of the throat, causing irritation of the throat; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness, and proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death. Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the parasites are either destroyed or removed from the mucus tissue. Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which never fail in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease, whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease, should, without delay, communicate with the business managers, Toronto Mail, Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 305 King St. West, Toronto, Canada. Inclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.

Prepare for the Enemy.

CHOLERA IS COMING!

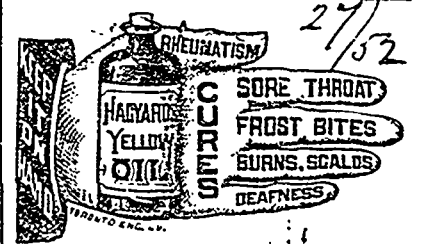
The countries where Cholera prevails, as in India, China and Africa, Pain-Killer is considered the surest and safest of all known remedies, and the natives place the most perfect reliance in it.

Read the following extract from the letter of a missionary in China:

DEAR SIR:—I ought to have acknowledged long ago the box of Pain-Killer you had the goodness to send me last year. Its coming was most providential. I believe hundreds of lives were saved under God, by it. The Cholera appeared here soon after we received it. We resorted at once to the PAIN-KILLER, using as directed for Cholera. A list was kept of all those to whom the Pain-Killer was given, and our native assistants assured us that eight out of every ten to whom it was prescribed, recovered. Believe me, dear sir, gratefully and faithfully yours.

J. M. JOHNSON, Missionary to Swatow, China.

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- TORONTO.—In the usual place, on the first Tuesday of September, at eleven a.m.
SARNIA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Strathroy, on the third Tuesday of September, at two p.m.
MONTREAL.—In Knox Church, Brussels, on the third Tuesday of September, at half-past one p.m.
KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on the 15th of September next, at three o'clock in the afternoon...

WANTED—PRECEPTOR or Choir Leader for Chalmers' Presbyterian Church, Toronto. Apply with testimonials, until Sept. 8th, to James Tennant, 26 Dovercourt Road.

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