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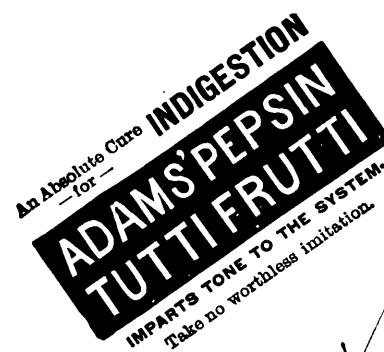
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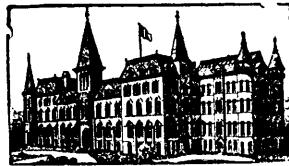
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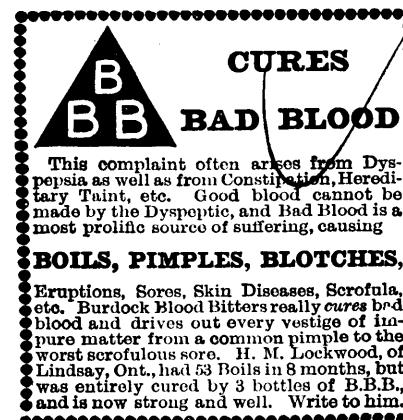
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Tomatoes au Gratin.—Prepare the tomatoes in the same way as the foregoing, but fill them with minced chicken or veal, which is mixed in a little white sauce, season with salt and pepper and the raw yolk of an egg. Cover the meat in, with nicely browned bread crumbs, and stand each tomato on a round piece of fried bread; place them on a baking tin and bake till the tomato is done; arrange them on a dish, paper and garnish with fried parsley.

Very few housekeepers, says Hall's Journal of Health, can realize the nutritive value of cream, and understand its superiority to any other solid fats, in permitting the gastric juice to mix with it in the most thorough and perfect manner, and in this way aiding and hastening digestion. It is invaluable in the case of invalids, for it serves as nutriment in a very available form. It is superior to butter, because it contains more volatile oil than butter made from it. It is frequently ordered by the physician, for those consumptively inclined, for those with feeble digestions, for aged persons, and those who suffer from impaired circulation, cold feet, and who feel chilly from want of nutriment. No other article of food gives such satisfactory results.

A perfectly safe substance for cleaning silver, will always be found in French whiting. For all ordinary purposes, such whiting, wet with water, is all that is necessary; but if the silver is very much discoloured, it should be wet with alcohol. This will give a brilliant polish. It is important that the materials used to clean silver should be perfectly free from any gritty substance. The whiting should be sifted through a hair sieve or a piece of muslin, to insure against anything that might scratch the plate. Silver, as well as steel, must be washed perfectly clean before being rubbed with the polishing material. A soft silver-brush will be required for brushing the chased and repousse work, which is found on nearly all the silver-handled knives. Only substances which are well known have been suggested for the cleaning and care of the various articles spoken of.—Ladies' Home Journal.

A LETTER FROM EMERSON.

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Spiced Peaches.—Six pounds of peaches, three and one-half pounds of granulated sugar, one pint of vinegar, one-half pint of water, one ounce of cinnamon, a little less than an ounce of cloves, one tablespoonful of salt and two blades of mace. Pour boiling water over the peaches, allow them to stand a few moments, then drain them and remove the skins. Tie the spices loosely in a cheese-lot bag and place in the kettle with sugar, vinegar, water and salt. Allow the syrup to boil a short time, then add the peaches a few at a time, and cook until tender. Skim them carefully into a stone jar, nad when all are cooked, pour the syrup over them. The day following, drain the syrup from them, boil it again, and pour over the fruit. When cold, cover closely and store away for winter use. It sometimes happens that one has a quantity of imperfect fruit which cannot be spiced whole. In this case cut the fruit into quarters, and though not quite so attractive in appearance, the spiced spiced tractive in appearance, the spiced peaches will still be excellent.

Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doc'ors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure everything—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you lose faith in everything.

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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 22.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6th, 1893.

No. 36.

Notes of the Week.

The Prince of Wales conferred the Order of St. John upon two Methodist nurses in London—Sister Retna, lady superintendent of Wesley Deaconess Institute, and Sister Emma, sister-in-charge of the Children's Home Hospital.

Mr. D. L. Moody has the art of impressing himself upon his audiences as fully as any man now living. He is absorbed in his subject, and his hearers become absorbed in it, too. But Mr. Moody has found one class of hearers who give, at least, passive resistance to all his appeals, and he describes their attitude in his strong way, when he says that "the angel Gabriel could not preach to a congregation that had been reading the Sunday newspapers."

There is a Presbytery of Spain and Portugal, we are glad to note. Its jurisdiction covers the two countries named in its title. It was organized on April 5th of the present year, and has six ministerial members. The place of meeting was the Marrianos church, Lisbon. There is also a "Presbytery of Andalusia" in Spain, composed of native Protestants. Presbyterianism seems to be a form of Church polity much in favour with those who are slowly emerging from the corruptions of the Roman Church.

The three Presbyterian missions in Corea, with the individual Presbyterian missionaries working there, have agreed to organize themselves into a single advisory body—the Presbyterian Council of Corea—and to labor with a view to organizing only one native Presbyterian Church. The missions are the Northern Presbyterian Church, with ten men and eleven women missionaries; the Southern Presbyterian Church, three men and four women; the Australasian Presbyterian Church, one man and 11 women, and two independent missionaries.

The Corinth canal, which was to be opened on July 20th, was originally begun nineteen hundred years ago, by the Emperor Nero, who, however, abandoned the enterprise when he had done no more than make excavations at one end, and sink pits along the proposed route. Both the excavations and the pits were traceable the other year. But the engineers who then examined the ground took it that Nero's men had selected their route arbitrarily, and began to select another route, such as should give them the minimum of surface water. But before long they found that the two routes were identical. This throws a new light on the scientific character of Roman engineering.

Miss Golding, an English woman, who has been a number of years an inmate of convents in France and Belgium, and who at last was assisted by her brother to escape, has brought serious charges against the authorities of the convents in which she was a member. A mixed committee of leading Protestants and Roman Catholics has been appointed to investigate her charges. Among the members of committee are the Duke of Norfolk, Cardinal Vaughan, the Lord Mayor of London, Hon. P. C. Hill, and Rev. W. L. Holland, of Edinburgh. It is well to investigate Miss Golding's charges so that if false they may be exposed, and if true, a repetition of such evils may be rendered impossible. Miss Golding's case attracted much interest two or three years ago, as, like the 'Nun of Kenmare' she is a lady of education and good connections.

Archdeacon Farrar has in the July number of the Contemporary Review been saying some very plain things about the ritualistic and Popish tendencies of a party of the Church of England. Those who have come under the Archdeacon's lash, of course, do not relish it. His present condition since his attack is represented by an American paper by the expression, 'His head in chancery.' "Canon Knox-Little," says the Canadian Churchman, "for one, has administered some premonitory cuts in the Guardian recently—heralds, like the 'few drops' that announce the coming castigation. The craze for meddling and muddling which some men exhibit was never more highly developed than in this English 'dignitary'—minus dignity. He has apparently put his foot in it this time beyond his power of extrication, however much he may wriggle." The Archdeacon, no doubt, when he wrote his article, knew well what he might expect, and will be well able to answer his critics.

Our fellow-countrymen down by the sea are bewailing the widespread and fatal disasters of a great storm on the twenty-fourth. Very pitiful are the details of shipwreck and loss of life reported, both along the coast and of devastation inland. One exchange says: The storm of Monday night was very severe in the Stewiacke valley. Wind, rain, lightning and thunder mingled to make the night terrible. Trees are broken, grain smashed down and fruit badly shaken off. There has not been so severe a storm for many years. Many farmers are not yet done haying, as weather has been very unfavorable for the last two weeks. Another says: "It is years since there has been on our coast so sad a disaster as the wreck of the steamer Dorcas, from Sydney for this port, towing a coal barge. The barge and the steamer are a total loss, being caught in the terrible gale of Monday night. 25 lives were lost. The scene of the tragedy was about Lawrencetown, an hour or two's easy sail east of Halifax Harbour. A family of five, Engineer Hanna, his wife and three children, were lost. Capt. Ferguson, of Louisburg, was in charge of the steamer and was drowned—leaving a wife, five children, his mother and sister, at Louisburg."

Miss Wilson, the daughter of the late lamented Sir Daniel Wilson, who over a year ago put herself and her home at the disposal of the Church of England for deaconess' work, has now returned from England, where she went to study methods and better qualify herself for superintending such service, has returned, and the training work may now be said to be fairly launched. Says the Evangelical Churchman: "A preliminary meeting of the committee in charge was held last Friday at 46 St. George street (the Deaconess Home) and many details were arranged. In the fall, the home will be open to receive candidates. The course of training extends over two years, and combines theoretical instruction with practical application. A grand opportunity is here opened for those who wish to devote themselves to active and systematic Christian work. There is no reason why this work, by God's blessing, should not be productive of the best results. It will accomplish all the practical good that sisterhoods do, and will be free from those features of the latter which, we believe, are not in accordance with the true spirit of our Protestant Church. We trust a warm and generous support will be given."

PULPIT, PRESS AND PLATFORM.

Phillips Brooks: What I believe, that I become.

The Occident: Birth and circumstances of early life do not infallibly great man.

Faber: There are souls in this world that have the gift of finding joy everywhere.

Seeker: He enjoys much who is thankful for little. A grateful mind is a great mind.

Chinese Proverb: Vast chasms can be filled, but the heart of man can never be satisfied.

Tyrius Maximus: Choose rather to punish your appetites than to be punished by them.

Robert Hall: We shall be judged hereafter, not by what we have felt, but by what we have done.

St. Clement: The Pharisee's righteousness, consisted in not doing evil; Christ superadded that we must do good.

F. W. Robertson: Make but few explanations. The character that cannot defend itself is not worth vindicating.

Watson: Look upon the bright side of your condition; then your discontents will disperse. Pour not upon your losses, but recount your mercies.

Bossuet: To know one's self is an advantage, to correct one's self is a virtue; and to give thanks to God, the means, to obtain success and perseverance.

Cicero: "One single day spent well, and in accordance with the precepts of wisdom, were better to be chosen than an immortality of sin." David said, "A day in Thy courts is better than a thousand."

Augustine: Every one who hears the Gospel, sooner or later decides for himself, as did Pilate, what he will do with Jesus who is called Christ. Some accept Him and are saved; others reject Him and are lost.

Lucy Larcom: To hunger no more and to thirst no more, is but to have our ever-returning need perpetually satisfied, and from the overflow of our blessedness to become wells of the water of life to other souls.

Kummacher: Unbelief does nothing but darken and destroy. It makes the world a desert, where no divine footsteps are heard, where no living hand adorns the fields, feeds the birds of heaven, or regulates events.

F. R. Havergal: Will you not, before venturing away from your early, quiet hour, "commit thy works" to God definitely, the special things you have to do to-day, and the unforeseen work which He may add in the course of it?

The Occident: "Mother," said a little child, "are we rich?" "No," was the quiet answer. "Well, are we poor?" The reply was the same as before. "What are we then?" the child still queried. "Just comfortable." Many of us, Christian men and women, are only "just comfortable." And there are such riches of faith, there is such an affluence of love to be had from living close to the Saviour. Poverty is a disgrace when an opulent spirit of Christ might prevail.

Carlyle: A country which has no national literature, or a literature too insignificant to force its way abroad, must always be, to its neighbours at least, in every important spiritual respect, an unknown and unestimated country.

Hugh White: When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.

Hon Carroll D. Wright: For every dollar the people receive from the saloon, they put out twenty-one." This seeming source of revenue, is really the heaviest tax on our national resources. It yields no benefits; its only fruit is evil, and that continually.

Hon G. W. Ross: If the public schools of the continent of America would but say with all their power, that alcoholic stimulants are injurious to the health, and that they lay the foundation for physical weakness, mental inferiority, and moral ruin, the battle would be won, and the generation educated within its walls would be sober beyond the necessity even of a prohibitory law.

Dr Cuyler: Take a good big draught of Bible every morning. Have a sweet, quiet, undisturbed season of prayer, and of honest communion with your Master. Throw open your heart's window to the sunshine. If you want to get your aches and troubles out of sight, hide them under your mercies. If you have been bereaved during the last year, do not let your sorrows stagnate by constantly brooding over them; turn off your thoughts into channels of kind deeds to others. It will be a blessed alternative.

Dr R. W. Dale: The difference between the way in which we think of the divine forgiveness, and the way in which it was thought of by David and Isaiah, by Christ Himself, by Peter and Paul, and John—the difference, I say, is very startling. The difference is so great, it affects so seriously the whole system of the religious thought and life, that we may be said to have invented a new religion. For myself, I stand by the ancient faith, and believe that the indifference with which the forgiveness of sins is regarded in these times, is no evidence of the development and progress of religious thought, but the result of a decline of faith in the living God.

S. A. Keen, D. D.: It matters much to the child of God whether he have the Holy Spirit in the measure of a rill, a river, or an ocean. Just as there is a great difference between the serviceableness of the rill, the river, and the ocean, in the economy of nature: the rill beautifies the landscape, slakes the thirst of bird and beast; the river has a larger utility in ministering to commerce and life; but the ocean is tributary to civilization and human welfare, as is neither the rill nor the river. So if the believer has the Spirit in the measure of a rill, it is much to his experience and life; if he has Him in the measure of a river, it is more; but if he have Him in the measure of an ocean, that is, in His fulness, then the believer becomes the most effective and serviceable, both to the Church and the world, that it is possible for him to be. Let us take Him as an ocean within us, even His fulness. The fulness of the Holy Ghost is indispensable.

Our Contributors.

THE CLERGYMAN IN MUSKOKA.

BY KNOXONIAN.

Years ago we read somewhere of a good Scotchman who received a shock by seeing two noted Edinburgh divines in their holiday costume. One of the two, Dr. Candlish, if we rightly remember, was clad in a light-colored tweed suit which did not fit any too well, and the other wore something that contrasted in a rather striking way with his Edinburgh costume. The Scotchman did not seem to be quite satisfied that it was right for the leaders of the Free Church to dress in such unclerical style. Perhaps he wondered what the Synod of Dort would have thought about it. Possibly he said with a sigh, that none of the Westminster divines would have dressed in that way. No doubt he concluded that it was contrary to use and wont for Edinburgh divines to dress in coloured tweed instead of orthodox black. There is some reason to fear that the good man saw in the summer suits of these Edinburgh ministers startling evidence of the degeneracy of the Church in these modern times.

It is to be hoped that Scotchmen will never visit Muskoka in August. A tweed suit is full dress compared with the garb in which some well-known Ontario divines appear at the wharves and on the islands of the famous Muskoka lakes. We shall not attempt to describe the garb of a seasoned Muskoka tourist of the clerical order. We say seasoned, because there is a great difference between the newcomer, or the casual visitor and the Old Timer, who has come regularly since Mr. Cockburn's excellent boats began to run. In fact, the number of seasons a clergyman has come to Muskoka may be pretty accurately estimated by his garb. The parson who is there for the first time generally appears in orthodox black and regulation tie. If conservative in the matter of costume, he probably, with a five dollar chapeau, crowns that part of his anatomy supposed to contain his systematic divinity and other theological acquisitions. In short, the newcomer wears in Muskoka about the same garb that he wears at home.

The occasional tourist is not quite so conservative. He ventures on a little tweed, and perhaps dispenses with his clerical tie. In matters of costume, he stands midway between the new-comer and the old timer.

The seasoned clerical tourist wears a garb that is absolutely unique. Like ancient Gaul it is divided into three parts, an old pair of trousers, a flannel shirt and an old coat. Quite frequently the coat is dispensed with. The trousers are kept in the vicinity of the place where they ought to be by a broad belt. The belt is generally made of canvas, though we have seen belts of leather, and various other kinds of material. The shirt is, of course, flannel. If there is anything in this world a seasoned Muskoka tourist despises, it is a linen shirt. The coat may be of any material and of any make, provided it is short enough. Next to a linen shirt, the seasoned Muskoka clerical tourist, hates a lengthy coat. His favorite style is to wear no coat at all, but as the cool evenings sometimes make one necessary, he wears a coat so short that it is scarcely worth the name.

There is another way in which the seasoned clerical tourist may be identified—by the length of the stubble on his chin. The new-comer begins his Muskoka career by keeping his cheek and chin in much the same condition as he does at home. The occasional tourist shaves about once a week, but the seasoned man has no use for his razor until the morning he leaves for home. If he has to preach, of course he shaves more frequently, but in his normal condition, he despises a razor, and never uses one unless compelled by dire necessity.

One day at Port Carling, we saw several genuine specimens of clerical tourists. One was a comparatively new man

who had on his home garb of orthodox black. He looked odd among the seasoned tourists and the boys in flannel. Another was in the second stage of development. He wore a grey suit, a coloured shirt, and looked like a business man. The third was a genuine, old-time tourist clad in the real Muskoka garb. No useless choker encircled his neck, Nor clerical clothes adorned him: But he stood on the wharf in his grey flannel shirt With his canvas belt around him.

Some of his elders would probably not have recognized him: his Ladies' Aid or his Woman's Missionary Society would probably have adjourned had he entered one of their meetings in Muskoka costume, but what about that. There is a time for everything, and a suitable garb for every kind of work. Full dress is nice for the evening, but no sensible man puts on his pigeon-tail when he saws wood or digs in his garden. Solemn black suit among the rocks in Muskoka would be as much out of place as the Muskoka garb would be in a pulpit.

Though the seasoned Muskoka tourist does not put on much style in the matter of dress, he is a distinctly useful man. He preaches often, and generally preaches well. He holds service on his own island if a congregation can be gathered, goes to a neighbouring summer hotel and preaches, if asked; and never fails to help students who may be labouring in his vicinity. Of the many Presbyterian ministers who visit Muskoka each summer, comparatively few have ever failed to conduct divine service when an occasion offered.

CONTINUAL WITNESSING.

The subjoined paper on Continual Witnessing, by a young lady of a Y.P.S.C. E., the editor of the Canada Presbyterian chanced to hear when preaching lately in one of our small towns. He asked, and obtained it for publication. Few things in the religious prospects of the country are more interesting or more hopeful, than that so many of our young people are turning their attention through Christian Endeavour Societies, in the direction of Christian thought and work suggested by this essay, and others of a similar kind prepared and read weekly all over the land.—Ed.

The subject of our lesson to-night is "Continual Witnessing." The first reference is found in Acts 26: 22, and the second one is in Ps. 34: 1-4. Two years of imprisonment at Caesarea had not changed Paul. Still to him to live was Christ, in prison or out of prison. The charges against him remained in abeyance until Felix was removed from office. As neither the prisoner nor his friends would bribe the Governor, he left the case unsettled. Festus was the successor of Felix, and when he went to Jerusalem the Jews renewed their appeal to have Paul put to death. But the Governor would make no promise until he knew more about the case. While the matter was still in suspense, King Agrippa, who governed the north-eastern district of Palestine, came to Jerusalem. The case was given to Agrippa, who expressed a wish to hear Paul himself speak. In our lesson we have part of Paul's address to King Agrippa. He says: Having therefore, obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great. Paul was perfectly aware of the source of his strength. He knew, as every true Christian knows, that his continuing in the faith was the result of the help God gives. With that help, the weakest become strong. No other help, but from God would have been sufficient to meet such perils. Perhaps many of us are afraid to start out on a Christian life, because foreseeing its dangers, we dread them, and fear that we will not be able to stand true and steadfast to the end. But if we are faithful every day, doing the day's duty cheerfully and trusting God, we can obtain help from Him for every duty and every hour of danger. The help will come from God just as it is needed. We read in II. Cor. 12: 9: "My grace is sufficient for thee; for My strength is made perfect in weakness." God never puts a burden upon us without giving us the strength to

carry it. The way to obtain help from God is to go forward faithfully and promptly in the way of duty, asking for the help. But if we do not try to obey God, the help will not come. It will come only as we do His will.

"Witnessing both to small and great." Paul had preached to men of high position and to the humblest poor. This is the glory of Christianity; it overcomes class distinctions, and gives hope to the poorest and weakest.

"Witnessing both to small and great" is the duty of every one who loves Christ. There is no way in which one can serve Him better than by telling others how good and kind we have found Him to be. The life of a follower of Christ should be so full of peace and joy, so strong in adversity, that all who see it, should desire to know the secret of the condition. The Christian enjoys no immunity from the ills of life. Sometimes it seems as if he were troubled more than others. If, therefore, he maintains his cheerfulness of spirit in trial, if he is patient under injustice, and generous and kind to his enemies, the world is not slow to infer that he has some other help than his own. That is his opportunity. It is for him to make it known that God does help those who trust in Him, and is willing to help others as He helps him. The Christian holds as a sacred trust, the duty of making known to the world by his character, his conduct and his verbal testimony what God has done and is doing for him, and thus winning others to Christ.

Now let us ask ourselves: In what way are we witnessing for Christ? Many of us have professed to be His children. It becomes, then, our duty to witness for Him. The fact of sitting at the Lord's table, and publicly professing our faith in Him, is perhaps witnessing for Him, but he who does that and nothing more, is a very poor kind of witness. He who professes to love Christ and bears no fruit, is a very poor kind of disciple, and may well ask himself whether or not he is a disciple at all. Profession is not fruit-bearing, and the mere act of calling ourselves Christians, does not in itself qualify or constrain us to bear witness for Christ. If our lives are not in harmony with the profession we make, the world becomes no better because we have made it. If we say we love Christ, and speak and act as if we did not, we certainly hinder rather than advance the interests of His kingdom, and while we may pretend to be witnessing for Him, careful examination proves that we have done His cause harm. Of what use are any of us to Christ, unless we do something for Him, unless we bear some fruit, unless we witness for Him in some way. Let no one of us attempt to shirk our plain duty by saying that we are powerless to do anything. The truth is that we will bear some kind of fruit, and the simplest thoughts, words and actions of every day will be gathered together into a bundle of evidence, either for Christ or for Satan. We cannot, therefore, plead that we are not able to bear any kind of witness, because we will in spite of ourselves. We have done so to-day, and we will do so to-morrow. Let us see to it then, that we prove the honesty of our profession and our vows by witnessing for Christ and not against Him.

OUR MISSIONS.

To the Editor of the Canada Presbyterian:

It is the pride and boast of many members of the Canada Presbyterian Church that ours is a mission church, and so it is, to a large extent.

It is a question in the minds of, I believe, a large number of our members, if we use our men and means to the best advantage; is the most made of them? Would it not be wiser to concentrate instead of continuing to spread; plainly, most of our missions are starving for the lack of means rather than men, the latter can be had if the former was available.

Take our India mission: Indore station has become specially interesting, but what do we see? Buildings undertaken that cannot be completed, buildings that should be there, but are not, and men and women overworked. With this before us why were other stations in the same country started and continued, and all lacking in necessary appliances: why then divide our strength and increase expense.

If the world is to be Christianized, the common belief is, it is to be done mostly by the native population, they to do the work while the foreign element would do the directing and managing; in this we are sadly deficient, and largely so because we have not concentrated our efforts. On the contrary, through our policy we have used up workers and wasted our resources. Is it not time to stop and turn over a new leaf and have the business part of our missions conducted on business principles?

I have cited but one of our missions to illustrate what I consider the evil of attempting too much. It would be easy to multiply instances; one is sufficient for my present purpose.

L. A. C.

CONTEMPLATION.

BY REV. W. T. HERRIDGE, B.D., OTTAWA.

It is not action, but repose of the right kind, which is a conspicuous want of our time; not the repose of sluggish contentment, nor of listless indolence, but the repose necessitated by earnest thought over the great problems of life, and quiet communion with God. Our modern psalms ought still to have their Selah pause, when the music of earth is hushed, and we stand like St. Cecilia, listening to the strains of heaven.

If we look back to the beginnings of human history, we shall see how the race was cradled in the profound reverie of its wise and great ones. Those Eastern sages sat, day after day, statue-like, reading the stars and striving to comprehend the mysteries of being. They had been taught by the rise and fall of empires, as well as by shifting individual fortune, that unless the life of man is to be in continual ebb and flow, it must rest eternally in something which is not of this world. Such repose as theirs, though to a superficial observer it might look like a kind of dolce far niente, was the best preparation for action when the time for action came. No wonder that when the lesser lights paled before the superior splendor of heaven's miracle, they rejoiced with great joy, following the star to the manger of the Holy Babe at Bethlehem, and laying their rich treasures at His feet.

Our present tendency is to rush to the opposite extreme, replacing contemplative Orientalism by active Occidentalism, the slumber of the East by the swift movement of the West. We are somewhat impatient of any calls to quiet earnest thought; for we cannot help seeing how many men get along well enough in the world without it. The fact is, one has to suffer oftentimes by a general rout of the army of illusion. "He that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." Thinking is hard work, and all we seem to get out of it at first may be the revelation of our personal deficiency and of the infinite pathos of human life. The man who uses his brains in any earnest way can hardly help feeling sad at times. There is so much to learn and so little time in which to learn it; so many algebraic problems to solve with their dreadful unknown quantities.

And even if one found that thinking "paid" in the long run, popular opinion is not very much in favor of it. There are many circles of society in which the thoughtful person is accounted a bore. Let a man have a thin veneer of refinement, a little knowledge of passing events, an attractive mode of self-assertion, and that is quite enough for some people. It is scarcely polite in certain quarters to introduce a subject which might necessitate cerebral action. Small talk is the current coin of conversation.

Now, of course, a thoughtful man may become offensive even though he is thoughtful. The ponderous artillery of

the mind is not always in place. No one wants a perpetual lecture, no matter how excellent and profound it may be. There is a time for all things. There is an especial time for silence. And yet, does it not seem a pity that so much of our social intercourse should be deliberately superficial? Why should anyone be considered a mere pedant who carries about with him everywhere the unostentatious but certain evidence of earnest contemplation over the great verities of life?

And not only is thinking somewhat unpopular, but the hurry of our time is very apt to cut down its opportunities of cultivation. Among the rights of each individual is the right to some portion of quiet, fruitful solitude, "far from the madding crowd." Mr. Lowell, in his exquisite poem, "The Cathedral," alludes to one of the evil spirits of modern life as

"The New World's new fiend, Publicity,
Whose testing thumb leaves everywhere its
smutch."

No doubt something is gained at times by a search-light thrown even into the immost corners of privacy, so that what is done in secret is proclaimed from the housetop. The trouble, however, is that the main demand in regard to the housetop revelations is that they shall be entertaining, whether they happen to be trustworthy or not. When the public ask for a sensation, they usually ask for a big one; and, therefore, it is quite to be expected in this age of rival newspapers that the people most heard about should not be always the salt of the earth. It is a poor nature, however, that will rejoice in this kind of thing, and lend itself to it. Yet there are many men, who, as though they were ephemera, wish only one day in which to make a stir, live a superficial, noisy, vulgar, self-advertising sort of life, which in the end absolutely destroys the finer qualities of character, and renders such a thing as earnest thought or noble action an utter impossibility.

"While I was musing," said the Psalmist, "the fire burned." With no work to do, no book to read, no friend to talk to, then it was, he says, that the depth of his spirit was stirred within him. The times are changed since then, but the nature of man is not changed at all. Silence and solitude are still the ministering angels that, if rightly welcomed, bring us some of the best treasures of life. A good deal could be told of the character of a man, if one knew how he felt in the company of himself, and of the thoughts which, as he sits alone, press in upon him. For some, such moments of seeming idleness might be tiresome; but how much has been made of them over and over again in human history! Out of the womb of solitude have come forth our great poems, our great works of art, our great reforms, only who must first be "hidden in the light of thought," before he emerges into the arena of effective action riveting the gaze of the world. It is from the dark grave of seeming extinction that the kings of men have rolled away the stone, and achieved the triumph of immortality.

And that habit of quiet contemplation which is so essential in order to mature any enterprise of permanent value, is not less a want of our religious life to day. We may feel some proper pride in the number of modern organizations for the exercise of Christian activity. These are well enough in their places; but they no more make religion than the coat makes the man. Religion is first of all, the link that binds our souls to God, and that link must be forged in solitude. When it is firm and strong, we may go forth with some hope of doing useful service among our fellows. But a mere superficial business, a laying down of rules, a striking of committees and all that kind of thing, will be of itself quite valueless, and sometimes positively harmful as a feeder of pride and vanity. If our religious life is ever to be rounded to completeness, it must be begun under the fostering care of silence, continued in the rever-

ent speech which is but a voice out of the silence, and ended in the sublime silence of ecstatic rapture when God shall be all and in all.

Nor must it be supposed that to the busy toilers who make up the bulk of mankind, a life enriched by contemplation is a prohibited luxury. The greater the labor, the greater the need for rest, for rest which shall do its proper office in making labor more earnest and more beneficial. And while it may be the privilege only of the few to people solitude with imperishable companionships, thinking great thoughts or "building the lofty rhyme," to all of us is given the power of constructing some ideal in the secret chamber of the soul, whose bright face shall illumine the dusty thoroughfares of daily activity, and make us feel that

"Earth's crowned with heaven,
And every common bush afire with
God."

—New York Observer.

OBITUARIES.

Very deep and general sympathy, we are sure, will be felt for Rev. Mr. Lyle, Hamilton, and family, in their sad bereavement, by the drowning of his son James, on Tuesday, the 29th ult. "Young Lyle," says a Hamilton exchange, was sixteen years of age last Christmas day. He was the fourth son of Rev. S. Lyle, B. D., pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church here, and had spent the summer with his parents and family in their cottage on the Beach. He was a fine manly young fellow, well thought of by everybody who knew him. In their affliction Mr. and Mrs. Lyle have the sympathy of the entire community.

The Montreal Witness announces the death, on the 20th of August, of Mr. William Porteous, architect, of Montreal. He superintended the erection of many churches in Ontario, besides many large factories of various kinds. He was the inventor of an improved system of hanging lock gates, still in use. He was a cousin of the late Rev. Edward Irving, the great divine, who made all Scotland ring with his eloquence. He early became a teetotaler, and at the age of sixteen was a recognized champion of the cause in Scotland. He married, forty-nine years ago, Basie, daughter of the late Mr. James Forrest, who lost his life in a gallant attempt to rescue the victims of the Tro. Presbyterian church fire, High Street, Edinburgh. For forty years he was a reader and admirer of the Witness and one of its foremost friends. He was a Presbyterian and a member of Chalmers Church, Montreal.

Mr. Samuel Carnochan, Sr., a much respected member and elder of the Egmondville Presbyterian church, passed away on Monday, the 21st of August. In 1833, with other members of his family, he came to this country from Scotland, and settled in Tuckersmith, and bravely the hardships which in that early time had to be endured in making a home. In 1874, he retired to spend the remainder of his days in Egmondville, where besides attending to secular duties, he was ever a faithful worker in every good cause, church work being most prominent. In 1870 he was elected to the eldership of Egmondville Presbyterian church, which office he held till his death, always fulfilling its duties with the greatest diligence. In fact, for a time, he was the only lay member of the Session of a congregation with poor church property and greatly reduced in numbers. But, bravely and prayerfully facing this condition of things, he lived to see valuable church buildings and a prosperous congregation, mainly due to his energy under the Divine guidance. Although without any family of his own, he was ever an untiring worker in the Sabbath school, having been superintendent for

many years previous to his death. During the winter of 1892 he began to show signs of declining health, and in March of that year, was laid aside from further active duty. From that time until his death, pain and suffering, borne with true Christian resignation, were his most constant companions, till, wasted to a shadow of his former self, he breathed his last on Monday, August the 21st, about 1 p.m. Thus another of the grand pioneers of this vicinity has passed from the scene of earthly action, leaving behind him a more enduring monument than marble. In poetic language it can be truthfully said of him:

"Servant of God, well done,
Rest from thy loved employ,
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's Joy."

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

The Presbytery of Lindsay met at Sunderland on Tuesday, the 15th ult. Fair attendance of ministers and elders. Rev. W. G. Hanna acted as Moderator pro tem. Rev. A. N. Campbell was appointed Moderator for the ensuing year, but in his absence, Mr. Hanna was continued in the chair for this meeting. Moved by Rev. D. J. Ross, and duly seconded and carried, that the Presbytery endorse the resolution of the Sabbath School Association regarding Normal institutes, and promise financial support in the event of one or two such institutes being held within the Presbytery during the year. Rev. W. G. Hanna gave a very encouraging report on Home Missions. Mr. Sam. McLean, of Balsover, was duly certified to the Senate of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, as a student for the ministry. Mr. William McKay, student, supplying Cambray and Oakwood, delivered a discourse, which was highly commended. It was agreed to certify him to the Senate of Knox College for the continuance of his course of study.

The Presbytery of Regina met in St. Paul's church, Prince Albert, on the evening of Wednesday, August 2nd, for the induction of the Rev. Mr. Rochester into the pastoral charge of that congregation. There was a good attendance, and quite a sprinkling, too, of the members and adherents of other denominations represented at the meeting. The session of the Presbytery under which the induction was conducted, was opened by Rev. Mr. Clay, of Moosejaw, by prayer and a few introductory remarks as to the object of the meeting. Rev. Mr. Carmichael, pastor of Knox church, Regina, was also to have been in attendance, but was unavoidably detained at the capital. On the pulpit platform besides the Revs. Clay and Rochester, were Mr. J. F. A. Stull, an elder of the church, and Rev. Mr. Lewis, missionary of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, at present stationed at Mistawasis Reserve, Snake Plain. After prayer and introduction, a hymn was sung, and then Mr. Lewis preached a good sound practical sermon from the words contained in the 12th verse of the 4th chapter of Hebrews. Mr. Lewis expounded to his hearers the meaning of these words in an interesting and instructive manner. Rev. Mr. Clay began the ceremony (proper) of induction. Mr. Rochester was asked the usual questions touching his belief in the doctrines, etc., of the Church, and other questions of a similar nature, to all of which he gave suitable replies. Mr. Clay then pronounced the final solemn words of induction, and proceeded to the further duty of addressing both pastor and people. Mr. Clay's remarks were brief, but to the point, and very earnestly he exhorted the people to pray for their pastor: whatever else might be neglected, this should not be. It was their duty to do so, and to neglect it would not only be dereliction of duty, but cruelty also. He had no doubt but that the last two years of successful church work carried on by this church would be continued and the fruit increased. After a few remarks by Rev. Mr. Rochester, the session of the Presbytery was declared closed, to meet next month at Broadview, Assin.

II. We have a lesson here for all Christian workers. Paul welcomed all who came to him. There was a time in his life when he would have said to a gentle, "Stand by thyself, come not near to me, for I am holier than thou." Now he had learned that the Gospel was for all. Let us learn that we cannot help men unless we meet them in a spirit of kindness and love.

Again, Paul "lifted conversation out of the rut." When people came to him he spoke of that which concerned their souls. He preached regarding the kingdom of God and taught those things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ. He felt that he must preach the Gospel (I. Cor. 9. 16).

He spoke confidently. Is it not true that we often neglect our duty, that we often fail to speak to men about their eternal interest because we lack courage? Now if Paul, a prisoner, could speak boldly, surely we should not fear to speak to men upon the most momentous of all themes. Truly we need to pray to be delivered from the fear of man that bringeth a snare.

Be what it may, let the first whisper of the internal monitor be listened to as an oracle, as the still small voice which Elijah heard when he wrapped his face in his mantle, recognizing it to be the voice of God.—Robert Hall.

Christian Endeavor.

LESSONS FROM PAUL'S LIFE.

REV. W. S. M'AVISH, B.D., ST. GEORGE.

Sept. 10th.—Acts 28: 30-31; 1 Cor. 9: 16-17.

The story of Paul's life suggests a great many important lessons. It would be useless to attempt to dwell upon them all, so we shall confine ourselves to those suggested by the two verses with which Luke concludes his account of Paul's career.

I. We have a lesson here for those whom someone has called the "Shut-ins." Paul was a Shut-in. There are few, if any Christians, now who are hampered in the same way as Paul was, nevertheless some may find their sphere of usefulness limited from other causes, such as sickness, infirmity or domestic ties. Such might learn like Paul, not to murmur or complain on account of the curtailment of their liberty. Luke tells us what Paul preached and taught during those two years, but there is not a word to indicate that he never uttered a complaint. He had learned in whatsoever state he was therewith to be content (Phil. 4. 11). He believed that he was in the sphere in which God had placed him, therefore contentment and duty hallowed the spot. If those who are "cribbed, cabined and confined" by circumstances, could only realize that they are suffering according to the will of God they would commit the keeping of their souls to Him in well-doing, and be happy (I. Pet. 4: 19).

"Shut-ins" might learn also that they can be useful. Perhaps Paul never did more efficient service than during the two years which he spent at Rome. When Luther was a prisoner, he translated the Bible for the German people. When Madame Guyon was in prison she wrote some charming verses. Anne Askew when a prisoner, wrote a poem which has become immortal. When John Bunyan was imprisoned in Bedford gaol, he wrote that immortal allegory, "Pilgrim's Progress." William Tyndale while a prisoner at Vilvorde, translated a large part of the Bible into English. Francis Baker composed that beautiful hymn, "Jerusalem, my happy home," while he was confined in the Tower of London. Many of Samuel Rutherford's interesting and cheering letters were written while he was nominally a prisoner in Aberdeen. Adolphe Monod, who lay for months on a sick bed, unable to conduct a public service, spoke of Christ as long as he was able from his bed every Sabbath afternoon to the friends that gathered around him.

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Pastor and People.

THE HOPE OF VICTORY.

Written for the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

Midst the sinning and the sorrow
That the sinning ever brings,
Yet the hope is ever cherished
For the life of better things—
Better, in a peace within
In a stronger scorn for sin.

Nor can failure ever banish
This desire of the heart—
Prophet of a coming triumph
In which I shall have a part—
Triumph over world-wide sin,
Triumph o'er the share within.

Lord, look down beneath the folly;
Hear the crying of my soul—
See that I would fain be better
And am longing to be whole—
Fain would have the joy within
Which shall follow banished sin.

Grant, Oh Lord, this sweet ambition
Never from my soul may part,
But may evermore be stronger
Than the trembling of my heart;
Urge me onward, till within
Grace has triumphed over sin.

Ottawa, Aug. 29, 1893. R.E.K.

ATTRACTING A CONGREGATION.

BY REV. GERARD B. F. HALLOCK.

For a preacher to desire a large congregation of hearers, is not wrong. The desire to do the greatest good to the greatest number, will lead him to wish his words heard as widely as possible. If he delivers a message, it seems reasonable to expect that usually twice as much good will be done with the same effort, when he has two hundred hearers, as when he has one hundred hearers. But this wish for hearers has led many good men into serious mistakes, and gradually away from the only sure method of securing, with any permanency, the thing aimed for.

A minister sometimes announces, through the newspapers, a somewhat sensational topic. Sunday, he finds his church filled. In order to fulfil expectations, he preaches a somewhat sensational sermon. Next time, to attract the same sized audience, he must go to still greater extremes. Thus he is lulled on, until he is preaching only nonsense, feeding people with husks, and doing no good to anybody. Since it is impossible to indefinitely keep up an advance in sensationalism, because it must end up in ridiculousness, people find out that they are being deluded, and by and by cease coming to hear the man once so popular.

A recent receipt for making a "popular preacher," names the following ingredients, in due proportions: "One-third voice and personal presence; one-third sensational selection of topics, and one-third heresy." The proportion of ingredients, it is said, may vary somewhat in special cases; a little extra allowance for heresy, for example, serving to offset trifling deficiencies in personal appearance; but in general, the ingredients must be blended in about the proportion indicated.

But we are convinced that this whole matter is a delusion and a snare. For a permanent and lasting attraction, there is no substitute for the proclamation of the simple "truth as it is in Jesus," the "old, old story of Jesus and His love." The majority of people do not take life as a huge joke, but something serious and earnest. Soul hunger is universal, and nothing but the "bread of life" can satisfy. Soul thirst is universal, and nothing but the "water of life" can quench the burning desire. It is sometimes asked if the pulpit is not losing its hold on the people. Yes, there are pulpits that are losing their grip on the masses; in fact, they never had much. The pulpits that are losing their grip on the people, are the pulpits that are losing their grip on the old Gospel. It is true to-day, the world over, that the pulpits that habitually secure the best audiences are those that habitually present the old Gospel in its

integrity, and its simplicity. The word of man perishes and passes away; the word of the Lord liveth and abideth forever, meeting the deepest needs and longings of the soul.

One of our modern painters has given us a striking picture, which he calls, "Death in the Desert." Upon the canvas is seen, in the foreground, a dying camel, lying in the midst of a desert of burning sand. The blazing sun shimmers in the midst of a heaven of glowing brass. There is not a leaf nor blade visible from horizon to horizon. But the poor creature, which has been abandoned by some passing caravan, lifts a feeble head to look up toward the sky, through which multitudes of impatient vultures are winging their way to the expected feast of death.

Everywhere about us in the world, men are perishing of soul thirst upon the great desert of sin. Their "unspoken cry" is, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O, God." This is the usual experience of sin-sick souls, and there is no use carrying dry husks to feed them, or empty pitchers from which to give them drink.

In a city well-known to the writer, one able minister, with a large congregation, began to preach on science and evolution, under guise of religious terms, and in less than five years has emptied his church. Another, a man of great ability, dwells upon the new theologies, and new departures, and theological discussions of the day. He uniformly preaches to one of the smallest audiences in the city. In that same city the preachers who secure the largest hearing, are those who are preaching the old Gospel, pure and simple. We believe that the same testimony would be given the world over. Let us rest assured that the alienation of the masses (where they are alienated) from hearing the Gospel, is largely to be accounted for by the fact that it is not always the Gospel that they hear, and all else falls short of what their souls need and inwardly crave. "Ring out the old bell in the pulpit, and take care that it gives no uncertain sound, and the people will come out of their houses to listen. The man who understands the Gospel, and preaches it in earnest as one who believes, will not fail to draw people to hear him."

"A FALLIBLE, OR THE INFALLIBLE CHRIST?"

To this issue Bishop Ellicott narrows down the discussion on "The Teaching of our Lord as to the Authority of the Old Testament." The papers on the subject in the Expository Times, which were begun as a "corrective" to the teaching of "Lux Mundi," and are concluded this month (Christus Comprobator), have contrasted what he calls the Traditional with the Analytical view of the Old Testament, and have sought to decide between them by an appeal to the words of Christ. The Bishop has found (1) that "aversion to, or, to put it in the mildest form, disinclination to accept the supernatural, is the characteristic in a greater or less degree of all the more pronounced supporters of the Analytical view." (2) "That the Analytical view of the Old Testament, if thoroughly accepted, must involve fresh views, not only of history, but of vital and fundamental doctrine, and that any attempt to utilize it for the sake of helping the distressed faith of a few may end, we had almost said must end, in endangering their faith, and it may be, even the salvation of thousands. If there is any hesitation in accepting the reality of such a truth as the Fall, there never can be any heart-whole belief in the realities of the Redemption and the Atonement." (3) "That the judgment of our Lord and Master, so far as we have been able to derive it from His use of the Old Testament, His references to it, and the declarations He has made in regard to it, is sufficiently clear to justify us in making the following assertion: that our Lord's view of the old Testament is not only consonant with the

Traditional view, but may even be regarded as supporting and confirming it; and that in no particular—or, to use the most guarded language, in no particular of any real importance—has it appeared to favour the Analytical view." And "that the doctrines of the sinlessness of Christ, and still more the doctrine of the union of the Two Natures, unduly forbid the acceptance of words which imply limitation in respect of historical knowledge." We are solemnly persuaded that the assumption that the Lord willed not to know, in His perfect and illuminated human nature, the things concerning the Holy Scriptures, about which mortal man claims to have knowledge now, is inadmissible and at variance with catholic teaching." This appeal to Christ is, Bishop Ellicott explains, "not made with any design of attempting to silence all criticism, or to set aside all thorough-going investigation. . . . We have admitted that the Traditional view has been rectified in some particulars, such as the composition of the Book of Genesis, and we by no means refuse to admit that careful research may prove that further rectification may be needed in other particulars. . . . But it is one thing to rectify a view in particulars on which it is plain that our Lord has not, directly or indirectly, expressed any kind of judgment; and another thing to advocate a view that is incompatible with it."—Exchange.

A BIBLE TALK ON THE SABBATH.

The Sabbath was made for man. (Mark ii. 27). The word Sabbath means rest. Now, we all know when night comes, how needful and how sweet is rest. But it is also true, that just as we need the nightly rest, so we require one whole day of the week besides, in which to keep from our common, everyday work. In France a hundred years ago, a law was made doing away with the Sabbath. But after some time both animals and people were so broken down with working on and on without stopping on the seventh day, that they had to go back to the old way, and keep the Sabbath as a time of rest. The Sabbath then is needed for our bodily health. It was made for our comfort and refreshment. And just as the weary traveller gladly drops into the seat provided at the roadside for such as he, so ought we to welcome and use the Sabbath as God bids us. Many seem to think the Sabbath a bar, a burden, and the keeping of it a waste of time, but that is altogether a mistake. If you keep God's day holy, if you think much of the love of Jesus on the Sabbath, and seek in prayer to know and obey His will, then you will be greatly helped to keep the rest of the week as you ought. He who really keeps the Sabbath has gained a great blessing. The Bible says, "Blessed is the man that keepeth the Sabbath." He has not wasted his time, but spent it most wisely in getting grace which may last him from Monday morning till Saturday night. A cavalry soldier was once being chased by the enemy. His horse's saddle-girth got slack, and though the others were riding hotly behind him, he felt that he must get down and tighten the loose buckle, else he should slip off. He stopped, got down and fastened it. Then quickly mounting, he urged his horse at full gallop, knowing that he now had a sure seat, and before long was out of the reach of his enemies. You see the soldier did not waste his time, but halted for a minute that he might enable himself to get the better of his foes. So, if people stop their ordinary work, so toilsome and often so exciting, and employ the Sabbath as God's Word directs, they will have strength to deal with any danger to their souls which the week may have in store for them.—Free Church Children's Record.

Canon Liddon: The life of man is made up of action and endurance; the life is fruitful in the ratio in which it is laid out in noble action, or in patient perseverance.

The late Mr. Spurgeon, of London, was severe on ministers who undertake the duties of their calling without proper qualifications. He made the following remarks in one of his lectures to his students:—"I heard one say the other day, that a certain preacher had no more gifts for the ministry than an oyster, and, in my own judgment, that was a slander on the oyster, for that worthy bivalve shows great discretion in his openings, and knows when to close!"—Ex.

LIVING FOR CHRIST.

What was the charm of life to Paul? I will tell you. No; I'll let him do so: "For me, to live is Christ." "I live. No; not I—Christ liveth in me. I rejoice in tribulations." Nothing like weariness there. No grumbling: no forlorn sighing for an easier lot; no unmanly whimper. No; nothing but the serene joy of a warrior, every inch of whose armour is marked by the weapons of an obdurate foe; whose burness is soiled with the dust-stains of a hundred battlefields, and whose form flashed in the forefront of a hundred magnificent victories. Paul weary of living! Paul a failure! Paul ever-wretched! Why, I'd just as soon think of a lark wailing a funeral dirge at the gates of heaven. Paul did not live in externals, as I am afraid too many of us do. He lived in internals, and he counted it a joy when he was perfectly exhausted. He never grew weary of living. "For me, to live is Christ."—Dr. Cuyler.

FREEDOM AND LOVE.

It cannot be too greatly emphasized that Christ has bought us that He might make us free; and that this should draw out to Him our soul's deepest love and life's best service. There is a story told by a man who, years ago, was taken captive in the Mediterranean by one of the corsairs which used to sweep those seas. He was sold as a slave, and endured the rigors of Mohammedan bondage. One day an Englishman came on board the vessel where he was, and talking with his owner made a bargain for him, paid the price and bought the slave. The poor captive bitterly reproached his purchaser: "You, a freeborn Englishman, buy me for a slave!" But the purchaser said: "I have bought you to set you free." At once the captive's sorrow was turned to joy and reproach to gratitude; and falling at the feet of his new master, he said: "I will be your servant forever." Thenceforth nothing was too hard for him to do for a master who had bought him with a price that he might set him free. So Jesus has bought us, and so ought we to serve Him.—Pittsburg Christian Advocate.

How is it that comparatively few earnest Christian people give a hearty support to Missions to the Jews? We fear that the reason is to be found in indifference to the whole subject. This indifference is in part produced by an ignorance of the real condition of the Jew, intellectually and spiritually, and of his need of the Gospel to emancipate him in this life, to assure him of a future, and to prepare him for it. That Christians should be indifferent to the needs of the Jew, through whom they obtained all their rich spiritual inheritance, is difficult to understand, and can only be explained by the fact that their indebtedness to the Jew is lost sight of; or else by the supposition that the Jews, not being ignorant of the one true God, have not that urgent need of evangelization that the heathen claim. But, the greater the advantage, the greater the responsibility; and the greater the sin of the Jews in rejecting the Gospel, so much the greater need of Christian aid to remove this sin. Our knowledge of the way to everlasting happiness and peace, entails upon us the duty of handing on to others that blessing, which, under God's mercy, we possess, and why, more especially to the Jews?—Jewish Missionary Intelligence.

Our Young Folks.

SWEET PETUNIAS.

They clamber o'er my windows,
They're peeping through the door;
They waft the sweet old fragrance
Of the hallowed blooms of yore;
I pluck a bud, and visions
Of boyhood's days arise,
When years were censers, bearing
Incense from Paradise.

The white of budding May-time,
The pink of tender June,
The breath of summer hay-fields,
The rest of silent noon;
The fragrant turf of evening,
The low of pastured kine,
The tinkle of the sheep-bells
Idyllic scenes, once mine:

And, O, the benediction
That came at day's decline,
When mother's prayer and blessing
Healed every grief of mine!
The scent of purple lilacs,
The spiced petunias' balm
Came stealing through the casement,
Stray chord's from Nature's psalm.

My lengthening years roll backward
And I'm again a child,
Seeking the nesting ground-bird
Through tangled roses wild;
Or, deep in balsam pine-woods
I delve for satin "chinks,"
Or in the swamp for flag-root,
Mallows and waxy pinks.

Then up the garden pathway
I bear my glad surprise
To her who in the doorway
Greets me with love-lit eyes.
The table with its shortcake
And raspberry tarts awaits.
Though robins dear have twittered
Good night to all their mates.
—Good Housekeeping.

"ONLY A BOY."

More than half a century ago a faithful minister coming early to the kirk, met one of his deacons whose face wore a very resolute and distressed expression.

"I came early to meet you," he said. "I have something on my conscience to say to you. Pastor, there must be something radically wrong in your preaching and work; there has been only one person added to the Church in a whole year, and he is only a boy."

The old minister listened. His eyes moistened, and his thin hand trembled on his broad-headed cane.

"I feel it all," he said. "I feel it, but God knows that I have tried to do my duty, and I can trust Him for the results."

"Yes, yes," said the deacon. "But by their fruits ye shall know them," and one new member, and, he too, only a boy, seems to me rather a slight evidence of true faith and zeal. I don't want to be hard, but I have this matter on my conscience, and I have done but my duty in speaking plainly."

"True," said the old man; "but charity suffereth long and is kind; beareth all things; hopeth all things." I have great hopes of that one boy, Robert. Some seed that we sow beareth fruit late, but that fruit is generally the most precious of all."

The old minister went to the pulpit that day with a grieved and heavy heart. He closed his discourse with dim and tearful eyes. He wished that his work was done forever, and that he was at rest among the graves under the blooming trees in the old kirkyard.

He lingered in the dear old kirk after the rest were gone. He wished to be alone. The place was sacred and especially dear to him. It had been his spiritual home from his youth. Before this altar he had prayed over the dead forms of a by-gone generation, and had welcomed the children of a new generation; and here, yes, here, he had been told at last that his work was no longer owned and blessed!

No one remained—no one? "Only a boy."

The boy was Robert Moffat. He watched the trembling old man. His soul was filled with loving sympathy. He went to him and laid his hand on his black gown.

"Well, Robert?" said the minister. "Do you think if I were willing to work hard for an education I could ever become a preacher?"

"A preacher?"

"Perhaps a missionary."

There was a long pause. Tears filled the eyes of the old minister. At length he said: "This heals the ache of my heart, Robert. I see the divine hand now. May God bless you my boy. Yes, I think you will become a preacher."

Some years ago there returned to London from Africa an aged missionary. His name was spoken with reverence. When he went into an assembly the people rose: when he spoke in public there was a deep silence. Princes stood uncovered before him; nobles invited him to their homes.

He had added a province to the Church of Christ on earth; had brought under the Gospel influence the most savage of African chiefs; had given the translated Bible to strange tribes; had enriched with valuable knowledge the Royal Geographical Society, and had honoured the humble place of his birth, the Scottish Kirk, the United Kingdom and the universal missionary cause.

It is hard to trust when no evidence of fruit appears. But the harvest of right intentions is sure. The old minister sleeps beneath the trees in the humble place of his labours, but men remember his work because of what he was to that one boy and what that boy was to the world. "Only a boy!"

"Do thou thy work: it shall succeed
In thine, or in another's day.
And if denied the victor's meed
Thou shalt not miss the toiler's pay."

—Youth's Companion.

ONE SMALL MAN'S PLAN.

The "blue-line" street car stopped at the corner, and a rather anxious-looking young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Rob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again, "don't lose that note I gave you; don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed his brake, and the horses, shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, Bub?" asked a mischievous-looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered politely.

"Where are you going?"
"To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormentor; but he only said, again, "Let me see it."

"I tam't," said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't I'll scare the horses and make them run away."

The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the belled horses, but shook his head.

"Here, Bub, I'll give you this peach if you will pull that note half-way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you'll just show me the corner of your note," said the tempter. The child turned away, as if he did not wish to hear any more; but the young man opened the bag, and held it out just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face; I believe Rob was afraid to trust himself, and when a man left his seat on the other side, to get off the car, the little boy slipped quickly down, left the temptation behind and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded, until it might have alarmed Rob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him and said, with a sweet glow on her face:

"Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man

strong enough to resist temptation, and wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long, hard message ever reached Rob's mother; but no matter, the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.

CAUGHT.

"Children," said a teacher one afternoon to her class of thirty boys, "if you study attentively for half an hour, I will give you a holiday. But if any one looks off his book, I want whoever sees him to tell me, as he will remain in the school room while you go to the woods."

Twenty pairs of eyes brightened, and twenty heads bent over their books.

"Ha, ha," thought Phil Brown to himself, "now I'll have a chance to pay Tommy Smith for stealing my ball. I'll keep my eye on him, and the minute I see him looking off his book I'll tell teacher. I'll enjoy myself twice as much if I know he's punished."

So Phil watched Tommy as closely as a cat would a mouse, but Tommy, contrary to custom, was unusually studious, and as the hands of the clock neared the end of the half hour, Phil thought he would lose his opportunity; but "all things come to him who waits," and at last Phil saw Tommy raise his eyes. Instantly Phil's hand was up.

"Teacher," he exclaimed.

"What is it, Phil?"

"Tommy Smith's looking off his book."

"How do you know?"

"I saw him."

"Tommy," continued the teacher, "did you see Phil looking off his book?"

"No ma'am, I didn't look up."

"Phil, are you quite sure you saw Tommy?"

"Yes, ma'am, I am, for I watched him," said Phil, positively.

"Then, Phil, according to your statement, you looked off your book, and must be punished accordingly. Remain here until four o'clock. Boys, you can go."

The two hours Phil spent alone that July afternoon taught him a lesson he never forgot. Children do you know what it is?"

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

A good many years ago, a little girl of twelve years of age, was passing an old brick prison in the city of Chicago, on her way to school, when she saw a hand beckoning from behind a cell window and heard a weary voice asking her to please bring him something to read.

For many weeks after she went to the prison every Sunday, carrying the prisoner a book to read from her father's library. At last one day she was called to his death-bed.

"Little girl," said he, "you have saved my soul; promise me that you will do all your life for the poor people in prison what you have done for me."

The little girl promised, and she has kept her promise. Linda Gilbert has been all her life the steadfast friend of the prisoner. She has established good libraries in many prisons, and visited and helped hundreds of prisoners; and from the great number of whom she has helped, 600 are now, to her certain knowledge, leading honest lives. Prisoners from all parts of the country know and love her name, and surely the God of prisoners must look upon her work with interest.

And all this because a little girl heard and heeded the call to help a suffering soul.

"Carlyle said of Robert Burns that there was no truer gentleman in Europe than the ploughman-poet. It was because he loved everything—the mouse and the daisy, and all things, great and small, that God had made. So with this simple passport he could mingle with any society, and enter courts and palaces, from his little cottage on the banks of the Ayr. You know the meaning of the word 'gentleman.' It means a gentle man—a man who does things with love. And that is the whole art and mystery of it. The gentle man cannot in the nature of things do an ungentlemanly thing. The considerate, unsympathetic nature cannot do anything else. 'Love doth not have itself unseemly.'

Teacher and Scholar.

Sept. 17th, } PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY { Rom. xiv.
1893. 12-23.

GOLDEN TEXT.—It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth. —Rom. xiv.

This is a lesson in Christian forbearance. The apostle deals with acts not morally wrong, but about which weaker Christians have scruples. The consideration due from stronger Christians to such scruples, is an important question. Two examples are specified. The one with which our lesson deals, is eating of meats. Some restricted themselves to a vegetable diet, for fear of eating what had been offered to idols, or in some other way been made ceremonially unclean. Others put themselves under no such restrictions, not believing that anything was on such grounds unclean. Each of them, Paul points out, may serve God in the course he follows, and neither has the right to interfere with the other, because each is individually responsible to God. Each has to answer, not for others, but for himself, and not unto other fellow-men, but to God. But while this is the case, the lesson goes on to show that it may be expedient for a man to interfere with his own liberty.

I. Abstinence in agreement with the law of love. Instead of assuming the office of judges over one another, let this, says Paul, rather be a matter for judgment and determination, that you do not carry out what you believe justifiable, in such a way that it may be an occasion for a brother to fall into sin. This exhortation applies especially to the stronger Christians, among whom Paul unhesitatingly places himself, who believe that nothing is rendered unfit for food, through ritual ordinances or ceremonial defilement. While this may be the case, yet to him who believes mistakenly that certain food is forbidden by God's law, such food really is forbidden, since it is wrong for a man to violate his sense of duty, be that sense true or false. And he who does not respect these scruples, so as to avoid needlessly outraging them, falls in love. Not only does he grieve his brother, but places before him a temptation to violate his conscience. This is to incur a very grave responsibility, for whatever tends to make one violate his conscience, tends to make him destroy his soul. For such a paltry thing as gratification in eating, the person who helps in the one, is guilty of aiding to accomplish the other.

II. Abstinence in agreement with the principles of the Kingdom. These matters of eating and drinking do not make up the work of the Kingdom. They do not constitute religion. In three comprehensive expressions, Paul aptly points out, in what the Kingdom does consist. It is righteousness with respect to God, right living in His sight (Mt. vi. 33). It is peace with respect to one's neighbours (Eph. iv. 3). With respect to the believer himself, it is the joy of a life, vitalized by the Holy Spirit. He who belongs to the Kingdom, is above everything else, what Paul delighted to represent himself (Rom. i. 1) a service of Christ, and it is in these things that this service is to be realized. God delights in the righteous, peace-seeking life of holy joy, and it also stands the test of man's approval (II. Cor. viii. 21). The principle for action in such indifferent matters as eating and drinking, is furnished by the obligation to seek peace with one another. Instead of contending about these profitless things, it should be a resolve to aim at such Christian relations as will build one another up.

III. Danger of violating conscience. Paul again emphasizes the thought that a perfectly lawful thing is sinful to him who does it while not convinced of its lawfulness. On this account the stronger-minded who has faith that it is lawful, should preserve that persuasion in his own breast before God, if the parading of it would tempt a weak brother to violate his conscientious prejudices. The general principle is formulated in v. 21. It calls for conduct regulated by the spirit of Him who pleased not Himself. Paul gives a further caution that he is persuaded, lest he may be found doubting with regard to the liberty he allows himself. In such a case, he brings himself under the condemnation of God.

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The Canada Presbyterian

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, MANAGER.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6TH, 1893.

The wing of the City Council allied with the Street Railway Co., the saloons and the personators, must be changed next January, or the city papers must stop telling the world that Toronto is a good city to bring up a family in.

When bribery, personation, and other corrupt practices are resorted to at political elections the blame is laid by many on what they call "party politics." There was no party politics in the Sunday car contest and a carnival of corruption prevailed. The root of the evil is much deeper than party feeling.

It is a matter of deep regret that a Montreal minister of another denomination so far forgot what is due to professional etiquette, Christian courtesy and British fair play, as to preach on one of the specifications in the indictment on which Prot. Campbell is to be tried in a few days. A similar offence against civil law might have placed the rev. gentleman behind the bars. Surely any minister might preach the gospel, at least until the Campbell case is decided.

The saloon men furnished another reason on the 26th ult. why the business should be wiped out. They are now on record as the avowed enemies of the sabbath. The saloons, Mr. Spence declared, were committee rooms for the Sunday Car men. They were the headquarters of the personators, many of whom were primed with liquor for their villainous work. The action of the saloon men on the 26th must be made tell with vigour on the first day of next January.

Underneath every other civic issue in Toronto there lies the question whether the city is to be governed by respectable men, as Glasgow and Edinburgh are governed; or by the worst classes of the community, as New York and Chicago are governed. That issue is now clearly before the community and there are four months in which to come to a decision. If the men who employ personators once got a hold of the reins then we shall have New York city government over again.

There are a number of questions which should be kept before the electors of Toronto for the next four months. Who paid these personators for their dirty work? It is pretty well known that the usual pay of a personator is \$10 per day. That is the amount said to have been paid at other elections. Who furnished the \$10 on the 26th? Who gave the scamps their instructions? How could they know what voters to personate unless they were told? Who paid for the cabs that carried them on their rounds and for the whiskey they consumed? Of course everybody knows where the car tickets came from. Did all the other parts of the personators' equipment come from the same source?

Gladstone is hard on the political prophets. A year ago they said he could not form a government. He formed a very strong one. They predicted that he would bring in no Home Rule Bill. He brought one in sharp on time. They declared that it would never pass the sec-

ond reading. It passed. They were certain it would be killed in the committee stage. It went through that stage right enough. They were sure it would never be read a third time. It has been read a third time. They predicted that the old man's health would break down. The old man is quite lively, and nearly all the rest of the House is badly used up. Prophesying in modern times is a poor, risky kind of business; but the bottom goes clean out of it, when the evil predictions are made about the G.O.M.

Perhaps the most alarming as well as the most humiliating thing connected with the infamous system of personation on the 26th was the fact that for the most part the personators were native Canadians. In New York City the Irish are blamed for all the municipal evils from which the city suffers. In Chicago and Cincinnati the Germans and other foreigners are said to do the bad work. Here in Toronto it is done mostly by men who have been brought up under the shadow of our own church spires and at the very doors of our schools and colleges. At some recent elections we are informed that personators were brought from Buffalo to do the infamous work; but there is no pretense that the Street Car Co. did anything of that kind. The gang were on the ground ready for work. They are citizens of "Toronto the good."

One of the good things that must come out of the evils of the Street Car contest is the increased knowledge good citizens have received of the elements which compose the population of Toronto. It is quite possible that Principal Caven and other worthy men had no idea that a gang of personators could be set to work here at any time, almost strong enough to stifle the voice of the people. The facts have been stated and the public warned more than once, but like a hundred other things the warning was often called a mere "party cry." Now the citizens in general and the clergy in particular know something of the evils that exist at their very doors. No doubt they will do their best to cut out the cancer before the body politic is destroyed.

Speaking at Thamesville the other day, the Hon. David Mills paid this eloquent tribute to the early settlers of his constituency—

"I look over this large meeting in vain for faces once familiar; I listen in vain for voices once so pleasant to me, for they spoke words of friendship and encouragement, the honest sentiments of hearts as sincere and as true as ever beat in the breasts of free men. They were free men indeed, who had the courage to support the opinions which they were not afraid to avow. They cut down the mighty forests, cleared the fields and earned their bread by severe toil. They were possessed of genuine public spirit. They were as little disposed to look with indifference on public affairs as they were upon their own private affairs. No effort was needed to awaken them to the call of duty. They labored arduously to remove abuses and to found our political institutions in honesty, in truth and in equality before the law. The motto of the sovereign, "God and my right," was, indeed, the motto of each one of them, not engraven upon any coat of arms, but upon the tablets of their hearts, and there it remained until those lives, long and honorable, were here closed forever."

The same tribute might be paid to most of the early settlers in all parts of Ontario. Compare these men with the gang that personated in Toronto, on the 26th ult., and say in what direction you think Ontario is going, morally.

Dr. Henry M. Field, editor of the New York Evangelist, gives a tender and beautiful description of his old home, in the last issue of the Interior. He says:—

"My father's first charge was in Haddam, a town on the Connecticut, where he had the princely salary of five hundred dollars! To be sure, this was not all paid in money. A farmer would bring a load of wood, or a shoulder of mutton, or a side of beef, and take a receipt for it as so much to be counted toward his

payment of the salary. What was paid in money was very slow in coming. With such uncertain resources it required the closest economy to make both ends meet, especially when there was a family of young children, for seven were born during the fourteen years that my parents lived in Haddam. But there was no murmuring in the parsonage, nor there was a spirit there that made sunshine all the day long. And for all this "hard sledging," country ministers and their families did not turn out so badly."

We should say not. From that humble though happy home came Dr. Field himself, Mr. Justice Field, of the supreme court of the United States, and Cyrus W. Field, the man who laid the Atlantic cable. In a neighboring manse there lived a minister named Strong, and his son also found his way to the Bench of the supreme court of the United States. The two manse boys met, at sixty, judges of the highest tribunal in the great Republic.

THE SUNDAY STREET CAR VOTE.

Now that the question of street cars on Sunday, has again been settled, and the din and smoke of battle have cleared away, although every one may be glad it is over, there still remain some things in connection with it which should be thought upon and written about. We shall not dwell at length on the shameful means taken, it is acknowledged on all hands, to carry the running of street cars on Sunday. They are simply a disgrace to all who used or in any way encouraged them. They constitute a menace to municipal institutions, and civic well-being, and all good citizens should unite to secure such legislation as will mete out swift and certain punishment to those guilty of personation and all such practices.

One thing clearly brought to light by the contest, and especially by its being brought on as it was, and so shortly after the previous large vote against it, is, that the sacredness, the quiet, the order, and sweet and blessed restfulness of Toronto's Sabbath is in serious and constant danger. It ought, in all fairness, to be considered settled now for some years at least, and yet no one, we fancy, can feel secure that the question may not again, at no very distant date, be sprung upon the city. Surely the majority being again so large against such odds as the opponents of street cars had to contend with, such legislation should be sought and obtained as will secure that the question be considered settled for some years.

Another important feature of the struggle just ended, is, that the whole Sabbath question has been thoroughly discussed in such a way and before such audiences as under no other circumstances almost it could have been. The minds of very many through the press and platform, must have been greatly enlightened on this subject, who would not have been reached through the pulpit. Many whose views up to this time, have been very hazy and vague upon this important question, have got them wonderfully cleared up. It is very interesting to notice in this connection, how many of all classes in the day of battle, were ready to come forward to defend and uphold the claims and the sacredness of the Sabbath. Its importance and great value in its physical, economic and national aspects, were all forcibly and clearly brought out and established, as well as on grounds moral and religious.

The eyes of the whole country were upon the city during the struggle, and the importance in a national sense, of the victory gained, is now shown in many warm expressions of satisfaction at the result coming from all quarters. The action of large cities on important questions, especially in these days when news circulates with such amazing rapidity, tells immediately upon and powerfully affects the feeling and action of the whole country, and it cannot but have a most beneficial effect in this regard that the result has turned out as it has. Too much cannot be said in praise of great numbers who devoted time, money, interest, brain

and heart power to secure the victory which has been won. Of these, among Presbyterians, the Rev. Dr. Caven stands out conspicuously, and perhaps no other single individual by his speeches, by his efforts in other respects, and by the weight of his character, contributed so much towards the defeat of the enemies of the Sabbath as we now enjoy it. It must also be said that, probably no other form of organized effort contributed more, and none were more zealous, indefatigable and successful in their work than were the Christian women of Toronto. It may be fairly doubted, if but for their efforts, the victory would not have been on the other side.

Another result of the battle which has been fought, and which we rejoice to see has been arranged for, is that the Lord's Day Association has become a permanent organization. There is much need for this and much work for it to do. As the Sabbath is one of the great bulwarks of religion and true piety both in the individual and the nation, the pulpit must not fail in advancing and impressing on every suitable occasion, and in every suitable way, the divine authority, obligation and sacredness of the Sabbath. The Lord's Day Association, on the other hand, should in all ways and perseveringly, employ the platform and the press, to enlighten the public mind as to the inestimable value of the strict observance of the Sabbath rest and quiet in all the other and most important aspects in which it may be considered, and so well, and triumphantly defended as a priceless and God-given benefit and blessing to all His toiling children.

THE UNEMPLOYED.

The accounts which reach us from Great Britain and the United States with respect to the large number of this class, and the dark prospect before them for the winter, must be distressing to every one of right feeling. Half a million on strike in Britain, affecting millions indirectly, in addition to the strikers themselves; from two hundred thousand to three hundred thousand unemployed in Chicago; one hundred thousand in New York; from forty to fifty thousand in and around Denver, is a state of things calculated to awaken serious thought and pitying concern in the minds of all who feel an intelligent interest in their fellowmen. Happy Canada! we may well exclaim, which is to a large extent so free from this serious state of things, that practically it does not at present exist. There is no more grave social question at the present day than this of the relation of labour and capital, of employer and employed. The causes of the ever-recurring difficulty, to which reference has been made, lie deep in society and will take long, wise and careful dealing to relieve, not to say eradicate. While thousands of good men are to be found among the unemployed, the poor and suffering, it is yet impossible to avoid the conclusion forced upon one by observation and reading, that a vast amount of this misery is brought about by causes over which the victims themselves have the largest control; and that while help can in many ways be given by legislation, relief must mainly come through the individual. Ignorance, whereby so many of the toilers dupes of designing men, is one fertile source of evil. With ignorance is closely connected improvidence. With vast numbers it makes little difference what their wages are. They use up their all, and never have anything for the rainy day which is sure to come. But by far the most prolific source of suffering and distress among the working class, is intemperance. The liquor bills in all civilized countries are simply enormous, and these are run up to a very large extent by the toiling multitudes. Were it not a thing demonstrated by every-day experience and evidence, such infatuation as is seen in the spending by those who find it so hard to earn, of immense sums of money for that which not only is not bread, but a direct and certain cause of

misery and ruin, in every sense, would be incredible. Reform and improvement in these respects, plainly must begin with the individual. Every agency, therefore, religious, philanthropic and educational, which can be brought to bear upon this large class should be encouraged by the active sympathy and help of all who desire to relieve this mass of suffering. Mr. Moody, interviewed the other day on this subject, and speaking from his own experience, was undoubtedly right when he said, and the truth of it is the sadness of it, "By far the greater part of it comes from intemperance, improvidence and laziness." Great labour processions, bread riots and strikes, he thought, were only calculated to injure trade, shake public confidence, and cause money to be hoarded up, thus causing great stringency and distress, which falls more heavily upon the working class than any other."

Being asked, "What advice would you give then?" his answer was that of a man who really believes that godliness is profitable unto all things having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come. First, "Seek the kingdom of God and His righteousness," believing His promise, which I never knew to fail, "that all things will be added unto you." Second, to pray to God for work. Third, to be as patient as possible during these times of hardship. Fourth, to look earnestly for work. Fifth, to take any honest employment that offers itself. Sixth, to study economy. I think one of the great needs of our country is that the laboring men should own their homes."

His opinion of charity as a systematic means of relief, is deserving of the attention of all who take an active part in seeking to help the poor, suffering and unemployed. "What these men want is not charity, but an opportunity to earn an honest living. Charity is degrading. Employment is elevating. No self-respecting man wishes charity. Give him a chance to work and he will support himself and family, and at the same time, preserve his self-respect."

MR. MOODY'S WORK IN CHICAGO.

Every one interested in Christian work knows that Mr. Moody with a large band of helpers, is hard at work now in Chicago, and has been for months back. But few know much of the extent of this labour alone, not to speak of his other and more permanent work which he superintends at Northfield, where his home is. As regards Chicago and the World's Fair efforts, his plan for the present month has been "To get the most gifted preachers in various languages from both sides of the Atlantic to come to Chicago and preach the old Gospel in churches, theatres, tents, halls and anywhere that large congregations can be gathered. For the coming month he has engaged the Rev. Adolph Stocker, of Berlin; the Rev. John McNeil, of London; the Rev. John Riddell, D.D., of Glasgow, and the Rev. John Robertson, of the same city; the Rev. H. M. Wharton, D.D., of Baltimore; the Rev. J. Willibur Chapman, D.D., of Philadelphia; the Rev. A. C. Dixon, of Brooklyn; Henry Varley, of London; Maj. D. W. Whittle, of Northfield; Fernand Schiverec, the workingman's evangelist; the Rev. Merton Smith, of Scotland, besides a large corps of the best known Gospel singers."

At present services are being held in two theatres, eight churches, five tents, about a dozen mission halls, besides the work done in training two hundred and seventy-five women in the Bible Institute, who are daily engaged in personal work, house-to-house visitation and work in the saloons, hospitals, jails and other places. The results have far exceeded expectation. In the month of August which, in many respects, is the most unfavourable for such work, there have been large audiences, and most encouraging results. Recently at one Sunday's services, over fifty thousand people were present, beside several thousand turned away that could not get in at some places. Mr. M. says that in all his experience he has never seen such eagerness to hear the Gospel.

Large numbers of people from all parts of the world have come miles to hear the word preached and to sit oftentimes from 10 to 1 o'clock listening to various speakers, after they have been waiting an hour or more outside to get admission. There are also large numbers of earnest inquirers, and men and women of all classes have been converted. The difficulties met with have only been enough to spur on to earnest effort.

The very trials that men have been struggling with in this time of great business depression, and of financial ruin, to many, are turning men's minds to higher things. "It seems to me," says Mr. Moody, "that this country is ripe for one of the greatest religious awakenings it has ever seen. In our great prosperity, many of us have forgotten God, and the present time of business depression, disappointment and suffering is bringing men to realize their need of Jesus Christ. I am looking for a great movement throughout the country the coming fall and winter."

Every endeavour is made to get invitations to the meetings into the hands of visitors to the Fair in every part of the city and these are largely responded to. At a recent morning service at the Haymarket theatre, strangers in the city visiting the Fair, were asked to rise, and probably seven-eighths of the congregation arose. Of Chicago itself, Mr. Moody says, "It has unquestionably a great future. It is not only a business centre, but is getting to be also a centre of intellectual, moral and religious influence. More than a thousand men are already preparing for the ministry in this city, and the number is sure to increase. I find men pretty much the same all the world over, and do not find Chicago essentially worse than other large cities. We have here some of the greatest philanthropists and most devoted Christian workers in the world, but we have here also sin in its most open and violent forms."

Those whose eyes are open to see, will not fail to mark the hand of God in raising up and qualifying a man like Mr. Moody for the great work he is doing at this particular juncture. Never before has there been a grander opportunity and never before have more efficient instruments, and ways, means of various kinds, been set in operation to reap a rich spiritual harvest and to extend and build up the kingdom of Christ upon earth.

DEATH OF REV. DR. BLAIR, NOVA SCOTIA.

Dr. Blair came out to Nova Scotia from Scotland in answer to a call for Gaelic-speaking ministers, and was settled over the congregation of Barney's River and Blue Mountain, in 1846. Here he labored for well nigh half a century—a man beloved by all. His congregation, with whom he lived so long, and among whom he did so much valiant service, will not soon forget the old Doctor. Dr. Blair was a man of great learning; as a classical student he had few superiors, and he was recognized as one of the ablest Gaelic scholars living. Though bordering on fourscore at the time of his decease, he studied and wrote to the very last week. His funeral was attended by over 1,000 people representing three congregations, and the following clergymen were present:

Revs. A. Robertson, J. S. Carruthers, A. McLean, D. Henderson, A. Falcomer, R. Cumming, A. Campbell, Dr. MacLeod, J. R. Munro, A. J. McKichan, Wm. Grant, J. F. Forbes and M. Grant. Messrs. Cumming, Carruthers, Henderson and Falcomer conducted the funeral service. Rev. Mr. Henderson, who is the Doctor's worthy successor, spoke most gracefully and feelingly of the life and labors of Dr. Blair, the venerable servant of Christ. The late Dr. Blair was a native of Strachur, Argyleshire, and labored for several summers as student missionary, in Killinichen, Mull, Lochaber, and other parts of the Highlands; while Mr. Henderson, above referred to, is a native of Ardnamurchan, and is well and favorably known to the people at Connel Ferry, Appin and Knoydart, among whom he labored for some

time as student missionary in connection with the Church of Scotland.—The Eastern Chronicle.

FATHER CHINIQUY.

Dr. Chiniquy, aboard the "Miramichi" on his way to Prince Edward Island, had a little time to spend in Quebec, and so hired a carter to drive him around a little, that he might feast his eyes on the natural beauties of the country where he had spent so many of his best years. By the time he returned to the ship, it became known to a few that Dr. Chiniquy was on board the "Miramichi," and they made themselves bold enough to visit the grand old missionary. Old men that knew him in his younger days, shook hands with him and wept and thanked God that they had been permitted to look on him before their departure for the eternal world. His compatriots, to the number of about a hundred, crowded around him and requested him to preach to them, but he told them he could not do that, and so he gave them a talk instead, and told them that their great need was the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, and they, as a people, if they were to advance with the civilization of the world, must have the Bible and a Bible religion. And their answer was, "We know it." The old missionary of the Cross was much moved by the reception given him by his compatriots, and he sailed out from the harbor of the old rock city, blessing the people and blessed by them. Ten years ago they hurled stones at him, and cried, "Down with the apostate!" To-day they say, "God bless Pere Chiniquy." The light is breaking even in Quebec.

A CONVERT FROM ROMANISM.

A great sensation has burst upon the Lower Ottawa valley by the announcement that Mr. L. J. Amedee Papineau, the son of the late Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, the famous orator of '37, and instigator of the Rebellion, had publicly broken away from the Roman Catholic faith and joined the Presbyterian creed. Mr. Papineau has notified the parish priest in writing that he was no longer a member of the church. Mr. Papineau, in his notice, declares that he is opposed to the construction of a new church, as contemplated, on the ground that it is not necessary and that it is only placing an additional burden upon the tithe-payers. He protests against the power given cures of thus imposing new charges upon the people, and declares that the only practical way he has of protesting, according to the law of the Province, is by a solemn declaration that he belongs to another faith.

Tatamagouche will, to many of our readers, hardly suggest a definite idea of any kind. So much the worse for our readers. Tatamagouche, then, is the political centre of Colchester County, Nova Scotia. It is an ecclesiastical metropolis. It is the personal and official residence, the scene of the past and present labours of the head of Canadian Presbyterians. Rev. Dr. Sedgewick, Moderator of the General Assembly of Canada, is and has been for thirty-five years, the pastor of the church at Tatamagouche. When Dr. Sedgewick ascends his high pulpit in his church, he looks down on several scores of heads of families, nearly all of whom came to him to get married. He sees before him two generations of his baptizing, and, perhaps, remembers with a shade of melancholy, a congregation near by, quite as large as this, for whom he performed the last service that man can render to his fellow. When the young come to him with their troubles, or seek direction from him in the way of life, he, perhaps, recalls the days when their father or mother, in their fresh youth, sought like aid and counsel. The longer such a man as Dr. Sedgewick stays in such a place as Tatamagouche, the harder it becomes to move him. And it speaks well alike for the man and for the people when there is no desire on either side that he should be moved.

Books and Magazines

The Winnipeg Daily Tribune of August 26th, illustrated, is a thing of beauty, both in its typography and illustration. It is a credit to the press of Winnipeg, and speaks volumes for the enterprise of the proprietors and publishers of the Tribune.

The Herald and Presbyter, of Cincinnati for August, which should have been noticed before, comes to us in a new, attractive, and, we agree with its publishers, in an improved shape. It is a cleanly, clean-looking, and convenient paper. Its readers will appreciate the change when once they become familiar with it, and they cannot but welcome the very considerable increase in size, which with other improvements have necessitated a considerable addition to the expense of publishing the paper. We congratulate our friends of the Herald and Presbyter and wish for them abundant success in their new departure.

The Missionary Review, for September is, as usual, admirable; Medical Missions in Syria and Palestine, is treated by the well known George M. Post, M.D., of Beirut, Syria. An article follows on Shinto, one of the Buddhist sects; two on missionary work in Korea; a tribute to the late, beloved and lamented foreign secretary of the American Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Arthur Mitchell, by the Rev. Dr. Ellwood, D.D., and a similar tribute by the Rev. A. F. Beard, D.D., to the founder of the McAll mission, make up a most interesting first part. The International department under Dr. Gracey, is full and varied, and the other departments are all worthy of this best of missionary magazines. Funk & Wagnalls Co., 11 Richmond street, Toronto.

The Homiletic Review for September sustains the well-established reputation of this most excellent monthly. "The Preacher and the Lecture Platform," the "New Life of Christ," recently discovered in Egypt, "The Modern Pulpit Vindicated," and "Novels, and their Value to Ministers," treated by competent men, make up the Review Section. That prolific, and always successful sermonizer, Dr. Alex. McLaren, of Manchester, leads off the sermonic section with a sermon on "That which was Lost." Other writers found in this Section are, Pastor James Pauli, Lutheran; Rev. B. Tupper, D.D., Baptist, of Denver, Colorado, and others, fill up this useful department. The other subsidiary, but yet important sections, are all ably sustained. Funk & Wagnall's Co., 11 Richmond street, Toronto.

The Treasury for September is in its sermonic section, a good strong number. Its first sermon is, "The House of God's Glory," by the Rev. Professor David Steele, of Philadelphia, of whom there is an engraving as frontispiece. The next sermon, "The Soul's Thirst and Satisfaction," is by one whom it is a work of supererogation to commend, the Rev. Alex. McLaren, D.D., of Manchester, England. The Rev. T. F. Frech, Methodist Episcopal Church, Albany, Ind., and the Rev. J. T. Duryea, D.D., of the Congregational Church, Omaha, Neb., respectively contribute "The Christian's Gain by Death," and, "The Experiences of Paul and Silas in Prison." Leading Sermonic Thoughts, are as usual suggestive and helpful to the preacher. "Living Issues" are discussed by such able men as Drs. Philip Schaff, John Hall, George H. Schodde, and others. The remaining sections of the magazine are well sustained. E. B. Treat, Publishers, 5 Cooper Union, New York.

Lyman Abbott: No recreation is real which does not recreate. He never has a good time who lives only that he may have a good time.

H. W. Beecher: The blossom cannot tell what becomes of its odour, and no man can tell what becomes of his influence and example, that roll away from him and go beyond his ken in their perilous mission.

Choice Literature.

"IF A DEAR VOICE."

If a dear voice, which was to us most dear,
And failed and faltered but the other day
From the far heavenly place, alert and clear,
Could reach us when we sit and long to hear,
I think that this is what the voice would say:—

"Why stand ye idly looking to the skies,
Or bending o'er the hiding earth in vain,
With voices mute, and wan and tearful eyes?
Life stronger is than death. Beloved, rise
And share the hope which saints do not disdain.

"I in full sunshine, you in darkest shade,
May share the same great gladness if we will;
For joy and grief, and heaven and earth are made
Equal and one to those who, unafraid,
Hold up their hearts like cups for God to fill.

"Into my cup he poured, like bright, swift rain,
The draught which men call 'death,' and name with fear;
And yours He filled with bitter loss and pain.
What matter? God's gift never is in vain:
Let us, then, drink the draught—you there, I here—

"And smile, secure that each has what is best.
Be glad for me, as I am glad for you;
Work out your day like men, endure the test!
The hours will not be long till in the west
The reddening sun shall sink, and work be through."

If a dear voice, which was to many dear,
And failed and faltered but the other day,
Could reach us when we sit and long to hear,
And bless us, as it blessed for many a year,
I think that this is what the voice would say

—Sunday School Times.

UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT.

BY CHARLES R. PARSONS.

When John Smith, bachelor, and Mary Smith, spinster, are going through that terrible ordeal which ends with those wonderfully solemn words, "I will," the said John Smith has no idea that all his own little ways of self-government are being sweetly but surely dissolved. Dominion and government are alike gone, and the management has passed into other hands. But let not John Smith be afraid of this. He need not be, if he has taken the right sort of wife. He may safely deliver up the keys and write on the cage he has prepared, as a wise sweetheart, and on himself and all his belongings, Under New Management!

Happy the man who has a good managing wife. Neither he nor his children shall lack. She will be sure to lay up, for a rainy day. The comings in and the goings out will be well looked after. When the Rev. William Jay, of Bath, was presented with a large sum of money by the members of his congregation, he turned to his wife, saying, "I present this money to you, madam, who have always kept my purse, and that is the reason it has been kept so well."

The wife is, as a rule, more prudent, more cautious, and more timid, in buying, than her husband. A man will rush into a shop and make purchases without thinking; the wife will stand at the window and make her calculations. No man need fear to make his wife chancellor of his exchequer. Some men have a great objection to what they call "petticoat government," but if a man will not be ruled by a good wife he will smart for it sooner or later. It is the obstinate, impious, determined woman that a man needs to fear; but let us hope that such are only few and far between.

When married and settled, both husband and wife should study the question, How can we make each other happy?

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Love can answer the question; love is the constant ringing of the wedding bells. Said a workingman to me one day, as I was admiring his beautiful home: "I have many treasures about, as you see, but my wife is the greatest treasure of all!" As I came away I thought of the old proverb, "A man's best fortune is his wife."

There was great significance in God's creating woman out of what He took from the side of man. "Why was it," asked a young lady of a surgeon, "that the rib was preferred to any other bone?" He gave this gallant answer, "She was not taken from the head of man, lest she should rule over him; nor from his feet, lest he should trample upon her; but she was taken from his side, that she might be his equal; from under his arm, that he might protect her; from near his heart, that he might cherish and love her." The first name given to a wife was "helpmeet." The original design was that woman should be a helpmeet to man in life's heavy toils and ceaseless anxieties. And the husband should be a meet help to his wife. He should save his sweetest smiles for his wife at home. Little things will arise which neither the one nor the other expected; but the highest wisdom is to make the best of things, to bear and forbear, and to look at the brightest side,

"And if to each some errors fall,
Love ever, and forget them all."

Let each beware of the hasty word, the loud voice, the angry expression. Be ever cheerful towards each other. A cheerful disposition is better than riches; it nourishes and strengthens. The more of good temper is spent the more remains. Cheerfulness is power. Hope puts everything in a working mood. What makes home happy? What keeps it sweet, and wholesome, and pure? We answer, Love and Goodwill.

A man's best friend is a wife of good sense and good heart. Without her aid and sympathy, what is life but a weary and prolonged struggle? Brightened by her love, her patience, her smiles, her prayers, how different! It is then no longer a path of toil and difficulty, but a scene of earnest, hopeful effort. A struggle, indeed, but no longer a lonely struggle, and never will be so long as there is a loving and sympathetic heart at home.

The home is, or should be, especially the wife's domain; she is always there, and everything should be done to make her comfortable. A few shillings laid out in white-washing and paper and paint is money wisely spent. It is truly wonderful what little things will do to make brightness and comfort in the home. A nicely papered parlor, bright curtains, a cheery hearth-rug, a well-polished grate, will add to the real enjoyment of every inmate of the house. A home may be made the purest and holiest spot on earth, a spot which shall in some measure resemble that other home spoken of as "My Father's House."

It has been wisely said that the arithmetic of a good wife is this: she adds to her husband's happiness; subtracts from his cares; multiplies his joys; divides his cares; and practices in the expenditure of his pounds, shillings, and pence. A little house well filled, a little land well tilled, and a little wife well willed, is an old proverb, but it is not enough to make a man happy. With all that the match may be a most unfortunate one, and better be half-hanged than ill-wed. A better proverb perhaps is this: One year of joy, another of comfort, and all the rest of content. Where the latter is there is a continual feast.

The heart of every honest, home-loving man rests content if his wife takes her rightful place as "queen" of the home. And a right loyal work is hers who governs her little kingdom in meekness, wisdom, prudence and love. Not every wife is faithful to her God-given trust. You will find them everywhere but on their throne. Little faith can be placed in the woman who talks of grace and glory abroad, and uses no soap, and neglects the children's clothes, and her husband's supper. Let these be attended to first, for they are first and

sacred duties. When these are faithfully done, there will be time for little deeds of faith and love for others.

Only an obedient wife can command her husband. And if she is really that, he will not object to be managed himself. Every frugal and thrifty housewife loves to hear it said, "She is a good manager!" If she is well up in this business, and the husband is included, he is so "managed" that he does not know it. If he does, his wife's management is not quite perfect. Joshua Billings has said, "There are a great many rules to make married life comfortable, but the golden one is this: Go slow, and give each other half the road. The rule is as simple and easy as milking a cow or the right side."

When a man and woman marry, we are told they are made one. The question comes, Which one? We answer:

"They were so one, that none could ever say

Which did command, or whether did obey; He ruled because she would obey, and she, in thus obeying, ruled as well as he."

DAY-BY-DAY COMFORTS.

Lilian Conover was blind. Scarlet fever had resulted in the loss of sight when she was twelve years old, and added to this affliction, were many complications of disease, which hindered her activity, and constantly diminished her strength, until she had become quite helpless. She was now, at eighteen, confined to her bed, and unable even to feed herself. But—and oh, what a but this is in such a suffering life!—Lilian loved the Lord, and knew Him as her Father and constant Friend. "Dear Father, how good He is to me!" she would often say.

Her mother sat by her bedside one day, feeding her with a spoon from a dainty dish which had been sent in by a friend.

"Oh, that is delicious!" said the dear girl as she swallowed the morsel.

Then she felt the touch of the spoon on her lips again.

"It is so good!" she responded.

Another spoonful followed, and another, till all had been given her.

"Is that all, mother?"

"All, my dear."

"I am sorry it is all gone. Do you know, mother, what I have been thinking of since you have been feeding me? That this is just the way my dear heavenly Father feeds us. He gives us what we need to-day, and then to-morrow there is more for us, and so on, day by day we get our daily bread for soul and body—little by little, just as we need it and just as we can take it, as you feed me, mother dear."

"But there is one point where my feeding is not like the Lord's, Lilian."

"What is that?"

"My supply has given out; the Lord's never does."

"Oh, mother, that is delightful! I will not forget that. Day by day, and always, always. What a Father we have!" and she lay silent for some time in deep and pleasant thought. One would know her thoughts were pleasant from the radiance upon her face.

"Mother!" she called at last.

"Here I am," answered mother.

"Why, that is just what the Lord says when I call Him! Don't you remember, mother, the verse Dr. Evans read yesterday, from the Bible? It came to me like a span new verse, and I asked him to read it over again, and then tell me where it was. It is Isaiah 58: 9. Find it, mother dear, and read it to me again."

Her mother did not need to open the Bible: she could repeat it. "Then shalt thou call and the Lord shall answer; thou shalt cry, and He shall say, Here I am."

Lilian smiled. "How near that brings Him," said she. "And how affectionate He seems, just like you, mother dear." And after a pause she continued, "God is a dear Father, but there's a good deal of the mother love about Him, I think, don't you?"

"What is really the difference between father and mother, child?"

"Let me see, father is grand, mother

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is good; father is kind as he can be, but mother is so gentle and tender. Give me your hand, mother; I feel as if I wanted you to hold my hand all the time."

"Dear Lilian, I think God is Mother as well as Father. Could He be more gentle and tender? Do we not read, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you?' You love to have me hold your hand; does not the Lord say, 'For I, the Lord Thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not; I will help thee?' We have a wonderful Father and Saviour and Friend."

"What delightful thoughts you give me to think of, mother. They comfort me so."

"In the multitude of my thoughts within me, Thy comforts delight my soul," repeated mother. "You see, the Psalmist was delighted and comforted the same as you are, dear."

"The love of God makes us all akin," said Lilian. "How sweet it all is."

"Yes, when we take God at His word, believe and trust Him, and let ourselves love Him as He wants to be loved, our whole life is sweet."

"Notwithstanding?" said Lilian, softly.

"Yes, dear, notwithstanding the trials and suffering. I am sure you have found that out. Love draws Christ very near to you, and you to Him. It is as we sing:

"If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine,
In the sweetness of our Lord."

—H. E. Brown.

FATHER'S RIGHTS.

There is one class in the community—one patient, hard-working, long-suffering, and uncomplaining class—who never strike for their rights, concerning whom little is said, and yet who command our sympathy and our concern. We refer to fathers. Mothers are adored in art, exploited in literature, heralded in song, and embalmed in memory. If a boy goes safely through mumps, measles, and malaria, his mother is commended for her care of his physical life. If he does well at school, his teachers are sure that he has a sympathetic and judicious mother, who spurs him on and keeps him to the mark. If he becomes a great man—great anywhere, in politics, statesmanship, war, or engineering, no matter what—we are told that his mother was an eminent woman, and that he derived his intellectual acumen and his moral balance from her. Monuments are erected to the mothers of great men; but who ever, in his wildest dreams, imagined the building, by subscription or otherwise, of a monument to the father of a general, a poet, or a musician? The father is, as a rule, in the background when the biography is written, and this is in keeping with the very modest share he has in the home, which he pays for, and provides with comforts and luxuries. He may be permitted to carve the roast at the dinner table, but what does he know of the merry informality of the daily luncheon? The bills are, probably, his to defray, but the charming excitement of hopping, climbing, delights of looking over the rich stuffs in the shop, and the gleaming silver and translucent china in big warehouses, what does he know? He does not even, as a rule, buy the birthday and Christmas gifts which are bestowed in his name. His very gift-making is done, so to speak, by proxy, mamma and the girls choosing for him whatever presents he makes. His part in all the pomp that fills the circuit of the summer hill, is usually just to pay the bills, for money-making and money-earning are his part of the contract, while his wife does the spending.—Hawke's Bazaar.

The world is full of resurrections. Every night that folds us up in darkness is a death; and those of you that have been out early, and have seen the first of the dawn, will know it—the day rises out of the night like a being that has burst its tomb and escapes into life.—George Macdonald.

Missionary World.

Mrs. Jamieson, widow of the late Rev. Mr. Jamieson, our missionary to Formosa, in her travels, while giving addresses on the work in Formosa, is continually asked questions of many kinds bearing on mission work. With a view to giving the information she is able to impart to the largest number, some of the questions she is asked, with her answers, will be given from time to time in this missionary column.

Q. 1. When we give money to send the Gospel, does it reach the mission field?

A. Certainly, it does. Who ever tried to make you believe it did not? "But some say so much of it is used up before it reaches the foreign field." Who says? Those who know the facts wonder that there is so little loss in transmitting money to the other side of the world. That old objection to giving is dying almost buried in the mud at the bottom of the stream, but still now and then it wiggles the surface. I know of no Church or missionary society more careful and economical in handling mission money than our own Canadian Presbyterian Church. Members of the Foreign Mission Committee, as well as other committees appointed by the General Assembly, willing to do a great deal of work involving no little care and anxiety without any renumeration whatever in dollars and cents. One thing I do know; if I send fifty dollars for Foreign Mission work to Rev. Dr. Reid, the treasurer of our church in Toronto, I am just as sure of that money reaching its intended destination, as I am that I hold his receipt in my hand, or as I could be if I went to India or China and placed the money in the hands of some missionary there.

Q. 2. What kind of money is used in Formosa?

A. Mexican silver dollars and cash. The dollars have been "chopped" and stamped with Chinese characters, etc., till they are bent out of shape, and many of them light in weight. Missionaries, native and foreign, receiving their allowance in such dollars used to bear the loss for light weight themselves and be thankful if none of the dollars turned out to be brass counterfeit ones. I used to throw a dollar on the floor, feel it in my fingers, ring it on the table, balance it on one finger and tap it, and finally carry it to my neighbour, trade-experienced Chinaman. "Is this a good dollar?" He glances at it, and replies at once. Trust him any day to know brass from silver, and with the same quick, quiet sharpness, to detect the false or true in you or me. The little coins called "cash," seem to be made of copper or brass, or a mixture of both, and, in Formosa, are usually about the size of a Canadian cent, though much thinner; they vary, however, in size and value. From 1,000 to 1,400 cash are required to equal one dollar. Each coin has a square hole in it, and the Chinese string the cash on strong cords. It is in this cash and the Mexican dollars (by no means easily earned, judging from Canadian ideas) that the converts regularly "present" their offering to the Lord.

The Rev. Principal Grant, at a meeting lately held in Manitoba College under the auspices of the Students' Missionary Society, gave an address upon, "Our Work as a Missionary Church." Among other things he said:

"Above all others, it was from the beginning a missionary church, more so than any other church of its membership and wealth in the world. The Presbyterian Church recognized the fact that some practical work must be done for the heathen or else stop praying for them, so that sent out from Nova Scotia, the brave John Geddie to the South Sea Islands as a beginning. Besides this after the union the first great work undertaken was the Home Mission work of the Northwest, and no church in Canada had done so well, principally because they

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did not have to battle with internal differences. The Methodists have confined their Foreign Mission work to the Indians and Japan, but the Presbyterians have gone into five different fields and have thus come into contact with every class of Foreign Mission work. Not only to the Indians, to the South Sea Islanders, but they have sent out men to China, India, Formosa and Trinidad. The speaker did not think that if there were half the number, they would be better equipped, because each point appeals to particular persons and all givers are satisfied." In concluding, the Doctor said that the people needed leaders and who are better able to lead than those who are separated from the hurly-burly of internal conflict and are a union. So the Church must continue to go along the unity and national lines. It must never cease to be a missionary Church, and her leaders must go wherever the rays of the sun falls, exalting Christ at home, and in every clime. He earnestly hoped that the people would sustain the students in their work.

SAD STORY OF A SCOTCH MEDICAL MISSIONARY.

Intelligence from Futuna, one of the New Hebrides group of islands in the Pacific Ocean, some 1,400 miles from Sydney, details the ravages of an epidemic of dysentery of the most malignant and fatal type. Ten years ago a young Edinburgh physician, Dr. William Gunn, was sent out there as the first medical missionary in the group. He gathered together a Church, he translated the Gospels into the language, and he was about to print the whole New Testament, when a labour vessel from Queensland landed a Futunese woman with a half-caste child, suffering from dysentery. The disease soon spread; it cut off one-fourth of the population; it has destroyed so many of the children that in other ten years the Futunese people will be extinct. Dr. Gunn and his wife have recovered, but two of their children have died. He writes that it will now be unnecessary to print his Futunese Testament, for soon there will be no one to read it. The case is similar to the famous instance of John Eliot's Mohican Bible, the first printed in America. Even Specacuanha, the specific which has saved so many of our soldiers in India since your Botanic Garden sent out the first plants a generation ago, has failed in every case to arrest the Futunese epidemic. In 1842 the same disease attacked the Futuneses, when they killed the Christian teachers from Samoa; now the majority are more intelligent, but the small race is doomed. Had this beautiful rocky islet been British or even European territory, persons coming from abroad suffering from dysentery would not have been allowed to land, for the disease is not epidemic in the New Hebrides, as it is in Fiji. Dr. Gunn has applied for furlough, but unfortunately another Edinburgh graduate, Rev. Dr. Lamb, M.B.C.M., has opened a medical mission in the north of the group, at the expense, meanwhile, of Mr. J. T. Morton, of Aberdeen.

Of the Sandwich Islands, now the subject of political consideration, the Hon. Richard H. Dana, of Boston, wrote in 1860: "Whereas the missionaries found these islanders a nation of half-naked savages, living in the surf and on the sand, eating raw fish, fighting among themselves, tyrannized over by feudal chiefs and abandoned to sensuality, they now see them decently clothed, recognizing the laws of marriage, going to school and church more regularly than our people do at home, and the more elevated portion of them taking part in the constitutional monarchy under which they live."

A native of Korea said to Dr. Underwood: You should make greater efforts to reach the women. I do not know how it is in other countries, but, in Korea, get the women and you have the men. The women of Korea need the Gospel, if ever the women in any land did. They have little to make life worth living,

shut up as they are in their homes, with but few acquaintances, and almost never going beyond their own narrow woman's quarter. Men cannot reach them, but to the women of America the door is open. God is calling on the women who know and love the Lord Jesus Christ, to teach Korea what he has done for all womanhood and to carry the true light into these darkened homes.

Something of Africa's destitution is indicated by the fact that in Stanley's journey of 7,000 miles from Zanzibar to Banana, he saw neither a Christian disciple nor a man who had ever heard the Gospel message. Between the Congo and the Zambesi, and the lakes and the Atlantic ocean, is a densely populated country of savages, as yet unapproached. This is the stronghold of slavery. A corrupted Christianity prevails among the Copts and Abyssinians. Mohammedanism rules over Northern Africa. The Jews are in the Barbary State and Egypt. Protestantism has the upper hand in Cape Colony.

The "Indian Witness" contains the statement that one missionary in North India has raised up 170 preachers. This man has not been at any time in charge of an orphanage or theological seminary, but during a ministry of some twenty-six years he has sough out and led into active work this large number of assistants.

Dr. Pentecost: "We are one hundred years behind the opportunity that God has made for us in India. If we should double our missionary force in India tomorrow, we would not be able to gather the ripe fruit that is waiting for us there."

There are in Japan 200,000 lepers. A hospital has been established for these people by Roman Catholic missionaries, and many are thus relieved; Protestants are about to establish another much-needed hospital.

AN ARKANSAS MIRACLE.

A REMARKABLE STORY OF INTEREST TO EVERY WOMAN.

A Young Woman Who Was Literally Fading Away—Physicians Pronounced Her Case Hopeless—How She Was Saved.

From the Arkansas Democrat.

The story of renewed health told in the following article has been carefully investigated by the Democrat, and is of the deepest interest to all parents. The condition of Miss Clements is that of thousands of girls in our land, whose health and vitality are slowly but surely being sapped away. Pale, listless and sallow girls meet us on every side, and unless the same prompt measures are taken, as in the case of Miss Clements, a premature grave is the inevitable result. Lulu Clements, the nineteen year old daughter of Mrs. Cora V. Clements, one of the most prominent residents of Lonoke, Ark., was attacked with a mysterious wasting disease, over a year ago, and despite the strenuous efforts of the local physicians, she continued to grow worse. Her blood had turned to water, she suffered intense agony, and was almost ready to give up life when relief came. Her story is best told as related by her mother to a Democrat reporter:

"In the fall of 1892 my daughter began to show signs that some disease was wrecking her system. Despite the constant attention of local physicians she grew worse. Her complexion was pale, and she became almost as white as marble. She complained of heart palpitation. Her feet and hands were cold, and she was almost driven into hysterics by racking headaches and backaches and shortness of breath and other distressing symptoms. All these conditions betoken anaemia, or, in other words, watery and impoverished condition of the blood, which could not perform the functions of nature. She had no appetite; for many days she did not eat enough for a child to subsist on.

"Her condition grew from bad to worse, and becoming alarmed, I sent her to prominent physicians in Virginia,

Tennessee and Little Rock. All efforts of this nature to regain her health proved fruitless. Patent medicines of many kinds were tried and given thorough tests, but without any apparent effect towards improving the patient.

"Myself and daughter had almost given up in despair, having almost concluded that a restoration of her health was an impossibility. In the Arkansas Democrat I espied an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which claimed that they would give ready relief to persons suffering from a disease the symptoms of which were the same as in the case of my daughter. I purchased some of the pills, and commenced giving my daughter three pills a day. Before the first box had been taken an improvement was noticed. Color in her face was noticed, and her appetite returned. The terrible headaches and backaches ceased, and she could breathe more freely. When the fourth box had been taken she was entirely well, and since then has enjoyed excellent health. She is now robust and full of life, making our family happy once more. Quite a contrast to the situation six months ago, when everybody thought she would die.

"I think 'Pink Pills' the best medicine in the world for the blood, and have recommended them to several citizens of this place, who have been restored to health by its use. Mrs. Henry Brown was in a very bad condition. She tried the Pink Pills, when she improved rapidly and is now a very healthy woman."

The discoverer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People certainly deserves the highest tribute that pen can frame. His medicine has done more to alleviate the suffering of humanity than any other medicine known to science, and his name should be handed down to future generations as the greatest savant of the present age.

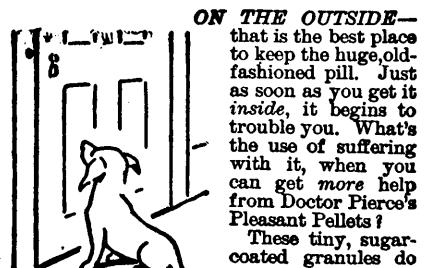
Druggists say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come glowing reports of results following their use. In very many cases the good work has been accomplished after eminent physicians had failed, and pronounced the patient beyond the hope of human aid. An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In fact they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in boxes, (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.

ALL MIRACLES DO NOT OCCUR AT HAMILTON.

The whole town of Glamis, Ont., knows of a cure, by the application of MINARD'S LINIMENT, to a partially paralyzed arm, that equals anything that has transpired at Hamilton.

R. W. HARRISON.



ON THE OUTSIDE—
that is the best place to keep the huge, old-fashioned pill. Just as soon as you get it inside, it begins to trouble you. What's the use of suffering with it, when you can get more help from Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets?

These tiny, sugar-coated granules do you permanent good. They act mildly and naturally, and there's no reaction afterward. Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the liver, stomach, and bowels are prevented, relieved, and permanently cured.

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No good blood is made by the Dyspeptic. K. D. C. makes good blood by restoring the stomach to healthy action. Ask your druggist for it,

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And many others. Specifications and prices had application.

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Ministers and Churches.

The Rev. Mr. Craig, of Fergus, has returned from his holiday trip.

Rev. Mr. Eastman, of Oshawa, has returned from his vacation trip.

The Rev. Dr. Grant, of Orillia, has returned, and occupied his own pulpit last Sabbath.

The Rev. Dr. Macdonald, of Seaforth, has been preaching in St. Andrew's church, Victoria, B.C.

Rev. Dr. Ormiston and Mr. D. Ormiston, barrister, of Whitby, were at the World's Fair last week.

Mr. M. J. Leith, missionary at Parry Sound district, is expected to return for the college term.

Rev. John Burton, B.D., of Toronto, preached at Windsor, N.S., on Sabbath, Aug. 27th, and Sept. 3rd.

Rev. Jas. Hamilton, of Keady, preached at Avonbank on Sabbath, 13th ult., and also conducted the Bible class.

Rev. D. Currie, M.A., B.D., was inducted into the pastorate of Knox church, Perth, on Thursday, 24th ult.

Rev. D. C. McIntosh, conducted the services in the Presbyterian church, Orillia, on Sabbath, the 27th of August.

A call has been extended to Rev. J. S. Lochead, B.A., of Parkhill, by the Presbyterian congregation of North Gower.

Mrs. McNair, of Toronto, is spending a few days with her son, Rev. R. McNair, at the St. Andrew's manse, Carleton Place.

The Rev. C. H. Cooke, B.A., who spent his holidays in Orillia and neighbourhood, has returned with his family to Smith's Falls.

The Rev. J. M. Cameron, of the East Presbyterian church, Toronto, has resigned after a pastorate of twenty-four years.

A unanimous call has been extended to Rev. McLeod Harvey by the congregation of Coldstream, Presbytery of Truro, Nova Scotia.

Rev. John Robbins, pastor of the First Presbyterian congregation, Truro, has been preaching in Fort Massey church, Halifax.

The Rev. A. G. McLaughlin, pastor of the Harrington Presbyterian church, who has been very ill for some weeks, is recovering.

Rev. Robert Johnston, B.A., of St. Andrew's church, Lindsay, has returned from his summer outing and resumed work last Sabbath.

A reception was tendered the Normal school students by the Y.P.S.C.E., of Knox church of Ottawa, on the evening of September 1st.

Mr. W. Egan, of Orillia, is the missionary at Manitoulin Island, and says his work is very encouraging. He will spend the winter there.

Rev. Dr. Laird has recovered from his recent illness, and occupied the pulpit of St. Paul's Presbyterian church, Hamilton, on Sabbath last.

Rev. Dr. Fletcher, of McNab street church, Hamilton, filled the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church, St. Mary's, the two Sabbaths, 13th and 20th ult.

Rev. S. W. Fisher, B.A., of West Flamboro' and Lynden, has returned home with his family after a few weeks' holidays, which they spent at Grimsby Park.

Rev. D. Mackenzie, left Mattawa on Tuesday, the 21st, for a few weeks' trip to Temiscamingue, on a visit among friends, and making pastoral calls.

Mr. Johnston, the new steward of Knox College, has taken up his residence in the College, and is busy making preparation for the return of the students in October.

Mr. W. McPhail, of Orillia, student at White Fish, is doing good work amongst miners and lumbermen. He will return in a few weeks for the opening of Knox College.

Rev. Prof. Bryce, of Manitoba College, and Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Stonewall, on Sunday, 20th ult., dispensed the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in Clarkleigh mission field.

Mr. H. Farrar, of Orillia, who is the Presbyterian bishop of Cockburn Island, will return home in about five weeks. He is pleased with his field and greatly enjoys his work.

Rev. Edward Grant, of Middle Musquodoboit, has been in Halifax, enjoying a change of air. He is in the Victoria General Hospital, Halifax, and receiving every attention that an invalid prizes.

The Rev. J. Ewin, Omemee, intends retiring from his field of labour in the course of a few months, after a period of forty years' uninterrupted work.

The singing of solos and anthems in a Kingston Presbyterian church, is causing friction. The old adherents object to the innovation, while the younger element consider it very appropriate.

Mr. John Russell, Presbyterian missionary, Clarkleigh, has had added to his present field Shoal Lake and Lake Frances. We wish him success. His earnest and devoted labors are being felt there.

On Sunday, Sept. 17, the congregation of St. Andrew's church, Windsor, will choose by ballot a successor to Rev. John Gray from among the ministers who have preached during the vacancy.

"No man has taken a more decisive stand," says the London Advertiser, "on the Toronto Sunday street car question than Principal Caven. Probably there is not in Canada a more influential clergyman."

Dr. Buckley has found in Winnipeg six Presbyterian churches. He was astonished to find that 20,000 Icelanders are settled in Manitoba, and that in Winnipeg there is a "Martin Luther Presbyterian Icelandic church."

Mr. Donald Guthrie, of Guelph, who has occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, London, during the vacation of Rev. J. A. Murray, the pastor, was tendered a farewell on Wednesday evening of last week.

Rev. W. A. Wilson, Neemuch, India, a son-in-law of Rev. Wm. Caven, D.D., Toronto, and who is at present a missionary on furlough to Canada, preached missionary sermons in the Central church, Galt, on Sunday, 27th.

The Vancouver News-Advertiser says: "There was an agreeable instance of religious liberality shown at Kaslo, recently, when the Presbyterians lent their new church for the day to Bishop Sillitoe, of New Westminster."

The Rev. George Atkinson preached on Sabbath, 20th, in Knox church, Guelph, and his pulpit at Berlin was ably filled by the Rev. Mr. Beatty, of Guelph, whose sermons were earnest and faithful expositions of the Gospel.

Both the Presbyterian congregations of Belleville, attended divine service at St. Andrew's church the John street church being closed. Rev. M. W. Maclean occupied the pulpit morning and evening, and delivered most earnest addresses.

The Rev. Mr. Craig, of Fergus, preached Sabbath, 20th, both morning and evening, to large audiences in Knox church, Galt. The Rev. Dr. Snyder, of Preston, preached on Sabbath, 27th, at both services. Dr. Jackson is expected home very shortly.

At an adjourned meeting of the First Presbyterian church, Port Hope, held on the evening of Monday, Aug. 21st, it was unanimously resolved to purchase property, with a view to the erection of a suitable Sunday school room and ultimately of a church.

At the Wednesday evening prayer meeting recently, in St. Paul's Presbyterian church, Prince Albert, Rev. Mr. Rochester gave an account of the recent Christian Endeavor convention held at Montreal, last month, and at which there were present some 17,000 delegates.

Rev. Dr. Chiniquy preached in Russell Hall, Montreal, on Sunday evening, the 27th ult. He preached in French. Dr. Chiniquy will be in Montreal for two weeks, after which he will go to Mississauga to lecture, having received several invitations from that State.

Rev. John Forest, President of Dalhousie College, has been at St. John recently. He reports that the movement for increasing the endowment funds is meeting with success. Sums ranging from \$100 to \$5,000 have been contributed by Halifax people interested in the success of the college.

On Sunday, of last week the Boston Presbyterian congregation of Esquinton held their anniversary services of the induction of their popular minister, Rev. J. W. H. Milne, B.A. The Rev. G. M. Milligan, of Toronto, occupied the pulpit both morning and evening. The church was filled on both occasions.

Rev. M. N. Bethune, of Beaverton, preached two powerful sermons in the Presbyterian church, Orillia, on Sunday, 20th ult., to very large congregations, and after the church services, he gave addresses in the Y.M.C.A. Hall, which was crowded to the door. Mr. Bethune, as an evangelistic preacher, has few equals.

Mr. R. Patterson, of Manitoba College, Winnipeg, occupied the pulpit of Knox church, Neepawa, Sunday, the 20th ult., and preached two sermons that were very acceptable to the large congregations that were present both morning and evening. Mr. Patterson is a student in his last year of theology and will take his last examination in about two weeks.

Rev. R. Henderson, of Auburn, was married on Wednesday, the 16th ult., to Miss A. Young, daughter of Mr. Alex. Young, of Coborne; the bride is one of the most esteemed ladies of the community, being President of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, of Smith's Hill, also an active worker in the Christian Endeavour Society.

Rev. W. D. Kerswill, B.A., goes this month to commence his duties in Lincoln University. He has recently been appointed to the chair of Church History and Hebrew in the Seminary, and begins his work under very favorable circumstances. Mr. Kerswill just completed a brilliant course at Princeton Seminary, and his career there is a sufficient warrant for his appointment to this important position.

Rev. J. H. Beatt, of Cumberland, Clerk of the Presbytery of Ottawa, left the city on Aug. 29th on the Toronto train for St. Louis, Miss., to attend the International Sunday school convention. Rev. Mr. Beatt and Mr. N. McKinnon, of Ottawa, are the only representatives appointed by this district to the convention. Mr. McKinnon leaves for St. Louis on Friday. Rev. Mr. Beatt will be away about three weeks, and during his absence, Rev. Mr. Croombie will conduct the services in his church at Cumberland.

The Rev. Ghosa Howie, Ph.D., and family, arrived safely in Liverpool on the 19th Aug., and Dr. Howie occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's church on the 20th. He writes: "We are very grateful for our safe and comfortable voyage on S.S. Lake Ontario. It is not the swiftest vessel that I was ever on, for it took ten days from Montreal to Liverpool, but it is the steadiest, at any rate. This is my first voyage without sea-sickness. We hope to visit Scotland before departing for Palestine."

On the evening of Aug. 20th a well-attended meeting was held in the Presbyterian church, Emerson, Man., when a Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor was organized with the following officers: President, Jas. McGregor; Vice-President, Miss Belle Stewart; Secretary, Michael Scott; Treasurer, Miss J. Smith. The usual standing committees were also appointed. The society starts out with a membership of eleven active members, which will likely be increased when the society gets in fairly working order.

The Rev. Robert McIntyre, the popular pastor of St. Thomas East Presbyterian church, preached on Sabbath of last week, practical sermons to large congregations in King street Presbyterian church. At the close of the services, Mr. McIntyre, referring to the call extended by the church to the Rev. Thomas Wilson, of Dutton, assured the congregation that should Mr. Wilson see his way clear to accept and become their pastor, they would secure a man second to none in the London Presbytery, and urged the members to stand by him.

Indigestion

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GLEAMS OF MOONLIGHT.

I was sitting, yesterday, making and mending sundry garments belonging to a small but highly important member of our little household, and planning how to make both ends meet and perhaps have a little to lay over towards paying off a few back accounts, which, though neither very large nor very numerous, lay on my mind with a weight quite out of proportion to their size; when I began to feel impatient over it all, for I am always planning, and yet my schemes never come to anything. Not that my husband does not want to get rid of them too, I don't mean that; but such is his easy, happy nature that he works away, day in and day out, content to do a little—a very little at a time—while I do so want to do everything all at once.

He says that I will grow wiser as I grow older; in that case time alone will tell.

I have often wondered why I could not do something towards augmenting the family income; but when I came to think of it seriously I found that to take a situation in an office I would have to neglect my little house, and worse still, my little girl; and although I am good with my needle I always find that I have plenty to do for ourselves in that line, without attempting any outside work.

Then, again, I don't paint well enough for my pictures to sell, and I am not a sufficiently good musician to give lessons.

There did not seem to be anything for me to do. I looked up, and I am afraid I looked rather disconsolate too, as I said with a sigh, "I wish I could help you in some way."

"You do, sweetheart," Tom answered, "You keep Kathie and my little home trim and bright and happy for me."

There, that was almost an echo of my own thoughts, which said, "Stick to what you can do and don't go trying impossibilities." Tom often has a way of treating me as if I were a child; sometimes I don't mind it, but last night it aggravated me.

"I don't care," I rejoined, snipping viciously at a thread, "I want to earn something. I am going to think about it when I go to bed to-night, and then I am going to sleep on it and see if something doesn't come into my head."

Tom laughed a big laugh. "You've been thinking too much already," he said, "and sewing too much as well. Put your work away, and I will give you the biggest beating at cribbage that you ever had in your life!"

Some people are so conceited about what they can do. Of course it would have been cowardly in the highest degree to ignore such a challenge as that, so I prepared for battle. At the end of the hour I was beaten, it is true, but only by two, and that was because I forgot to count "two for his heels," and whenever that happens Tom always scores it to himself, which is horrid, I think, and I am sure it is not in the rules of cribbage.

The result of it all was that I forgot also to think about what I could do, and went right to sleep as soon as I got into bed. But that night I had the strangest dream. "You know," I said to Tom this morning, sitting up and groping for a 'Christie's Social Tea' biscuit to keep Kathie quiet a little longer, "it was exactly like a story, and the funny part of it was that I was not in it at all, but I thought I heard some one telling it to me."

"Why don't you write it?" sleepily chuckled Tom.

"Oh, I couldnt," I promptly replied.

But later on, that is, by breakfast time, I had thought it over, and as I said to him, it just seemed as if some good angel had put it into my head, so that perhaps I might earn something by it.

"But, suppose nobody will print it," he suggested. "He does love to dampen me, but to-day it was no use."

"If nobody does," I answered in a tone of conviction, but with a secret sinking of the heart which I wouldn't let him see for worlds, "I shall think it was not a good angel after all, but just the opposite, who put it into my mind to waste my time over it."

Tom is much amused at the whole affair. He says he will get it typewrit-

ten for me, so that perhaps the Editor may be more inclined to read it, and jibes and jeers a little, but I don't really mind much, and I have told you all this to begin with, because if the story is not worth reading after all, you see it isn't really my story, it belongs to that person who told it to me in my dream.

It was late on a Tuesday afternoon in June when Dr. Jones ran quickly down the stone steps of a large house, situated about a mile from the village of Glenallon. He had been detained much longer than he had expected at the house of one who was at the same time his greatest benefactor and his warmest friend, and where dwelt his principal patient, to whom of late he had become a very frequent visitor, and now he walked fast to make time for a couple more visits before tea. Mrs. Elton had been the first to see merit in the young Doctor, who was not considered all he should be by the townspeople, because he quietly ignored the various treatments of his old-fashioned predecessor, to which after thirty years they had become pretty thoroughly accustomed, and brought a clever brain full of latter day learning to bear on any cases which he was lucky enough to get hold of, either on account of his good looks, or the curiosity of the citizens to find out what he was like.

One day, about six months before that of which I am speaking, he had been called hurriedly to consult with a Doctor from London on the case of the youngest child and only daughter of Major and Mrs. Elton. There, partly by his clever face and partly by the cheerful view he took of the child's condition, he inspired the latter with some degree of confidence in his judgment. It was always his plan to look at the brightest side of everything. That was his happy nature, which had not yet been shadowed by all the sorrows of others that a professional medical man feels more or less, no matter how accustomed to the sights and sounds of grief he may become.

Being in consultation with the great man from London raised him considerably in the opinions of those who had before declined to employ him, but who had preferred sending into the next parish for old Dr. Harvey, and his practice increased from that day.

Mrs. Elton had been very kind to him and the Major had asked him to dinner. His little patient, Ethel, had made a great friend of him, and the boys voted him an awfully jolly fellow, who could beat them at racing or rowing, or almost anything, in fact, that they chose to challenge him at: for the Doctor had been a well known athlete.

It was doubly hard after all their kindness for him to have to bring trouble into the household, to have to tell that loving mother that her little daughter might die any minute. True, with the greatest care she might live for months, but that was small consolation when the thought was always behind it, that she might not live another hour. The child had had a weak heart from her babyhood, and when the great Doctor whom Major Elton had called in during her last alarming illness, said "heart-failure," it seemed as if they had always known that that would be the end. They bore their grief bravely with an outward cheerfulness which their spirits were far from feeling, and strove to make that last year one of unalloyed happiness to their darling, and looked forward to keeping her with them for days, when other parents plan for years of loving companionship.

This morning she had fainted suddenly, just after she had been dressed and brought down stairs, and the Major had sent hurriedly for Dr. Jones. He had gone to them at once; but although he used every means to restore consciousness it was fully an hour before the child showed any visible signs of life. Then with a quick sigh she slowly opened her eyes and seeing who was beside her, she opened her lips as well; for it was said, the little maid was an inveterate chatterbox. But the kind voice whose firm tones she had learned to obey implicitly said immediately, "Don't speak Ethel, lie perfectly still." A half an hour later she pleaded to be allowed to say something. "Well, what is it?" he asked. "Just, how do you do, Doctor dear?"

"I'm well, thank you, girlie," he smilingly responded. "Did you think that I looked otherwise, that you were so anxious to ask me that important question?"

She shook her head at him and closed her eyes again. At last she was better and he got up to go. The dreaded hour had been staved off a little longer, though, as he had sat beside her applying one restorative after another, he had thought that surely it was not far off. His unspoken thought was also in Mrs. Elton's mind, but the only evidence she gave of it was the question, as he was leaving, "Can I do anything more?"

"Nothing," he had answered pityingly, "except humour her every whim and avoid any excitement, exertion or shock, however slight, for it would be sure to be fatal," and she had crept back again

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS
NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES 25 CENTS.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Luke's Church, Finch, on Aug. 9th, by the Rev. J. W. McLeod, Henry T. Steele, of Finch, to Maggie Campbell, of Roxboro.

At the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, August 23rd, by the Rev. A. J. Mowatt, Orton N. Amey, to Janet M. (Rye), eldest daughter of W. M. Small, all of Montreal.

At the residence of the bride's mother, 24 Buckingham avenue, on Friday, Aug. 25th, by the Rev. W. R. Cruikshank, Robert S. Kellie, to Bella, eldest daughter of the late John Barrie, all of Montreal.

At Chalmers' Presbyterian church, Uxbridge, on Wednesday, Aug. 23rd, 1893, by the Rev. W. G. Hanna, Robert Moore Noble, of Osgoode Hall, barrister-at-law, to Edith, eldest daughter of George Allan, Esq., of Uxbridge, Ont.

At the residence of the bride's mother, West street, Orillia, on August 16th, by Rev. R. N. Grant, D.D., Mr. Thomas E. Miller, of Ely, Minnesota, U. S. S., to Miss E. Mabel, youngest daughter of the late Robert Walker, of South Dumfries, County of Brant.

DEATHS.

At Burnside Cottage, Brownsburg, Que., on Sunday, August 13th, 1893, Mary Charlotte, daughter of Mr. James McOuat, sr., aged 31 years and 5 months.

At the family residence, Moose Creek, Ont., on the 29th of July, 1893, John McIntosh, elder, aged 91 years, a native of Glenelg, Scotland.

At the residence of her son, the Rev. J. R. Gilchrist, B.A., Baltimore, Ont., on August 22nd, 1893, Lilius Mackie, aged 79, relict of the late Alexander Gilchrist, Glasgow, Scotland.

to watch beside the quiet little figure in the darkened room.

Passionately fond of drawing, Ethel's first request during all her tedious illnesses was for her scribbling book, but not that day nor the next, nor indeed till quite the end of the week did Doctor Jones allow her the coveted pencil. She never questioned his orders, though she was inclined to coax her mother into giving her the desired article.

On Saturday he brought her a little silver pencil in the shape of a screw, and told her mother that because she had been so good he would commission Ethel to paint him a picture for his rooms, but only on condition that she would not work at it more than half an hour at a time till he came again. So he propped her up and left her, laughing at a parting salie of his, with her book on her knee, her new pencil in her hand. She waited for him to get safely downstairs, then in a loud whisper she demanded her pencil box. "That thing," indicating the screw, "is well enough for ornament, mamma, and it was so kind of him to bring it," she said, selecting a stubby and much used crayon with a broad point, "but it would be no good at all to work with. Please, leave it by my bed, though, for I wouldn't like to hurt his feelings, and he might not like it, if he thought I didn't use it."

The clever fingers were already sketching an imaginary landscape. "I am going to do a half a dozen or so," she continued, "just to see which I like the best, and then I shall finish the one I choose, properly."

At the end of the half hour, two and a half were roughly sketched in, and it was said to have to leave the third unfinished, but the laws of the Medes and Persians were mild compared with Doctor Jones' orders; so the cherished pencil had to be given up, not, however, without many sighs and doleful looks directed towards her mother, who was the unlucky enforcer of that stern person's commands.

"Never mind, Ethel," she said, laughing at her most melancholy countenance, "lie down and I will tell you a lovely story about a little boy who loved drawings and paintings just as much as you do," and soon they were deep in the life of Michael Angelo. When Mrs. Elton stopped the child's face was all aglow. "Oh mother, I wish I might learn—take lessons, you know, from somebody—and then, perhaps, some day I could paint like he did."

From that moment the thought never left her mind, and she and her mother discussed ways and means with the deepest interest, finally deciding to ask the Doctor's advice on the subject, a decision generally arrived at on any important point relating to Ethel, who promised not to fret if he refused his permission.

Her immediate danger was over; he did not call more than once or twice a week, and great was the impatience with which his next visit was waited for. "Really, Mamma, I do think he might come," protested Ethel one morning, "it's four days since he was here last. I have been

Be Sure

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsparilla do not be induced to take any other. A Boston lady, whose example is worthy imitation, tells her experience below:

"In one store where I went to buy Hood's Sarsparilla the clerk tried to induce me buy their own instead of Hood's; he told me their's would last longer; that I might take it on ten

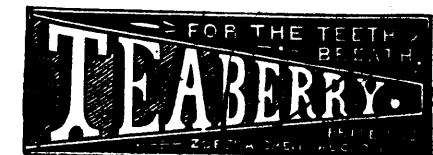
To Get

days' trial; that if I did not like it I need not pay anything, etc. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him I had taken Hood's Sarsparilla, knew what it was, was satisfied with it, and did not want any other. When I began taking Hood's Sarsparilla I was feeling real miserable with dyspepsia, and so weak that at times I could hardly stand. I looked like a person in consumption. Hood's Sarsparilla did me so much good that I wonder at myself sometimes and my friends frequently speak of it." Mrs. ELLA A. GOFF, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

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downstairs every day and I am just nearly quite well again, and here I am wasting valuable time. If he doesn't come today, don't you think you might drive over and ask him about it?"

Mrs. Elton, always anxious to please her little girl, consented, and Ethel was satisfied. However, not long after twelve o'clock the strong, quick voice was heard in the hall and in he came.

"Why, downstairs already, girlie?" he exclaimed, "how is this?"

"Well, Doctor dear, if you had only come to see me two or three days sooner, you would have found that out before, for I have been up and down every day since Monday."

"Up and down, have you? I think that is pretty much what you are made of, ups and downs—rather more downs than ups, though, eh?"

"Oh no," Ethel gaily answered, for she would never own herself ill, "I am very much up to-day, and if you will only say that I may have painting lessons I won't be able to get any higher."

"Painting lessons, what for?"

"Why to learn to paint, Doctor dear."

"But what do you want to learn to paint for?"

"Don't tease, please Doctor. I want to paint you such a lovely picture, and I must have some lessons, so that some day I will paint like Michael Angelo."

"Oh, is that it? Well, I don't see why not."

Ethel clasped her hands in rapture and the Doctor continued:—

"I ran up to London yesterday on business, and a painter fellow came down in the train with me, and when I asked him where he was bound for with all his paraphernalia, he said he was going to do some sketching 'round Glenallon."

"But would he give lessons?" put in Mrs. Elton.

"I can find that out," said the Doctor, "there is no one else nearer than the city."

"I suppose not; but do you know anything about him, Doctor?"

"Well no, I can't say I do. He seemed a decent enough fellow to talk to, though he does look fearfully foreign."

"Oh never mind that, please," begged Ethel. "I do want him so much. Let him come to-morrow and try if he will."

"But if he comes you must promise me to be very good and quiet, so as not to get tired and faint again, for if you do I shall put a stop to it all."

That would be a dire punishment, so she promised, and there it was settled.

"Of course," said the Doctor in parting, "I don't know anything about the fellow, but I dare say it won't hurt to try him, as you both seem so set on it. He spoke quietly enough."

"We will be able to see in a couple of lessons," returned Mrs. Elton. "Of course I will be with Ethel all the time."

Doctor Jones nodded, said good-bye, and was off.

(Concluded in next issue.)

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British and Foreign.

The Rev. Andrew Crawford, senior minister of Newtonbreda, died during the meetings of the Assembly. He was one of its oldest members.

In 1843, before the Disruption, there were, in all the Highlands, 135 parishes and 52 quoad sacra churches. The Free Church, in October of that year, had 73 full charges and 23 stations. This year the Free Church has 183 full charges in the same Presbyteries. Mr. Joseph Macdonald, of Lairg, Sutherlandshire, now in London, has given £25,000 for the benefit of his fellow-countrymen. An anonymous donor had given £5,450 for the Highlands.

A most interesting meeting was held recently at Auchterarder, Perthshire, the scene of the famous Church dispute, which ended in the disruption in the Church of Scotland and the formation of the Free Church. A large and representative gathering assembled, addressed by Rev. Drs. Henderson, Ross Taylor, James Stalker and other Free Church leaders. Much interest was created by an exhibition of an attested copy of the call which led to the ten years' conflict.

The Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, England, asserted, in a petition against the rationalistic teaching of some of the clergy presented to the Upper House of Convocation: "It is generally known that certain clergymen of the Church of England, in positions of influence and authority, are deliberately undermining, by their teachings and public writings, the faith of the Church in this country in the trustworthiness of the Holy Scriptures, and are also repudiating the common faith of Christendom."

Dr. Barnardo's work cost the year he commenced it £150; last year it cost £133,000. His household now amounts to nearly 5,000 persons. The baker's bill amounts to nearly £150 a day. His annual meeting this year was specially brilliant, and the collection was over £4,800. Among the speakers were Sir Charles Tupper, the Archbishop of Dublin, Lady Cairns, and Archdeacon Farrar. Letters of cheer and sympathy were received from the Prince of Wales, Princess May, Earl Aberdeen and many others.

A meeting of the leaders of the constitutional party in the Highlands was held in Inverness on the 8th ult. There were present the Rev. Dr. Aird, ex-Moderator of the General Assembly; Rev. Mr. Macaskill, Dingwall; Rev. Murdoch Mackenzie, Inverness; and Mr. Mackinnon, Glenmoriston. The meeting, which was held in private, had under consideration the present secession—a movement among a section of Highland Free Churchmen. It was resolved that a meeting should be held on the 20th inst., with the view of considering the whole situation and taking action in regard to it.

The Old Catholic movement has not been a failure everywhere. In one place, at least—in North Bohemia—it has been a remarkable success. When the Vatican Decree was passed, proclaiming the dogma of Papal Infallibility, about two thousand of the Roman Catholics of Warnsdorf resolved at all hazards to refuse submission to it. These chose as their minister an energetic priest named Nittet, and under his guidance they not only provided a church for themselves, but carried on an aggressive work in the neighbouring towns and villages. The result is that in their report for 1892, they are able to announce that they have five clergy, 8,485 members, and 1,059 children receiving instruction in their schools. The Austrian Old Catholics have some cause to complain that they are yet without a bishop, the law of the country requiring that a certain sum must be forthcoming, as an endowment, before any new denomination is allowed to enjoy such a luxury.

Ilay, Ont., March 18th, 1893.
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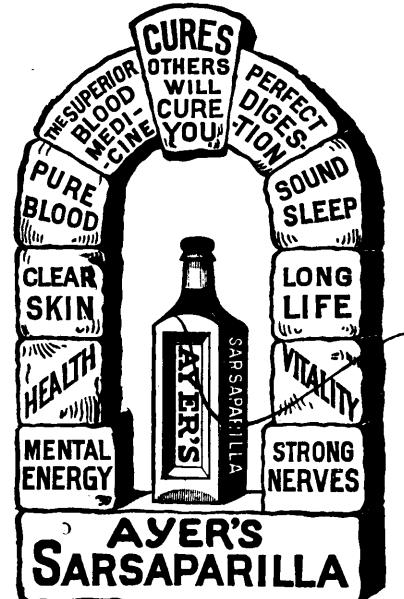
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Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

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Dr. Walter C. Smith, Moderator of Assembly, in laying the foundation-stone of the new church for the Holburn congregation, Aberdeen, referred to the disturbance in the Highlands about the Declaratory Act. He characterized it as a storm in a teacup. Their Highland friends were frightened without any cause, for the business of the Declaratory Act belonged to the very essence of the Church, and it was nothing new. It was recognized by the Assemblies at the time the Westminster Assemblies were going on, and it had been recognized all through the history of their Church. It had only now been more explicitly declared, that every man might feel his conscience at ease in taking his place as an honest Calvinistic teacher in the Free Church. He might not live to see the day, but he believed that this new Church would see it, when all the fragments of the Presbyterian Church would be knit together again in love, and that they should all worship together.

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The late Professor Leone Levi did much for the educational advancement of his native city of Ancona, by way of providing it with a library and endowing an institute for the benefit of young men. In recognition of the services thus rendered by the distinguished political economist, who had many warm friends in Edinburgh, a memorial has just been publicly inaugurated by the municipality of Ancona, who have also caused a tablet to be inserted in the house in which Professor Levi was born, bearing an appropriate inscription.—Scotsman.

EXCELLENCE.

RHEUMATISM. — Mr. WM. HOWES, 68 Red Lion St., High Holborn, W.C., London, Eng., states he had rheumatism 20 years; suffered intensely from swelling of hands, feet and joints. He used St. Jacobs Oil with marvelous results. Before the second bottle was exhausted the pain left him. He is cured.

NEURALGIA. — Mrs. JOHN MCLEAN, Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, says: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for nine years and have been greatly benefited by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

SCIATICA. — Grenada, Kans., U. S. A., Aug. 8, 1888. "I suffered eight years with sciatica; used five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured." — JACOB I. SMITH.

STRAIN. — Mr. M. PRICE, 14 Tabernacle Square, E. C., London, Eng., says: "I strained my wrist and the severe pain yielded like magic to St. Jacobs Oil."

LAMEBACK. — Mrs. J. RINGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., writes: "I was confined to bed by severe lumbago. A part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enabled me to go about in a day."

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The coast line of the globe is about 136,000 miles.

Self-made men are most always apt to be a little too proud of the job.—H. W. Shaw.

Duty is one and invariable. It requires no impossibilities, nor can it ever be disregarded with impunity.—Thoreau.

The standard blood-purifier, strength builder and nerve helper is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Insist upon Hood's, because Hood's CURES.

Cheerfulness is like money well expended in charity; the more we dispense of it, the greater our possession.—Victor Hugo.

A CURE FOR HEADACHE.

Headache arises from constipation, bad blood, dyspepsia, or liver complaint. As B. P. B. cures all these complaints, it is naturally the most successful headache cur. existing. Once the cause is removed, the headache vanishes.

The more independent of accidents, the more self-subsistent, the more fraught with internal resources, the greater the character—Lavater.

WHAT DO YOU TAKE

Medicine for? Because you are sick and want to get well, or because you wish to prevent illness. Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla CURES all diseases caused by impure blood and debility of the system. It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. Be sure to get Hood's, and only Hood's.

Purely vegetable—Hood's Pills—25c.

The number of materials out of which paper is made is gradually increasing. F. Hickman, of St. Paul Park, Minn., has been working up flax-straw into pulp successfully, and he is enlarging his plant this year. In Minnesota and the Dakotas there are 1,800,000 tons of flax-straw going to waste every year, some of which might be used in this way.

THE FOUR CARDINAL POINTS.

The four cardinal points of health are the stomach, liver, bowels and blood. Wrong action in any of these produces disease. Burdock Blood Bitters acts upon the four cardinal points of health at one and the same time, to regulate, strengthen and purify, thus preserving health, and removing disease.

The drinking of salt water is said to be a perfect cure for sea-sickness, though it makes the drinker very miserable for a few minutes after he takes the cure.

OFT IN PERIL.

Lives of children are often endangered by sudden and violent attacks of cholera, cholera morbus, diarrhoea, dysentery, and bowel complaints. A reasonable and certain precaution is to keep Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry always at hand.

Oppose kindness to perverseness. The heavy sword will not cut soft silk; by using sweet words and gentleness you may lead an elephant with a hair.—Saadi.

The prosperity of a country depends, not on the abundance of its revenues, nor on the strength of its fortifications, nor on the beauty of its public buildings; but it consists in the number of its cultivated citizens, in its men of education, enlightenment and character.—Luther.

UNBEARABLE AGONY.

For three days I suffered severely from summer complaint, nothing gave me relief, and I kept getting worse, until the pain was almost unbearable, but after I had taken the first dose of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, I found great relief, and it did not fail to cure me.

Wm. T. Glynn, Wilfrid, Ont.

If you wish success in life make Perseverance your bosom friend. Experience your wise counsellor. Caution your elder brother, and Hope your guardian genius.—Addison.

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Gentlemen,—I was troubled with dyspepsia for about four years. I noticed an advertisement of Burdock Blood Bitters, so I started to use it and soon found that there was nothing to equal it. It took just three bottles to effect a perfect cure in my case.

Bert. J. Reid, Wingham, Ont.

To be able under all circumstances to practice five things constitutes perfect virtue. These five are gravity, generosity of soul, sincerity, earnestness and kindness.—Confucius.

The sponge is an animal. It will shrink from the hand which tries to seize it, and, if viewed under a lens, may be seen constantly drawing in water through the innumerable canals which form its digestive organs, and having consumed the minute animalculæ in the fluid, ejecting it again through some other channel.

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Mrs. C. J. WOOLDRIDGE, of Wortham, Texas, saved the life of her child by the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

One of my children had Croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it strangled. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines given, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and, in a short time, she was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved her life."

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Thousands have been relieved and cured by simply rubbing with Ready Relief, applied by the hand to the parts affected and considerable of the adjoining surface; at the same time several brisk doses of Radway's Pills will do much to hasten the cure.

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From 30 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Colic, Flatulence, and all internal pains.

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A half a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

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Miscellaneous.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

ALGOMA.—At Manitowaning, on Sept. 26th, at 10 a.m.
BRUCE.—At Paisley, on Sept. 12th, at 9 a.m.
BARRIE.—At Barrie, on Oct. 3rd, at 10.30 a.m.
CHATHAM.—In First Church, Chatham, on Tuesday, Sept. 12th, at 10 a.m.
GUELPH.—At Guelph, on Sept. 19th, at 10.30 a.m.
GLENMORY.—At Lancaster, on Sept. 12th, at 11.30 a.m.
HAMILTON.—At St. Catharines, on Sept. 19th, at 10.30 a.m.
HURON.—At Clinton, on Sept. 12th, at 10.30 a.m.
KAMLOOPS.—In St. Andrew's Church, Enderby, Sept. 12, at 10 a.m.
LINDSAY.—At Cannington, on Oct. 17th, at 11 a.m.
LONDON.—In Knox Church, St. Thomas, on Sept. 12th, at 11 a.m.
MAITLAND.—At Wingham, on Sept. 19th, at 11.30 a.m.
MINNEDOSA.—At Minnedosa, on Sept. 4th, at 7 p.m.
MONTREAL.—In the Presbyterian College, on Sept. 12th, at 10 a.m.
OTTAWA.—At Ottawa, on Sept. 26th, at 2 p.m.
ORANGEVILLE.—At Orangeville, on Sept. 12th, at 10.30 a.m.
OWEN SOUND.—In Knox Church, Owen Sound, on Tuesday Sept. 10th, at 10 a.m.
PETERBORO.—At Port Hope, on Sept. 19th, at 9 a.m.
PARIS.—In Knox Church, Woodstock, on Oct. 3rd, at 11 a.m.
REGINA.—At Broadview, on Sept. 9th, at 3 p.m.
SAUGEEN.—At Mount Forest, on Sept. 12th, at 10 a.m.
STRATFORD.—In North Easthope, on Sept. 11th, at 7.30 p.m.
SARNIA.—At Strathroy, on the third Tuesday of September, at 2 p.m.
VANCOUVER ISLAND.—At Nanaimo, in St. Andrew's Church, on Sept. 6th.
WINNIPEG.—At Winnipeg, on Sept. 12th.
WHITBY.—At Oshawa, on Oct. 17th, at 10 a.m.

Miscellaneous.

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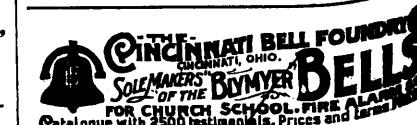
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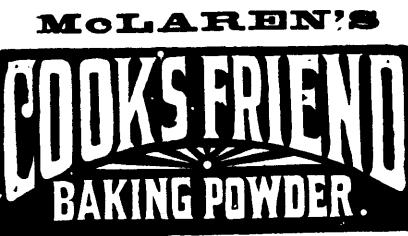


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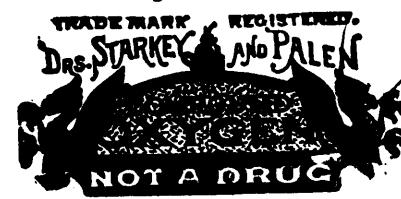
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