



# The Canada Presbyterian

Vol. 22.—No. 8.  
Whole No. 1097.

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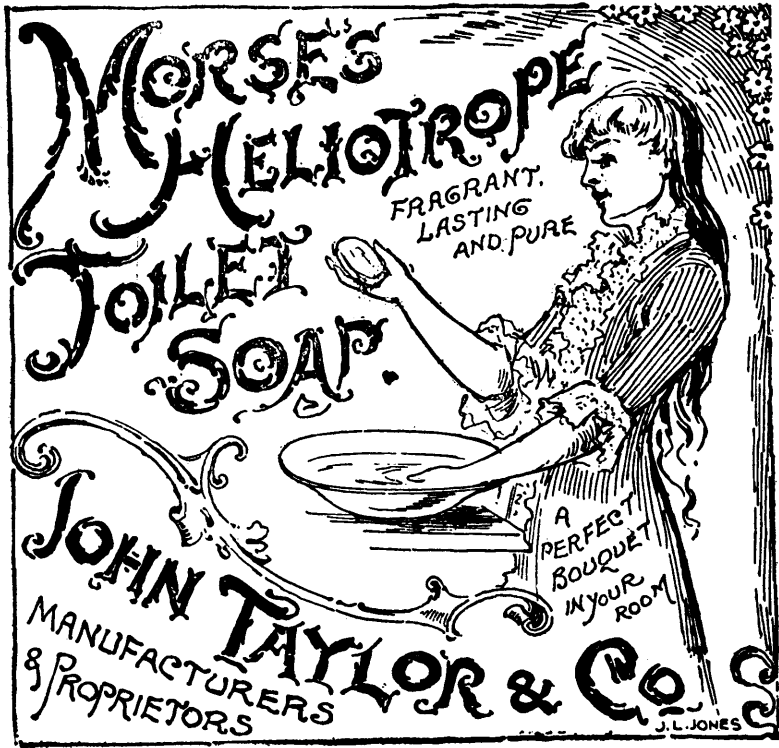
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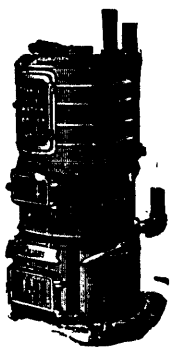
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Cures for Chilblains:—Take a foot-bath containing boiling water, and get a bit of flannel or sponge. Then set your foot on the edge of the bath, and bathe the part afflicted with the chilblains with boiling water till you can stand your feet in it altogether. Then put both of your feet in and bathe them for a little. Then take them out and dry. You should have already some coarse dry salt on a plate. Spread a paper or cloth under your feet, and rub the chilblains with the salt as firmly as ever you can. Do it as the boiling water opens up the pores, and the salt well rubbed into them keeps the blood from freezing.

It was Mr. Emerson who said "the first wealth is health," and it was a wiser than the modern philosopher who said that "the blood is the life." The system, like the clock, runs down. It needs winding up. The blood gets poor and scores of diseases result. It needs a tonic to enrich it.

A certain wise doctor, after years of patient study discovered a medicine which purified the blood, gave tone to the system, and made men—tired, nervous, brain-wasting men—feel like new. He called it his "Golden Medical Discovery." It has been sold for years, sold by the millions of bottles, and people found such satisfaction in it that Dr. Pierce, who discovered it, now feels warranted in selling it under a positive guarantee of its doing good in all cases.

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In the winter season quantities of eggs are frozen, and it is generally considered that such eggs are worth but little, and are much injured for cooking purposes. This, however, is not strictly true, for, if properly treated, they are but little injured. Instead of (as was the custom) putting them into cold water, to take out the frost, and waiting several hours for the thawing to take place, and then finding the yolks in such a solid state that they can be used with no satisfaction in cooking, try the following method: Place them in boiling water, and leave them there from five to twenty minutes, according to the amount of frost in them, when, upon their being opened, the yolks will be found in such a state that they can be used for almost any culinary purpose.

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# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 22.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22nd, 1893.

No. 8.

## Notes of the Week.

One of the great Roman Catholic divines in England, Rev. Dr. Sullivan, has left the Church of Rome.

It is stated that Abraham Lincoln never attended the schools more than six months, and yet the professors at Oxford recently selected his speech at Gettysburg as an example of the best English prose.

Notwithstanding the sentiment against the Jews in Austria the new archbishop of Olmutz, who is a converted Jew, will have precedence over every one in the Austrian Empire, except members of the imperial family, who are in direct succession to the throne.

The U. P. Missionary Record reports that in regard to the year's finance, the progress of the previous year has not been repeated, except in the case of the Zenana Fund. The Foreign Mission Fund shows a decrease of fully £3,000, about two-thirds of which appears under "Legacies."

A Hungarian statistician has discussed the proper age to marry. He sets twenty-five as the lowest age for men and twenty for women. Women below thirty-five should not marry men over fifty, and men under thirty should not marry women over thirty-five; these follies are not often committed.

Mr. T. W. Russell, M.P., who recently visited Toronto, says the Canadians are not as a rule a drinking race, and that the French peasantry, who form a large majority in Quebec province, are notoriously a sober race. He finds that the Scott act is a success in the Maritime Provinces, especially Nova Scotia.

Though the climate of Orkney, with its cold winds and sea spray would seem very different from that of California, yet we find in the report of the Conifer Conference recently issued, that the Cypress, which is native only in a small strip of the coast of California, flourishes and increases in its new Scottish home.

Dr. John Hall recently urged his congregation to make their annual contribution for the support of the mission work carried on by them. The day appointed for the collection was unusually stormy, and the attendance was much below the average, yet the contribution amounted to \$10,500. The Interior aptly remarks: The deity that finds its way so readily to its pocket gives evidence of vitality.

"Figures do not tell everything," says a writer in the Missionary Herald, "but they do tell this: that the Chinese Christians in America give more than American Christians." The figures to which he refers are these: With a membership of 161 in the various churches of California, the Chinese have raised, during the past year, \$6,290.40 for all benevolences, or \$39.07 for each member.

Gladstone has now attained a greater age, says the Pall Mall Gazette, than any other prime minister of England ever reached. Lord Palmerston died in harness, but he died on the eve of his eighty-second birthday. Chatham died at seventy, Fox at fifty-seven, Pitt at forty-seven, Canning at fifty-eight, and when Sir Robert Peel met with his fatal accident he was sixty-two. Earl Russell attained the good old age of eighty-six, but did not hold office after he was seventy-four. Lord Beaconsfield died at seventy-seven. Gladstone has completed his eighty-third year.

Dr. Boyd, the "country parson," tells a good story about the late Cardinal Manning. "A youth who had recently 'gone over' went down on his knees in a Protestant drawing-room amid a large party before dinner, and asked the cardinal, who entered, for his blessing. The magnificent old man looked decidedly ruffled, and said in impatient tones, without any punctuation: "God bless you get up sir!" and turned away."

It is curious to note that the identities of both the Scotch thistle and the Irish shamrock cause difference of opinion. Mr. Colgan, in a paper which appeared recently in the first number of the Irish Naturalist, collected specimens from eleven different counties in the Emerald Isle of plants each considered in its district as the shamrock, and found that two different species of clover were sent, some counties declaring for Trifolium minus and some for Trifolium repens. The former plant is, we think, most generally considered as the national emblem, but when it grows luxuriantly, and often when in flower, it is discarded as an impostor.

In his report of an expedition of 1891, the inspector general of Egyptian telegraphs traces the barrenness of the country between the Nile and the Red Sea to the destruction of trees, during the last twelve centuries, by the Arab and his camel. The animal has fed on the leaves and green shoots, and his master has gradually used up stems, roots and branches for charcoal. Even now spots in Egypt are being made desert in this way; and it is suggested that a like cause may explain the disappearance of frankincense and spices from Southern Arabia, the former multitude of horses and chariots in Palestine, and the greater early fertility and population of many countries of importance in history.

A curious story of the recent fog in London is told. A gentleman found himself completely nonplussed and unable to find his way home, though within almost a few doors of his own house. Hearing a foot-step approaching, he waited, and asked the owner if he knew where they were. "Perfectly," was the reply; "where do you desire to go?" The gentleman explained. "Oh," said the stranger, cheerily, "that is almost at hand. Trust yourself to me and I will lead you to your door." Arrived there, he accepted the gentleman's thanks, and then laughingly said, "I dare say if you had known what I am, you would have hesitated to place yourself under my care." "That would have depended," replied the gentleman, now eyeing his rescuer furtively. "Well, I think you would," said the other, "for I am blind."

It is reported that evangelical Episcopalians in the northern Irish diocese are much exercised concerning the conduct of a clergyman in their neighbourhood, who, in writing to the press the other day, is said to have ridiculed Archbishop Plunket's work in Spain, and to have expressed a preference for Romanism. This many of his co-religionists are very angry about; but it seems that, according to the constitution of the Disestablished Church, it is very difficult to interfere with the delinquent. When, after Disestablishment, the Episcopal Church was reconstituted, a Presbyterian element was introduced, but only to a very limited extent, and mainly in connection with appointments to vacant parishes. It seems unfortunate that the sister church did not then make her constitution Presbyterian enough to enable her to deal effectually with anyone who eats her bread and at the same time derides her doctrine.

## PULPIT, PRESS AND PLATFORM.

**The Interior:** The death of Phillips Brooks is mourned by the church universal, because he was its greatest living representative. He loved Christ and all His people. He knew no distinctions between those who loved the Lord.

**Presbyterian Banner:** The best preventive against error, and the most helpful means of grace, is a thorough and practical knowledge of Bible truth applied to the heart by the Holy Spirit. The lack of this is the cause of much weakness in the Church and many defections.

**Presbyterian Witness:** The altar came before the temple. The family altar must be set up first, and from it must ascend the morning and evening sacrifice. Otherwise the Temple and its services, the church with its ordinances, will be of little avail. See first of all, see now to the "Church in the House."

**Montreal Witness:** Mr. Charlton is one of the few private members of Parliament who conscientiously strive session after session to do their duty as a legislator. Not a session passes in which he does not attempt some real reform both of the criminal and civil law. He studies the subjects he deals with, and gives a great deal of careful thought to measures which have no connection with party.

**United Presbyterian:** Very few of the thousands, who are daily carried to and fro by the power of electricity, have any understanding of its power or of the methods by which it is utilized; and yet they are wisely content to accept of the benefits which are by this means conferred upon them. There is also a "mystery of godliness" which may be rejected, simply because it is a mystery, or accepted, even though a mystery, because it offers countless blessings. The children of this world are in their generation wiser than the children of light.

**Christian Instructor:** There is no other or better way than for the sower to go on "sowing beside all waters" in the morning and in the evening withholding not his hand; for "he knows not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." He may often be in tears and say, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?" But he will one day bring back his sheaves rejoicing. It is not to the successful revivalist alone that the reward, "Well done, good and faithful servant \* \* \* enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," will be given, but to every one who is faithful.

**Rural New Yorker:** It ought not to require more courage to state the facts about the liquor traffic than to discuss the tariff or questions of finance or business. We gave exact figures to show that this drink question is the greatest economic and social problem before the people to-day. No man can deny that statement, because it is true. Men may honestly differ on other matters. But who will defend the rum trade? The liquor business as a business is utterly indefensible on any moral or sound political or economic ground. It builds up no productive industry, it does not foster the home or lead to patriotism or love of country; it does not stimulate honour, economy, industry, or any other virtue under the sun. It is thoroughly harmful, and yet it is the greatest and most powerful business that present civilization knows of.

**Joseph Parker:** When a Dissenter became a Churchman he at once rose from below the middle height to at least sixteen feet in stature. The growth was marvellous in its rapidity. There was, however, a tallness which instantly suggested weakness and a premature grave. Was there any real approach between conformity and nonconformity? Not a bit, nor should there be. The Churchman hated the Dissenter, not personally but in an official and ecclesiastical sense. For his (Dr. Parker's) part he would have nothing to do with the clergy who would be friendly to him on the platform, and not recognize him as a minister of the Gospel. It was simply a surprise to him how ministers in the Established Church of Scotland could make common cause with their brethren in England who denied their right to be called ministers at all, refusing to recognize the orders of such men as Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Norman Macleod, or Dr. Caird.

**Theodore L. Cuyler:** There is another Christian to whom money-giving comes easy; the clasp of his purse never grows rusty. He will cheerfully draw a bank-check for you, if you will excuse him from any personal labour for the cause of Christ. Work is his cross. He likes to commute with his conscience by making some liberal donations, on condition that he is not asked to teach in a mission school, or to serve on committees, or go out on visitations among the poor, or to do anything which requires time and personal effort. Now such a person ought never to be excused. He needs to be set to work for his own spiritual good; he needs exercise; his soul's health requires that he shall be put to some sharp and patience-trying labour. A long tramp every Sunday afternoon, and a couple of hours teaching in a school of ragged youngsters would give him a better digestion of his Bible food, and a grand appetite for his evening family-worship. To dislike a duty is commonly a good reason why it should be undertaken.

**Rev. Alex. Cowie:** Who is the "free-thinker?" The term is often applied to such as are sceptical and unbelieving, and it is that by which such sometimes seek to be known. But is it properly applied? Is it not a "question-begging" title? In political strife, it is a common expedient for one party to adopt for itself a name which shall be an argument and commendation, and to give to the opposite party a name which shall be a refutation and reproach. In theological discussion a similar method is sometimes employed. Let a doctrine be stigmatized as "heretical," and with some there is an end to all further investigation; they forget that names are not arguments. In like manner, there are those to whom it has only to be said that the doctrine expounded is "orthodox" to ensure swift but uncritical condemnation; orthodoxy is their "bete noire." A man is not necessarily "narrow" because he is broad, or "broad" because he is heterodox. It is not the mere acceptance or rejection of a doctrine, but the spirit and temper in which it is accepted or rejected, defended or advocated that shows a man to be narrow or broad. The so-called "free-thinker" may, in renouncing Christianity, have given evidence of prejudice, bigotry, shallowness of judgment, and his conversation show that his thought has not been free, but rather the docile slave of pride. The true freethinker is he who thinks according to the laws of correct thinking, who honestly and earnestly seeks with unblinded mind to "prove all things" that he may "hold fast that which is good."



## Our Contributors.

### WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MAKE IT BETTER?

BY KNOXONIAN.

The Church is in a bad state says, Mr. Self-righteous—little or no vital religion—too much formality—people are not what they profess to be—even the ministers are not much in earnest,—everything going wrong, etc.

Now Mr. Self-righteous, supposing all that to be so, what are you doing to make the Church better? You are a man—perhaps a member of the Church—a professing Christian—a Christian that professes to be much better than other Christians—you must one day render an account for the use you are making of your time, your talents, your money, your influence; what are you doing to make the Church better? It is as much your duty to improve the Church as it is the duty of any other man. If there is little vital godliness you are as much responsible for the lack as any other man. Now Mr. Self-righteous what are you doing to improve things?

Dearly beloved brother, let us come a little closer. Do you think that the Almighty created you, and endowed you with reason, and that the Saviour died for you, and that the Spirit is sanctifying you and that the divine grace sustains you and keeps you from falling, and that heaven awaits you and that all this has been done or is being done simply that you may make disparaging remarks about the Church Christ bought with His own blood. Divine wisdom never made such a tremendous expenditure for such a small result. No such price was ever paid for the criticism of any man. If you are a blood-bought man why don't you do something to make the Church better?

Brother Self-righteous, do you pray for the Church? If not your disparaging remarks are mere snarling. A man who has any real interest in the Church always does at least two things—he prays and pays.

Be careful, brother, or you may get into a tight corner here. Either you pray for the Church or you don't. If you don't you have no right to make remarks about its spiritual condition; if you do your prayers have not had much effect, for according to your own account the Church is in a very bad spiritual state. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man avails much. If you and others like you were righteous men and prayed earnestly for the Church it would be in a good spiritual condition. Hope you see the point, brother.

Similar criticism is often made about individual congregations. There is nothing more common than to hear people "beware and lament" the lack of life in congregations and yet these are as a rule the very people who do nothing to increase the life. It never seems to dawn on their minds that they are as much responsible for the alleged spiritual deadness as anybody else. Nor does it ever occur to them that it is as much their duty as the duty of any one else to try and improve things. The fact that a man considers his whole duty done when he has "bewailed and lamented" about his neighbours without thinking about himself is strong presumptive evidence that he is not any better than they are, and perhaps not as good as some of them.

We once heard of a worthy minister who cured a district prayer meeting of the "bewailing and lamenting" practice, in a rather original way. When the people came together their exhortations consisted mainly in lugubrious remarks on the degeneracy of the present age. The minister was willing enough to hear that unpleasant topic discussed provided the discussion was kept in proper proportion to the other exercises. What he objected to was taking up the whole time of the meeting with one topic. There was no use however, in proposing a direct remedy so he tried an indirect one. To have shown that the present age is not wholly bad would have wrecked the prayer meeting

and perhaps wrecked the minister too, so the good brother worked for desired results along another line. When the good men denounced the age the minister chimed in and said all the hard things about the age that he conscientiously could. As he knew a good deal more about the age than any of the people present his contribution was substantial. By and bye it began to dawn upon the meeting that mere denunciation of the age does nothing to mend it. Would that all who "beware and lament" over the age could learn the same lesson.

Supposing an unfortunate man had been found on the road half frozen to death one of those cold days in January. How much good would it have done the man if a lot of people had gathered around him and talked in this way.—Terribly cold climate this—January the coldest month for many years—weather very cold in Europe—heavy snow storms in the Old Country—everything frozen up in Manitoba—mercury down to 40 or 50—a foot of snow in Victoria—cold, yes, terribly cold—cold—cold—cold—cold.

All this time mind you the unfortunate man is lying half dead in the snow. Would any humane man—any rational man—say these people were doing their whole duty when they talked about the cold but did nothing to save the man. They came just as near doing their whole duty as people come who talk about lack of life in the Church but do nothing to increase life.

It is the easiest thing imaginable to point out evil in the world, or shortcomings in the Church, or weak spots in a congregation, or defects in any kind of work. To sit still and talk about the work of other people is so easy that a mental imbecile can do it as well as a Shakespeare. It is easy to find fault with the best man on earth or the best woman either. In a world like ours—a world damaged by sin there is always much that is wrong. As a general thing there is more wrong in the man who sees nothing but the wrong than in any other kind of man. The people who expatiate most on shortcomings as a rule have the least right to do so. The hardest things we ever hear about a doctor are generally uttered by people who never pay their doctor's bill. The man who denounces a newspaper savagely is generally in arrears for about ten years. It is often so in regard to Church matters. The man who has most to say against the Church as a whole or against any individual congregation or scheme is generally the man who does least to help, and not unfrequently the man who does most to hinder.

Let every man ask himself before God, what am I doing to make things better?

### THE LATE REV. A. A. DRUMMOND.

Still another of the fathers has gone to his rest and reward. Following closely on the decease of Dr. Fraser, of Barrie, and Mr. Monteath, of Toronto, old-time members with him of the United Presbyterian Synod, comes that of Mr. Drummond, of Newcastle, who passed away after a long illness, on Tuesday, 7th. February, at the ripe age of seventy-three years.

Mr. Drummond was born at Comrie, Perthshire, Scotland, and his boyhood was spent at Falkirk, near Edinburgh, where some near relatives still reside. As a young man, he taught for some years in Crieff, in his native country. He studied for the ministry in the Divinity Hall of the United Associate Secession Synod in Glasgow, where he had as one of his classmates Dr. John Cairns, who came to be perhaps the greatest preacher and the best loved man in all Scotland. Mr. Drummond made excellent use of his opportunities. He was a good scholar, and continued a student all his days.

On his licensure he received two calls, both of which he declined, as his mind was made up to go to Canada as a missionary, in response to the urgent appeals of the Synod there for young and active men. Along with three other probationers or "preachers" as they were then styled, one of whom, Rev. Jas. Pringle, of Brampton,

has only recently finished his course, he sailed for Canada in the early summer of 1847. The voyage lasted six weeks,—no unusual time for those days. It was marked, however, by a thrilling incident. A terrible storm arose. So violent did it become that they were compelled to let the ship drive before the wind, with helm lashed. A towering wave swept the deck, tearing away the bulwarks and carrying two men overboard. One, a sailor, fortunately caught hold of a rope and was saved. The other, the first mate, was borne out to sea and perished. It fell to Mr. Drummond to write the sad news to the widowed bride—they had been married but a day or two before the sailing. The task would be tenderly done; for our brother was always skilful to administer comfort to the sorrowing.

Mr. Drummond's name appears for the first time in the church books in July, 1847, as one of seven—three ordained and four unordained—on the scheme for the "Distribution of Preachers." There were then four Presbyteries in the Missionary Synod, which, in that year, following the example of the mother church, changed its name to the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church,—viz: Flamboro, London, Montreal, and Toronto, and each of the "preachers" was to traverse the whole field within the six months. To use his own words, Mr. Drummond was "anxious to become a Canadian without delay," and he tells how, following the good example of the worthy elder who took him round to the farm-houses at his first appointment, he left his coat behind him, visiting in his shirt sleeves, as the weather was oppressively hot. How strange it must have seemed to the new arrival from Scotland to find his coat the only one in the crowded school house when Sabbath came! but such was the homely and comfortable custom for the men in the early settlements in summer-time.

He was soon called and was ordained to the First church, Brantford, on the 20th October, of the year of his arrival. There he remained ten years, doing mission work also in various places round about. When the Presbytery of Brant was formed about 1854, he was appointed first clerk, which position he held until his removal in 1857 to the township of Mornington, in the "Queen's bush" as the new west of that day was familiarly styled. This was a wide and rough mission field, with all the difficulties of a settlement just emerging from the forest. The salary was smaller and the work harder than at Brantford; but he was fond of pioneering. His health broke somewhat under the strain, and at the end of three years he removed to Shakespeare, on the "front," still retaining one of his former stations in North Easthope. Here he continued until 1876. It was a touching evidence of the affection of the people of his old charge that two representative men came all the way to Newcastle to attend his funeral.

In the year just mentioned Mr. Drummond was called to Newcastle, where he found facilities for the education of his family, and a more limited field. The congregation, though small, was spirited and loyal. The relations between the people and their aging pastor were delightful. For fourteen years he continued to labor with remarkable energy and good success. When, in 1888, his health became seriously impaired, the little congregation acted in the most generous manner towards him. A summer holiday in his native land restored his strength in a measure. He remained pastor for two years longer, retiring early in 1890. The months immediately following his retirement brought much bodily distress. All hope of his recovery was finally abandoned, and on the day of the induction of his successor in August, his death was hourly expected. But he was of unusually tough fibre, and to the surprise of all, rallied; and although never again strong, was able to continue in the duties of the clerkship of Presbytery, which he had held since 1877, and frequently occupied the pulpit for brethren. Some of his ablest sermons belong to this closing period. The end came after an exhausting illness extending over several months.

His life had been a busy and useful one. He had had to do with the reviving or planting or fostering of ten different churches during an active ministry of 43 years, and was clerk of the Presbytery of Brant for three, and of the Presbytery of Whitby for sixteen years. He was also local superintendent of schools for a length of time in the West, and for many years acted as local agent for the Bible Society. His services to the church were not without recognition. He was chosen Moderator of the U. P. Synod in 1860, the year before the 1st union of the Canada Presbyterian Synod of London in 1873; and of the present Synod of Toronto and Kingston in 1882.

What manner of man was this venerable and honored father? He was a minister of the Gospel in every fibre of his being. He magnified the office of a preacher. He had cultivated with care a naturally good homiletic gift, and continued to sketch sermons after all hope was past that he should ever stand in the pulpit again. His preaching was expository and instructive and of a strongly evangelical type. It was never far from any part of his sermon to the Cross, "We preach Christ crucified, the power of God and the wisdom of God," was evidently his motto. Bright and hopeful, too, and, as the years went on, of increasing fervor and eloquence. The decay in bodily strength seemed to open wider the fountains of his heart and speech. As a pastor, he was diligent and beloved. Visiting seemed no task to him, and at the sick-bed or in the hours of mourning he was especially prized. His sympathy was deep and real, and his experience ripe. He took a willing share in public work in his locality. He was often on the temperance platform, and was the first, so far as known to the present writer, to take advantage of the clause in the School Act in regard to religious instruction in the High and Public schools, by arranging with the ministers of the other churches to visit the schools weekly in turns, and give instruction to the pupils of all denominations together. The example has been followed with profit in several places and has received the commendation of the Minister of Education.

Mr. Drummond was a man of strongly marked personal characteristics. He possessed a clear and well balanced mind and much native shrewdness. His excellent business capacity served him well in the early days of small salaries and many privations. It was no less useful in his official position in Presbytery or Synod. He was of strong opinions, but eminently companionable and brotherly, ever at the bidding of his co-presbyters. Within a very few years of the close of his ministry, when his strength was by no means what it had been, of his own motion he made a complete tour of the Presbytery to see the brethren and to speak on missions to their congregations. He was a large giver to the work of his congregation and to missions out of a never large stipend.

Perhaps the most marked feature of his religious life was the simplicity of his faith and the exceeding naturalness of his relations to the Lord Jesus. That Heavenly Master and Friend seemed always at his elbow. The directness of his address to Him in prayer was sometimes startling. Nearer still that beloved Redeemer appeared to come, as the weary months of his last illness dragged along. As the end drew near, the veil seemed almost entirely removed. Heaven was in sight. He was simply lying waiting, his heaviest cross, the disappointment of not getting away sooner. The bitterness was all taken away from death. It was merely the welcome unloosing of the last cord that bound him to earth and kept him from being with his Lord in glory. And, in beautiful expectancy his spirit passed.

His surviving family—Mrs. Drummond, Misses Agnes and Annie Drummond, of Newcastle, and Mr. A. A. Drummond, of Toronto—have the sympathy of a wide circle in their loss, and the church mourns one who did her loyal and faithful service up to the limit of his strength and opportunity.

The earnestness of life is the only passport to the satisfaction of life.

LEIGH HUNT AND HIS FRIENDS.

Margret Holmes in The Week.

In thinking of this man who loved his fellow men there always comes a mixture of emotions. One can never tell where ends the admiration for his poetical genius, and where begins the love for his independence of spirit and unbounded goodness of heart.

Leigh Hunt was born on the 19th of October, 1784, at Southgate, in the county of Middlesex—an out-of-the-way place, he calls it, "with the pure, sweet air of antiquity about it." In speaking of his family, he tells us: "On the mother's side we seem all sailors and rough subjects, with a mitigation, on the female part, of Quakerism, and on the father's side we are Creoles and claret-drinkers, very polite and clerical." There is no period of Hunt's life that is not interesting.

One loves the gentle, delicate little boy, the youngest and least robust of his parents' sons, over whom the sympathetic lodging-house keeper wept because he was sick and a heretic. She was sure he would die, and Hunt's words are, "she thought I would go to the devil." Instead of feeling anger at her intolerance, he pities the torments the good woman must have endured, and congratulates himself that his hostess was a gentle instead of a violent bigot, susceptible of those better notions of God which are intuitive in the best natures. This was at Calais when he was being sent to France on account of ill-health. Referring to this period he says: "I have sometimes been led to consider this as the first layer of that accumulated patience with which in after life I had occasion to fortify myself, and the supposition has given rise to many consolatory reflections on the subject of endurance in general."

He describes himself as having been crabbed, or at least irritable enough until sickness; imagination and an ultra-tender rearing rendered him fearful and patient. He was the son of mirth and melancholy. He never saw his mother smile excepting in a sorrowful, tender fashion, while his father's exuberant spirits burst forth in shouts of laughter on the slightest provocation. Hunt's prevailing temperament he inherited from his father, and this strength and elasticity of spirit, joined with the patience, charity and tenderness that came from his mother, made him the delightful character that he was. So great was his affection and reverence for his mother, he felt a sort of pride in the infirmity she bequeathed him.

Being the youngest son he received his share of the playful persecutions visited by elder brothers on the babies of the family. Because of his delicacy he escaped bodily inflictions, but as boys intuitively discover troublesome facts, an older brother found out that the little one had imagination, and Hunt says: "I might confront him by daylight and endeavour to kick his shins; yet on the 'Night side of Nature' he had me."

He feared not only ghosts and all pertaining to the supernatural, but anything strange or uncouth. On his return from France with his brother they stopped at Deal. One evening the two stood on the beach looking at a shoal of porpoises. Of these creatures the brother had given him some tremendous and mysterious notion. In recalling this occurrence when he was an old man he said: "I remember as if it was yesterday feeling the shadows of evening and the solemnity of the spectacle with an awful intensity. There they were, tumbling along in the foam, what, exactly, I knew not, but fearful creatures of some sort. My brother spoke to me of them in an undertone of voice, and I held my breath as I looked. The very word porpoise had an awful, mouth-filling sound." Grotesque or horrid pictures were enough to fill the night with terror, though doubtless possessing an irresistible fascination by day.

On being sent to Christ Hospital to school, and, associating with other boys, he grew out of his timidity in a measure. He slept in a room with sixty others, and for a time he forgot the fears that the night brought him, but when about thirteen years of age he went to spend a vacation at the country home of his aunt in Surrey, and was greatly surprised and chagrined to find his old terrors of the night

came back as soon as he shut himself in his sleeping room. It was during this visit that he fell in love with his cousin, Fanny Dayrell, older than himself by two years. He calls her his first love, and he always cherished for her the warmest affection.

Hunt's first connection with a newspaper for actual work was when he and his brother John, in 1805, set up a paper called The News. Leigh wrote the theatricals for it. In those days dramatists and editors were expected to fraternize for mutual benefit. Puffing and plenty of tickets was the approved system of the day; but the young critic conceived the idea that independence in theatrical criticism would be a great novelty. His idea was correct, and, like the majority of novelties, it proved popular. Everybody read The News, and believed every word of it. The proprietors of the paper left the critic to himself, and while he praised what pleased him and lashed severely the shortcomings of the stage, he refused to know an actor personally, and declares he would as lief have taken poison as accepted a ticket from one of the theatres. That he afterward thought he had gone to extremes may be inferred from his half-serious, half-comic exclamation: "Good God! to think of the grand opinion I had of myself in those days, and what little reason I had for it!"

It was in the beginning of the year 1808 that Leigh and John Hunt set up the weekly paper called The Examiner. It was named after The Examiner of Swift and his brother Tories. The Hunts had no thought of politics—at least Leigh had not. His thought was of the wit and fine writing in the old Examiner; and he in his youthful confidence proposed to emulate it.

For a short time before and after the establishment of The Examiner the poet was employed in the War Office. His stock of arithmetic, learned for the purpose, was sufficient, but in other respects he made a bad clerk; coming in late to work, and wasting his own time and that of others in continual jesting. These faults in connection with the tone of The Examiner respecting the court and the ministry, made him conscious of the necessity of resigning his position rather than have such a course suggested to him. Accordingly, he sent in his resignation, and then, giving his entire time to The Examiner, he was soon in the midst of politics. This paper, it will be remembered, was established in the latter part of the reign of George the Third, and two or three years before the appointment of the Regency, and it had several broils with the Ministry.

The Hunts were also proprietors of a quarterly magazine of literature, The Reflector. In this periodical were published some of Lamb's liveliest essays, and some of Leigh Hunt's most enduring work; though from his own account of it one is led to suppose that the magazine, in the main, was badly managed. This is his summary: "Having angered the stage, dissatisfied the church, offended the State, not very well pleased the Whigs and exasperated the Tories, I must needs commence the maturer part of my verse-making with 'The Feast of the Poets.'"

The offences of the brothers brought them no very serious consequences until they turned the fulsome praises of the friends of the Prince Regent into ridicule.

From the beginning of this century till the death of Lord Liverpool in 1828, was a terribly hard time for any who dared to advance liberal opinions either religiously or politically. "Leveller," "Atheist," "Incendiary" and "Regicide" were the names freely applied. Not a word could be uttered against any abuse that a rich man inflicted and a poor man suffered. "In one year," says Sydney Smith, "12,000 persons were committed for offences against the game laws."

In France, "Napoleon had cut his way to a throne, and the steel was the surest right"; and in England, a panic about the possible revolution had given the Prince Regent, who has been called the weakest and meanest man that ever sat on the English throne, the most despotic authority. It was in this troubled time that Leigh Hunt lived and battled for humanity. Armed with his

types, his moral fearlessness and his hatred of tyranny, he stormed the stronghold of ignorance, vanity and egotism.

When the Prince Regent was shown his character as the editor of The Examiner saw it, he had nothing with which to defend himself but fines and imprisonment. On the 3rd day of February, 1813, the Hunt brothers were committed to Surrey jail for a term of two years. Their fine was one thousand pounds. The Government offered to cancel both fine and imprisonment on condition that The Examiner should be pledged to refrain from criticisms of the Prince. To this proposition the answer was short and simple.

Leigh Hunt was first placed in a room in the prison where he continually heard the clanking chains, the imprecations, and the ribald laughter of hardened felons. By climbing upon a chair he could look from his window, but it was only to see the men who wore the chains. For a month or more he endured this torture; then he was removed to rooms in the house of the jailor, where he was allowed to walk in the garden and to have his family with him. His eldest daughter was born in the prison. Hunt's story of his prison life is simply exquisite. He made friends with the jailor and his wife, and the latter was always deeply grieved when she failed to turn the key so softly in locking up for the night, that her gentle prisoner should not hear it.

From his prison Hunt dates the beginning of many new friendships. Here he first met Hazlitt, Sir John Swinburne, and his friend of friends, Shelley. Charles Lamb and his sister Mary, he says, came oftener than any others. The weather was never so disagreeable as to keep them away. His school-fellows, Barnes, Mitchell, and many others were frequent visitors. Yet, as was but natural, he suffered from the confinement. He required out-door exercise of more varied character than the prison garden afforded. His forced seclusion developed a morbid liking for inaction; so that when released he felt the whole active business of life to be a great impertinence. He never fully recovered from the effects of his two years in prison.

It always seems strange that Leigh Hunt and the saturnine Thomas Carlyle were the warmest of friends. It was a direct meeting of optimist and pessimist; an example of Emerson's quaint saying, "We like the other-est."

"Barry Cornwall" was another of Hunt's dear friends. Perhaps there has never lived another man of genius so universally loved. One friend speaks of him as "catching the sunny side of everything and finding everything beautiful. Hawthorne calls his prose 'unmeasured poetry.'"

His dust lies in Kensal Green Cemetery. There, in the autumn of 1869, on the eighty-fifth anniversary of his birth, was unveiled the monument erected to his memory. The address on this occasion was delivered by Lord Houghton, whom Hunt had known and loved as Richard Monckton Milnes. Moncure D. Curry thus describes the conclusion of the simple ceremony: "When the address was concluded, we all repaired to the grave. Here the bust of the poet, veiled, stood beside a dais or platform. The sculptor, Durham, stood before his work. Lord Houghton, accompanied by Leigh Hunt's son, Thornton Hunt (editor of The Daily Telegraph), mounted the platform, and then the former withdrew the covering, saying as he did so: "In the name of the subscribers to this monument, and the friends of Mr. Leigh Hunt who remember him and are careful of his fame, I present this monument to his family, to the country and to posterity." The people started as the beautiful face beamed upon them; for the moment it seemed to smile like a spirit newly descended. Eyes grew moist; there was a pause of silent homage. We read the simple inscription taken from his most imperishable poem:

"Write me as one that loves his fellow men."

Christian Leader: We know of a hospital in the south of England where the managers refuse to give any accounts because it is "the Lord's work." Donors had better be on the watch for the devil's work.

Christian Endeavor.

TOPIC OF WEEK.

BY REV. W. S. M'TAVISH, B.D., ST. GEORGE

Feb. 26.—Sending portions to others. What have we sent? Neh. 3: 10; Acts 3: 5-9.

The poor have never ceased out of the land. We have them with us always. But wherever the authority of the Word of God has been properly recognized they have been treated with consideration, and as long as the spirit of the Gospel prevails they will be clothed, fed and visited. When the law was first given, God's people were taught that they must neither reproach nor neglect the needy. The Israelites were taught that they must make provision for the poor, and this they did by leaving the corners of the fields uncleaned, and by leaving also whatever fruit escaped their notice when they first gathered the crop from the orchards and vineyards. Not only so, but at the celebration of their feasts they kindly remembered their poorer brethren. When the worship of God was re-established at Jerusalem after the captivity, the people sent portions from their feasts to those for whom nothing had been prepared. The same custom prevailed also in the time of Esther. (Esth. 9. 19, 22).

The very genius of the Gospel is kindness to the poor and unfortunate. Matthew Henry says, "True grace does not wish to eat its morsel alone." Shakspeare reminds us that we are born to do benefits, and he further reminds us that what is ours to bestow is not ours to reserve. But a greater than Shakspeare teaches us that we are not to withhold good from him to whom it is due when it is in the power of our hand to do it. (Prov. 3. 27). Still further, Christ Himself enjoins us to give to him who asks, and not turn away from him who would borrow of us. (Matt. 5. 42). But are we to give to men indiscriminately? Are we to give a meal, lodging or money to every tramp who asks for it? No. "If a man work not neither shall he eat." The example of Job is very suggestive on this point. (Job 29. 12-17).

What are we to give? It is obvious that we can only give such things as we have. It is equally obvious that needs vary, and that, therefore, the help we give should be in accordance with the needs of the individual. Peter had neither gold nor silver to bestow upon the lame man, but such a blessing as he could give he gave cheerfully. Andrew, knowing the special needs of his brother Peter, brought him to Jesus. Dorcas made coats and garments for the widows and orphans near her home. Aquila and Priscilla gave instruction to Apollos. Lydia gave lodgment to the apostles. In all these cases, what was given was in accordance with the needs of the several individuals.

Why should we help those who require assistance? 1. Because by so doing we commend the Gospel to others. (Mat. v., 16). It is well when unbelievers are constrained to say, "See how these Christians love one another." 2. Because God enjoins us to do so, and is pleased with us when we do. If there were no other reason this is surely a sufficient motive. (Deut. xv: 7-11; Gal. vi: 10; Heb. xiii: 16). 3. Because of the reflex influence for good upon ourselves. "It is more blessed to give than receive."

"What's God's own bliss? The bliss of doing good

Unlimited and perfect. Next to God Who stands in happiness pre-eminent? The favored spirit that from God enjoys The largest share of delegated power, To guide the currents of His boundless love."

One of our Portage la Prairie exchanges has the following remarkable paragraph: Mrs. W. Miller went to Brandon on Wednesday to spend a short vacation with Mrs. J. W. Fleming. It is worthy of note that this very able organist of Knox church has not been absent from her organ during a church service or choir practice except in case of illness for the past thirteen years. This is Christian service in truth."

## Pastor and People.

### WISE COUNSEL.

Trust no party, church, or faction,  
Trust no leaders in the fight;  
But in every word and action  
Trust in God and do the right!

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,  
Some will flatter, some will slight,  
Cease from man and look above thee—  
Trust in God and do the right!

NORMAN MACLEOD.

### LIGHT.

Lord, send Thy light,  
Not only in the darkest night.  
But in the shadowy, dim twilight,  
Wherein my strained and aching sight  
Can scarce distinguish wrong from right—  
Then send Thy light.

—The Spectator.

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### THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT.

EDITED BY M. H. C.

(Continued.)

On an errand of mercy accompanied by the queen mother and a great army he retraced his steps over the desert of Kobi down towards the Nor. The army was encamped for the night when the officer came to Bertesena saying that some fugitives from a strange country wished to see him. They came into his presence and for very joy he could not speak for they were his hands and feet. But they carried a litter among them and when its hood was thrown back by the hands there lay the once famous general Schiragotschi with four mutilated stumps. The tyrant Langnam had heard that Bertesena was alive and whole, and, knowing that the general had played him false, treated him as he should have served the youthful king. The conqueror was grieved to behold the state of the man who had showed him mercy and ordered everything that could contribute to his ease and comfort to be done for the unhappy victim of the tyrant's rage. Then he sent a messenger to Langnam saying "I have got back my hands and feet and am now coming to get those of Schiragotschi." Langnam heard the message, assembled his forces and awaited the arrival of the rightful heir.

Ladak or Leh lies among mountains. On an eminence in full view of Langnam's army but beyond the reach of arrows, dressed in silk and gold, seated in a car of state, and surrounded by a royal guard Bertesena placed his mother. By her side sat the mutilated Schiragotschi and overhead floated the great Sun banner of Thibet. The soldiers of Thibet beheld their own banner, their favourite general, their exiled queen and moved with a common impulse gave a mighty shout. Langnam and his generals called upon them to advance thinking the shout was their battle cry and that as brave men they were eager to engage the foe. But all save the foreigners threw down their arms and ran forward, kneeling at last before the queen with their heads on the ground as they reached the base of the hill. Then Langnam led the mercenaries forward to cut down his own men, when the Bida trumpets blew. "Touch no unarmed man" cried Bertesena to his horsemen. "Fear not my children, none shall harm you" he called to the kneeling Thibetans. The fierce Bida cavalry charged, and their horses' hoofs sounded like thunder along the valley, the mercenaries fell in heaps or fled, and Langnam was a prisoner.

They entered the city in triumph, Bida and Thibet arm in arm, Bertesena leading both, the old queen and the new and Schiragotschi in carriages. As the trumpets sounded and the royal personages passed by the people bowed before them with lowly reverence, then rose to their feet and shouted aloud for joy. The king proceeded to the palace and sat upon his throne of judgment, on one side the judges of Ladak, on the other the elders of Bida. "Send forth men" he said "to bury the faithful foreigners who fought for pay that have fallen, and others to care for their wounded. As my people sinned against me in ignorance, is it your will to grant them free pardon?" The judges of Ladak held their heads down, but the elders of Bida answered, "It is." Then Langnam was brought trembling before the tribunal. What hope was there for him who stood before his three victims, Lena, Bertesena, Schiragotschi? "Remember your father's counsel my son" whispered Lena to the young conqueror. "Langnam" he said with strange sternness for the king "I have pardoned all your dupes and that freely. For myself, although you intended evil you have really done me great good, and there around lord Schiragotschi's chair are my hands and feet still intact; but where are the general's legs and arms? You must give them back to him. Is that the judgment of the court?" Thibet and Bida applauded and said it was. "How shall this be done?" he asked and the Thibetan judges replied "Cut them off him; serve him as he served Schiragotschi." "But," said Bertesena "they will be of no use to the general; you cannot put Langnam's legs and arms on him. Do you want them, Schiragotschi?" The old general looked at his trembling son-in-law, and with difficulty answered No.

"What say you, elders of Bida?" "Kill the inhuman monster." they answered with one voice. "That would be like the wolf's cub you call me, but in my own tongue would it declare truth?" "It would declare justice, and justice is truth" cried Thibet and Bida together.

The king pondered a moment, then said "If there be truth anywhere it is in the heavens. Look up and see what they declare. Is it justice? No, for that is cold as the edge of steel. The sun that shines in the heavens is warm and light and life-giving. God is truth. He saved and blessed the idle useless creature that deserved nothing at His hands and made the curse of man a blessing to me. Let those who have ever been shown mercy show mercy now." Then all the judges of Thibet bowed their heads and confessed "We have received mercy." And the elders of Bida answered "And so have we in times past." "Do you show it now?" inquired the king; and they replied "We do." "Langnam" said Bertesena "It is for kings to declare truth, even the truth that brings mercy, for mercy belongs to God in whose name they rule. But the sentence of the court remains and cannot be revoked; you must find hands and feet for Schiragotschi." Langnam fell at the king's feet speechless for a while as the old evil spirit was passing out of him; then lifting his head cried out "He shall have mine for life." So Lena and her son ruled happily over a united, peaceful, prosperous people. Bertesena left his own hands and feet in Schiragotschi's service but there was one closer than they ever by the old general's side obeying all his orders, anticipating his every wish. It was the once wicked but now repentant Langnam, who daily wept bitter tears as he looked upon the body mutilated by his barbarity, yet daily lifted grateful eyes to heaven and to heaven's viceroy on the throne, saying "Thank God for His Truth!"

We think of truth as the speaking of things just as they really are. Of course we can act a lie as well as speak it, and so can we act the truth. Now if we seek the whole truth we should need to know everything in this world and in all God's universe as it really is. Does anybody know this? Yes, one person does, and that person is God who thought the world out and called it into being. If we could look into God's mind we would see the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But "no man hath seen God at any time." How then shall we find His truth? "The only begotten Son which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him." Pilate asked Jesus "What is truth?" and like many other people went away without waiting for an answer. Probably he didn't want to hear lest the answer should condemn him and was content with his cleverness in putting the question. But before that time Jesus had told Thomas, who afterwards doubted the resurrection, the words of our text "I am the Truth." This means that Jesus came into the world to reveal the truth in God's mind and heart which we cannot see. Since all truth lies in God the main question is "What is God like?" If we know this we shall know the most important part of Truth. The most important is not that God is a Spirit, for Jesus Christ was not a Spirit and yet He revealed the Truth. If Jesus Christ is the truth about God, of God, then God is very patient and longsuffering, very compassionate even to tears, ready to receive little children and bless them, to welcome poor sinners and forgive their sins, to heal the sick, cast out devils, raise the dead. He is much grieved and pained with every kind of sin and wrongdoing but especially by falsehood in word and deed. There are many like the judges of Thibet and the elders of Bida who say that Truth is justice, but it is very strange that the Truth did not come to judge and condemn. He came to forgive and save, His last prayer was for the wickedest men that ever lived and it was "Father forgive them." The highest truth then is the love of God revealed by one Lord Jesus Christ that brings mercy and pardon to the chief of sinners.

### THE LIGURIAN AND THE SNAILS.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you." Luke vi. 38.

Ancient Liguria was the country that lies back of the Gulf of Genoa in Northern Italy extending as far as Turin and the river Po. It was in old days much wilder than it is now, a mountainous land traversed by the Maritime Alps and the western Apennines. The Ligurians were poor, but hardy and brave, like most mountaineers. After the Romans had driven the Carthaginians out of Italy, they sent armies into Liguria, and subdued the whole country, making the native tribes vassals of the Roman Empire. One of these tribes, that dwelt in the extreme eastern corner where Tuscany begins, was that of the Apuans. They were not subdued without much hard fighting, but after they had accepted the Roman yoke, they remained faithful. Little more than a hundred years before Jesus Christ was born, however, some Apuans had waylaid Roman travellers among their mountains, and had robbed them of all the property they carried. When news came to the governor that this had been done, he ordered the chief of the village of Imbenon, near which the crime had been committed, to deliver up the guilty persons. The chief examined his people, and found out who the culprits were. One of them was a sub-chief named Artevansa, whose family had once been rich and great, but had fallen into poverty since Roman days. Artevansa had called his son Mengabe, which, in the Ligurian tongue, meant Destitute of Power or Property, a name like Lackland, applied to the

English king John. This Mengabe was very little thought of in the Apuan valleys. He was not handsome, and he was not clever, and he was very poor. But, for all that, he had refused to take any part in attacking and robbing the Roman travellers. No young Ligurian man cared to keep company with the simple minded youth: no Ligurian maiden smiled upon him. But the children liked him, and so did the old people. He was always ready to help an old woman or an old man with a heavy burden, and the children followed him into the woods on the mountain sides in large companies to gather nuts and berries, to chase rabbits, and to catch singing birds. When tired of rambling about, he would sit down with them on the grass, and tell them old Ligurian stories about fairies, and giants, and the wild man of the woods, till they all said there was nobody like Mengabe.

When Artevansa and his companions in crime were taken by the chief and were about to be handed over to the messengers of the Roman governor, Mengabe came forward and begged that he might be arrested to take his father's place. Everybody thought this was very brave and good of the son, because none could tell what the governor would do to the prisoners. Some said that he would drive a stake through their bodies, and leave them to perish slowly, a very horrible death. But Mengabe was not afraid. He would risk anything to save his father to his wife and his other children. Artevansa did not care much for his son, but he refused to save his own life and liberty at his expense. At last, however, the entreaties of his wife and children prevailed and he was set at liberty, while Mengabe was loaded with chains, and sent away under the guard of soldiers to Genoa. One of his companions was his cousin Etcheberri, a proud young man, who, even in captivity, did not like to associate with so common a youth as Mengabe. The culprits were brought before the governor who condemned the ringleader to lose his head, and the rest to be sold into slavery. So, Mengabe and his cousin Etcheberri became slaves under a harsh task-master who sent them at hard labour in the fields. Though the cousin was the prouder and better looking man, Mengabe was the best worker, and often, when he had completed his task, he would turn to and help Etcheberri with his. But for all this he got no thanks. The cousin seemed to think that so common a fellow as Mengabe should be proud to have a respectable relation to work for. Sometimes the simple Apuan lad took faults of his consins on his own shoulders, and suffered the punishment which their faults received. Artevansa never came near his son in his captivity, but his brother, the father of Etcheberri came often to see him, and bring him something better than the fare of slaves. Mengabe received no share of these good things.

One day, it became known that the general Caius Marius had come home from Africa to seek the consulship, and shortly afterwards, it was reported that he had obtained it, and was going back across the sea with new powers and a larger army to fight against Jugurtha, the cruel and crafty king of Numidia, which corresponded to the eastern part of Algeria. This Jugurtha had joined his forces with those of his father-in-law, Bocchus, king of Mauretania in the west in a great struggle against the giant power of Rome, before which the mightier Carthage had fallen. The Consul recruited his army all over Italy, and ordered the governor of Liguria to furnish him with several cohorts or regiments of his mountaineers. Many free men were taken for this purpose, and every householder who had Ligurian slaves had to surrender a certain proportion of them for the service of the state. Mengabe's master was called upon, and wished to offer Etcheberri for this purpose, but, though conceited, Etcheberri was a coward, and did not want to cross the sea into Africa. He would rather remain a slave. Mengabe did not like the idea of a soldier's strict discipline, and the burning sands of Numidia, but he said, "My cousin is my cousin, and one ought to do something for his own flesh and blood." So, he volunteered in Etcheberri's place and was accepted. The Ligurian cohorts were not looked upon as regular soldiers. They were not even called *socii* or allies, as the troops of the Italian nations were, but simply auxiliaries. Nevertheless, they were expected to fight just as hard as if they had had a more honourable title. The centurian of Mengabe's company was the chief Mendiburn who had condemned his father, and had sent himself a prisoner to Genoa. Accustomed, like everybody else in the Apuan land, to treat the youth with contempt, he continued to do so even now that he was a soldier, so that the despised young man was little better off than when he was a hard worked slave. But Mengabe was good-natured and forgiving, and had so little conceit of himself that he took his ill treatment as the most natural thing in the world. He knew that he was not handsome nor clever; what right, therefore, had he to expect people to make much of him?

(To be continued.)

The most that any one can lose is to lose faith in God.—Exchange.

The divine word is not nearly so hard to understand as the human words that are written in explanation of it.—Gail Hamilton.

Never was any one so exalted as our Saviour, and never did any one make such a use of His exaltation. He shrouded it in the deep veil of humanity; he concealed it from the view of the world. None but the piercing eye of faith, illuminated by the Spirit of God, could behold it.—Robert Hall.



# Our Young Folks.

## KISSED HIS MOTHER.

She sat on the porch in the sunshine;  
 As I went down the street,—  
 A woman whose hair was silver,  
 But whose face was blossom-sweet,  
 Making me think of a garden  
 Where, in spite of frost and snow,  
 Of bleak November weather,  
 Late fragrant lilies grow.

I heard a footstep behind me,  
 And a sound of a merry laugh,  
 And I knew the heart it came from  
 Would be like a comforting staff  
 In the time and the hour of trouble,—  
 Hopeful, and brave, and strong,  
 One of the hearts to lean on  
 When we think that things go wrong.

I turned at the click of the gate-latch,  
 And met his manly look;  
 A face like his gives me pleasure,  
 Like the page of a pleasant book.  
 It told of a steadfast purpose,  
 Of a brave and daring will—  
 A face with a promise in it  
 That God grant the years fulfil.

He went up the pathway singing;  
 I saw the woman's eyes  
 Grow bright with a wordless welcome,  
 As sunshine warms the skies.  
 "Back again, sweetheart mother!"  
 He cried, and bent to kiss  
 The loving face that was lifted  
 For what some mothers miss.

That boy will do to depend on;  
 I hold that this is true;  
 From lads in love with their mothers  
 Our bravest heroes grew.  
 Earth's grandest hearts have been loving  
 hearts  
 Since time and earth began,  
 And the boy who kissed his mother  
 Is every inch a man!

EBEN E. REXFORD.

## TOM AND THE TEN CENT PIECE.

There was a bright, new ten-cent piece on mamma's bureau close to the fluffy lamp mat. Mamma was making button-holes in Tom's new trousers. Tom was dusting the bureau, that is, he was making queer-looking T's on the woodwork with the tip of his forefinger before Nelly came with her dusting cloth. That was a most enticing ten-cent piece. It looked at Tom as if it wanted to belong to him. Tom made a fresh T and gave the little ten-cent piece a shove that sent it half-way under the fluffy mat. Then he made another and the ten-cent piece slipped completely out of sight.

"Tom," said mamma, without raising her eyes from her work, "there's ten cents on my bureau; I want you to give it to Jane to buy a loaf of bread for luncheon. Do you see it?"

"No, ma'am," answered Tom hesitatingly.

"It must be there. Look again," said mamma.

"I don't see it anywhere," Tom replied more decidedly.

"That is strange. I thought I put it there. Never mind, Nelly will find it."

Not long after this Tom was playing in the front yard with his friends, Ned Baker and Raymond Green.

"I say, fellows, I'm awful hungry," said Ned. "If we only had a dime now! Stein's got some daisy chocolate eclairs in his window this morning."

"I haven't a cent," said Raymond.

"Neither have I," said Tom.

"I'm sure I haven't," said Ned.

"Let's look out in the street; people often drop money; maybe we'll find some."

"Wait for me, boys, I'm going in the house for a minute," said Tom.

Tom went slowly upstairs to mamma's room. Then he walked to her bureau. All the crooked T's had been brushed away with Nelly's dusting-cloth, and the ten-cent piece—no, it was still under the fluffy mat. Now it was in Tom's pocket.

"What do you want from my bureau?" inquired mamma.

"Nothing," answered Tom; "I only wanted a pin, and I've got it."

The three boys searched everywhere, up and down the pavement; they peered into cracks and corners, and kicked at stray leaves, but not a coin did they find. Ned and Raymond went on a little. Tom turned back, and then exclaimed: "I've got ten cents!"

"Where did you find it? You're the luckiest fellow! Ned and I walked all along that crossing without seeing it. It doesn't look as if it had been in the mud long, either."

"Of course not," said Tom, "I've wiped it off."

Did the boys enjoy their chocolate eclairs? Ned and Raymond said they were delicious; they just melted away in their mouths, and they did not see why Mr. Stein couldn't sell three for five cents instead of two. It was so hard to divide four things among three people. Tom hardly touched his, so the others had nearly two apiece, after all.

"What's the matter with you, Tom," asked his friends, "do you think they taste muddy?"

Tom reddened. "I don't feel good, boys. I'm going home."

Tom had commenced to think. He was counting up.

It was not pleasant to find himself a thief and a liar—a liar and a thief.

"I did not see that ten-cent piece on mamma's bureau when she asked me," said Tom.

"Yes you did," said Conscience, "you saw it under the mat where you put it. That T you made didn't stand for Truth, it meant Thief."

"O," said Tom, "well, I didn't tell the boys that I found it in the mud."

"But they thought you told them so. You made them understand you that way."

"Tom," asked mamma anxiously that night, as she waited for her little son to get into bed, "what's wrong about you? You don't seem like yourself at all."

"I'm all wrong, mamma," cried Tom, making a motion as if to throw himself into her lap, then drawing back. "No, no, don't touch me, don't kiss me. You couldn't if you knew."

Little by little mamma heard the whole shameful story of Tom's wrongdoing, then she held him in her arms, her eight-year old boy, and he could feel hot tears drop on his head.

"I'm sorry, Tom, so sorry, but I forgive you wholly. There is some one else you must tell, some one who is far more grieved than I am. Do you know who?"

"Yes," whispered Tom, and kneeling by his bedside alone in the moonlight, he made full confession to the One who is always ready to hear and to forgive, and before he closed his eyes for the night, the peace of God filled his repentant heart. Was that the end? Not quite. There was another test for Tom.

Ned, Raymond and Tom were joined by Walter Brown on their way to school Monday morning.

"What do you think, Walter?" asked Ned as they crossed the street, "Tom found a ten-cent piece here in the mud, Saturday."

Something came up in Tom's throat and almost choked him, but he managed to blurt out: "I didn't find that money. I put it there myself. I took it from mamma's bureau."

Did it ever take so long before to walk to school? There was nothing to talk about. Tom felt so ashamed, and yet so happy that he had told the truth this time. The other boys each thought to himself: "It must have been tremendously hard to have told that. I don't believe I could have done it. That Tom Martin's got real grit anyway. I'd trust him with a thousand dollars if I had it."—L. E. Day in the N. Y. Observer.

When sewing buttons on children's clothes, where there will be much strain on the button, the danger of tearing the cloth out will be greatly lessened by putting a small button under the larger outside button.

# Teacher and Scholar.

## MARCH 5, 1893. } KEEPING THE SABBATH. { Neh. 13, 15-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy.—Ex. 20; 8.

The reading of the law (last lesson) was followed by the observance of the feast of tabernacles. The people revived the original character of this by dwelling in booths which had not been done before since the days of Joshua. Later in the same month, followed a fast and repentance of the people, when, after recognizing that their servile position was the fruit of their wickedness, they entered into a solemn covenant to walk in God's law, observe his Sabbaths and maintain all the requisite offerings for the service of God's house. Nehemiah himself was the first to sign this. Provision was made for peopling Jerusalem by a selection of one-tenth of the people in addition to the rulers and those who willingly offered themselves. After this the dedication of the walls took place with imposing ceremonies. After continuing for twelve years governor of Jerusalem, Nehemiah returned for a time to Persia. His departure showed how readily yet the people turned to evil. They fell away grievously from the solemn covenant into which they had entered. On Nehemiah's return he found them so closely bound in forbidden connections with the people round that the High priest was allied to Tobiah and Sanballat, former chief enemies of the Jews, and had provided one of them with a residence even at the temple itself. The temple services had ceased, and the attendants had been compelled to go back to their fields to make a living. A natural accompaniment was neglect of the Sabbath.

I. The Sabbath Profaned.—Signs of Sabbath desecration met Nehemiah on every side. In the country, toilers pursued their ordinary employments. The gathered grapes were being trodden in the wine-presses, (large vats frequently cut in the solid rock). It was also a day for gathering in grain. Jerusalem was a scene of traffic. The produce of the surrounding region was brought in and exposed for sale. Supplies for the table were to be had fresh on the market. Merchantmen from Tyre also were there with their fish, and all manner of ware. Recognizing themselves no sanctity in the day, it was natural that they would take advantage of any laxity in insisting on its observance. Their conduct probably intensified the profanation, if it did not even lead the way. When they were allowed to act unchecked, the Jewish merchants, fearful that an advantage might be gained over them, would be eager to follow. But the desecration in Jerusalem was as truly due to those who bought as those who sold. Were there no purchasers there would be no sellers. If, as seems probable, the purchases were largely articles of food, each purchaser's personal transaction might appear a small matter, but it was an essential element in the Sabbath breaking.

II. Measures of Reform. Nehemiah commences by reproaching the nobles of Judah. They, as rulers, should be answerable for the conduct of the people. Moreover, they had solemnly covenanted to observe the Sabbath (10-31). Besides they were probably deep in personal violation of the day, for the poorer classes would not be the leading purchasers of such articles as are mentioned. It is an evil thing they do, profaning the Sabbath day. A thing is profaned by being made common, treated as if it had no special sacredness. The profanation might consist in acts, which were lawful on other days, but done on the Sabbath, obliterated all distinction between it and the rest. The obligation of the Sabbath is universal and permanent, since it rests on the requirements of human nature and the original institution of God. The bodily and mental constitution is such that the daily repose in sleep needs to be supplimented by seasons of rest, whose recurrence every seven days is adequate and necessary for this end. Not less important is the Sabbath for the spiritual side of man's nature. This, if left to struggle, amid increasing manual and mental pursuits, with no special seasons for itself, would be apt to become dwarfed. Apart from such stated times, fellowship with others in worship could not be realized with much fullness. God's act in imparting a sacred character to the seventh day is thus founded on unchanging elements in man. It is no mere Jewish observance. The commandment in which it was given to Israel by its opening word "Remember," pointed back to a day blessed and set apart for a sacred use on the divine rest from the creative work. Nehemiah not only reproaches the nobles with disregarding the sacred character of the day, but also reminds them what evil like character brought upon their fathers. The disregard of the day was representative of that course of conduct, which had brought God's judgment on the nation. It was indeed one form of disobedience, on account of which the prophets had to warn of the captivity. Jer. xvii, 24-27. It had been a mark of their rebellion against God as early as the days in the wilderness. Ezk.

20 13. The rightful observance of the Sabbath is too closely connected with a healthy religious life, that defection against God seems to have had Sabbath breaking as one of its most constant accompaniments. But Nehemiah did not rest content with remonstrance. The large city gates, closed as it grew dark on the evening of the sixth day, he ordered to be kept shut till the Sabbath was over, and stationed some of his servants at the small wickets to see that those entering did not bring in any burdens. Thus shut out, the merchants once or twice encamped outside the city wall, and perhaps drew some of the people out to trade with them. This also Nehemiah stopped, threatening them with arrest. The Levites were then instructed to purify themselves, and take charge of the gates on the Sabbath. The prayer "remember me," so often on Nehemiah's lips after a hard fought battle, indicates the source of the strength in which he contended. Praying here also for recognition by God, he finds the foundation of his pleas in the greatness of God's mercy.

## A FLOWER-GARDEN.

A flower-garden is an ugly thing, even when best managed; it is an assembly of unfortunate beings, pampered and bloated above their natural size, stewed and heated into diseased growth; corrupted by evil communications into speckled and inharmonious colors; torn from the soil which they loved and of which they were the spirit and the glory, to glare away their term of tormented life among the mixed and incongruous essences of each other in earth that they know not, and in air that is poison to them.

The florist may delight in this; the true lover of flowers never will. He who has taken lessons from nature, who has observed the real purpose and operation of flowers; how they flush forth from the brightness of the earth's being, as the melody rises up from among the moved strings of the instrument; how the wildness of their pale colors passes over her, like the evidence of a various emotion; how the quick fire of their life and their delight grows along the green banks where the dew falls the thickets and the mists of incense pass slowly through the twilight of the leaves, and the intertwined roots make the earth tremble with strange toys at the feeling of their motion;—he who has watched this will never take away the beauty of their being to mix into meretricious glare, or to feed into an existence of disease. And the flower-garden is as ugly in effect as it is unnatural in feeling; it will never harmonise with anything, and if people will have it, should be kept out of sight till they get into it.

From "The Poetry of Architecture". By John Ruskin. Reprinted from Loudon's Magazine for the first time in book form. George Allen.

## FAMILAR QUOTATIONS.

Some of the most familiar of "familiar quotations" are not, strictly speaking, quotations at all. I have just been reminded of this by a correspondent, who wrote to me for information as to the source of the trite quotation "kept on the even tenor of his way," popularly ascribed to Gray. My correspondent having expressed his doubts whether Gray or anybody else ever wrote the words, I have had the matter looked up. The nearest that can be found to it appears to be the following extract from the nineteenth stanza of Gray's "Elegy":—

Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.  
 Doubtless this is the correct reading. But how is it that orators, preachers, journalists, and men in the street have so unanimously agreed to change "noiseless" for "even"?—Truth.

If a man meet with injustice, it is not required that he shall not be aroused to meet it; but if he is angry after he has had time to think upon it, that is sinful. The flame is not wrong but the coals are. — Beecher.

Aspiration, worthy ambition, desires for higher good for good ends,—all these indicate a soul that recognizes the beckoning hand of the good Father, who would call us homeward toward himself.—J. G. Holland.

Alas! if my best friend, who laid down his life for me, were to remember all the instances in which I have neglected him, and to plead them against me in judgment, where should I hide the guilty head in the day of recompense? I will pray, therefore, for blessings on my friends, even though they cease to be so, and upon my enemies, though they continue such.—Cowper.

## Build Up.

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## THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

PUBLISHED BY THE

Presbyterian Printing &amp; Publishing Co., Ltd.

AT, 5 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

Terms, \$2.00 per annum in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Under 3 months, 15 cents per line per insertion; 3 months, \$1.00 per line; 6 months, \$1.75 per line; 1 year, \$3. No advertisement charged at less than five lines. None other than unobjectionable advertisements taken.

## The Canada Presbyterian

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22ND, 1893

Bishop Brooks has gone to heaven, said a Boston lady to her little five-year old daughter. "O, mamma," replied the little girl, "how happy the angels must be." That was perhaps the highest eulogium passed upon Phillips Brooks.

Professor Briggs is credited with saying that if Christ should come to the world now he would not be any better received than he was two thousand years ago. Something would depend on the part of the world he came to. Should he come as a carpenter to those friends of Dr. Briggs in New York, who estimate the worth of a pastor by the wealth of the congregation he preaches to, his reception would no doubt be somewhat cold.

A farmer writing in The Globe says that a certain wealthy manufacturer of agricultural implements instead of endowing a University chair and building a grand hall in the City of Toronto should build a wing to one of the lunatic asylums for the special accommodation of farmers who support the present tariff. That farmer should have a seat in Parliament. If he can make points like that one often he would be a grand man to enliven a debate on the tariff.

Commenting upon the frequency of pastoral changes The Interior says: What is needed is a return to the true pastoral idea. The people should, if they desire to go to heaven, take their pastor as their spiritual guide, confide in him, love him for his works' sake, and because he stands in Christ's stead to them, as Christ's called and sent ambassador. There is no relation outside of the family so helpful, comforting, cheer and joy giving as that between pastor and people. We lose a large element of the comfort of Christian life by neglecting it. If you would enjoy your pastor's ministrations, give him your heart.

That is good, old fashioned, orthodox doctrine. If many people exerted themselves half as much in the way of helping their pastor as they do in trying to effect a "change" they would greatly benefit themselves and no change would be thought of.

There are two stalwart Presbyterians on the bench of the Supreme Court of Canada now—Mr. Justice Patterson, one of the founders of Cooke's Church, Toronto, and Mr. Robert Sedgewick who was appointed last week. Mr. Justice Sedgewick is a son of the late Dr. Sedgewick of Nova Scotia and brother of the honoured minister of that name so well known in our General Assembly. Should Dr. Sedgewick be appointed Moderator of the General Assembly in June, as most likely he will be, one manse family will have its full share of honours and another nail will be driven in the coffin of the old slander that ministers' sons never amount to anything. They amount to a great deal in Canada at the present time. Three of the judges at Osgoode Hall are ministers' sons and at the bar they do more than hold their own. We congratulate Mr. Justice Sedgewick most heartily on his well-deserved promotion. Nova Scotia boys are brainy.

A paragraph is going the rounds in which it is stated that Dr. John Hall's congregation made a collection of \$10,500 for

missions the other Sabbath. That sum looks generous but considering the size of the pile it was taken from it is nothing to write about. One of the Harriston congregations gave nearly half that amount in a collection a few Sabbaths ago and we venture to say there are fifty men in John Hall's Church any one of whom is worth more money than the whole town of Harriston would bring if put up at auction with one of the neighbouring townships thrown in. The liberality of a man or of a congregation should always be measured—not by the amount given, but by the amount left after the gift is made.

The statesmen of France are chiefly engaged in putting one another in prison. The statesmen of Germany are increasing their standing army and making preparations for the butchery of some of their neighbours. The statesmen of the neighbouring Republic—or some of them—are making trade regulations that do not seem any too friendly. Most of the others are devising measures to enrich the powers that be and oppress the people. While all this is going on Gladstone is risking his life at eighty-three, and the life of his Government to give Ireland a constitution that he honestly believes will bring peace and prosperity to that unhappy island. Who would not rather be Gladstone even if he fails, than any other statesman in the world? Gladstone even though wrong on Home Rule is the grandest man on earth.

Now that Home Rule is to the front again we shall be asked to believe that the United Presbyterians and Free Churchmen of Scotland, the Nonconformists of England and the Dissenters of Wales have combined to crush the Protestants of Ulster and put them under the power of Rome. We shall also be asked to believe that Salisbury and the bitter, exclusive, and often tyrannical Episcopalians by whom he is mainly supported are the only real friends of the Ulster Presbyterians. Stories of that kind are believed only by those who want to believe them. Salisbury's love of Ulster may be shown by the fact that six hundred Episcopallians hold Government offices in Ireland and nineteen Presbyterians. If anything more is needed read his furious speech delivered the other day on disestablishment in Wales.

The following paragraph from Mr. McLeod's sermon will touch the heart of many an old friend who knew how conscientiously the venerable Doctor Fraser always did his work:

"Some months ago, when parting with him before going to attend the meeting of the General Assembly in Montreal, he spoke as if we might not meet again, and among other things said: If you are called upon to speak of me after I am taken away, see that you do not speak of me in terms of praise! Because when I look back upon my life I see it to have been marked with many imperfections and I do not deserve praise for anything I have done."

What a striking contrast with the men who begin every sentence by some reference to what "I did." We happen to know of another venerable minister—one of the most honoured, influential and useful that ever served the Presbyterianism of Canada—who modestly refused material for a sketch of his life in almost the same language as that used by Dr. Fraser. Vanity, egotism, self-consciousness and invincible cheek were not the qualities displayed by Dr. Fraser and the gentleman referred to. They were so far behind the age as to be modest!

A sign of the times is the defensive, apologetic and wavering tone of the Finance Minister of the Dominion in delivering his budget speech. The old defiant air of the government is gone, gone mainly because public opinion is changing, and because Mr. Dalton McCarthy and the other supporters have had the courage to take an independent position on tariff matters. A venerable minister once said to a young brother who had gone into the pulpit with an air of triumph, broken down in his sermon and had come down with his

lip hanging, "If you had gone up as you came down you might have come down as you went up." If the Finance Minister had not been so bumptious a few years ago he might not need to be so apologetic now.

We have just read an excellent sermon preached by the Rev. D. D. McLeod on the occasion of the death of the Rev. Dr. Fraser. Mr. McLeod does two things remarkably well. His discussion of the difficulties, privations, and discouragements of a faithful pastor labouring in a small rural charge, is true and sympathetic and will find an echo in the heart of every pastor who knows what it is to endure isolation, lack of help, lack of sympathy, lack of adequate support and of a score of other good things enjoyed by the pastor of a large city congregation. The sketch of Dr. Fraser's life and the estimate of his character and work are also true and faithful. Altogether the sermon is wholesome and stimulating and contrasts most pleasantly with the fulsome post mortem panegyrics that too often pass for funeral sermons.

A good many people are beginning to ask if Mr. Van Horne and his company rule this country. Of course everybody knows that Van Horne is king from Winnipeg to the Pacific, but everybody is not quite prepared for his reign in Nova Scotia. That he is in or behind the company that has secured the principal coal mines of Cape Breton is generally understood and nobody seems to be sure that he has not designs on one or two of the Provinces down by the sea. How would it do for everybody to stop talking about constitutional government, responsible government, annexation, independence, Imperial Federation and all that sort of thing and allow Van Horne to "run" the Dominion a few years on purely business principles. One thing is clear. He and his associates have made the Canadian Pacific Railway one of the most successful concerns in the world. Perhaps he could make the country a success, too. But seriously speaking we need many Van Hornes rather than fewer. That is to say, the country needs more of his splendid business ability and less party.

## A PROTECTIVE TARIFF IN ITS MORAL ASPECTS.

In their wide sweep morals embrace every department of life whether private or public. No one will deny that the commercial legislation of a country has many and important relations with morals and ought in every case to be regulated by just and sound moral principles. Much is said and heard just now on the tariff question both in Parliament and out of it, but little or nothing is said about it from a purely moral point of view. This is one which a religious journal may well discuss, for the province and duty of such a paper is not simply to furnish items of ecclesiastical news, extracts from sermons, and good religious reading generally, but to help every cause or party seeking to extend and build up righteousness and truth and permeate the body politic with their spirit.

A few quotations from speeches on the tariff within and without the walls of Parliament, and from articles in the press, will help to show at once the moral character and bearings of a protective tariff wherever it exists. "It carries on some kinds of business at the expense of the great body of the people; leads to combines; creates unnatural barriers in the way of trade between different countries." "The farmer is oppressed for the benefit of a few manufacturers." "It is legalized robbery." "Behind tariffs vested interests are likely to entrench themselves to advance their own interests to the injury of the country." "Of the duty paid on binder twine only \$7,932 went into the treasury of the country, and \$94,755 went into the pockets of the monopolists." "Only \$1.00 went into the public treasury for \$20.00 that went into the pocket of a protected manufacturer and member of a combine." "It lays a heavy burden upon a single special portion of the people. By

means of a protective tariff provision is made for organized political corruption." "It promotes exorbitant duties and combinations." "Tariff reconstruction would do much to promote peace and good will between the United States and the rest of the world." "It encourages private interest and greed." "A fiscal system based on injustice to the class which produces the wealth of the nation cannot be a benefit to any one."

These are the statements of men some of whom are and have always been opposed to a protective tariff, and of some who have not only been in favour of it, but even taken credit for it, as it exists amongst ourselves, who are yet to some degree in favour of it, but who from the practical results which they now see flow from it, and it is to be feared from the history of protective tariffs must always and everywhere flow from them, have been constrained by facts thus to speak. This is unfortunate for the tariff.

The first thing which strikes one in these statements about a protective tariff, looking at it from a moral point of view, is their agreement as to its manifest and gross injustice. It is not simply an incidental defect of such a tariff that it is unjust. It is to be feared, it is affirmed by the opponents of it, that it belongs to its very nature, for in the nature of things it can directly benefit only a very few classes in the whole nation. This is all that the framers of such a tariff ever claim for it. Until protection reaches and benefits all, every class, it is manifestly unjust. It is said that it benefits indirectly those whom it does not benefit directly. But the many in Great Britain and the United States after long experience have pronounced this pretended indirect benefit a delusion and so have condemned it, for the reason that it does not benefit them. In this country also, although slowly, the mass is beginning to find this to be true. If then a protective tariff can only benefit a few at the expense of the many, and it may justly be questioned if in any large and worthy sense it benefits even the few, it must be unjust and therefore a violation of sound and true morality. And further, the tendency admittedly of a protective tariff is to make the few whom it benefits fewer still because of its tendency to encourage what have come to be called, combines. The recent history of tariffs has shown this to be unquestionable. Conspicuously has it been so in the U.S. and our protected interests are learning the lesson and following the example set them with an aptitude and fidelity which would be commendable were it not so fraught with danger. For unadulterated, shameless, cruel selfishness, greed and rapacity in their most aggravated and exasperating form commend us to a combine. If there is anything more unchristian or even anti-christian than another, and therefore, a violation of morality, it is this spirit of unmixed selfishness which a protective tariff both arises from and to the uttermost fosters.

Nothing in the indications of Providence can be plainer than that it is for the benefit of mankind in every way than that they should freely trade and exchange commodities with each other, and so the abundance of one part of the earth or the superior skill of one part of the human family make up for the lack of some other part and so the happiness of all be promoted. A protective tariff raises up barriers in the way and so counteracts this clear design of the Creator, and the more protective it is the greater the number and difficulty of the barriers which it raises. These tend to multiply indefinitely and greatly to aggravate the causes of irritation and ill-feeling between nations and to lead to war and bloodshed. Surely everything which tends to alienate nations from each other, to increase mutual hatreds and the risks of strife and war is to be not only deplored, but must be wrong and dangerous in its moral character. If there is any connection whatever between morality and patriotism, it would be a libel upon patriotism to say that a protective tariff is a patriotic thing. These observations on the moral aspects of a

protective tariff could very easily be extended. Let this for the present suffice.

If, however, questions of this sort were looked at more closely and frequently from a moral point of view and weighed in their moral bearings and relations, the power of conscience enlightened by truth, would make itself much more felt in the conduct of men in those matters which most deeply affect others as well as themselves, in the use of the ballot, in their conduct as legislators for example. Our representatives in Parliament would take a broader and higher view of all public questions, and legislation, which by apparently—for nothing which is morally unsound can ultimately really benefit them—benefiting the few at the expense of the many, and so setting class against class, and even nation against nation, would be avoided, and the reign of peace and good will and of a higher morality than now prevails would be advanced to the benefit and blessing both of individuals and nations.

### WORK FOR THE WORKLESS.

Fidelis in The Week.

"Stick to the unemployed, John; in work lies our salvation!" This touching exhortation, addressed to John Burns by a convict in Pentonville prison, has, he says, rung in his ears ever since, as a stimulus to further efforts for this most unhappy class. He takes it as in some measure a text for his recent article on the subject of Work for the Unemployed (in the Nineteenth Century, for December), in conjunction with Carlyle's well-known remark that "The man able to work, willing to work, and unable to obtain work,—is one of the saddest sights which fortune's inequality produces under the sun." His paper is full of practical suggestions for solving the great problem of "the unemployed" on a thorough and business basis; and notwithstanding a lack of sympathy with what he calls the "palliatives" of Christian philanthropists, who labour for the moral and spiritual, as well as the material uplifting of individuals,—natural, no doubt from his points of view,—his suggestions should be carefully studied by all who desire to promote a radical cure for this festering sore on our modern civilization.

For the condition of the unemployed seems to present an anomaly on what we have been accustomed to regard as the Divine law of labour,—an apparent contradiction to the Christian's faith that, for every human being, there is a post of usefulness in the great human family. But for the labourer who has but his hands, and can find nothing for them to do, wherewith to earn the daily bread for himself and his family,—what seems left save to beg or steal, or sit down and die,—if he do not in desperation, as some have done, go and hang himself?

Few of us, perhaps, are inclined to welcome enthusiastically our long, cold winters; but let any one with a little imagination try to think what it means for the unskilled labourer who has four or it may be five months before him during which he can expect no regular work, only a chance job now and then, if he be fortunate enough to secure that! Other people—most of them, at any rate—find their work go on as usual; perhaps they are even busier in winter. And, besides the regular work that keeps the wolf from the door and robs the dreary months of half their tedium, most other people have their cosy homes, with all their home comforts, books, papers, abounding interests, to make them forget the external dreariness; if, indeed, warmly wrapped up to face the weather, they do not find in the bracing cold an actually pleasurable stimulus! But how about the day-labourer, who has toiled cheerfully, perhaps, all summer, for the maintenance of himself and his family, and who, despite all that is said of the "thriftlessness" of our labouring classes would have had to practise a somewhat heroic self-denial, in order to be able to lay by any adequate store against the idle days of frost and snow? For, considering the average pay of the day-labourer, and the average size of his family, added to his liability to be laid up by accident or illness during the "shining hours," which he, like the bee, must improve unceasingly, or come to grief, it is no great wonder if he does not find them sufficient to provide

for the whole year. And if, as often happens, he has been laid up for some weeks, winter of course finds him quite unprovided for its demands on his slender means. As the short, cold days come on, when larger supplies of fuel, food and light are absolutely necessary for health and comfort, he has to face them without any prospect of work and pay. Month after month of semi-starvation must drag itself by, while he sits in his poverty-stricken home, generally too pervious to the winter blast, with his depressed wife and ill-clad, hungry children, or wearily paces the streets in the vain search for work, happy if he may by any chance pick up an odd job. What wonder if, heart sick and despondent, he falls an easy victim to the first prevalent epidemic; or, if he escape physical disease, becomes a prey to the attractions of the saloon, in which for a few cents he can find at least temporary comfort and forgetfulness of his misery?

These are no fancy pictures, but actual experiences of many a working man in Canada, not only in this present winter, but every winter to a greater or less extent, in all our large cities. Every year there is the same dismal monotony of distress, which weighs heavily on the hearts and sympathies of those who try by the poor palliative of a little charitable assistance, to bridge the winter's "Slough of Despond" caused by the almost entire suspension of out-door work for men.

Of course there are the women and children left; and to their credit be it said that, in general, they do what they can. But this is very precarious and uncertain. I observe that an optimistic friend, who seems to know but little of how "the other half of the world lives," scouts at the very idea of "child-labour" in Ontario. Now I happen to know a good deal about a good many poor families in a city which, I believe, is much like other Canadian cities and towns, and I know that in few of these families is there a boy over ten, who in winter is not set to some kind of work—if it is only that of going for an hour or two to "do chores" for some one who can pay him a little for so doing—or if nothing else offers, at least to try his luck at selling papers. I have known a little boy, only seven years old, obliged to be out in the cold, dark evenings, for hours, trying to sell papers, because neither father nor mother could procure work! Again and again I have known the Factory Act contravened by sending children under age to work, because of the sad necessity of the family; and as to the wives and mothers, I know of no case in which any healthy woman has shown unwillingness to take any work she was able to do. On the contrary, there are always far more applicants for woman's work in winter than there is work to do. Our optimistic friend, aforesaid, refers to some difficulty experienced in securing a competent charwoman, and to the necessity of giving her a good breakfast and dinner, as an illustration of "this high standard of living among the lower classes"! It is possible he may not have known where to look for the right kind of charwoman, and may have stumbled on a small capitalist, in her way, who may have been indifferent as to whether she got a job or not. But I could match his one case by many cases of women who, at this present writing, are only too anxious to secure such work, or any! And have seen in Toronto as well as in Montreal, numbers of poor women trooping weekly into the Industrial Homes, where charitable ladies give out plain sewing—women with hunger-pinched faces, glad to earn their fifty cents a week, by needlework, for their destitute families. The difficulty, indeed, usually is, how to provide enough of this kind of work, and to dispose of it after it is done. Certainly, of workers there is always an "Embarras de richesses."

But now, as to the dollar a day for washing and ironing from eight till six, and the "hot breakfast and dinner thrown in," as an evidence of this high standard of living. Our friend, being of the masculine gender, does not seem to know, what every intelligent woman knows, that washing and ironing for a whole day is very exhausting work, and also that it is "skilled labour," since no one can be a good laundress without much training and experience. It is about as hard work in its way as that for which an ordinary unskilled labouring man usually gets his dollar a day, at

least; and why should not the labouring woman, especially the skilled labouring woman, be as worthy of her hire as the labouring man? A dollar may seem a good deal to give for a day's washing. But our friend, if he stood in the laundress' place, would not find it a great deal to get, especially if the earnings of two or three days a week had to be the whole support of a family! As to her not arriving in our friend's kitchen till eight, did it ever occur to him how the previous hour or two had been spent? If, as is likely, she was the mother of a family, she had in all probability several small children to care for and provide with breakfast, before leaving them for the day; and then to plod some distance, perhaps through snow or slush or mud, to the house where she has to work. Is it much wonder if she may not arrive till eight o'clock, or if she is ready enough for the "hot breakfast" when she gets there? As for the "hot dinner" she needs that too; for the work of a laundress is exhausting, especially to any one not as a rule well fed; and, during the trying winter months, many of these poor women and their children live for weeks at a time on little more than bread and tea! The charwoman, with her long day's steady muscular exertion, needs a good deal more nourishment than the average man or woman engaged in light sedentary occupations; just as our furnaces need a double supply of coal when they have to produce a double quantity of heat. The work of the laundry would inevitably suffer, if the laundress did not have her two good meals, the provision of which is simply a necessary bit of household economy.

Now the fact, of which I have actual personal knowledge, that in winter there are more women seeking work—work of the hardest drudgery and involving the whole day's absence from their own little families,—than there are people needing such work to be done, is itself an evidence of the bitter poverty which, every winter, overwhelms our labouring class. For many of these poor women have husbands,—husbands whose strong arms should be amply sufficient to maintain their families, if they could but find work for those arms to do. But, beyond a rare chance of a stray cord of wood to cut, or a little ice-cutting or street-cleaning after a snow-storm, what can they find? "My husband walked five miles this forenoon looking for a bit of work,"—said one poor woman this very day, taking thankfully a little coarse sewing to do, in default of something better. And this has to go on, month after month, among those "lower classes" who, we are sometimes told, are so superfluously comfortable!

And the very circumstance that so many women are obliged to seek work which takes them away from home and from their children, is in itself an evil, as any thoughtful mother will understand. I know of not a few families in which the enforced absence of an industrious, hardworking mother has been the means of sowing the seeds of both physical and moral evil. Some children, now in our reformatories for juvenile crime, might have grown up as honest and promising as their playmates, but for the mother's frequent absence from home to earn the daily bread. In Britain, one of the things aimed at by industrial reformers is that the wives and mothers should not have to go out to earn their living; on the principle, recognized readily enough in the higher strata of society—though there less de rigueur than where all the household work has to be done by the mother—that the care of a family is sufficient to fill a mother's life, without exhausting outside work. Thus, inconvenient as it might prove to many of us, there can be no doubt that it would be far better for society as a whole if charwomen were much less abundant than they are. But so long as there is no work for the labouring man in winter, so long must the labouring woman toil to supply the lack; happy if she can but earn enough to keep the family warmed and fed. That too many cannot—all our charitable societies know full well. Let the Relief Committee in connection with the Toronto House of Industry, with their hundreds of cords of wood and thousands of loaves weekly distributed, and the benevolent ladies who work in the Industrial Rooms, testify what they know in this particular.

This evil is steadily assuming larger proportions by means of the numbers of shiftless and thriftless English families every year lured out to Canada by optimistic and misleading representations of the prosperity of our "lower classes," only to swell this already overwhelming tide of misery from lack of winter work. They are burdens on all our charitable organizations. Sometimes the men drift off to the United States, leaving their families to be cared for by the charitable; sometimes, as in a number of cases I know of, after the family have had an "assisted passage" from England, the man is "assisted" back again, in the hope that he may, in course of time, be able to send money to bring back his family, which, of course, in such cases is left a burden on the community. Other such families drag on a miserable existence for a time, till perhaps the whole family is divided between our prisons and charitable institutions. Others, who get on better, swell the ranks of the improvident who live well so long as they have anything to live on, and then fall back into the starving, unemployed "submerged tenth."

Now, while it is unpatriotic to draw unduly dark pictures of Canadian life, it is surely not less so to promote real misery by fancy pictures of imaginary prosperity. And this is done whenever such pictures conduce, as they too often do, to the immigration of the unskilled labour, which settles down, a hopeless mass of poverty, in our towns and cities. And as it is more patriotic to increase our real prosperity than to make us seem more prosperous than we really are, it is the duty of every patriotic Canadian to face the situation, not to ignore it, and to see whether any radical remedy can be devised for the yearly mass of misery from want of work. John Burns suggests several remedies for this in Britain, some of which would be impracticable in our more rigorous climate. He suggests such legislation as would shorten the working day, which, of course, would tend to divide the total amount of work to be done, among a greater number of people. Another remedy which he suggests is that of carrying on municipal works, civic improvements, etc., during the winter months. Our rigorous winters, of course, interpose serious difficulties in the way of carrying on almost any kind of outdoor work. Yet "where there's a will there's a way," and perhaps some shrewd and enterprising city council might find out the way to carry on some needed improvements during the winter, if it were only in the way of keeping our streets as clear and clean as they ought to be, to correspond with our advancing civilization in other respects. Why should not our streets, as a whole, be kept in a state of perfect smoothness and good order, at the expense of the city, and through the labours of the otherwise unemployed, who, if they do not get their maintenance at the public expense for public work done, and in a way that presses equally on all, must get it at the expense, of the more charitable, in a way that presses most unequally on them! Another suggestion of Mr. Burns—still more practicable among us—is that all cleaning, painting, etc., in public buildings at least, should be done during the idle winter months, instead of being crowded into the few busy weeks of spring, when there is more to be done than there are hands to do it.

Such suggestions are certainly most pressing on our consideration, if we reflect that carelessness as to this problem will certainly and surely sap the independence of that great working-class, whose self-reliance and prosperity are the very cornerstones of our national well-being.

In a ship like the *Majestic*, about \$3,000,000 are invested, and the working expenses are proportionately heavy. In the sailing, engine and passenger departments the large number of 322 hands are required—47 in the first, 161 in the second and 114 in the third. The wages paid for these hands amount to, say \$1,500 for the sailing department, \$4,800 for the engine and \$2,350 for the passengers, making a total of \$8,650 per month. When these figures are considered, together with the other expenses of maintenance, office expenses, insurance, agency commission, shore staff, works, port charges, interest on capital and depreciation, it may be fairly taken that at least the sum of \$80,000 must be realized a trip before any profit can be counted on; so that some idea of the enormous sums at stake in the working and management of an express transatlantic line can be formed.

## Choice Literature.

## GRANDFATHER'S FAITH.

BY JULIA A. MATTHEWS.

But even this, enjoyable as it was, was followed by still greater pleasure. Neither Dr. Maynard nor his grandfather thought it best for Charlie to return to his studies immediately on his recovery; and Dr. Mason proposed that a little party, consisting of Aunt Harriet, Hattie Raymond, Harry, Charlie, and himself, should take a trip to the mountains, and spend a fortnight or three weeks of the bright October weather among the grand rocks and beautiful waterfalls of the Catskills.

The proposition was hailed with delight by every one interested in it. Mrs. Clifford gave a ready consent to her son's accompanying the party; and on the first day of October, Charlie and Harry, the former looking very much paler and thinner than was his wont, but very bright and happy, and the latter quite his old self again, left Melville under Dr. Mason's care for Lindon, to remain there for a week, and then to start on their journey, it being considered more wise to try the effect of a short jaunt upon Charlie, before the longer expedition was undertaken. The journey home proved a benefit rather than an injury, however; and at the end of the week the party set out, as happy a set of travellers as ever turned their faces from home for a pleasure trip.

Dr. Mason had been able to spend but little time at Melville, his duties at Lindon preventing him from making any thing but flying visits to his grandson; but Aunt Harriet and Hattie had grown to be old acquaintances with Harry now. In fact, the doctor, little as he had seen of him, seemed like an old friend too; for his genial manner had won Harry's heart at once, and he felt quite like a member of the little family at Lindon.

It was a beautiful morning, and as Charlie sat in the train with Hattie beside him, and Harry opposite, while Dr. Mason and Aunt Harriet occupied the seat behind the two which had been turned face to face to accommodate the young people, who had pleaded strenuously against being shut up in "those stupid compartments," as Harry expressed it, he thought he had never been so happy in his life. The sun shone down gloriously on the rippling little creek which ran for miles beside them, and on the burning red and orange and burnished gold of the groves and woods beyond; and the cool breeze came in softly through the open window against which he leaned, fanning the cheek that was growing in roundness and color every day, and seeming to brace with new strength the limbs that, hour by hour, gained in vigor and in health. But he was very quiet, and sat resting against the window, leaving the conversation entirely to Hattie and Clifford, until the latter said, suddenly,—

"Hallo, old man! what are you thinking about?"

"Thinking how jolly it is to be alive; isn't it," said Charlie, straightening himself up with a laugh, and coming out of his thoughtful mood in a moment. "Hattie, what have you got in that basket that's good? I didn't want my breakfast this morning, and I'm hungry now, I believe."

"Yes, I was afraid you would be," said Aunt Harriet, leaning forward. "You and Harry must need some nourishment, I think. There are some sandwiches there, Hattie. Give the boys some; but hand them each a napkin first; you will find some on the right of the basket. Don't spill crumbs, boys, and don't grease your clothes with the butter."

Charlie gave his friend a mischievous glance, but the old impatient toss of the head, and the vexed retort which had been the usual answer in times past to Aunt Harriet's fussy directions were seldom seen or heard now; for, in the first place, although Miss Mason could never be any thing less than uselessly particular and exact, her suggestions and remonstrances

were given far more kindly than of yore; and, in the second place, Charlie had learned that there was a very tender side to his aunt's character, and that, irritable and impatient as she often showed herself to be in trifling matters, in things of greater moment she could display exhaustless patience and untiring kindness. She had not tended him with self-forgetful, gentle, sleepless care during the first two weeks of suffering and nervous restlessness for naught. Peculiar, trying, and vexatious as some of her characteristics were, Charlie had found that these were but the upper crust, and that beneath them lay a true heart; hard to win, perhaps, but "faithful unto death" when won.

The boys, who had been too much excited in the prospect of their journey to be able to make a breakfast, were deep in the enjoyment of sandwiches, with the napkins dutifully spread over their knees, when a tall, gaunt-looking individual, with a basket on his arm, entered the car, calling out gruffly,—

"Ba-naa-nas! Ba-naa-nas!"

"Hallo! that bean-pole has bananas there," said Charlie. "You'd like some, wouldn't you, Hattie?" knowing that she had a weakness on the subject. "How much are they?" for the man was at his side with his basket.

"Twelve cents."

"Twelve cents apiece?" repeated Charlie, glancing up at the tall figure. "That's high enough."

"Can't help that," said the man roughly, thinking that he did not wish to buy.

"Every thing is high."

"So I see," said Charlie, mischievously putting back his head, and looking up as if he had to exert all his powers of sight to get a view of the distant face. "How much would you sell yourself for, now? How much a yard, for instance?"

With an angry look and a muttered threat, the man passed on, for his sharp manner had already been noticed by the passengers, and a hearty laugh had greeted Charlie's sally.

"Charlie! Charlie! I'll have to call you to order," said the doctor; "this won't do;" but the boy caught a smile on his face as he turned to answer him.

"He's such an old gruffy, Grandpa, I had to pitch into him. But I wanted the bananas," he added ruefully, as the man passed steadily on, taking no notice of his beckoning hand, and his loud, "Hey, bananas! bananas!"

So the day went merrily by, fun and enjoyment won out of everything, from the solemn fruit-vender on, until they reached New York, where they were to spend the night. In the morning they took the boat for Catskill, and Charlie found it no less "jolly to be alive" than he had done on the previous day. Never were engineers, firemen, or captain more persistently beset by two investigating, inquiring eager boys, than were those of the steamer which plied her way over the smooth waters of the Hudson that morning. But, fortunately, engineers, firemen, and captain had once been boys themselves, and whether they recalled their own old thirst for knowledge on the subject of screws, paddles, and what not, or were simply won by the two bright young faces which went peering into every nook and cranny, or stood watching with excited interest the complicated machinery of the engine-room, they were ready to answer their questions, and satisfy their desire to see all that was possible, and to learn whatever could be taught. Charlie's journey with Mr. Bralsted had made him better acquainted with the mechanism of the machinery of a river steamer than Harry; for the latter had never travelled on any vessel larger than a ferry-boat, and his pride in explaining what he understood was only to be equalled by Harry's admiration of his knowledge.

But at last Catskill was reached; the stage-coach carried them safely over the hills to the very heart of the mountains; and they were set down late in the afternoon when the rosy sunset was just fading into twilight, at the little farm-house where they were to make their home for the next three weeks.

"So there you be!" exclaimed a wiry-voiced, hard-featured, but kindly looking woman, coming out of the house to welcome them. "I got your letter yesterday, doctor, and I'm all ready for you. No more parties for me, eh, Mr. Brown?" with an inquiring glance at the coachman. "Just as well. Come in, come in, sir, and I'll see to your supper, for you must be hungry. Never mind your traps. I'll send Stephen to bring 'em in. Here, Stephen!" she cried, with a shrill, piercing call. "Where be you?"

"Here, Martha," replied a meek, little man, appearing from the door-way of the house.

"Carry up them traps, and be lively," said the woman. "Now, doctor, if you'll bring your party in, we'll see to make you comfortable."

They all went into a neat little parlor, where their hostess left them.

"Oh, father, what a disagreeable woman this Mrs. Husted is!" said Miss Harriet, as soon as she was gone. "I hardly think we can remain here."

"When you come into the back woods, my dear," said Dr. Mason, laughing, "you must expect to meet back-woods manners. The woman is kind-hearted, generous, and a first-rate housekeeper and cook. Small as her house is, it is decidedly the best kept of any in the mountains. Besides, she will not annoy you, my dear. She will serve us at the table, but otherwise you will not probably meet her unless you have occasion to send for her."

Miss Harriet, mentally resolving that such occasions should be very infrequent, went to her room to prepare herself for supper, while the boys and Hattie went out, after they had washed off the dust of travel, to ramble about the garden until the tea-bell should ring. They were soon called in by the welcome sound, and sat down to a hearty meal, which was as neatly spread, and as deliciously cooked as if it had been prepared by hands far more learned in table arts than those of Mrs. Husted.

That lady sat at the head of the table, with the tea-tray before her, while her husband, the meek little man aforesaid, was seated opposite, with half-a dozen tempting-looking dishes ranged around him. This was not Dr. Mason's first visit to the farm-house, and Mr. Husted, having carved the dish of meat which stood before him, and served his guests, was engaged in conversation with him, when his wife's sharp voice broke in upon their talk, in any thing but a musical key.

"Would you be so good as to sarve the sarcee, Mr. Husted, or must I do that as well as pour the tea? Perhaps you think it's only to be looked at; but when I put victuals on the table, I like 'em ate."

"I beg your pardon, I beg your pardon, ladies," said the little man, hastily. "I quite forgot myself in the doctor's pleasant chat. What can I do for you, Miss Mason? Shall I give you baked apples and cream, or some of the sarcee?"

"Thank you," said Miss Harriet; "I will take an apple."

Her quiet, precise manner was in most marked contrast to the hasty embarrassment of her host, and it annihilated the little man even more effectually than his wife's sharp words had done. In deep dejection he silently attended to the wants of the rest of the party, simply saying to each in a awed tone as he extended his hands, one bearing a plate of apples and cream, and the other a plate of preserved plums, "Apples or sarcee?"

As soon as his duties as host were accomplished, the doctor took him under his wing again; but poor Mr. Husted was too much abashed to be easily lifted into confidence sufficient to carry on the conversation.

The three young people had hard work to maintain their gravity, and no sooner were they safely established in the parlor again, than Charlie and Harry broke into a peal of laughter, which was merrily echoed by the doctor and Hattie, while even Miss Harriet's face dimpled with a smile.

"Oh, Aunt Harriet," said Charlie as soon as he could speak, "I thought I Why didn't you say, 'Thank you, I'll

should just roar when you took that take some sarcee?" and Charlie bent forward, slapping his knee, and making the room ring again with his merriment.

"I did not wish to use that word," said Miss Harriet, catching the contagion of his enjoyment, and fairly laughing now; "and as I could not see what the dish contained, I took an apple lest Mrs. Husted should ask me again, as she did when I refused lettuce, if country victuals didn't suit."

"Yes, I heard her," said Charlie with another burst; "and didn't you look snappy? Oh, I don't mean to be saucy, Aunt Harriet, I'm sorry."

Miss Mason's face had flushed suddenly; but the flush died out, and she smiled as she said,—

"We must try to bear with the woman, for, as father says, she seems good-hearted, and very anxious to please us."

"Harry," said Charlie, as they lay in bed together that evening, "you never saw any body so different as Aunt Harriet in your life."

"Yes, I have," replied Harry, very positively.

"Have you? Who?"

"You."

Charlie colored a little under cover of the darkness.

"Oh, well," he said, half apologetically. "She don't peck at me half so much as she used to, and when she does fuss, she isn't so cross."

"And you've learned to stand a little fault-finding, and even some fretting, without answering back or scowling, as Hattie says you used to do. Did you ever say anything to each other about it, Charlie?"

"Well, yes," said Charlie, the color rising higher still. He felt it, and was so glad that Harry could not see it. "She was sitting by my bed one day, trying to amuse me, and I was as cross as a Turk. My head was pretty bad that day. It did not hurt so much as it sometimes did, but it felt prickly and grindy, and—well, just awful; and I kept growing crosser and crosser every minute, and Aunt Harriet was as patient and good as any thing, until at last I felt as if she was kind of throwing all the blame on me, by being so good, you know, when I was so ugly; and it made me mad, and I said, 'I wish you'd go away, and let me alone.' You ought to have seen her face, Cliff, how red it got; and her black eyes jumped, I tell you. She never spoke a word for a minute, and then she said in a queer voice, as if she was kind of holding herself in somehow, 'I'll call Harry. Perhaps his pleasant talk will make you feel brighter.' Oh, didn't I feel like a mean old snap-dragon though! I just took hold of her, and told her that I was sorry, and that I had been sorry for ever so many days; and that she hadn't been putting up so with all my whims and nonsense and ugliness since I had been sick, for nothing. And so," said Charlie, with an effort to hide the quiver which he felt creeping into his voice, "we had a little making-up time there. She said some jolly kind things to me, and I tried to pay her back in the same coin, and we've agreed to be the best of friends after this."

And so they were. Not but that there was much yet to bear on both sides, for no two characters could well have been more diametrically opposed in all minor points; but each was ready now to see the good in the other, and to judge with that charity that "thinketh no evil."

Those glorious, gay, October days! How swiftly they passed away, and how happily! Day by day the ruddy glow came back to Charlie's cheek, and the old strength to his limbs, until he could tramp with the strongest over the beautiful mountain roads, or up the beds of the roaring, tumbling brooks, which wound their turbulent, noisy, frolicsome way down the mountain-side to the valleys below.

(To be continued.)

## SCHIFFMANN'S ASTHMA CURE.

Instantly relieves the most violent attack, facilitates free expectoration and ensures rest to those otherwise unable to sleep except in a chair, as a single trial will prove. Send for a free trial package to Dr. R. Schiffmann, St. Paul, Minn., but your druggist first.



# Missionary World.

## MISSIONARY PROGRESS IN INDIA.

The statistical tables relating to all the Protestant Missions in India have just been published. They have been prepared under the auspices of the Calcutta Missionary Conference; but the figures have been collected with great care, from almost every mission station throughout the empire, and embody an immense amount of reliable information, which, though given for the most part in columns of figures, is well worthy of very careful study. The general results only can here be given. In comparing them with former tables, it should be borne in mind that these last cover not ten, but nine years.

The total number of foreign ordained agents in 1890 was 857. The Church of England had the largest number—over 100; and next, our own Society with 49. To the ministers, must be added, 76 lay teachers and 711 foreign and Eurasian lady agents—a large increase, since in 1881 there were 479.

The increase in the number of native Christians is less than was expected, though it is considerable. Hitherto reliable information has shown that the increase on each decade has been at an accelerated ratio; but the increase from 417,372 in 1881 to 559,661 in 1890 is not as large as was expected. This comparative decline will doubtless lead to considerable searchings of heart as to methods, principles and results.

The advance within the Christian sphere itself is general, as the following figures will show:—

Native ordained ministers, 1881	461
" " " " 1890	797
Other native preachers, 1881	2,432
" " " " 1890	3,491
Congregations, 1881	3,650
" " " " 1890	4,863
Communicants, 1881	113,325
" " " " 1890	182,722

There is a growing desire to train suitable converts for Christian service, and if not to give them all the honour and confidence to which a great number of them are entitled, at least to give them full recognition as ministers of the Gospel, after due training and trial. And this is not only just and expedient but necessary, for foreign agents can never be found in sufficient numbers to evangelize all India; and the creation of a greater supply of suitable native evangelists may be expected to tell powerfully in the Christian truth among the heathen, the increase, discipline and independence of the native churches, and the growth of the latter, in vigour and self-reliance, and toward self-support.

In few missionary spheres is education so powerful for good as in India, and nowhere is it more appreciated by at least the male population. It is pleasant, therefore, to find that it is so used by the missionaries generally, and that its extension is only limited by the scant resources of the societies in money and in Christian agencies, although male education is, I believe, the most self-supporting of all forms of service.

Male education takes three forms—theological and school training institutions, of which there were only 81, with 1,584 students; Anglo-Vernacular schools, which are so popular and influential with the upper classes and higher castes, numbering 460, with 53,564 students; and 4,770 Vernacular schools, with 122,193 scholars. But it is in female education that the advance has been most marked, and this, be it noted, is mainly owing to the influence of male education, especially in the Anglo-Vernacular schools. The girls' day schools in 1881 were 1,120, having 40,897 scholars; in 1890 the schools were 1,507, with 62,414 scholars. But it is in Zenana instruction that the advance is most marked; for in 1881 the houses open to Christian visitors were 7,302, in which were 9,132 pupils; whilst in 1890, the houses accessible had risen to 40,513, with, it is stated, 32,650 pupils; an evident mistake, unless it means scholars only, for the most important use of Zenana visitation is, not the opportunity it gives to communicate truth to the young by teaching, but to all women, by conversation, reading, and addresses; and as often there are several women in a Zenana, who have much leisure, the value of such visitation will be apparent.

These are certain features of Christian work in India of great significance, of which statistical tables can take no account, and here they can only be suggested. Missionary influence extends far beyond these or any results that can be tabulated. This is proved—

1. By the great and growing numbers, in many parts of India, who, from the Scriptures, tracts, preaching and schools have acquired considerable knowledge of Christian truth.
2. By the growth of sentiments and opinions averse to Hindu beliefs and customs, and having their root and justification in Christianity.
3. By the great number who profess respect and admiration for Christianity,

and in secret a personal acceptance of Christ as their Saviour. It is the belief of missionaries of large experience that the former amount to hundreds, and the latter to tens of thousands.

4. Though the number of professing Christians is small in comparison with the Hindus, Mohammedans, Aboriginal Polytheists, and even Buddhists, they are increasing more rapidly than any of them.

5. And yet more rapidly are they advancing in education, moral strength, intellectual force, and social status.—E. Storrow in Chronicle of London M. Society.

## THE LATE MISS LISTER.

Under date 17th ult., the Rev. John A. Macdonald, our missionary to West Coast Indians, B.C., writes as follows to The Perth Courier on a subject that can not fail to prove sadly interesting to the reader: Arriving in Alberni on the 13th of Oct., 1892, Miss Lister entered upon her work of preparing a "Home for Indian Girls", with great energy. The Home was opened on the 5th December by the reception of ten of the largest girls attending our Indian school. She entered very zealously into all our mission work, teaching her class of girls in the Sabbath school, holding a meeting for Bible reading on Sabbath afternoons—which was often attended by as many as thirty—in the Mission House, and sometimes attending singing services in Indian houses on Sunday evenings. She even undertook to instruct two young men, "Jack" and "Willie," to help them to read the Scriptures, and presented them with Bibles as Christmas presents. "She did what she could" while with us; but the Lord called her to a brighter home.

When her freight arrived from Perth, the sight of many familiar things from her old home seemed to unnerve her. By the time she had it all arranged, and her Christmas preparations made, she took sick. On the night of Dec. 23rd she was taken with acute pains and severe chill, but was able to be up on Christmas, and had some friends in for tea. On Monday she gave instructions to her girls about their work, and rose again on Tuesday morning, but had to return to bed. As pneumonia had set in, she was unable to leave her bed again. Everything was done to relieve pain and help her during her last days upon earth, by Dr. Robinson, the mission workers, and kind neighbors; but all in vain. She had forebodings of death, which caused her to give us full instructions about her earthly affairs and funeral details.

Her mind was more often filled with heavenly themes. Oh, how she desired to see her Saviour! Again and again did she express her trust in the Lord, thus: "I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day;" "I know that my Redeemer lives." Her only regret was that she had to leave the work that she already loved so dearly. These poor people living in darkness, and often in misery—how she longed to have them know her Heavenly Father, and Jesus, His son.

She expressed a wish to depart on New Year's Day, that she might indeed have a "happy New Year." Her prayer was soon answered, for she went home in peace on the morning of January 2nd, at five o'clock. Her directions were followed regarding her burial, and breaking the news to her friends.

On the 5th, at one p.m., many of the Indian people gathered in the Mission House. The children sang several of her favourite hymns. I read the Scriptures, and gave a brief address regarding her work and self-sacrifice, and after prayer six of the head men of the two Indian villages carried her remains down "Prospect Hill" to the Somass River. Here we sang "Shall we Gather at the River?" The funeral party, consisting chiefly of Indians were conveyed in a large canoe to the landing, a mile and a half down the river, on the opposite side. Here many of our white friends met us, and accompanied us to the church. The Rev. R. J. Adamson, conducting the funeral service, spoke very feelingly on Acts ix:36, last clause. The service and funeral procession was well attended by whites, Indians, and even Chinamen, showing how quickly she had won the respect and esteem of all. We buried her in our new cemetery, a mile from town.

As she had no desire for worldly honors, I may have said more than she would have permitted; but I think we should not hide her light. She set a noble example of how a Christian can, even at this day, "leave all and follow Christ." What more fitting memorial than that proposed by one of her Alberni friends, to erect a suitable building as a boarding-school, to be known as "The Elizabeth Lister Home for Indian Girls." May she indeed be "the seed of the Kingdom," the Word of God in life and death to many a darkened soul.

The forests of Germany pay an annual government revenue of \$25,000,000.

## A CORNWALL MIRACLE.

### HOW AN ESTEEMED CITIZEN REGAINED HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Mr. William Moore's Interesting Story—His Friends Despaired of His Recovery, but he once More Mingles With Them as Hearty as of Yore—A Story Full of Hope for Other Sufferers.

Cornwall Freeholder.

In this age there are few persons who do not take one or more newspapers, and it may be said with equal certainty that there are few who have not read from time to time of the marvellous cures effected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. But reading is one thing, and believing what you read is another, and no doubt of the thousands who have read of the Hamilton miracle, the Saratoga miracle, the Calgary miracle and others that have appeared from time to time in the columns of The Freeholder, achieved through the agency of Dr. Williams' marvellous little pellets, many may have laid aside the paper in unbelief. While, however, these people may not believe what happened at Saratoga or in Calgary, they would no doubt be convinced if one should bring to their notice a case in their own immediate vicinity where a marvellous cure was effected through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Every one in Cornwall knows Mr. Wm. Moore, who for years has driven the delivery waggon for Mack's Express Mills, and when it was known last winter that his health was failing rapidly, very general regret was expressed by a large section of the community. His voice grew weaker, his laugh less hearty and it appeared that consumption had marked him for a victim. At last he was forced to give up work altogether and keep within doors. So things were till late in the summer, when he commenced to get about again, and he steadily improved until he was once more able to take up his calling and work as of yore. What worked so marvellous a change? A veritable miracle it was indeed. Hearing that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had something to do with the case a reporter of The Freeholder called on Mr. Moore at his comfortable home on Eighth street and fortunately found him at home. Without any preliminary fencing the reporter said to Mr. Moore, "I am glad to see you so hearty and strong again; the last time I saw you it seemed as if your race was about run. I have heard that your wonderful recovery is entirely due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; have you any objection to tell me something about it?"

"No objection at all," said Mr. Moore. "Pink Pills did cure me and I am only too glad to let the world know all about that wonderful medicine. As you know I was a very sick man; indeed my life was despaired of."

### MY WORK IS VERY TRYING.

I was forced to be out in all sorts of weather, for people must eat, you know, it often happened that after lifting heavy sacks of flour or grain at the mill, I was in a profuse perspiration, and heated as I was had to drive out in the face of a fierce storm, or with the thermometer ever so many degrees below zero. A man can't stand that kind of thing forever, and after a good many warnings I felt that something had really got hold of me and I was forced to quit work. I had heavy colds all the time, severe pains in the back and loins and no appetite whatever. I lost flesh continually until I was, as you remember, a mere shadow of my former self, and everybody that saw me thought I was dying of consumption. I doctored for a couple of months; had poultices all over me and took a great deal of medicine. I will not say that the doctoring did no good, but it didn't do much, and I felt as if I were never going to get better. At this time my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People by reading an account of a case that seemed little short of a miracle. A sister of my wife had used them and had found them a valuable medicine, and strongly urged me to try them. I must confess that

I did so with some reluctance; I had tried so many medicines without benefit that I despaired of finding anything to cure me, but my case was desperate and I yielded to the solicitations of my friends and purchased a supply of pills from Mr. E. H. Brown, the druggist. I had not been taking them very long, when I began to notice a difference in myself, and found my appetite, which had been almost entirely gone, returning. I continued to take the Pink Pills and found my strength gradually returning, something I had despaired of. In a few weeks I had so far improved that I was able to go around, and was constantly gaining strength. I not only relished my food but it did me good, and I saw that I had at last hit upon the right remedy. Well, to make a long story short I continued to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until my old time strength had fully returned and I was able to go back to work. Since then I have been teaming every day, lifting heavy weights as usual, and I never felt better in my life. This is the whole story, and you may spread it freely. I was on the brink of the grave and you see me now. It was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that resored me, and I know them to be a grand medicine, and would urge everybody whose symptoms are like mine to profit by my experience. My case may not be so wonderful as some I have read of, but it is a miracle enough for me, and I can never say enough about Pink Pills, they are beyond any praise I can give them. I can only

URGE ANY WHO ARE IN DOUBT to give them a fair trial and I am confident they will never regret it.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humours in the blood such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Ask your dealer for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The perception of the comic is a tie of sympathy with other men, a pledge of sanity and a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves. A rogue alive to the ridiculous is still convertible. If that sense is lost his fellow men can do little for him.—Emerson.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gents,—I have used your MINARD'S years for various cases of sickness, and more particularly in a severe attack of la grippe which I contracted last winter, and I firmly believe that it was the means of saving my life.

C. I. LAGUE.



**TO BRACE UP** the system after "La Grippe," pneumonia, fevers, and other prostrating acute diseases; to build up needed flesh and strength, and to restore health and vigor when you feel "run-down" and used-up, the best thing in the world is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It promotes all the bodily functions, rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, and through it cleanses, repairs, and invigorates the entire system.

For the most stubborn Scrofulous, Skin or Scalp Diseases, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and kindred ailments, the "Discovery" is the only remedy that's guaranteed. If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Can you think of anything more convincing than the promise that is made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy? It is this: "If we can't cure your Catarrh, we'll pay you \$500 in cash."

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**PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER**

will quickly cure  
Diphtheria, Quinsy,  
Coughs, Colds,  
and Sore Throat.  
**25¢ BOTTLE.**

**Ministers and Churches.**

The Rev. M. N. Bethune, of Gravenhurst, has been unanimously called by the congregations of Beaverton and Gambridge.

Westminister church, Winnipeg, has sent a unanimous call to Rev. C. B. Pitblado, of Santa Rose, Cal., to become their pastor.

The congregation of St. Andrew's church, Lanark, have decided to extend a call to Rev. G. W. Mills, B.A., of New Westminister, B. C. Mr. Mills was formerly a resident of Lanark county.

The Rev. D. MacEachern, of Napanee, commenced last Sabbath evening an instructive course of lectures. "Polished Palaces" was the subject; and the address was especially intended for young women.

The Rev. Alex. Moge, of Aylmer, Que., was recently presented with a valuable fur coat by the ladies of his charge. The presentation was accompanied by kind words expressive of the good wishes of an attached congregation.

The Picton Gazette says: Rev. Dr. Gray, of Orilla, was recently the guest of his brother, Mr. James Gray, this town. On a Sunday while here, the reverend doctor preached during the forenoon service in the Presbyterian church. His discourse was a model of scriptural exposition of divine truth and was calculated to greatly edify his hearers.

The annual meeting of the congregation of Grace church, Tottenham, was held on Wednesday evening, Jan. 11th. The usual reports were submitted. The present membership is 101, the additions during the year being five on profession of faith and three by certificate. The contributions for congregational purposes have been \$745 and for extra-congregational objects \$138. The auxiliary to F.M.S. contributed \$29 to the foreign mission fund, besides clothing sent to the Northwest.

The annual meeting of the congregation of Beeton Presbyterian church was held on Thursday evening, Jan. 12th. The report of the session showed a membership of 126, with eight additions on profession of faith and seven by certificate during the year. For congregational purposes, the contributions have been \$975 and for extra-congregational objects \$173. The auxiliary to F.M.S. contributed \$25 to the foreign mission fund, besides clothing sent to the North West.

The Rev. Mr. Smith, before leaving Centreville, was presented by his congregation with an address expressive of their high esteem for him as a Christian minister, and admiration for him as a man of excellent parts. The address was accompanied by an expensive fur coat and robes and easy chair. The citizens of Centreville also met at the manse and presented Mrs. Smith with an address accompanied by a beautiful silver cake basket and butter dish. Mr. and Mrs. Smith have been residents of Centreville where they were greatly esteemed for nearly 14 years.

The Rev. W. T. Herridge, B. D., of Ottawa, recently conducted the services in Calvin Church, Pembroke; and the Standard remarks of him: "We venture to say that a more eloquent preacher never was heard in Pembroke. Gifted by nature with a commanding presence and a powerful voice, add to these a well-endowed intellect, and behind all a desire to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ, and you have the qualities which have made Mr. Herridge, young as he is, the pastor of the largest Presbyterian Church in the Capital, and one of the most eloquent preachers in that Church in Canada."

The Presbyterian congregation of Grafton and Vernonville recently held their annual meeting, and the reports presented indicate prosperity in every department of church work. This small congregation of only 80 families has raised the past year the respectable sum of about \$2,000. Of this amount \$500 was devoted to missionary purposes and \$150 was raised by the auxiliaries of the W. F. M. Society. The mission bands support a missionary in the home field. The church has a membership of 200,—70 having been added during the short pastorate of the present able minister, Rev. C. S. Lord, B. D.

The anniversary services of St. Andrew's Beachburg, were conducted by the Rev. D. J. McLean M.A., Arnprior, on Sabbath Jan. 29th. The attendance at both the morning and evening service was large. On Monday evening a tea-meeting was held when addresses were delivered by the Revs. D.J. McLean, Arnprior, T. A. Nelson, Bristol, Que.; W. A. Hanna, Methodist, Beachburg, and by Mr. W. H. Bone, editor of the Pembroke Standard. The choir of Calvin church, Pembroke, under the able leadership of Mr. G. W. Fluker, furnished the music, and contributed largely to the evenings' entertainment. The proceeds amounted to \$135.

The annual meeting of St. Andrew's, Beachburg, was held on the 24th Jan., the pastor, Rev. R. McNabb B.A., in the

chair. The various reports presented were of an encouraging nature. The W. F. M. S. raised during the year \$78.00 and the Mission Band and Sabbath school \$42.00. The total amount contributed to the schemes, including amount from Westmeath, was \$417, an increase of \$83.00 over any previous year. The report of the building committee showed that the new church, built at a cost of about \$5,700, and opened a year ago was all paid except \$490 which is fully covered by subscription. The total amount raised for all purposes by the united charge is, Beachburg \$3,719; Westmeath \$378; total \$4,097.

The annual meeting of the Melville Church, Brussels, was held Feb. 6th, Rev. John Ross in the chair. During the year 24 were added to the membership, which is now 248. The receipts for ordinary purposes were \$2,011.35, which met all obligations, reduced the debt on the manse \$300, and left a balance of \$66.80. For missionary and benevolent purposes \$474.47 were raised, making the total for all purposes \$2,485.80. The officers for 1893 are the following: Board of Management, Elder Stewart (Queen st.), Walter Innes, John Robb, sr., A. M. McKay, Wm. Knechtel, John B. McLaughlin, Thos. Davidson, Jas. Duncan, Wm. Taylor; Sec., Daniel Stewart; Treas., J. G. Skene; Missionary Association, Elder Stewart, Elder McLaughlin, Mrs. Barnhill, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Tufts; Auditors, Walter Innes and J. Stewart.

The Rev. Mr. Smith, late of Centreville, was inducted into St. Paul's church, Middleville, on Thursday the 9th ult. There was a large congregation present. The Rev. Mr. Grant of Almonte, Moderator of the Presbytery, presided, the Rev. Mr. McNair of Carlton Place, preached. The Revs. McLean of Blakeney, and Cromble of Smith's falls, addressed the congregation and pastor respectively. Mr. Smith received a cordial welcome from the people in the evening at a social and tea given in his honor. There was excellent music, the choir of the church being augmented by those of the Congregational and Baptist in the town. The new pastor presided and delivered an excellent speech. Addresses were given by Revs. McNair, McLean and McIlwraith of the Presbyterian church and McAuley of the Congregational. Mr. Smith enters upon his labors in his new field with every prospect of success.

The annual report of the First Presbyterian Church, Brockville, Rev. W. A. Mackenzie, B.D., pastor, indicates a highly prosperous condition of church work in all its branches. During the past year 46 were added to the membership, making a total of 403 communicants on the roll. In the Sabbath School there are 290 on the roll, 30 teachers and 7 officers. Twenty-two of the scholars have been presented with Bibles for committing to memory the whole of the Shorter Catechism. The receipts from collections amounted to \$3,501.24. Besides this there was raised for various charities and special objects the further sum of \$1,006.59. The W. F. M. Society contributed \$215.46; the Juvenile M. Band, \$22.30; the Young Ladies M. Band \$56.25. There is also in connection with the Church a flourishing Christian Endeavor Society, at the weekly meetings of which there is an average attendance of 63.

The Presbytery of Stratford met in Lis towel on the 3rd ult., for the ordination and induction of Rev. J. A. Morrison, B.A. After hearing his trial discourses the Presbytery sustained his examination and proceeded with the ordination. Mr. Ferguson of Burns church and Brooksdale, preached; Mr. Henderson of Atwood, presided, and narrated the steps taken, after which he put the usual questions and offered prayer, by which and the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, Mr. Morrison was ordained to the office of the holy ministry and in the usual form inducted to the pastoral charge. Mr. J. W. Cameron of North Mornington, addressed the minister and Dr. MacVicar, of Montreal, the people. The Presbytery then adjourned to meet in Tavistock on March 13th, at 7.30 p.m. In the evening a public meeting was held and addresses given by the Methodist, Congregational and Baptist resident ministers, the members of the Presbytery and Dr. MacVicar.—A. F. Tully, clerk.

The annual meeting of the Orilla Presbyterian Church was largely attended; and the proceedings were of the most harmonious character. The Rev. R. N. Grant occupied the chair. A year ago the membership was 518; 71 have been added to the communion roll during the year, 38 by profession of faith and 33 by certificate from other congregations; 18 certificates of removal have been granted, and there were three deaths, making the total membership to date 568. The total receipts for general purposes amounted to \$3,688.97. There were other sums collected which will increase the contributions of the congregation to \$5,705.65. The W. F. M. Society, with a membership of 51, collected the handsome sum of \$212.79; the W.H.M. Society has maintained a missionary in

the Parry Sound District, at an expense of \$129, and \$50 were sent to the Pointe Aux Trembles school. The Juvenile Mission Band, with a membership of 30, raised \$51.16. The Sabbath School has an average attendance of 366; receipts \$387.95. The Bible Class, conducted by the pastor, had doubled in attendance during the year; a native missionary in Formosa is supported by the class, which also raised the sum of \$111.27. The Christian Endeavor Society and the Ladies' Aid Society are both in a flourishing condition. The following are the managers for the current year: Messrs. Geo. Thomson, Wm. Thomson, Duncan McNab, Dr. A. R. Harvie (re-elected) and W. J. King.

The annual congregational meeting of Knox Church, Rat Portage, was held on Tuesday evening, 31st January. The pastor, Rev. R. Nairn, B. A., after having concluded the opening devotional exercises, was elected by the congregation to act as chairman. There was a good attendance, and very satisfactory and encouraging reports were read which showed progress in all departments of church work. The total sum raised was \$2,686.56. The Session report showed that 22 had been added to the membership during the past year, 107 members being now on the roll. The Sabbath School report indicated increase in numbers—average attendance, 104; money raised by scholars, \$481. The Bible Class raised \$59—given to Home and Foreign Missions. The Ladies Aid reported the raising of \$464.40. The Christian Endeavor reported \$60 given to Foreign Mission work; \$16.50 for other religious and charitable purposes. The membership of the Christian Endeavor Society is 70. Children's Mission Band of Willing Workers gave to Foreign Missions \$14.71; W. F. M. Society \$30.60; Norman, for Missions and congregational purposes, \$204; Thanksgiving collection for Augmentation, \$8. The Managers' report was read by Mr. D. T. Ferguson. He said that the Managers had been enabled, through the liberality of the congregation to meet the claims made upon them. They had raised during the year \$1,407.35. At the close there was some talk of building a new stone church; but nothing definite has been decided on as yet. The retiring managers, James Sharpe and Jacob Hose, were re-elected.

The Presbytery of Barrie met at Barrie on Tuesday, 31st Jan. Present 15 ministers and eight elders. Mr. J. A. Ross B.A., was elected Moderator for the next six months. Intimation was received from the Presbytery of Kingston that the call from Hillsdale and Craighurst to Mr. Smith, sustained by the Barrie Presbytery on 27th September, was declined. The Presbytery expressed sympathy with the congregations in their disappointment after being kept so long in waiting for an answer. Mr. J. R. Craigie intimated that he declined the call from Elmvalle and Knox church, Flos. A communication from the North Bay congregation expressed some discouragement that their efforts to secure a settled minister had proved fruitless, and desired the aid of the Presbytery to obtain hearing of ministers who may be qualified for their locality, as a railway town, and who are willing to accept a call. The

**Dyspepsia**

**Dr. T. H. Andrews,** Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, says of

**Horsford's Acid Phosphate.**

"A wonderful remedy which gave me most gratifying results in the worst forms of dyspepsia."

It reaches various forms of Dyspepsia that no other medicine seems to touch, assisting the weakened stomach and making the process of digestion natural and easy.

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to **Horsford Chemical Works, Providence, R.I.**

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

For Sale by all Druggists.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.



Presbytery expressed warm sympathy with the people and instructed the Home Mission committee to endeavour to find the supply desired. The petition of residents in the village of Everett to be supplied with services, left over from last meeting, was fully considered. Deputations from Everett and from the neighbouring congregations were heard. It was decided to organize a station in accordance with the desire of the petitioners and supply them with services until next meeting, when the committee appointed in the matter will report on the number of members and families and their financial ability. Mr. J. G. Inkster was examined with a view to being engaged in missionary work in the bounds and was approved and appointed to Byng Inlet. The report of the Presbyterian W.F.M.S. was read. It shows the membership of auxiliaries and mission bands to be 610, an increase of 78 during the year; contributions \$1,235.78, an increase of \$212.69; goods sent to the North West valued at \$250. The Presbytery expressed gratification at the continued prosperity of the society and assured the members of their cordial sympathy and support in their noble work. Mr. Hunter reported the organization of a congregation at Oro Station on the 23 inst., which now becomes a part of his charge, being united to Guthrie church and Mitchell Square. Deputies were appointed to visit congregations receiving aid from the augmentation fund. A committee was appointed to consider how Central church, Oro, should be supplied, and report at next meeting. The Rev. D. M. Gordon B.D., of Halifax, was nominated Moderator of next General Assembly. The next meeting will be held at Barrie, Tuesday, March 22, at 11 a.m. Robert Moodle, Pres. Clerk.

The Presbytery of Toronto met on Tuesday, 7th inst., the Moderator, Rev. J. Mutch, presiding. Presbyterial certificates were presented by the Rev. S. Carruthers, from Guelph Presbytery, by Rev. Joseph McCracken from Montreal Presbytery, and by Rev. William M. Reid from Dalkeith Presbytery, Scotland, the last named being accompanied by a commission from the Free Church of Scotland, and these brethren were received and their names entered on the roll as ministers without charge. The Treasurer's report indicated a comfortable balance on hand, and after the auditors had reported, it was adopted, the sum of \$20 voted to the Treas. as a substantial token of the Presbytery's appreciation of his services. The assistant clerk reported that of the tenders received for the printing of the Presbytery minutes that of Mr. J. Gowanlock was the lowest, and it was agreed to accept his tender for the current year. A committee, Revs. Dr. Caven, Dr. Reid, and W. G. Wallace were appointed to draft a suitable minute anent the death of the Stated Clerk, Rev. R. Monteith, and submit the same at the next meeting of Presbytery. Rev. R. C. Tibb, who has been acting as Assistant Clerk since March, 1892, was appointed Stated Clerk. Permission was granted to the Parkdale Congregation to moderate in a call as soon as they were prepared to do so. On the recommendation of a committee it was ordered that Mr. Jenkins Burkholder be certified as a catechist, Mr. Hugh Semple, and Mr. Peter Scott, as suitable persons to study for the ministry, and that Mr. Scott should also be certified to the Home Mission Committee for work during the coming season. Mr. Meikle gave notice that at the next meeting of Presbytery he would move "That all the retired ministers under the charge of this Presbytery, shall have the privilege of sitting and speaking on any business before the Court, without the necessity of being invited to correspond." It was agreed to choose the Commissioners to the next General Assembly at the regular meeting in March, at 3 p.m. In accordance with a request from the congregation at Dovercourt the Rev. S. Carruthers was appointed to the charge of the Dovercourt congregation for one year, and it was agreed to apply for a grant of \$4.00 per Sabbath for the current six months. The resignation of Rev. D. M. Buchanan of Georgetown and Limehouse was allowed to lie on the table and the clerk was instructed to cite the congregations to appear at the next regular meeting of Presbytery. The report of the committee appointed to visit these congregations was allowed to lie on the table as on account of an accident on the line the train was cancelled, and the deputies appointed to represent the congregations did not arrive. The next regular meeting of Presbytery will be held on Tuesday, March 7th, 1893. R. C. Tibb, P. Clerk.

The fourth annual meeting of the Owen Sound Presbyterian W. F. M. S. was held in Knox church, Owen Sound, on Tuesday, Feb. 7th. The day was fine, though cold, and although the roads were not good the attendance was large. Every one of the fifteen Auxiliaries of the Presbytery were represented except two, and many of them largely represented. All delegates from a distance and many others were hospitably entertained at lunch and tea, sumptuously served by the ladies of Knox church, which added greatly

to the enjoyment of the meetings. At the morning session for business Mrs. Somerville, Pres., Mrs. Waits, Treas.; and Mrs. Fraser, Sec., were re-elected by acclamation and Mrs. Hamilton, Mrs. McLennan and Mrs. Dr. Morrison were elected vice-presidents for the year. It was agreed, on the invitation of Mrs. McAlpine, to hold a semi-annual meeting at Chatsworth, on the second Wednesday of June, as the meeting held at Keady last year had been such a success. The usual formal address of welcome in the afternoon was dispensed with, the president, in her excellent and appropriate address, extending, on behalf of the ladies of Knox church, a cordial welcome to all delegates and visitors present. The reports from Auxiliaries were brief but varied and very interesting. The various sister societies of the town were represented by Miss Gordon, Episcopal; Mrs. Eberle, Baptist; Mrs. Kennedy, Methodist; and Mrs. Ledyard, Disciple; who gave full accounts of the work in which their societies were engaged, after which Mrs. McCrae, of Guelph, delivered a most stimulating and helpful address which was enthusiastically received and will be long remembered. The reports of the secretary and treasurer were then read showing that the society had made good progress during the year, that three new auxiliaries had been organized, and that the contributions had increased from \$521.36 of the previous year to \$683.80, an advance of over thirty per cent. The evening meeting was presided over by Dr. Waits, the pastor of the congregation, and addressed by the Rev. R. P. McKay, M. A., who passed in brief review the Foreign Mission work of the Church in the eight fields to which we have sent missionaries, and earnestly urged upon all the duty and privilege of co-operation in this great work. Mr. Andrew Morrison, who for two years taught in the Mission School at Round Lake, told in a touching way of the state of the poor Indian children, the way in which the work of the school is carried on, and of the great influence for good of the large amount of warm clothing sent year by year from the Society. The collections amounted to \$22.63. Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. McLennan, Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Forrest, with the President, conducted the devotional exercises most profitably, and Mrs. A. A. Vernon, to the enjoyment of all, sang appropriate solos both in the afternoon and evening. The meetings, on the whole, were the largest and the best that the Society has yet held.—Com.

**MINUTE OF THE PRESBYTERY OF BARRIE RELATIVE TO THE LATE W. FRASER, D. D.**

The Presbytery desires to place on record an expression of its sorrow at the removal from their midst by death of the late Dr. Wm. Fraser, for so unusually long a period a respected member of the Court, and of its sense of the loss sustained by its members and by the church at large. For more than forty years Dr. Fraser laboured within the bounds of this Presbytery. Throughout all that period he took a leading part in the work of the Court, and in all the labour connected with the extension and establishing of the church in the wide district under its care. In 1879 when he retired from the active duties of the ministry, the Presbytery re-

**"German Syrup"**

G. Gloger, Druggist, Watertown, Wis. This is the opinion of a man who keeps a drug store, sells all medicines, comes in direct contact with the patients and their families, and knows better than anyone else how remedies sell, and what true merit they have. He hears of all the failures and successes, and can therefore judge: "I know of no medicine for Coughs, Sore Throat, or Hoarseness that had done such effective work in my family as Boschee's German Syrup. Last winter a lady called at my store, who was suffering from a very severe cold. She could hardly talk, and I told her about German Syrup and that a few doses would give relief; but she had no confidence in patent medicines. I told her to take a bottle, and if the results were not satisfactory I would make no charge for it. A few days after she called and paid for it, saying that she would never be without it in future as a few doses had given her relief." ☉

corded its high appreciation of his character and work. These have been largely referred to, since his death, in the public press. It is to be hoped that some fitting and permanent record will be made of the services which he rendered to the church. It is not possible or needful here to enter into an estimate of the character of our reverend father, nor to relate the manifold labours which were performed by him with unbroken fidelity, both in the field under his own immediate care and in all the region round about, as well as in the public offices which he held. The able and faithful manner in which he discharged every duty laid upon him is well known to the church and will remain as an example to be held in honoured remembrance. It may suffice here to say that his connection with this Court, his courtesy and kindness as a co-Presbyter endeared him to every member of it, while throughout its bounds in its congregations, as well as by the community outside of our own church, he was regarded with the highest esteem as a faithful and honoured minister of the Gospel.

The Presbytery felt it a pleasing duty during his illness to send him an expression of sympathy by some of the brethren from time to time, and watched the decline of his activity and strength with deep regret. They rejoice to know that during these trying months he was sustained by the grace of the Saviour whom he had so earnestly preached. He has entered into his rest. He has left to this Court as well as to the church at large a name which will ever be cherished by his brethren with affection and honour. The Presbytery desires to express sympathy with the members of the family of the deceased and instructs the clerk to send them a copy of this minute.

**SCROFULA**

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck; which causes running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

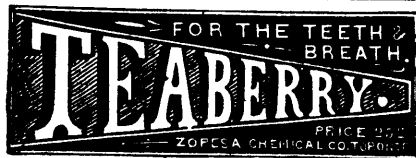
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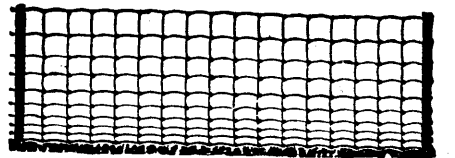
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**British and Foreign.**

Rev. J.C. Higgins of Tarbolton has published a concise Life of Burns.  
Rev. K. Moody-Stuart's "Letter to a Friend" on the declaratory act is in its 20th thousand.  
The assistant-successor to Rev. T. D. Kirkwood of Dunbarney will have a stipend of £200.

The death took place at Inverkeithing on 24ult. of Rev. Alexander Rainy, late minister of Drumblade, in his 81st year.

Prof. Henry Drummond leaves in March for Boston to deliver the Lowell lectures. His subject is "The Evolution of Man."

By the hands of the Armenian Catholic patriarch the Sultan of Turkey is to present the Pope on his jubilee with a snuff-box inlaid with diamonds.

A young Parsee named Sorabji, who was a student at Somerville college, Oxford, is being trained to the law in a London solicitor's office.

Rev. W. W. Peyton has been presented with £100 by St. Luke's congregation, Broughty Ferry, on his retirement from the pastorate.

The vote in Rothesay church on the question of introducing instrumental music has resulted in 200 replies of "Yes" and 69 of "No." Many declined to vote.

The Rev. Thomas Kennedy, D.D., Senior Clerk of the United Presbyterian Synod, will, it is said, be proposed for the Moderatorship at the meeting of the Synod in May.

In a preface to his new book "Unseen Foundations of Society", the Duke of Argyll states that the career of the late Lord Shaftesbury was the noblest he had ever known.

Goldsmith's comedy "She Stoops to Conquer," was lately performed at Osborne before the Queen, the Princess Louise taking the leading part and the Marquis of Lorne a subordinate one.

The action of the Lord Mayor of Dublin in taking the chair the other day at a Y.M.C.A. meeting is regarded with much satisfaction by the Christian people of the city. His predecessors in office have not been noted for that sort of thing.

An elephant fell a victim to the cold in Hungary. A bucketful of tea, containing a bottle of brandy and two bottles of rum, was poured down its throat. The benumbed animal become intoxicated and died.

The Rev. J. Paton, son of the Rev. J.G. Paton, of the New Hebrides, was ordained at Scots Church, Melbourne, on December 19th last, as missionary to the island of Malicolo, where he goes to take up his father's work.

A man aged 113 has just died on the shores of Lough Derry, Ireland, his end being brought about by the death on the previous day, of his centenarian wife. The old man at the age of 106 built unaided the house which he looked forward to occupy for many years.

Rev. D. Fairweather of Kinfauns has formally intimated his declination of the call to Regent-square, London. Notwithstanding his decision, the London congregation have resolved to proceed, and have chosen commissioners to appear before Perth presbytery.

A herd of a hundred bulls, while being unloaded at Barcelona, broke away, and the infuriated animals dispersed in different streets, the inhabitants flying panic-stricken. Before the bulls could be shot or secured they had killed six people and injured many others.

Rev. Dr. J. C. Brown, formerly of Belmont street church, Aberdeen, has issued a volume of curious interest, "People of Finland in Archaic Times." (London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co.) It gives a good idea of the mythical and legendary beliefs and folk-lore of Finland.

In connection with the Glasgow Y.M.C.A. there are classes of Latin, Greek, French, German, Spanish, Elocution, Grammar and Composition, Writing, Book-keeping, Arithmetic, Mathematics, Shorthand, Music, Ambulance, Science and Art, and Civil Service Preparatory. The students number 2,206.

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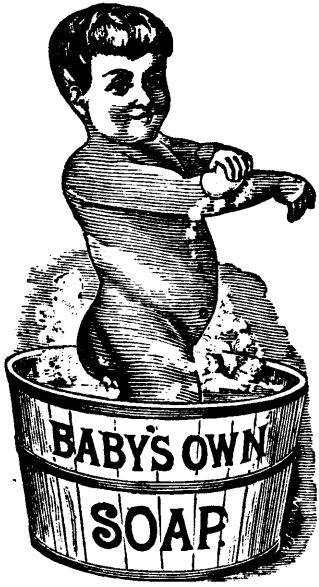
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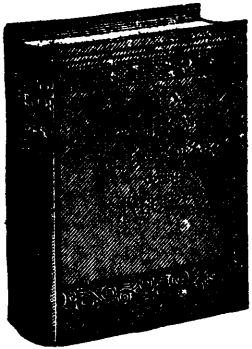
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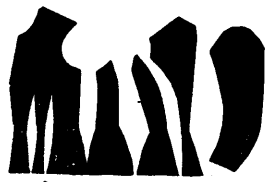
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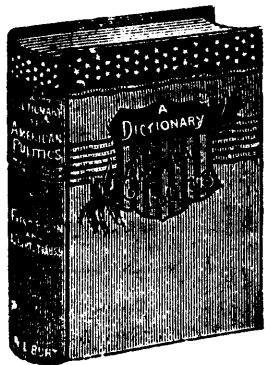
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Natural abilities are like natural plants, they need pruning by study.—Bacon.

Truth is eclipsed often, and it sets for a night; but never is it turned aside from its eternal path.—Ware.

A sound discretion is not so much indicated by never making a mistake as by never repeating it.—Bovee.

Thrift of time will repay you in after life with a usury of profit beyond your most sanguine dreams.—Gladstone.

There are braying men in the world as well as braying asses; for, what's loud and senseless talking and swearing any other than braying.—Sir Roger L'Estrange.

A man might frame and let loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God, as he who lets go a golden-orbed thought to roll through the generations of time.—Beecher.

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When one eye is extinguished, the other becomes more keen; when one hand is cut off, the other becomes more powerful; so when our reason in human things is disturbed or destroyed, our view heavenward becomes more acute and perfect.—Scott.

The best men are not those who have waited for chances but those who have taken them.—besieged the chance, conquered the chance, and made the chance their servitor.—Anon.

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Sirs,—I had a troublesome cold which nothing would relieve until I tried Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and I am glad to say, that it completely cured me.

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A man that only translates shall never be a poet; nor a painter that only copies; nor a swimmer that swims always with bladders; so people that trust wholly to others' charity, and without industry of their own, will always be poor.—Sir W. Temple.

Life is a succession of lessons which must be lived to be understood. All is riddle, and the key to a riddle is another riddle. There are as many pillows of illusion as flakes in a snow-storm. We wake from one dream into another dream.—Emerson.

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The following dialogue is sent to me as having been overheard at the Truth Toy Show:—Small Boy (in tears): "I want to go home, I want to go home." Fond Mother: "Why, what's the matter with you?" S.B.: "I'm afraid of them roaring beasts!" F.M.: "La, Johnny! You needn't be afraid of the animals. They're all dead. It's the organ that's a-making the noise."—Truth.

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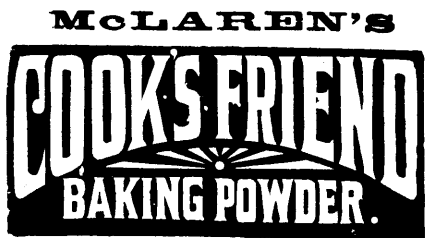


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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

ALGOMA.—Next meeting of Algoma Presbytery will be held at Thessalon, on Wednesday, 15th March, at 2 p.m.

BRUCE.—At Paisley, March 14, at 11 a.m.

BRANDON.—In Portage la Prairie, Tuesday, March 14, at 3 p.m.

BARRIE.—At Barrie, Tuesday, March 22, at 11 a.m.

BROCKVILLE.—Second Tuesday in March, at Iroquois, 1.30 p.m.

CHATHAM.—In First Church, on Tuesday, 14th March, at 10 a.m.

GUELPH.—Next meeting in Knox Church, Elora, on Tuesday, 21st March, at 9 o'clock a.m. Conferences on State of Religion, Systematic Benevolence, Sabbath Schools and Sabbath Observance begin in the same place on the evening of Monday, the 20th, at 7.30 o'clock.

HURON.—Presbytery of Huron will meet in Clinton on the 17th March at 10.30 a.m.

LINDSAY.—At Lindsay, Tuesday, February 28, at 11 a.m.

MAITLAND.—In Knox Church, Kincardine, March 14, at 2 p.m.

MONTREAL.—The Presbytery of Montreal will meet in the Presbyterian College, on Tuesday, March 21st, at 10 a.m.

ORANGETTLE.—At Orangeville, March 14, at 10.30 a.m.

PARIS.—In Brantford, Zion Church Thursday, February 9th, at 10 a.m.

PORT HOPE.—At Port Hope, in Mill St Church, on March 14th, at 9 o'clock a.m.

QUEBEC.—In Morrin College, Quebec, on the 28th February, at 4 p.m.

ROCK LAKE.—At Boissevan, on the first Tuesday of March, at 7 p.m.

SARNIA.—2nd Tuesday, March 14th, in St. Andrew's Church, Sarnia, at 2 o'clock p.m.

SAUGEEN.—In Knox Church, Palmerston, on 14th March, at 10 a.m.

TORONTO.—At Toronto, March 7, at 11 o'clock a.m.

WINNIPEG.—In Knox Church, Winnipeg, on Tuesday, March 7, at 3.30 p.m.

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

BIRTH.

At 740 Spadina Avenue, on Tuesday, February 14, 1893, the wife of John Wanless, jun., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At the manse, Franktown, 8th inst., by Rev. A. H. McFarlane, Mr. Robt. Gaston, of Keystone, Minnesota, U. S., to Miss Elizabeth Agnew, daughter of the late Robt. Agnew, of Montague.

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NOTICE.

A special General Meeting of the Shareholders of the Presbyterian Printing and Publishing Company (Limited), for the purpose of the election of Directors and the transaction of general business, will be held at the office of the Company, 5 Jordan Street, Toronto, on Saturday, the 25th day of February, 1893, at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon.

By order, A. W. McLACHLAN, Sec'y-Treas.

Toronto, February 10, 1893.

Miscellaneous.

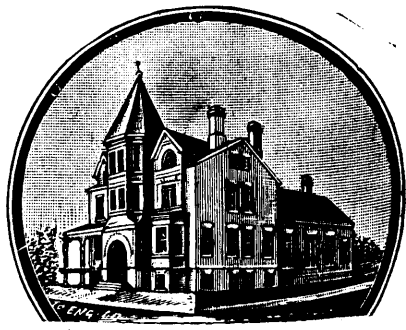
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