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For the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

ELIJAH.

My father, my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof.—2 Kings ii. 12.

AWAY, away, on wings of steels air
Mounts up on high the prophet's fiery car;
The echoing vault reverberates the tread
Of thundering wheels, and horses spirit lost!
Wrapped in ethereal flames the couriers rise,
And cleave a deathless passage to the skies!
Up the steep path, untravelled and unknown,
Reserved for him, the favoured one, alone,
The tireless steeds pursue their heavenly way,
Leat in the regions of eternal day!

Yet he had longed to lay him down in peace,
Where all the scourgings of the wicked cease;
And wooed the night, his day of wonders done,
And prayed that he might see life's setting sun!
But o'er that grand career no sun went down,
To hide the glory that was yet to come!
For him no arrow sped its flight below—
No shaft was fitted to the angel's bow!
He must not tread the dark and cheerless way
Whose gloomy vista widens into day;
Nor slip his foot in that cold, rullen wave
That breaks upon the borders of the grave.
Across the shinking flood he walked dry-shod,
And soared aloft to glory and to God!
Toronto. THOS. K. HENDERSON.

THE ENGINEER'S REMEDY.

My engineer was a gray-haired, thick-set man of fifty, quiet and unobtrusive, and deeply in love with his beautiful machine. He had formerly run a locomotive, and now took a stationary engine because he could get no employment on the railroads. A long talk with the superintendent of the road from which he had been removed revealed only one fault in the man's past life; he loved strong drink.

"He is," said my informant, "as well posted on steam as any man on the road; he worked up from train-boy to fireman, from fireman to engineer, has rendered us valuable services, has saved many lives by his quickness and bravery; but he cannot let liquor alone, and for that reason we have discharged him."

In spite of this discouraging report I hired the man. During the first week of his stay I passed through the engine room many times a day, in search of my factory rounds, but never found aught amiss. The great machine ran as smoothly and quietly as if its bearings were set in velvet; the steel cross-head, the crank-shaft, the brass oil-cups reflected the morning sun like mirrors; no speck of dust found lodgment in the room. In the "fire-room" the same order and neatness prevailed; the steam-gauge showed even pressure, the water-gauges were always just right, and our daily report showed that we were burning less coal than formerly. The most critical inspection failed to find any thing about either engine or boiler that showed the faintest symptoms of neglect or carelessness.

Three weeks passed. The man who had been recommended as "good for five days' work and then two days' drunk," had not swerved a hair from his duty. The gossips were beginning to notice and comment on the strange affair.

"I should like to speak with you a moment, sir," said he one morning, as I passed through his sanctum.

"Well, John, what now?" I said, drawing out my note book. "Cylinder oil all gone?"

"It's about myself," he replied.

I motioned him to proceed.

"Thirty two years ago I drank my first glass of liquor," said the engineer, "and for the past ten years, up to the last month, no week has passed without its Saturday night drunk. During those years I was not blind to the fact that appetite was getting a frightful hold upon me. At times my struggles against the longing for stimulant were earnest. My employers once offered me a thousand dollars if I would not touch liquor for three months, but I lost it; I tried all sorts of antidotes, and all failed. My wife died praying that I might be rescued, yet my promises to her were broken within two days. I signed pledges and joined societies, but appetite was still my master. My employers reasoned with me, discharged me, forgave me, but all to no effect. I could not stop, and I knew it. When I came to work for you I did not expect to stay a week; I was nearly done for; but now!" and the old man's face lighted up with an unspeakable joy, "in this extremity, when I was ready to plunge into hell for a glass of rum, I found a sure remedy! I am saved from my appetite!"

"What is your remedy?"

The engineer took up an open Bible that lay face down, on the window ledge and read, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."
—Christian.

THE POWER OF "OUGHT."—This principle of serving only when we have the inclination is the very highest form of selfishness. It is the substitution of one's own will and inclination for the Word of God and commandments of Jesus Christ, which is not grievous. For our own part we would rather be associated with a dozen Christians who know and recognize the power of the word "OUGHT," than a thousand who ignore it and substitute their inclinations.—Pentecost.

* Anael, the Angel of Death.

Mission Work.

LETTER FROM DR. MACKAY.

Rev. Dr. Wardrop, C.F.M.C.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—It is two weeks since I left Tanyul. General Loo ordered the Mandarins to send three men with me to examine the site of the destroyed chapels. They accompanied me half way to Ke-lung, then went back. I came on over the hills to the harbour and got into a small boat with two oarsmen. The wind was blowing a terrific gale and when half way across a small boat upset and the only man in her was pitched into the forming waves. We turned our boat about against wind, tide and angry sea to save him. In doing so our own nearly capsized; but we saved the man and put about for this shore. When near it one oar broke and we were twirled about and dashed on the rocky beach. For three days the winds howled and wild waves roared furiously around this island. Few inhabitants were here, not having returned yet from the hills where they fled before the French; none could go fishing and no one dared venture across to Ke lung. So I was without any food save rice and salt. It was very sweet.

A few days ago I was called away to see a dying convert. When I arrived he was just bidding all farewell; grand noble follower of Jesus, blind for six years and now saying "I'll soon see again and I'll see my Redeemer." He was baptised in Feb. 1875, ordained elder two years afterwards. From there I visited a young convert who passed away smiling, and saying aloud "Peace to you all, I'm going home." Then yesterday I stood beside a dying heathen 23 years of age. He was doing some work on the mission house here. I called ten students in to see him die.

"Oh, my father! Oh, my mother! Oh, my misery, misery! misery! misery!" he wailed aloud. I told the students to take notes of the sermon. But that was not necessary. The impression was deep.

O blessed gospel of hope—of hope—of hope, and people would despise thee—would forget thee, and would drink mud and filth instead of thy nure, living, fresh streams!

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bearing his sheaves with him."

Ever yours sincerely,
G. L. MACKAY.

THE New Testament has been translated in the Korean language. A lady of Glasgow provides half the salary for five years of the first Korean evangelist.

SOME three years ago Rev. J. Hudson Taylor and a band of missionaries in a city in China 600 miles from the sea coast, spent an evening in prayer, that God would, within three years, send them seventy consecrated workmen and supply the means for their outfit and passage. Their prayers have been richly answered, for more than seventy have sailed for China within the time and others are waiting to go.

JAPANESE Christians are now praying and working that their country may be wholly Christian by the year 1900. Many now living may witness what the Christians of Japan are now praying and labouring for. Only one language is spoken and to a great extent they are an educated and reading people. Hence difficulties in the way of evangelization of this country are less than in many others.

THE King of Burmah (Thebaw) ruled over about 4,000,000 of people. His will was supreme and he was a most brutal and cruel monster. A respectable Church of England paper in London has lately sent forth the statement to the world, that this wily and wicked king was once a Sunday School scholar; or, if not so, that he was educated by a missionary of the Church of England, Dr. Marks, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and that he was at one time a promising pupil. If this be the case, how sad his wicked career!

NINETY poor, degraded, wretched little Indian boys and girls in far off Alaska, having heard of the good school to which many others were going, came in a body to the school-house and asked if they might come in and be taught. The school-house, however, was too small to receive them, and now an appeal is made to the Woman's Executive Committee of the Home Missions in connection with the Presbyterian Church in the United States, for funds to enlarge the building. We hope the funds may be forthcoming so that the ninety may be taken in.

CHINESE IDIAS.—Dr. Christie, of Monkden, in the last U. P. Record says, "My experience up to this present bears out the peculiarity of the Chinese mind in the presence of death and eternity—viz, that the conscience is not educated in the matter of sin. They seem to differ 'toto coelo' from us in this respect. They are our antipodes. Of course this cannot apply

where Buddhism is a living faith. But here no faith is living, or like its original, or like what we read in books. I have yet to meet a living Buddhist of the type I often admire in books. But is the doctrine of sin worth anything when it is not an offence against a loving One whose children we are? The Chinese only know themselves surrounded by spiritual beings, who if offended are potent for harm. To propitiate these is all the righteousness they aspire to (I speak of the common life of the common people). It is a very high class mind in China, a deep student of Confucius, who rises to the notion, and lives it out, that only virtue protects, and that Heaven infallibly protects virtue. We have no right to say such people don't exist. They are conceivable to any student of the Chinese classics. But one does not meet them."

CHRISTIANIZING THE INDIAN.—Those who think it impossible should read the account in the December Foreign Missionary of the result of fifty years' work on the reserve of the Senecas in Western New York. The Rev. William Hall, who began work among them 'n 1834, says at that time they lived in a state of degraded heathenism. Since then so far from dying out their numbers have increased 33 per cent, without immigration. "From occupying rude wigwags, from leading a precarious existence through exposure and lack of food, they now have comfortable homes, many implements of husbandry, domestic animals in great numbers, with convenient vehicles, and that many of them are now able to read those two great instructors, the Bible and the newspaper." Fifty years ago, he says, "most of the people were benighted pagans, ignorant worshippers of false gods. That class had been blotted out; if there are real pagans to-day they are very scarce, and are not ignorant of the gospel. True, there is a large party called the pagan party, but the meaning of this is simply that the Indians, like their white neighbours, are divided into believers and unbelievers. The Senecas are all Christians in the same sense precisely in which the white people of the land are Christians. So far as there is any religion among them, Christianity is that religion." Probably there are not a dozen pagans among all these 4,000 Indians who have a religious veneration for heathen worship. Their dances and other ceremonials (which are well nigh extinct) have no religious meaning now, but are simply festivals kept up for the sake of 'lang syne.' Here, then, is a nation, 4,000 in number, who have been in a sense Christianized and civilized, and this has been done, not by the help of mere contact with the whites, but in spite of it. It is the result mainly and potentially of the faithful labours of a limited band of missionaries, who have given their lives to their elevation." Mr. Hall ascribes the increase of the population and the exceptional success of the work to the special isolation of the reserve from the demoralizing influence of demoralized whites.

Woman's Work.

[The Board of the W. F. M. S., Western Section, has kindly forwarded us the following interesting letter for publication, received through Miss Campbell, Secretary of the W. F. M. S., Eastern Section.]

TACARIGUA, TRINIDAD, Oct. 31st, 1885.

MY DEAR MISS CAMPBELL,—You will perceive that all missionary letters are hastily written. In the first place, we have a good many to write, and in the second place very little time for writing. I have never been so pressed as since I came to Tacarigua. Between teaching school, attending sick, visiting villages and hospitals, and numberless other engagements, I can scarcely compose my mind for writing, or find time to do it, but I suppose it is only our duty, inasmuch as you are interested in, and are doing so much for, our schools that we keep you posted in their operations. I have now been in Tacarigua nine months and during that time I have registered 101 new scholars, besides those already on the roll. A few of these have left the village and gone away. Five have returned with their parents to India and several others have gone to work, but they still continue their attendance at the Sabbath School. This is cheering, for although they were too short a time in school to get any practical benefit, yet they were long enough to have their interest awakened, and this they still manifest by a regular attendance on the Sabbath. At present my school averages 70. To keep up the attendance and interest in such a school involves an amount of labor people not on the ground hardly realize. You have to be constantly visiting them. Some of my children have reached that stage at which love of knowledge and desire for improvement keep them regularly at school with very little trouble; many, however, have to be gone out for twice a day. They show such aptitude to learn when kept regularly at school that we are encouraged to follow them up. I am, I think, justly proud of the progress some of my boys have made during the period of nine months. I have one class of five who were reading short words of one syllable in the

first book and are now reading nicely in the fourth (English). The same class I took from the alphabet in Hindi and now they can read any common book in their tongue. They read the New Testament quite fluently. In arithmetic they are working in Long Division. My first class are reading in the Fifth Book and working in Compound Multiplication and Division. As yet I have not given them any studies, with the exception of spelling. I felt they were not far enough advanced; but at the first of the year they will take up grammar, geography, and history. You will be pleased to learn that the number of girls is increasing in our schools. At present I have 26, a small proportion of course, yet it is much better than anything we have had formerly. They are not so anxious and consequently do not learn as fast as the boys. They learn to sew quickly and are very fond of it. This, if nothing more, will improve their habits, for Coolie women as a rule do nothing but cook their rice. It was a true saying of a French statesman, "Educate a boy, you make an enlightened man—educate a girl, and you make an enlightened family." We do long to see our women elevated to that position which God meant women to occupy.

I have a night school for young men, four evenings in the week. This is attended by about 20. Last week one young man had to go away to the mountain to work and two evenings he walked six miles rather than miss his lesson. On Friday evening we have turned it into a sort of Bible class. We meet together and spend an hour in singing hymns and studying God's Word.

SABBATH, Nov. 1st.

I must hasten to bring this letter to a close and I will do so by giving you an account of to-day's work. Up at 7 o'clock (very late for me for I felt rather tired). At 8.30 I took my picture book and bayhan and set out into the village. The first place I called at was the house of one of my little boys who was sick with fever. He was asleep, so I did not disturb him, but gave the mother some instructions as to what she was to do for the boy, and then was about to take my leave, but she urged me to sit down, that I did. I took out my books. She seated herself on the ground at my feet and called her children around her, and asked two or three questions were praying at the bayhan brought in three women. At the time we had quite an audience. They were touched with the story of Joseph and said, "Ah, his brothers too bad." Then I told how God made it all turn out for good. From here I went further up into the village, hardly knowing whither I went, and before I left I asked God to direct my course, and it was to the house of a Mohammedan. I was passing his house when he came out and called me in. A box was immediately brought, on which I was invited to sit. I took out my picture-book and was again surrounded by eager listeners. When I had talked to them for a while the man went into the house and soon returned with some money, which he offered me. "What is this for?" I said. "Oh, for you!" "No," said I, "I won't take your money now. Said he, "What did you come here for this morning?" "I came because I am interested in you and I like to see you." "Well, we are glad to see you and that is why I want you to take this money," and he insisted, but I refused. I told him I might take something else sometime but not the money. His wife then said she would send me some eggs. The Coolies are very kind. But I have digressed. (Pardon me.) Before leaving we sang two or three hymns, this man's little daughter helping me. She sang very sweetly. Her parents were astonished when they heard her, but none the less pleased. We then went to the house of an old blind woman. After reading to her and singing a few hymns we came home in the hot mid-day sun; the thermometer must have been as high as 92. At 2 o'clock I again went out to gather the children for Sabbath School. My Sabbath School—what shall I say about it? It has almost outgrown my management. I have very little help and have an attendance of about 80. To-day I had 92. It is cheering indeed to see so many of these poor heathen children gathered together to receive Christian instruction. We humbly pray that the Spirit may apply the Word to many young hearts. Ours is a mission to children, a great preparation truly, but one from which much may be expected. A sowing of precious seed in the spring-time from which much fruit may be expected. I feel the responsibility of my work, but I am assured that the blessing of God goes with His work. With this assurance I go forward and look forward with hope and confidence to the future. Before I close I would ask the ladies of your Society when making up your boxes for the mission field to remember that there are many destitute little children in Tacarigua. As yet we have not received anything for this school. We are all very grateful to you all for your interest and prayers. We are a small band of workers, but it strengthens us to know that we are remembered in the great congregation. With best wishes for the prosperity of your Society, and kindly greetings to all, I remain, my dear Miss Campbell, Yours very sincerely,
(Signed) A. A. SEMPLE.

The Family.

THE BROTHER'S PROMISE.

In a dark and dreary garret, O'er a dusty London slum, Where the blessed light of Heaven And the sunshine seldom come, All amidst this want and squalor— This abode of sin and care— Lay a little city child— Breathing out his small life there—

All alone save one—his sister— Younger still than he, who tried, All in vain, to drive the anguish From his aching back and side. Still she bent o'er him, caressing; And the while, in accents mild, With a faint and feeble utterance, Slowly spoke the dying child—

"I am dying, sister Nellie, And when I am cold and dead, I shall be at rest in Heaven, As the clergyman has said, But you'll come some day, my sister— There is room for me and you; It would not be Heaven, Nellie, If you did not come there too.

"And if father comes to-morrow When he sees me lying dead, He'll know, then, that I am not shamming, As you know, he always said, Don't you be afraid he'll beat you When he comes to-morrow morn'g; I feel sure he will be kinder, Nell, he looks so dull and worn.

"We have been good friends, my sister, In our short life's pain and weep, Though we've braved it both together, You must stay while I must go, I am not afraid of dying, To be freed from all this pain, But I wish for your sake, Nellie, I was well and strong again.

"Don't cry so, my darling sister; Though I in going, feel away, I shall be a-biding angel In a land of endless day; And I'll always watch you, Nellie, From my place in Heaven above, I will ask dear God to care, And I know He is all love—

"So, when I am up in Heaven, In that place so fair to see, I will look down, dear, upon you, Though I know you won't see me; And when all is hushed and silent, And the stars gleam in the sky, You will know I'm looking, Nellie, And be glad, and will not cry."

In a damp and dismal graveyard, Where the bones of paupers lie, Midst a crowd of gaping idlers, Passed a little funeral pyre. But the only one who sorrowed, Only mourner of them all, Was a little ragged maiden, Sobbing o'er a coffin small.

—Castell's Family Magazine.

REMINISCENCES OF JANET HAMILTON, THE SCOTTISH POETESS.

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF JOHN BRIGHT'S VISIT TO JANET'S HOME.

"The most remarkable old lady that I have ever heard of."—John Bright.

"She has extraordinary powers, and deserves to rank with the principal self-taught poets of Scotland; but above even this, her moral influence towers distinguished."—George Gilfillan.

"This grand old woman has well earned a niche in the temple of fame."—Punch.

I CAN well remember the first time I saw Janet Hamilton. From my earliest years I had a great love for poets, and when quite young had volumes of Burns and Tannahill of my own, drinking with avidity at the stream of poetry. When on a visit to my grandmother at Paisley I got a friend to take me to see "Tannahill's hole," the place where the sensitive poet ended his life. Having a natural bent of this kind it is little wonder that I sought to see in the body a true poet who lived and moved and had her being at my own doors. I knew her son by sight, and her grandson John I had often met and spoken to, but I had never seen and called. I had never been asked to visit her, and did not just exactly like to go up and say that I wished to see Janet, but I had made up my mind to see the poetess, and inquired as much as would procure one of her volumes. I thought that would be a very reasonable excuse for a call, seeing they were to be had at the house. Consequently, I plucked up courage and made a pilgrimage by night. Having ascended the backstair, I reached the kitchen door, and, looking through the keyhole, saw a picture which I shall never forget. On the one side, in a large armchair sat Janet—I knew her from the photographs I had seen with the black patch over her eye. On the other side sat her venerable looking husband with "the big ha'ible" on his knees. They were at "the Books," or as John himself would have said, "takin' the Buicks." At Janet's side sat auld John Crombie, the beadle in the Relief kirk; James and Marion, their faithful son and daughter, sat in the centre, and completed the picture. I have often when reading the Collar's Saturday Night of Burns recalled the group round the fireside at Langloan. I stood riveted to the spot, and "took the Books" with them in spirit. If I remember rightly, the hymn song that night was

O God of Bethel! by whose hand Thy people still are led; Who through this weary pilgrimage Hast all our fathers led.

The simple service overtook me, and I could not think of disturbing the peace that was brooding over the quiet circle of devout worshippers. So I retreated, resolving to come again at a more convenient season. This was my first visit to Janet Hamilton, and the first time I had seen a living poet, if I except "Radical Miller," who flounched in our district during the Baird and Hardie crisis, and who narrowly escaped execution. That little circle is now broken up. All save one, Marion Hamilton, have entered into the rest that remains for the people of God. One by one they were called home, and I was present at the funeral of them all, paying the last respect to their mortal remains.

A few days after having beat my hasty retreat, I again went up and purchased Janet's volume. She thought I was young to have such a notion. I was treated in a very kindly manner by them all, Janet telling me on leaving "no to be lang o' comin' back." I became quite a favourite with the poetess, who encouraged me to do a little in poetry myself. She was my critic and had many a good laugh at my attempts. One of these I remember well; it was on

JANET HAMILTON'S BIRTHDAY.

When the leaves frae aff the branches fa', And robins gie us munny a ca', 'Twas then that Janet licht first saw Up by the Shotts, And first began her horn to blow Mang Carhill coats.

Her father, decent, honest man, Made thoom to fit the human clan Frae thoom and auld to owre the spinn He hid their feet Wi' cowhides season'd at the tan For munny a week.

He sat fu' constant on his stool, Wrocht in the "way an' wi' the will," An' tho' it was whines gey uphill He wauch'd thro', An' kept his haun down frae the gill And frae his moor.

She laughed very heartily at my youthful production, adding, "Ye maun pit in my mother, I o, Joseph." Often "when a' the lave had gane tae," I sat with her at her an' ingie check and read—for she was blind—her favourite authors. During the readings she would make me pause to tell me something about the author, or point-out the gems of the poem. If the piece was of a humorous nature, such as "Pattie and Roger," she would pat her hand on my arm at the salient points, and laugh outright in a very hearty manner. Unless it be Ellen Terry's, Janet's was the most musical laughter I have ever heard. I was always impressed too with her superior manner—not the frivolous simpering of the school, but the unadorned politeness of a mind which had kept company with the best minds that had ever blessed this earth. "He that walketh with wise men shall be wise," and one who had from her youth up kept company with the despised of Galilee, with Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Campbell, and Matthew Henry could not fail to have a soul far above mediocrity. I have met not a few people now in my time, and I have come to the conclusion that the best types of the lady and gentleman I have ever met were Janet Hamilton and John Bright.

It has been supposed by some that I was the first to bring Janet Hamilton under the notice of John Bright. This is not the case. The late Wm. Logan of Glasgow, when missionary to the operatives in Bright's mills, spoke first of all to the people's tribune of our noted poetess. Mr. Bright, as all the world knows, is a lover of poetry, and particularly the poetry of Ebenezer Elliott, Whit-tier, Janet Hamilton, and others who are not so much heard of as the fashionable society-poets. It was through corresponding about Janet Hamilton that I made the acquaintance of the right hon. gentleman. He was among the first to help me in my endeavour to rear a memorial fountain in her honour. After the fountain had been inaugurated and the bustle over, I invited Mr. Bright to come and see the fountain he had helped to rear when he had a fitting opportunity. In March, 1883, he came to Glasgow to deliver his address as Lord Rector to the students of the university, and arranged to pay me a private visit on the following day. The arrangement was that he should come incog. I kept my promise to the letter, but in an unguarded moment Mr. Bright had remarked at a dinner-table in Glasgow the previous evening that he intended spending the next afternoon with a friend at Coatbridge. This fact appeared in one of the morning papers, and to a certain extent marred the privacy of the visit. I met Mr. Bright at the station, and took him to my own home, where we had tea. He was uncommonly homely in his manner, and spoke with much fervour of the corn-law-struggle and of his friend Richard Cobden. After showing Mr. Bright the various editions of Janet Hamilton's poems and presenting him with one specially bound, we made a pilgrimage to see Janet's daughter Marion. On the way over to the house where Marion then lived with a friend, I told Mr. Bright that she was not aware of his intended visit, and would be taken unawares, which I thought was better, because cabinet ministers were not to be seen every day in Coatbridge. When we reached the house I knocked at the door. Marion's friend opened. I said "This is an acquaintance come up to see Marion," at which we were welcomed with a "Come awa ben." Marion, who was sitting reading the morning paper, soon came into the room where we were. I introduced them in the homely Doric, telling Marion that "this was an acquaintance that had come up to speer for her." "I'm gled to see him," was her reply. When the great statesman and orator and the poetess's daughter were shaking hands I said, "You'll no ken wha this is Marion." No, I canna say," she said cheerily. I then informed her that she was clapping the hand of John Bright. "John Bright! I was just reading your speech when ye cam' in the noo. My mother had a great respect for you, Mr. Bright." They then sat down and had a fine "crack." Marion at my request repeated the ballad of "Effie" from memory, Mr. Bright sitting in the most humble manner listening to the pathetic tale. The conversation was very animated, the substance of it being "old times," poetry, politics, temperance, and religion. During the conversation, I remember Mr. Bright said that he had not had intoxicating drink in his house for over forty years. Also that although a lover of poets and poetry he never attempted to write any. I remarked that his speeches were saturated with poetry nevertheless. At the close of our conversation I said that it was not likely we three would ever meet again here, but that it was very comforting to know that, although we were moving in different spheres, we were all trusting in the same Saviour, and that by-and-bye we might meet in the mansions which He has prepared. This was the hope of each. Before departing I was very desirous that Mr. Bright should take home with him a bit of Janet's own handwriting. Marion had just one bit, but where, she wasna sure, but thought that it was in the "wee kist." The wee kist was thereupon produced and laid on the table, the lid opened, and its contents examined. I think I see Marion earnestly pulling out one thing after another, Mr. Bright watching intently the whole proceedings and lending a helping hand. The greatest orator of the age and Janet Hamilton's daughter turning

* Janet Hamilton was born in the parish of Shotts.

up the doobie of the auld kist in search of a piece of autographic writing! It was a nice picture. First came a pair of auld specs, with thick iron frames, which had belonged to some relative of a bygone day. Then a tiger's tusk came up. The tiger had been shot by some friend who had become a planter. Then out came a string of beads, with a crucifix hanging to it. "Ha, do you count your beads, Marion?" said Mr. Bright, laughing. "Na, na; oor George fand they on the road, and I let put them in here." Still the search continued as for hidden treasure, and at last the autograph was found at the bottom of the box. Marion presented Mr. Bright with the writing, which he said would be put among his most valued possessions. We then helped to replace the miscellaneous articles in the kist, after which Mr. Bright said "Good bye." He remarked coming down the stair, "She is a remarkable daughter of a remarkable mother." We then visited the fountain, where Mr. Bright drank to the memory of the poetess.—Joseph Wright, in Christian Leader.

"CUB"—A STORY FOR ELDER SISTERS.

BY MARIAN HAMLAND.

"NOT a bit of it, Katy! I'll tell you all about what I am doing some day—don't you be frightened!" He grew stouter, taller and ruddier every day, moved more briskly, and ate more heartily. "He's getting really coarse!" sighed Sadie. "Who would ever take him for a gentleman's son. She went to Mount Desert with her brothers at the close of school and college term. In August, Mr. and Mrs. Rhett took the little girls and baby Rob to the mountains.

"Cub needs no change," said his mother, one night in his hearing. "He is getting old enough now to take care of himself. And Katy is such a faithful creature that he may be safely trusted with her. She ought not to be left alone in the house at night."

Mr. Rhett threw a careless glance to where his son sat on the steps of the piazza. He did not move his elbows from his knees or give other sign that he was listening.

"Does he care for anything, or to go anywhere?" he asked, hardly lowering his tone. "I say—Cub!" "Yes, sir!"

The boy arose to face him. "What do you think of going with me next week to the White Mountains and Niagara? Would you like the jaunt?"

The bantering accent was lost upon the person addressed. His heart stood still in full bound. An instant before he had exulted in the prospect of unrestrained liberty to labour for his cherished end. He verily believed that there threatened him now the bondage of tedious travel in the society of the one he feared most on earth.

"I don't know, sir," he stammered, chafing his knuckly fingers and hanging his head.

His father surveyed him with unspeakable disgust. "You don't know!" mimicking his faltering enunciation. "My dear Mrs. Rhett, let me inform you that we have reared at least one fool. A lazy donkey; that I. By all means leave him at home with Katy! That is, unless she desires better company!"

"You had better go to bed, Cub!" said his mother, in plaintive despair.

He slunk away, a strange burning in his heart as if a red-hot wire were twisting there. If his father had used his eyes earlier and to better purpose, he might have seen that the whole boy was stirring and waking up. Oliver's society had done much to develop what was best in him. The bicycle had done more. He had an object in life. It was not an exalted ambition, not one that would have appealed to a single instinct or emotion of his nature. But the desire to possess what older people would have called a toy, was altogether innocent and natural, even beneficial, inasmuch as it stimulated thought and nerved him to helpful action.

The most hurtful influence of the repression and depression of slow-witted children is the lowering of the standard of belief in one's own powers, resulting in chronic discouragement. As a rule Cub bore patiently, if sometimes stolidly, the ridicule of his brothers, the incessant fault-finding of his sister, the mournful reproaches of his mother, and his father's neglect and occasional bitter gibe. As he stood by the one window of the cubby-hole now, staring into the night, hot, salt tears forced their way to his lids and trickled down his cheeks.

Twenty working days at seventy-five cents a day brought in fifteen dollars, and in five days after his parents' return from their month's stay in the mountains, Cub earned another dollar by stray jobs. The evening he received the last ten cents he slipped out after supper, and ran round to the Lyman's to count over his fund. Mr. Lyman exchanged the small change he brought for another "dollar lump," and clapped him on the shoulder.

"Well done, my lad! A fellow that can stick to a purpose as you have done, is bound to get on in the world. You've learned a lesson that will stay by you all your days."

Oliver lighted a candle, and the two boys went up to the garret to inspect the hardly-won treasure. Cub put both arms about it, and laid his cheek down to the saddle. Oliver looked the other way, and whistled softly. "Way down upon the Swance River." The garret was very still and dark in the far corners, very warm and close. Cub felt as if he stood at the gate of Eden. In his heart he said "Thank God," while he hugged the big wheel, his face to the cool leather.

"Father thinks you'd better take the money home with you," said Oliver, on their way down stairs. "He'll see your father to-morrow. But he says, and so do I, that you ought to have the pleasure of showing your folks the hard cash you've earned before it's paid away."

He escorted the dollars and their owner to Mr. Rhett's back gate. Cub heard his clear whistle of "Swance River" far down the street as he turned the knob of the kitchen door. Katy met him there. "Hist! stave up the back stairs aisy, and slip into bed before she mistrusts ye've been out. Yer sister's come home quite unexpected like."

Cub slept with the rouleau of dollars under his pillow, holding it in his hand all night, conscious, even in his dreams, that it was there. In the morning he tucked it very far back under the bureau.

By the time he had bolted his breakfast, Sadie hurried him off with three notices to her bosom-est friends, charging him to wait for answers. Make what speed he might, he could not be back under

an hour. Before he had gone two blocks, Sadie, in passing through the third-storey hall, the elder, dauntlessly fever of reform rising within her, pushed open the door of the cubby-hole.

She laid hold of the bureau. At the second revolution of the castors it caught upon some obstruction. A harder jerk revealed poor Cub's roll of dollars, done up by Mr. Lyman in stout brown paper, and bound firmly with twine.

Katy was watching for the unsuspecting owner on his return and met him with a frightened face. "Ye're to go right into the library! Yer papa has stayed from the store a-purpose. Miss Sadie has spied out somethin' wrong. Put on a bowld face, mo'by!"

(To be continued.)

"LADIES."

CULTIVATION alone will not make a lady of a vulgar woman, nor a gentleman of a boor. Innate vulgarity will manifest itself in spite of all forms of politeness and etiquette. To a certain class of persons, indifference is the test of high-breeding. If you educate a man or a woman to insensibility, he in their view is a gentleman, and she is a lady.

A woman was one day brought before the judge of a police court. She said in her defence:—

"Me and another lady was a-having a few words, and she called me a 'hundred-dollar,' and I ups with a pail of water, and chucked it all over her, and that began the row between me and the other lady."

Me and another lady, indeed!

The following notice was once put up over the door of a saloon:

"No lady or gentleman admitted into this show in a state of intoxication."

A hand-bill in St. Louis read:— "One hundred rats to be killed by one dog in ten minutes. None but gentlemen are expected to be present on this occasion."

The advertisement of a dog-fight in a western town read:—

"Tickets admitting both gentleman and lady can be had for one dollar."

A very elegantly dressed woman once rudely pushed a man from a crowded sidewalk, saying as she did so:—

"Ain't you got any more manners than to stand right in front of a lady?"

A shabbily-dressed woman accidentally ran against a superb-looking woman whose dress and manner indicated the perfect lady.

"I beg your pardon, madam," said the poor woman in the most humble manner.

"You clumsy thing!" angrily retorted the elegantly clad woman.

Which was the lady?—Youth's Companion.

AN AFRICAN NEW-YEAR'S CARD.

OF course all boys and girls know what the cactus is—a green, grotesque-looking plant, almost covered with sharp spines and bearing a most gorgeous flower; but I am sure they do not know all of the uses to which the cactus can be put, nor do I believe that the most ingenious guesses could come near to the truth.

It is a native of America, but it has been taken to Europe and Africa, and now grows in the latter country in great profusion.

But, after all, the oddest use of the cactus prevails in Cape Town, South Africa, where its leaves are made to serve the purpose of visiting-cards.

Fancy carrying about in your coat-pocket a lot of thick leaves covered with spines as sharp as needles! But, wait a moment. The leaves of the particular kind of cactus so used are not very prickly, and, moreover, they are not carried about, but are left growing on the plant, which stands at the foot of the front steps.

When a lady calls she has only to draw out one of those ever ready hat pins, with which ladies are always provided, and with the sharp point scratch her name on the glossy, green surface of a leaf. A gentleman generally uses the point of his pen-knife. The lines turn silvery white and remain on the leaf, clear and distinct, for years and years. On New Year's Day, these vegetable cards are especially convenient, and ladies who wish to keep the calls of that day apart from those of other days, appropriate a branch of the cactus to that purpose.

One gentleman in Cape Town has a cactus plant which is nearly fifteen feet high. Its great thick leaves are almost all in use as visiting-cards, so that he has a complete and lasting record of his visitors. It cannot be said that this practice adds to the beauty of the plant, but then it is oddity and not beauty that is desired in such cases.

There is one cactus, not so plentiful as that just described, which is of a very accommodating character. It not only has smooth leaves, but the spines it has are so large and stiff that they can be used as pens for writing on the leaves.—J. R. Coryell, in St. Nicholas for January.

SPIRITUAL PREACHING THE CURE FOR MERCANTILISM.

THE Rev. Edward Hungerford, in an essay entitled "Spiritual Preaching for our Times," in the January Century, says: "Science has grandly stimulated industry by increasing its rewards. The prizes of enterprising labour are great, often glittering. The power of wealth is fascinating. The successful producer or dealer of to-day is a prince. The industrious labourer is rich. And the result of all this is that laziness is ceasing to be fashionable;—the nobility of England are learning to make themselves useful. Science sets the world astir. The goal of its motion is gain. The race is eager. Hence mammon-worship. Hence mercantileism, the inordinate estimate of wealth; the grading of all things at a value in cash; society graded on a cash basis; idealty sacrificed to material good; virtue, patriotism, heroism, manhood counting for less, money counting for more; votes, offices, justice having their price. This is mercantileism, the great danger to society; greater because more subtle than nihilism. It creeps into literature, science, art, politics, the state, the church; and here arises the demand for that spiritual teaching which fell from the lips of Jesus, the antidote for inordinate worldly care and worldly striving; the lofty view of a life which is more than meat; God coming in among the elements of this world, clothing lilies, feeding birds, summoning man to the glory of an ideal kingdom and to the attainment first and foremost of character, rooted in God and God's righteousness. The cure for the mercantile spirit is not ethics, but faith. It is not a moral code but the divine Fatherhood. It is not even the golden rule, except as the golden rule is formulated out of the spirit of Christian Brotherhood."

Our Story.

BARBARA STREET.

A FAMILY STORY OF TO-DAY. BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR NELL," "A SAILOR'S DAUGHTER," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

NO. 47 BARBARA STREET.

ON the other side of the door Grace was received by Kitty, her youngest sister, a shock-headed maiden of fourteen years, who ushered her with much excitement into the sitting-room, opening to the right out of the narrow front passage. It was a double parlour of the ordinary London street folding-door kind, and was crowded with furniture, which had once been handsome, but was now shabby and old-fashioned. There were two occupants of the room—a tall girl was coming forward to welcome the new-comer, while in an easy-chair by the fire reclined a dignified-looking woman of middle age. Grace was greeted with a burst of exclamations and questions, but without replying to any of them, she walked up to her mother's chair, and kneeling before it, said, with a deliberate air—

"Now, mother, I know what you'll say, and I don't intend to take the slightest notice of it." Here she took her mother's soft white hands in hers, and beat them gently upon her lap to give emphasis to her words.

"I intend to go into town every day by myself, get caught in a fog whenever I like, and come home in a cab with a strange gentleman on the box as often as I choose."

Kitty, her round eyes opening wide, cried— "Mercy, Grace, what do you mean? has all that happened to you? What fun!"

While Grace examined her mother's face, where she discovered the expected commingling of consternation and indulgent affection.

"Saucy child! I tell me all about it at once," said Mrs. Norris, in a voice as mellow and subdued as her daughter's was firm and piquante.

But Grace rose from her knees and threw off her hat, saying, with a sigh—

"Oh, you cruel people, how can you ask me a single question when I have such a headache, and have had no tea? Kitty, how dare you make eyes at my parcels? I will show you everything by-and-by. An, my children, you little know what it has cost me to gratify your foolish desires! Never ask me to bring you roses again."

"Oh, Grace," said Kitty, "I am sure I never asked you to bring me a rose, and I don't think Hester did—did you, Hester?"

The elder sister laughed. "Grace's roses are metaphorical," said Hester. "Then why does she say metaphorical things?" asked Kitty, aggrieved.

Grace now ran to take off her jacket and boots, and presently returned looking as trim and neat as though she had just performed her morning toilet, a little heavy-eyed perhaps, but otherwise as fresh as a lark. This simile suggests itself, because Grace Norris had so many bird-like qualities. Light and strong and small, she seemed an embodied will, and though you loved her you would do more have sought to touch her than you would that little bird which might, if it chose, thrill you with joy by alighting on your hand, but would, according to all precedent, prefer to hop away lightly, and glance at you with bright defiance from a distance. Thus, though her family had been in real anxiety concerning her for the last two or three hours, and were delighted to see her return safe and sound, they did not hang round her with affectionate caresses or ministrations, and Kitty, who, it was plainly to be seen, was her willing slave, did not offer to unbutton her jacket or take off her boots.

Now, were Grace's portrait to be here drawn according to the usual fashion, as "item, two lips, indifferent red; two grey [or rather, brown] eyes, with lids to them, and so forth," an inadequate and probably an altogether erroneous idea would be gathered from it as to her appearance. Nor if it were added that her complexion was neither noticeably good or bad, being brownish, pale and clear; that her mouth, not small, was of a self-sufficing order, but redeemed from any suspicion of hardness by an upward curve suggesting kindly humour; that her eyes, according to circumstances, looked like quiet green-brown pools, or sent the light dashing back at every point, or glowed deeply dark; that her dress was always refined, but for the most part unnoticeable, which is perhaps the highest merit attainable where dress has to be regulated according to principles of the severest economy; and that the general compactness of her appearance was enhanced by the mouse smoothness of her well-shaped head, upon which the black hair was plaited close; these details would scarcely help the imagination. Grace's physical self was neither plain nor beautiful—it was insignificant. But in its very insignificance lay its charm, for this physical self was a mere envelope—an almost transparent envelope, through which her inner mental self expressed itself. We look at most people and find it difficult to realise that buried down within the clay is a bright immaterial essence, and we watch at the chinks and outlets of the prison-house for traces of that hidden soul; but in Grace Norris it appeared almost startlingly evident that a spirit had taken to itself a body, and one that should as little as possible disguise or fetter it.

But while we have been attempting to describe the indescribable, Sarah, the maid-of-all-work, has come up from the kitchen regions with the tea tray. She is a large melancholy-looking woman, with a curious looseness about her personal appearance, as of a lack of proper cohesion in her joints, which has communicated itself to her attire.

"Now, Sarah," said Grace, "do let me have the bread trencher with plenty of finger-marks upon it; you know I cannot get my tea comfortably without them."

Sarah's dingy melancholy face brightened into smiles. She retired precipitately, holding her hand before her mouth, and exploded behind the door.

"That was an unfortunate remark, Grace," said Hester, smiling; "Sarah will keep you waiting half an hour while she scrubs the trencher."

"Never mind; I would a great deal rather wait a hundred years than eat my bread from such a trencher as she brought up last night."

"I have spoken about it several times," said Mrs. Norris, with a gentle sigh.

And Hester said— "And so have I, very strongly, mamma; but of course it remains for Grace to succeed where the rest of us fail. I should not be surprised to see it snowy-white in future."

Grace glanced at her sister a little gravely. "It is simply because I have a trick of making her laugh, and she likes that—the poor soul is so low-spirited. Mother, I shall have a poached egg with my tea. Kitty, get me my cooking apron—there's a duck. No, Hester, don't offer, because you might spoil it, and then I should be cross."

When at length Grace was comfortably seated, she began— "Now, while I drink my tea, do tell me all that has happened while I've been away. You can't think how long it seems since I left home!"

"I'm sure it seems a very long time to me," said Kitty, with a rather glum air. "The house is watched when you are out of it."

"Kitty, Kitty; that is complimentary to us," said her mother.

Grace looked at Hester rather anxiously. "Oh! it's the German grammar that renders Kitty's life a burden to her. Wait till you're out of Hester's educational hands, little miss, and come into mine. When I am in course of instructing you how to make beds and puddings, you'll not be quite so fond of my society."

"Oh! won't it be fun! I sha'n't I like it!"

"No, that you won't, I can assure you. Good Monsieur Cobweb, has Monsieur Mustardseed worried you very much to-day over the lessons?"

"Monsieur Peasblossom, that question I will leave my pupil to answer."

"Hester, I won't be called Peasblossom! it is not at all appropriate, and the other names are."

"It is very appropriate. I will appeal to mother. Mother, don't you think Grace is just like Peasblossom?"

"Not at all," interrupted Grace. "I am not a sweet fragrant girl—a girl like a posy. Our neighbour at No. 45, now, might be called Peasblossom."

"It is not your appearance, but your character which justifies the name."

"Oh, if it is character, why there's more vinegar than honey in me."

"Oh, girls, girls, you seem to me to quarrel a great deal," said Mrs. Norris. "Why should you give your sister a nickname, Hester?"

The girls laughed. "Why, mother," said Hester, "Grace dubs us afresh every day, only her names stick, and mine don't, and success is never reprehensible."

"My dear queen-mother," said Grace, "your children never quarrel; they dispute. But I have not heard what has happened to my family in my absence."

"You know nothing ever happens to us," replied Hester.

"What, does not Sarah break crockery, or the little boy at the back throw stones at our windows, or Pussy steal the neighbours' pigeons, or Pan, you naughty, naughty dog, don't you ever steal bones from the butcher's shop, or run away from your mistresses, and get lost?"

Pan, a small tawny roquet terrier, so surnamed by Grace by reason of his goatly hind-legs, who was begging for bread, looked embarrassed under this rebuke, and finally dropped on his four paws, and came a little nearer for comfort. When, however, a supplicating mew was heard through the door, Pan pricked up his ears uneasily. Kitty ran to open it, and a handsome stately tabby cat, accompanied by a little white kitten, was admitted. The cat, with a mew of pleasure, jumped into Grace's lap, and she stooped and picked up the kitten; and placed it on her shoulder, where it seemed quite at home. Pan retired with his tail down, but with an air as of proud disgust, and lay down under a chair, sighing.

When the tea-tray was removed, Grace, according to promise, told the history of her adventures very lightly and briefly, and without more than glancing at her mother's face. For she dreaded to see upon it an expression she very well knew, which showed that its habitual impassiveness was merely a mask, and had not its source in established content. When Mrs. Norris at last spoke, it was in tones so different from her ordinary languidly smooth ones that, had not her listeners been used to the change, it would have startled them.

"This is dreadful!" she said, abruptly. "Dreadful, mother! I enjoyed the fun of it extremely."

"It is dreadful that my daughter should be subjected to indignities like these, and to favours like these, for I hardly know which is worse."

Mrs. Norris sat back in her chair and was silent, employing her fingers in knitting rapidly. Her face, still a handsome one, wore ordinarily a coldness, such as will often result from the habitual repression of immoderate feeling; at such times her dark eyes would appear gentle and expressionless, but when, as now, an emotion mastered her, her soft voice would be harshly broken, her face work distressedly, and her eyes show a wild pain gleaming through them. Her children were used to these sudden emotional storms, and knew that as a rule they died away as suddenly as they had sprung up.

"And was he handsome?" asked Kitty, who, seated on the hearthrug at Grace's feet with Pan curled up on her lap, was kept in a high state of gratification throughout the recital.

"Handsome indeed! Perhaps you have heard that handsome is as handsome does."

"I don't see why you should never answer me plainly," said Kitty, plaintively.

"Why, I answered you handsomely, Kitty, and that is surely better."

"Shocking," cried Hester, shaking her head reprovingly.

"I wonder if you will ever see him again," continued Kitty.

"Let us trust not, Kitty; it would be very dangerous, for he is the man I would marry without a moment's hesitation."

"Grace!" came from Mrs. Norris, in a deeply remonstrant voice.

"Yes, I would, mother, that very minute. Why not? A man who could behave so nicely, and had so much money to throw away!"

"Oh, Grace, you that always say you never would marry anybody, and that think men are horrid!"

The Pulpit.

SUNDAY EVENING WITH THE CHILDREN. WORLDLINESS.

BY REV. BENJAMIN WAUGH.

"I see not the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."—St. John.

WHEN we would avoid a thing, we must know what and where it is. Now, the Bible tells

us to avoid worldliness; so we should know what worldliness is—the love of the world, as St. John calls it—and where it is to be seen: for it is at the bottom of all kinds of evil and wrong, and even boys and girls can be worldly. What, then, is worldliness?

Well, mark this. It is not loving the glorious world of field and sky, fair in the rainbows and blossoms of the summer, scarcely less fair in the sparkling frost and snow of winter; fair in the sunny day, fair in the moonlight night—a mind that does not love these is blind, and foolish, and sinful. Nor is worldliness loving the people in the world—father, mother, sister, brother, and little baby. Not to love these and a great many more people besides these would be base and bad; they were all made to love and to be loved.

I can best show you what worldliness is, and why the Bible dalks it so, by telling you a story of two boys who were at the same school, and were both learning to swim. One of them, Edward, had for several terms carried off the swimming prize, and you may guess the pride and self-consciousness of the boy who was first in swimming in his school. He was fully fourteen. The other, Walter, had only just entered the school, and little did anyone think he would ever make any mark in the water, much less win the other boy's place, for he was smaller, weaker, and two years younger—he was turned twelve. But many things do not happen as they are expected, and at the very next swimming competition, to everybody's astonishment, this younger boy actually entered the lists, swam, and beat the older one, and will beat him too, and of course he took the prize. All the boys agreed that nobody had ever cut a swifter, more graceful figure in the water, and when he had finished they gave such an honest, hearty cheer as boys only can. I said "all" did this. No! not all—but one, and that one the boy whose honours had been taken away. He had been first, and he had made sure of being first again; so you may imagine the vexation of his defeat. His pride was mortified; he could not stand it. Had the winner been bigger or older than he, then he might have put up with it, and let the matter pass; but as the winner was younger, weaker, shorter, the elder boy fretted and chafed—was resentful and wretched. The poor fellow fell into temptation, the temptation to be unjust and unkind and untrue. He told his school-fellows that he was crampy and out of sorts at the competition, a disgraceful excuse, for it was not true: he was never better. The fact is, he wanted to take away from the honour of the new boy. He began to hate him, and made up his mind that he owed him a grudge, and would one day pay him out.

The opportunity came. One morning, returning from a dip in the sea, Edward happened to meet Walter—who, with some school-fellows, was on his way to the shore for a dip too—and with a bland smile on his face, but downright hatred in his heart, he said, "I've done a splendid thing this morning, Walter—I've rounded the harbour buoy"; and then Walter proceeded to the shore in a state of no small astonishment at Edward's wonderful achievement. "Well," said Walter, "if he can, I can." They were soon stripped, and Walter, the only good swimmer of the party, shot out alone towards the buoy, which he could see yonder away off the harbour mouth, round which Edward had swum. But the buoy was farther than it seemed, and when Walter had reached it he felt weary, and when he had rounded it and had his head to shore, he felt himself falling. And his swim back was against both wind and tide, so he soon began to sink, and sobbed out, "Help! oh, help!" But not a boy in the company heard him; the wind blew his voice back from the shore. And had they heard him, not one of them could have come to his rescue; they were far too poor swimmers for such a work.

But, fortunately, the wind which blew the poor lad's cry from the shore, to which he had tried to send it, carried it out to sea to a passing boat. A few strokes more of the oars, and that boat would have been out of hearing, and Walter must have gone down, and in a few hours more there would have been washed ashore the body of a drowned boy.

But the boatmen heard, and rowing up to where the cry came from, one seized Walter, gruffly enquiring, as he lifted him out of the water, "What are you doing here?" and Walter, shivering and chattering with cold, exhaustion, and fear, at length told him as best he could that Edward had done it, and he thought he could have done it too. "Don't you believe a word of it. He did no such thing, I know. Take my advice, and don't you be trying it again till you're a man," said the boatman; and they were soon at the bathing-place. Had the boatman been right; Edward had not done it, and, to do him justice, when he told his slippant falsehood, he had no idea that Walter would be led by it to try what almost cost him his life.

What I want you to think about is not Walter's danger, but Edward's spirit. Better to be drowned, as Walter might have been, than to have a mean heart like Edward's. He wanted to be reckoned the first swimmer in the school, and because he could not be that, for Walter was, he had shamefully hated Walter; and now, to get thought the best by some means, he had told a disgraceful falsehood. The fact is, he cared neither for truth nor for fair play, nor for his conscience, nor for God; he cared for nothing but how he stood with his school-fellows. Now that was worldliness. When a boy's aim has sunk so low, he has become a worldly boy. The chief end of a boy's life ought to be to do right, to speak what is true, to be fair and kind, and to stand well with God: and that is unworldliness.

And worldliness is always more or less disgraceful. It was no disgrace to Edward to be beaten, but it was unacceptably disgraceful to hate and to tell falsehoods; and Edward forgot this, forgot it because he forgot God and goodness. The world was all he thought about—his schoolboy world—and he only wanted its favour; nothing very wrong, as it appears, and yet of all the wrongs that men and boys commit the very chief. Boys, boys, boys: come what would, he must stand well with boys; to have their pat upon his back, their "Well done!" in his ears, and that was all; and for that he disgraced and degraded himself.

Then see what worldliness did for him! First, it made him unjust to God. Boys and their praises are all very well in their place, but wrong, ruinously wrong, when they are put in the place of God, and made the rulers of the actions of life. In Edward's heart they took the place of God, and neither boy nor man was made for that. To be unworldly, we may love the favour of man, but God's favour must be loved above all.

Yes, it is just and generous minds, my children, that the Bible calls unworldly, and which make bright and lastingly happy lives.

Sabbath School Work.

LESSON HELPS.

THE FAITHFUL RECHABITES.

LESSON III., Jan. 17, Jer. xxxv., 12-19. M.C. 101120 verses 18, 19.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"For unto this day they drink none, but obey their father's commandment."—Jer. xxxv., 14.

Time.—B. C. 604-5, fourth year of Jehoiakim. Place.—Jerusalem, in one of the courts of the temple.

Rulers.—Jehoiakim, King of Judah, B. C. 609-598. Nebuchadnezzar, son of Emperor of Babylon, now commander of the Chaldean army in Judah, becomes emperor, B. C. 604.

Circumstances.—A few years pass away since the warnings in our last lesson. The end is drawing near. Nebuchadnezzar's army is devastating Judah and approaching Jerusalem; but the people have grown worse and worse. And now Jeremiah makes one more effort to persuade them to a better life.

The Rechabites.—(1) A branch of the Kenites, who were a part of the Midianites descended from Abraham and Keturah, who lived once in Southern Arabia, Moses married one of them. Then a portion moved into Canaan, and part settled in Southern Judah (Judg. i., 16; 1 Chron. ii., 55), and a part in Northern Israel about the sea of Galilee (Judg. iv., 11). (2) Their name was derived from Rechab, an unknown ancestor. (3) Jehonadab (or Jonadab) was their great reformer in the time of Jehu, B. C. 884. (2 Kings x., 15-27.) (4) Their creed was (a) to drink no wine or strong drink; (b) to live in tents, and not in houses; (c) to cultivate no land; (d) they believed in the true God.

Jeremiah's Object-Lesson.—See Jer. xxxv., 1-11. The Rechabites came into Jerusalem because Nebuchadnezzar with his fierce soldiers was destroying the country. Here they still lived in tents. Jeremiah takes them into a frequented court of the temple, and placing wine before them, asks them to drink. They refuse because Jonadab 275 years before had so commanded. So, says Jeremiah, you should obey God your Father.

Their Reward.—(1) Rechabites continue to exist to the present day. (2) Some joined the tribe of Levi, and continued to serve in their temple. (3) Every true temperance person is a spiritual descendant; such have always existed.

Subjects for Home Study and Special Reports.—The people growing worse.—The devastations of Nebuchadnezzar's army.—The Rechabites, their history.—Their belief and practice.—How Jeremiah tested them.—The lesson the Israelites should learn from them.—The lessons of obedience we should learn.—The lesson of temperance.

Learn by heart.—Eph. vi., 1-3; Prov. iii., 1-4; Prov. xxiii., 31, 32.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—How long a time between this lesson and the last? What evil had Jeremiah foretold in that lesson as the punishment of the people's sins? Had his warnings begun to be fulfilled? Who was devastating the country at this time? Jeremiah xxxv., 11. Who was King of Israel?

SUBJECT: OBEDIENCE AND TEMPERANCE.

1. The Rechabites.—Give some account of the history of the Rechabites? Where did the Rechabites live? What were their peculiar beliefs and practices? (Jer. xxxv., 6-10)

2. Jeremiah's Object-Lesson of Obedience (vs. 12-15).—Why did these Rechabites come into Jerusalem to live for a time? (Jer. xxxv., 11.) Where did Jeremiah take them? (Jer. xxxv., 3, 4.) What did he offer them? (Jer. xxxv., 5.) Did they yield to the temptation? (Jer. xxxv., 6.) What reason did they give? Was all this done publicly? What did Jeremiah teach the people by this? Was it right for Jeremiah to offer them wine? Had they much more reason for obeying God than the Rechabites had for obeying Jonadab? What reasons can you give why the people were under obligation to obey God? Had God done all that was possible to make them good? (Esa. v., 4.) Has He done all He can to make us good?

3. Rewards and Punishments (vs. 16-19).—How were the Israelites punished for their disobedience? What reward did God promise the Rechabites for their obedience? Has it been fulfilled?

4. Application to Obedience.—(1) How does this apply to our obedience to God? What reasons can you give why we should obey God perfectly? (2) Apply it to obedience to parents. (3) To obedience to the laws of our country. In what ways are we tempted to disobey? What is the punishment of disobedience to God? (Matt. xxv., 46; Ezek. xviii., 20.) To parents? (Prov. xxi., 17.) To country? What is the reward of obedience to God? (Prov. iii., 1-4; 1 Tim. iv., 8.) To parents? (Ex. xx., 12; Prov. i., 8, 9; vi., 20-22.) To country?

5. Application to Temperance.—Why did the Rechabites drink no wine or strong drink? What temptations have we to use strong drink? What reason for total abstinence do you find in the Bible? What reasons for total abstinence do you find in science? in reason? in experience and observation of its effects? in the crime strong drink produces? the miseries? the expense? the injury to others? the danger to ourselves?

LESSONS FROM THE RECHABITES.

1. Obedience: (1) The duty of obedience; (2) the tests of obedience in daily life; (3) the reason for obedience to God's command; what God has done for us, His messengers, His providence, the rewards of obedience, and the punishment of disobedience. Obedience: (1) To God; (2) to parents; (3) to laws of our country; (4) of country to laws of God.

2. Temperance: (1) An example of temperance; (2) resisting temptations; (3) the reasons for temperance; (4) the rewards of temperance. Reasons for Temperance: Required by obedience (1) to God's word; (2) to the law of love; (3) to science; (4) to reason; (5) to experience.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

(For the whole School in Concert.)

11. What peculiar people lived among the Israelites? Ans. The Rechabites. 12. What did Jeremiah do with some of them? Ans. He offered them wine to drink. 13. Why did they refuse? Ans. Because their founder commanded them not to drink wine or strong drink. 14. What did Jeremiah teach by this? Ans. That the Israelites should obey God. 15. What lessons may we learn? Ans. Obedience to God and man, and total abstinence from all that can intoxicate.—Peloubet.

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In order to compensate those who are willing to assist us in increasing the circulation of the Review, the publishers offer advantageous money commissions to agents (good for terms to agents) or premiums in standard books. (Send for Premium List.)

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NOTICE.

A large number of subscriptions to the "Review" expire during the present month. We have to thank the many friends who have already renewed promptly. We beg leave respectfully to request that all our subscribers would take advantage of our most favourable terms by remitting in advance. See time of expiry on address tab.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 14TH, 1886.

THE Rev. Dr. Torrance, Convener of the Assembly's Committee on Statistics, requests us to publish that, on the 19th December last, he forwarded to Presbytery Clerks, so far as he could ascertain their names from the minutes of the last General Assembly, parcels containing a sufficient number of blank forms for collecting the statistics of Congregations and Stations in their bounds, with a few surplus ones. On the 4th January he also mailed ten copies to each Clerk, of the sheets for engraving these returns when received. He trusts that both parcels will reach safely the parties addressed; but, should there be any failure in this respect, he asks to be advised of the same without delay. They should

have arrived at their destination before this notice has been published. As the report to be compiled for next Assembly is a most important one, covering the year which closes the first decade since the union of the Presbyterian Churches in Canada, he hopes that Presbytery Clerks will do their utmost to procure full returns from all the pastoral charges, whether settled or vacant, and stations in their bounds.

Our successful and large hearted contemporary down by the sea, the Halifax Presbyterian Witness, as the oldest Presbyterian periodical in the Dominion, in wishing its younger brethren of the press "A Happy New Year and a prosperous future" pays some handsome compliments to the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW and its management. "Next in order of time is the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW of Toronto, a weekly paper which is rapidly attaining a wide popularity," and other kind words which modestly forbids us to quote here. The Witness, however, is in error in its speculations as to the editorship of this paper. The editorship and management are in one and the same hands. We join heartily in wishing our Presbyterian contemporaries, Witness, Canada Presbyterian Record, and Maritime Presbyterian ever-increasing usefulness and prosperity. There is, we think, room for all, and there is not the slightest need for jealousies and rivalries. We appropriate, as conveying our own sentiments, the words of the Witness: "Taken altogether, we do not think that the Presbyterian press reflects discredit on the Presbyterian Church. It is in order for our pastors and leading men to ask and answer the question whether they are doing all they fairly ought to do in the way of encouraging the efforts of the "Fourth Estate."

The case of suicide in this city a few days ago, whereby the young woman Davis ended her life in circumstances of a peculiarly distressing character, once more teaches with stern insistence the old lesson, that "The way of the transgressor is hard." The melancholy end of this young girl should be a warning to all, especially to the young, of the supreme folly, not to speak of the heinous sin of transgressing God's law with regard to the sexual relations, and a reminder that the only safeguard against the assaults of the flesh and the devil is the indwelling power of the grace of God. We have little faith in the terrors of the civil law to prevent illicit connections, but we have unbounded faith in the cleansing fear of God and His commandment which enlightens the eyes. Incidentally, this case of suicide casts a lurid light upon the life and surroundings of many young men away from home in the great cities. The scene disclosed is painful and alarming in the extreme, and should arouse the Churches to redouble their efforts both to bring the young men to a sense of their danger in voluntarily exposing themselves to temptations, and to a knowledge of Him who is able to keep them from falling and to present them faultless.

THE election of Mr. Howland, by a very large majority, to the mayoralty of Toronto, is very generally regarded as an omen of the near approach of the better administration of our civic affairs, of more earnest efforts to repress vice and crime, and the heralding of the approaching triumph of the temperance movement. It would be too much to say that the good men of all parties arrayed themselves on Mr. Howland's side, but it is an undoubted fact that very many of those most actively engaged in church and philanthropic work generally, in the city, exerted themselves to secure his return. It is not without special significance and encouragement, that, for the first time in the history of the city, women also felt called upon to take an active part in the election of the chief magistrate and that almost unanimously they arrayed themselves in favour of Mr. Howland. It is not a strained interpretation of the large majority in an unusually large vote cast at this election, that the people see in Mr. Howland a man sincerely desirous of improving the moral as well as the material condition of the city, and one not unwilling to incur odium and face opposition to attain that end. Whether Mr. Howland will be able in his endeavours to make good his promises, to overcome the active and secret opposition that unmistakably await him, remains to be seen; but of the honesty of his intentions there can be no doubt. We can only hope that the large expectations formed of his administration will be realised, and that as our chief magistrate he will in very truth be a terror to evil-doers and a praise to them that do well.

A SHORT time ago we mentioned that the Committee on the Instruction of Youth, English Presbyterian Church, proposed to award an Oxford Bible to those of the young people belonging to the churches and Sunday Schools who were able to repeat accurately on examination, the whole of the answers of the Shorter Catechism. The examinations, we notice, have been held at various centres, and the result is most gratifying. In all, 370 children earned the award, although the time for preparation was only six weeks. Every presbytery is represented by successful candidates. In the report of the Committee published in the Messenger, we find some very interesting cases: "At Houghton-le-Spring, a blind girl (Margaret Ann Fraser) repeated the Catechism with intelligent emphasis, and without a single mistake. At Islington, London, a little fellow of seven years of age (Harry C. Bailey) only made two mistakes. Quite a number of successful candidates, in various parts of the country, were only eight or nine years old. At Workington, a boy of nine repeated the whole Catechism at one sitting 'without a single error,

or omission or hesitation even.' A considerable number of children, a little older, performed the same feat. A remarkable performance is reported to us from Stratford; the daughter of our esteemed minister there, a girl ten years old, had never seen the Catechism before the public announcement of our examination. She set to work to commit it to memory, and in two or three weeks was able to present herself to the Sunday School Superintendent for examination. She repeated ninety-nine answers at a run without a single slip, and only stopped then because the examiner had not time to let her finish, which, of course, she easily did without a mistake on another day." The Committee proposes to repeat the experiment and to give the system of examination a thorough trial. We shall watch the progress of the experiment with much interest.

AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS.

OUR Church is now upon her trial, as to the estimation in which she holds those who have spent long years in her service. The presbyteries have now before them the regulations drawn up by a special committee at last General Assembly, and along with these a pressing appeal for larger congregational aid and the speedy formation of a capital fund, the interest of which will be a factor of importance in providing for the annuitants. As many of our readers are possibly ignorant of these new proposals and have not the blue book to help them, we give a summary of them with such comments as seem necessary. We begin with the last regulation, which seems to us the most important, viz:—

"That any minister who is regularly on the fund shall become entitled to his superannuation allowance on attaining the age of seventy years, or in the event of a minister's health falling he may become entitled to the allowance by the vote of the General Assembly."

This regulation declares that, having served the Church sufficient years to entitle him to an allowance, a minister who has reached the age of seventy years will receive that allowance, whether he be still in a charge or out of a charge, and altogether independently of any private means he may be known to possess or be supposed to possess. We heartily approve of this proposal, that to a certain limited extent there should be such a pension as would show the Church's appreciation of long and faithful services, and that this sum should not be doled out as an act of charity, but bestowed as an acknowledgment of the benefits the Church has received from the recipients, so that all who were entitled to it might accept it with honour, whatever might be their private position. It is well known that the servants of the Government become entitled to superannuation by serving a certain number of years, and surely the Church should be as ready as the State to the extent of her ability to reward long and faithful labour on her behalf. We dwell upon this because there has been a tendency to consider the allowance to aged ministers simply as a charitable dole, and therefore there has been grumbling because some who had other means of support have received the pittance the Church has been able to give. We hope this regulation will be unanimously adopted and that our ministers will understand that the Church does not put a premium on thriftlessness, but will acknowledge their work without any enquiry into their private resources.

The next regulation, viz:—

"That the rates from ministers be made a uniform rate of five dollars and not a percentage on the net income as at present," has caused some discussion.

Some have asked: "Is it fair that the minister receiving only \$750 a year should pay the same rate as the minister receiving \$3,000 a year?" We answer, certainly it is fair, when both these ministers will receive the same allowance from the fund. If the minister with the larger salary received a larger pension, it would be just to make him pay a higher rate, but as it is not so, it is only right that there should be a uniform rate. We are glad the committee have seen fit to make this uniform rate so small, and we trust that the result may be that every minister in the Church will place himself on the fund at once.

The next regulation refers to the proposal of a new capital fund, which we trust may attract the notice of some of our wealthy people who could not do the Church nobler service than by a princely gift to set this scheme in motion. We have had great gifts bestowed upon our colleges. Who will lead off with a large donation to the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund?

The next two regulations deal with the subject of supplementary aid over and above the regular annuity, to special cases, and we consider deal with it very wisely. After providing for the regular annuity it is proposed to set apart the interest of the capital fund for the purpose of giving this supplementary aid to those who have no other, or almost no other, means of support. Here, for instance, is a case that has happened more than once in the Church: A minister has begun life with some little private means and through the inadequacy of his salary and the exigencies incident to the bringing up of a large family, and also often giving beyond his means to help on the work of the congregation, he exhausts all his little patrimony and finds himself in his old age without any resources upon which he can rely. Instances which we are not at liberty to give to the public could be adduced where a considerable private income has been thus swallowed up in the service of the Church. Now surely it is a righteous thing that the Church should consider such cases and when an old and revered minister is in the position of holding on desperately to his pulpit

simply because beggary stares him in the face if he resigns, he should be assured that he will receive such special help as the funds at the committee's disposal may enable them to grant.

We believe that the Church has now an equitable plan and a simple one before her, and that there will be hearty approval on the part of the presbyteries and hearty co-operation on the part of the people. We are greatly pleased to see the part the elders of the Church are taking in the furtherance of this scheme, and we feel that a deep debt of gratitude is due to Mr. J. K. McDonald, of this city, for the time and attention he has given to this subject. If any of the presbyteries are in need of enlightenment they could not do better than write Mr. McDonald to pay them a visit such as he has already paid to the presbyteries of Toronto and Hamilton. The Scheme, we beg leave to say, is eminently a question for the laymen of the Church, and we are sure they only need to have their attention turned to it to give a most generous response. We will be highly delighted to hear of some large donations promised through the discussion of the subject in our columns, and we heartily endorse the view of the Rev. F. McCuaig, of Kingston, as expressed in his letter in another column. We believe the Church will remove this great reproach now and that at next meeting of Assembly a very different report will be presented by the worthy convener than he has yet been enabled to make.

MISCONCEPTIONS OF CALVINISM

By REV. JAMES MIDDLEMIS, ELORA, ONT.

UNCONDITIONAL SALVATION—ALLEGED INCONSISTENCY WITH STANDARDS.

THE papers on "Misconceptions of Calvinism," that appeared in the REVIEW a few weeks ago, are, it seems, believed by some to have been occasioned by adverse criticisms of Calvinism in the Christian Guardian. The writer, as a matter of fact, did not know of anything in that paper calling for animadversion, but had in view only misconceptions that he believed to be widely prevalent, and that he had not infrequently come in contact with. He is not in the habit of reading the Guardian, and had not seen it for two or three years, when, after his work was done, a copy of the issue of the 9th of September was put into his hands, containing an article referring to the fact that the first of his papers had appeared in the REVIEW, and assailing Calvinism in a way that, he could not but think, only further illustrated the need of such an attempt to obviate misapprehension as he had been making for some time.

The writer of the article in the Guardian has not followed it up by any reference to my treatment of the subject. The first paper being introductory and of a general character, I thought it not altogether improbable that, seeing my purpose was so early taken notice of, the writer might have something more to say when the series was complete. Beyond a quotation, however, referring to Christ's vicarious work, in which there is a manifest, though probably accidental, omission, the Guardian has not seen cause to take further notice of my endeavour to remove misapprehensions. To what extent I have succeeded in my endeavour it is not for me to say. While I have received communications that refer to it in terms which, I feel, are too complimentary, I would have been glad if some one, who believed that my attempt had been a failure, had dealt with the subject in a line that I have endeavoured to follow, as being the line in which, I believed, I could best secure the intelligent and candid judgment of Christians on a subject which, I know, perplexes many minds only because they are under misapprehension. The writer in the Guardian should be considered fully competent to deal with the subject; and I cannot help wishing that he had assailed my fundamental position and endeavoured to show that the representation I have given of Calvinism is either unscriptural, or, if allowed to be scriptural, inconsistent, in any respect, with the symbols of Calvinism. Nor can I help thinking that there is a significance in the fact that subsequent reference to the subject is confined to the quotation above referred to. I cannot but suppose that the writer has reasons for maintaining a total silence in regard to everything in my papers, with one exception, and reasons for making the one exception and for making it in the way he does. But, as I can only conjecture what his reasons are, and I may easily be mistaken in my conjectures, it is well I should keep them to myself, and leave others to form their own.

The Guardian while declining, for reasons of his own, to endeavour to show that the papers on "Misconceptions of Calvinism" contain anything inconsistent either with the Scriptures or with our symbolical books, has taken occasion to indulge in the very style of representation whose general prevalence was referred to as calling for such dealing with the subject as I have attempted. I confess I am somewhat unwilling to deal with a specimen of misapprehension hardly behind the worst I have had occasion to refer to. But I am not without hope that, avoiding repetition as much as possible, a little reiteration of explanations already given, varied in adaptation to a fresh utterance illustrative of the prevailing tendency to present distorted views of Calvinism, may be serviceable to some who are interested in the subject and not wanting in candour.

In my introductory paper I quoted a representation of Calvinism by Tulerus of Sedan, which I characterized as a foul caricature, closing my remarks upon it with the statement that "we cannot without some difficulty understand how any intelligent Christian can allow himself to be responsible for such a representation. In view of my use of such language, fully warranted as I believe it is in reference to the representation of Tulerus, I cannot but greatly regret that the Guardian should have indulged in a similar style of representation. While expressing his belief that Presbyterians and other "Evangelical Calvinists" teach and act inconsistently with Calvinistic "principles or dogmas," he affirms unhesitatingly that their symbolical books, the Westminster Confession and Catechisms, teach, by "inevitable logical consequence," "necessitarian fatalism," inasmuch as they "make salvation unconditional," and "declare" in such terms that God "has ordained some to life" and "appointed others to perdition," as to "represent Him as consigning to eternal perdition for not believing in Christ those whom He had by His own decree ordained to unbelief."

Though it may be freely admitted that Calvinists of the present day, if they were called anew to formulate their views of Scripture teaching, would, for various reasons, very probably express themselves in terms somewhat different from those employed two centuries and a half ago...

A brief consideration of the former charge will close the present article. The latter we shall endeavour to deal with in another.

In reference to the statement that our symbolical books "make salvation unconditional," the Guardian is mistaken if he thinks that we do not, in our teaching, make it unconditional in the same sense as our Confession and Catechisms do.

We believe it cannot be shown that our Standards "make salvation unconditional" in any other sense than that now indicated. The Guardian admits that we "teach that salvation is to be offered to all, and that men are lost because they reject it."

We have no desire for controversy, and we have endeavoured as much as possible to refrain from vindicating the peculiar doctrines of Calvinism, otherwise than by being at pains to obviate prevailing misapprehensions.

MANITOBA COLLEGE.

[The following circular letter has been sent to ministers. We are glad to bring its contents under the notice of all the readers of the Review.]

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—Permit me to remind you of the collection on behalf of Manitoba College, appointed by the General Assembly to be taken up on the third Sabbath of January, in those congregations in which an allocation is not made for the object from funds collected during the year.

The expenses to be provided for, by means of the collection, are the salaries of Professors Bryce and Hart, interest on debt, insurance, heating of building, and repairs. The salaries of the tutors are nearly covered by the fees of students, and that of the professor of theology by individual and congregational contributions in Manitoba and the North-West Territories.

The sum required for the above objects during the present year is a little over \$6,000. To aid in raising this amount, the college will probably receive, as in former years, small grants from the Presbyterian Churches in Ireland and Scotland.

lection appointed to be taken up in January, or of the allocation substituted for the collection.

It is confidently expected that the response to the Assembly's appointment of a collection for this object will be more general than in any former year.

The need of the institution is more than ever apparent in the increasing difficulty experienced in securing suitable labourers for this part of the Church.

Trusting that you will bring this object before your congregation, with your warm commendation of it to the exercise of their liberality.

I remain, Rev. and Dear Sir, yours truly, JOHN M. KING, Principal of Manitoba College, Winnipeg, Dec. 8th, 1885.

Literary Notices.

The English Illustrated Magazine (Macmillan & Co.) for December is to hand with twelve full-page illustrations, and numberless other smaller sketches, cuts, headings, ornamental flourishes, etc.

Half-hour with the Lessons of 1886, by twenty-four Presbyterian clergymen, Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication; Toronto: James Bain & Son.

This admirable book requires no words of commendation from us, the names of the clergymen responsible for the matter contained in it being a sufficient guarantee of its excellence.

The Parables of Our Lord (2nd series), by Rev. Dr. Marcus Dodds, is the twelfth volume of Hodder and Stoughton's "Household Library of Exposition."

We have very much pleasure in directing the attention of our readers to the announcement in our advertising columns of the facilities afforded by the Willard Tract Society, of Toronto, for supplying Sabbath Schools and congregations with libraries.

The attention of Ministers, Sabbath School Superintendents, Teachers, and all engaged in S. S. Work, is directed to the announcement in another column of the General Assembly's S. S. Committee respecting Registers and Records.

Communications.

THE AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' FUND.

[To the Editor of the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.]

SIR,—At this season of the year, so the mistiver run, we ministers and sessions are much appealed to. The inevitable circular arrives by the morning mail, the next week it reaches us in the REVIEW or the Presbyterian, and at the end of each month it shows face once more in the Record.

The appeal is almost always in the interests of "Union College Fund," "Augmentation," "French Evangelization," "Occasionally a modest reminder comes from "Home and Foreign Missions."

The present "appealant" is no enemy to any one of these "great schemes," so called. He preaches for them, pleads for them, prays in private and in public for them, and pays for them.

THE NEW PROFESSORSHIP.

[To the Editor of the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.]

SIR,—The decisions of presbyteries on the appointment of a professor for Knox College reveal diversity of opinion, and some of the findings show the influence of the contributions to your pages, "Gleanings in Theology,"—indeed, in some cases greater, perhaps, than the writer

anticipated, and more radical. Maitland has one ready, Liverpool elings to the present lecturer as professor. London and Paris decline to nominate, Paris giving, as reasons the want of a report on amalgamation and lack of funds.

Now, the Assembly practically found that amalgamation was at present impossible. The authorities of Queen's say unmistakably that there can be no removal of Queen's or any part of it.

If the patrons of Queen's thus dictate are the beneficiaries of Knox to have any voice in the matter? Will they not decidedly refuse to have their intentions frustrated by a virtual extinction of Knox?

If the want of money is the potent argument against the appointment of an additional professor, we would have expected a more vigorous opposition when the re-arrangement of the Common Fund took place, and finding that Knox College was deficiant \$300 as compared with the previous year, that on the reduction of the fund from \$10,000 to \$15,000, Queen's should have retained its old allotment, while Knox was reduced by the salary of a professor.

But they say Knox is being endowed. Yes, on paper. But what wise man of business would count as an available asset a subscription list not yet collected?

Now, if the funds are insufficient, let us see from these presbyteries declining to nominate and virtually declaring the Assembly inconsistent in giving Knox another professor while reducing her income—an amount of interest practical as well as theoretical in increasing funds and voting next Assembly that Knox shall have a fair share.

THE "UNREST."

[To the Editor of the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.] SIR,—Why is there such an "unrest" in the Church among ministers and congregations? Why are there so many congregations vacant? Plainly, because every cause has an effect, and every effect a cause.

1. Because vacant congregations pay less for services and supply than any other. The Assembly has made the price so low as \$8 per Sabbath, and it is seldom any congregation gives over \$10.

2. Because, such congregations get splendid preaching. All potatoes are not alike; mealy; all the grain are not alike full and plump; all the roses are not of equal beauty.

3. Because vacant congregations can have abundance of such preaching for years; and are enabled thereby to get their debts paid, get their temper cooled, and sometimes lay up money. It is an economical and convenient way of getting out of alleged difficulties; and the man who has the genius to see it and bring it about, has a good chance of becoming a ruling elder, and a noted Christian.

1. Because some of them are not asked; and when they do ask, an opportunity is not given them.

2. Because, in the case of others, when the opportunity is given, it does not pay. As a rule, probationers need to make money to support and educate their families. It does not pay to travel 100, 200, or 300 miles, preach for one Sabbath, and get \$8 or \$10 to cover all expenses.

N.B.—Will this list be in the new scheme? Dec. 21st, 1885 Yours, etc., ACTA.

"WHY."

[To the Editor of the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.]

SIR,—In answer to "Quo," the reason why the Presbyterian Church does not hold a religious service on Christmas Day is, because the position, which she took up at the Reformation, was, that only those things were to be adopted which were recommended and sanctioned by the Word of God, while the Church of England took the position that those things only were to be rejected which were condemned.

The Shorter Catechism, one of our subordinate standards, says, the second Commandment forbids the worshipping of God by images or any other way not appointed in His Word.

The appeal is almost always in the interests of "Union College Fund," "Augmentation," "French Evangelization," "Occasionally a modest reminder comes from "Home and Foreign Missions."

THE REV. DR. WILLIAM ORNSTEIN, D.D., pastor of the Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue, New York, a few days ago suddenly lost the use of his voice.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE PRESBYTERIAN SABBATH SCHOOL ASSOCIATION will be held on the 27th inst. The system of reporting lately issued by the General Assembly's Sabbath School Committee, and published by the PRESBYTERIAN NEWS CO., is largely a modification of that in use in this presbytery for the past two years.

OTTAWA VALLEY CHRISTMAS NEWS

ON Sabbath, December 20th, a new leick church was opened at Falkfield. Rev. Mr. Clark, of New Edinburgh, conducted the opening services, to the great delight of the congregation which assembled to hear him.

On the following Sabbath, December 27th, anniversary services were held in the Richmond church of the same charge, Rev. G. Burnfield preaching morning and evening, and Mr. H. Scott at the afternoon service.

Mr. Glasford is doing a splendid work in his wide and difficult field of labour, and we wish him more and more success.

On Christmas night a Christmas tree entertainment was held in the Manotik church, Rev. M. H. Scott, pastor, Rev. R. Gamble, of Wakefield, gave a good solid speech. Parties generally were agreed that the entertainment was of the most suitable and profitable character.

On Tuesday evening, the 29th December, the annual soiree was held at Taylorville, Rev. G. D. Bayce, pastor. It was one of those overflowing meetings with an abundance of all things suitable on such occasions, and which it is impossible to describe.

On Tuesday, Dec. 8th, Rev. R. Hughes was inducted into the pastoral charge of Osgoode and Kenmore.

NOTES FROM NEW BRUNSWICK.

[From our own Correspondent.]

THE Young People's Association of St. Paul's church, Fredericton, organized on the 14th ult. Rev. A. J. Mowat, hon. pres.; D. K. Forgan, pres.; Miss J. Harvey, vice-pres.; C. S. Everett, sec.-treas.

The Carleton Y.M.A. have elected the following officers for next quarter:—John B. M. Baxter, pres.; J. O. Allen, vice pres.; Chas. Wade, sec.; Hugh McDonald, treat; Rev. Wm. Stewart, chaplain.

The Sunday Schools have had their usual Christmas entertainments—St. Andrew's and Carleton, St. John, on the evening of the 29th ult., and St. Paul's, Woodstock, on the 31st. Magic lanterns, Christmas trees and pleasant words almost out rivalled the frosty season.

The union services of the season have been well attended in St. John. On Christmas day service was held in St. Andrew's church. All the Presbyterian ministers were present. Dr. Macrae officiated.

The annual meeting of the Presbyterian Sabbath School Association will be held on the 27th inst. The system of reporting lately issued by the General Assembly's Sabbath School Committee, and published by the PRESBYTERIAN NEWS CO., is largely a modification of that in use in this presbytery for the past two years.

REVIVAL services conducted by the pastor, assisted by Mr. Peter McNabb, of Knox College, were held in Glenora last week.

THE Home Mission Committee have appointed the Rev. S. J. Taylor, of Moose Jaw, N.W.T., to supply New Westminster, B.C., during Mr. Mackay's absence.

THE ladies of Knox church, Owen Sound, waited on the editor of the Times at Christmas and presented him with an address and a turkey, in consideration of sundry free notices, etc., given during the year.

AT the annual entertainment in connection with the North Smith Presbyterian S. School, after the reading of a very excellent programme, the Rev. John McEwen presented Mr. J. H. Burrows with a very handsome fur coat from the members and friends of the Methodist and Presbyterian choirs in recognition of his services as organist in both these choirs for several years past.

THE Rev. Dr. William OrNSTEIN, D.D., pastor of the Collegiate Church, Fifth Avenue, New York, a few days ago suddenly lost the use of his voice.

THE anniversary of the Erie Presbytery Sabbath School, Dundalk, was held in Victoria Hall on Xmas day. The officers of the Sabbath School had provided a Xmas tree from which books were given to every scholar attending the school.

REV. JOHN I. BAXTER, who had been ill for some time, died at Truro, N.S., on Friday, 12th inst., at the age of eighty-four. The deceased was born at Alton, Scotland, where his father died, and at the age of eighteen came to Nova Scotia with his uncle and mother and settled at New Ansant, Colchester. He studied theology with Rev. Dr. McGregor and the Rev. Dr. McCulloch, and in 1832 was ordained pastor of the Osgoode Presbyterian church. He remained at Osgoode until succeeded by the present minister, Rev. J. H. Chase. Rev. Mr. Baxter was one of the best known clergymen in the country, and his demise will be felt with sorrow by a large circle of friends. He was married to a sister of Rev. Dr. McGregor, by whom he had a large family.

CHURCH NEWS.

GENERAL.

THE Rev. Dr. Monroe Gibson will visit the Holy Land.

THE Rev. Dr. Oswald Dykes spent a Christmas holiday at Cannes.

A BAZAAR at Manchester to assist the building of a new church in Whalley-range realized £1,060.

THE Rev. Dr. Henderson, of Cullen, one of the fathers of the Church of Scotland, died on December 16th.

MR. F. A. CHANNING, one of the newly-elected Liberal members for Northamptonshire, was born in America and is a grand-nephew of Dr. Channing.

REV. DR. CAMERON of Strirling has been elected a Fellow of the Society of Science and Arts, London, and also of the Geological Society, Edinburgh.

WESTBOURN congregation, Belfast, have decided to enlarge their church at a cost of £1,000. Rev. Mr. Witherow has already succeeded in obtaining £400.

THERE is a proposal which seems likely to be taken up of raising a fund sufficient to clear off all the debts on buildings belonging to the Scotch Free Church by the jubilee year, 1893.

THE name of the Rev. Alexander Macleod, of Birkenhead, is spoken of in connection with the forthcoming Moderatorship of the English Synod. Dr. Macleod is well known as a famous preacher to the young.

THERE will be at least 83 Roman Catholic members in the reformed Parliament; in the last Parliament there were only 60. Mr. Macfarlane is the first Romanist returned by Scotland since the Reformation.

THE number of candidates just examined at the College of Preceptors exceeds that of any previous year, as many as 9,000 having presented themselves at 300 centres in England and Wales, Ireland, the Channel Islands, and the Isle of Man.

To enable Mr. Alexandrian, who has just completed his medical studies, to return to Turkey with funds to aid the medical mission among his countrymen, an exhibition and sale of beautiful Turkish lace and embroidery has been held in St. Andrew's Hall, Glasgow.

A MINISTER was recently visiting an old woman in his parish. On the centre of the table in the room in which they sat was a large thick family Bible.

THE Religious Tract Society has commemorated the jubilee of the introduction of Christianity into the Fiji Islands by sending out for distribution among the people an edition of 3,000 "Bible Pictures."

MR. DIX, elder, introduced a motion at the last meeting of the Glasgow South United Presbyterian Presbytery in favour of union with other denominations, but it was defeated by a large majority.

A PHOTOGRAPHIC group of those who have been ministers of the Free Presbytery of Irvine betwixt 1843 and 1885 has just been published.

MOST of the leading ministers of all denominations in Edinburgh signed the memorial to the Home Secretary, protesting against the government prosecution of Mr. Stead.

A SYNODICAL COMMITTEE, Scotch United Presbyterian Church, have issued for the consideration of presbyteries a proposed new scheme for the augmentation of stipends and the supervision of congregations and clergymen.

THE London Chronicle of the 29th ult. has a despatch from Berlin, according to which it appears that the recent allocation of Pope Leo XIII. has not been received with favour at the German capital.

REV. ALEXANDER BLAIKIE, D. D., died at his residence in Philadelphia, of congestion of the lungs, after a brief illness. Dr. Blaikie was born in Nova Scotia in 1804, and when a young man entered the ministry, and was for a time an itinerant on the Western frontier of the United States.

THE news comes very unexpectedly that a sad affliction has overtaken Dr. Kellogg, Allegheny Seminary, pastor elect of St. James' Square, Toronto.

THE Board will insist on his accepting his salary for the next quarter. A meeting of the Board has been held and arrangements made to fill the vacancy temporarily.

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ARRANGEMENTS are in progress for publishing a map of Ireland intended to furnish and diffuse the fullest information regarding the position of the Irish Presbyterian Church in the country.

THIS action for alleged slander by Jas. Allan, farmer, against Rev. Jas. Bain, minister of Duthill, Inverness, has resulted in a verdict for the defender.

THE library of the Princeton Theological Seminary now contains about 40,000 bound volumes, chiefly theological, including, in addition to many rare and costly works, the large and unique collection of pamphlets presented by Rev. Dr. Sprague, the libraries of Drs. Ashbel Green, John M. Krebs, John Breckinridge, etc.

PROST January 3rd to 10th, 1886, the annual week of united prayer, organized by the Evangelical Alliance through the British and its various foreign branches, was observed all over the world.

THE students of New College, Edinburgh, were favoured the other day with an after-dinner speech from Rev. John Brown, of Bedford, who was introduced as the biographer of John Bunyan by Prof. Laidlaw.

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Medicines.

Burdock Blood Bitters. WILL CURE OR RELIEVE BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEADACHE.

WHAT IS CATARRH? Catarrh is a mucous discharge caused by the presence and development of a vegetable parasite in the internal lining membrane of the nose.

Some time since a well known physician of forty years standing, after much experimentation, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients which would effect a permanent cure of this chronic disease.

A. H. DIXON & SON, 105 King St. West, Toronto, Canada. and enclose stamp for their treatise on Catarrh.

\$500 Reward. I will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, sick headache, indigestion, constipation, or colic, which we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills.

Specific Articles. BUCKEYE BELL FOUNDRY. HENRY MOSHAW & CO., Manufacturers, N.Y., U.S.A.

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THE "Oubourg Loaf" has evidently been made of the finest flour, and the "Digestive Bread" from ground wheat, from which the bran and gluten-bearing portions have not been separated.

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