

NATIONAL RIGHTEOUSNESS.

SERMON BY THE REV. J. B. EDMONDSON, OF COLUMBUS, ONT.

Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people. Proverbs xiv. 34.

Righteousness is something very frequently spoken of throughout the Holy Scriptures. No intelligent reader of the Word of God can fail to perceive that it is of vast and vital importance to every rational being, whether on the earth or in the heavens.

Let us humbly endeavour to answer the question, what is righteousness? By looking at it in God, we will get the fullest, brightest view of it that it is possible for us to obtain. The Lord is righteous. That is, He was always disposed, from His inmost heart, to be fair and just with all His creatures.

When the captive Jews murmured against God, and pronounced His ways "unequal," they thought He had not treated them righteously. The Creator is inclined to do right with all His dependents. From that inclination He has never once deviated—not even when dealing with the wayward and the fallen.

What God is in moral character men ought to be. The works of men should be the same in kind as those of their Maker. In substance the Creator says to men, "Be ye righteous." Were men of all classes and all positions in the lands, to incline their heart to the right, and do it at all hazards, the nation would be righteous.

during the time of the election of our ruler that a vote to bring the blush to the national cheek. On such occasions votes have been sold and bought, and in large numbers.

To bribe a man to vote contrary to his conviction is a foul deed, which the law forbids by a Conservative, or a Reformist. It is using unlawful, unallowed means to reach an end—and an end that may be wrong.

Bribery is a thing abhorrent in the sight of Heaven. The curse of the Abingdon goes with it. A moral blight comes both upon the giver and upon the receiver. They may not be conscious of it themselves.

This state of things has not sprung up all at once. A nation does not depart from its integrity, as far as we have gone, in a day or in a year. It is to be feared that the standard of public morality in this matter is not as high to-day as it was thirty or forty years ago in the land.

ways of punishing national evils, and of purging away a people's guilt. At one time He forbids the earth to yield her fruit, and thunders with cawling cheeks and sunken eyes, knocks for admittance at every door.

I appeal to you, as Christian men and Christian women, that you exert your influence in every way you can to banish the hateful practice from the land. We do not desire to transmit to posterity a heritage of shame, of crime, of woe.

I speak to-day, brethren, in behalf of no party in politics. The nobility from which such a word is given is degraded. I hope that the Church of which I am a member may never become identified with any political party.

Union.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—I beg leave to request your insertion of a few remarks upon certain bearings of the Union question which have not been submitted by any of your numerous correspondents on that interesting subject.

I am very much astonished to find so many of our excellent brethren so urgently maintaining an opposite view. I, for one, will never give my consent to union with such an article.

to alter the position of all the Churches now united. We have formerly witnessed this good confession. If there have been seven Presbyterian Unions in British America since 1858, as stated in an article, it is not rather unhappy, at the least of it, that all of a sudden our proposed Union should be contemplated without it?

With all due respect for Mr. McDonnell, I take strong exception to his mode of reasoning in this head. He speaks of our ministry as being "the extreme wing" of the Canada Presbyterian Church.

But what do the majority ask of us? They ask us to receive a document as unknown to history as it is extremely sectarian, viz., "The Act of Independence."

This Act reads as follows in one part, "The freedom and independence of this Synod, in regard to all things spiritual, cannot be called in question." Now, this is forced upon us, while all that we ask at the future Council is to declare in favour of a doctrine to which all parties profess their attachment.

The Synod mentioned in my extract is in full communion and sympathy, to this day, with the Church of Scotland, which is bound if the State chose to enforce the law to settle ministers, when the people render objections, against the most earnest remonstrances of the parishioners, in accepting the present Basis, then, we of the minority must become one with "the Kirk" in their present relations to the Scottish Establishment.

I fear, however, that delay is imperative in the meantime. "How can two walk together unless they be agreed?" So far as my experience is concerned, I can see no co-operation or sympathy worthy of the name of fellow Christians between the two Churches, and a worthy Baptist minister made the same remark to me, not long ago, which shows how others are viewing our movements.

I am, yours most truly, NATH. PATERSON.

Martintown, 8th Jan. 1874.

Home Mission Regulations.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—The illiberality of some of the Home Mission Regulations of the C. P. Church is striking. On page 43 of the minutes of 1871, we find the following enactment: "That ministers or probationers who have retired from the ministry, and engaged on some other calling for a time, shall not have their names put on the list of distribution without the permission of the General Assembly; and that ministers resigning their charges more than twice shall have their names put on the list only with the permission of the General Assembly to that effect."

The illiberality of the first part of this regulation has been made apparent from the letters of correspondents, anonymous and otherwise, in connection with the recent settlement at Dandas. I agree with those who say that it was in violation of this regulation that the settlement referred to took place; but I think the law should have been such as that it would not have been illegal.

The second part of the regulation is, if possible, more illiberal than the first. I might write regarding the ambiguity of it, and ask, "Is it only prospective, or retrospective, too?" If retrospective, how far back does it extend?—to dismissions in Scotland, or Ireland, or United States.

it, and then to attach a penalty to resignation? The minister is not always to blame for the want of liberality on the part of his people. He is not always to blame when the congregation falls into arrears of stipend. We all know how easy it is to furnish a pretext for leaving the Church, and how difficult it is to fill up the vacant places. The faithful exercise of discipline will empty some of our pews. A good, sound temperance sermon may do it. The attitude of a minister on the question of the use of intoxicating wine at the Lord's Supper. The casting of a vote at the time of an election, the marrying of some particular young lady in the congregation, or the not marrying of half-a-dozen others, may do it.

Sometimes there is no alternative for a faithful, honest, upright minister but resignation. Why, then, should there be a stigma attached to it? According to this law, to resign frequently is disreputable.

Resignations are not always had things. A man may be very useful in his second, after he has ceased to be useful in his first charge. In the face of this law, it requires a good deal of moral courage spontaneously to resign. By implication, at least, it says that something must be far wrong with the minister who has to resign more than twice.

That "preachers who have been on the roll for three years, and ministers for two years, without settlement, shall have their names removed," is also illiberal. Some very good ministers have had their names on the roll for two years without settlement. The time that the name of a minister or preacher is on the roll is no test of his ability or impracticability either. An early settlement does not prove worth and wisdom, and a late settlement does not prove the opposite.

Another objection to these regulations is, that several of them have been openly and deliberately violated, as far as yet appears, with impunity. Better no laws than laws set at naught. The Committee itself even does not always carry out its own laws. These surely needs no law for a revision of these Home Mission Regulations.

Yours, &c., Wm. F. SMYTHE.

Springville, Jan. 12, 1874.

Sabbath School Anniversary.

On Friday evening, 9th January, the 14th anniversary of the West Church Sabbath school was held. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the basement was crowded with children, teachers, and friends. The report was read by Wm. B. McMurrich, Esq., showing that there are at present 19 teachers, besides superintendent and two librarians; and that more teachers are needed. The sum of \$142 has been raised by the Sabbath school, which was distributed as follows:—Boy's Home, \$20; Girl's Home, \$20; Sabbath School Association, \$20; Sabbath School Missionary, \$20; Saskatchewan Mission at Prince Albert, \$25; Home Mission of the Canada Presbyterian Church \$37.

In the notice of the anniversary sermo of Cookstown Presbyterian Church last week, instead of eighty dollars it should have been eight hundred dollars,—announced as additional subscriptions obtained from the members of the church.

One Oath.

My hand is sworn to thee, O Lord, how solemnly the day... Would I could be my mind... I had been a man of God, I had been a man of God...

Select Reading.

Religious Vows.

BY C. S. ROBINSON, D.D.

Few persons have reached maturity without having been passed, first or last, with some most perplexing questions concerning the duty or privilege of making vows.

Classic history makes clear the fact that all religions and schemes of faith have encouraged their devotees in the practice of offering their gifts to their deities.

Hannah vowed that Samuel should be devoted to the service of the Lord all the days of his life and no razor come upon his head.

Concerning all of which, it needs to be remarked that heathen and Hebrew sentiment was absolutely agreed in one thing. A vow was positively irrevocable.

The philosophy underlying so plain a conclusion was eminently simple. The main premise of a vow lay in the fact that, since it was voluntary, it must be scrupulously and religiously observed.

The great lawyer, Moses, acting under divine dictation, found this custom when he came to the leadership of Israel. He set himself to regulate the practice and put it under some code of intelligent management.

Then after the announcement of the principle—namely, that if any one refused to make the vow he did no wrong, even to a veritable extent; but that if he did make one he must carry it out unalterably, even

to its smallest provisions—this earliest legislator proceeded to lay down what now appears to be most complicated enactments.

Thus the practice inevitably brought with it a most intricate and perplexing train of casuistical distinctions. And the Rabbi in after years had to keep up the hair-splitting evasions.

Now, when we pass over from the Old Testament into the New, the most observable thing to be noticed is this: no precept whatsoever is given on the subject.

These are the two instances: The Apostle Paul made a vow, nobody knows what about (Acts xvii. 18); and there were four men in Jerusalem, unnamed, and unknown, who had a vow on them so that they could not shave their heads (Acts xxi. 23).

On the whole, therefore, it would seem that we are at liberty to infer entire release from the old bondage of such customs as these.

If it be asked, with any real candor of desire for an answer, whether there may be some good in the practice of special vows or definite covenants with God, to which young Christians might resort profitably, the only reply must be given with serious caution.

Lifting Both Hands.

During the winter season a young lady, while crossing the ice, came to a thin place and fell through.

A gentleman sitting by his office window, hearing a cry for help, hastened to the spot. He immediately put out both hands, saying: "Clasp my hand tightly, and I will save you."

She replied: "Oh, I cannot lift up both hands! One rests upon the ice; were I to raise it I should surely sink."

He answered: "Let go your hold upon the ice, trust me, and I will save you. Were I to take one I could not draw you out."

She then raised up both hands, he caught them, drew her out, and she went on her way rejoicing.

Are there not many who, while walking through the sea of life, come to some point where they see their needy condition, and cry to help?

The Saviour hears the cry and stands with outstretched arms to save them, but, like the young lady, they are unwilling to put up both hands, saying in the heart, if not in words: "Oh, were I to lose my hold upon earth I should surely sink, for I might not save me; and then what should I have to lean upon?"

But the Saviour stands waiting, saying, "Trust me. You cannot cling to both. Let the floating world go. Look to me. I will take you from the horrible pit and many clay, and set your feet upon the rock, where you can rest secure from time and eternity."

Some obey the voice, lift up both hands, crying: "Lord save me or I perish," and are saved, and go on their way rejoicing.

But, alas! too many would be saved by raising one hand to Christ, while clinging to the world with the other, placing it either upon its riches, honors, or pleasures, feeling that they cannot give up all for Christ.

And when Christ says, "Leave all and follow me," they turn back and sink deeper into worldliness and are lost; yes, lost forever.

Live in the sight of God. That is what heaven will be—the eternal presence of God. Do nothing you would not like God to see; say nothing you would not like Him to hear; write nothing you would not like him to read, and read nothing of which you would not like God to say, "Show it to me."

A Lamentable Fact.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

One of the most lamentable facts of the day is that so large a number of native born Americans are applicants for political appointments, and for "easy berths" in post-offices or custom-houses, or in some way of getting a livelihood without hard work.

The idea of acquiring proficiency in some skilful art or handicraft, and of rising into honorable success, does not enter into the calculations of these innumerable place-seekers. To do as little, and to get as much, as possible, is the chief consideration.

As a necessary result of this growing mania for living by the wits, there is a lamentably small number of our native youth who are learning any trade.

It is not popular or pleasant to say it, but we honestly believe that this is a sign of national degeneracy. A New York Collector of the Port, remarked not long ago, that he had in possession seventeen thousand applications for "berths" in the Custom-house; a vast majority of these were native Americans!

How to Drive.

There is another point of importance in driving any horse, but especially a young one; it is the way you handle the reins. Most drivers overdrive. They attempt too much; and in so doing, distract or hamper the horse.

These are "hard times," but they are the hardest on them who have no knowledge of some useful mechanical or agricultural pursuit.

Faith, not Works.

Some years ago two men, a bargeman and a collier, were in a boat above the rapids of a cataract, and found themselves unable to manage it, being carried so swiftly down the current that they must both inevitably be borne down, and dashed to pieces.

Faith has a saving connection with Christ. Christ is on the shore, holding the rope, and, as we lay hold of it with the hand of our confidence, he pulls us to shore; but our good works, having no connection with Christ, are drifted along down to the gulf of fell despair.

Go and tell your difficulties to some Christian neighbour or friend, and if the passage be too hard for them, pray for light from above.—St. Augustine.

No religious work is unimportant, but the conversion of sinners is the main object of all religious efforts. A revival gives unity to the church, development to its resources, prosperity to its finances, enlargement to its borders, and causes even the angels in heaven to rejoice.

The First Widespread Sin.

In the education of the early world, the earliest commands almost entirely refer to bodily appetites and animal passions. The earliest widespread sin was brutal violence. That willfulness of temper—those germs of wanton cruelty—which the mother coaxes so easily in her infant, were developed in the earliest form of human society into a prevailing plague of wickedness.

Violence was followed by sensuality, animal appetites which must be indulged in childhood, if they are to be subdued at all—were still the temptation of mankind. Such sins are, it is true, prevalent in the world even now.

Ancient Babylon.

Mr. George Smith, of the British Museum, who has just returned from his explorations at Nimrod, writes, in one of his letters to the Daily Telegraph of one of the places all the chambers had been riddled at some early period, and they were full of coffins and skeletons belonging to an epoch after the fall of the Assyrian Empire.

Milton's Daily Life.

Milton lived in a small house in London, or in the country in Buckinghamshire. Of all consolations, work is the most fortifying, and the most healthy, because it solaces a man, not by bringing him, not by bringing him ease, but by requiring effort.

All creatures are merely shells, masks (Latin), behind which God hides himself, and deals with us.

Doctor Luther, said one evening, when he saw a little bird perched on a tree, to roost there for the night: "This little bird has had its supper, and now it is getting ready to go to sleep here, quite secure and content, never troubling itself what its food will be, or where its lodging on the morrow. Like David, it abides under the shadow of the Almighty." It sits on its little twig content, and lets God take care.

And to persuade us he addeth: "For in due season we shall reap if we sown not." As if he said, "Wait and look for the eternal harvest that is to come, and then no ingratitude or perverseness of mind shall be able to pluck you away from well-doing; for in the harvest-time you shall receive most plentiful increase and fruit of your seed." Thus, with most sweet words, he exhorteth the faithful to the doing of good works.

"BREAKING IN" BOOTS AND SHOES. The Herald of Health has the following on "breaking in" boots and shoes. It is as follows: "1. Never 'break in' new boots or shoes. If they are not easy when new don't take them; for the boots will break your feet offener than your feet will break the boots."

God writes the Gospel, not the Bible alone, on trees, and flowers, and clouds, and stars. Let us be liberal and bountiful towards all men, and that without weariness. For it is an easy thing for a man to do good once or twice, but to continue, and not to be discouraged through the ingratitude and perverseness of those to whom he hath done good, that is very hard. Therefore, he doth not only exhort us to do good, but also bid us to be weary in doing good.

A Universalist Answered.

In the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, many years ago, an eloquent Universalist preacher who had addressed a large audience, at the close of his remarks said that if any one present wished to ask any questions or reply to his arguments, he would be heard.

The invitation was accepted by the Rev. John H. Bond, a member of the Reformed Church, a pious, but eccentric old gentleman, who sat in the front row of the audience, and addressed the audience substantially as follows:

"My friends, I have a few words to say in confirmation of what has already been said. No doubt you have all heard of the inhabitants of the world before the flood, how wicked they became, and what violence and bloodshed poured out against God, in wrath, sent the waters of the deluge, and swept them from the face of the earth, and took them all up to happiness and glory. But there is a poor Noah, a just man, who vexed his righteous soul with his filthy communications; the Almighty shut him up in an ark with a great lot of beasts, birds and reptiles, and he was buffeted about by the waters of the flood until the ark rested on Mount Ararat, and then he did not dare to come out of the ark until he had first sent a raven, and then a dove to see whether the waters had subsided. And my friends, there was also Sodom and Gomorrah, the cities of the plain, whose inhabitants were corrupted, and were guilty of innumerable iniquity; the Lord rained down fire and brimstone upon them in wrath, and took them all up to happiness in heaven. But poor Lot, who was vexed with their filthy and wicked conversation, the Lord sent him out of the city of Sodom, and he went wandering about in much fear and perplexity.

"Now, my friends, my advice to you is, go home, be neat, sweet, polite, the Sabbath, and do all manner of iniquity, and then the Almighty will, in wrath, take you away from this world of trouble, and if what the speaker says is true, take you up to glory, like the inhabitants of the old world before the flood, and of Sodom and Gomorrah. But if you obey God and keep his commandments, repent of your sins, and trust in Christ for salvation, God may keep you here a long time in this troublesome world before you are called away, and he takes you to himself in heaven."

The audience, pleased with the remarks, laughed heartily, and no converts were made to Universalism.—Presbyterian Weekly.

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NEW SUBSCRIBERS.

Now is the time to subscribe for the PRESBYTERIAN. We shall mail to all who now send in \$2 a copy of the PRESBYTERIAN from this time to the end of 1874.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

France and Spain are still unsettled and uneasy, the latter with actual civil war and the former with what is always threatening to become war if great care is not exercised.

The Ashantee war does not make great progress. But for the deadly climate it would be a very short and harmless affair. As, however, things actually are, it may cause considerable trouble and loss of life before the whole matter is satisfactorily disposed of.

There is no doubt now but that Bengal is threatened with a widespread and desolating famine. Government is making every possible effort to supply both work and food, yet we fear a large number will die of actual starvation.

The Pope has had quite a gala time of it. On the 22nd of December he consecrated twelve new Cardinals, of whom not one was English, besides a good many bishops. The world will go on as usual in spite of all these new dignitaries.

There seems a movement at present all along the line among the Roman Catholics. However feeble and forlorn the Pope might be supposed to be, he is quite as arrogant in his claims as ever, and every where there is shown an amount of vitality and energy which proves that the loss of temporal power is not necessarily the destruction of the Papacy.

The struggle between the Emperor and Pope still goes on in Germany. Though Jesuits have always been moderate plotters, yet we doubt the wisdom and the policy of banishing any class of men on mere suspicion. It establishes a precedent that might afterwards be used with tremendous force against the upholders of both civil and religious liberty.

The destitution prevailing in the States is of a very saddening description. We shall not say that there must have been great improvidence when so many skilled workmen and labourers, after a long season of prosperity, have saved so little as to be in the course of a few weeks upon the rocks, and dependent on charity. Still it does not look well, and seems to say that there has been something wrong somewhere.

The one absorbing matter in Canadian general society during the week has been the general election. On its result will very greatly depend the future of Canada, and surely all who wish well of our beloved country will pray that the different constituencies may be so guided in their choice of representatives that we shall have a Parliament largely composed of intelligent, conscientious, and upright gentlemen—men fearing God and hating covetousness.

The Local Parliament of Ontario met on the 7th of the month. There has been a keen discussion on the address, an amendment to which was moved, but negatived by eighteen of a majority. The point raised was certainly about the most likely to put ministers in a minority, for after all the special pleading about the necessity for reserving for the consideration of the Governor-General, the Orange Bill passed at last Session, had there not been other influences at work that reservation would not likely have been thought of. On no other point could the opposition muster anything like the same number of supporters.

Our Normal School.

Considerable discussion is going on at present over the management of the Normal School, and the character and standing of the different teachers employed in it. We are afraid that there is something considerably wrong, though we should be very sorry, except on better grounds than we yet know, to condemn those complained of, as totally unfit for their positions. Some who have written to certain newspapers on the subject make very distressing statements in reference to the imperfect scholarship and ungentlemanly conduct of some of the teachers referred to. The whole establishment is in danger of being destroyed by a superabundance of red tape. Dr. Ryerson, though he has done a great and good work, is now unable to discharge the duties of his office with efficiency, and ought to give place to a younger and more vigorous man; though if his successor were to be the person generally indicated, we are far from thinking the change would be an improvement.

We hope the Local Government will deal with this in a firm and judicious manner. The talk about Dr. Sangster getting some recognised portion of influence in our educational establishment can surely not be true. Things have not come to that pass with us yet. Were it tried, it would cause a commotion in the country which would shake some things that may be thought sufficiently strong and stable.

Increase of Intemperance.

It is very painful for us to say it, but there can, we think be no doubt but that intemperance is on the increase in our Province, in spite of all the efforts of our Temperance Reformers. No one who has resided for any lengthened period in Toronto can help noticing the increased number of persons seen drunk on the streets. Formerly this was exceedingly rare, so much so that persons might have lived years in the city, and scarcely have seen one in that state. It is different, we are sorry to say, now; very few days will pass without any one who is at all on the streets seeing persons in different stages of intoxication. Among these a large number are found rather respectably dressed, and many more very young. The saloons, taverns, dance-houses, and grocers' "bottles," are working and have among our population, and we don't think Toronto is any worse than other places. No doubt our authorities have granted all but unrestricted free trade in intoxicating drinks, and seem only pleased to let the whiskey seller have full liberty. But is it not the same all over? We fear it is. The liquor interest is becoming a very formidable power in the land, and aspirants to office are only too ready to curry favour with it in every way possible. Temperance people must show their power in politics as well.

SABBATH SCHOOL INSTITUTE.

The usual yearly meeting for the instruction of Sabbath School teachers, and for stirring up an increased interest in Sabbath Schools and the young, has been held in Knox Church during this week, with very encouraging results. We sincerely hope that the permanent efforts may be all that could be desired.

Book Notices.

CONSTITUTIONAL HISTORY OF CANADA, by Samuel J. Watson, Librarian Legislative Assembly, Ontario, 1874.

This is an exceedingly readable and opportune volume, much needed and greatly fitted to supply a felt want. There is really no good history of Canada of any kind. Mr. Watson so far supplies one kind, and will, we trust, be encouraged by the reception his literary ventures meets with, to proceed with his task and bring the work down to our own times. In short compass we have here a sketch of the constitutional changes through which Canada passed from the time of the conquest in 1760 to the meeting of the first Parliament of Upper Canada in 1791. Mr. Watson writes clearly, and with considerable vigour. We shall be glad to meet him again in the same field.

BIBLE TRUTH AND BROAD CHURCH ERROR, by William Ritchie, D.D., Dunse, Scotland; Hodder & Wilson, Lo. don, 1873.

This is an exceedingly opportune volume, within moderate compass, and in a popular manner the prominent points of controversy between orthodoxy, as usually understood, and Broad Churchism, are discussed in a clear, forcible, yet kindly manner. Dr. Ritchie gives the result of much reading and patient, sustained thought in a form which will be exceedingly acceptable to many who have neither time nor opportunity to make themselves acquainted with much that has been written on both sides, but who at the same time, are not willing to remain altogether in ignorance of discussions so important in themselves and fraught with such momentous consequences. The plan of the work, as stated in the preface, is to offer "a condensed exposition

and defence of Bible truth, accompanied with a review and condensation of modern errors on the subjects proposed for consideration." Acting on this plan, Dr. R. first presents a statement of what he believes to be the Scriptural doctrine, with proof in support of it, and then seeks to show by honest criticism in what respect the various rationalistic theories stated are in opposition to the teaching of the Divine Word. In this way we have discussed, in a concise, but far from uninteresting, fashion, the Inspiration of Scripture; the Incarnation of Christ; the Atonement of Christ, with the different theories of atonement examined in detail; the Fatherhood of God; Justification by Faith; Eternity of Future Punishment; Annihilation; Future Universal Restoration; Religious Doctrine; and life with the connection between them.

Dr. Ritchie is well known in Scotland as a vigorous and painstaking writer. His present effort will, we believe, add very considerably to his previous reputation, and, which we know he will prize far more highly, will keep many a perplexed one out of difficulties by which he may have been beset, by which his peace may have been marred, and his spiritual progress greatly hindered. We should be glad to think that such a volume would meet with a considerable sale in Canada. Quite sure are we it is needed, and in this hurrying, bustling age is very likely to be read with larger and more elaborate treatises would be turned from with weariness, if not with positive disgust. It is very handsomely got up, in a handy shape, with good, clear type, and contains about 400 pages. It is very possible that none of our Canadian booksellers may have it for sale. We believe, however, that Mr. J. Y. Reid, of Buntin Bros., Toronto, has received some copies, a few of which may be still available, while a few more required could be easily procured.

The Late Mr. James Rintoul, Elder.

"He was not, for God took him"

The subject of this discourse was a native of London, Scotland, and a distant relative of the late Professor Rintoul, of this county. He received a fair English education, and married, at the age of 23 years, one who has proved herself a helpmate indeed. In 1850 they came to Canada—resided for a few years in the township of Boverly, and then settled on a bush lot in the township of Amaranth, where, by commendable industry and judicious management, they were enabled to maintain an increasing family, and, in the widest sense, to honour the divine behest, "Owe no man anything!"

By the death of his father, Mr. Rintoul, some years ago, received a hands-on addition to his pecuniary means, which he wisely laid out for the future benefit of his now large family. At the time of his demise he was owner of 600 acres of land, and, no doubt, painted in his imagination, a glowing future landscape. It was, however, said unto him, "Thou shalt not, but thy sons shall reap this magnificent agricultural fabric." He was seized with small-pox, but having the testimony within himself that he pleased God, he passed, in peace and hope, to that rest which remaineth for the people of God, on the 16th November, 1873, and in the 46th year of his age, sincerely mourned by all who knew him. Those who know him best loved him most. Of him it may safely be affirmed, that he left not an enemy behind him.

Mr. R. had always a keen eye to what he was for the good of both Church and State. Being liberal in politics, he exercised considerable influence in the same direction for which, together with the fact that he was a general referee and notary for his neighbours, he was set down for a Commissioner of the Peace at next issue of the same. It may be readily conceived the large share such a man would have in transforming what was, at the time of his settlement, a dreary wilderness, into the beautiful field it now presents. Though closely surrounded by opposing influences yet his good name gained him a seat in the Councils of the township of Agricultural, Temperance, and other Societies.

It was, however, in the cause of Christ that the late Mr. Rintoul shone with the clearest and staunchest lustre. Having first of all given himself to God, he was enabled to do a successful hand to whatever Christian work came within his sphere. With him Christ was an duty began at home; for, "in a very real sense, and harvest not excepted," in holy worship, morning and evening, was observed with that solemn awe and reverence, which forcibly recalled the "Hallelujah" scene in "Catter's Saturday Night," and catechizing the children was the work of the Sabbath evenings. Not satisfied that the means of grace should remain at such a distance, Mr. Rintoul and a few kindred spirits were enabled to establish what is known as "The Mono West" Presbyterian Church, of which he was ordained a ruling elder, and did much to foster and sustain the infant church, and though his residence was over three miles from the church, yet the place of his self and family were seldom, if ever, vacant in the Sabbath School; and he also has the work of "race kept pace with material improvement, that a semi-monthly prayer meeting has been for a long time maintained in the house of the deceased, and been the means of much spiritual improvement. In a word, he lived the life of a righteous man, and has been early called to a righteous man's reward!

Ministers and Churches.

A large number of sleighs, well filled with human beings, came to the manse at M. C. for the Thanksgiving meeting, last New Year's day. Towards the close of the devotional exercises, fourteen young persons received rewards for proficiency in a special Scripture lesson, and a thanksgiving collection was taken up in aid of the Widows' and Orphans' and Aged and Infirm Ministers' Funds. Afterwards, the company assembled in the parlor, which presented a very festive appearance. In the centre was an eight-sided dome, resting on six many pillars. On the top was a flag-staff, which was graced with the Union Jack. Around the cornice were several bannerets. At the top of the front arch was an imitation bust of the Queen. In the centre, beneath the dome, was an imitation statue of Britannia, on a pedestal. On the front of the latter were the words, "Righteousness exalteth a nation." "La justice eleva une nation." On the back was the representation of a book with the inscription "Holy Bible," "Sainte Bible." The statue and pedestal were, together, 16 inches high. Leading up to the dome was a flight of four steps divided by low walls into as many parts. On each wall was an imitation statue of a lion in a lying position. From the bottom of the lowest step to the top of the gilded ball on the dome, was about 4 feet. The ceiling of the parlor was festooned with webs of different colours. The walls were decked with pictures and flags. Three of the latter bore respectively the honored names of Hamilton and Wishart, Argyll and Guthrie, McKail and Renwick. Another room was for the occasion turned into a picture gallery. Here between 300 and 400 different objects were exhibited, consisting of flags, engravings, photographs, drawings, and modelling in clay, patterns for needlework, and needlework. The last mentioned was lent for the exhibition by a few young ladies belonging to the place. Above one of the doors, the Union Jack and Stars and Stripes were crossed. Between them was a wreath of initial olive leaves, beneath which were the words "Arbitration better than devastation." Over another door the tricolor of France and the black eagle of Prussia were crossed. Between them were the words "Paix. Friede" the French and German for peace. Refreshments were distributed among the visitors. A few things remaining from a bazaar last autumn were sold by auction. The National Anthem was afterwards sung which brought to a close the celebration of the birth of 1874 at the C. P. Manse, Metis.—Cont.

Home Mission Regulations.

DEAR SIR,—I have long been impressed with the thought, that the "Home Mission Regulations" of the Canada Presbyterian Church are not what they ought to be; and, certainly, the letters which have recently appeared in your columns, and their application in particular cases, have not tended to remove the impression. Prior to the last meeting of Assembly, a feeble attempt was made by your correspondent to induce the Presbytery of Chabourg to overturn the Supreme Court of the Church on the subject, but from the position of the project, as a stranger in the Presbytery, the matter was not presented. Three months ago the notice of motion for an overture was renewed, I hope not to meet the fate of its predecessor.

For every evil there is a remedy. The first step towards the remedy of the evil complained of, lies in the resolution to approach the General Assembly on the subject. A free interchange of sentiment, prior to the time of action, on the points to be discussed, may not be without some practical benefit. I am thankful for the letters which have already appeared in your columns, especially for that from Dr. Waters. He is evidently impressed with the idea that the laws are liable to misinterpretation. Will you kindly grant me a little space for another letter in your forthcoming issue?

My purpose, at present, is to call the attention, especially of our law makers, to the general inconsistency at present existing between the regulations themselves. For instance, we read on page 43 of the minutes of 1871: "No Presbytery shall be permitted to withdraw any vacant congregation entirely from the list of congregations to be supplied by probationers." Now, this word "entirely," is written in italics. The meaning of the Regulation, evidently, is to give permission to the Presbytery to remove partially the name of the vacant congregation. Well, then, this law is inconsistent with the other law, which forbids Presbyteries to employ any probationer whose name is not on the probationers' roll. If probationers are to be on the roll, all on the roll, and always on the roll, in order to employment, vacant congregations should be on the roll, all on the roll, and always on the roll. If the scheme controls the probationers to any extent, it must control the vacant congregations to the same extent.

Again, Presbyteries are not to allow a minister in a supplemental charge to remain where the people neglect the duty of contributing as the Lord may enable them. Min. 1868, page 20: How is the minister to be renewed? The most simple way would be for the Presbytery to induce him to re-

sign his charge. Now, another law is that no minister resigning more than two years can have his name on the roll, unless a provision of Assembly (Min. 1871, page 43.) The people neglect to contribute as the Lord may enable them—the man, in consequence, has to resign. A second and a third congregation do the same. A second and a third time the minister has to resign, by presbytery process brought to bear upon him. Then his name can not be put on the roll for six or nine, or, perhaps, eleven months; no employment can be given him by Presbyteries; and all this because the people, in three instances, have failed to contribute as the Lord has enabled them. There is surely gross inconsistency, as well as illiberality, in those laws which will cause a minister to make atonement for the sins of the people. Let every man bear his own burden.

Another regulation is to the effect that payment of supplement may be suspended until arrears of monies due by the congregation shall be liquidated (Min. 1871, page 43.) Arrears in the congregation! The supplement suspended, too! What can the poor minister do but resign? But, then, he may have resigned twice already, perhaps for a similar cause. Then he has no legitimate employment for, say, eleven months. To make a man resign, and then inflict a penalty for resigning, is not fair. These rules seem to conflict with each other.

That Presbyteries are forbidden to employ those whom they may ordain and induct, is another inconsistency. They cannot employ any one whose name is not on the roll; but should some one not on the roll, somehow or other, receive a call to a vacant congregation, the Presbytery may induct. Presbyteries are forbidden to give the minor, but they may extend the greater privilege. To be consistent, the laws should make every man ineligible for a call whose name is not on the roll of probationers. As was shown by an anonymous correspondent not long since, Mr. Laird, as Convener of the Home Mission Committee, recommended that this should be done; but it was not done. I do not say that the recommendation should have been adopted; I do say, however, that it is required, if the laws and practices of the Church are to be brought into harmony.

There is utter impracticability, too, connected with some of the laws. How can Presbyteries dissolve pastoral ties, when the people neglect to contribute, as God enables them? "When does a man give as the Lord enables him?" is a very difficult question for any other man to answer? It is almost as difficult as to say how much is a competency of the good things of this life. A good old minister in Scotland, who had a pretty fair living, put this question to one of his parishioners, at a district examination. "Well," says the parishioner, "thirty was an' a cow's grass would be a competency for me, but it's far finer what you haec." "When a man gives as God enables him?" is a question about which there may be a great difference of opinion. The members of Presbyteries are not at all likely to be agreed on that subject, especially if the lay element is largely represented when the vote is being taken. How, then, can the law be carried out? I would like to ask, "How many congregations in the Church give as the Lord enables them to the support of ordinances either at home or abroad?"

In another letter I purpose (D.V.) to show the illiberality of these Home Mission Regulations.

I am, &c., Wm. BRANNETT, Springville, Dec. 29th, 1873.

Union.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN. My DEAR SIR,—It must gladden the heart of every right-minded man and of every true Christian to know the rapid progress that is now being made by the different branches of the Church of Christ towards Union: and if your paper fulfil this grand mission, "you will not have run in vain, neither laboured in vain." The end in view is a noble one, whether you look at it in the light of Revelation, or in its magnificent results in shaping and moulding the destiny of this great country. If we succeed in effecting this Union, your paper will and must be a grand success. All the different branches of the great Presbyterian family in British North America are one in point of doctrine, government, and discipline.

I have just read a letter in your issue of the 8th inst., purporting to come from the pen of one who signs his name "John McTavish," in which that gentleman professes to advocate the doctrine of "sympathy," as essential to Union! And yet it would only seem to be a mere profession after all. For although this doctrine or principle is avowed in the early part of his letter, he insists very rigidly and speaks very dogmatically on the rules and forms of church government as necessary to Union.

The rabid style of Mr. McTavish is little in harmony with the great Christian principle which he has avowed.

The writer says, "Parties which not in sympathy, are best separate." So say I. If the Union of the churches is not one of sympathy, it is no Union at all. In vain any branch of the Protestant Church boasts of its superior orthodoxy or the truth—of its soundness in government, and purity, in discipline—so long as love to Christ and love to brethren are not the animating principles.

The doctrine, government, and discipline of the Church are to the Church what form and muscle are to the human body.

You must, first of all, infuse the breath of life into the human body, if you would have it fulfil the conditions of life and answer the high end of man's creation, "to glorify God and enjoy Him for ever."

There are "cruel jokes" that are often perpetrated on the men of the world, and

THE IDIOT OF DIXMUYDE.

BY W. H. D. KINGSTON.

CHAPTER V.

While most of the inhabitants of Dixmuyde were thus arranging themselves in their towns, the outer streets were almost deserted, as was the surrounding country. One solitary figure might have been seen proceeding along the high road toward Valenciennes. It was that of a man habited in the cast-off trowsers of some gay gallant, which had been torn and patched over and over again with pieces of various colors and materials. His long elf locks were covered by a hat with the remnant of a once waving plume stuck in it; while in his hand he carried a thick club, which assisted to help his somewhat tottering steps along the road, though over and anon he would stop and flourish it round his head, as if he were defending himself from an assault, now turning to one side, now to the other, to meet his supposed foes, shouting out wildly at the same time, and showing his grinning teeth.

"Keep back, villains! keep back! Your weapons can do me no harm; but you shall not touch her. Towards whom you hunt a young maiden? Keep back, I say! keep back!" Thus poor Hans Kopperzoen went on. There was still a bandage on his head, and another on his arm, showing that he had not recovered from the lacerations he had received when rescued from his assailants by Walter Kapell. He had probably made his escape from the magistrate's house when not watched by Margaret, and wandered away, in his aimless mode, into the country.

Suddenly he stopped and peered ahead. He had caught sight of two horsemen approaching the town. Instinctively he drew aside and concealed himself behind some bushes in a wood which bordered the road. He could, however, from between the branches, still observe the horsemen as they jogged forward on their stout, large-boned Flanders steeds. He could hear their voices, too, even at a distance; for they were talking in loud tones, one of them every now and then giving vent to shouts of still louder laughter, which sounded harsh and discordant as they reached the poor idiot's ears, and made him tremble, he knew not why, from head to foot.

Before long one of the horsemen had ridden round to the other side of the bush, and poor Hans, finding himself discovered, came trembling forth, staring at the two Inquisitors with a bewildered look.

"Tell us, ere I brain you with this club, what do you here? who are you?" shouted the principal Inquisitor, fiercely.

"I came here on my own affairs," answered Hans, awed into calmness; "and if it so please your reverencies, I am the lord of broad lands and untold wealth, for I wander where I will, no one stopping me, and I never owned a coin to count."

"The varlet is either a cunning knave or an idiot," cried Tittelmann.

"If it please your reverencies, the people call me the Idiot of Dixmuyde," said Hans, making a profound bow, with his hat in his hand.

"Though idiot he is, he may be of use to us," observed Fabry. "I was on the point of offering a piece of advice when your excellency's keen vision discovered this scoundrel. It we enter the town by the main street, our arrival will be known, and our game will have time to run to earth. He will be able, undoubtedly, to lead us round through some back way, and we can meet our trusty spies unobserved, and lay our plans for catching the whole of our intended victims in the same net."

"Ah, well-beloved brother, you are ever fertile in devices, especially when the good of the Church is concerned," said Tittelmann, with a leer. "See if you can make the fool understand our wishes."

Hans had been attentively listening to all that had been said, and understood quite enough to know that the Protestants of Dixmuyde were in danger. Erratic as was his mind, he was not incapable of reasoning to some purpose; and while he stood gazing, with open mouth and rolling eyes, at the Inquisitors, he bethought himself that by leading them a roundabout road, through narrow lanes, he might, if he could make his escape, leave them to find their way alone, and have time to warn his friends of the danger which threatened them. When, however, Fabry asked if he could act as their guide, after scratching his head, and twisting and turning himself about for some time, he looked up with a sly glance as if he had not comprehended the question. The Inquisitor repeated it.

"What reward will your reverence bestow on me should I render you the service you require?" said Hans at length, as if the meaning of what was said had not till then worked its way into his brain.

"A sound cudgelling on your stupid crown; fool, if you refuse to do as you are bid," exclaimed Tittelmann, in ringing patience.

"Two can play at that game, reverend gentleman," cried Hans, springing on one side and flinging his own club, ready to ward off any blow aimed at him. "An you are peacefully disposed, Hans Kopperzoen will for this nonce do your bidding; but force never made him obey any man, whether with helmet on head, or tattered crown, or flowing locks, or—"

"Fool, know you not that I can burn you if I please?" exclaimed the Inquisitor, fiercely.

"Truly, reverend sir, I have heard say that there is another personage, who shall be nameless, ever merrily engaged in the same occupation," answered Hans bowing low. "On-y he burns those who do his bidding, while you threaten to burn me if not doing it. Aneck! aneck! between two such honourable and distinguished personages, what will become of poor Hans Kopperzoen, the Idiot of Dixmuyde?"

Tittelmann, instead of growing more angry, burst into a loud laugh. "I, z, an, fool, and you shall be well rewarded," he shouted on. "Take care, though, that you play us no scurvy tricks, or a tickle skull, I promise you, will be the penalty of your folly."

"Though your words sound not over-pleasant to my ears, I will obey you, rever-

end sir, if you cease to haul that ugly club of yours," answered Hans, shouldering his own weapon, and without more ado unrobing on ahead of the horsemen.

After proceeding some distance, he turned off to the right hand by a narrow lane, which evidently led round to the other side of the town. The road was uneven, and covered with large loose stones, among which the horsemen had some difficulty in picking their way. It appeared, indeed, from the grass growing in thick patches, to be out little used. Hans ran on in front, leaping nimbly from stone to stone, and greatly increasing his distance from the horsemen. Tittelmann shouted out to him to slacken his pace, but, turning round, he merely beckoned to the two priests to increase their own speed, without in the least slackening his. At length he reached a spot where another road branched off from the first, the trees still concealing the town from view. At that instant, Hans, who had been watching the opportunity, slipped round the corner, and set off running as fast as his legs could carry him.

"The fool has outwitted us," exclaimed Tittelmann. "In which direction went he Fabry?"

"I know not," answered the priest. "And you brained him, as you proposed, we should not have been the losers. However, we must now find our way as best we can."

"I did not suppose that he would have ventured to play us such a trick," said Tittelmann.

"No one but a fool would have done so," remarked his companion.

"Ah! friend Fabry, he is only one of many," answered Tittelmann. "If fools did not abound, no wise men might find it a hard matter to live."

Thus conversing, the two Inquisitors proceeded along the road, which they supposed would conduct them into Dixmuyde.

CHAPTER VI.

The Rhetoricians were still engaged in their trial of skill, when Marie's eye was attracted by the strange figure of Hans making his way among the crowd. Little attention was paid him, many possibly supposing that he was one of the Rederykois, who had taken the fancy to dress himself up in a tattered demon costume, for the purpose of representing some particular character or other. Hans worked his way thus without impediment among the crowd, till he came close under where Walter Kapell and his family were seated. The magistrate, his attention being engaged with the actors, had not observed him.

"What can he want?" asked Max, to whom Marie had pointed out the idiot.

"I suspect from his manner that he has something to communicate," she observed.

"Try if you can hear what he says."

Hans seemed to understand that they were speaking about him. Getting close to them, with his fingers on his lips, he beckoned to Max to bend over and listen to him.

"His! his! noble sir," he whispered; "I know all about it. You can do more for your friends than they would care to do for themselves. Take them out of Dixmuyde ere another sun rises in the sky."

"Why do you wish them to go speedily friend?" asked Max.

"Because Hans is a fool, and fools see strange things," he answered. "Hans not long since saw two figures riding along the road. They had horns on their feet and horns on their heads and were threatening to play some scurvy tricks with the people of the place, in obedience to Satan, the master they serve. Poor Hans is called a fool; but if you take not his advice, there will be a greater in the world than he is. But why does poor Hans prate on thus? He must go back, and find his reverend friends; he may perchance learn something more of what they are about, and such knowledge will not come amiss at all events."

Max knew that there would be no use in cross-questioning the poor idiot, who so much, indeed, so eager to be off again that he would scarcely stop to utter the last words. Marie and Max watched him as he threaded his way among the crowd, till he was once more free of them; and then he set off at full speed in the direction from whence he had come. He had already gained the outside of the town, and was hurrying along the narrow lane leading to it, when he saw before him the two Inquisitors, who were looking about them, as if uncertain whether they were pursuing the right road. He chuckled to himself when he perceived this.

"Ah! ah! the fool has outwitted the wiser men this time," he muttered. "Most reverend sirs, how comes it that your noble steeds can't keep pace with a poor crippled idiot? What cause I do me to that. Double along, thinking you were rowing, when, lo! and behold! I turning round, you were not there; so I've had to run back and try to find your reverence. Now I have found you, and it pleases you to tell me the man-on or hostilely to which you are bound. I will lead you to it; every house and every house in Dixmuyde is equally well known to Hans Kopperzoen."

"The fool is not so great a fool after all," said Tittelmann to his companion.

"He may be a greater knave than we take him to be," replied Fabry. "We must needs be look out after."

"I want the commands of your reverencies," said Hans, taking off his hat and bowing low as he spoke.

"Lead us then to the house of Master Nicholas Barra," said the Inquisitor Tittelmann, "you doubtless know the street."

"That I do, reverend sirs, by the token that not long since worthy Master Barra, in the spirit of kindness, kicked me down the steps of his mansion."

"You were probably sitting on them, stopping his way, and desecrating the rebuilt," observed Fabry.

"I took it at all events, and went my way," muttered Hans, as he ran on once more in front of the horsemen. "I love not Master Barra the more for it, though, nor his guests either."

The pathway somewhat improved as it neared the town, and the horsemen were able to keep pace with the idiot, who in a

short time led them to the gateway of a large but gloomy house at the back of the town.

"I like the mansion of Master Barra?" asked the Inquisitor Tittelmann.

"An it please your reverence I know of no other," said Hans; "and having done my duty in conducting you thither, far with all due submission I must request you to do yours, to cross my head with the coin you promised."

As Hans spoke he cautiously kept his eye on the countenance and right arm of the Inquisitor, prepared, should either exhibit hostile intention or act, to spring as to out of the way.

"You would have coin, knave, would you?" said the Inquisitor. "Come again in a day or two, and you shall have a double fee; as yet we know not whether you have led us aright. Ring yonder bell, and we will learn whether this is truly the house of Master Barra or not."

"Do would brain me if I were to doubt his word," muttered Hans, tugging away at the iron bell-pull.

No answer came, and the chief Inquisitor began to grow impatient. At length a slide in the gate was pulled aside, and the wizened face of an old woman appeared. She looked inquiringly at the strangers, as if doubting whether or not to admit them. A few words from the chief Inquisitor were, however, sufficient to make her begin drawing aside the bars with trembling hands, when, with the assistance of Hans, the gates being thrown open, the Inquisitors rode into the small stone-paved courtyard.

"Aneck—aneck! who is to take their horses?" muttered the old woman; "the men have all gone to the pageant and have left me alone."

"Never fear, mother, I will take care of your horses' hooves," said Hans; "although Master Barra loves me not, judging by his deeds, I am ready to do him a good turn, and act the part of his horse-boy."

The two Inquisitors, like other people after a long journey, being anxious to get into their evening quarters, left their steeds in the charge of Hans and entered the house. He walked the animals up and down for some time, and then, tired of the occupation, secured their bridles to some iron rings in the wall, and idly crept up the steps to the house. He went along a passage, peering cautiously on either side till he reached a room of considerable size. He looked in; no one was there.

"Ah—ah! mischief has been brewed here before now," he muttered as he walked forward on tip toe, glancing over his shoulders to ascertain that no one was following. At the further end was a large raised seat or chair of state covered with damask. He drew the drapery aside. There was ample space for him to conceal himself beneath it.

"If they find poor Hans they will kill him," he said to himself; "that will not matter much, however; if he can hear their plots and plans, what as they call him, he may foil them." Saying this, he crawled in, carefully drawing the drapery so as entirely conceal himself.

CHAPTER VII.

The pageant was over; the people were dispersing to their homes—most of them in high glee, and laughing at the jokes which had been uttered. Marie and Max Gollert had agreed not to speak to Herr Kapell till they had got home, of what had occurred. Poor Marie felt very much alarmed; her heart had been forbidding evil since the visit of the two strangers, though the presence of Max had greatly contributed to dispel her fears for a time. He was to have left Dixmuyde next morning; but would he go now, while danger threatened them? She would ask him to stay.

"If you had commanded me to go, I would have disobeyed you," was his answer. "If those fearful Inquisitors have really come hither, your father will be among the first they will seize as their prey. I say this, Marie, that you may join your entreaties to mine, that he will allow me before the night passes by to conduct him to a place of safety," said Max; "and I would urge you, Marie, to fly likewise. They might be content to have you if they could seize your father; but should he escape, then we know not what cruelties they may commit."

But they found that her father was not to be persuaded.

"My dear daughter, my young friend, understand that we should never fear to face danger when duty commands us to remain," answered Walter Kapell. "In these times of trouble, I may yet be of use to my fellow-townsmen. Would that they had followed my advice, and given up the performance of that foolish pageant, and our town would at least have had less excuse for persecuting us."

"But the mischief is done," urged Max. "If the Inquisitors have really come to the place, as the poor idiot supposes, you will be among the first seized. Their object is always to strike terror into the hearts of the people by destroying those who may become their leaders and advisers. Oh! man to Marie."

"My dear father," said Marie, "he speaks the truth. Remember those mysterious visitors of the other day; that they came with treacherous intent there is no doubt. Thank God many have already suffered even for having a Bible in their houses."

Marie and her lover continued in the same strain for some time, advancing every argument they could think of to induce Herr Kapell to make his escape while there might be time; but he remained inflexible. He had the same answer to all their expostulations: "I believe it my duty to continue at my post."

"Now, my young friend," he said at length to Max, "I must urge you to return to your hostility. Come here to-morrow morning before you take your departure on a journey proposed, and I trust that you will find we have still been un-der-estimated."

Poor Marie could scarcely restrain her feelings no longer, but burst into tears; and again she entreated her father to provide for his safety. Oh! reflect, my beloved daughter," she exclaimed at length, hav-

ing reserved her strongest arguments to the last, "if you are seized and dragged off to prison, I must bear you company—not for your own sake, for mine. I entreat you to follow the advice we offer," and she looked up into his face with streaming eyes. "It is for myself, the child you love, I plead."

Max Gollert could scarcely restrain himself when he found that the magistate still remained determined. He was indeed very much inclined to lose patience with him; still he could not but admire his firm resolution to remain at the post of duty, as he believed it. At length Max was compelled to obey the magistate's commands, and bidding him and Marie farewell, with a heavy heart he left the house, and the door was closed behind him. He was still undecided how to act. At first he was inclined to walk up and down during the night, performing the duty of a sentinel. He could not tear himself away from the spot. He had made several turns, looking up over and anon at the windows of Walter Kapell's house, and considering whether he should not go back and yet make another effort. Then he reflected that it might be wiser first to proceed on to his inn, and make the arrangements he had proposed for their flight. He might do this without causing suspicion, as it was known that he had intended some time on his journey the following morning, and he might easily find an excuse for commencing it at an earlier hour than he had fixed on.

As soon as he had come to this resolution, giving one more glance at the window, hoping that he might get a glimpse even of the shadow of Marie's figure, he hurried forward. He had not got far when he observed through the gloom a figure stealing along towards him, close to the wall, as if to slun observation. He instinctively put his hand on the hilt of his sword ready to draw and defend himself should he be attacked, as was not at all unlikely in those times. He had the stranger had got clear up to each other. For a moment he supposed the other to be a cavalier like himself, but a second glance showed him the tattered and fantastic costume of Hans Kopperzoen. The idiot stopped and gazed at him earnestly.

"Hst! hst! he said, "who are you, an honest man or a rogue?"

"An honest man, I hope," answered Max.

"I believe I have seen you before, my friend. I know you by your voice now," said Hans; "I can trust you. I am on my way to those who would both wish to serve. Our friends are in terrible danger. The poor idiot can, however, help those who are kind to him, as well as can many a wiser man. Why have they not taken my advice? I warned them before and hoped that by this time they would be far away from this unhappy town. I suspect, young sir, however, if they had gone you would be bearing them company. Are they still in their house?"

Max was surprised to hear one supposed to be a mere idiot speak thus sanely, and at once told him that he had in vain endeavored to persuade Walter Kapell and his daughter to leave Dixmuyde.

"Then the fool must see if his arguments can produce more effect than a wise man's," said Hans, chuckling, as was his custom at times when he spoke.

"If you are bound to Walter Kapell's, I will return with you," said Max.

"A sensible resolve," answered Hans. "Come along, gentle sir. If our friends are found within their own doors by sunrise to-morrow, they will be clutched by the talons of those ill-favoured birds of prey who with their dark wings are now flying over this unhappy land of ours."

"I pray that you may persuade Herr Kapell of this," said Max; "but you must find stronger arguments than I used."

"I can tell him that I heard Tittelmann himself issue an order for his and his daughter's apprehension, this very night," whispered Hans. "If he will not believe me, I will tell him he is more mad than I am, and shall be much inclined to lift him up on my shoulders and carry him off by main force. Come along, young sir, or we may have the Inquisitors' hounds baying at our heels before we reach the house."

Max, with his strange companion by his side, hurried back towards the house he had just left, looking anxiously around to ascertain if any one was following. Even now it might be too late, he feared, but he resolved to defend Marie and her father with his life.

He and Hans reached Walter Kapell's abode, as he hoped, unobserved. Margaret opened the door in answer to their knock. Her countenance was pale and anxious.

"Come in," she said. "Oh! Herr Gollert, what has brought you back?"

"This honest fellow, and I would see your master forthwith," he said.

"Come up, come up then," said Margaret, "my poor young mistress is in a sad state; I never saw her so moved. What has happened?"

"You are a faithful friend, Dame Margaret, and I would that you could assist in persuading your master to fly from hence without a moment's delay."

"Fly! whither can my master fly?" she exclaimed.

"To Antwerp, and from thence to the happier shores of England." This was said as Max and Hans followed Margaret upstairs.

Notwithstanding his daughter's agitation, Walter Kapell was perfectly calm. He cross-questioned Hans narrowly about the information he brought, and was at length convinced that the idiot had really heard the Inquisitors issue the order for his apprehension, and that it was not a fancy of his brain. Marie clasped her hands with thankfulness when she heard her father agree to follow Max Gollert's advice. While she and Margaret hastened to make preparations for their sudden journey, Walter Kapell put up his money and certain valuables, especially some belonging to his wife, which he desired to carry with him. No time was wasted, however, and in a very few minutes Marie appeared, habited for a journey on horseback, when Walter Kapell, with his sword in his hand, declared himself ready to proceed.

Poor Margaret could not restrain her tears. "Go—go, my dear young lady," she said, embracing Marie. "I will remain and guard the house. They may put me to the torture, and drive my poor life out of my body, before I will tell them where you are gone."

"What dreadful words are those?" said Marie, as she returned Max's embraces. "I should not have spoken thus," said her kind nurse; "they will severely interfere with me. Now Heaven protect you. I would not delay you a moment. I am sure that brave young gentlemen will fight for you as long as he has a drop of blood in his veins."

As Dame Margaret uttered these words the whole party issued from the house, when she immediately closed the door behind them, barring and bolting it as her master had desired her to do.

Max supporting Marie, with Walter Kapell on the other side of her, hurried along towards the "Black Bar," his inn, where he hoped soon to have his horses saddled and ready to proceed on their journey. Immediately they left the house, the idiot, touching Max Gollert on the shoulder, whispered, "Herr Duffel's kind to Hans; Hans must give him warning of the danger which threatens him," and before Max could turn round, the idiot had glided away into the darkness.

Marie entreated her father and lover to hurry their steps.

"I can move as fast as either of you," she said; "do not delay for my sake."

"The Black Bar" was at some distance from Walter Kapell's house, being conveniently situated on the high road which passed through the outer skirts of Dixmuyde. To Marie the distance appeared far greater than she expected to find it. Her heart beat quickly with agitation; for she added lest they might meet any one who would stop them, or inquire where they were going at that late hour.

"In a few minutes more we shall be at the inn," whispered Max.

As he spoke, the persons in cloaks were seen approaching from the direction in which they were going. They must either meet them, or turn back and take another road. The very act, however, of retracing might be dangerous, should the persons approaching be the same. The instant Max saw them his suspicions were aroused, for he in no way liked their appearance.

"Herr Kapell," he said, "be ready to draw and defend yourself should we be attacked."

He had scarcely spoken when the strangers began to move quickly towards them. "Who are you, thus wandering through the streets at night?" demanded one of the strangers.

"I might well ask you the same question," answered Max, promptly. "Surely it is allowable for peaceable citizens to return home after a visit to a friend."

"We must know who you are before we let you pass," said the same person who had before spoken.

"And I must know by what authority you venture to question us before Hans is here," exclaimed Max, placing himself in front of Marie and her father.

"By the authority of the Emperor and the Holy Inquisition," was the answer. "You must accompany us, and satisfy the Inquisition respecting the object which has taken you from your homes at this hour."

"What if we refuse to yield to the summons?" exclaimed Max, drawing his sword, and holding it ready for use.

"We are three to two, for we take not the girl into account," answered the stranger, gruffly. He seemed, however, not very eager to meet the point of Max's weapon.

"Oh! let us pass, whomever you are," exclaimed Marie, trembling from head to foot, though endeavoring to retain her composure. "Surely you would not hinder us from proceeding on our way."

"You may have been out attending some meeting of heretics, or preachings, and knowing your guilt, may be about leaving the town," said the stranger. "Put up your sword, young sir, or it may be the worse for you."

"Not till you allow us to pass unmolested," answered Max.

The three men, who had drawn their weapons, now advanced. Max placed himself before Marie, keeping his assailants at bay. While one, who showed himself to be a good swordsman, attacked him, the other two assailed Walter Kapell. The magistrate, who had been a man of peace all his life, was but little accustomed to use a sword. His weapon was whirled from his grasp, and his two assailants rushing in seized his arms, and began dragging him away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

What Must I Do to Be Lost?

"What must I do to be lost?" "Neglect so great salvation." It is not necessary to do anything. We are lost already. Jesus offers to save us; but if we reject his offer, we remain as we were. "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" Escape is impossible, if we neglect the only means of safety. If a deadly serpent bites you, and you refuse the only remedy, you die. If you are drowning and will not seize the life-buoy thrown to you, you sink. Neglect is ruin. Jesus alone can save the soul! Neither is their salvation in any other. O sinner, your damnation is sure if you neglect Jesus. If he that despised Moses' law died without mercy, of how much sorer punishment shall he who hath trodden under foot the Son of God? Do you think God will not execute His threatenings, that thou canst escape His piercing eye, or that the rocks will cover thee? Vain hopes! There is no escape but to come to Jesus, and simple neglect is certain perdition! "Because I called, but ye refused, . . . then shall they call, but I will not answer; they shall seek me, but shall not find me!" O sinner, escape this awful punishment! Jesus now stands with open arms. He entreats you to be saved! "Come with all your sins and sorrows—come just as you are—come at once! He will in no wise cast you out. Come to Jesus.—Newman 244.

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Official Announcements.

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ADDRESSES OF TREASURERS OF CHURCH FUNDS.

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