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# Canada PRESBYTERIAN

TORONTO ENGRAVING CO.

Vol. 16.—No. 37.  
Whole No. 813.

Toronto, Wednesday, September 7th, 1887.

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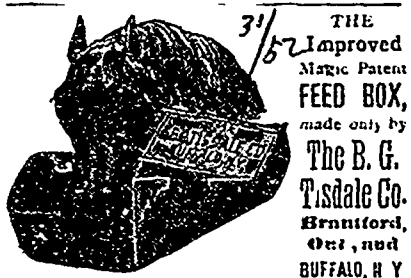
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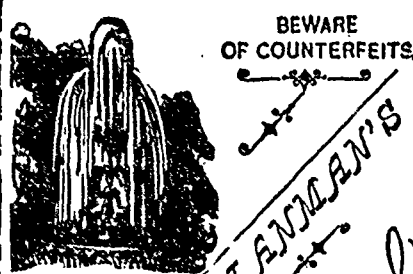
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**EGG OMELETTES.**—One pint of rich, sweet cream, three tablespoonfuls of flour, three eggs well beaten, half teaspoonful of salt and pepper. Stir flour and milk smooth, add the eggs. Melt a large spoonful of butter in a baking pan, pour in, and bake twenty minutes.

**QUITE CORRECT.**—“I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, and found it the best remedy I ever used for dysentery and all summer complaints among children, and I think no household should be without it.” Mrs. A. Baker, Ingoldsby, Ont.

**HUCKLEBERRY CAKE.**—One cup of sugar, a piece of butter the size of an egg; beat together until light; then add two eggs and beat again; two-thirds of a cup of milk, two cups of flour, in which have been sifted one teaspoonful of cream tartar, and one-half teaspoonful of saleratus.

**BERRY BREAKFAST CAKE.**—One quart of flour, one pint of sour milk, one half cup of butter, one even cup of sugar, three eggs, three cups of berries, one teaspoonful of soda sifted with one-half teaspoonful of salt twice through the flour. Roll the berries in flour before adding to the batter. Bake in two shallow pans.

**FOR BRONCHIAL and Throat Affections,** Allen's Lung Balsam is unequalled.

**SPICED HASH.**—Take bits of cold beef, or any other kind of roasted or boiled meat, and hash fine. Mix with potatoes mashed well; as much potatoes as meat. Add two beaten eggs, season with salt, pepper, sage or summer savoury. Shape into a loaf and bake brown. It is good hot; or as a relish when cold.

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**SUCCOTASH.**—Cook about three cups of lima beans and the same of corn cut from the cob until done. Mix them together after draining well, then turn over them one cup of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in one of flour and salt and pepper to suit the taste. Cook about ten minutes, not more, and serve at once.

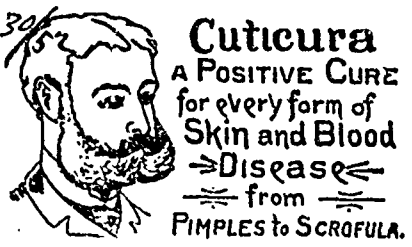
**A BOTTLE of the "Lotus of the Nile"** is a most acceptable present to a lady.

**APPLE BATTER.**—A delicious pudding. Put in a bowl half a pound of flour, add a pinch of salt, and stir in very gradually two gills of milk, beat it until quite smooth, then add three eggs. Pour about half the mixture into a buttered pie dish, and put it into the oven to get firm. Then nearly fill the dish with apples pared, cored, sliced and slightly stewed with a little sugar and lemon rind. Pour the rest of the batter over, them and bake one hour and a half.

**An Enterprising Institution.**  
 The Canadian Business University, Public Library Building, Toronto, has just issued a new illustrated catalogue which describes in an interesting manner the superior facilities possessed by that institution for imparting such knowledge of the commercial and shorthand branches as will be certain to materially promote the interests of those who may require it. A copy will be mailed to anybody who contemplates a course of business, shorthand or typewriting.

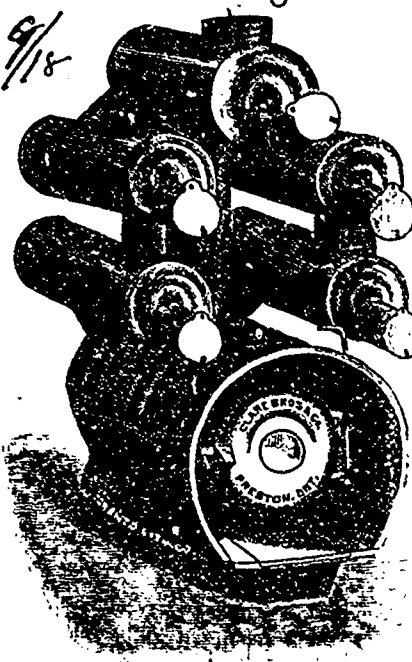
**BROWN BREAD.**—For brown bread take one cup of rye meal, one of Indian meal, one of molasses, two of flour, one pint and a half of sour milk, a teaspoonful of soda, an egg, a teaspoonful of salt. Mix dry ingredients, dissolve the soda in two tablespoonfuls of boiling water, add it and the milk to the molasses and pour on the other materials. Beat the eggs and add it. Mix well and steam in a two-quart tin-pan, covered tight; then take the cover off and bake in the oven half an hour.

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 Dr. A. N. KROUT, Van Wert, O., says: "I found it decidedly beneficial in nervous exhaustion."



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## Notes of the Week.

BALTIMORE has about 300 churches, chapels and synagogues. As to communicants, the Roman Catholic Church stands first, the Methodist second, the Lutheran third, the Baptist fourth, the Presbyterian fifth, and the Jewish sixth. The population of the city is about 410,000. Of this, 120,000 is Roman Catholic, 210,000 Protestants, and 80,000 unevangelized.

GOVERNOR BEAVER, of Pennsylvania, a good sound Presbyterian, and who has just returned from a Canadian trip, having visited Toronto and Montreal, has issued a proclamation commending the approaching celebration of the centennial of the signing of the United States federal constitution at Philadelphia, to the favour of the public. President Cleveland will attend the celebration.

THE *Interior*: We have received "The Acts and Proceedings of the Thirteenth General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada," held in Winnipeg in June last—a large and interesting volume, of the contents of which we hope, hereafter, to say some things interesting to our readers. We have already noted the size and encouraging growth of that branch of the Presbyterian Church.

A CONTEMPORARY says that the Queen has conferred an honour on the Church of Scotland by giving a knighthood to the Procurator. Mr. C. J. Pearson stands high in his profession, but if it had been intended to recognize the Scottish Bar, he would not have been the most fitting representative to select. His Procuratorship therefore is the probable explanation of his being made a Jubilee knight.

THERE is no more important work for the Christian family and the Church of God than that of training the rising generation into the knowledge and belief of the Bible, and the acceptance of the salvation which it reveals. The adult Christians of this generation will soon be gone, and those who are now children will have to fill their places, if they are filled at all. The most effective way of propagating religion is to educate the children.

MR. VAUGHAN, one of the London police magistrates, having before him a city clerk and cashier who had stolen \$1,250 and lost it in betting, said: "I wish that the clerks in mercantile houses of London would come to this court and see what I see and hear what I hear. This is only one of a multitude of cases where prisoners placed in your position have confessed that their robberies are entirely due to betting. It is most lamentable, this betting. I regard it as a curse to the country, because I see how young men are lured until they fall into a state of misery and wretchedness."

THE recent British Wesleyan Conference passed unanimously a resolution on the subject of Methodist Union in England, reciprocating the Christian and brotherly feeling expressed toward the Wesleyan Conference by the Methodist New Connection and other Methodist Churches, and declaring that any attempt to promote organic union to be not at present desirable, but adding that the Conference appoints a committee "to consider and report as to the way by which the waste and friction in the actual working of the various sections of the Methodist Church may be lessened or prevented."

THE Glenn bill, which made the co-education of white and coloured children a criminal offence, has been shelved in the Georgia Legislature. The lower house has, however, adopted a resolution declaring that the co-education of the races is contrary to the intent of the constitution, and directing the Governor not to draw his warrant for the appropriation of \$8,000 to the Atlanta University until he receives satisfactory assurance that it will be devoted exclusively to the instruction of coloured children. The negroes are said to be jubilant over this action, while

the democrats regard it as a happy deliverance from a very perplexing situation.

THE bazaar, as an instrument for raising religious and benevolent funds, so uncommonly common in Great Britain at the present time, is ceasing even to be the financial success so often urged in its justification. A contemporary gives a new illustration of the thriftlessness of bazaars as furnished by one recently held at Knightsbridge on behalf of the Church of England Temperance Society. The receipts were \$8,780, and the expenses \$4,840, leaving a surplus of only \$3,940. But this case is not quite so bad as that Scottish Presbyterian bazaar in London, also held the other week, where the expenses will apparently swallow up more than the entire receipts.

COMMENTING on the death in New York of the late Viscount Forth, the English *Presbyterian Messenger* says: "It would be difficult to find a more striking illustration than is furnished by this sad tragedy of the heartless inhumanity of that social code which rests on the supposed distinction between aristocratic and plebeian blood. Since the news of Viscount Forth's melancholy end was made public, his aristocratic friends have denied that they knew anything of his marriage. Will they be good enough then to inform the public why they left him to pine away and die in obscurity, want and sickness? If his wife had not been his wife in law, the unhappy gentleman would not have lost his place in that fashionable society which makes light of mere vice, but cannot forgive a virtuous indiscretion."

THE unseemly squabble over the fisheries question, unnecessarily prolonged between two nations not destitute of intelligence and common sense, and speaking the same language, is at last in a fair way of settlement. The British Government has appointed a commission to confer with a similar body to be appointed by the United States. The prominent figure of the English commission will be Joseph Chamberlain, the distinguished Birmingham Radical, and principal figure among the Liberal-Unionists. Who the Canadian representative is to be has not yet been divulged, but the choice will probably fall on some member of the Dominion Cabinet. It is to be hoped that a permanent and satisfactory solution, fair and honourable alike to both contending parties, will be the result of the commission's labours.

DR. N. C. WHYTE, coroner of Dublin, utters this very weighty saying: "The jurors over whom I preside with Christian charity invariably—where they are not forced to do otherwise by the evidence—render a verdict of 'Death by natural causes,' 'Heart disease,' and so forth; and therefore the registrar general's return is made out in that way. Now I say this advisedly and after full consideration of the subject, that in an experience of twenty years I have known of not a single homicide committed in this city that was not the direct result of drink. And I will also add: Of all the unfortunates that I have known to be criminally guilty of homicide, and have suffered the last penalties of the law, their conduct has been exemplary. They were not men naturally criminal, but, by indulging in drink, they brought themselves to their sad condition."

THE *Christian Leader* no less truthfully than caustically remarks: "It is said the Roman Catholic bishop of Edinburgh will get that admirable wife, mother and sovereign, Mary Stuart, honoured as a martyr. Martyrs have always been regarded as those who were loyal to conscience; this ill-fated, fascinating woman was remarkable for never showing that she had much of a conscience, in fact she wrecked her life by throwing it over. We can, however, well understand some of the influences at work. The bishop acts upon the motto of doing at Rome as Rome does, and seeing that baronetcies fall to the lot of such worthy men, and that St. Mungo's has echoed the whitewashing of such characters as other churches have mourned over, why not be more than charitable and count her

blessed among women who was the curse of herself and of two countries?"

BENEVOLENT people in Montreal have done a good thing this summer for a very deserving class. The holidays enable many families to leave the pent-up city for a few weeks where the children revel in the freedom and health-inspiring air of the country, or by the shore of the many-sounding sea, but the little pale-cheeked denizens of the crowded tenements cannot enjoy such luxuries. Several kindly-disposed citizens got up a fresh air fund, and last week gave a large number of little ones and their mothers an enjoyable run to Lachute, where they were generously entertained, and where they enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. Better still, several of the promoters of this kindly scheme accompanied the excursion, which to them also was productive of much enjoyment. The luxury of doing good is by no means so common as it might be.

THE *New York Independent* ventures to assert, without fear of contradiction, that no "new religious question" has ever come up for discussion before the American people, which has found the entire religious press of this country so completely united as at the present time. So far as we know there is but one, so called, evangelical newspaper in the United States, which openly avows its belief in the "hypothesis" or "mere speculations," or "harmless views" of the "Andover school of new theology." It is a matter for devout thanksgiving to God—the author of all truth—that so many able and influential weekly journals are now so perfectly united in demanding a "proof text treatment" in the support of any "new doctrine" which may be launched forth from any quarter, no matter who its "professional" advocates may be. That very important matter seems now to be settled.

IN an article on Carlyle, Dr. James McCosh, the venerable head of Princeton College, suggests for an inscription on a monument to that great author: "Here lies one who gave force to the English tongue." On Carlyle's role as a philosopher or a prophet Dr. McCosh puts small value. "Whatever he was, better or worse, he was not a philosopher. The epithet is a considerably loose one, but can scarcely be applied in any sense to the man of Ecclefechan, of Craigenputtock and of Chelsea." And again: "I do not recollect in all his writings and reported conversations of a single sagacious forecast, such as some great men present to us, of the future as argued from causes now in operation." And, after indicating his real service to English literature, Dr. McCosh says: "I do not believe that the supposed prophet ever saw far into the future, but he did exhibit the past and the present in a lurid light. His 'Latter Day Pamphlets,' now little read, is perhaps his most characteristic work. It is to be read simply as a caricature of his time, as we read the satires of Juvenal and of Pope."

A SECOND convention of Christian workers, the first was held last year in Chicago, is to be held in New York, September 21 to 28 inclusive, in the Broadway Tabernacle. The manner of conducting the convention will be similar to that of last year. There will be reports of various Christian works or agencies, which are at present engaged in advancing the cause of Christ among the unreached masses, and discussions. These reports and discussions will be followed by questions and answers, and short addresses, in which all delegates present will have an opportunity to participate. Some of the subjects in the programme are, "Ministerial Training, Defects and Remedies," "Training of Theological Students in Mission Work," "How to Get and Train Workers," "The McAll Mission Methods, and their Application to American Cities," "Mission Work for Children, Boys' Clubs and Mission Sunday Schools," "The Use of Tracts," "Prison Work Among Women," "Woman's Work," "Child Saving Work, or Children's Reformatories," "Work Among Fallen Women," "Gospel Waggon and Tent Work."

## Our Contributors.

### SOME HOLIDAY PLEASURES.

BY KNOXONIAN.

Holidays are not all pleasure. If a man finds packing up and leaving home a pleasant kind of exercise he is a poor kind of man, or he has a poor kind of home. Saying good bye to a bore is pleasant enough, but it is not so pleasant saying good bye to one's wife. Kissing the baby on ordinary occasions does not require much of an effort from an experienced family man, but some fairly strong men do weaken perceptibly when they kiss the baby the last time for a month.

Now you are off. As the train steamed away from the station, you need not be ashamed to admit that you felt a rather uncomfortable sensation under the third button of your vest when you glanced through the window and took your last look of the town or city which contains nearly all that is most dear to you on earth. No, you needn't be the least ashamed to admit that. If you didn't feel a little that way you are not much of a man. This contributor has no ambition to act in the capacity of father-in-law for any young man who leaves home for a month without feeling a little sad. To be father-in-law to an iceberg is not a position we covet to any great extent.

But you are off anyway and you have not gone far until you perhaps find out that a crowded heated car and coal dust do not add much to the happiness of human existence. Coal dust is a most searching kind of thing. It searches all the territory between

neck and one's shirt collar with marvellous persistency. Your whitest linen soon changes colour under the malign influence of coal dust. As you go on your tour, you perhaps find yourself on a steamboat that has berths for seventy five passengers, but has 200 on board. If you are one of the 125 that got no berth, it may dawn on your mind some time during the first night you are on board that holidays are not all pleasure. A fit of sea sickness that causes you to give yourself away over the side of the steamer will greatly fortify you in that opinion. Some hotels and boarding houses remind one of home—by way of contrast. There are other holiday inconveniences which might be mentioned, but the worst one comes in at the end. As the weeks slip past your pocket book gradually takes on a slender form. By the time your holiday is over it becomes as thin as a pancake. We once saw the pocket book of a doctor in divinity when he got home from a tour to the Old Country, and his pocket book was scarcely thick enough to cast a shadow. Well, you sit down and solemnly open your thin pocket book and find you have spent more money than you expected to spend—one always does in this country—and you feel bad. This closing reflection over the thin pocket book is one of the most painful things about a holiday.

But if we rightly remember, we set out with the intention of saying something about some of the pleasures of a holiday. Like some preachers, we have wandered from the text. We have just as good a right to wander from the text as any preacher has. One of the greatest pleasures of a holiday is

#### MEETING OLD FRIENDS.

Perhaps they are old parishioners, or old school-mates, or old college chums, or old neighbours, old friends of some kind. You haven't seen them for years. You didn't expect to see them now, and perhaps the pleasure is all the greater because you didn't. The pleasure of surprise is added to all the other pleasures. And meeting an old trusty friend is one of the greatest pleasures we enjoy on this earth. There is just one thing better than a warm shake-hands with a true man, and that is a shake-hands with a whole-souled woman. Let any genial kind of man who has spent a month at the seaside, or in Muskoka, or in fact anywhere, say when he comes home what he enjoyed most and prominent among the enjoyable things he will always put "meeting some old friends."

We once heard a most excellent man say that if he had met his neighbour's dog in London he would have taken off his hat to the animal. The good man was "doing" London alone and he got very lonesome.

To have met a neighbour in the metropolis of the world would have been a rare treat. We all know how interesting a neighbour becomes when you meet him two or three hundred miles from home. Some neighbours need to travel about three hundred miles

from home before they take any interest in each other. Would it not be as well if neighbours did not depend so much on distance to stir up their neighbourly feelings?

Another of the pleasures of a holiday consists in

#### MAKING NEW FRIENDS.

There are a great many nice people in this world, and one rarely travels any distance or spends a week at a summer resort without meeting some of them. Probably we never heard of them before, never knew they were in existence, but in some way or another an acquaintance springs and ripens into friendship, and the friendship lasts for life. Many of the friendships we value most highly arose in this very way. You meet a man on train or steamboat, talk a little with him, find you have many things in common; later on, he visits you, and you visit him, and you are friends to the end of life's journey.

A third pleasant thing about a holiday is

#### AN INCREASE OF VITALITY.

You leave home with a weary brain, shaky nerves, deranged digestive organs, and a physical system generally out of tune. For the first week you probably feel worse. Then you begin to eat more and sleep better, and feel better generally. In a short time your landlord has a very small margin of profit on your meals. The less profit he has financially the more you have physically. When you never know you have a stomach except at meal time, and can sleep ten hours on a stretch, then you strike for home. And be thankful you have a home to go to.

### TAMSUI AND THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

BY C. A. COLEMAN.

Contrary to the captain's prediction that we should have had bad weather because there was a missionary on board, we had fine weather, and our steamer, the *Fukien*, had a good passage of twenty hours across the Formosa channel, from Amoy to Tamsui, though one poor seasick passenger did not enjoy much.

We anchored just outside of Tamsui Harbour, Thursday morning about ten o'clock.

From the steamer, looking towards the harbour, one sees on the right hand some low lying land a mile or so in width, behind which are some mountains, the highest point, Kwanyin, goddess of mercy, being 1,800 feet high. To the left past some rising ground lies Tamsui, hardly visible from the nature of the ground, and several miles off across the table land, a short range of mountains bars the view in that direction, Tai-tun, the highest peak, being 2,800 feet above the sea.

Conspicuous in the interval between the steamer and the mountain is the old Dutch Fort, now used as the British Consulate. It is of red bricks, built about 1644 A.D., by the Dutch, when that once maritime power was trying to wrest the Chinese trade from the Portuguese and Spaniards. Its walls are eight feet thick, and during the bombardment of Tamsui by the French in October, 1884, while fifty or sixty Chinese men, women and children were taking refuge in it, a shell struck it and sinking into the wall, remained there without exploding.

Our steamer having to wait outside till afternoon for high tide, I went ashore in a sail boat that had come off for the mails; the boatman saw I was a stranger and tried to make an honest dollar out of me by a persistent attempt to overcharge for my passage, but I had met Chinese boatmen before.

The boat stopped at the custom house, where I landed, and was directed by the customs officers, one of whom proved to be an old acquaintance from Canton, how to find the houses of the Canadian missionaries.

Going along the road from the custom house, the British Consulate is passed on the left hand, the wall of which, by the road, is built of round stones from the beach, and out of its embrasures frown the ugly muzzles of rusty unmounted cannon.

Turning up the hill at the south-east corner of the consulate, Oxford College, the Girls' School and the houses of the missionaries are in full view just when the top is reached.

The mission grounds form three-quarters of a square. A brick wall separates the two-quarters on which Oxford College and the Girls' School is built, from the one quarter which contains the two mission houses and outbuildings.

Two avenues, lined on both sides with trees, lead from the public road to the college and school, a distance of about one hundred yards, and similar avenues run across the grounds and from school to college.

The mission houses are substantial stone buildings, one story high, built bungalow style and raised by a stone wall several feet from the ground. Each house has verandas on three sides, which help greatly to keep them cool in the hot, trying months of summer. A picket fence lined with trees, and a small lawn and some flower pots, separate the houses from the road, and lawns and a brick wall separate the houses from each other. Behind each house there is the necessary kitchen and servants' quarters; besides small vegetable gardens in which can be seen fine cabbages, Swedish turnips, carrots, beets, tomatoes, etc. Some poultry is seen in each backyard.

#### OXFORD COLLEGE.

Oxford College is a handsome brick building, having seventy-six feet frontage and depth of 180 feet. The friends of the mission in Oxford County, Ontario, furnished the money for its erection.

It was opened on the 26th of July, 1882, in the presence of hundreds of converts and visitors, among the latter was her Britannic Majesty's Consul, Mr. A. Frater, who was chairman, and two Chinese mandarins. The building was decorated for the occasion with evergreens and flowers, and the flags of Great Britain and China.

The college has three rooms in front, the centre and largest one being the lecture room, of the other two, one is a class room, the other a bookroom. The lecture room, which is 20 x 30 feet, is lighted by means of two windows on each side, and skylights above; there is an open space between it and the back of the building. The rooms of the students are in the rear of the class room and bookroom, and on each side open into the space behind the lecture room by a single door. The back of the building, separated by a little space from the students rooms, contains the diningroom, kitchen, and four other rooms. The whole building is floored with tiles.

A tile platform about a foot high occupies the west end of the lecture room, on which is a small desk and several chairs; the body of the room contains seats and desks for about thirty students.

As the students face the platform they see two oil paintings on the wall before them, that on the right being a life size portrait of Dr. Mackay, that on the left a similar one of Mrs. Mackay, in Chinese dress. These portraits were presented to the college by the preachers and students. Above the blackboard, which occupies the middle of the wall, is a portrait of the QUEEN, and a little below that the inscription in Chinese characters, "Tsu tsai Siong-ti," The Lord God. Two photographs at the end of the inscription show, in one, a view of the college, in the other, a group of students by the side of Dr Mackay. One of Johnston's coloured natural history charts hangs under each of the portraits, and a Chinese map of the world in hemispheres, on one wall, and a map of solar system on the other hang opposite each other. Over the fireplace is a mirror, and on the mantelpiece a picture of "The Old Bridge at Stirling." The mention of two four lamp chandeliers completes the description.

#### THE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

The Girls' School was built with money contributed by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, in Canada, and was opened January 19th, 1884.

It is a substantial stone building as large as the college, with walls fully two feet thick, the back wall even thicker because it is from that direction the typhoons come.

Behind both college and school a plantation of young trees is laid out, which when grown will protect the buildings from the strong north-east winds.

There are three lecture rooms leading into each other, in this part of the school, the largest being in the centre is lighted and situated as the lecture room in the college; behind the smaller lecture rooms are the private rooms of the girls, each opening with its own door into the open space behind the lecture room, in this respect better laid out than the college. The rear of the building contains dining room and kitchen, and rooms for the cook and his wife, who is matron.

The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society also provides \$400 a year for the maintenance of the school

which is a beautiful and useful monument of Woman's work for Woman.

Near the college is a four-roomed house for the use of any students who may bring their wives.

Altogether, the buildings and grounds are an ornament to Tamsui and an honour to the Canada Presbyterian Church.

A DAY'S EXERCISES IN OXFORD COLLEGE.

The last day of the college session was the 24th of February, and I attended the review of the lessons all day. From nine to ten o'clock in the morning one of the student preachers addressed the others on the proofs of the existence of God, reviewing the lectures they had heard on that subject during the session, after which Dr. Mackay questioned them. At the close of each hour we had a recess of ten minutes. From ten to eleven o'clock a number of students gave the names, habits and homes of four or five birds each, pointing them out on the natural history charts; and Pastor Tan-he reviewed the lessons in astronomy, using the map of the solar system. From eleven to twelve the History of China was reviewed in an address by one of the students, and then Dr. Mackay questioned them on the same subject, eliciting from them the names of the dynasties and prominent men. Twelve to one, dinner. After dinner one student brought in twenty kinds of medicines in a box, and gave their names, properties and uses, while others filled up the hour with descriptions of flowers, cultivated and wild, which they brought in. One little fellow, the youngest and smallest in the college, was greeted with a burst of laughter as he mounted the platform, to which he responded by saying, "This flower is not to be laughed at," and proceeded to give a description of it which Dr. Mackay told me was first-rate. I know all gave earnest attention while he described it, and how it grew. The rest of the afternoon till four o'clock was spent in describing birds and beasts, and reptiles and insects preserved in alcohol, and the dissection of a pig's heart and liver by Pastor A Hoa and Dr. Mackay. At four o'clock there was a debate on "Christianity *versus* Buddhism," which lasted about thirty-five minutes. The desks were arranged on each side of the lecture room, and the students, twenty-eight of them, equally divided; twenty-six students spoke in thirty minutes, the last one each side answering the arguments of all the rest seriatim, which occupied the last six or seven minutes. Dr. Mackay then criticised style and matter of some of the debaters. In the evening, in the house the students were examined in the geography of Asia, and required to name all the countries of Asia, their principal cities, rivers, mountains and products; also the provinces of China and her dependencies, and their principal cities, etc.

THE MACKAY HOSPITAL.

The Mackay Hospital, so named from the lady of that name in Windsor, Ontario, who gave the money for the building in memory of her husband, Captain Mackay, stands in the town of Tamsui, and is capable of accommodating from forty to fifty in-patients. On going up a few steps one enters the large room used as a chapel on the Lord's Day, and as a waiting-room on week days. There is a platform with desk and chairs at the end opposite the entrance, and a number of benches fill the intervening space. Portraits of Captain and Mrs. Mackay hang opposite to each other on the wall. At the sides of the preaching hall are the rooms of the assistant, dispensing, operating and storerooms; behind these, and separated by the space behind the preaching hall, are the patients' wards, very unlike the wards of a hospital at home, and yet greatly superior to the houses of most of the patients in cleanliness, light and comfort.

At present, there is no other preaching place in Tamsui than the room in the hospital, but Dr. Mackay is on the lookout to rent a suitable place, as many people do not care to sit in a room where persons with all manner of diseases have sat every day during the week, and even now are sitting.

Should the renting of a separate place prove successful in causing a good congregation to come and hear the Gospel, then a chapel will be built.

During 1886 3,448 new patients were attended to, and so far this year, April 12, there has been more than 700 new patients and more than 900 old patients treated.

Dr. Rennie told me to-day of a young girl who had been brought to him, off whose feet seven toes had sloughed from gangrene caused by foot-binding.

THE TOWN OF TAMSUI.

The town of Tamsui consists mainly of one long, dirty street, on the banks of the river lined with dark, dingy shops, the fronts facing each other. There are a few houses on a hill above the town, but taking it all in all, I think it is the most miserably dirty town of any importance I have seen in China.

As we came back from our walk through it, Dr. Mackay was accosted by a man who asked if he should accompany him, so as to see there was no reviling, his well-meant offer was declined, and as we went on Dr. Mackay told me how he got acquainted with the man. About ten years ago, the chapel in a village near Sek-Khan was injured by some soldiers or mandarin runners. The mandarins, as usual, tried to evade the responsibility, but when they found that would not do, they partly bribed, partly forced three beggars to bear the punishment, which was carrying the cangue six weeks before the chapel door. Dr. Mackay, knowing these were not the guilty parties, instructed their keepers to allow them to sit in the chapel during the heat of the day, and not treat them harshly, besides treating them with kindness in other ways. One of the beggars died under the punishment, another has since died, and the third, the man we met, would do anything in his power to requite the kindness shown him.

Just as this story was finished, we met a mandarin in his chair, borne by three bearers. We stepped out of the way, but he caught sight of Dr. Mackay, and greeted him. This mandarin has been a friend to Dr. Mackay for many years, as well as with some consuls and other foreigners. It was principally through his influence the \$10,000 for damages to the chapel was got so readily.

When a mandarin on the east coast was bent on opposing the work there, this man wrote him a letter which had the effect of stopping the opposition. He has lately got a carriage down from Shanghai, and two or three days ago sent an invitation to Dr. Mackay and family to go for a ride. Roads are a-building at Bangkok, which would tempt some foreigners to get horses and carriages.

Dr. Mackay also pointed out to me the place he lived in when first he came to Tamsui, — a little dark hole into which a Canadian farmer would not put his horse

(To be concluded.)

CHRIST'S SECOND COMING.

(Continued.)

MR. EDITOR,—The second point I wish to present is that there will be no resurrection till the heavens be no more, and till the earth and the things that are therein be burnt up—Job xiv. 12, 2 Thes. i. 6-10, 2 Peter iii. 7, 10-12, Matt. xxiv. 35, Isa. v. 1-6, Rev. xx. 11.

If it were left to man's own wisdom, without a revelation he could know nothing of the future. We see men die, and laid in the grave, but without a God-given revelation no one could tell whether they would ever be raised from the tomb. We thank God for that revelation which he has given us—1 Cor. xv. 21, "For since by man came death, by man came also the resurrection of the dead." We see from this that the dead will be raised, but here we are not told when nor how; we have to learn these things from other parts of the Word.

In this twenty-first verse we have the whole human race brought before us in a twofold aspect—dead, and raised from the dead. Our opponents admit that the whole became dead; if they were honest they would admit that the whole shall be raised from the dead, and not a part only. That there will be two resurrections, with a long period intervening, they would much oblige by giving some proof. We have seen from the text quoted the whole human family dead and raised, without distinction in time or place.

And next, as to when this shall be, we are told, in Matt. xxiv. 36, "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no not the angels in heaven, but My Father only." Although God has not told us the day or the hour, He has told us that there will be no resurrection till the heavens be no more, Job xiv. 12. In Psa. cx. 1 He says to the Son, "Sit Thou at My right hand until I make Thine enemies Thy footstool," and in 1 Cor. xv. 25, 26, "That He must reign till He hath put all enemies under His feet," that the heavens and earth shall pass away, Matt. xxiv. 36.

Next, when in 2 Peter iii. 7 the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men, in verses 10-12 the day of the Lord, is mentioned, it may be asked, What day of the Lord? It is the day of His judgment—Rev. xx. 11, "I saw the great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and heaven fled

away; and there was found no place for them." But, say our opponents, that is the last judgment, where there are only the wicked or the rest of the dead, mentioned in verse 5, and who live not again until the thousand years were finished. There cannot be a connection established between verses 5 and 11 15. And there is an insuperable difficulty with this interpretation. Those referred to in the fifth verse are to live again, at the end of the thousand years, in their mortal or natural bodies, in the persons of those that should succeed them in wickedness, which they practised before their conversion, as seen in Rev. xix. 21. Whereas all those before the great white throne are in their immortal bodies.

Another trouble with our opponents in saying that only the wicked are there is the sea giving up its dead. This interpretation would be to say that none but the wicked ever were drowned; the opposite can be proved. Yet another obstacle in the way of accepting the idea that only the wicked are present before the great white throne is that troublesome passage, 2 Thes. i. 7-10, where we are told that the Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven with His mighty angels in flaming fire, taking vengeance on them that know not God, and that obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord and the glory of His power, "when He shall come to be glorified in His saints, and to be admired in all them that believe (because our testimony among you was believed), in that day." Here we have the two great parties, the righteous and the wicked, receiving their several sentences at the same time and place, and as in most of the other instances their order reversed, punishment and destruction of the wicked first, and then the glorifying by all in His saints next, and the admiring in all them that believe.

The third point for which I contend is that the resurrection and judgment of the righteous and wicked will be simultaneous—Matt. xiii. 40-43, 47-51, Matt. xvi. 27, Matt. xxv. 31-46, Dan. xii. 2, John v. 28, 29, Acts xv. 24, Rom. xiv. 10, Rom. ii. 9, 10, Eccles. xii. 14, 2 Cor. v. 10, Rev. i. 7, and Rev. xxii. 12.

We have given above the proofs from revelation that there will be a resurrection of both the righteous and the wicked, but not so fully that it will be simultaneous as can be shown under this head. The first passage cited is Daniel xii. 2. I have heard our opponents at their meetings at Niagara say that this verse only meant the righteous. If there is any meaning in language it is surely stated as plainly as can be that there are two parties, and two destinations. But from the manner in which our opponents treat this subject, it is one thing to have a clear revelation, but another and very different thing to have a clear head to see it, and an unbiassed and impartial mind to comprehend its meaning.

In John v. 28, 29 we have the same statement, and the same result—"The hour is coming in the which all that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth: they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." We have the two parties before us together. Both hear the same voice, and come forth. How could language express the meaning more distinctly? I would like to hear how our opponents would express it in language more minute, and at the same time more comprehensive, than is done in these two texts. The universality of the resurrection is clearly stated, and the two destinations of the righteous and the wicked—life, damnation, everlasting life, shame and everlasting contempt. Those last refer to being raised and assigned their different conditions.

The next reference is to the time, as well as what is to take place—Matt. xiii. 40-43, "As therefore the tares are gathered and burned in the fire, so shall it be in the end of this world. The Son of Man shall send forth His angels, and they shall gather out of His kingdom all things that offend, and them which do iniquity, and shall cast them into a furnace of fire; there shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then shall the righteous shine as the sun in the kingdom of their Father." In this passage we have the order of our opponents reversed, the wicked disposed of first, and cast into a furnace of fire. Which two of the worthies of the "One Hundred and Thirty-two Questions" deny the casting into the fire, bound in bundles? Such instructors do not come up the standard mentioned in 2 Tim. iii. 16, 17.

We have next the parable of the net cast into the sea of time which gathers of every kind, but will not be full till time is no more. It will be drawn to the shore, the good will be gathered into vessels, and the bad will be cast away. "So shall it be in the end of the world," etc.

Again, in Matt. xxv. 31-46, the time is referred to,— "When the Son of Man shall come in His glory, and the holy angels with Him, then shall He sit upon the throne of His glory, and before Him shall be gathered all nations, and He shall separate them one from another, as the shepherd divides the sheep from the goats. Both parties together again. BEREAN.

## Pastor and People.

### DISCIPLINE.

The marble was pure and white,  
Though only a block at best ;  
But 'he art' I with inward sight  
Looked further than all the rest :  
And saw in the hard, rough stone  
The loveliest statue that sun shone on.

So he set to work with care  
And chiselled a form of grace—  
A figure divinely fair,  
With a tender, beautiful face ;  
But the blows were hard and fast,  
That brought from the marble that work at last.

So I think that human lives  
Must bear God's chisel keen,  
If the spirit yearns and strives,  
For the better life unseen.  
For men are only blocks at best,  
'Till the chiselling brings out all the rest.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

### GETTING MONEY.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D., GALT.

There can be no doubt at all about this, that one of the most pronounced characteristics of our time is the desire to get rich. I might even say the passion for wealth. This is the generally accepted meaning of getting on, succeeding in the world, and many things conspire to inflame this passion. There are the vast new territories in the South and in the West and in the North-West of this great land, brought within easy reach of civilized peoples, which may be had for little or nothing by actual settlers, or at exceedingly low rates from colonization companies, offering the strongest temptations to adventurous industry or bold enterprise.

There are the marvellous advances in science which have led to the utilization of a thousand things once regarded as totally worthless, which give lucrative employment to thousands and millions to capitalists. There are the means of education, so brought within the reach of all, in our common school system which leads up to our national university, and all available at the minimum of cost, so that the unfriended boy who will work hard and self-denyingly for a few years may receive such an education as shall open before him the door of every profession, and give him—being honest and respectable—free access to the highest position in the land. There are the possibilities of the extension of business in which the polite, attentive, careful shopman in a few short years rises up into the wholesale warehouseman, having beneath him scores of industrious and diligent workers. And there are the opportunities of learning trades and businesses which are both respectable and remunerative, in which the indentured apprentice receives so much weekly or yearly while he is serving his time ; unlike the practice in Great Britain, where the apprentice or his friends have often to pay a sum rather than receive it. Why, in this land a boy on a farm getting in cash \$150 yearly or more, with his board, washing and mending, if he be careful, may, in a few years, lay the foundation of working capital that may make him independent long before old age begins to creep upon him. In this land the ways to wealth are all open to the industrious, the sober, the thrifty. Only the idle, the drunken, the spendthrift must fail in getting money.

Now, this is an important fact, yet it is one which is, to millions of men, full of peril, because they get to look upon money-making as the main end of their existence. Their sentiment is, If we do not get money, life is not worth living. If we do not get rich, we are miserable and wretched. And this sentiment is strengthened by others, who never have much and never may, perhaps, saying in pitiful tones. "Ah, he does not get on somehow ; he has no more to-day than he had ten years ago." It is marvellous how open most men are to these remarks, they seem to take them as at once showing their inefficiency, and as sealing their condemnation. But they do neither the one nor the other. To do either, many things must be taken into consideration. I have read of two men, one of whom ended his earthly life with no more than he had on starting out, while the other owned property worth \$100,000, he having begun with nothing. Now, who was most successful in life? Who made most of its possibilities? Who is the

most worthy of imitation? Men would generally say, Why, the rich man, certainly. That would be said, of course, without thought, just at the first blush ; but on enquiring into the merits of the case the judgment would be altered completely. The one man who ended his life as he began, in reference to money, did not end it so in reference to other things. He had devoted his profits to doing good. He had given his family the best possible education to fit them to acquit themselves nobly and honourably in life. He had taken a niece and adopted her and brought her up, giving her an education equal to that of his own children. He had done the same with a poor boy—a waif—one who was cast upon the charity of the world. And all his duties to his neighbours had been discharged in such a way that at his death his loss was felt as being an almost irreparable one. His place could not be filled.

The other, who died rich, raised his family in ignorance, made them work like beasts of burden, gave them no happiness in life ; he only sought to grind gold out of them ; and he succeeded in that, but failed in everything else. He lived a poor, miserable, heartless beggar, and he died the same. Men loved him not while he lived, and they did not regret his loss when he died. Which succeeded best? The man who made money-getting the object of his life, or the man who generously used it as it came, he retaining his working capital? The man who died, in the judgment of the world, poor. He succeeded best. What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?

Mr. Alexander Balfour, of Liverpool, England, whose life was one of noble generosity, and open-handed and open-hearted liberality—the firm of which he was a member (Balfour, Williamson & Co.), gave five per cent. of their profits to religious and charitable objects—when he heard of a man leaving a colossal fortune behind him, and who had distinguished himself in no other way, he would say with a pitiful scorn. "Now, I call that poor man's life a complete failure." And so it was. Mere money-getting is one of the very lowest objects a man can place before him. It reveals a base nature, and the action debases the nature more.

There can be no objection to making money in legitimate business enterprise, for in all labour there is profit, and money is needed for the procuring of the necessaries of life. Money answereth all things. But to set out with no other object than the keeping together of wealth is sheer insanity.

The man cannot be regarded as right in mind who does such a thing. What is his object? To leave so much at his death? Yes, and he leaves it all, every cent ; he takes nothing with him. How many uses money rightly employed may be put to ! It may clothe the naked, feed the hungry, instruct the ignorant, send the Gospel to those in heathen darkness at home and abroad, cheer the last days of the helpless and incurable ; smooth a dying pillow, provide for the orphan and the widow ; in a word, alleviate almost every temporal and physical trouble. It may do a grand work. And it is this, and this alone, which justifies the desire to make money. It is this that saves the heart from the curse of avarice. It is this that makes it a means of grace. It is this that transforms gold into glory. The Rev. Sidney Smith could say : "I have been happier every guinea I have gained." The reason of that was he thereby brought additional comfort to his family. Chinese Gordon cared so little for money that when he was offered it in large sums for important services rendered to the Chinese Government he would accept nothing. Sir Thomas Browne, in his "Christian Morals," writes in this charming way : "Be charitable before wealth makes thee covetous, and lose not the glory of the mite. If thy riches increase, let thy mind hold pace with them, and think it not enough to be liberal but munificent. Though a cup of cold water from some hand may not be without its reward, yet stick not thou for wine and oil for the wounds of the distressed ; and treat the poor as our Saviour did the multitudes, to the reliques of some baskets. Diffuse thy beneficence early, and while thy treasures call thee master, for there may be an Atropos of thy fortunes before that of thy life, and thy wealth cut off before that hour when all men shall be poor, for the justice of Death looks equally upon the dead, and Charon expects no more from Alexander than from Irus." John Wesley, one year before his death, wrote with a trembling hand in

his journal of expenses. "For more than eighty-six years I have kept my accounts exactly. I do not care to do so any longer, having the conviction that I economize all that I obtain, and give all that I can—that is, all that I have." Dr. Samuel Johnson was wont to say, speaking of money-getting : "You must compute what you give for money." "Getting money is not all a man's business, to cultivate kindness is a valuable part of the business of life."

Getting money as the only object in life is such a use of it as may make angels weep. What good lies in that? None whatever ; only evil. There is not only the absorption of energy by this alone, but there is the neglect of home duties, the forgetting of religious rites, the hardening of the heart, the debasement of the nature, the subordination of everything to this passion which rules over the nature with a rod of iron, and crushes out all tenderness and sympathy and consideration of the needs or claims of others. But getting money to use for the good of men, working hard for it that there may be a larger beneficence, is true nobleness. How beautiful it is to look on Miss F. R. Havergal working hard to further different schemes of true Christian love—devoting her energies to the uplifting and blessing of souls ! Her spirit breathes in these words of hers : "As a rule, I never spend a sixpence without the distinct feeling that it is His, and must be spent for Him only, even indirectly." Here we hesitate not to urge John Wesley's teaching : Make all you can ; Save all you can ; Give all you can.

### WHAT ARE THE FACTS?

There are still some persons, not blatant infidels or blasphemers, who maintain that Christianity has lost and is losing ground, partly owing to the alienation of the so-called "working classes," and partly to the oppositions of modern physical science. However true either of these alleged facts may be, or to whatsoever extent either may reach, there are some other facts which must be reckoned with in making up judgment. One of these is the circumstance that during the year ending on the 1st of last March the British and Foreign Bible Society circulated over 4,000,000 copies of the Bible, or parts of it, and the American Bible Society, during the same period, about half that number. And of these nineteen-twentieths were sold at their proper value. Now, whether we look at the money and effort required to issue so many copies in various languages, or the fact that so large a portion could be not given away, but actually sold, in other case the evidence is ample that the Christian Church, so far from being moribund, is going forward, like her Divine Head, "conquering, and to conquer."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

### IT SHOWS US HOW.

We need not give up the beautiful for the true, but make the true the test of the beautiful, and the beautiful the object of the true, until to us God appears in perfect beauty. Thus every word and every leaf which has beauty in it will be as loved as ever, but they will all be to us impresses of the divine hand, reflexes of the divine mind, lovely fragments of a once harmonious world, whose ruins we are not to store up in our hearts, waiting till God restores the broken harmony, and we shall comprehend in all its details the glorious system, where Christ is all in all. Thus we will love the beautiful because it is part of God, though what part it is we cannot see ; and love the true because it shows us how to find the beautiful.—*Charles Kingsley.*

### A GOOD EXPERIENCE.

Christians might avoid much trouble and inconvenience if they would only believe what they profess—that God is able to make them happy without anything else. They imagine that if such a dear friend were to die, or such and such blessings were to be removed, they would be miserable ; whereas God can make them a thousand times happier without them. To mention my own case, God has been depriving me of one blessing after another ; but as every one was removed, He has come in and filled up its place ; and now, when I am a cripple, and not able to move I am happier than I ever was in my life before, or ever expect to be ; and if I had believed this twenty years ago, I might have been spared much anxiety.—*Payson.*

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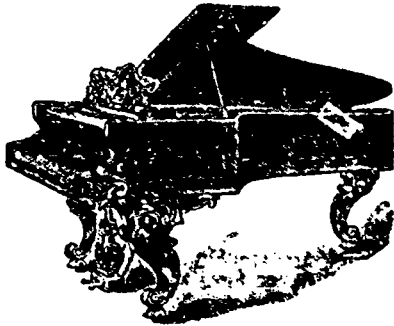
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MR. WALTER KERR—for many years an esteemed elder of our Church—is the duly authorized agent for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN. He will collect outstanding accounts, and take names of new subscribers. Friends are invited to give any assistance in their power to Mr. Kerr in all the congregations he may visit.



TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1887.

OF the 6,436 congregations that compose the American Presbyterian Church no less than 1,201 are reported as vacant. And there are ministers enough to fill the vacancies too, if they were called and accepted the calls. Undoubtedly this is the weak point of Presbyterianism. Wherever you find the Presbyterian system at work, you find congregations without pastors, and ministers desiring to be pastors without congregations. A congregation without a pastor invariably suffers in numbers, influence and spirituality. A minister in search of a congregation, who sees many others no better than he settled in good congregations, who comes near being called numbers of times but fails, who is sometimes kept from settlement by untoward circumstances and sometimes by wire-pulling—a minister in this position usually suffers in a number of ways that for the credit of the denomination we do not care to describe. Thoughtful people in the Church are beginning to ask if it is quite clear that a system which causes so much loss and suffering and which involves all the injurious influences of candidating, is the best one. The most that many of its most intelligent defenders now care to say about is that it would be a very good system with certain modifications. It would be well for somebody to name the modifications and try to have them adopted. Long vacancies with the usual scramble for a "hearing" are doing most effective work, but the work is all in the wrong direction.

PROF. DRUMMOND concluded one of his "talks"—to use an American term—at a watering-place the other day with the following weighty and timely words.

What God wants is not quantity, but quality. What the world needs is not more meetings, more tracts and more evangelists, but more mirrors that adequately reflect the character of Jesus Christ.

Yes; a few mirrors in all our congregations reflecting the character of Christ would add much to the power of the Church for good. A dozen such mirrors in any congregation, reflecting in some degree the Master's spirit of self-sacrifice, would do more to impress the world than many well-advertised meetings that we read of. Disguise the fact as we may, the lack of the spirit of self-sacrifice in the Church is one of the chief stumbling-blocks in the way of worldly men. Hard-headed, thinking men of the world refuse to believe that people are in earnest who do so little, and suffer nothing, for Christ. They know how much men who are not Christians spend for mere amusement, or something much worse than mere amusement. They make comparisons, and conclude that if Christianity were a reality its disciples would be willing to do and suffer more. Yes; what the world needs, and what the Church needs, too, is a large number of mirrors in each congregation reflecting the character of Christ, especially in the matter of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty.

If mirrors reflecting the character of Christ are the great want of the world and the Church at the present time the way to make these mirrors must be a matter of great importance. Professor Drummond describes the method thus:

Make Christ your most constant companion, and then reflecting in a mirror His character, you will be changed into His

image. The great secret of a sanctified nature is to be standing before Jesus Christ, catching His nature and spirit unconsciously, by mere reflection of Him.

It follows, then, that the sanctifying power of a sermon is in exact proportion to the presence and power of Christ in the sermon. This will of course be generally admitted. But it also follows that the sanctifying power of a meeting depends entirely on the prominence given to Christ at the meeting and the extent to which His influence is felt. If Christ's character is not unfolded there and His influence felt, you cannot stand before Him, and, as Professor Drummond says, catch His nature and spirit. This may seem a rather elementary truth to some, but has it not a very direct bearing on much we read and hear about religious meetings of one kind and another? Judging from reports, the number present, at the ministrations of Sam Jones or some other equally advertised man, is the main thing in the estimation of many people. We have an idea that neither the Presbyterian nor any other Church will be revived in the right sense of the word until all go back to Professor Drummond's foundation fact that "the great secret of a sanctified nature is standing before Christ."

It is understood all round that in the next municipal election for Toronto there will be a deadly struggle between the temperance people and the liquor interest. Both parties are understood to be preparing already. Indeed, it is well known that the liquor interest has been arranging its forces for some time. In selecting their candidate the temperance party should never for a moment lose sight of the fact that there is little use in running a candidate who is a temperance man and nothing more. The right candidate is one who is a good man all round, and a temperance man besides. The average elector knows that there is other very important business to attend to in the Council besides cutting down the number of saloons, and he is very likely to mark his ballot for the candidate who seems able to take hold of all the important business. Toronto has a heavy debt, taxes are high, the waterworks must be enlarged, and the enlargement will cost an immense amount of money. The people are constantly being asked to vote money for one purpose and another, and they are not in the humour to vote for an alderman simply because he may be a prohibitionist. The right candidate is a prohibitionist who has business ability, influence, good social standing, and who is able and willing to do his share in giving the city honest and economical municipal government. It ought not to be difficult to find such candidates. To run any other kind is simply to allow the liquor interest to triumph. Prohibitionists that are strong men all round are the candidates needed in this crisis.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER says:

If it were in my power to preach the most splendid sermon ever uttered by mortal lips, not a newspaper in the world would take the slightest notice of it; but if I put up an umbrella in the pulpit, or tore the pulpit Bible in two, many a paragraph would report the eccentricity. A splendid sermon would be thought of as interesting only to a few, but an act of folly would be regarded as of universal interest. Thus it is (though it may not seem so) that things get into history. Any man living can have a world-wide notoriety to-morrow, can have his name telegraphed throughout the whole range of civilization, and be the subject of editorial comment throughout Christendom.

Ten thousand preachers may preach good Gospel sermons on any given Sabbath, and the telegraph and daily press are quite silent about them. But if one preacher in a large city should stand on his head in the pulpit or slide down the pulpit railing backwards to illustrate the sin of backsliding, the world would hear of his eccentricities early next morning. It is in this way that heresy always gets so well advertised. A sensible, helpful sermon is heard by the congregation it is preached to; a senseless, sensational or heretical sermon is telegraphed over the world. Why should the news columns of the daily press be largely filled with the follies and crimes of mankind? The explanation is too easily given—because that is the kind of matter too many people like to read. The fault is not mainly that of the publisher. Presumably publishers know what their patrons wish to read, and are willing to pay for. If a man who reads every day much of what is called "news" wishes to keep his mind in a healthy condition, he should be careful to read enough of better matter to counteract the effect of the "news." If he does not do so, he must soon come to the conclusion that the human family is mainly composed of knaves and fools.

### HOW ARE PRISONERS TREATED?

ENTERPRISING journalism is now an every-day affair. It has ceased to be a matter of wonder. Were a special representative of some live newspaper despatched to the moon, his correspondence from that unexplored satellite would be eagerly read; that is, if it were well written, but in time readers might remark: "This is all very well, and seems simple enough, but why was it not thought of before?" When Mr. Greenwood, in the guise of a tramp, passed a night in the casual ward of a London workhouse, and gave a graphic account of his experiences, it created a widespread interest, and for a time much good was accomplished because of his revelations. The probabilities are that the stirring up workhouse abuses then got has been long since practically forgotten, and the management of casual and other wards is no better than it should be.

For the efficient management of any institution, constant vigilance is absolutely necessary. There seems to be some kind of gravitation that ceaselessly but silently continues to drag all public institutions down. This has constantly to be guarded against and counteracted. The official mind is prone to get into a fixed routine, but negligence and abuses creep in in spite of theoretically correct methods, and then, however perfect the system may appear on paper, however complete the machine, unless it is directed and handled by intelligent and clear insight, the results are certain to be very different from what was anticipated.

Officialism has its faults. It has an innate tendency to *hauteur* and superciliousness, is very prone to self-sufficiency, becoming callous to ordinary criticism, and dreadfully obstinate. Abuses may be shown up, indignant letters written to the newspapers, remonstrances may be couched in courteous terms in judicial deliverances and grand jury presentments, but the facility with which water runs off a duck's back fails to parallel the philosophic equanimity with which all these praiseworthy efforts are allowed to slip aside. The reform of abuses that have slowly crept into any institution can only be accomplished by dexterous, persistent hard knocking. Truth is great, and it will prevail, but it takes true men to bring and keep it before the gaze of the people, they being so intent on diverse interests that they are apt to look the other way.

The *Globe* hit upon a plan to get at the true inwardness of the methods of dealing with criminals and other offenders in the police cells, court and county gaol. An experienced journalist was secured, who effectively simulated drunkenness, and lay down on the steps of the Public Library, awaiting developments. In due time his arrest followed, and his subsequent experiences form the subject of a lengthy narrative, which displays keen and quick-witted observation, extensive reading, vigorous thinking, and a facility in presenting his ideas in a form that they cannot be misunderstood. The narrative gives ordinary readers a glimpse into the nether social strata that underlies all modern civilization. The condition and treatment of the waifs and strays of humanity, as well as of the criminally inclined, might, if thoroughly understood, act as a strong deterrent in the minds of those heedless youths who are fascinated with the delineations of heroism customary in the literature of the dime novel order. Here as elsewhere it is beginnings that have to be resisted. Many efforts, not without success, are made to reclaim youthful delinquents, but it has to be sorrowfully admitted that reclamations are the exception, not the rule. Prison life, at least in its initiatory stages, is certainly not a school for virtue. The degradation and loss of self-respect which the filthy surroundings produce, and the still more abominable associations to which young rogues are exposed, naturally operate on weak and unformed wills as motives why they should simply drift aimlessly on the ever-widening stream of a criminal career. From whatever cause arising, it is certain that old or young who have been brought before the police magistrate a few times find that the descent to a lower depth of criminality, misery and wretchedness is very swift. Not unfitly might the Dantean legend over the entrance to Inferno be inscribed on the portals of our police court, so far as the dissolute and the criminal frequenters are concerned.

One glaring and often specified defect in police cell arrangements is the huddling together of those arrested in some indiscriminate mass in places reeking

with moral and material filth. It is hoped that what has been so graphically portrayed in the volunteer prisoner's narrative as a dan-gerous pest-house may no longer be suffered to exist. In the county gaol a somewhat better state of things is apparently found. There at least systematic efforts are made to secure physical cleanliness in some respects, but taking into account the bath arrangements and state of the cells, it looks remarkably like the custom of garnishing the sepulchres to which the Pharisees in our Saviour's time were addicted. If our institutions for the detention and punishment of law-breakers are to be what a Christian civilization designs, reformatory and exemplary, there ought to be a more complete supervision than has yet been provided. Periodic visits of grand juries, however conscientious the men that compose them, can only enable them in a perfunctory way to certify that our prisons are carefully and correctly kept. The surface is all they see. It cannot be much otherwise with official prison inspectors. They no doubt discharge their duties faithfully enough. Brutal or incompetent prison officers take good care to be on their best behaviour while the inspector is around.

As to the religious and moral efforts on behalf of prison inmates the *Globe* writer's comments are not flattering. It would be easy to resent them, and not difficult to show that some of them are unfounded. The better way, however, would be to listen to them calmly, and see if a more effective mode of reaching the hearts and consciences of the unfortunates who in most instances have practically said good-bye to the churches. Devoted and self-denying ministers and laymen have given much time and attention to caring for the moral and spiritual welfare of prison inmates. To do that work well calls for peculiar qualifications and aptitudes. Many who can address other audiences profitably only beat the air in prison corridors. Set and formal services are not the best for gaol chapels. If ever a man has to realize the brotherhood of humanity it is when he speaks to a congregation whose habits of life, trains of thought and associations are so different from his own. He must speak from the heart to the heart. The Gospel of Jesus Christ speaks as powerfully to the outcast as it does to the most learned and cultured. It is told of a good chaplain that in his stereotyped prayer he never omitted to ask for a blessing on those who were deprived of the privilege of worshipping with them. Whether the prison casual was right or wrong in his strictures there is certainly room for improvement in the religious and moral care of criminals. Instead of each minister taking his turn, or finding such substitute as he can, it might be far better to secure the services of such men who could visit the prisons regularly, and who might be able to gain such a measure of the inmates' confidence as would afford some hope of benefiting them. The Prison Gate Mission has done much good, but it should be put in a position of doing much more than its limited means permit at present.

## Books and Magazines.

**LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.** (Boston: Littell & Co.)—This weekly magazine continues with unfailing regularity to supply its numerous readers with the best selected current literature of the day.

**THE DOMINION CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE JOURNAL,** now in its second year, is an able advocate of the Temperance cause. It supplies its readers monthly with much useful information, and skilfully-presented arguments in behalf of the great social reform movement. It has a mission, and it is to be hoped, a future of marked usefulness. It indicates that it has reached an encouraging degree of prosperity, appearing in a new and handsome typographical outfit. It is published in Toronto by Messrs. A. C. Winton & Co.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.** (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—The latest of the issues of the *Atlantic* will bear comparison with the best of its predecessors. There are a number of very attractive papers by eminent contributors; among them may be specified Oliver Wendell Holmes' "Our Hundred Days in Europe," in which he records his impressions on revisiting Paris; "Le Roi Manqué," an account of the Duke of Burgundy, and one by John Bach McMaster on "Franklin in France." The

serials are admirably sustained. The poetry is good and the usual contents of the magazine are fully up to their usual excellence.

**THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE.** (New York: The American Magazine Co.)—The portrait of Lieutenant C. F. Winter, of the Governor-General's Body Guards, forms the frontispiece of the September number of this now popular magazine. It is *apropos* of a paper on "The Military System of Canada" by J. Macdonald Oxley, of Ottawa. The paper is illustrated by portraits of several distinguished military Canadians, among them the Minister of Militia and General Middleton. Another interesting article with illustrations is "Along the Caribbean," by Dr. W. F. Hutchinson. Dr. A. S. Isaacs writes on "Jewish Progress in the United States." The serial, "Olivia Delaplaine," by Edgar Fawcett is continued. As usual, the contents of the number are varied, and several of the papers have the merit of brevity.

**THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.** (New York: The Century Company)—The *Century* has always an open eye for times and seasons. In the current number there are several papers devoted to out-of-door subjects. "Snuddin' Through Jersey," "The Amateur Photographer," and others beautifully and copiously illustrated belong to this class. The centennial of the United States Constitution receives ample attention, John Bach McMaster contributing a paper on the "Framers and Framing of the Constitution." Professor Atwater writes on "The Digestibility of Food." The Lincoln history becomes absorbingly interesting as it nears the great events in the life of the martyred president. The war papers are continued. The fiction is of a high order by the best writers. Poetry, topics of the time, and open letters will be found up to the usual standard.

**THE NEW PRINCETON REVIEW.** (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son.)—The opening paper in the newly issued number of the *New Princeton* is an able critique on "Lord Byron," by Richard Henry Stoddard. Whether the reader agrees or differs with all the conclusions reached, he is certain to admire the spirit and ability displayed in Mr. Stoddard's paper. W. H. Conn contributes a paper on the "Origin of Life." This is followed by "The First Century of the Constitution" by Alexander Johnston. The last number contained a paper on Prohibition, which has evoked an eloquent rejoinder on the same subject under the title of "Some Plain Words on Prohibition" by A. H. Colquit. Brander Matthews writes on "American Authors and British Pirates." Other papers not without interest follow, and then there is a charming reproduction of old world ways by Julia C. R. Dorr, in a paper headed "A Greek Girl's Outing."

**THE HOMILETIC REVIEW.** (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs.)—The review department in the September number of the *Homiletic* is decidedly interesting, as a reference to the subjects discussed will show. The eminent professor of Homiletics continues his "Criticisms on Some of the Ablest Representative Preachers of the Day," selecting Rev. Phillips Brooks for his keen and incisive treatment on the present occasion. Dr. Eaton discusses ably and in excellent spirit "The Labour Problem." Professor Winchell has a paper on "Recent Scientific Discoveries of Special Interest to Clergymen." Professor Stuckenberg writes on "The University of Berlin"; Professor Thwing on "The Preacher's Voice"; Professor Nathan Sheppard on "A Soldier in the Pulpit"; and Dr. A. T. Pierson gives a few more "Gems and Curiosities from a Literary Cabinet." The sermonic section is peculiarly rich both as to themes and contributors while the other contents are fully up to the standard of excellence to which the *Homiletic* has attained.

RECEIVED:—WORDS AND WEAPONS, edited by Rev. George F. Pentecost, D.D. (New York: Joseph Richards), PRIMARY MONTHLY, an illustrated magazine for supplementary reading in primary schools (Chicago and Boston: The Interstate Publishing Co.), INTERMEDIATE MONTHLY, an illustrated magazine of entertaining and instructive stories for boys and girls (Chicago and Boston: The Interstate Publishing Co.), GRAMMAR SCHOOL, a monthly magazine of instructive reading for young people (Chicago and Boston: The Interstate Publishing Co.), THE KINDERGARTEN DRAWING COURSE, for use in the public schools, No. 2 (Toronto: Selby & Co.).

## THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

THE UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST IN JAPAN.

The Rev. George William Knox writes: The Synod of the United Church of Christ in Japan held its biennial session in May last, in the city of Tokyo.

Ten years ago Presbytery was organized. Three churches united, through their missionaries, in the forming of one Presbyterian Church in Japan. Already the missionaries of the Reformed Church in America, and of the American Presbyterian Church, had laboured for eighteen years, and more recently, in 1874, the missionaries of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland had joined them. During these eighteen years great changes have taken place—those changes that so surprised the West—and mission work had shared in the general movement. The missionaries were full of hope. Ten years have passed away—and the highest hopes have been fulfilled. The new Presbytery has become five Presbyteries, with a Synod embracing all. The churches number fifty-five, and are established in all the largest towns, and in many villages, from Hakodate in the North to Nagasaki in the South. In September, 1886, the members numbered 5,500. Twenty-five of the churches are wholly self-supporting, and all do much toward the payment of expenses. During the year ending in September, 1886, the churches gave £2,000 for the support of the Gospel, a sum much larger in Japan than in Scotland, as we remember the comparative poverty of the people. Twenty-eight ordained ministers are preaching the Gospel. The Japanese ministers and elders far outnumber the foreign missionaries in the Presbyteries and Synod. The work of the Church is in native hands. Synod has chosen a Board of Home Missions, and most of the evangelistic work is in its care. Forty-three students are in the theological halls.

Several of the churches spontaneously formed Home Mission Societies, and now that Synod has undertaken this great work they respond at once to its appeal. The young men of the church press into the ministry. The examinations of the theological hall have constantly increased in their requirements, and as steadily the number of students has increased. Some of the choicest young men of the Church, of the empire, are in the ministry. They have gathered converts, formed churches, and, in advance of the missionaries, preached in different parts. In evangelistic and pastoral work they excel the missionaries, and it becomes our duty to sustain, strengthen and uphold them. We become their helpers, for with them now rests the duty of preaching Christ to their countrymen.

So we look upon the past and gain strength for the years to come. With faith in God's continued blessing, what may we expect? What is our reasonable and moderate hope? The work will be widened and strengthened, the Church will be nurtured and equipped for its work. The five Presbyteries will become many, as churches increase in remote parts of the empire. By the end of this century we should see 300 Presbyterian churches, with 200 ministers and 50,000 members. The churches will be self-supporting, and strong in missionary zeal and liberality. The ministers will be educated, earnest, sound in faith and life. The Church will be Japanese in form, and Christian in heart and life. Foreign aid in schools and funds may still be needed, but the Japanese will lead and control the church. We look to the year 1900 as the close of distinctively foreign mission work, thenceforth Japan will be the home mission field of the United Church.

So much we expect, and to this end we labour. The time is short, yet longer than the period passed since the beginning of the Church. The work is very great, but not greater, perhaps, in proportion to opportunity and means, than the work already done. We need faith and hope and earnest persevering work. We need the prayers, the men, the money of the Church at home. We need a new baptism of God's Spirit. Thus strengthened and blessed, the united missions in Japan may promise the speedy conclusion of this great missionary enterprise.

THE Japanese *Gazette* says: "We regret to say that Buddhism, in our opinion, cannot long hold its ground, and that Christianity must finally prevail throughout all Japan. Japanese Buddhism and Western science cannot stand together."

## Choice Literature.

## A PINCHTOWN PAUPER.

The following pathetic story from the pen of A. C. Gordon appears in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*

## CHAPTER I.

The place is not inadequately named. It lies beyond the city's suburbs; and there are no handsome dwellings or fine stores in Pinchtown. The clutch of squalid poverty is upon it. In the winter its one street is often hub-deep with mud; and in summer clouds of dust from passing wheels are wafted in through the open doors and windows of its sordid hovels. Its poor pretence of a pavement is ashes and desolation. The windows of the rude huts are garnished with old hats, articles of worn clothing and scraps of newspapers.

To be a resident of the poverty-smitten village is a grave offence in the eyes of the more prosperous of the race to which its denizens belong.

"Dem's ign'unt, an' lazy, an' no'count nigger over dar in Pinchtown," says the untidy keeper of the little green grocery at the corner of Water Street, a good mile nearer to the heart of the city.

Across the road from Pinchtown, in the summer season, the Union Cemetery, surrounded by its enclosure of massive stone masonry, shows a thousand well kept graves, clad in smoothly-shaven green. Over the walls of the keeper's cottage, near the iron gate, bloom clambering roses; and the darker hue of the ivy marks the spot with verdure through the year. The trees that were saplings two decades ago have come to throw an ample shade over the long lines of graves, and are the haunts of many birds. The walks which wind about the place, among the marble stones, are gravelled and white. Two cannon stand near the flagpole, in mute reminder of the reason for the cemetery's being; and high above floats, in sunshine and in storm, the great flag.

It is the latter part of June, 1855. In the sunny weather, on a broken bench at the door of the forlornest shanty in the hamlet sits its forlornest denizen. Abject poverty has pursued him for many years; and though he denies it stoutly, he has come at last half-heartedly to believe in the reiterated assertion of his wife, that "Newton done los' his luck." Into the uncouth fashion of the coarse splint basket on which he is at work he is weaving disjointed fancies of the dead men hid in the cemetery's sheltering bosom, and of the hardships in the life of one of the noblest living dwellers in Pinchtown.

He had been an "exhorter" in the days of slavery. Since the war ended he has kept up, in a futile fashion, his former calling; but his age and infirmity, and the disadvantages of ignorance imposed by the old slave system, are powerfully against him. His faith is as broad and catholic as it is simple; and to those of his neighbours who, being almost as poor and no less ignorant than himself, will pay him the respect of a seeming attention, he often speaks as with the gift of tongues. But they do not recognize the force of the homely phrases, and hearken to him grudgingly, deeming his teachings to be of little worth, because he does not expound them from the printed page, after the fashion of the Rev. Givins, of the Ebenezer Church in the city. Like themselves, he is "unlart," and can neither read nor write.

"I shudden wonder ef dem soljers is all in heah'n," he says, reflectively, as he trims a splint with his worn basket-knife; "an' ef dey ain't, dar's whar dey orter be. Dey was de soljers o' de Lord, what sot us free. But dey did 'n' shake of all de sheckles. Dar's some on 'em a-hangin' ter me yet, like cockle-burrers on ter a sheep. Pears like to me ef when I 'ceased I'd be put away onder sech green grass as dat, wid flowers a-blossomin' roun', an' periwinkleaves a wroppin' my grave all up, 'n' an' de birds a-singin' an' a-carryin' on up dar in dem trees, I'd be sorter satisfied with jes' dat. It 'ud be mos' good enough for ole Newton ter lay down dar an' take his res', 'douten nobody to come along a-pesterin' on him, an' a-cussin' 'case de baskits is cranked. It don't make no diftance down dar ef de po' nigger is ign'unt. De hope-grasses an' de crickets an' de litenin'-bugs ain't gwine ter lay dar up agin him. De wimmen folks don't 'buse you down dar, I reckon; an' I knows dey ain't a-always slingin' up at ye dat you's a mighty onery preacher what can't read. Dem dar soljers ain't got no rheumatiz, and misery in de back, I spec'; an' dey don't git tired no mo', nuther."

His little granddaughter comes and sits on the bench beside him. Her dress is ragged and she is barefoot; but her mien is marked with a dignity which is almost ludicrous in its self-possession. The old man regards her approach with an interest in which respect dominates affection. She is a wonderful creature in his eyes, for she carries in her hand the key to the treasure house of knowledge, at whose outer gate he has stood a beggar for fifty odd years. She has come with her primer to teach him his daily lesson.

He lays his oak splints and his half-finished basket aside, and patiently waits while the child opens the book.

"Does you think it's any use, Aggy?" he asks.

"You have got to a, b, ab, gran'daddy," she replies, and points with dusky finger to the first column of the grimy little page. He wants to tell her that he is in despair of ever learning to read; but he has not the heart to wound her.

"Is a, b, ab, right smart and fur on, l, acy?" he inquires, with seeming interest, and she laughs, and tells him that it is only the beginning of all that she knows.

A lank and hungry-looking cur, that lies with eyes closed in the sunshine, at the old man's feet, pricks up his flea-bitten ears, and lifts his head at the sound of the child's voice.

"Po' ole Sank," she says, as she stops to caress him, "do you want to learn a, b, c with gran'daddy?"

The dog winks his waxy eyes, and thumps his ragged tail slowly against the ground.

"Aggy," says the ole man, "I'se afeard it ain't no use. You seems to be sorter sot on it, chile, but I done 'bout gin it up. I was smartly sot on it, too, when you fus' started out; but w'at's de sense o' yer tryin' ter larn dem words ter a po' fool old nigger like me? You's young an' kin git 'em straight; but you can't teach old dogs new tricks. Marster used to tell me dat long time ago—an' ole marster, he knowed mo' 'n evvybody else in de worl'. Sank, dar, he cudden larn ter tree a coon like my little bench-legged Towse use ter tree 'em over in Tuckahoe. 'Case why? 'Case Towse just growed up ter it f'om a puppy, an' Sank, he don't got too ole, a chasin' rabbits 'roun' dat 'ar grave yard wall."

Sank wags his forlorn tail again in recognition of his name, and the child slips down from the bench and cuddles up to the dog for a moment. Then returning to her seat at the old man's side, she says, with sturdy insistence:

"Le's start here, gran'daddy," and points again to the head of the little column of two-lettered words.

"A, b, ab; e, b, eb," spells the old man, painfully and anxiously. Then he stops and says, "Aggy, you hear dat 'ar liddle red-bird over dar in dat bush by de stone wall?"

She nods her heads, and looks up at him.

"Dat bird ain't niver been sitg but jes' ont song all his born days. Ef ye was ter ketch him an' shet him up inter a cage, an' pipe chunes ter him as sweet as dem I's heard young Mars' Jeems play on the willer-whistles, way back yonder in Tuckahoe, you cudden larn dat bird ter sing 'em. Dat bird warn't hatched for ter sing but jes' dat one."

The parable has struck home, but he cannot bear the expression of disappointment in the child's face; and so, to please her, he takes the book and begins slowly to spell out the lesson. But his heart is no longer in the work. He has lost the high hope that he once had, and is unhappy in the loss.

Not many words have been spelled over when a cracked voice calls shrilly from the hovel, "Aggee! you, Aggy!" And with nimble feet the girl hastens away to fetch water from the spring beyond the road for her grandmother.

The owner of the voice comes to the door, and speaks to the old man, who sits on the bench where Aggy has left him, still gazing hopelessly at a, b, uh.

"De Lord sakes, Newton! Dot gal ain't sho', sill a-foolin' 'n' d tryin' ter larn ye dem books, is she? Ain't ye got no mo' sense 'n ter be a-addlin' yer skull wid spellin'? Ye mought know dar ain't no larnin' a gwine ter hatch out'n dat ole thick held o' your'n. Ye better be a workin' on dem baskits. I'll lay ye'll get mo' ter eat out'n dem dan ye gwine ter git 'long o' dem letters."

"Dat's how it 'pears like ter me, too, Dicy," says the old man, submissively; and laying the book reverently upon the bench near him, he takes up his basket-frame, and again begins to weave the oak-splints in and out. He works on earnestly, but he is oppressed with a sense of failure.

"Here I'se been a-wrastlin' an' a-scutflin' wid dat book nine weeks com' nex' Monday, an' ain't no furdier dan closer ter de start. Somehow, I can't hole on ter it. De weeds gets away wid de corn quicker'n de hoe can cut 'em out. Taint no use."

Aggy comes back from the spring, and passes by him with a tin bucket in each hand. The cool water shimmers and sparkles in the summer sun; and Sank, with lolling, tongue, gets up and follows the little water-carrier into the cabin. Dicy sends her out to the garden to "grabble some 'aters," and soon she is busily engaged in the task, with the dog close at her heels.

"Gran'daddy don't want to learn to read," she says, passionately, to the dumb brute, as she drops a potato into the piggin, and lifts the dog's wistful face to hers. "He's got plenty o' sense, ain't he, Sank? He just don't want to learn."

And Sank says "yes" as plainly as any dog's tail ever spoke the word.

But Newton's mind, after a long and bitter struggle, has come irrevocably to another conclusion than that reached by the little girl and the dog. He has weighed his capacity in the balance of experience, and found it woefully wanting. Many a night he has lain awake for hours on his hard bed, while Dicy slept by his side and pictured to himself the grace and peace which should penetrate his soul through the doorway of Aggy's primer. Those waking dreams of the night are ended now; yet thoughts of the child at school and the sight of the little book have started in his mind a train of long unheeded memories. He recalls the old field school in Tuckahoe, beyond the Blue Ridge mountains that lie in the far distance. There rises up before him the stern face of the teacher, who, with unsparing hickory rod, threshed the seed corn of the commonwealth in the persons of Newton's young masters, with whom he always went, as henchman, to "tote" the lunch basket, and as companion to share its contents when recess came. He remembers the ring law, and knucks, and chermanny of those boon days with a deep sense of pleasure in the retrospect. He sees again with his mind's eye the truant fishing for "yaller-bellies" in the Jackfish Pond, whose water was deep and green, and along whose banks the dewberry vines ran rank and the wild dog-roses bloomed. He chuckles to think of his arguments with them to prove that the fish always bit best on Sunday, and how once or twice he had persuaded them of its truth. Then he grows solemn in the reflection that fishing on Sunday was a sin in itself, and that it was far more heinous to entice others to its commission; and imagines that perhaps these covert excursions were the cause of the troubles that have come on him in his old age. He recalls the trapping of partridges in the straw-field next the wood, and the catching of "ole hayars," on frosty winter mornings, in the "gums" at the nibbled bottom of the worn fence. Faces, white and black, of his long-dead people come back to him in the wake of fancies conjured up by Aggy's primer, until at last he recalls the bloody charge at Gettysburg, with his "young Mars' Jeems" lying under the trampling horca's hoofs; and the bent figure of his gray-haired "old marster," left alone at the war's end, in the great old mansion in Tuckahoe with none but "Mars' Jeems'" little daughter.

## CHAPTER II.

The snow lies deep upon the cemetery, and almost blots out of sight the hillocks beneath which the dead soldiers have slumbered for so many years. The flag is limp and motionless, and icicles hang from the black cannon and the eaves of the stone cottage. But the ivy is still green upon the wall, and there are red berries amid the waxen and pointed leaves of the holly-tree at the gate.

Down the hard-frozen road that leads to the city, the Pinchtown pauper, ragged and forlorn, is trudging painfully, with a number of his misshapen splint baskets strung over his shoulders. He is weak and crippled with rheumatism, and his progress is very slow. But there is a glow about his heart, whose warmth shames the poverty of his torn jacket and his battered hat.

"It's been a rough spell," he says, meditatively, as he pauses for breath and looks up at the gray winter sky, "an' ther's gwine ter be some mo' fallin' weather af' ter-morrer. Dat ring warn't 'round de moon las' night for rothin'. I done been seed dis weather in de elements for mo'r'n a week. But me an' Aggy an' Sank an' Dicy is pulled through so fur; an' ef I jes' sells dese yer baskits, de weather may drap, for what I keers, 'twel I sells some mo'."

He places his burden on a snowbank near him, as he speaks and addresses it:

"You's waf a quarter apiece. Leas'-ways, dat's w'at I axes for ye. You's wuf mo' 'n dat for de work an' de trouble I'se had wid ye; but me an' de white folks ain't gwine to agree on dat one p'int. You looks mighty small an' ugly ter dem, but ye 'pears pow'ful full o' white-oak splits ter me. If I gets 25 cents apiece for ye, dat'll come ter \$1.50; and dat'll make de pot bile high for a while, anyhow."

The baskets are mute and miserable looking on their perch. He picks them up and starts forward again.

"I ain't nuvver heer o' po' yit but w'at I cudden get sump'n or 'nuther for Aggy an' Sank an' de ole 'oman ter eat. But somehow it do appear ter me like de times was a-waxin' wusser. Bar' backs an' hungry bellies seem for ter be in de merjority in dese yer parts. Prayin' an' workin' don't look like dey fetches the blessin's same as dey user over yander beyand dem mount'ns; " and he turns for a moment and gazes wistfully in the direction of the Blue Ridge range that lies behind him.

A wagon comes along, driven by an acquaintance.

"Git in, ole man, an' I'll giv ye a lift as fur as town," says the driver. "Ye ain't gutin' up de hill no pearer dan de frog in de well, what jumped up one amp and drapped back two."

The Pinchtown pauper, carefully depositing his precious freight in the rear part of the vehicle, clambers to a seat in the front.

"How's you makin' it, dese days?" queries his friend, heartily, and gives him a slap on the shoulder that causes him to flinch. "Wot's de news down in Pinchtown?"

"Pain in de head an' miz'ry in de back, Jim," the old man answers. "But I orten ter grudge dat. De Lord don't let me go hongry or cold many days in de week. Den I'm a-gettin' on in years. De sap in de old tree don't run fas', like it useter run in de twig. News in Pinchtown? Dar ain't nothin' in Pinchtown 'cusin' litle niggers an' cur dogs; an' dar ain't nothin' new 'bout dem. Wot's de news wid you, Jim?"

"Nothin'." Hard times an' plenty on em."

"Dat's a fac, Jim,—dat's a fac'. Things ain't like dey useter be wid me when I lived over dar in Tuckahoe wid marster an' de boys."

"I dunno nothin' 'bout Tuckahoe. I ain't nuvver been dar. I'm a-gwine over on one o' dese yer railroad excursions, when de summer time gits back agin', an' take a look at dat gre't land o' Goshen whar all you Louisa County niggers come f'om, an' don't never seem like ye wants ter git back ter it."

"Yer ign'ance is agin ye, Jim," the old man replies, with a touch of asperity. "Dem was high old times we useter ter have over dar. 'n' you can't ketch up wid 'em on no railroad excruss' any mo', nuther. Dem dar times is done lef' de Nu. States for furrin' parts, dey is. Many's de day at ole marster's when I knowed twenty-five ter thirty strange white folks at de house at once, wid de kerriges a-takin' on 'em away an' a-fetchin' fresh 'uns up ter de front steps, day in an' day out. Sich a-dancin', an' a-frolickin', an' a-huntin', an' a-fishin', an' a-ridin' hosses, an' a-chasin' foxes!" He pauses a moment in his reminiscences to look back at his baskets. "I got ter keep my eye on dem things. 'Tudden do for 'em ter drap out, an' some good-fo'-nothin' nigger come along an' pick 'em up, an' git 'em p'att'n'."

Jim hods his head and grins. "Nigger what gits de p'att'n' o' dem baskits 'un git a fat thing, sho'."

He is interested in the life beyond the mountains, and wants to hear more of it. "Cut a party big old dash over dar in dem times, did you, Un' Newton?"

"Dat's a fac', Jim,—dat's a fac'. I'se seed Randall a-fiddin' for de white folks all night long, wid ole marster footin' de reel same as de youngsters an' de brashes; an' 'os' in de kitchen an' down ter de quarters de niggers was kickin' de heels jes' as high, wid de hanjer a-pickin', de 'possum a-cookin' an' da asheake a-bakin' in the collar leaves on de hair. Dem was days when ashpone and buttermilk had some tas'e ter 'em, an' 'possum fat an' hominy 'ud make any nigger's mouf water. My mouf done los' his relish, Jim; an' I don't nuvver see no 'possums no mo', nuther haw no hanjers."

Jim laughs, and the wagon rattles along over the frozen road. The atmosphere is keenly suggestive of more snow. It is a narrow, precipitous way over which they are passing, and huge limestone boulders, half clad in snow, jut above and below them. On the acclivity at their left are evidences of work recently done by quarriers; but the place is almost inaccessible, and the workmen have deserted it, leaving the snow trampled any some of the great rocks more exposed to view.

"Pears like dem folks diggin' a grave up dar," says Newton.

"Korryin' o' limestone," replies Jim. The rising wind sighs through the scraggy cedars in the valley below, and the breath of the horses' nostrils is like cam. Houses are coming into sight; and they see little children coming out of the gates, with satchels and baskets, on their way to school in the city's heart. Newton watches them, and a great bitterness surges up within him. "Jim," he says, "you see dem little black gals an' boys gwine ter school? Dey's a gettin' dey heads chuck full o' knowledge, an' here's you an' me w'ot don't know b' f'm ullfoot. It mines me o' de little pigs a creepin' th'ough de track o' de worrum fence, an' de old big hogs outside in de ane a-gruntin' at de corn w'ot dey can't git ter."

(To be continued.)

THE RISING OF THE NILE.

Now the fleet of Nile craft decreases, and the chaffing of the boatmen is almost hushed. How splendid are the scenes on every side! How they change every mile! The palms, the Arab villages, the minarets and domes of the mosques, appear in slow succession; again the pyramids are in view; and always is heard the sound of the busy shadoof and the dreamy squeak of the sakiyeh. The shores now reveal how Egypt was created, film upon film, layer upon layer. One marvels not that the people who were upon them, even now, look upon the Nile as "The Giver of all good."

It moves on and on before them as gently as the rays of the rising moon. It is always kindly. It gives water and food—gives life. Once a year it rises and widens, and almost entirely submerges the tillable land at its sides. When it does not so reach, it is made to reach by artificial means. The overflow is no misfortune to those whose homes are upon its banks. It is their best blessing. For the Nile well repays for the right of way during the inundation, by leaving a deposit upon the land which is worth its weight in gold. It does not change its habits; it never brings surprise and destruction. It is good to the people who trust in it. The sun always shines for them; and when unobscured and untrammelled their dispositions are sunshiny. They are hospitable, generous, willing to serve the stranger, industrious, religious, misunderstood, brow-beaten, vexed, bastinadoed and discouraged until their spirit is nearly gone. And yet they are good-natured, patient and seem to be happy!

When the time approaches for the inundation the Arab farmer is all expectancy. His canals are cleared and he protects his home by dikes and walls of adobe. This done, seated at his door, he watches with satisfaction and gratitude the rise and approach of the water which holds his little wealth. It is several months rising to its greatest height, and then as slowly and gradually subsides. Then appears again to his delighted vision the husbandman's arm. His palm trees seem to rise to a greater reach, and their waving branches add to the sense of calm and content which pervades all. Already his well-filled canals have defended themselves, and his irrigating machinery is at once put in repair. There is no more use for the boats which have served to carry him from place to place during the inundation. They are hidden among the rushes on the banks of the canal. Every available person is now pressed into the service. If the thin deposit of mud left by the departing river is kept moist, its value remains at par. If the hot sun is allowed to play upon it unopposed it soon becomes baked and curls up into tiny cylinders; then, breaking into fragments, it falls dead and worse than useless. Therefore the process of irrigation must begin at once. The rude sakiyeh and the ruder shadoof are kept going night and day, and give employment to tens of thousands of the people and cattle as well. With these primitive appliances the water is lifted and emptied into the channels which have been dug or diked to receive it. From these larger receptacles the water is led to smaller ones, which, overflowing, cover the fields.

In a little time, then, a Nile farm becomes a rare beauty spot, instead of a waste of mud; for now the crops are grown. The lentils bend with their heavy load and the fields of grain turn their well-filled heads from side to side as the ripening sun may change their green freshness into gold. What landscape, unadorned by art, can be more lovely than such a farm, narrow though its limits may be, with its grove of palms to fan the breeze and scatter their sweet fruitage into the lap of the happy fellahin? Here no weeds grow to annoy him. No stone-crops are belched to the surface each year to stop the plough. And this is good, for the Egyptian plough has no scientifically-curved coulter or subsoil attachment. When the crops are ripened the irrigation must rest awhile, for all hands are pressed to help with the ingathering.—Edward L. Wilson, in Scribner's Magazine for September.

A GIRL KING.

There were tears and trouble in Stockholm; there was sorrow in every house and hamlet in Sweden; there was consternation throughout Protestant Europe. Gustavus Adolphus was dead! The "Lion of the North" had fallen on the bloody and victorious field of Lutzen, and only a very small girl of six stood as the representative of Sweden's royalty.

The States of Sweden—that is, the representatives of the different sections and peoples of the kingdom—gathered in haste within the Riddarhus, or Hall of Assembly, in Stockholm. There was much anxious controversy over the situation. The nation was in desperate straits, and some were for one thing and some were for another. There was even talk of making a government a republic, like the State of Venice; while the supporters of the King of Poland, cousin to the dead King Gustavus, openly advocated his claim to the throne.

But the Grand Chancellor, Axel Oxenstiern, one of Sweden's greatest statesmen, acted promptly. "Let there be no talk between us," he said, "of Vene-

tian republics or of Polish kings. We have but one king—the daughter of the immortal Gustavus!"

Then up spoke one of the leading representatives of the peasant class, Lars Larsson, the deputy from the western fiords.

"Who is this daughter of Gustavus?" he demanded, rudely. "How do we know this is no trick of yours, Axel Oxenstiern? How do we know that King Gustavus has a daughter? We have never seen her."

"You shall see her at once," said the Chancellor, and, leaving the hall, he returned speedily, leading by the hand a diminutive, but by no means bashful looking, little girl. With a sudden movement he lifted her to the seat of the high silver throne that could only be occupied by the kings of Sweden.

"Swedes, behold your king!" Lars Larsson, the deputy, pressed close to the throne on which the small figure perched silent, yet with a defiant look upon her little face.

"She hath the face of the Grand Gustavus," he said. "Look, brothers, the nose, the eyes, the very brows are his."

"Aye," said Oxenstiern; "and she is a soldier's daughter. I myself did see her, when scarce three years old, clap her tiny hands and laugh aloud when the guns of Calmar fortress thundered a salute. 'She must learn to bear it,' said Gustavus, our king; 'She is a soldier's daughter.'"

'Hail, Christina!' shouted the assembly, won by the proud bearing of the little girl and by her likeness to her valiant father. "We will have you and only you for our queen!"

"Better, yet, brothers," cried Lars Larsson, now her most loyal supporter; "she sits upon the throne of the kings; let her be proclaimed King of Sweden."

And so it was done. And with their wavering loyalty kindled into a sudden flame, the States of Sweden "gave a mighty shout," and cried as one man, "Hail Christina, King of Sweden!"—E. S. Brooks, in St. Nicholas for September.

AN UNPUBLISHED POEM.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Alone I walk the peopled city,  
Where each seems happy with his own;  
Oh! friends, I ask not for your pity—  
I walk alone.

No more for me you lake rejoices,  
Though moved by loving airs of June,  
Oh! birds, your sweet and piping voices  
Are out of tune.

In vain for me the elm tree arches  
Its plumes in many a feathery spray,  
In vain the evening's starry marches  
And sunlit day.

In vain your beauty, summer flowers;  
Ye cannot greet these cordial eyes;  
They gaze on other fields than ours—  
On other skies.

The gold is rifled from the coffers,  
The blade is stolen from the sheath,  
Life has but one more boon to offer,  
And that is—death.

Yet well I know the voice of duty,  
And, therefore, life and health must crave,  
Though she who gave the world its beauty  
Is in her grave.

I live, O lost one, for the living  
Who drew their earliest life from thee,  
And wait, until, with glad thanksgiving,  
I shall be free.

For life to me is as a station  
Wherein apart a traveller stands—  
One absent long from home and nation  
In other lands.

And I as he who stands and listens,  
Amid the twilight's chill and gloom,  
To hear, approaching in the distance,  
The train for home.

For death shall bring another mating,  
Beyond the shadows of the tomb,  
Oh yonder shore a bride is waiting  
Until I come.

In yonder fields are children playing,  
And there—oh! vision of delight!  
I see the child and mother straying  
In robes of white.

Thou, then, the longing heart that breaketh,  
Stealing the treasures one by one,  
I'll call thee blessed when thou makest  
The parted—one.

September, 1863.

THE Rev J. F. Blair, the new pastor of the historic Church in John Street, Glasgow, associated with the great names of the late Dr. William Anderson and Dr. Alexander Macleod, of Birkenhead, was inducted lately.

THE members of the North Parish Church, Aberdeen, have held a meeting at which a resolution was adopted protesting against the selection of thirteen new elders by the session without a vote of the congregation being taken. Mr. Farquhar said the session might select any person they liked; the congregation could do nothing except go somewhere else.

British and Foreign.

THE Rev. Mr. Ruary, of Syke, is conducting the Gaelic section of Life and Work.

THE Roman Catholic Bishop of Algiers has founded a seminary for the preparation of female missionaries to Africa.

It is said that there are fewer bona fide male medical missionaries in India to day than there were ten years ago.

THE Rev. G. D. McGregor, of Paddington Congregational Church, has been preaching to large congregations at Oban.

THE marble statue of the late Mr. Samuel Morley, to be erected in Bristol, has now been completed by Mr. Harvard Thomas.

IN Tasmania the proposal of the Anglican Synod to establish a sisterhood has caused much dissatisfaction in the Churches.

MR. STURGEON'S illness is so severe that it is expected he will have to go, not as usual to Mentone, but to Egypt, to recruit.

THE Rev. Colin McCulloch has resigned his pastoral charge at Brisbane, Queensland, and is to receive a retiring allowance of \$1,000.

THE two English Archbishops, with Dr. Temple, have sent a letter to the colonial bishops denouncing the poisoning of the native races with liquor.

THE late Miss Ball, of Islington, has bequeathed \$250 each to six curates whose respective incomes are less than \$500 and who have four children apiece.

DR. J. H. WILSON, of Edinburgh, has been preaching the anniversary sermons at Dykehead Church, Shotts. His address to the children was specially enjoyed.

THE Rev. John McNeil, of Edinburgh, was a leading speaker at the open air revival meetings held lately in the grounds of Fenaghy, Cullybackey, County Antrim.

THE Queensland General Assembly, after a long and able discussion on the unfermented wine question, agreed to leave the matter to the discretion of each congregation.

A SLAB of dark Irish marble, with a Latin inscription, has been placed over the grave of Archbishop Trench in Westminster Abbey, not far from that of Dr. Livingstone.

THE ministerial jubilee of Dr. Wilson, senior minister of St. Paul's Free Church, Dundee, and joint Convener of the Sustentation Fund, will be celebrated on September 22.

PRINCIPAL RAINY and Professor Calderwood were among the leading speakers at the conference held recently at Grantown for the furtherance of Christian life and work at home and abroad.

THE chairman of the rural school board of Dumfries, indignant at the sub-committee of Lacharbriggs school having let the building for a Disestablishment meeting, declares that if the thing occurs again he will interdict it.

THE Rev. W. Rigby Murray has been making the pictures in the Manchester exhibition useful to his congregation. He has just finished a course of ten sermons—the text of each being a production of one of our great painters.

THE Rev. Mr. Paterson has accepted the appointment to succeed Principal Cunningham at Crieff. He was lately assistant to Dr. McLeod, of London. He received 174 votes against 145 for Mr. McWilliam, Dr. Cunningham's assistant.

THE oldest member of Wilton Church, Hawick, Tibbie Macfarlane, a ploughman's widow, died recently in her 100th year. Till within fifteen months of her departure she did all her own household work and kept her home a model of tidiness.

MRS. JESSIE CLERK has been granted a pension from the civil list of \$600 in consideration of the literary merits of her husband, the late Dr. Clerk, of Kilmalvie, as a Celtic scholar. She is a sister of Dr. Donald Macleod, editor of Good Words.

THE Rev. Arthur Mussell, who at the time of the Jamaica massacres warmly espoused the cause of Governor Eyre, has now again broken away from the majority of his brethren by publishing a violent philippic against Mr. Gladstone and Irish Home Rule.

THE late Mr. R. H. Arkley, of Dunninald, Montrose, has bequeathed \$14,000 to Schemes of the Church and \$500 to the deacons' court of the congregation of Craig and Ferryden. He has also made numerous bequests to local charitable societies.

A MARBLE tablet has been placed in the north wall of Irvine Church in memory of Mr. Andrew Cunningham, the town clerk depute of Glasgow, who made many bequests for educational and charitable, as well as religious purposes to his native town.

THE Rev. Hector Hall, of St. James' Free Church, Glasgow, and formerly of Beith, has resigned his charge in order to accept a call to the Church at Troy, U. S., of which Dr. William Irvin was pastor for twenty years. Mr. Hall is a native of Stewarton.

THE Rev. R. L. Ritchie, Clyne, at the earnest entreaty of the people, who presented a petition to Dornoch Presbytery craving that he should be asked to reconsider his decision, has withdrawn his declination of the call to Creich, and been appointed minister of that parish.

THE Rev. Mr. Burns, junior minister of St. Paul's Street U. P. Church, Aberdeen, has resigned his charge, having been asked to begin an extension charge in connection with Queen's Park congregation, Glasgow. The Aberdeen Church earnestly pleaded with him to remain, his ministry among them having been remarkably successful.

DR. SCHRAMM, of Bremen Cathedral, preached lately at Newburgh, Fife, in the pulpit of his friend Dr. Ogden; they were fellow-students at Berlin. Dr. Schramm, in view of their agreement in doctrine, urged a union of all Presbyterians, with abundant toleration, in one great national Church of Scotland. The doctor was formerly chaplain to the Prince of Waldeck.

## Ministers and Churches.

THE Rev. J. Robbins has been preaching on the fallacies of the atheism of to-day.

THE Rev. R. P. MacKay has returned, and resumed his ministrations in Parkdale.

THE work of building the new Presbyterian Church at Rochester is to start immediately.

THE Rev. W. T. Herridge, B.D., pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, is expected home this week.

THE Rev. Dr. Laidlaw resumed his ministerial work in St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, on Sabbath last.

THE Rev. R. J. Beattie, of Knox Church, Guelph, has returned home, and resumed his pastoral duties.

THE Rev. Mr. Duclos, Presbyterian minister, is establishing branches of the White Cross Army in the county of Pontiac.

MISS MCGREGOR, missionary from Central India, gave addresses in Knox Church, Ayr, last Thursday afternoon and evening.

A NEW Presbyterian congregation has been formed in the east end of Toronto. It is to be named the Independent Presbyterian Congregation.

REV. MR. PEATTIE, formerly of Claremont, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit, Uxbridge, on Sabbath week, during the absence of the pastor, Rev. E. Cockburn.

THE members and adherents of Knox Church, Hamilton, are pleased that their worthy pastor, the Rev. Mungo Fraser, M.A., has returned from his summer vacation.

THE Rev. Robert Knowles, of Blakeney and Clayton, returning from an eleven weeks' trip to Europe, was heartily welcomed by his congregation, and presented with a purse of \$120.

PRINCIPAL GRANT, of Queen's University, preached in Toronto last Sabbath to crowded congregations in Old St. Andrew's in the morning, and in New St. Andrew's in the evening.

THE Knox College Missionary Band have held 258 meetings and given 332 addresses in nine Presbyteries of the West. Messrs. Goforth and D. McGillivray continue their labours during September.

THE Rev. Dr. Gregg, of Knox College, Toronto, occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, Berlin, on Sabbath week, and preached two able and practical sermons, which were highly appreciated by the congregation.

THE Rev. Dr. Smith, formerly of St. Andrew's Church, St. John, N. B., now of Wasau, Wis., preached on the morning of Sabbath week in St. John Church in that city, and to his former congregation in the evening.

PROFESSOR DRUMMOND, of Edinburgh, has been visiting Montreal and neighbourhood, before making a run through New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. He speaks in complimentary terms of the Canadian system of education.

AN Albany exchange says that the Rev. John James, D.D., a former pastor of the State Street Presbyterian Church, and now at Walkerton, Ont., preached able sermons to large audiences recently at his old church in the State capital.

THE Rev. Dr. Ormiston preached in the Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, on Sabbath week. His evening discourse partook of the nature of a farewell, and was most touching. The congregations were large, both morning and evening.

THE Rev. James Black conducted the open-air Gospel and song meeting on The Gore, Hamilton, on Sabbath week, choosing as his Bible lesson Luke xiv., and then speaking very impressively upon the righteousness of Christ, the blessings of salvation and sanctification.

A SUNDAY School Convention in connection with the Presbytery of Brockville will be held at Kempville on Wednesday, September 14. A number of addresses will be delivered, among others one by Rev. A. McGillivray, of Brockville, on "Aims and Aids in Teaching."

THE Rev. Dr. Ormiston of New York, preached vigorous and rousing sermons in Toronto last Sabbath. In the morning he occupied the pulpit of St. James Square Church, and in the evening he preached to a crowded congregation in connection with the reopening services of Cooke's Church.

THE Rev. R. H. Abraham, of Burlington, who not long ago declined a call to Niagara Falls, has decided to decline also the offer of a professorship in Geneva College, Beaver Falls, Pa. Mr. Abraham will remain with his congregation at Burlington, much to the satisfaction of his people.

THE Rev. W. C. Van Meter, superintendent of the Italian Bible Mission, Rome, addressed the congregation of Calvin Presbyterian Church at their preparatory service on Friday evening. He also addressed the Ministerial Association at the rooms of the Y.M.C.A., on Monday, September 5.

THE Rev. John McGillivray has returned from South Harpville, Maine, where he spent his vacation, and has resumed his labours in Melville Church, Montreal. During his vacation the pulpit of Melville Church was supplied by his brother, Rev. Donald McGillivray, of the Missionary Band.

THE Rev. Mr. Gordon, Presbyterian minister, had a narrow escape while passing through Katapene, in the North-West, lately. His horse got unmanageable, and was brought to a standstill by running into a wire fence. Mr. Gordon escaped a hurt, but the horse was badly cut, and the rig damaged considerably.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, Kingston, has lately received some valuable and interesting additions to its museum in the shape of stuffed animals, including a Polar bear, a car-

boon, some foxes, wolverines, etc. These have been sent by Robert Bell, M.D., F.G.S., C.E., and have come from the direction of Hudson's Bay.

ONE of the Hamilton papers states that the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith delivered a magnificent address at the Reform Mission in the Royal Templars' Hall on the afternoon of Sunday week. "Woman's Works and Woman's Rights" was his theme, and a more substantial, well thought-out argument would be difficult to produce.

PRINCIPAL KING has returned to Winnipeg from a visit to the Pacific Coast. He preached at several of the churches while out West. The Hon. Alexander Mackenzie, who was on his way to British Columbia, was seized with a sudden chill. He returned with Dr. King, and was his guest till able to begin his journey for home.

THE Presbyteries of Winnipeg, Rock Lake, Brandon, Regina and Calgary are desirous of securing the services of student catechists for a year. The engagement will begin with October or earlier, and a missionary will be paid for a year \$600 and travelling expenses to the field. Applicants may communicate with the Rev. James Robertson, Winnipeg.

THE Sunday School of the Hespeler Presbyterian Church held their annual picnic lately, on the grounds of Mr. John Dickie, Pualinch. The party left the village early in the afternoon, and among others, in addition to the teachers, were the pastor of the church, the Rev. Mr. Haigh and his wife. A very good time was enjoyed by all those attending.

ANNIVERSARY services were held in Elma Centre Presbyterian Church, on Sabbath last. Rev. John Ross, B.A., of Brussels, preached morning and evening. On Monday evening the annual soiree was held, when addresses were given by Rev. Messrs. John Ross, Brussels; J. Ferguson, Atwood; D. Dack, Listowel; and A. Stephenson, Molesworth.

IN the absence of the pastor of MacNab Street Presbyterian Church, Rev. D. H. Fletcher, who is at present away on his vacation, Rev. Mr. Black, late of Caledonia, conducted divine service on Sabbath week in the school room, as the main building is undergoing alteration. Mr. Black also officiated in the same place on the previous Sabbath very acceptably.

BY request, the Rev. David Mitchell, of Jersey City, N. J., preached a memorial service, having reference to the Rev. Hugh Rose, late pastor of Knox Church, Etora, on Sabbath last, in Knox Church. The two Churches—Chalmers and the Methodist—were closed, and the congregations of both joined with Knox Church in this commemoration.

THE congregation of the Presbyterian Church, Point Edward, presented Mr. W. Bryce with an address, accompanied by a handsome gold watch, in recognition of his services in connection with the church. The presentation was made at the close of the Wednesday evening prayer meeting, in the presence of a large number of the congregation. Mr. Bryce made a suitable and feeling reply.

THE Rev. J. S. Black, formerly of Erskine Church, Montreal, is meeting with great success in his work at Colorado Springs, Colorado, where he is now settled. His congregation has a membership of 212, and has so much increased as to render necessary a new church building. The revenue last year reached \$19,400, of which \$7,069 were for congregational and \$12,330 for benevolent purposes.

THE Rev. Mr. Neil, pastor of Charles Street congregation, resumed his place in the pulpit on Sabbath last in renewed vigour, after a vacation pleasantly spent on the Maganatewan and in Muskoka. During his absence his pulpit was acceptably filled by Rev. E. J. Hamilton, D.D., Professor of Mental Science in Hamilton College, New York, who is eldest son of the late Rev. Dr. William Hamilton of this city.

THE Knox Church, Binbrook, Christian Temperance Society gave a tea meeting and concert in the drill shed on Tuesday evening week, which was a grand success. Rev. W. P. Walker, pastor of the church, occupied the chair. The programme consisted of vocal and instrumental music. Speeches of a practical and instructive nature were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Rees, Blackheath; Mooney, Port Hope, and S. G. Harris, Binbrook.

THE Rev. D. L. McCrae, the highly esteemed pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Cobourg, the *World* of that town says, has left to enjoy the sea and sunshine of the Pacific slope. After visiting Denver, Colorado Springs and San Francisco, he intends to spend two or three weeks at Santa Fe, an old Spanish Mexican town, and the present capital of the Territory of New Mexico, built high up among the Rocky Mountains, on a plateau 7,047 feet above sea level.

THE Rev. Dr. Archibald, of St. Thomas, Ont., preached in the First Presbyterian congregation, Truro. A Maritime Province exchange says: Dr. Archibald, who is a native of Truro, is pastor of Knox Church, St. Thomas, a congregation of upward of 300 families. St. Thomas is a city of about 12,000 inhabitants, and a railway centre. We are glad to see him in our midst, and to know that he is in the enjoyment of good health and enjoys his congregational work.

THE new Presbyterian Church, Midhurst, was formally opened on Sunday week. Sermons were preached respectively by the Revs. Messrs. Cochrane, McLeod and Sturgeon. On Monday afternoon a picnic was held on the grounds adjoining the church, where addresses were delivered by the chairman, Mr. Charles Drury, M.P.P., and Revs. Messrs. Cochrane, McLeod, Sturgeon, Trollope, Cosgrove and others. In the evening there was an entertainment in the church, when a programme of addresses, vocal and instrumental music, etc., was furnished.

THE *Daily Telegraph* of Alton, Illinois, says that the Rev. Dr. Wolff, who lately preached so acceptably in the Central Church here for a few Sabbaths, delivered a very entertaining and instructive lecture at the Presbyterian Church last evening on "Impressions of Canada," with special

reference to historic Quebec. There was a large and appreciative audience present, and the eloquent effort was listened to with profound attention, and has received unstinted commendation.

IN Belleville an evangelical and undenominational mission has been established in a necessitous part of the city. The friends who are engaged in this work are desirous of promoting Sabbath school work. Congregations and Sabbath schools might aid them by giving library books in which they themselves have no further use, for the purpose of forming a library for the mission school. Any such donations will be gladly received, and may be sent to Mr. W. E. Holton, Belleville, Ontario.

ON a recent Sabbath morning the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Peterboro', assembled for worship as usual, but no services were held. The pastor, Rev. A. Bell, was suddenly seized with illness and could not conduct the services. The congregation distributed themselves among the other Churches, a large number attending St. Paul's, where Mr. Duncan, a student of Knox College, preached. Rev. Mr. Bell's illness, it is gratifying to announce, was only of a temporary nature and he has recovered.

MR. A. E. JEWETT, Science and Mathematical Master of Campbellford High School, was married last week to Miss Carrie Smith, eldest daughter of the late Mr. W. J. Smith. The ceremony took place in St. Andrew's Church, Lindsay, the pastor officiating. At the conclusion of the ceremony, Rev. Dr. McTavish, on behalf of the trustees of the church, presented Mrs. Jewett with a handsome family Bible and hymn book, in keeping with the time honoured custom that the first couple married in a church after its erection should be so complimented.

IT is announced that Professor Bryce has again gone West. He expects to visit one or two Indian reserves on his way, and then go through to the Pacific Coast. The Presbytery of Columbia meets on September 7, and he expects to be present, then he will return to be at the meeting of the Regina Presbytery, Sept. 14. He will visit Victoria, Vancouver and New Westminster, and will hold anniversary services at Moosejaw, Sept. 18. In all probability several lectures will be interspersed here and there as time permits. It will require all his time to fulfil these engagements, and get back for the re-opening of the College for the winter.

FOR the past month or so the congregation of Chalmers Church, Guelph, have worshipped in the City Hall, to the loss of having the interior of the fine and substantial edifice repainted and otherwise improved. The interior altogether presents a very fine appearance, and is in marked contrast with the former unadorned walls. The basement is also painted to match the church. The reopening of the church and the anniversary services took place on Sabbath. The Rev. W. Cochrane, D.D., conducted the services morning and evening. On Monday evening an interesting social was held. Dr. Cochrane and others delivered addresses.

THE St. John, N. B., *Telegraph* states that the Rev. John Allison, D.D., who, thirty years ago, was the beloved pastor of Centenary Church, and who is now stationed at a Presbyterian congregation at St. Paul, Minn., was here at St. David's Church on Sabbath morning week. While Dr. Allison has aged in the many years which have elapsed since he called St. John his home, the flight of time has not dimmed the vigour of his spirit, nor impaired the brilliancy of his discourse. A large congregation listened with the closest attention to the scholarly and eloquent sermons which he preached from John iii. 30—"He must increase, but I must decrease."

THE *Winnipeg Free Press* states that the Rev. Dr. Bryce, while absent from the city, received a letter from Captain Thomas Hope, intimating his intention of visiting Winnipeg, and he very much regrets having been unable to meet the gentleman when he was in Winnipeg last week before leaving for the Pacific Coast. Captain Hope is the son of the Hon. Charles Hope, and his mother is Lady Isabella Hope, daughter of the Earl of Selkirk, the founder of the colony. Captain Hope is named after the earl, and is his grandson, and he is perhaps the first descendant of Lord Selkirk who has visited this colony, of which, he says, he has heard so much of all his life.

ON a recent Sunday evening, instead of the usual sermon in the First Presbyterian Church, Brockville, Mr. Malcheff, a native of Bulgaria, spoke, giving an interesting account of that country and Macedonia, their extent, features, manners, customs, religion, etc. Macedonia is the country which St. Paul was directed in a vision, and Rev. Mr. Burnfield, in introducing Mr. Malcheff, referred to that fact and pointed out that as Macedonia had the light while our forefathers were in heathen darkness, now that the position is in a measure reversed, it behooves us to do what we can for its enlightenment. He spoke in high terms of Mr. Malcheff, who is studying at Hamilton College with a view to engaging in missionary work among his countrymen.

A VERY happy meeting was held in the Presbyterian Mission on Duches Street on the evening of Tuesday week. It was the occasion of a farewell to Rev. James Argo, who has been so successful in his work as missionary in the place during the last three and a half years. Two addresses were presented to Mr. Argo; accompanying one from the scholars and members of the Bible class was a beautifully covered study chair, and accompanying the address from the teachers and visitors of the mission was a valuable present of fourteen handsome volumes, including the full set of Matthew Henry's Commentary and other theological works. Rev. H. M. Parsons and others made feeling addresses. Mr. Argo, in leaving to become the pastor of the Normal and Union congregations, carries with him the prayers and best wishes of those associated with him in his work on Duches Street and of many friends in the city.

THE *Galt Reformer* says: Rev. Dr. Jardine, who laboured for several years with distinguished success as a missionary in Calcutta, India, and who has recently been appointed by the Foreign Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church

to occupy the important position of Missionary at Prince Albert, N.-W. T., preached in the Central Presbyterian Church last Sabbath morning, and in Knox Church in the evening. The reverend gentleman's present visit to Ontario is taken for the purpose of soliciting subscriptions for the erection of a Young Ladies' Seminary as a memorial to the late Rev. James Nesbit, the pioneer Presbyterian missionary to the North-West. Dr. Jardine has met with considerable success, having raised in Guelph about \$300, and in Fergus and Elora about \$200. He has been in Galt since Sunday, and we understand is meeting with good success.

DURING the absence of Dr. Kellogg for a few weeks, the Rev. Augustus Broadhead, D.D., pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Bridgetown, N. J., agreed to supply the pulpit of St. James Square Church, Toronto. On his way he was seized with severe illness, but was able to reach Toronto on Saturday, the 6th ult. Next day, though in feeble health, he preached two very able and thoughtful discourses, his last public proclamation of the Gospel. In the evening he took for his text Psalm xxxiii. 8, "I will guide Thee with Mine eye," a fitting close for a devoted and faithful ministry, in which the divine guidance had been experienced. For several weeks he lingered, but the end came on Monday week, when the gentle spirit entered into rest. Dr. Broadhead had rendered faithful service in the foreign mission field, having been twenty years in India. The remains were removed by his sorrowing relatives for interment in Bridgetown.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Interior, describing "A Day Along the Forty-ninth Parallel," says of the former minister of Napanee: Before leaving Waltham, we enjoyed the hospitality of the Rev. John Scott and his estimable wife. Father Scott is a man greatly beloved, and the pioneer missionary in our present work along the boundary of North Dakota. Having set out to engage in the foreign missionary service in Western Africa, he was detained at Edinburgh by illness, and afterward led to devote himself to the work then opening up in this new North West. He commenced labouring at Pembina and vicinity in 1876, and afterward succeeded in organizing a Presbyterian Church there, which was the first Protestant Church in this region. During the past two or three years he has resided at Waltham, where his congregation has raised for him a pleasant parsonage at the foot of the Pembina Hills, affording ample grounds, and a varied and lovely view. He is a great lover of flowers and little children. An army of little ones has already been "christened" by him, and the loveliest garden of choice flowers that we have seen in the West is to be found artistically grouped along the gentle swell of ground which rises from the rear of his quiet home. It is the desire of his heart to see a prosperous school established here. And in walking with him over the grounds, and climbing to excessive heights along this noble range of hills, we were enthusiastically impressed with the natural attractions of the place for the ultimate location of a Presbyterian school. And when we reflect that this ground has been consecrated for all time by the blood of our martyred missionaries, and invested with tender interest by the memory of their sufferings and toils for the wretched natives to whom they came, what more fitting place, or better memorial to the sainted dead, than the early planting of an institution here for the training of our daughters for the great work to which this heroic woman gave her life?

PRESBYTERY OF HAMILTON.—A meeting pro re nata was held on August 26. A call from Dunville to Mr. R. McKnight, licentiate, was sustained, stipend \$500 and \$50 for house rent. A call from Erskine Church, Hamilton to Rev. Hugh Rose, of Elora, was sustained, stipend \$1,500. Dr. Laing was appointed to prosecute the call. The call from Merriton to Mr. William Norval, licentiate, was, on the report of Mr. Ritchie, sustained. The call to Rev. Mr. Rae, from Caledonia, was set aside, and the Moderator was empowered to proceed with another call.—JOHN LAING, Pres. Clerk.

OBITUARY.

REV. HUGH ROSE.

The following appreciative tribute to the memory of the late Rev. Hugh Rose is from the Guelph Mercury: It is to-day with deep regret that we have to announce the death of the Rev. Hugh Rose, M.A., minister of Knox Church, Elora, which sad event occurred at the manse in that village last evening. Mr. Rose had been for a time very ill from typhoid fever, and although it was generally reported that his condition was critical no one thought there was such immediate danger. Mr. Rose, who, prior to his coming to Elora, had charge of a large and influential congregation in Manchester, England, was but a comparatively new arrival in Canada, but his name was already well known throughout the Dominion Presbyterian world. As a lecturer of no ordinary power, as an eloquent and fearless minister of the Gospel, his fame was far more than local. When he took charge of the congregation at Elora he found the church almost overwhelmed with debt. To relieve it from this burden he set himself with all his energy and determination. Lectures, entertainments, subscriptions were all invoked with no ordinary success, and in everything he was the moving spirit. So successful were his efforts indeed that the debt on Knox Church is now practically provided for. But it is to be feared that a constitution already weakened by overwork before he left England was unequal to a strain of such continued and exhausting efforts as Mr. Rose put forth, and that his system all too readily fell a prey to the insidious fever by which he was at length stricken down. His broad-minded liberality, his truly catholic spirit was evident in all he did. He had endeared himself to his congregation in no small degree, and his quiet, unostentatious charity, although he was by no means a rich man himself, will long be missed and mourned by those among whom he laboured. Just before his death he had received a unanimous call to Erskine Church, Hamilton. At present we are not in possession of the facts of his life

sufficient to outline his career. This we must reserve for a future day. At present we can only extend to his wife and his six fatherless children in their bereavement the sympathy of the entire community, mourning as they are for a father of no ordinary ability, cut off in the prime of his manhood and the full pride of his usefulness, which promised to be as lasting and beneficial as it was widespread and cherished.

In an admirable and appreciative biographical sketch of the late Rev. Hugh Rose, the Elora Express says: His sermons were greatly relished, not only by his own people, but wherever he went. The hearer felt that there was a man behind them. His nervous temperament as well as his quaint and original thinking and his terse and incisive words made him magnetic in the pulpit. But such a man was still more felt as a pastor. His heart glowed with sympathy. His eyes glistened at sight of human suffering. To the poor and bereaved he was a friend indeed. He was welcome in every man's house. With such qualities combined Mr. Rose could be no other than an active partaker in everything pertaining to the welfare of his fellow-men. His brethren in the ministry of every denomination loved him. He was the life of every movement for the educational and social well-being of men. As interested in our Mechanics' Institute we can never forget him. In the Presbytery he took an active part. He was a rising man, and his influence would soon have been felt far beyond these bounds. The funeral was attended by a large concourse of people. It was a fitting token of appreciation. A number of the ministers of Guelph Presbytery, in session here on Tuesday, took part in the services, which were very solemn and impressive. Mr. Mullan announced the hymns and explained the order of the procession, Mr. Mitchell read the Scripture lessons, Dr. Smellie led in prayer and Mr. Beattie delivered a touching address. After the services, the immense congregation were given an opportunity of taking a last look at the deceased. The solemnity of the occasion, and the tear-stained faces as one after another took a parting glance, bore testimony to the esteem and love and reverence in which the departed pastor was held by people of all denominations. The procession formed outside, with the ministers preceding the hearse and the Sabbath school children following it. A large number of citizens and others followed, and those who attended in conveyances brought up the rear. At the open grave a hymn was sung by the children, and a prayer and benediction by Rev. Mr. Pedley closed. The services will be long remembered as worthy of the man and of the Church, and we cannot find words more appropriate than these with which to conclude:

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,  
Fair spirit! rest thee now,  
E'en while on earth thy footsteps trod,  
His seal was on thy brow.  
Dust! to its narrow house beneath,  
Soul! to its home on high,  
They who have seen thy look in death  
No more may fear to die."

THE MORRISBURGH Courier says: The painfully sudden death of Dr. Colquhoun excited no little sympathy for the bereaved family. He was just in the prime of his manhood, had been uniformly healthy, and would have been regarded as about the last person likely to be stricken down with apoplexy. The funeral was largely attended, the Methodist Church, in which it was held, being filled to the door. The services in the church were conducted by the Rev. Mr. McAlister, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Bain, Huxtable and McArthur. He was buried in the Presbyterian cemetery on Point Iroquois. The Workmen, of whose Order he was a member, turned out in large numbers—the lodges from Morrisburgh and Cardinal being well represented—and marched in procession from the house to the church and thence to the grave, where the interment took place according to the ritual of the Order. Dr. Colquhoun was born in the township of Williamsburg on the 7th May, 1847, and was the oldest of nine brothers, eight of whom survive him. He was educated at the High School in Cornwall, and when a young man taught school in the county of Perth. From there he went to Cleveland, Ohio, and from that to Danville, Kentucky, remaining about a year and a half at the latter place. He then returned to Canada, and entered McGill College, where he graduated in 1876. In 1879 he came to Iroquois, where he had been steadily gaining friends, and where he had succeeded in establishing for himself a fairly remunerative practice. In 1884 he was appointed Associate Coroner. He always took a lively interest in matters affecting the well-being of the community—was one of the most active promoters of the Mechanics' Institute, of which he was secretary, and the success so far attained by that institution is largely due to his exertions. He was also an elder in the Presbyterian Church, where he will be missed more perhaps than in any other place outside of his own family. He leaves a wife and two small children who have the heartfelt sympathy of all who know them.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

SOLEMN WARNINGS.

Sept. 18, 1887. } GOLDEN TEXT.—Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire.—Matt. vii. 19.

SHORTER CATECHISM.

Question 39.—All men are under obligation. The first duty we owe is to God. His claims on us, and His only, are absolute. We may neglect our duty to Him, but that does not set aside its claims or free us from its requirements. God requireth that we discharge the obligations He has placed upon us. Then as to what His will is there can be no mistake. There are difficulties in the way of our under-

standing some things in the Bible, but the Ten Commandments are plain enough. Christ's teaching of the way of life and duty is so simple that a child can understand it. Then God has a right to our obedience. We cannot dispute that claim. At the same time we should remember that His commands are not grievous. In the keeping of them there is a great reward. Love is the fulfilling of the law.

INTRODUCTORY.

In to-day's lesson we have the solemn and impressive close of the Sermon on the Mount. The kingdom of heaven is not the gorgeous dream of an imaginative enthusiast, but God's undeviating purpose for the blessed future of His ransomed people. He has founded it, and it is the kingdom that shall stand. All Christ's teaching is designed for our benefit. It is therefore practical. It demands two things: belief and obedience.

I. The Strait Gate.—The Saviour urges His hearers to enter into the kingdom of God. Christ Himself is the way—the only way. Salvation, eternal life, the kingdom of God all mean the same thing. The unspeakable blessing signified by these terms can only be obtained in one way, and that is God's way—by faith, repentance, love. Towns and cities in ancient times were surrounded by walls for the protection of the inhabitants. At sunset the gates were usually closed, but a belated traveller might find an entrance through the small port that opened in the larger gate. The gateway of salvation is narrow because each one must enter singly. Another's faith will admit no one, and also because there is no room for the sinner and his sins in the kingdom. He must leave them outside the gate. The way of life is through the strait gate and along the narrow way. Christ tells us the truth about it. He does not say that the evil way is disagreeable, and the narrow way smooth and pleasant. He means us to understand that if we would go against the stream it is difficult and laborious, calling for many sacrifices, while if we are going with the stream we float along easily enough till the end is reached, and then the full truth is known. At the same time it is perfectly true that Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace. It is equally true that the way of the transgressor is hard. The plain practical application is, Enter ye in at the strait gate; Agonize, strive to enter in.

II. The True and the False.—First the Saviour warns against false prophets. The True Prophet speaks God's message to men, whether it relates to God's purposes in the future or to present duty: The false prophet pretends to be God's messenger, but while professing to teach in God's name does not proclaim God's truth. Their mode of proceeding is described. They join the flock in sheep's clothing, to deceive the sheep and lull their suspicions. Beneath the sheep-like covering they are really the flock's deadly foes, inwardly ravening wolves. The sin of hypocrisy is dreadful, but a false religious teacher is the worst of hypocrites. The unailing test of the false and the true in religious teaching is the effect it produces on its followers. Evil doctrine believed cannot produce good lives; good doctrine believed cannot produce evil lives. Just as the tree brings forth fruit after its kind, so will good or evil teaching produce their inevitable results. The touchstone is given, "By their fruits ye shall know them." There is such a thing in the service of God as great professional zeal, but not from pure hearted motives. Not every one that cries Lord, Lord, is the true and sincere servant of God. Even among men there is a strong impression that those who make the loudest and most ostentatious displays of their religious zeal are lacking in sincerity. Here again Jesus lays down a sure rule by which we may try, not the professions of others, but certainly it will enable us to ascertain the character of our own. "He that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven;" that includes trust in Christ, love to Him and to our fellow-men, personal holiness and the possession of the graces of the Spirit. The end of all such insincere professions is clearly foreshadowed. "In that day," the great and notable day of the Lord, when the final destinies of all will be determined by the unerring Judge of all mankind. "I never knew you." Christ never recognized them as His, notwithstanding all their professions and wonderful achievements. "Depart from Me ye that do iniquity." The heart motive determines the character of all work for Christ.

III. The Two Foundations.—The Sermon on the Mount closes with a pointed personal application. It was for each hearer to apply it to himself. It is to us still. To us the Lord Jesus speaks as directly as He did to the people assembled on the Galilean mountain. The hearers are divided into two classes. All heard, but all did not act on what they heard, and what their consciences attested to be true. There are two things about the words of Christ never to be forgotten. They are to be heard, and then acted on. The hearing may be pleasant; it is the doing that is profitable. The wise man looks out for a sure foundation on which to build his house. He builds on the rock. It withstands the shock of the storm because it is firmly founded. The foolish man who heard Christ's teaching, but did it not, is like to the man who is too careless to think of the future, and builds his house on the shifting sand. When the pitiless storm comes it sweeps all before it, and the house is a worthless ruin. The application of the parable is obvious. The only foundation on which we can build for eternity is the Rock of Ages. All others are only shifting sands. If on these we build the storms of time will assuredly shatter the flimsy structures we have raised. Those who heard Christ's Sermon on the Mount recognized His authority. Do we?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

The gateway of eternal life is strait, but every one that hears Christ's voice may enter in.  
The end of the broad way is destruction.  
Only the pure in heart can live good lives.  
Only the heart that is right with God can serve God aright.  
Jesus Christ is the only sure foundation on which we can build for eternity.

Sparkles.

A MAN'S funny bone, we presume, enables him to "laugh in his sleeve."

THERE is no use in crying over spilled milk. It may be three-fourths water.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but is not your name Smythe?" Second gentleman: "No, sir; my name is Smith. You have undoubtedly mistaken me for my son."

BROWN: Hello, Jones! how's your wife? Jones (a little deaf): Very blustering and disagreeable again this morning.

THE man who left home to spend the summer with his family has just returned. The summer is not spent, but his money is.

CAMBELL'S CATHARTIC COMPOUND is pleasant to the taste, and more satisfactory than Pills.

GYPSY: Give me fifty cents and I'll tell you your fortune. Irishwoman: Shure, an' if I had fifty cents, that would be fortune enough.

THE new American bank in China will have a capital of 50,000,000 taels. Will it do business on the principle of "heads I win, tails you lose"?

THE word sirloin is derived from the French. It would puzzle our best lawyers sometimes to tell where the meat we call sirloin steak is derived from.

"MAMMA," said Johnnie, who had just been reading the war news, "I am afraid we are short of sauce for supper. Hadn't you better call it the preserves?"

PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER.—Its effects are almost instantaneous, affording relief from the most intense pain.

THEY were discussing art matters. "Have you ever been done in oil, Mr. Smith?" she asked. "Oh, yes," he replied. "Who was the artist?" "He wasn't an artist—he was a broker."

THEY had just got out an epitaph in one of the London cemeteries which equals in pith and exactitude anything of the olden time. Over the grave of a denist there runs these lines:

View this gravestone with all gravity,  
Jones is filling his last cavity.

ON THE VERGE OF STARVATION—"For three months I could not eat a full meal or do a day's work. I bought a bottle of Baddock Blood Bitters, began using it, and in three days my appetite returned; in a week I felt like a new man. It was wonderful what one bottle did for me," writes Arthur Alchin, of Huntsville, Muskoka, who suffered from Dyspepsia.

AN imaginative Irishman has improved upon Ossian. "I returned to the halls of my fathers by night, and I found them in ruins. I cried aloud, 'My fathers, where are they?' and the echo responded, 'Is that you, Patrick M'Clathery?'"

OUR ARTIST: Do you know, Moggie, you're a pretty girl, and you ought to let me draw you. Moggie: And do you know, sir, you're a pretty gentleman, and I will let you draw me a bucket or two of water. It was washing day and she kept him busy.

PEARLINE.—With this article the family washing can be done with ease, with economy and despatch, and as it is thoroughly disinfectant, it will be seen that whenever used the result is pure and healthful. As there are imitations of this in the market, be sure and get the genuine, manufactured only by JAMES PYLE, New York.

ONE of our Southern exchanges reports that on a recent Lord's Day a Baptist minister paused in his discourse, and surprised the congregation by saying, "Brethren, I see you are looking at your watches; I will look at mine;" and after doing so, he went on preaching.

THEY were talking about expenses and how men get rich. Said one: My butcher and baker have made money enough out of me to build themselves splendid houses. Responded the other: The barkeepers I patronize have built whole blocks out of what I owe them.

COCAINE, IODOFORM OR MERCURIALS in any form in the treatment of catarrh or hay fever should be avoided, as they are both injurious and dangerous. Iodoform is easily detected by its offensive odor. The only reliable catarrh remedy of the market to-day is Ely's Cream Balm, being free from all poisonous drugs. It has cured thousands of acute and chronic cases, where all other remedies have failed. A particle is applied to each nostril; no pain, agreeable to use. Price 50 cents of druggists.

AN ignorant old man listening to the eulogy of an American statesman was moved to enthusiasm in his description of it to his wife. "Malviny!" he exclaimed, "it was grand. It was the most glowing paregoric have ever had 'casion to listen to."

44/52

# DR. PRICE'S SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS

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50/52

## A WONDERFUL REMEDY.

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E. M. Sargent, 41 Andover st., Lowell, Mass., says: "I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral about the year 1842, as a family medicine, for Coughs and Colds, and have always kept it in my house since that time. I consider it the best remedy that can be had for these complaints." Dr. J. B. Robertson, Clayton, N. C., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in my family and practice, for a number of years, and have no hesitation in recommending it. It is an admirable preparation, and well-qualified to do all that is claimed for it." E. J. Styers, Germantown, N. C., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best Cough preparation I ever saw. It gives instant relief."

### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

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9/13

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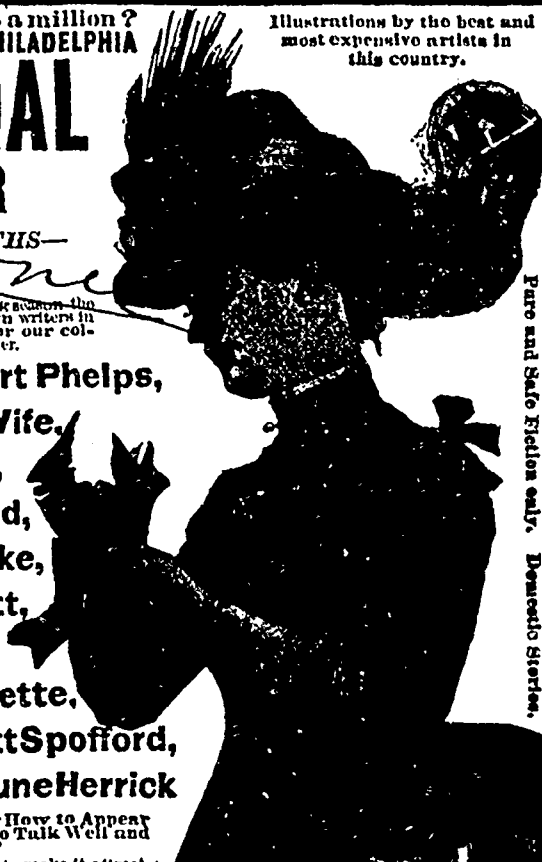
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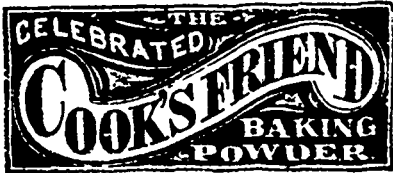


MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

BARNIA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Strathroy, on Tuesday, September 27, at half past two p.m. Session records will be called for at this meeting. KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Monday, September 19, at three p.m. STRATFORD.—In Knox Church, Stratford, on Tuesday, September 13, at half-past ten a.m. PETERBOROUGH.—In St. Andrew's Church, Peterborough, on Tuesday, September 13, at ten a.m. ORANGEVILLE.—At Shelburne, on Tuesday, September 13, at eleven a.m. QUEREC.—At Inverness, on Tuesday, September 20, at seven p.m. HURON.—In Caven Church, Exeter, on Tuesday, September 13, at half past ten a.m. WHITBY.—At Oshawa, on Tuesday, October 13, at half-past ten a.m. CHATHAM.—In First Presbyterian Church, Chatham, on Tuesday, September 20, at ten a.m. Session records will be examined. SAUGER.—In the Presbyterian church, Mount Forest, on Tuesday, September 20, at ten a.m. GUELPH.—In St. Andrew's Church, Guelph, on Tuesday, September 20, at half-past ten a.m. OWEN SOUND.—In Division Street Church, Owen Sound, on Tuesday, September 20, at half-past one p.m. BRUCE.—In Knox Church, Walkerton, on Tuesday, September 13, at two p.m. BARRIE.—At Barrie, on the last Tuesday of September, at eleven a.m. MONTREAL.—In the David Morrice Hall, Montreal, on Tuesday, October 4, at ten a.m. PARIS.—At St. George, on Tuesday, September 13, at ten a.m. MAIFLAND.—At Lucknow, on September 13, at half-past one p.m. BRANDON.—At Portage la Prairie, on Tuesday, September 13, at half past seven p.m. CALGARY.—In Calgary, on Tuesday, September 13, at ten a.m. MIRAMICHI.—In St. Luke's Church, Bathurst, on Tuesday, September 20, at ten a.m. LONDON.—In the First Presbyterian Church, London, on Tuesday, September 13, at half-past ten a.m. HAMILTON.—In St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, on the third Tuesday of September (the 20th), at nine o'clock a.m.

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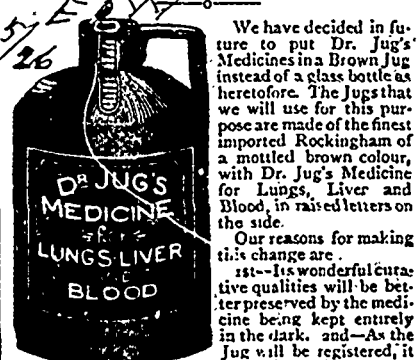
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