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Contributors and Correspondents.

DIARY IN THE EAST.

JERUSALEM, SOLOMON'S POOLS, &c.—Continued.

When we had ridden a little more than three hours we rested half-an-hour, and ate the cold dinner we had with us. There was no shelter of any kind. We just sat down on a bank at the side of the track in a place protected from the wind, which was keen, then mounted again and rode on. As we came nearer to Hebron the day clouded over and became colder. On the last ridge above Hebron we passed through a good deal of snow lying on hollow parts of the road. My horse did not like it at all, and avoided it when possible. When within a few miles of the town we came on a very marked ancient road, parts of which are still paved. This pavement, though interesting as a monument of Roman days, was far from pleasant to ride over. The stones stood up, each independent of the others, with hollows between filled by water from the melting snow and rain. In one place we had a pretty long stretch of road, over which quite a rapid shallow stream was flowing; the slippery stones were most uncomfortable footing for our horses, and the water made it impossible to see the holes into which they occasionally plunged, sending showers of muddy water over us. It was more like fording a highland stream than any other riding I ever had. I could not but think of the change from ancient days, when the roads to Hebron would be cared for in a most special manner, since it was one of the Jewish cities of refuge, and, according to the merciful command of the God of Israel, every facility was to be provided that so the man-slayer might escape from the hand of the avenger of blood. The Vale of Eschol, Hebron, lies in a long narrow valley, much of which is even now successfully cultivated as vineyards. Though there are no walls round the town, there is a gateway at the entrance of the principal street, or lane, as we should call it.

To this gateway we rode up through a stream of water which flooded the road. Passing in, we rode along past the dismal ruinous looking houses, which are built thickly together, and sometimes overarch the streets to the Jewish quarter. There is no hotel of any kind in Hebron, but there is a German-Jewish family who put one of their rooms at the disposal of any party that likes to encamp in it, and run the risk of finding a large indigenous population that cannot be driven out. The mistress of the house must have been a beauty in her youthful days, for she still goes by the name of the "Schone Malche" beautiful Malche, and though old and wrinkled, there were evident traces of her former charms. The house lies imbedded in a net-work of intricate lanes, covered passages and courts, so it was not possible to ride there. Dismounting in the public street, we left our horses with the guide to be cared for as well as circumstances would allow, and carrying our bags, etc., set off for the Jewish house. The mud and filth in the lanes and courts was beyond any thing I ever saw; abominations of every description were lying on every side, so that eyes and nose were equally offended. We were glad at last to reach the house, and were ushered upstairs to a pretty large room surrounded by a raised platform against the wall, on which cushions were spread, but perfectly devoid of furniture of any kind. We were fortunate in the time of our visit, the Jewish feast of Parim was approaching, and in preparation for it there had been a great house-cleaning. Our room had been newly whitewashed, and the covers of the cushions were fresh from the tub—no, not the tub—from the side of the stream or tank, where things are washed. We were tired after our ride of six hours, and anxious to have rest and quiet, but they were not very easy of attainment. The Schone Malche seemed to have a numerous family of children and grand children, and all of those thought it their business to come and stand either in the room or at the door, watching all our proceedings. It would have offended them terribly had we turned them out, so we just had to make the best of it. We were all longing for a cup of tea, so set about preparing it. Our hostess brought in a little brazier with burning charcoal, that we might boil some water. Next she produced a little wooden stool, on the top of which she placed a large round ponderous brass tray; this was our table. On it we laid out our provisions. Every thing we had was suspected, but, being Jews, nothing was coveted but the tea. Schone Malche at once, in her strange Jewish-German, put in a petition for the revision of our stock of tea, and went away satisfied when we promised to give her what was left in the morning. After tea I went on the flat roof of the house to take a view of this ancient city of Hebron, one of the most ancient in the world.

Our horse lay in the lower part of the town. Eastward from it the houses climb the slope of the hill, and are crowned by the celebrated mosque, which covers the

cave of Machpelah, the objects of which form the most prominent object in the view. The town is divided into three pretty distinct quarters. Two of these lie partly in the valley, partly on the slope of the eastern hill; the third is on the slope of the western hill. Looking towards it I saw some tents pitched on the open hill side, so evidently there were other Hebrews in Hebron as well as ourselves. At first I was inclined to envy them their encampment outside, but as the night proved exceedingly cold, with hoar frost on the ground, I began to be thankful of stone walls and a roof over our heads. And whether from the cold, or the whitewashing, I know not, but we were happily undisturbed by the insects which we had so dreaded. Outside our room was a little sort of court open to the sky. I suppose it was on the roof of some under room. In it, next morning, I was introduced to the eastern mode of washing, by having water poured over my hands from a metal jug with a spout not unlike a coffee-pot. There was a metal basin too, but it was not intended to be used as we use hand-basins, but merely to receive the water as it is poured over the hands. Beds, of course, we had none, but their things, something between a quilt and a mattress, were laid on the floor, and we could rest either there or on the divans round the room, as we liked best. It made me feel really in Bible land, when I saw how easily the command to take up a bed and walk could be obeyed. In our worship, night and morning, we read some of Abraham's wonderful history, and rejoiced to know that, though no angel visitants were visible to our eyes, the Lord, who, in this very place, appeared in human form to his faithful servant, was present with us too, and was giving his angels charge over us, to keep us from accident and alarm. Perhaps one of them stood upon between me and the edge of the bank over which I expected to fall, and would not let my horse take me over it.

We had to start in good time in the morning, in order to go round by Abraham's Oak, so, after an early breakfast, Mr. W. and I sallied out to see all we could of the town, mosque, etc. B. did not go with us as she had been in Hebron before. We rambled through the bazaars, which are much more eastern in appearance than the Jerusalem streets. Our purchases were not costly. I invested in bracelets, and got nearly a dozen for 2½d. English. These bracelets are circles of glass of different colors, which the people wear on their wrists. Even tiny infants have them put on, and if they are not broken they are left on the wrist till the hand grows too large to take them off. Glass is manufactured pretty largely at Hebron. Passing through the bazaars we had many offers of guidance, had took a little boy to lead us through the intricate lanes up to the mosque. It is so placed on the side of the hill that one can easily believe in the existence of a natural cave under it. Of course we could not get admittance, even to the mosque. Very few Christians have ever been admitted there, and when they did get in, they only saw a hole through which they looked down into what was said to be the cave. Even Moslems are not admitted to the cave itself. It is one of the places which Mahomedans, Jews, and Christians, all agree in believing in. Whether the bones of the father of the faithful, and the mummified form of Jacob still rest undisturbed there, no one can say positively, but seems very probable. There is one little bit of the natural rock outside the Mosque, to which Jews and Christians may approach. It is reached by a flight of steps at one corner of the oblong Mosque enclosure. We mounted the steps, and a man who was standing there, first pointed out a little hollow in the piece of rock, and then asked Bakesesh for doing so.

From the Mosque our boy guided us to another interesting ancient structure. A large tank, believed to be the pool beside which David hung up the murderers of his adversary Ishboseth. It was very full of water from the constant rains, and a good deal of the low land beside the town was entirely flooded. After a walk up the slope of the western hill, from which we had a good view of the town and mosque, we returned to the house and packed up for our start back to Jerusalem. The day was much finer than we had expected from the murky sunset, and gave us much cause for thankfulness, as we rode off about 9 a.m., enjoying the clear air and bright sunshine. We needed sunshine to help us to laugh over the difficulties of the way in going to Abraham's oak. It is reached by a lane shut in by vineyard walls, which was in many places a couple of feet or more deep in water and tenacious mud. B's poor white pony did look a wretched object struggling through this mud bath, and slipping over the big stones that lay hidden in the mud. It took many a struggle for the little creature to get through, but its high spirit was by no means daunted, and when it got to a piece of firm ground it was quite ready to toss its wise little head and set off at a canter again.

Abraham's oak, of course, in no measure deserves its name, unless as a last remnant of the many fine oaks which probably were numerous in his days. It is really a tree-birth. It must have been a splendid tree before the storm which carried away one of its mighty arms. Even now it is very grand in its decay. It is in an enclosed space of ground, and close to it the Russians have built a large house, of the same character as their hospice at Jerusalem. Their pilgrims are, perhaps, about the most numerous of any nation. From the oak we turned up a side lane, which would lead us back to our road of the day before. When about half way through the lane, our way was blocked by a train of camels which filled it almost from side to side. To make matters worse another train of these animals laden with bags of charcoal, was coming from the opposite direction. How

they were to pass each other, and how we were to pass them, was at first a mystery. Those meeting us were not inclined to back out of the lane, those in front of us could not get back for us. Such a scene there was of shouting and gesticulating. Happily there was a side lane not far from the laden camels, and after considerable delay, a man from in front of us rushed forward, and seizing one of the laden camels, got it into the side lane and the others followed. But such a grunting and grumbling, and showing of teeth there was before we all got past, and on our way again. Our further course was without adventure, till we made our midday halt. There we produced a tin of jam, which, though bought in Jerusalem, had come all the way from Aberdeen. We enjoyed the Scotch gooseberries very much, but just when Mr. W. was beginning on a particularly nice slice of bread and jam which B. had prepared for him, a tremendous pool of rain came down on our unsheltered heads. There was nothing for it but to get to our horses, and ride off before the sad covers were soaked, and we had a good laugh over the celerity with which the bread and jam was swallowed in the emergency. We had sunshine and showers by turns all the rest of our way to Jerusalem, and were thankful that we were on our way home, and not setting out for Hebron in such violent rain. We again took rather more than six hours to the ride. It can be done in very much less time with good horses, when the ways are not so bad as we found them. It is quite impossible to go fast over the low parts when the rain has turned the path into a sticky swamp, but in fine weather these very parts afford good panting ground.

(To be Continued.)

Regeneration. What is it?

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

SIR,—The doctrine of regeneration, without which a man cannot see the kingdom of God, is one of vital importance to every human soul. It is, however, matter of regret that there should be any diversity of opinion among professing Christians about the nature of it or the means by which it is effected. In these days of rapid progress in every department of knowledge, the views of this doctrine held by our forefathers have undergone a considerable change. They generally held that it is the work of the Holy Spirit through the instrumentality of the word, and that in its operation man is entirely passive. Our Saviour in his discourse with Nicodemus illustrated it by the action of the wind, the sound of which we can hear while we feel its effects, and the action of which we have no power either to judge or resist. But how differently is it represented to us by revivalists and others of the present day. Mr. Moody at one of his meetings in London being asked what regeneration meant, replied, "Just believe, and you are regenerated." In the *Sower and Gospel Field* the writer of the lesson for the 25th ult. says: "The Word of God received and believed is the means of regeneration." And in the same lesson in your own excellent paper it is said, "Men are born-again by the Spirit, somehow when they believe in Jesus." And again, "The great things to be taught, the need of a new nature, and the way to get it by going to—believing in Jesus." According to this doctrine then faith must be exercised before regeneration takes place, for the means towards the accomplishment of an end must be used before the end can be obtained. When I look at this phrase of the doctrine it appears in my view liable to some very serious objections.

With your leave, sir, I would wish to state a few of these objections, and would be very glad to have them satisfactorily answered. Jesus said to Nicodemus, "That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is Spirit." Again it is said, "The flesh lusteth against the Spirit, and the Spirit against the flesh, and these are contrary the one to the other; so that ye cannot do the things that ye would." Eph. v. 17. Here then are two natures or principles directly opposed to each other; the one is in a state of death the other of life, the former is descriptive of the natural man, the latter of the spiritually minded man. Now, of the natural man it is said: "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God for they are foolishness unto him, neither can he know them because they are spiritually discerned." 1st Cor. ii. 14. I ask then is the faith which brings a person into union with Christ a spiritual act; if it is can a living act of faith be exercised by a soul dead in sin. If it can, then it is obvious that spiritual motion must precede spiritual life, for faith is the soul's motion to God. If the natural man cannot discern spiritual things how can he believe the things of the Spirit of God while he is unable to discern them. In the 2nd chapter of the Epistle to the Ephesians the Apostle speaks of regeneration as a resurrection from the dead, "You hath He quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." Here regeneration is giving life to the dead. In the 1st chapter of the same Epistle the production of faith in the soul is ascribed to the mighty power of God that raised Jesus from the dead. According to this it is the prerogative of God's Spirit to give the power to believe, but He does not believe for us. The exercise of faith is a man's own act, and never can be acted for him by any other being. The work of Jesus which faith receives is imputed to the believer, but faith itself is never obtained by imputation. It is the act of a living man quickened by the Holy Spirit by which he receives Christ and all his benefits. Now the question I would wish to have solved is, can this living act of faith which brings a man into union with Jesus be exercised by one who is spiritually dead,

who can neither receive, know nor discern spiritual things.

Rev. Wm. Anderson, LL.D., of Glasgow, in his book on regeneration, page 29, says regeneration being mental it is effected not on the faculties of the understanding, but on the affections and passions of the soul. Now in the Scriptures I had the natural man described as having the understanding darkened, as having ears but hearing not, and eyes but seeing not. Is it possible then that a man can be regenerated and the understanding not be enlightened. In natural generation the quickening power permeates and vitalizes every member of the body, and motion is the immediate result. Precisely so is it in regeneration. When the Holy Spirit breathes upon and quickens the dead soul, every faculty of the soul is vivified. The dead ear is unstopped, the blind eye is opened, the understanding is enlightened, so that the subject of this change can discern the things of the Spirit of God as he never did before; he is then enabled to apprehend Jesus as an all sufficient Saviour, and faith is the blessed result. It is conceivable by any human being that the regenerative power of the Holy Spirit would vivify the affections and passions, and leave the faculties of the understanding in darkness and the stillness of death. If incapacity to discern spiritual things be a characteristic of the natural man, and if regeneration effects only the affections and passions, is it by these that he first discerns the things of the Spirit of God. If it is, I confess that hitherto I was as ignorant on this subject as David was when he uttered the prayer.—"Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law." Psalms cxix. 18. I might quote numerous texts of Scripture to show that the understanding of the natural man is darkened and that in the regenerate it is enlightened, but must conclude for the present. Yours, etc., A LAYMAN.

Ministerial Rest.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Yonder they are coming, wearily bearing their exhausted frames homeward! Returning coolness of the weather brings them back like birds from a far off clime! And who are they, all these? They are the shepherds of Israel who left their flocks for a season, to return with renewed strength, that they may tend and feed them the better. And is this right that pastors should take temporary leave of absence from their flocks, and leave them to graze alone? Yes, verily, ministers need rest. All nature takes a season of rest, and why not ministers be entitled to the same privilege? The earth that gives forth her abundance for man and beast needs rest. The faithful horse that turns the furrow to receive the seed from the hand of the sower needs rest. The brown son of toil needs it. The fruitful tree needs a period of rest and takes it, asking no questions. The lawyer whose brain is exhausted by weaving webs of sophistry to clothe his client, flies to the country for rest, and so we might multiply examples. But the poor minister is often found fault with if he assumes the right which heaven and nature bequeathed upon him as a royal legacy—Rest. It is too seldom thought of that the feverish brain, the languid limb and spirit borne down with the cumbrous cares of a charge (and these intensified by the rigid economy incident upon limited incomes), honest intervals to be rolled off and forgotten, that the poor lacerated back and spirit may be healed or better prepared to be resaddled. Of course there are many happy exceptions to the rule, but these are too few. But why not make ministers an independent class of men—for men they are like lawyers, doctors, and statesmen? Why should they not be their own masters in this particular like other men? There is something wrong here. It was never intended that the ambassadors of the Lord should be subject to such cruelty and wrong, to bend and cringe to their flocks, and be afraid to open their mouths to their own interests. The flock should look up to their minister instead of the minister looking up to the flock, and ministers have themselves to blame when they do not teach the people their duty. But how should ministers rest when they get the opportunity? They seem to differ widely in their ideas on this point. Some arm themselves with two or three of their best sermons, and repair to some great centre—New York or Brooklyn—or somewhere else, and expend what little strength they have left in elaborating those sermons to vast concourses of people, with a view to a call or enlarging their coffers. Is this rest? Not according to the ideas of the writer. This is adding fuel to the fire to burn up instead of regenerate the impaired strength and vigour. And hence, they return, not rested but fatigued, not in high spirits, but dejected, worn out, and unfit for work.

Instead of the black, trim tight fitting clerical garb, let him attire in the costume of a rustic, and let him exchange the elaborate sermon for a hook and line, and let him brook himself to some remote brook adorned by the border of a green forest, and there let him fish and eat fish, and make brains, and build up his system, which will give elasticity to his homeward step. Let him be natural with the surrounding beauty. Let him hold communion with nature, as perhaps he too seldom holds communion with the Lord. Let him read her poetic descriptions of her Maker, and he seldom reads the glowing descriptions of Isaiah's vision. Let him pat him pat out formality,

let his mind and body relax, and let his soul be enlarged by the wondrous works of the Lord, or let him equip himself with a gun, and let him shoot the wild fowl that dip in the brook or strut on its land; let him eat thereof, and his thirst for work will be sharpened, and the fast taste of blood makes the lion for ever after unattractive. In this way he will be seeing the Lord and the Church much better than by discharging his sermons, or by dropping his prepared bait to haul in a wealthy congregation.

August 26th, 1876. E. C. CLERK.

Statistics.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—Your correspondent, "J. P." seems to have misunderstood a former communication of mine. I did not denounce the publication of statistics (although I may entertain the opinion that it is a little overdone.) What I objected to, was the habit into which the Statistical Committee have fallen in spending a great deal of time, and putting the Church to a great deal of expense, in ascertaining averages "which prove nothing, and which can never be made the basis of any just action." Those who are low in this average come to the conclusion that they are less able than those who are high, and are not stimulated. Those who are high come to the conclusion that they (at least), are doing their duty, and are not stimulated, so that as I look at the matter evil is done instead of good. In regard to statistics as a whole, there is a strong tendency to exaggeration, which some of the recent letters that have appeared in the PRESBYTERIAN have not, I humbly think, helped to correct.

Yours, etc., H.

"To The Jew First."

The following remarkable case of conversion is vouched on authority the most unquestionable:—

"On the last Sunday that Mr. Moody was at the Opera House, a young man was passing the Haymarket. He was a Jew; for twelve years he had led a most dissipated life; had travelled a great deal in connection with a house of business, he had been a great gambler, and been in the habit of attending most of the race meetings in England. In addition to all this, for the last five years he had been accustomed to attending night after night a well-known dancing saloon near the Haymarket, where he was a paid dancer, and was consequently constantly in the society of the most abandoned of both sexes.

On that Sunday evening he was on his way to a card party, when his attention was arrested by a crowd of people at the Opera House. A gentleman invited him to come in. At first he refused, but at last consented.

The first thing which arrested his attention was the arrival of Lord Cairns. He thought—if the Lord High Chancellor of England takes an interest in a meeting like this, there must be something in it. Then the choir sang No. 11—"The old, old story," which had a wonderful effect on him, softening and subduing him in a way he had never before experienced. Then followed some prayers—so different from what he had ever heard at the synagogue, that he could not help weeping—feeling quite broken-hearted—and when Mr. Moody preached about the thief that was crucified with our Lord, and told how he said, "Lord Jesus, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom," the thought came into his mind, "If I could only say the same words, I might also be saved;" and there then, before the sermon was over, and heedless of the thousands present, he fell on his knees and asked the Lord if he would remember him. He felt relieved, but did not enter into full peace that night. After the sermon he stood up with some 200 others to testify that he wished to become a Christian. In the inquiry-room he pointed to Jesus as the promised Messiah, and had a long conversation with a gentleman.

On the Tuesday night following he went to the young men's meeting in connection with the Opera House services, and there heard, among others, the testimony of another Jew, who is now a bright and happy Christian, but who had for four years previously been a spiritualist and a medium, and who was converted at Mr. Moody's meetings; and that night he accepted Christ as his Saviour, and has been rejoicing ever since in the knowledge of sins forgiven, and in the full dwelling of the Holy Ghost. This has enabled him to bear the great trials which have followed his conversion—cursed by his father and mother; sisters, brothers, and relations lost; turned out of his employment, not knowing as yet how to gain a living; insulted by Jews to whom he speaks of Jesus—he has indeed had his faith severely tried, but he remains humble and firm, "looking unto Jesus" for all things. Last Sunday he was baptized at Trinity Church, Little Queen-street, Holborn, by the Bishop of Jerusalem.

One incident I may mention, as illustrating that the Holy Spirit is indeed working in him. Some days ago he was telling of Jesus to a Jew, who became very bitter, and at last spat in his face; yet he bore it meekly, having even then learnt the spirit of his Master, and went away to pray for him who had so despitely used him. And the prayer was answered, for the day before yesterday the Jew came to him, and begged for forgiveness. May God open a way for him to get employment (he has a Christian wife and child), and may he be able to be used as an instrument in God's hands for the good of many.

OVER 200 tons of old rubber shoes are manufactured into car springs in Boston annually.

Pastor and People.

"Those Dreadful Words."

In my old parish there was a young man in whom I came to feel a peculiar interest. He was a physician, and of no mean proficiency in his art, to which he was very devoted, and in which he had fair to attain to great eminence. His mother was a devoted Christian woman, a member of the Baptist Church, deeply interested, as might have been expected, in the religious welfare of her son. He had been educated in the family of an uncle, who was connected with my church, and this brought the young man directly under my own pastoral care. He was a regular attendant upon my ministry, never absent from church services except when prevented by professional engagements. His manner was serious and devout, he showed much interest in the truth; his external character was irreproachable, but he had never made any open confession of Christ, and was not in communion with the visible Church.

As I saw more of Dr. C., I became more and more interested in him. And I was more and more perplexed to know why such a man stood aloof from the Lord's table. I never discovered anything in his conversation or general deportment that seemed inconsistent with the character of a Christian. Several sacramental seasons passed after I had formed his acquaintance, and at each of them I hoped to see him come forward and ask to be received into the Church. But still he did not come.

It happened that a season occurred when a larger number than usual were added to the Church, and the services of the Sabbath were more than usually interesting. I noticed that Dr. C. remained in his pew, and witnessed the administration of the holy ordinance. He seemed to be deeply interested, and at times especially overcome with emotion. I determined that I would seek an early opportunity of conversing with him on the subject, at greater length than I had ever done, and found the opportunity which I sought during the week which followed the sacramental Sabbath. We had a most interesting conversation, and though more than twenty years have passed, I think that I can give the substance of it to my readers.

After some remarks on the ordinary topics of the day, I said: "Doctor, I was very much gratified to see that you remained last Sabbath and witnessed the administration of the Lord's Supper."

"Did you notice me?" said he. "Yes, certainly, I noticed you, and I thought that you appeared to be quite interested in the services."

"You were not mistaken," he replied with emphasis, "I was deeply interested." "Let me ask you then, my dear Doctor, why you were not a participant, instead of a mere spectator? I can scarcely understand why you do not desire to go to the Lord's table yourself."

"I do desire it," he said, with increased emotion, "I do desire it, and have desired it for years."

"Then why, permit me to ask, have you not done so?"

"I should have done so long ago," said he, "but for those dreadful words."

"Those dreadful words!" I exclaimed in surprise, "What can you refer to?"

"I refer," said he, "to the words which you always read on communion occasions."

"I am still at a loss to understand your allusion."

"I mean those words, 'Let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself.' Those are the words to which I refer. They are dreadful words. I have often heard them, and never without a shudder. Whenever I have thought of going to the Lord's table, those words have stood directly in my way. I could not get over them. They are so plain, so pointed, so decided, that I never have been able to overcome the impression which they always make upon me. But for them, I think I should have gone to the Lord's table years ago."

"Doctor C.," said I, "do you understand these words?"

"How can I help understanding them," he replied. "Surely they are plain enough. Any one who understands the English language, must be at no loss for this fearful meaning."

"No man of my acquaintance, Doctor, understands the English language better than you do. Yet pardon me, if I say that in this case so intelligent a scholar as yourself may be under a false impression as to the precise significance of that particular passage."

"I should be glad to think so," my friend replied, "but I don't see how that can be possible. I have read them often. I have heard you and other ministers read them often, and they have still but one meaning to my ear. I must still call them 'those dreadful words.'"

"What are the particular words in the passage, which seem to you to be so dreadful?"

"The entire verse is a very trying one to me, but the two expressions which give me the greatest trouble are, 'unworthily, and damnation.'"

"So I supposed," said I. "Now, Doctor C., will you be good enough to tell me what in your judgment those words seem to teach."

"Well, they seem to teach that if a person goes to the Lord's table who is not worthy, he commits an awful sin, and is in danger of eternal damnation. Now, much as I desire to go, I never can feel that I am worthy, and therefore if I go, I must eat and drink 'unworthily,' and the Apostle tells me in plain terms, that 'whosoever eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself.'"

"And you mean to say, that because you feel that you are personally an unworthy sinner, and that you cannot deserve the salvation which Christ freely offers to all who will accept it, therefore, it is wrong for you to accept His invitation freely offered, and take a place at His table?"

"I mean to say, that knowing myself to be such as I am, I cannot 'worthily' eat of that bread and drink of that cup. How can an unworthy man do anything worth-

ily, and especially such a solemn thing as taking the emblems of the body and blood of Christ? I cannot do it. I should eat and drink damnation to myself. For I cannot conceive of a more solemn and holy ordinance than that of the Lord's Supper. And with those dreadful words before me, I cannot, I dare not venture to go to the table."

"My dear friend," said I, "far be it from me to depreciate the solemnity of the Holy Sacrament in your estimation. No man ought to approach the Lord's table lightly or irreverently, or 'unworthily.' Yet I am persuaded that you have a mistaken idea of the real meaning of this particular passage, and if you will listen to me, I shall be glad to explain to you its true significance."

"I shall be most grateful to you, if you will."

"You say then," I replied to my young friend, "that a sense of personal unworthiness keeps you from the Lord's table. Do you think that the word 'worthily' in the passage in Cor. 11th, qualifies the act, or the person? In other words, does our personal unworthiness necessarily prevent us from eating and drinking 'worthily'?"

"I should think that an unworthy person, as I said before, must eat and drink 'unworthily.'"

"Suppose," I replied, "that you should invite a man very much beneath you in the social scale, and who had no claims at all on your hospitality, to be a guest at your table. He might very well say that he was not worthy of such an honor, and yet inasmuch as you with a full knowledge of his position, chose to invite him to enjoy your hospitality, might he not properly accept your invitation? And if he conducted himself in a proper manner at your table, would you not consider him a worthy guest? You would think no less of him for his modesty and self-depreciation. You might say that this was proper and right, but that if you, with a full knowledge of his character and position, did in good faith invite him to be your guest, he need not be deterred from accepting your invitation, even though he might confess himself to be unworthy. You, as his host, would after all be the judge of his fitness, and if you were satisfied to ask him, surely he need not be ashamed to come. A proper sense of his unworthiness, would probably all the more commend him to your hospitality. But on the other hand, suppose that this man being unworthy, should yet have no sense of his want of his worth, but should come to your table, as if he had a right there, as if he was in all respects your equal; as if the invitation was only a proper recognition of his merit, and should conduct himself at your table in a very self-complacent and arrogant manner, that would be a very different thing. That would be eating and drinking 'unworthily.' That is, the manner of eating and drinking would be unworthy, unsuitable, improper, and would evince a state of mind in your guest, which would not command your approbation but your condemnation."

"Now, my dear Doctor, the Lord Jesus Christ has spread his table, and invites you to become His guest. You say, you cannot accept His invitation, because you are not worthy. But he knows that, just as well as you do. He knows that better than you do. But he does not invite you on the strength of your merit, but in his own free and sovereign grace. A full sense of your personal demerit would not hinder you from accepting his cordial invitation. If he is willing to receive you, ought you not to be willing and glad to be received? If you were to reply to His invitation, 'Yes, Lord Jesus, I am perfectly worthy to come to your table, I have merit enough to entitle me to a place there,' do you think that if you were to go in that spirit, you would eat and drink 'worthily? No! indeed."

"But what, then, is the meaning of those words, 'unworthily,' and 'damnation?'"

"To whom was the Apostle writing?"

"To the Christians at Corinth."

"Who were they?"

"I suppose that many of them were converted heathens."

"They were, and being such, they were not yet free from the influence of their old habits and associations. The Apostle had occasion to rebuke them for the irregular and unworthy way in which they often celebrated the Lord's Supper. They followed in a measure their old habit of feasting, and made this simple commemorative rite an occasion of revelry and excess. If you read the eleventh of Corinthians from the twentieth verse to the end, you will see that the language describes and rebukes the irregular and improper way in which they celebrated the holy Supper. And he tells them that if they persist in this perversion of the ordinance, they will receive no spiritual profit from it, and will not enjoy the approbation of Christ, but His condemnation. The word rendered 'unworthily,' means observing the ordinance in an irreverent and improper manner, and has no reference to any humble sense of personal unworthiness on the part of the individual communicant. It rather refers to his misunderstanding of the nature and design of the ordinance and his mistaken method of its celebration."

"But what," said the Doctor, "is the meaning of that fearful word 'damnation?'"

"Simply condemnation, as opposed to approbation, and not the eternal portion of the soul. The sense of the whole passage is, that they who come to the Lord's table, without understanding the real nature and design of the ordinance, and who observe it in an irreverent and unworthy manner, are guilty of making an improper use of that which represents 'the body and blood of the Lord'; and so far from enjoying the approbation of Christ, and deriving spiritual profit from the rite, they will receive condemnation rather than approbation, and will 'eat and drink condemnation to themselves, not discerning the Lord's body.'"

"But there is nothing at all in this passage intended to discourage a Christian, who feels a sense of his personal unworthiness from coming to the Lord's table. Such are most welcome, and your

'dreadful words' have no application to him at all."

Doctor C. listened with profound attention and absorbing interest. The view presented was new to him, and impressed him deeply. After a few moments of deep thought, he said:

"I thank you, my dear pastor, for your explanation. Those words have given me a great deal of trouble. I know that I never could feel that I was worthy. I am satisfied that I misinterpreted the words, and I hope that will no longer keep me from what I felt to be not only a duty but a privilege, to sit down at the table of the Lord."

At the next communion Doctor C. was one of the communicants. Twenty years have passed away, and he is a very eminent physician and a consistent and useful member of the Church of Christ.—A City Pastor, in N. Y. Christian Intelligencer.

Abraham.

And Abraham said unto Lot, "let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, between my herdmen and thy herdmen, for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thyself, I pray thee, from me. If thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or, if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left." Genesis xlii. 8, 9.

How right royally Terah's son, from Uz of the Chaldees, stands out in this Oriental picture! Mark the peaceful spirit, the tender relationship, the princely magnanimity of this old, true character. What a domain for a choice, as the fertile plains of Jordan stretch out on the left, and the land of Canaan and the cities of the plain meet Lot's uplifted eyes. The man, the time, the place, the occasion, the result, belong to the world.

The geography of this historic scene was where his tent had been at the beginning—between Bethel and Hai, about twelve miles north of Jerusalem, and midway between the great Mediterranean and the river Jordan, looking out upon a plain "even as the garden of the Lord, like the land of Egypt, as thou comest into Zoar." Here was first settled, without bloodshed, questions of strife. Here was the world's first Peace Congress. The arbiters were the foremost men of the world. Their lives have been wrought into the web and woof of all time.

This man Abraham, who was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold, dwelling in tents, looking for a city that had foundations, whose faith was counted unto him for righteousness, was a perfect man, like God's servant Job, but much rather a man with strong human affinities, and, like Elias, subject to temptations. We are glad of the human side of this friend of God. Such a man God chose, to found a kingly race, whose throne should endure forever. Such a man God chose, as worthy of great promises, and worthy of great struggles. Such a man God always chooses for great tests. Such a man was David, and Nehemiah, and Peter, and Luther, and Cromwell.

Politically (in a good sense) as wise, prudent, sagacious, no doubt Abraham was the man for his place, and possessed talents of wonderful power and adaptation. His plea with the Lord for Sodom is a masterpiece of eloquence and sagacity. "Let not the Lord be angry, and I will speak out this once. peradventure ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy it for the ten's sake." His refusal to accept, from a threat to a shoe-latchet, from the captive kings, lest thou shouldst say, "I have made Abraham rich," was chivalrous and Christian.

But Abraham's faith concerns us most—the simple faith of a child, yoked to the iron will of a giant. Yielding perfect obedience to God, he commanded his children and his household after him. By faith he saw, in a smoking furnace and burning lamp, his seed as the stars of heaven, and as the sand that is upon the sea-shore; but with Abimelech. He must have the seven ewe lambs as a witness that he had dug the well at Beersheba. By faith he could bind his son of promise upon the altar; but his well-tried prime minister, "this Eliezer of Damascus," whom he sends out on an errand of astute diplomacy, he commands to swear by the Lord of heaven and God of earth.

The lesson of this narrative is an important one to the Christian. Paul, as usual, strikes the key note of this man's faith. "And he went out, not knowing whither he went. By faith he sojourned in the land of promise, as in a strange country, dwelling in tabernacles with Isaac and Jacob, the heir, with him, of the same promise." Mark, dwelling with Isaac and Jacob, and having them as heirs who were not born. Luke adds, "and to his seed after him, when as yet he had no child." More than this, the promise was also for an inheritance in Canaan. Luke further says, "and he gave him none inheritance in it; no, not so much as to set his foot on." Clearly Abraham did not inherit Canaan. He even purchased of Ephron, the son of Zohar, the cave of Machpelah, to bury his dead, for four hundred shekels of silver, current money. "And Abraham stood up from before his dead, and spake unto the sons of Beth, saying, I am a stranger and a sojourner with you; give me possession of a burying place with you, that I may bury my dead out of sight."

Did God promise Abraham in vain, or meek his faith? Verily, if Abraham looked for the fulfillment of the promise in this life. But we find him giving up the ghost, in a good old age, and entering the heavenly Canaan. Here is the patience of the saints; here speaks the comforter.

Brother man, God's promises lay hold on eternity; they roll back the golden gates. Abraham's life was as our life. We are promised blessings, but our sin goes down with no Canaan for an inheritance in sight. Nevertheless our city hath foundations, and abideth forever. "His beheld Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." He who was very rich in silver and gold, and was denied the earthly Canaan, and he whose sores the dogs licked, and was denied the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table dwell together in eternal companionship. Who shall say what is the inheritance that is denied us in this life? Who shall say what iron marks we lay down at

the grave's mouth, or what we put on? Shall we not rather trust God, and say, "God will provide himself a lamb for a burnt-offering?" Shall we not rather hear God say "fear not; I am thy shield, and thy exceeding great reward?"—Selected.

Angel Visits.

I have often thought I would like to have lived in the old angel days—to be like the patriarch, sitting at evening in my tent door, and be surprised by a visit of celestial ones in human disguise. It seems to me that heaven and earth were on greater terms of intimacy in that by-gone age, than in this Gospel day. The air was fanned by angelic wings, and the bright inhabitants of Paradise thought nothing of spending an hour with the servants of God on earth. There are lots of Lots in these days, but they are never honored with these guests from the land beyond the strange river. Why is it? Should not the last superior dispensation bring the angel world nearer to the heirs of immortality? Have we lost the art of heavenly communication? It is, I am confident, the Saturday afternoon of the long week of the world, and the eternal Sabbath is drawing nigh; then, why do not the angels throng the glorious highway between earth and heaven?

WE HAVE ANGEL VISITS IN THESE DAYS.

True, we have not the bright vision of God's angels. The natural eyes of ours do not see them. These flesh-tongues, and hands, do not talk with and touch them. But is there not often a spiritual intercourse? The musical prayer of the sweet-singing blacks from the South is often answered to-day—"Lord send down angels down."

Dear brother in Christ, have you never had a visit from the bright brotherhood of the skies? In the sanctuary, while the preacher has been unfolding some Gospel truth? In the prayer-meeting, in song of praise, or voice of supplication? In the closet, alone with God? Reading the words of Christ? In business; in the thronged streets of the great city; in the country, wandering in the forest or by the river side, have you not had a visit? A sudden joy? A soul-vision of the better world? A holy exultation of the spirit? A blessed assurance of faith? A strange gladness which hinted of a heavenly home? Were not the angels near thee then giving thee a foretaste of the heavenly communion?

O, brother, let us look for these calls from the skies. Let us hold ourselves in a receptive condition, and expect the ANGEL VISITS.

The Last Walk to Bethany.

So ended that great discourse upon the Mount of Olives, and the sun set, and He arose and walked with His apostles the short remaining road to Bethany. It was the last time that he would ever walk it on earth; and after the trials, the weariness, the awful teachings, the terrible agitations of that eventful day, how delicious to Him must have been the hour of twilight loveliness and evening calm; how refreshing the peace and affection which surrounded Him in that quiet village and the holy home! Jesus did not like cities, and scarcely ever slept within their precincts. He shrank from their congregated wickedness, from their glaring publicity, from their feverish excitement, from their featureless monotony, with all the natural and instructive dislike of delicate minds. An Oriental city is always dirty; the refuse is flung into the streets, there is no pavement, the pariah dog is the sole scavenger; beast and man jostle each other promiscuously in the crowded thoroughfares. And though the necessities of his work compelled him to visit Jerusalem, and to preach to the vast throngs from every olive and country, who congregated at its yearly festivals, yet He seems to have retired on every public occasion beyond the gates, partly it may be for safety—partly for poverty—partly because He loved the sweet home at Bethany—partly too, perhaps, because He felt the peaceful joy of treading the grass that greweth on the mountains, rather than the city stones, and could hold gladder communion with His Father in heaven under the shadow of the olive trees, where, far from all disturbing sights and sounds, He could watch the splendor of the sunset and the falling of the dew.

The exquisite beauty of the Syrian evening, the tender colors of the spring grass and flowers, the wadis around Him palting into solemn gray, the distant hills bathed in the primrose light of sunset, the coolness and balm of the evening breeze after the burning glare—what must these have been to Him to whose eye the world of nature was an open book, and every page of which He read His Father's name! And this was His native land. Bethany was almost to Him a second Nazareth; those whom He loved were all around Him, and He was going to those whom He loved. Can we not imagine Him walking on in silence too deep for words, His eyes around Him or following Him, the gibbous moon beginning to rise and gild the twinkling foliage of the olive trees with rich silver, and moonlight and twilight blending at each step insensibly with the garish hues of day, like that solemn twilight-purple of coming agony into which the noon day of His happier ministry had long since begun to fade.—Farrar's Life of Christ.

Time Enough.

No, there is not, if thereby is meant that you may postpone the good deed which conscience commands you to do. The monitor within brooks not delays or postponements; to hear its voice, and to delay to do its bidding, is to have a perverse, rebellious spirit. Boswell says that Dr. Johnson, speaking one day of pious resolves of which the performance was delayed, used these words: "Hell is paved with good intentions." And pious George Herbert, in his *Jacula Prudentum*, puts the thought in this form: "Hell is full of good meanings and wishes." But we may be sure that no good intentions, meanings, or wishes are in that place where "hope never comes." One aptly says, "such

things are all lost or dropt in this way by travellers who reach that bourne." But we may truly say that the road to hell is paved with good intentions which have never been executed. And, indeed, there is always reason to fear that where obedience is delayed to a moment of conscience, the delay will be infidelity protracted. About the doing of the things, then, which ought to be done, there is not time enough. Repentance of sin should not be delayed a moment. One cannot too soon be sorry for his evil, confess and forsake it. One cannot too quickly cut loose from all evil associations. The neighbourhood of iniquity defiles and even paralyzes a good purpose. One cannot sunder himself from such a vicinage too widely or too soon.

There is also a new element of goodness in the doing of a good deed at once. Promptness shows heartiness, displays the obedient spirit which hears quickly and heeds at once the voice of God. On the other hand, delay evidences of sloth and reluctance. It shows that the heart is not fully devoted to yield itself to good purposes and pursuits.

Such persons also reap as they sow. He who is slow in doing the duties of religion, finds the consolations of it very slow in coming into his heart. But he who is always shod with the preparation of the Gospel of peace—that is, is always ready to do the will of God, finds the consolations of that Gospel always largely granted unto him.—N. Y. Christian Intelligencer.

Charles H. Spurgeon.

Something more than a score of years ago a Christian man who resided in London, in the providence of God, was called, in company with a friend, to spend a Sunday at Cambridge. He was very strict in his observance of the Lord's day, and quite careful to confine his "Sabbath-day's journeys" to very moderate limits; but on this Sunday afternoon, instead of attending public worship in the vicinity, he felt an unaccountable restlessness of spirit, and a strong impression that he must take a walk—whither he knew not, why he knew not—but he must go, and go he did. He walked out into the country a distance of several miles, seeing no special occasion for his uneasiness, nor for his journeying, yet feeling that he was taking the proper course; until at length he heard the voice of sacred song issuing from a little lowly chapel by the wayside. He stopped and listened at the door, and presently went in, and seating himself near the entrance, gave attention to the services.

A young man, a stripling of eighteen or twenty years, conducted the exercises. There was much about him that betokened youth and inexperience, but there was more that gave evidence of acquaintance with God and the gospel of his Son. The stranger returned to his lodgings and to his home. Shortly after, on another Sunday, he took another brother with him, and they together sought out the humble chapel, and listened again to the preaching of the young man. On another Sunday they went, taking a delegation of Christian friends, and listened again to the words of grace.

They found, on inquiry, that the young man was the son of a minister, a graduate of Cambridge, and was now preaching the gospel freely, and supporting himself by acting as a tutor. They themselves were members of an old and well known church, which had been blessed with a succession of pastors, eminent for learning, and remarkable for their permanence; the combined pastorates of three of them having extended more than one hundred and fifty years; but more latterly the church had fallen into decline. The house, which seated from twelve to fifteen hundred people, being found too large, they had divided it by a partition, and then the pulpit had been pushed into one corner, and the little flock had been gathered around it there. Some were dependent; others had faith and patience, and held fast a hope of better days, praying that God would send them some one who should preach the word of truth, and brighten the feeble flame of their candlestick; and at length they decided that this young man should be invited to come up to London for three months, and preach the gospel to the New Park Street Church.

He came, and with considerable careful management objections were overcome, and at length the church concluded to call "the young man" to preach the gospel there. He preached two months, and they knocked the partition out of the church. Another month saw the seats full. Ere many months they decided to build a larger house. From that time the work went on. The minister preached in the largest available places of the metropolis, to from five to twenty thousand people, stirring the city as it had not been stirred for years, and finally, when his tabernacle was done, entering upon the work with fresh zeal, making it the centre of earnest and extensive operations in the gospel field.

Of course, the wise people about town heard of the new preacher, and said he was going up like a rocket, and would shortly come down like a stick. The going up proved according to their expectation. The coming down they are yet waiting for. To-day that young man preaches stately in the Metropolitan Tabernacle, to six or eight thousand people, the largest congregation that gathers regularly on this globe for the worship of the Lord. An hundred thousand copies of his sermons are caught up and scattered weekly by the press. Twenty volumes of them have been collected, published, and scattered by hundreds of thousands, one person having purchased not less than two hundred and fifty thousand copies for gratuitous distribution, sending them to all the students of the universities, members of Parliament, and to all the crowned heads of Europe. Volumes of them have been translated into some twelve or fifteen different languages, and have been read by millions scattered through every quarter of the globe. A single volume from his pen has had a circulation of a million copies. Orphanages and benevolent institutions have sprung up around him; and a training college for ministers has been established, the students from which have founded or revived not less than three hundred churches during the last twenty years.—Exchange.

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XXXVI.

September 6; THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD. John ix. 1-11.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 4, 5. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Mark vii. 33; Matt. ix. 29.

SCRIPTURAL READINGS.—With vs. 1-3, read Luke xii. 2, 3; with v. 3, Eccl. ix. 10; with v. 5, Isa. lx. 89; with v. 6, 2 Kings v. 14; with vs. 8-11, comp. Paul's case, Acts ix. 20, 21.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.—Ps. cxix. 18.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Jesus is the true light.

There will be some gain in directing the minds of the pupils to the arrangements God has made for us in this world, as a preparation for understanding this lesson. The sun is the centre of our system. All our light is from his beams. The life of the animal and vegetable worlds depends on his influence. The heat from his beams is changed into every kind of force; and, except the volcanic action, and the rolling of the tides, there is little movement on the earth which science does not connect with the sun. With a general notion of this the ancients regarded heat as the form of creative force, and honored the sun as its seat. Sun-worship was natural, and has lasted long.

He who made the sun made the human eye, for they are fitted to each other, and the destruction of the eye renders the light useless for the purpose of sight. By his effective and merciful dealing with the eye of a blind man, Jesus shows his power to deal with our disorders and misery brought on by sin; and by his words, "I am the light of the world," he declares himself our light, life, power, and as thoroughly fitted to our whole nature as the sun is to the eye. If there were no sun, we should be in darkness, as men are who know not the Saviour; and if we are blind we have no benefit from the existing sun, as they who do not know the Saviour, "walk in darkness and stumble."

We have a double picture in this passage. How easy it would be to draw the principal figures. Jesus and the blind man, and the disciples in the first group; in the second the same man, his eyes opened, explaining to a group of amazed and inquiring neighbors, how he received his sight. So let us think of the miracle.

I. The first group. Jesus has been threatened with stoning in the temple (John viii. 59). He glides once more from among his foes, baffling their rage. They are excited. He is calm, going on his noiseless way like a star. The disciples gradually extricate themselves, and join him as he passes along. On the route is a well known blind man (vs. 1, 8), concerning whom the disciples ask their question.—(V. 2.) "Master, who did sin?" etc. They had a general idea, like other Jews, that special calamities indicated special sins. Most natural men have some similar ideas. Men usually also connect parents and children together in good and evil. It would have been easy to silence them by pointing out the confusion of their own question. But silencing is not teaching. It suits arrogant pretenders (Mark xii. 16, 17). Teaching is given to honest inquirers (see Ps. xviii. 26).

V. 3 gives the reply, which says, only that the suffering proved no particular sin that brought it on, but that the Divine Ruler had given to this man the special form of the general suffering on a sinful race, for the special end of glorifying his name. He did not arbitrarily send suffering on a perfect person to show his power in removing it. But the suffering in some form being the lot of every fallen man, it had this form in his case with a view to a display of God's glory in Christ. (See the process, and in part the result, in vs. 31-33.) All special dealing with us has the same end.

The Master had come out of a scene of alarm. A more man would have been flurried, nervous, and would have thought it enough to have got away. But Jesus does not lose one minute in selfish reviewing. Quoting an Oriental and intelligible proverb, and applying it to himself (some authorities read, "We must work," etc.), as God's righteous servant, he says—(V. 4.) "I must work," etc. The disciples would probably have hastened departure from danger; or they may have thought of the Sabbath-day (see v. 14). Weigh the words: work—God's work—must be done done at the right time—which is limited—with common men by the light; in his case by the time of his ministry. He is, while in the world, its light, its sun, its hope, its life. He does not mean that he ceases to be so, when he is gone out of it; but he is to diffuse his light now in a peculiar way. (See John i. 5, 12; vi. 46.) The poor world is like this blind man. It always has been blind, sitting, inactive (see Ex. x. 29), begging (see Ps. iv. 6), helpless. This man is type of the race. Jesus is the only hope of the race. He show us how he can enlighten.

V. 6 describes the process. He is calm, deliberate and unmoved by the sense of danger. In despairing men expectation has to be roused. The saliva was supposed, like the clay, to have healing properties, and its use may have led to hope; yet the moistened clay would seem more likely to hurt than heal a diseased eye. He connects the miracle with himself; but also with the God of the temple. "Go wash in the pool of Siloam." (Let the Jews see whom they would stone.) He does not regard the Pharisaic Sabbath. It attracted notice of others, was an outward sign, gave the man—what men always want—something tangible depending on him, and to be done—of which he can give the order:—(V. 7.) "Go wash," etc., thereby testing, exercising and displaying the man's faith. (See Naaman's case.) The evan-gel notices a fitness in the order, "Siloam" meaning "sent." He showed his confidence in the word and went, and came seeing. He did not demand evidence beyond what the manner and character of Jesus gave him, or inquire as to the how, as the Pharisees did (v. 16). He did as directed and he saw. So a sinner believes, and is saved. One might raise the question,

"What if he had refused?" So we may raise it—Christ has died, and we are directed to believe in him: what if we do not?

II. The second group—the man and the neighbors—who know him well; but the eyes now light up and change the expression of that once dull face, and they are of two minds as to his identity. He settles the question (v. 9), "I am he," to raise another, "How were thine eyes opened?" His report is in

V. 11, and embraces all the essential particulars—"a man"—so he seemed in all respects, "named Jesus," that was his personal name, "made clay," mixed it into ointment, "and directed me, and I went, washed and saw!" It is a truthful, direct, simple confession. It was all he knew. But he knew enough to have the blessing.

Now let us learn the following lessons.

(1) From the disciples. Within certain limits we are to acquire and learn practical truth from the Lord. He still teaches in the word. We are not to cavil, or dispute when he has spoken. (See 1 Thess. v. 21.)

(2) From the neighbors. We are to take note of our fellow men, their joys, sorrows, feel an interest in them, and show it in all appropriate ways. This man was a beggar, dependent till now on charity sought about the approaches to the temple (See Rom. xii. 16.)

(3) From the healed man, who only knowing the name of Jesus (and not his official title), and judging of him by the tones of his voice, went as he was directed, and realized such a rich result. (See Gen. vi. 22.) Reason has a place in which to work, also a place in which to be passive and obedient. Many things are above thought not contrary to reason. He had indeed no experience of such means opening blind eyes; but he had no experience of their failing—for Jesus had never been at work before him.

(4) From Jesus—let us learn fearlessness and cool courage, diligence, even in danger, and fidelity to him whom we serve. Our working time is brief, and may end at any time.

(5) Of Jesus let us learn that he is the light of the world; not as a candle is a light, but as the sun is, nay more, not only instrumentally giving light, but being its cause, its maker. Let us come to him, walk with him, and so be in the light (1 John i. 6, 7).

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

The occasion—the place—the parties—two groups—the man's condition—the disciples' question—meaning—common impression—element of truth—the reply—meaning of—the means used—why—the order given—how received—the result—the questions of the neighbours—their doubt—how settled—the man's confession—lessons from the man—the disciples—the Saviour, and concerning him.

MISSIONARY NOTES.

Five years ago a Baptist religious meeting was prohibited in Rome. Now there is a Church dedicated, with a membership of ninety-two. The nephew of a Cardinal—once a Catholic priest—will soon be baptized.

Five missionaries sailed last week from New York for Liberia on the bark Liberia. Their names are the Rev. Dr. Eddy and wife, of New York, the Rev. M. D. Herndon and wife, of Kentucky, and the Rev. Dr. Allen, an Episcopal missionary from Staten Island. Captain Richardson, of the bark Liberia, who has made fifteen voyages to that country, expresses the opinion that the presence of missionaries is most desirable.

Eight Chinamen were lately received into the Church connected with the Presbyterian Mission in San Francisco, California. The wealthier Chinamen, it is said, are opposed to Christianity, and wish to keep the cooler ignorant, so they can control them. Hence they try to make idolatry as attractive as possible. One of the great commercial companies, the Hop Wo, has recently fitted up a splendid temple on Clay street, importing for its brass work in relief, bronzes and richly embroidered silk canopies and curtains at an expense of \$30,000.

The Rev. William Wright, missionary from Damascus, in the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of Ireland, referring to the assertion that unfermented wine was in constant use in Bible lands, quoted the following statement sent by a Syrian missionary:—"We, the undersigned, missionaries and residents in Syria, having been repeatedly requested to make a distinct statement on the subject, hereby declare that, during the whole time of our residence and travelling in Syria and the Holy Land, we have never seen or heard of any unfermented wine, nor have we found, among Jews, Christians, or Mohammedans, any tradition of such a wine having ever existed in the country. May, 1875.

A Live Issue.

In a recent issue of our esteemed contemporary, the N. Y. Baptist Union, we find the following:

This school question will yet convulse the nation. Catholics insist that it is unjust for them to be taxed to support schools which are unfriendly to their religion, and hence strike against all religious instruction in public schools and demand the support of their own schools out of the public funds. They will yet force one party or the other to espouse their cause. They are so numerous and united, that party leaders will court their favour, and accede to their dictation. They are in earnest, well may be, for the perpetuity of their religious system depends upon it. On the issue of irreligious, or parochial schools, they will triumph. Religion is so interwoven with morality, and morality so essential to good citizenship, that Christian people will never consent to exclude the ethics of religion from public schools. They will agree to the exclusion of sectarianism and mere doctrine, but will insist on the inclusion of the ethics of the Gospel. All Christians, and all moralists will agree that Christian morals can be taught distinct from doctrine, and no education is satisfactory which lacks such instruction.

Purity and Guilt.

There is but one step between innocence and guilt. When young, a preacher married a lady for whom he had conceived a warm affection. They were poor; and the wife, without a murmur, remained at home, oftentimes lonely, always overtaxed, both in mind and body, to make the small income cover expenses. Loving the beautiful almost to idolatry, she was denied every avenue for the indulgence of taste. Her home was of the humblest, her garments the poorest. She denied herself almost necessary clothing, that her husband might wear broadcloth. She taught her children, because they had not proper apparel to appear in the village school. She was housekeeper, nurse, teacher, friend, slave, for her husband and children, and so the years went by. The preacher, by the friction of the world, became more polished in manners, more eloquent of speech and more ambitious of distinction; the wife, in the midst of many duties, year by year became more and more retiring, and so the two lives drifted apart until the one stood on the mountain-top and the other was forgotten in the mists of the valley.

You tell me this is an every-day story, that not one, but many husbands and wives have thus drifted apart until all the romance of their early love has perished forever, and the heart of the one is dead, and the other lives and loves ambition alone.

Does God blunder? When he created the marriage bond and sanctified it, was it for such an end? There is a law of love which would hold married hearts together amid all life's pains and trials, and those who ignore this law, sin against God and their own souls.

A wife who forgets the duty she owes to herself, commits a sin quite as great as she who forgets her duty to her family; and a husband who, in his mad chase for fame or riches, becomes oblivious of the duties due the waiting ones at his own fireside, God will not hold guiltless.

If mutual love was cherished, and all the temptations of selfishness banished, the terrible spectacle of a preacher's downfall and ruin would not so often starve the church and the world as it now does.

A person may jump from purity to sin in a moment. By the indulgence of unhalloved thoughts the moral nature is poisoned, and Satan stands ready to catch the unwary wanderer from the straight and narrow path.—Home Guardian.

The Poetry of the Bible.

In every age those exalted thoughts which form its richest possession, and which give purity and strength to national life, find in poetry their most natural and powerful as well as their most permanent expression. It matters not how the great truths were first received, or on what intelligence they were first flashed; it is the poet who gives them enduring shape, and whose glowing words extend them in every direction till they acquire sufficient hold on the popular mind to influence national life. How preeminently true this is of Hebrew poetry will appear at every turn of this inquiry. We shall find that from the very earliest times the lyric power, possessed so richly by the Israelites, was called into the aid of these religious truths which were the foundation of the nation's greatness, and when all our glory had departed, the faith and hope which contained the promise of a greater future were kept alive only in the poetry of the temple. Prophetic inspiration would have labored in vain at its great task of strengthening, as the national conscience, the perception of moral good and evil, had not poetry lent to the truths which the seer delivered a more attractive form, and kept them alive and sustained them in its harmonious verse. The prophet and the poet were thus

"Twin labourers and heirs of the same hopes."

The need which prophecy felt for this alliance is nowhere better exhibited than in the words put into the mouth of the first of the prophets. The latest inspiration of Moses found utterance in a song which he introduced in these words: "And it shall come to pass, when many cities and troubles are befallen them, that this song shall testify against them as a witness; for it shall not be forgotten out of the mouths of their seed" (Deut. xxxi. 21).

Another characteristic of great poetry is shown in a remarkable degree by the poetry of the Bible. It is at once intensely national and universal. As in reading Shakespeare we are divided between admiration at the glow of his patriotism, and wonder at his world-wide sympathies and almost infinite knowledge of the human heart; as when we descend with Dante into Hell, or climb the steep of his Purgatory, we seem to have left all the transitory distinctions of the world behind, and yet at every step are reminded of Italy and Florence, so the Bible generally, but more especially in its poetry, impresses us at once with its twofold character of fidelity to local truth, and adaptation to the wants of the farthest times and widest circumstances.

When we come to the examination of the materials which supply the Hebrew bards with their copious imagery, we shall see how accurately this verse reflects the natural features of Palestine and the surrounding countries; how rich it is in allusions to the Israelites' daily life as he watched his sheep on the lonely hills, tended his vineyard, or ploughed his fields; and how it is penetrated by the recollection of the past, which afforded images in which to dress present affords and future hopes. "The writers were Hebrews of the Hebrews, drawing their inspiration from the mountains and rivers of Palestine, which they have immortalized in their poetic figures, and even while uttering the sublimest and most universal truths, never forgetting their own nationality in its narrow and intense form." Israel, as a people, have shown a strange capacity for adapting themselves to foreign life without surrendering their own peculiarities of habit and feeling, and their literature is equally cosmopolitan and equally faithful to its native East. Where is there any collection of songs so fully known, so deeply loved, as the Psalms, whose hymns read, meditated, sung, in every hour of the day and night, in every winding of the vale of

Leava?" They are at home everywhere, and yet, in a most touching and beautiful way, they reflect every slightest feature of the country that gave them birth, and every phase of the life from which they sprang. Hebrew poetry, while it retains its ancient tone, always seems alive with a fresh and modern spirit. It never seems to get out of date, like so much other literature in many ways great and noble. If new worlds could be discovered, with their unworked mines of new ideas, the coming race, would, there cannot be a doubt, turn to the Psalms and Prophets, and to the gospels, with the same deep love, and the same sense of perceiving in them an inexhaustible wealth of moral truth and strength, which had been felt in turn by Asia, Europe, and America.

This comprehensive power of Biblical poetry shows itself in another way. It is the privilege of poetry to pervade human life and influence it in every direction. While it cannot rise to its noblest height unless it becomes the interpreter of the most exalted truths, it must not disdain the lowly interests of common life. It can only achieve its moral conquests by throwing a glory over what would else be commonplace, and transfiguring with its own light the prosa of existence. One of the longest and most artistic of the Hebrew poetic works, and some of the shorter lyrics, are full of graceful but faithful pictures of homely scenes and humble occupations. (Canticles, Psalms 104: 126, etc.) The parables of our Lord seldom travel away from this region. The corn-fields, the vineyard, the market place, the cottage home, furnish Him with his most beautiful and powerful symbols of spiritual truth. It is this familiarity with their life which helps to make the Bible so interesting to the poor. Until literature became cheap, the Scriptures, it may be truly said, supplied the only food for the imagination of the working man. They not only furnished him with the divine consolations of religion, but formed his stock of poetry and romance, and gave a bright color to the monotony of his life.—Rev. A. S. Aglen, in Bible Educator, published by Cassell, Petter & Galpin.

Ambition.

A love for activity, a desire to excel and to gain a position in the world are commendable. They who bless the race, elevate man, inspire him with true courage, soften the indignations of our being, and increase mental and moral power, are the true heroes and heroines. They are the benefactors of the world who leave it better for having lived in it. But he who encourages cruelty and delights in blood, either on the field of battle or on the retired wayside, is the native and true ruffian. He who kills as prompted by a love of glory (?) is not less a murderer than he who steals stealthily on his victim to gratify an uncontrollable hate, while the enormity of the crime must be graduated by the number of lives sacrificed—the injury sustained. He who robs a nation of its wealth, destroys its material growth, abridges its peace, happiness, its prosperity, its mind, muscle and morals by war, is not less a robber than he who takes the private purse and then kills. The more guilty one is he whose depredations are on the most extensive scale. Music, gay tinsel and dazzling accoutrements can never change the real nature of crime. To murder is to maliciously take life. The more lives taken, the greater the turpitude, the deeper the criminality. To rob is to take wealth—material, mental or moral—ruthlessly, while the more extensive the scale the more robbery is committed.

THE Rev. Dr. Edersheim has left the Presbyterian Church of England, and joined the Established Church of England.

It is a nice thing to be a Moderator of the Established Scotch Presbyterian Church. He gets \$1,000 pin money for entertainments. Each morning during the session of the Assembly he is expected to give a public breakfast, besides a grand entertainment at the close.

THE Rev. J. G. Caine has accepted a call as assistant and successor to the Rev. Robert Stevenson, in the Parish Church, Forfar. This, we believe, was the first call since the framing of the Patronage Regulations by the last Assembly. The call bore 1,591 signatures, which included members of all the Protestant denominations in the town.

MR. MOODY may certainly assure himself that he has become a celebrity, for Dr. John Cumming has announced that he intends delivering some lectures on "Mr. Moody and his place in prophecy."

MR. MELVILL, late of the Bengal Civil Service, who turned Mahomedan some months since, is said to have died recently of cholera at Dabra, but to have re-embraced Christianity before he died.

The right of English Nonconformists to have service according to their own forms at the interment of their friends in parish church-yards is approaching a settlement. There is to be a compromise, which, however, yields almost all that was asked for. The minister of any licensed place of worship will be allowed to officiate at the burial of members of his denomination.

HERE is a new feature in modern church improvements which we are disposed to think well of. In the new Presbyterian church of the Puritans, Harlem, N. Y., there is a room at the side of the pulpit, where invalids may hear the sermon, and join in the service, and yet be entirely secluded from view, and be able to assume any position necessary to their comfort.

The missionary expedition to Lake Nyassa has sailed from the London docks. This expedition, which is sent out by the Free and Reformed Presbyterian Churches, is under the leadership of Mr. E. D. Young, B. N. The Rev. Dr. Robert Laws, a medical missionary of the United Presbyterian Church, is second in command. The agent of the Established Church is Mr. Henry Henderson, and attached to the party are five men, whose assistance in forming such a settlement would be indispensable.

Miscellaneous.

The Athenaeum states: "We have the pleasure of announcing that the Misses Jane and Isabella Bewick, of Gateshead, daughters of the famous English artist on wood, have signified their intention of bequeathing to the British Museum the whole of their large and probably complete collection of proofs, etc., of cuts, prepared by their late father and uncle, besides many drawings by the former. It would be impossible to over-estimate the importance of this collection to lovers of Bewick and his school. Some of the cuts are inestimable in the eyes of the students, and the drawings are exquisitely beautiful."—The Duke enrolled a mummy of the period of the twenty sixth dynasty, the property of the Duke of Sutherland, at Stafford House, the 15th ult. The body was that of a woman of advanced age, and was in a most perfect condition. His Grace has presented the body to the Museum of the College of Surgeons, and the inscriptions on the outer cartonnage, together with a short statement by Dr. Birch, will be published by the Society of Biblical Archaeology.—A new museum at Colombo, Ceylon, is nearly completed, and will contain an oriental and general library and a museum of natural history and antiquities. Liberal grants have been made from the colonial revenues for its endowment, and the Indian Office has contributed many valuable oriental works from its stores.—At Pompeii, some three hundred little tablets of fir wood have been found in a box, which crumbled to pieces on being exposed to the air. They appear to be tablets belonging to a money lender. One which has been transcribed dates from A.D. 56.—In the year 1820, Mr. G. F. Grey besides bringing home from Egypt a number of valuable Papyri, brought also two hundred short inscriptions copied from the rocks at the foot of Mount Serbal, which have given to the valley the name of Wady Mukattab, or sculptured, and gave to the Holy Mountain itself the name of Mount Sephar, or written as in Gen. x. 30. It now seems pretty certain that they belong to a time after the captivity, and were the work of pious Jews, outcasts from home, living in lower Egypt, who visited that holy spot. Some of them may have been seen by the writer of the book of Job, who describes them as "cut in the rock forever." There are some in Hebrew and some in Chaldee, and they are for the most part in the square char. etc.

An interesting "Exposition" of Geographical Science opened at Paris on the 15th ult., and Congress in connection therewith opened on the 1st inst. Some very interesting curiosities are exhibited. One is a model of the enormous meteoric stone found on the sea shore, at Ovifac, in Greenland, and transported thence in triumph to Stockholm. The original weighs 60,000 lbs., and is the largest specimen of meteoric iron known. The Swedish collection is particularly rich also in maps of ancient date, going back to 1589, and of wonderful execution and correctness for the period. The English department shows a complete section of the Himalayan range from the Punjab to the plains of Yarkand, showing the highest peak in the world, unless it be the one in the Andes. The admirable map of Central Asia, by Col. J. T. Walker, attracts great attention, exhibiting the frontiers of Asiatic Russia and British India, now appearing, on paper at least, in formidable proximity with the boundary line of neutral territory lately agreed upon. All the productions of Palestine Exploration Fund are also there, with the accurate plan of Jerusalem. But the gem of the British Exposition consists of two rough geographical drafts by the hand of Livingstone. There is also a copy of the most ancient map of Holland, the original which is at Bruges, dating 1200.

QUEEN ISABELLA, having requested permission to take up her residence for the season at St. Sebastian, was refused by Don Alfonso, who intimated that she was at liberty to reside in the Balearic Isles, where every convenience would be placed at her disposal. These Islands being a sort of Spanish New Caledonia for persons of distinction, the Queen regarded the proposition as an unwarrantable insult, and Don Carlos having heard of it, offered her a villa at Zarauz, and free circulation within his dominions.

THE CHINESE POPULACE at Peking have been making renewed assaults on foreigners, the last attack having been on an attaché of the German Legation, who, while on a scientific expedition, was badly beaten and robbed of valuable astronomical instruments.

SOME NEGOTIATIONS which have been taking place between Japan and Corea have assumed a less friendly character, and many Japanese officials have been recalled from the latter country. There is a rumor of impending war, but the Japanese Government is stated to have not yet arrived at any such decision.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND FISHERIES, at the latest reports, were very unsatisfactory.

British American Presbyterian.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Publisher and Proprietor

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TERMS: 20 cents per annum, in quantities. Subscriptions may commence at any time, and are payable strictly in advance.

The numbers for March and April are now before us, and contain a most attractive appearance, especially the April issue.

Specimen copies will be sent to any address. C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, P.O. Drawer 2184, Toronto, Ont.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The paper on the "Human Heart" will scarcely suit our columns, but the writer need not be discouraged but try again; every beginner in composition has to reckon upon rejections at first.

British American Presbyterian.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1875.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We must remind many of our subscribers of the fact, which they may have overlooked, that their payments to the PRESBYTERIAN are considerably in arrears.

AN IMPARTIAL OPINION.

The anti-unionists would like to convey the idea that the Church of Scotland looked coldly upon the lately consummated Presbyterian Union in this Dominion.

"I got, on the 1st, the newspaper you sent me, with an account of the Presbyterian Union in the Dominion, and portraits of Dr. Cooke and Principal Caven.

KING MOB.

The city of Montreal is fast on the way of becoming notorious on this continent, for the lawlessness of some of its citizens.

It would be unfair to lay the blame of all these riots at the door of the Church of Rome, but it certainly is a noteworthy fact, that the city in this Dominion which is considered the "Rome" of the continent is the number and zeal of its Popish churches,

convents, priests, is the very city which is obtaining the unenviable notoriety of being our most lawless and riotous city.

It is far from pleasant to contemplate what we may come to in this country if this spirit of lawless violence is allowed to uplift his hideous head.

"But let us suppose that to-morrow, a civil war broke out in this land of different nationalities and religions, what class would compose the army, and would it be friendly or hostile to our interests as Irish Catholics?"

In view, therefore, of the combustible materials that be among us and beneath us, it is wise in us to maintain our connection with Great Britain as a close constituent part thereof.

And, considering further, that ignorance of the Word of God, and its doctrines of peace and good will, is the chief cause of these wicked uprisings against free speech, equal rights, and the authority of the magistrate, there is a loud call to the Protestant Churches in these riotous proceedings, to give the Word of God in their own tongue, and Christian education to the French people.

BRAESIDE ACADEMY, in the neighbourhood of Montreal.—We call attention to the advertisement, which will be found in another column, of Braeside Academy, conducted by Professor McGregor of McGill Normal school.

Ministers and Churches.

THE Rev. Samuel Jones of Knox Church, Brussels, is in town on a visit to his son, the Rev. W. Henry Jones, Rector of Grace Church.

On the 18th inst., the Rev. Mr. McKay of East Pauls, moderated in a call for Nassagaweya and Campbellville, which came out in favour of Rev. H. H. McPherson.

On Wednesday the 4th of August, the annual picnic of St. Andrew's Church Sunday School, Beachburg, was held in that place. Refreshments in tempting quality and quantity were spread on tables in the Town Hall.

The resignation of the charge of the Peel St. Church (as part of the union scheme), and departure from Lindsay, elicited a spontaneous tribute of affection and esteem on the part of the congregation for their Minister, the Rev. E. W. Panton.

On Wednesday evening, 18th inst., over fifty members of the congregation—fully supplied with all the necessaries for such an occasion—repaired to Mr. Panton's residence, Dunoon's Terrace, and having taken possession of the premises, laid out a bountiful spread, and after justice had been done thereto, Mr. T. W. Ray, of Ops, was elected chairman, and Mr. J. McCamman read the subjoined address, Mr. James Hamilton making the presentation of a purse of over \$150.

In saying "good-bye," you will take with you the heartfelt wishes of this congregation for your welfare, and their prayer—that to whatever field of labour the Master may in His Divine Wisdom call you your preaching may be crowned with success, and that your future and that of your partner in life may be happy and prosperous.

On the occasion of the resignation of the pastorate of the Congregational Church, Manilla, the following testimonial was presented to the Rev. Mr. McGregor.—Beloved Mr. McGregor,—We the undersigned, in the name, and on behalf of the Congregational Church at Manilla, over which the Lord has placed you as pastor, and has graciously continued and sustained you in that capacity for more

than eighteen years, constrained by affection and a sense of obligation to the Head of the Church and to you, beg to convey to you in this form, our deep sorrow at your resolve to leave us after so long and successful a pastorate.

The laying of the foundation stone of the new Presbyterian Church, Kincairdine, took place on Wednesday, the 11th inst. A very large congregation assembled on this interesting and conspicuous occasion, and everything passed over in the most satisfactory manner.

The hymn "Now blessed be the God of Heaven," was then sung, the audience joining in with enthusiasm. The Rev. Mr. Currie, one of the first Presbyterian ministers to visit this section, was then called upon to address the assemblage, to which he responded in a racy and rather humorous speech.

The Rev. Chas. Stewart was then called upon. As this was the first time he had addressed an audience on a like occasion, he felt scarcely prepared to do justice to the call. About seventeen years ago this fall, he had visited this town, and though it was far ahead of the condition in which Mr. Currie found it, the change he noted to-day, all around, was almost wonderful.

a few introductory remarks, said that he had almost felt discouraged when he saw the national colors (which had fallen during the ceremony) come to the ground, for if there was anything in omens, the striking of these colors would betoken annihilation, but when he turned around and saw their own good flag still floating in the breeze, he recognized the omen that Presbyterianism would still continue, whatever might become of the nation.

The Doxology was then sung, and the proceedings were terminated by the pronouncement of the benediction by the pastor.

Book Reviews.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July is about an average number of this periodical. NEWS OF FEMALE MISSIONS IN CONNECTION WITH THE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND for July, gives the thirty-seventh Annual Report of the Scottish Ladies Association for the advancement of Female Education in India.

SCRIPPER'S MONTHLY for August and September are exceedingly good numbers of a periodical, always fresh and vigorous.

St. NICHOLAS for September. The September number of St. Nicholas contains a variety of very pleasant and interesting contributions, along with the usual fine array of pictures.

There is also a full budget of stories—among the rest, a delicate, fanciful one by Emma Burt, entitled "A Squirrel's Stratagem," and a thrilling narrative of a brave woman's unaided contest with a bear, which is vouched for as true.

ter-Box," and "Riddle-Box," close the number, as usual, with their eight or ten pages of information and amusement.

BLACKWOOD for August contains the following articles, which will all be found well worth reading: I. The State of the French Army. II. Nan: a Summer Scene. III. Rivers: Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers. Etchings on the Loire. Etchings on the Moselle. Life on the Upper Thames. Taunt's Map and Guide to the Thames. IV. The Dilemma. V. The Swine-herd of Gharra. VI. My Swan-Song. VII. The Seal The Seal VIII. Review of the Session.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW for July contains papers on the following subjects: I. Life and Works of Thorvaldson. II. Sir H. S. Maine on Early Institutions. III. Menais. IV. The Education of Children of the State. V. The Works of Thomas Love Peacock. VI. The Physiological Influence of Alcohol. VII. Geikie's Life of Murchison. VIII. The Early Kings of Norway. IX. Lucrezia Borgia. X. England and Russia in the East.

LITERARY NOTES

DEAN STANLEY is engaged on a work on "A Life of Moses."

THE REV. T. R. WADE, of Lahore, India, is translating Messrs. Moody and Sankey's hymns into the Urdu language.

DR. RALPH, the Principal of the Free Church College at Edinburgh, is at present engaged on a Life of St. Augustine.

THE original manuscript of the poet Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" was recently sold in London for twelve hundred dollars.

MR. GLADSTONE'S "Expostulation" has had a great sale in Australia, three thousand copies being quickly sold in Melbourne alone.

THE REV. DR. STUART, Moderator of the Free Church Assembly, Scotland, will shortly have ready a book on the "Revival Season."

A VOLUME on "The Poets of Methodism," by S. W. Christophers, is to be published in the United States, by A. D. F. Randolph & Co.

BOTH the London Athenaeum and the Academy are agreed for once, and both affirm that Mr. Tennyson has not succeeded in writing a drama in the true sense of the word.

THE second edition of Dr. Cooke's Life, by Professor Porter, is now ready. It will be issued when the Cooke statue is finished in Belfast. It has been greatly revised, many portions being re-written.

THE REV. DR. BLACK, late of Dublin and Inverness, now of Scotland, is busy with a book "On Prayer." Dr. Black visited Canada last year, preaching in Montreal, Toronto and Brantford.

A TOUR to the Holy Land by the whole gentlemen en masse forming the company for the revision of the Old Testament is in contemplation. Such a tour by a body of savans cannot but be highly beneficial to biblical antiquities.

ONE of Tennyson's friends noted one of Tennyson's lines, in the poet's presence, as a happy instance of the natural expression of a spontaneous thought, and the poet said, "I smoked a dozen cigars over that line."

THE REV. DR. CALDERWOOD, the able and popular Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, Scotland, is engaged in the preparation of a work on the brain, and the nervous system in relation to mental action.

AN English paper tells us that there are only three nations which use slang to any great extent, viz.:—France, England, and America. Of these, French is by far the wildest, American the most appropriate, and English the most forcible and obscure.

DR. A. A. HODGE'S "Outlines of Theology," published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication, has been translated into modern Greek by Dr. Kalopothakes, of Athens, who is getting it out with the help of friends in England.

THE REV. E. F. BARR, D.D., is to complete the series of popular theological books in which "Ecce Colum" and "Pater Mundi" are included, by a volume called "Through the Strait Gate," which Lookwood, Brooks & Co., of Boston, have in press.

IN 1851, Thackeray, when in Edinburgh for the first time, was taken by Dr. Guthrie to one of his ragged schools. The spectacle touched Thackeray deeply. Turning to Dr. Guthrie, with the tears in his eyes, he said:—"This is the finest sight I have seen in Edinburgh."

AT the recent Unitarian anniversaries in London, the Rev. T. R. Elliott said it was owing to the presence of Channing's Works in the library of the Baptist College at Leicester, that the Rev. J. Page Hopps, now of Glasgow, the Rev. Mr. Freckleton and himself, became Unitarians.

THE sixth volume of D'Aubigne's "History of the Reformation in Europe to the Time of Calvin" was completed by the author previous to his death in 1872, though now published posthumously. He had laboured for fifty years on the work, and all but a very small portion is in a perfect

state, carrying down the narrative to the deaths of Luther and Calvin, in 1546 and 1564. The present volume is occupied with the progress of the Reformation in Scotland to the martyrdom of George Wishart, and the fortunes of the Reformation in Geneva during the first four years of Calvin's connection with that city. Two more volumes are necessary to complete D'Aubigne's plan.

Presbytery of Manitoba.

The Presbytery of Manitoba met Wednesday, July 14th, for the first time since the union of the Presbyterian Churches into what is called "The Presbyterian Church in Canada," in Knox Church, Winnipeg. All the ministers of the Presbytery, and also the elders, with one exception, were present. By appointment of the General Assembly, Rev. Mr. Black acted as Moderator till the Court was constituted, when, on motion of Rev. A. Frazer, Mr. Black was unanimously elected Moderator for the next twelve months. Rev. Mr. Robertson was unanimously elected Clerk of Presbytery. Rev. A. Glendinning, a missionary recently appointed to Manitoba, was received as a member of the Court. The Home Mission Committee of the Presbytery presented a report making arrangements for the supply of mission stations, which was discussed in detail. Rev. Mr. Matheson was continued in Little Britain and associated stations, and Rev. Mr. Donaldson in Headingly. Prot. Hart and Mr. Black were appointed a deputation to visit the Portage la Prairie group of stations, consult with the people, and report as soon as possible on the best division of that field, with a view to its efficient working. The Presbytery recorded their gratification at the appointment by the General Assembly of the Rev. A. Stewart as missionary to Fort Pelly. It was agreed to send Mr. Duncan, student, to labor for some time in the Boyne and Pembina Mountain district. The hour of adjournment having arrived, it was agreed to resume the consideration of the report Thursday. In the afternoon the Presbytery was occupied with the licensure of Rev. J. S. Stewart and the ordination of Rev. A. Bell, two missionaries sent out to labor in this Province. After a careful and protracted examination of these gentlemen in Hebrew, Greek, Theology, Church History, Church Government, and personal religion, and after hearing their trial discourses, the Presbytery unanimously and heartily sustained the examinations. Mr. Stewart was then asked the usual questions in reference to his views of doctrine and Church polity, and having answered satisfactorily, he was licensed to preach the Gospel. The Presbytery then proceeded to ordain Mr. Bell. Rev. Prof. Bryce preached a sermon suitable to the occasion from the words, "That I may know the power of His resurrection." The usual questions were then asked Mr. Bell, and being satisfactorily answered, he was solemnly ordained by prayer, and with the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. Rev. Mr. Frazer then in suitable terms addressed the newly ordained Minister, and Rev. Mr. Matheson in the congregation. Prof. Bryce was appointed to visit Emerson, and preach a Sabbath, and report to Presbytery. Prof. Hart and Messrs. Black and Robertson were appointed to supply Springfield and Sunnyside until the arrival of other missionaries appointed by the General Assembly. Messrs. Frazer and Bell were appointed in the meantime to the Portage la Prairie group of stations, and Mr. Glendinning to Rockwood, Greenwood, and Grassmere. Mr. Robertson was appointed to visit Pointe du Chene, English River, and the neighbouring district, preach a Sabbath, and report to Presbytery. Mr. J. S. Stewart was appointed to labor in Palestine and associated stations. A committee consisting of Messrs. Robertson, Bryce, Frazer, Matheson, McVicar, and Henderson was appointed to consider the whole question of missionary support in the Presbytery. The Committees of Presbytery having lapsed through the Union, the old committees were re-appointed, Mr. Robertson being Convener of the Home Mission Committee, Mr. Dinck of the Foreign, and Mr. Black on the Committee on the state of religion. Prof. Bryce was re-appointed Treasurer of Presbytery. The Clerk reported that in reply to the Presbytery's memorial, asking the sum of \$8,500 to be lent to the Board of Manitoba College to purchase suitable College buildings, the Assembly appointed a committee, Rev. Mr. Grant, Convener, to raise the amount asked for and donate the same to the Board; that \$600 was already collected, and \$900 more subscribed in Montreal; and that the balance would be paid in September. On the motion of Professor Hart, duly seconded, Mr. Robertson received the unanimous thanks of Presbytery for his successful advocacy of college claims. Mr. Robertson also reported that the following gentlemen were appointed members of the Board of Management of Manitoba College, viz.:—Hon. A. G. B. Bannatyne, M.P.; G. McMeekin, Esq.; Hon. D. A. Smith, M.P.; J. F. Bain, Esq.; D. Sinclair, Esq.; D. MacArthur, Esq., Winnipeg; J. W. Frazer, J. Sutherland, M.P.P., Kildonan; D. Young, Esq., M.D., Little Britain; K. McKenzie, Esq., M.P.P., Burnside; Prof. Bryce, Hart, and Rev. Messrs. Black, Matheson, and Robertson. Mr. Bannatyne, Chairman. Rev. Mr. Boyd, of Crosshill, having through the clerk signified his willingness to aid the college in procuring an addition to the College Library by donations of books and money from friends in his native land, the clerk was instructed to give Mr. Boyd whatever certificates would be required. The congregation of Kildonan sent up a constitution for the approval of Presbytery, which on being read and considered was approved. A memorial was presented to the Presbytery from the session of the same congregation praying that a day of humiliation and prayer to God might be observed on account of the grasshopper plague. The memorial was received and Messrs. Black and Robertson appointed to confer with ministers of other denominations, and make such arrangements as may seem to them most fitting. Prof. Bryce directed the attention of Presbytery to cases of Sabbath desecration by

excursions and otherwise, when after discussion a committee on Sabbath observance consisting of Prof. Bryce, Mr. Frazer and Mr. Matheson, ministers, and Messrs. McVicar and Henderson, elders, was appointed to consider what measures should be adopted for the better observance of the Sabbath. The ministers and missionaries of the Presbytery were enjoined to preach at their earliest convenience on the nature of the Christian Sabbath and the proper mode of observing that holy day. The Presbytery agreed to hold an adjourned meeting on the 18th day of August, in Kildonan, at 10 a.m., for the licensure and ordination of Mr. Flett, and to transact any other business that may emerge. The next regular meeting was appointed to take place in Knox Church in this city on the second Wednesday of October next. The Presbytery then adjourned, the Moderator pronouncing the benediction.—JAMES ROBERTSON, Pres. Clerk.

Presbytery of Bruce.

This Presbytery held a special meeting at Underwood, on 10th inst. Mr. Fraser reported having moderated in a call to a minister at Ripley, on 8rd inst., which had come out unanimously in favour of the Rev. Adam McKay, of Middle River, C.B. The call signed by 268 members and adherents, duly attested, was laid upon the table, with a resolution of the congregation that the stipend should be at the rate of \$700 a year with manse. The conduct of the Moderator in the call was sustained. The Presbytery then took up the petition of the congregation that their call be sustained, and proceeded in, and Messrs. Bell, Macdonald, Martin, and Smith, commissioners from the congregation, were heard in its support; after which it was agreed to sustain the call and forward it to Mr. McKay in the usual manner. Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Baddeck, C.B., was appointed commissioner from this Presbytery to prosecute the call before the Presbytery of Richmond and Victoria. Messrs. Stewart and Anderson, reported that they had moderated in a call at Underwood and Centre Bruce, on the 10th inst., which had come out in favor of Mr. George McLennan, of Harriston, in the Presbytery of Saugeen. The salary promised is \$700, paid quarterly, in advance, with manse. The call was sustained, and forwarded to Mr. McLennan in the usual way. Mr. Stewart was appointed commissioner from the Presbytery, and Messrs. Anderson and Brown from the congregation and session, to prosecute the call before the Presbytery of Saugeen.—A. G. FORBES, Pres. Clerk.

Mr Moody in North Wales.

MR. D. L. MOODY laid the foundation stone of a new Presbyterian chapel at Rossett, near Wrexham, on Friday, 8th July. The ceremony was witnessed by many thousand persons, who arrived by train and road from the surrounding district, and subsequently Mr. Moody addressed the people from a carriage. On Sabbath last Mr. Moody delivered a sermon at Wrexham, at which there was an immense concourse of people, there being at least 80,000, and the places of worship within the radius of several miles were almost without exception closed. A deputation of gentlemen from Chester, Mold, Dolgelly, and other Welsh towns waited upon Mr. Moody for the purpose of asking him to deliver a series of discourses in North Wales. He informed them that he was unable to accede to their request, as he was engaged in Liverpool on Tuesday. Messrs. Moody and Sankey attended an early devotional service in the Victoria Hall, Liverpool, on Wednesday, and Mr. Moody, on returning to breakfast at the Compton Hotel, in Church Street, was met by some hundreds of people, who remained in front of the hotel and sang several of the best known hymns from the Sankey collection. Mr. Sankey breakfasted at the house of a friend. A large number of persons, including several ministers, called upon Mr. Moody at the hotel, and a final service was held there. At the landing stage a crowd of the enthusiastic friends of the Evangelists had assembled to bid adieu and shake hands with them, and Mr. Moody had some difficulty in pressing through to the tender. Mr. Sankey had got down earlier. The Evangelists mounted the bridge, and there was a general waving of hats and handkerchiefs, together with loud and hearty cheering, during which the tenders steamed off to the Spain, by which vessel Messrs. Moody and Sankey had taken passage to New York. The American Evangelists, who observe, are to appear at the Rev. D. W. Talmage's Tabernacle, at Brooklyn. Plymouth Church is to be the scene of a series of meetings in September. Their engagements include the chorales of Mr. Hepworth, Dr. Tyng, and the Broadway Tabernacle, New York.

Glasgow under Revival.

THE REV. A. A. BONAR of Glasgow, at a recent meeting at London, among many other things said: "Do you want me to say a little about Glasgow before I close? We can give most satisfactory testimony about God's work in Scotland, but as I come from Glasgow, I want to speak of it. Here is one thing about it as to the ministers of the Gospel. If you want a man to believe, it is about one of the worst ways you could take to talk about faith. Speak about the object of faith. So we never talked about union; to talk about union is not the way to bring it about. We talked about Him who unites us all. We found ministers of all denominations that hold the Head, meeting together in union, and from that day to this we have worked in perfect harmony, asking no questions. We found this—and I had better mention it in case I forget—we are prepared to state, over and over again, that at least 7000 souls were gathered in last year in Glasgow. All these are under the superintendence of our ministers. You in London have this disadvantage, that you are not likely to know, and take the converts under your care, as we can do in a smaller place. I wish to say this too. All these 7000 know something about the shorter Catechism, so that we have

confidence in them, that it is not feeling only.

Some brethren in Glasgow were not at all pleased with Mr. Moody and Sankey at first for not going to the lowest class. I think it would have been a great mistake if they had. What we needed was that those in our churches who had but the name to live—yet had the name and were in most peril—should be reached first; and the blessing came to them first. We have found that there was not one minister who took an interest in this work who did not gain great additions to his congregation. There have been added to my own congregation over one hundred souls, and there is scarcely one I have any doubt of.

When God's people had been greatly stirred up, the work among the lower classes began. And it is going on in a way that is most wonderful. If you are spending a Sabbath in Glasgow you could do this: you could go to the Green, and there see 2000 outcasts every Sabbath morning get their breakfast, and then the word preached; and you never saw a more attentive audience. At 11 o'clock you would find in the same tent at least 1000 people, and in the afternoon perhaps 1200. These ragged children are a most interesting congregation. In the evening the tent is overflowing to hear the preaching of the word. Taking the numbers outside and in, you never have less than 3000. Then there are meetings during the week, and all over the city smaller works are going on. The Lord is amazingly blessing us. If there is anyone who has stood aloof, I do not wonder he does not believe in the work. If he has only come once or twice, he might as well not have come at all. But go among them, and you will discover the reality of the work. You know Christ said about believing, "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine."

There is a solemn thought that is always occurring to me as well as many others—What is the amazing work to end in? In London we have been noticing that your newspapers have been far more favourable than ours were to the work. Why is all this? Is it not as though God has given the four angels charge to hold back the four winds for a little till He has sealed his servants in the forehead? Then comes the terrific storm that ushers in the coming of the Lord.

Birds at Sea.

HERE is something that will specially interest the Bird-defenders. It comes to Jack from a friend of St. Nicholas crossing the Atlantic in the good ship Wisconsin.

"We are in sight of land," he writes; "it is early morning, and the gulls already are coming to meet us—British birds, fresh from the green shores, with a confident, near-home air about them. But it is different with those that venture far out in the sea. A few days ago (almost in mid-ocean), a tired land bird lit on the vessel, rested for a few moments, and then resumed his flight. It was plain that the brave little thing knew it had hard work before it. On one trip two small birds followed the ship for days, until one of them dropped exhausted into the sea. Instantly the other flew to the vessel and fell at the captain's feet. He took it up tenderly, carried it into the cabin, and put it on the table. The passengers gathered around and gave it water; it drank as though famishing with thirst. They fed it with bread crumbs; the bird ate eagerly and thrived well, but never from that moment seemed to have the slightest fear of anybody on board. When the ship neared land he flew away."

"This reminds me of another incident for our young folks. At Lafayette, Indiana, at the beginning of the war, a regiment of soldiers encamped on a hill overlooking the town, and it was found that a sparrow's nest was within the very heart of the camp. Whatever may have become of the male bird, the mother stayed and raised her brood. The soldiers put a few stakes around the nest, which was on the ground, and I often saw the mother-bird coming and going, undisturbed by the camp-fires, the roll of the drum, or the discharge of musketry."

Those were brave soldiers, I'll be bound, or they would not have been so gentle. I like to think of the staunch, gruff fellows, with tenderness in their hearts, for the helpless little family in their midst—don't you?

As for those little bird-passengers on the great ship, that flew away rejoicing when they saw land, what a good account of mankind they carried into the hedges and tree-tops! How ready they must be, among their fellows, to contradict all evil reports against human beings, and what a lesson they give!

We are all sailing along in a sort of ship—the ship of life—and every day, weary souls, worn out in hopeless wondering, are falling upon the deck. If we are kind and gentle, and help them to learn the way, they may be they will come to be trustful and strong, fearing no one on board, and ready to take wing in joy and thanksgiving when land comes in sight.—"Jack-in-the-Pulpit," St. Nicholas for September.

MR SPURGEON is a musical joker. Writing on the subject of pulpit eloquence, he says: "B natural is the best note for a preacher, but this we cannot expect from A FLAT."

THE foremen of the lager beer breweries in Cincinnati, Ohio, receive about \$10,000 a year, while the salaries of the circuit judges are only about a third of that sum.

THE REV. DR. JAMES INGRAM, minister of the Free Church congregation of Uist, the most northern island of the Shetland group, has just entered on the one hundredth year of his age, and seventy-fourth of his ministry.

THE Queen's Balmoral estate covers 25,350 acres, and is of the gross annual value of £2,892 16s. The Prince of Wales has an estate at Ballater containing 5,801 acres, of the annual value of £816 12s.

THE manufacture of caoutchouc from milk weed (asclepias) has been undertaken by a company in Canada with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars. The milky juice yields about four per cent. of caoutchouc.

The English in India.

We are not informed, nor would it, perhaps, be expedient officially to proclaim, what are the arguments which have been urged by the Viceroy of India as motives for the Prince's visit. A large measure of confidence must be reposed in those to whom the responsibility of the Government of India is intrusted, and the strength of their conviction is evidenced by their undertaking voluntarily to pay a large proportion of the expenses out of Indian revenue. Parliament has voted £2,000 L. for the voyage, and 60,000 L. for personal expenses; the rest will be paid by India, and may or may not be covered by the estimate of 80,000 L. This arrangement is said to be in accordance with precedent, since Canada paid the expenses of the Prince's visit to the Dominion; but the assumed analogy is not quite satisfactory. The Canadian Legislature was free to dispose by vote of the money of the people of Canada, but the Government at Calcutta is not the representative of the people of India, and is all the more responsible for any appropriation of Indian revenue from which the people derive no benefit. Again, no money comes from Canada to England for Government purposes, but more than seventeen millions of Indian revenue are disbursed in England; and this great sum is no less a tribute because it is directly applied on account of service in India, instead of passing through the Imperial Treasury. The country, which enjoys the benefit of this large expenditure, might gracefully have undertaken the whole charge of the Prince's Indian progress on a liberal scale, and might thus have materially enhanced the prospect of its eventual success. If it has to be acknowledged that India pays any part of the cost, however small, it will be hard to convince the working people of India that they have not to pay the whole, and the amount will be multiplied in imagination far in excess of the reality. The visit of the Duke of Edinburgh happened to coincide with the imposition of the income tax, which was, therefore, commonly called "the Prince's tax," which was believed by many to have been received by him for his own benefit.

It may be presumed that a great part, at least, of the objects which the Viceroy of India expects to be served by the Prince of Wales' visit, consists in the moral influence of the exhibition to the chiefs and people of India of the personification of the Imperial power. In him they will look upon the inheritor of the dynasty that grasps the sceptre of Aurungsebe. The Prince may be the guest of the Viceroy; but his visit, if it is to have any public significance, is to be paid, not to the officials by whom the Government is administered, but to the princes and people who own the supremacy of the Queen, and the English and Indians are to find a visible bond of union in paying homage to a common master, and in a common participation in the grace of royalty.

The Turkish dominion flourished for a time by the assimilation of the ablest among the conquered people, and is falling to pieces because the process was incomplete. The English race can never be naturalized in India, and makes no progress toward social harmony with the native population. On the contrary, the increased facilities of communication with Europe, keeps the English officials more than ever from regarding India as their home, and the natives of India as their neighbors and friends, and tends to develop some of the worst, as well as the best qualities of a dominant caste. Good government and equal justice can never, in popular feeling, compensate the sting of social contumely. Wisely, therefore, did the secretary for India warn the aspirants to Indian employment that (in his own words) the English in India are the only enemies that England has to fear. "They are the persons who can if they will, deal a blow of the most deadly character to the future rule of England." Little or nothing can be done by the authorities at home to meet this danger, but every servant of the Government in his own sphere has power to lessen or to aggravate it, and every one individually is responsible for the consequences of his own action and demeanor. "It is in his power to show sympathy or to withdraw it, to create feelings of pleasurable attachment, or of mortification, and in proportion as he fulfills his duty in this respect will he show his real patriotism." If the Prince of Wales goes to India on an errand of conciliation, and is successful (as may well be expected) in setting an example of graceful courtesy which princes and chiefs of Indian race may be gratified in remembering, and the humblest servant of the crown may be proud to imitate, then it may be said that he has achieved no mere holiday task. He will have deserved the lasting gratitude of all classes of the Queen's subjects, and will have strengthened the foundations of the empire.—Guardian.

FIFTEEN years ago there were only six thousand Jews in Paris. There are now over fifty thousand.

NORWAY.—All the leading Norwegian papers fear a commercial crisis in Norway in consequence of bad freight and stagnation in the timber trade.

The Heart of Africa.

We seem destined to learn very rapidly about interior Africa. At this moment one exploring party is investigating the question of creating an inland sea in Algeria; another has started with the hope of gaining the prize offered by the Paris Society in 1855, for a scientific journey from Algeria by way of Timbuctoo to Senegal; others are at work on the Ogowal river; a large party is in a fair position to examine both the Albert and Victoria lakes; two expeditions have ascended the Nile, the first, with the object of improving the wells and digging fresh ones along the caravan route between Selimah and Darfour, and thence going on to explore the Sobat river, while the second is trying to find a direct route between the Nile and Darfour, and after surveying Darfour is to go probably to the Albert Nyanza and the territories adjoining its western banks as far south as possible. Stanley has undertaken a new journey to the Equatorial lakes, and an engineer named Mitchell has gone to make a geological survey of part of Nubia and the Eastern Soudan between the Nile and the Red Sea as far as the Sobat river.

From the West Coast the German-African Expedition is to advance along three lines into the interior, and from the East, Lieut. Cameron has successfully journeyed to Lake Tanganyika, and settled the long disputed question of this outlet.

While, however, we are waiting the vast stores of information which must come to us from these various exploring parties, we have already a vast amount of fresh and reliable literature on interior Africa. The East Journals of Livingstone are given to the public now, and much else.

But of all that is instructive and entertaining and cultured, in this mass of African literature, what surpasses Schweinfurth's "Heart of Africa." Schweinfurth traversed two thousand miles in the regions just west of those explored by Sir Samuel Baker. He is a superior botanist, and draughtsman, and learned in general science. He left Berlin under the patronage of the Royal Academy of Science and the Humboldt Institution. Previously he had travelled as a Scientist along the shores of the Red Sea in Abyssinia, and along the delta of the Nile. In this volume he describes with pen of culture, his geographical, botanical, zoological and etymological studies, together with the customs of the people amongst whom he journeyed. He found higher and healthier regions than we were of old wont to anticipate. Let those who think Africa to be all a desert read the following:

"The early rains had commenced, and were clothing all the park-like scenery, meadows, trees and shrubs, with the verdure of spring. Emulating the tulips and hyacinths of European gardens, splendid bulbous plants sprang up everywhere, while blossoms of the gayest hue gleamed among the fresh foliage. The April rains are not continuous, but nevertheless trees and under-wood were all in bloom, and the grass was like a lawn for smoothness. The forest growths were of great variety, and nearly all productive of some species of fruit, nut or bean. Flowering vines or shrubs filled the whole air with soft fragrance, and the inventive genius of nature seemed inexhaustible."

In the heart of Africa is a large dominant Moslem population, with its letters, its commerce, and its Koran. After centuries of residence in the midst of these barbarians one naturally asks what its influence has been on these people. After noting the great fact that a great revolution has begun in Africa, he says:

"One point there is in which all are unanimous—that from Islamism no help can be expected, and that with Islamism no compact can be made. Islamism, the child of the deserts, has everywhere spread desolation, and wherever it has penetrated deserts have arisen bleak and bare as the rocks of Nubia and Arabia, and under its influence every nation from Morocco to the Isles of Sunda has congealed into a homogeneous mass."

Elsewhere he says: "In truth, the banner of Islam is a banner of blood. Bloodthirsty are the verses which are inscribed upon its white texture; a very garland of cruel fanaticism and stern intolerance is woven in the sentence from the Koran which, in the name of the merciful God, declares war against all who deny the faith that there is one God and that Mohammed is his prophet, and which assert that his enemies shall perish from the face of the earth."

The horrors of the overland slave trade in the eastern portion of Africa necessarily receive large attention. The scenes of cruelty are incredible. The business brings thousands annually into the market.

"Their store of slaves appear absolutely inexhaustible; year after year the territories which they hold under control go on yielding thousands upon thousands of these poor savages, who are sold at the seribas sometimes for copper, but more often given in exchange for calico and cotton goods."

"The worst feature of the slave-trade is the depopulation of Africa. Whole tracts of country are turned into barren, uninhabited wildernesses, because all the young girls have been carried out of the country. Turks and Arabs urge that they are only drawing off useless blood; that if these people are allowed to increase and multiply, they will only turn round and kill one another. But the truth is far otherwise."

* The Heart of Africa, by Dr G. A. Schweinfurth, with maps and illustrations. New York, Harper & Brothers, 1864. Two handsome volumes.

This little Republic of Switzerland has no less than 7,000 schools, and attendance is compulsory in all the cantons but two. Another fact, of kindred significance is that Switzerland has always retained its freedom. It is easy to "put that and that together."

"GRISTING like bairns," is Scotch for "crying like children." Dr. Guthrie used the phrase very effectively when he described Jenny Lind's singing. "She sang 'And Robin Adair,'" said the Doctor, "and old men near me, with heads as bare as a peeled turnip, were greeting like bairns."

Who Was to Blame.

"Such a fine looking man. Isn't it a pity he is so irritable?" "Why, he looks very pleasant," I answered, after a critical survey of the gentleman's personal appearance. "I know it," was the earnest reply, "and I confess I cannot understand it. It seems that he is thoroughly amiable everywhere but in his own home. His wife tells me that she has not a moment's comfort with him for years."

"His wife told you?" "Yes, his wife. It is impossible for a woman to bear everything; and so the other day, after undergoing a severer trial than usual, she opened her heart to me, and told me all her troubles." Our conversation was interrupted just here by the entrance of the lady we had been just talking about. She was a stranger to me, and I naturally had a little curiosity in reference to her. There was a certain sullenly swarthy about her—if I may be pardoned the expressions—intensely disagreeable. As usual, my dear friend's sympathies had got the upper hand of her common sense, and she was accordingly deaf, dumb, and blind to small or large defects of character. The visitor, whom we will call Mrs. Jones, was dressed in an expensive silver-gray serge. The front breadth was adorned with a dozen grease-spots; two or three buttons were absent from the waist, but these she had evidently intended to hide by a large, elegant, point-lace collar. Her hands were grimy, and her finger nails anything but nice.

"It is such a pleasure to come in here," she began; "it is so still and quiet and neat. I am sure I cannot conceive how you manage things. Mercy! I am having a perfectly awful time. My cook went away yesterday and I have been hard at it all day."

The new grease-spots testified that she had been cooking in an elegant dress, without having even taken the precaution to put on an apron. I hope I committed no offence against my sex when I found myself saying mentally: "Well, I wonder what man wouldn't be irritable with such a wife as that?"

"It is very trying work to stand over a range and cook," Mrs. Jones continued, "and especially such hot weather; but my husband will have cakes for breakfast winter and summer."

The grease spots were explained. "Very unwholesome things for a nervous man," said my sympathetic friend. "O yes; I know it," replied Mrs. Jones; "but if my husband took a notion to eat fried sole leather he'd eat it, for all the good my influence would do."

This was the style of conversation, but no words can describe the martyr air with which she embellished it.

"Poor Mrs. Jones," said my companion, as the lady took her leave. "I am glad I haven't the kind of a husband she has."

"And I guess your husband may congratulate himself in not having such a wife as Mr. Jones has," was my indignant answer. "Think of those dreadful grease-spots on the expensive dress; think of that wad of hair, and the whole forlorn and filthy appearance of the woman."

"I was afraid you would look at those outside things, and not consider the cause of them," was the benevolent answer.

"Perhaps if your husband scolded all the day and half the night you would be careless too. I am sure I should."

I knew that was no such thing; but I wouldn't contradict her. Genuine charity is so rare.

A few days after this visit a servant from Mr. Jones rung the bell in great haste. My friend had sent for me to follow her to the lady's house. Mr. Jones's little girl had had a bad fall, and they feared she was dying. What did I see? God pardon me for taking in the minutes of surroundings at such a solemn time as this. On an elegant rosewood bedstead, covered with a soiled and torn counterpane, lay a little girl of eight years, breathing her last. Such a room I never saw before. The bureau and mantle-piece were covered with every species of litter, and the elegant carpet was completely disfigured with dirt. Not a towel could be found for the Doctor to dry his hands with; and I shall not soon forget the look of disgust that swept over the man's face as he turned away from the filthy marble basin. Mrs. Jones sat by the bed-side, dressed in the same silver-gray serge. The buttons were all off now, for it was open from top to bottom. In the midst of this confusion stood a tall dignified, earnest-faced man, watching with streaming eyes the fast waning breath of his only child. I was not surprised to hear him groan as he bent over the face of his darling: "My all! my all! my all!" and I was also not surprised, when a few months after, I heard that Mr. Jones had gone to California, and Mrs. Jones had taken up a permanent residence with her father.

Etiquette of the Flower Garden.

F. Tremaine, of Rock Island County, Ill., writes to the Country Gentleman sentiments that every owner of a flower garden can endorse:

There are comparatively few who, either from instinct or education regard that delicate courtesy which should be observed by all who enter the charmed precincts of a garden. A few suggestions to those who thoughtlessly violate the etiquette of the garden will prevent much mortification and unpleasantness.

If the walks are narrow, a little care will avoid sweeping one's skirts over the beds, to the injury of the flowers and the nerves of the owners as well. Do not pick unbidden a blossom, or even a leaf—it may be the very one its possessor valued most. Nothing is more presumptuous than to return from a ramble in a friend's garden with a bouquet of your own selection, unless requested in an unequivocal manner to help yourself, and even then it requires rare discretion to make a choice satisfactory to all parties. Handle or pinch nothing whatever, even a touch injures some vegetation, and feeling of rose and other buds is almost sure to blast them. The beauty of scented-leaved plants is often ruined from having their foliage pinched by odor-loving friends; better pick the leaf

off entirely for a visitor than for half a dozen to be mutilated by the pressure of fingers, which are seldom satisfied with trying only once. A tender-hearted young friend received a rebuke from a lady that almost brought the tears to her eyes; as she moved her hand toward an unusually fine rose geranium, the pride and pet of its possessor, in sharp alarm its owner exclaimed, "Don't pinch it!" The young lady's mortified feelings were only soothed by explaining to her that her friend was probably constantly tormented by the ruinous admiration of acquaintances, and her nerves were too irritated for a gentle remonstrance. Every cultivator of flowers can understand the annoyance of seeing a favorite flower in such danger.

Among my acquaintances is one who is welcome everywhere but among the flowers. When she approaches them, it is no exaggeration to say that I am in agony. The rarest and most delicate plants are pinched and stripped through her fingers, particularly if the foliage is ornamental. When she discovered my lovely ferns and handled them unmercifully, I should have burst into tears if I had not caught the pitying eye of my husband bent upon me, who with ready tact diverted her attention to something else. When one exhibits a beautiful baby, she does not expect to have its fat limbs pinched till they turn black and blue, its hair pulled because it is soft and silken, or its lustrous eyes examined by curious fingers. Neither will the tender children of the soil endure useless handling.

If accompanied by a child, be sure it does not touch the flowers. A little rosy elf with its apron full of choice flowers and broken branches will look very much more bewitching to its mother or some uninterested artist, than to the owner of the depleted flower-beds. Believe one who speaks from experience, and do not rob yourself of a welcome to some friend's garden by trying the experiment.

When an enthusiast in floriculture triumphantly shows some elegant foliage plant, so gorgeously dyed and painted that it is always in blossom, do not ask whether it has a flower. A conspicuous bloom on a plant so lavishly dowered with beauty would be a superfluity which nature is too wise to bestow.

It is a luxury to have some persons visit a garden—to have the very gems of one's collection singled out immediately by an appreciative eye—to watch the play of expression intense enjoyment of your treasures give to the mobile features; and, last, to share everything that can be divided with them, and read on a beaming face that you are fully thanked, even before the lips move in words.

Whooping Cough.

It is entirely nervous—so it would appear from all we can learn on the subject. It is not as if something were in the stomach, or lungs, or air passages, or anywhere requiring to be coughed up and got rid of, but as if particular spasmodic action in coughing were alone the ultimate symptom in the disease. The sufferer in this malady feels only as if he must cough—not as if he must cough up something so as to expel it from the chest. It is of great importance to keep this in view. We have never seen a case in which three or four teaspoonfuls of hot water failed to give visible relief to a child in whooping cough. Some in which the little patient was looked upon as dying actually, we have seen revived at once by nothing more than this. How do we account for such an effect from what is in most eyes so feeble a cause? We do not think it very difficult to account for it. A little world of nerves are distributed in the coats of the stomach. These are in a state of action verging on inaction, and the supply of nerve force sent out to them is constantly on the point of that convulsive effort, which ensues when nothing else will restore the proper amount of activity all through the nerves.

If an ordinary stick of liquorice and an ounce of linseed are boiled in a quart of water, down to a pint, strained and kept for use, and a teaspoonful of this thrice a day, and the little hot water much more frequently, are given to the patient, a great deal will be done to soothe the irritable nerves and to mitigate and cure the disease. These things, it will be seen, apply only to the nerves of stomach and bowels. The whole system, more or less, needs soothing. Well, bathe the little feet once in two nights, in warm water above blood heat a little, dry, and rub gently with warm olive oil, put on soft cotton stockings, and put to bed. This will soothe wonderfully another most powerful set of nerves. On the night when the feet are not bathed, wash the back kindly with soap and hot water, dry, and rub gently with warm olive oil. Dry this gently off, and put to bed early.

As far as possible everything like harsh or irritating treatment of any kind must be kept away from the little whooping patient. He need not by any means "have all his own way," but when his will must yield to a superior, the stand may be taken and kept laughingly, and so as to keep, if possible, his little "tempor" down. There is always more than one way of managing the refractory spirit, and in the time of whooping cough, at least, the sunniest way is the best. Now, as to the little folk that have as yet escaped, by all means give them the teaspoonful of liquorice and linseed three times a day. They will be glad to get it! Also give them the warm foot bath, and oil.

The Isle of Man.

There is a patch of land in the stormy Irish Sea called the Isle of Man, about which many travelled and untravelled Americans know scarcely more than its name. On a sunny day the highlands of Ulster, in Ireland, and of Galloway, in Scotland, are visible from its western shore, and from the summit of Snelfell Mountain, busy little England is seen fretting in the golden haze far across the sea. It is not much greater than Staten Island in area, and an ambitious Californian might look upon it as a fair-sized ranch. But small as it is—a mere speck on the map of Great Britain—it has a Government of its own, with a House of Parliament, &

people infused with noble blood, and a thrilling and eventful history. Hawthorne found it out while he was a consul at Liverpool, and has praised it in the delicious prose of his "English Note-Book"; Scott gathered material from "Feveril of the Peak," from its romantic scenery and legends; and Wordsworth commemorated a visit to it in a sonnet. But it is not in these few literary associations that its chief interest lies. The history of its varied fortunes and the ancestry of its superstitious people have a peculiar interest—dating as they do from the thrilling age when the Norsemen were mighty in the west.

In its greatest length the island measures about thirty-three miles, and in its greatest breadth about thirteen. Its circumference is seventy-five miles, excluding the sinuosities of bays; and it contains a superficial area of about one hundred and thirty thousand acres, or two hundred and three square miles. Enjoying the benefits of the Gulf Stream, the climate is singularly mild and genial, and there are few other places in the world where the difference between winter and summer is so slight. The mean temperature of summer is usually about 66.17°; of autumn, 46.97°; of winter, 40.00°; of spring, 44.70°. There is plenty of rain, but very little snow or frost. Fuchsias grow to the height of ten or twelve feet out-of-doors, and are found, a mass of crimson blossoms, in the poorest gardens. As to the healthfulness of the climate, you should see the native girls, rosy-cheeked, plump, active, and gleeful, and the men, who are as stalwart, muscular, and handsome a race as ever breathed sea-air.

Exploration in Palestine.

Lieutenant Conder reports a proposed identification of Adullam city and cave. The traditional site was the great series of caves at Khureitum; late writers, however, giving preference to Deir Dubban. But M. Clermont Ganneau discovered the name of Aydee Miel attached to a small ruin in the Shephelah or Low Country. Lieutenant Conder has now examined this site carefully, and comes to the conclusion that he has found the ruins of the city of Adullam with "the cave" close by. It lies on the western slope of the Wady Sur, the upper portion of the valley of Elah. Its position, on a ledge 500 feet above the valley, is important for military purposes. There are the usual indications of ancient occupation in wells, stone troughs, tombs, and terraces. It seems to fulfil the topographical requirements, and the name preserves the essential letters of the Hebrew. "The cave" resolves itself into a series of small caves from twenty to thirty feet in breadth, still inhabited or used as stables. It is marked in Murray's map as the Wely Mndkor, standing about half way between Kila and Such. Lieutenant Conder points out that the present cave dwellers of Palestine will not live in the large caves such as those of Khureitum on account of their darkness, their reputed unhealthiness, and the scorpions with which they abound.

He also suggests that Beit Jibrin (Beth-gabra, the House of Gabriel) is the ancient Libnah. The camp of Beit Jibrin has furnished him with 424 names in 180 square miles, but most of them are early Christian. Out of ninety-seven names in the list belonging to Judah, not counting the cities of the Negel, thirty-two had been identified before the Survey, three more recently by M. Clermont Ganneau, and thirty-three—perhaps three or four more—have been identified by Lieutenant Conder and the Survey party. In other words, the systematic survey has done in three years as much as all previous travellers put together.—The Academy.

Be Independent.

There is nothing in the world that ensures success so completely as does perfect independence. People who are always waiting for help may wait a long time as a general thing; a little assistance, a little recommendation, a little influence, are not to be had for asking, but there is always something one can do for himself. Do it, whatever it is, and do it with a will. One thing leads to another.

If you are a girl, don't sit still and hope a rich man will marry you, while your old father toils for your daily bread. Make dresses, or go into a shop, or—if you know how to be a good servant—into some one's kitchen. Good, honest pluck and sensible independence are a dower in themselves, and there are men who know it.

If your means place you beyond such need, be independent in another way. Learn how to help yourself and take care of yourself as much as possible. Rather be one who does things for others than one who must have things done for you or suffer. Two hands, two feet, sight and strength—these ought to enable you to dispense with help while you are young and healthy.

We like men who can defy adverse circumstances, and could earn a living in any quarter of the world in which they were dropped down; who can roll up their sleeves and set to work at almost anything that offers, and who can own sew on their own buttons and make themselves a cup of tea when deprived of the help of woman-kind.

We like women who are not annihilated when the servant girl goes off in a huff! who could wash the dresser or sweep the floor, if either unpleasant efforts were necessary; and who, if plunged into the depths of poverty, would light their way out of it, asking help of no man.

Independence makes no woman less loving. The most helpful women are fondest and truest; and, as for man, never trust him in any capacity if he has not within him the true spirit of independence, without which neither strength or sweetness may be hoped for.

In the battle of life there is but one way to succeed—fight it out yourself. Give us a helping hand when you may. Take it if in some sore strain it is offered freely; but never wear for it; be independent as far as man may be if you would honour yourself, or be honoured by others; or be happy.

Scientific and Aesthetic.

ADHESIVE fly paper is made by boiling linseed oil to which a little resin has been added, until a viscid mass is formed. The latter is then spread evenly upon the paper.

A GOOD red or blue ink, suitable for use with stamps, can be made by rubbing Prussian blue or blue drop lake with fine clay into a thick paste with water.

A TABLESPOONFUL of black pepper put in the first water in which gray and buff linens are washed will keep them from spotting. It will also generally keep the colors of black or coloured cambrics or muslins from running, and does not harden the water.

LIME slaked just before application, and sown by hand, is said to be an infallible protection against fly in turnips.

A WHITWASH made of quicklime and wood ashes will destroy moss on trees.

VALLEY SPONGE CAKE.

Take fourteen eggs, of which use seven of the yolks, one pound of sugar, half a pound of flour, one lemon, or a tablespoonful of strong vinegar flavored with extract of lemon. Bake in a quick oven.

SILVER CAKE.

Take one cupful of sugar, half a cupful of milk, one and a half cupfuls of flour, half a cupful of butter, the whites of four eggs, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda. Flavor delicately, if you choose, with bitter almond or vanilla.

VALLEY GINGERBREAD.

Take seven teaspoonfuls of flour, one pint of molasses, one cupful of sour cream, one cupful of butter, one tablespoonful of soda dissolved in part of the cream or milk. Flavor with one teaspoonful of powdered cinnamon and one tablespoonful of ground ginger.

POP-OVERS.

One cupful of milk, one egg, one cupful of flour, and a little salt. Beat well, and put a tablespoonful of the batter in very small tin pans. Bake quickly, and eat immediately.—Harper's Bazar.

WEST END LETTUCE DRESSING.

Boil two eggs hard. Mash the yolks with a very little cold water; put one teaspoonful of sugar, one light teaspoonful of mustard, and not quite a full one of salt. Mix all these things well with the yolks. Add slowly three tablespoonfuls of best olive oil, until perfectly smooth, and only one tablespoonful of water.

FRENCH MUSTARD.

Take a quarter of a pound of best yellow mustard, pour over it half a pint each of water and vinegar. Add a pinch of salt and a piece of calamus root the size of a pea. Put it on the fire, and while it boils add a tablespoonful of flour. Let it boil twenty minutes, stirring it constantly. Just before taking it off stir in a teaspoonful of sugar or honey. When cool, put it into bottles, and cork tightly.

BUTTERMILK BISCUITS.

To three cupfuls of buttermilk add one of butter, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda, a dessert spoonful of salt, and flour enough to make the dough just stiff enough to admit of being rolled out into biscuits. The measure has not been accurately ascertained, but calculate upon needing about two quarts of flour in making by the above highly recommended recipe.

COLD TOMATO SAUCE.

Half a peck of ripe tomatoes, peeled, and drained through a colander twenty-four hours, then made fine. Put to them one small teaspoonful of salt, one full cupful of sugar, one cupful of white mustard seed, one gill of nasturtium seed, four tablespoonfuls of horse-radish, two dozen stalks of celery chopped up fine, or half an ounce of celery seed, two tablespoonfuls of ground black pepper, one quart of good vinegar. It must not be boiled. Stir well, and bottle for use. This sauce can be used as soon as made.

CUCUMBERS AS A VEGETABLE.

Peel them several hours before they are to be used. Sprinkle with salt lightly, after cutting into thin slices, and pour over them a little ice water. This process extracts from them all bitterness, and renders them wholesome. Pour off the water just before you need the dish, and vinegar and pepper, and it is ready for the table. Every housekeeper should be aware of the fact that the peelings of cucumbers serve as a poison for cockroaches. If straw is night over the floor of a kitchen infested with such vermin, they will be found to have been greedily devoured by the creatures, which die in consequence.

SEED WHEAT.

Steeping seed wheat in sulphate of copper (blue stone) prevents blight or smut. Alderman Mechi recommends one pound of sulphate of copper dissolved in ten quarts of water, and the wheat to be steeped in it for ten minutes, and well stirred, or the wheat may be put on a floor and saturated with the solution.

APPLE FLOAT.

Stew one quart of dried apples, of fair quality, until perfectly tender and well done, making them very sweet (half a pound of sugar will probably suffice), and flavoring to your taste with some mild spice or pure extract of lemon. When the fruit is sufficiently cooked, spread it on a large flat dish, and mash thoroughly with a silver fork. Now, while the fruit cools, beat up as light as possible the whites of eight eggs, and when they stand up stiff and dry, mix them with the apples. Serve the float in a glass bowl, and have ready to use with it a small pitcher of cream or very rich milk. With the addition of a basket of cake this makes a pretty and to most persons acceptable dessert, the greatest objection made to it being that it disappears from resembling ice cream too closely in appearance. If perfectly prepared the color of the float is inviting, being delicate creamy salmon.

MABLE CROFT, ANOASTER.
Messrs. W. G. Chute & Co.
 GENTLEMEN,—I feel bound by a sense of duty, and a desire to benefit my fellow-beings, to make known the wonderful effect of your Indian Rheumatic Cure has had in my case. I suffered from rheumatism for six years, and tried everything said to be beneficial without obtaining relief, and I came to the conclusion to try nothing more; but my husband hearing of your medicine wished me to try it, and with a doubting heart I tried one bottle, and I was so much relieved by it that I tried another, which completed the cure. I hope you will publish this, for these are facts, as many in this neighbourhood can testify. Hoping your medicine will reach every one afflicted, I remain, yours truly,
 Mrs. Wm. Scott.

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Symptoms of a Diseased Liver.
 PAIN in the right side, under the edge of the ribs, increases on pressure; sometimes the pain is in the left side; the patient is rarely able to lie on the left side; sometimes the pain is felt under the shoulder-blade, and it frequently extends to the top of the shoulder, and is sometimes mistaken for a rheumatism in the arm. The stomach is affected with loss of appetite and sickness; the bowels in general are costive, sometimes alternative with lax; the head is troubled with pain, accompanied with a dull, heavy sensation in the back part. There is generally a considerable loss of memory, accompanied with a painful sensation of having left undone something which ought to have been done. A slight, dry cough is sometimes an attendant. The patient complains of weariness and debility; he is easily startled, his feet are cold or burning, and he complains of a prickly sensation of the skin; his spirits are low; and although he is satisfied that exercise would be beneficial to him, yet he can scarcely summon up fortitude enough to try it. In fact, he distrusts every remedy. Several of the above symptoms attend the disease, but cases have occurred where only one of them existed, yet examination of the body, after death, has shown the liver to have been extensively deranged.

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 Dr. C. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS, IN CASES OF AGUE AND FEVER, when taken with Quinine, are productive of the most happy results. No better cathartic can be used, preparatory to, or after taking Quinine. We would advise all who are afflicted with this disease to give them A FAIR TRIAL.

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 should be kept in every nursery. If you would have your children grow up to be healthy, strong, and vigorous MEN AND WOMEN, give them a few doses of M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE,
 TO EXPEL THE WORMS.

Beware of Imitations.

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FITS! FITS! FITS!
CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR, FALLING FITS.
 BY HANCOCK'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.

Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find Hancock's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing epilepsy or Falling Fits.

The following certificate should be read by all the afflicted, they are a sure sign of cure, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, it has had a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE.
 PHILADELPHIA June 28th, 1867.
 SETH HANCOCK, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir: Seeing your advertisement in the Standard I tried your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy to July 1866, and my physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief. I then consulted another physician, but I began to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician and he prescribed a violent diuretic, which I was generally attacked with, and my symptoms were aggravated. I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall wherever I was, or whatever I was occupied with, and was severely injured. I was so much affected that I lost all confidence in myself, and was obliged to stop my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills cured me. I followed your directions to use your Pills, and only had two attacks afterwards. The last one was April 6th, 1866, and they were of a nervous character. With the blessing of Providence your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of that distressing ailment. I think that the afflicted and their good effects should be made known to every one who is afflicted with this disease, and who may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 33 North Third St., Philadelphia, Pa.
 Wm. L. DeFrees.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY?
 The subjoined will answer
 GREYDA, Miss, June 30—Seth S. Hancock.—Dear Sir: You will find enclosed five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills. I was first attacked with fits in the fall of 1864. I was so much afflicted with fits for two years, that I wrote for full directions to try your Pills, which he took according to directions, and he was cured. I was cured by his persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one, he had fits nearly all his life, and he was cured in a few days. I have not had a fit since he was cured. I have had a chance of hearing from him, but he has failed to write. Yours, etc.
 C. H. Gray,
 Grenada, Talabaha County, Miss.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR, FALLING FITS.
 BY HANCOCK'S EPILEPTIC PILLS.
 MONTGOMERY, Texas, June 20th, 1867.
 To Seth S. Hancock.—A person in my employ had been afflicted with fits, or Epilepsy, for thirteen years, and had three attacks at intervals of two to four weeks, and sometimes several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they lasted until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which state he would continue for a day or two after the fits ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians, but without success. Having seen your advertisement, I concluded to try your Pills, and he took two boxes of your Pills, gave them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now as healthy as a horse, and has been cured of his fits, and he has enjoyed the health of the last two months. His mind has also returned to its original brightness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours, respectfully, etc.
 W. R. Moore.

STILL ANOTHER CURE.
 Read the following testimonial from a respectable citizen of Oregon; Mississippi.
 SETH S. HANCOCK, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir: I take great pleasure in relating a case of Spasms, or Fits, cured by your Epileptic Pills. My brother, J. L. Hancock, was first attacked while quite young. He would have one or two spasms as one attack at first, but as he grew older they would increase in frequency. He was cured by your Pills. He had them very often and quite severe, prostrating him body and mind. His mind had suffered greatly, but now, I am happy to say, he is cured of the fits. He has enjoyed the health of the last two months. His mind has also returned to its original brightness. All this I take great pleasure in communicating as it may be the means of directing others to the remedy that will cure them. Yours, respectfully, etc.
 W. R. Moore.

Sent to any part of the country, by mail, free of postage, on receipt of a remittance. Address, SETH S. HANCOCK, 103 Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md. Price, one box, \$5; two boxes, \$10. Please mention where you saw this advertisement.

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