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MUFFINS WITHOUT EGGS.—One quart of milk, two of flour, measure before it is sifted; two gills of yeast, one teaspoonful of salt, a piece of butter about half as big as a hen's egg, warm milk enough to melt the butter, a little sugar if you like. Let it rise about twelve hours, bake in muffin rings on the griddle or in a quick oven.

SOFT GINGER-BREAD.—One coffee-cup of molasses, one of sugar, half-cup of butter and lard mixed, one cup of sour cream or buttermilk, three cups of flour, two even teaspoonfuls of soda dissolved in the milk, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one and a half of ginger. Bake in shallow pans, and cut in squares when cold. Add little salt.

WHITEWASH.—The following is a good way to mix whitewash so it will not rub off: Mix up half a pailful of lime and water, ready to put on the wall, then take one-quarter pint of flour; mix it up with water; then pour on it boiling water, sufficient quantity to thicken it; pour it while hot into the whitewash, stir altogether and it is ready for use.

RISsoles.—Roll the trimmings from pie-crust into a sheet about a sixth of an inch thick; cut this in cakes with the largest patty cutter; have any kind of meat prepared as for croquettes; put a heaping tea-spoonful on each cake; brush the edges of the cake with beaten egg and fold and press together. When all are done dip in the beaten egg and fry brown in boiling lard. They should cook eight minutes. Serve hot.

POOR TEA AND COFFEE.—Poor tea and coffee are much less healthful than the aromatic, appetizing cup of the same beverages. Relish is an important element in easy appropriation. So, it is worth while, for the health of the family, to study to have these accompaniments to almost every meal of the best quality possible with the material at hand. No efforts of the cook, however, can entirely supply the lack of rich cream, and a good quality of coffee, as purchased from the grocer.

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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 12.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30th 1884

No. 18

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

UNCERTAINTY as to the real state of affairs in the Sudan still continues. Contradictory statements appear from day to day, yet the aspect of affairs remains much the same. It is reported that Berber has fallen into the hands of the rebels and there has been a brutal massacre at Shendy. General Gordon still remains at Khartoum, and his friends are impatient for his relief. A movement is being made in London to raise a volunteer force to go to his rescue. Prominent men are offering contributions for this purpose. These enterprises are always popular and no doubt men and means in abundance will soon be provided. The English Cabinet may take steps that will render a volunteer effort unnecessary.

A MOST successful series of Sabbath School Institutes in the western district of Toronto has just been held. The meetings were under the care of the Rev. John McEwen, secretary of the Sabbath School Association of Canada. They were fairly well attended by Sabbath school teachers generally, and those interested in the religious training of the young only realized the value of these institutes, they would become at once immensely popular. They could not be in better hands than those of Mr. McEwen. His efforts were ably seconded by ministers of various denominations taking an active part in the meetings. Mr. McEwen is, we understand, about to hold a series of institutes in Huron county.

DR. TALMAGE gave two lectures in Toronto last week. Both were well attended. The first was delivered in Bond Street Congregational Church, the subject being "Happy Homes." The following evening he lectured in Shaftesbury Hall on "The Bright Side of Things." The substance of these lectures was solid and sensible; the style vivid and dashing. Though the audiences thoroughly enjoyed the opportunity of seeing and hearing the pastor of Brooklyn Tabernacle, his visit to Toronto did not produce any perceptible excitement. It may be that the lecture once so popular, has had its day. Only when a man of more than ordinary talent speaks on a subject of immediate or stirring interest is it possible to get up enthusiasm over a lecture. The glory of the lecture platform is a thing of the past.

THE Montreal *Witness* fires the following well-aimed shot: "A man goes into a liquor selling place and asks for a lodging. He is assigned a place in the hall. Like a dog he gets the back of the door. In the morning he is found dead. A coroner's jury holds an inquest, and says he was killed by 'Cerebral apoplexy from the immoderate use of alcoholic liquors.' It never seems to occur to either coroner or jury that they should enquire who dosed that man to death, why was he set down to die like a dog in a place where public lodgings are, or should be provided when asked for, or any other questions that would lead to the persons responsible for the man's death. But the same civilized government that gives the liquor sellers license to scatter death, gives the coroners license to reap the fruits thereof. This is civilization.

The *Independent* has made Bobcaygeon famous. The philosophic editor, from his quiet retreat, takes a leisurely survey of men and things, and gives expression to views, wise and otherwise, on current events. Moralizing on the Conspiracy case he says: "The trial will soon commence - we shall in due time learn the result. In the meantime we may repeat what we have often said before, that in this eminently Christian colony which contains so many churches, clergymen, and bishops, it is not possible for a man to commit any crime which can injuriously affect his social standing, or which will lead to his expulsion from the 'best society.' Will drunkenness? Ask at Ottawa. Will bribery? Ask at Toronto. Will stealing letters? Ask at Montreal. Will dishonesty and dishonest? Ask anywhere." Why should there be so much ground for queries like these?

It is rumoured that after a long struggle Laval University is about to succumb. For years it has had to contend against the hostility of a portion of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Representations and deputies in its behalf have been sent to Rome, and hopes were entertained that it would secure the papal approval. Dom Smeulders was sent out to remove the causes of contention between the friends and foes of the institution. Whatever may have been his intentions, it is now evident that Laval University is nearing the end of its existence. The authorities are reported as saying that they will soon have to close the doors, but that this course has not been forced upon them by the existence of ecclesiastical troubles or differences, but solely from the lack of funds. But the question remains, why are funds lacking? Had there been harmony of feeling, funds would have been forthcoming.

SWITZERLAND has just arrived at a conclusion upon two important social problems, and her tests should not be overlooked by the law-makers of other communities. The abolition of capital punishment and the imposition of merely nominal licenses for the sale of intoxicants have both been determined by the Swiss republic to be detrimental to the people. With the cessation of the extreme penalty murders increased with alarming rapidity, and with the removal of the high license a carnival of debauchery set in. Not merely did drunkenness become more general, but the gaols were filled with offenders whose crimes could be traced directly to the cruelty, the immorality and the unthrif of habitual intoxication. Whole communities in a few short years became changed; industry lagged, rural simplicity gave way to barbaric rudeness and a canton of once thriving peasantry became a synonym of indolence and misery.

It has been announced recently that Mr. George Munro, of New York, has endowed another chair at Dalhousie. Some two or three years ago he established a professorship of English Literature and Metaphysics, and nominated Professor Schurman, then of Acadia College, as its incumbent. A professorship of metaphysics has now been founded to be filled by Prof. Schurman, and a distinguished Canadian scholar, Dr. W. J. Alexander, has been nominated by Mr. Munro for the chair of English Literature. Dalhousie thus owes to Mr. Munro no less than five professorships, one with an income of \$2,400, the others each yielding \$2,000, and two tutorships worth each \$1,000 annually. He has, in addition, established for a term of years a number of bursaries, representing an interest bearing principal of \$45,000. Such handsome donations in aid of the cause of higher education will be more frequent in Canada as people of culture grow in numbers and wealth.

THE victims of intemperance who fall by the wayside are very numerous. Frequently the newspapers record the death of persons who had sunk to the lowest depths of degradation, and the statement is often added that years ago they had been in high social and business standing. The other week a Montreal contemporary instanced the case of a man who died in poverty and neglect. At one time he had control of a large business, but giving way to intemperate habits, he had gone steadily and rapidly down to shiftless poverty. Now the Port Arthur *Sentinel* records the miserable death of a man who, some years ago, was a candidate for parliamentary honours in a Canadian city. He went west and dragged out a miserable existence - squalor, wretchedness and crime were its chief characteristics. The *post mortem* examination showed that his death was caused by intemperance. The frequent recurrence of these sad endings is more forcible than laboured arguments, however logical.

THE first session of the Woman's Medical College was formally closed at an interesting meeting held in the theatre of the Normal School on Saturday week. A large number of people, friendly to the project were present. The president of the College, Dr. Barrett,

occupied the chair. Dr. George Wright gave the closing address. The success already achieved is gratifying to the friends of the institution. Five students have been in attendance during the session just ended. The lecturers have rendered valuable services gratuitously, and a lady had placed a scholarship valued at \$60 at the disposal of the college to be awarded to the most proficient student. The first winner of the scholarship is Miss Gavina Gowans. The Toronto Woman's Medical College is about to lose the valuable services of Mrs. D. McEwan, a lady who was ever ready to engage in all good undertakings, & who she has been a consistent and faithful champion of the cause that aims at securing a wider sphere for woman's work. Mrs. McEwan is about to remove to the North-West. When the next session opens it is expected that at least twenty-five students will be in attendance. The Rev. Dr. King, being present, gave a brief address.

INTERVIEWING is a striking feature of journalistic enterprise. It affords an excellent discipline for a bashful man if ever any such finds his way into the profession. It has, however, one defect. It would be misleading to depend on the accuracy of an interview that really takes place, and yet it may be as reliable as those that are purely imaginary. Dr. McCosh, of Princeton, was good enough to unbosom himself to the interviewer - so he says - to the following effect: "Henry Ward Beecher claims that you are a believer in the theory of evolution as connected with religion. Is that true?" "It is true and it is not true," he replied, with quaint emphasis. "I believe in the physical theory of evolution, certainly - in the growth of the oak from the acorn and the law of heredity in the generation of the human race. I believe that the fittest will survive, as Herbert Spencer affirms. But if Mr. Beecher intends by claiming me as a representative Presbyterian evolutionist to pledge me as a believer in his religious theories, he has neither reason nor warrant. I don't believe Beecher has any theology, and what little he has I don't believe in. I hold to evolution as a scientific deduction, perfectly consistent with the sacred Scriptures, and as fortifying their divine authenticity."

DURING the late session of the Dominion Parliament a number of petitions were presented for some enactment to secure the proper observance of the Sabbath. In the Senate a select committee was appointed to consider the matter and report. The Hon. Mr. Vidal, in presenting the report, among other things said: "I think it would be a very improper thing to ask such a very important step to be taken when time does not permit a careful and proper investigation of the matter. The committee felt that they could act in no other way than to express their own convictions set forth in that report. One thing at once was evident to us, if the Dominion Parliament does possess the power, it has never exercised it by legislating on this particular question. In only one statute passed by the Parliament of Canada is there any reference whatever to the subject, and that is only indirectly, providing that the disturbance of any gathering for public worship shall be a criminal offence. We find laws for the preservation of quiet and orderly behaviour, and the right observance of the Lord's Day in the statutes of every Province of the Dominion. We found also that the courts had decided that the old Imperial Statutes of the reign of Charles I, and some others, are in force in all the Provinces of the Dominion, except, perhaps, the Province of Quebec, where it was thought there might be a question regarding its validity. With these Imperial statutes existing and in force, and the local laws to which I have referred, it was thought they were apparently sufficient to meet the views of the petitioners and to secure that Holy Day from needless profanation. Under these circumstances the committee have thought it better to present their view to the House, and I trust that the House will receive the report and allow it to remain without thinking it necessary to commit themselves by any action with reference to it. That would be the best way of disposing of the question."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

IN THE NORTH-WEST.

MR. EDITOR.—Through the kindness of Col. Sproat and Mr. L. Clarke, I was able to engage a teamster to drive me to Battleford. The distance is 160 miles and it took us four days. The first afternoon we drove through a belt of firs. The trees were too rough to be sawn into lumber or to be used for building in any way. The land is light and sandy. The Prince Albert people say that grasshoppers never crossed this belt and attribute their immunity from the scourge to this dark green land. As we emerged from the forest we passed over some light rolling land and then struck a fine stretch of prairie that is being fast settled. For the night we staid at Carlton, and found Mr. Garson kind and hospitable. From him I learned that the Indian band, among whom the Rev. John McKay is carrying on mission work, are doing well. Carlton is on the North Saskatchewan, about fifty miles south-west of Prince Albert. For a long time it was the yearly meeting place of the factors, chief-factors and other officers of the Hudson's Bay Co. From the Mackenzie and the Yankan in the north and the Missouri and Red River in the south; from the banks of the Kaministiquia and the Fraser; from the Rocky Mountains and the Eastern shores of Hudson's Bay, the employés of the company used to meet representatives from London, talk over the business of the preceding year and arrange for future operations. The walls of the rooms seemed redolent with the memories of the past. Here old and tried friends met after years of separation; the business of the day over, many a tale was told of hardships endured and dangers escaped. There was feasting and song and story. What was rarest and richest in the experience of each was told for the benefit of the company. To men separated from their fellows for years this was no ordinary meeting. But old times are changed, old manners gone. The glory of Carlton has departed. The meetings are no longer those of English gentlemen of the eighteenth century, but the meetings of business men in one of our city offices, and they are held at Prince Albert. It was from such a meeting that the Hon. D. A. Smith rode when he made the distance of 500 miles to Winnipeg in a little more than four days. The conveyance was a buckboard and the power relays of Hudson's Bay Co.'s horses. The gentleman was tied in his seat, and night and day over rough roads and smooth the horses flew at a pace that would have delighted the heart of Jehu. When Fort Ellice was reached Mr. Smith saw Chief-Factor Archibald McDowd at the foot of the hill, on which the fort is built. He said to him "Bring out your best horses and drive me to Winnipeg." "Wait till I tell my wife and get my coat." "No; it's the first duty of a Hudson's Bay officer is to obey." "All right sir;" and the horses were hitched; nor did they halt but to change till within the enclosure of Fort Garry. The urgency lay in Mr. Smith's desire to be at Ottawa to speak and vote in connection with the "Pacific Scandal" case.

When we awoke next morning we found that snow had fallen during the night to the depth of two or three inches. The air was not frosty, however, and we hitched and were soon on the way. Two roads offered. From Battleford the Saskatchewan flows in a south-easterly direction to the "Elbow," and from that point north-easterly past Carlton. Bend the arm, bringing the hand near the chest and you have the course of the river. Battleford is on the wrist and Carlton where the arm leaves the shoulder. To travel round the Elbow was to increase the distance thirty miles; to cross at Carlton was to run the risk of not being able to cross at Battleford. In that case the longest way round would prove the nearest way there. We went by the Elbow. The grass was burnt, and we were informed that this was the case for eighty miles. We passed over a splendid stretch of good land with here and there a clump of trees. From the "Lons Land" I had been led to believe that the Saskatchewan constituted the boundary between the prairie and the forest. It is so at Prince Albert but not west of Carlton. Major Butler has secured a million acres of very superior prairie land for an English Colonization Company in the loop north of the Elbow and between Carlton and Battleford. At noon we halted for dinner beside a swamp, and with a few small dry willows boiled our kettle. While the horses were feeding I

walked on, and ascending a hill saw a pond to the left, covered with ducks. A wily fox was stealthily approaching them through the long grass. They were quietly feeding and moving in his direction, and I have no doubt his cunning and patience were rewarded by a good dinner, but I did not wait to see the end. Beyond this high ground I picked up some bumble bees' nests, in one of which I counted twenty one cells. This I regarded as a good sign for the country. Wild bees are not numerous in the North-West, but from the abundance and variety of our flowers I see no reason why bees cultivated in Ontario should not thrive were proper care taken of them in winter.

The Elbow was reached after nightfall and the wood and spring we were told of at Carlton we could not find. We halted beside some willows and cooked supper with some dry branches collected in the dark. The snow being removed I made my bed on the lee side of a bush and slept soundly. The morning dawned clear and frosty and our road was dry. After breakfast I set off on foot to explore the Elbow. The river bottom is wide with extensive sand bars. The bank is sloping and covered with timber; the soil is light and scarcely fit for agriculture, and the prairie seamed with buffalo runs. Only a very few years ago this largest and finest of game must have roamed over these plains in massive herds to have left such trails. of course their bones whitened the plains in every direction. The country passed over during the day was hilly and better adapted for pasture than for raising cereals. The night was spent on an open plain and supper cooked with the aid of a couple of old telegraph poles. All next day the river was near on our right and the Eagle Hills only a few miles away on our left. These approached the river as we travelled up the stream till near Battleford, we had to cross their spurs. A number of fine creeks issue from springs in the hills and flow towards the Saskatchewan. Timber of large size lines the road for a considerable distance, principally poplar. We passed several islands in the river, a considerable extent covered with timber, and from trails about the bank it was evident that these are yet the homes of no inconsiderable number of beavers. The sand bars in the Saskatchewan are in some places half a mile wide and the river meanders through them, looking from the bank an insignificant stream, though 1,000 feet wide. These bars shift and the channel is constantly changing, rendering navigation at certain seasons difficult and dangerous.

Battleford is situated near the confluence of the Battle River and the Saskatchewan. Battle River issues from Battle Lake, south of Edmonton, and after flowing east and north-east for 500 miles, falls into the Saskatchewan. For some distance before the rivers unite their beds form two sides of an acute angled triangle. The area between is considerably lower than the land on the opposite banks, but still far above high water mark. Both sides of the town plot are thus saved by these streams, constituting Battleford an ideal town site. The land immediately around Battleford is light, but at a distance of three or four miles out its character changes. Mr. Rae, Indian Inspector, drove me out along the Battle and among the Eagle Hills, and I saw large tracts of friable and fertile loam. The samples of wheat and oats shown me were very good. Vegetables grow to a large size and are of fine flavour. A better crop of potatoes than was being harvested on the Indian farm, scarcely ever saw. The desirability of the Battleford district for farming is evidenced by the number of ex-mounted policemen who have chosen that spot as their home. From meteorological reports the temperature is six degrees higher than at Winnipeg, Battleford taking rank with St. Paul. The town is small in appearance because scattered. On the bottom lands of the Battle the Government and Hudson's Bay Co. erected some of these buildings—town No. 1. The barracks of the mounted police were erected on the plateau between the rivers—town No. 2. The Government House and the residences of several of the officials are on the right bank of the Battle—town No. 3. Owing to the overflowing of the river the buildings on the flats are abandoned and a new town is being erected on the right bank of the Saskatchewan, north of the barracks. This promises to be the town of the future and the rest will likely decay.

Saturday I arranged for services in the hall in the Government house, and on Sabbath morning and evening good congregations assembled. I explained to the people the mode pursued by us in conducting

mission work, and announced a meeting for Tuesday evening for organization, if necessary. There was a good attendance. I found that there were eight families and several unmarried men belonging to the Presbyterian Church in and around Battleford. They were anxious to have a minister among them, and a motion asking for partial organization was passed unanimously. A subscription list was passed round and \$460 were subscribed on the spot. Those present pledged at least \$500 should a missionary be sent. I learned that settlements are forming at one or two points about twenty miles from the town, and it was evident to me that our Church should take steps at once to procure a suitable missionary. The Roman Catholics have a missionary there, and the members of that body were erecting a commodious church. There is a minister of the Church of England, but he is instructor on the Indian Industrial Farm. The Rev. P. Strath, of our own Church, ministered to the people of Battleford and did good service. At the expiration of his appointment no one else took his place, and so for some years this post was abandoned. There is now a prospect of growth for the settlement and action on our part should not be delayed. There is much need of a grist mill in the settlement. Mr. Oliver, late of Ingersoll, has built a saw mill on the Saskatchewan, eighteen miles up from Battleford, and lumber will be sawn there next spring. Several bands of Indians are settled about twenty miles from Battleford, among the Eagle Hills, and are fast learning how to get their living out of the soil. I took dinner with one of the families, but I dare not give details. The cattle ranche of the Messrs. Wyld, of Dundas, I visited. The location is choice and on the left bank of the Saskatchewan. Their herd comprised 250 splendid specimens of Durham grades. Many of them came from Montana and looked leggy. The Saskatchewan Herald is conducted with great ability, and is a credit to the settlement. P. G. Lawrie is editor and proprietor. Of the hospitality of the Battleford people I could scarcely speak too highly.

JAMES ROBERTSON.

HOW TO INCREASE THE EFFICIENCY OF THE ELDERSHIP.

MR. EDITOR.—It is not my purpose in this paper to refer to the authority for the Eldership as recognized by the Presbyterian Church, nor to point out all that the office comprehends. The subject would be too extensive and exhaustive. The theme upon which I purpose writing is "How to make the Eldership more efficient;" how the elder's usefulness may be increased. It must be clear to all observers that the highest standard has not yet been attained by those who have been honoured to fill this office, but defects on every hand are apparent, arising sometimes from an improper estimate of the office and sometimes indifference as to the responsibilities which it confers. No organized body of Christians have greater reason to look for blessed results from such officials as the Church to which we belong. The early training in Catechism and Holy Scriptures and the general intelligence of our people warrant us in hoping for beneficial results, especially when a wise choice has been made and men elected to fill that honourable position on account of their piety, prudence, and intelligence. The qualifications laid down by Paul in writing to Timothy and again to Titus should be the basis unquestionably upon which a congregation should proceed to make choice of men for this office, and the influences for good wielded will be in proportion as they come up to that standard.

(a) One of the first requisites in an elder should be piety. This qualification will do much alone—all things else without this are nothing. What a reproach it is to a church to have the piety of even its humblest members questioned and doubts expressed whether they are on the Lord's side or not. But how deplorable it must be when anything of this kind appears in those who are its light bearers. "Watchmen on Zion's walls," men who should be models and are not, whose example is pernicious, whose influence is hurtful.

(b) A second qualification necessary for an elder is good judgment: this will be obvious when his duties are considered. He is an ecclesiastical ruler, a counsellor and guide—a combination that requires tact and discretion and will put to the test his best judgment. Necessarily he comes in contact with all classes of people, and it is his to encourage the feeble and faltering Christian on the one hand, and reprove and ad-

monish the erring and wayward on the other, to deal earnestly and faithfully with immortal souls so that he may rule us in the fear of God.

(c) Another qualification which should characterize the elder is that he be "sound in the faith," not carried about by every wind of doctrine.

This is not a matter of business where crude opinions may be uttered and false motives expressed without injurious results following. One false opinion expressed may imperil a soul, and as the duties of the elder lie along the line of teaching, this qualification should not be overlooked; but as Paul in his Epistle to Titus puts it: "Holding fast the faithful word as he hath been taught that he may be able by sound doctrine both to exhort and convince the gainsayers."

Submitting these as qualifications for the work I purpose referring now to some considerations whereby the elder may be more efficient in his work.

1. In the first place there should be perfect harmony between him and his pastor. Want of unanimity in a session will render the best laid measures for Church work ineffectual, and it is essential that on all the prominent moral questions there should be perfect harmony. Unless this be the case the pastor's hands are virtually tied. Take for example the question of "Intemperance." The pastor observes the evil spreading in his congregation, he preaches against it and prays that deliverance may be sent to those who are bowing the knee to Bacchus, and instead of succeeding in purging the congregation of the evil he finds some members of his session instrumental in paralyzing every effort in that direction. Such men surely have forgotten the scene described in the seventeenth chapter of Exodus where Aaron and Hur held up the hands of Moses until Joshua discomfited Amalek.

To be successful in arresting sin the elder must be prepared to give his heartiest support in the behalf of all moral movements—bold in defence of the right—in example and precept affording encouragement and imparting influences which are helpful.

2. Again he should be thoroughly loyal to his pastor and should regard his obligations to him as of the most sacred character.

In the momentous and solemn duties of the pastor's work with his heart yearning for sympathy, who should be the first to bring the "alabaster box" of ointment and with a whole-hearted devotion do what they can to assist him, but the elder? Who should defend his reputation, silence evil speakers, assist him in waging war against sin, be regular in attendance on ordinances, active in the Sabbath school, assisting in the prayer-meeting, zealous in the missionary operations of the Church, visiting the sick, pleading with the wayward and pointing them to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world—who, I would ask, but the elder?

There is not a cause for either joy or sorrow in the congregation but should touch a cord in the elder's heart, and there is not a line of duty indicated but belongs to him as much as to his pastor. Our elders are slow to learn that they are not mere figure-heads. Their vows imply sacrifice; their profession suggests work, and what a grand influence could be exercised were they alive to their privileges. Many of them adorn the social circles in which they move, and were they to enter in the proper spirit upon their official duties, they would shed a holy lustre upon their position, and prove, in God's hands, a blessing. How it thrills a pastor's heart to have such men as his councillors, who, on all occasions, are ready to hold up his hands, to come with affectionate respect and advise with him—to assist him in enforcing just admonition; in maintaining discipline, and, in a word, by using every means in their power to promote the comfort and extend the usefulness of his labours.

In many of our country congregations (and not a few of our towns might be included) the pastor receives no moral support from his session, not from lack of ability on their part, for some of the most pious as well as the most intelligent are found in our rural districts; yet many a pastor knows to his sorrow the truth whereof I affirm. In some cases it may be that the session are mostly aged men and are satisfied with being in the position of the Church of Laodicea: "Neither cold nor hot." In such circumstances it might be well to pause and ask, has sufficient care always been exercised in enlisting the younger men with their business power and sanctified life into the eldership? All reverence and respect those who enter the Church's service in their youth and

who have grown gray in that service; but they are passing from among us, and if our young men, their hearts glowing with enthusiasm and zeal for the glory of God, could be enlisted in her service, a new impetus would be imparted.

3. Again, every elder should have his district, and a strict supervision should be maintained as to dereliction of duty. But all the qualifications necessary, and the considerations submitted will prove futile unless we plead earnestly with God for His blessing. Here again the elder should remember his pastor. In the onerous duties belonging to his office how comforting the thought to know that faithful ones are supplicating God on his behalf. The elder, like the pastor, should live in the very atmosphere of prayer. In the chamber of the sick and dying, in conversing with the young and pointing them to the Saviour; in guiding the anxious soul to the "Bleeding Lamb;" in imparting hope to the desponding; in pointing the aged saint to Pisgah's heights to view their promised land; prayer—importunate prayer—should be the alpha and omega of all. Will we not then, as a Church, plead earnestly that our eldership be baptized afresh by a holy baptism, and that they be esteemed very highly in love for their work's sake.

Beumanville, April, 1884. THOMAS YELLOWLEES.

EASTERN ONARIO.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Our friends down by the sea have their own way of looking at things, and so of interpreting the rules and regulations of the Assembly. Let me give an example of their way of doing things, for they are profound church lawyers down in that region. A minister was for quite a number of years settled in the eastern section, but in the summer of 1882 was called to a charge in the western section and accepted the call. In the simplicity of his heart he imagined that when he moved into the bounds of the western section, the proper thing for him to do with respect to the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund was to forward his dues to Toronto as he had before forwarded them to Halifax. He got undeceived a few days ago. Evidently the wise men in the east are of a different opinion. They interpret the law differently. They sent by post an urgent dun for two years' dues, requiring, of course in a mild and respectful way, that the arrears be paid up before the 1st of May. Happily there is nothing said so far about costs or interest. Your correspondent supposes that the cautious course for the brother in question to pursue would be to pay no more until it be made clear what the correct interpretation of the law is. He has not much doubt in his own mind, but such action on the part of the sages from the orient is too rough to cause doubt.

Next week will bring the closing exercises in Queen's College, and at the same time the commencement exercises, as our cousins across the line put it, of the University. A large programme is made out; the proceedings will take up two days if not more. The Alma Mater Society is to hold a conversation on Tuesday evening. A large number of invitations have been issued. An unusual interest will enliven the proceedings inasmuch as several young ladies are to take their degrees, some M.D., and some B.A. By the way, can young ladies be dubbed bachelors? There will no doubt be a gathering of the clans as regards the old graduates of the university. Advantage is taken of their presence in such large numbers to hold meetings of trustees and of other officials. Kingston will put on its gala dress; the people of the Limestone City will no doubt be on the alert, not only to show at their best, but also to extend their wonted hospitality to the guests that are to assemble. The sub-committee on Augmentation is to meet the same week to complete the arrangements as to the grants to ministers of weak congregations for the year. It is said that the degree of D.D. is to be conferred this year.

An amusing incident, in connection with the report of a rather famous sermon which was preached not long ago, came under the notice of your correspondent lately. The sermon in question was over an hour in delivery, and in a day or two a very brief synopsis appeared in the local papers, but not only so, the synopsis was telegraphed to the great metropolitan thunderers and was commented on in editorials and extracts given in inverted commas. When investigation was made it was found that one of the local papers on the Monday got its account of the sermon from a

hearer who spoke from memory, and that the other local papers took its report from the first and chagned it so as to make it look like an original report. How far or near a report at third or fourth hand represents what was said by the preacher is a problem which it would take a clever man to solve. The whole story is not only amusing; it is instructive, it shows that newspaper accounts, of some things at least, need to be taken *cum salis grano*.

ELDERSHIP TERM SERVICE.

MR. EDITOR.—The subject of Term Service of the Eldership in the Presbyterian Church has been discussed fully in the United States, and in 1872 the General Assembly passed resolutions by which congregations are at liberty to elect elders either for life or for a term of years. The Reformed Church; lately called the Dutch Reformed, brought over from Holland the same practice, the elders in the consistory or session being chosen for limited terms. It is rather startling to be informed that all the Reformed churches of the European Continent, those of France, Italy, Switzerland and Holland, have always elected elders for limited terms to their consistories. Still more remarkable for us is the fact that the practice of the Scottish Church was, at first, precisely the same. In Wodrow's edition of Knox's Works, vol. 2, page 234, we have the following extract from the "First Book of Discipline":

"The election of elders and deacons ought to be used everie year, least that, by long continuance of such officiaris, men presume upon the libertie of the Church. It hurtis not that one man be retained in office mo years than one, so that he be appointed yearly by common and free election."

How then did the present practice of election for life originate? It arose from the fact that the Scotch Church became an endowed Church, and under the control of the State, while the churches on the continent of Europe escaped that corrupting influence. The aristocracy of Scotland introduced permanency in the eldership with patronage or the right of appointing pastors. The Free Church broke loose from aristocratic control; but the eldership question, which is also of great importance, has scarcely been at all discussed, though the evils of life-eldership have often been severely felt.

It seems preposterous that ordained ministers can be removed, sometimes, indeed, too easily, from their charge; but the elder, once ordained in a congregation, can never be displaced, except by the action of Presbytery on a distinct matter of accusation. It is quite possible for an unprogressive eldership to trammel the action of a whole congregation and lock its wheels.

Shall this state of affairs never be reformed?

Toronto, April, 1884

QUERY.

"THE UNMUZZLED OX"

MR. EDITOR.—You give me more credit than I deserve in connection with the Augmentation Scheme.

Though I did assume the entire responsibility of circulating the sermon referred to, yet, through the kindness of a few friends in all parts of Canada, notably the printers, who charged the least possible figure for their work, and Mr. James Croil, of the Record, through whose kind services the paper was got at cost price, the whole expense of its circulation, with the exception of about \$40, has been met. Therefore, in addition to any good that may be done by its distribution, if your recommendation is only generally acted on, substantial help may be given to this most important effort.

My experience in this little side-issue is now proof of what I have repeatedly stated and firmly believe, viz., that the Presbyterians of Canada, as a whole, only require to have this matter of ministerial support placed fairly before them to elicit a hearty response.

Perhaps you will allow me also to state that an edition of the sermon in pamphlet form is for sale at 10 cents, and that every copy sold as well as every contribution sent to Mr. Warden, will help the work.

A. B. MACKAY.

1133 Dorchester St., Montreal, April 25th, 1884.

Copies of "The Unmuzzled Ox" may be had at the establishments of Messrs. James Bain & Son, The Upper Canada Bible and Tract Depository; Williamson & Co.; Hart & Co.; Sutherland, 286 and 288 Yonge street, Toronto.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

ATTACHMENTS OF NEW CONVERTS.

No wonder that the newly converted Greeks cleaved to the skirts of Paul. They were little children, and the world like a treacherous sea; it was natural that they should cling to their spiritual father, as if for their life. An artist has painted a marine scene at the crisis of a heart-stirring event, and the group is constituted thus. From the rigging of a distressed ship, or a wild sea, a stout rope hangs over the side. To the lower extremity of the rope, a solitary seaman, evidently a volunteer in his business, his strong limbs and stronger heart going into it with all their might—a solitary seaman hangs. To the seaman clings a mother, and to the mother, seen dimly through the drifting spray, clings an infant. The cry, "They're saved," rings out that moment from the eager spectators who watch the crisis from the deck. The seaman was the child's saviour that day; yet the seaman touched not the child, the child touched not the seaman. The mother was sustained by that hero's strength, and the child hung upon the mother. It is in some such way as this that Christ was the Saviour of those Greeks, although they grasped Paul as if they were glued to his person. The apostle served at the moment as a link between them and the Lord: "ministered by us." I think I see groups of sinners saved, assembling immediately within the gate, telling each other of their dangers and escapes, every heart beating with the recent tumult, but every eye beaming with unspeakable delight. Through fire and water they had been brought; but now they are in a wealthy place.

Let none be surprised when they see the anguished earnestness of awakened souls. Be surprised and suspicious rather when the matter is taken coolly.

The first sensations of this cleaving are beyond measure sweet to a missionary, at home and abroad. He has toiled in the ministry for a series of years, wearied and almost wearied out, by a dreary alternation of Paul's first two Athenian experiences—the scoff of the mockers, and the heartless, soulless apology of the worldlings as he turns his back. When he is at the point of giving over in despair, he is startled by an unwonted, almost unexpected sensation. Surely the line that he has held dangling loose over that dreary sea for so many nights has tightened a little. It is even so. The line is tight and heavy. His heart leaps for joy. The missionary feels living souls cleaving to his own, that he may help them to Christ, their life. This cleaving to the servant is a symptom of believing in the Lord.

Although Christ alone is the Saviour, the ministry of man holds an important place. How tender are these relations in time! How happy in eternity!
—Selected.

WALKING IN THE LIGHT.

The supreme value of the Bible consists in the fact that it is divine truth put into a portable shape. We can carry it with us and find there just what we need for every emergency. The author of the 119th Psalm, remembering how often he had threaded his way through the dark and narrow streets of the Holy City, exclaims: "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path." This is the unanswerable argument for the Book which no scoffer can overthrow; this makes it inestimably precious to those who study it and go by it. It is the only guide-book given under heaven and known among men that is invariably safe to be followed and never misleads us; the only lamp that I dare to carry with me when I enter the valley of the shadow of death. To Coleridge's famous eulogy of the Word of God, "it is the Book that always finds me," may be added that it is the only one which always finds for me the one safe, sure path through a life beset with perils. The people who commit the worst blunders and stumble oftenest in times of temptation are not the people who walk in the light of their Bibles.

But the supreme glory of the Bible is Christ Jesus. As the chief object of the Eddystone tower is to lift high that blazing Fresnel burner that flings its radiance over the stormy sea, so is it the chief purpose of the Word to show us God in Christ. In the face of Jesus Christ we get the light of the knowledge of the glory of God. We can only see and comprehend God in the person of His Son; the only begotten Son

He hath declared Him." There was no presumption, therefore in the persecuted peasant of Galilee, when He said, "I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life." Reading about Jesus in my Bible is not enough. Admiring, reverencing His wonderful character is not enough. I need to have Him formed within me, the hope of glory. I must open my inmost soul to Him—every door, every department—and let Him fill me with Himself if I want to be illuminated and purified. The whole man is full of light only when full of Christ. The faith that profits me is not an intellectual opinion or assent, it is the act of opening my whole nature to the Son of God so that He pours into me of His wisdom, His strength, His righteousness, His grace. There is a great temptation to us all to follow other people, to be carried by currents and fashions; a still worse temptation to be guided by the false principles of mere expediency instead of absolute right. These are all transient sparks, often delusive Jack-o-lanterns. A genuine Christian may be, ought to be so possessed by the Lord Jesus Christ, that Christ shall shine within him and shine out from him. How else can we ever become lights in the world such as our Master has commanded us to be? When we surrender ourselves so completely to our Lord that His will, and His word is our law, and His spirit rules, and purifies, and elevates and sweetens ours, then we actually walk in the light of the Son of God.—*Dr. Cuyler.*

FOR THE PRESBYTERIAN.

THE WOMEN AT THE SEPULCHRE.

The daylight dawned that wondrous morn,
When He who was but lately borne
So mournfully from cross and scorn,
And laid within the tomb,
Had rent the bars that could not hold
The Heir of life, enthralled and cold,
Wrapt in the silent gloom.

Weep, Mary, weep—thy heart-life's gone;
Disconsolate, and left alone;
All, all is lost; of hope there's none—
"They've taken the Lord away,"
With frankincense and linen fine,
She came to anoint His form divine,
At the dim break of day.

Her meek, sad eyes were filled with tears,
While angels strove to calm her fears;
Till, wandering, a form she near—
"O, tell me where He's laid."
One tender word in answer came,
What voice could so pronounce her name—
"Mary!" the Lord had said.

Bliss'd women, ye whose hearts were riven;
First at the grave, to you first given
The news by white-robed sons of heaven—
He is alive who died!
Devoutly bow'd in fear and awe,
The shining messenger ye saw
Who rolled the stone aside.

No marvel if their bosoms swell,
For ne'er had lips such truth to tell;
Even as they sped the accents fell—
"All hail," in tones they knew;
Fallen to the earth they clasp His feet;
His pierced side with love replete
In rapturous faith they view.

And there before adoring eyes,
The tear-drops stayed in glad surprise,
The risen King of earth and skies
Stood, conqueror o'er the grave;
O, glorious earnest of that day,
When sin and woe shall pass away,
When Jesus comes to save.

Ah, mourners, ye of every time,
Not few in any age or clime,
Let Easter speak the news sublime—
The wondrous living story,
That they who know that Jesus died
May know that who in Him abide
Shall rise with Him to glory.

Glenagarry.

—C. C. A. F.

BIBLE ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

No one can possibly know anything as to the power of fervent, effectual prayer of a truly pious man or woman, save those who have experienced the same. The man or woman, who converses, walks daily, with the great Jehovah never fails to receive His sympathy. The prayer of Moses (a godly man indeed) must and did suffice to appease the anger and wrath of God. We are informed that, on several occasions, the anger and wrath of God waxed hot against the children of Israel.

"The fervent, effectual prayer of a righteous man

avalleth much." By and through the prayers of the Church, the Apostle Peter was delivered, although bound in prison and guarded by soldiers. The falling off of the chains with which he was bound, the opening of the iron gate of its own accord were the result of prayer. The Civer of all good is by no means dependent upon circumstances. The prayers of Paul and Silas were amply sufficient to bring deliverance, although bound, and their feet made fast in the stocks.

By prayer we are comforted under all circumstances. Elias prayed earnestly that it might not rain, and it rained not upon the earth for the space of three years and six months. King Hezekiah being warned by God that he should die upon a certain day, prayed earnestly that his life might be spared, and his prayer was answered.

He who reasonably expects to be materially benefited by prayer, must necessarily be an earnest, a devoted Christian. The victories of the Church are the result of prayer. Both the temporal and spiritual welfare of individuals are the result of prayer. (Now, I do not presume to say that the wealth accumulated by the mass of wealthy men is the result of prayer). God regards with tender complacency those who worship him in Spirit and in truth. The praying man or woman stands high in God's estimation. God will ever be with all who love Him in sincerity. If we regard as our teacher, overseer and ruler, the great Head of the Church, the Holy Spirit will take of the things of the Father, and show them unto us.—*Christian Observer.*

GOD'S STEWARDS.

We are all stewards, and God is our Master. He has entrusted us with his goods, some with more, some with less. Whatever we have is not ours, but His, and we are accountable to Him for the use of it. It is to be used, not for our pleasure merely, but in the service of God and in doing good. It is more easy to understand this with regard to a rich man than a poor man, especially for those who are poor themselves. We sometimes hear it said about one who is very rich indeed, but who has not learned to make right use of his riches: "He does not make good use of his money," as if he were bound to do good with his money because he has so much. But why the rich man only? Why not the poor also? Both are God's stewards. To the rich man God has committed much, to the poor man little; but the poor man is just as much bound to spend his little aright as the rich man is to spend his wealth. Besides, money is not all. A steward has all sorts of goods in his charge, and so has God's steward. Money is one sort, but time, and health, and strength are goods also. Every one has something. Every one is a steward of God.—*Rev. F. Boudillon.*

WISDOM.

Heavenly wisdom creates heavenly utterance. There is something in preaching the Gospel with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, I long to get at. If we deal with divine realities, we ought to feel them such, and then the people will in general feel with us, acknowledge the power that does wonders on the heart; while dry, formal, discussional preaching leaves the hearers just where it found them. Still, they who are thus favoured have need to be blessed with a deal of humility. We are too apt to be proud of that which is not our own. O humility, humility, humility!—*Rowland Hill.*

REV. W. G. BAGBY, of the American Southern Baptist Mission in Brazil, writes from Bahia, January 28th: "Since my last quarter's report, our work has been richly blessed, and our little band now numbers nineteen, three having been baptized in the last eight days. Ten of the number above mentioned were baptized during this quarter. Our souls are full of joy at these new evidences of the power of the Gospel and of the goodness of God, and we press forward with fresh courage and faith. We believe that God has much people in this great city. Our young members are enthusiastic and active. The church has continued to rent the hall in another part of the city for preaching, and we are now thinking of establishing a third preaching place. The sale of books (Bibles and other books) has been very good during the quarter. We have published the two tracts spoken of some time ago, and have scattered very many of them. They have been widely read and with much interest."

GOOD ADVICE TO BOYS OLD AND YOUNG

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!
The far a coward and slave, boys:
Though clever at ruses
And sharp at excuses,
He's a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!
'Tis better than money and rank, boys:
Still cleave to the right,
Be lovers of light,
Be open, above board, and frank, boys!

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys.
The man gentle in mien,
Words and temper, I ween,
Is a gentleman truly refined, boys!

But whatever you are, be true, boys!
Be visible through and through, boys;
Leave to others the shamming,
The "greening" and "cramming";
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

—Henry Downton, in Leisure Hour.

THE TWO SHIPS: FAITH AND UNBELIEF. — A VISION.

BY REV. JOHN WAUGH.

I had a vision of the ocean of Life—a sea upon which all mankind must sail for either a longer or a shorter period. As I looked I tried to discover some outlines of land, but none were discernible by the naked eye or with the telescope. Yet, though I could not see any shore, look where I might, I felt an assurance that one shore of this sea must be in Time and the other in Eternity, inasmuch as the voyage of life has a beginning, and so must have an end. Yet where the limits were I could not see, nor where could be that other sea into which the present leads, which I knew must exist. How deep either sea might be, no geographer had sounded to ascertain.

On this wide sea I saw a ship with full sails spread, yet different from any other vessel upon the bosom of the deep. I was told that she was very old, yet she exhibited no signs of age, combining in herself all the advantages of steam and sail, of wood and of iron, of compass-lights, of mechanical improvements, of speed with the utmost safety. Her flag was a cross arched above by a rainbow. Her name was Ship Zion, and could be read by her stern-lights in the darkest night. In all her voyages she had never suffered wreck, or even serious injury, her helm readily obeying the commands of her captain; nor could I learn that any one on board of her had been lost who had obeyed the rules of the vessel. Her terms were such that none were rejected through pecuniary inability, and I could not learn that any were admitted as mere passengers, all being required to work their way under certain well understood regulations. Her cabins contained the best books, her saloon spread the best table, and on her rolls could be found the names of earth's best people, who had accounted it their greatest happiness to perform daily duties on board of her, and to contribute to the well-being of the whole.

I saw, too, that the ship had a history entirely unlike any other. She was designed by the Architect of the universe, commenced her voyage when men began to multiply in the earth, and had been enlarged and improved under the several dispensations of the patriarchal, Mosaic, prophetic, and Christian, meeting every want, yet ever advancing toward perfection. She had sailed in all the seas of Time, and had encountered terrific storms by the winds of persecution from Paganism, Judaism, and Infidelity, yet none of her bulwarks had been swept away, neither had her flag been struck in any of her hard-fought battles. War-ships sailing under false colours had often tried to board her, but with invariable defeat, the winds and waves combining to her aid.

There was another ship within the reach of the telescope, too pretentious to avoid observation, having high decks, but with little ballast, and very evidently drawing but little depth of water. She carried a flag with various mottoes, such as "Mental Liberty," "Free Thought," "Age of Reason." Strange as it was, her captain, who bore the name of Skepticism, with many aliases had no confidence in the compass, never took any celestial observations, and regarded all previous charts, surveys, and sailing-directions as vulgar pretensions. The crew, passengers, and commander seemed mutually agreed in opinion, that as to the voyage and its destination nothing could be known,

but that every one must take to himself the largest liberty, and meet all events as they happened to arise. I saw that the vessel herself had been under different wings, and sailed under different colours and names, being called "Deism," "Atheism," "Rationalism," "Pantheism," "Illuminatism," or "Agnosticism." She had no protection against fire, was never able to get any insurance, and no passenger who was reckless enough to come on board of her could obtain any insurance on his life.

As these ships were sailing on the highway of nations I saw that they came within speaking distance, and the captain of the Ship Zion, whose name was Faith, taking out his speaking trumpet, proceeded to question the rival vessel thus.

"What is your name?"

The commander of the other craft, whose name was Skepticism, promptly answered.

"Agnosticism," adding, with a loud voice, "we are all believers in absolute freedom of thought."

I perceived that when the captain of the Zion heard this, he said:

"Truly, a strange name for an ocean navigator. Do they mean to exercise free thought about the points of the compass? Will their free thought change the location of icebergs, rocks, and reefs?" Then, raising his trumpet to his mouth, he asked, "Where are you from?"

To which Skepticism replied:

"We do not know. How our ship came into existence, and how we came into being ourselves, are subjects upon which nothing can be known."

"Who built your ship?"

"We have substantially told you already. We have no reason to suppose that she ever was built. She grew, we think, from molecules."

"Whence are you bound?" was sounded very clearly across the waters.

The response was:

"We do not know. We are aboard of a great ship. We do not know what port she left, or whither she is bound. She may go down with all on board, or she may reach some sunny port. We do not know."

Faith then, in a very clear voice, asked:

"Why do you proceed upon your voyage?"

"Because we are in for it; we know not why. We do not know whether the voyage is worth the taking, the expense meet for the port, or whether there be any port. All these matters we relegate to the Unknowable."

"To whom do you expect to give an account for the cargo and your success?"

"We do not know, but we believe in all good deeds, and mean to be governed by our own social compact."

"What hope have you as to the future of your ocean travel?"

"Our answer to that is, whether in mid-sea, or among the breakers of the farther shore, a wreck must mark at last the end of each and of all. Life is a narrow vale between the cold and barren peaks of two eternities. We strive in vain to look beyond the heights. We cry aloud, and the only answer is the echo of our wailing cry."

When Skepticism had thus delivered himself, seeing that his position was not very enviable, he proceeded to question the other ship thus:

"What is the name of your vessel?"

"Her name is Zion."

"Who built her?"

"The Captain of Salvation, together with all the patriarchs, prophets, and apostles, who were moved thereto by the Holy Ghost."

"Where are you from?"

"We are all from the land of Condemnation, and directly from the port of Destruction, where we found ourselves in want of all good things."

"To what country are you bound?"

"We seek a better, even a heavenly country."

"How do you know there is such a land?"

"Because it is revealed by Him who cannot lie. We feel at times its power. We scent its odours and catch glimpses of it."

"Whom have you on board?"

"All those who are persuaded of better things to come."

"What have you for the supply of your wants?"

"We have bread from heaven, pure water from the river of Life, honey from the Rock, and the grapes of Eshcol."

"Do you know where you are?"

"Most certainly. We have an infallible chart and true compass, and, having taken our celestial observations, we know that we are near the eternal shores. Come thou with us and we will do thee good. The Lord hath promised us all things, and we know that except we abide in the ship we cannot be saved."

Now, I saw that after this conference the captain of Agnosticism was exceedingly perplexed, and, throwing down his trumpet, walked into his cabin. The prow of his ship being turned, she proceeded on her way. I heard a confusion of tongues from her passengers, and among the uttered words I could catch such as "Superstition," "Fanaticism," "Priestcraft, until she was out of sight.

When I looked again, the two vessels were approaching the eternal shores. The multitude in the good Ship Zion were in expectation of landing, but the passengers of the other vessel were filled with surprise and fear. They had disbelieved in such a country, had made no preparation to land, neither were they ready to give an account of themselves to its Ruler. They were nearing the shores which they had refused to consider; darkness and storms were around them. To them the coast was a rocky one; they had no chart, no pilot, and no means of introduction to the inhabitants. Their ship had been built only for fair weather and smooth seas. When their anchors of Vain Hope and Speculation were let down into the angry waves they dragged over the bottom. So they asked one another, "Where are we?" and were answered, "We do not know." Some said, "Hold on!" while others answered, "We can find nothing to hold upon." Some had said, "Suppose that all that has been said about a judgment to come should be found true? We have said we would walk up like men and say we were mistaken."

I saw this was mere bravado; they found their mistake was presumptuous wickedness, and the furies of the storm laughed at their ruin. Many exclaimed, "What fools we were not to consider our latter end!" Others fell on their knees and tried to pray, and above the raging of the tempest many voices were heard saying, "Behold that Ship Zion: How grandly she comes into port with all her sails spread! Their ship is not as our ship; let us confess our folly and shame."

When the ship carrying the flag of Redemption came near the Golden City, the captain took out his spy-glass and said:

"The spires and shining gates are in full view; let us all be in readiness to meet the King in His beauty."

I saw, too, when she reached the land, that many of the King's courtiers came on board, and a vast company of those who had for a long period been inhabitants of the country came to receive their relatives and friends; nay, the King himself came and conversed with many of them.

While the sea sparkled in the beams of the sun of Righteousness, I heard them singing:

"Oh, happy harbour of God's saints!
Oh, sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil."

—Pres. Board of Publication.

REST AWHILE.

You are wearing out the vital forces faster than there is any need, and in this way subtracting years from the sum total of your life. This rush and worry, day after day, this restless anxiety for something you have not got, is like pebbles run in machinery; they grate and grind the life out of you. You have useless burdens; throw them off. You have a great load of useless care; dump it. Pull in the strings; compact your business; take time for thought of better things. Go out into the air and let God's sun shine down upon your busy head. Stop thinking of business and profit; stop grumbling at adverse providences. You will probably never see much better times in this doomed world; and your most opportune season is now; your happiest day is to-day. Calmly do your duty, and let God take care of His own world. He is still alive and is the King. Do not imagine that things will go to everlasting smash when you disappear from this mortal stage. Do not fancy that the curse of heaven, in the shape of the vain talk of writing up a disjointed earth, is imposed upon you. Cease to fret and fume; cease to jump and worry early and late. The good time is coming, but you can never bring it. God can, and will; take breath, sit down and rest, and take a long breath. Then go calmly to the task of life, and do your work well.—Dr. T. Taylor.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1884.

THE Chicago Presbytery took a new departure the other day in electing the Hon. S. M. Moore moderator. The hon. gentleman we believe is a distinguished lawyer, and ex-judge of the Supreme Court, and a worthy and active elder in one of the city churches. The election was unanimous. We predict that this is the first step towards real parity of presbyters. Other Presbyteries will follow suit. Some Synod will appoint an eminent elder Moderator, and before long we may see an honourable elder in the Moderator's chair of the General Assembly of the great American Presbyterian Church. Not long ago there was a lively discussion on this question in the press. We failed to see one point worth notice in the so-called arguments against the change except that certain courts should be opened by a sermon and elders are not supposed to preach. Well, Presbyteries are not usually opened by a sermon, and, therefore, so far as Presbyteries are concerned, the objection has no force. Nor was it shown that an opening sermon by the moderator is essential to the regular constituting of a Church Court. An elder may be appointed moderator of a Presbytery we believe in any Presbyterian church in which he is not debarred by special enactment. If not—why not?

THOSE would-be philosophers who sneer at public speaking and tell us that oratory has lost its power in these latter days have got a rude awakening all over the world. The extraordinary feat performed by Gladstone when he left a sick-bed, came to the House of Commons, and by a splendid oration carried his Franchise Bill by 130 of a majority, completely knocks the bottom out of the theory that oratory has not the power over men that it had in bygone days. There never was a greater triumph of eloquence since the days of Demosthenes. The House had been at "sixes and sevens" for some time. Nobody was very certain how the vote might go. The "grand old man" came upon the scene and his silvery voice had not rang through the Commons for half an hour until he had the House at his feet. Whether one agrees with the Bill or not, the speech itself is a study that will richly repay anyone who desires to find out the way of putting things. There is not a slipshod sentence from start to finish. The reasoning is close and still the argument is clear as a sunbeam. It is logical throughout, but the logic is on fire. There never was a more triumphant illustration of the fact that solid matter and close reasoning need not be dull and heavy. Public speakers who excuse their intolerable dullness by the alleged solidity of their matter and the closeness of their logic would do well to study Mr. Gladstone. There is no necessary connection between solid matter and leaden dullness.

IN his address at the closing exercises of Montreal College, Principal Macvicar made the following timely observations in regard to the kind of ministerial training needed in the Church:—

We are steadily rising to a higher plane of culture, and I do not hesitate to say that the seven gentlemen who go out from us to-night, and especially those who have gained the highest distinctions, are such as any institution in the old or the new world can well be proud to number among its graduates. As showing the estimate formed of them by congregations, that they will all be asked to accept eligible pastoral charges as soon as they can be licensed. This is what is needed for the prosperity of the Church. Not merely men of adequate learning, but also men appreciated by the people, and who, through real merit and spiritual power, can lay hold upon their hearts.

Yes, this is exactly what the Church needs. A man may be a walking library—a perambulating encyclopedia—but if he has no power to move the hearts of his fellow-men, he is no gain to the Church. There are few sadder failures than that of a well-meaning young man who has spent many years, much labour,

and thousands of dollars in trying to make himself a preacher, and who, at the end of his college course, stands before the people without the slightest power to make truth strike or stick. He may be a scholar, a gentleman, a Christian; he may be polished, amiable, and courteous; he may be actuated by the highest motives, but he has no power in him and because he has no power he fails. A knowledge of the truth is indispensable, but it is not enough. The thing specially needed is the ability to present truth in such a form that it will attract and move men. A sermon is not a field of wheat. It is a part of the field worked up into a loaf. The man who can make such a loaf as the people need, appreciate and can feed upon is the kind of minister the Church needs. The college that turns out most men of that kind will never lack support.

THE last issue of the Knox College *Monthly* contains an article against scholarships, written presumably by a student who has seen the working of the scholarship system from the inside. The writer assumes that the scholarships are given with a two-fold object, viz., "to help needy students, and to stimulate to activity in study." These objects it is alleged are not gained. Scholarships are for the most part won by students who had the best early training, and those who had the best early training are not usually the most needy. There is force in this objection. With regard to the second objection it is alleged that scholarships lead to cramming rather than to study of the highest kind. There may be some force in this objection too. The writer then carries the war into Africa and argues that there is "a great deal of unfairness about this scholarship business" as the best men do not always win, and the system is in itself bad because it keeps before the mind of the student a lower motive instead of a higher. It might be said in reply that it cannot injure a student to have two motives before his mind—a lower and a higher. The weakest objection is that scholarships give a wrong impression about students to the "community at large." The "community at large" do not attach the value of a straw to scholarships. They judge a student by what he can do during the hour and a quarter that he conducts public service. If he can preach a rousing good sermon and conduct the service with taste and propriety the "community at large" will ask no questions about scholarship. The standard by which a student is judged in the "community at large" and the standard by which he is tested in the examination hall are quite different, as the writer may probably find out when he takes his place in the "field." Our friend need have no anxiety on this point. The community at large will judge him entirely by what he can do in the actual work. The influence of scholarships does not usually extend a mile from the college.

THE MORMONS.

NOW and then a great outcry against the Mormon delusion is raised in the United States. Politicians in their fervent zeal declare that the sword only can successfully cut out this moral excrescence that is eating its way into the American commonwealth. Sentimental divines talk rose-tinted platitudes, Dr. Talmage fiercely objugates, and legislators palter with it, but still the evil goes on and spreads. Mormonism is no longer confined to Utah, it is surging over into neighbouring territories and has been for the last two or three years trying to force its way into the Southern States. It sends out its missionaries to almost all the countries of Europe. It has crossed the Atlantic and the Pacific, it has literally been compassing sea and land in its eagerness to make proselytes.

The New York papers report the first arrival of Mormon emigrants for the season. About one hundred in charge of returning missionaries landed at Castle Garden. They are of the class that usually swell the ranks of this nineteenth century imposture. They belong to what Thomas Carlyle describes as the Drudge Sect. It is easy to understand why hard-tollers with limited education in England and Wales, Germany and Scandinavia should listen hopefully and believingly to the glowing rhapsodies of Mormon gospelers when they desert on the peace and plenty that await the faithful in the promised land of Utah. There is no doubt that prospects of material comfort—not to speak of its peculiar institution—are sufficient

to move multitudes to embrace the cunning invention of Joseph Smith and his by no means scrupulous associate. At all events it is just such a class of people that lands year by year at the great American seaport and is transported across the continent.

Were Mormonism dependent on local sources of supply for its maintenance its growth would be slow, if indeed the inevitable decay were to overtake it would not ere now have shown undoubted evidences of its presence. It is dependent for whatever vitality it possesses on the recruits it is able to secure from abroad. It is a circumstance worthy of notice that the Mormon propaganda is a complete failure in Ireland. The Irishman will listen to the priest and the revolutionary demagogue, but the Mormon missionary is powerless with him. In this refusal the Irishman shows his good sense.

A short time since the fifty-fourth annual conference of the Latter Day Saints was held in Salt Lake City. The attendance was immense. No fewer than twelve thousand from all parts of the territory were assembled in the city of the Saints. The proceedings lasted for three days. The deliberations were of a purely business character. No question of religious interest occupied the attention of the attendant multitudes. Their thought were concentrated on ways and means and these only. Much was made of the persecution to which the Latter Day Saints were subjected. Polygamy was defended and upheld, and the "Order of Enoch" was vigorously supported. This order aims at the possession of all real estate by the priesthood. In addition to these subjects protection was earnestly advocated, so that the Mormon people might be independent of all beyond their own pall. Year by year this travesty of religion is becoming more of a grasping despotism. It is a mystery why such a reactionary system of greedy exclusiveness should find its most congenial soil in the great American republic.

After all, the strength of Mormonism is more pretentious than real. Its present reported membership is only 92,000, which, with the addition of 46,000 under eight years of age, makes a total population of 138,000. Utah does not contain this number. The Mormons are scattered over several States and territories. There is quite a large number in Idaho. Arizona has 4,593; 1,578 are to be found in Colorado, and hundreds are dispersed through Wyoming, New Mexico and Nevada.

In proportion to the population the officials are rather numerous, being 28,838. They are thus classified: Apostles, 12; patriarchs, 68; high priests, 3,413; seventies, 4,747; elders, 12,191; priests, 1,611; teachers, 1,786; and deacons, 5,022. This year the conference is not sending out so many missionaries as were commissioned last year. They number ninety-five, and these are the fields of labour assigned them: To Great Britain, twenty-nine; to Scandinavia, seven; to the Southern States, eight; to other portions of the United States, thirty-three; to New Zealand, six, and to the Sandwich Islands, five. The efforts of these emissaries of Mormonism in the United States are mainly directed to recent importations from Germany, Denmark, Sweden, England, etc. The native-born American is shy of the doctrines of Joseph Smith. They have made occasional inroads into Canada, but the successes attended on their efforts have not been encouraging. A few families in the district lying along the St. Clair River migrated to the Mormon paradise, organizations were attempted in London and St. Thomas. The results have not been such as to encourage the pioneers of Mormonism in Canada. It is not a danger that threatens this country at present, and before it becomes really formidable, the American people will know how to deal with it.

THE GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

THE men who occupy important positions in national affairs are always objects of interest to the people. Their public acts are discussed in the daily journals. The causes, motives, and influence of their policy are carefully scanned and criticised. By some they are lauded to the skies, by others severely censured and condemned. At the same time there is a widespread interest in the men themselves. People like to know their thoughts and beliefs, their dislikes and their preferences. The men themselves are after all what people most like to know. And generally speaking, this knowledge is most difficult to obtain. A thoroughly competent and impartial biographer is not easily found. It is so natural to have a preconceived

theory of what a great man ought to be, and then there is the temptation, unconscious it may be, to make the facts and the expressed opinions agree with the theory, that the real man still remains in some degree a mystery to the reader.

Several books recently given to the public have obtained a wide circulation mainly from the fact that people desire to form their own conclusions respecting those in exalted station. The naturalness and womanly simplicity displayed in the Queen's last book account for the eagerness with which it has been sought after and read. Whatever opinions have been formed of its merits it has convinced general readers that its author is endowed with fine human sympathies and a true appreciation of all that is beautiful and good in the lives of the humblest as well as of the highest. When Dr. Busch a few years ago published his "Count, Bismarck and His People," it was read with the greatest avidity. The desire to know the inner and ordinary life of the Man of Blood and Iron was great. The learned doctor has just published another work on the same subject bearing the title "Our Imperial Chancellor," from an early copy of which paragraphs are already going the round of the newspaper press.

Dr. Busch describes his hero as having a cool head above a warm heart, the greatest penetration and the greatest daring—Ulysses and Achilles in the same person—this appears to most people the solution of the riddle of his unequalled success. These qualities, together with a firm hand and an iron will constitute the secret of his greatest achievements. Combined with these, it is asserted, that Bismarck has other and apparently opposite gifts: "he must follow his inward promptings in every case, and his best thoughts and deeds are inspirations and improvisations."

The chapter on Bismarck's religious views is a deeply interesting one. In his previous work Dr. Busch gave a tolerably full view of his early life. It was darkened by rationalism in theory and looseness in practice. He underwent a change. His religious convictions were not immediate but gradual. His attitude to Christianity ceased to be hostile, but it continued for a time to be indifferent. This indifference was succeeded by a period of spiritual unrest and a longing desire for better things. He experienced a season of deep melancholy. At length he emerged from the gloom and became a firm believer in God, who divinely orders events, and in personal immortality. These are said to be still the cardinal articles of his creed. He seeks to shape his duty in accordance with his belief. He is still accessible to seasons of melancholy and broods mournfully on the results of some of the events with which his name is historically associated. Of these his biographer says: "If, however, this pessimism is strong within him, his belief in the eternal is stronger."

Prince Bismarck has been happy in his domestic life. Thirty years ago he married Johanna von Puttkammer, the pious daughter of a German noble. She is a woman of bright intellect, happy and cheerful disposition, a careful and prudent housewife, and withal a gifted musician. For this good house-mother the German Chancellor cherishes the warmest affection and respect. Dr. Busch says that

He calls her "my heart," "my dearest heart" in his letters; he sends her jessamine from Peterhof, blooming heather from Bordeaux, and promises to send her Edelweiss from Gastein, where on the sixteenth anniversary of their wedding day, he remembers that this day "has brought sunshine into his bachelor's life."

He has strong literary tastes. Though in his youth he was a fair classical scholar, he has not continued to cultivate ancient literature. His reading extends over a wide range. As might have been expected, history and geography are his favourite studies. In his estimation Goethe and Shakespeare are the chief poets. Nor in his leisure moments does he disdain a good English or French novel. He is also very fond of music and greatly admires the masterpieces of Beethoven.

Some years ago he was reported to have used stimulants freely. These he has now abandoned, and what for a German seems a rare exercise of self-denial, he has given up smoking, to which he was for so long and largely addicted. His tastes and pleasures are simple. Apart from the rigid requirements of German official life, he has no liking for ostentatious display. Simplicity is a general characteristic of many of the world's greatest men. From the prominent part he has taken in the leading events of his time, it is certain that the Imperial Chancellor will rank as one of the greatest men of this century.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN (Boston: H. L. Hastings)—This is the title of a neat little illustrated paper for children. The engravings are good and the reading matter carefully selected.

THREE SONGS By H. A. Freeman. (New York: Spear & Denhoff.) The songs, with appropriate music are: "When the Violets are Blooming," "In Twilight Dim," and "What the Little Bird Said."

BIBLE MEMENTOS By the Rev. Alexander Andrew, Glasgow. (Toronto: S. R. Briggs)—This little work, neatly got up, is specially adapted for young readers. It is interestingly written. It is just such a book as they will like; it is certainly fitted to profit them.

THE SANITARIAN. (New York: 113 Fulton Street.)—The number for April contains a variety of papers, in which sanitary questions are discussed by a number of eminent specialists. The *Sanitarian* renders most important service in the promotion of the public welfare.

SALVATION; Present, Full and Free. By Cheyne Brady. (Toronto: S. R. Briggs.)—This work, originally issued from the Drummond Tract Depot, Surling, Scotland, is thoroughly well fitted, under the Divine blessing, to render lasting and saving benefit to many. It is scriptural, forcible and direct.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE. By H. W. S. (Toronto: S. R. Briggs.)—This is a cheap edition, clearly printed on good paper of a most excellent and useful work which has been already noticed in these columns. The extensive circulation of this little book will effect great good.

CANADA SCHOOL JOURNAL. (Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.)—The *School Journal* contains condensed and pithy articles discussing educational topics of present interest, a variety of material interesting and useful to teachers and advanced pupils, and judiciously selected articles bearing directly on educational work generally.

THE CANADA EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY. (Toronto: The Canada Educational Monthly Publishing Co.)—Space permits us only to say that the April number is in every respect an excellent one, and not its least attraction is the opening paper, Dr. Daniel Wilson's beautiful, appropriate and valuable address at the opening of the Toronto Free Library.

THE AMERICAN ANTIQUARIAN. Edited by Rev. Stephen D. Peet. (Chicago: F. H. Revell.)—This is a bi-monthly magazine devoted to a special but interesting class of studies. The present number contains much valuable and varied information which will be highly prized by those possessed of antiquarian tastes. A number of recent discoveries are recorded.

GRACE AND TRUTH. By W. P. Mackay, Hull. (Toronto: S. R. Briggs.)—This now famous treatise has reached its forty-fourth thousand, while of the English edition, over one hundred thousand copies have been sold. The present edition is published at the Toronto Willard Tract Depository, in such a style and at such a price that it can be freely distributed, as special rates are offered.

THE STORY OF NAAMAN. By Rev. A. B. Mackay, Montreal. (Toronto: S. R. Briggs.)—The design of this admirable little book, in which the author's forceful and hearty exposition of valuable truths are at once apparent, is expressed in the preface to be "to present the truths of the Gospel embedded in the Old Testament story of Naaman, the Syrian, in such a way as, with God's blessing, to arouse and convince the careless, guide the anxious enquirer, and instruct the servant of the Lord."

MY MUSICAL MEMORIES. By H. R. Haweis. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs)—Mr. Haweis is a ready writer, but on no subject does he write more charmingly than on his favourite theme—music. The enterprising publishers of the Standard Library series made arrangements to produce this, the latest work of Mr. Haweis simultaneously with its appearance in England. An idea of its contents may be gleaned from the titles of the chapters of which it is composed: "Early Life and Recollections," "Hearing Music," "Old Violins," "Paganini," "Wagner," "Parsifal," "The Niebelung's Ring"—giving an outline of the incidents and plot of this Wagnerian masterpiece—and "Liszt." To the general reader the book is full of lively interest, while to the musician it will afford the liveliest enjoyment.

THE HOMILETIC MONTHLY (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs)—This valuable magazine is increasing in vigour and range of thought. As stated by itself, its purpose is devoted to Homiletics, Biblical Literature, Discussion of Living Issues and Applied Christianity. The sermons in full this month are: "The Great Calling of the Disciples of Christ," by Professor Theodore Christlieb, "The Kingdom of God," by President David J. Hill, and "The Law of Life and Increase," by Dr. R. S. Storrs. The outline sermons are by C. H. Spurgeon, Canon Liddon, Dr. Van Dyke and Henson, and Rev. H. H. Van Vranken. A short but pithy practical paper on "The Prevention of Crime" is by Dr. Howard Crosby. Professor Francis Patton is the contributor in the present number to the Symposium on Evolution. The lay critics on the Ministry and the Methods of Church Work this month are Professor Doremus, M.D., and Francis B. Thurber. The usual amount and variety of reading matter specially interesting to ministers makes up an excellent number of the *Homiletic Monthly*.

THE PULPIT TREASURY. (New York: E. B. Treat)—The April number completes the first volume of this excellent and useful magazine. It has fulfilled the pledges with which it started. According to promise, it has been thoroughly evangelical. It has to an eminent degree, been helpful to pastors, Christian workers, and families. The sermons given in full in the present issue are: "The Belief that Saves," by Dr. John Lindsay Witherow, of Boston; "The Lord's Command for the Times," by Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool; and "The Prayer of King Solomon for Wisdom to Govern His People," by Professor Edward John Hamilton, D.D. The preacher sketched in this number is Dr. Witherow, of Boston, of whom there is a good portrait, and an engraving of the church in which he preaches. There are also excellent papers on "Mundane versus Cosmic Culture," by Dr. Foss, and "Key to Bible Unity," by Dr. Gregory and the usual varied miscellany of instructive and practical reading. The present number contains a modest announcement of the contributors to the second volume. It contains an array of writers whose names are held in high respect and esteem throughout evangelical Christendom. The *Pulpit Treasury* is now an assured success.

RECEIVED. "Baptism In a Nutshell," By Charles Taylor, M.D., D.D. (Nashville, Tenn: Southern Methodist Publishing House.) "The Bitter Cry of Outcast London." (Boston: Cupples, Uptarn & Co.) "Dr. Ryerson: A Review and a Study." By J. Antisell Allen, E. q., Kingston. (Without imprint.) "The Westminster Teacher." (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication; Toronto: James Bain & Son.)

THE SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH.

The accounts of the Church are not yet closed, and no doubt considerable amounts will be received for the several schemes even during the few days still intervening before the books are closed. But it may be interesting to have the figures at the present date (26th April) as compared with those of last year:

	1884.	1883
Home mission.....	\$38,231 17	\$36,551 27
Augmentation of Stipends.....	20,051 68	
Foreign Mission.....	36,098 24	29,411 89
Colleges.....	9,491 74	10,432 47
Widows' Fund (Collections and Rates).....	5,654 56	5,995 95
Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund. (Collections and Rates).....	7,550 80	6,496 71
Assembly Fund.....	2,877 77	3,044 70
French Evangelization (amount received here).....	6,477 65	6,263 46

The above statement does not include the sums received under the will of the late Mr. Edward McKay.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS—Rev. Dr. Reid has received the following contributions for schemes of the Church, viz.: M. G. Pictou, N.S., for Foreign Mission, Formosa, \$10; Anonymous, one who knows there is need for French Evangelization, \$2; Anonymous, L. N., for Foreign Mission, \$9.50, also for French Evangelization, \$5.50. Dr. Reid has also received from the executors of the will of the late Mr. Edward McKay, of Montreal, for Home Missions, \$10,000; Foreign Missions, \$10,000; Aged and Infirm Minister's Fund, \$4,000; and Widows' and Orphans' Fund, \$3,000.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

THE LAST O' THE LUSCOMBS.

BY HELEN PEARSON BARNARD.

TWO FRIENDS AT THE "TOWN-FARM."—I.

One pleasant summer day, two persons were in the wood-yard of the "town-farm" or almshouse, belonging to one of our New England villages. They were apart from the rest, working together and talking. These were, Joe Luscomb, who did chores and "looked after the place," and Winfred Campbell. The former was no pauper, but a valuable assistant, despite certain queer ways; Winn was an orphan, sheltered, for a season, by the "town farm."

"'Twas kinder unlucky—yer marm's dropping off so sudden," Joe was saying, his deep voice adding weight to his opinion, "it's a pity she kedd'n kinder clung onto this mortal life"—smacking his lips—"till ye war big 'nough to keer fur yerself, or ef she d' calculate on sech a melancholic event, 'nd appointed a gardeen, yer wouldn't a ben here. But gardeens haint alluz a blessin'," continued Joe, seating himself on the chopping-block, after noting that the superintendent was absent, "some on 'em is as bad as lawyers at chargin' fur sarvices, advice 'n' sech. I've knowed it jest spite a mother when she war appointed by her late husband as gardeen to the young ones. There wa'n't nothin' that she didn't charge them chil'ren o' hern fur; when they come of age, their marm's gardeen bill had ate up putty nigh all their prop'ty. Mebbe yer wouldn't a ben no better off ef yer hed hed a gardeen, lad!"

Little Winn, who had paused to listen respectfully, suddenly rubbed his sleeve across his eyes.

"Ain't a goin' ter cry, be ye?"

Oh no, Winn was too manly for that. At least his tears came at night, when the almshouse was dark, when "the maimed, the halt, and the blind," who peopled the building were asleep. Allusions to his mother always brought the tears to Winn's eyes. Aside from losing his only friend, there had been so much that was painful and humiliating since then. Nobody dreamed how he suffered, except Joe; for the boy did not fret or even talk much before strangers. He performed his little tasks promptly and well. His one desire was to grow large and strong that he might be able to earn his own living.

"This ere haint the wust home, ef 't wa'n't a poorhouse, 'n' ef 't war patronized by a different class o' people," said Joe. His eye rested on a row of old men forlorn as frost-bitten bees, who warmed themselves on the sunny side of the house. "Jest rest a bit, boy; I never see nobody tare roun' so when they hed a job; ye'd ought ter take a breathin' spell, the way the hosses does!"

Joe rose, stretched his limbs, and peered over the wood.

The official was still away. Winn asked:—

"Do you take breathing spells, Mister Joe?"

"Wal, yes, I calculate to take 'em afore I'm dead beat out," admitted Joe, in his inimitably profound way. "Them hands o' yourn is all barked up—it's a shame."

Winn also looked at his cracked fingers, but with a faint smile.

"Oh, that is nothing. They must learn to work. When my back aches, and my han's get sore, I play my fingers are my servants, and say: 'For shame, you lazy fellows—ten of you—why don't you do more?'"

His voice and utterance told of gentle breeding. As Joe, who had been a sailor, and met many people, often expressed it: "Any lunkhead could see that boy haint no common pauper!"

There was a short silence. Winn worked like a bee. Joe lolled back with his hands clasped about an upraised knee, alternately viewing the sky and the busy child. Soon he said:

"Jest tell yer story agin, lad, whilst I takes my breathin' spell."

Joe was always listening to some tale, forever singling out people and getting their histories with intense interest. Perhaps this supplied the place of books for the unlettered man. He knew the reason why most of the inmates were brought to the almshouse. Of course many of them had some good excuse; somebody else was generally in fault, but Joe seldom believed that. He listened to each much as one does to some deftly woven fairy tale, saying afterward:—

"'Cordin' to their showin', they'd arnt their own livin', or'd hed hed prop'ty ef 't wa'n't fer bein' cheated on 't. Them as says nothin' to them as gets here, 'cause they're old an' misfortun'ed."

Joe had never met a boy like Winn. He was strangely drawn to him on the day that he saw that troubled but brave young face looking doubtfully at the almshouse, from the gloom of the great covered waggon. "Even a child is knows by his doings, whether his work be pure, and whether it be right; little Winn soon established an honourable character, amid the strange elements of the "town farm." Joe had tested Winfred Campbell in his own old, shrewd fashion, and found the ring of true metal. There is something winning about goodness, it makes friends for itself or even the wicked; and Joe, who had a generous, kindly heart, loved Winn, when he found that he was an honest, manly boy.

Many, many years before, Joe had been beguiled from home. He had wandered over the world since, too ashamed of the state into which he had fallen through strong drink, to return to his parents. But down deep in his heart were longings after a better life; these, and the thought of what he might have been, at Winn's age, if right'y led, made him very tender of the lad.

He longed to get Winn away from the institution, and see him starting in the world with better prospects. He had now matured a scheme, and was about to unfold it to Winn.

There was something that might spoil the working of the plan for Winn, and that lay in the boy himself. Joe was

certain that he might have scruples about accepting the chance that he was about to offer.

"It's a delicate pint, but I calculate we'll fix it!" Joe assured himself again and again, not exultingly, however, but with a doubtful shake of the head.

It was to introduce this project that he now asked the boy to tell his story.

He never tired of hearing about the mother and son alone in a strange city; the unpaid rent, the "cross" landlord, "bad Jack," who was always tormenting Winn; the day when the mother kissed him before she went in search of employment; how he waited at the window two days hungry and cold till some one found that she had been crushed by an omnibus, and was buried with the nameless poor. Joe was like a child, no previous item must be omitted from the narrative.

"Then the landlord said I must go," a quiver ran through the young voice as he told of thus being thrust out into the world.

"Where could ye go, lad?" deep sympathy mellowed Joe's rough voice.

"There was the street and the depot," said the boy. "I staid in doorways and on stairs till they sent me off; then I went into the depot. When the man begun to close it, I asked if he would please let me stay all night—I would watch the buildings. He only laughed, said I was too small for a watchman, and told me to run home to my mother! I said I had no home, and he said, 'Oh, you all talk that, but you all have some hole to burrow in!'"

Joe groaned.

"There's a woman I knows on, her eyes 'll water when she hears ye! Don't ye leave out nothin' when yer tells this to her. If ye should put in a few extras by way o' scenery 'n' showin' up how tryin' sech a situation might be, it 'd jest fetch down the house."

This was an entering wedge for Joe's plan. Winn, of course, could not guess his meaning. He looked inquiringly at his friend with great honest eyes.

"Go on, child," said Joe.

"Where was I? Oh, in the depot," resumed Winn. "Perhaps it would have been better if I hadn't said I had no home. I've noticed such folks are in other folks' way."

"I've seed that myself often," commented Joe.

"So I had to walk most all night to keep warm. In the morning I went into the depot again. It was warm there, but I felt so queer in my head."

"And sorter holler here?" asked Joe, placing a horny hand upon his vest. "'Twas food ye wanted, poor lad, 'n' sleep. What would a man be without food 'n' sleep? Jest the want o' them two simple articles 'd fill the graveyards o' this kentry with corpses!"

If Winn had been older he would have seen that this comment was based upon a ridiculously self-evident fact; but somehow Joe made it seem very profound. Winn looked admiringly at his friend, who again waved his hand, with, "Go on!"

"Then Jack came and made faces at me. He never liked it because mother told me to keep away from him."

"See what folks gets by bein' stuck up!" he said; "their marm's smashed by a 'bus!"

"If I hadn't been too old I should have cried then," said brave Winn, his face quivering. "Jack made so ugly. People whispered about us, too. Jack made so much noise that we were sent off. 'You came here for no good,' said the man to Jack. 'The police have an eye on you. Your brother's taken to hanging about here, too!' he said, looking at me. He went away before I could tell him that I was not Jack's brother. Jack laughed. He said he'd make his new relative useful, someway."

"Be ye proud on yer brother?" he asked. A train had come in, and there were lots of people. Jack kept leaving me and then coming back. He began to be real pleasant to me. He gave me a biscuit, and told me to wait a minute and he'd show me where they gave away dinners to the poor. Pretty soon he came back in a great hurry. 'Here, this 'll give you a start in the world,' he said, put something in my pocket, and ran away."

"Ef I'd ben jedge I should 'n' questioned ye there," said Joe. "They'd order drawed out this pint!"

"If you'd ben jedge, would you have known that I was the wrong boy?" asked Winn.

"Sarun, sarun. Go on, child!"

"Then somebody caught me by the shoulder and held me tight. It was a policeman. He said I must come with him, and not call my friends."

"Friends," repeated Joe, with scornful emphasis, "what friends hed ye in all that city? That 'd ben an all-killin' one pint fur yer lawyer. Only them lawyers they want a fee afore 'n' between intermissions 'n' afterwards, a re-tainer, putty chaps for a pickpocket case, eh?"

Joe roared at his hit at the legal profession. Winn could not see why, so he did not laugh. Besides he was living over a portion of his own sad life. He crimsoned to his fair hair as he proceeded to tell how a lady's purse was stolen and found in his pocket.

"Of course, Jack put it there, but they couldn't know that. The lady said she didn't think I was the one, but the depot-man told how I'd hang around there with one of the worst boys in the city. They talked a long time, and finally sent me here, That's all, Mister Joe."

"Ye haint seed the end on 't yet," was Joe's comforting remark. "Don't ye never think it's no matter where ye be, 'n' ye don't 'mount to nothin' 'cause yer small," said Joe, solemnly; "small beginnin's hez great endin's, ye know; but ye've got to hev a start or ye'll never make nothin'. This ere isn't the wust place, as I said afore, but a poorhouse aint no sort of a pint to hail from. Most folks is down on paupers, they d' sbet ye out in the cold, like that depot-man did, a shore ye on when ye war in trouble."

Joe spoke feelingly. The small beginning of some great endin's dimly understood him. He glanced at his asylum doubtfully, almost despairingly, only he was by nature a cheerful boy.

"The sooner ye leaves here the better."

"They migt let me off if you asked, Mister Joe. But I don't think I had better."

Something flickered into Joe's eyes and twinkled about his shrewd mouth. Winn flushed, as if he thought his friend might be smiling at him. But he only replied emphatically:—

"Wal, I guess not, lad! Don't ye ask a person or yer can't git off in no sort o' style. Jest you let Joe be cap'n o' this ship, 'n' we'll go to harbour with flyin' colours 'n' a fair wind. If ye should do your own askin', 'n' they should conclude to gin ye the start I'm after, like's not they'd plaster ye all over with poorhouse signs. That 'd kill ye in any new place, 'specially with the sort o' folks you're goin' among."

Joe gazed upon him affectionately a moment, then added:—

"I want ye to hev a fair chance, boy, in a new place; 'n' you're never to open your head on the perlice court or poorhouse. If anybody mentions town-farm, tell 'em you haint never ben there, 'n' don't know what they mean—any thing to blind 'em!"

This did not accord with Winn's views at all. He always told the truth, whether it was for his advantage or not. He was amazed that this friend—whose various lectures had inspired great respect and whose kindness had won his heart—should thus advise him. His open face showed his perplexity, as he said:—

"I could not run away or tell a lie, you know, Mister Joe; and if I cannot ask leave, how am I to get away from here?"

Joe did not reply immediately. As he said afterward, it was "a difficult pint to manage 'n' not spile the little fellow's principles!" He took out a jack-knife, cut a splinter from the log on which he sat, and began to whittle it into a point. He seemed in deep thought, and gave the waiting boy many keen glances. At last he said in a low tone:—

"Wouldn't it be odd ef ye should be missin' without askin' off, or runnin' away?"

Winn's eyes were round and puzzled. Joe suddenly became convulsed; he choked and coughed and wiped his face with a red handkerchief.

"Now, Mister Joe, you are laughing at me."

Joe sobered instantly. There was nothing that he could not explain.

"Them's one o' my spells, lad. Sing'lar turns tew! A-h-e-m. You've heered me tell of a lady up to Bos'on which took passage in a brig what I shir-ed with? She war a travellin' fur her health. She war arter us boys odd times, when we wa'n't drove, with lee'le religious books 'n' tracts, 'n' preachin' at us about our past, 'n' what was we a goin' to do on our death-bed 'n' sich—a dodge that no parson ever could get on of."

Joe paused to extract with the pointed splinter something from between his teeth.

"She war an all-killin' smart woman, larnt 'toster 'n' the names o' all the ropes; wal, about the nicest sort of a body I ever seed, except"—Joe hesitated, and a softened look overspread his bronzed face—"my mother!" He said the lady was wealthy and alone in the world. She wished to adopt a boy who would carry out certain wishes in regard to her money after she was gone. She had tried several, but "they wa'n't her turn, she bein' pious, ye know. That's why her 'n' me couldn't hitch hosses!"

"I'm sure you're very pious, Mister Joe," observed Winn.

"No, I haint. I've ben knocked about the worl' ever sense I war little that's what I'd save ye from, poor lad!"

Great pity spoke in Joe's homely face. Touched by it, the boy cried:—

"Oh, I know you are good, you are so kind!"

Joe was silent for a long time, then he said, brokenly:—

"Joe's no fit friend for ye, child; but he's bound to help ye if he kin. God above knows he wouldn't lead them inncerent feet wrong. If harm comes o' my plans I'll stan' the blame."

Winn was greatly puzzled by Joe's agitation. He had felt the deep undercurrent of Joe's plan all through their talk. At length his friend continued with more composure:—

"I've hed ye in mind a consid'able spell back. That bit o' paper what I war a worryin' on, and a blottin' 'n' scratchin' of with a pen, war on yer account, lad. It war a letter to the Bos'on lady, 'n' it wa'n't bad neither, arter it was done," said Joe, regaining his composure, "leastways it did the business fur ye, all on 'count o' bein' well writ. This ere is what I writ," producing a soiled paper from his pocket: "Mrs. Bessie Sheaves. Dear Madam,—This is to say that Joe is well, and still where ye've put him. He haint forgot ye ef he haint pious, long o' bein' too much o' a leper to change his spot. Winn Campbell, he got into this place by reason o' the death o' a mother 'n' no gardeens—which last wa'n't much loss to my mind—'n' a stoopid jedge 'n' a bad Jack, 'n' no fault o' his. He's a lad as ought to hev a home 'n' learnin'. If ye be still lookin' fur a adopted son 'n' hair, here's a prime article, 'n' no mistake this time. But we must keep dark about this ere, on 'count o' givin' the lad a fair start, with no poorhouse sign a plastered onto him. That's all, topped off with a 'yours truly.' Now here's what she writ, Ye'll read them ginteel scratches o' hern better 'n' Joe."

The following is Mrs. Sheaves' letter:—

"MY DEAR JOSEPH,—I have only just received your favour. It is not dated or post-marked, so I cannot tell how long it has been on the way, or whether it is too late to send for the boy."

"What's to her when or where I writ the letter?" growled Joe.

"I will take him on trust, because I have confidence in your judgment. You know what sort of boy pleases me. It seems strange that you should find one in such an institution, but if the child proves worthy I will overlook that. You may send him to me, I will pay all the expenses."

The letter concluded with earnest words to Joe, of which

the strange man affected to make light. But Winn could see that he was greatly moved by the personal appeal

"You are called Joseph," he said; "that is an honourable name in the Bible. Perhaps your mother thought of it when she named her baby. Won't you get your Bible and read the wonderful history of Joseph? And think if when you left your home you had taken God for a guide, how different your life might have been! My friend, I do not forget our talks on the deck of the brig. Will you not consider seriously the things we spoke of?"

"I didn't know your name was Joseph," said the boy, "why don't folks call you so?"

"Cause I'm only Joe, 'n' alluz 'll be so!" replied the man, soberly. "Nobody thinks it worth while to put no sort o' handle to my name! When I die, they'll just put 'Joe' on the headstun, no po'try, or piece out of the Bible."

Joe was so depressed that Winn tried to interest him in the ancient Joseph.

"He was splendid; mother told me about him. Did you ever read about him, Mister Joe?"

"No," Joe had not, having "brung myself up, ye see it took putty nigh all my time to cut my own fodder. Mebbe we'll look up the matter the first rainy Sunday, 'n' see what sort of a chap that ere namesake o' mine war!"

It was evident that the allusion had awakened Joe's curiosity. He would not rest until the ancient story had been added to his list of modern histories. Also, Joe seemed disturbed by her appeal, for he said,—

"Mis' Sheaves is alluz a preachin' at me, but if she war me she'd dew jest as I dew!"

Winn did not reply. He was reflecting seriously about the new plan for him. He did not exactly like this sudden disposal of himself. He shrank from leaving even the almshouse for an unknown place and this Miss Sheaves, who preached at his kind friend.

"I don't think I'll go!" he said, "for if she don't like you, Mister Joe, she won't like me."

Joe brushed his eyes with his faded sleeve. Doubtless he saw a startling difference between himself and the innocent child who looked so trustingly at him, for he admitted, in a strained, husky voice:—

"The old woman's right, lad. There haint no gettin' roun' that! She got me to gin up the sca, 'n' settle down here where drink wa'n't passed round, 'n' preachin' war reg'lar as victuals. I promised her I wouldn't ship agin, 'n' I haint, but it's wun than the toothache to give it up!" Joe gazed off oceanward and sighed. "She said there was the makins' of a man in me, but I calc'late I'm putty poor cloth, 'n' not 'nough on 't! What with knockin' 'bout the worl', 'n' easy ways 'n' drink, Joe's disappointed all his friends. Go, as Joe says, boy, ye'll suit her—ye ain't like Joe; mebbe you 'n' her'll pray for this poor old wreck. It's afloat now, but it'll be on the rocks soon, 'n' then—down, down!"

With deep groans Joe buried his face. It had been working pitifully during the outburst. Winn was frightened. He begged him not to feel so badly, assuring him of his affection. There was r-thing else that the child could do. But it comforted Joe. At length he lifted his head and began to talk of the boy's future; hopefully, now that the lady was interested in him. Joe took it for granted that no one could know Winn, and not like him. He then told the boy that he was going to send him to Boston by a schooner—the "Water Queen"—that was soon to come to the place with a load of lumber.

"And don't ye say a word about it, or all our plans it be puzened," continued Joe, repeating his promise to make it all right with the superintendent. "Nobody is durst meddle, ye see, ef I stan' by ye," added he, with his usual assured air.

But the overseer suddenly passed by and called out:—

"Gettin' on well with the wood, Joe?"

"Oh, sartin, sartin!" he ejaculated, whispering, as he passed around the wood-pile to the saw-horse, "I'll see ye agin, lad!"

(To be continued.)

THE FLOODY ASSIZE.

The cruelty which characterized the sentences passed by this hateful judge (Jeffreys) upon the prisoners brought before him was always apparent. Never did he once err on the side of mercy. If he condemned a man to the gallows or to transportation he was always careful to add to the severity of the sentence by some brutal remark or ribald jest as to the prisoner's antecedents. When his victim was allowed to escape out of his hands no one doubted the judge had been freely bribed, or that by no manner of straining could the law be called upon to deal out punishment. From the monstrous record of his pitiless ruling on this occasion history has taken care to pick out a few of his decisions as indicative of the temper and conduct of the man. Upon a lad, still in his teens, who had been convicted of uttering "seditious words," sentence was passed of imprisonment for seven years, with a whipping during that period of once a fortnight at the different market towns in his county. The clerk of arraigns had the courage to interpose in mitigation of this awful judgment, while the women in the gallery sobbed audibly out of sympathy with the prisoner. "The punishment is not half bad enough for him," growled Jeffreys; "not all the interest in England shall save him." Fortunately the lad was seized with small-pox, and softened by a ruinous bribe, the judge remitted the sentence. One of the girls who had been found guilty of embroidering the colours given to Monmouth at Taunton was so paralyzed by the ferocity with which judgment was given against her, that scarcely had she recovered so her cell than she fell on the floor a corpse. Seldom was a woman sentenced to a whipping without some coarse joke being made as to the exposure that must necessarily ensue. "It may be a cold morning to strip in," said he; "but we shall try to keep you warm, madam! See that she is whipped—whipped soundly till the blood runs down! We'll tickle you, madam!" A prisoner, with some knowledge of the

law, made a technical objection to the course being pursued at his trial. "William I rebel!" cried Jeffreys, "I think I see thee already with a halter round thy neck." The prisoner was convicted. "Let him be hanged the first," laughed the judge, "for if any with a knowledge of the law come in my way, I shall take care to prefer them." One rebel begged for mercy on the ground that the eve before Sedgemoor he had sent important information to Faversham, the general of the king's forces. "You deserve a double death," said the judge, "not without reason; one for rebelling against your sovereign, and the other for betraying your friends." We are told that he particularly piqued himself on this bon mot. To repeat the stories as to this circuit which history has preserved would be to fill a goodly volume. Chroniclers differ with respect to the number of Monmouth's followers hanged and transported after this western revolt. According to the official list before me, forwarded to the Treasury, 320 were sent to the gallows, and 840 transported.—Gentleman's Magazine.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN. "PANSIES FOR THOUGHTS."

Passing along the quiet village street My heart bowed with a load of anxious care, The way seemed endless to my weary feet, I felt no freshness in the soft spring air.

My mind kept dwelling on each little cross— The many trials in my wayward school, Defiant looks, the head's impatient toss, Distrustful of my inexperienced rule.

The thought would come. "Is this my proper place? Or am I doing wrong to linger here, Where frowns must blend with smiles upon my face, And part my sway be love and part be fear?"

My foolish heart seemed sinking with its grief. "Help me, my Father! bear my cross," I cried, His love at once did send me sweet relief, Quickly His tender care to me replied.

A little maiden came across the way, With blushes spreading o'er her dimpled cheek, And placed within my hand a small bouquet Of purple pansies, which of fond thoughts speak.

At once the sun shone brighter, and the bird Which sang before more gladly carolled now; Till music in my languid soul was stirred, Sorrow and care fled from my aching brow.

The thought the flowerets brought to me was this:— The God who made the pansies watches thee; His care one little blossom does not miss, Why fear that He thy trouble will not see?

And so the little child, too shy for words, Lifted the sorrow from one troubled heart; Thus may we learn from children, flowers, and birds, In bearing other's burdens to take part. Hagarville, April, 1884. M. M.

JUDGE JEFFREYS' FLIGHT AND DEATH.

On the flight of James from Whitehall, at the advance of the Prince of Orange, the miscreant (Jeffreys) followed his master's example, and endeavoured to make his escape by finding shelter on board a Newcastle collier bound for Hamburg. He had shaved off his thick eyebrows, the upper part of his face was hidden by an old tarred hat which slouched well over his eyes, and he had disguised himself in the garb of a common sailor.

"He took a collier's coat to sea to go; Was ever Chancellor arrayed so?"

The collier anchored off Wapping for the night. In the early morning Jeffreys, dry and half maddened with the drunkard's thirst, thought that he might trust to his dress to go ashore and satisfy the cravings which were now a second nature. He went to an inn and called for a tankard of ale. Here a disappointed suitor recognized him, the cry was raised that the terrible Lord Chancellor was within, the mob clamoured for his blood, and in all probability Jeffreys would have been torn limb from limb if a party of the train bands had not come to his rescue. He was driven off to the lord mayor amid the yells of the baffled crowd, and at his own suggestion was confined within the walls of the Tower in order to feel safe from the fury of the people. It was announced that he would speedily be put upon his trial, but the excitement consequent upon the occasion of a new dynasty interfered with all other matters, and the miserable wretch was allowed to pass away undisturbed by the law. He died a few months after his imprisonment, April 29, 1689. His end, it was said, was hastened by intemperance. "He chose to save himself," writes Oldmixon, "from a public death by large draughts of brandy which soon despatched him."—Alex. Chas. Ewald, in the Gentleman's Magazine.

SINCE the death of Mr. J. H. Parker, the Oxford publisher, it has transpired that Mr. Keble offered Mr. Parker the copyright of "The Christian Year" for \$100, but that he refused it. During the forty years which followed the publication of this work, nearly 400,000 copies were sold, and Mr. Keble's share of the profits amounted to \$70,000, being one-fourth of the retail price.

THE meeting of Newington congregation, Edinburgh, to nominate a successor to Dr. Begg, was stormy and protracted. The moderator had to interfere and request speakers to "conduct themselves like Christian people." Hissing was frequent, and party feeling seemed to get high. At length at half past eleven P.M. it was announced that 154 had voted in favour of Mr. M'Call of Greenock, and 162 for Mr. Adamson of Prestoakirk.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON has been invited to visit Australia.

THE population of Paris spend yearly \$115,000,000 on alcoholic drinks.

AT the sale of the Earl of Gosford's library lately a Martin Bible was knocked down at £500.

IN all Sweden there are only 1,800 spirit shops, and nearly the whole of these are in the towns.

A CHURCH in Connecticut by resolution forbids its members to drink intoxicating liquors, explicitly excepting hard cider.

PROFESSOR JEBB is coming to the United States to deliver the annual address before the Phi Keta Kappa at Cambridge this summer.

HENRI TAINE, the eminent critic, has retired from the Professorship of the History of Art in the School of Fine Arts, Paris, which he has filled for twenty years.

THE Indian papers state that King Thebaw of Burmah, whose acts of despotic cruelty were at one time so notorious, continues to exhibit himself in the character of a "reformed monarch."

THE General Assembly's college, Belfast, has conferred the degree of D.D. on Revs. J. L. Rentoul, M.A., St. Kilda's, Melbourne; James Gibson, M.A., Perth; and H. B. Wilson, Moderator of the Assembly.

DR. CROSKERY has in preparation a pamphlet on the history, character, and work of Irish Presbyterianism, mainly for the information of the deputies coming to Ireland to attend the Pan Presbyterian council in June next.

THE Governor of the State of Colima, Mexico, has commissioned Emilio Mahlo to map the Lake of San Pedrito with a view of draining it. It is supposed that this lake is the cause of the annual yellow fever epidemic.

A PARISIEN correspondent says that the archaeological researches on the site of ancient Carthage, conducted by Messrs. Solomon Reinach and Ernest Babelon, have brought to light a number of objects of historical and artistic importance.

SWITZERLAND possesses 1,002-hotels, with 58,137 beds. The value of the buildings is estimated at \$48,000,000, the furniture at \$14,700,000, and the working capital at \$1,200,000, making a total of \$63,900,000 engaged in this branch of industry.

RELIGIOUS sectarian agitation in Finland has assumed serious proportions. One John Kulasy, a native of Osterbotten, has set up as Pope, and is selling indulgences. An emissary of his was recently murdered while engaged on a propaganda mission.

PARLIAMENT SQUARE, in London, is specially devoted to statues of Prime Ministers. Six already find place there—William Pitt, by Chantrey, the first Premier to find a statue in the open air; Canning, Peel, Palmerston, Lord Derby, and Lord Beaconsfield.

THE largest bell in the world is now said to be that at Kioto, Japan. It is twenty-four feet high, and sixteen inches thick at the rim. It is sounded by a suspended piece of wood like a battering ram, which strikes it on the outside, and its booming can be heard for miles.

THERE are 125 licensed distilleries in Scotland, no less than thirty-five being in Argyllshire alone. Campbellton has twenty-two within its bounds, and there are nine in Islay. In Banffshire there are eleven distilleries, including the celebrated Glenlivet establishment.

OF the 37,672,048 inhabitants of France, 1,101,090 are foreigners, of whom 432,265 are from Belgium, 240,733 from Italy, 81,986 from Germany, 73,781 from Spain, 66,281 from Switzerland, and only 37,066 from the British Isles. The number of naturalized persons is but 77,046.

FATHER SEBASTIAN BOWDEN and his brother, and Father Maude of the Oratory at Brompton, England, began life in the army, as did Father Angus of Kensington. The Rev. S. Davis Lockwood, a rector near Oxford, and the Rev. Brown Borthwick, Vicar of Scarborough, were once soldiers.

THEODORE WORES, in painting a San Francisco picture with Chinamen in it, had to battle with a superstitious objection to being drawn. It was the work of months to get models. If a Chinaman was bribed to come for one or two days he was sure to desert on the third, leaving the artist with a half finished sketch.

THE Northampton clergy testify that the religious activities of the town are far above the average, that the proportion of young people confirmed exceeds that of Leicester or Nottingham, that there are not a hundred atheists in the place, and that the vast majority of Mr. Bradlaugh's supporters vote for him on political grounds alone.

THE Russian press, which under the short supremacy of Loris Melikoff began to increase and multiply, has now, under Count Tolstoi's government shrank to a minimum. In St. Petersburg, with its million inhabitants there are besides the official Messenger and the Journal de St. Petersburg only three Russian and two German papers.

THERE were eighty candidates for the vacancy at Moffat, parish church. The list was considerably reduced by striking off all who had not five years ministerial experience. Other reasons led to its being still further reduced to six. Now the remaining six have been struck off, and the committee has resolved to send deputations to hear ministers in different parts of the country.

A RECENT number of Punch depicts a bishop travelling in a third-class compartment, from a sense of duty, with a pitman. The collier "warrants he is only a poor curate." The bishop says "I once was, my friend, but—" "Oh, I see," breaks in the collier, "that wretched drink." This actually happened not long ago to the Bishop of Newcastle the persistent advocate of total abstinence, Earnest Wilberforce.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE congregation of Prince Albert, N.W.T., has given a very hearty and unanimous call to the Rev. W. MacWilliam, LL.B., who was sent out some time since by the Home Mission Committee to take charge of this important and promising field.

THE fourth anniversary of the opening of the new West Presbyterian Church, was held on Sabbath 20th April, when Rev. Hugh Johnston preached in the morning, Rev. J. A. Murray, of London, addressed the Sabbath school and friends at three o'clock, and Rev. G. M. Milligan preached in the evening. The sermons were all able and appropriate. On the evening of Tuesday 22nd inst., the anniversary social was celebrated. After tea was partaken of in the lecture room the company adjourned to the church where the pastor, Rev. R. Wallace, presided, and excellent addresses were given by Revs. J. M. Cameron, A. F. McGregor, G. Simpson, editor of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN, A. D. Powis; and Mr. David Millar. The choir under the able leadership of James Fax precentor, rendered the following anthems, "Safely through another year," "Peace be within thy walls," "God is the refuge of His people," and "I will wash my hands in innocence." Altogether it was a very pleasant re-union.

PRESBYTERY OF MONTREAL.—This Presbytery met in the David Morrice Hall on the 1st inst. Mr. James McCaul, moderator. Mille Isles was removed from the list of congregations and placed among the mission stations on the Presbytery roll. Mr. A. B. Mackay, convener of the committee on the Augmentation of Salaries reported, showing that the congregation of Chalmers Church, Montreal, had increased its minister's salary from \$1,200 to \$1,400 from 1st Jan. last, thus rendering it independent of the fund; that from 1st Jan. last the congregation of Taylor Church, Montreal, had added \$200 to its minister's salary, necessitating a re-adjustment of the grant from the fund from that date; that the congregation of English River and Howick had fulfilled the requirements of the Presbytery and that the only congregation requiring help that has failed thus far to comply with the conditions, is that of Rockburn and Gore. The report expressed the hope that it may soon be able to do so also and thus share in the benefits of the fund. The sum of \$3,874 of the first year's subscriptions have been received and at least \$200 more are expected. This will enable the committee to send to the Assembly's Augmentation Fund about \$4,000, including the grants paid to ministers in the Presbytery. Other \$4,000 however are desirable to enable the Presbytery to contribute its fair proportion of the whole amount to be raised by the church. The report expressed the hope that an immediate response would be given to the appeal issued recently to all sessions, so that the whole amount required for Augmentation may be raised. On motion of Mr. A. B. Mackay, seconded by Mr. R. H. Warden, the report was received and adopted. A call from the congregation of Elgin and Athelstan in favour of Mr. Andrew Rowat, of West Winchester, was sustained. The following commissioners to the General Assembly were elected: Ministers, by rotation—Messrs. James A. F. McBain, James M. Boyd, B.D., Duncan McEachren, William J. Dey, and Thomas Cumming; by ballot—Messrs. Robert H. Warden, Principal Macvicar, D.D., Alexander B. Mackay, David W. Morison and Robert Campbell. Elders, by ballot—Messrs. William Drysdale, David Morrice, Alexander C. Hutchison, William D. MacLaren, John Stirling, James Brodie, Dr. Rodger, James Wattie, David Yulle, and Dr. Christie. Principal McKnight, D.D., of Halifax, was unanimously nominated as Moderator of the General Assembly. Mr. R. H. Warden, convener of the Presbytery's Home Mission Committee reported, showing the nature of the supplies for the past quarter, and making recommendations for the supply for Avoca and Ogdensburg, Laguerre, Russelltown, Mille Isles, Farnham West, Rawdon and Laprairie, for the summer. The Presbytery received the report, adopted the recommendations contained in it, and appointed Messrs. Warden, McCaul and A. B. Cruchet a committee to visit Farnham West at an early day, to confer with the people as to the best method of working the field in the future. The Rev. Mr. Duclos received the special thanks of the Presbytery for his services in organizing and building up the congregation at this place. The

Rev. James S. Black tendered his resignation of the charge of Erskine Church, Montreal, owing to the state of Mrs. Black's health. It was agreed to cite the congregation to appear at an adjourned meeting of Presbytery, to be held in Erskine Church, on Tuesday, the 22nd inst., to show cause, if they have any, why Mr. Black's resignation should not be accepted. Mr. Campbell, convener of the Presbytery's city mission committee, reported, giving details as to the results of the recent canvass in the city, showing that many families and individuals had been discovered claiming connection with congregations in the city, whose names were not known to the sessions of such congregations. Also, that about 275 families or single individuals had been found who should be in connection with one or other of the congregations, but were not; also that these two classes present an important field for sessional work in the city. The report gave a synopsis of the city missionary's labours during the past quarter; which Mr. Patterson supplemented by a short address. The committee recommended that sessions be asked to report to the Presbytery from time to time as to members and adherents coming to or leaving their bounds; also, that the collections at the annual missionary meetings be devoted to the support of city mission work. The report was received and its recommendations adopted. Mr. James Fleck, convener of the committee on the State of Religion, read an encouraging report, giving a synopsis of the replies to the General Assembly's queries, from twenty-two reporting congregations, and recommending—First, That in future a copy of the queries be sent to each member of the several sessions, as well as to the moderator, in order that more time may be given to consider the points and more definiteness attained in answering them. Second, That the Presbytery recommend members of sessions, in visiting their districts, to urge, in a wise and friendly way upon the heads of families, the duty and blessedness of family worship. The report was received, its recommendations adopted, and the committee, especially the convener, thanked, and the report was ordered to be transmitted to the Synod. The application of Mr. McKeown was remitted to a committee. The name of Mr. M. S. Oxley was placed on the roll as an ordained missionary within the bounds. It was agreed to apply to the General Assembly for leave to receive Mr. John Fraser, of the Congregational Church, as a minister of the Presbyterian Church. It was agreed to make application to the Assembly for leave to take Mr. Seylaz on trials for license. An application from Mr. J. Hutchinson, Perth, of the Presbyterian Church in Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland to be received as a minister of this Church was remitted to a committee to report on 22nd inst. Reports on Statistics, Sabbath Schools and Temperance were submitted. An overture to the General Assembly on statistics, signed by Messrs. McBain and Morison, was read and ordered to lie on the table till the adjourned meeting on the 22nd inst. Mr. Robert Campbell and Dr. Christie were appointed representatives of the Presbytery on the Synod's committee on Bills and Overtures. The Presbytery adjourned to meet in Erskine Church, Montreal, on Tuesday, the 22nd of April, at ten a.m., and the meeting was closed with prayer.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

THE REV. DONALD M'KENZIE.

The late Rev. Donald McKenzie, emeritus pastor of Embro, was born in Dores, Inverness-shire, Scotland, August, 1798, and died in Ingersoll, Ont., April 8th, 1884, in his 86th year. The last tribute of respect was paid to the precious dust of this honoured father to the Church on the Friday following his death. A very large assembly composed of his ministerial brethren, and friends, followed the remains to Embro cemetery, where they were laid along side those of his beloved wife, Christina Cameron, who but three months previously was called to her rest.

In the year 1833, the Synod of Ross resolved to send a missionary to labour among their expatriated countrymen in Canada, and Mr. McKenzie was asked to be their first missionary. After much serious and prayerful conference with the committee appointed by the Synod, and with many private Christians, Mr. McKenzie resolved to come to Canada. Accordingly, in presence of the Synod of Ross, assembled in Tain, in May, 1834, he was ordained by the Presbytery of Dingwall as a missionary to Canada, the Rev. Dr.

McDonald—"the Apostle of the North"—presiding on the very solemn occasion. The following June, 1835, Mr. McKenzie became the pastor of a regularly organized congregation in Zorra, to which he faithfully ministered till it became manifest that age and infirmities demanded he should retire from the pastoral care and labour of so large and important a congregation. His retirement from the active duties of the pastorate took effect in 1872, after which he took up his abode in Ingersoll, but continued emeritus pastor of the congregation, and for a number of years took great pleasure in being present at the solemn communion services; frequently taking an active and edifying part in these services. In his unworthy successor, had in this way ample opportunity of becoming intimately acquainted with this honoured servant of the Lord. Whilst faithful in declaring the whole counsel of God, he spoke the truth in love and in the exercise of Christian prudence.

Jacob-like, he led on softly as the flock were able to endure it, his aim being to copy the Master, who spoke the word unto the people as they were able to hear it. This he did without compromising truth or pandering to the vitiated tastes of men. He was scholarly and in all respects a man of culture.

He held firmly by definite and systematic theological views and could have no sympathy with the modern prating of the so-called "men of advanced thought," and the would-be sages of "the new theology." He was a man of fervent piety, and by the grace of God he was enabled to keep himself unspotted from the world—his skirts were untarnished.

In recognition of his services to the Church, and of his manly Christian worth, I can testify that literary and theological institutions in this land, which would have regarded the deed as reflecting credit upon themselves, have offered to confer upon Mr. McKenzie academic honours, which he thought prudent courteously not to accept, preferring to be known in the evening of life as he was commonly known in the day of his activity.

During his ministry, by precept and example, he became an earnest advocate of temperance at a time when it was not so easy to face the usages of society as it is now. And the fact that he for so long a period retained the confidence and universal esteem of so large a congregation, speaks well of his pastoral faithfulness, devotion and administrative ability. During his ministry there could be found in Zorra as much of the true power of Godliness as in any part of Canada, and as the fruits of an earnest ministry his congregation has furnished more students for the ministry than any other within the same area in the Dominion; one of these being the distinguished missionary Dr. George Leslie McKay, of Formosa, China. These students in all have numbered twenty-nine, and though all have not distinguished themselves in the foreign field, each in his own sphere, has occupied a position at once creditable and useful; and of each, were it the place here to do so, things of good report could be said. It is much to their own credit that they bear testimony to our deceased father's worth as a man of God, and an ambassador of Christ.

He had the honour of being one of the pioneer missionaries who laboriously and zealously laid the foundation of our Zion in Western Ontario; and was privileged to see the fruit of his self-denying labours. Mr. McKenzie being endowed with good conversational powers, was socially, edifying and entertaining. In deportment he was grave, and dignified; and as the ambassador of Christ, sought to magnify his office. His demeanour was in all respects that of the true Christian gentleman. His friendship and confidence once secured, was not easily shaken.

As a counsellor he was wise and sympathetic. To the end he was interested in the welfare of his flock, and often prayed for their spiritual prosperity.

He has left his mark; his memory is fragrant, and his life will be identified with the history and progress of Zorra for generations to come.

He had been blessed in his lot with a helpmeet who was truly a sharer of his burdens, and discharged with untiring faithfulness the duties of a devoted wife and a loving mother.

Of the family of three sons and three daughters with which the Lord had blessed them, five still survive, much esteemed in society and in the Church of God. Their parents have been spared to see a good old age; and now that the Heavenly Father has taken them home to rest from their labours, and to receive the crown of glory that fadeth not away, we rejoice

with them that they are not called upon to mourn as those who have no hope; and our prayer shall be:—

“O spread thy covering wings around till all our wanderings cease, And at our fathers loved abode Our souls arrive in peace.”

GUSTAVUS MUNRO.

REV. J. Y. THIRDE.

MR. EDITOR,—Permit me, through your columns, to mention the death of the Rev. James Y. Thirde, one of the ordained missionaries appointed by the Home Mission Committee at the recent meeting. Mr. Thirde came from Scotland six months ago, and after supplying vacancies east and west, accepted an appointment at Huntsville and neighbouring stations.

A cold, caught on Monday evening, two weeks, developed into acute pneumonia, and after two days suffering, he died. The case is one that appeals to the sympathy and charity of our wealthier members and churches, for immediate assistance to the widow and three little children, who are left utterly unprovided for in a strange land. The remark was made to me at the Synod this week, that if the case was only known, contributions would be sent. It is for this purpose that I write. Any sums sent me I shall gladly forward to Mrs. Thirde. The following notice of his death appears in last week's *Forrester*, published at Huntsville. WM. COCHRANE.

Brantford, April 19th, 1884.

Our obituary column conveys the sad news of the death of Rev. Jas. Y. Thirde, Presbyterian minister lately appointed to the pastoral oversight of the congregations in Huntsville, Allansville and Port Stanley. But one month on his new field, he had already endeared himself among his people of all the three stations under his charge, he entered into his work with great energy. Besides conducting three services on the Sabbath he visited two days in the week and also held a Bible class one evening in the week. To augment the fund for repairing the church, he had already given a popular lecture which was highly appreciated, subject: “Life in the Shetland Isles.” He was thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his Master, and manifested in a remarkable degree the characteristics of that kind of feeling that regards every Christian as a brother. The loss to the Presbyterian cause here is great and almost irreparable. He leaves a wife and three children to mourn his death.

He was born in Dundee, Scotland, where his aged father is still living. He was educated in St. Andrews and Edinburgh Universities. For six years of his earlier ministry he was a missionary in Shetland, while for some years he was a settled pastor in Kincardineshire, Scotland. Next, for two years, he was a missionary in India, where, on several occasions, he was seriously ill of Indian fever. When, from lack of funds, the United Presbyterian Church withdrew its missionaries from India, he returned to his native land. He soon, however, sought mission work in Canada, where he arrived in August, 1883.

During his last illness, Drs. Howland and Bridgland did all in their power to arrest the fatal disease. The Rev. O. S. Sweet, English Church clergyman, as also the Rev. Thos. Fox, Methodist minister, called repeatedly on him. His untimely death has cast a gloom over this vicinity.

Another correspondent sends the following: The Rev. J. Y. Thirde, recently appointed by the Home Mission Committee to the charge of the Huntsville Stations, in Muskoka, as ordained missionary, died there after a short illness, on the 9th inst. At a prayer-meeting service on Wednesday, the 2nd April, he took cold, owing to a draft from a window. His indisposition was not regarded as very grave until the Lord's day following, when, as it appears, he rose from bed, contrary to advice of Dr. Howland, his medical attendant, and had a cold bath. Inflammation of the lungs set in, and the doctor summoned Dr. Bridgland, of Bracebridge, by telegram for consultation. The state of the patient was considered hopeless, and he died on Wednesday of pneumonia. A note penciled by him, on either Monday or Tuesday (it is not dated) lies before the writer of these lines. It contains the following words: “I am in bed. I shall tell you why and return receipts for remittance another day.”

Mr. Thirde came to this country last summer with a commission from the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and preached to various congregations. He entered on his duties at Huntsville on the first

Sabbath in March, and produced a favourable impression on the people. The writer, not having personal acquaintance with him, cannot say more regarding his character and ministerial work than that Mr. Thirde was well spoken of. The friends whom he made in this country will doubtless learn with sorrow that his labours have ended so early, and will deeply sympathize with his widow and three children left strangers in the land. M.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

May 11, 1884. VICTORY OVER DEATH. { 1 Cor. 15: 50-68.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“Death is Swallowed up in Victory.”—vs. 54.

TIME. See lesson 3, this quarter.—Paul's Preaching.

PLACE. See lesson 3, this quarter.—Paul's Preaching.

Introduction.—This noble chapter, which with the chapter of the last lesson is deeply interwoven into the very fabric of the Christian faith, should be carefully read that the bearing of the argument in the former part of the chapter upon the portion containing our lesson may be thoroughly understood. In the first verses the apostle dwells upon the fact of Christ's resurrection; this he establishes by the testimony of all who were witnesses, himself last “as one born out of due time.” If Christ be raised how then should some preach that there was no resurrection, if no resurrection then Christ not raised, if Christ not raised then preaching and faith altogether vain. But Christ being raised he is the “first fruits,” the earnest and assurance of the resurrection of those who sleep in Him. Answering the question of one objector in verse 35, he goes on to speak of the resurrection body, and by several beautiful illustrations shows its character; the same and yet not the same, identical and yet distinct. This is a corruptible body, that will be incorruptible; this is a natural, that a spiritual body. This body needs food, sleep, and rest, is liable to disease and suffering; that needing not the former, and free from the latter. Upon the living and upon the dead alike, will come a wonderful change; the flesh and blood nature cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven, such alone belongs to the spiritual body. We know not what it is, though we may know much of its attributes; we shall be like Christ, for we shall see Him as He is, and seeing shall be transformed into His image. Here we reach our lesson.

Notes and Comments.—Ver. 50.—“Flesh and blood:” bodies such as we have here, man in his present condition. “Cannot inherit.” or possess, as in the right of our relationship to the Heavenly Father. “The Kingdom of God:” there are various uses of that phrase by our Saviour and His apostles, here it means the final, perfected, glorified state of the saved, it is entirely spiritual, natural in no part. “Corruption:” the body of this life. “Incorruption:” the life to come.

Ver. 51.—“A mystery:” a truth hidden until now; these great truths of the resurrection had been made known by the revelation of Jesus Christ, and until this Epistle much was still in darkness. “We shall not all sleep:” he is speaking to Christians, they are the “we.” “Sleep:” that beautiful idea of death on which the early Christians loved so much to dwell, witness the inscriptions in the catacombs. “Changed:” as we must be from the natural to the spiritual, those who “sleep” through its agency, those who are alive, suddenly, in a moment.

Ver. 52.—“A moment:” the smallest possible space of time, repeated in another form that there may be no mistake or doubt as to the fact. “Last trumpet—the trumpet:” this language is highly figurative, like that of Matt. 24: 29-31, and 1 Thess. 4: 16; the trumpet was used for calling the people together, so God will summon the living and the dead to meet the coming Lord, so Psalm 50: 45. “Dead—incorruptible.” because corruption doth not inherit incorruption. Ver. 50. If incorruptible then immortal and so fitted for their inheritance? Peter 1: 3, 4. “We—changed:” this does not imply that he expected to be alive at the coming of the Lord. Paul constantly identified himself with the brethren.

Ver. 53.—“Must put on incorruption—immortality:” an absolute necessity or it cannot enter heaven; the new life is put on. 2 Cor. 5: 2-4.

Ver. 54.—“The saying:” by the prophet Isaiah, Chap. 25: 8; yet the prophet did not know the fulness of the meaning of his own words; spoken of God's work for His chosen people they had a larger and grander meaning in the deliverance of the race from the realm of death. “Swallow up:” completely lost in God's victory over it.

Ver. 55.—“O death:” a free quotation from Hos. 13: 14, death is addressed as a scorpion or serpent, conquered, and its sting torn away. “O grave:” Rev. reads “death” in both places and transposes the sentences; still the idea is better expressed by the received version. Death has the sting and gives to the grave, hades, the place of the departed, its victory, but the ransomed soul, raised in and by Christ Jesus, can look upon both as conquered foes and utter this sublime shout of victory, even before the final deliverance by faith in the Saviour.

Ver. 56.—“Sting of death is sin:” it is sin makes death terrible, but for that it would be nought; the “sting” would not have pierced us if we had not taken the scorpion, sin, to our bosom. “Strength:” Rev. “power.” “The law:” bringing with it the consciousness of sin. Instead of men being justified by the law and made fit for God's presence it is their condemnation. “By it is the knowledge of sin,” Romans 3: 20, under the law sin reigns, Romans 6: 14.

Ver. 57.—Notwithstanding that the law, and sin, and death, and the grave were against us, God is for us, and the

victory is ours, so thanks be unto Him. Before the final victory come the life victories of faith over temptation, doubts, unbelief, fears, all conquered “through our Lord Jesus Christ,” by His death destroying the power of death, and by His resurrection giving us the assurance of our resurrection and eternal life.

Ver. 58.—Now comes the practical lesson. “Therefore:” because of all these truths. “Steadfast:” firm in the faith of the Christ through whom you have this hope. “Immovable:” not to be moved from Him by all the powers of sin and hell; or, do not move away yourselves, backslide from the faith, nor be led away by others. Ver. 12. “Work of the Lord:” the work He gives us to do, working for Him; in a word, the Christians life, with all its duties active and passive. “Not in vain:” those who denied the resurrection make it vain. “In the Lord:” Jesus for and with Him, blessed assurance of the certainty of our faith.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Profatory.—You have to teach one of the sublimest truths of the Christian faith, the resurrection of the dead, from a chapter that has been read, or portions of it, over thousands and thousands of graves, and that has brought comfort to myriads of hearts which have learned here not to sorrow as those without hope, and listening to these blessed truths have been filled with the light and peace which comes from beyond the grave. Teach mainly the truth, do not open up any deep questions about the resurrection which you cannot answer, and which if you could would be profitless. Impress the fact, show its source, and bring out the lessons which are conveyed.

Topical Analysis.—(1) The corruptible cannot enter heaven, 50. (2) The corruptible shall be raised incorruptible, 51-56. (3) The source of this mighty change, 57. (4) The duties these truths teach, and the comfort they bring, 58.

The first topic is a truth everywhere taught, flesh and blood cannot enter the kingdom of heaven; show why, — it is mortal, everything there is immortal; it is sinful, heaven is pure and sinless; it is subject to sorrow, to doubts and fears, there sorrow and sighing flee away, there is perfect, unwavering and eternal trust. An heir must have some adaptation to his inheritance. Flesh and blood decay, now then could they be the heirs of that which never decays; flesh and blood could not take possession of the heavenly inheritance if only for a moment; the senses and powers which are fit for this world are not fit for that. “This corruptible must put on incorruption.”

On the second topic show that this is the “Victory over Death,” which is assured to the Christian, that the very triumph, apparently, of mortality upon man shall be but the rising up to trample on that mortality for ever and for ever; by death to triumph over the power of death. This is the especial doctrine of the Christian faith; life and immortality were brought to light by the Gospel, the ancients with all their wisdom and all their philosophy could only hope for a future life, but so little did they have the thought of a resurrection, that when Paul on Mars Hill spoke to the assembled wisdom of Athens, when he spoke of the resurrection of the dead some mocked. That this is possible we have the testimony of God Himself. He who was able to make at first can call back again from “sleep” those who are in Jesus. (Remember this lesson has only reference to believers.) That He will do so, we have the assurance of His Word. How sweet the assurance, how firm the confidence! Point out that, the further we get from sin now, the closer we keep to God and to His commandments; the more diligently we obey His Word, the more fitted we are becoming for that heavenly state. “Children of the light” walking in the light, we shall enter into the eternal light of God's presence and feel that we are at home with Him.

On the third topic: the source of this mighty change is “through our Lord Jesus Christ,” because Christ died we shall live, as man and for man He bore the penalty of our transgression. He redeemed us from the curse of death being made accursed for us; the power of death to sting lies in our guilt and sinfulness, but Jesus Christ has become the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth. His victory over sin and death, the earliest promise to sinful man, was completed on Calvary; assured by His resurrection, and the fruits will be manifested when He shall come in His glory, and bring with Him those who sleep in Him. There may a veil over the grave still, but the thick black cloud has passed away, and we can almost see the way and hear the music that is beyond the grave. Christ is the “first fruits,” the earnest of the harvest, and there shall be a glorious ingathering in due season. Thanks be unto God through our Lord Jesus Christ.

Little need be said on the fourth topic which is the practical outcome of all. The labour of the Christian is not in vain, no, no! Every soul rescued from sin is rescued to eternal life, added to the Kingdom of God, made happy for eternity. All earthly labour, however necessary it may be, passeth away, but spiritual labour—its results abide forever. “Steadfast:” not drifting away, Heb. 2: 1. Rev. “Immovable:” fixed upon the rock Christ Jesus, while all the storms of temptation burst over in vain. “Always abounding” grudging no labour, no service for Christ, running over with an earnest desire to bless and be a blessing. Teacher, this is for you! If every Sunday school teacher was “always abounding,” what a mighty work would be wrought in our schools.

INCIDENTAL TRUTHS AND TEACHINGS.

Christ's resurrection the seal of His work. To see that we are living here the beginning of the eternal life.

With such a hope to think little of the vexations and discouragements of life.

The victory over Death only to be accomplished, as Christ's, by death.

But in it Death will be destroyed, and entrance obtained to eternal life.

To make a right use of this glorious hope, pressing onward, leading others.

The resurrection of Christ and His people.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE BABY'S BED-TIME.

This is the baby's bed-time ;
Dimplechin climbs on my knee,
With "Mamma, I's deat as s'leepy
An' tired as I tan be."
So I take up the little darling,
And undress the weary feet
That have been making since daylight
A music, busy and sweet.

"Tell me a pitty 'tory,"
She pleads, in a sleepy way.
And I ask, as I cuddle and kiss her,
"What shall I tell you, pray?"
"Tell me"—and then she pauses
To rub each sleepy eye—
"How ze big pid does to market,
An' ze little pids all e'y."

Then I tell as I smooth the tangles
Ever at war with the comb,
How the big pig went to market,
And the wee ones staid at home ;
And I count on the rosy fingers
Each little pig once more,
And she laughs at the "pity 'tory,"
As if unheard before.

Then I fold her hands together
Upon her breast, and she,
In her lying, sleepy fashion,
Repeats her prayer with me.
Before it is ended, the blossoms
Of her eyes in slumber close,
But the words that are left unuttered
He who loves the children knows.

Then I lay the bright head on the pillow,
With a lingering good-night kiss,
Thinking how much God loved me
To give me a child like this.
And I prayed as I turn from the bedside,
He will help me to guide aright
The feet of the little darling
I leave in His care to-night.

DORA'S HOUSEKEEPING.

One morning Dora's mother was going away to the next town. She was going to bring grandma for a visit. The carriage was waiting before she was quite ready. "Now I shall not have time to finish my work," she said. "I will let you sweep the sitting-room, Dora. You did it very nicely last week, and I know you want to help me."

Dora was pouting because she could not go in the carriage with her mother. She thought it was very cruel that she must stay at home when she wanted to go so much. So she did not answer, but sat by the window pouting till the carriage was gone. Then she said to herself: "I don't feel like sweeping, and don't care how I do it. I think it's too bad that I can't go to ride!"

So she swept the sitting-room in a very heedless manner. She did not get the dust-pan and take up the litter; she only brushed it together and left it under the hearth-rug.

When her mother came home she praised her for making the room so neat. Grandma praised her too. She said, "I like to see children do their work well. Then I feel sure they will do their work well when they are grown up. I am glad if our little girl is going to be a good housekeeper."

O how Dora felt! She was so ashamed of what she had done. She felt worse because they praised her. She kept thinking of the litter under the hearth-rug. She was afraid some one would move the rug and see it. She was unhappy all the rest of the day. When she went to sleep at night she dreamed she could not find the dust-pan.

She woke very early the next morning and went down stairs alone. She found the dust-

pan and brushed up the litter as carefully as she could. It seemed easy enough to do it now.

She wished that she had done it at first; then she would have deserved praise from her mother and grandmother.

Dora remembered this for a long time. I am not sure that she ever forgot it; and it taught her a good lesson. She found that wrong-doing made her very unhappy. When she grew older she learned to be a neat house-keeper.

LITTLE THINGS.

Little things are often neatest ;
Little words are always sweetest ;
Little lakes the stillest lie ;
Little charities farthest fly ;
Little seeds produce our trees,
Little drops of rain our seas ;
Little words of kindness often
Will a heart of anger soften.
Little sympathies with grief
More than aught will give relief.
When, in stillness (oft unbroken
Save by sighs, and one word spoken ;
One little word, one little kiss)
Two hearts united are in bliss.
These loving hearts so closely beating,
Their vows of constancy repeating,
May soon by actions of their own,
For which no sorrow can atone,
By little words upset the vow
They register in heaven now.
Little songs we love the best ;
Little cares disturb our rest ;
Little birds the sweetest sing ;
And, when nature makes a thing
Especially rare, she'll always choose
Little things—as little dews,
Little diamonds, little gems,
Little plants with little stems ;
Little things we love the strongest,
Hope for most, remember longest.

CULTIVATE A SWEET VOICE.

There is no power of love so hard to keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing it so much needs as a sweet voice, to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and while at play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a quick, sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip.

If any of them get vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in tone than in words. It is often in mirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save the best cakes and pies for guests and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all girls and boys, "Use your best voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to heart and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.

HONESTY.

The dishonest boy cheats playmates in games or trades, takes things from home without permission, appropriates whatever he finds without seeking an owner, and robs gardens, orchards and fruit stands. Following this penchant he will cheat in business, defraud an employer or partner, or become a defaulter in public trusts. Temptations to dishonesty are more various, subtle and persuasive through commerce than through agriculture, manufactures or professions. Through frauds of commerce the community is educated in every form of dishonesty.

The unscrupulous boy is sure to be a dishonest man, and a thoroughly dishonest man is the contempt of the world. Honesty nurtured in childhood is the only sure support of upright character.

The boy that returns the plaything he has borrowed or found to the owner, when grown up will not embezzle funds, take advantage of the widow and orphan, or defraud an employer, or rob a public treasury. Faithful in little, he will also be in much, and will gain promotion. A chimney sweep struggling with tears against the temptation to take a watch exposed where he was employed, won the favour of his patron, and gained a place above his calling. Honesty in commerce is the first condition of confidence and success; and honesty in commerce promotes it in every department of life.

THE NAME IN THE BOOK.

Arthur Wills had received a new book as a gift from his mother. There it lay when its wrappers were removed, in its pretty binding of grey and gold, with beautiful coloured pictures. He turned to the fly-leaf, and his countenance fell.

"There is no name in it," he said.

"But it is yours," returned his mother. "Why do you want your name in it?"

"To show other people I have a right to it; to show them who gave it to me. Mother, it is nothing without your writing."

Mrs Wills smiled affectionately upon her boy, and taking a pen and ink, wrote his name upon her gift. Then she asked:

"My son, is your name in the Lamb's Book of Life?" The boy hesitated.

"I don't know, I'm sure," he said.

"Then you may know it, dear, if you will but obey our blessed Saviour's call. The apostle Paul speaks of some whose names are in the Book of Life. They knew it, and he knew it, and told it to others. God offers us salvation as a free gift. If we take it, he will inscribe our names in his great record of the saved. I read a beautiful story of a soldier, who, when he was dying, opened his eyes, and looking up brightly, exclaimed: 'Here!' On being asked what he wanted, he said: They are calling the roll-call in heaven, and I was answering to my name!' Dear Arthur, will you pass muster there?"

I think it was not long before Arthur sought by faith to have his name written in heaven.

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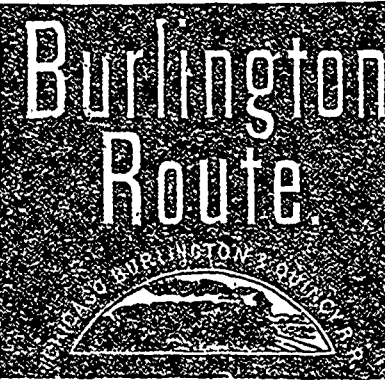
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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

- OTTAWA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, Tuesday, May 6th, at ten a.m.
- LINDSAY.—In Knox Church, Beaverton, on the last Tuesday of May, at eleven a.m.

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ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, TORONTO.—Hard coal, 2,000 tons large egg size, 275 tons stove size. Soft coal, 400 tons.

CENTRAL PRISON, TORONTO.—Hard coal, 60 tons nut size. Soft coal, 500 tons.

REFORMATORY FOR FEMALES, TORONTO.—Hard coal, 500 tons egg size, 25 tons stove size. Soft coal, 475 tons.

ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, LONDON.—Hard coal, 180 tons large egg size, 30 tons chestnut size. Soft coal, 1,700 tons for steam purposes, and 150 tons for grates.

ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, KINGSTON.—Hard coal, 1,300 tons egg size, and for gas making purposes 100 tons best Lehigh, large egg size.

ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE, HAMILTON.—Hard coal, 163 tons stove size, 13 tons large size chestnut, 5 tons chestnut size. Soft coal, 1,100 tons for steam purposes, and 25 tons for grates.

ASYLUM FOR IDIOTS, ORILLIA.—Hard coal, 85 tons stove size.

INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB, BELLEVILLE.—Hard coal, 65 tons large egg size, 25 tons stove size. Soft coal, 650 tons.

INSTITUTION FOR THE BLIND, BRANTFORD.—Hard coal, 450 tons egg size, 150 tons stove size. Soft coal for grates, 15 tons.

The hard coal to be Pittston, Scranton, or Lehigh. Tenders are to name the mine or mines from which it is proposed to take the soft coal, and to designate the quality of the same, and, if required, to produce satisfactory evidence that the coal delivered is true to name.

Tenders will be received for the whole supply specified, or for the quantities required in each institution.

An accepted cheque for \$500, payable to the order of the Secretary of the Province of Ontario, must accompany each tender, as a guarantee of its bona fides, and two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfilment of each contract.

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ARTHUR S. HARDY,

Secretary of the Province of Ontario.

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