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Contributors and Correspondents

A VISIT TO GALT.

"The town of Galt," remarks one, "is the chief place in the township of Dumfries, beautifully situated on the Grand River, and possesses great capabilities of increase. The township is fourteen miles square and the land nearly all arable, a large proportion of it being cleared and of the finest quality."

As I have returned from a visit to that town, I would note down some facts and impressions relative to its ecclesiastical history. The first Presbyterian minister who was settled in it was the Rev. William Stewart, from Comrie parish, in Perthshire, North Britain, lame in gait but of well cultivated mind, whose father many years ago resided in that picturesque spot called St. Fillan's, at the foot of Loch Ewin, so well known to tourists, and also to those who were wont to celebrate the highland games in that part of the world.

During his incumbency the settlement, being so new, was comparatively poor. It had also a severe scourge from the cholera. Mr. Stewart left Galt and was afterwards settled at Demorara, a deadly climate to Europeans, and subsequently followed to the tomb another of the name of Stewart, who was placed there before him. Rev. Dr. Bayne was the next minister, who in turn was again succeeded by Rev. Dr. Thomson, formerly of New York, who expressed his hope of serving many happy days there. However, it was so ordered in Providence, that after a short ministry in Galt, he returned to his former congregation in New York. He keeps as a curiosity the cigar case which his predecessor was wont to own. At the time of our arrival Rev. Dr. Broomer was minister of the Church of England congregation, an amiable man and a first-class reader of the Prayer-book service. Rev. Mr. Strang was minister of the other Presbyterian congregation. To Dr. Thomson succeeded the Rev. James R. Smith, the present excellent and devoted pastor, whose labours the Great Master has crowned with so many tokens of success, and who has long taken a lively interest in religious revivals.

Galt has had its share of trade and commerce, and has it still. It is stretching considerably in the direction of Preston. The roar of its machinery may be heard on week days, while the elements of fire and water, under the control of man, produce splendid edge-tools, etc. It has gone through many changes since St. Andrew's Church on the hill was first opened for Divine worship. And some seven years ago, and also last winter, it has pleased the blessed Head of the Church to send a number of very refreshing showers for the good of Zion. Of course, some will tell one that little if any good has been effected beyond some temporary excitement, but the impartial observer must confess that in Knox congregation there are signs not a few that an outpouring of the blessing in the case of members has taken place.

Many have passed away, who, in the days of other years, heard the Gospel in this corner of the vineyard. I visited the burial ground beside St. Andrew's Church, and having plucked the wild flower and the church-yard moss from the graves of some relatives, and carried them with me as frail and fading memorials of the departed, I felt that here we have no contending city, and that

"He builds too low, who builds beneath the skies." Mr. Jones, teacher of music, was present in Knox Church for several years. He has great knowledge of music, and is a powerful practitioner in it, and was first introduced to public notice by our friend the Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, of Seaforth. It was a fine spectacle to see the group of children under the shadow of the sanctuary, who had come from Miss McPherson's institution to hear the joyful sound. May the children everywhere be brought to cry Hosannah in the Temple, to the Son of David.

"Remember thy Creator now,
In these, thy youthful days,
He will accept thine earliest vow,
He loves thine earliest praise."

Besides the large Sabbath school in Knox congregation, numbering some hundreds, with a full staff of teachers, they have a number of branch ones in the rural districts. A meeting of the young was organized some two months since, connected with the congregation, for religious purposes. A brief prayer meeting is held after the evening service is closed on Sabbath, and it was touching, last Sabbath night, to hear the voice of one of the elders so strikingly seeking, when leading in prayer to guide our thoughts upward to the throne of heavenly grace. Oh, if we had more cottage patriarchs like this venerable old man in our Churches, Christ's kingdom would be more advanced, and more souls awakened, and the children of God more edified. There is another leading feature connected with the public worship which ought to be noticed, and it is this: that they are all young men who take up the collection. Would that this were more prevalent in all the churches. May God send reviving influences into all our congregations. When one of the Session told me last Tuesday some of the history and progress of the revival, it made me feel that we may well say, "What hath God wrought." Imperfections will be connected with every effort of man, but while this must be conceded let us also say that the Great Shepherd has shown His power unto His servants, and His glory unto their children.

Reviv's Thy work, O Lord,
In our own souls, we pray,
May all for the great harvest-home,
Be reaping day by day."

W. G.

[For the Presbyterian.]

THE RECENT SUNDAY SCHOOL PARLIAMENT.

The "Sunday School Parliament," or International Conference, which has recently been held at Wells, or Wellesley Island, among the charming scenery of the Thousand Islands, was an occasion full of interest and profit, as well as attended with the advantages of health, full rest and recreation, and innocent enjoyments of the endowed. Wellesley Island as it comes, it is properly called, is one of the largest of the "Thousand Islands," having a historical interest attached to it, owing to the capture and burning thereof of a British steamer—the *Sir Robert Peel*—during the troublous times of the "Rebellion" of 1837. This warlike association is rapidly losing under the pleasant influences of "Camp-meetings" and Sunday School Conferences. Its green shades are picturesquely relieved by white tents gleaming amid the trees, the dwellers in which appear to enjoy all the comforts of home in their temporary habitations, with the addition of the sweet fragrant air blowing the perfume of pine and fern about them, both by day and night, and the cool forest shade to temper the heat of the July sun. There are also several picturesque cottages—a good sized hotel with other official buildings, and the extensive and commodious tabernacle, whose curtains have sheltered large and attentive audiences for several days consecutively. Charming walks for promenade have been cleared around and through the island, from whence there are lovely vistas of river, rock, island and distant shore. The visitors to the island are numerous, for besides a tolerably large population of sojourners, excursion steamers were continually arriving and disembarking their freight of passengers at the wharf, while steam yachts were every little while darting in and fro, bringing visitors from Alexandria Bay, Clayton and Gananoque; and tiny skiffs were lazily gliding up and down the island shore. As the coolness of evening drew on the fishing parties began to come in, and everywhere among the tents you could see the smoke of the camp-fire rising picturesquely among the trees, and the preparations of the evening meal *al fresco*, a pleasant patriarchal variation on the ordinary hurried and conventional life of the age. Scarcely less unique seemed the gathering in the tabernacle, beneath whose white curtains the eye could look out into interminable vistas of forest boughs, while the fragrant breath of the pines filled the air, and Mr. Bless' exquisite sacred music led nothing to desire in the way of outward enjoyment.

But the "tabernacle" furnished something better still. In the addresses given on important or suggestive subjects connected with Sunday school teaching, was much that was both profitable and spiritually stimulating. To begin with Canadian names, though these were not many, Dr. Castle, of Toronto, gave an excellent address on the "Culture of Converted Children," and Mr. Marling, formerly of Toronto, spoke with his usual warmth and piety on "The Christ-like teacher." Mr. Hughes spoke on a subject in which he was qualified to offer suggestions—"What Sunday schools can learn from secular schools"—and the Rev. Dr. O'Meara, of Port Hope, gave an interesting account of the revisions of the Bible, so far as it has now progressed. Passing to American speakers, the most remarkable address of the Conference was, of course, that delivered by the Rev. H. W. Beecher, to a large concourse of people attracted to the spot by the announcement that the great Brooklyn orator was to speak. The richness of illustration and originality of thought, for the characteristic power, pathos, humor and lofty and impassioned oratory which were combined in its delivery, it was a rare treat, while the sobriety of thought, the freedom from anything like *ad captandam* speaking, and the impress of genuine earnestness were not less remarkable. Even the most prejudiced felt his prejudices melting away, and the orator held his audience spell-bound till he had ceased to speak. Among the thoughts which were vividly brought and enforced were the permanent importance of the home training, and especially that of the mother, which is too often forgotten in the prominence of the Sunday school; the urgent need of cultivating a higher type of Christian life than that of the average church member which falls so infinitely below the Christianity of Christ and His apostles; the hope that ever higher developments of spiritual life should be the aim of the Christian Church; the *honesty of holiness* as contrasted with the selfishness which pervades the superficial religion of many, and the *absolute satisfaction* of the soul which shall at last "see the King in His beauty," and shall know what it is to "be satisfied!" It was an address which could hardly fail to leave lessons for good in the most careless hearer, and Mr. Beecher, with his commanding presence and magical power of speech, always compels the closest attention of which his audience is capable.

The Rev. Dr. Warren, of Brooklyn, gave a very interesting address on "The relations of the Bible to science," showing that these are not, and need never be considered, antagonistic. Dr. Lyman Abbott, the able and accomplished editor of the *N. Y. Christian Weekly*, himself a New Testament commentator, gave an admirable and suggestive lecture on "The structure of the Bible and its laws of inspiration." The main principles that he enforced were, that, as the Bible, though the Word of God came to us, not direct from Heaven, but through human channels, and was in this aspect, the work of writers widely separated by time, distance, temperament, genius, and outward rank and circumstances, regard must be had to this in its intelligent study, since mistakes had arisen from losing sight of the individuality of the

speakers or writers, in giving Divine authority even to the words of the great tempter, and in applying the same standard of interpretation to the poetical books as to the Pauline epistles, which was as incoherent as it would be to interpret precisely alike "Paradise Lost" and Newton's "Principia." He brought out strongly also the paramount importance of drawing from the lesson under consideration, some special practical spiritual lesson, to teach the heart and conscience of the class, and enforce the truth that a realizing faith is far better than any merely critical and intellectual mastery of Scripture truth.

Space will not permit of giving sketches of length of more of the interesting addresses delivered. The Rev. W. H. Crafts, Conductor of the Conference, spoke several times, and always forcibly and well. A Syrian Missionary in native dress, A. O. Vanlonop, illustrated by original costumes, utensils, etc., many Bible scenes, such as going to the well for water, women grinding at the mill, the use of the "fan" in sifting the wheat from the chaff, etc. Mr. Bliss led the service of song with exquisite taste. Several ladies spoke well on various subjects. That of Miss M. E. Winslow deserves a separate notice, being an interesting account of an American unsectarian effort, somewhat akin to that of our own Juvenile Mission, with the difference that the children benefited by it are those of Roman Catholic Europe instead of heathen India. As it comes fairly under the head of "Intelligence of Female Missions," a sketch of it will be given on a future occasion. Meantime we must take leave of this interesting International Conference, with its pleasant memories and delightful associations.

MEMOIR OF NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

BY HIS BROTHER, THE REV. DONALD MACLEOD, B.A.

Since the publication of the Memoir of Dr. Chalmers, perhaps no book of the same class has issued from the press, either in Britain or America, of a more popular character, and more calculated to exert a powerful influence than the Memoir of the late Dr. Norman Macleod. The author of this book has performed his task with skill and fidelity, for unlike many similar works which portray only one side of the character of their subjects, we have here a full delineation of Dr. Macleod, his merits, and his seriousness, his loyalty to the gospel and his broad views, are faithfully described. That the minister of the Barony was a gifted, devoted, and useful pastor, and a sincere believer, is clear from the entries in his journal, and from his statements in his correspondence with his friends.

On the occasion of the last illness of his brother James, he consecrated himself to God, and recorded the *hymn* in his diary, in these words, "And now, O God of my fathers, this 8th day of December, solely and entirely under Thy guidance, I commence again to fight the good fight. I acknowledge Thy hand in making my dear brother's illness the means, through, and only for the sake of the great Redeemer Jesus Christ, do I look for an answer to earnest prayer. Amen." Nearly four years later he wrote, "The goodness of God has been great, very great. If it were not for his great love I could not stand a minute, but by my own state has had this good effect, that it has made me distrust myself and rely more on Christ." Referring to his ordination, he recorded the following words: "I bless my Father and my Saviour for the love shown me. I was enabled to have sweet communion with God. Before going into the Church, and while kneeling beneath the hands of the Presbytery, I was, by God's assistance, enabled to devote heartily my soul and body to the service of my parish, which I trust may be accepted." Further on we read the following simple confession: "O God, Thine eye has seen me write these things! Omnipresent! I rejoice that Thou knowest the heart. I have not one thing that I can plead—no faith, no repentance, no tears. A sinner I am, but oh, God, I will in opposition to all the temptations of the flesh and corrupt, hard heart, I will throw myself with all my strength, in simplicity, and I trust in godly sincerity, on Christ and Him crucified."

The above are samples of many passages wherein his simple piety is expressed, and it were well if there had been no occasion for recording (any deviations from the sound faith of Scotch Presbyterianism, but having come under the influence of his cousin, Dr. John Macleod Campbell, and others of still broader views, he imbibed principles that considerably diverged from the Westminster Confession of Faith, and the Calvinistic system of doctrines. "There is a book," says he in a letter to his mother, "I wish you would order for your Reading Club—Dr. Payne of Exeter's Lectures on the 'Sovereignty of God.' It has revolutionized my mind. It is a splendid book, and demonstrates the universality of the Atonement, and its harmony with election. This appears to have been his first departure from the ancient theology. But he did not long remain there; from one error he soon passed on to others of a more serious nature. He first embraced the universality of the atonement, and afterwards he adopted 'the Salvability of the Heathen' without the gospel, and at last he rejected the doctrine of the Satisfaction of Christ's suffering and death. On 'the salvability of the Heathen,' he says, 'that no soul is saved except through the blood of Christ, and that no soul is saved without belief in Christ, are not equally true propositions; for, if so, all infants would be damned. Now, as all admit that infants may, without faith, be saved by having the benefits of Christ's death imputed to them, so far ought we know that the Heathen, who are incapable of

faith from their circumstances, may have the benefits of Christ's death in the same manner."

It will be observed that this is a more spooning, which has no warrant in the word of God, and therefore we are not entitled to entertain it even in thought.

Concerning the views on the nature of the atonement, which he adopted, the author of the Memoir tells us that "he may afterwards have diverged, in regard to some minor points, from what Campbell taught him, but he certainly never recurred to the conception of the sufferings of our Lord, as penal." In his journal we read his own words on the subject. "I have been seldom in life so exercised in spirit as during the Sunday which preceded the communion, and on the communion Sunday itself, in preaching on the Atonement, according to the view taken of it by my beloved John Campbell. . . I believed, and still believe, that what Jesus did as an atoning Saviour, He did for all, because God commands all men to believe in Him as their Saviour. . . But what I never could see was the philosophy of the atonement. . . The usual method of explaining it . . . as penal suffering from God's wrath, and so satisfying Divine justice. I could not contradict, but could not see and rejoice in as true."

Elsewhere in his journal we meet with the following:—"They will tell you that you deny the statement, unless you believe that Christ on the cross endured the punishment which was due to each sinner of the elect, for whom he died, which, thank God, I don't believe, as I know He died for the whole world."

It has been known for some years that his views on the Sabbath, and the moral law, diverged considerably from that professed by his own, as well as other Evangelical churches, but his views on the atonement have not been generally known, until the publication of this Memoir. Besides the influence exerted on him by Dr. Campbell and others, perhaps his deviations from the Confession of Faith, may, in a large measure, be attributed to the fact of his not being instructed in youth in the fundamental doctrines of the faith as held by his Church. "I never heard my father," says he, "speak of Calvinism, Arminianism, Presbyterianism, or Episcopacy, or exaggerated doctrinal differences in my life. I had to study all these questions after I left home. He might have made me a slave to any 'ism.' He left me free to love Christ and Christians."

Light Wanted.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

SIR,—Chancing to be in the village of Fensel Falls on the twelfth of July last, I found a large assembly of "Orangemen" and "Orange Young Britons" celebrating the anniversary of the "Battle of the Boyne," and embraced the opportunity of listening to the addresses delivered by members and friends of the order at the close of the grand procession.

One of the first speakers made use of the following language:—"The Protestants of Ireland were always true to their colors. The Presbyterians of Scotland were not so. The Scotch Presbyterians were at one time in alliance with the Church of Rome." There were, I was informed, two Presbyterian ministers on the platform at the time, and I fully expected that they would not allow any such remarks to pass unnoticed, but as they did so, and I have not seen the matter mentioned in any of the papers which reported the day's proceedings, I take the liberty of troubling you to give this a place in the *PRESBYTERIAN*, hoping that some one of its many readers, who are conversant with every particular of the early history of our beloved Church, will state, through its columns, whether there is even the shadow of a truth in the statement. I lay claim to some little knowledge of the history of Scotland and the Scotch Church myself, and have always believed that if there are a people on the face of the earth who threw off the yoke of Rome without retaining even the semblance of any of her superstitions, it is the Scotch Presbyterians, and from the day she first declared for the Reformation till the present, the Presbyterians of Scotland have had no connection whatever, either directly or indirectly, with the Church of Rome.

Yours truly,
PRESBYTERIAN.

[The above is an interesting communication. It affords an illustration of the many absurdities uttered by the ignorant or the designing. The merest school-boy knows that the Reformation in Scotland was an emphatic protest against the errors of Rome, and that the Church in Scotland had to suffer grievously through its steady and faithful resistance even to the prelate of England. We should like to hear from the two Presbyterian ministers above mentioned.]—ED. B. A. P.

OAN I justly lay claim to the blessing promised to those who endure as well as suffer? With patience and constancy, do I resist alike the covert allurements and the open and bold temptation? Do I remember that the tried Christian shall be the one crowned; and that the cross is but for a little while, but the crown is eternal? Is the love of Christ so strong in my heart as to give the victory over every temptation?

O LORD, give me strength of resolution; and when I know a thing is wrong, help me to have done with it; and when I see it is right, help me to make haste and delay not to keep thy commandments. May I never try to patch up a piece between conscience and myself by trimming and compromising! If I know a thing to be Thy will, may I ever be faithful and prompt to do it!—Spurgeon.

Home Mission Debt.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

SIR,—As the question of the Home Mission debt will be before Presbyteries just now, a word in regard to the mode of dealing with it may not be out of place.

It is a matter for regret that such a debt should have come into existence, but the confidence that the church will promptly respond to the demands of the work which God has put into her hands, should remove any serious apprehension in regard to it. Still there are different methods of dealing with the case, and it is well to consider which may be the best way of raising the money.

The simplest way, of course, would be to levy for the amount according to the membership and the number of families in each congregation, but a serious objection to this will be recognized and appreciated at once. Some congregations have been very liberal in their contributions, while it cannot be denied, that others have been the reverse. Some have even made special exertions to prevent this very debt which the church is called upon to remove from being contracted, while many congregations have failed to realize the fact that the contributions of the church were falling below the requirements of the work, and have therefore done nothing, or very little, to prevent the debt from being accumulated.

It is evident that supposing equal ability in two such contracted congregations, there would be a practical injustice done if they were asked to contribute equally to the liquidation of this debt, to prevent which one had exerted itself to the extent of its ability, and the other scarcely at all.

Still this is not the chief objection, rather let me direct your attention to the effect which such a method would have upon the future work of the church. Congregations which have been encouraged to act liberally, will soon see that their efforts fail to produce the desired results, and just as a man will grow disheartened if he finds himself sinking into embarrassment in spite of all he can do, through the inefficiency or carelessness of other members of his family. They will say, "It is of no use to bear our own full share, and then be asked to pay the debt incurred by others. The shoulders that are highest bear the chief weight of the beam. Let us come down to the common level, so that others may have their share with us." It would be easy to answer this by an appeal to duty and responsibility in the sight of God, but such an appeal made by those who do not realize their duty or their responsibility would be of small value. While it must be remembered that there is still a good deal of human nature even in the most liberal Christian when he comes to feel that his giving only helps another man not to give.

One way in which this will be very likely to manifest itself in the present case is that congregations which have already done liberally, especially those raising their funds by "Missionary Associations," will advance the amounts required of them out of funds intended for the coming year. The result of this can be readily seen. The debt will seem to be paid, while, in reality, it will merely have been borrowed from the contributions of the current year. The H. M. O. will be relieved, and believing the appeal to the Church to have been successful, will feel themselves warranted to entertain hopes of an extended work. Depending on the expected income, and at the close of another year we shall find that, so far as this method of paying off the debt has been adopted, our condition is worse than before. The effort now required is said to be "special," and one not to be repeated; that is only true conditionally. The debt represents the fact that our contributions are less than our expenditure. The deficiency already existing may be made up by a special and single effort, but the cause which produced this is not thus removed. The terms of the two series, of expenditure and contribution, are annually diverging, and only the cutting down of the one or the increasing of the other can reduce them to equality of progression. Of these, one, of course, means the crippling of our Home Mission work and the ultimate limitation of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. The other means the increase in liberality in the Church, especially in the large portion of the Church which have seemed almost like uninterested spectators of the work, and have fallen even below the average of the contributions of the Church.

It will surprise those who have not looked with any care into the matter, how very large a proportion of the present heavy debt on the Home Mission Fund is represented by the amounts by which congregations have fallen below the average actually contributed in their Presbyteries.

But the question comes up, What is to be done? Well, something is done if we can be on our guard in time against falling into a serious error such as has been indicated, and, on the positive side, much good may be done if the present time be used as an opportunity for dealing through "facts and figures" with congregations in which the grace of giving to the cause of Christ is so feeble, with the directness and urgency which the case demands. Yours truly,
G. BRUCE.

THEY are beggars—and yet too proud to beg; they live by robbery. They rob their bodies of the due influence of their souls upon them; they rob their souls, by denying them that knowledge of God which can alone satisfy them. They rob God of His claims, of His glory; they rob Him of His holiness, of His justice; and would rob Him of His being if they could; yet they are too proud to beg His mercy, too self-sufficient to hang upon His strength.

Pastor and People.

The Massacre of the Huguenots.

On the 24th day of August (St. Bartholomew's day), will occur the three hundred and second anniversary of the massacre of the Huguenots.

We might perhaps have never heard of the name Huguenot, if indulgences had not been sold to get money to pay the expense of finishing the grand Cathedral of St. Peter's at Rome. Privileges to commit sin were offered in public places at fixed rates to the people. This aroused the indignation of Martin Luther, a pious monk of Erfurt, Germany, who had begun to read the Bible, and had learned that man had no power to do such things. He at once translated the Bible into the language of the people, who eagerly embraced every opportunity to get it and read it, or have it read to them.

There are many opinions in regard to the origin of the name Huguenot, which "was given as a nickname to those who embraced the new faith." Some writers assert that the term is derived from Hugon, which in some portions of France "still signifies a person who walks abroad in the night." The reformers on account of persecution met for worship in the night. Some writers suppose Huguenot is derived from a French pronunciation of the German word Eidgenossen, meaning confederates, "while others trace its origin to an enthusiastic Calvinist at Geneva, whose name was Hugues."

In a few years the Huguenots, of whom some were princes and nobles, had become so strong that a cardinal wrote to the Pope that France was half Huguenot. The king, Henry II., was made to believe that his life was in danger from the assaults of these harmless people. This brought out a special decree that all who read the Bible should be considered heretics and as such must suffer death.

When Charles IX. succeeded to the throne an opportunity was offered to settle the differences by the king's minister, who desired the leaders of both the Huguenots and papists to meet in council. The plan, however, was not agreeable to the Pope, who considered it a stain upon the church to confer with the Huguenots. Theodore De Beza, a good and learned man, who it is believed erred greatly in judgment, was the leader of the Huguenots.

The result of the conference was unfortunate. The breach between the religious parties was made wider than before. Both went abroad armed, and soon occurred a massacre at the little town of Vassy. The Huguenots were engaged in prayer in a barn outside the walls, in conformity to the command of the king, when the Duke of Guise and his attendants approached. "Some of the suite insulted the worshippers; from insults they proceeded to blows," and finally sixty were killed and two hundred wounded. For this cowardly act the duke was escorted in triumph through the streets of Paris.

The advisers of the king used every means to influence him against the Huguenots, whom they were determined to exterminate from France. Catherine De Medici, the queen-mother, proposed, ostensibly as a peace-maker, a marriage between her daughter and the King of Navarre, chief of the Huguenots. The marriage which the Huguenots supposed would put an end to all hostilities was only a wicked plan of the queen-mother to gather them together that they might easily be massacred.

The ringing of the bell of the church of St. Anserois for morning prayer was the signal to begin the bloody work. For three days the Roman Catholics continued their work of slaughter. The number of Huguenots killed has been estimated by some writers at 50,000, while others declare that the number was not less than 100,000. The queen-mother was greatly elated at the deed, the Pope and cardinals gave thanks for it, and medals to commemorate it were struck both at Rome and Paris.

The surviving Huguenots, for some time, were dismayed by the dreadful event. Many fled to England, while others immediately made preparations to defend themselves from the expected attacks of their persecutors.

King Charles soon sunk under the weight of remorse. He was sullen and dejected, and haunted continually with the murdered Huguenots.

The Roman Catholics after the massacre were overwhelmed with shame, and they renewed their persecutions, and for years France was in a state of confusion.

The Huguenots continued to be an armed force until Rochelle, which they had long had in their possession, was taken by the crafty cardinal Richelieu, who with pretended magnanimity, after the power of the persecuted people had departed, advised King Louis XIII. to grant freedom of worship to every man, woman and child in the kingdom.

SPURGEON tells the following story: "A poor man, who had a large family, gave them a very comfortable support while he was in health. He broke his leg, and was laid up for some weeks. As he would be for some time destitute of the means of grace, it was proposed to hold a prayer-meeting at his house. The meeting was led by Deacon Brown. A loud knock at the door interrupted the service. A tall, lean, blue-frocked youngster stood at the door, with an ox goad in his hand, and asked to see Deacon Brown. 'Father could not attend this meeting,' he said, 'but he has sent his prayers, and they are out in the east.' They were brought in, in the shape of potatoes, beef, pork, and corn. The meeting broke up without the benediction."

Two Missionary Heresies.

In an address at the last Annual Meeting of the English Church Missionary Society, the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol referred as follows to two serious missionary heresies: "Civilize first and Christianize afterwards." How often do we hear this heresy put forward—sometimes with simple and good intentions, and with a belief—an innocent belief—that in the natural order of things it must be so; sometimes, I fear, with very different motives. But, I ask, can we here tolerate any such sentiment? What! is CHRIST, our Master and King, to wait until the merchantman has made the way before him? Oh, no, my friends; "Civilize first and Christianize afterwards" is one of those expressions in regard to missionary labour which we shall all—and especially in those times when we hear it pronounced in so many different ways—utterly and distinctly disavow. It is quite right that the Christian Missionary should likewise be himself the pioneer of civilization. Let civilization go forward with Christianity—blessed by Christianity—but never let the one—civilization—be placed before the other. I may here say that we are acting on the principle I have mentioned. Our Missionaries are now recognizing that their duty is first of all to preach Christ crucified, and then, also, to do everything that God the Holy Ghost puts into their souls, in the way of raising the heathen people among whom they labour. Both must go together; but Christianizing and Civilization ever, ever first. The second heresy—as I may venture, at any rate, in this audience, to call it—in regard to missionary labour, and against which the noble sentence I have read to you is a distinct protest, may be thus briefly formulated: "Teach those with whom you have to deal by showing them that Christianity is somewhat better than the religion that the people you are speaking to may profess." This is a more deadly heresy, my dear friends, than the one I have just alluded to; for what is it but putting in competition with other religions the one true and only religion—the belief in our Lord and Master? And here I would say, let no one think that I am, as it were, fighting shadows. Have we not heard, not so very long ago, lectures in time-honoured edifices pointing in this direction? Have we not seen Christianity often placed on a kind of level very little above that of other religions, and are we not told that the way in which our missionaries may most successfully work is to acquire a full knowledge of the ancient religions, and, in fact, to show how Christianity is a kind of improvement upon them? Now, my friends, God forbid that our missionaries should ever set in such a spirit as this! Good it is, God knoweth, and useful it is to study, especially in some of the more cultivated nations, the forms of ancient faith. I will say at once, in regard even of my poor self and my own poor thoughts on this subject, that some of the most fruitful hours of my passing life have been spent in reading, with a kind of wonder and awe, some of the ancient hymns, say, in a work now hoar with the rime of forty centuries—the Rig-Veda—a book of Brahmanic praise. I make no pretence, but through the medium of translation I have read, and wondered as I read, the marvellous ethics of some of the great Buddhist treatises—say such an old one as The Pathway of Virtue. I have read and I have wondered, and I have felt that God has never left Himself without a witness in the human heart; nay, I have read, too, and that not without profit, some of those wondrous hymns and invocations which the reader will find in that strange, strange book of religion, the Zend-Avesta of the now dying-out Parsees. I feel too much sympathy to denounce such studies as those, but I do earnestly protest against that mode of reasoning and thinking in regard to missionary matters which places our own religion in any degree of comparison or relation to others. My dear friends, let the Missionary acquire that knowledge, for I believe it will be good and useful to him; but let him know that the knowledge for which he has to work in the hearts of those to whom he speaks is one only—it is Christ crucified. What he has to preach is that to which every human heart will listen—every human heart—redemption. Redemption is that which the missionary must bear—redemption through Christ crucified is his message, and this message he must preach as though it were different in degree, in kind, in everything, from every other message that the world has yet received.

Prayer.

To be heard, must be earnest, full of trust, simple, constant, and free from cant. God is neither deaf nor far off, that men should thunder their petitions in His ear, or cry as if their Father were heartless, exacting and unkind. He waits to be gracious. He bids His children ask, and promises blessing in answer to the soul's uplifted quest. If a Christian must needs get into an agony of words, and writhe and bellow his petitions, the very noise would indicate a lack of faith. Sincere faith but whispers, and the answer comes. The full soul but looks and longs for good, and the benediction meets the upward glance. The believer who feels that he is near to the Father will not speak to Him in boisterous tones, as if he were calling upon one afar off. The child sits upon the mother's knee, can ask for best gifts out of that mother's hand, by the merest breath of a broken sentence; a sob is eloquent; a tear touches the source of all love; a hungry glance touches the inmost treasury of food. And thus God hears His children. It is not bombast, or penance, or bodily suffering, but simple belief, utter in the nearest, easiest form of words, which our heavenly Father hears as prayer. We make plea for the utmost earnestness, for the soul's inmost, deepest want, but we find no warrant in Scripture for contortions of body, extravagances of speech, for shouts and yells of asking, as if there were Divine stubbornness to be overcome. While there may be all night wrestling with our own unbelief, and tears and pain at our own lack of love for God, there is no Gospel reason for turning a prayer meeting into a babel of distracting sounds, as if the dear Father were deaf!

Juxta Crucem.

From the cross the blood is falling,
And to us a voice is calling,
Like a trumpet silver-clear;
'Tis the voice announcing pardon,
'Tis the voice announcing pardon,
'Tis the voice announcing pardon,
Pardon to the far and near.
Peace that precious blood is sealing,
All our wounds for ever healing,
And removing every load;
Words of peace that voice has spoken,
Peace that shall no more be broken,
Peace between the soul and God.
Love, its fulness there unfolding,
Stand we here in joy beholding,
To the exiled sons of men,
Love, the gladness past all naming
Of an open heaven proclaiming,
Love, that bids us enter in.
GOD IS LOVE!—we read the writing,
Traced so deeply in the smiting
Of the glorious Surety there.
GOD IS LOVE! we see it beaming
Like a heavenly day-spring gleaming,
So divinely sweet and fair.
Cross of shame, yet tree of glory,
Round thee winds the one great story
Of this ever-changing earth.
Centre of the true and holy,
Grave of humanity and folly,
Womb of nature's second birth.

Shut the Gate.

What endless mischief comes from not shutting the gate! It did not occur to you, as you went through into your neighbour's field, that vast results swing on those hinges. Look at the facts. Our farmer John cut his foot slightly on Saturday. He made little of the wound, and expected no trouble from it. But during that night some one opened the gate of the river pasture and neglected to shut it. So in the morning thirty head of cattle, of all sorts and sizes, were out upon the road, the railroad track, and the bush country. It was a hot and muggy morning. Farmer John was out early to look about. He soon missed the cattle, and went through bushes, streams, alders, and forest, searching for them. Hour after hour he ran one way and another, and at last towards noon the cattle were shut up again, the gate was closed, and John went to his house. The chase brought great excitement and fatigue. A feverish condition came on. John's leg was swollen, and the wound took on a morbid character at once. Two doctors came to see him. Inflammation and rheumatism set in. Pain and exhaustion ensued. Here was a prospect of a month's sickness, and untold mischief, just on the eve of haying time. When the rheumatism subsided, what should come next but that morbid sort of disease, erysipelas, which is always lurking around to attack us when we are down. So on the case dragged itself, until poor John seemed at death's door. After three weeks of suffering he began to get outdoors on his crutches. Everything had gone amiss for want of his care. Other men had blundered. The cattle had trespassed on our neighbor's oat field, and a large bill of damages had to be paid. And so on through a wondrous chain of mischiefs and miseries, direct and indirect; but we will not short the story, and only add that our farm-gate was left open several times during the period of John's sickness, and once this fence was taken down by a party who wanted to enjoy a picnic in the beech grove.

Now all this, which is naked truth only half told—all this suffering and loss came simply of neglecting to shut the gate. We leave our farm troubles to carry the lesson into regions of higher and more lasting importance. There are gates all along the road of life which are often left open, and the mischief is endless.

See that gate of strife, so needlessly left open. One finger's force, a single kind word, the omission of a word would have shut the gate at once. But now years have passed, and through that gate have been marching mischiefs of vast dimensions. Families have been involved, lawsuits have wasted thousands of dollars, the church has been agitated and rent with the widening quarrel, children have absorbed into their sensitive nature all the malaria of the controversy, and the ungodly have exulted over the rending of Zion's walls. And all this because the gate of strife was left open for a night, and the precept neglected, "Let not the sun go down on your wrath."

Then see the gate of temptation, so carelessly left open. How easily it might have been shut at first. But neglect beget neglect, craving followed craving, and by and by what troops of sin were seen moving along the road which the closed gate would have made impassable. Alas, these little gates ajar in the lives of men! Cupidity and lust, appetite, peevishness, and ruin come pressing through them. We see the gates standing open every day, and the mischiefs which go through are filling the world with misery. These vast evils do not break the fences. They do not spread themselves at first by force. They slip through gates carelessly left open for a night, and once out, it is a sad business to find them and drive them back to their enclosures.

Or see the gate of talk, always open or unlatched. This unruly evil is full of deadly poison. Silence is golden where often speech could be at best but silver. What day passes but it shows this gate too slowly closed? and through the opening we see moving an endless procession of follies and mischiefs. A man of great force and of much business, used to commit one affair and another to those who served him with this curt sentence, "Say nothing, but do it." It is good in business, good in charity, good in religion, to say little, but do it. Shut the gate on that last word, and the battle of strife will not break out to trample down the grain. Never mind the talk in prayer-meeting; this can be spared; but go on and do your religion. This will be the best eloquence. Generally, the man who always shuts the gate of talk when good sense has gone through, is rated among the wisest of men.—Rev. Frederick G. Clark, D.D.

An instant decides the life of man and his whole fate; for after lengthened thought the resolve is only the act of a moment; it is the man of sense that seizes on the right thing to be done; it is ever dangerous to linger in your selection of this and that, and so by your hesitation get confused.—Goethe.

Negative Religion.

In these days of ease from persecution, a profession of religion may be made, and a decent outside may be preserved without much cost. There is one class of professors, and that by no means a small one, made up of those who have received a religious education, have been trained up to an outward conformity to the precepts of the gospel, who abstain from the open follies and corruptions of the world, but remain quite satisfied with a

NEGATIVE RELIGION.

They do not profane the Sabbath;
They do not neglect the ordinances of God's house;
They do not live without a form of prayer;
They do not take the holy name of God in vain;
They are not drunkards;
They are not swearers;
They do not neglect the poor and needy;
They do not run a round of gaudy and folly;
They do not bring up their children without some regard to religion;
They do not cast off the fear of God:—

BUT,

They do not love God;
They do not experience His love shed abroad in the heart;
They do not enjoy vital, heartfelt religion;
They do not give God their hearts;
They do not delight themselves in Him;
They do not esteem His word more than their necessary food;
They do not love the habitation of His house, and the place where His honor dwelleth, though they attend it;
They do not enjoy the peace of God, which passeth all understanding;
They are not temples of the Holy Ghost;
They have not passed from death unto life;
They are not new creatures in Christ Jesus;
They have not been translated from the kingdom of darkness;
They are not born again; consequently cannot enter the kingdom of God.
Oh! that such would now stop and examine their hearts and their hopes; and seek the Lord while he may be found; and call upon Him while he is near.

The Story of a Perversion.

Earl Nelson's second son has, it appears, joined the Roman Catholic Church, and the following account of the process by which he was led to do so has been published by his father in the London Times. He says his object is to expose the Pharisaical zeal in making proselytes, for which one section of the Roman Catholics in England are becoming distinguished. He says:

"Three years ago a lady, who had left the Church of England and become a nun, obtained an introduction to my son. She loaned him books, appointed to meet him at Roman Catholic services, and carried on a correspondence with him behind my back, until, having succeeded in making him unhappy in the belief that he had never been properly baptized, his apparent sadness, for which I sought a cause, brought the whole thing to my knowledge. I induced him to consult a clergyman of our Church, who set his doubts at rest, and for three years he has been happy in the Church of England, and was preparing for Cambridge with a desire to take holy orders. I have it from his own mouth, that when he came to London to spend the rest of his holidays at home, and some ten days previous to his admission, he had not the slightest intention of becoming a Roman Catholic, so that neither his tutor nor myself could have had any knowledge of his change of views, nor could he have in any way seriously prepared himself for such a change.

"I left town on a Saturday, in happy ignorance of any such intention, and on my return on the Wednesday following, was informed that at eight o'clock on the same morning he had been conditionally baptized by a father at the Brompton Oratory. I naturally remonstrated on the indecent haste, and on the direct violation of all parental authority in receiving a son under age without his parent's previous knowledge. Upon this matter my son deliberately informed me that the priest never asked him whether I had or had not given my consent, or whether or no I knew anything of the step he was proposing to take. It is explained that the question was asked, but that my son, in the excitement of the moment, had forgotten it, and the priest's further justification to me was threefold and peculiar: 1. That the law of the land allows a child to change his religion at fourteen, and therefore there was no necessity to ask the parent at all. 2. That although to tell me first would have been the obvious and straightforward course, he and another priest consulted together on the Tuesday, and decided that it would be safer to allow my son to deceive me, instead of running the risk of the greater sin of denying his convictions from a fear of me, (which fear did not exist.) 3. That he was found to be a real Roman Catholic at heart. This last, if true, would rather have suggested some reasonable delay, as there could have been no fear of his final decision. The point which I wish to make particularly clear is the encouragement of deception towards parents, and the attempt to undermine parental authority, which is making a direct use of deadly weapons from the infidel armory, and a mode of proceeding utterly unworthy of any branch of Christ's Church. The tactics which I have attempted to expose are those to which persons in my rank of life are at the present time peculiarly exposed from this section of the Roman Catholics."

Old age is not, father, the heaviest of burdens, as thou thinkest; but whoever bears it morosely he is the party who makes it so; but if he bear it without grumbling, he sometimes in this way lulls it asleep, dexterously changing its character, taking away pain and substituting pleasure, but making it pain if he is peevish.—Alexander.

"The Work of all Works."

Gladstone in his noble essay on the Crosses of Religious Thought, speaks of being engaged in "uniting the human soul to Christ" as the "work of all works." And so it is. Jesus has come to toll a fallen race of a Father's love. He has come to bear our sins in His own body on the tree. He has come to heal us by His own stripes. He has come to invite all the weary and heavy laden to rest in His bosom. His redemption is the universal remedy. None else is provided, and if it should fail we have no hope of any other. There is but one Physician, and his method of healing is by uniting to himself the sick and suffering that ask his aid. They brought the sick to Jesus while he was passing and repassing through the towns of Galilee; this was a good work. But what is bodily healing as compared to the eternal health of the soul!

The work of all work for you, Gospel Minister is—not to preach eloquent sermons, not to construct able arguments, not to confound heretics, but to bring souls into union with Christ that they may become "heirs of God, joint heirs with Christ." It is well to stir up the soul by grand bursts of fervid eloquence—it is better to convince the conscience by the power of well ordered syllogisms; but these are only means to an end, and the end is to bring the sick soul to the Physician of souls. It may be well to build up your denominational connection—to make better "churchmen" of those who are under your influence. It may be well to strengthen your congregation. But your work is a sad failure when it comes short of leading the sinner to the Saviour. This is, or should be, the end of our meetings on the Lord's Day and on week-days; it is virtually for this that we have our meetings of Church Courts, Presbyteries, Synods, Assemblies—Conferences, Conventions, etc.

Sabbath School Teacher, for you also, the work of all works is to lead the Lambs of the flock to their tender Shepherd. Our lessons, our prayers, our songs of praise, centre upon Christ. He is the head of every true school. He is the chief end of all saving instruction. It is only in so far as you make your scholars Christ-like that you can regard yourself as a successful teacher.

And so with every member of Christ's body on earth: the mission of all Christians is to bring Christ to sinners and sinners to Christ. The best man is the man who does most for Christ; the best Church is the Church that is truest to Christ and makes Him most widely known. Our organizations, our testimonies, our confessions, our sermons, our literature, are all but means to an end. Reader what are you doing in the line of this "work of all work"?—Pres. Witness, Halifax.

Has Manhood Deteriorated?

There were some reasons why the manhood of our graduates then was higher than the standard of our time. There were then few amusements, no collateral, distracting interests, tastes or pursuits, and the college studies of the day, restricted as they were in compass and deficient, were yet highly stimulating and sublime food. There was a decided predilection for classical reading, not to say learning, for that would be a misnomer, and there was an unqualified faith in the virtues and fame of the ancient republics, and their literature was probably a source of inspiration for the ardent youth of the republic yet to be. Still more, there was the influence of greater potency and worth. There is no such ripener of mind and character as impending emergency. Have we not had expressions of this in our recent history? When the news of Fort Sumter flashed over the lines, there were in these halls those who seemed to their elders as mere boys, who started at once into vigorous manhood, grew by gradations more rapid than we could trace into high places of command, sought positions of the most perilous service, won evergreen laurels, and achieved a culture for which twice the term of peaceful school-life would have been inadequate. We had one here at the last commencement, a mere mutilated trunk of a man, whose after-dinner speech, with all the fervor and fire of early youth, yet had a depth of wisdom which would have found fit utterance from the lips of the leaders in the gravest assemblies of our nation. If we could only view them aright, there are now for our republic emergencies, intense though insidious, a present not to be indignantly spurned, a future to be earnestly striven for, which ought to awaken the patriotic feeling of our young men, and urge them to early maturity for our public service.—Dr. Peabody's Baccalaureate Sermon.

We have no right to expect that whatever we take it into our heads to ask of God shall at once be done for us, whether it be for His glory and our sanctification or not. We have no warrant for presuming, in every difficulty and trouble, God will at once work a miracle and deliver us from our anxiety as soon as we make it a subject of prayer. The things about which we pray, must be things having special reference to our own vocation, and Providential position. Above all, we must not think to prescribe to God the time and way he shall remove mountains for us.—Ryle.

Public and continual preaching of God's Word is the ordinary means and instrument of the salvation of mankind. Paul calls it the ministry of reconciliation of man unto God. By preaching of God's Word, the glory of God is enlarged, faith is nourished, and charity increased. By it the ignorant are instructed, the negligent exhorted and invited, the stubborn rebuked, the weak conscience comforted, and to all those that sin of malicious wickedness, the wrath of God is threatened. By preaching, due obedience to magistrates is planted in the hearts of men: for obedience proceeds of conscience, conscience is grounded upon the Word of God, the Word of God worketh in effect by preaching. So as generally when preaching is wanting obedience fails.—Archbishop Grindal's Letter to Queen Elizabeth.

Our Young Folks.

By-and-By.

There's a little mischief-maker That is stealing half our bliss; Sketching pictures in a drowsy land That are never seen in this—

He is sitting by your heartstone, With his sly, bowing glaucous, Whistling of the coming morrow, As the social hours advance;

You may know him by his winking, By his careless, sportive air; By his sly, obtrusive presence That is straying everywhere.

When the calls of duty haunt us, And the present seems to be All the time that ever mortal's snatch'd from dark eternity,

"By-and-by," the wind is sighing, "By-and-by," the hoar replies, But the phantom just above it Ere we grasp it ever dies.

Story of a Princely Boy.

Charles X., of France, when a child, was one day playing in an apartment of the palace, while a peasant of Auvergne was busily employed in scrubbing the floor.

"Ah!" said the man, "my poor wife and five children often go supperless to bed."

"Well, then," replied the prince, with tears in his eyes, "you must let me manage for you. My governor every month gives me some pocket-money, for which I have no occasion, since I want for nothing.

On leaving the apartment, the honest dependent acquainted the governor of the young prince with the conversation that had taken place. The latter, after praising the servant highly for his scrupulous integrity, desired him to accept the money, and to keep the affair a profound secret.

The governor, feigning astonishment, at last demanded the reason for his unusual prudence; still no answer came from the Count. One of the princes, his brother, next testified his surprise, and at length pressed the young Count so hard that in a moment of childish impatience he exclaimed,

The King and His Daughter.

George III. had fifteen children. His favourite was the Princess Amelia. In her early days she was a gay, light-hearted girl; but as she grew older she became affectionate and reflective, yielding to the deeper sentiments of her emotional nature.

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young, I laughed and danced and talked and sung, And proud of health, of freedom vain, Dreamed not of sorrow, care, or pain.

"But when the hour of trial came, When sickness shook my trembling frame, When folly's gay pursuits were o'er, And I could sing and dance no more,

In 1810 she was attacked with a lingering and fatal illness. Her sufferings at times were heart-rending to witness, but her sublime confidence in God kept her mind serene, and brought the sweetest anticipations of another and a better world.

The old king lingered by her bedside, her affectionate watcher and nurse. They talked together daily of Christ, of redemption, and of the joys of heaven. "The only hope of the sinner is in the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ. Do you feel this hope, my daughter? Does it sustain you?"

Christ as a matter far more interesting than the most significant pomps of royalty."

As she grew weaker, he caused the physicians to make a statement of her condition every hour. When he found her sinking, the old dejection and gloom began to overcast his mind again. He felt, like Lear, that he had one true heart to love him for himself alone.

How the Churches Stand.

The Philadelphia Presbyterian says: "A review of the ecclesiastical situation at the close of the first century of American history, as compared with the beginning of the century, gives the following facts:—

Truth and Error.

Custom, without truth, is but the antiquity of error. And there is a short way for religious and simple minds to find out what is truth; for, if we return to the beginning and origin of Divine tradition, human error ceases.

Depend on Your Own Efforts.

Fight your own battles. Hoe your own row. Ask no favors of any one, and you will succeed a thousand times better than those who are always beseeching some one's patronage.

The Baby.

Who knows not the beautiful group of babe and mother, sacred in nature, sacred also in the religious associations of half the globe? Welcome to the parents is the puny little struggler, strong in his weakness, his little arms more irresistible than the soldier's, his lips touched with persuasion, which Chatham and Pericles in manhood had not.

Look at Jehovah in his infinite love; omnipotent power, unsearchable riches, universal dominion, unsullied holiness, eternal veracity and unspeakable glory; and then you may say, "This God is my God forever and ever, and all that he has is mine; why then am I cast down?"

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XXXV.

HONEST INDUSTRY { Prov. vi. 11. } COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 9-11. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Job xii. 7; Isa. i. 8; Rom. xvi. 17.

SCRIPTURE READINGS.—With vs. 6-8, read Eph. iv. 28; with vs. 9-11, compare Prov. xxiv. 30-34; with vs. 12-15, compare carefully Matt. v. 3-9; with vs. 16-19, read Mal. iii. 5, and 1 Cor. iii. 8, 4; with vs. 20-22, read Ps. xix. 8-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.—Rom. xii. 11.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—"If any would not work, neither should he eat." If one has a handful of beautiful pearls, it is of little importance in what order they are placed upon their string.

In this chapter the reader is warned against wasting his means so as to come to abject poverty, which is recognized in Scripture, as it is in fact, as an evil, and often by itself a sore temptation.

I.—WILFUL IDLENESS.

It is natural, and it is common in Scripture, to refer men to the lower creatures for lessons of practical wisdom (see Prov. xxx. 24-30). If they do what is fit by mere instinct, how much more should man with his reason!

So it is here. "Go to the ant," so small insignificant, and so entirely left to its own ways, "without guide, overseer or ruler," but yet in an orderly, regular, steady and co-operative way, building its home, storing its food—to which another reference is made in Prov. xxx. 25—and "providing for its own" (1 Tim. v. 8; 2 Cor. viii. 2).

All books of eastern travel describe the ant-hills and the concerted action of the little creatures, though the observations of their habits and modes of action are closer and more thorough in later than in earlier times. The question whether the ant requires food in winter will only be raised by too-nice critics. The idea is that when food is abundant, as in harvest, it is laid by for the time when it is needed and could not be had elsewhere.

II.—THE HABITS OF THE LAZY.

As often seen in the East, are well described in vs. 9, 10,—lying on the ground, even in working time, folding the arms into the easy attitude of repose, and craving a "little more sleep." All travellers testify to the need of vigorous overseeing to compel labor. So poverty comes, "as one that travaileth," rather as a highway robber, before one knows, and want like an armed plunderer, so that resistance is out of one's power.

III.—THE ILL-NATURED.

"Satan finds some mischief still," etc. There is a natural connection between idleness and mischief. Hence the outline of the bad man comes here (vs. 12-15). Sign-making is usually vulgar, implying common interest in matters not to be disclosed to one's friends when present. It is the language of gypsies. The vicious of a great city have modes of communicating with their colleagues unknown to decent people. Sharpers, and cheats of all kinds, defraud and protect themselves thereby. Hence the winking with the eye, speaking with the feet, teaching with the fingers, are bad signs, and natural attendants on a bad, wicked, designing man, with forwardness in his heart, a scheming brain, skill in fomenting quarrels for his own ends. The idle who have to "live by their wits" must try many shifts, and the amount of ingenuity put forth in dishonest ways would often earn a decent support.

But however long such an ill-doer may run, he is caught at last (v. 16); calamity "drops" on him. He is "broken," and that hopelessly. (See the force of the slang-word "dead-beat.") Nor is it wonderful, for his ways are

IV.—ADMONITIONS TO GOD.

The best writers early noticed the correspondence between the descriptions of vs. 12-15 and that of vs. 16-19, the hateful characters of the former passage being set forth in order in the latter.

The "six, yea seven," is a common Oriental usage, following out the law of parallelism, a number near the first coming in the second number (see Amos i. 8). In the centre of the black list is the "heart that deviseth wicked imaginations" (see Matt. xv. 19). Both lists end with "discord." There is, also, so much observation of these forms of sin that they need no minute description.

There appears to be a correspondence, again, between the sins denounced and hated of God and their opposite virtues commanded and blessed in the New Testament by the lips of Christ (Matt. v. 3-9), where, though the order is not followed, we have the seven "blessed"—the lowly, the penitent, the unselfish, the righteous, the merciful, the pure in heart, and finally—as the opposite of discord-sowers—the peacemakers.

V.—THE DEFENCE AGAINST EVIL.

From earliest childhood one is in danger, and the "father's commandment" and the "mother's law" need to be "bound upon the heart" and "tied about the neck." The ornaments of many in the East comprise most of their wealth, and these are both valuable (v. 23) and beautiful (1

Pot. iii. 4). The well-remembered counsels of good parents fortify against the temptations. God is not seen, but the godly parents are. They speak in His name; for Him; His words; they occupy the heart so that there is no room for the entertainment of sin. They form the habits so that vice is resisted from regard to them, till it is hated intelligently for its own sake.

The habit of mind formed in obeying parents who are seen, disposes to obedience to the Great Father who is not seen. For father and mother have all along spoken in God's name and set forth His law. They form the spirit of their son, even as his body grows up to resemble theirs, and a son never grows so old or so strong as to be safe in throwing off his "mother's law." These things—"law and commandment"—are often lost in the rush of life. They need to be "bound" and "tied" to us. This loss is fearful.

The following points ought to be emphasized:

(1) God means that we should work. Edam in Eden. The example of Jesus—"is not this the carpenter?" Paul (Acts xviii. 3), with head or hand, in business, at a profession, or in a farm, with pen, or needle, or deftly-used tool, we are to work for bread for ourselves (2 Thess. iii. 10), or for good to others (Eph. iv. 28). How to live and not work is the hopeless problem to many. The "helping hand," in which ladies aid their poorer sisters, and the "sowing school," in which they aid the little girls, are good for this end.

(2) Work of a pure and honest kind is a great safeguard. The idle easily become the vicious in heart, or speech, or life. The energy must be employed—if not in good, then in ill. They who are "out of work" should set themselves to learn something unknown before.

(3) The Lord "hates" malicious, cunning, deceitful, quarrelsome dispositions. A God of love is against all such. Resist the beginnings of these vices in whistling, tattling, story-telling, tale-bearing, and all that tends to discord. Hate these seven cursed things. Seek the blessings of the Sermon on the Mount. (see ch. iii. 17.)

(4) "Honor thy father and thy mother"—so poverty shall not come on thee, but "thy days," etc. In all new countries, like ours, the tendency is to throw off too early the father's and the mother's law. Do not thus wickedly (Eph. vi. 1).

There is obligation, of course, on parents to give this law. To fail in it is to treasure up, all too often, for themselves misery through the neglected children.

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

The nature of the proverbs—the general drift of this chapter—first folly mentioned—second—the lesson—book—how the ant teaches—principle of this—the consequences of idleness—language of vice—the hateful seven—the blessed seven—how to be fore-armed—mother's law—its value—how it acts—how it is to be kept—danger of losing—case of losing—and lessons as to work—its preventive quality—and the beginnings of a hateful career.

The Children's Swing.

A more graceful combination of healthy sport with picturesque surroundings can hardly be found than the arrangement of this as commonly seen in the country, fastened to a large arm of a tree, or slung between two neighboring trunks, so that as the young folks fly to and fro beneath the branches they may enjoy the shimmering sunshine through the sheltering leaves, or the cool shadow from the oppressive heat.

With proper attention to requisite strength in the supporting bough and durability in the fastenings, it may be considered perfect. Another arrangement which is not amiss where the large size of branch requisite for safe hanging is not procurable may be easily contrived by placing a stout beam across in the forked boughs of two trees, from which the swing may be hung, or by setting up two small trees (which can be bought as timber), out back to forks at the requisite height, and laying a beam resting in these supports across at the top. This frame, with a few large stones at the foot, which may serve also as seats, and a few bushes close by, and perhaps a honey-suckle, or strong climber of no special rarity trained up the woodwork (choosing something that would do no mischief by its prickly shoots, and will not get the young folk into trouble if they injure it), would look pretty, as well as serve its purpose thoroughly.

There is yet one form more, sometimes in favor in knots of villa residences, which, though convenient, may surely without be truly delightful, resembling nothing in the world but a gigantic gallow, formed of squared beams, sometimes painted blue, sometimes in its more ornamental varieties "parcel gilt." To simple flower and plant loving eyes there is no hope for this ornate form save in the quickest growth of ivy that can be compassed. The simple massive frame, however, has the recommendation of great convenience, and if a few bushes were so placed as to blend its lowering isolated height gradually with the surroundings, and if some climbers were added (especially if the top beam were lengthened a little so as to let the ivy, or whatever it might be, hang down in festoons) the effect would not be ungraceful.

In itself the children's swing may seem of no great importance, but some consideration is due to it as part of the garden grouping, and something more as to its mental effect on those most concerned. The young heads that fly to and fro are storing memories of the sunshine through the leaves, the shape of the boughs, every change in the distant landscape, and every striking group near, and what is to them the happiest bit of their garden life, will leave its associations firmly fixed to come out again by-and-by in results of some kind. If these prove to be an appreciation and love of natural beauty, the swing will have worked well.—Gardener's Chronicle.

It is not until we have passed through the furnace that we are made to know how much dross was in our composition. False happiness is like false money; it passes for a time as well as the true, but when it is brought to the touch we find the lightness and alloy, and feel the loss.

Romanism and Crime.

The New York Christian Advocate has the following on the relative proportion of criminals among Romanists and Protestants in Great Britain, which is worthy of particular attention in this country:

"The Parliamentary reports show that while the Romanist population of Ireland is in the ratio of three-and-a-half to one Protestant, the criminals are at the rate of six papists to one Protestant. The report on judicial statistics shows that the expense for criminal prosecution, prisons, and police, amounts to \$7,407,165. Now, the Romanist criminals cost no less than \$6,813,995, though their cost, according to the proportion of population, ought to be but \$3,703,580. This 'leaves an excessive charge to be borne by the country' of \$2,645,415—an excessive charge, indeed, to be paid for a difference of crime occasioned by a difference of religion.

"In respect to England and Scotland, similar results are apparent, as, indeed, they must be all the world over, wherever the two forms of faith co-exist. According to the 'official' returns, the papists are but one-twentieth of the population of England, but their proportion of her criminals is one-fourth. This is certainly a stunning argument against Popery. The aggregate expense for the repression of crime in England is \$18,764,725; of this amount only \$923,235 ought to be incurred by the Romanist population, according to its proportionate numbers, but it actually incurs no less than \$4,691,180, an excess of \$3,752,945. In Scotland the excess amounts to \$1,010,785, making a total excess of hard on to \$5,000,000.

The Theatre.

The Free Church Presbytery of Edinburgh recently addressed to its churches a pastoral letter on theatrical amusements, in which the following judicious counsel is given:—

"To aid you in determining what is duty in this matter, suffer us to remind you that it is not with an ideal theatre or drama that, as practical Christians, you have to do. The question with which you are called to deal is not whether a pure stage is a conceivable or possible thing; nor are you called to pronounce a judgment on the moral character of all dramas, or of all actors of plays. As little do we ask you to pass judgment on those who have tried, or who are trying to elevate and purify the stage, or on the moral or spiritual state of all who frequent the theatres. We simply ask you to determine for yourselves your own duty, and the line of conduct it becomes you to take in reference to your families.

We ask you to bear in mind, first, the theatre in this country has not in the past been a school of virtue or morality. It has been the ally and occasion of much immorality and sin. Evidence of this is furnished by the undeniable fact that public houses and dens of immorality have multiplied in the neighborhood of theatres, and that many have traced their first marked declension from the paths of virtue to their visits to the theatre. On this point the testimony of Richard Cecil, when a young man, is very striking. 'The atmosphere of the play-house is poisonous. I remember how it was with myself. I have looked at my watch—the play is almost done—I must go to my dungeon! There is my father groaning with his infirmities—there is my mother with her Bible! What can I do? Is there any other place open? Why, if I have a shilling in my pocket, I will find out that place.'

Without entering into any minute criticism of the character and spirit of theatrical representation, let us ask whether the moral tone of the stage has not always had a downward tendency, from the temptation under which it lies to gratify the taste of the mass of those who frequent it? Is it not true that very often expressions are used and sentiments uttered which cannot but give a shock to devout and virtuous minds? Is it such an atmosphere that you relish for yourselves, or that you desire your sons and daughters to breathe? Or can it be that any countenance to such an institution is compatible with your prayer, 'Lead us not into temptation,' or with your solemn vows at the table of the Lord?

The Latest Wonder.

The readers of the Traveller have been made acquainted with the wonderful invention of Professor Bell, by which musical and vocal sounds can be and have been sent over the electric wires, but few, if any, are aware of the wonderful results which are sure to follow these improvements in telegraphy. A few nights ago Professor Bell was in communication with a telegraphic operator in New York, and commenced experimenting with one of his inventions pertaining to the transmission of musical sounds. He made use of his phonetic organ and played the tune of "America," and asked the operator in New York what he heard.

"I hear the tune of 'America,'" replied New York; "give us another."

Professor Bell then played "Auld Lang Syne."

"What do you hear now?" "I hear the tune of 'Auld Lang Syne,' with the full chorus distinctly," replied New York.

Thus, the astounding discovery has been made that a man can play upon musical instruments in New York, New Orleans, London or Paris, and be heard distinctly in Boston! If this can be done, why cannot distinguished performers execute the most artistic and beautiful music in Paris, and an audience assemble in Music Hall, Boston, to listen?

Professor Bell's other improvement, namely, the transmission of the human voice, has become so far perfected that persons have conversed over 1,000 miles of wire with perfect ease, although as yet the vocal sounds are not loud enough to be heard by more than one or two persons. But if the human voice can now be sent over the wire, and so distinctly that when two or three known parties are telegraphing the voices of each can be recognized, we may soon have distinguished men delivering speeches in Washington, New York, or London, and audiences assembled in Music Hall or Faneuil Hall to listen.

British American Presbyterian,

102 BAY STREET, TORONTO.

FOR TERMS, ETC., SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
Editor and Proprietor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters and articles intended for the next issue should be in the hands of the Editor not later than Tuesday morning.

All communications must be accompanied by the writer's name, otherwise they will not be inserted.

Articles not accepted will be returned, if, at the time they are sent, a request is made to that effect, and sufficient postage stamps are enclosed. Manuscripts not so accompanied will not be preserved, and subsequent requests for their return cannot be complied with.

British American Presbyterian.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1876.

MR. GLAPSTONE publishes a review of the Memoir of Dr. Macleod in which he passes a high eulogium upon this eminent divine. We should not wonder to see considerable discussion arising from this review.

THE Ohtauga Assembly is entitled to be considered a remarkable success. We are glad to see that our friend Mr. McNab, Superintendent of the East Presbyterian Church Sabbath School, has been saying some good things on behalf of Canada.

DURING the past week the Ontario Teachers' Association have been holding their Annual Convention in Toronto. They are evidently a body of learned, able, patriotic, Christian men, and constitute a class second to none in the community in regard to the work they do and the influence they wield.

PRESIDENT McCOSH expresses an adverse opinion upon college boating in so far as it leads to gambling and betting. The words are timely as the annual meet at Saratoga was the centre of the fast world. The days of the Saratoga race are numbered. But the new President approves of boating as a healthful and manly exercise.

WASHINGTON is claimed to have been a Presbyterian. Whether this would account for his greatness, we leave others to say. Certainly the revolution was not without its representative Presbyterian heroes. Dr. Witherspoon was one of the most noteworthy, and well deserves the splendid statue that is being raised to his memory.

LORD LENNOX in the British House of Commons has had the manliness to offer the resignation of his seat, as through no design but because of imprudence, his name has been connected with doubtful operations. While the matter affecting his lordship contains a warning to politicians, his conduct has been warmly and universally commended.

THE New York Observer has an excellent article on Presbyterian Union. All Churches of this name which as yet are keeping aloof from the larger bodies should be confederate with those and with themselves. But we ask should not this be so with all the Evangelical Churches. They should all live in harmony, work in co-operation, and go on hand in hand civilizing the earth.

THE elevation of Mr. Disraeli to the peerage removes the most remarkable man of the day from the membership of the Commons. His honor is well deserved; but as we read the last utterances of the great statesman in a forum so familiar with his voice and eloquence, a feeling of sadness comes over us. With Gladstone practically retired, and his formula so worthy of his steel, Benjamin Disraeli sitting in the House of Lords, there is an opening surely for "coming men."

WE were much struck with an observation of the Louisville Observer to the effect that seldom are Bibles found in the pews of the churches of the South, and still less frequently do the pew occupants look up the text or follow the reading of the chapter. How different this from the church-goers of the northern country. It is also a remarkable contrast with the prevailing custom in Canada. The rustling of the leaves of the Bible is an unfamiliar sound throughout the States, though Mr. Moody has done much to make the Bible a textbook in his religious gatherings.

LOOK out for the meteors of August. It is now known they come with a periodicity that is governed by laws similar to those which regulate the motions of the planets and of comets. This fact is now recognized by Astronomers. The flood of meteors at this season affords a spectacle well worthy of being witnessed by all who admire the works of God in nature. For the ignorant such celestial phenomena may possess no attraction, but not so with the intelligent and reverent, who feel in every meteor, and every drop of rain, and every blade of grass, the presence of the Maker.

STANLEY HEARD FROM.

There is no man living whose movements are more closely watched, or whose words are more eagerly read, than those of Stanley, the great African explorer. When the announcement was made that Stanley had found Livingstone, very many were slow to believe the intelligence. It was called a hoax of the New York Herald. Even when the distinguished traveller was receiving the well-deserved compliment of the annual medal given by the Royal Society to the most successful discoverers in geographical science, there were not a few Englishmen who derided the idea of a Yankee journalist accomplishing so great a work, and it was the general talk amongst Americans that the Herald had created a sensation that would pay. These philosophers did not take into account the certainty that such a hoax would very soon be discovered, and that the pretentious journal and its imaginative African representative would suffer in exact proportion as their allegations were found to be false. But Stanley has created for himself an undying fame, not only by his discovery of Livingstone, but by his recent explorations on ground which has become associated with the great names of Speke and Grant and Burton. All cavil is now silenced. The commissioner of the London Telegraph and the New York Herald is the cynosure upon which the eyes of the civilized world are fixed.

The work of exploration in which Stanley is engaged is most intensely interesting. It is important to learn of an immense area of splendid soil admirably adapted to the support of a large population, of a series of enormous lakes that are destined to rival those of the North American Continent, of a climate in every way adapted to the exigencies of civilization, and of a prospective commerce that cannot but enrich the world. The scenery of Equatorial Africa must be beautiful beyond description, while its resources are exhaustless. In this all the travellers to these regions agree. Captain Speke was most enthusiastic upon the climate and agricultural wealth of Uganda, and he is more than confirmed by the clear and graphic accounts of this land of plenty now given to the world by Stanley, the prince of newspaper correspondents. While, in respect of scenery and resources, the letters of Stanley are eminently satisfactory, it is pleasing to see that the intrepidity and rapidity of action, of which formerly he furnished so many and striking examples, have not forsaken him. He is the same man that he was when he went straight for Livingstone as a bullet well-aimed would go to its target. The coolness and presence of mind exhibited by him when he pointed his rifle to the head of the man who was submerged to the chin in water, and who was carrying the precious box containing Livingstone's papers, and said he would shoot him dead on the spot if he let his burden drop into the water, are seen in him now as he confronts a whole host of naked, yelling, bloodthirsty savages. We cannot doubt that should Stanley be spared, he will solve the problems connected with the question of the Nile sources. But, above all, he will be eminently useful in filling up the map of Africa, and showing its true character. The slave trade, whose horrors he so faithfully depicts, will through his instrumentality receive its death-blow. A new commerce will be opened up. Fields for the enterprise of generations yet unborn will be disclosed. With this exploration but in its infancy, what a glorious future for Africa opens before our gaze as we contemplate the probabilities of its mineral and agricultural wealth. We wish Stanley every success. We trust to hear of his work being fully and satisfactorily accomplished. We hope that once more the day is reserved for him when he will be restored to civilization, and receive the well-merited plaudits of all who are interested in geographical science and in commercial progress.

The missionary enterprise to which the explorations of Stanley and his fellow-discoverers are leading is becoming a feature of the age in which we live. There are settlements now forming by the shores of Lake Nyanza, the Albert Lake and Lake Tanganyika. The appeal which Stanley sent forth for King M'tesa, in the heart of Africa, to send missionaries, has not been in vain. Already whole colonies are going forth to settle on the banks of these mighty inland waters, which are composed of missionaries and their families, of medical missionaries, and of tradesmen of every description. Soon all the evidences of our modern civilization will be witnessed at the Equator. The locomotive will be seen speeding on its way along the shores of the Nyanza, the steam vessel will plough the waters of these lakes, the telegraphs will throw with the pulsations of the thought of all other continents. Where now the Aborigine tribe is found with their shifting tents, great cities may be expected to arise from the dust. The Church will rear her lofty spire to the clouds. The school house will be filled with its busy hum. The Bible will be widely disseminated.

In view of these things, let every Church

take a deep and active interest in African mission work. At this moment the Exhibition at Philadelphia is the centre of great interest and attraction, and this because on that spot are to be seen the contributions in science, in art, in literature, from every known country in the world. Let Central Africa be like the Exhibition in this respect, that every Church will seek to be represented there by suitable agents and by active work, and there will be the prospect of the growth in that benighted land, of nations that shall rival the civilizations of Europe and America. We trust soon to hear of our Churches in Canada sending forth their missionaries to this new and promising field.

Book Reviews.

SCOTCH PEBBLES. The Milton Publishing League. Price fifteen cents.

The title of this little book further informs us that it consists of "Excerpts from the Letters, Journals, and Speeches of Norman Macleod, D.D." There are in all eighty-six "pebbles," and some of them are very beautiful—real cairngorms. The compilers seem to have taken great pains in their selection. Not that there is any scarcity of them. Dr. Macleod's writings furnish an abundant supply of pebbles of all sorts and sizes, from a ten-ton boulder down to the little "chucky-stone," so dangerous in the hands of mischievous or careless boys. Nevertheless great trouble seems to have been taken to select pebbles of a peculiar shade of color; and that shade is ultra—ultra—what-do-you-call-it? Not ultramarine, but ultra-something-else. We rather think that if their author had seen them thus removed from their original setting, and placed side by side, he would have chuckled the whole collection into the Sound of Mull. Perhaps we are judging too severely; our readers can see the book for themselves; but we hope no one will form his opinion of their celebrated author from these "excerpts" alone.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY AND NATIONAL REVIEW; August, 1876. Adam Stevenson & Co.

The article by "Fidels" on the "Divine Law of Prayer," professes to be a final summary of the issue of the question regarding the physical efficacy of prayer, which has for some time been under discussion in the pages of this periodical. The subject is ably and dispassionately discussed; and the combatants appear to entertain feelings of the greatest respect towards each other. Such discussions in a magazine of this class will undoubtedly do good, especially when they are the occasion of calling forth such articles as the present one. Those who have given their minds almost entirely to the pursuit of physical science usually place such doctrines among the superstitious notions of the ignorant; but when they find them firmly held by men whose scientific knowledge is at least equal to their own, they will perhaps be inclined to reconsider their hasty conclusions. "As Long as She Lived," by F. W. Robinson, proceeds with increasing interest. "The Faithful Wife" is an old Norse legend, tolerably rendered into English verse. There are two articles on Summer Travel, one on "Kingston and the Thousand Isles," and one on "Lake Memphramagog." "Dreamland," a short poem by Sarah Keppel, Hamilton, is truthful in sentiment, but somewhat faulty in execution. There is an able review of "The Poetry of Charles Heavyside," by Daniel Clark, M.D., of Toronto. By the reviewer's showing, this Canadian was a true poet; and his writings ought certainly to be better known and appreciated among his countrymen. Besides the copious extracts given by Dr. Clark, the present number of the Monthly contains a short poem entitled "The Dark Huntsman," supposed to be about the last that Mr. Heavyside wrote. The remaining articles are "A Woman before the Mast," "The Climate of Newfoundland," "A Texan Barbecue," "Current Events," "Book Reviews," "Annals of Canada," "Current Literature," "Music and the Drama," "Literary Notes," and some short pieces of poetry besides those mentioned.

THE Rev. Alexander McKay, D.D., Pastor of Duff's Church, East Paslinch, preached in the Free Church, Hope Street, Glasgow, on the last Sunday of July. Rev. Mr. Urquhart is the pastor of this church. It is said to be the largest congregation in Glasgow.

THE Rev. James M. Douglas, of Cobourg, who has been appointed by the Foreign Mission Committee to establish a Mission in Central India, and intends proceeding thither in the autumn, has kindly consented at the request of the W. F. M. Society to take charge of a box of ladies' work, to be disposed of at India for the benefit of the Zenana Mission. We have no doubt this will commend itself to many ladies throughout the country who may feel themselves able to do something in this way to help on the cause of Foreign Missions. Contributions to this object will be received by Mrs. McLaren, President; Mrs. Ewart and Miss Topp, Secretaries; Mrs. King, Treasurer; or any member of the Committee of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

Sermon on the Transfiguration.

MAT. XVII. 1.

BY REV. DAVID MITCHELL, TORONTO.

The very first expression in the passage of Scripture now read connects the transfiguration with the declaration, which the Lord made concerning his approaching sufferings. "And after six days," (the Evangelist narrates), "Jesus taketh Peter, James and John, his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart." St. Mark says the same thing; and St. Luke with a slightly different expression. "It came to pass about an eight days after these sayings," signifies the same thing. There is no contradiction between St. Matthew and St. Mark on the one hand and St. Luke on the other—Matthew and Mark recording six clear days as having elapsed, and St. Luke taking into his summation the day preceding and the day following this hiatus of six days, as the days on which the two events which are connected respectively occurred. We know not what happened between the prophecy the Lord made regarding his final doom, and the event of the Transfiguration. But it is one of the examples with which the Scriptures are filled, of the human and divine nature of our Saviour being placed side by side in vivid contrast. At the one time we find him showing "unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the Elders and Chief Priests, and Scribes, and be killed," and then we have to follow the footsteps of our Lord and his disciples as they strike into the solitudes of the mountain, on which the wonderful event of the Transfiguration took place. Let us draw near and gaze with reverence upon the scene so beautifully depicted by the three Evangelists.

St. Luke states the purpose of the Saviour in thus retiring into the mountain, "He went," he says, "to pray." This should be borne in mind in considering the Transfiguration, for we think it goes far to explain it. It would seem that Christ was in the habit of going into the mountains for prayer and meditation. It was on a mountain He preached to his disciples the greatest of sermons, and there he taught them to pray after the manner of his own model prayer. The sacred historian informs us that after performing the miracle of feeding the multitudes, "When He had sent them away, He went up into a mountain apart to pray, and when the evening was come He was there alone." And so on many other occasions we have reason to believe that Christ secluded himself in the deep recesses of the mountain sides, and there unseen by human eye, let his hearts' desires and meditations ascend to His father. It is probable that the solitudes of the Redeemer was brightened by many Transfiguration scenes, and that in the event before us as recorded, we have a glimpse of what he was in His spiritual exaltations. At all events we should not overlook the important lesson here presented, viz: that Jesus Christ was in fullest sympathy and accord with nature, that the mountain side, or wilderness, or lonely sea-shore afforded to Him a congenial retreat where He might pour out His heart before the father, and that with Him it needed not the cloistered cell or some sequestered or consecrated spot, to commune with heaven. This habit of the Saviour we should regard as a worthy example. There is without doubt great value in stated seasons and places for retirement and solitary thought. We are the creatures of habit, and must ever associate the routine of duty with fixed appointments. But there is danger connected with this, that we become cold, methodical, uniform, and crush within us those human impulses and instinctive propensities which give to prayers and meditations the zest of a genuine enjoyment. If we cannot pray but in the closet, if we cannot meditate except in the hermitage, we suspect we are still at some distance from the Kingdom of God. We will substitute monasticism for devotion, penance for penitence, works for faith. But let us have the spirit of the Master, and all nature will present herself as a Temple in which we may offer the incense of prayer, the lonely mountain-peak may become a consecrated altar, the solitudes of the wilderness will be enjoyed as our confessional, the stars will be regarded by us as the very windows of heaven, through which ministering angels are watching us, the winds and the waves willing to us with celestial strains. Wherever we are placed the still, small voice will be always whispering in our ears.

Jesus took with Him Peter, James and John into an exceeding high mountain. With the question as to whether this was Mount Tabor or Mount Hermon, we will only say that the balance of evidence seems to be in favour of Hermon. Hermon is an exceeding high mountain, while Tabor was inhabited to the very top. Hermon lay close to where Jesus was at the time of the Transfiguration, while Tabor was at a considerable distance. Hermon's lofty peak was crowned with the snows of ages, suggesting evidently St. Mark's description, "His raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow." Turn from this to the persons by whom our Lord was accompanied on the occasion of the Transfiguration. These were three of His disciples, who by their differing tempers and mental qualities were peculiarly fitted to act the part of witnesses as to the grand transactions about to take place. Here we have not only the number of witnesses required by law, but so constituted that if the event had not occurred, and was only imaginary or a mere vision, they must have contradicted one another in their account of it. Without having been present at an actual occurrence, Peter—the fearlessly honest—could not have written as he afterwards did concerning it. "We were witnesses of His Majesty, for He (Jesus Christ) received from God the Father, honor and glory, when there came such a voice to Him from the excellent glory. This is my beloved Son in whom I am well

pleased, and this voice which came from heaven we heard, when we were with Him in the Holy Mount." James was the first martyr, who died for his faith in Christ. He is thus to be esteemed for his bold and unwavering truthfulness. John, again, as the disciple whom Jesus loved and who lived to the age of upwards of a hundred years, in faithful and affectionate witnessing to Christ, furnishes testimony most precious to all who like Him, rest on the Saviour's breast. These three witnesses severally commend themselves to the Heathen, the Sceptic, and to Believers, and their united testimony is of great value in determining the reality of the Transfiguration. May we not well exclaim, in view of the special favor conferred upon them, what a privilege to accompany Jesus and see Him in the act of praying! It was night; and now that deep shadows had wrapped the mountain and the sublime silence of the hour was felt—unbroken except by the rustling leaf, the whirr of the startled bird, or the dripping of water from the projecting crag,—what a precious opportunity was afforded for beholding Christ in the highest exercises of His soul! Yet, strange to say, as St. Luke tells us, that "Peter and they that were with him were heavy with sleep." What! exclaim some of you, asleep in such company! Yes, the frailties of the flesh are indeed great, that sleep should overtake one when about to receive the greatest boon. But they were doubtless worn out with the fatigues of the day. They were overcome with the journey. They shared not the spiritual exaltation of the Master. The sweet breath of a summer's wind, and the gentle rays of stars—as well as the holy engagements of the Lord,—all sung with monotonous cadence their souls into deep sleep. Meanwhile the praying manner of their Lord is lost to sight. Precious words fell soundless on their slumbering ears. While it was natural to sleep at such an hour, yet it involved the loss of those lofty thoughts which were poured into the Heavenly Father's ear. What a contrast between the sleeping disciples and the vigilant Master! But let us not blame them—who when our souls are blunted with worldly engagements and our bodies drag on our jaded minds, sleep away the valuable moments of divine worship, or become unconscious while we are listening to the words of some valued friend. Jesus does not rebuke them by word or look, and perhaps it was because He, feeling for them, allowed them to rest awhile that they might be well prepared to witness the sublime spectacle that was about to pass before them.

St. Luke informs us, "that as he prayed the fashion of his countenance was altered, and his raiment was white and glistening." The words of St. Matthew are, "he was transfigured before them; and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light." While St. Mark says, "his raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow, so as no fuller on earth can white them." The disciples awaking out of sleep, now witness this wonderful change. We are to remember in attempting to explain this event, that Jesus went up to the mountain to pray, and that he was thus employed when sleep fell upon the eyes of his three followers. If we connect the Transfiguration with the fact that he was praying, we will at once concede that the change was brought about by some external cause. The rationalist makes easy work of the explanation by saying that the rays of the setting or rising sun fell upon Him, and lit up his face, and were reflected from his garments. But the Apostles would not have been so struck as they were, at sight of their transformed Master, though it must be confessed, that light at certain seasons is followed by strange and magical results. We have seen it throwing a weird like mantle of beauty over scenery, which at another time would scarcely attract attention. Has it not to the eye of the traveller changed the desert into a sea of glass, or robed the barren mountain with garments of silver and gold? But something more than this is involved in the Transfiguration of our Lord. He had risen through his praying moods, from one degree of spiritual intensity to another, till all that was Divine within him was expressed in his countenance and form. We have seen some of our fellow-beings passing through intense excitement of sorrow or joy, and they were so changed to our eye that we could hardly recognize them. Does not conversion often produce a marvellous change in the appearance—imparting a new light to the eye and irradiating the countenance? Take the Christian as he is engaged on the Lord's Day in the exercises of the sanctuary, and it may be that in the sacred hymn, or by a thought from the preacher, his soul is wafted upwards, and catching the light of Heaven, there is given to the eye a peculiar brilliancy, which it knows not in its ordinary moods. Let any one engage in some ennobling work of charity, and all his love seems to settle upon his countenance, and to impart to it a new expression. Or look at the transforming power of mind in the artist at the moment he conceives the living idea which his skilled hand will afterwards impress on canvas, or on marble; or in the poets when words give wings to his thoughts, and they are poured forth in forms that will live forever; or, in the inventor as he discovers some hidden principle in nature, and applies it to the capable machine or instrument. They are changed for the time, from their ordinary look and expression. Their thoughts looking out at the windows of the eyes, fills them with a wondrous light. Now, apply this well recognized principle to the Saviour, and suppose him to have been what some persons say—a man, namely, but the noblest and the best of men,—a man reaching in his Transfiguration prayer the loftiest altitudes of spiritual excitement, a man whose one thought was to fulfil in his lifetime the mission of doing good, now approaching the throne of God in the utterances of his soul. At such a moment would he not be transformed indeed! We cannot imagine the appearance he would have presented. His eye turned heavenwards and kindled with the light of God's love, his countenance irradiated by the intensity of an inward joy, his frame electrified with emotional excitement. What a sublime spectacle! But, when we add to this, that He was the Beloved Son of God, that He was

the brightness of the Father's glory, that in Him the human and the divine existed in perfect harmony, that when at such a moment all that was Divine in Him rose through the spiritual law of affinity to the Father on his throne, when for the time He was reinvested with all the glory He had from the beginning with the Father, when His soul exulted in the contemplation of that infinite Love which gave Him to this world, when before his ambitious mind there rose the grand and glorious kingdom of redeemed souls He was to conquer and make His own, when there was presented to His gaze the honor and glory that would be gained from His completed work, when for the time being the spirits of omnia could not touch Him, and He was ministered unto by His heavenly legions, we may well conclude it is no exaggerated description which the Evangelist gives when he says, "His face did shine as the sun, and His raiment was white as the light." Was it not this heavenly light that shone in the face of Moses when he came down from the mount, and that made Aaron and all the children of Israel afraid to come unto him? Was not this the holy light that was reflected from Stephen when all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly on him, saw his face as it had been the face of an angel? But how much more startling and brilliant must it have been with Jesus, when the rays of the Divine Glory fell upon Him from Heaven, and there was on kindled to its highest point of intensity the divine light that was within Him. It was the first view these disciples had of what the Lord was in his divine nature, of the honor and glory which belonged to Him, and of the greatness and majesty that would be His forever after his redeeming work was done. It was a revelation of what the angels and redeemed in heaven were at that moment, of their exalted rank, of their glorified countenances, and it was a foretaste to them of the happy time when they "as the righteous would shine forth as the sun, in the Kingdom of their Father." Some may require the aid of physical light to help them to realize the spectacle of the transfigured Lord; but surely we may conceive it to have been for these disciples a passing glimpse of what Christ is now in the kingdom of glory, seated at the right hand of the majesty on high, surrounded with attending legions of angels, bearing in His hand the sceptre of righteousness, and crowned with the everlasting crown of countless ransomed souls saved by the precious blood of Calvary.

Immediately upon this manifestation of the glory of Christ, "behold there appeared unto him Moses and Elias talking with them." This may be viewed either as an actual occurrence, or as a vision. Considered as merely a vision, the lesson conveyed is appropriate and significant. Indeed, it is the very same lesson that would be taught on the theory of this being a real occurrence. The objection to this being considered only a dream, is that the disciples were now wide awake, having probably been aroused out of sleep by the extraordinary light. We incline rather to the explanation that in this universe of sublime mysteries there are ever near and around us the beings of another world, who might be perceived by us were there given to us an increase of spiritual vision. Samuel after death appeared to Saul the King. Angels visited our earthly scenes during a large portion of O. T. history, and held intercourse with many of God's children. It was no vain boast that Christ could summon to his aid twelve legions of angels, for had they not ushered in His advent by their swelling song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will amongst men." Angels came and ministered unto Him after the signal triumph he gained over Satan. Were there not bright heavenly messengers watching the holy place where his dead body lay? In the same way Stephen beheld the Lord Jesus when He was being stoned to death, and he cried to him, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." And what of Saul when with rage and hatred he pursued his way to Damascus to put to death all who professed to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and he suddenly beheld the Lord Jesus looking upon him, and heard a voice, saying, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" We prefer, then, the interpretation that Moses and Elijah were really present with Christ in the midst of the scenes of his transfiguration. Had this visitation not occurred, the tableau of Christ attended by Moses and Elijah must be viewed as a grand conception of the human mind. But as we doubt not its reality, let us now endeavor to point out its purpose. Let us for a moment imagine the group as they appeared to the eyes of the disciples. There is Christ the central figure in a blaze of heavenly light. Here Moses, whose body was spirited away from the idolatrous Israelites, and there Elijah, who tasted not of death, but mounted up to the Heavenly Kingdom on a flaming chariot of light! Moses and Elijah, shining with the light which fell from the Lord's countenance and garments! These are fit companions for the Lord in the midst of His transfiguration glory. Moses, on the one hand, the illustrious lawgiver, in his meekness and wisdom, a striking type of Christ; Moses and Christ in loving council the exponents of John's suggestive commentary, "the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ." Moses, Christ and Elijah in happy converse, an embodiment of what the Lord uttered in his sermon on the mount, "Think not that I am come to destroy the law; I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil." Moses in this group, pointing to Christ, intimates that the law which he declared from God is fulfilled in the Messiah. Elijah, as the worthy representative of all the prophets gives Peter scope to say in his memorable address to Cornelius, "To Him give all the prophets witness, that through His name whosoever believeth in him shall receive remission of sins." For you will notice, my brethren, the important words in the description of St. Luke, "and behold there talked with him two men, which were Moses and Elias; who appeared in glory, and spake of his decease which he would accomplish at Jerusalem." These words explain the joy and glory of Christ at this moment, as reflected in his face shining and his garment white as light. It was the death which he was to accom-

plish at Jerusalem, which during the past week he had so clearly intimated to his disciples, that was filling his soul with holy excitement and ennobling desire. It was his death, which was the theme of his converse, the death that had been prefigured in the sacrifices made under the appointment of Moses when he was in the flesh. It was that death which had inspired the souls of prophets when they sang as did Isaiah, "He was wounded for our transgressions; he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed." If the angels desire to look into these things, what more lofty theme could have occupied the attention of Jesus, Moses and Elijah than the death which was to accomplish the deliverance of mankind from sin and guilt. And it is a most suggestive part of this narrative which tells us that after the voice of God was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son," Moses and Elijah disappeared, and left the central figure standing alone in all the conscious dignity and majesty, which had been inspired in him in his manifested glory. The light of the Lawgiver and Prophet merges in the bright shining of the Saviour, and is no longer seen in presence of Him who is the Light of the World; even as the feebler rays of the stars can no longer be discerned when the sun has arisen in his splendor. The grand central truth of the Transfiguration scene may be summed up in these words, "This is Christ, who is far above all principality and power and might and dominion, and every name that is named, not only in this world, but also in that which is to come."

(To be continued.)

In Memoriam.

At Streetsville, on the 31st of July, at the ripe age of seventy-five, there passed away from earth Ephraim Steen, Sen'r., deeply regretted by a large circle of relatives and friends. The life and character of the deceased were such as to deserve a passing notice. Born in the north of Ireland, when quite a young man he came to this country and began life without a shilling in his pocket. After working for some time as a laborer on the Welland Canal, he took up land in the vicinity of Streetsville, and by patient and careful management, he succeeded in making not only a home for himself, but in settling his sons around him on farms of their own. A few years ago, he left the farm and took up his residence in this village, that he might be near the church and enjoy the ordinances of religion in their fullest extent. He was ordained an Elder in this congregation at its first organization, and faithfully discharged the duties of the office, under successive pastorate, till his death. For several years before his decease, he held the office of Deacon, as well as Elder, and by his good sense, judgment and piety, commanded the respect of all. In his younger days he was frequently a representative of the congregation in the church courts, and when unable to discharge this duty, by reason of advancing years, he was none the less useful in the home sphere. Day after day you might find him at the bedside of the sick and dying of every denomination, consoling them by his counsel or commending them to God in prayer. He was a man of deep and earnest piety, blameless life, and a holy walk and conversation. His views on religious questions were liberal, while faithful to the truth, and careful to hold fast the form of sound words, he was less conservative in non-essential matters than men of his age usually are. He was liberal also in his contributions to charitable and religious purposes, giving largely according to his means for the support of religious ordinances, and the various schemes of the church, as well as to every other good cause whose claims were presented to him. In every movement in the church, or in his own locality, calculated to promote the glory of God and the good of men, he took a deep interest, so that every good enterprise in this neighborhood lost a valuable friend when he passed away. He has made some bequests in his will to various religious purposes, which will be available at the decease of his widow, who survives him.

His death was a peculiarly happy one. Indeed to say that it was happy would be to say only half the truth—it was triumphant. With faltering lips and stammering tongue, he praised and blessed continually the God of his salvation. He spoke often of going home, and said that he had a large foretaste of eternal glory. For years past he never seemed to be troubled with a doubt, and in his last moments not a shadow seemed to pass over his mind, but he seemed to be as sure of heaven as if already in it. Those who had the privilege of being present at his death-bed felt constrained to say with the poet:—

"There is no death; what seems so is transition:
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call Death."

His funeral was one of the largest ever seen in this place. In the funeral services, held in the Presbyterian church, Methodist and Episcopal churches took part. Now that he is gone, he will be very much missed both in this community, and in the church to which he belonged; but he has left behind him the savour of a good name. The influence of his pious, consistent, Christian life will be long and powerfully felt in this community, and by it "he being dead yet speaketh."
J. B.

Streetsville, Aug. 11th, 1876.

The human soul, in youth, is not a machine of which you can polish the cogs with any kelp or brick-dust near at hand; and having gotten it into working order, and good, empty, and oiled serviceableness, start your immortal locomotive at twenty-four years old or thirty, express from the Strait Gate, on the Narrow Road. The whole period of youth is one essentially of formation, edification, instruction—I use the words with their weight in them—in taking of stores, establishment in vital habits, hopes, and faiths. There is not an hour of it but is trembling with destinies—not a moment of which, once past, the appointed work can never be done again, or the neglected blow struck on the cold iron.

Female Missions in India.

The following is from Miss E. A. Blunt, Futtoghurh, India:—"My sister and I have been going on steadily with our work, and hope our Father has been working with us; without His blessing, we know and feel that no good will come of any efforts. I need hardly say that the one great wish of my life has been realized. May the blessed Master let me live and die in his service! It is a great privilege to fight under the command and banner of such a Captain!

The total number of visits I have paid to schools and zenanas I find to be 801, from January 1 to November 19, 1875. Of these visits about 140 have been to zenanas, where Bible stories have been told and portions of Scripture explained. The remaining 215 have been to schools, Sabbath morning talks, and a weekly Scripture reading. The visits to native women, I think, must include some fifty different families.

My schools number three, and in them thirty-seven children are taught. Of these, thirteen are boys under the age of twelve years; the rest are girls between nine and twelve years. Seven of the older ones can read the New Testament in Hindi; seven, Worth's Scripture History; two, the Hindi Third Book; the remainder are in the second and first books. They are being taught, besides, to write, and sing hymns; the catechism is also repeated by them. Two of these schools have been going on for two and a half years; one has been in existence only a twelvemonth.

We are trying to induce the women we visit to learn to read. They offer so many excuses that it seems doubtful whether we shall succeed. Those of the poorer classes have a good deal of work to get through. They have to sweep their own houses, grind the corn, and cook for their husbands. Many have to gain their own living by doing kind turns for others. The middle classes are better off, and keep a woman to do their work. We do not go to see any of the richest families; that is, not unless we are asked to go. As a rule, they are more bigotted, and really see less of the world than their poorer neighbors. The veiling of the face from a brother-in-law or a father-in-law is a trying piece of business. Sometimes, while talking, one of these will chance to enter the house, and instantly the sheets will be drawn down, and the attention is taken off the subject. The women themselves with one consent want evening visits, because their day's work is then over, and their masters out, either marketing or talking with their friends. Another drawback to our success is the young children in each family—one year and two year old ones. Almost every woman who is called in to see or hear us brings a baby with her. But I must not go on with such talk, lest you should think I am feeling down-hearted and discouraged. No; far from it. Though often weary in the work, I am not weary of it. I could, of course, desire to see some sheaves gathered for Jesus; but He will ripen and bring them to light in His own good time."

The following interesting letter from a native convert who is also a zealous and faithful missionary to her countrywomen is cheering evidence of the fruits of Female Missions in India.

JANKEE, A BIBLE READER. (CORRECT TRANSLATION.)

Brothers and sisters in Christ, hear the account of my simple life—in what manner the Lord led me to take refuge at the feet of Jesus. It is now about ten years since my husband was employed in the service of a *Nauab* (in English, nabob), and was thus constantly going from place to place, attending various courts of justice in the interests of the nabob. In one of these journeys it chanced that he came in possession of a copy of the Gospels. He began to read it, but kept me quite in ignorance of the good news he therein read, upon which he himself was thinking deeply. I only knew that my husband's disposition and manner of life became much changed. I inquired of him the cause of the change which it gave me so much pleasure to observe. He replied, "I have found a book which is none other than the word of the one true God, and in reading my heart has become broken and contrite; the things which once pleased me have lost their charm, and I rather wish to avoid them; my only desire and the full satisfaction of my heart is that I may be found sheltered in my Lord Jesus Christ, apart from whom my soul dwells in darkness and distress."

I understood then nothing of these things, and I began to say, "Why are you thus sad and mournful? Your work is honorable and important; many men bow before you as you pass. God has given you food and clothing in abundance, and you have servants for all your requirements. The world considers those happy and fortunate who possess what you enjoy. Be satisfied with your good estate, and enjoy yourself in all these things." "True," replied my husband, with feeling; "but without the Lord Jesus, that pleasure which abides can never be attained. We enjoy to-day the blessings of earth—to-morrow they take their departure, or we pass away from them." To this I answered, "Well, then, do those things which will secure the happiness unending." Then my husband began to narrate to me the story of the love of God, and I observed that when he was telling me of the Lord Jesus, his heart was affected with such deep grief as these in deep affliction experience, and his eyes were filled with tears. Then my hard heart became like wax. I said at once to him, "Leave all and close with the Lord Jesus. And when the Lord has sent us in love for our souls, why should we remain away from Him, and wander here and there in sorrow and sin?" So we both began to think and speak continually of the Lord Jesus, and since we saw that all our Hindoo worship and service was vain, we ceased to observe the rites of our former religion.

Soon the news spread among our relatives and friends that we were no longer observing the Hindoo religion, and believed in Jesus Christ. They all met together to expostulate with us. "Why," they asked, "have you thus left your ancestral faith and rites, and put this great reproach upon your whole family circle? We have long

considered you the light and honor of our connection, and will you so act that we will become like dead men, and never be able to lift up our heads for shame? We know well that you already possess all that you require, but if there is anything you especially wish or have set your hearts on attaining for which money is required, we could raise some thousands of rupees for you. Let us know what you wish; we are ready to do anything for you that is possible. Only this we beg of you, that you will not become Christians." But, blessed be the Lord who so helped us! the more our friends and relatives pressed us to abide with them, the more our hearts were separated from the things of the world, and the more the fire of Jesus' love burned brightly and steadily in our hearts, until at length we both told them all that we could never rest satisfied away from Jesus, who had given His life for us, and that we were resolved to follow Him at all costs, should our lives be required for sacrifice; yet we could never forsake the Lord, nor consent to remain in our old religion, but that it was our decision to follow Jesus in all things. At length my husband, believing with all his heart in the Lord, was baptized in Futtoghurh, by the Rev. Mr. Johnson, on the 8th of July, 1865. Then he returned from Futtoghurh. I gladly accompanied him, and with steadfast heart left my friends and kindred weeping and lamenting for me as I went. With me was my son, aged eight, and my daughter, aged six. Four months later I too was baptized by the same minister, and soon after our two children were baptized by Mr. Kellogg.

On account of our conversion, my husband's employers soon became his enemies, and in their displeasure reduced his salary to a mere fraction of what they had given before. Mr. Johnson then advised that he should relinquish his position, and devote his time to the preaching of the Gospel, and from that time my husband has been constantly engaged in preaching. My work is to oversee zenana schools, of which we have in and about the city of Furrukhabad eleven, and in these are nearly two hundred pupils. There are also about a hundred families which I am allowed to visit, for the purpose of preaching to the women. Some of these are wealthy families of position; others are poor, and lower in the social scale. In all of them I repeat and explain the Word of God. On the Sabbath-days Hindoo women come to my house into a room in which they can hear the preaching in our church, without themselves being observed, and I have much conversation with them there. Each week I am able to visit from twenty to twenty-eight families, and I firmly believe that if our schools and other work continue, I shall yet be permitted with my own eyes to see great things. There are many women among these families in whose hearts the love of Christ has found a lodgment, but for various reasons they are held fast in the meshes of this world's entanglements, like fish in a net. I pray ever to God for them, and I beg you also to pray for them, that those who do love the Lord may find deliverance from this great net of the world, and escape for refuge to Jesus Christ.

Great advantage is gained in our schools, especially because through them we get entrance to the houses of the people, and gain their friendship. The hearts of many women are already won. One of these women, named Rousalia, has now for two months been living with me. She was baptized by the Rev. Mr. Wyckoff, and I am further instructing her daily in the love of Christ. My husband is now studying in the Theological School of the Synod of India, at Allahabad, and I am at my home in Furrukhabad engaged in my customary work, and from the day when my Lord called me to Himself in mercy and love, I am living in great peace and happiness, and my soul is ever magnifying and praising the Lord."

Presbytery of Kingston.

This Presbytery held adjourned meetings on the 3rd and 8th days of August. A satisfactory decision could not be arrived at in regard to Mr. Watt's claim for arrears from the Trenton congregation, owing to a marked discrepancy between the statements made by the respective parties. Permission was given to the congregation to proceed with a call to a minister. Mr. James Cormack compared to undergo his ordination trials. These were heard and sustained. He was ordained and inducted at Harrowsmith into the united charge of Glenvale, Harrowsmith, and Wilton. The attendance on the occasion both of ministers and people was very encouraging, and the exercises interesting and impressive. Mr. Young preached, Mr. Wilson addressed the minister, and Mr. Chambers the people. Mr. Cormack entered on his ministerial work under very promising auspices. The Presbytery granted permission to solicit subscriptions within the bounds to aid in the erection of a church in the village of Morton. This is new ground taken possession of this summer for the first time. The Committee on the augmentation of stipends recommended that a visit be paid to the congregations of Storrington and Pittsburgh on this matter, and a deputation was appointed to attend to the duty. The Clerk was instructed to correspond with the several congregations, and urge them to contribute at once their quota to pay the Home Mission Debt. The Treasurer was authorized to direct the attention of certain congregations to the arrears due the Presbytery fund. There was presented and sustained a call from the congregations of Roslin and Thurlow in favour of Mr. Donald Kelso. The people offer a salary of \$500 with manse. The vacancies in this Presbytery are being rapidly filled up. The first hour of the next meeting is to be spent in special devotional exercises, to which the people are to be invited.—THOMAS S. CHAMBERS, Pres. Clerk.

THE Degrading and Foreign Custom.

THE Degrading and Foreign Custom, and the result was that they had lost not only their long hair, but their heads. It has been facetiously remarked by somebody in regard to this matter that there was more than one example of a man strangled by a hair. At the end of the long reign of Kanghai the change was not completed, but during the reign of his successor the evil of long hair, according to the fashion of the Ming dynasty, completely gave place in this part of the Empire to the shaven pate and braided queue, such as are worn by the chief of the Manchu dynasty. Ever since, in sections of the Empire loyal to the reigning family, the present fashion of the tonsure and the queue has been accepted by the Chinese as the badge of servitude to the Tartars.

So the queue of which the modern Mongolian is proud is a sign and symbol, not of his manhood, but of his subjection. He probably is ignorant of the origin of the custom, and thinks because it is universal it is honorable. So with many a habit among us.—California Correspondence of the Herald and Presbyter.

PREACH the best to the smallest assemblies. Jesus preached to one woman at the well, and got all Samaria out to hear him the next time.

Presbytery of Hamilton.

An adjourned meeting of this court was held on the 8th inst., in Central Church, Hamilton. When the induction of Mr. Gordon of Dorchester, into the pastoral care of the congregation at Clifton, was appointed for August the 23th, Thursday; Mr. McBain to preside, Mr. James Frazier to preach, Mr. McNeil to address the pastor, and Mr. Yocumms the people; also a call from West Flamboro to Mr. George Chrystal was reported, sustained and accepted, and the induction was appointed to take place in Flamboro on Tuesday, the 22nd inst.: Mr. Laing to preside, Mr. Clarke to preach, Mr. J. Campbell to address the pastor and Mr. Watts the people. The Moderator was appointed to prescribe subjects for trial to Mr. A. Henderson, student. It was resolved that a sermon on Missions should be preached by the Moderator on the evening of the day in which the Presbytery meets in September. A petition was presented from Port Dalhousie, asking for supply of preaching with a view to settlement, stating that they could raise at least \$400 per annum, and asking a supplement. Supply was granted as requested, and the petition was laid on the table that a committee then appointed could consider this matter and the interests of a new station lately opened in the eastern part of the city of St. Catharines. A call was reported from Knox Church, Hamilton, to Bro. George Milligan of Detroit. It was signed by 278 communicants and 65 adherents. The stipend promised was \$2000. The call was sustained and it was ordered to be transmitted to the Clerk of the Presbytery of Detroit. A report on the best mode of raising the Presbytery's proportion of the Home Mission debt was submitted and steps were taken to facilitate action in the matter by a united effort throughout the bounds.

The Chinese Queue.

This dangling braid of hair is to the Chinaman what his scalp-lock is to the Indian. He is proud of it. He regards it as his national badge of manhood. He would almost as soon lose his life as his queue. But we have a law in San Francisco that prisoners under judgment of a court of final jurisdiction shall have the hair clipped within an inch of the scalp. This, of course, cuts off the queue of the Chinaman, and great is their grief and indignation thereat. They do not object to going to jail, for then they are fed and don't have to work, but to be deprived of their national appendage, this breaks their spirit, and it is hoped that the dread of this will deter them from crime.

It is well known that in the Florida war, after the massacre of Mrs. Montgomery, of Major Dode's command, our soldiers scalped every Indian that they killed, and that their treating the savages as they treated us did more to subdue them than anything else. They don't mind being killed, but they could not endure the thought of being scalped.

How the Indian custom of wearing the scalp-lock, and their regard for it originated, we know not. But we do know the history of the Chinaman's queue, and it is worth telling for the lesson it teaches. Rev. Justus Doolittle, in his work on China, says:

The first Emperor of the present dynasty, who began to reign in 1644, having usurped the dragon throne, determined to make the tonsure of Manchuria, his native country, the index and proof of the submission of the Chinese to his authority. He therefore ordered them to shave all their head excepting the crown, and allowing the hair on that part to grow long, and to dress it according to the custom of Manchuria. The Chinese had been accustomed, under native Emperors, to wear long hair over the whole head, and to arrange it in a tuft or coil on the head. As might be expected, the arbitrary command to change from the national custom to the shaven pate and dangling queue was quite unwelcome. The change was gradual, but finally prevailed through the Empire—so gradual that at the commencement of the reign of Kanghai, the second Tartar Emperor, very few at Fuchehau had adopted the custom of their conquerors. At first those who shaved their heads and conformed to the laws received, it is said, a present of a tael of silver, after a while only half a tael, and then only a tenth of a tael, and afterward only an egg, finally even an egg was not allowed. The law requiring the people to shave their heads and braid the queue was not often rigidly enforced by the penalty of immediate death, but it became very manifest that those who did not conform to the wishes of the dominant dynasty would never become successful in a lawsuit against those who did conform, nor would they succeed at the literary examinations. Government favors, as regards lawsuits and literary examinations, were shown to those who conformed to the regulations of the Government. Some of the proud literati and gentry absolutely refused to conform to

So the queue of which the modern Mongolian is proud is a sign and symbol, not of his manhood, but of his subjection. He probably is ignorant of the origin of the custom, and thinks because it is universal it is honorable. So with many a habit among us.—California Correspondence of the Herald and Presbyter.

PREACH the best to the smallest assemblies. Jesus preached to one woman at the well, and got all Samaria out to hear him the next time.

Choice Literature.

The Bridge Between.

CHAPTER XXI.—DOROTHY ENGAGED.

I cannot bear September; there is always something very sad about it; Dorothy said, wearily, as she sat with her betrothed beneath the boughs of the sycamore-tree.

She never had anything to talk to him about—or very seldom, at any rate—and when he talked to her of a hundred things she neither cared for nor understood, she quietly sailed off in a day-dream.

He used to think she would awake some day to the realities he saw so keenly, and so he waited patiently till the time should come.

"Yes, dear," he said, quietly, in answer to her remark, but without the slightest shade of curiosity in his voice, or even looking up from his book.

"It is the month in which the leaves begin to fall, you know, just as if they were trying to make a path for the dead summer."

"Yes, dear," in the same tone.

"I hate being called 'dear!'" she broke out, passionately.

He looked up then.

"My dear child," he said, kindly, "what is the matter with you?" and he put down his book on the end of the seat, and taking her hands in his, looked at her face, and at the two brown eyes into which the tears were slowly stealing.

"Don't call me 'child' either," she said.

It used to be Adrian Fuller's term of endearment, and now she could not bear that he should use it.

"Then I'll call you my little girl," he said, tenderly; "and so tell me what is the matter."

"Nothing," she answered; "only the summer has gone, or nearly so, and I feel as if all the past summers belonged to me, and I lived in them, but the future ones will belong to others, and I may look on, but shall never feel they are mine any more."

"Where did you get your strange fancies from, Dorothy?"

"I don't know."

"You must read more, and learn to think more, on hard, healthy subjects, and get all those miserable ideas out of your head. You should learn to occupy yourself."

"That is what you always say," she answered. "But what can I do?"

"I'll find some work for you by-and-by. We will study together, dear. You shall write for me sometimes, too; you write such a nice hand, Dorothy."

"Yes," she said, not at all delighted with the prospect or propitiated by the praise.

"Shall you always work?" she asked, after a minute or two.

"Yes, I hope so."

And then, seeing that the tears had vanished from her eyes, half absently he opened his book again, and she sat thinking.

She had been engaged a month, and she was so tired of it. It was like being in school, she thought, though school was a thing she had never known.

She thought when she accepted George Blakesley, too, that after all Adrian Fuller would be sorry, and even his sympathy would be grateful to her; but no, he had only seemed a little surprised—that was all.

And Netta had been delighted; it was a step towards the prosperity of the family, she considered; and her mother and father had been pleased also, and kissed her, and told her that now she must leave off her wild roving habits, and behave like a young lady; and her rebellious spirit rose at the speech.

As for Tom, he had chafed her in no sparing terms, and it had fretted and worried her; and Will and Sally seemed to think that as she was engaged she was no longer one of themselves, and so they left her to her own devices; and the old happy life went for ever.

George Blakesley was always with her—always bringing her books to read, and talking to her of things she could not and would not understand or like, and she got impatient, and angry, and fretful. He was always kind, always affectionate and patient, and willing to explain things, but still she shrank from him. She was grateful to him; for, did he not love her? Yet she was not satisfied, and longed—oh, how wildly she longed!—to be free; but she felt chained and bound.

He shut his book presently. "It is getting dusky," he said. "Get your hat, dear, and let us go a little way."

She meekly obeyed him; and they sauntered out at the garden gate, and on through the dim lanes.

"Dorothy," he said, presently, "will you come to tea to-morrow at my house. You have never seen it yet, you know, and I want you to meet my aunts. We have been engaged a month, and they have not seen you yet."

She had always put it off.

"Oh no, no!" she answered, shrinkingly.

"Why not? You shall come to early tea, with your mother, in the afternoon. My aunts are nice old ladies, and they will be so fond of my little girl. We'll invite Netta too."

"Not to-morrow," she pleaded.

"Yes, dear; I have asked them already, so you must manage it. I saw them to-day, and they were so anxious to see you."

Then there came a dead silence, and they walked on. "Don't you think we might be married this year?" he began.

"Oh no, no!"

"Why not, dear?"

"Oh please don't!" she broke out; "oh pray let me off! I don't want to be married, and I shall never do—indeed I shall not! I am not half clever enough; and I would give the world to be free again. Oh, George, do let me off! I am not old enough yet, and want to be by myself a little longer!"

"My dear child!" he said, when a pause came, and reverting in his surprise to the old phrase, "you mustn't go on like this. You quite distress me. It is all strange to you yet, dear."

"Oh no—it is not that," she said, sadly; "but I shall never be reconciled to it. Won't you let me off?" she pleaded.

He looked at her with a long, long grave look.

"No, dear," he answered. "I could not bear to do that now. You will get reconciled in time. I cannot let you off."

CHAPTER XXII.—DOROTHY A HYPOCRITE.

It came about that Tom escorted Dorothy to her lover's tea-party the next day. Mrs. Woodward was not well, and, to Dorothy's relief, Netta excused herself, on the plea of expecting visitors at home. A change had come over Tom lately. What it was Dorothy did not know; but he seemed more taken up with himself, and a little preoccupied, and almost selfish. He used to be so very unselfish at one time—ready to buy her anything he could afford out of his pocket-money, and to help her in a bit of fun, or sympathise with her in any of the trifling troubles that came to her, in the old happy days.

"I suppose as we get older we get more selfish, all of us," she thought, as they trudged along, "and more taken up with our own individual troubles and pleasures. I am. I used to think of all sorts of things once, and now all my time is taken up in thinking how much I would give if my life were different."

"What an awful 'gig' you look, Dorothy!" said her hopeful brother, arousing her with a start from her reverie, and recalling her to the terrible ordeal before her—the first visit to her future home (as she supposed it would be), and the meeting of the maiden aunts.

"Do I?" she exclaimed, ruefully; "and I have got on all my best things. Netta made me put them on, and they are so uncomfortable."

"Made you do it on purpose, you may depend. This is Blakesley's house, Doll. Awfully prim-looking crib, isn't it? and you have no idea what it's like inside—all spider-legs and crockery, chairs you can't sit upon, and clocks that won't go—'a get-up which he calls Old Style. He'll make you get up like a Dresden china image when you are married, to complete the picture."

It was a prim-looking house—a square, squat little place, standing under the shelter of a much larger house which was next to it, and enclosed on three sides with a neatly-kept garden. There was a rustic porch—so make-believe countrified," she thought, as they entered. A middle-aged servant opened the door, and showed them into a peculiar-shaped drawing-room, which was reached by ascending a steep little staircase, lighted by a diamond-paned window. It was a quaint room—only a man of culture and refinement could have collected and arranged the things in it—and yet it had a hard uncomfortable look everywhere, save in one corner by the fire, where there was a large old-fashioned easy chair, into which Dorothy longed to creep and hide herself.

"The old cats haven't arrived, that's evident," said Tom, with his usual want of politeness.

There was no one in the drawing-room when they entered.

"Oh Tom, don't—" she began; but George Blakesley entered, and Dorothy stood shyly before him, awkward with the weight of her best clothes and the shining glory of the bracelet Netta had given her long ago, and some additional ornaments which the beauty had insisted upon lending her (to do her justice, Netta had tried to make her sister look nice, and had succeeded), and shrinking from the ordeal of meeting strangers as the acknowledged fiancée of the master of that house.

"How pretty we look!" he said. The words would have given such new pleasure to her once, no matter from whose lips they fell, but now she hardly cared. The faint sound of a door-bell was heard, then a rustle of silk, and Dorothy retreated into an uncomfortable arm-chair in a corner (there were lots of arm-chairs), just half a second before the door opened, and three ladies entered. From her corner and the arm-chair, from which she suddenly realized that it was impossible to rise, Dorothy first looked at her future relations. Tom was perhaps the only self-possessed person in the room for a moment.

"Aunt Milly," George Blakesley said, when he had saluted the elderly spinsters, "this is Dorothy, and this is your Aunt Milly, dear."

She was the eldest of the three—a kind old lady, with a bright sunny smile, and a voice as crisp and clear and sweet as the chirp of a bird.

"I am very glad to see you, my dear," she said; but Dorothy hung her head, and had nothing to say in reply to her.

"I feel such a dreadful hypocrite!" she thought.

"This is Aunt Josephine."

And the second lady (she could not be called old yet) came forward; but she only bowed. A handsome woman still was Josephine; she had been a beauty in her day, and she carried the conscious remembrance of it about with her. She was not a sunshiny happy-faced thing, like her elder sister, nor was she as gentle, though her heart was every bit as kind, perhaps. But she was stiff and proud, and sometimes perhaps a little hard when she meant to be only just. Then Dorothy was introduced to the third aunt, Minnie, who was not more than forty-five; she was a smaller woman than the others, and had a nervous little laugh. She came forward and kissed Dorothy.

"I am so glad to see you, dear," she said; and Dorothy sank back into the ugly chair again, relieved.

Tea was brought up, and some more people arrived. George Blakesley had quite a party, and every one looked at Dorothy, who felt herself getting more and more frightened.

"I only wish I dared make a face at that man sitting on the sofa!" she thought. The man on the sofa was handsome, but looked miserable (it was a way he had Dorothy found out afterwards); "and I would give all the world to do something outrageous, and horrify every one. Of course, they all think I'm dreadfully in love, and I'm not—not a bit; I'd give the world to go away and never see any one as long as I live!" Then a half sad, a half comic train of thoughts came floating through her brain. Never to see any one again! why she must be a Robinson Crusoe to accomplish that! And she thought of Mr. Fuller, and the summer day on which he had told her, carelessly enough, that she should be "Mam Friday" and the tears came into her eyes. "I shall never be so happy again," she thought; "never, never, as long as I live!"

"I have brought you some tea dear," a low voice said; and she looked up.

It was the man to whom she was engaged, whom she ought to love more than any one in the world, and whom, oh sorrowful thought! she did not love even the least bit. Presently the miserable young man rose, and went, and the other visitors followed his example, all but the aunts, each pointedly shaking hands with her, to show that they recognized her position.

"Tom," said George Blakesley, "I want to show you some fossils I have in my study." Dorothy rose to her feet also, but he went over and put his hand upon her shoulder, and wondered why she trembled so. "I dare say she is nervous, poor little thing," he thought. "No, dear," he said, in the kind voice her ungrateful heart would not answer; "you stay and talk to our aunts a little while."

And he vanished with Tom, and left her to their tender mercies.

CHAPTER XXIII.—TABBY, TORTOISESHELL, AND BLACK-AND-WHITE.

So they gathered round her—those three stiff spinsters, in their old-fashioned rustling silk gowns; the youngest (Minnie) did not wear silk either, but something soft and clinging, with a dead-white collar about her throat.

"And are you very happy, my dear?" began the eldest, in her purring sort of way.

"Yes—I don't know—I suppose so, Miss Mil—" stammered Dorothy, feeling that she was about to undergo a cross-examination, and fearing lest she should betray what a rank impostor she was.

"You must call us all aunts, my dear; I am Aunt Milly," you know," the old lady said, kindly.

"You must let me tell you, Dorothy," said Josephine, grandly, "you have every reason to congratulate yourself. I can assure you I do not know a more worthy young man than our nephew George. A most clever, upright, conscientious—"

But Minnie (among their friends they were always addressed by their Christian names, preceded by the title of Miss) interrupted her sister with a nervous little laugh. "You mustn't frighten her, dear Josephine," she said; and then, feeling it was her turn to put a question, she asked, "and when do you think it will be, Dorothy?" They all carefully called her Dorothy to show that she was considered a future member of the family.

But Dorothy only looked still more afraid, and said she didn't know, but "not for a long time she hoped;" and they thought it only natural that she should be shy.

Then they asked her if she was musical, and if she was fond of reading, and how long she had known George, and all sorts of questions, which poor Dorothy answered to the best of her ability till Tom and the hero of the occasion appeared, and the aunts got up to go.

"You must let us see you often, Dorothy," Josephine said; "I dare say George will bring you to dine with us one evening next week," and she swept grandly out of the small room, ruffling a tiger's skin, and nearly upsetting a valuable and singularly ugly old china vase on her way.

"Good-bye, dear!" said Miss Milly, kindly, and she whispered, "Be a good little wife to my George; he has always been my boy since he lost his mother, and now you must belong to me, too," and when she looked up, surprised at receiving no answer, she saw two wistful brown eyes, and so sad an expression on the sweet girl's face, that it haunted and puzzled her for many a day afterwards. She stooped and kissed her, and the third sister followed her example, and then they vanished, and the dreadful tea-party was over.

The September days were drawing in when Dorothy and her brother and George Blakesley left the prim cottage.

"We'll go and make Netta sing to us in the twilight," the latter said, as an excuse for returning with them; and then he asked, "well, how did my little girl like the aunts?"

"They were very kind," she began.

"Nice old cats!" said Tom, approvingly.

"Tom!" exclaimed Dorothy, horrified.

"Well, so they are; I don't mean it disrespectfully, do I, Blakesley?"

"No, of course not!" he answered.

"Do you know," continued the youth, blithe at finding himself encouraged, "the eldest makes me think of a nice kind old purring tabby. I like cats," he added; "so does Dolly; I remember she blubbered like anything over Venus's funeral two or three years ago."

"I'm sure I didn't," Tom said his sister, indignantly; and then she added, "do you know, I think Aunt Minnie is something like what Venus was—so very gentle and soft, and all black-and-white."

"And what is Aunt Josephine?" asked Blakesley.

"Tortoiseshell, of course!" said Tom.

"She's handsome and grand, and wags her tail just like a tortoiseshell."

"Very well then, we'll call them Tabby, Tortoiseshell, and Black-and-white, in future," he said; and thus, without one spark of disrespect, and in no uncomplimentary spirit, the aunts were generally spoken of afterwards.

"Now I shall trudge on," said Tom, obligingly, and give you two a chance to spon in the twilight."

Dolly tried to hold him back (being alone with her fiancée always distressed her), but he said he wanted to get on faster, and left them to their fate.

CHAPTER XXIV.—"DOROTHY."

"We might take a walk," George Blakesley said.

"No," she pleaded, humbly.

"Yes, come a little way," he said, and went on under the dim trees. "I want to ask you something. Can't it really be this year, Dorothy?"

"No, no! oh no!"

"Why not?"

"I don't know; I can't tell you. Let me be free a little longer. And I must go in. Turn back, oh do turn back, George!" She had hardly ever called him by his Christian name before, and he gave in to her immediately on hearing it. Yet when they reached the house he was still loath to enter.

"Will you come into the garden and talk there?" he added.

"Yes, if you will let me go in and speak to them all first," she answered.

She wanted to see what they were doing. "Then I will wait for you under the sycamore-tree;" and he passed through the house and out into the garden.

Dorothy opened the door of the sitting-room, and walked in. It was dark, and yet there was the sound of some one within.

"Netta," she said.

"It is I," said a voice, that in her present mood made her almost shiver. "Come in Dorothy." It was Mr. Fuller. "I am alone," he said. "Your father is in the study, and has called Netta to him for a minute or two, and your mother has a headache, and is lying down. Come in, child, and don't stand like a frightened ghost by the door!"

"It is so dark," she said; "and I am going into the garden; Mr. Blakesley is waiting for me."

"Never mind him," he answered, impatiently; "I want to know how you like your new relations?"

"Very much," she said, awkwardly, thinking how strange his manner was.

"Come in," he said again, impatiently; "do you think I am going to eat you? Or are you afraid Blakesley will if he catches you talking to me?"

"No," she answered; "I am not a bit afraid."

"Well then," he said; and going up to her, he took her hand, and drew her further into the room, till in the grey light he saw her pale face and flashing eyes. "Come and tell me how you got on with your new relations. You have quite forgotten me, I said Blakesley would cut me out, you know, dear."

"No, he never did, never!" she exclaimed. "You forgot me, and liked Netta better because she was beautiful and—"

"No," he said, "remember how I kept your rose."

"I don't care," she answered, proudly; "that was no sign you remembered me; perhaps you merely forgot to throw it away, and afterwards, you know, you liked Netta."

"How can you be so silly, child! I only wanted her to sit for me because she was pretty. You were always my friend. Don't you remember what olums we used to be, Dorothy? You were quite fond of me till the interloping Blakesley came and cut me out."

He had roused the fire sleeping in the girl's nature at last, and she turned round and faced him.

"I was very fond of you when I was a child!" she exclaimed. "You were very kind to me, and the dearest friend I ever had, and I shall never forget you as you were then." Her voice softened as she spoke of the old days; but she put her hand to her throat for a moment, as if to steady it, and then went on as hard as before. "But when you came back, though I was the same, you had changed. I had the old feeling still, and you pretended to be the same, though you were not. And then you told, or as good as told me, that I was in love with you, and you told Netta so as well, and tried plainly to make me understand that it was hopeless. I wonder you dared! If it had been true!"—she could not say that it had not been; but this he never guessed—"if it had been true you should have died rather than said so—it was mean and cowardly and contemptible!"

"Dorothy!"

"So it was. I have never forgiven you for it. I never shall! I shall never like you again as long as I live; I could not; and you have given me the bitterest remembrance of my life. It has spoiled my world too; for I used to think you such a hero, Mr. Fuller; and when I lost my faith in you I lost it in all others as well; you dragged down everything in your fall."

"Why did you tell me this to-night? I have—"

"Why, because you dared to talk to me in a manner to which you had no right, forgetting that I am engaged too, and perhaps shall be married soon;" she felt cold at the very thought; "and that you are in love with my sister."

"No—"

"Yes you are, you are, and engaged too, I believe!"

"Dorothy, your sister will be married to Sir George Finch in less than a month, and is going to India. She told me so to night, and I am waiting here to say good-bye to her."

"Netta going to be married, and going to India!" exclaimed Dorothy, the meaning of his strange manner flashing on her now. She stood dumb with surprise.

"Yes."

"But she doesn't care for him. Why, I heard—"

"She hesitated. She did not like to confess what she had overheard.

"He is rich," he said, scornfully; "and she cares for that." It was such a pained tone in which he spoke, though he tried to steady it; and the girl before him understood his feelings better than he imagined. Things had been altogether rough on Adrian Fuller that evening.

"I'm sorry for you, Mr. Fuller," she said, simply.

"You need not be, child. I dare say it is much better. She will be here again directly, to say good-bye to me, Dorothy; you won't see me again for many a long day. I shall go abroad for a couple of months, or a couple of years, if I can get anything to do."

"Good-bye," she said, the old feeling rushing back for a minute; "I am sorry I told what I did to-night; but I didn't know of this then."

"No, Dolly, of course not," he answered, using the old pet name, which only Tom gave her now. "I have been a great scoundrel to you. Perhaps we shall see each other again; good-bye;" and he shook her hands, and then, unable to say more, Dorothy turned and went; but when she got to the hall he spoke, and she stopped, and he came out. "I shall keep the rose," he whispered; "I shall keep it as long as I live, Dorothy."

And all this time George Blakesley was in the garden waiting for her.

(To be continued.)

Scientific and Useful.

CHOCOLATE PASTE.

One cup milk boiled, and when boiling stir in two tablespoonfuls corn starch dissolved in half cup cold water; then add two ounces Baker's favorite chocolate grated, the yolk of an egg beaten, twelve teaspoons vanilla; stir this over the fire, and when a little cool add one cup powdered sugar. This will make a thick paste to spread between the layers of cake.

GOLD CAKE.

Take the yolks of six eggs, beat them to a froth and mix them with a cup of sugar; three-fourths of a cup of butter, previously stirred to a cream; add two cups of sifted flour, and a half teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in a cup of milk; when well mixed, add a teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Flavor with the extract of peach or lemon, and bake in square tins.

REMEDY FOR SORE-BACKED HORSES.

Prepare a wash of vinegar, one quart; laudanum, half an ounce; sugar of lead, four drachms; mix, and apply three or four times a day. The bruised part should be washed with warm water and carbolic soap every morning, and well dried before the lotion is applied. The saddle should not be put on his back until the wounded part is healed.

WHY POTATOES DEGENERATE.

Everybody knows that when a new variety of potatoes makes its appearance, the yield is large. The reason is that seed potatoes cost from two to five dollars a bushel, and, out of motives of economy, we plant scientifically. We cut a potato into small bits, with not more than two eyes in a piece. When these potatoes become cheap, we plant whole potatoes, big and little, generally little, and the result is just the same as if we planted from ten to twenty grains of corn in a hill.

SOFT GINGER BREAD.

One and one-half cups molasses, one egg, one-half cup shortening, three-fourths cup of boiling water, one teaspoon soda, dissolved in the boiling water, two cups flour, one tablespoon ginger, a little pinch of salt if the shortening is fresh. This one is probably a little the better: Two-thirds cup molasses, one tablespoon lard, one tablespoon butter, the lard and butter melted together; one teaspoon ginger, one large teaspoon soda, one-half cup sour milk. For ginger snaps, leave out the milk, and roll thin.

SLICED TOMATO PICKLES.

To one gallon of sliced tomatoes that are just turning white, and have been scalded in salt and water sufficient to make them a little tender, mix a tablespoonful of ground pepper, one of mace, one of cloves, one of ground mustard, one of cinnamon, four of white mustard seed, two of celery seed or celery salt, one pod of green peppers, four onions chopped fine, half pint grated horse radish. Mix all together, and put a layer of each alternately; add one pound of sugar, and cover with vinegar.

EXERCISE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.

The Herald of Health answers the question, What form of exercise is best for consumptives? "Riding on horseback will probably suit most cases best. Rowing on quiet waters with an easy-going boat is also very excellent. Swimming is very good, too, as when the body is supported by the hands it raises the shoulders up, gives more room to the lungs, and more air is absorbed. Hunting and fishing are good. Gymnastic exercise with light dumb-bells, wands, clubs, and rings, are all good if wisely used—bad if improperly used. Walking is good, but not so good as the other exercises."

WHITEWASH.

For outside work the following can scarcely be surpassed: Slack one peck of new white lime with boiling water, covering during the process to keep in as much of the steam as possible. Strain the liquid, and add to it half a peck of salt previously dissolved in hot water; one to one and a half pounds of rice paste, and half a pound of finely ground whiting. Add two and a-half gallons of hot water; stir well and apply quite hot; half a pound of glue dissolved and stirred in will be of great improvement. For barns, and, indeed, any sort of buildings, and whether inside or outside, the foregoing is very superior. The only objectionable ingredient is the salt, which has the property of attracting sheep, cattle, etc., causing no little annoyance. As the salt is not an essential ingredient, it were wise, perhaps, in such instances, to omit it.

ALCOHOL AS A MEDICINE.

There is a large and increasing number of physicians in this country who entirely discard alcohol from their prescriptions, while there are thousands more who bind themselves by no positive rule. In England the subject has been submitted to the test of experiment. A "Temperance Hospital" was opened in London in 1873, the rule in which is that alcohol is not to be prescribed. Latterly, even alcoholic tinctures have been ruled out. At the opening the power of prescribing alcohol as a drug was reserved to the visiting medical staff, but it is stated that only in one instance has this permission been used. Up to the end of April the number of in-door patients received was 325, of whom 185 were discharged cured, and 121 relieved, and 18 had died. The out-door patients numbered 2,906, and the ratio of cured and relieved (about 80 per cent.) was the same. These data are very imperfect, since the character of the disease treated is not given, and every one knows that there are diseases in which no practitioner would prescribe alcohol in any form. As remarked above, the census of American physicians would show a large majority who practically exclude alcoholic prescriptions, while they leave themselves discretion to resort to them when necessary. The danger is that one disease may be replaced by another. This danger physicians and patients must estimate as best they may.

Individuality in Rooms.

Our own home should not be like the one next door, or the one around the corner, even if these were better, but should express the character of its especial inmates.

Ancestral Worship in China.

There is one form of idolatry, originating neither with Buddhism nor Taoism, that is universal throughout China—the neglect of which by anyone brings upon him the contempt of all. This is ancestral worship.

CONSIDER what heavy responsibility lies upon you in your youth, to determine, among realities, by what you will be delighted, and among imaginations, by whose you will be led.—Ruskin.

THERE is nothing so effectual to obtain grace, to retain grace, and to regain grace, as always to be found before God, not otherwise, but to fear; and happy art thou if thy heart be replenished with three fears—a fear for grace received, a greater fear for grace lost, and greatest fear to recover grace.

FAITH is a communicating grace. It can give courage to a coward, can tame a lion, can draw a man from his strongest attachments, can lead him to see sin where he had no conception of its existence.

As the sentinel, when he sees the enemies approaching, does not attempt himself to assail them, but at once gives the alarm to the commander, that he may repel their attack, so the Christian does not attempt in his own strength to fight temptation, but finds his safety in perceiving its approach, and seeking by prayer for Divine help to overcome it.—Mason.

THE PRODUCE MARKETS.

Table with columns for commodity names and prices. Includes items like Wheat, Barley, Oats, Peas, Beans, etc.

Official Announcements.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERIES.

PETERBORO.—In St. Paul's Church, Peterboro, 22nd August, at 2 p.m. OWEN SOUND.—The next meeting of the Presbytery of Owen Sound will be held on the 3rd Tuesday of September, in Division Street Church, Owen Sound.

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PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE OF MONTREAL.

The Calendar for session 1876-77 is ready, and will be sent on application to the Principal, Registrar, or Mr. Drysdale, 233 St. James St., Montreal.

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