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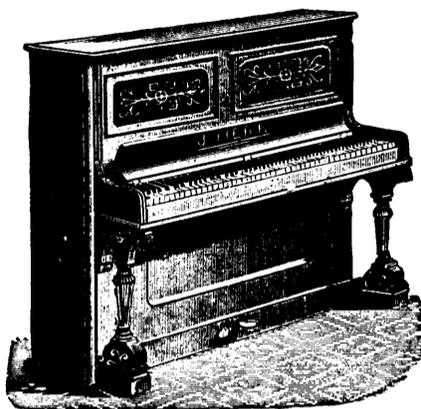
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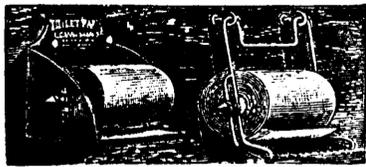
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Notes of the Week.

It is reported that the Presbyterians are doing some active missionary work in New England, especially among the Scotch. Thirteen new churches are receiving over \$5,000 from the Home Board, of which they have had to pay \$4,000 for rent of halls.

THE second concert under the auspices of the Toronto Chamber Music Association was held in Shaftesbury Hall last week. A large and appreciative audience was present. A fine selection of classic music was performed with good taste and excellent effect. Mrs. MacKelcan was the vocalist, and her singing made a most favourable impression, every number being enthusiastically encored—a mode of demonstration that might, with advantage, be happily abridged.

DR. JARDINE, on arriving at Prince Albert, wrote a communication to the *Strockville Recorder*, in which he says: And now you ask—How do you like Prince Albert? It would be premature to reply. A beautifully situated place it is, still primitive in its appearance, but full of hope for the future. And that future depends upon the opening up of the Hudson Bay route to England in which almost every body up here has confidence. If that is accomplished and a success, Prince Albert will soon become a large city; if not, its glory will continue to be "unnamed, un-honoured and unsung." What is the great desideratum of this country? Good farming. The few good Scotch farmers' reabouts have been successful, and, even this dry year, have had good crops. But they are only few, and the country will never be a success until there is a great increase in the number of industrious and intelligent men who know how to get the best returns from the wonderfully fertile soil of this great country.

THE London *Advertiser* says: No one would care to see the clergymen of Ontario enter the arena of politics, or take up the cudgels on behalf of either party. But there is an aspect of Canadian politics which it seems to us no preacher of the truth should ignore. The mission of the Gospel ministry is to advocate truth and righteousness. Religion is to be first pure, then peaceable. It is undeniable that there is much that is morally impure in Canadian politics. Corrupt methods are resorted to in elections. Corrupt men are sent to Parliament. Corrupt measures are used to win supporters. Corrupt uses are made of public property. We do not now say by whom,

Whether by one political party or the other, or both, matters not. Let the pulpit deplore and denounce the iniquity, by whomsoever committed. Let it exhort to honesty and uprightness in public as well as in private life. There will be probably supporters of both parties in the pews. Let the shafts from the bow of truth be shot straight against the sin. Never mind who is hit. The ministers of the Gospel in Canada should raise their voices as one man to shame the political chicanery and corruption that abound and to drive them from the land.

In commending certain American journals, for declining to publish full details of the Campbell divorce case, and our leading Canadian papers might have been included in the commendation, the *Week* says: On what principle the conductors of leading journals can reconcile their conscience to relating these offensive particulars in every home they obtain access to, we are a loss to understand. The disgusting stuff comes as news, which we suppose they have to pay for; but surely this does not for a moment excuse its being thrust under the notice of every young man or woman that reads a newspaper. It is not probable that any considerable portion of newspaper readers desire to know these particulars; but even if so, that again would warrant the pandering to a vicious taste. The evil must lie in the conductors of the newspapers; a moral weakness that would lead them into any service of the devil that they could profit by. This shameful story is of no interest to any decent American or Canadian. The knowledge that such doings go on makes one blush for humanity; and we wish for no closer acquaintance. The love of such filth is a survival of our animal state. It generally goes with the love of libel, and the same journals usually pander to both tastes.

KILMARNOCK, the *Christian Leader* remarks, will do honour to herself as well as to a distinguished representative of one of her oldest families, when she presents the freedom of the burgh to Sir William Muir, on the occasion of his visiting that town next month to open the corporation art gallery. The stock to which he belongs is a good one, and has produced many eminent men besides supplying a wife to one of our old Scottish kings, in the beautiful Elizabeth Mure of Rowallan. The next best known member of the Rowallan branch of the family was Sir William Mure, one of the most graceful of our seventeenth century poets, who composed some of the finest metrical versions of the Psalms; and in our own day another branch of the house produced a distinguished man of letters in that Mure of Caldwell, who wrote a standard history of the literature of Greece. One of the Kilmarnock Muirs, nearly related to the present Principal, was a merchant who became an intimate friend of Robert Burns in the poet's Mossgiel days, and who proved the sincerity of his friendship by subscribing for forty copies of the poet's first volume. Sir William's visit to the home of his forefathers will revive memories of an ancient house which is excelled by none in the west of Scotland, for its preservation through the centuries of pure and elevated types of Christian character and culture.

THAT inter-collegiate athletics have been carried too far and have led to serious abuses can hardly be denied. President McCosh, of Princeton, has issued the following letter on the subject: We are now in a lull between the games of 1886 and 1887. We have leisure to look back on the past and forward to the future. We have come to a crisis. It is time to meet it, if we are to keep up the character of our colleges in the view of parents and the community generally, and to make them places of high education where cultivated tastes and refined manners are acquired. I think the colleges on the eastern seaboard should come to an understanding with each other. It is their duty at present not to cast reflections on each other, but to unite to correct the abuses which have sprung up in connection with these public games on holidays,

where we are in danger of having all the evils of our horse races, with their jockeying, their betting and drinking. I venture to suggest that the colleges interested meet by representatives, and agree on some simple restrictions which will admit of our receiving all the benefits which may be had from manly exercises, of which we highly approve, without their incidental evils. I propose that Harvard, as the oldest of our number, be invited to take the lead in this matter and call us together, and I for one will feel bound by the decision come to. I have taken this initiatory step solely because I am now one of the oldest (if not the oldest) of the presidents of the colleges interested.

In the letter of the Protestant Alliance for the present month, says the *Presbyterian Messenger*, a pamphlet is referred to, which gives a list of over 3,000 eminent Protestants who have become Roman Catholics since the commencement of the nineteenth century. This list of perverts has been classified under the following headings: Nobility and gentry, containing 552 names; army, 142, including one field-marshal, six generals, and four major-generals; navy twenty-nine, including seven admirals; medical profession, forty-eight; legal profession, seventy-two; literature, thirty-six; architecture, twelve; war office, ten officials; publishers, seven names; relatives of clergymen, forty-three; clergymen—of these seventy-six names are given, including a Baptist and a Methodist minister; but the number of seventy-six clergymen does not comprise the full list of those who have seceded to Rome, as many more clergymen who have joined the Romish Church are placed under other headings, as members of universities, etc. Under the headings of the universities we find that Oxford University is made responsible for 301 names; Cambridge University for 149; other universities, thirty-one. The total number of clergymen amounts to 557. These several classes are followed by separate lists of lady perverts. Under the heading, "Nobility and Gentry, Ladies," are found 1,051 names, a remarkable list, including several relatives of Mr. Gladstone, a sister of Lord Granville, daughters of Anglican bishops, relatives of Sir S. Northcote, sisters and cousins of English judges, a sister of the late Speaker, a sister of the proprietor of the *Times*, ladies who had formerly been Quakers, Baptists, and one a Jewess.

MISS ADA LEIGH, who has been instrumental in doing a great work for English-speaking girls in Paris, is at present on a visit to Canada. In an address at Ottawa, she gave a most interesting account of the work in which she is engaged. She said: I think you will like to know how my work in Paris began. It was at the time when I was what is called finishing my education in Paris, when I went into a glove shop to buy a pair of gloves, and finding the girl who served me was English I asked her where she went to Church. She told me nowhere. I had just been prepared for my own confirmation, by a man whose name is revered in England—the late Canon Stowell, and was shocked at finding an English girl, who for four years had been to no place of worship. I asked the mistress of the shop if she might come to read the Bible with me on Sundays, and soon I had fourteen such girls. Miss Leigh went on to give an account of her having left Paris, never thinking perhaps that she would be back again. She narrated an interesting anecdote of how she, having returned, met a Scotch girl from Aberdeen, who, passing her in the street with a toss of her head, said, "I don't care what becomes of me." Miss Leigh placed her hand on the girl's shoulder, and said, "But I do," and gave her a leaflet she had prepared, signed "One who cares for youth," and bearing her address. The girl came and told her there she would never have come but for the signature, as no one had cared for her since her mother died. This girl had only two dimes in her pocket, and from this small sum arose the home. This girl helped her to find other girls, and soon a home was taken. This home was afterward purchased for \$50,000.

Our Contributors.

A CONSTITUENCY THAT SHOULD BE WELL REPRESENTED.

BY KNOXIAN

Ontario air is charged with politics. We hear and read every day about conventions and candidates and big demonstrations and long speeches and the Protestant horse and many other things political. The excitement will increase and intensify until the evening of the 28th, when there will be a tremendous explosion, followed by some sore heads on the morning of the 29th. It is all right. The franchise is an educator and the people are being educated. The country must be governed in some way. Ballots are better than bullets. A dull speech is better than a sharp bayonet. There are not many animals in America more unsavoury than the Protestant horse, but still most people would rather be kicked by the Protestant horse than be run over by a squadron of dragoons. On the whole, it is not so trying to the constitution to be humbugged as to be shot. People who are ruled by force would gladly adopt our system of government, if they got a chance. A score of nations would trade their tyrants for Sir John and Mowat. We won't trade. We know our own men. The country must be governed in some way, and our people prefer ballots to bullets in matters of government.

There is one large and important constituency, about which we see nothing in the public journals. We mean the constituency of *Heartville*. This is a most important constituency and returns many representatives. Candidates are running in *Heartville* all the time. There is a general election going on in this constituency all the year round. Some of the candidates are bad men. The bad ones sometimes get elected by a large majority. Quite frequently they are elected by acclamation. The political papers pay very little attention to this constituency of *Heartville*. They give the names of the candidates that are running in other constituencies, and tell us whom we ought to vote for, but they say nothing about *Heartville*. We propose to supply this omission, and furnish our readers with a list of some of the good and bad candidates that are contesting *Heartville*. Let us begin with the bad ones.

Mr. Selfishness is a bad candidate. He is a strong man and has carried the constituency many a time. He has beaten Mr. Self-denial and Mr. Self-sacrifice by tremendous majorities in many contests. In fact, Mr. Selfishness is by all odds the strongest candidate that ever contested *Heartville*. If you beat him in the North Riding he runs for the South; defeat him in the South, and he immediately starts for the East or West. Drive him out of these Ridings, and he sets up in the Centre. In fact, he prefers the Centre Riding to any other. When Mr. Selfishness gets a firm hold on the Centre Riding he governs the whole constituency. It is almost impossible to make him let go his hold. Even the Protestant horse could not drag him off. It is as hard to drive Mr. Selfishness out of *Heartville*, as it would be to drive Mr. Mowat out of North Oxford. Most earnestly do we counsel all our readers to vote against Mr. Selfishness. Hustle him out of the constituency to the tune of the Rogues' March.

Mr. Avarice is also a bad candidate. He runs for the *Heartville* constituency, simply that he may make money out of his seat. He, too, is a strong candidate in some divisions of *Heartville*. He is as fond of "boodle" as a New York alderman. The electors of *Heartville* would do well to vote against Mr. Avarice. He is a bad man, and not to be trusted.

Mr. Bitterness is one of the worst candidates that ever stood for *Heartville*. If he gets a firm hold on the Centre Riding of the constituency, the whole county may dissolve into vinegar. There can never be any peace in *Heartville* if Mr. Bitterness represents it, therefore, every peace-loving man in the constituency should vote against Mr. Bitterness.

There are several other bad candidates who stand for *Heartville* quite frequently, such as Mr. Suspicion, Mr. Malice, Mr. Revenge, Mr. Spite, Mr. Mean, Mr. Vanity, Mr. Conceit, Mr. Vainglory and others, whose names and characters are quite well known to all the readers of the Good Book. We have no space to pay our respects to these gentlemen; but we ask the electors of *Heartville* to canvass and vote against

each one of them with all the vigour they can put into the election.

Let us now make a few notes on some of the candidates, that the electors of *Heartville* should support.

Mr. Liberality is a good man. When he represents *Heartville*, all good work flourishes. The poor are well cared for. Missions are supported, colleges endowed and Augmentation becomes augmented. If *Heartville* would return one or two hundred candidates like Mr. Liberality, ever the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund might prosper. Most cordially do we commend Mr. Liberality to the electors of *Heartville*. Vote for him, gentlemen, and place him at the head of the poll.

Mr. Kindness ought to be returned by a large majority. He is a good man and makes a capital representative. If we had more men like Mr. Kindness representing *Heartville*, this world would be a much better place to live in.

Mr. Self-denial would make a good member, but he never runs well. He never was popular in some divisions of *Heartville*. Hardly any body says a word in his favour except preachers. It must, we fear, be confessed that many parts of the *Heartville* constituency are not sufficiently educated yet to elect Mr. Self-denial.

Mr. Self-sacrifice is a good man, but, like Mr. Self-denial, he finds it up-hill work to run an election in *Heartville*. Many of the voters do not understand him. Mr. Selfishness has run him out of the constituency many a time. Most earnestly do we urge the electors of *Heartville* to support Messrs. Self-denial and Self-sacrifice. They are rare men.

There are many other good men in the field that ought to be supported. Mr. Forgiveness, Mr. Peacemaker, Mr. Purity, Mr. Integrity, Mr. Truthful, Mr. Generous and Mr. Faithful are men that *Heartville* might be proud of as representatives. They are all candidates, and we bespeak for them the hearty support of the electors.

DEER PARK CONGREGATION.

THE REV. G. E. FREEMAN.

Among the many delightful suburbs of the growing city of Toronto, Deer Park is one of the pleasantest. It enjoys facilities of easy and rapid communication with any part of the city. Its elevated situation, and the rare beauty of its natural scenery, makes it a healthful and agreeable locality in which to live. Many engaged in business and professional life have selected it as their place of residence. The probabilities are that at no distant date many more, appreciating the many advantages offered by this northern suburb, will become residents of Deer Park.

With commendable foresight Presbyterian friends a few years ago were convinced that a Church should be planted there. A beginning was made, and, after steady and self-denying effort, the cause has reached a degree of strength that not only ensures its permanency, but its future enlargement and success.

On a recent visit to Deer Park Church it was found to be a tasteful, neat and commodious, though unpretentious, structure. It is well lighted and ventilated, and what decorations there are harmonize with the objects to which the building is devoted, and with good taste. The choir, composed of members of the congregation, led the singing in an effective and devotional manner. The congregation, well represented that morning, included many of the well-to-do residents in the district.

The pastor of Deer Park congregation is the Rev. G. E. Freeman, who received his preliminary classical training in the Hamilton Collegiate Institute, then under the management of Principal Dickson, now of Upper Canada College. Mr. Freeman took the full course of study at Toronto University, and received his theological training in Knox College, where he gained several scholarships and received the first prize for public speaking. On obtaining license he received a unanimous call to take the spiritual oversight of Deer Park congregation. He was ordained to the ministry and inducted to his pastoral charge by the Presbytery of Toronto on the 28th July, 1884. Since that time the utmost harmony and good feeling between pastor and people have prevailed, and the good work of spiritual upbuilding has gone steadily and encouragingly forward. From the manner in which the entire service is conducted, it is evident that Mr. Freeman has a deep sense of the solemnity and responsibility of his position as an ambassador

of Christ. He evidently makes conscience work of pulpit preparation. His public prayers are full, comprehensive, fervent and devotional. His reading of the sacred Scriptures is clear and impressive. He does not break the continuity of the passage by comment and explanation, but permits the inspired Word to convey its own lesson. In demeanour he is modest and unassuming, and his effectiveness is in no degree lessened by the possession of those none too common virtues.

The theme of his morning discourse was John vii 17, of which the following is a summary:

In the preceding verse Christ asserts that His teaching is a divine revelation, that it was not the result of His own thought and reflection, but that He is the Messenger of Jehovah, from whom He had received His Gospel. "My doctrine is not mine, but His that sent Me." Though some had been representing His system as the result simply of His own conception and experience, yet it was as really a revelation from heaven as if God had written it on tables of stone, and let it down to the earth in some miraculous way. It may be asked, How are we to be sure of this? In answer we have only to say, Compare ancient prophecies with Christ, consider the nature and evidence of His miracles; consider His own exalted character and the depth and tendency of His precepts; see the purity and dignity of the lives of men who have obeyed and trusted Him.

Without entering into any answer to objections, Christ shows the multitude a way open to all—a means whereby men of little intellectual power and of the most occupied life may be thoroughly convinced of the divine origin of His Gospel. If they will only do God's will, they shall know of the doctrine. Christ's object was simply to hold out an encouragement to the honest-minded, single-eyed anxious inquirer after the truth. To such an one He says, If any man is only willing—has a mind, a desire, an inclination to do God's will,—he shall know of this doctrine. It may be hid from the wise and prudent, but it is revealed to babes.

1. We see the error of those who profess to be waiting to have all their difficulties cleared up before they come out and decide for Jesus Christ.

This is, no doubt, a barrier to the salvation of many. They point to the differences on matters of religion prevailing among the children of God, and profess their inability to decide who is right. In thousands of cases this professed inability becomes an excuse for living in the sight of God without religion at all. To those controlled by such reasoning the words of Christ furnish an argument whose point and edge they will find it hard to evade. It teaches that if a man conscientiously use the light which God has already put into his soul, he shall soon find more light coming down from on high. "If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light."

2. It shows that God makes obedience to Him a part of the process by which a knowledge of divine things is obtained. As we have each of us a principle within which points out the line of distinction between right and wrong, and thus renders us responsible to God we find that one way by which God imparts knowledge is by calling that principle into play. Are we really willing to do God's will so far as we know? If so, God will see that our knowledge is increased. Obedience is the testimony to Him that we love Him and have a desire to know more of His will.

3. We have here the great principle on which condemnation will overtake many at the last day. They did not live up to their light. They did not use the knowledge they possessed and consequently God left them hard and dead in their sins. "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God."

What is the doctrine to be received? Christ says, The doctrine is not Mine, but His that sent Me. Its fountain is in God Himself, but it comes to us through Christ. It is the whole system of divine truth revealed in Jesus Christ. The truth which He endeavoured to develop in the mind, and bring to bear on the nature, of man—salvation by faith in Christ's personal merits—the full and free acceptance of His atoning sacrifice—sanctification as wrought in us by the Holy Spirit, that feeling of separation from the world which gives its possessor perfect peace—that spirit of self-sacrifice, self-abnegation, which sweetens the atmosphere in which we move. This doctrine is a stumbling block to an unspiritual man. He may reason about it and carry it through a mental process, but he knows nothing of it until the revelation of the glory of God in Jesus Christ has sunk down into his soul.

What is the disposition of heart necessary to the reception of this doctrine?

(1) There should be a humble, devout spirit. It implies obedience to God, because we believe He is, and is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.

It implies coming to Him, not in a careless or critical spirit, but in a spirit deeply impressed with the solemnity of life, and the still deeper solemnity of death. If one's heart is cold and indifferent, how can he expect the truth to enter? To speak of the terror of the Lord to those who have no fear of God before their eyes; to tell of His deep, yearning love to those who have no power of appreciation, to proclaim His divine authority where there is no sense of loyalty or submission to His will—is it not a spirit like this that shuts out the light of heaven from the soul, and leaves the work of God to return to Him void?

(2) In addition to a humble, devout spirit, we should cultivate a spirit easily impressed, a spirit that cries to God, "I want to be right, I am willing to believe whatever I am sure is from Thee; to abandon all preconceived notions of salvation, to lay aside self-interest, popularity—every thing which hinders or keeps me back from Christ."

With this spirit a man will necessarily worship God. He realizes that he is but a creature, that he is under obligations to the Almighty, and will seek from God forgiveness in that way compatible with His holiness.

With this spirit he will obey the precepts of Christ. He will realize that Christ taught the same truths which con-

science and the law teaches, and thus be convinced that Christ could not have lived thus unless God had been with Him.

Let it be ours then to lay aside the pressure of mystery, the opinions of men, the inconsistencies among Christians, and let us serve God, and we have Christ's testimony that we shall know of His doctrine.

Under the short pastorate of Mr. Freeman, the membership of the congregation has more than doubled. Well organized and active Christian work is carried on in connection with the congregation. A large and growing Sabbath school, which severely tests the accommodation at present at its disposal, is superintended by Mr. R. C. Steele and the pupils instructed by a large and efficient staff of teachers. Since the commencement of his ministry, Mr. Freeman conducted an interesting Bible class, but from the additional labour thus entailed he has been relieved, the class being now under the care of Mr. John Cameron. There is a Young People's Association of Christian workers, having the twofold object of mental improvement and training in practical Christian work. This association has been largely instrumental in bringing many young people into the Church. A Ladies' Aid Society, with Mrs. Dick as president; Mrs. Steele, vice-president; Mrs. Burnside, treasurer; Mrs. Freeman, secretary; and Mrs. Richie, assistant secretary, has been formed for the purpose of relieving the poor in the locality surrounding the church, and in carrying on Church work on other lines the ladies may deem expedient.

May Deer Park Church and its devoted pastor abound in every good word and work, and may the congregation prosper in vital godliness and increasing usefulness.

PRESBYTERIANISM SCRIPTURAL.

BY THE REV. NEIL M'NISH, B.D., LL.D., CORNWALL.

(Continued.)

The genius of Presbyterianism is eminently liberal and expansive. It is in harmony with free institutions and with those civil and political rights and privileges which obtain in countries where the people have a voice in the government of the nation, and where the rights of all classes of society are respected and protected, and where no preponderance that is oppressive or unrestricted exists in favour of any class whatever. The Presbyterian Church is eminently the Church of the people. The undue elevation of the ministry is impossible in it, and therefore no serious effort has ever been made in that direction, and the reason is obvious. In the Session, or lowest court, three are required to form a quorum, two of whom are elders. There is no limit save that of expediency and of the requirements of a congregation to the number of elders. In all the courts of the Presbyterian Church a minister is wont to preside. In Session he and the elders meet on terms that are otherwise exactly the same. They have identical powers for discussing and determining any questions that may be submitted to them, and that may engage their attention. In the Presbytery there is an equal number of ministers and elders whose powers are the same and who meet on equal terms, with this difference merely that a minister, and only a minister, can act as Moderator, and that elders do not, as a rule, take part in ordination, however anomalous such a custom may appear to be. In Synods and General Assemblies there is an equal number of ministers and elders, whose powers are identical for dealing with any question that may demand discussion and adjudication. It will not be disputed that, as the elders stand in a most intimate relation to their respective congregations, the rights and interests of the people are in no danger of being ignored or injured or relegated to a secondary or unimportant position.

In theory nothing is more plausible and satisfactory than that those who are to be benefited by the religious instruction of a minister, and who are to contribute to his support, should have the liberty of determining who, when many candidates are available, is likely to afford them the greatest edification. One of the most remarkable features of our day is that the Churches which hitherto have paid little or no deference to the rights and wishes of congregations in the election of ministers are earnestly considering the best manner in which the ecclesiastical power can be conferred on the members that go to form congregations, it being true beyond controversy that, as the genius of our age indicates, an accession of strength

and vitality is sure to accrue, even to Episcopal Churches, from laying aside portions of their clerical exclusiveness, and from giving larger power and liberties to the laity.

No insult is offered to the intelligence of our congregations when the question is asked, Whether, in consideration of the delays and difficulties and heartburnings that often occur in connection with the election and settlement of ministers—in the face, likewise, of the inferior appointments which are sometimes made when better appointments were possible—some restriction stronger than is now the case might not be advantageously placed on the freedom which congregations have in the election of ministers? It sometimes happens that one is the choice of the majority who has succeeded in making an extraordinary impression by preaching one or two sermons which have cost him a vast expenditure of pains; while another is passed over who has riper scholarship, richer culture, stronger zeal, and greater force of character, and who, were superior worth and ability to get the reward which is naturally and justly theirs, would grace his position far better and bring larger faithfulness to bear in discharge of his sacred functions.

It would be difficult to understand how wider freedom could be conceded to the members of any Church without descending to that degree where the burdens of respectability and security are passed, and where, in political as well as ecclesiastical affairs, it is very dangerous to make too near an approximation to the verge of unqualified democracy. A certain writer has wisely remarked: "It is a coarse conception of freedom, though common in our day, which regards it as diminished in value and endangered unless the hand and the voice of the whole community are officially active at every turn."

The genius of Presbyterianism is such that where it is transplanted to a foreign soil it takes root and prospers. It flourishes in the remote homes of Australia, beneath the burning sun and among the many millions of India, in its birthplace and in the countries that surround its earliest European home. From the adjoining Republic, that numbers its Presbyterian ministers by thousands, and that makes, through its Presbyterian channels, munificent contributions toward the support and extension of the Gospel of the Son of God at home and abroad, there comes a stalwart voice indeed in favour of the plasticity of Presbyterianism and of its eminent fitness for extending the kingdom of Christ. In the front of the ecclesiastical organizations of Canada stands our own Church in its intellectual and moral and social strength, and in the grandeur of its possibilities, and the fresh vitality of its courage and hopefulness and in its brave determination to be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might, to the end that all its members may be powerfully affected by the spirit of liberality and well-directed energy, and missionary enterprise and zeal.

We are apt to be unduly boastful of the advancement of intelligence in these modern days. Though it be a mere truism that science is now making unprecedented progress, and that man is learning as he never did before to utilize for his own advantage the manifold forces of nature, it were to be desired that a large measure of modesty should be found in the character of those who are the votaries of science. In the midst of such active intelligence and bold research strong and stern demands cannot fail to be made on Christian ministers, or on those whose avowed function it is to impart religious instruction to others. A well-known American theologian thus expresses views which are correct, and to which we must assent: "If ever the service of the ministry was a mere routine, now it is no longer such. There is no research of scholarship, no largeness of imagination, no grace of life and character, no gift of eloquence, no practical sagacity, no wisdom of counsel, no living fire and no large charity which are not needed by the Christian Church. It wants its men of fire, its men of piety, its men of large discourse, its labourers in our streets and lanes, its minds of calm philosophy, its heroes and its saints." Whately had truth on his side when he wrote, "Instead of determining to know nothing but Christ, you must explore the treasures of ancient and modern philosophy and range through all the regions of nature and of art in search of whatever knowledge may conduce to the proving, explaining and enforcing of the great

truths of Christianity. It has been true through all the ages of the Christian Church that were the ideal of the Christian ministry fully honoured, the ablest thinkers, the acutest scholars, and men of the greatest zeal and warmest hearts and of the strongest force of character—in a word, the best men that were available—should have been found in the ranks of the ministry." A member of the Pan-Presbyterian Council found cause recently to remark that "in the judgment of many of the best minds of the Church on both continents there is a decline in the attractions of the ministry for young men of promise and power, and a deficiency in the number of such who are entering the ministerial rank." Not long ago the Christian world was led to regard with delight the self-consecration to the work of foreign missions of students of lofty birth who were attending one of the famous universities of England. Here was furnished sufficient cause for acquiescing in the opinion of a certain writer that we can mark in the success of modern missions signs, under God's blessing, of a revival pure and fresh and heartfelt, of a primitive zeal such as has ever stamped the leading eras of Christian advance.

Though we have reason to be thankful that our Church has already become so large and influential that our members may, from a human point of view, find satisfaction in their connection with it, the truth remains, however, that the traditional reverence for Churches which obtains in older lands than ours cannot be expected to prevail to any thing like the same extent in a country which is still on the threshold of its national greatness and material development. The various Churches of our land, in striving to elevate the standard of theological education, are merely deferring, with commendable sagacity, to the improvement which is taking place in the intelligence of our people. Nor is any injustice done to our Canadian character when the assertion is made that no small self-complacency is perceptible in the case of those who are regarded as the more thoughtful and intelligent of our population. That they may be able to converse and argue with intelligence and ability regarding the many topics that engage the attention of the thoughtful of our time—that they may command the respect of those who are led to embrace opinions that are novel and apparently the property of the few and able among modern thinkers; that they may gain its own lofty position for the truth as it is in Jesus amid all the array of sceptical conjectures and ingenious objections against the Christian Church—Christian ministers must have their intellectual and spiritual armour always ready and burnished. In view of all the demands that are made upon them, and of all that is reasonably or unreasonably expected from them, the Christian ministry of our day merits the commendation of our text, "Let the presbyters that rule well be counted worthy of double honour; especially those who labour in the word and doctrine." The Apostle subjoins the significant words: "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn"; and, "The labourer is worthy of his reward."

(To be concluded next week.)

WILLIAM TASSIE, LL.D.

Canada has lost one of its ablest educationalists in the death of William Tassie. The distinguished gentleman was of good family, both on the paternal and maternal side, representatives of which were to be found in the Army, Church and learned professions. He was born in Dublin 10th May, 1816, and was the son of the late Mr. James Tassie, Dublin, and Dunshaugly Castle, county of Dublin, and grandson of William Tassie, Golden Hill, county of Dublin. His mother was the daughter of Alexander Stewart, M.D., Dublin, and came from two Scotch families of the same name, being third in descent from John Stewart of Drumhastle Castle, county of Perth, a famous character in his day, who married the cousin and ward of Mr. Robert Stewart of Garth, himself the father of "that best of Highland gentlemen and soldiers, General David Stewart of Garth" (Chris. North, "Noctes Ambros." October, 1828), author of "Sketches of the Character, Manners and Present State of the Highland Regiments," one of the most interesting military memoirs in the world. Dr. Tassie's early education was received at Ormond Quay School, in his native city. In the early part of the century, this school had acquired a high reputation, and here the subject of our sketch gave great promise of a bright future.

At this time, it was intended he should study with his uncle, the late William Tassie, C.E., of Elm Lodge, county of Dublin, a gentleman of high character, who was for forty years chief engineer of the city of Dublin; but, as he had a decided disinclination for that profession, the idea was abandoned. The charm and freedom of Canadian life as it was then presented to the Irish people, and the somewhat altered circumstances of the family, led his father to come to Canada in 1834. He settled on the family homestead known as Golden Hill, Nelson. But before leaving Ireland, Dr. Tassie married Sarah, daughter of the late Mr. William Morgan, Dublin, and granddaughter of Mr. Peter Burtchell, of Kiltel Castle, county of Kildare. He worked hard in the backwoods for a time, but as farm life had no charm for him, continued his studies and undertook the management of a school at Oakville. He afterward became classical master of Hamilton Grammar School, and while here became known as an excellent teacher.

In 1853 he received the appointment of head master of Galt School, which was then a very small and unknown institution. On leaving Hamilton, he was presented with a very chaste and costly service of silver and a very flattering address. Under Dr. Tassie and his able staff, Galt School became a Collegiate Institute and acquired a national reputation. Here, for more than a quarter of a century, he laboured with a devotion and success that entitles him to be called the Arnold of Canada. During all these years, this school sent forth a great number of highly successful men to the universities, civil service, law schools and commercial world. We believe nothing has helped to form the national character of England so much as her schools and universities; and we learn from them that their success depends more on the character of the headmaster or professor than on the general system of education of the country. Galt Collegiate Institute attained under its distinguished principal such a name, that many of the foremost men amongst us are proud to say that they were educated there.

After a lapse of twenty-eight years, Dr. Tassie severed his connection with the school in which he took such pride. He came to Toronto and remained for a short time, and finally accepted the position of principal of Peterborough Collegiate Institute. This school made marked progress under him, and a feeling of deep regret pervaded the whole community when his death became known. He was a graduate of the university of Toronto. In April, 1871, Queen's University, Kingston, conferred upon him the honorary degree of LL.D., a distinction nobly won. He was at one time a member of the Senate of the university of Toronto, and president of the Grammar School Teachers' Association.

In school he was thorough, a strict disciplinarian, and in early days almost a martinet, but out of it, gracious and kindly to his boys, indulging frequently with them in a sort of grandiose banter. He instilled principles of virtue and manliness, and sternly deprecated any thing low; indeed he regarded doubtful conversation or allusions as reprehensible as overt acts of sin, and held them to be wicked and degrading. His interest and pride in his pupils followed them through life, nothing gratifying him more than to contemplate their blameless and honourable lives. Of a nervous and sensitive nature, and not infrequently troubled with grave misgivings as to his own powers, he nevertheless presented to the world, by sheer force of will and a certain poise of manner, the impression of complete confidence in himself. Tenacious of purpose and an indefatigable worker, with clearly defined views on educational matters, he was perhaps in such matters, at times somewhat intolerant of the opinions of men without any real scholarship, but this did not preclude a marked deference to men of merit in their own sphere. He was intensely loyal to the British flag, and, as a young man, shouldered his musket in 1838; though he admired the character of Mackenzie and afterward believed in the justness of his cause. A link with the past, familiar with early Canadian life and with the history of many families of the old land, he maintained with rare fidelity and pride, through son and grandson, the friendship of early days. A man of remarkably fine presence, of gracious almost courtly manners, and in private life singularly warm affections, he lived a useful and pure life, never forgetting a kindness rendered, but hiding from the

world his large charity and countless acts of self-denial. He was always a staunch adherent, and for many years a member, of our beloved Church. A constant attendant at the Bible class of his esteemed friend and pastor, Mr. Torrance, he was a humble follower of Christ, and left a good example for all to follow, and a name among Canadian worthies. We do not find perfection in any man, nor indeed need we look for it this side of the grave, but from whatever view we look at Dr. Tassie, whether as a teacher, a citizen, a friend or a Christian gentleman, his imperfections disappear amid the many excellencies which adorned his life and character. He died at his residence in Peterborough, on the 21st ult. And so at last he sought rest at the end of a weary journey, leaving at once a final farewell and an impression of his character in his last request—"Kiss me now."

MISSIONARY MEETINGS

MR. EDITOR,—In your issue of the 24th ult. you call attention to the necessity for earnest effort in order to make the "missionary meeting" more interesting and profitable than it has been, as a rule, in the past. Your remarks as to the dulness and slimness of the average missionary meeting are, I fear, only too well-founded, and, as this is the season when Presbyteries and Sessions usually make arrangements for the holding of missionary meetings, I presume that any practical suggestions bearing upon the subject will be in order.

It seems to some of us in the eastern part of Ontario that our Presbytery (Brockville) has, at least, done something toward solving the problem of making the missionary meeting a success, and that the result of our effort should be made public for the encouragement of others.

For some years previous to 1885 the understanding in the Presbytery was that each session should make its own arrangements in the matter. The outcome of this was that, in the majority of congregations, no missionary meetings were held. Sermons were preached on the subject of missions in some of the congregations; but the result of this system, or rather lack of system, was any thing but satisfactory. A year ago the Presbytery took the whole matter into consideration, and resolved to make an experiment for the purpose of determining whether the missionary meeting, as an institution, had outlived its usefulness, or whether it could still be made a vehicle of information and enthusiasm to the people. Accordingly, after mature deliberation, a scheme was carefully drafted, printed and circulated throughout the bounds.

The instructions of the Presbytery were carried out in every district. The sessions, congregations and Woman's Foreign and Missionary Societies took a strong interest in the work, and, at the March meeting of Presbytery, every minister within the bounds reported successful meetings, important spiritual results and a gratifying increase of interest and liberality on the part of the people.

A few words will explain the details of our *modus operandi* (as Judge O'Connor would say). I speak, of course, with more particular reference to the first district, although the same system was followed throughout the Presbytery.

1. We made sure of a deputation—composed of an equal number of teaching and ruling elders—who would work.

2. Arrangements for the meetings were made six weeks before they began. In the meantime we gave them the widest possible publicity through the press by means of posters, and by pulpit announcements on every Sabbath during the interval.

3. We made it a point to secure the best musical talent in the different localities, and had the choirs practising for weeks beforehand.

4. All meetings were opened punctually at the hour advertised. The first half-hour was spent in prayer, led, for the most part, by laymen of the congregation, and such ministers—not on the deputation—as happened to be present.

5. The addresses were prepared. No man was allowed to talk at random. Each member of the deputation knew what he wanted to say and said it within proper time.

6. Able, practical laymen discussed the subjects of Augmentation and Finance generally. The propriety of this arrangement must be apparent. Paul tells

us of certain people—"whose mouths must be stopped." This is the way to do it. Put the laymen forward on the questions of Finance and Augmentation, and the support of our honoured and retired veterans. Ever since the meetings were held, in the first district at least, the voice of the crank, who croaketh about "ministers preaching for money," has been hushed as in the silence of the tomb.

The foregoing is the result of a real experiment. It is no speculation, it is no mere theory; it has been done. We had full meetings at every point. In not a few instances we had crowded houses. In some cases the missionary spirit amounted to enthusiasm. It is a statistical fact that the contributions to missions from the congregations of the Presbytery of Brockville were thirty per cent. in advance of the year preceding that in which the meetings were held. The contributions to Augmentation were seventy-five per cent. in advance.

In the foregoing scheme there was nothing revolutionary. It was the old-time missionary meeting revived. No tricks were played to catch the popular ear. The people were interested. The speakers meant business. Both went into the work in earnest, and the result was satisfactory to all concerned.

There may have been special reasons why the meetings were successful here, just as there may be special causes of failure elsewhere; but I venture the opinion that where Presbyterians take the matter up, resolutely and earnestly, there should be no failure. Let the missionary meetings become an established institution; let socials, etc., stand aside in their favour; let there be an equal number of lay and ministerial members on the deputations, and let ministers shew that they have faith in the enterprise, and there can be no failure. There can be no successful meeting where the minister talks of it as an antiquated fiction, a concomitant of saddle bags and corduroy roads. It is sometimes urged that as much good can be accomplished by preaching missionary sermons on the Sabbath as by the missionary. I have nothing to say against such a practice, but our experience has been that something more is required. Let us have both by all means. The people need information. The people of Canada—especially the young generation in towns—are not a reading people. They do read political news, which is proper enough; they read sporting gossip; they are tolerably well posted in commercial matters, but, despite all the boasting about this enlightened and intelligent age, it is simply appalling how few there are who read beyond the narrow limits, I have specified; and the number who read carefully the valuable facts published every week with reference to missions is lamentably small. To meet this case, the missionary meeting, properly conducted, is a valuable institution. It excites interest and becomes a means of imparting information, and my observation is that, even as in other things, success is proportioned to the zeal and energy with which the work is undertaken.

The Presbytery has adopted the same scheme this year with augmented prospects of success.

G. D. BAYNE, Pres. Clerk.

Morrisburg, November 25, 1886.

A COMMITTEE of Welsh Liberal members of Parliament has been formed, with Mr. Richards as president, whose aim is practically to obtain home rule for Wales. The leading planks of their platform are disestablishment and disendowment of the Church, land reforms and free education. The Scotch home rulers will hold a conference and mass demonstration at Edinburgh on January 12. Their platform urges that national legislatures be granted to the respective nationalities of the United Kingdom, each legislature to control all local affairs, with an executive responsible only to the national electors.

It is estimated, says the *New York Evangelist*, that as many as 1,500 Jews leave the synagogue for the Christian Church every year, here and in Europe. In Vienna alone, during 1885, 260 Jews became Christians. Here in New York, the Rev. Jacob Freshman is zealously pushing the same work. The movement is not among the lower classes of Jews, regarded as a whole, either. The learned Professor Delitzsch, of Leipzig, is said to be inspiring Christian effort among the Jewish students of no less than eight or nine of the German universities, and with encouraging success—more than 300 of these promising young men having avowed their interest in the truths inculcated.

THE GIANT OF MEDICINES.

THE MOST EFFECTIVE AND POPULAR REMEDY EVER DISCOVERED.

WHY IS IT SO EFFECTIVE IN SO MANY DIFFERENT DISEASES?

WHY one remedy can affect so many cases is this. The diseases have a common cause, and a remedy that can affect the cause, permanently cures all the diseases. Unlike any other organ in the body, the Kidney when diseased, may itself be free from pain, and the very fact that it is not painful leads many people to deny that it is diseased. But *Medical Authorities* agree that it can be *far gone with disease and yet give forth no pain*, because it has few, if any, nerves of sensation, and these are the only means of conveying the sense of pain; thus, unconsciously diseased, it affects the entire system. We do not open a watch to see if it is going, or is in good order: We look at the hands, or note the accuracy of its time. So we need not open the kidney to see if it is diseased. We study the condition of the system. Now then, **KIDNEY DISEASE** produces any of the following *Common and Unsuspected* symptoms: Backache; Unusual desire to urinate at night; Fluttering and pain in the heart; Tired Feelings; Unusual amount of Greasy Froth in water; Irritated, hot and dry skin; Pickle Appetite; Scalding sensations; Acid, bitter taste, with furred tongue in the Morning; Headache and Neuralgia; Abundance of pale, or scanty flow of dark-colored water; Sour Stomach; Heartburn, with Dyspepsia; Intense pain, upon sudden excitement, in the Small of the Back; Deposit of mucus some time after urination; Loss of Memory; Rheumatism, chills and fever, and Pneumonia; Dropsical Swellings; Red or white brick-dust, albumen and tube-casts in the water; Constipation, alternating with Looseness; Short breath, Pleurisy and Bronchial affections; Yellowish, pale skin, etc.

These are only the chief disorders, or symptoms, caused by a diseased condition of the kidneys. Now then, isn't it clear to you that the kidneys, being the cause of all these derangements, if they are restored to health by the great specific "Warner's SAFE Cure," the majority of the above ailments will disappear? There is **NO MYSTERY ABOUT IT**. It does cure many bad states of the system precisely as we have indicated. Now when the kidneys are diseased, the albumen, the life-property of the blood, escapes through their walls, and passes away in the water, while the uron, the kidney-poison, remains, and it is this *kidney-poison in the blood*, that, circulating throughout the entire body, affects every organ, and produces all the above symptoms.

Therefore, we say confidently that, Warner's SAFE Cure is **THE MOST EFFECTIVE MEDICINE EVER DISCOVERED** for the human race. It is the common remedy which, overcoming the common cause, removes the greatest possible number of evil effects from the system. Let us note a few of these diseases, and how they are affected by kidney poison, and cured by

"WARNER'S SAFE CURE."

CONSUMPTION: In a great many cases Consumption is only the effect of a diseased condition of the system, and not an original disease; if the kidneys are inactive, and there is any natural weakness in the lungs, the *kidney-poison attacks their substance, and eventually they waste away, and are destroyed*. Dip your finger in acid, and it is burned. Wash the finger every day in acid, and it soon becomes a festering sore, and is eventually destroyed. The kidney-poison acid in the blood has the same destructive effect upon the lungs: For this reason, a person whose kidneys are ailing will have grave attacks of *Pneumonia* in the spring of the year, Lung fevers, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pleurisy, etc., at all seasons of the year. Rectify the action of the kidneys by "Warner's SAFE Cure," as many hundreds of thousands have done, and you will be surprised at the improvement in the condition of the lungs.

IMPAIRED EYE-SIGHT: Kidney acid, with some persons, has an especial affinity for the optic nerve, and though we have never urged it as a cure for disordered eye-sight, many persons have written us, expressing surprise that, after a thorough course of treatment with "Warner's SAFE Cure," their eye-sight has been vastly improved. In fact, one of the best oculists in the country says that half the patients that come to him with bad eyes, upon examination, he discovers are victims of kidney disorder. We have no doubt that the reason why so many people complain of failing eye-sight early in life, is that all unconscious to themselves, their kidneys have been out of order for years, and the kidney-poison is gradually ruining the system.

OPIUM HABITS: It is a well-known fact, recently shown anew, that opium, morphine, cocaine, whiskey, tobacco and other enslaving habits, capture their victims by their paralyzing effects upon the kidneys and liver. In these organs the appetite is developed and sustained, and the best authorities state that the habits cannot be gotten rid of until the kidneys and liver are restored to perfect health. For this purpose, leading medical authorities, after a thorough examination of all claimants for the honor of being the only specific for those organs, have awarded the prize to "Warner's SAFE Cure."

RHEUMATISM: Every reputable physician will tell you that rheumatism is caused by an acid condition of the system. With some, it is uric acid, or kidney-poison; in others, it is lithic acid, or liver-poison. This acid condition is caused by inactivity of the kidneys and liver, false action of the stomach and food assimilating organs. It affects old people more than young people because the acid has been collecting in the system for years, and finally the system becomes entirely acidified. These acids produce all the various forms of rheumatism. "Warner's SAFE CURE," acting upon the kidneys and liver, neutralizing the acid, and correcting their false action, cures many cases of rheumatism. "Warner's SAFE Rheumatic Cure," alternating with the use of "Warner's SAFE Cure," completes the work.

BLADDER DISORDERS: Gross, and other high medical authorities say that most of the bladder diseases originate with false

action of the kidneys, and urinary tract. Uric acid constantly coursing through these organs inflames, and eventually destroys the inner membrane, producing the intense suffering. Sometimes this kidney-acid solidifies in the kidneys in the form of Gravel, which, in its descent to the bladder, produces kidney colic. Sometimes uric acid solidifies in the bladder, producing calculus, or Stone. "Warner's SAFE Cure" has restored thousands of cases of inflammation and catarrh of the bladder, and has effectively corrected the tendency to the formation of gravel and stone. It challenges comparison with all other remedies in this work. Buy to-day,

"WARNER'S SAFE CURE"

CONGESTION: Congestion is a collecting together of blood in any one place. If there is loss of nervous action in any organ, the blood-vessels do not allow the blood to circulate, and it stagnates. If this condition exists very long, the collecting blood clots, and eventually destroys the organ. Many persons are unconscious victims of this very common condition. The heart, determined as it is to force blood into every part of the system, has to work harder to get it through the clogged organ, and eventually the Heart breaks down, and palpitation, excessive action, rush of blood to the head, distressing headaches, indicate that the Congestion has become chronic, and is doing damage to the entire system. Congestion of the kidneys is one of the commonest of complaints, and is the beginning of much chronic misery. "Warner's SAFE Cure" will remove it.

FEMALE COMPLAINTS: What we have said about particular force to the above complaints. They are as common as can be, and, as every doctor can tell you, most of them begin in this congestive condition of the system, which, not being regularly corrected, grows into disease, and produces these countless sufferings which can be alluded to, but not described in a public print. Thousands have been permanently cured.

BLOOD DISORDERS: It is not strange that so many people write us that since they have given themselves thorough treatment with

"Warner's SAFE Cure" their thick and turgid blood, their heavy, blotched, irritable skin, have disappeared under its potent influence. The kidney-poison in the blood thickens it. It is not readily purified in the lungs, and the result is the impurities come out of the surface of the body, and if there is any local disease all the badness in the blood seems to collect there. Our experience justifies us in the statement that "Warner's SAFE Cure" is "the greatest blood purifier known." The treatment must be very thorough.

STOMACH DISORDERS: Many people complain, more or less, throughout the year with stomach disorders. Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Water-brash, heat and distress in the stomach, sharp pains, frequent aches, want of appetite, lack of energy. Now, these are exactly the conditions that will be produced in the stomach when the blood is filled with kidney-poison. People dose themselves with all sorts of stomach reliefs, but get no better: They never will get better until they give their attention to a thorough reviving of kidney and liver action by the means of the only specific—"Warner's SAFE Cure."

CONSTIPATION, PILES: These distressing ailments, more common among one class than the other, are not original disorders, but are secondary to imperfect action of the kidneys and liver. The natural cathartic is bile, which is taken from the blood by the liver. If the liver fails, the bile is not forthcoming, and the person gets into a constipated habit. This, eventually followed by piles, is almost always an indication of congested liver, and a breaking-down of the system. Remove the congestion, revive the liver, and restore the kidneys by the use of "Warner's SAFE Cure," and these constitutional secondary diseases disappear.

HEADACHES: Many people suffer untold agonies all their lives with headache. They try every remedy in vain, for they have not struck the cause. With some temperaments, kidney-acid in the blood, in spite of all that can be done, will irritate and inflame the brain, and produce intense suffering. Those obstinate headaches which do not yield readily to local treatment may be regarded quite certainly as of kidney origin.

THESE ARE SCIENTIFIC FACTS, and, from the way we have set them forth, it will plainly be seen that the statement we make that "Warner's SAFE Cure" is the most effective remedy ever discovered for the greatest number of human diseases" is justified. It is not a remedy without a reputation. Its sales for the past year have been greater than ever, and the advertising thereof less than ever, showing incontestably that the merit of the medicine has given it a permanent place and value.

People have a dreadful fear of Bright's disease, but we can tell them from our experience that it is the ordinary kidney disease that produces no pain that is to-day the greatest enemy of the human race: great and all powerful, because, in nine cases out of ten, its presence is not suspected by either the physician or the victim! The prudent man who finds himself, year after year, troubled with little odd aches and ailments that perplex him, ought not to hesitate a moment as to the real cause of his disease. If he will give himself thorough constitutional treatment with "Warner's SAFE Cure" and "Warner's SAFE Pills," he will get a new lease of life, and justify in his own experience, as hundreds of thousands have done, that 93 per cent. of human diseases are really attributable to a deranged condition of the kidneys, and that they will disappear when those organs are restored to health.

ASK YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS WHAT THEY THINK OF

"WARNER'S SAFE CURE."

Pastor and People.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

"THE RELATION OF PRAYER TO THE MINISTER."

BY REV. JAMES C. QUINN, M.A., EMERSON, MAN.

Man of himself is wholly unable to do any thing acceptable to God. He has neither strength nor grace. He is destitute entirely of spiritual life, being "dead in trespasses and sins."

By faith in Jesus Christ, God imparts spiritual life to the soul of man. And by "continuing in the love of Jesus" the spiritual life is nourished and developed. Continuing in the love of Jesus implies the constant exercise of faith in Jesus and the diligent use of all the means of grace. Of all the means of grace at the command and within reach of the believer, the most important is prayer which draws down from God blessings innumerable, and suited to every want and circumstance of our life on earth. Well may the Lord tell us to "watch and pray, lest ye enter into temptation," and, again, "Pray without ceasing."

The duty of constant prayer is binding upon every individual believer. The position in which he is placed demands its constant exercise. He is surrounded by enemies. There is an enemy within, the evil and deceitful heart which gives constant trouble, trying to lead the soul back from the pursuit of heavenly realities to the weak and beggarly elements of this world. Then there is the devil, as a roaring lion, ever seeking the believer.

The believer cannot of himself resist the assaults of the devil, always on the alert. Jesus says, "Without Me, ye can do nothing." Hence, though the believer puts on the whole armour of God, yet he must pursue his journey through life "praying with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance."

While this is the duty of all believers, it is especially so in the case of every minister of the Gospel.

Responsibility is proportion to the station in life which men occupy. So also are duties and dangers. Now the minister of the Gospel holds the most honourable position that it is possible for man to fill, being, as he, is a worker together with God, an ambassador of Christ.

As this position carries with it corresponding responsibilities, duties and dangers, we see the necessity of the minister being a man much given to prayer. Herein, largely, lies his strength for service.

The minister of the Gospel is like the shepherd who is (in the East) held accountable to the owner of the sheep of which he has the charge; responsible to God for the souls committed to his care. He must needs have a regular supply of strength and grace from God to enable him to lead his people to the rich pastures of God's Word and by the still waters of Gospel ordinances. Yes, he must be much given to prayer. As prayer is the appointed means of receiving blessings from God, he must be instant in season and out of season, in prayer to God for blessings agreeable to God's will for Jesus' sake.

"John Welch, son-in-law of John Knox, was a man much given to prayer. His first settlement was at Selkirk. His custom was, when he went to bed at night, to lay a Scots plaid above his bedclothes, that when he sat up to his night prayers he might cover himself therewith; for from the beginning of his ministry to his death, he reckoned the day ill-spent if he stayed not seven or eight hours in prayer."

Oh, for more of this spirit and habit of prayer in these days! What power the Church would exercise over men!

In addition to the responsibility incident to the minister from his position, there is much danger from the envy of men, from the love of applause, and from other matters too numerous to specify here. The minister is exposed to the gaze of the men of the world as well as to that of believers.

Ministers are watched, observed more carefully, to see if there is any flaw in their character. Hence they must, of all men, walk circumspectly, that the cause of Christ be not dishonoured by any thing on their part.

Now, that the minister of the Gospel may be consistent in his life, consistent with the profession that he makes, he needs a constant supply of grace from God—grace both strengthening and restraining.

He needs a spirit of discrimination to enable him to rightly divide the bread of life—God's word, so as to give to each one that waits upon the ministrations of the sanctuary his due portion in season.

He must be a man of prayer, else his preaching cannot be with power and demonstration of the Spirit, else he cannot explain the Scriptures, which are able to make wise unto salvation.

Prayer is somewhat like Jacob's ladder, whose base was on earth and the top in heaven, on which angels descended and ascended. Prayer is that by which man's thoughts and aspirations ascend to God and by which God blesses man, the man of faith: "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."

Let us make this experience ours, from day to day, and God will bless our ministry to the salvation of sinners and the edification of His own people.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

O, Thou I who once on earth wast born,
When shepherds on the plain
Beheld the midnight turn to morn,
When wilt Thou come again?

Come to Thy world, astray and sad,
That groans with want and pain;
Come, make its desert places glad!
O, Christ, be born again!

Come to thy Church, whose weeds and woes
The sons of men disdain;
Thy face before thine altar show,
Our Master, come again!

Come to our darkness and our death,
Who hear Thy name in vain;
Breathe on these bones, thou heavenly breath!
Redeemer, come again!

Come to the few who seek their Lord,
Whose homesick hearts complain:
Renew their faith, Creative Word!
Immanuel, come again!

What gifts of good, what songs of cheer,
What wreaths to deck thy lane
Are worth Thy gracious presence here?
O, Saviour, come again!

Not to the manger and the cross,
To death and shame and pain,
To faithless friends, to grief and loss;
O, King, return to reign! —*Rose Terry Cooke.*

CHRISTIANITY AND THE COLLEGE.

All the older colleges were originally established in the interest of Christianity and the Church, the Church being conceived as providing for every interest and relation of human society. Within a few years, however, another theory has found many advocates and been embodied in a few colleges and universities.

This secular theory is briefly this: education of every grade, and pre-eminently of the highest, to be consummate, must be free from all alliances with religion. It must forswear any allegiance to the Christian creed and dispense with positive Christian influence. While it may accept the fruits of Christian civilization, so far as science and letters, art and culture, law and morality, have taken these into the general life, it will best do its appropriate work, and even best serve Christianity itself, if it leave all positive Christian teaching and training to the household and the Church.

I propose to defend the old theory on which the college stands as contrasting with the new theory. I must assume that Christianity is, as a history, supernatural in its import, of supreme importance to every individual man and the human race, and that Christ's life and death and advancing kingdom are to become more a manifested necessity and conspicuous power, till what seem the brilliant romances of prophecy shall become the sober facts of history. On the other hand, the man who half believes, or even surmises, that positive Christianity cannot stand before modern science and modern criticism must conclude that it ought to have very little prominence in that education which will very soon permit it to have no place in scientific belief. All who hold these views are thoroughly consistent in excluding Christianity from every college, and providing for its decorous retreat with appropriate honours.

Christian faith is the perfection of human reason, and therefore essential to the highest forms of human culture. No institution of higher education can obtain the highest ideal excellence in which the Christian faith is not exalted as supreme, its truth not asserted and defended and enforced with a fervent and devoted zeal, in which Christ is not honoured as the inspirer of man's best affections, the model of man's highest excellence, and the master of all human duties.—*Associate Reformed Presbyterian.*

A TONIC FOR THE TIRED.

Watch the faces that go by you on the crowded street, and just notice what a tired look many of them wear. If we could read all the hearts around us, we would find multitudes who are weary in spirit, and sometimes sigh for a pillow in the grave. Some are tired out with life's hard struggles, with bearing the heat and burden of the day. Others persist in piling up anxieties as high as an old-fashioned peddler's pack. They carry a huge load of care as to how they shall make both ends meet, and how they shall foot the bills that accumulate, and how they shall provide for all the hungry mouths and scanty wardrobes. One is tired from trying to do too much, and another of waiting for something to do. A grievous burden of spiritual despondency makes Brother Smallfaith's heart ache and puts an extra wrinkle in Sister Weak-

back's countenance. Here is a disciple who is tired of waiting for success, and there is another tired of waiting for answers to prayer.

Do you suppose that the dear Master does not see all these tired bodies and exhausted nerves and weary hearts? To those who are honestly run down with honest toil He says: "Come ye apart into a quiet place, and rest awhile." God puts a night of sleep after every day of work for this very purpose of recruiting lost force. To Christians with purple purses he kindly says: "Your life consisteth not in the abundance of things ye possess. I counsel thee to buy of Me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich. My grace is sufficient for thee; at My right hand are treasures for evermore." There is not really money enough in this land to give every body a fortune; but there are promises enough in the Bible and grace enough in Christ Jesus to make every body rich to all eternity. Just think what a millionaire a man is who has a clean conscience here and a clear hope of heaven hereafter. To poor Brother Smallfaith and sorrowful Mrs. Weakback He gives a wonderful lift in these words: "Lo! I am with you always. No man shall pluck you out of my hands. It is my Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom."—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

THIN ICE.

At this time of year our rivers and ponds are becoming coated with a thin covering which is very tempting to the adventurous small boy. He feels like an explorer when he sees how far out he can venture without getting in. The small boy has many brethren of a larger growth, who are continually making the same experiment. They do not mean actually to run into sin, but they like to see how far they can possibly go without breaking through into heinous sin. The young man playing with the wine cup, or, to be less figurative, sipping the beer mug, is one of this class. The young woman, going just as far as possible in a meaningless flirtation, is another. They feel like adventurous explorers, finding out the ways of the world, but, in reality, they are only venturing on very thin ice. In a subtler form this danger frequently attacks the intellect. There is a fascination for many a young man about sceptical inquiry and speculation. Such a one finds it pleasant to believe that he is beyond his conservative neighbours, and he lays the flattering unction to his soul that he is "in advance of his times," and that he is unappreciated because those around him cannot understand his position. It is worth while for this adventurous thinker to seriously inquire whether he really is an explorer of new domains of truth, or whether he is only rashly treading upon thin ice, which may give way at any time and plunge him into a muddy pool, whose shallowness has been measured a thousand times in the past.—*Golden Rule.*

TAKE THE CHILDREN TO CHURCH.

But "do they not have the Sunday school?" Yes; and a well-equipped and Christ-presenting Sunday school is the right arm of a Church. But a right arm is not the main body, and an arm severed from the body is a bloodless and impotent thing. All honour to the zealous, devoted Sunday school teacher! He or she is often an actual pastor or shepherd to guide to Jesus those who have no spiritual guidance at home. But the Sunday school never was ordained to be, and never can be, a substitute for the regular services of the sanctuary.

Bring your children with you to church, dear friends. It is their nestling place as well as yours. Are you quite certain as to what your young swallows and sparrows may be about, while you are sitting in your pews?

How do they spend the Lord's day at home? If you commit the sin of beginning the day with your Sunday newspaper, you may be quite sure that the boys and girls will be deep in the police reports and fashion gossip and wretched scandals of those Sabbath breakers, while you are listening to the sermon.

Then keep the secular desecrators of holy time out of your doors, and take all your "bairns" with you to the place where their young hearts may be led heavenward. Expect their early conversion to Christ.—*Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

THE Marquis Tseng, late Chinese Ambassador, in a letter to the Society for the Suppression of the Opium Trade, says that it is due to the labours of the society that he was enabled to conclude between the British and his own Government the present negotiations, whereby the first important step is taken toward checking the use and abuse of opium.

IT was on Christmas Day, 1786, the *Christian Leader* reminds us, that Dr. Coke and his three companions landed at Antigua to start missionary work in the West Indies; and by a remarkable coincidence it was in the same year—that is, exactly a hundred years ago—that Charles Grant, one of the founders of the Church Missionary Society, and William Carey first formally propounded their views on missions.

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Amount of Reserve Fund, of which \$250,000 is invested in U. S. Bonds	\$800,000
Deposited with the Insurance Departments of New York and Canada.....	\$250,000
Deposited with the Bank of England	\$100,000
Assets, July 1, 1886	\$1,546,330
Average New Business Daily	\$250,000
Surplus to Members	\$1,061,430.03
Losses Paid.....	\$2,734,250
Total Business Written since date of Organization	\$204,125,500

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AGE.	\$	c.	AGE.	\$	c.	AGE.	\$	c.	AGE.	\$	c.	AGE.	\$	c.	AGE.	\$	c.						
25	10	76	34	11	77	43	14	03	52	20	53	25	19	89	34	25	56	43	35	05	52	51	75
26	10	84	35	11	93	44	14	44	53	21	79	26	20	40	35	26	38	44	36	46	53	54	31
27	10	93	36	12	12	45	14	89	54	23	20	27	20	93	36	27	25	45	37	97	54	57	02
28	11	03	37	12	32	46	15	43	55	24	76	28	21	48	37	28	17	46	39	58	55	59	91
29	11	13	38	12	55	47	16	00	56	25	52	29	22	07	38	29	15	47	41	30	56	63	00
30	11	24	39	12	79	48	16	68	57	28	45	30	22	70	39	30	19	48	43	13	57	66	29
31	11	35	40	13	07	49	17	48	58	30	59	31	23	35	40	31	30	49	45	09	58	69	82
32	11	48	41	13	33	50	18	37	59	32	96	32	24	05	41	32	47	50	47	18	59	73	60
33	11	63	42	13	67	51	19	39	60	35	60	33	24	78	42	33	72	51	49	40	60	77	63

On the first week days of February, April, June, August, October and December, members will be called upon for such portion of the above maximum annual cost as will equal the approved Death Claims, and provide 25 per cent. for the Reserve Fund.

All Profits from Interest, Lapses, etc., are applied to the reduction of Assessments, from which it is estimated by eminent actuaries that future Assessments after 15 years will in a great measure, if not wholly, be provided for. Active and reliable Agents wanted. Address

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Our big sale of Dress Goods which commenced December 6th, is drawing immense crowds of Buyers. The very low prices at which we are selling stylish New Materials has completely paralyzed the bankrupt stock trade in the city.

LADIES---

You can buy at our stores stylish New Materials in all the leading colours at 8 cents, 10 cents, 12½ cents, 15 cents, 20 cents, and 25 cents per yard, worth from 15 to 40 cents, and that the public are convinced of the great bargains our sales yesterday in this department is a substantial evidence.

LADIES---

We would again call your attention to our CLEARING SALE OF SILKS, which is still going on. Our stock is gradually becoming smaller, and we are already sold out of several lines, and as the prices of SILKS in the French and English Markets have advanced over forty per cent. during the last three months, ladies should take advantage of the present opportunity to make their purchases.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1886.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

ATTENTION is directed to the combination offers made in another column. THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN and *Weekly Globe* for \$2.00; THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN and the *Rural Canadian* for \$2.00, and THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN and Dr. Gregg's "History of the Presbyterian Church in Canada," for \$4.00. These combinations will prove most advantageous to our readers; and that such is being generally recognized is evidenced by the large number of new subscriptions and renewals daily received at this office. Might we respectfully request our readers to draw the attention of their friends to these offers?

ON another page of this issue we print a list of BOOK PREMIUMS which ought to prove gratifying reading to present and prospective subscribers. We shall be pleased to send any subscriber, remitting \$2.00, THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN during the year 1887, and his choice of a book from the list thus printed.

OUR SABBATH SCHOOL PAPERS for 1887 will be unusually attractive to young people. Already arrangements are perfected for illustrations for the coming year. Why send your money abroad when you can do better at home? Our publications comprise the following: SABBATH SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN, GOLDEN HOURS, EARLY DAYS. The latter is published twice a month, and is intended for the infant class. Specimen copies free to any address.

LESSON SCHEMES, especially prepared for Presbyterian schools, now ready for mailing, 60 cents per 100 copies.

"A LITTLE Girl, whose father is a Subscriber," makes a request for the reappearance of "Our Young Folks" Department. For her information, and that of many others, we state that after this, however we may be pressed for room, our young readers shall not be deprived of their portion.

IN our notice of the New Glasgow Centennial, in last issue, we unaccountably omitted to say that a note from Principal Grant, of Kingston, was read, in reply to the invitation of the managing committee, excusing his absence on account of engagements nearer home, and making kindly mention of his relations in earlier days with the second pastor—Dr. Roy. We notice also that our types give Mr. Chairman Underwood the title "Rev.," which he will scarcely yet be prepared to accept. "Marking" for "making"—end of first paragraph.

OUR neighbour, the *Christian Guardian*, gives a list of the Methodists that are seeking parliamentary honours at the present elections, and expresses its pleasure at seeing so many "Methodists coming more largely to the front in political life." If the Premier and Minister of Education were Methodists, the *Guardian* would not make common cause with some of the worst political elements in the country—elements repudiated by both political parties—to drive them from power by misrepresentation and falsehood. That is not the kind of "spiritually-minded" Christian the *Guardian* is.

A FEW weeks ago we told our readers that the *Herald and Presbyter*, of Cincinnati, and the *Interior*, of Chicago, were preparing for a pitched battle on

the functions of the elder. After some good-natured skirmishing about the terms in which the disputed points should be stated, three propositions were agreed upon. The first is thus stated:

I. Ruling elders and ministers are not of the same Scriptural order, though they have some functions in common. On this proposition, each of the elders—for remember both editors are elders—has been heard once. The Cincinnati elder led off, and the Chicago elder met him in fine style. Both articles are good. They are written in that fine, clear, crisp style that first-class American press writers always adopt. We notice that some of our contemporaries are hunting that the disputants can say nothing new on the subject. New to whom? Perhaps nothing new to a few men who may have examined the subject critically, but there is always a generation growing up who have not had time to examine any subject critically. The discussion will certainly be new to them. Any subject is new to the young man who examines it for the first time, and every young man must examine every subject for the first time, if he examines it at all.

FEW people outside of the business have the slightest idea of what it costs to establish a first-class religious newspaper. One hundred and nine thousand dollars were expended on the *Advance*, of Chicago, the Western organ of Congregationalism. One hundred thousand dollars were expended on the *Herald and Presbyter*, of Cincinnati, and a little over that sum, we understand, was needed to establish the *Interior*. These large sums, be it remembered, were over and above the amounts expended for labour. While it is true that nobody knows, as a general thing, what it costs to run his neighbour's business, it is specially true that no one outside the business knows what it costs to establish and maintain a good newspaper. A hundred thousand dollars is a nice little sum even in Chicago; in Canada we consider a man fairly rich if he has that amount laid safely away. It is more difficult to establish a good religious paper here than in the West. Our population is more limited. Our people are, perhaps, more careful of their money. The field over which a Canadian paper can circulate is not so wide. The amounts paid for advertising are not so high. Of course there are people who talk as if they could start two or three first-class papers every morning. They belong to the same class as the Methodist preacher who said he prepared seventeen sermons one morning before breakfast.

REVIEWING a volume of illustrative anecdotes, the *New York Evangelist* says:

The craze some preachers have for story-telling in the pulpit is exasperating to their hearers. Moderation is needed in this habit.

This craze may be exasperating on the other side of the lines, but, except in very rare instances, it does not exasperate any body in Canada. If allowed to express an opinion, we should say that the want of illustrations spoils the effect of sermons here more frequently than a superabundance of them. A good illustration, whether in the form of an anecdote or any other form, if it throws a flood of light upon a point, is often the best thing in a sermon. It is the one thing that every body listens to, and the one thing that the children are sure to remember. The kind of sermon that nobody listens to, with pleasure and nobody remembers, is a sermon made up of assertory sentences, written or spoken on the same rhetorical plane: no rise, no fall, no climax, no increase of force, no change of any kind, from the first word in the introduction to the final and ever welcome amen. The sentences march past like soldiers in single file, stiff as possible and exactly alike. Two or three good illustrations that give point to truth and drive it home may save a sermon from utter uselessness. Of course we say nothing in favour of a lot of anecdotes strung together like beads, with nothing connecting them but the string. That is not a sermon at all.

SPEAKING of the Canadian press the other day, Mr. Blake said:

I have more than once in Parliament, and elsewhere, expressed my regret at the violence sometimes shown by Canadian journals on both sides of politics, and I regret it now. I wish it could be moderated; that rests largely with their readers. But I do not propose to take on myself the office of censor, or to pass judgment.

Mr. Blake is far too modest. He should have spoken up like a little man, and said that Canadian journal-

ists make their bread and butter by lying. But Mr. Blake's modesty is easily accounted for. The honourable gentleman is painfully conscious of his lack of intellectual ability, and that keeps him humble. Were he a refined, polished, eloquent, highly-cultivated, intellectual giant, like some of his fellow-citizens, he would, no doubt, elect himself to the office of censor at once. And then, too, Mr. Blake may have a lingering suspicion that he himself is fallible and not entirely faultless, and, being fallible, he ought to be careful about electing himself censor. Were he as certain of his infallibility and impeccability as some of his neighbours, he might take upon himself the office of censor, and pass judgment to the effect that journalists use language that is uncharitable, if not unchristian. Mr. Blake may have some fear that he uses language of that kind himself at times, and therefore he is modest. Being a mere layman and a politician, he never rises to that sublime height from which he can condemn others for doing what he does every day himself. Mere laymen, especially lawyers, never get up on that sublime height.

DON'T quarrel with your neighbour over this election. Above all things, don't quarrel with him at the bidding of some miscreant who may be earning a dirty dollar by stirring up strife among neighbours. A man morally fit to take part in the politics of a civilized country will never wantonly throw firebrands among neighbours, and try to reproduce the bloody scenes of Belfast. Morally, there is no difference between the anarchist who makes war against capital with dynamite and the man who uses the Bible to make Protestants and Catholics take each other by the throats. In fact, the Ontario anarchist is the worst of the two, for he adds a thin veneer of hypocrisy to his crime. As Mr. Meredith would say, he is an enemy to his country and to his God. The infamous work of kindling religious strife is always easily done in a mixed community like ours. An idiot with a torch can burn down Toronto quite as easily as a sensible man. In fact, an idiot is much more likely to burn the city than a sensible man would be. The most abandoned political profligate that ever wagged his lying tongue or drew a venal pen can stir up the most deadly sectarian strife as quickly as the ablest man in the country. Therefore, we say to every reader, "Beware of the tramp who tries to kindle strife among neighbours." The tramp will go back to his lair on the 29th, but the neighbours remain and must be met every day. Many of them are good neighbours who have helped many a time in the past thirty or forty years. More's the shame to quarrel with them at the bidding of any scamp who may be earning a few dollars a day by stirring up the worst passions of human nature.

MR. BLAKE ON TEMPERANCE.

IN the course of a speech at Aylmer last week the Hon. Edward Blake took occasion to define his position on the Temperance Question. This he did in his usual lucid and comprehensive manner of dealing with all subjects he feels called upon to discuss. Intellectually and morally he is too great a man to trifle with his audiences and the mind of the country by dealing superficially with a matter so profoundly interesting to the people generally. He looks at a subject all round, and when the time comes for the utterance of his deep and earnest convictions he defines his attitude in language so unmistakably clear and appropriate that, whether men agree with him or not, they cannot mistake his meaning.

Mr. Blake does not consider that at present prohibition is within the range of immediate practical political action; that is, in the sense that it should be made a party question. The reason assigned is that the promotion of the temperance cause would be seriously hindered by such a course. This will receive the assent of all intelligent and thoughtful temperance men in the ranks of either of the two great parties. The position he takes will generally be regarded as sound and sensible. It is considered by many that it would be the reverse of wisdom to put a law on the Statute Book that the public conscience did not sustain. There are sanguine temperance reformers who maintain that the country is ready for prohibition now. They may be regarded as perfectly sincere when they declare their conviction that the people are prepared for so advanced a measure,

but others than latitudinarians and pessimists are not inclined to take such a roseate view of the case. The experience derived from the operation of the Scott Act is not sufficient to establish the contention that public opinion is ripe for the adoption of a complete prohibitory measure. Candour compels the admission that it has not in every case fulfilled the expectation of its friends. This is no argument for the discontinuance of the Act, or its lax enforcement, but affords additional reason for its strict observance wherever it is in force, and the result cannot be doubtful. On every hand it is conceded that where the Act has fair play the results are most gratifying, and the experience thus gained will operate most favourably on the increase and strengthening of opinion in favour of progressive temperance legislation. The cause is endangered by being prematurely forced. It does not gain, but lose, by being urged forward by leaps and bounds. It is the steady massive tread of the battalions that march forward to victory, not the spurts, however brilliant, of irregular skirmishers, that achieve great conquests. Because Mr. Blake sees this clearly, he gives his opinion in clear and manly tones, without hedging and without regard as to how it may affect his position politically. He obviously subordinates party success to moral progress and the sacredness of conviction. Those who think for themselves on these questions will not be disposed to depreciate Mr. Blake on this account.

The opinions expressed by Mr. Blake at the Aylmer meeting will have much weight because of the personal statement by which they were accompanied. He cannot be suspected of insincerity in holding the opinions to which he gave expression. With him temperance principles are not of a recent adoption, but the result of irresistible conviction from what he had observed of the evil effects of the drink habit, which appeal with force to every honest mind. Himself a personal abstainer of many years' standing, a firm believer in prohibition, his words can lend no countenance to unworthy insinuations, nor can they in any way tend to weaken the force of the temperance movement. It may be that extremists, who confine their mental vision to a few minute points, may feel annoyed at Mr. Blake's frankness; but the intelligence and moral worth of the country will heartily endorse the stand which he, as one of the ablest exponents of Canadian public opinion, has taken in relation to the temperance reformation.

Most thoroughly do his remarks on the propriety of upholding the Scott Act commend themselves to reason and common sense, and instead of his deliverance on the subject of temperance being a hindrance to the cause, it obviously supplies a fresh incentive to every sincere well-wisher to the cause of moral progress to labour more diligently than ever by personal example and intelligent effort in the moulding of public opinion in favour of one of the greatest moral movements of our time.

MANITOBA COLLEGE.

READERS of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN must be impressed by the fact that Manitoba College, is an indispensable institution if Presbyterianism is to hold its proper place in the Prairie Province and accomplish the important work in the maintenance and extension of Gospel truth, for which it is designed. Under the indefatigable efforts of Principal King and his able coadjutors, it is rising every year in importance and usefulness. There is no room for misgiving. Whatever financial support it receives from the Church is faithfully and conscientiously applied. The collection this year should be more general and be more liberal than it has ever yet been. The following circular has been issued:

Permit me to call your attention to the collection on behalf of Manitoba College, appointed by the General Assembly, to be taken up on the third Sabbath of December. The collection is designed to meet the salaries of Professors Bryce and Hart (both of them appointed previous to the union), together with the expenditure arising from interest on debt, insurance, maintenance, etc. The salary of the Principal is not a charge on this collection, being wholly payable by the members of the Church resident in Manitoba and the North-West Territories. The college is attended at this date by seventy students. Thirteen are in the theological department, of whom five are expected to complete their studies for the ministry next April. Forty are either students of Manitoba University, or are expected to matriculate next Spring. The remainder are in the preparatory department. It will be seen that the

number of students in attendance is considerably in advance of that of the last or any previous year.

Several congregations have, for some years, made liberal appropriations on behalf of the college, instead of taking up a collection. The board cherishes the hope that these congregations will continue to display the same generosity during the present year. In other cases it trusts that an opportunity will be given on the day appointed, or on some occasion more convenient, for the people to contribute for this important object.

Issuing this appeal in the name and on behalf of the Board of Manitoba College, I remain yours faithfully,
Winnipeg, November 17, 1886. JOHN M. KING.

Books and Magazines.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE JOURNAL. (Kingston: British Whig Printing House.)—It gives us pleasure to welcome once more the re-appearance of this bright, breezy and sparkling academic monthly. Mechanically, also, it presents a fine appearance.

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE. (Toronto: William Briggs.)—The first thing that attracts attention in the December issue of this excellent magazine is the handsome and appropriate new design for the cover, which now makes its appearance. The contents are varied, interesting, instructive and substantial, while the engravings are numerous and good.

THE CANADA EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY. (Toronto: Canada Educational Monthly Publishing Co.)—The address delivered by Mr. N. F. Dupuis, M.A., F.R.C.S., at the Annual Convocation of Queen's University, in which various educational problems are discussed is the opening paper of the December number. In addition there are excellent papers and much valuable information for teachers and all interested in educational work.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: William Briggs.)—In the December issue of this most useful monthly there are a number of valuable papers on important and timely topics by some of the representative theologians of the day. Drs. Gregory, John Hall, John A. Brodus, Philip Schaff, J. Spencer Kennard, S. H. Kellogg, of this city and Arthur T. Pierson, are among the contributors. The Sermonic Section is specially rich this month, and the other departments are fully up to the most exacting expectation.

WE have received from Messrs. Hart & Co., publishers, Toronto, a copy of their elegantly bound Presbyterian Hymnal and Psalm Book, in combination slip. For holiday and other presentation, nothing more appropriate and useful could well be devised. They are got up in many new and attractive styles, consisting of the hymnal and psalm book in one volume, hymnal and psalm book in separate volumes, hymnal and psalm book in combination "slip" sets in two volumes. Hymnal and psalm book in handsome "drop" cases, two volumes; also Bible, hymnal and psalm book in combination "slip" set in two and three volumes. All these are done up in selected leathers of French morocco, seal grain morocco, and fine calf. The books are handsomely bound, edges gilt, red under gold, round corners. The hymnal is printed on special paper from the new plates lately made. The whole series is as finely got up, and presents as creditable an appearance as any line of hymn books issued.

RECEIVED:—TREASURE TROVE and Pupils' Companion (New York: Treasure-Trove Publishing Co.); MIND IN NATURE, a popular journal of psychical, medical and scientific information (Chicago: The Cosmic Publishing Co.); PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE JOURNAL (Montreal: John Lowell & Son.); WORDS AND WEAPONS FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS, edited by Rev. Geo. Pentecost, D.D. (New York: Jos. H. Richards); DORCAS, a magazine of woman's handiwork (New York: Dorcas Publishing Co.); GRIP'S COMIC ALMANAC FOR 1887 (Toronto: Grip Printing and Publishing Co.); THE RAILWAY SIGNAL, for the promotion of the mental, moral, social and religious welfare of railway men (Toronto: W. E. Burford); THE CONVERTED CATHOLIC (New York: James A. O'Connor); THE SIDEREAL MESSENGER, a monthly review of astronomy (Northfield, Minnesota: William W. Payne); THE SANITARIAN (New York: 113 Fulton Street); POCKET LESSONS FOR SUNDAY SCHOOLS; being the full text of the International Lessons for 1887—Scripture only, with maps, memory verses and golden texts (Chicago: H. R. Clissold).

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

SYRIA'S LOSS—WHAT IS WANTED.

The following letter, dated Beirut, October 10th, 1886, was written by Dr. Jessup to his son, of Trenton, N. J.:

During the past week we have been called, as a mission, to pass through the deep waters of affliction. The Rev. Gerald F. Dale, of Zahleh, was stricken down suddenly by a malignant disease, and before any of the family were aware, he was in a dying condition.

Mrs. Dale's parents, President and Mrs. Bliss, of Beirut, were both there, and Dr. Post was summoned by telegraph, but too late to do aught for his relief.

Dr. Post thinks that he must have been stung by some fly, bearing poisonous matter, which at once poisoned his blood.

Our friends in Princeton, where he was educated, will hear this news with deep sorrow. Mr. Dale has been fourteen years in Syria, and he was in all respects a model missionary, a perfect gentleman, courteous in his bearing to all, a fine preacher, a devout and prayerful Christian, an able manager of missionary work and enterprise, kind and gentle to the poor, the stupid and ignorant, yet firm and unflinching in protecting the persecuted from tyranny and oppression. Never seeming to be weary, instant in season and out of season, most zealous and active, wise and generous, his only fault was in not sparing himself, and thus overtaxing his strength.

His death leaves a wide gap in our ranks. He went down with his armour on, with work all around him, and his colleague, Mr. Greenlee, taxed equally with himself. The sudden summons to Mr. Dale—he preached twice on Sabbath and died on Tuesday night—is so startling to us that we are hardly able to grasp it. We certainly cannot understand it. But one thing is plain, his work is done, and there is a call for some one else to take it up. May the Lord pour upon your seminary (Princeton), this year, a spirit of personal consecration which shall make every man willing to consider this great question—I mean by this, willing to lay it before the Lord in prayer,—and give the call to preach the Gospel to the heathen a fair hearing in the immediate presence of Christ Himself, who gave us the command.

JAPAN.

What would have been thought of Joshua and the Jews if, when the walls of Jericho had fallen flat before them, they had still faltered and whiffled, and finally sent a dozen men against the city? That seems about what we are doing in Japan. The walls of prejudice and exclusion, that had stood for ages insurmountable, have been levelled with the dust. Massachusetts or Illinois is not freer to the Gospel than Japan. A people of wonderful vigour and enterprise is eager for the truth. And Christendom has sent one missionary for every score or two that are demanded.

The now-or-never motto is the motto for Japan. China or Africa, or Turkey even, is, in good measure, a ship aground. There is need of work in each region no doubt. The present generation must be saved. But the nation, as such, may be reached ten years hence. Japan, on the other hand, is a ship already afloat, and with all sails set and a gale to fill them, driving toward the rocks. Buddhism and Shintoism are dying out. The nation feels the throb of the nineteenth century in its veins. It can no more return to the old faith than a young eagle to the egg. The whole population is seething in the ferment of a new intellectual life. Herbert Spencer and Huxley among the upper classes, Ingersoll among the lower, are spreading spiritual desolation like a prairie fire. The native press is flowering out in a perfect spring-time of literature of its own. More than 300 newspapers, many of them pictorial, are eagerly conned by hundreds of thousands of readers. But they are, in the main, unutterably, almost inconceivably, vile. A chaos of scepticism, a pandemonium of iniquity, is the future on which Japan is rushing unless saved by our Gospel.

And the nation must be saved not for itself alone. Japan stands unconverted at the gate of China. Unaware she is waiting, as we believe, to carry the glad tidings into the Flowery Kingdom with its 400,000,000 souls.—*The Advance.*

Choice Literature.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

BY FLORENCE MONTCOMERY.

CHAPTER VII.

The next day was Sunday, and a hopelessly wet one. Humphrey and Miles made great friends with their father's guests at breakfast—the former giving them the whole account of the aborigines' dinner party, and the birthday present.

As soon as breakfast was over, Sir Everard and one of his friends went into the library to look for a book they had been talking about, and the two little boys were left with the other gentleman.

Presently Virginie looked in. "M. Humphrey! M. Miles!"

Little Miles jumped up, and went to the door; but Humphrey took no notice.

"Je vous attends, M. Humphrey."
"I'm not coming," said Humphrey. "I'm going to stay and amuse this gentleman."

"Je reviendrai bientôt," said Virginie, and she went away with Miles.

"Is your nurse French?" enquired Colonel Sturt.

"Yes—she's French."

"Then why do you speak to her in English?"

"I never speak French on Sunday," answered Humphrey; "I don't think it's right."

"Not right! Why not?"

"Lessons are wrong on Sunday; and French is a sort of lessons—so French must be wrong too."

"Humphrey," said little Miles, running in; "Virginie says you must come, or you'll be late for chairs."

"What does he mean?" asked Colonel Sturt.

"He means prayers," answered Humphrey; "he always calls them 'chairs,' because he only sees the long rows before we begin, as he's too young to stay. I suppose, as it's so wet, we are not going to church."

"Oh, that's it—is it? Well I'm inclined to think you ought to go then, Humpty-Dumpty, or whatever it is he calls you."

The little boys thought this a capital joke.

"Why, Humpty-Dumpty was the man who sat on the wall!"

"Yes, and he had a great fall—which is just what you'll do in a minute," said the Colonel to Humphrey, who had climbed up the back of his chair, and was sitting astride on the top.

"Humpty-Dumpty was an egg," said Humphrey. "I don't break so easily. Come along, Miles," and he jumped down and ran off, followed by his brother, both singing:

"Humpty-Dumpty sat on a wall,
Humpty-Dumpty had a great fall."

The echoes of their merry voices died away as they ran upstairs, and the concluding words were not distinguishable.

Five minutes after, the gong sounded, and the servants filed into the library.

Humphrey was in his place by his father, Mr. Wemyss seated near, and every thing was ready. But Colonel Sturt had not appeared. Humphrey looked up anxiously at every sound.

Sir Everard concluded that he did not mean to come, so he opened his book, and signed to one of the servants to shut the door. Humphrey's restless eyes followed his friend William's movements as he rose to obey. The next moment he was convulsed with laughter, and could scarcely restrain himself.

No one else seemed to see any thing amusing, Sir Everard began to read with his usual gravity; but Humphrey, though he got better as the service proceeded, did not dare to glance toward the servants' end of the room, and had to keep his eyes on the prayer-book, for fear they would be tempted to stray in that direction. What was it that had tickled the boy's fancy?

Only that just as William was closing the door, the missing gentleman had slipped quietly in and unconsciously seated himself in the footman's vacant place at the end of the long line of servants, where he remained during the rest of the service.

The sight of him there, combined with the expression of William's face at finding his place occupied, had at first completely upset Humphrey; but after a time, the veneration for solemn things, which was so prominent a feature in his character, came to his help, and he became engrossed in his responses.

The afternoon proving as wet as the morning, Sir Everard, for want of some thing better to do, showed his friends over the house. He had a few good pictures, and the ceiling of one of the upper rooms was curiously painted; otherwise there was not much to see.

Wandering about a thinly-inhabited house on a wet day is always rather depressing, and it would have been a melancholy business, but for the children. But Humphrey and Miles chased each other along the passages, and made the unoccupied rooms ring with their merry voices. They were very anxious to do the honours of their own apartments, when, in due course, the nurseries were reached.

"This is my bed," proclaimed Humphrey, and "Here is my bath," announced Miles.

"But what's this?" said Colonel Sturt, taking up an embroidered cigar-case that lay upon the table.

A shriek was the only answer.

Colonel Sturt nearly dropped the cigar-case in his consternation; Sir Everard turned hastily round; and Humphrey, snatching it up, rushed out of the room.

"What is the matter?" asked Sir Everard.

"It was the birthday present!" said little Miles in an awe-struck whisper.

Sir Everard followed Humphrey to assure him he had not seen any thing; which made matters rather worse, as he found him in the act of hiding it in Virginie's band-box,

under her best Sunday bonnet. With some difficulty he reassured the boy, and brought him back.

"It was a neat thing, though," observed Humphrey, with a sigh of relief.

Colonel Sturt was now almost afraid to remark on any thing else; but a shilling concealed in a tooth-glass attracted his attention.

"Oh, that's my money," exclaimed Humphrey, "that I am saving to buy old Dyson an ear-trumpet with. It was the only safe place I could find to keep it in."

"How much will it cost?" asked the Colonel.

"Seventeen shillings, I believe."

"And how much have you got?"

"Well only that yet," answered the boy, pointing to the solitary shilling; "but then, you know, I only began yesterday."

Colonel Sturt asked a good many questions about old Dyson, and then took a half-sovereign from his pocket, and dropped it into the tooth-glass. "That's my contribution," said he.

Humphrey was too much excited by this unexpected munificence to make civil speeches; but this unfeigned surprise and delight were worth all the thanks in the world. He ran after his father to exhibit his treasure, and returned breathless.

"Only think!" he said to Colonel Sturt, "that other gentleman has given me six shillings; so now I can buy the trumpet directly, and I thought it would be weeks and weeks before I got it!"

The children were then summoned to their tea, and told to wish the gentlemen "good-night" as they were not to come down to dinner.

But Humphrey first extorted a promise from Colonel Sturt, that he would go to the ear-trumpet shop the next day, the very minute he arrived in London, and have it sent off directly.

Sir Everard had nearly finished dressing that evening, when the door was thrown open, and both boys rushed into the room.

"There, take it, father," said Humphrey, holding out the cigar-case—"that's for you. That's your birthday present—the grand secret! It's no use our trying to keep it any longer, because we can't!"

"Are you surprised, Fardie," asked little Miles, clapping his hands, and Humphrey eagerly repeated the question.

Sir Everard could, with all truth, assure the children that he had never been so surprised in all his life; for, as he did not smoke, certainly the very last present he would have expected was a cigar-case.

But his pleasure and gratitude were so well feigned, that the children went to bed highly delighted with the success of their birthday present.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Good-bye, Humpty-Dumpty! The trumpet shall be at the station at five o'clock this afternoon without fail."

So spoke Colonel Sturt, as Sir Everard drove his two friends from the door the next morning.

Humphrey waved his hat in answer, and flew off to make arrangements with Virginie for going to the station to meet it: He had his father's leave for himself and Miles to go there with the coachman, and to be dropped afterward at old Dyson's, where Virginie was to meet them and bring them home.

Nothing could be more perfect! At about half-past four the dog-cart drove up to the door, and off they went, followed by many parting injunctions from Virginie as to getting in and out carefully, and sitting very still.

The trumpet was waiting at the station, and was safely delivered into their eager hands.

On the way to old Dyson's, Humphrey opened the parcel, and displayed the ear-trumpet to Miles.

Never had they seen so curious an article! It was composed of three tubes, each fitting into the next, and it lengthened or shortened at will.

Humphrey got very impatient to arrive, and tried to persuade the coachman to whip up the horse into a gallop; but steady old Peter did not see it at all.

Humphrey then amused himself by lengthening out the tubes, and trumpeting loudly through them; causing the horse to start so violently, that little Miles was almost pitched out. Then, in shutting it up again, he dropped it into the road, and they had to wait while he got out and picked it up.

All this causing a delay, Peter was told on arriving at the cottage, that Virginie had been there, but that, on finding she was too soon, she had walked on to the village, and was to call again in a few minutes.

This information was gathered from a woman who was standing at the gate, and who assisted the children to alight.

Then, having deposited them safely, Peter drove off; and Humphrey, brandishing his trumpet, rushed down the little garden, and beat a thundering tattoo on old Dyson's door.

But, loud as it was, it did not make any impression on the deaf old man, who was sitting in his arm-chair, indulging in an afternoon nap.

One minute Humphrey waited, and then his patience gave way. He raised the latch, and the two children entered the cottage.

"He's asleep," whispered Miles.

"You must go and give him a little shake," said Humphrey.

Miles advanced timidly. He didn't much like the job, but disobedience to Humphrey was a thing he never dreamt of.

Humphrey hid the trumpet behind him, and waited eagerly.

Miles' gentle shake produced no effect at all; Dyson only smiled pleasantly in his sleep.

"Shake his hand," said Humphrey.

Miles looked doubtfully at the horny hand lying on the arm of the chair, and flushed a little as he put his tiny fingers upon it. But the old man did not move.

"Harder," cried Humphrey,

Miles exerted himself to the utmost, and succeeded better, for the old man turned over to one side of his chair, and lifted his head a little.

Miles retreated a few steps. But it was a false alarm, for old Dyson's head fell forward again.

"You must jump on his knee, Miles."

The pretty little face lengthened considerably.

"Oh, Humphrey! must I really?"

"Why not?"

"Don't much like it, Humphrey."

"What I afraid of poor old Dyson! Never mind, I'll do it."

And, putting the trumpet on the floor, Humphrey sprang upon the old man, and shook him so vigorously that he woke in a fright; but when he saw his little visitors, he sat down again with a smile, saying, "Aye, aye, Mamselle said I was to expect you; and how are ye to-day, my pretty dears?"

"Quite well, thank you," said Miles, drawing nearer.

Dyson put his hand behind his ear: "I don't hear what you say," he said, rather sadly: "I am an old man, and I'm getting deafer every day."

Humphrey chuckled with delight, and Miles looked up smiling.

"He'll hear, soon, won't he, Humphrey?"

"Dyson!" shouted Humphrey, backing a few steps and beckoning, "come here."

The unsuspecting old man rose and advanced. The boy was watching his opportunity, and directly he was near enough Humphrey snatched up the trumpet, and putting it up, shouted such a "How are you?" into the old man's ear, that the shock caused Dyson to bound into the air, and then fall backward with such force, that if he had not providentially fallen into his chair, he might never have survived to tell the tale. And there he remained, sputtering and panting, shaking his head about, as if he felt he would never get rid of the vibration.

The two little boys stood aghast. As good luck would have it, the woman who had met them at the gate was of an inquisitive disposition; and, wondering what was going on in the cottage, she had for some time been peeping in at the window.

She understood at once the position of affairs, and came hastily in.

Raising the old man from his chair, she explained to him what had happened. It was some minutes before he understood, for he was bewildered and alarmed; but he took it in at last, and the children had the satisfaction of receiving his thanks, and assurances, that he was by no means ungrateful for their present.

Then the woman spoke gently to him through the trumpet, and his look of pleasure at hearing so clearly, and his "Well! to be sure!" was a great delight to the two little boys.

When Dyson had got accustomed to the sound, he declared himself willing for Humphrey to try again, but the woman suggested that Miles' voice was the softer, to which Humphrey agreed.

Miles took up the trumpet, and his gentle "I'm so sorry Humphrey made you jump," was whispered so quietly, that Dyson only just caught the sound.

Then the old man held it out to Humphrey, who, not expecting it, had not got anything to say. So no sooner had he put his lips to it than he went off into such fits of laughter, that Dyson hastily removed the trumpet, and began to rub his ear, "Aye, but it does tickle so." This made Humphrey laugh more, and the woman advised his abandoning the attempt for that day.

By this time, however, Dyson had got so pleased with his new accomplishment, that he declared it his intention to go and pay some visits in the village, saying it was several years since he had had a good chat with his neighbours.

But they all went, the old man hurrying on at a great rate, so eager was he to show off his newly-recovered powers.

The first person they met was Virginie, and Dyson said he must have a word with "Mamselle."

Humphrey was in an excited state, ready for anything; so while Virginie was talking, he called Miles, and told him he thought it would be a capital evening for the pond where the water-lilies grew. There was a stile at the side of the road, which he knew to be a short cut to the pond, and he had no doubt they would be able to find their way.

No recollection of his promise to his father troubled his conscience; and as they were not going to climb the tree, even Virginie could not object!

So he helped his little brother over the stile, and then they both ran with all their might.

Meanwhile Virginie, talking affably through the trumpet, in the high road, did not notice that they had disappeared.

(To be continued.)

THE EIGHT-HOUR WORKING DAY.

The following is from a Topic in the *December Century*:

"Every indication points us to the belief that such a further reduction in hours of labour, even below the eight-hour limit, is not only possible, but exceedingly probable, if it is allowed to come naturally, not artificially; that the progress of art and science is rapidly tending, where it is unchecked, to make less labour necessary for man's subsistence. Nothing could be so certain to check or destroy this tendency as an organized effort by labour to gain a forced, artificial and unfair advantage over its employers. When hours of labour are far above the limit possible at the time, statutory-interference can do comparatively little harm; the nearer they approach to the natural limit, the more does statutory interference tend to drive them up again. Labour organizations can do very little by striving for a legal eight-hour day; they can do very much by striving to sweep away passion and prejudice, by upholding peace, order and security, the conditions of efficient production, and by inculcating an intelligent consideration of facts by their members. Only in this way can they gain or approach an eight-hour working day."

THE TRUE MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

Christmas is the greatest day in the year. Is there a feeling that there is getting to be too much of it? not too much of it in the way of kindness and brotherly love, but in the way of worry and expense. The weeks before it are full of feverish excitement, of nervous expectation, of perplexity; the days following it, of exhaustion. Childhood is on tiptoe in two hemispheres, and childhood has become so conscious of its deserts that it is next to impossible to surprise it, except by too small gifts. The day has to carry a tremendous load. The obesity that might be distributed in healthful streams throughout the year is poured out in it in prodigal waste by some, who seem glad to relieve themselves of obligation by a single act. In point of cost it is equal to half a dozen weddings. Year by year the expense of gifts increases. Is this the dictate of fashion, or owing to the growth of kindly feeling? Is it a spontaneous response to the spirit of the day, or do any people make gifts because they are expected to, and because every body else does, and because there has grown up in late years a rivalry in this matter? Since the Puritan distrust of this great feast-day abated, the American people, who are the most generous people in the world, have taken up Christmas with the same enthusiasm that lately almost buried funerals under a weight of floral tributes. We readily incline to excess, to an excess that destroys the object we seek. Even for our pleasures and amusements we work harder than any other people, and probably get less rest and entertainment. At the rate we are now rushing Christmas we are in danger of wearing it out in a decade or two more. It is already a period from which too many people date nervous prostration. Instead of making this season a simple and enjoyable holiday, we are in danger of making it an intolerable burden.

It is because the Drawer desires to preserve this Christmas season as one of gayety and frolic and simple pleasures, and widening and deepening Christian charity, that it makes these unwelcome observations. There are no more engaging creatures than children, unless it be maidens at the age when, on holidays, they pose as first or second cousins, or serene and lovely elderly people in the midst of an affectionate family. But it cuts across the spirit of the holiday when the children are more eager for a costly gift than for a game of blind-man's-buff, and the maidens do not value the salute under the mistletoe unless it is accompanied by a diamond bracelet; and the elderly people, disturbed by this cultivated habit of greedy expectations, are grumbling about the expense of the season. There is small danger that charity to the poor will be overdone, that the spirit of the day in regard to interfamily and interstate and international good-will may go to excess, or that the leaven of the Sermon on the Mount will work too powerfully in a society that would be a mass of selfishness without it. It is incalculable what Christmas and the spirit of Christmas has done and is doing for the world. The sun that rises on that day in our Northern latitudes may not melt the ice in the streams or the frost on the window-panes, but there is no sun like it for thawing the human heart throughout Christendom. There is no day like it for assuaging enmities, and reviving tender memories, and drawing together the estranged, and narrowing the gulf between classes. During this day the world is a brotherhood. In the wondrous Birth of a Child all the world renews for some hours its childish faith and simplicity. The spirit of this event prevails far beyond the circles where it is regarded as a reality.

Why overlay it with artificiality? Why make it an expense hard to be borne? Why put into the preparation for it an amount of labour and worry that ends in weariness and exhaustion? Costly gifts are the least necessary part of it, worry is foreign to its spirit, and both together may make it in time a burden, and as distasteful as the noise and incendiarism of the Fourth of July. The perpetuity of the best institution depends upon moderation. Children are the hope of the world. We should not undervalue them because they are plenty. Home Rule is just now the most popular doctrine in the world. But it may be just as well for the next generation if the children are not now all Home Rulers. Give the parents a chance; they will be all the better for it. Let us ease up a little on the worry and cost of Christmas, and keep the best holiday of the ages in the old spirit of unostentatious charity and the exercise of mirth and good-will that refreshes and does not weary.—*Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine for December.*

THE VOLCANIC ERUPTION IN NEW ZEALAND.

On the southern slopes of Mount Tarawera a large chasm has been torn out 2,000 feet long, 500 feet broad and 300 feet deep. This appears not to have been a mere rent caused by the opening of the ground, but to have been actually blown out by the explosion that convulsed the mountain and concluded the first phase of the eruption. From this great chasm a yawning rent is prolonged for several miles toward the south-west, passing across the site of Lake Rotomahana. Between its precipitous walls great wreaths of steam are continually ascending, and, as these are blown aside, glimpses can be obtained of the bottom, which appears to be mostly filled with seething and boiling mud. Seven powerful geysers rise along its course and throw their columns of boiling water, steam, stones and mud to a height of 600 or 800 feet. Such is the vigour of these discharges that the western walls of the chasm are being continually undermined. It is said to learn that the largest of the mud fountains has broken through the site of the Pink Terrace. Another has found its way to the surface on the high ground west of the fissure, and has already built up a cone several hundred feet high. The sounds accompanying the eruption were of the most appalling kind, and were heard at vast distances. From the black canopy of dust and steam that rose above the volcano, and spread northward over the country, came a continuous rattle of thunder peals. The steam issued from the newly-opened vents with a deafening roar.

The earthquake shocks were propagated through the ground with a growling sound like the rolling of heavy waggons, while, to complete the horrors of the night, a hurricane of wind howled round the tottering houses and swept across the woodlands. The reverberation of the explosion is said to have been perceptible at Christ Church, a distance of 300 miles. Every account of the eruption bears witness to the prominent part taken by steam all through the paroxysm, and also since comparative quiet returned. From every vent, whether old or new, volumes of steam are constantly rising, either in a continuous stream or in intermittent discharges, and sometimes with explosive violence. The grandest mass of vapour is that which overhangs the geysers that play where the Lake Rotomahana once stood. It is described as about the eighth of a mile in diameter and towers not less than 12,000 feet into the air—a vast pillar of cloud, catching up the dints of early morning and of evening, and shining at noon with the whiteness of snow. No attempt has been made to compute the amount of solid material ejected from the various eruptive vents. It must have been enormous. Owing to the direction of the wind at the time, most of this material was borne away northward. It accumulated most thickly around the active vents, but the finer parts were carried to great distances. Ships, 150 miles away from the scene of the disturbance, had their decks strewn with dust. The finer particles remained suspended in the air for several days. Dr. Hector found a yellow fog, charged with pungent acid, vapour and dust, as he crossed the Bay of Plenty, more than two days after the eruption.—*Dr. Geikie, in the Contemporary Review.*

HIS CHRISTMAS GIFT.

It seems like a hundred years ago,
That we travelled once through the drifted snow
To meet round the Christmas-tree.
You were a child, with a fair, round face,
And you hung on the tree, with a shy, sweet grace,
Your Christmas present for me.

'Twas a scarlet, beaded pincushion heart,
Brilliant and shiny—a triumph of art—
With a bead bird on it—a dove,
'Twas bought of a "squaw" (who spoke with a brogue),
And you said in your note—dear little rogue—
That you gave it me with your love.

Well, that little red heart has been with me
Through distant countries, far over the sea,
Crossed river, mountain and lake;
Though never a pin have its tough sides known,
For the heart was as hard as Pharaoh's own,
But I loved it for your sake.

We're very much older and wiser now,
We meet with a formal word and bow,
And many more things we know;
We don't hang our hearts on trees, I believe,
Nor wear them either upon our sleeve;
Is it better, I wonder, so?

The tree is laden with gifts to-night,
And the coloured tapers are gleaming bright,
And the Christ-Child floats above;
But my hoped-for gift isn't on the tree,
I want a heart,—will you give it me,
As you did before, "with your love"?

—*Bessie Chandler, in Brooklyn Magazine.*

DR. TALMAGE ON CHRISTMAS.

Christmas bells ring in family reunion! The rail-trains crowded with children coming home. The poultry, fed as never since they were born, stand wondering at the farmer's generosity. The markets are full of massacred barn-yards. The great table will be spread and crowded with two or three or four generations. Plant the fork astride the breast-bone, and with skillful twich, that we could never learn, give to all the hungry lookers-on a specimen of holiday anatomy. Florence is disposed to soar, give her the wing. The boy is fond of music, give him the drum-stick. The minister is dining with you, give him the parson's nose. May the joy reach from grandfather, who is so dreadfully old that he can hardly find the way to his plate, down to the baby in the high-chair, who, with one smart pull at the table-cloth, upsets the gravy into the cranberry. Send from your table a liberal portion to the table of the poor, some of the white meat as well as the dark, not confining your generosity to gizzards and scraps. Do not, as in some families, keep a plate and chair for those who are dead and gone. Your holiday feast would be but poor fare for them; they are at a better banquet in the skies. Let the whole land be full of rhyme and carol. Let bells, silver and brazen, take their sweetest voice, and all the towers in Christendom rain music.—*T. De Witt Talmage, in Christmas Brooklyn Magazine.*

DR. R. H. STEVENSON, Edinburgh, Moderator of Assembly in 1871, who, seven years ago, in consequence of failing health, retired from the pastorate of St. George's, Edinburgh, died recently, aged seventy four years. At the Disruption he was offered eighteen parishes, and accepted St. George's, Edinburgh.

CANON BARKER, of London, opened the second course of Glasgow Abstinents' Union lectures on Sabbath evening. He spoke against impurity, gambling, blasphemy, agnosticism and drunkenness. He suggested that as a memorial of the Queen's jubilee a drink emancipation act should be passed.

THE Rev. William Robertson, M.A., during a recent six weeks' tour in the West Highlands, involving a journey of more than a thousand miles by land and sea, took duty in eighteen different parishes, visited eleven chapels and mission stations to learn their needs and encourage the workers, and conducted twenty-five religious services or meetings.

British and Foreign.

ONE person out of every five in London dies either in an hospital or a workhouse.

PRINCIPAL RAINY is to be the Moderator of next Free Church General Assembly.

DR. YOUNG, of Woodlands U. P. Church, Glasgow, is sojourning in Algiers with Sir Peter Coates.

DR. PERCEVAL, president of Trinity College, Oxford, has accepted the headmastership of Rugby.

MR HUTCHISON, R.S.A., has completed for the Queen a bust of the late Principal Tulloch in white marble.

THE Rev. Alexander Lawson, B.D., Elgin, has been appointed examiner in mental philosophy in St. Andrew's.

THE Paisley Middle Free Church, which having undergone internal renovation at a cost of \$6,050, has been reopened.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER is at Brighton, able to move only by the help of a wheel chair, and quite unequal to any literary work.

THE annual income of the United Kingdom is one thousand millions; out of this one million and a quarter is given to missions.

THE Rev. W. S. Swanson, M.A., of Amoy, has been nominated as Moderator of the English Presbyterian Synod for the ensuing year.

THE King of Portugal, an accomplished English scholar, has translated four of Shakespeare's plays, including "Hamlet," into Portuguese.

ARCHDEACON MACDOUGALL, Isle of White, Canon of Winchester, who has died in his forty-ninth year, was Bishop of Labuan, Borneo, from 1855 till 1868.

LEWIS CARROLL, whose true name is C. L. Dodgson, proposes to give to the children's hospital all the profits of his new story, "Alice Underground."

PROFESSORS MASSON and Calderwood, and Dr. Walter C. Smith have been elected members of the first committee under the Libraries Act in Edinburgh.

THE title of the forthcoming history by Rev. A. H. Drysdale, of Rochdale, is "Presbyterians in England: their rise, decline and revival." It is nearly ready for publication.

LADY MATHESON, of Lewis, offered \$2,000 toward the cost of an organ for Stornoway Church, but the congregation by more than two to one have refused to allow instrumental music to be introduced.

THE Rev. J. Guinness Rogers, B.A., presided at a conference in the City Temple, when various Anglicans and Non-conformists took part in discussing whether a State Church is compatible with Christian unity.

DURING the past year the Presbyterian congregation at Swansea has made unprecedented advances. A heavy debt has been nearly liquidated, and the spiritual success has greatly encouraged the pastor, Mr. Shaw.

TWENTY-TWO members of the John Knox Mutual Improvement Society of the Stepney Presbyterian congregation, who recently took ambulance instruction under Dr. D. Grant, have passed the examination and gained certificates.

AT a social meeting in London Road Free Church, Glasgow, of which Rev. D. Lowe is pastor, a branch of the Free Church Guild was inaugurated. The attendance exceeded 230, and the proceedings throughout were enthusiastic.

DR. HUTCHISON, of Banchory, has been designated as Moderator of next year's General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. A Moderator has not been before chosen from Kincardineshire within the memory of the oldest minister.

GREAT progress is being made by the Presbyterian congregation at Cardiff. A mission hall is to be built at the cost of \$5,500; the manse debt, amounting to \$2,500, is to be wiped out and \$250 is to be added to the stipend of the energetic pastor, Mr. Watters.

THE Nonconformist ministers at Llanfihangel-Ar-Arth, Carmarthen, have resolved to pay no tithes unless a reduction of ten per cent. is made. The war has spread to Pembrokehire, and committees have been formed in nearly every parish to determine what reduction is to be demanded.

DR. A. H. BALFOUR, of Portobello, an ardent supporter, along with his brothers, Rev. Wm. Balfour, Holyrood, and Dr. S. A. G. Balfour, Edinburgh, of the constitutional party, has died of pleurisy, in his sixty-eighth year. He resigned his eldership of Portobello congregation some time ago.

AT the celebration of the ministerial jubilee of Dr. William Grant, of Schoalhaven, New South Wales, where he has been a pastor for upwards of thirty years, Dr. Steel recalled the day, when Dr. Grant was one of the Disruption heroes, preached in a tent and sometimes in the snow near the Pass of Killiecrankie. Dr. Grant is father of Illawarra Presbytery.

THE Dayspring sailed from Sydney on the 14th of October for the New Hebrides with three young missionaries, Mr. Legatt, formerly of Great Hamilton Street Free Church, Glasgow, and Messrs. Landels and Morton, late of the Glasgow City Mission. Rev. Mr. Coyland, of Sydney, who, along with Mr. Paton, was one of the pioneers to the New Hebrides, accompanied them on a visit to the mission.

THE Young Men's Guild have arranged for the following course of lectures being delivered in Edinburgh during the winter: "The Relation of Christian to pre-Christian Morality," by Dr. G. Matheson; "Thomas a Kempis," by Dr. Donald Fraser, London; "A Young Man Fairly on his own Feet," by Dr. A. K. H. Boyd; "Temperance," by Canon Fleming, London; "The Faith of Christ the Noblest Power in the Life of the Present Day," by Dr. Cameron Lees, and "The White Cross," by Professor Milligan.

CHRISTMAS HYMN.

CLARA L. SHATTUCK.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. The pro - phets in sa - cred sto - ry Im - man - u - el's birth made known;

They sang of an age of glo - ry, They spake of a move - less throne.

The hope of the saints we cher - ish, The song of the seers we sing:

The na - tions of earth may per - ish, But Christ shall be born a King!

1

The prophets in sacred story
Immanuel's birth made known;
They sang of an age of glory,
They spake of a moveless throne.
The hope of the saints we cherish,
The song of the seers we sing:
The nations of earth may perish,
But Christ shall be born a King!

2

O look for the Lord's appearing!
O list for the herald's voice!
The glorious time is nearing—
Ye children of men, rejoice!
Then come! for a star is gleaming;
O haste! for the angels sing.
In darkness the world lies dreaming:
Come, worship the new-born King!

3

O sing Him your sweetest measures,
The depth of your love unfold;
And bring Him your heart's best treasures,
Frankincense, with myrrh and gold!
O haste! for the star is gleaming;
O come! for the angels sing;
Christ, born for our souls' redeeming,
We worship as Lord and King!



"WALKER'S PLAN."

The Latest Song and Chorus.

I cannot sing the old songs
I sang long years ago;
The words are a little ancient,
And the music somewhat slow.
So I'll sing you the very latest,
They call it "Walker's Plan."
It's popular, and they sing it
From Beersheba to Dan.

CHORUS—From Beersheba to Dan,
They sing it all who can,
There is nothing half so catching
As the tune of "Walker's Plan."

Pretty Ann, who runs the kitchen,
Hums the melody all day;
For the kettles, pans and dishes
Suggest the catching lay,
The tables, stoves and furniture
Keep calling out to Ann,
To repeat the tuneful chorus.
And a verse of "Walker's Plan."—Cho.

The mistress in the parlour
Surveys her handsome suite,
And the rich and tasty carpet
Yielding softly to her feet,
The draperies of the windows,
Pretty stools and rich divan,
Seem set to the charming melody
Of that bewitching "Walker's Plan."—Cho.

The master in his study
Lounging in his easy chair,
Seems unconsciously infected
With the bright and charming air.
The natty desk and walnut bookcase,
Proclaim the favourite leads the van.
And the pictures preserve the harmony
Of the irresistible "Walker's Plan."—Cho.

Now, don't forget, my children,
Wherever you may roam,
If you stand in need of anything
To beautify your home,
Why, go right straight to Walker,
He will aid you if he can:
Send you on your way rejoicing,
With three cheers for "Walker's Plan."—Cho.

The words and music of the new song can be obtained at this store on application. Don't fail to secure a copy, and during your visit examine the Xmas novelties for the holidays. A very handsome and attractive line of Hammered Brass and Enamelled Umbrella Stands and Tables can be bought for cash or on credit at marvelously low prices. Hanging Lamps of every description in beautiful designs, Crockeryware of all kinds, inexhaustible stock of Stoves, Carpets, Bedding, Furniture and everything necessary to completely furnish a house. Now is the time to buy before the rush of Xmas week.

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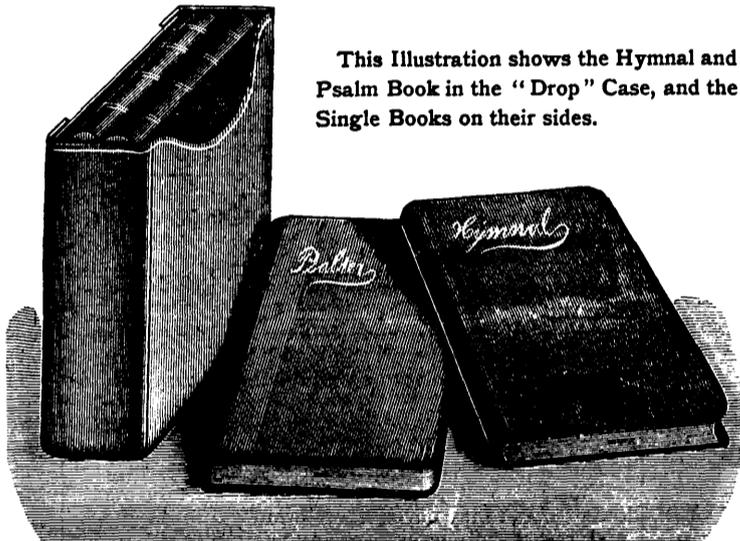
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Stars shone over the far Judean plains with a clear, sweet light ;
Winds blew under the stars a pæan out from the verge of night.

Shepherds lay on the upland meadows, watching their drowsy sheep,
While the moon, with its silver shadows, covered the town asleep.

On a sudden a swift light, streaming, spread o'er the Eastern sky—
Stood a vision of splendour, beaming, winged and white and high.

All affrighted, the watchers, starting, turned them about to flee,
But the lips of the angel, parting, uttered in the sweetest key:

Lo ! I bring to you tidings glorious ; hearken ye unto them ;
Sent from heaven, the Christ victorious slumbers in Bethlehem.

This shall be for a sign desecrating, wrapped in His swaddling fleece,
Ye shall find, in a manger lying, Jesus, the Prince of Peace.

Sweep on sweep of white crests and pinions shone in the starry sky ;
Angels crowded the night's dominions that the fair night did die.

Whiter, whiter with widening splendour shook all the light more strong ;
Sweeter, sweeter in accents tender, burst forth the angels' song,

Till the pæans of praise in heaven mingled their glad refrain ;
Glory, glory to God be given, peace and good-will to men.

Slowly out from the shepherd's vision faded the heavenly throng ;
Slowly out from the light elysian drifted the angels' song.

Still the pæans from earth and heaven sound with their glad refrain,
Glory ! glory, for Christ has given peace and good will to men
—Lyman Whitney Allen.

HER CHRISTMAS LEGACY.

A STORY OF THREE CHRISTMAS EVES.—BY
FLORENCE L. SNOW.

The summer had lingered into the autumn among the glassy slopes that surrounded Monganeek, and autumn seemed very loath to give place to winter, even under the force of heavy frosts. Yet the rich sienna tints upon the prairies finally faded into pale and sober browns with the coming of December, and near the middle of the month the first light snow had fallen ; the atmosphere grew very cold, the sky was densely gray, and though sometimes the sun shone fitfully through the sullen cloud-rifts, the white drifts lay in shallow, frozen ridges upon the wide uplands, and the reign of the frost king was well begun.

In early summer the deep, quiescent beauty of the place was something wonderful in its way, and the dead gray quiet, the fathomless silence of the winter, were equally marvellous. As a general thing all the people seemed to speak in sad and subdued voices, and to move with intense slowness, such an utter lack of excitement was there here, such a dearth of incentive to action ; but this year the village had displayed an unwonted degree of activity as the holidays approached, and the little shops had received a surprising accession of holiday goods, which were carefully arranged in the small dingy windows.

And after a great amount of discussion and mature consideration of ways and means, the members of the Church had decided to give the Sunday school children a rare treat in the way of a Christmas tree. So a young oak, trim and strong, with the red and copper leafage still clinging tenaciously to its limbs, had been sundered from its companions, planted in a suitable box, and laden with its strange burden, in readiness for the happy eve.

Christmas without wreaths and festoons of ground pine and holly, and great aromatic branches of cedar and spruce, might seem an anomaly to many ; but here the church had been tastefully decorated with masses of golden wheat and heavy-headed millet, with mottoes here and there of the rich, shining oak leaves and homely everlastings, there being but one bit of greenery in all the place. This was a long, graceful spray of arbor vitæ which Anise Brooks had cut from one of the trees in her mother's front yard and fastened artificially across the face of the white-painted wooden pulpit, heightening the effect by adding half a dozen pea-fowl feathers to her pretty arrangement.

She had worked very hard all that day, and now slipped away in order to rest a little before the evening's exercises. After a hasty walk through the chilly grayness of the afternoon she reached home, and going at once to her own room, flung off her wraps,

stirred up the smouldering fire in the grate, and sank into an easy chair before the upleaping flames. She gave a little sigh of relief as she leaned far back against the dull red cushion and closed her eyes.

With her slim hands loosely clasped in her lap, and her trimly-shod feet crossed on the fender, an artist would have thought Anise Brooks a fine study for a picture of repose. A pliant form, a little more than medium height, clothed in a full, straight dress of soft, wood-brown cashmere, with a band of cardinal velvet at throat and wrists, and a face that, if not strictly beautiful, was still very fine in the clear-cut line of brow and nose and chin, and the soft decisive curves of the lips and cheek. The hair was of that rich brown in which red and golden tints lurk, and was brushed in its natural wave straight back from the low white forehead to a careless coil at the crown of her shapely head. As yet the picture was without light, but as she opened her eyes and pushed back from the growing heat, it was wonderfully illuminated ; they were the gray eyes of genius, full and clear and deep, long-lashed and changeful. But no description of this young, ardent, ambitious woman could ever fit her like the remark of a poor, half-witted boy, who once said : " She has music in her face." The music just now was cast in a minor key as she looked out of the wide window across the dreary landscape. There was no one in the house besides herself, and the intense stillness seemed to press upon her very soul.

A light tap sounded at the door, and before she could rise a small, dark woman put her arms about her, and said : " Dreaming, dear, and all alone ? I came in through the kitchen, and finding no one down stairs, supposed you were all up here, and came right along."

" Oh, I am so glad you came ! " Anise exclaimed. " Father and mother have both gone to the city, and will not be back till seven. I believe I'm a little blue as well as tired from my work at the church, and I want to talk." And she drew a hassock nearer and sat down at her friend's feet.

" Well, dearie, talk. What is the matter ? It seems to me you ought never to be blue here in your bright, pretty room, with your pictures and your books, your easel and your desk. It is the prettiest room in all the country round, though, for that matter, it is just like you."

" Yes," she said, " and I like it. This is my home of homes, where I think and dream and work ; but oh, Lisa, my pictures and writings seem only a waste of time."

" You are discouraged to-night, my child. What has happened ? "

" Nothing. My fatal strata of melancholy has cropped up again, I presume ; but I want so many things that I may never have—want to do so much for which I shall never have an opportunity. I ought not to desire any thing more than to minister to the closing days of my aging parents ; I am all they have left, and they would be very desolate without me ; but I feel like a caged lion to-night, and I cannot break through the bars."

" You ought to get married, Anise," said Lisa, who well understood those unspeakable heart yearnings.

" I know it," she replied, so simply that they both laughed heartily. " I believe that is just what ails me," she continued. " I have every thing apparently to make me happy. I love my home and every thing about it intensely, and yet I am like Maggie Tulliver, so filled with an unreasonable longing for love that I shall never be satisfied ; for I have given up finding that twin soul in whose existence I have so firmly believed ; but is it not a pity that I should go through life only half the woman that I might be if—"

Well, I have heard of women who have lived lofty, lonely lives, and if I cannot reach the heights I must learn to be content in the lowlands ; there is plenty of work to do. But think of it ! Think of living here forty or fifty years alone ! Why, my life would be like the prairie there—a wide expanse of dreary, subdued tints, lying in shaded levels under a low, gray sky. But look ! "

And they both gazed silently out of the western window, for all at once the heavy clouds upon the horizon had parted beneath the touch of the setting sun. Long crimson beams were flung far up into the leaden sky, and the rich, red light transformed, for a moment, the wintry prairie reaches into plains of shining beauty, and all the western casements in the village gleamed with a gold and carmine sheen. Then all was gray and chill again, and they noticed a solitary human figure not far away that seemed to be blent with the gathering shadows.

" No life can be so dully tinted, my dear," said Lisa, " but that sometimes it may be made to glow like this with lights that fall from heaven. And who can tell ; there may be influences at work this very Christmas Eve which will bring your own to you at last. ' There is a destiny,' you know."

" Oh, spare me that hackneyed quotation ! " cried Anise, in lighter vein. " But listen ; there's a knock at the kitchen door. I'll go and see who it is, and be back in a minute."

She hurried out singing a snatch of a Christmas carol as she tripped down the stairs, and a little after called

back to Lisa from the lower hall, " O Lisa, come down, I want you ! "

Lisa obeyed, and when she reached the roomy kitchen she saw a most abject but picturesque creature sitting by the warm cooking-stove in the full light of the lamp that Anise had hastily lit, while the tender-hearted girl was busy making hot coffee and placing food upon the table.

" Well," said Lisa, inquiringly, " another of your ' angels unawares,' "

" Yes," replied Anise in a low tone, " and he seems different from most tramps ; don't you think so ? I am so interested in him."

The poor man sat with down-bent head, shivering a little as he leaned toward the grateful fire. His large, muscular form was clothed very inadequately in a pair of tattered overalls and a flannel blouse, with a great wide cape of some thin material whose dark maroon colouring seemed to add a fictitious warmth to the flimsy fabric, while one foot was incased in an old carpet slipper which was strangely mated with a patent-leather shoe. A wide felt hat, with an aigrette of cock's feathers stuck in the band, lay on the floor beside him, and the massive head, with all its dejection, still had a look of venerable dignity born of his white beard and waving silver hair. The features were of strong German type, and one felt that there was some intense purpose set in the square chin and inflexible lips. The brow, too, was full of thought ; but when he looked up there was a wandering, sorrowful expression in the wide blue eyes that at once enlisted the two girls' hearty sympathy.

" Fraulein, gif me sometings to eat," he said, with a smile, as he noticed Anise flitting to and fro. " Ein piece brod, ein little bit meat, und koffie. I valk a fery long ways, und has notings to eat all day. Ach ! dat is gut ! " he continued, as he drew his chair to the table and took an eager draught of the coffee which Anise placed before him, while his eyes beamed with satisfaction as he tasted the solid viands.

" You came from Germany, did you not ? " asked Anise, kindly.

" Nein ; I am from Oustreach, but I vork sefen yares in Amsterdam."

" What did you do ? "

" I vork in pig ship. Carry sugar und flour on my pack."

With this introduction, she questioned him with careful sympathy, for she was very fond of gaining bits of personal history ; but the man seemed to have no definite destination ; he only knew that he would go back to the Fatherland some time. He talked readily of the scenes he had passed, of noisy towns and rolling seas, and mighty ships ; of dust and heat, of toil and hunger and cold, of lonely nights and surging crowds, ripened fields and shady groves ; but through it all there was no thought of love or home or little children, and Anise, hoping to reach the secret of his wandering life, asked gently : " Haben sie frau und kleine kinder ! " knowing that the German words would touch him.

He started as if a gunshot had sounded in his ears, rose suddenly, and, picking up his hat, the next instant stood with his hand on the door, saying as he paused to open it : " Thou hast been heavenly kind. Ich danke sie ! " Then, with a new light in his face, he looked long and earnestly into her eyes, clutched the folds of his cape across his breast, bowed almost to the ground before her, and without another word disappeared into the gathering night.

" It is the wandering Jew himself," said Lisa.

" I am going to take him over to Robinson's for the night," replied Anise. " It is growing colder and I can't bear the thought of his staying out ; " and throwing a shawl over her head, she followed the wanderer in her impulsive way, and soon returned to report that he was safely housed, saying, with an assumed lightness, " I can count one kind deed for my Christmas, anyway."

Then the two friends went out to the children's festival, and the incident was forgotten in the monotonous events of the new year, through which Anise bravely struggled to reach the heights, and succeeded but in part.

When Christmas Eve came again nothing was more remote from Anise Brook's thoughts than the scene which the national Capitol presents at holiday time, yet the Weaver who had the web of her life in hand was very busy there in the twilight of that day beating gold and scarlet threads into the web she deemed so sober-hued.

Whoever loves picturesque variety is always attracted by the profusion of colour and the many phases of character in a great market-place, and Godfrey Jones, the rising young physician, was one of these. The day had been beautiful, crisply cool and sunny, and he had chosen to walk this afternoon on his professional rounds, and, returning, he mingled with the crowd that was hurrying about through the Centre Market as the day approached its close.

He was full of sober thoughts, this fine-looking, strong-limbed young fellow, and the gayety of the scene could not dissipate them ; it rather made its melancholy more intense. At thirty-three he was not only a rising man, but a successful one, and having

been, from the beginning, perfectly devoted to his profession, he believed that his happiness centred therein. But to-night, with all this Christmas cheer about him, and in view of hundreds of people hurrying homeward, burdened with mysterious packages, he faced the fact that he would give every thing he possessed—fame, fortune, all—if he might only hasten, like them, to a happy home where some one sweet and loving waited—a wife and little ones, perhaps.

"Well," he said, half aloud, "I'll buy a spray of holly and some mistletoe to hang up in my den, and though no kisses are given beneath it, perhaps it will bring me good luck."

He turned into the green-decked aisles of the Market House, more brilliant than ever now beneath the gaslight, and brushed against an old acquaintance, who called out gayly.

"Hello, Doc.; where are you going?"

"Going to buy some Christmas greens for my den," he replied with a cynical smile. "I feel as lonesome and homesick to-night as a poor mortal can who never had a home of his own. And what are you doing here?"

"Describing the city's Christmas dress for the *Post* to be sure. A poor quill-driver never has a minute's rest. But say, old boy, why don't you get you a home? No trouble, I'm sure, for a man like you."

"Well, Newsby," he replied, a little sadly, "I have unchanging views about my destiny, and among the many women I have known, my other self has not appeared; and more, I have quite given up finding her. It seems a foolish thing to confess, but there is only one woman, and one only, for me, and failing her, I shall never know anything of love or home."

"All things come to him who waits," quoted his companion, cheerily, "Come and help me select some roses."

"With all my heart," he returned; and having made his purchase and selected such greenery as Godfrey fancied, the two friends started out together. As they reached the Seventh Street crossing, the newspaper man gave a long, reflective glance at the gorgeous displays in the shop windows and the gaslit perspective that led to the many-pillared Capitol, which gleamed whitely through the dusk. The avenue was thronged with vehicles and foot passengers, and Newsby remarked:

"I don't believe I've seen such a Christmas jam for years. Take a good look about; maybe you'll see that far-fetched ideal of yours."

"Bah!" the doctor exclaimed, contemptuously. "But stranger things have—"

His speech was broken by a strong arm being flung about him, and the next instant he knew that he had been snatched from a confused medley of carriage wheels, restive horses and excited people, while in the midst of it there lay a venerable old man with blood trickling from his forehead. His professional instincts on the alert, he stepped quickly to the prostrate form, saying as he waved back the crowd, "I am a doctor;" felt the man's heart, and ordered a bootblack to call a cab; for, finding that no one knew the stranger, he resolved in gratitude to take him home and bring him back to life. So, leaving his card with the policeman who now arrived on the scene, they drove to Fourteenth Street, the young man holding the poor old wounded head in his arms as tenderly as if the man had been his father.

All that night, after excusing himself from a Christmas party, he watched by the side of the strange patient. His strong Teutonic features possessed an inexplicable interest for his physician and nurse, aside from the inquiry growing out of gratitude. After dressing his wound he had looked carefully through his clothing for some clue to his identity, but no scrap of writing could be found. Yet one thing remained unscrutinized. He wore beneath his clothes a thick leather belt about his waist, but when Godfrey tried to remove it with gentle hands the old man clutched it with relentless fingers, exclaiming: "Nein! nein! Mein Gott im Himmel! Nein!" and then relapsed into unconsciousness again.

The wound had seemed in nowise dangerous to Godfrey, but as the night advanced unfavourable symptoms about the condition of the heart presented themselves. He hastily sent for a brother physician, the best practitioner in the city, but when he came he declared that nothing could be done, and Godfrey watched on alone, wishing intensely to fathom the mystery of his patient's life. But as the hours passed slowly by, there came no faintest sign of returning consciousness until the breaking of the dawn.

The cold early light was struggling to overcome the night, and the mellow sound of music floated in from a Catholic Church not far away. The old man opened his eyes with an unearthly gleam in their pale blue depths; he raised up with outstretched arms and said: "Mein Gott im Himmel! Licht, mehr licht!" The first full beam of the rising sun fell across his face, and the heavy body fell back into Godfrey's arms. The spirit had fled.

Godfrey Jones held his fingers upon the old eyelids with unwonted tears upon his face, saying softly, in the deepest meaning of Christmas Day, "And no man doeth more than this, that he giveth his life for another."

Certain legal processes followed, and when the belt was opened before the proper authorities it was found

to contain a miscellaneous collection of coins and bank-notes, which amounted to nearly \$1,000; but, more important than this, was a small piece of paper, which bore in German script these words:

"I do hereby bequeath all the money in this belt to Anise Brooks, of Kansas, out of love to her." And the short will was properly signed and witnessed.

It happened that Judge Gay, who conducted these proceedings, was an old friend of Godfrey, and, yielding to his wish to do any thing possible for his preserver's relatives or friends, placed the task of discovering the exact address of the legatee in his hands; so, in a few days, these lines appeared among the personals in the principal Western papers:

"If one Anise Brooks, of Kansas, will write to Godfrey Jones, M.D., 1,414 Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C., she will learn something to her advantage."

A few evenings later Anise Brooks sat under the hanging lamp in the family sitting room, with her fair head bent over a piece of embroidery, while her father was reading bits of news from the day's *St. Louis Globe*, to the harmonious accompaniment of his wife's knitting-needles.

"Hello, what is this!" he suddenly exclaimed, and read aloud:

"If one Anise Brooks, of Kansas, will write to Godfrey Jones, M.D., 1,414 Fourteenth Street, Washington, D. C., she will learn something to her advantage."

"Do you suppose it means you, Anise?"

"I am certainly 'one Anise Brooks, of Kansas,'" she replied: "I can only write and find out if I am the one."

So next day she despatched a note with some degree of excited curiosity, and its terse sentences called forth an immediate reply from Godfrey Jones, who told the story of the old wanderer, asked what she knew about him, and requested information concerning the witnesses.

Anise wrote in return a concise account of her brief acquaintance with Gottlieb Brenthaus, whom she readily recognized from Godfrey's description, as one of her "angels unawares," and furnished the information that both the witnesses were farmers in the neighbourhood, but that these were away from home for an indefinite period; and, in conclusion, she said, "Use every means in your power to discover his own people before any steps are taken to prove the will. In case you find them, I will take his love for my legacy, and they may have the money."

"A kind German woman," thought the young doctor, "who does not need the money. Perhaps an old sweetheart of the dead man, though she speaks of his being a stranger." Following her instructions, he made every effort to discover his relatives; but, as far as he could learn, Gottlieb Brenthaus had neither kith or kin.

It was late in the autumn before he gave up the quest, and communicated his failure to the heiress, who wrote that the two witnesses were expected to return by the 1st December; and when Judge Gay told him that it would be best to send out a man to see to the matter, Godfrey, in response to some sudden impulse, said: "I'll go myself. I need a change, and I'll enjoy a run out there immensely."

"As you like," his friend replied. Three days afterward Godfrey found himself standing alone on the platform of the desolate Monganeek station, the train which brought him receding in the distance, and the village lying lonesomely before him. He looked about with the depression of this out-of-the-world place weighted upon him, and then, inquiring of the agent the way to Mrs. Brooks', he at once set out for the great square farmhouse which domineered the village.

Winter had come earlier than usual to Monganeek this year. All the nearer slopes and wide-reaching prairies were shrouded deep in snow. The wind whistled shrilly about the dilapidated old wind-mill as he passed it on his way, and the naked trees stretched their arms up hopelessly to the heavy, low-hung sky. He saw no human being after he passed the little shops, and only here and there the upcurling smoke from some dull red chimney showed that the weather-beaten houses were inhabited.

"An American copy of the 'Deserted Village,'" he thought. "Do people really live here, or do they only exist?"

His question was answered satisfactorily a moment later as he was ushered into Mrs. Brook's parlour by a trim maid. The room was furnished with a degree of elegant comfort that came upon him as a very delightful surprise in his tired depressed state, and when the door opened and he saw a tall, young woman, fair, refined and becomingly clad, who gave him her hand and said in a rich, cultivated tone: "I am very glad to see you, Dr. Jones; I am so anxious to hear every thing all over again about my poor old tramp."

He thought he must be dreaming, and his irreproachable manner was for once tinged with something like embarrassment, as he replied: "And I am very glad to see you, Mrs. Brooks. I feel that indirectly I owe you my life."

"I am very happy to have aided in preserving the

strength of your preserver," she returned, with her eyes brimming over with mirth, which broke forth with an apology. "Excuse me, but what made you think me Mrs. Brooks?"

"Why, why, I do not know," he replied, laughing heartily at his own absurdity; "I somehow got it into my head that you were a middle-aged woman, and consequently married. You know you gave me nothing in your letters save your name without a prefix."

"And you always addressed me as 'Madam'; but here is Mrs. Brooks," she said, as her mother entered the room, and shortly after the farmer himself came in, and was so pleased with Godfrey's appearance that he declared there wasn't a decent hotel in the place, and that he must stay there, sent down for his portmanteau, and by supper-time he was thoroughly at home.

Godfrey had expected to stay but two or three days at most, but the return of a witness was delayed for a week, and then there were various haltings and inconveniences known to the law besides. These things seemed not to trouble the self-chosen executor in the least; for after all his years of unceasing labour, it seemed as if he had suddenly landed on some sweet summer island, where all of warmth and quiet beauty, of hope fulfilled and realized content, were embodied in the person of Anise Brooks. And as they talked and read together during the short winter days and cosy evenings, she began to feel a peace and rest from the old vain longings and useless aspirations that was delightful as intense. So the days went by filled with a wondrous harmony that made the music in her face more sweet and rare.

And still to all outward seeming she was but the thoughtful, cultured hostess, and he the polished, entertaining guest, who appreciated to the full her graceful courtesy. He feared it was too soon to speak, and dreaded to break the blessed enchantment that had fallen upon them, and yet he felt as if they had been together always thus; but at length his business mission was ended, and there was no excuse for a longer stay. And with this decision came Christmas Eve once more.

The night had shut down, cold and clear, brilliant with stars and full of the subdued sparkle of a myriad of frost crystals on shrub and tree and bending weed, and Anise sat before the open fire in the parlour, busy with some trifle that must be finished before the morrow, when Godfrey came in from a brisk walk, his handsome face all aglow with the joy of being with her.

"All alone?" he asked, as he leaned against the mantel and looked down into her eyes.

"Yes," she said; "alone, yet not alone, for I have been thinking of Gottlieb Brenthaus."

"I too have been thinking of him to-night. A year ago he gave his life for me, and now I give his wealth to you." He placed a small package in her hand, and then continued "But I owe him much more than my life—my knowledge of you."

"Surely that is but little," she said, with downcast eyes. "Tell me, how shall I use this strange bequest? I can never use it for myself."

"Miss Brooks," he asked, irrelevantly, and with a new note in his voice, "do you believe in destiny?"

"Not in the heathen sense. I believe rather in the Christian doctrine of foreordination. Why?" And she raised her smiling face inquiringly.

"Because," said he, with deep intensity—"and I might have told you this at first—I believe that you and I have been destined, or foreordained, if you will, from our creation to be united. During all my manhood I have dreamed of you, and worked and waited for you and you only, and now that we have met at last, shall I not claim my own? You know I love you; I think I have known and loved you always."

He had imprisoned both her hands in his, and as he watched the colour deepen in her cheeks, and noted how the light in her eyes gleamed with love and joy beneath his words, he waited for no spoken answer, but clasped her in his arms and pressed upon her lips the first long, sweet lover's kiss.

And the old bell in the little church steeple rang out upon the frosty air in tones, for them, of sweetest melody, and the blessed morrow brought the peace and good-will of the Christ Child to all the world.—*Brooklyn Magazine.*

THE Revs. F. B. and T. E. Converse, brothers and clergymen of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and editors of the *Christian Observer*, have been before their Presbytery at Louisville. For several years, reports have been given currency privately and in one or more Presbyterian papers, as well as in secular journals in the South, affecting their truthfulness and honesty. At last, they made a demand that these charges should be formally presented to an ecclesiastical court, and this was done by two clergymen, W. E. Boggs, D.D., and Eugene Daniel, D.D., of Memphis, Tenn. The charges were of falsehood and slander, and the defendants were acquitted by a vote of nineteen in their favour to eleven for conviction. It is curious that the seven ruling elders all voted for acquittal, while the ministers stood eleven to twelve. The trial has attracted great interest and may have considerable influence on the future of the Southern Church.

Ministers and Churches.

THE Rev. John Burton preached on a recent Sabbath at Laguerre, Quebec, where he began his ministry.

THE Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, B.D., preached anniversary sermons in Erin Presbyterian Church last Sabbath.

THE Rev. S. H. Kellogg, D.D., conducted anniversary services in Erskine Church, Hamilton, on Sabbath last. The Rev. Thomas Scouler preached in St. James Square Church.

THE Rev. J. B. Hamilton having accepted the call to Maple Valley and Singhampton, a special meeting of the Presbytery of Orangeville will be held at Maple Valley for his ordination and induction, on Tuesday, 21st inst. at two o'clock, p.m.

THE congregations of Richmond and Melbourne—recently united—extended a call lately to the Rev. D. Currie, B.D., of Three Rivers. Mr. Currie, to the great satisfaction of his present congregation, declined to entertain the call. A meeting for moderation in another call is to be held immediately.

MR. ALEX. MCAULAY, B.A., licentiate of Queen's College, was ordained to the holy ministry, and inducted to the pastoral charge of the congregation of Dalhousie, North Sherbrooke, and Snow Road at the new church at McLaren's Mills, on the 7th inst. Rev. Mr. Millard, Lansdown, preached and presided.

THE prosperous condition of Zion Presbyterian Church, Carleton Place, has necessitated enlargement of the building more than once. Extensive additions and improvements have just been completed, and the occasion was marked by special services, conducted by Principal MacVicar, of Montreal. He preached able and instructive discourses on the 5th inst., and on Monday following delivered his famous lecture on "What Great Men Know, But Dare Not Speak of."

A VERY successful parlour social was held in the manse, Keady, on Tuesday, December 7, under the auspices of the "Willing Workers' Society," which has been recently organized in the congregation. The manse, which is a large brick one, was crowded to its utmost capacity. After refreshments were served, a very interesting programme was gone through, consisting of vocal and instrumental music, readings, recitations, etc. Short speeches were given by the pastor, Rev. J. Stewart, Rev. F. Mullen, of Kilsyth, and Mr. Elliot, of Desboro'. Many friends from a distance were present, Kilsyth and Desboro' being well represented. The proceeds amounted to over \$23, which is very encouraging to the newly formed society. The gathering was brought to a close by singing the doxology, and Mr. Mullen pronouncing the benediction.

AT the monthly meeting of the Canadian Auxiliary of the M'All Mission, held in St. James Square Presbyterian Church, on Thursday, December 2, a letter was read from Mr. M'All in answer to one sent him asking his advice as to what portion of the work the Canadian contributions might be devoted, as it would make it much more interesting to those connected with the association to work for some definite object, either to support a hall or pay the salary of one of the workers. He mentions two stations in the West of France, La Rochelle and Rochefort, under the superintendance of one missionary, the expense of these is \$500 each annually. It would give the association great pleasure to be in a position to support these, or even one of them, and they must look to the friends of this mission to help to further this good work. The next meeting will be held in the same place, the first Thursday in January. The treasurer's address is 238 Victoria Street.

EVANGELISTIC services have been held in Rev. Wm. Meikle's Church, Oakville, for the last four weeks, with most gratifying results. Rev. W. Hunter, of Orangeville, assisted the pastor most acceptably the first week. Rev. Mr. Murray, of Streetsville, the second week, and Rev. J. M. Cameron, of Toronto, the third week. At all of these services it was evident a deep interest in spiritual things was being awakened. The fourth week Rev. J. K. Smith, of Galt, Moderator of the General Assembly, on Sabbath morning and evening, delivered most powerful and telling sermons to large and interested congregations. In the afternoon he gave an instructive and impressive Bible reading. These services he continued through the whole week, and by the large attendance and close attention evidence was given of the special manifestation of the power of the Spirit of God. The Church has been quickened and deep feeling is spreading through the community. These services have been greatly helped by an admirably trained and earnest choir, who are always to be found early in their seats, ready to do their part in the good work going on. The meetings are to be continued this week.

ON the evening of Tuesday, December 7, the Westminster branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society held a highly successful meeting in the lecture room of the North Presbyterian Church. The room was crowded. Rev. E. H. Sawers occupied the chair, and in his usual happy manner made every one feel at home. A very interesting programme was gone through with as follows:—Opening hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," led by the choir; report of the Society, which was encouraging, by Mrs. Baty; solo, "Ashamed of Jesus," Miss A. Grieve; paper on "Missions," Miss F. Nichol; music, "Come to the Fountain," by choir; paper on "Woman's Work," Mrs. Sawers; quartette, Misses Murray, W. Grieve and J. Hayes; reading, "Thanksgiving Ann.," Miss Odle; solo, "Beautiful Home," Miss Lind; paper "Some ways of increasing interest in the Missionary Cause," Miss R. Nichol; music, "Over the Ocean Wave," choir; address on "Systematic Giving," by Rev. Mr. Sawers. A collection amounting to \$12 65 was taken up during the evening. In ten months this society has raised nearly \$60, mostly by voluntary offerings. The meeting closed with singing "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name."

THE new Presbyterian Church at Ivan, township of Lobo, was opened on Sabbath last, and reflects great credit on the pastor, the Rev. John Johnston, the congregation and the building committee, which consisted of Messrs. John L. Cameron, chairman, Alex. McLean, D. A. Campbell, Jas. Campbell and D. McCallum. The congregation first took action toward rebuilding about a year ago, and are certainly to be congratulated on the very successful issue of their efforts. The edifice is of brick, with basement and tower, and has been richly and comfortably carpeted and furnished by the ladies of the congregation at a cost of more than \$2,000. The whole cost will be somewhere about \$5,600, of which we are happy to learn, there will only remain an unsubscribed debt of about \$1,600. We hope the people who have shown so much enterprise and good taste in putting up such a fine building will not allow it to be long encumbered with this comparatively small burden. The religious services on Sabbath were very appropriate, and were attended by perhaps the largest audiences ever held in Lobo. The Rev. Dr. Caven, Principal of Knox College, preached in the morning from Psa. lxxxiv. 10, and in the evening from the words, "Behold the Lamb of God." Several neighbouring clergymen were present on the platform at night and took part. At three o'clock in the afternoon the Rev. Robt. Hamilton, who has been pastor of Motherwell for nearly thirty years, preached a very acceptable sermon from the words, "I am the First and the Last," etc. On Monday evening a very successful literary and musical entertainment was held, at which, after the opening exercises conducted by the Rev. Mr. Rennie, addresses were delivered by the Revs. Messrs. Hamilton, Ball, Muxworthy, Henderson, Anderson and Mr. John Waters, M.P.P. Readings were finely rendered by Miss Robertson, of Strathroy, and selections were given by the Vanneck choir, and the Patterson Brothers. Miss McNeil, of London, rendered "The Better Land," "The Land of the Leal," and other pieces in charming style. The whole proceeds of the opening services come to about \$400.

THE following is the resolution proposed at the meeting of Toronto Presbytery by Professor Gregg, while the Assembly remit on the marriage question was under discussion: Whereas the Westminster Confession of Faith is held in the Presbyterian Church in Canada to be, in subordination to the Holy Scriptures, the standard of its faith—and whereas licentiates, ministers and elders have professed adherence to this Confession as founded upon and agreeable to the Word of God, and pledged themselves to adhere to it in their teaching; and whereas it is declared in this Confession that a man may not marry any of his wife's kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own, and that a woman may not marry any of her husband's kindred nearer in blood than that of her own, and that marriages of persons within the forbidden degrees can never be made lawful by any law of man or consent of parties so that they may live together as man and wife; and whereas a man may not marry his own sister, aunt or niece, and may not, according to the teaching of the Confession, marry his wife's sister, aunt or niece; and whereas a proposition has been remitted for the consideration of the Presbyteries that discipline shall not be exercised in regard to marriage with a deceased wife's sister, aunt or niece, as hitherto required, while no proposal is made to relax discipline in regard to the corresponding marriage of a woman to her deceased husband's brother, uncle or nephew, and while no proposal is made to modify the article in the Confession, which declares that no law of man can make it lawful for persons married within any of these forbidden degrees to live together as man and wife, to which article all licentiates, ministers and elders are still required to profess adherence at their licensure, ordination and induction,—the Presbytery of Toronto therefore (1) disapprove of the proposal to relax discipline in the case of a man's marrying a deceased wife's niece, (2) Disapprove of the proposal to relax discipline in the case of a man's marrying his deceased wife's aunt, (3) Disapprove of the proposal to relax discipline in the case of a man's marrying his deceased wife's sister.

PRESBYTERY OF LINDSAY.—This Presbytery met at Uxbridge on Tuesday, November 30, and was constituted by the Rev. E. Cockburn, M.A., Moderator. Present, ten ministers and eight elders. Minutes of August 31 and November 1 read and sustained. The following minute in regard to the Rev. T. T. Johnston's resignation of his charge of Wick and Greenbank was agreed to: "In accepting the resignation of their brother, the Rev. T. T. Johnston, the Presbytery would record the sense of their loss sustained by his removal. During his pastorate Mr. Johnston has endeared himself to his brethren by his many excellent Christian qualities. He has given a faithful attendance on the services of the Church, and cheerfully performed such work as was assigned him. He has also discharged his pastoral duties with commendable fidelity and acceptance to the entire congregation, as is manifest by the deep and universal regret shown on his removal. The Presbytery in taking leave of their brother would commend him to the grace of God, and the confidence of the Church of Christ in a foreign land, as an able and successful minister of the Gospel, with prayer that the Master may speedily open to him another field of usefulness, and also that by the Divine blessing the family affliction, which has rendered his departure necessary, may soon be removed. The Presbytery would further express their sympathy with the congregation in the loss of a pastor to whom they were so strongly attached; and pray that the Great Shepherd may soon send one to break unto them the bread of life." The Presbytery was occupied for some time with the reports on vacant congregations and future supply. A committee, consisting of Revs. J. B. McLaren, E. Cockburn, A. G. McLaughlin and Mr. Alex. Leask, was appointed to visit Sunderland and Vroomant to inquire about an ordained missionary. The following agreed to supply Nighy and Selkirk: Rev. E. Cockburn, January 16, Rev. J. B. McLaren, January 30, Rev. A. Ross, February 13, Rev. D. B. McDonald, February 27, Rev. G. C. Patterson, March 13. The sessions were instructed to arrange for missionary meetings, and report

at next meeting. After other routine business the Presbytery agreed that next regular meeting be held at Lindsay on the last Tuesday in February, 1887, at eleven o'clock a.m.—JAMES R. SCOTT, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF BARRIE.—This Presbytery met at Barrie on Tuesday, Nov. 30, and was attended by eighteen ministers and six elders. A call to Rev. J. A. Carmichael, of Columbus and Brooklin, from the congregations of Bradford, Second West Gwillimbury and St. John's was sustained. Guarantees of stipend for \$1,000, with a manse, were given. The Presbytery directed that the call be transmitted to the Whitby Presbytery, and that Mr. James Carswell be appointed commissioner to plead for translation on behalf of the Presbytery, and Mr. James Bryant, commissioner on behalf of the congregations. The Oro congregations and sessions were instructed to consider and send deputies to next meeting of Presbytery to state their views on a proposed rearrangement which would unite Guthrie Church, Mitchell Square and Esson Church in one charge, and Willis and Knox Churches in another charge. The Innisfil congregations were cited to appear for their interests at next meeting of Presbytery, when the petition of Churchill congregation for leave to worship at Stroud, instead of Hunter's Corners as formerly, will be taken up. It was resolved to correspond with the Lindsay Presbytery with the view of having the Uptergrove congregation transferred and united to Longford and Black River, so that a pastoral charge may be formed. Mr. James Smith, of Sundridge, who had received sanction of Presbytery to collect money from friends of the Church for a new church at that place, presented books and accounts of money received and expended for the object, and requested an audit. The audit was made, and the accounts found correct. A letter from Dr. Middlemiss, Convener of the Committee on Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, was read, and contents noted. Leave was given to the Penetanguishene congregation to sell their church and lot, the proceeds of sale to be applied to building a new church. There were sundry other matters of business, not of general interest. There was another matter, not of business, but of a novel and pleasant experience, which may be of interest. The Presbytery was accommodated in the church, the usual place of meeting being in the lecture room. The reason was apparent when the dinner hour arrived, and the members were informed that they were the guests of the ladies of the congregation for that day, and that dinner was laid for them in the lecture room. An adjournment thither took place, and the members were entertained with a plentiful, substantial and, it may be said, sumptuous dinner. Two long lines of benches around the table were filled. Twenty-four members were marked as attending the regular meeting, but double the number of persons must have partaken of the ladies' hospitality. When the meal was over, the kindness received was suitably acknowledged. In the evening the members who remained in court were entertained with tea in the same place and by the same friends. Not to say more of the pleasures experienced by the brethren, the thoughtfulness and kindness of the ladies helped to save time and to expedite business.—ROBERT MOODIE, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF TORONTO.—On the 7th inst. this Presbytery met, Rev. P. Nicol, Moderator, and transacted a fair amount of business. Revs. F. Smith, J. McKay and Mr. Wm. Hood were appointed a committee to look after the supply for St. Andrew's Church, Scarborough, and St. John's Church, Markham. The committee appointed at last meeting to confer with the congregations of Dixie and West Toronto Junction, ament a combined adherence to the promise of \$750 as stipend, reported through Rev. J. Mutch favourably thereon, with the hope of \$100 more being added within a year. Rev. J. A. Grant declared his acceptance of the call given him by said congregations. The Moderator and the Clerk were appointed to assign him subjects of trial for ordination; said trials will be heard in the usual place on the 11th proximo, and in case of their being satisfactory, the Presbytery agreed to meet at West Toronto Junction, on the same day, at three p.m., to ordain and induct Mr. Grant, the Moderator to preside, Rev. W. Patterson to preach, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell to deliver the charge, and Rev. A. Gilray to address the people. It was also agreed to apply for a supplement of \$250 for said congregation, from the Augmentation Fund. A committee was appointed, consisting of F. vs. A. Gilray, D. J. Macdonnell and Mr. W. Carlyle, to confer with the congregations of Weston and Woodbridge, ament the propriety of raising the salary of their pastor, and Mr. Gilray was appointed to preach at said places on the 19th inst. Rev. Dr. Gregg submitted and read a report from the committee appointed at last meeting, to visit and confer with the congregations of Union Church and Norval, ament the tender of resignation made by their pastor. The report set forth, in substance, that said congregations are warmly attached to their pastor, Rev. J. Alexander, and wish his continuance among them; but that, seeing he decidedly wishes, on the ground of bodily infirmity, to be relieved of his pastorate, they would quit the thought of seeking a colleague, and offer no opposition to the resignation. The committee were thanked for their diligence in this matter, and the Clerk was instructed to cite the congregations aforesaid, to appear for their interests at next ordinary meeting. An application was read from the congregation of Leshville, for a separation of said congregation from that of York Town Line. Messrs. McDonald and Gibb were heard as commissioners thereon, as also the pastor, Rev. W. Frizzell. After some deliberation, Revs. J. Neil, R. P. Mackay, A. Gilray and Mr. A. Gemmill were appointed a committee to confer with said congregation in regard to this matter, and report thereon at a future meeting. The Clerk having stated that he had received in due time reasons of protest and appeal from Rev. Wm. Inglis against the decision come to by the Presbytery on his case at last meeting, said reasons were produced and read. A committee was appointed, consisting of Revs. H. M. Parsons, D. J. Macdonnell, G. M. Milligan and Mr. Carlyle, to prepare answers to said reasons and submit the same at next meeting. There was also read a

second memorial and petition from Mr. Inglis, asking the Presbytery to re-open the whole case, inasmuch as he had learned since last meeting that a majority of those who voted for the amendment which then carried were shareholders of the *Presbyterian Review*, and therefore in his opinion interested parties, but that if he should fail in this request he might have permission to amend his reasons by adding another, the terms of which were given by him. It was moved in substance, and duly seconded, to refuse the re-opening of the case. In amendment, it was moved and seconded to re-open the case, and make it the first order of business at next meeting. The motion carried by a majority of one, and it was declared accordingly. The Presbytery however, granted leave to the memorialist to add the tenth reason of protest and appeal which was read from him. The remit from the General Assembly on the marriage question was read and duly considered. A motion thereon was submitted by Rev. Dr. Gregg, and seconded by Rev. J. M. Cameron. In amendment, it was moved by Rev. W. Meikle and seconded by Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, That the remit on marriage be approved of. On a vote being taken, eleven voted for the amendment and nine for the motion; the amendment was therefore declared carried. Thereafter, Mr. W. A. Martin, a student of theology, read a discourse on a subject recently prescribed to him. The discourse was sustained, and the Clerk was instructed to attest him to the Senate of Knox College. Various other matters, of no public interest, were taken up and dealt with. The Presbytery meets for ordinary business in the usual place, on Tuesday, the 11th of January, 1887, at ten a.m.—R. MONTEATH, *Pres. Clerk*.

MONTREAL NOTES.

ON the evening of Friday last the first public meeting for this session of the Philosophical and Literary Society of the Presbyterian College was held in the David Morrice Hall. The Rev. Principal MacVicar presided; an interesting programme was provided, embracing music, readings, etc., followed by a debate on the question, "Should Woman have the right of Suffrage?" The affirmative was supported by Messrs. J. A. McFarlane and M. MacLennan, and the negative by Messrs. J. E. Duclos and F. Larkin. The speaking was warmly commended by those present as of a high order, and a pleasant evening was enjoyed by the many friends who were present.

The attendance continues large at the monthly meetings of the Presbyterian Woman's Missionary Society. On Friday last, after routine business, Mrs. John Campbell read a paper on "French Work," and Mrs. Robert Campbell on the "Home Auxiliary." Mrs. Parker also referred to the very hopeful and cheering work being done at the Pointe-aux-Trembles Mission Schools. Mrs. R. Campbell presided at the meeting.

In connection with the quarterly communion in St. Joseph Street Church last Sabbath twenty-seven were received into fellowship with the congregation. Dr. Smyth has now been nearly a year and a half pastor of the St. Joseph Street Church, during which time upward of one hundred names have been added to the communion roll.

It is a subject of general remark that the attendance at many, if not all, of our churches in the city is considerably on the increase. This is true not only of the Sabbath service, but also of the weekly prayer meeting. It indicates growth in the population of the city, and also a deepening interest in spiritual things, which is most encouraging. There have been large additions to the membership at the recent quarterly communion in many of the churches. In Erskine Church last week the additions numbered thirty-two—eighteen by certificate and fourteen on profession of faith.

THE Rev. J. A. F. McBain, now settled at Providence, Rhode Island, is on a visit to his former charge at Georgetown, Que. He dispensed the communion there on Sabbath last. Mr. McBain is being encouraged in his new field of labour.

THE Rev. R. H. Warden returned from his visit to the North-West on Friday last. He went and returned by the Canadian Pacific Railway, of the equipment and general comfort of whose through line he speaks in so high terms of praise. He preached in Knox Church, Winnipeg, on the morning of Sabbath last, and in St. Andrew's Church in the evening.

ON Monday evening the Rev. Dr. Smyth lectured on "Five Weeks in London" in Chalmers Church under the auspices of the Young People's Association, and Mr. John L. Morris, the same evening, lectured before the St. Paul's Church Young Men's Association on "Fur Traders and Canadian Enterprise." The lecture is spoken of as replete with valuable information in regard to the early settlement of the country. It is hoped the series of Canadian lectures now being delivered in St. Paul's Church will be published in pamphlet form.

THE Taylor Church Young People have the reputation of getting up good entertainments of a musical and literary character. Their concert on Thursday last was proof of this. No fewer than nineteen young persons, most of them connected with the congregation, took part in the entertainment, which was highly appreciated by the large audience present. The chair was occupied by the Rev. T. Bennett, president of the association.

THE annual meeting of the Celtic Society was held in the Presbyterian College here on Thursday night. The Rev. Dr. MacNish presided, and among those present were Hon. Justice MacKay, Principal MacVicar, Professors Campbell and Coussirat, Messrs. Ward, Lewis, etc. The first volume of the society's transactions is in the publisher's hands, and will be ready in January. The following were elected office-bearers for the ensuing year:—Hon. D. A. McDonald, honorary president; Rev. Neil MacNish, LL.D., president; Mr. J. K. Ward, Montreal, and Rev. D. B. Blair, Nova Scotia, vice-presidents; Mr. M. McLennan, recording secretary; Alex. D. Lanskill, corresponding secretary; Mr. Wm. Greig, Treasurer; Rev. Professor Coussirat, B.D.,

B.A., Rev. Geo. Coull, M.A., Mr. Wm. Drysdale, Mr. John McDonald and Mr. Murdock McKenzie, council.

THE Rev. J. Cormack, of St. Andrew's Church, Lachine, returned home last week after two months' absence, spent chiefly in the North-West. His health is quite restored.

The Rev. J. MacMillan, of Glamis, has been in the city for the last fortnight. Mrs. MacMillan, who has been in feeble health for some time, accompanied him to consult medical specialists. On Tuesday morning she died. Mr. MacMillan has the deep sympathy of his many friends in his great sorrow.

OBITUARY.

ALEXANDER ORR.

In all parts of Ontario there are many who will learn with deep regret the death of Alexander Orr, of Bobcaygeon. His family came from Scotland about 1840, and settled on English River, in the Eastern Townships. It was his privilege to receive thorough training in Bible and catechism. It is not surprising, therefore, that he was a man of integrity and steadfast adherence to the principles of God's Word.

When he came to Bobcaygeon, twenty-six years ago, it was a wild and lawless frontier village. Mr. Orr opened a store and temperance house. The store was welcome, but the idea of a temperance house was too much. It was not a popular idea anywhere, but in Bobcaygeon it raised a storm. It seemed the very height of folly. People did not dream that it would be a temperance house except in name, but the name was unpleasantly suggestive where whiskey was king. It was not to be tolerated. There were some, indeed, who prayed for its success, but it was in the closet. Almost alone, he was left to struggle; but strong faith in God, and the support of his brave, patient, tender-hearted wife, sustained him, and his efforts were crowned with success. The Temperance House was more than a name, and stands to-day one of the most widely-known and respected places of entertainment in the district, and the quiet of the village now is largely due to his firmness. It is easy to advocate temperance now. It required courage and deep conviction then, and in such a place.

For the Church he has done no less. When he came here there was no church. Services had been commenced in a school. Mr. Orr started a Sabbath school, and within a year after his arrival he had succeeded in having organized a Presbyterian congregation, and was ordained one of its first elders. Ever since he has been its faithful friend.

He was for many months a patient sufferer from cancer of the stomach, and died November 20, 1886, in the seventieth year of his age, leaving a widow, one son and two daughters to mourn his loss.

If his life stimulates us to be more valiant and steadfast in the service of Christ, it will not be in vain. He has fought a good fight, he has finished his course, he has kept the faith; and now he has gone to receive the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, giveth to all them that love His appearing.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

BY REV. R. P. MACKAY, B.A.

Dec. 26.]

REVIEW.

[1886.

I. **Jesus Betrayed.** (John xviii. 1-14.)

(1) *Gethsemane.*—After prayer and singing (Psa. cxiii. cxviii.), Jesus and His disciples went out through the eastern gate, across the Kedron, along the road that led over Olivet, on each side of which were olive orchards, into one of which He turned. Leaving eight disciples behind, He took three with Him. He again left them, and, in the intensity of His prayer, first kneeled—then fell on His face, crying with tears, so that great drops of blood came from His body. The burden of His prayer was "O, My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me." In His great distress He sought sympathy from the disciples, but was disappointed. As He prayed, the human shrinking passed away, and He became entirely submissive to the Father's will.

(2) *Betrayal.*—Satan had entered into Judas, which alone accounts for the boldness of his treachery in kissing His Master as a sign to the company of temple police he had led to the garden in order to arrest Him.

(3) *Peter's courage.*—He could not endure the sight, but drew his sword, and, without waiting for permission, smote the servant of the High Priest and cut off his ear. Jesus rebuked him, giving three reasons, viz.: His own readiness to drink the cup given to Him, the legions of angels at His service if He would command them, and the divine law that they who use violence shall suffer violence.

Jesus was led first to Annas, the father-in-law of Caiaphas, and then to Caiaphas, who had already given his opinion that it was expedient to make Him a political sacrifice.

II. **Jesus Before Pilate.** (John xviii. 28-40.)

(1) *Jesus led to Pilate's palace.*—After the mock trial in the judgment hall of Caiaphas during the night—at which Peter was present, when he denied his Master, and of which he so bitterly repented—Jesus was led early in the morning to Pilate's judgment hall on Mount Zion, in order that they might get permission to put Him to death, for the Romans did not allow the Jews to put a man to death. Pilate tried to evade the request by asking them to treat Him according to their own law, but that would not satisfy—they must have His life.

(2) *Pilate's examination.*—Pilate then entered into an examination of Jesus about the nature of His kingdom and kingship, and returned, saying that he could find no fault in Him—a negative compliment.

(3) *Diplomacy again fails.*—Then Pilate, who had not the courage to do his duty, sent Him to Herod, who was disappointed in Jesus and sent Him back. Pilate then thought of the expedient of releasing Him, according to the

custom of releasing a prisoner at the Feast. But they chose Barabbas, a murderer.

III. **Jesus Delivered to be Crucified.**—(John xix. 1-16.) (1) *Jesus scourged.*—This was the awful introduction to crucifixion. The body was laid bare, and the hands tied behind the back, and in a stooping position, so beaten with thongs as often to cause immediate death. It was often done to extort confession of guilt. Pilate brought Him out again, wearing the robe and crown of thorns in which the soldiers mocked Him, and said, "Behold the man," hoping they would be satisfied. But they say, "No, He has broken our law by calling Himself Son of God."

(2) *Pilate more deeply impressed.*—Does He claim to be the Son of God? Pilate again took Him into the judgment hall, and asked, "Whence art Thou?" Jesus remained silent, because Pilate was not worthy to hear His explanation. At this Pilate was offended. He was accustomed to deal with men who sought his favour, but here was a prisoner who will not seek His own safety. The impression on his mind is so strong that he determined to deliver Him, but when the people said, "If you let this man go, you are not Cæsar's friend," fear got the mastery. To fall under the suspicion of Tiberius was death. He gave Him up to be crucified.

IV. **Jesus Crucified.** (John xix. 17-30.)—He was led away, bearing His cross. On account of His great weakness and to hasten the procession, they compel one Simon to bear it. Carried before Him was the inscription afterward nailed to the cross. Around Him was the mocking multitude, but also many women, who filled the air with their lamentations. He, on the way to the cross, preached the last sermon—an exhortation to repentance.

On the cross He spoke seven sentences, the first of which was a prayer for sinners, who lay nearest His heart; the second was His answer to the prayer of the penitent thief; the third was committing His mother to the care of John; the fourth, "My God, My God, Why hast Thou forsaken Me?" the fifth, "I thirst"; the sixth, "It is finished"; the seventh, "Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit." He died of a broken heart, as is proved by the fact that blood and water flowed out of the spear wound in His side.

V. **Jesus Risen.** (John xx. 1-18.)—Joseph went, and asked Pilate the privilege of disposing of the body of Jesus. This was granted, and he and Nicodemus and a few other friends, who were faithful to the last, buried Him.

Mary at the tomb.—She and other women found it empty, and she hastened to tell Peter and John, who came, examined and returned home. Mary, whilst looking in, saw two angels, and then Jesus Himself, who gradually made Himself known to her, but did not allow her to touch Him as she was about to do. She is taught that in the future their friendship is to be purely spiritual, until perfected in heaven. She is sent as the first missionary of the Resurrection to the disciples, and to tell them that He would meet them in Galilee.

Thus Mary, who came weeping, seeking a crucified Christ, found a risen Lord.

VI. **Thomas Convinced.** (John xx. 19-31.)—Jesus appeared to the ten assembled with closed doors, on the evening of the Resurrection. He showed them His wounds, and asked them to handle Him, that they might be convinced. Thus their hopes and spirits were revived. Thomas was not present, because of doubt and despondency. When told that the Lord had appeared to the others, he declined to accept their word. He said he would not believe unless he saw and handled for himself. The next Sunday evening Thomas was with them, assembled in the same room. Jesus again appeared, with the same salutation, "Peace be unto you," and persuaded Thomas, who fell at His feet, exclaiming "My Lord and my God." His Lord told him that in the future faith and blessedness were to come not by sight, but by testimony. That disposition of mind that is prepared to see and receive the truth without sight is best fitted for lofty experiences. Such was the preparation of the disciples themselves afterwards.

VII. **Peter Restored.** (John xxi. 4-19.)—This is the epilogue to the Gospel of John. He showed Himself—they could not see him now, but as He saw fit to appear, He taught them to feel that He was not far away from them, and they became accustomed to his absence. The disciples were fishing in the Sea of Galilee, and caught nothing. Toward morning He stood upon the shore, and asked them if they had any meat. He then told them to cast on the right side of the ship, and they caught a large draught, and yet their net was not broken. They are thus taught a lesson as to their future work. We may toil long and catch nothing; but there will be a glorious dawn. Afterward, He publicly restored Peter to his position as a shepherd of the sheep, after reminding him of his fall, and Peter's death was foreshadowed.

VIII. **Walking in the Light.** (1 John i. 5-10; ii. 1-6.)—This great message of the Gospel is that "God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all." If we walk in the light, we have fellowship with Him, and with one another. In the attempt to do this Jesus helps us as our Propitiation and Advocate. He forgives the sins of such as confess them, and cleanses us from all unrighteousness.

IX., X., XI., XII. **Revelation.**—These lessons in the first, fifth, seventh and twenty-second chapters are strikingly beautiful. They have been so recently gone over, and are not easily forgotten, so that we shall not review them. We have seen Jesus in His great humiliation, and we have seen Him in His exaltation. The Man of Sorrows is the Lamb in the midst of the throne, whom the numberless throng adore as their Redeemer. May we all be permitted to join in that song!

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.—Dr. Reid has received from G., Leith, for North-West Indians, \$5; S., Glencoe, \$3, equally to Home and Foreign Missions and Widows' and Orphans' Fund; Friend, Lachute, \$1, Bohemian Church; A Friend (per Dr. Cochran), \$200, Home Missions; Keady, Yes, \$7, Home Missions; \$5, Foreign Missions; \$3, French Evangelization; A Friend, \$3, Chinese Missions; A Friend, \$5, Zenana Mission.

Our Young Folks.

THE KING OF THE MANGER.

The empire of Jesus, which began with Joseph and His mother on the world's first Christmas night, will exactly and always remain of the same kind. The bare idea of such simple powers founding a kingdom will, of course, be despised and rejected of men, and the beautiful child will grow to be a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. Priests will thoroughly detest it, kings will disdain it.

All His soul will have the sweet cleanliness of a child's. All His words will sound with the beautiful purity of a child. All His deeds will have the child's easy grace. In the fullest sense He will be a child, grown in stature as others grow; increased far more than others increase in wisdom, becoming endowed with superhuman powers, yet will He be "the same Jesus" which wins at His first-opened eyes the kindly smile from the stablemen, as He lies among the yellow straw of the cattle trough.

This innocent beauty of babyhood, alas! does not keep alive in us, the world calls it weakness and foolishness; kills it. That first self has to be reborn in us ere we can see God. But baby truth and graces were a'ways in Him.

Some of these remain in our early years. I never really see into the joyous freedom of childhood without the feeling of the hymn—

O happy band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread,
With Jesus as your fellow,
To Jesus as your head.

His childhood ever went onward to be enriched with manhood's experiences and heavenly powers, and lent its pure graces to them all.

It was these that made mother, brother, sister, so life-long true to Him, though, of course, they could not understand nor approve those self-devoted ways, which they knew would lead to His being put to death; they seemed like the self-forgetfulness of a child. It was this which made sinners so awed and sad in His presence. It was this which made the careless multitude so fond of Him, and little children; and made the priests so angry with Him.

Never will you understand the man Jesus until you remember that in Him "the child grew"; it never died, it changed not. Once a child, He was always a child. He had a child's soul and a child's ways. The wildest children of nature were made gentler and better by His manhood's presence. Wrong-doing did not make Him flash angry eyes upon them and strike out, as with the talons of a lion, as the would-be saints around them did. He seemed rather wounded for their transgressions, and they felt it as they would feel the hurt or tears of an innocent baby. Then He seemed to depend upon them, and to need them so much, and claimed them like as helplessness seen only in a child. Far as they all were from pleasing Him, they all liked Him for His rare grace; it humanized them. Only professional men could do Him harm—kings, and soldiers, and priests; men who could order, and consent to, and execute the slaughter of all the babies in Bethlehem; these could throw stones at Him, whip Him, and spit on Him, and so far as was in their power make His life one long weary woe. The rabble at Nazareth could be His bodyguard, and hired ruffians, whom the priests sent to take Him where

at night He went to pray, could be reluctant and ashamed to do their employers' work; the sentence His judge was obliged to yield to the priests' demand, when he *felt the man*, faltered on his lips; and the captain of the soldiers who mocked Him, when he had seen Him go through the tortures of the cross, gave way to strange religious feelings, and—Pagan as he was—spoke a brave and simple creed about Him much nearer the creed of angels than he thought. The arm that ruled for Him through it all was likeliest to that little round arm that peeped out of the straw of His baby bed and ruled for Him among the folks that looked on Him when resting with oxen and asses around. Almost nowhere but in a child can we see the deep, simple self-forgetful ways of His pure goodness. It is in a child there is most of His wonderful hope about everybody; and His tears, when His heart was hurt, were the genuine tears of a child. Satan has nothing in the soul of the pure child

magnificent workers and friends, just as willing to serve Him as are mothers and fathers willing to toil for babes, and it will all be done to ease a fullness of joy.

That little child there asleep to-night in His manger, under that same low stone roof, with these dumb animals sprawling their lumpy, weary limbs out on the litter that makes their bed, will attain a singular pre-eminence in arts like these, and will even come to base on them some claim to weary human trust. In a small town, where there is very little culture of poor animals' hearts, His brother will watch His gentle and wonderful skill till he will write for men to read that "all animals can be tamed," and another of his comrades will say, "We see all things put under Him." His ways will open within beasts a door old as paradise, and show beyond it much that has been shut up there since man fell, and selfishness and sin invented goads and scourges, to force from brutes what was so freely offered to the child-like innocence of unfallen Adam and Eve.

Under the same stable roof, and over the same strawed floor as makes the cattle's bed, we see a few simple people kneeling to that little child—a child who cannot yet say a word; and over it, amidst the stars of the sky, angels are singing, just as if all the difference in the world between what is worshipable and what is not worshipable was in that baby there; as though God is not worshipped for David-like warrior-might, and king-dominion, but for the lovely loveliness which He has in common with a child, and which we, as it were, breathe around the place where He lies, and only there, alas!

The mother, too, smiles on it with her pale birth-face with the same loyalty to the wonders of its tiny majesty as all mothers have felt through the whole history of the world, but which has in it besides a dash of awe and reverence. And since then we have seen countless millions with the same simple joyful adoration, as shepherd, and magi, and mother, drop there upon their knees, and acknowledge that God the Lord may show the spirit of His ways in a child, and its slender sceptre may tell the might and power of His glory; and over all such the angels have been for ever singing, "Glory to God in the highest."

On the surface it seems as if the world did not contain a more insignificant life than a baby's life, swathed in its swaddling bands, yet not to kings, or prophets, does it owe so much of its saving health. Baby goes right down into the core of hearts in ways altogether unknown to any other creature of God. And because the world is indebted to it for its most generous nobilities, most loyal, self-sacrificing friendships; because it teaches men to bow to tenderness, makes the mean and the frail devoted, strong and heroic, and does it all by its good spirit, therefore its little dominion is the likeliest thing we have on earth to the dominion of the "mighty God, the everlasting Father," whose kingdom is to conquer all kingdoms, and to have "no end."

This, my child, is the meaning of our Christmas Christ.

CICERO, the famous heathen moralist, said: "If we practise goodness, not for the sake of its own intrinsic excellence, but for the sake of gaining some advantage by it, we may be cunning, but we are not good."



PRACTISING THE CHRISTMAS ANTHEM.

nor in Jesus. His great wisdom is as simple and innocent as is the tiny babe's ignorance; His power is used as beautifully as those tiny helpless limbs are used, which have in them no malice, and, lie as they will, are always full of grace and truth. Neither in the infant nor the Christ is it flesh which profits, but spirit, a spirit which shines and penetrates like a light, and by honest hearts is called "Wonderful."

Look into the humble stable where Jesus lies. Not all the temples, nor all the palaces of the world have done for the world what that has done. What food for the hungry, what delight for the children, what restful beds for the sick, what mercy for prisoners, what freedom for slaves, what blessing for weary brutes, the like of those which peer around at Him from the gloomy corners of the place where He lies! Daggers and goads and fetters, all will take less with men now that baby-throne is set up to teach them what is the true and, after all, the terrible glory and power of God.

Brutes, made enemies of man by wicked works, shall be won to Him and changed by the sight of this mild, sweet splendour of His new glory into

Sparkles.

THE prudent man always lays up something for a rainy day, if it is only a borrowed umbrella.

W. H. RHODES, 118 E. Gay St., Columbus, O., in 1879, was taken ill with palpitation and neuralgia of the heart, consequent of diseased kidneys. "Horrible Dyspepsia" also afflicted him. He spent hundreds of dollars for relief in vain. He took 50 bottles of Warner's safe cure, and was fully restored to health, gaining 70 pounds while using that great remedy. Write him and enclose a stamp. He'll tell you the welcome story.

It is no comfort to the judges of our Court of Appeals to be told that Job never asked for a new trial.

THE HISTORY OF HUNDREDS.—Mr. John Morrison, of St. Anns, N. S., was so seriously afflicted with a disease of the kidneys that dropsy was developing and his life was despaired of. Two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters cured him after physicians had failed.

A MAN of short stature gives as reason for his stunted growth that he was brought up as a child on condensed milk.

GREAT SUCCESS attends the sale of James Pyle's New Washing Compound, Pearlina. This is not surprising, as it has been demonstrated from actual experience that it is absolutely harmless to the most delicate fabric, while it is a great economizer of labour, time and soap.

It is customary now for a woman to take a trip to Canada, and see how she likes the climate before she marries a financier.

IT SELDOM FAILS.—J. D. Cameron, of Westlake, Ainslie, Cape Breton, had inflammatory rheumatism which Haggard's Yellow Oil cured after all other treatment had failed.

INQUISITIVE PARTY—"And do you go up the ladder all day long?" Pat—"No, sir; half or the toime oi cum down."

THE PAIN KILLER.—We have long known the high character of this medicine, and that it has been used with great success and satisfaction in our very best families. It is the favourite medicine of our missionaries in heathen lands, where they use it more than all else together for the diseases that abound in those warm climates. It should be kept in every house, and be in readiness for sudden attacks of sickness.—*Christian Press.*

"How does the new girl strike you?" asked a citizen of Detroit, at dinner lately. "She hasn't struck me yet," answered his wife, meekly. "But she has done almost every thing else."

A HEAVY LOAD.—"When I ate, my food was like a lump of lead in my stomach. I took Burdock Blood Bitters. The more I took, the more it helped me, I am like a new man now," says Ezra Babcock, Cloyne P. O., Township Barrie, Ont.

"HAS my client any right?" asked a counsellor, out of patience, of a brother wrangler at the bar. "I know not," was the response; "but one thing is certain—when you get through with him he'll have nothing left."

E. EVANS, president of the Lumber Exchange bank, Tonawanda, N. Y., writes: January 15, 1886, I was entirely prostrated, and was reduced from 176 to 126 lbs. I thought I had inflammation of the large bowel. The pain was relieved only by morphine forced under the skin. My doctor treated me for inflammation and catarrh of the bowels, an affection sympathetic with disorder of the left kidney. I had distressing pain, with night sweats, and could keep nothing on my stomach, especially liquid, and I was intensely thirsty. February 19 I was in intense agony with pain in my left kidney. I then began Warner's safe cure. In 20 minutes I was relieved. I refused the doctor's medicines thereafter. I finally passed a large stone from the bladder, then my pain ceased." If you write Mr. Evans, enclose stamp for reply.

SHOPPING in the country. Clerk: "No, ma'am; those are two articles we don't keep; but the oysters, I think, you will find at the post-office, and bananas you can get across the way, at the barber's."

Mrs. Langtry, Sara Bernhardt, and Adeline Patti Revist Toronto.

These celebrated artists will arrive here in the coming season to give us pleasure during the dreary months. Some people, however, prefer a different kind of pleasure and that is to furnish a home of their own, and have music, cards and games to while away the hours. Jolliffe's is the place to furnish these homes, and 467 to 473 Queen Street West contains an enormous variety for you to choose from.

A WONDERFUL REMEDY.

The value of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, in the protection it affords from the dangers of pulmonary disorders, cannot be over-estimated. Mr. C. K. Phillips, Pittsburg, Pa., writes: "About three years ago I had severe Laryngitis, which resulted in chronic hoarseness. By the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral I have since entirely regained my health." Mr. Henry Russell, Excelsior Printing Co., New York, writes: "Influenza became epidemic in my neighborhood. Several members of my family suffered severely with it, all of whom took Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and were cured by it in a few days. It is a wonderful medicine for Influenza. Too much cannot be said in its favor."

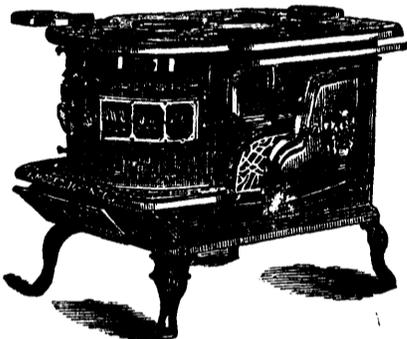
E. M. Sargent, 41 Andover st., Lowell, Mass., says: "I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral about the year 1842, as a family medicine, for Coughs and Colds, and have always kept it in my house since that time. I consider it the best remedy that can be had for these complaints." Dr. J. B. Robertson,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

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

has cured a Cough in a few doses. It always relieves irritation of the lungs or throat, and arrests the tendency to inflammation. It strikes at the foundation of all Pulmonary diseases, is without a rival as an expectorant, and is a sure cure for the most obstinate Coughs and Colds. L. Garrett, Texana, Texas, writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my family for twenty years. For throat and lung diseases, I consider it a wonderful remedy."

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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, on Monday, December 20, at half-past seven p.m.
OWEN SOUND.—In Division Street Church, Owen Sound, on the third Tuesday of December, at half-past one p.m.
SARNIA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Sarnia, on Tuesday, December 21, at two p.m.
MONTRÉAL.—In the David Morrice Hall, Montréal, on Tuesday, January 11, 1887, at ten a.m.
WHITBY.—In Oshawa, on Tuesday, January 18, 1887, at half-past ten p.m.
MIRAMICHI.—At Campbellton, on Tuesday, January 18, 1887, at eleven a.m.
PARIS.—At Irlsonburg, on January 11, 1887, at half-past twelve p.m.
STRATFORD.—On January 11, 1887, at half-past ten a.m.
ORANGEVILLE.—At Shelburne, on Tuesday, January 11, at eleven a.m.
MAITLAND.—In Knox Church, Brussels, on December 21, at one p.m.
HURON.—In Seaford, on Tuesday, January 18, at eleven a.m.
REGINA.—At Moosejaw, on the first Tuesday of March, 1887.
GUELPH.—In Knox Church, Elora, on Tuesday, January 18, at ten a.m. Conferences on the State of Religion and Temperance on the afternoon and evening of the same day, and on Sabbath Schools on the forenoon of the day following.
PETERBOROUGH.—In Mill Street Church, Port Hope, on the second Tuesday of January, at ten a.m.
ORANGEVILLE.—Special meeting at Maple Valley, on Tuesday, December 21, at two p.m.

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At the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Prof. McLaren, D.D., assisted by the Rev. M. W. McLean, M.A., on the 24th November, Rev. David McLaren, B.A., of Alexandria, to Miss Isabel, second daughter of Mr. John Forin, of Belleville.

DIED.
 On the morning of the 7th inst., Catherine Walker, beloved wife of Rev. J. MacMillan, of Glamis, Ont.

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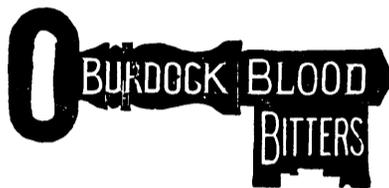
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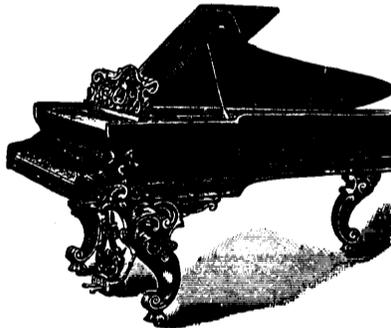
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