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THE PRESBYTERIAN

TORONTO ENGRAVING CO.

Vol. 1.—No. 41. (New Series).
Whole No. 340.

Toronto, Friday, August 9th, 1878.

\$2.00 per Annum, in advance.
Single Copies, Five Cents.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Rev. Dr. Arthur Mitchell, of Chicago, refused to give the manuscript of his Sabbath morning sermon to a reporter for publication in Monday's paper for the reason that in doing so he would be depriving reporters and compositors of their legitimate day of rest.

"HOTEL Cars," with "bars" attached, are among the latest novelties that may disturb the peace. Each car carries the United States Internal Revenue receipt for a "twenty-five dollars" permit to sell liquor to passengers. We are sorry to say that these bars are run by the Pullman Car Company.

IN a sermon before the "Church Missionary Society" preached in London, Bishop Day, of Ireland, said with apostolic "plainness of speech," that "the Free Church in Scotland, with a membership of a million, raises for missionary purposes as much as the whole Church of England does, despite its vast wealth and its twelve millions of adherents."

A FACT has been ascertained since the death of Rev. Dr. Hodge, which we think will surprise many of his old pupils, to wit—that his preparations for the Sunday afternoon conferences in the "Oratory" at Princeton were carefully made, and sometimes largely written out. He carried "beaten" oil into this "sanctuary" of the Seminary, and so made impressions which will never be effaced.

THE St. Louis "Evangelist" tells this story: "The pastor of one of our leading churches was absent from his pulpit a Sabbath. Several persons expressed dissatisfaction at seeing a stranger in the pulpit, and one lady said she would not have come if she had known that Dr. — was not going to preach. An elder standing near very promptly replied, 'Madam, the worship of Dr. — will be resumed next Sabbath.'"

MORE than a year ago Belfast College, one of the institutions of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland, was offered \$50,000 by some unknown donor, provided that the Church would raise an additional sum of \$50,000. At the late meeting of the Assembly it was found that nearly \$55,000 were raised, and the whole sum thus made available for the interests of the Church. The name of the donor is still unknown.

AFTER all that was said and done regarding Sabbath desecration in Philadelphia last year, the Board of Directors of the Permanent Exhibition have again thrown it open to the public on the Sabbath. It is said that on the 28th ult, there were six thousand per-

sons present, and the exhibits were all uncovered. However, to make it all right, and close the mouths of fault-finders, they gave a grand "sacred" organ concert, whereby the whole affair was abundantly sanctified.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH, who has gone on a visit to England, will receive a cordial welcome from temperance workers and others in that country. An English Sabbath school paper says: "Many of us remember J. B. Gough's marvelous dramatic oratory. Some of his persuasive and arousing word-pictures are treasured visions of our souls. We are glad to hear that he is again visiting England. Almost a new generation has sprung up since he was with us; but his old friends will be sure to go and hear him, and we can assure the new generation of ample reward if they go too. We trust a great blessing will rest on his labors."

IN the current number of his magazine, Mr. Spurgeon records the death of the venerable minister of Isleham, in Cambridgeshire, by whom he was baptized on May 3, 1850. The baptism took place in the River Lark, which is the Isleham baptizing place. "His death," says Mr. Spurgeon, "serves as a landmark in our life, reminding us at forty-four that the days are long past since we were generally spoken of as 'the boy preacher.' One correspondent kindly trusts that we shall be 'strengthened under the infirmities of our declining years,' which kindly wish we gratefully acknowledge and lay by in store, but we hardly feel that it is quite seasonable at present."

AT the Crystal Palace, London, Eng., there was recently held a great Board school festival, the occasion being the distribution of 4,000 Bibles and Testaments, presented by Mr. Francis Peek and the Religious Tract Society to Board school scholars for proficiency in Scriptural subjects. Sir Charles Reed, chairman of the School Board for London, in the course of a brief address, reminded his audience that the Board had decided to give Bible instruction throughout all their schools, so that now 188,000 children daily heard a portion of the Word of God read to them, not one child in 4,000 had been withdrawn from it, and not one complaint had reached the Board from any parent who had objected to the instruction given.

THE Congregationalists will have a written creed or Confession of Faith by-and-by. They are making one now, in the shape of resolutions passed at meetings of the Union. Here is an extract from one of these resolutions, and as part of a creed or confession it is very good: "That the Congregationalists have always regarded the acceptance of the facts and doctrines of the Evangelical faith revealed in the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, as an essential condition of religious communion in Congregational Churches; and that among these have always been included the Incarnation, the Atoning Sacrifice of the Lord Jesus Christ, His Resurrection, His Ascension and Mediatorial Reign, and the work of the Holy Spirit in the renewal of men.

"WE learn with much regret" says the Halifax "Witness," "that the Rev. W. Richardson of St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, died suddenly in New York on Thursday of last week. Mr. Richardson had gone to Bermuda about two months ago to supply the congregation vacated by Rev. K. Junor. The people had resolved to give him a call; but his acceptance of it

was at least uncertain. He returned by the New York boat, and arrived in that city on the 14th ult. He was ill on his arrival—suffering severely from dysentery. He became rapidly worse, and died on Tuesday. Mrs. Richardson was at Boston awaiting his return. Summoned by telegraph to meet him at New York, she hastened thither but he was gone before her arrival. Rev. Dr. Ormiston was in constant attendance on him while in New York. Mr. Richardson, though not widely known in the Maritime Provinces, was much esteemed and was a hard worker in the Master's service."

A RESOLUTION was offered recently in the English House of Commons to appoint a committee "to inquire into the operation of the Patronage Act of 1874, and its effect on the reciprocal relations of the various religious denominations in Scotland, and to ascertain how far the people of Scotland are in favour of maintaining the connection between Church and State in that country," the debate on which brought out an eloquent speech from Mr. Gladstone. The question of patronage, *i.e.*, the right of imposing a minister upon a congregation without their assent, was, it will be remembered, the one upon which the Presbyterian Church in Scotland split in 1843 and out of which the Free Church grew. In 1874, however, an act was passed abolishing patronage and placing the Establishment in this respect on an equal footing with the seceders. In his address Mr. Gladstone maintained that there was an acquiescence by a very large majority before 1874 in the existence of the Established Church. "In my very decided opinion," he continued, "expressed at the time, it would have been the wisdom of the Church of Scotland to be contented with that state of things, but others, who perhaps took a larger view of the question, pressed the passing of the Patronage Act, and the consequence of the passing of that Act has been that the other Presbyterian Churches accepted that Patronage Act as a distinct challenge on the subject of Establishment. They answered that challenge by saying that in their deliberate conviction the Establishment which existed in Scotland ought not to continue in the possession of the public property. I do not understand myself that any great change has taken place since then. . . . The question up to 1874 slumbered, but is now a living question, and brought forward at every election in Scotland, and the large proportion of the people urge that the mode of obtaining religious union in Scotland between the three great bodies, which jointly number five-sixths of the people of the country, is to remove from one of them those funds which they enjoy, so as to allow all to be brought together. I can hardly understand that a church can be a national church which is a church of the minority, and nothing has been said to show upon what principle it is that the Establishment is to be maintained which is an Establishment only of a minority of the people. It was said in the case of the disestablishment of the Irish Church that we were bound to maintain the Protestant Church, that it might uphold its testimony fully against the errors of the Church of Rome; but would any man rise in his place and say that the Church of Scotland must be maintained for the purpose of guarding against the errors of the Free Church and the U. P. Church?" The motion to institute the inquiry was not pressed, neither party as it seems being sure that the result of such an inquiry would be favorable to its side of the question.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

THE LEADING MEMBERS OF THE WESTMINSTER ASSEMBLY.

The Assembly which, during the most interesting period of English history framed, in the historic "Jerusalem Chamber" of the Deanery of Westminster, the doctrinal and disciplinary standards of the Presbyterian Churches, was no doubt the most important Assembly ever held in the history of Protestantism. The Synod of Dort alone could compare with it; but the Synod of Dort, though composed of delegates from different countries, was confined in authority and influence to the Reformed Church of Holland, and legislated only on the five points of the Arminian controversy. The Assembly of Westminster covered the whole field of Christian doctrine, worship, and discipline.

We present here brief sketches of the most prominent divines and scholars of that Assembly.

William Twiss, the Prolocutor, was held in general esteem for his learning, virtue, and piety. In doctrine he was an extreme Calvinist, and wrote ably against Arminianism. In discipline he was a moderate Episcopalian, who would have favored a compromise between Episcopacy (on the scheme of Archbishop Ussher) and Presbyterianism; but the course of events and the adoption of the Scotch Solemn League and Covenant put prelacy in any shape out of the question. Twiss preached the opening sermon of the Assembly, presided with dignity and modesty, but died before it had proceeded far in its work. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Joseph Caryl was a distinguished preacher, and "a man of great learning, piety, and modesty." He became afterwards one of Cromwell's Triers, was ejected in 1662, and lived privately, preaching to his congregation as the times would permit. He is chiefly known as the patient author of a commentary on Job in twelve volumes quarto (London, 1648-1666), which is an excellent school of its chief topic, the virtue of patience.

Thomas Coleman (Oxon.) was called "Rabbi Coleman" for his profound Hebrew learning. But Baillie describes him as half scholar and half fool, and of small estimation. He died during the heat of the Erastian debate (1647).

Thomas Gataker, B.D., (Cantab. died 1654, aged eighty,) a devourer of book, and equally esteemed for learning, piety, and sound doctrine. He refused various offers of preferment.

Thomas Goodwin, D.D., (Cantab. died 1680, aged eighty,) one of the two "patriarchs of English Independency;" Philip Nye being the other. He was pastor of an English congregation at Arnheim, Holland, then in London, and afterwards President of Magdalen College in Oxford till the Restoration, when he resigned. He was the favourite minister of Cromwell, eloquent in the pulpit, orthodox in doctrine, and exemplary in life, but "tinctured with a shade of gloom and austerity" (McCrie.) "Though less celebrated than Owen, his great attainments in scholarship, and the range and variety of his thoughts, astonish us when we read his writings, showing how familiar he was with all forms of theological speculation, ancient and modern" (Stoughton.)

Dr. Joshua Hoyle (Oxon. died 1654), Divinity Professor in Dublin, afterwards Master of University College, Oxford, was the only Irish member of the Assembly, "a master of the Greek and Latin fathers, who reigned both in the chair and in the pulpit."

John Lightfoot, D.D., (Cantab.,) the greatest Rabbinical scholar of his age, whose *Horæ Hebraicæ et Talmudicæ* are still familiarly quoted in illustration of the New Testament. His *Journal* is one of the sources for the history of the Assembly. In 1649 he became Master of Catherine Hall, Cambridge, and retained his post till he died, 1675, aged seventy-three.

Stephen Marshall, B.D., (Cantab.,) lecturer at St. Margaret's, Westminster, was "the best preacher in England" (Baillie;) a fearless leader in the political strife, a great favourite in the Assembly, "their trumpet, by whom they sounded their solemn fasts" (Fuller.) One of his Royalist enemies calls him "the Geneva bull, a factious and rebellious divine." He was buried in Westminster Abbey, 1655, but disinterred with the other Puritans after the Restoration.

Philip Nye (Oxon. died 1672), minister of Kimbolton, who had been in exile with his friend Goodwin,

took a leading part, as a Commissioner of Parliament, in soliciting the assistance of the Scotch, and subscribed the Covenant, but he conceived a dislike to their Church polity, and gave them a world of trouble. He kept them for three weeks debating on the superior propriety, as he contended, of having the elements handed to the communicants in their own seats. He was a staunch Independent, a keen debater. He was a "great politician, of uncommon depth, and seldom, if ever, outreached" (Neal.) He was one of the Triers under Cromwell, and the leader of the Congregational Savoy Conference. After the Restoration he declined tempting offers, and preached privately to a congregation of dissenters till he died, seventy-six years old.

Herbert Palmer, B.D., (Cantab.,) Vicar of Ashwell, afterwards Master of Queen's College, Cambridge, was a little man, with a childlike look, but very graceful and accomplished, a fluent orator in French and English, and a model pastor. He spent his fortune in works of charity, and his delicate frame in the cure of souls. He had scruples about the divine right of ruling elders, but became a convert to Presbyterianism. He is the real author of the "Christian Paradoxes," which have so long been attributed to Lord Bacon.

Francis Rous (died 1658), "an old most honest" member of Parliament, and one of the twenty Commoners who were deputed to the Assembly, innocently acquired an immortal fame by his literal versification of the Psalms, which was first printed in 1643, and is used in many Presbyterian congregations.

Dr. Edward Reynolds, (Oxon. died 1676), "the pride and glory of the Presbyterian party" (Wood), was very learned, eloquent, cautious, but lacking backbone. He along among his brethren accepted from Charles II. the bishopric of Norwich (January, 1660), owing, it was said, to the influence of a "covetous and political consort" (Wood), but "he carried the wounds of the Church in his heart and in his bowels to the grave with him."

Lazarus Seaman, B.D. (Cantab. 1667), one of the four representatives of the London clergy, a very active member, and reputed as an Orientalist, who always carried with him a small Hebrew Bible without points. He is described as "an invincible disputant" and "a person of most deep, piercing, and eagle-eyed judgment in all points of controversial divinity, in which he had few equals, if any superiors." He became Master of Peterhouse, Cambridge, but was ejected after the Restoration.

John Selden (1584-1654), one of the lay assessors, and a scholar and wit of European reputation. His scholarship was almost universal, but lay chiefly in languages, law, and antiquities (hence *antiquariorum coryphæus*.) For a long while he took an active part in the debates, and often perplexed the divines by raising scruples. He took pleasure in correcting their "little English pocket Bibles" from the Greek and Hebrew. Not especially fond of the flesh of the Bible, he cast the "bones" at them "to break their teeth therewith" (Fuller.) He was an Erastian and a clergy hater, but on his deathbed he declared that "out of the numberless volumes he had read nothing stuck so close to his heart, or gave him such solid satisfaction, as the single passage of Paul, 'The grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared unto all men.'"

Richard Vines, Master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge (died 1656), "an excellent preacher, and very powerful in debate, and much respected on all accounts" (Masson.)

Thomas Young, Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, a Scotchman by birth, Milton's preceptor, and the chief of the five "Smectymnuans."

THE SCOTCH COMMISSIONERS.

After the adoption of the International League and Covenant Scotland sent five clerical and three lay commissioners, who admirably represented their Church and country. They form a group by themselves, at the right hand of the Prolocutor. They were the only delegates who were elected by proper ecclesiastical authority, viz., the General Assembly of their Church (Aug. 19th, 1663), at the express request of the English Parliament; they declined being considered members in the ordinary sense, but they were allowed, by warrant of Parliament, to be present and to debate, and practically they exerted an influence disproportionate to their number. They arrived in London in September, fresh from the battle "with lordly bishops, Popish ceremonies, and royal man-

dates," and full of the "*perferendum ingenium scotorum*."

Alexander Henderson, rector of the University of Edinburgh since 1640, sixty years of age, ranks next to John Knox and Andrew Melville in the history of Scotch Presbyterianism, and was the author of the "Solemn League and Covenant" which linked the Scottish and English nations in a civil and religious alliance for the Reformed religion and civil liberty. Being unmarried, he gave himself entirely to the Assembly from August 1643 to August 1646. He has heretofore been too much ignored. "My researches," says Masson, "have more and more convinced me that he was, all in all, one of the ablest and best men of his age in Britain, and the greatest, the wisest, and most liberal of the Scotch Presbyterians. They had all to consult him; in every strait and conflict he had to be appealed to, and came in at the last as the man of supereminent composure, comprehensiveness, and breadth of brow. Although the Scottish Presbyterian rule was that no Churchman should have authority in State affairs, it had to be practically waived in his case; he was a Cabinet Minister without office."

Robert Baillie, Professor of Divinity in Glasgow, did not speak much, was a regular attendant, and for fully three years a shrewd observer, and has been called the Boswell of the Assembly and the most pleasant letter gossip. His "Letters and Journals" (not properly edited till 1842) are "among the most graphic books of contemporary memoir to be found in any language. His faculty of narration in his pithy native Scotch is nothing short of genius. Whenever we have an account from Baillie of anything he saw or was present at, it is worth all accounts put together for accuracy and vividness. So in his accounts of Stafford's trial; and so in his account of his first impressions of the Westminster Assembly" (Masson.)

George Gillespie, Minister of Edinburgh (died 1648,) was only thirty-one years when he entered the Assembly, probably the youngest, and certainly one of the brightest stars, "the prince of disputants, who with the fire of youth had the wisdom of age." He first attracted public attention in his twenty-fourth year by "*A Dispute against the English-Popish Ceremonies, upon the Church of Scotland*," which helped the revolt against Laud's innovations. He took a leading part in the debates of the Assembly against Erastianism and Independency. According to Scotch tradition he once made even Selden reel and say, "that young man, by his single speech, has swept away the labours of ten years of my life."

Samuel Rutherford, Professor of Divinity in St. Andrew's, was one of the most fervid and popular preachers in Scotland. He was twice invited to a professorship in Holland.

Rev. Robert Douglas never sat. Among the lay Commissioners, John Lord Maitland (afterwards Earl of Lauderdale) distinguished himself first by his zeal for the Scotch Covenanters, and afterwards by his apostacy and cruelty against them. Sir Archibald Johnstone of Warristone was since 1637 a leader among the Scotch Covenanters, a great lawyer and a devout Christian, who, as Bishop Burnet, his nephew, narrates, often prayed in his family two hours at a time with unexhausted copiousness. The great Marquis of Argyle also, who afterwards suffered death for his loyalty to the Scotch Kirk, sat some time as an elder in the Assembly.

DR. HODGE'S THEOLOGY.

The Rev. Dr. Atwater, of Princeton, in an article in "The Independent," on the relation of Dr. Hodge's theology to opposing systems, begins with imputation, and says:

We refer to this doctrine in its threefold relation, viz.: of Christ's righteousness to the believing sinner, of the latter's sins to Christ, and of Adam's first sin to his posterity. The antipathy of this doctrine is largely fostered by the stubborn misunderstanding and consequent misrepresentation of the meaning of the word "impute" and such correlatives as "guilt" and "justification" in scriptural and theologic usage. Thus, to justify means not to make righteous, but to pronounce or adjudge righteous in the sense that the person justified is to be dealt with and treated as righteous. Guilt means obnoxiousness or exposure to punishment. So, when it was charged that our Saviour was "guilty of death" (Matt. xxvi. 66,) it was meant clearly not that he had committed murder, but what exposed him to capital punishment under the Jewish law. So the

word "impute" means to reckon to the account of any one as a basis of judicial treatment. Such is the meaning of the Greek words *logizomai*, translated "impute" in Rom. iv., and *allogeo* so translated Rom. v. 13, and used in this sense, Philemon 18. What else can be meant when David says, "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity?" "Blessed is the man to whom the Lord imputeth righteousness without works" Rom. iv. 6, 8. What righteousness and whose righteousness is thus imputed so as to be a ground of judicial treatment or complete justification? Surely, none other than "the righteousness of God (provided by God), which is by faith of Jesus Christ, unto and upon all that believe," "revealed from faith to faith;" "the obedience of one" by which "many were made righteous." "Impute," then, in the meaning of Scripture and of those who hold to imputation, means no literal transfer of personal qualities; but simply a putting anything to the account of a person as a basis of judicial treatment, whether that thing be literally his own or another's. Nothing more need be said in reference to the imputation of Christ's righteousness to the believer.

In respect to the imputation of the believer's sins to Christ little need be added. He "became sin for us." How? By the literal transfer of its pollution to him? Never! How, then, excepting by its being so reckoned to his account that he became liable to and bore its penalty? And did he not? Did he not "become a curse for us," and "bear our sins?" How, unless in bearing their penalty? "By his stripes are we healed." But how can these inflictions be reconciled with even the appearance of justice if not laid upon him as the bearer of our sins? And if our transgressions were not thus punished in Christ's sufferings and death, must they not be punished in the person of the sinner himself? For must not every transgression "receive its just recompense of reward," either in the person of the sinner or of a fit, willing, and accepted substitute?

This suggests the root of the conflict between what Dr. Hodge and, we think, with him, nearly the whole Christian Church have deemed in one respect the scriptural view, as contrasted with the so-called governmental or expeditious theory of the Atonement. According to the former view, sin is in its own nature evil and detestable. On account of its intrinsic ill-desert it ought to be visited with suffering its "just recompense of reward," either in the person of the transgressor or of a suitable substitute. To leave it unpunished would be an abnormality and cause a fatal lesson in the moral system. All considerations of expediency aside, it is inconceivable that God should treat "the abominable thing which his soul hateth" in the same manner as that holiness without which no man shall see him. Sin must be punished, then, in the person of the transgressor or of a fit and accepted substitute. No doubt the atonement or expiatory sufferings of Christ have wrought a greater impression and influence in the moral universe in favour of holiness and against sin than the eternal punishment of all the saved would have done. But the very possibility of such an impression depends upon the fact (1) that the punishment from which the sinner is saved is his righteous due, the "just recompense of his sin;" (2) that, not in violation of justice, but at its behest, this sin, because he freely assumed it, so far as its obligation to punishment was concerned, was imputed, reckoned to the account of Christ, thus suffering, the just for the unjust, that he might "bring us to God," and so declare God's righteousness, that he might be just and yet the justifier of him that believeth in Jesus. So justice is satisfied, being preserved immaculate; while mercy triumphs, not through the subversion, but the vindication of it. Mercy and truth meet; righteousness and peace kiss each other. "Grace reigns through righteousness," not by its overthrow. All the divine perfections are manifested without spot or wrinkle, in matchless harmony and glory:

"Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace."

It is no part of this view, as is often alleged, that the vicarious sufferings of Christ are identical with those of the sinners in whose room He suffers, in kind, intensity, or duration. They are simply the equivalent of them, on account of the infinite dignity of the sufferer. We are not redeemed with corruptible things. The Lord of Glory was crucified for us. He purchased the Church with His own blood. The im-

prisonment of an earthly monarch is more than that of a thousand banditti. Christ suffered no remorse of conscience, as adversaries of this doctrine say it implies. Punishment is evil inflicted by a ruler or law-giver for sin, in vindication of the law violated by it. To say that it may not be transferred to others beyond the literal transgressor on account of a proper relation between the parties constituted voluntarily by them, or otherwise, is to go athwart Scripture, Providence, and the instinctive beliefs of mankind, from that first offence of one which came upon all men to condemnation, through the woes sent upon families and nations for the sins of their heads, to the bloody sweat of Gethsemane and that mysterious outburst of a sinless yet God-forsaken soul. "My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me!"

THE WORD, THE SWORD OF THE SPIRIT.

A missionary at Rome relates the following incidents of the power of the Word of God to convert sinners.

One of the converts, when first presented with a New Testament, said, "Very well; it is the very size for me to make my cigarettes," and so he began to smoke it away. He smoked away all the evangelists, till he was at the tenth chapter of John, when it struck him that he must read a bit of it, for if he didn't there would soon be no more left to read. The first word struck home, and the man read himself into Christ.

A carpenter converted by reading John's gospel, put the little book into a frame instead of the Madonna, from which he could take it down and read it to his visitors.

A secret society of political conspirators, who sought to achieve their purposes by assassination, were in the habit of placing a Bible (as a blind) on the table in the room where they met for deliberation; and one night, when there happened to be little business to transact and they were all rather sleepy, a member of the society opened the Bible, and saw a verse that went right to his heart. He soon returned to the book, and read more of it; and now he is a very earnest follower of the Lord Jesus.

THE SPIRIT OF THE TIMES.

It is so common to hear it said that the spirit of the times is hostile to Christianity, that it may not be out of place to inquire how much there may be, in an assertion of that kind.

If, indeed, the spirit of the times is hostile to Christianity, is that anything more or different from what has always been the case? The echo of those ill-omened words, "Ye shall not surely die," has never ceased to resound in the ears of our fallen race. But noisy repetition does not transform that ancient lie into a truth. And very little can now be said in its favor which has not been already said, and perhaps better and more freshly said. It is true that revealed religion is bitterly attacked by some who have a credit for knowledge and worldly wisdom. But it has been assailed by that class from the very first, and over the wreck and ruin of its adversaries it has gone on conquering and to conquer. It may be truthfully said, also, that however eminent its present adversaries may be, yet in point of intellectual force and greatness they belong to a class inferior to those who have sought to overthrow it in other days. Compare, for instance, Huxley, Froude and Spencer, with Hobbes, Rousseau and Voltaire. The noblest triumphs of Christianity have been over the strength of those, compared with whom its present foes appear to be mere pigmies.

Another practical consideration on this question is suggested by the vitality of Christianity as a system, in the times in which we live. All the world-religions in turn wear out and cease to be an aggressive force among men. Christianity, after a historic life of eighteen centuries, is reaching forth its hand in every direction after new conquests. There is no new land discovered to which the missionary does not confidently turn in his labor of love. There is no amount of failure, repulse or hostility which can permanently shut him out from any land or people. And so it always has been. In lands where Christianity seems to have died out, as in France, by what power is it, if not a divine power, by which it revives with greater promise than ever? When Paganism went down, the power of the Empire under Julian could not restore it. When Romanism fell, the power of Jesuitism, added to the prestige of the Pope, can only secure at the

popular election two, out of twelve of the municipal councillors. Its temporal power falls, never to rise again. But in priest-ridden, infidel-ridden Paris the people are now crying for the once rejected word of God. And so it is elsewhere. The activity of Christianity and the successes of Christianity show that it is moving on with powerful stride.

And there is still another consideration, which appeals with conclusive and irresistible force to every Christian. It is the obvious fact, that the necessity of the heart for Christianity is just as great as it ever was, and that there is no substitute for Christianity. Also, that the blessed fruits of Christianity are just as available as ever. What voice in the universe, save one, says, or can say, "I will give you rest!" What hand in the universe, save one, is stretched out to save sinners? What heart in the universe, save one, loves the sinner with an everlasting love? We cannot dispense with a gospel which reveals facts like these. The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, are just as precious as they ever were. What has infidelity to offer us for these? Nothing whatever! To the so-called spirit of the time, the meaning of the word "Hope" is utterly unknown. That can be taught only by the spirit of eternity.

Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art,
I'll call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

—South-Western Presbyterian.

THE THREE BOOKS.

An aged servant of God, who lived in a poor and lonely cottage, always showed so much wisdom and sense when any one asked him for his advice about anything, that the people round about thought he must be a very learned man.

A very great scholar who went one day to see him, and was astonished at the wise words he heard from his lips, said,

"How is it, my good friend, that I don't see a library, or any collection of books at all in your cottage? I don't even see the smallest book-shelf. And yet you have been able to teach me, who am thought to be so learned myself, much I never knew before."

"Sir," replied the old man, "I have, it is true, but a very small collection of books,—in fact, I have only three, but they are the three best a man can have. They are the wonderful works of God, which I can always look at, and which show me how great and good He is, the sun, the moon, the stars, the earth, the trees; the law of God written in my own conscience, telling me what I ought to do and what I ought not to do; and most of all, the word of God, the Bible. The works of God are spread out all round me in earth and sky; they are as a great book always open. Conscience is a never silent teacher, unless we stop its voice ourselves by refusing to listen to it.

"But these two books would fall short of teaching us the truest wisdom if we had not the blessed word of God, to make that known to us which we can know in no other way. For in the Bible we read how God made the heavens and the earth, and all these glorious things we see around us. He teaches us there also how man sinned, and how the Lord Jesus Christ redeemed us with His blood. In that book we read what that blessed Saviour did and suffered for us, and what He commanded and promised to all who seek Him. Conscience can, indeed, show us our sins, but it is God's word alone which teaches how they can be forgiven, and how we can be saved from them.

"Thus, without a library or human teachers, the three books of Conscience, God's Works, and God's Word, will make a man truly wise."—From the German.

"I AM no fanatic, I hope, as to Sabbath; but I look abroad over the map of popular freedom in the world, and it does not seem to me accidental that Switzerland, Scotland, England, and the United States, the countries which best observe Sabbath, constitute almost the entire map of safe, popular government.—Joseph Cook.

BUT the process of being made free, is slow and difficult. We cannot be made free faster than we suffer ourselves to be brought out of all untruth. There is not only untruth in our thoughts and ways, but also in our substance and mode of our being. Hence between every man in the flesh and freedom, there is a very strait gate. Freedom is the end, crucifixion is the means.—Pulsford.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

HOME MISSION NOTES.

BY THE EDITOR, DR. COCHRANE.

COLLINGWOOD, PARRY SOUND, AND
ROSSEAU.

As promised many friends in the Parry Sound and Muskoka region, I have just completed a hurried tour among our mission stations in that vicinity, and briefly sketch a few notes regarding our work and prospects. I left Toronto on Monday, the 29th, reaching

COLLINGWOOD

the same evening. Mr. Rodgers—who is always on the outlook for some brother to speak a word to his people—had called a meeting, and there we made a beginning by a short address on *Christian Work*. The good people of Collingwood need to be stirred up to the work of church extension and church building at home as well as abroad. They are sadly in want of a new church, and cannot too soon set about its erection. The present edifice is not only destitute of all beauty, but is altogether inadequate to meet the increasing population of the town. The credit of our cause demands that we should at least keep pace with other denominations, and have room for Presbyterian families who are in danger of going elsewhere. From what I know of the Collingwood congregation, the money consideration cannot be a hindrance, and it only needs united and energetic action to erect a church in keeping with the size and strength of the congregation, and a credit to the Church at large.

Mr. Rodgers, as is well known to every member of the Home Mission Committee, is deeply interested in our work in that district, and has laid us under great obligations by his services, in overlooking destitute fields and having them supplied with ordinances.

From Collingwood we passed on to

PARRY SOUND.

Parry Sound is one of the most promising and important of our mission fields in this district. A year ago the new church was opened, and a goodly congregation has been gathered. There are several staunch active Presbyterians in the congregation, who have recently come from churches in the older portions of Ontario, and who are ready with their means to support ordinances and co-operate with any minister that may be settled over them. During the last few months Parry Sound has been supplied by Mr. Leslie, a recent graduate of Knox College, and lately licensed by the Owen Sound Presbytery. His services have been most acceptable to all, and under his care the congregation has become consolidated, and greatly increased in numbers. Mr. Leslie in addition to preaching twice in Parry Sound, gives supply on Sabbath afternoons at two points, six and nine miles distant. This makes the labour heavy, and cannot indeed be continued for any great length of time. Mr. Bain of the Montreal College has a station at McKellar, sixteen miles from Parry Sound, and three other preaching places, so that during the summer months at least our cause is well represented in the neighbourhood.

Mr. Leslie is afraid to undertake the work at Parry Sound during the winter, on account of the severe strain upon his system. I have hope, however, that he may see his way to remain at least until April next. The unanimous desire of the people is that he should remain, and in this I am sure the Presbytery of Barrie and the Home Mission Committee are of one mind. This is just one of the points that *must be held* at whatever cost, unless as a Church, we are prepared to give up the work to other denominations, who are not slow to avail themselves of our remissness.

Parry Sound depends for its business upon the great lumbering interest. There are three mills here going night and day—the Parry Sound Lumber Company (in which Mr. Dodge of New York is a partner), the Guelph Company, and Mr. Beattie's. Of necessity these mills employ a large number of hands, and bring together a mixed population, who stand in need of regular preaching. The Methodists have erected a most handsome church, and send their best men from year to year to supply it and the adjacent stations. In winter, when our men return to college, they are on the spot, and in this way secure many who prefer Presbyterianism. Praise rather than censure belongs to them for their diligence in the constant oversight of

such fields, which our church should imitate. Whether the scheme for the continuous supply of mission stations will do anything to meet such cases is yet to be tried. We hope for the best, but without *men and means*—men of the right stamp who are not afraid to suffer and deny themselves, that the cause may advance and a generous support on the part of our people, no scheme however perfect can be worked satisfactorily.

I preached at Parry Sound on Wednesday evening to a large congregation. In fact we had two congregations, one that filled the church, and another sitting outside on the rocks. The night was oppressively warm, and I am not sure but the rocky hearers had the best of it for once. The singing was hearty, and the services impressive. We left on the following morning, to be succeeded on Sabbath by Dr. Robb of Toronto, who preaches the anniversary sermons. As the great Methodist camp meeting follows next week, we cannot imagine a better preparation for it than an eloquent and earnest exposition of Calvinistic Presbyterianism by our good brother of Cooke's Church, Toronto.

From Parry Sound we went to

ROSSEAU,

on our way to Bracebridge. The road twenty-two miles—is not the best in Ontario, although certainly much improved since last we rode over it. Before long, it will however, be in capital order; and greatly increase the traffic between the two points. We encountered on our way, (what is doubtless no singular experience with our missionaries,) a tremendous thunder storm; and as there was no possible shelter, had to bear it as best we could.

At Rosseau we met our student missionary, Mr. Dobson, of Knox College, who has won golden opinions from all with whom he has come in contact. He preaches once every Sabbath at Rosseau, and in the afternoon at two other stations alternately. The new Presbyterian Church here is finished, but is as yet *without seats*. Will not a few of our wealthy members, who make the Muskoka region their summer resort, see to having this remedied? Two hundred dollars is all that is needed to seat and complete the internal details of the building. The Home Mission Committee, as well as the Missionary Society of Knox College, are under great obligations to Mr. Reid, the leading merchant of the place, for his liberality towards the Church, and his generous treatment of our missionaries. For several years he has boarded them *free*, and made them comfortable in every respect.

But, Mr. Editor, I must close for the present, reserving what I have to say about Bracebridge and other points for another letter.

NOTES FROM CENTRAL INDIA. II.

BY THE REV. J. M. DOUGLAS, M.D., D.D.

[The first instalment of these Notes will be found by looking back to our issue of March 15th. This second portion has just come to hand, and we lose no time in placing it before our readers.]

THE NATIVE STATES.

The Native States of India cover an area of nearly 600,000 square miles. They have a population of about 55,000,000, and their united military forces are estimated at more than 300,000 men. The gross revenue of their native chieftains amounts to £16,000,000 stg., and by them an annual tribute of £725,000 is paid to the British Government. These states vary greatly in size and importance. Hyderabad, for instance, is as large as the kingdom of Italy, and the Nizam enjoys a revenue of £1,650,000. On the other hand, in Katiwar (the state in which the Irish Presbyterian missionaries have been so successful) and elsewhere, where family custom has led to minute sub-division, there are many chiefs of a single village, and between these two extremes are states of every grade. Great and small there are about 800 native states, but of that number only 200 are of much importance. They may be classed under twelve heads:

1. The Indo-Chinese group of States, and the numerous hill tribes of the north-east frontier.
2. The aboriginal Gond and Kole tribes in Chota, Nagpoor, Orissa, the Central Provinces, and the Jaipoor Agency.
3. The Himalayan Hill States west of Nepal (including Cashmere).
4. The numerous Afghan and Belooch tribes of the north-west frontier, inhabiting the mountains from the

north of Peshawar to the base of the Suleiman range, a distance of 800 miles.

5. The Sikh States, in the Sirhind Plain, south of the Sutlej.

6. The three Mohammedan States of Khairpoor in Scinde, Bhawalpoor to the north-east of it, and Rampoor, from which Warren Hastings expelled the Rohillas in 1774.

7. The ancient sovereignties of Rajpootana, lying to the south of the Punjab, and between Said and the North-West Provinces.

8. The States of Central India, lying to the north of the Nerbuddha, and to the south and east of Rajpootana.

9. Gudjerat and the numerous petty chiefships of Kutch and Katiwar.

10. The Southern Mahratta States.

11. Hyderabad.

12. The Malayalam States of Travancore and Cochin lying together in the far south.

During the minority of the Nizam, Hyderabad is governed by a regency, with Sir Salar Jung at its head. Cashmere was granted to Gholab Sing, the father of the present Maharajah, Runbir Sing, by Lord Hardinge, after the first Punjab war. The State is well governed, and it commands some of the most important trade routes to Central Asia. Of the Sikh States, the most important is Patiala. *Rajpootana* measures some 460 miles from north to south, and 530 in breadth; it has a population of about eight and a-half millions. The largest of the principalities is Marwar, but the most important are Oudipoor and Jaipoor. The Maharajah of the former receives in salute nineteen guns, and the latter seventeen guns. The Rajpoot dynasties are of very ancient date. The Maharajah of Marwar claims descent from the god Rama. They offered the most obstinate resistance to the Mohammedan invaders, and were finally conquered by Sultan Baber, at the great battle of Sikri, near Agra, in 1527.

The United Presbyterian Church of Scotland has long had a most successful mission in these States, with its centre of operation at Jeypore and Ajmeer. The military forces of these Rajpoot States are set down at 70,000 men.

THE CENTRAL INDIA STATES.

In writing about these States, we feel assured that our Church and numerous friends in Canada will take a deep interest. It is to them that our attention and effort as a Church has in the providence of God been called. Here He has committed a great and interesting field to us for moral and spiritual cultivation. Up to the present His guiding hand has been so apparent in opening up the way for us that our souls are full of strength and encouragement. The Native States of Central India occupy an extent one third less than Rajpootana, and they are split up into nearly four times as many divisions. Large and small there are seventy-one States. The great rulers in Malwa are aliens to the people in blood and language. Scinda, Holkar, Dhar, Dewas, are Mahrattas, while the Begum of Bhopal and the Nahwab of Jowra are Trans-Indus Mohammedans. Among the fifty less prominent States, Rajpoots, Brahmins, a Goojur, an Ahir, a Kayeth and a Jogi are found amongst the rulers. They cover an area of 83,600 square miles, and have a population of 670,000 souls now in dark and cruel superstition. The two most important States are Gwalior and Indore. The former is ruled by Maharajah Sindia and the latter by Maharajah Holkar. Between them they own the half of the whole area, and are honored by permission of Imperial Government with a personal salute of twenty-one guns.

MISSIONARY NEWS—CENTRAL INDIA.

The following interesting letter from Miss Fairweather has been handed to us for publication:

MY DEAR MRS. HARVIE,—As I have given myself a holiday to-day, for home letters, I shall include you in my list. I am here among the hills and can do comparatively little work, yet I try never to let a whole day pass without doing *something* either among the natives or soldiers. Some days opportunities will occur of doing a good deal; at other times, scarcely anything. It might be amusing for you to read my journal of a day, so I will give you one. On Thursday last I arose, bathed, and had my "little breakfast" by 7.30 o'clock. By 9, I set out for Lanowli, a mountain village about three miles from here. The way is delightful. Here it winds along the verge of steep precipices, there you get a view down a dark, rocky gorge,

then shut in by high walls of grey rock you emerge amidst broken rocky heights and low swelling hills backed by bold carped and high towering mountains. The tunnels here are only second to those of Mount Cenis in Europe.

About Khandalla the shrubbery is scant and diminutive as to size, but green and leafy. By the roadside grows the "silk-cotton" tree, from which is woven the famous "Brahminical cord." The tree is leafless, but from the points of its naked branches hang pods which on bursting hang out tassels of pale yellow silk, in shape and appearance very like a huge thistle-blow which boys chase in the fields in Canada; the only difference being that these are larger, yellower, and silkier in appearance. Arrived at Lanowli, en route for the grove where my old friend the Fakhir of Hurchoor City in the North-west presides over a temple devoted to Mahadeo, I was met by a noisy rabble of young urchins all clamoring for Gospel leaflets. Each declared he could read, etc. I had disposed of my stock the day before, all but two I was keeping for the Fakhir. I told them I had none, but if they would be quiet I would read them a story. Down they went flop in the road to listen, but I objected to the place and proposed going into the woods to a nice, clean, cool place. Chattering like magpies, running now before, now behind, laughing and asking questions, they led me to a grand old mossy nook away in the shade, not a stone's throw from the Temple. There I read to them the story of the "Child Jesus" of Bethlehem. There were fourteen in all, some Hindus, some Marathi, some Mussulmans. Presently a smartly-dressed young Marathi man took up a position just outside the children's circle to listen. I was talking of the sin of worshipping idols and giving glory to them when God in Jesus had done so much and we gave him nothing and worse than nothing, for we did not give him his own. Should a boy's mother present him with a beautiful turban, should he go and make *sālām* to a tree in the garden, or the wooden bench on which are your garrahs of water? You would thank your mother. "Oh! yes," they all exclaimed. Then why, when God gives you all good and pleasant things, do you go and thank Mahadeo Krishna, etc.? Is that right? "No," they all exclaimed. The boys all heartily agreed with me, but the young Marathi man objected and began a very grand speech. Before I had time to say a word the boys turned on him, and in five minutes had fairly put him to rout. His downfall and sudden humility was laughable. Popular opinion was against him. He determined to go. I gave him a leaflet and he walked away reading it. I had observed the Fakhir several times approach the outer wall of his sanctum, and now he signalled me to approach. I accordingly bade the boys "Good-afternoon" for the present, and promising each one a leaflet all to himself next time I came, dismissed them. Quietly and politely making "*sālām*" they ran off to continue their sport, which was making swings of a magnificent creeper which had wound itself like a huge boa constrictor around and over a huge fig tree. The Fakhir welcomed me with evident pleasure. I read for him St. Paul's speech on Mars Hill and several other portions of Scripture bearing on the sin of idolatry. He listened quietly, then said, "How should I get my living if I gave up this Temple? I cannot work, and though it may be wrong to worship idols, yet everybody does it; it is the custom of this country." Several others now came forward, and after ascribing divine honors to the Fakhir—kneeling and kissing his feet—seated themselves. My friend now became restless—evidently he did not care to have his votaries listen to me, so I began to sing a "bhadgen" or native metre hymn in Hindi. I explained its meaning. They all seemed well pleased. I always like to leave these people in good humor if possible. I now repaired to the station to come home by train, gave away a number of English leaflets to the engine-drivers, firemen, and half-caste waiters (Lanowli is a refreshment station). After I was seated in the car several came and asked for copies. Here I observed a native gentleman promenading. He was gorgeous in crimson silk trousers, embroidered vest of white muslin, white lawn coat, gilded sandals, and a turban of crimson silk adorned with a broad band of gold. Arrived at Khandalla station, I observe our gay native has arrived also. When I had been some time in the waiting-room I noticed him pacing slowly up and down, and gazing in every time he passed my door. I thought I would give him an opportunity of speaking. I fancied he desired a leaflet, but did not

like to ask, or speak first to an English lady. I was correct. He proved to be no less a personage than the Raja of Akalkote, from near Poonah. His young daughter was married a week or two before I left home to the Raja of Diwas at Indore, so we were soon acquainted. He has a house here and is up hill for a change of air. His wife is visiting her mother in Poonah. He promised to come and visit me at my house to-day, but yesterday he was summoned to Mattaran, as Lord Lytton, the Viceroy, and the court are there this season, but he expects to be back soon.

I have just got *such a good letter* from home. I must send you an extract, so that you may rejoice with us. Mr. Douglas writes: "Our meeting to-night was full to the door. The Prince drove up with all his outriders just at the hour, and along with him, in another carriage, his private secretary, Judge of the Durbar, and another gentleman whose name I did not get. The Zillar Judge was there *as usual*. They stood up book in hand and sang with us, and were very attentive the whole time. My subject was the 'Progress of Christianity among the nations.' Had a nice chat with them at the close of the meeting."

Oh, how glad and thankful I am! May the Spirit of our God be most abundantly poured out upon these dear waiting people! Pray for them. Pray fervently, dear friends in the home land, and the blessing is sure. With abounding love to all mankind at the present moment, and especially to Mrs. Harvie, I remain, very sincerely yours,
M. FAIRWEATHER.

PSALM AND HYMN TUNE BOOK.

MR. EDITOR,—I am glad to see a discussion arising in your paper regarding a new Psalm and Hymn Tune Book, to go along with the new Hymn Book to be compiled for the use of our churches. I was rather astonished to see from the reports that no member of the General Assembly in all its discussions ever once mentioned the necessity of such a thing, and I spoke of it to several in my neighborhood, remarking that if they chose hymns out of the four books now in use a precentor or choir might require the whole four books to get tunes suitable for the hymns to be found in the one book. And I think "Precentor," in your issue of the 12th ult., deserves our thanks for so ably calling attention to the subject. I agree with mostly all he says in his letter, and will add a few thoughts of my own. I don't know if the committee on Hymnology has sufficient knowledge of music to enable them to select tunes for the hymns they may choose, but if they have not that knowledge, and if they have power to add to their number (which I think they have, if my memory is good enough), they ought to call in the assistance of say five or six of the best musicians in the Church to assist them in that part of the work. I don't think that they ought to wait until the hymn book is compiled, as the musical part of the committee might work simultaneously with the others, and perhaps make some useful suggestions. I consider that there are a great many hymns that are perhaps not of very great merit in themselves which if set to good tunes are more apt to become popular and be more useful in the worship of God than others of much greater merit which have not that advantage, provided of course that they are sound and scriptural in tone, and I think they could both work together very advantageously in marking the expression and classifying the psalms and hymns as suggested by "Precentor." But I think I would prefer the system of marking expression adopted in the Free Church of Scotland psalm and hymn book, namely, mark the passages to be sung soft with a P, very soft PP, loud F, very loud FF, medium M, and cres. C, as it admits of much greater variety in expression, and I find from having used both styles that it is as easy to notice the one as the other, when one gets accustomed to them. The mark is placed at the beginning of a passage and continued until contradicted by another. And besides, the musical part of the committee could go on choosing music for the psalms, and I would like to make a few suggestions about the style of music that ought to be chosen for congregational praise. I think all repeating tunes ought to be discarded, such as "De-vizes," "Pembroke," "New Cambridge," etc., etc., retaining only such repeating tunes as "Invocation," "Redemption," and perhaps "St. George's Edinburgh," which are suitable for certain passages in the psalms and hymns. Also discard nearly all those florid, pretentious tunes such as "University," "Gainsborough," "Liverpool," etc., and all milk and water

sort of tunes, such as "Glencairn," "Warburton," "Huntingtower," etc., etc.; and endeavor to cultivate a taste for the grand old tunes of our forefathers, "St. Paul's," "French," "York," "Dunfermline," "Evan," "Tallis," "Martyrdom," etc.; and in the minor mode "Coleshill," "Dundee," "Walsal," "St. Mary's," with such noble tunes as "Effingham," "Scarborough," and the like. For grand and triumphant passages I would not have the collection too large. I think about 100 C. M. tunes judiciously selected, with say fifteen or twenty each long and short metre, would be quite sufficient with the necessary hymn music. I would suggest also that a number of chants be inserted for the use of those congregations who may wish to use them. For my part, I would like to see chanting much more common in our churches than it is. There is very little doubt, chanting was the method of praising God in vogue in the time of Christ and the apostles, and it is a method more worthy of being revived. It is really the only way the Psalms can be sung with proper expression, and with a perfect understanding of what is being sung; and it would not be a bad idea to have some of the most popular psalms put into the book (the prose version, I mean), marked for chanting, after Curwen's system or some other equally good. I think there is nothing in music so grand as chanting when it is well done. Of course, the poetical version of the Psalms can also be chanted, and with very good effect. I would also have a number of Doxologies in the collection, words and music, so that all the people could join in one grand burst of praise before separating, in short, as Prof. McLaren says in his letter, "make the collection such as will do the Church for one hundred years to come." And now a word or two on the method of printing and getting up the book. I approve very highly of "Precentor's" recommendation to have cut leaves as in the "Scottish Psalmody," and to have the whole bound together, psalms, hymns, and music, but I don't think our congregations are well enough educated in music to adopt the short score in printing. The convenience of the few organists that require to play is hardly worthy of consideration beside the great mass of the people, more especially when almost any organist can play about as well from long score as from short; and I don't think Hamilton's notation would assist our singers much in short score, as I suppose three-fourths of them don't know anything of the Sol-fa system, and although I know a little of the Sol-fa method of reading music, and believe that it is much the best and easiest way for beginners to learn, I think there is nothing like the old notation for all purposes. Let us have the book printed in the old style—a separate line to each part—so that he that runneth may read. Apologizing for the length of this letter, I am, yours, etc.,
CHORISTER.

THE HYMN BOOK COMMITTEE.

MR. EDITOR,—In your last number a letter from "Presbyter" on "Committeeism," among general remarks contains a sentence personal to myself—"Surely it was a very uncalled for action, indeed a most gratuitous slight, to omit from the committee (on a hymn-book) the name of Mr. Laing, etc."

Allow me then to assure my respected brother that had he been present at the Assembly he would have known that my name was not put on that committee at my own earnest request; I was pressed to serve on the committee. But there is work before it; and as it was to be a *small* committee which could work without unnecessary expense, I much preferred to see others far better acquainted with hymns and hymn-books than I am, appointed to serve. I think we have a good committee; and I am glad to know that they are at work already. At the same time, I think we could have selected two or three committees equally good, or made it much larger with equally competent men, had that been thought proper. No committee could have been struck with more intelligence and care than that on preparing a hymn-book. I would just further state that I sympathize much with "Presbyter" in his remarks regarding the dropping of a most efficient member of the committee on distribution and substituting another apparently without reason. Still there may be some explanation; for I know the committee which appointed the standing committees was abundant in labours, and their work was mercilessly criticised in open court. I will add, for one I have confidence in the desire of brethren to do what on the whole seems best. I am, yours, etc.,
Dundas, August 3rd, 1878. JOHN LAING.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Atlantic Monthly.

Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

The August number of this magazine contains a bright, varied, and entertaining series of papers for summer reading; such as the article on "John Bull," by Richard Grant White, and that on "New England Women," by M. E. W. S. The Contributor's Club is very readable. There is an excellent critical paper, and the notices of recent literature are valuable.

International S.S. Wall Map.

St. Louis, Mo.: M. A. Coudy.

The map marked "C" of the International series represents Palestine at the time of Christ, and the city of Jerusalem. It is sixty inches in length and forty in breadth; specially prepared to illustrate the Sabbath School lessons; supplying table of distances, length of rivers, height of mountains, etc.; and has the names of places printed in large type, easily read at a distance. Certain marks distinguish those places the locations of which are known from those whose locations are conjectural. It is supplied at different prices according to the way in which it is mounted, so as to place good plain maps within the reach of the poorest and satisfy the most fastidious in the matter of elegance.

Harper's Publications.

New York: Harper & Brothers.

Numerous illustrations and attractive reading matter continue to characterize these publications. The August number of the "Monthly" does not furnish any evidence of deterioration. Mrs. Conant's paper on "Birds and Plumage" is beautifully written, and with its sixteen superb illustrations well suited to the mid-summer season. It treats specially of birds whose feathers are used for ornamentation, such as the peacock, lyre-bird, pheasant, bird of paradise, humming-bird, ibis, stork, toucan, parrot, ostrich, whidah-bird, trogon, grebe, eider-duck, and egret, describing the haunts and peculiar habits of each. "A Glimpse of Nature from my Veranda," an instructive and fascinating article, presents midsummer in its scientific aspects, with illustrations. Thomas Knox contributes a remarkable paper entitled "John Comprador," giving an inside view of Chinese mercantile life, not only in China but also in other countries, and exposing the methods by which the Chinese have gained in the competition with foreign merchants. The editor's Scientific Record takes to do with Astronomy, Physics, Chemistry, Anthropology, Zoology, Botany, and Engineering. The Historical Record, besides doing full justice to the domestic affairs of the United States, treats of the European Congress. The Drawer contains a variety of odds and ends rich and racy. The Literary Record consists of critical notices of quite an assortment of new books. As a disinterested opinion regarding the character and present position of the Prime Minister of England we quote the following from the Editor's Easy Chair:

"There is probably no living man more profoundly satisfied with his position than Lord Beaconsfield. It is impossible not to imagine him delighted with the sensation which it is impossible to suppose that he did not intend. He is the first minister and really the ruler of England, because it is well understood that British policy is his policy. He is one of the most conspicuous figures of the time. He is apparently one of the most mysterious and successful of statesmen. Yet there is no man about whom there is more speculation and wonder and admiration and distrust; and there is probably only one thing in which those who admire him and those who dislike and distrust him agree entirely, and that is his inexpressible enjoyment in the consciousness of being precisely the spectacular kind of man that he is. We are, indeed, contemporary with one of the picturesque characters of English history. There is nothing more remarkable than that the grandson of a Venetian Jew of Spanish descent, growing up in England socially in the solitude of his race, dashing into literature as a brilliant novelist, and into politics as a free lance, should rise to supreme power, and, as a peer of the realm, control her foreign policy at a most critical moment, supported by the court, the aristocracy, and the squirearchy, a Tory of Tories, and restoring by what seems sheer audacity the ancient renown of England. . . . It is a curious inquiry whether the kind of distrust and aversion with which this dazzling and successful career is regarded is due wholly to the fact of race. It is not mere party spite, because it is not peculiar to party, and it is unique in the history of British parties. It is not due wholly, and perhaps not at all distinctively, to the conviction of want of principle. Lord Palmerston was not supposed to be troubled with principle, but he was the darling of the exclusively British feeling which now cherishes Lord Beaconsfield."

It is no credit to be right where it would be inexcusable to be wrong.—*Bismarck.*

CURRENT OPINIONS.

REMEMBER also that what you believe will depend very largely upon what you are.—*Pres. Noah Porter's Baccalaureate.*

It is a fact that it is much easier to get men and women for the hardest and most self-denying work for Christ than to obtain the money to support them.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

WHILE a larger percentage of our people than ever before give evidence of vital piety, their piety does not manifest itself, as once it did, in resolute and steadfast attendance on public worship.—*Watchman.*

The old adage, "All work and no play," etc., is as true of ministers as of the typical boy "Jack," and if our churches would avert dulness in the pulpit they will do well to make provision for pastoral vacations.—*Baptist Weekly.*

THE "hard times" are not to be made easy by breaking and burning agricultural implements, or by any other process except the one old but ever-new fashion of perseverance, hard work, and intelligent frugality.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

DUTIES are greater than rights. The scriptures are very silent about rights, but are very pointed about duties. A man is small who is ever asserting his rights, but is always broad when in the performance of his duties.—*James B. Colgate.*

If we neglect the bad at home they will become the instruments whereby God will punish our sin. If we neglect the heathen they too will be made God's avengers. The neglected classes at home and abroad are to be the scourges of God, by whom our unbelief, apathy, and selfishness, will be severely punished.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

RELIGION is not a supplementary adornment, admirable but non-essential, like the thousands of elaborately chiselled flowers and statues on the marble roof of the Milan Cathedral; it is foundation, walls, columns, dome, and all. If it be anything it is everything. It either has no claim on us at all, or must claim all we are and can do.—*Rev. Dr. C. D. Foss.*

WHERE public morals are at stake, and with them the lives and happiness of thousands, when it is a matter of civil and religious liberty, a matter of national crime, then we hold that it is the duty of the teacher of religion to enlighten men as to the principles of action as to the moral question which are at stake. To say that this is preaching politics, is the wildest folly.—*National Baptist.*

MODERN doubt is a sort of mental marasmus. It is smitten with the infirmity of negation. It has nothing earnest, positive and vital about it. It does not know and it does not believe in anything supernatural. This shabby scepticism, which laughs or idly sneers, is content with a mere cloak to hide frivolity and justify to outward view a life of selfish pleasuring. A musical critic of one of our leading papers, referring the other day to a popular performance, characterized it as a "light strain carrying a light thought." The criticism will apply in other directions. Not a little of the religion now-a-days in vogue is a light strain carrying a light thought. People want to be amused, entertained, tickled with fluffy sentimentality in church as elsewhere, and are averse to downright earnestness in seeking for and applying the truth of the gospel.—*N. Y. Christian Intelligencer.*

FINE MANNERS AND BUSTLE.

There is yet another element in modern life which is radically hostile to the cultivation or even the retention of fine manners. This is its extreme hurry and its constant bustle. Fine manners require calm grace; and calm grace is not easily preserved amid the hubbub, jostling, and anxiety of the existence of to-day. Fine manners require time; indeed, they take no note of time. A person of fine manners may himself always be punctual; but he can scarcely preserve his fine manners while laboring to compel other people to do so. Fine manners are absolutely incompatible with fussiness. Fine manners take their time over everything. This is not to say that they are inconsistent with exertion or even with great energy. But the exertion must be equable; the energy must be uniform, not spasmodic or hysterical. Watch different orders of persons proceeding to take the train from one place to another. Persons of an inferior condition of life appear to be deeply tormented with the idea that they will fail to catch it. They arrive out of breath, though they are ten minutes before the time fixed for starting. They bustle over the taking of their tickets; they scramble for a place in some carriage or other; the whole business is with them one of haste and disquietude.

People of a higher grade, but still of what is ordinarily termed a middle condition of life, do not manifest so much incoherent solicitude as to this. But they are fidgety and uncertain. They trouble themselves and their neighbors, instead of taking the matter quietly and as a matter of course. People of fine manners do not exhibit these symptoms of gratuitous distress. They take all reasonable care to be at the station in time, but they cherish an immovable belief that five minutes are always and invariably of the same length, and that the hour-hand moves no faster even if their own pulse does; they are content to abide by the law of cause and consequence, and entertain no doubt that, having given themselves an abundant interval for traversing a well-ascertained distance, it will be accomplished in the period duly allotted to it. There is perfect repose in the taking of their tickets, in the despatch of their baggage, in the selection of their places.

Persons who do not understand that this method of procedure is a second nature with many, and a first nature with some, half playfully denigrate those they see practising it as "cool hands." But where in the world is there any necessity for heat, or for that feverish trepidation which accompanies the smaller movements of people who have not learned, to use a not inapt phrase to be met with in a modern poem, that nothing is so tedious as haste?—*Cornhill Magazine.*

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

FOR CHOCOLATE ICE CREAM.—Add to the pint of sweetened cream four ounces of the best chocolate dissolved in a little water, mix it well in, strain through a sieve and freeze.

CHEAP FILTER.—Those who cannot afford to buy a filter may easily make one. Stuff a piece of sponge in the hole of a flower-pot, place over this a layer of pebbles, then a layer of coarse sand, and above this a layer of pounded charcoal three or four inches in depth. Another layer of pebbles should be placed above the charcoal, to prevent it from being stirred up when the water is poured in. The contents of the flower-pot should be occasionally renewed.

COUGH SYRUP.—One ounce of thoroughwort, one ounce of flaxseed; simmer together in one quart of water until the strength is entirely extracted; strain carefully; add one pint of best molasses and half-pound of loaf-sugar; simmer thoroughly together, and when cold bottle tight. A few doses of one teaspoonful at a time will alleviate the most distressing cough of the lungs, subdue any tendency to consumption, break up entirely the whooping-cough, asthma, bronchitis, and all affections of the lungs and throat. It is simple, safe, and effective.

NURSING AND TIPPLING.—A French physician reports two cases in which children, at the breast of apparently healthy and well-to-do nurses, were suffering from convulsions, and in which children were saved by depriving the nurses of alcoholic potations, in which they were found to be freely indulging. It is a pernicious delusion of nursing mothers and wet nurses that, when suckling infants, they require to be "kept up" by alcoholic liquors; and women who are little given to alcohol at other times become for the nonce determined tipplers—this being, perhaps, of all other times, that when alcohol is likely to do most harm and least good.—*Philadelphia Medical and Surgical Reporter.*

INTEMPERATE WATER-DRINKING.—Improper drinking has killed thousands. There have been instances where thirsty armies, after long marches, have come to some river, when the men would lie down on their faces and quaff an inordinate quantity of water, with these results: some died almost instantly, others became crazy and staggered like drunken men. Avoid drinking water as much as possible while walking. When you feel thirsty, rinse your mouth with water, but do not swallow it. Drink only when resting. Men, when heated, should not drink anything cold. Drink slowly; half a tumbler of water will suffice the thirstiest man in the world, if he drinks it by sips. In fact it is almost impossible to get down a full glass of water taken in this way.

ARTIFICIAL RESPIRATION.—In the "Lancet" Dr. Benjamin Howard has given a very full account of his direct method of inducing respiration in cases of drowning, chloroform accidents, also the reasons for the rules suggested, together with some illustrative cases. It is impossible to give even an epitome of this valuable paper, but we give the rules in short. Rule 1.—To eject fluids, etc., from stomach and lungs, strip off upper clothing, and make a hard bolster of it, place the patient upon his face, the bolster being under the stomach. The operator presses upon the back sharply with the palms of his hands, so as to squeeze the stomach upon the bolster. Rule 2.—To perform artificial respiration, turn the patient upon his back, place the bolster under the back, arms turned upwards, with the hands tied together above the head; operator kneel astride the patient's hips, place the thumbs in the epigastrium, and the palms of the hands upon the lower ribs, then push with force upwards and inwards so as to compress the ribs with some force; give time for the elastic ribs to expand, then repeat the compression, and so on till respiration is set up.

PREVENTION OF SEA-SICKNESS.—The "Union Medical" recommends the following simple method for the prevention of sea-sickness:—A few drops—say from three to eight—of nitrate of amyle are applied closely to the nose by means of a handkerchief. The inhalation must be rapid, care being taken to prevent the mixture of atmospheric air in any great quantity. The patient will soon feel a sense of pulsation in the temples, and the face, losing its deadly hue, presents a light rose-color. These signs of salutary reaction continue for about half-an-hour, after which the individual falls asleep. The sickness may recommence in twenty-four hours or so; the inhalation, in such case, must be repeated as before. The remedy appears to act most efficaciously when employed immediately after the first act of vomiting. This method has been tried on 124 persons. In 121 cases the sickness was stopped at once—that is to say, no efforts at vomiting were noted. In the remaining three cases it was necessary to repeat the inhalation two or three times before the desired results were obtained.—*Medical Examiner.*

MANUFACTURE OF PAPER.—Of the 1,300,000,000 human beings inhabiting the globe, 360,000,000 (according to the "People's Friend") have no paper or writing materials of any kind; 500,000,000 of the Mongolian race use a paper made from the stalks and leaves of plants; 10,000,000 use for graphic purposes tablets of wood; 130,000,000—the Persians, Hindoos, Armenians, and Syrians—have paper made from cotton, while the remaining 300,000,000 use the ordinary staple. The annual consumption by this latter number is estimated at 1,800,000,000 pounds, or an average of six pounds to the person, which has increased from two and a half pounds during the last fifty years. To produce this amount of paper, 200,000,000 pounds of woolen rags, 800,000,000 pounds of cotton rags, besides great quantities of linen rags, straw, wood, and other materials are yearly consumed. The paper is manufactured in 3,960 paper mills, employing 90,000 male and 180,000 female laborers. The proportionate amounts of the different kinds of paper are stated to be:—of writing paper, 800,000,000 pounds; of printing paper, 900,000,000 pounds; of wall paper, 400,000,000 pounds, and 200,000,000 pounds of cartoons, blotting paper, etc.

PRACTICAL PAPERS.

"ONLY TRIFLES."

When tempted to scorn the little duties of our calling, let us think of such sayings as the following. One day a visitor at Michael Angelo's studio remarked to that great artist, who had been describing certain little finishing "touches" lately given to a statue—"But those are only trifles." "It may be so," replied the sculptor; "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle." In the same spirit the great painter Poussin accounted for his reputation in these words, "Because I have neglected nothing." It is related of a Manchester manufacturer, that, on retiring from business, he purchased an estate from a certain nobleman. The arrangement was that he should have the house with all its furniture just as it stood. On taking possession, however, he found that a cabinet which was in the inventory had been removed; and on applying to the former owner about it, the latter said: "Well, I certainly did order it to be removed; but I hardly thought you would have cared for so trifling a matter in so large a purchase." "My Lord," was the reply, "if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and, excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had occasion to sell it."

Galileo's discovery of the pendulum was suggested to his observant eye by a lamp swinging from the ceiling of Pisa cathedral. A spider's net suspended across the path of Sir Samuel Brown, as he walked one dewy morning in his garden, was the prompter that gave to him the idea of his suspension bridge across the Tweed. So trifling a matter as the sight of seaweed floating past his ship, enabled Columbus to quell the mutiny which arose amongst his sailors at not discovering land, and to assure them that the eagerly sought New World was not far off. Galvani observed that a frog's leg twitched when placed in contact with different metals, and it was this apparently insignificant fact that led to the invention of the electric telegraph. While a bad observer may "go through a forest and see no fire-wood," a true seer learns from the smallest things and apparently the most insignificant people. "Sir," said Dr. Johnson to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, "some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage than others in the tour of Europe." Wellington's achievements were mainly owing to the fact that he personally attended to such minutiae as soldiers' shoes, camp-kettles, biscuits, horse fodder; and it was because Nelson attended to detail in respect of time that he was so victorious. "I owe," he said, "all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time." "Every moment lost," said Napoleon, "gives an opportunity for misfortune." Well would it have been for himself—as his bitter end proved—had this European ruler known another fact—that every moment selfishly employed is worse than lost, and "gives an opportunity for misfortune!" However, he attributed the defeat of the Austrians to his own greater appreciation of the value of time. While they dawdled he overthrew them.

By little foxes tender grapes are destroyed, according to Solomon. Little foxes are very cunning and most difficult to catch; and so are those little temptations by which our moral natures are gradually eaten away. The tender grapes of many a Christian branch are destroyed by such little foxes as temper, discontent, avarice, vanity. Many who could resist much greater sins yield to these. There is an excitement in the very greatness of a trial of temptation which enables us to resist it; while the chase after little foxes is dull and uninteresting. No wonder that when we analyze the lives of those who have ruined themselves morally, we generally discover that

It was the little rift within the lute,
That, ever widening, slowly silenced all;
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That, rotting inward, slowly mouldered all.

How many people are almost successful, missing their aim by "Oh, such a little!" Minutiae in these cases make or mar us. "If I am building a mountain," said Confucius, "and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit, I have failed." The examination is lost by half a mark. One neck nearer and the race would have been won. The slightest additional effort would have turned the tide of war. "Thou art not far from the kingdom of

God," were solemn words, making the terrible difference between almost and altogether.—*Chambers' Journal.*

NOVEL USES OF THE TELEPHONE.

Various are the surprises which blossom out of that wonderful instrument, the telephone. In France they have applied it for marine purposes. The French war steamer "Desaix" had to tow out from Toulon the old ship "Argonaute." A conducting wire was rolled round one of the towing cables, with an end on board each vessel. The electric current was formed by the action of the sea on the copper-sheathing of the ships. A telephone was introduced in the circuit on each, and communication established between them. During the whole time of the navigation conversation could be carried on as easily between the officers of the two vessels as if they had been seated in the same cabin. The next step was to apply the telephone to the work of the diver. One of the glasses of the helmet is replaced by a copper plate, in which is inserted a telephone; so that the man has only a slight movement of the head to make in order to receive communications or report observations. The advantages of such an arrangement are obvious. Frequently at sea the necessity arises of examining the keel or bottom of a ship. The diver descends, and is able to give an account of all he sees and does and receive instructions without having to be brought to the surface to give explanations, as has hitherto been the case. By the use of the telephone a man at the bottom of the sea can remain in constant verbal communication with those at the surface. But the most singular application of the telephone comes from New South Wales, where Mr. Severn, an enthusiastic experimenter, claims that he has made the deaf to hear with it. After describing a very simple telephone which he constructed out of a tin pot, the closed end of which he opened and tied over it a piece of parchment, pass a fine string through the centre and making a knot inside, Mr. Severn says: "Make a loop in the string some three feet long, put this loop over the forehead of the listener (the deaf man), cause him to place the palms of his hands flat and hard against the ears, let the loop pass over the hands, and now this listener will hear the smallest whisper, let him be deaf or not. This fact may appear extraordinary; it is, nevertheless, true that a deaf man may thus be made to hear the voice, music, etc."—*The Tribune.*

BE KIND TO THE LIVING.

We live in a world where nothing is sure. To-day our friends are about us in the freshness and bloom of health and spirits; to-morrow we bend in anguish over their still forms; and it is well if no bitter regrets mingle with the tears we shed upon their white faces. Oh, life is insecure, and the brightest and most promising of all our treasures may, perhaps, soonest droop and fade. And when one dies, how anxious we are to do him homage! We speak of his virtues, we excuse his faults, and spread the mantle of charity over his vices, which, while he lived, we had no patience with. If we only had, we might have won him to a better life. Had we exercised toward him a little of the forbearance and kindness with which we now speak of him, he had had fewer faults. How often his heart ached and cried out for human sympathy—for our sympathy—we may never know; and if we could, it is too late to undo the past, too late to soothe and benefit him. We may not take up the broken threads of the life that is gone and weave them into a web of hope and joy; but toward those who are still left to us, who have ears to hear, and hearts to throb with pain and grief, we may be generous and just, forgiving, loving and kind.

Do not wait till the faithful, devoted wife, who has tried so hard to make your home pleasant and comfortable, is dead, to show her kindness. No funeral pomp, no costly monument with loving words inscribed thereon, will make up for past neglect. Could the fond kisses that are now imprinted on her cold lips, and the murmured words of endearment that fall unheeded upon her ear, have been hers while living, there would have been no woman in all this wide world fonder or happier than she.

Do not wait till the hands of the tired, patient mother are folded over the heart that has so often thrilled with joy, or beaten wildly with pain on your account, to do her honor. By the memory of all the loving offices which she has performed for you from

infancy all the way up to manhood or womanhood, keep your love for her deep and ardent, dutifully respect and reverence her, repay with interest the tender love and care that she has lavished upon you, and strive to make her last days restful, happy, and peaceful.

Be especially kind to the little ones. The world will deal harshly enough with them; it is a rough world at the best. Surround them with an atmosphere of love, and instil into their hearts noble feelings and principles while you may; for, sooner than you think, other and less holy influences will be brought to bear upon them.

Be kind to the sad, the sorrowful, the unfortunate, the erring, and the fallen. Kind words and kindly acts cannot hurt them, and may do them a world of good.

THE COMMUNE.

Since the scenes of last year, Communism has not flourished in Pittsburg. The working-men of that city see more clearly than those in some other places the danger of following foreign agitators. Indeed, the city is mission ground, great Communist lights from other cities being sent to it. The efforts of these visitors are not highly appreciated, if we may judge from the slim audiences they draw. The "Banner" tells of two meetings from which law-abiding people may take much encouragement, the attendance being small, as the speakers were rabid in their utterances. While most of them were satisfied with the usual claim for a division of property, no ownership in land, etc., one, Mr. McNeil, of Massachusetts, openly advised murder. The Mollie Maguires, he declared, should have shot Tom Scott, and "the first blood should be that of the capitalists." Men who urge such views are the enemies of every law-abiding citizen. We have confidence that the bone and sinew and brain of our land will not be led by such talk. Other agitators are less plain and more dangerous. They compare the wealth and luxury of the few with the poverty of the many, and urge that all should fare alike and have common ownership in property. Many who hear them do not stop to think that, under the state of things they propose, there could be no inducement to effort, no incentive to industry, but the worker and the drone would fare alike. What working-man, even though his lot be hard, is willing to yield his right to what he earns, and to give up the provision for old age or those he may leave behind? The laws of property are for the benefit of all alike, and operate against those only who would live by the sweat of other brows than their own. It is true that some workers are favored, while others are unfortunate; but this is not the fault of the laws.

The idea that a division of property would cure all ills is equally vain. It would cure nothing. For a time every man would have money; but in time there would be the same inequality. Those who work would, with some exceptions, accumulate; while those who idle would spend and be poor. A new division would be required. One man has a dollar; another has nothing. They divide. The first man works a day and earns a dollar more; the other spends his share for beer. There must be a new divide; the thing must be kept equal. Such equality is anything but equal. It is, indeed, the worst form of oppression. And yet this is practically what Communist agitators demand.

BLUNDERS.

Few attributes of character are more charming than the faculty of gracefully acknowledging one's errors. The man who makes a blunder and sticks to it is a person with whom argument or controversy becomes impossible. The trouble and time spent in attempting to convince him of the truth are completely wasted; for he will still believe that what he has advanced must be right, even in the face of actual demonstration that it is wrong. On the other hand, of the action of one who will admit with frank and ready courtesy that he has been mistaken it may be said that it "blesseth him that gives and him that takes"—it covers his own retreat with gracefulness, and gives his adversary a pleasant memory of an encounter with a generous foe.

"AN ungodly man diggeth up evil, and in his lips there is as a burning fire."—Prov. xvi. 27.

"A GOOD name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."—Prov. xxii. 1.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, *Editor and Proprietor.*
OFFICE—NO. 5 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, AUGUST 9, 1878.

STRONG DRINK AND SUNSTROKE.

“IN St. Louis the men who fell by the stroke of the sun were largely whiskey-drinkers, and when such men fell it was almost impossible to resuscitate them.” The foregoing sentence is taken from an American paper. It is neither stated nor implied that these men were all intoxicated when smitten down. That such was the case in most instances is not at all likely. Of course it is at the imminent risk of life that people drink freely of spirituous liquors during the heated term. This is pretty well known even among drinking men; so they generally content themselves with lager or some other light drink and abstain almost entirely from whiskey and brandy during the hot spell. But after all his precautions, the “whiskey-drinker” is more liable to sun-stroke than the total abstainer. It is not merely what he drinks in hot weather that enlarges the blood-vessels leading to his head and partially congests his brain; it is what he drinks all the year round. The hot whiskey which he swallows in winter to keep out the cold, besides being utterly useless for that purpose, makes him less able than he otherwise would be to endure the heat of summer. Things, in the drinking line, that can be done with comparative impunity in the moist, equable climate of Holland or of Scotland, had better not be attempted in a climate of extremes such as that of Canada. Acclimatization does not lessen the danger. The physical system of the Indian is surely in harmony with the climate, and yet, who is more easily injured by strong drink than he? The conviction seems to be taking firm hold of the public mind—and we would like to help it all we can to do so—that, leaving the religious and moral aspects of the question aside, the use of intoxicants, except for medicine (and that only in cases which are not at all common), is an outrage upon those natural laws on which our physical well-being depends; and it is probably on this line that the temperance battles of the future will be fought and won.

FOREIGN MISSIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

ARE not these as vigorous and promising as ever? Or have the churches in every part of the world no longer reason to pause and admire the liberality of Christ's people of the United States in behalf of Foreign Missions? The reunited Presbyterian Church of the Northern States has always made a specialty of missions in heathen lands. Its income for several years has been somewhere near a half million—below or above this sum. It sends missionaries to nearly every known land. Its work extends to all the continents. While this is probably the largest contributing church to Foreign Missions in the world, it is to be remembered that it is only one of the churches in America which give liberally in this direction. The Reformed Dutch Church, the United Presbyterian Church, the Associate Church, the Southern Church,—these and others belonging to the Presbyterian family have their own separate streams of benevolence flowing in the direction of heathen countries. And if we add to these, the gifts of the other denominations in favour of the Foreign cause, we shall have to employ *the millions* in order to represent the work done.

The accounts which are being received of the work done are very interesting and instructive. Never in the history of missions was there less of cloud and more of sunshine than at the present moment. It is no longer a question of individuals being converted. The time was when that question—how many converts has he (the particular missionary) made—came up on all hands like a hideous nightmare. It could not be honestly answered. It was too frequently answered with so much exaggeration as to make it an easy matter for the numerous opponents of Foreign Missions to expose the absurdity of such statements. Or again it was answered with some feeling of fear or despair expressed on account of the smallness of results. The true view to take of the matter is that while incidentally there have been many conversions of individuals, the work of missionaries as a whole has rather been preparing for a time when nations will be born in a day. We are beginning to feel that missionaries have long been working in the dark; that they have been laying foundation stones in the hidden depths of Paganism upon which in other times the glorious superstructure of the Church shall rise above the surface; that they have been pioneering the way in preparation for the triumphs of Christian civilization. To-day the American churches are rewarded for their liberality by the intelligence which reaches them of the bright rising of the sun of righteousness. Christians have become familiar with the idea of a native spontaneously adopting the Christian religion. The tidings reaching us from all lands encourages the hope that many kingdoms of the earth are on the point of becoming the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ. We feel certain the day is not far distant when the Paganism of India will fall into pieces. The work going on to undermine it is like that which was done to remove the obstruction of rock from the East River, of New York. For years, a process of boring, blasting, and tunnelling went on till

the huge mass resembled the honeycomb of the bee. At length explosives were hid away in the cavernous passages. All was ready at last for the touch of the fusee. In a moment the great rock lay in shattered fragments at the bottom of the river. We feel that the work in India has been something like this. Everything is far advanced in preparation for the last touch of fire from Heaven. A moment may come, and that before many years have passed away, when the heathendom of India will be blown into atoms, and the pure waters of truth will flow over it reflecting from their bosom the rays of the sun of righteousness, and rejoicing in their new found liberty. Depend upon it, there has been a great work of preparation going on, the fruits of which are indeed not far off.

While in this aspect of their work there is everything to encourage the hearts of our brethren of the American Churches, it is lamentable to find that their efforts are being greatly crippled for want of means. A debt of upwards of fifty thousand dollars already stares the Northern Presbyterian Church in the face, as the deficit of the present year. This is all the more discouraging that by the gift of one lady, Mrs. Green, the incubus of debt was at the beginning of the year lifted from the Foreign Mission Board of that Church. It reveals the extent, the depth, and reality of the hard times. The accumulating debt of this one denomination shows that many princely givers in Israel have had to succumb to the depression. They are now compelled to substitute hundreds for their former thousands, or tens for their former hundreds of dollars. To meet such special cases of inability to give as formerly, the only way is to spread the whole amount required over the individuals who constitute the body. This has been very much the case with the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Its Foreign Mission has not materially suffered. It shows rather an advance. And this for the reason that while many of the larger gifts have fallen away, a greater number has been stirred into this special form of benevolence. This has probably been the case to a certain extent with our sister Church in the United States, but its work is so large and extensive, that it has become too great for the present number of its supporters. In the States they have not been able at once to spread the deficiency over a large number, and the consequence is that financial difficulty looks them in the face.

But after all, what is fifty or a hundred thousand dollars of debt with a church whose membership is well nigh a million. Divide it amongst them, and as one of our cotemporaries puts it, the price of a necktie from every woman in the Church would clear it off. The women are being made to feel that the responsibility rests with them. Why it should be so, we do not know, except it be that they are so superior to men that they would not allow a trifling debt to stand in the way of any good and noble cause. But the men should be similarly approached. Were the male members of this Church to deny themselves in such matters as tobacco, beer, or perhaps even a necktie, the coffers of the Foreign Mission Board would instantly be swollen to repletion. That is the way to meet hard times. Make conscience of what we

give to the Lord. Let not that be touched on any account. At all events, let it be the last thing that will be touched. Then bring down our expenditures to a level with our incomes. Let the work of saving go on. Let luxuries be cut off, and it will be seen that the Lord's work will in not one of its departments be allowed to suffer.

In this connection, it is interesting to notice what has been done by the Second Presbyterian Church of Scranton, Pa. It was published in the papers that a Mr. Eddy, son of Dr. Eddy, a missionary of long standing in Syria, had finished his course of studies and had been licensed with a view to engaging with his father in the missionary work. But for want of funds this promising and devoted young man could not be sent forth to his field. His father and family were earnestly counting the moments that would elapse before they would see the son of their love whom they had sent to America eight years previously to study for the ministry. The Church of Scranton nobly came to the rescue and volunteered to bear the expense of Mr. Eddy to his mission field. If other churches were following this example—we believe the First Church of Scranton has followed the example—there would be no such thing as debt resting upon the energies and enterprise of the Foreign Missions. We trust to hear of the churches rising one by one to the full measure of their capacity and contributing to this work. A failure of the Presbyterian Church of America would be a disastrous blow dealt to the interests of Christ's kingdom in our time. But thank God, the debt will be wiped off in a day, aye, in that day when individual churches and members will realize their obligation to extend the Master's kingdom.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

THE tidings of the appointment of the Marquis of Lorne has been received with unmixed satisfaction. The newspapers of the Dominion have joined in a universal pæan, expressive of the joy of the nation over news so stirring and important. While the subject has had such ample justice done to it, we would be wanting in our duty did we not join in the song of welcome. Such an expression of delight we are sure will be esteemed by the retiring Governor-General as by no means incompatible with our dutiful and loyal remembrances of the distinguished services of the Earl of Dufferin. To this nobleman and his amiable Countess we are very much indebted for this new honour which the Queen has conferred upon Canada. They have devoted themselves so entirely to the interests of this Dominion, they have so nobly performed their vice-regal trust, they have entered into Canadian life with such enthusiastic appreciation, that Canada as the result is exalted in the estimation of Great Britain and the world. Not even the presence of Her Majesty, as the head of this Dominion, could take away from the lustre of the reign of Lord Dufferin or from the kindly influence of the noble partner of his life. In welcoming the new Governor-General, we cannot forget how much his predecessor—we may say his predecessors—have done to make Canada worthy of royalty itself.

The acceptance by the Marquis of Lorne

of the high office to which he has been appointed, is hailed throughout the Dominion because of not merely his own eminent qualities, but because he brings with him a royal Princess to share with him the duties and responsibilities of the Governor-Generalship. From the beautiful poem of the Marquis which was illustrated by the pencil of the Princess Louise, it is evident we shall have a lady who will appreciate with an artist's eye the wonderful scenery of Canada. The Princess Louise is well beloved, not only in the Court but by the British people, for her rare intellectual qualities and personal gifts and graces. Like the Queen, she is fond of quiet retirement and humble life rather than the glare and show of the Court. Her Royal Highness will exercise a felt influence upon the manners and tastes of her sex in this country, while by her exalted rank she will call forth a new class of feelings in the hearts of courtiers, of Government officials, members of Parliament, and of the men of Canada at large. To the Marquis of Lorne do we look for a performance of duty worthy of his well-known character, worthy of his connection with the royal family, and also worthy of the noble house of which he is the scion. The Duke of Argyle and the late lamented Duchess have always graced their high rank by their Christian character. The House of Argyle stands amongst the foremost of Scotland's noble families. All this will be remembered when the people of this country give their loyal and enthusiastic welcome to the new Governor-General. Nor, are we venturing too far when we express the hope that one who is already distinguished as the author of a lengthened and high class poem, will find in Canada a subject worthy of his muse. Again, we express the delight which all our readers feel in common with ourselves at the appointment of the successor of the Earl of Dufferin.

PEACE WITH HONOR.

THE British plenipotentiaries have been received everywhere with the utmost enthusiasm. The Earl of Beaconsfield is the lion of the hour. Though his lordship is not of course the British lion, he is regarded as its not unworthy representative by all classes in the empire. The statement which the Premier made on his return to the House of Lords was calm and judicious. Nor was it wanting in the old D'Israeli sarcasm and fire. The manner in which the veteran statesman was received was itself an endorsement of the peace policy of the Government. Lord Grenville could do little more than gain listening ears to his eloquent attack upon the Conservative policy. He could not carry conviction. The disclaimer of the Earl of Derby of the proposal of the Government to take Cyprus by fair or foul means made little or no impression upon the public mind. Beyond the passing excitement caused by the Earl of Derby calling Lord Salisbury to account for giving the lie direct to his statement not even the press took any notice of the proceeding, showing thereby the sympathy of the press, and of the people through the press, with the Government. The debate in the House of Commons upon the conduct of the Berlin plenipotentiaries, with the exception of the speeches of Mr. Gladstone and a few others,

was very dull and commonplace. Even Mr. Gladstone's address, while not destitute of his accustomed eloquence, was wanting in the essential of moral conviction. It accomplished nothing. It was like attacking a fortress with sky-rockets rather than with heavy metal. The prolongation of the debate only brought about langour and weariness. There was nothing rousing in it, and there could not be, seeing the endorsement of the Government by the people was a foregone conclusion. The event of Saturday, which witnessed the conferring of the freedom of London upon Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury, was a crowning one to the series of honors which have been heaped upon them. The Garter as the gift of the Queen to both these noblemen was certainly a valuable recognition of their services. But to be enrolled as citizens of the metropolis of the world is to be esteemed as second to no other mark of distinction. All such honors, however, are only of value when they are fairly representative of the national enthusiasm. The name of Beaconsfield is on everyone's lips. The nation for once rejoices in a great victory accomplished as the Premier said without the shedding of the blood of a single Englishman.

No one can predict how long this peace may last. At the same time, it is a peace which has in it enduring elements. Such a settlement of a great international question is not likely to be disturbed on merely trivial grounds. But the guarantee of peace lies in this, that the first aggressive act of Russia will entitle Great Britain at once to interfere. Turkey is under the protectorate of the Queen. Turkey is in alliance with Britain. She will naturally look to the armies of the British Empire for redress, and the British will not be slow to give it. Our nation was never better prepared for war, and it is not likely that this advanced preparation will be allowed to go down, until peace is made doubly sure by the progress of events. We should never forget, while honoring men for what they do in the interests of freedom and truth, it is the God of heaven and earth who works out these ends. When the name of Beaconsfield is no more than a shadow on the disc of human history, the God over all will be controlling events for the coming of His glorious kingdom of peace and brotherly love. Let us therefore never cease to give thanks to God for the peace which has been secured, and for all that it involves in opening up heathen countries to the gospel of Christ. Some of the Scottish presbyteries are setting apart a day for special thanksgiving to Almighty God, and we notice that the Archbishop of Canterbury has likewise recommended services suitable to the termination of the International difficulty. We are sure that the clergy of this Dominion will not fail in directing the attention of their people in this channel of praise to the King of Kings and the Lord of Lords.

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CHOICE LITERATURE.

TOM'S HEATHEN.

CHAPTER XI.—A WINTER'S WORK.

The ensuing winter was one to be remembered. Early in January, Hal came home by his own special desire to study with me. At the same time Northrop Duff transferred his theological studies to the seminary here. It was a part of a pre-arranged plan, and appeared to be satisfactory all round. It is probable that they found more work and less study than they at first anticipated.

For some time the city had been unusually quiet and thoughtful. A few individuals gathered quietly here and there for earnest conversation and prayer. The weekly church prayer-meetings, time-worn institutions—attended by the church deacons, a few elderly women, persons recently afflicted, and the discouraged pastor, who sometimes felt that these withered meetings were like mill-stones about his neck—began spontaneously to fill up. Middle-aged people, members of the church in good and regular standing, who had not been inside the church to say nothing of prayer-meetings, for a longer time than they would willingly remember, came gingerly in. Old people with a premonition of a change for others, if not for themselves, and young people, drawn by they knew not what, came in singly or in groups—surprised to see one another there. A vague feeling of expectation, not easily defined, pervaded and depressed the people like a foreboding or presentiment of some coming event. If any one had asked, "What is the matter?" no one could have answered. Least of all, would they have gone to the few who were earnestly working and praying, to ask, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?"

But amid the expectant hush came the solemn answer—the first few, heavy drops of a plentiful shower upon a thirsty field. The whisper went round from one Christian heart to another, "The Lord is here; let us join hands." Warm Christians, lukewarm Christians, cold Christians, began to feel the rising tide that sent in scores of unconverted souls to be saved on the shore; and the work went on apace. There were noonday prayer-meetings for business men, morning, afternoon and evening prayer-meetings for every one, and some of the churches were open all day. But the most effective work was done by the converts themselves, enrolling as laborers in the new service, going into the highways and byways, entreating, persuading, almost compelling the poor, the wretched, the vicious, to come, hear and receive the Saviour who died for them. For a time business was almost suspended, and the people walked softly as if expecting to see this Christ, who was so evidently present, visible on the streets.

Among the first-fruits of this movement were the children of our own household. Hal, Maud and Jack, dear old Jack! the most efficient worker of them all. I could but feel that Miss Dyer's influence had much to do in preparing them for the early acceptance of the truth. Indeed, I cannot say but Hal and Maud were already Christians, lacking only the assurance to declare themselves. Miss Dyer's joy was too deep for words. More than once I saw her and Northrop rejoicing in the new joy of their friends.

Often they gathered in our parlors before the evening service, Maud, or Hal, or Miss Dyer at the piano, and all singing. Maud and Jack soprano, Miss Dyer alto, Hal tenor and Northrop bass. Such singing I never heard before, and never expect to hear again this side the celestial gates. I doubt if the same persons could sing like that again under any circumstances. These fresh young voices, soulful and earnest, interpreted the grand old hymns till they glowed with a new and vivid meaning, or, taking up the spiritual songs in vogue, rendered them with so keen a relish that their souls seemed borne upon the breath of song into the very presence chamber of the Great King. Often I saw Mary sitting with clasped hands, listening, while tears of joy ran down her pale cheeks. Already she saw all her loved ones, living and dead, an unbroken circle in the heavenly home.

They went out to work together during the harvest, Hal and Northrop throwing aside their books for the time; Maud, Agnes and Jack with earnest solicitations bringing friends and acquaintances, anybody and everybody who could be persuaded to listen or to come. Jack gave himself body and soul to the work, forgetting to eat or sleep till compelled. He wrought in the High School, the Sabbath School, the streets, everywhere, and his success among the boys was remarkable.

In Tom's congregation the work was quiet but deep, and Tom himself was another man. I never saw his dark, sensitive face in those days without thinking of the Apostle Paul. His joy over those who came, his tender solicitude lest they should fail to make a full and intelligent surrender of themselves, and his importunate anxiety for those who held back, absorbed him day and night.

The season passed leaving an abiding impression upon the community, making itself felt in homes, in business circles, and in all the relations of life. But there were two hearts which, though blessed to overflowing, were still burdened. Tom's secret and most urgent prayers had gone up hourly for his poor lost brother, whom he still believed in the land of the living; and Agnes's soul was wrung with unutterable anguish as she looked at her father and thought, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and he is not saved."

To say that Joel Dyer, although confined to the house and wallied up in his impenetrable egoism, could live in the midst of this intense interest unmolested, is to say that a man can stand in the presence of a consuming fire and feel no heat. Before he was approached upon the subject, a new element of uneasiness had made itself felt, for which he was at a loss to account, and after he began to know what was going on in the city, he was troubled to the core. But to all the prayers and entreaties of his daughter he remained as stolid as stone. He soon made it impossible for her to talk with him. Attentive and intelligent as he was upon any other subject, whenever this was mentioned he looked as if she spoke an unknown tongue, or as if he heard not at

all. Agnes found this an intolerable trouble, to be borne only by laying it open before the Lord.

To me he spoke with considerable freedom, but he had made for his uneasiness a channel in the direction of Robert Lyon, and into this he shoved all disturbing influences to be carried out of and away from himself until this man should be found and compensated for whatever injury he claimed to have received. It was the only thing approximating to a wrong that he could be made to entertain in relation to himself, and even here he could see no injury for which money could not atone.

Early in the spring our agent returned with what seemed reasonable evidence that Robert Lyon was living, or at least that he was not lost at Mauna Loa. A man answering the description, calling himself Norman Lee, three days after Robert Lyon was supposed to have been lost, shipped before the mast on the brig Hercules, Captain Jones, bound for Sydney, Australia. While the Hercules lay at her dock at Sydney to discharge and reload, this man had protection papers made out by the United States Consul as "Norman Lee, sailor, native of Connecticut, United States," with description of person and age; which tallied precisely with that of Robert Lyon. He was evidently not a sea-bred man, and this would seem to have been his first voyage as sailor; otherwise, his papers would have been made out in an American or United States port. It was further found that he sailed with the Hercules for Liverpool.

Following the Hercules this was proved: that after a prosperous voyage, as she made the south coast of Ireland, a heavy gale came on, continuing through the day. The Hercules was deep laden and labored heavily. At eight o'clock in the evening she shipped a heavy sea, which threw her on her beam-end, swept her decks and carried her masts by the board. She was now unmanageable, and drifted till the light at Old Head, off Kinsale, was discovered, the wreck still nearing in, when shortly she struck and went to pieces in an hour.

Of some sixty souls aboard only seven were saved. One of the seven was Norman Lee, sailor. With the rest of the shipwrecked men he was forwarded to Liverpool, and there attracted considerable attention, especially among sea-faring men. One of the many who visited them was the American sailor then in Liverpool whose life Robert Lyon saved on the voyage from San Francisco to Hawaii. He at once recognized this Norman Lee as Robert Lyon, though just then unable to speak with him, and believed that he was recognized in turn. Later in the day he attempted to see him, but found that Norman Lee had just sailed on a steamer bound for Holland, instead of waiting and returning to America as the consul had advised.

It was possible that the sailor might have been mistaken, since this Norman Lee might only have borne a close resemblance to Robert Lyon. But even that doubt lost its probability in a few days, for, in looking over some old books in Tom's library, I chanced upon a volume of adventure, on whose fly-leaf was written:

"Presented to Robert Norman Lyon, on his tenth birthday, by his affectionate mother, Rachel Lyon Peebles."

His name then was really Norman, and if he wished to disguise himself what easier than to drop his first name and change Lyon to Lee. I could but admit that a strong case had been made out.

It is not to be supposed that Mr. Dyer's anxiety lost at all its intensity under these developments. He was like iron at a still, white heat. I wondered how long his nervous system would bear this strain before it became a total wreck. But even here, this man understood himself better than I imagined.

Some ten days after our agent's return, Mr. Dyer sent an urgent note desiring my immediate presence.

I found him controlling himself with difficulty, as he paced incessantly the long narrow apartment, more like a gallery than a parlor, where he passed most of his time. He motioned me to a seat without speaking, and for a little continued his walk, as if he was propelled by a momentum not to be overcome at once.

He made a striking picture, his long dressing-gown swaying about his tall figure as he strode, his hands clasped rather than clasped behind him, his shoulders stooped, his long, white face, and close-cut gray hair, that stood up like a brush all over his head.

After a while he stopped, opposite me, speaking in a suppressed voice that betrayed the excitement he was holding down.

"Jackson, the agent, is sick. He will be unable to do anything to the purpose for months. Meantime, this Robert Lyon will go to the Pole or some other equally inaccessible region, and I shall have to wait and wait eternities. Look there," pointing to a breadth of carpet where the colors and wool were worn down to the gray back, till it seemed a narrow, white foot-path running across a green field, "I have worn that within the past four months. Night after night I have walked there till daylight; and day after day I have walked there till sunset, with that devilish Robert Lyon following me step by step, waiting and waiting and waiting, till I could curse like a fiend if there were anything to curse. How long do you suppose it will be possible for me to endure this? I know, if you do not, that the end is not far off. I have got to do something or die."

I looked at the man as he stood before me, his blazing eyes fastened on mine with frightful intensity. He was quite right. It was action or death.

Seeing that I understood and acquiesced, and so made his task easier than he had anticipated, he dropped into his chair and continued: "Now I will tell you what I propose to do. I am going after Robert Lyon myself."

"You?" looking at his wan hands and thinking of his exposed condition.

"Yes. Why not? It can do me no harm. It will be a thousand times better than waiting here—a thing impossible much longer."

That he should do this, himself, had not occurred to me before, but looking at it now I could see no objection equal to the risk of remaining in enforced idleness with this consuming anxiety upon him. He saw, for nothing escaped him, that I acquiesced in this, too, and he added hurriedly,

"Now you shall know why I sent for you this morning." Looking fixedly in my face and gripping each arm of his chair as if nerving himself for a desperate effort, he said emphatically, "I want you to go with me."

"I?" and I rose to my feet. This was pressing his claim, real or imaginary, with a vengeance.

"Yes, you,"—with a forward gesture of his hand, as if he would put me into my seat again. "Wait—listen till I am through. You have worked incessantly the past sixteen years, giving yourself no time for rest or recreation. A bow that is always bent will soon break. You are not as well as you were a year ago. There are days when your work drags heavily. Give it up for a year. Turn your patients over to Dr. Hope. He needs them and will do well by them. You shall lose nothing. I will pay you and bear your expenses. You will have opportunities for study and observation, and will return a younger and healthier man. And," speaking slowly and positively, "go I must! Go, I cannot without you. There! do not say a word," seeing me about to speak. "Go home; think it over. Two weeks from to-day we must be off."

He rose and abruptly left the room. It was the most discourteous thing I ever knew him to do. I had no choice but to go home and think it over, as he enjoined.

He had presented his case with consummate tact. Joel Dyer should have been a lawyer. It was true that I had not been as well since the epidemic the previous summer, and that sometimes of late I wished that I could never see another patient or hear another complaint. No one but a physician can understand the weariness resulting from the incessant and harassing demands upon his attention, and, if he be at all susceptible—and he has no call to be a physician otherwise—upon his sympathies in dealing with all shapes and phases of human suffering. I have felt some days that I was a walking hospital; that I was made up of wards, and carried within me all the diseases and anxieties of my people. If life hung in the balance I was indescribably solicitous. If the sickness resulted in recovery my joy equaled theirs, or if in death, I went down to the grave with them and felt the gloom and chill as if I was also entering. All this a physician must bear, and carry to his next patient a hopeful face and encouraging words, even if he fears the worst.

That I could shake this off, and run quite away, had not occurred to me. The very suddenness of the proposal gave it a certain charm. It was like opening a door from a stifling room to the fresh air and clear sunshine of a broad field. Then, too, Joel Dyer had a claim upon me as my patient—a claim that I had tacitly allowed to grow to preposterous proportions, but still a claim that I could not conscientiously ignore.

I thought the matter well over, consulting no one, and decided that if he would consent to one or two propositions I would go.

Seven o'clock found Mr. Dyer eagerly waiting. His face brightened as he looked in mine.

"You will go?"

"Upon conditions."

"Name them."

"Let me ask a question. Is your daughter to accompany you?"

"Yes, certainly. I could not go without Agnes."

"Then she must know why we go, and the circumstances. I will be no party to any concealment from her."

He looked distressed. "Tell—Agnes—all—that?" said he, slowly, falling into one of his fits of abstraction. When he emerged he said with an air of remonstrance: "You do not know Agnes. She has peculiar notions. She will not see this thing as you and I do. She will think I have done some dreadful thing, and make a great time over a trivial affair."

"I think not. She is too sensible to make a great time over anything. At all events, unless she can be told I shall not go."

"Well, then," said he, after a pause and with a laborious sigh, as if he were relinquishing his whole estate, "you must tell her. I never can."

"I have your permission?"

"Yes; only make her understand that it is nothing worth talking or thinking about."

"All right. One thing more: I shall bear my own expenses, and shall take Maud if your daughter consents."

"She will be delighted; the girls are fond of each other. It will take up Agnes's attention and keep her from—" he finished the sentence to himself. Turning to me he said briskly: "You must tell Agnes about the journey, and have her hurry up her preparations, if she has any to make."

"She knows you have this journey in contemplation?"

"No; I have spoken only to you."

CHAPTER XII.—FOLLOWING ROBERT.

The next two weeks were crowded with work. Mr. Dyer left every thing to my management, stipulating only that we should get away at the time specified.

First, there was Agnes to be informed of her father's plans, and her co-operation insured. She was surprised, but not displeased, especially as she learned that Maud and myself were to accompany them. She asked no questions, and seemed to have no suspicions; and it proved a harder matter than I anticipated to tell her of this affair of Robert Lyon. She listened with bated breath. I did the best I could for her father, dwelling upon the existing and probably inherited tendencies in Robert Lyon to become what he was. But no ingenuity could checkmate her intuition or prevent her from having an acutely vivid sense of her father's responsibility. She made it sharper and more comprehensive than I was willing to admit. At the same time she caught eagerly at his desire to compensate the man. It was to her an evidence of coming if not present repentance. I had no heart to show her my impressions of the matter. It was evident that she could be relied upon to the utmost to help her father out. Even while I was speaking I could see her assuming by sympathy, and as if in some sense her inheritance, the burden of the wrong he strenuously denied and resisted.

When I had finished the effects were palpable. First, an

overwhelming sense of the wrong, coupled with an infinite pity for her father and for Robert Lyon, that would impel her to any sacrifice. Then a singular feeling of shame that her father should have done this thing, and that I, or any one else, should know it; and as if she were somehow involved in his humiliation as also in his guilt. Then, too, a little resentment. The father could never again be to her quite the man she had been accustomed to admire and respect. She felt cruelly robbed. But she was quick to do me justice.

"It was *this* you were withholding from me?"

"He told me voluntarily. I could tell you only with his permission."

She grasped my hand. "I have misunderstood you; but it will never occur again. Whatever comes, I shall believe in you. And for your kindness to him and to me, God will reward you."

I was deeply moved, and as I stood holding her hand and looking in her eyes, an unaccountable conviction stole over me that for her, life held a story too painful for words. I beheld with inward vision a cloud stealing over her, charged with storms, and heralded with coming darkness, and could only stand and look on.

The first half of the voyage to Liverpool was tempestuous. Maud, Agnes and myself were wretched victims. But Mr. Dyer was superior to the sea; in fact appeared in better health and spirits than at any time for months past. Action was a potent tonic. At no time was he so restful as when struggling to maintain his foothold he watched the uproar of winds and waves, and felt the quaking of the ship beneath him. So pleasant was this rest, and so weary had he become of incessant thought, that but for this matter of Robert Lyon, and the dread of leaving Agnes exposed to his curse, which though he scoffed at he inwardly feared, he would have been quite content to have gone to the bottom then and there. With all his faults, there was something grand in the man. I could not withhold a certain admiration.

Agnes was the first to regain her equilibrium and hasten to her father's side. Pleasantly as he received her, he preferred to be alone. He was never a social man, except upon rare occasions; and of late the tendency to self-absorption had grown upon him till he was now, if never before, practically alone in the world. His daughter comprehended this. All her mental processes and intuitions were amazingly quickened by her knowledge of his secret. She knew that this loneliness, much as he seemed to prefer it now, would soon become a thing he could not endure. Before that time arrived she wished him to feel that he was no longer alone. She at least was with him in weal or in woe. No misery could come upon him that she would not also bear. But neither by word nor look did she betray a consciousness of her knowledge. It was manifest only by an involuntary change in her tenderness. Heretofore it had been the tenderness of a daughter for a beloved father. Now it was the tenderness of a mother for a stricken child. She held him in an infinite compassion; bearing his burdens and anxieties as if they were her own. And though at present impatiently ignored, the time came when he no longer refused this most precious and helpful sympathy.

For a while it was quite an affliction to Agnes that her father should seem to prefer Maud to herself. I could understand that Maud's cheerful face and piquant ways would act as a mental narcotic upon this thought-tired man. It amused him to watch her flitting hither and thither and saying all manner of unexpected things. She was the only one who could induce him to smile; once he laughed, a real, boyish laugh, at which he was himself surprised and startled, as if he had committed an indiscretion. Probably he had not heard his own voice in a laugh for years. It was not strange that he followed Maud with his eyes and welcomed her presence.

Before he accepted his daughter's sympathy she seemed to keep his anxiety continually before him, and how could he help turning impatiently away, unconscious of the pain he was inflicting upon her? When she could bear this no longer she would come over to me in a kind of dumb entreaty. She rarely if ever put her trouble into words, but she would come and stand by me, quite silent, her hands clasped behind her, looking away in the distance for something not to be found, while the sweet mouth took a sad, patient expression that I could not endure to see.

I grew to know these signs, and helpless and hopeless as I sometimes felt, I was constrained to offer her what comfort I could, and it was little enough. Often with her hand upon my arm we paced the deck for hours, while I drew her into conversation concerning something quite remote from her troubled thoughts, or fell into a semi-philosophical talk that taught directly or indirectly strength and endurance. I was surprised at the wide range of reading and thinking she betrayed at such times. Sorrow is a wonderful educator. Out of her own heart she was acquiring a potent wisdom. But oftener, by her own leading, our conversation gravitated to Christ and His work, and its never ending results. The love that compelled His sacrifice and that carried within itself its own reward, was a theme of which she never tired; and in which she betrayed a growing, intuitive knowledge, that sometimes, thinking of a possible future, made me long to put my hands upon her head and say, "Go to sleep, child; go to sleep and never wake again." I ought to have remembered that He who held her in His hand knew what was best for her. He was very near her in those days, and the belief that He knew all was to her an inexpressible relief. Quieted and comforted she would slip away her hand, and leave me with a simple, "Thank you."

We stopped at Liverpool but a few days, making the necessary enquiries, following the track of Jackson, the agent. The importunate anxiety of Mr. Dyer forbade a longer stay; and promising ourselves leisure for a survey of the United Kingdom on our return, we passed over to Hamburg as the port to which Norman Lee sailed from Liverpool.

The real work of the search fell upon me, though Mr. Dyer accompanied whenever it was possible, not knowing that his presence was a hindrance rather than a help. Of course this left the girls much alone; but they had so much

to talk about, and so many letters to write, that they could scarcely have been lonely. Such letters as Hal and Northrop Duff must have received! Maud said they were co-partnership letters. She wrote one page and Agnes the next, and so on till some dozens accumulated, when they were mailed, one week to Hal, and the next to Northrop Duff. In vain I endeavoured to get a peep at these wonderful manuscripts. Neither of the girls could be coaxed or bribed, and to this day I have no idea what they contained, only that they were very precious to the recipients.

To Maud, Agnes was the same helpful friend she had ever been. She discerned no difference between the Agnes of a year ago and the Agnes of to-day, wide as the difference grew.

I have never told how hard I worked to get Maud away from home. I supposed she would be delighted at the suggestion of a year's travel; especially with Miss Dyer. But the chicken was a home bird, and had a promise that she would miss the old nest and the mother's wing, or something else I could not divine. Probably I should not have succeeded at all, only that her mother took sides with me, insisting that Maud had grown dumpty and required a change of air and scene. Whether her maternal eyes were sharper than mine, is still a question.

Hal was furious. Why should we go at all, since he must remain? Northrop drew long sighs till Jack protested that he was lengthening to an unknown extent, and adjured him in the name of humanity to confine himself within reasonable limits till we were well on the road.

If Maud could see no change in Agnes, Agnes could see a change in Maud. What made the child so unreasonably merciful? If expected letters failed to arrive she fell into the dumps too deep for present extraction. Maud in the dumps was a comical sight; her head down, and her plumage drooping like a rain-pelted hen. But when the letters came, presto! she was as gay as a lark; soaring, gyrating and singing to the entertainment of us all. Dyer wished that she might have letters daily.

At Hamburg we could find no trace of Norman Lee, but at Antwerp we came upon his track again. He made several voyages from Antwerp to Havre, and picked up French and German enough to be intelligible, and was fast losing his distinctively American character. After a while he grew tired of a sailor's life, and went into a restaurant as waiter and English interpreter. Here he seemed to have stayed some time, and to have accumulated money enough to enable him to go to Baden-Baden and make another effort to recover his lost fortune. Always trying to get that money back! Then the old story was repeated, and he went to the bottom again. This affair at Baden-Baden thoroughly convinced me that we were on the track of the real Robert Lyon. But the search was a very disheartening one. There seemed no end to his wanderings, and I should have made little headway but for the aid of the best French and English detectives. It would appear that he committed offenses against none but himself. On the contrary he was generous and helpful, doing kindly offices, and refusing to be compensated. After living wretchedly at Baden-Baden, he vanished, utterly, — another of those under-ground passages of his.

The remainder of the summer and early autumn months was fruitlessly consumed. I thought it best for Mr. Dyer to pass the winter in Italy, and in November, after getting Maud, Agnes and her father comfortably established in Florence, I went over to France.

Everybody, rich or poor, gravitates to Paris. I went partly to consult the prescient Paris police, and partly for my own benefit. Up to this time I had been amalgamated with Joel Dyer; now I proposed to resolve myself into my original, and breathe a little upon my own account.

A few irresponsible weeks did more to restore my wonted vigor than all the previous months. I began to feel the old tide of health throbbing in every vein. And notwithstanding my anxieties concerning the friends at home, and those left at Florence, I enjoyed life thoroughly. A healthy man need never be an unhappy man. I had almost said he never is an unhappy man.

I was constantly receiving letters from Florence, and every steamer brought me news from home. It was during my first sojourn in Paris that I received a letter from Hal asking my advice about a change in his plans for life. It appeared that since the revival the previous winter, he had been unsettled in his mind, having conceived a desire to study for the ministry, feeling that perhaps it was his duty; and that impression coupled with Northrop's entreaties had brought him to a stand-still. All that lay back of him, and his previous inclinations pointed another way. What did I think about it? Should he leave it to me?

I answered promptly. He should *not* leave it to me. It was a question which he alone had a right to decide. At the same time, he should have the benefit, if benefit it was, of my impressions in the matter. No one appreciated the work or respected the office of a minister of the Gospel more than I. It is the highest and holiest calling to which a man can give himself, and one of all others to be entered upon intelligently, with a full understanding of its requirements and his own capacity. Every man should be a minister of the Gospel in a certain sense, but all men are not born for the pulpit. Many a young man in the first flush of enthusiastic religious fervour, has chosen this service; and, having once done that, whatever misgivings he may subsequently have as to his natural fitness for the work he regards as temptations of the adversary, and to be set aside at any cost. Years after, the mistake is recognized and lamented.

Every man should work in the Lord's vineyard. But the Lord's vineyard is world-wide, and some can labour most effectively in one field and some in another. Christian ministers are many; Christian physicians are few; and of late it had seemed to me that a Christian physician's opportunities were even greater than those of the most successful preacher. A physician sees his people when they feel most their helplessness and their need. A few words dropped then make a deeper impression than dozens of sermons when they feel their feet firmly under them. I could not exchange my opportunities for those of any minister of my acquaintance.

As for himself, he would seem to have been intended by

nature and by education for a physician. He had no right to be anything but a Christian physician. He had the same account to render to the Master as if he had been ordained to preach the Gospel from the pulpit. It was a matter for him to think over prayerfully and at leisure. Perhaps he had better put aside his books till this thing was settled. Suppose he went away from his present perplexed atmosphere, and beyond the reach of friendly advisers? He would be more likely to arrive at a just conclusion.

(To be continued.)

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE first Sabbath School Convention in Alabama assembled at Salem, July 10, with 250 delegates. We presume that this is one of the fruits of the International Convention at Atlanta.

THE authoritative statement is made that instead of there being 200,000 unemployed men roaming about Massachusetts, there are less than 10,000 who are honestly seeking work.

THE average life of the Jew is forty-eight years and nine months, and of the Christian thirty-six years and eleven months, a result of a stricter observance of sanitary requirements by the former.

THE Alumni of Princeton Theological Seminary are invited to contribute one dollar each, so as to erect in its chapel three Mural Tablets in memory of their distinguished Professors, Drs. Alexander, Miller, and Hodge.

THE Boston "Transcript," noting the fact that Paris Green not only kills potato bugs but thousands of birds as well, inquires if it would not be better to depend on the birds, rather than on the poison, to kill the bugs.

THE Sabbath Alliance of Scotland believing that monarchs as well as subjects should obey the law of God, has dared to reprove Queen Victoria and the Prince of Wales for open violation of the Lord's Day during recent visits to Scotland.

AN English physician residing in Florence, Italy, has opened a preaching hall to accommodate 400 persons, in connection with the Protestant Industrial Home for Boys established three years ago by Dr. Conant. The Home now contains seventy lads who are trained in various branches of industry.

IN Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, regular Chinese services are held in Dr. Damon's Presbyterian church. The Rev. Sit Moon generally preaches to a large company of Chinese on Sunday evenings. He is a clear-headed and energetic preacher. "Just as I am," and many other hymns, are sung in the Chinese language by the congregation.

NO less than thirty-six seceders from the local ritualistic churches in and around Brighton, England, and many of them boasting high position, wealth and influence, received the sacrament of confirmation recently at the hands of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark. The church would thus appear to be steadily making gaps in the ranks of the Establishment.

AMONG the Aztec population of Mexico the Methodists are making praiseworthy progress. The Rev. Mr. Drees is working among these people in the vicinity of Puebla and Los Reyes, and reports that they give him respectful and pleasant attention. The Aztecs are popularly supposed to have little or no brains, but Mr. Drees says that this is an error, and that they are as well worth laboring for as any other class of human beings.

THE will of the late Miss Robertson, of Elgin, Scotland, leaves the sum of \$150,000 to various religious and charitable associations. Mr. Spurgeon's College and Orphanage receive \$20,000 each; Schemes of the Free Church of Scotland, \$10,000; the London Missionary Society, the London City Mission and the Baptist Missionary Society, each \$10,000; the Bible Society \$15,000, besides other bequests. Mr. Spurgeon is one of the trustees.

REV. W. WYATT GILL, of the London Missionary Society in the South Pacific, in a visit last summer to every island in the Hervey Group, was astonished at a new church built by the natives of Tongareva. It is large and airy, built of blocks of white coral, seated throughout, with glass windows and a neat pulpit. It took the people three years to build it, working three days a week without pay, though they are in the deepest poverty, and reduced in number to about 300.

BISHOP GREIG, the representative of the Reformed Episcopal Church in Great Britain, is making good progress, and will shortly celebrate the first anniversary of his communion in Newman Hall's church, Westminster. He has already held two series of ordinations, admitting to orders more than twenty gentlemen; the movement has also gained the adhesion of several of the beneficed and other clergy of the English Church, belonging, of course, to the Evangelical sections.

THE death is announced, in his sixty-first year, of the Rev. Samuel Martin, formerly of Westminster Chapel. Mr. Martin was one of the best known Congregationalist ministers in London, and held the position of minister at Westminster Chapel for over thirty years. He has been in delicate health for some time. The rev. gentleman was buried on Wednesday at Abney Park Cemetery, in presence of sorrowing friends of all denominations. The Dean of Westminster took part in the ceremony.

A WORTHY clergyman in Melbourne suburbs executed a shrewd device to increase the collections. The deacons had been sadly troubled at the appearance on the plates Sabbath after Sabbath of a large number of threepenny pieces, the smallest silver coin current. The good minister concluded that instead of depositing the threepennies in the local bank, he would quietly put them aside. This plan succeeded admirably. When about ninety pounds of the small coins had been accumulated, the supply was exhausted, and thereafter sixpences and shillings took their place on the plate, and the weekly contributions showed a handsome increase.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

REV. G. M. MILLIGAN has gone on a six weeks' vacation to the sea-side.

THE degree of Master of Arts has been conferred on Rev. J. L. Murray, of Kincardine, by Hanover College, Indiana.

THE Rev. S. W. Fisher of Knox Church, Burlington, passed through the city on Friday, August 2nd, *en route* for Duluth on a holiday trip.

TWO evenings previous to the departure of Rev. Mr. McDonald and lady of the Presbyterian congregation at Wallacetown on a trip for their health on the lakes, the ladies there met at the manse and presented that much esteemed gentleman with the sum of \$41, in token of their appreciation of his labors as pastor.—COM.

MR. J. R. MCLEOD, graduate of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, was licensed by the Presbytery of Bruce, at Walkerton, on the 26th of June, and ordained by the same Presbytery at Paisley, on the 2nd of July last. By the appointment of the Assembly's Home Mission Committee Mr. McLeod occupies Sault Ste. Marie, Algoma.—COM.

DR. NICOL, the Superintendent of the Zion Church Sabbath School, Brantford, was the other evening presented with "Brown, Fawcett & Jamieson's Commentary of the Holy Bible in six vols., and "Smith' Unabridged Dictionary of the Bible" in three vols. The Rev. Dr. Cochrane made the presentation, accompanied by a few well-chosen remarks.

THE Rev. A. Dawson, B.A., formerly of Beamsville, has received a unanimous call from the congregations of Gravenhurst, Severn and Washago. This is the first call that has been given by any of the stations in our large mission field in this district. We trust that others may soon follow the example thus set. Should Mr. Dawson accept he will find a large field of usefulness before him.

ON the evening of Monday, July 29th, the Presbyterian manse, Beaverton, was visited by a few gentlemen, who presented, in the name of the congregation, their minister the Rev. John McNabb with a handsome sum of money, and kindly suggested to their pastor the desirableness of some relaxation from the duties of his calling. Mr. McNabb replied in appropriate and feeling terms, warmly thanking them and those whom they represented for their kindness in the tangible evidence they had given of their consideration and Christian affection, and earnestly expressing the hope that the King and Head of the Church may graciously reward them for their marked kindness.—COM.

REV. MR. GRAHAM has resigned the charge of Pine River congregation, and his resignation has been accepted by the Presbytery. "Mr. Graham, we believe," says the "Dumfries Reformer," "intends removing to Egmondville, where he labored some thirty years in the ministry, to spend the balance of his allotted time among the old and familiar associations which have no doubt become endeared to him by many ties. The reverend gentleman, previous to his assuming charge of the Egmondville congregation, was assistant to Rev. Dr. Bayne in Galt, and will doubtless be remembered by many of the old residents of this section. Mr. Graham is one of the connecting links between the past and the present."

REV. MR. STEWART was inducted into the pastoral charge of the Presbyterian Church, at Clinton, on Wednesday, the 31st ult. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Ure, and the sermon was preached by the Rev. N. Patterson. The Rev. Mr. Cameron addressed the minister, and the Rev. Mr. Sieveright the congregation. After the conclusion of the addresses all the members of the Presbytery gave the right hand of fellowship. There was a large attendance of the members of the congregation and friends from neighbouring congregations, and also several ministers from surrounding churches. It was a profitable, interesting and harmonious occasion, and will be long remembered by all connected therewith. A social was held in the evening, which was a complete success.

THE foundation stone of the Old St. Andrew's Church building, corner of Church and Adelaide streets, was removed a day or two ago. In it was found a small glass bottle, around which were wrapped a number of newspapers and other documents. One

of the documents the only one in anything like a good state of preservation—reads as follows. "This building was erected by public subscription for a place of worship in communion with the Kirk of Scotland, in the year of our Lord, eighteen hundred and thirty, under the direction of Jas. F. Smith, Thomas Carfrae, Jr., Jacob Lotham, Alexander Murray, John Ewart, Hugh Carfrae, and Walter Rose, trustees." In the bottle were found a shilling and sixpence of the reign of George IV. Both coins are in a good state of preservation.

PRESBYTERY OF BRUCE.—A special meeting of this Presbytery was held in Knox's Church, Paisley, on the second of July. After sermon by Dr. Bell from 2 Timothy i. 14, and after having put to Mr. McLeod the usual questions appointed to be put to ministers previous to ordination, and having received suitable answers to the same, he was then by solemn prayer and the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery set apart to the office of the holy ministry. He then received the right hand of fellowship from the brethren present. He having declared his willingness to sign the formula when asked to do so, his name was added to the roll of Presbytery. Mr. Straith then addressed to him suitable admonitions, and Mr. McKeracher addressed the congregation present on the mission work of the Presbytery. Mr. Straith, minister, and Mr. Peter Brown, elder, were appointed as assessors with Mr. McLeod to constitute a session for the ordination of elders at Sault Ste. Marie on Sabbath, 14th July, inst. The Presbytery of Bruce met again pursuant to adjournment, at Kincardine, and in Knox's Church, on the 11th July, at 2 o'clock p.m., Mr. J. Anderson, Moderator. Mr. Moody, student, appeared for trial for license, but inasmuch as his transference had not been forwarded from the Presbytery of Kingston, the hearing of his trials was delayed until the next ordinary meeting. The edict having been returned as duly served, and no objection having been offered to the induction of Mr. Murray. Mr. Sutherland preached an impressive sermon from Mark xvi. 15, 16, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." The Moderator narrated the steps taken in the call, put the usual questions to Mr. Murray, offered the induction prayer, and in the name of the Presbytery inducted him into the pastoral charge of Knox's Church. The minister was then suitably addressed by Mr. Cameron, and the congregation by Messrs. Tolmie and Stewart. Public worship being ended the Presbytery resumed business. Mr. Murray having expressed his willingness to sign the formula, his name was added to the Presbytery roll, and he took his seat as a member of court. Mr. Large, of the Episcopal Methodists, being present, was asked to sit and correspond. There was read an extract minute of the General Assembly granting leave to the Rev. Wm. Graham to retire from the active duties of the ministry. It was agreed to accept of Mr. Graham's resignation, and that his connection with the congregation of Pine River cease on and after the last Sabbath of July, inst. Mr. Stewart was appointed to preach and declare the church vacant on that Sabbath; further, that he be moderator of its Kirk session. Messrs. Stewart, Sutherland, McQueen, and W. Anderson were appointed a committee to prepare a suitable minute anent Mr. Graham's resignation.—A. G. FORBES, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF QUEBEC.—A special meeting of the Presbytery of Quebec was held at Richmond on Wednesday, the 31st of July last, for the purpose of considering a call from St. Andrew's Church, Richibucto, in the Presbytery of Miramichi, to the Rev. M. Mackenzie, of Inverness, and the resignation by Rev. P. Lindsay of the pastoral charge of Sherbrooke, which had been tendered at the last meeting. The call to Mr. Mackenzie was first taken up, all the parties interested were represented. Reasons for the translation were set forth and answered by the representatives from Inverness, and various members of Presbytery expressed their views on the matter, deprecating the removal of Mr. Mackenzie, but agreeing to leave the matter mainly in his own hands. When called upon to state his own mind, he stated that after careful and prayerful consideration, he felt it to be his duty to accept the call now placed in his hands. On motion to that effect it was agreed to loose Mr. Mackenzie from his pastoral charge of Inverness to allow of his induction into the charge of St. Andrew's Church, Richibucto, said severance to take effect from

and after the 25th of August next, on which day the Rev. William B. Clark was appointed to preach at Inverness and declare the church vacant. The resignation of Mr. Lindsay was next taken up. The session and congregation of Sherbrooke were represented in this matter by Rev. John Tanner, a member of the Sherbrooke session. In behalf of both the session and congregation he stated that notwithstanding the warm attachment of the greater part of the congregation to Mr. Lindsay, yet they did not intend to oppose the acceptance by the Presbytery of Mr. Lindsay's resignation, being well aware of Mr. Lindsay's strong desire and resolution to press the acceptance of his resignation. Mr. Lindsay, on obtaining leave to state his own mind, expressed himself as most anxious to be relieved from his charge, as well as to be allowed to retire for a period of twelve months from active duty, to which he thought he had a fair claim after laboring without intermission in the Master's work for twenty-six years. In these circumstances the Presbytery felt that they were shut up to one course in this matter, namely, to accept Mr. Lindsay's resignation, which was appointed to take effect from and after Sabbath, the 18th of August next, on which day Mr. Edmison was appointed to preach at Sherbrooke and declare the charge vacant. The Revs. Dr. Cook and W. B. Clark were appointed a committee to draw up suitable minutes expressive of the mind of the Presbytery with reference to the brethren who are to be so soon severed from them.—M. MACKENZIE, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF LINDSAY.—This Presbytery met at Woodville on Tuesday, 30th July, when the call from Knox Church, Harriston, was placed in the hands of the Rev. Mr. Campbell, of Cannington. The reasons of translation were read, commissioners heard, and members of Presbytery expressed their opinion. Mr. Campbell, after feelingly expressing his sentiments, accepted the call. His connection with Cannington was dissolved, and his translation to Saugeen Presbytery was fixed for the 19th day of August. The clerk was appointed to preach at Cannington on the 18th August and declare the church vacant, and supply the pulpit on Sabbath, the 25th August—on both Sabbaths supplying Manilla in the afternoon. Mr. McLennan was appointed Moderator of Cannington Session during the vacancy—and also to meet with the congregation of Manilla and guide them in their present position. The following minute was adopted by the court: "The Presbytery of Lindsay having agreed to the translation of the Rev. John Campbell, B.A., of Cannington, to Knox Church, Harriston, in the Presbytery of Saugeen, cannot allow the occasion to pass without expressing their esteem for their brother as a man and as a minister of the Gospel. Mr. Campbell has endeared himself to his co-Presbyters by his active interest in the work of the court, his faithful attendance on its meetings, his kindly, brotherly spirit, and the Christian straightforwardness which always characterized his intercourse with the brethren. In him they have always had a faithful and generous friend. They regret the thought of parting with a brother who has so endeared himself to them, and whose relations with the Presbytery have always been of a pleasing nature. They recognize in him an able, diligent, laborious, and faithful minister of the New Testament, and commend the congregation he now leaves, and to whom he has ministered in the Lord for the last four years with zeal and fidelity, to the Great Shepherd and Bishop of souls. They follow their brother and his family to their new field of labor with the earnest prayer that the Divine Master may very abundantly bless his mission, and cause His servant to rejoice in seeing the work of the Lord prospering in his hands." The clerk proposed the following motion, which was heartily carried: "That the sincere thanks of the Presbytery be tendered to the friends of Woodville for their cordial and unabated hospitality to the members of court in the very frequent meetings held in Woodville; and while members experience the blessedness of receiving, they hope the friends entertaining them may enjoy the greater blessedness of giving." The regular meeting of Presbytery will be held at Woodville, on Tuesday, 27th August, at 11 a.m.—JAMES R. SCOTT, *Pres. Clerk*.

IN Scotland it is a cardinal point of literary faith that the inhabitants of Inverness, the capital of the largest Scotch county, and about five hundred miles north of London, speak the best English of all.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXIII.

Aug. 18, 1878. THE WIDOW OF NAIN. (Luke vii. 11-17.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—“And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not.”—Verse 13.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. Matt. ix. 18-26 ... Jairus' daughter raised.
- T. Luke vii. 11-16. The widow of Nain.
- W. John xi. 25-46. Lazarus raised.
- Th. 1 Cor. xv. 35-58. The general resurrection.
- F. 1 Thess. iv. 9-18. The dead in Christ.
- S. Ps. xvi. 1-11. “My flesh shall rest in hope.”
- S. Phil. iii. 7-21. Our bodies to be changed.

HELPS TO STUDY.

Jesus now gives a new manifestation of his power. He had healed the sick. He now raises the dead. This incident occurred shortly after that which formed the subject of our last lesson—the day after, our version reads—but many authorities read, “soon afterwards.” The two readings differ in only one letter.

I. THE WIDOW'S SORROW. It was indeed a sorrowful procession which had just left the gates of Nain (Note 1). There was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. Then there had been a sad funeral before this one. Perhaps only lately—and the poor woman had been glad that, though her husband was gone, her son had grown up, and could support her; perhaps years ago—left with little baby—had brought him up—all her “treasure” in him—(how wisely Jesus said, “Lay not up treasures on earth,” etc.!) Was he a good son? We know not—but if so what a loss to her! Any of you “only son of mother, and she a widow?”—how tender should you be to her!

She is alone in the world now—perhaps poor—knows not what she will do—dark seems the future. Yet she has many kind friends—she and her son are loved in the town—see how many following the bier. Through streets—out of gate (Jews buried outside cities)—moves the mournful procession—not silent as with us—loud wailings and cries (Jer. ix. 17, 18; Amos v. 16; Matt. ix. 23)—one weeping bitterly (comp. Jer. vi. 26; Amos viii. 10; Zech. xii. 10).

II. THE WIDOW'S JOY. Her “sorrow is turned into joy.” He does it, who, through His grace and love, can and will turn all our sorrow into gladness. For as the procession moves out of the gate, another company comes up the hill (Note 2) towards the city. They have come a long way, twenty-five miles, from Capernaum, over mountains—we should think very weary—would scarcely notice a passing funeral. But One does—He knows it all—sees into the widow's desolate heart. Hear His gentle voice as He speaks to her—Weep not—not weep?—is there not a cause? but see—startled bearers stopping when Jesus touched the bier (Note 3)—crowd silent in wonder—Jesus speaking to a corpse that cannot hear (comp. Rom. iv. 17). But it does hear—the soul that had flown far away hears and comes back—the heart is beating again—the blood flowing through the veins again—the lungs breathing again—there is a living man on the bier—sitting up. Can the gazers be in a dream? No, for he speaks—and it is the voice of the widow's son! We have seen happy meetings, read of them (e.g., Jacob and Joseph—but what must this have been?)

Now look at the people, who probably never saw Jesus before. What do they think? That He is a great Prophet. They remember what Elijah and Elisha did.

But was Jesus like them? They raised dead with much prayer and effort (1 Kings xvii. 19-22; 2 Kings iv. 32-35) how did He do it? Truly God had visited His people in a sense they never thought of—not sending a prophet, but coming Himself.

But those who had come with Jesus—people of Capernaum—the disciples—they had seen other miracles why were they surprised?

III. It taught them more about two things.—

I. THE COMPASSION OF JESUS. Had He not been kind before to the sick of their town one Sabbath evening—to the leper—to the centurion? Ah, but then He was asked. Now they see He loves those who know Him not—longs to bless those who never think of asking—feels for all suffering; His compassion spontaneous.

So it is still. Have you had sorrow, trouble, disappointment, pain? Jesus saw it all—pitied you though you never went to Him. Did it go away after a time? He had interfered, though you knew it not. Might He not well stop thinking of you? But “His compassions fail not”—He is “the same Lord, whose property is always to have mercy.” Think of the kindest person you know—he is not so tender-hearted as Christ. Does His love seem so natural—not much in it to marvel at? But think—who suffers most at seeing misery?—hard man or tender man? Then how must He have suffered at all He saw? (Heb. iv. 15; Isa. liii. 3, 4; Isaii. 9.)

2. THE POWER OF JESUS. This, too, they had seen before—over fish in lake, devils, fevers, leprosy, etc.—power even to heal at a distance (centurion's servant); but power over the dead, over the lifeless body—over the spirit that has “returned to God who gave it”—this is a new thing indeed. So again, His power is the same now. But does He raise the dead now? He will, John v. 28, 29. Death shall not keep our bodies; if we trust in Him and love Him, death cannot hurt our souls. See why, Heb. ii. 14, 15; Rev. i. 18.

And the day is coming, when there shall be no more tears and no more death (Rev. xxi. 4).

Is this great power—great compassion!
THERE IS GREATER YET.

See whom God calls “dead,” Eph. ii. 1; 1 Tim. v. 6. Why called so? Can a dead body see, hear, feel, speak, act? And a dead soul see not its own state, hears not God's voice, feels not God's love, speaks not in true prayer and praise, does not God's will. Which of us like that?

Upon dead souls Jesus had compassion. Looked down and saw us dead, so dead that we knew it not. Who asked Him to have pity, to come down? He came unasked—lived Himself among dead souls—let them kill Him, that He might purchase life for them.

Upon dead souls Jesus has power. These also hear His voice, as He calls—“I say unto thee, arise.” He sends the “Giver of Life,” the Holy Ghost, to “breathe into them the breath of life.”

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. A city called Nain. Pronounced Na-in. It is now only a poor village, called *Nain*, identified by this name, and situated “on the northern slope of the rugged and barren ridge of Little Hermon” (Stanley). It is “in the tribe of Issachar, hard by the source of the brook Kishon, not far from Endor, two and a half leagues from Nazareth. The name signifies “the lovely,” perhaps an account of the pleasant situation in the plain of Esdraelon: except in this passage it does not occur in the sacred history. The fathers Eusebius and Jerome knew it as a village two Roman miles southward from Tabor” (Van Oosterzee).

2. Came nigh (or, “drew near”) to the gate of the city. “One entrance alone Nain could have had—that which opens on the rough hillside in its downward slope to the plain” (Stanley). Another mark of accuracy; for just here the meeting of the two parties would be unavoidable.

3. Touched the bier. “Among the Jews, the bier was no covered; it was a simple plank, with a somewhat raised edge. The body, wrapped in its shroud, was therefore visible to all. Jesus lays his hand on the bier, as if to arrest this fugitive from life” (Gode).

THE family of Dr. G. S. Burns, of the Glasgow Cathedral, have resolved to erect a handsome organ in this fine old building at their own expense.

A GATHERING of all connected with the Murphy movement is to be held at Round Lake, continuing in session for eight days from August 6. Mr. Murphy will be present, and three meetings will be held daily, addressed by prominent temperance men.

It is stated to be the intention of a few young men of good family to purchase a site in Armenia, in the neighborhood of Erzeroum, to found a monastery in connection with the Church of England. It will occupy a similar position to the establishments of Fathers Ignatius and Nugee.

WHILE the great question of retaining the Bible in the public schools is under discussion, there is one school, thank God! from which it can never be excluded, and that is the Sabbath-school. Great as may be the corruption of the times, it cheers us to know that while six millions of children in our country—and some say seven or eight millions—are taught every Sabbath the truths of God's Holy Word, we need not despair of the future.—Dr. Hegg, Richmond.

THE advance of Christian missions and the changes wrought among heathen nations are well illustrated by two facts which we find in our exchanges. In a recently published book, called “A Voyage in the Sunbeam,” the writer, speaking of Japan, mentions that many Buddhist temples had been closed, and that speculators were buying up their fine bronze bells, and sending them to England to be coined into pennies and half-pennies. The other fact is, the Sandwich Islanders had to come to England to the British museums to see specimens of the idols their forefathers worshipped, there being none in their own land.

THE new Pope has addressed an indignant letter to the Vicar-General of Rome on some of the grievances he has had to meet at the very commencement of his Pontificate. He is wrathful against the Press, which he would like to see restrained, but his anger knows no bounds when he sees in Rome, “the centre of Catholicism and the august seat of the Vicar of Jesus Christ”—what? On one side Protestant temples, due to the money of Bible societies, and reared in the most populous streets as an insult to the Roman Church, and on the other side, schools, asylums, and almshouses opened for young people really with the design of training up a generation at enmity with religion and the Church of Jesus Christ. In the eyes of the new Pope all this is “iniquitous,” but the only remedy he can recommend is that the clergy should redouble their energies in teaching the Catechism.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

BRUCE.—In Knox Church, Kincardine, on last Tuesday of September, at 2.30 p.m.

HURON.—Presbytery of Huron will meet at Wingham, on 2nd Tuesday of October, at 11 a.m.

HAMILTON.—This Presbytery will hold an adjourned meeting at Welland, on Tuesday, the 13th inst., at 2 p.m.

LINCOLN.—At Woodville on the last Tuesday of August, at 11 a.m.

PETERBORO'.—At Cobourg, on the last Tuesday of September, at 11 o'clock a.m.

TORONTO.—In the usual place, on the first Tuesday of September, at 11 a.m.

WHITBY.—At Whitby, on the 3rd September, at 11 o'clock a.m.

CHATHAM.—The Presbytery of Chatham meets at Thamesville on Tuesday, the 17th Sept., at 1 o'clock p.m.

PARIS.—Presbytery of Paris meets in Zion Church, Brantford, on Tuesday, 17th September, at 2 p.m.

KINGSTON.—Next quarterly meeting of this Presbytery will be held in St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Tuesday, 24th September, at 3 p.m.

LONDON.—An adjourned meeting will be held on 1st Tuesday in August, in Knox Church, Parkhill, at 2 p.m.—Next regular meeting in St. Andrew's, Samia, on last Tuesday in September, at 7 p.m.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

EVIL ministers of good things are as torches—a light to others, a waste to none but themselves only.—Hooker.

I KNOW no manner of speaking so offensive as that of giving praise and closing it with an exception.—Steele.

GOD mingles the bitter with the sweet in this life, to set us seeking another life where there shall be sweet alone.

GOD never called a lazy man to preach the gospel, nor a man that would not strive to prepare himself to preach.

HE that follows the Lord fully will find that goodness and mercy follow him continually. For daily wants he will find daily grace.

SINCE I cannot govern my own tongue, though within my own teeth, how can I hope to govern the tongues of others?—Franklin.

WE should often have reason to be ashamed of our most brilliant actions, if the world could see the motives from which they spring.

TEMPERANCE and labour are the two best physicians of man; labour sharpens the appetite, and temperance prevents him from indulging to excess.

HAPPINESS, in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained.

CAN the evil wrought by gossip be estimated? We trow not. A wise woman can scarcely say too little in company if the conversation trenches the least upon scandal.

WHEN flowers are full of heaven-descended dews, they always hang their heads; but men hold theirs the higher the more they receive, getting proud as they get full.

HOLD yourself well in check. The weakness and inefficiency of the men and women who cannot hold a tight rein over themselves in the emergencies of life are most pitiful.

ACTIONS speak more for us than words; they are the test of character. Like fruit upon a tree, they show the nature of man; while motives, like sap, are hidden from our view.

ADHERE rigidly and undeviatingly to truth, but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage.

SWEET-BRIER and other odorous shrubs never smell so sweetly as after a shower of rain; no more are the graces of a believer ever so lively and fragrant as when watered by the tears of sorrow.

THAT may be right which is not pleasant, and that pleasant which is not right; but Christ's religion is both. There is not only peace in the end of religion, but peace in the way.—Henry.

THEY who tread life's pathway, ever bearing on their faces an expression of cheerfulness, are radiant ministers of good to mankind. They scatter sunshine on all they meet, depression and gloom fade away in their presence.

AN old man was dying who had long served Christ, when one asked him: “Can you rest a little now, father?” “Dear child,” he said, “it is all rest; for the everlasting arms are underneath me.”

IF the spring puts forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty, and in the autumn no fruit. So, if youth be trifled away without improvement, riper years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

FLATTER not thyself in thy faith to God, if thou wantest charity for thy neighbour; and think not thou hast charity for thy neighbour if thou wantest faith in God—when they are both wanting; they are both dead, if once divided.

THE Lord, by His Holy Spirit, humble our hearts by the remembrance of our frailty; pardon our sins, the only cause of it; clothe us with Christ's righteousness, the only ease of it; hasten His Son's coming, the only end of it.—Clerke.

PAT I did not stop preaching because all of his converts did not hold out. Many of the converts even of Jesus went back “and went no more with Him.” If a man tumbles into the river, are we to refuse to rescue him because he may fall in again?

THE history of the world teaches no lesson with more impressive solemnity than this; that the only safe Guide of a great intellect, is a pure heart; that evil no sooner takes possession of the heart, than folly commences the conquest of the mind.—C. C. Bonney.

THE shepherd David had five smooth stones in that primitive cartridge box of his, but it only took one to bring down Goliath. Maybe, if spiritual warriors had more of David's faith they would have need to expend less pulpit ball and powder.—Presbyterian.

CHRISTIANITY, once in action, can never be content with a limp and lavender liberalism, an unaggressive indifference to the fact that men can be ruined, or a religion that believes in plush and velvet and the genial, rather than in usefulness and the scientifically true!—Joseph Cook.

YOUR children are yourselves living anew. Their faults are largely inherited from you. Labor, therefore, to make up for defects toward them by love, and compensate both them and the world by aiding them in correcting their errors and rising victorious over their infirmities.

IT is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned. It is not what they profess, but what they practise, that makes them righteous.

SO limited are our faculties for comprehending things as they are in themselves, that did the Scriptures present dim and faint pictures of them, they could not otherwise be revealed at all. The “light which no man can approach unto,” if presented in its full blaze to eyes too weak to endure it, would blind instead of enlightening. We now “see by means of the reflection of a glass,” what we could not otherwise see at all.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HOW BOYS GROW INTO MINISTERS

BY THE REV. MONSIEUR H. WILLIAMS.

"WHAT are you going to do for a living when you are a man?" said Clarence's father one day to his son.

Clarence was not yet six and a-half years old, and his father asked him the question just to see if the little fellow had any idea that, in this work-day world, boys grow very soon to be men who will have a work to do.

"I guess," was the answer, "that I'll be a minister, and get a big salary and a long vacation."

"Most ministers get small salaries and short vacations, and you might be one of that kind; but that need make little difference if you really feel how sweet it is to tell people about our Saviour, and how they may find him."

It was several months after this talk that Clarence asked one day:

"Papa, how do men learn to be ministers?"

"They go through 'a course of study' as it is called. That is, after they have learned the common branches at school, they begin to 'fit for college.' This takes some three or four years. Then they study four years in college. After that they spend three years in a theological seminary. So you see it requires ten years, at least, of special study, to fit a minister for his work."

"What do they study?"

"Latin, Greek, Hebrew, mathematics, natural science, history, philosophy, rhetoric, and a great many other branches of which you do not know even the names."

"I don't see how those have anything to do with preaching."

"You will understand that better some time. You know how many hours a day Uncle John has to practise on the piano. He is training his fingers and eyes and brain for music. So a man needs to have his mind, and every faculty and power, thoroughly trained for preaching."

"Well, I don't see that I can do anything now to make myself a minister."

"Yes, you can do a great deal. The first thing is to be one of Christ's boys, doing always just as you think Jesus would like to have you. If you want to be a good minister, you can begin by being a good boy."

"Was you a good boy, papa, when you was little?" broke in the golden-haired, five-year-old Carrie, who had been listening with a puzzled look to this very wise talk between papa and brother.

It was harder to answer this question than to talk about Latin and Greek, but finally he thought of a reply.

"Ask your grandma, my child. You know I was her little boy."

This was a safe answer to make, since grandma was two hundred miles away, and Carrie certainly would not see her until the summer vacation. And, more than that, this ministerial son knew that the mother's fond heart would make her think of him *now* as a good boy.

"What else can I do?" said Clarence.

"Learn all that you can about the Bible. That is to be the minister's one book. Learn

too about everything else that is good. If you hear or read a good story, or think of anything that you think would be good for a sermon, remember it. Some ministers have a book in which they write down such things; and then, when they want an illustration, or a thought, they read over the book, and may find there just the thing needed."

"I will have a book, too, just as soon as I am big enough to write well."

About a week after this talk, Clarence went, one afternoon, with his father, to call upon a very godly and a very aged clergyman. When they were going away, the good old man, put his hands upon the boy's shoulder, and said: "I hope, my son, that you will be a minister of Jesus Christ, and if I am living then, I will hope to hear you preach; but if I have gone to heaven, perhaps I shall know it up there."

Clarence somehow felt a big lump coming up his throat, and for a minute he almost cried,—not that he was afraid or sorry, but it seemed such a solemn thing to hear that feeble old man talk so lovingly to him about Jesus and about heaven. Perhaps he felt it more now because one of the six grandparents he had known, his great-grandfather, whom he loved very much, had gone to heaven only a little while before.

However, in five minutes more he was on the pavement, bouncing his marble as hard as he could on purpose to break it, so that he might find out whether it was real "china" inside.

It did not take him long to find out. He brought the two halves to his father, saying with some disgust. "See, it is not 'china' after all, but only that black stuff."

When there was not a fragment of the marble left large enough to bound he walked along quietly for a minute. Then he broke out with, "Papa, I have got something which I think would fit into a sermon pretty well, if I only knew what text to put it to."

"Tell me, and perhaps I can find a text for you."

"One time I went over to grandpa's to get some sods for mamma's flower-garden. They were so heavy that they broke my wheelbarrow down, and I didn't know what to do. If I left the wheelbarrow, I was afraid somebody would steal it, and if I took out the sods and laid them beside the pavement, I was afraid they would steal them. So I had heard that if little boys prayed to God He would help them, and I prayed."

"Did God help you?"

"I don't know; but I got home all right."

"What did you do?"

"Why, I dragged the things along the pavement until I was most tired out. Then I got near to where grandpa was and called to him, and he came right over and helped me."

"Well, you did just the right thing, after thinking what you should do, and praying to God to help you. Did not God help you to decide? And then, in the providence of God as we call it, grandpa was there just when you needed him. When we come out of a trouble all right, after asking God to help, we may believe that he has helped us. And that story would do very well in a sermon to show that God's little children may pray to Him in their troubles."

"What would be a good text for that?"

"How would, this, do? It is from the Thirty-fourth Psalm: 'The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth, and delivereth them out of all their troubles.'"

"Did any of these men expect to be ministers when they were little boys like me?"

"I remember to have read that the Rev. Dr. Samuel Finley, at one time President of Princeton College, determined to be a minister from a sermon which he heard when only six years old."

Whether Clarence will ever become a minister, only the God who called little Samuel, and who calls all other truly appointed ministers, knows. But at any rate, being one of Christ's boys, and learning all that he can about the Bible and all good things, will be a helpful preparation for whatever work the Lord has for him to do.

JOE WHITE'S TEMPTATION.

DEACON JONES kept a little fish market. "Do you want a boy to help you?" asked Joe White, one day. "I guess I can sell fish."

"Can you give good weight to my customers, and take good care of my pennies?"

"Yes, sir," answered Joe, and forthwith he took his place in the market, weighed the fish and kept the room in order.

"A whole day for fun, fireworks and crackers, to-morrow," exclaimed Joe, as he buttoned his white apron about him, the day before the Fourth of July. A great trout was flung down on the counter.

"Here's a royal trout, Joe. I caught it myself. You may have it for ten cents. Just hand over the money, for I'm in a hurry to buy my fire-crackers," said Ned Long, one of Joe's mates.

The deacon was out, but Joe had made purchases for him before; so the dime was spun across to Ned, who was off like a shot.

Just then Mrs. Martin appeared. "I want a nice trout for my dinner to-morrow. This one will do; how much is it?"

"A quarter, ma'am," and the fish was transferred to the lady's basket, and the silver piece to the money-drawer.

But here Joe paused. "Ten cents was very cheap for that fish. If I tell the deacon it cost fifteen, he'll be satisfied, and I shall have five cents to invest in fire-crackers."

The deacon was pleased with Joe's bargain, and when the market was closed each went his way for the night. But the nickle in Joe's pocket burned like a coal; he could eat no supper, and was cross and unhappy. At last he could stand it no longer, but walking rapidly, tapped at the door of Deacon Jones' cottage.

A stand was drawn out, and before the open Bible sat the old man. Joe's heart almost failed him, but he told his story, and with tears of sorrow laid the coin in the deacon's hand. Turning over the leaves of the Bible, the old man read: "'He that covereth his sins shall not prosper: but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy.' You have my forgiveness, Joe, now go home and confess to the Lord, but remember you must forsake as well as confess. And keep this little coin as long as you live, to remind you of this first temptation."—*Child's World.*

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