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THE PRESBYTERIAN

OCTOBER, 1871.

RESOLUTIONS were passed at last Synod to support the Mission to British Columbia by contributing to the amount granted by the Church of Scotland for operations there, and the Committee, chosen almost altogether from the Presbytery of Toronto, was recommended to obtain, if possible, the services of a missionary for Manitoba. The selection of the members of Committee from the western part of the Synod's bounds was judiciously made, as the north-west territory has been regarded with more lively interest by the mass of the population there than in other portions of the Provinces. We cannot think, however, that these Missions can very appropriately be classed under the head of the Foreign Mission Scheme. British Columbia and the North-West Territories are part of the Dominion of Canada—bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh—and possess, as a consequence, claims on our people which it is impossible to overlook, and which cannot be ignored.

Into Manitoba already emigrants are finding their way, and spreading far beyond the narrow limits of that small Province, which has been carved out of territories whose extent, fertility, and resources can scarcely be calculated. A field for labour is opening up here, to whose importance we cannot shut our eyes, and to neglect which would argue a criminal negligence on our part. It was given as a reason for inaction, by one of the speakers at the last Synod of our Church, that there was a prospect of a union taking place with those branches of the Presbyterian Church which had seceded some years ago, and who had sent a missionary to the field already. Such an expression of sentiment seemed to account to some extent for the nerveless, heartless, and unenergetic manner in which too many of the operations of our Church had

been conducted, as if there was so strong a desire on the part of some to hand over our Church to those who had so causelessly left it, that they would refuse to stretch forth their hands to strengthen her, and then make use of the plea of the weakness they themselves had caused to urge a junction with the other bodies. But the desirableness of union, or the disadvantages that may be expected from it, we have no intention of discussing at present, and have alluded to the matter now to meet a possible objection of some who might share the same views with the speaker to whom we have referred. Until it shall be accomplished, if it is accomplished, we, as a Church, must do our work without reference to others, and this is especially true of the North-West. There are enormous tracts there to be filled up; railway operations cannot long be delayed; thousands will flock in with the iron road and far in advance of it; are we to leave our countrymen destitute of religious ordinances; to grow up exposed to the evil influences of a pioneer life, from which the Gospel is excluded; and all this on the chance that others will be more alive to their duty than we appear to be? Have we so far degenerated from the virtues of our fathers that we will try to evade our own responsibilities and to throw them on others? Suppose these Union negotiations prove abortive. What position are we in? Are we prepared to acknowledge that we are unable for the task laid upon us; that we have discouraged students from entering our Divinity Halls; have warned off many who were prepared to join us; and had now abandoned a territory offering the most abundant opportunities for usefulness, because we depended on others to do our work? These are questions we must be prepared to answer in event of a failure. But suppose the Union to be

accomplished we will have the consciousness if we do our duty faithfully that we have left nothing undone for the cause of Christ. We assume our rightful influence in the united body; preserve our own self-respect and obtain the acknowledgement that we have been faithful servants.

And what we have said of the North-West applies even more strongly to British Columbia. There we have already a missionary labouring earnestly and successfully. What has hitherto kept back that magnificent colony has been the want of means of communication. A railway from the old Provinces will before many years lessen—it might almost be said remove—the distance to the newly-admitted sister Province. In the face of the shortcomings for the last year or two in respect to our obligations for this mission, it might almost seem idle to hope that besides fulfilling the present, a new and greatly heavier burden will be undertaken. Yet with energetic, thorough, conscientious labour, vastly more than we have done may be accomplished. What effort has been made for either Manitoba or British Columbia? Before how many congregations has the subject of these, our latest HOME MISSIONS, been faithfully and intelligently advocated? Events advance rapidly in our day, and an interest has been awakened in these Western Territories and Pacific possessions, whose names a very few years ago were scarcely known, and which were regarded as howling wildernesses, the haunts of the furbearing animals and of Red Indians. Let an earnest and faithful appeal be made now, and if it is made with singleness of heart and sincerity of purpose, there will be no lack of answering hearts and ready hands.

THE Committee charged with the management of the *Presbyterian* after the first of January next will, no doubt, in due time issue such a programme or prospectus, as may be deemed necessary, in explanation of the important changes contemplated in regard to its future. Meantime, we may safely congratulate the Church that, at all events, the continued *existence* of the *Presbyterian* in some form or other appears to be guaranteed. If outwardly, or otherwise, it shall assume new features, let us hope that we shall always be able to recognize in it an old friend—one that has done good work for the Church during

a quarter of a century, that has outlived many reverses, and has outrun every competitor in the particular department of literature to which it has been devoted. But this is not the time for a valedictory. One item of the minutes of the *Presbytery* reported in Montreal in last issue is worthy of special notice—the resolution to reduce the price of the *Presbyterian* to *twenty-five cents!* It is a bold measure. The question naturally arises, if it did not pay at \$1 how can it possibly survive at twenty-five cents? Every one must be aware that the chief labour and expense of producing any printed magazine lie in the type-setting. This part of the work being done, an indefinite number of copies may be produced at little more cost than the price of the blank paper, the matter of printing and binding being reduced to a comparatively small figure by the facilities of modern machinery. In making their estimate of the *lowest price* at which it was possible to publish the *Presbyterian*, it was taken for granted that if it could be issued at a quarter of a dollar it might be possible to *ensure* its being taken by every family in the Church—the number of families, according to recent statistics, is considerably over ten thousand—and that a corresponding number of copies of the *Presbyterian* could be produced for the sum of \$2,500 a year is capable of demonstration. The only open question in connection with this matter is, *can we depend* upon our ministers and congregations to support the Synod's Committee in such an enterprise?

We name *our ministers* particularly and advisedly, for we must not conceal from them our firm conviction that they have the power, if they choose to exert it in the right way, not only to accomplish this desideratum, but in many other ways to place the whole of the Schemes of the Church on a more efficient footing than they have ever yet been.

One mode of dealing with this matter of the *Presbyterian* has suggested itself to our mind, and commends itself the more we think of it. Will no Kirk Session take note of it? That every Kirk Session should become pecuniarily responsible for as many copies of the *Presbyterian* as there are families in the congregation, care being taken that a copy is furnished to each family. It is scarcely to be conceived that any considerable number of

heads of families, even among the poorest, would refuse to pay the Session twenty-five cents a year for their Church paper, and, if any such there should be, it would be clearly the duty of the Session to supply all such families with a copy *gratis*. That it would pay every Kirk Session, and the Church generally, to secure such a distribution of ecclesiastical intelligence

there can be no manner of doubt. It would tell upon the minister's stipend, and upon all the Schemes of the congregation and the Church; it would tell upon our colleges, and upon our students, and, if we do not greatly mistake, would infuse new life and enthusiasm into the whole body.

Articles Communicated.

PRAYER AND POSTURE.

To the Editor of the Presbyterian.

Although you are to be thanked for its publication, it cannot be said that the account of the proceedings in St. Andrew's Church, Montreal, in the Johnston case is very pleasant reading. I see no reason why it should be known as the Johnston case, for that gentleman did not originate the tumult. This much, I think, may be said without hesitation, that the whole affair in its beginning and continuance reflects very little credit upon the Christian judgment of the session of that Church, and is well calculated to teach us all how frail we are in temper and speech. As we reflect upon the scandal which such scenes bring upon the Christian brotherhood who are supposed to live together in unity and brotherly love, we cannot but deplore the occurrence, and regret that there was no one to pour oil on the troubled waters.

How passing strange, and what unanswerable testimony to the doctrine of total depravity that, when as professing Christians we come together to consider the question whether we shall stand or sit during public prayer the most malignant spirit takes possession of us.

It shows, does it not, that there is a person in the meeting scheming our ruin, and that for the time being he has control of our hearts and tongues.

On such occasions we are often so off our guard that we drive off the leadership and kindly spirit of Jesus only to take upon our lips words that scald our brethren and disgrace ourselves, and bring dishonour on Him whom we profess to obey. Ought not this deplorable frame of mind to send us all to the severest self-examination.

It matters little (I am willing to concede) whether we stand or kneel, but it is of the highest importance that Christian churches should give the world proper examples of forbearance and moderation. Moses became impatient and was punished.

Was not that lesson written for our instruction? Can we afford to incur God's displeasure?

Impulsive Peter, in an emergency, and without sufficient time for reflection, smote off the ear of an open enemy, and was reprov'd for the act, but here are we after vowing to love one another, smiting and defaming each other, month after month, over trifles light as air! Is it not too bad?

With this spectacle of contention and anger before us we need not search far for the reason why our churches are half empty, our children untrained, and our Bibles unstudied. We are wasting ourselves and our time upon non-essentials. We are fiddling while the city is being consumed. Our actions are repulsing, instead of attracting the world. Strangers do not like to cast in their lot with quarrelling families, but prefer to go and stay where there is good-will and peace.

It is not to be assumed that, in such matters, this particular church stands alone. There are others in other Presbyteries offending in the same way. Is not the occasion an opportune one for all who touch sacred things to take thought of their responsibility, and to bear in mind that the world is taking knowledge of them?

The words and acts of Bismarck in presence of his Emperor are insignificant compared to the acts of a disciple in the presence of the Captain of his salvation. Yet the one behaves with dignity and decorum, the other too often forgets his loyalty and his manners. Political and spiritual leaders stand in the relation to each other that one does to a thousand. How careful then we should be that with our tongue and temper we do not destroy the Kingdom of Christ, either within ourselves or among our associates.

We can almost hear the scoffer with great satisfaction calling attention to this most unseemly sight in St. Andrew's

Church. The congregation itself is apt to be discouraged by the thoughtless conduct of church leaders. Christian soldiers, recognizing their accountability to God, before engaging in battle engage in prayer. Now, if it be true (and who that has tried will deny it) that conquering ourselves is a mightier work than capturing a city, certainly, before going to church meetings we should be much on our knees, lest we offend with our lips and meet greater disasters than Napoleon at Sedan.

"I," said the Lord to Moses, "will be a mouth to thee." Let us take counsel of the Almighty that our words may be well ordered. *We have great need to fear ourselves.* We cannot too constantly study the fact that a soft answer turneth away wrath. It takes us a whole lifetime to learn that divine lesson. Few of us realize that there is no force on the earth like it. It disarms opposition and clears away obstructions. It is the power of Heaven. What little progress we have made in following Christ—how far away we are—if yet unable, while discussing church matters, to restrain our tongues or keep down our tempers. It was not so with the Master and His early disciples.

Would it not have been better to continue standing during prayer until we had first learned to prostrate ourselves in humility and silence in the face of provocation.

Although these thoughts are suggested by differences in St. Andrew's Church and some others, we are not to conclude that those upon whom the tower of Siloam fell are guiltier than we. As friends and brethren we can reason together dispassionately, and, by laying hold of Christ with greater dependence, follow in the better way. "Occasions make not a man frail, but show what he is."

GLENELG.

To the Editor of the Presbyterian.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, thanks to the liberality of our people, if not yet on a permanent foundation, has at least been preserved from extinction, and the hope assured that the work so well begun will go on to complete success. The growth of the country in population and wealth makes the college an absolute necessity. In nursing it we are not laying the foundation for the present alone, but for the time ahead when deeper scholarship will

be needed in every pulpit to defend the cause of Christ. Being ourselves so much indebted to the times that are past for the light and the freedom we enjoy, it is doubly incumbent upon us to give corresponding gifts to posterity. We have inherited much—let us bequeath more. What better way can this be done than by equipping our college with the best professors and the most complete appointments in the arts and sciences which will be felt as a power in the Dominion ages hence; supplying the best material for history, and making the current years distinguished from all others for piety and learning. Men in charge, write your names high up.

There are scores in the country more than able to establish liberal bursaries by which encouragement would be given to young men of talent to enter the theological classes. Were it not that it would be considered out of order, I could give the names of a few that occur to me, men whom God has blessed with worldly prosperity, who might glorify God and honour themselves in this way. As the country grows older the number will always be increasing. How better invest a portion of one's gains? The well-managed bursary fund is an agency which we are very apt to under-estimate. It prepares young men, otherwise unable, to become a power for Christ in the land, making them a blessing to multitudes. In the neglected cities of our native land, in places of our own Dominion, and in distant India we see the scholars of our College doing good work for the Master. And let me say that to-day there is no worker in our church higher in public estimation than that student of Queen's College whose work enshrines his name, now visiting the garrets and the cellars of Glasgow in search of prodigal sons. A genuine shepherd bearing home lost sheep.

The liberal supporters of the college, those who by their thoughtfulness have assisted young men in their studies, must get great pleasure from the probability that they may have been the main spring of the blessed work. When our duties are better understood and more faithfully performed we will place the theological student on the same footing with the minister at work among his flock—a labourer worthy of his hire. It is an injustice to expect a young man to expend money in preparing himself for the ministry. It is an expenditure which in better

times, he will not be asked to undertake, but it will be borne willingly by the general body of believers.

Much has been written about the water power of the country—the desirableness of having it free and developed. Hitherto vexatious obstructions and heavy taxes have been imposed on that power, but in that matter we are emerging out of darkness into light. While we are making progress in temporal things, shall we allow mind and heart power, which our college, when well presided over is so well calculated to awaken and develop, to remain dormant and unused? Shall we be liberal over the things that perish and illiberal with the imperishable? Shall we not start into activity this higher motive power?

Words may perhaps prompt some who have the ability to organize new bursaries, but I am convinced that the real and only effectual way to multiply them is for the professors to give us back the young men whom we send them, adorned with the grace and the culture which Christ is ever ready to bestow. We expect that the theological students shall be sent into the world, bearing the divine message with something of that preparation which the first apostles received from the Head of the Church, who is still among us, offering the same power and gifts, if we will only stretch forth and appropriate them.

The prayerful mother nestling close to her Saviour, impresses her boy for eternity. She plants within him grand thoughts and brave deeds which will stir the world. I am unwilling to believe that the power within reach of the professor is much less in degree. He ought to possess the magnetism which distinguished Christ as a teacher, and thus baptize with head and heart force the students committed to him. He must have right conceptions of the grandeur of his work. The books are full of great and successful teachers from Gamaliel down, who have turned men from dreamy slothfulness into matchless Pauls. Have we such teachers at the head of Queen's College? Many rejoice in believing that we have.

We have heard professors in Scotland and this country tell us that we are blameable for sending to the ministry the weaker members of our families. This statement is true only as an exception to the rule. I affirm that, as a general thing, we send to college vigorous bodies and promising minds, and that while there for

improvement the one becomes diseased, and the other remains unfinished.

Of course, there are many honourable exceptions of men who have gone up, step by step, to a high standard of health and ability in spite of their professors, and the unfavourable surroundings, but for this they are to thank only their own common sense and perseverance.

The sleeping apartments connected with student life, in the majority of colleges, is simply barbarous. In a hygienic point of view they are dens of ill-health. They are little better than holes in a damp wall, into which the sun never penetrates; places where our boots rot of blue mould.

There is on this plain subject the most deplorable ignorance. A word to those who have been there is quite enough. At midnight over our problems, and in such confined rooms, with the offensive lamp, why it is of God's mercy alone that our precious boy is alive at all. We have sent him to the college healthy. He comes home ruined in health, only to sink into an early grave. We have had a Howard improving our prisons. We need one to attend to our halls of learning.

After the worthy example of our professors, who are always plain of speech with us, we enquire of the college authorities whether, while developing the mind, it is necessary to destroy the body? It requires the most herculean frame to withstand the pressure put upon students. Why this explosive high pressure system? To keep the body vigorous is not the least part of the teacher's very important work, seeing that it is the temple of God and the casket of wonderful structure which carries the soul. We are not to be blamed then for charging the college with the serious fault of receiving from us strong bodies and sending home enfeebled ones. It will not be always so, for already we can see a change for the better in certain quarters, and, when that desirable change is completed—the body getting its fair share of attention—theological students will increase four-fold.

Leaving the bodies we come to the heads and hearts which the professors have given us and, as we are in consultation how best to promote the general good, a word or two of complaint may not be out of place. It is because I attach the very highest importance to the position of teacher that I venture to say that greater care is necessary in the selection of professors. It is because I know that like

begets like in matter and manner that I would have in our chairs men of the highest order. In times past we have had icied tyrants occupying important chairs totally unfitted by nature to fellowship with or teach the young, and who I know turned several young men from the study of theology. The work of a professor is as well known as the work of certain painters. The true man throws genius into his work which lives through many centuries.

We get daubs elsewhere than from painters.

We ought not to rest contented with the professor's perfect knowledge of languages, to be satisfied when he can number the stars, or tell us the secrets of mother earth; there is a higher quality which he should possess, and be able to dispense in large quantity to his students, the power of charming by his Christ-like brotherhood intellectual and ignorant souls into the Kingdom. We wait for men of faith and force, who will build up our congregations, men

who appreciate aright the richness of the Gospel and its power when rightly presented to draw all the world to its author. The infidel scholars are confronting us on every hand. Is our college giving us men able to cope with them? It must not any longer be said that the families do not do their part. With their boys and their money they have done well, and will yet do greater things when they see the college turning out men who need not be ashamed, because abundantly able to meet cultured scoffers, like Huxley, and baffle them with their hard questions, even as Solomon did the incredulous Queen, forcing from them an acknowledgment of the better way.

Such men, getting wisdom and understanding by prayer will soon fill our churches and bring joy to believers everywhere. It will be said of them, as it was of mighty Paul when getting his real strength! "Behold he prayeth."—Professors "in thy closet thou shalt find what abroad thou often locest." g.

Churches and their Missions.

BRITISH COLUMBIA.

VANCOUVER ISLAND.

Soon after there had been announced by the Report to the General Assembly of 1870 the completion of arrangements, long anxiously contemplated, for strengthening the mission in British Columbia by the arrival in Victoria of a colleague to Mr. Somerville, the unexpected intelligence reached the Committee that Mr. Somerville, with the full approbation of the managers and session of St. Andrew's, had resolved, in the interests of the mission, to visit Scotland, and was already on his way home. A debt, which the high rate of interest in the colony makes unusually oppressive, lies still upon the building, and eats in upon the revenues of the congregation. To such an extent was this felt, along with other circumstances affecting the prosecution of the work in Victoria, that it did seem to our friends there an object worth an effort as soon as possible to blot out that debt, and thus relieve the springs of congregational activity for vigorous aggressive operations in the colony, when the time for extending the mission shall have come.

Mr. Somerville's services, under difficulties and discouragements which would have daunted many a man of less earnestness and energy—services cheerfully rendered during five years, in the arduous

work successfully accomplished of founding and building up a congregation that might creditably represent the Church of Scotland in British Columbia—these services have been too great not to be highly appreciated alike by the community of Victoria and by the Colonial Committee. It was not without difficulty, therefore, that the Committee reluctantly acquiesced in an arrangement which, with whatever prospective advantage to the mission, deprived it even for a time of Mr. Somerville's personal service in the field. And now that his visit to Scotland has resulted, through the urgency of domestic circumstances, in his accepting a call to the ministry at home, our readers will readily sympathise with the regrets which the Committee feel in being obliged to announce that again the British Columbia mission is in the hands of a solitary labourer, and *that* at a time when labourers are so exceptionally difficult to find for any field of colonial work.

It is indeed matter of the greatest thankfulness, that in Mr. M'Gregor the Church of Scotland is represented by a minister so entirely worthy of her confidence; and that, meanwhile, till the mission can be again recruited as to the number of its agents, it will lack nothing in Mr. M'Gregor's hands of the energy and zeal, the fidelity and prudence, essential to success.

Soon after his arrival in Vancouver Island, Mr. M'Gregor explored the districts of Cowichan, Saanich, and Matchosan, preaching, and visiting the families in each place. In the district of Cowichan he found about twenty families who still are or were once Presbyterians. For the most part they are just beginning life "in the bush," and struggling with the difficulties which beset new settlers.

Many of them, Mr. M'Gregor writes, have come to the colony with little or no capital, and have a hard struggle to "make ends meet." I preached three times in the district—once near Mr. Lindsay's, again at Maple Bay, and again at Harris's Landing. Knowing the difficulties of their position and circumstances, I did not ask them to contribute in support of the mission. I can testify to their joy at seeing a minister of their own Church among them, to the hearty welcome I received from, and to the earnestness with which they asked that my visit might be repeated. Among the settlers at Cowichan are several old communicants, who have expressed the earnest wish to commemorate the death of our Lord at least once more, and I trust (D.V.) to be able to dispense the communion among them some time in June.

Farther on, in the same letter, Mr. M'Gregor writes:—

There are many circumstances in connection with this colony which render mission work in British Columbia difficult and somewhat discouraging. First of all, there is in many instances a singular apathy to religious matter. The mining life and wandering habits of the people have tended in too many instances to beget an indifference to all religious observances. A total disregard of the Sabbath and of religious ordinances is frightfully common. I am sorry to say that our countrymen in many instances form no exception to the rule. The Sabbath in many districts is spent frequently in shooting and fishing, or in some equally frivolous amusement, and the sanctity of the day entirely disregarded. Again, out of Victoria the Presbyterian population is small and scattered. The distance to be travelled in order to reach them is so great, and the number who can meet, when the distance is travelled, so small, as to render the work discouraging. . . . It is quite true that in the course of a little time, and as population increases in the country, the attendance must increase, but such is the present state of matters. In the district of Cowichan, Mr.

D. Lindsay conducts services every Sabbath in a small house on his own farm, and several of his neighbours attend regularly. In the absence of a missionary in the district, the labours of Mr. Lindsay serve a good purpose, and perhaps, were it possible to secure such an agency more generally in the weaker districts, it would be the best suited of any for the colony in its present infant state.

In a subsequent letter Mr. M'Gregor writes:—

I am thankful to say that Church affairs in Victoria are quite as prosperous as we could expect. I think the rupture caused here with reference to the Pandora Street congregation is about healed. Almost all the parties who formerly belonged to that congregation have taken seats in St. Andrew's. . . . My hands have been so tied up with my congregation, that since the departure of Mr. Somerville I have not been able to give much attention to the country districts. On my arrival in Victoria I commenced a prayer meeting and a Bible-class in connection with the congregation. The prayer meeting has increased from an attendance of seven to forty-six, and is still slowly increasing. The Bible-class for young men and women numbers thirty-two.

In a still more recent letter Mr. M'Gregor remarks:—

The unsettled state of the colony and the fluctuation of the population tell upon our congregation in common with the other congregations in Victoria. The prospect of confederation, and the opening of a railway to the Pacific, will, we trust, improve the commerce of Victoria, and bring a larger population into the country.

Through these extracts from his correspondence, the Committee would earnestly commend Mr. M'Gregor and his mission to the prayers of the Church.—*Church of Scotland Record*.

CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

In an account of recent Home Mission Visitations given by the Rev. K. M. Phin, he says, respecting the North of Scotland,

After an absence of eighteen days, I returned to Edinburgh on the evening of the 20th of June, rejoicing in the manifold evidence which had been presented to me of the numerical strength, vigour, and usefulness of the Church. She is in every sense as thoroughly the National Church, in the part of Scotland which I visited, as

she was before 1843. She is breaking forth on the right hand and on the left, and her adherents are increasing every day. Nor can I wonder at this prosperous state of affairs, when I remember the diligence of her ministers in preaching, almost universally, twice, and occasionally even thrice, each Sabbath, and in visiting and catechising their people. If her ministers are as laborious in the rest of Scotland, she will continue a blessing to succeeding generations. The anxiety of the Scottish Dissenters to prevent the people from being asked at the census to what Church they belonged is easily explained, for the reply would have given the lie to the assertion, that the Established Church comprehends but a small minority of the nation.

BOYS' ORPHANAGE AT SEALKOTE, INDIA.

Hurried intelligence has been received that, in consequence of the want of funds sufficient for its maintenance, the Boys' Orphanage at Sealkote has been closed, and that the boys are now under the care of the Lodiana Mission at Saharunpore. As the costs of maintaining the orphans till 31st December next, as well as the expenses of transference, have to be paid, it is requested that all subscriptions may be sent, as early as possible, to the Special Treasurer, Mr. D. Marshall Lang, 107 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

IRISH PRESBYTERIAN ITEMS.

A special meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland was held in Belfast, having been convened by the Moderator, Rev. Lowry E. Berley, of Lurgan, to approve of by-laws for the management of the fund, pursuant to the provision of the Irish Presbyterian Church Act, and to appoint a commutation trustee and a convener of the Sustentation Fund Committee, in room of the Rev. J. R. McAlister, of Armagh, whose sudden death took place recently. There was a large attendance of ministers and elders. The by-laws having been adopted, the Rev. Dr. Smyth, of McGee College, Londonderry, and ex-Moderator of the Assembly, was appointed convener of the Sustentation Fund Committee, and the Rev. Jackson Smyth, of Armagh, commutation trustee. A committee was appointed to draw up an address for presentation to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of his approaching visit to Ire-

land.—At the visitation of First Dunganon, the Presbytery found 140 families in the congregation whose contributions during the year had been £1400, including £980 to the building fund, £182 of stipend, and £136 to the Sustentation Fund. The Presbytery expressed their exceeding thankfulness for the spirit of the congregation and the labours of the minister Rev. C. L. Morell.—Sermons were recently preached in the church at Maghera, by the Rev. Professor Smyth, D.D., when £140 was realised to liquidate a debt on the Manse. The congregation of First Strabane (the Rev. James Gibson) has commenced the erection of a new church, which will cost between £3000 and £4000.—The Presbytery of Dromore met for visitation of First Dromara, where there was evidence of many recent conversions among the young. It was reported that prejudices against the Sustentation Fund were fast disappearing.—The new Presbyterian Church at Portglenone was opened by the Rev. Professor Porter, D.D., of Belfast, and was crowded at both services, when about £140 was received toward the debt. The church, which has a steeply-pitched slated spire, and is in the style of thirteenth century Gothic, has cost about £2000. The external walling is of whinstone, dressed with Dungannon sandstone. There are galleries, a pulpit platform, and windows with cathedral and stained glass. Sittings are provided for 908.—The Synod of the Eastern Reformed Presbyterian Church met last week in the Waterside Reformed Presbyterian Church, Londonderry. The Rev. J. P. Marcus preached the opening sermon. The Rev. Dr. Beck was appointed Moderator for the ensuing year. Deputations from the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Scotland and from the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church in the United States were present. Interesting addresses were delivered by the members of these deputations on Tuesday. The contributions of the Eastern Synod to the Foreign Mission of the Scotch Reformed Presbyterian Church in the New Hebrides have been larger this year than ever before. The progress of this mission continues to be most encouraging. The scheme for aiding weak congregations continues to be maintained. The committee in charge of this fund is instructed to aim at raising the standard of ministerial income in all the weaker congregations. A committee which was appointed last year on the Signs of the

Times, and with instructions also to have in view the tendencies towards union among the evangelical Presbyterian bodies, was reappointed on terms of last year's appointment.

The *Record* thus plainly states its opinion of the Prime Minister:—Meanwhile there are independent reasons for a profound distrust of Mr. Gladstone in all matters relating to the Papacy. The widely-spread belief that he is much under the influence of Dr. Manning is not devoid of evidence. The whole course of his conduct towards the Bishop of Rome, from the famous Stradbally case down to the present moment, has been most offensive to the dearest convictions of Protestants. It is shrewdly suspected that more communications have passed between the Premier and the Pope than the country are aware of and than it would be disposed to sanction. The recent congratulations to the Pope on his birthday are a just subject of complaint, if it be remembered that the temporal power has passed away, and that the only plea which could possibly justify them—the plea that the Pope was a temporal monarch, and that congratulations were therefore no more than diplomatic courtesies—can therefore no longer be urged. The indignation which these things are calculated to excite is not lessened by the palpable falsehood on which the general chorus of congratulation has been made to turn. We do not suppose that the English Cabinet have been foolish enough to say anything about the episcopacy of St. Peter at Rome; but when men join in a common act they cannot avoid a share of the responsibility attaching to it. So far as we can see, Mr. Gladstone has done everything he could do to weaken the Protestantism of England, and to play into the hands of the Church of Rome. The heads of that Church in this country know him, and know how to use him. It is time that the Protestants of England should know him likewise. We believe him perfectly capable of endowing a Popish University in Ireland with the spoils of the Protestant Church. Such a design is not only conceived, but avowed by other men, and if it be not carried into effect, we shall have, we suspect, no cause to thank Mr. Gladstone for our escape.

UNIVERSALISM IN A NUTSHELL.

I have often seen Universalism reduced to an absurdity. But seldom, if ever, has

it been better done than in the following, which I beg to recite for the benefit of any who may need it—"I am a Universalist," said G. K., boastingly, "and you orthodox are not fair in saying that our system is inconsistent with reason." This he addressed to one who held an opposite system. "But I will prove the irrationality of your system," said his friend. "You believe that Christ died to save all men?" "Yes, I do." "And you don't believe there is a hell?" "No, I do not." "You don't believe there is any punishment hereafter?" "No, I do not; men are punished for their sins in this life." "Well, now let us put your 'rational' system together if you can. It amounts to just this: that Christ the Saviour died to save all men for nothing at all! Not from hell, because according to you, there is none. Not from punishment in a future state of being, for he receives his whole punishment in this life. Yours is the absurd spectacle of ropes and life preservers thrown at an immense expense to a man who is on dry land, and in no danger of being drowned. Let me tell you that your religion is stark infidelity. If you heartily believe the Bible you could not believe Universalism."—*Central Presbyterian*.

MASS IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

The development of the Catholic movement within the Church of England has now reached a point which we should suppose must be surprising even to the most sanguine of those of its early pioneers who are still alive to see the fruitage of their seed-sowing. It is no use blinking the fact that a very large section of the Church of England is Roman in everything but the name, and, what renders the fact more significant and serious, is that there seems to be no power in the Church, either judicial or moral, competent to check the movement. A correspondent who visited a High Church recently in a pleasant suburban community informed us that a considerable number of the congregation, on entering the church, made a genuflection when they reached a point opposite the so-called altar. In commencing his sermon the minister used the Roman Catholic invocation, "In the name of the Father," &c., making the sign of the cross at the time; and, although there were neither vestments nor incense used during the communion, the celebrant, in consecrating the elements, used, without any attempt

at compromise, the position which has recently been declared illegal by the highest tribunal in the Church. The communion is now openly called "mass," and in the columns of a High Church contemporary a correspondence has been in progress for some time on the question, "Why should not whole masses be sung?" Most of those who have taken part in the discussion have, we observe, the courage to urge their principles to their logical results, and there are several churches in the metropolis, it would appear, in which the question has received a practical answer in the affirm-

ative. There are some timid souls, however, who seem to think that going the whole hog is going rather too far, and it seems that there is a practical difficulty in the way from the fact that the music of the Roman Catholic mass does not go well to the English equivalents of the Latin words, and the writing of mass music has yet to be cultivated by English composers. The correspondence is instructive, as showing the direction in which thought is tending in a large section of the Church as by law established.

Articles Selected.

THE REIGN OF THE COMMUNE.

The late outburst of demoniacal passion in Paris may fairly challenge a comparison with the terrible scene of the first revolution, and affords a melancholy proof that, in spite of all the vanish and gloss of advancing civilisation, the heart of man remains unchanged. It is true that the unhappy population did not endure the same agony as their fathers did during the Reign of Terror, but that may be fairly set down to the brevity of the reign of the Communist chiefs. The civil war lasted for about two months only, and it does not appear that even for the whole of that time the Communists had the upper hand. When on the 18th of March the soldiers fraternised with the mob on the heights of Montmartre, and left the cannon which they had come to remove in their hands, the triumph was as unexpected by the one party as by the other, and for some time there was no one on the side of the Reds to improve the advantage which the vacillation of the troops and the pusillanimity of the leaders had thrown into the hands of the mob. A government was soon improvised, but it was evident, from the frequent changes that took place, the sudden alternations of the leaders between the council chamber and the prison-house, between high command and the prospect of a felon's death, that there was neither unity nor confidence among those who had seized the abandoned reins of power. It was not till the leaders had committed themselves beyond hope of forgiveness by firing upon the unarmed procession in March, that the insurrection assumed a determinedly Red character. Up to that time the insurgent,

had been contending for municipal rights rather than for Communist doctrines, and in consequence they carried with them the respect of many who felt compelled to range themselves on the opposite side. When at last the power fell into the hands of the Communist party, as it always will gravitate towards men of singleness of purpose and strength of will, preparations were boldly and deliberately made for those deeds of horror which afterwards astounded the world. First, the chief men of the city, comprising all that remained in it that were respected and venerated, whether for their personal or professional character, were secured as hostages, and it was intimated to them not obscurely that their lives should expiate the defeat of their jailers. The event but too surely realised the threat. After that, as the conflict deepened, and it became apparent that the tide of battle was to go against them, they made preparations for burning down the chief edifices of the city. All the time there was no outward demonstration of violence; order was preserved in the city; war and bloodshed were confined to the struggles with the soldiers from Versailles; and no one but those who were in the terrible secret could have imagined amid what untold horrors the Commune was at last to expire. In one short week the new revolution had rivaled, if it did not surpass, all the horrors of the old.

As in character, so in principle, the Commune may challenge comparison with the men of 1791. They are atheists of as deep a die as the men who planted the Goddess of Reason on the altar of a Christian Church; and they

were quite as ready to break with all the past, to root up all that had been established, and to plant a social system on the ruins of the old, as were the friends and followers of Robespierre. It is by their social theories indeed that the men of the present day are chiefly distinguished, and in these we suspect they have worked out a wider and more consistent scheme than their predecessors. As they have been described by a not unfriendly pen, they are men who believe in no God and no hereafter, and who are intensely persuaded that the whole present system of Society is rotten to the core. Property with them is clear robbery. Capital is an abomination, the national enemy and the tyrant of labour. The world has groaned for centuries under the oppression of the capitalist and the priest. There is nothing sacred but labour; the labourer is the master of the world; and the time has at last come that he should enter into his inheritance. If the capitalist will cheerfully subscribe to their theories, well and good; he will be welcomed as a brother; if he desists, he is to be shot down as a beast of prey. We all remember that these atrocious doctrines were publicly proclaimed in the Paris clubs a year or two ago, when the late Emperor for some short time allowed the Parisians the licence of public meeting and free speech. It was then said that the promulgators were no other than men engaged in the pay of the Emperor or his police, and that they were paid to frighten the peaceable shopkeepers of Paris and drive them into the arms of the Emperor, as the only ruler who could govern the French people and keep these wild beasts in order. We know not how this may have been; certainly the principles then so openly broadcast have since borne disastrous fruit. The canker appears to have infected the great mass of the Parisian workmen, and it is said to be eating its way into the hearts of the artisans of other countries, and, among the rest, our own. There is here abundant matter for thoughtfulness. The present state of things is gloomy; the future, as far as we can discern it, is blacker still.

Assuming this to be a true account of the principles of the Communists and their chief, there is some part of their conduct which requires to be explained. Atheists as they were, it might be expected that they would have shown their hatred to the Christian religion by marking the churches as the first

objects for conflagration. Yet the most venerable monument of Christian antiquity in Paris, and that which more than any other building may be held to have symbolised her religion, was left untouched, and in point of fact we believe there was not a church that was wilfully set fire to. On the other hand, if there was any building which the advocates of a commune might be expected to hold sacred it was the Hotel de Ville, the old Communal Town-hall of Paris. Yet it was among the first devoted to the flames! How was this? Why was the Church of Notre Dame spared by the blasphemous Municipalists, who yet burnt down their venerable and august Town hall? The explanation we believe to be that the conflagration, as first planned, had no reference to the nature of the buildings, but simply to military considerations. That the various barricades thrown up at the principal strategical points of the city were fixed by a practised military hand, and were admirably adapted for the purposes of defence, was admitted by every military man who saw them. It was said that they were so constructed as that when one line was forced the defenders should fall back upon the next, and the adjoining buildings were to be set in flames to cover their retreat. This reckless destruction will not appear surprising when we recollect that it was probably some of the same men who attempted to blow up Clerkenwell Prison. But this will explain how it happened that the churches were spared, while the Town hall was destroyed. The one was in the line of defence; the other was not. It is true that at the end, when the insurgents were frenzied with defeat, some of the more desperate among them did attempt to destroy Notre Dame, and were only prevented by the firmness of a few men. It is to the same mad fever, at the last moment, that we are inclined to attribute the massacre of the hostages. When they were first seized there was no special hatred against the priests. The Archbishop was seized as the President of the Court of Cassation was seized, not because the one was a priest and the other a lawyer, but because all were eminent men in their respective walks in life. They were arrested in the first instance as hostages for their own safety; afterwards the frenzied feelings of hatred and despair overcame all other considerations, and all were involved in one indiscriminate butchery.

And so ends the latest attempt to establish upon earth the reign of liberty, fraternity, and equality. A hundred years have nearly passed away since those principles were first proclaimed by the infidels of France, and still society is sick at heart as ever; still, men maddened by their sense of the woes of humanity, raise the same cries, to end in the same horror and blood. A century of restlessness, uneasiness and confusion has brought us round again to the point which our fathers occupied, and has made us familiar with the horrors at which they stood aghast. It is a sad, a heart-rending spectacle. For these men, so like savage beasts in their reckless fury, are men after all, and they raise the cry to which humanity, in all ages, has responded, and to which Christianity alone promises the answer. It is Christianity indeed that has given definiteness and aim to the wants of these men. The Christ whom they blaspheme is he who first taught the world the secret of the true liberty, the true fraternity, the true equality. They claim to adopt his purpose, they reject his methods, and they end by making a horrible caricature of his doctrines. He laid the liberty of men on the foundation of freedom from the domination of their own passions; they invert his method by enthroning their own self-will. Can we wonder that, with this fundamental mistake at starting, all else should go wrong? Yet their fearful mistakes ought not to blind us to the intensity of the yearning of society for the rest and peace those principles would afford, to which these struggles bear witness. Men passionately long for freedom, for brotherhood, for equality, though the world has never had a glimpse of it, save in that brief but blessed time of the first appearance of Christ's Church upon earth. The early rain that then bedewed her was a blessing to mankind. When shall she receive the latter? When shall HE reveal himself, the Governor, the Deliverer, the Brother of man, and all races and classes, forgetting their animosities, shall embrace, and confess they have found their true brotherhood in him?

EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD BOOK.

Happy is he whom truth itself teacheth, not by figures and words that pass away, but by an immediate communication of itself.

Our own opinion and our own sense often deceive us and discern little.

What availeth it to dispute about hidden things, for being ignorant of which we shall not be reprov'd at the day of judgment.

It is great folly to neglect things profitable, and to think of curious or hurtful things.

And what have we to do with dry notions. He to whom the eternal Word speaketh is delivered from a world of vain notions.

From the One Word are all things, and all speak that one, and this is he who also speaketh unto us.

No man understandeth or judgeth rightly without Him.

He to whom all things are one, who reduceth all things to one, and seeth all things in one, may be stable in heart and remain peaceable in God.

Oh, God! the Truth, make *me* one with Thee in everlasting love.

I am weary of hearing and reading many things; in Thee is all that I desire.—Let all creatures be silent in Thy sight. Speak Thou alone unto me.—The more simple any one is, the more doth he understand without labour, because he receiveth the light of knowledge from above.

A pure, simple, and stable spirit is not dissipated, though it be employed in many works; because it does all to the glory of God, and seeks not itself in anything it doth.

What hinders and troubles thee but the unmortified affections of thine own heart. Who hath a sharper combat than he who laboureth to overcome himself. This ought to be our business, to labour to conquer ourselves, and daily to advance in holiness.

All perfection in this life hath some imperfection mixed with it, and no knowledge of ours is without some darkness.

An humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after science. Yet knowledge is not to be blamed, it being good in itself and ordained by God, but a good conscience and a virtuous life is always to be preferred before it.

O, if men bestowed as much labour in the rooting out of vices *as they do in the moving of questions*, there would not be so great wickedness nor so much hurt done in the world.

Surely at the day of judgment we shall not be examined what we have read, but what we have done; not how well we have spoken, *but how religiously we have lived.*

Tell me where are now all those professors and teachers with whom thou wast well acquainted whilst they lived and flourished in learning.

Now others possess their preferments, and perhaps do scarce ever think of them; in their lifetime they seemed something, but now they are not spoken of.

O, how quickly doth the glory of the world pass away! O, that their life had been answerable to their learning, then had their study been to good purpose.

How many perish in this world because they rather choose to be great than humble, therefore they become vain in their imagination.

He is truly great *that is great in love*. He is truly great that is little in his own eyes, and that maketh no account of any height of honour.

He is truly wise that accounteth all earthly things as dung, that he may win Christ.

And he is truly learned that doth the will of God, and forsaketh his own will.

EXTRACTS FROM AN OLD BOOK.

OF WORKS DONE OUT OF CHARITY.

The outward work, without charity, profiteth nothing; but, whatsoever is done out of charity, be it ever so little and contemptible in the sight of the world, is wholly fruitful.

For God weigheth more with how much love one worketh, than how much he doeth.

He doeth much that loveth much.

He doeth much that doeth a thing well.

He doeth well that serveth his neighbour, and not his own will.

Often it seemeth to be charity, and it is rather carnality; because natural inclinations, self-will, hope of reward, and desire of our own interest, are motives that men are rarely free from.

He that hath true and perfect charity seeketh himself in nothing, but only desireth in all things that God should be exalted.

He envieth none, because he seeks not his own satisfaction; neither rejoiceth in himself, but chooses God only for his portion.

He attributes nothing that is good to any man, but wholly referreth it to God, from whom, as from the fountain, all things proceed; in whom, finally, all the saints rest.

He that hath but one spark of true

charity will certainly discern that all earthly things are full of vanity.

OF BEARING WITH THE DEFECTS OF OTHERS.

Those things that a man cannot amend in himself, or in others, he ought to suffer patiently until God orders things otherwise.

Think that perhaps it is better so for thy trial and patience.

If one that is once or twice warned will not give over, contend not with him; but commit all to God, that his will may be done, and his name honoured in all his servants, who well knoweth how to turn evil into good.

Study to be patient in bearing with the defects of others, of what sort soever they be; for that thou thyself also hast many, which must be suffered by others.

If thou canst not make thyself such a one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking.

We would willingly have others perfect and yet we amend not our own faults.

We would have others exactly corrected, and will not be corrected ourselves.

The liberty of others displeaseth us, and yet we will not have our desires denied.

Thus it appears how seldom we weigh our neighbors in the same balance with ourselves.

If all men were perfect, what should we have to suffer of our neighbour for God.

But now thus hath God ordained it, that we may learn to bear one another's burdens; for no man is without fault; no man but hath his burden; no man is self-sufficient; no man has wisdom enough for himself; but we ought to bear with one another, comfort, help, instruct and admonish one another.

Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue each one hath. For occasions make not a man frail, but show what he is.

THE SALT OF THE EARTH.

(Continued.)

"How fine you do remember!" said the gratified wife. I can't call back the words like that."

"But the sense is the thing, Nell," returned Warriner. "an' I don't know whether we've ever taken it in. I don't know as we've ever done any good to anybody; and, as parson says, everybody as we've ever missed a chance of doing good to will rise up against us at the judgment day.

Only fancy one's being in heaven, Nell, and somebody else in hell that one might have kept out! Seems to me one would take hell into heaven with one. Do you mind that curse in the Song of Deborah, which parson repeated—'Curse ye Meroz, (said the angel of the Lord,) curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof: because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty?'"

"But what ever can we do?" asked Nelly earnestly. "We can't preach, and I can hardly read, Tom, an' I'm kind o' terrible scared to ever speak serious to people. It seems taking upon oneself. What can the likes of me do, Tom?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Peter Smith, with a queer twist on his grotesque face. "Of course, being kind to your neighbours, and lettin' 'em see what good folk there are in the world and training an odd kitling here and there to say its prayers and not to fight of course, all them trifles go for nothing, don't they, Mrs. Warriner?"

Nelly looked at him absently, and swayed her head gently to and fro. Peter Smith had moods which she could not understand yet.

"Didn't parson say that it was nothing to do with ourselves?" pursued Tom. "That it's God's own work, and that He choses the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty, that no flesh should glory?"

He was interrupted by a heavy knock on the outer door.

It seemed to freeze them for a second. When Warriner went out to see who it was, there stood Mr. Billiter himself. He laid his hand on Warriner's arm to enjoin silence. And the hand was cold and heavy as death.

"You must come with me to the wharf," he said huskily. "There is something to be done there, and I think I can trust you. Not work, except of mercy, as you would call it. You may not be back till morning. Tell your wife so. Say on'y that you are summoned to the wharf. It means life or death, Warriner. Quick!"

Thomas hastily returned to his parlour for hat and wraps, and the listening gentleman could hear him cheerfully announce, "I'm wanted at the wharf, on a sudden 'mergency. Don't be frightened if I an't back to-night. Mr. Smith, I see that you're not run away with;" and he could also hear all the exclamations of surprise and regret and

wisely wishes that he'd keep himself warm and take some sandwiches with him. Mr. Billiter noted all these things in thankfulness that Tom Warriner knew really how to keep a secret—almost too well it proved; for the utterly unsuspecting wife and son came to peep after their departing idol, and it was only by great dexterity that Mr. Billiter turned on his heel and eluded their recognition.

He led the way—walking hastily through the narrow turnings so familiar to Tom's working days. It was a dull night—starless overhead and sloppy under foot. He walked so fast that Tom found it enough to do to keep his breath and follow. On and on they threaded their way, pas' the head of stairs about which the river was lapping and gurgling, till at last they reached the wharf-buildings, and there Mr. Billiter opened a side door with a key which he took from his pocket. He shut it quickly after them, and they were in total darkness. Tom almost thought his master must hear his heart's beating. But flint and steel had been put in readiness, and Mr. Billiter knew where to lay his hand upon them. The light was reas-uring, but the accustomed scene, the mere common casks and barrows, seemed weirdly strange. No horror can be so ghastly as accessories of time, circumstance, and sensation can make the simplest surroundings of ordinary life. What ghosts thronged your happy drawing-room that long night, when, with one dim candle, you sat there watching whether death would go out alone in the morning or would take the desire of your eyes with him? So to poor Tom Warriner there seemed to be ghosts in the wharf that evening, and often afterwards he wondered which is most reality, what we believe in our ease and quietness, or what we feel when we are most "out of ourselves?"

Presently they passed on to a scarcely used part of the wharf, where Tom had only been once or twice through all his long years of service. Tom remembered that some fellow workmen had told him it lay beneath the tiled river terrace of the Billiter mansion, and then he had wondered where a door led which stood in the wall farthest from the warehouses. It was only lit by two small porthole windows, dark with dirt, whose shutters were now, as in general, closed. But a small oil-lamp swinging from the ceiling was burning sluggishly, casting some insufficient light over the dismal place.

Mr. Billiter walked straight to the door

which had once aroused Tom's speculation. He opened it, and signed to his hesitating servant to follow him.

Tom found himself in a small square room, whose ancient odour of damp and disuse not even a blazing fire had effectually dissipated. It was carpeted and furnished with some plain pretention to comfort. There were food and wine standing on a little quaint sideboard. Thrown down in a corner, lay a knapsack and other small packings. And close before the fire, with his face towards them as they entered, sat a young man.

At their entrance he did not stir limb or muscle. He sat steadfastly gazing at the glowing coals in the grate. A tall, powerfully-built young man, in the garb of a gentleman, but with marks on his clothes of rough and hasty travel through indifferent weather. He had thick, fair locks for Mr. Billiter's thin iron-grey hair, and steel-grey eyes for his dark brown ones, but still there was that in his face which told Tom he was of his master's kith and kin.

"Sit down, Warriner," said Mr. Billiter, in that stern tone which Tom never dreamed of disobeying, though he protested against his compliance by occupying the smallest inch of the nearest chair.

"Now, listen, Warriner. That gentleman is my nephew. He has unfortunately—committed a"—Mr. Billiter commanded a choke with great difficulty—"done something which is punished with a very terrible penalty. An American ship, whose captain I know, is lying down off Woolwich, waiting for the favourable wind that is just now springing up. You are a good oarsman; so is he. There is a boat lying below yonder window," and he indicated a narrow casement reaching to the ground, and which Tom now noticed was carefully blinded by a thick blanket. What I wanted of you is, that you should take that gentleman to that American ship. You shall get more by it than an informer would get to give him up to the law."

Tom did not even notice the last words. He was rather confounded by the sudden transition from the homely happiness of his own fireside to this murky atmosphere of mystery. But his brain was still acute enough to take the nearest turning towards a straightforward knowledge of the "rights and wrongs" of it.

"It isn't murder, is it?" he asked in a whisper.

"No—oh no," Mr. Billiter answered almost impatiently.

"You must 'cuse me askin' questions, sir," said candid Tom, "may be you needn't trust me less for not wanting to go quite blindfold. Is there any one that hasn't been in the sin—may be suffered from it instead—that'll be worse off if this young gentleman escapes than if he was punished, if I may make so bold, sir?"

For the first time since their entrance the figure before the fire stirred, and answered for himself.

"The 'sin' was not committed—only planned. Some have already suffered for it, but my life could not restore their lives. The 'sin' was high treason."

The voice was rich and powerful, but with a tone of reckless bravado, which Tom scarcely noticed in his feeling of horror that over the youth before him, his old master's own nephew, hung the dreadful doom that had just overtaken several malcontents and conspirators in the midland counties, thrilling the kingdom with a feeling of pain and shame that had reached even to the humble politicians of Cocker's Rents.

Tom Warriner was loyal. He loved the poor dazed old king, and knew all the pretty stories of Windsor domestic life and cottage Bible giving. He believed that, "the goverment" might be wrong enough sometimes, "like everything else, but was a deal nearer right than them as tried to upset it." But here he was face to face with this young traitor, all forlorn and defeated, with his life in his hand, lurking in this insecurely secret retreat. The sparrow may have been stealing the corn, and the great six-foot farmer, with a big gun in his hand, may have been quite justified it setting a trap for it; but when we see the little thing beating its wings against the wires, is it very wicked of us to lift the trap up and let the bird out at a safe distance? There will always be sparrows, and one here and there does not make much difference except to the birdie itself. The King was safe at Windsor, with his guards about him, and his great forts ready, and an army waiting to fight for him. And here was this youngster, with the noose round his neck, fairly in Tom Warriner's hand.

"I'll do it," said Tom "I don't believe the king hisself would blame me. He has to be so severe when he catches 'em that I'll be bound he is glad to miss 'em sometimes. I'm ready, master."

The young man rose, put on a rough muffing outer garment, and other traps.

The uncle and nephew looked at each other in silence, and then the former blew out the light before he removed the screen from the window. It was dark work. Tom and the stranger felt their way along a narrow parapet into the boat, while Mr. Billiter cautiously unloosed the moorings. Though they were so close that they could hear the slip of the rope, the gloom was so profound that they could not see it. Not a word was uttered—not one good-bye.

Swiftly, stealthily they rowed on till they were fairly clear of the crowd of shipping and barges. All that time the young man had worked hard, so that it took Tom's utmost skill to keep pace with him. But no sooner were they in the open river than he ceased from his straining exertions, and rested wearily on his oars.

"I hope it is not too much for you, sir," said Tom respectfully, after a prolonged pause.

There was no answer except a hard breath, and a resumption of the rowing.

It was an eerie journey. There had been nothing to win Tom in the strangers' repellent silence or haughty explanation; and now the very darkness shut out even the dumb appeal of his young years and manly beauty. Yet the good man's simple heart yearned pitifully towards his unknown companion. It seemed so sad to be going out thus in the dark, floating down the river to the ocean like a broken useless straw. Tom thought of his own boy at home, and how he and his mother would be sitting down to supper at this very minute; and then he wondered where was the woman on whose knee this lad had lain, and what they were doing—whatever they were—in the house where he had been brought up. He wrought himself up till he could keep silence no longer.

"Cheer up, sir," he said kindly; "you'll have a brighter coming back some day."

"Coming back!" echoed the other scornfully, as if he picked up Tom's words to cheapen them. "No coming back for me. If there's no more for me elsewhere than here, at least there can't be less."

"Isn't your mother living, sir?" Tom asked respectfully.

"She died when I was born," he said.

"Nor your father, sir?"

"He was dead before. He never saw me. Your grand Mr. Billiter is my nearest relation. He's my uncle—mothers' side.

He took a dislikc to me because I was born on the same day as his own child, and the beggar brat lived while the heir died, and he did not approve of the arrangement. Row away, my good man; though I don't know why I should run for my life—it's not worth having."

"Oh sir," said Tom earnestly, "don't speak so lightly. Your life's not your own. It belongs to the God who gave it."

The youth did not answer.

"May be sir, if I may so bold," said Tom, "it's sometimes seemed to you as if there was none as cared particular for you. It's hard, that feelin' is. I've known something of it in my poor way in my young days. But there's one Friend for every one of us, and in Him and by him we have all things. I dare say you're thinkin' it's like my impidence to be tellin' you what you must ha' been better taught long ago. But there's times, sir, when the weakest word of another heartens one more than his own wisest thought. There's times, sir, when a rich man'll ask at a ploughman's door for a cup of cold water an' thank him for it. And so I ventures to remind ye, sir, that there's One that's watchin' over ye, and knowing all your goings, and'll never lose sight of ye, over the sea to the very poles."

Still silence.

"There's them, sir, as teaches that God is a king, and we're his rebellious subjects, and that's true enough, so far as it goes; but He's our Father as well, an' we know how a father feels even to rebellious children. Didn't good king David say, 'O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom!' And the fact is, God Himself did die for us rebels, and there's no more penalty hanging over us, 'cept just like those pultrumptious patriots who won't come home to their country even when a free pardon's published, but beats their own back and banishes themselves."

Still there came no answering word.

"It's wonderful how different things look when we once feel that God really knows all about us and watches over us. It's awful to fancy we're just some chance spark, shooting about anyhow, to be snuffed out some day for no reason in partik'lar. It's enough to tempt us to try to flare up and do a little fireworks of our own accord before the darkness comes. But we haven't to think of ourselves at all. We've just got to think of God."

"What do we know about Him?" It was said in a shrill whisper, and Tom could hear the misery below the mockery.

"We know that He made man in his image, sir, and we can think of the best man we ever come across and of what a friend he would be if he was a million times better than he is, and, into the bargain, able to see and know everything—even the very thoughts of the heart—and to do his own good will. Oh, sir, He's a looking at you at this very minute, and knowing what you're thinking, sir, and how hard it's all been for you; and He's loving you, and wanting you to love him back, if you only would."

Tom heard the stranger laugh in the darkness. It was a laugh which chilled his blood.

"You good people don't understand," said the youth hardily, and with a mighty pull at the oars. "Perhaps you've got nothing in your hearts that you don't want God to see. Perhaps you are looking forward to the judgment day to bring all your unseen virtues in to light. It is not so with me."

"Oh, sir, I think it's you that don't understand," pleaded poor Tom. "I know myself a deal more of a sinner than you do yourself in your real heart, sir. Not that it does us any good to think about our sins, except to bring them to the Saviour; and if everybody else will turn from us, He's one that never does."

And then they pulled for a long, long time in silence, till Greenwich Palace was left so far behind them, that Tom knew they must be drawing near their journey's end.

"I guess my little lad is in his bed by this time," he said cheerily. "Ay, but we've had a fair passage down. I've pulled the stronger, knowing he'd be a praying, 'God bless dear father and take care of him.' I'm thinking this here black shadow will be the ship we want. We must draw up cautious and speak her."

It was the American vessel. That ascertained, the stranger himself stood up in the boat and shouted a few words that were hieroglyphics to all but the captain, who instantly summoned him on board. Tom was to go too, and remain till early morning when there would be nothing suspicious in his return.

Tom handed up his companion's knapsack and other scanty baggage. Such light, poor baggage, with no hard substance in it

to speak the presence of even a single book, to carry a softening memory of the past into the drear, bald future. The lad standing on deck, stooped to receive them, and some flaring light falling full on his face, showed it even whiter and sharper than it had looked in at the little room of the wharf. But Tom heard that he was speaking in some light jest to the captain, whose reply he caught.

"He's saved your body, anyhow."

"Yes," returned the other; "but that was in his bargain; this wasn't."

"I reckon it would be a harder one if it was." And the two laughed and turned away, and disappeared down the cabin stairs.

Tom had first to see that the boat was made fast, and then the steward called him to the forecabin and set before him some plain, sailor-like refreshment, which was very welcome after his hard labour. The place was quiet enough. The men not on duty were in their berths, either helplessly snoring off their last debauch on shore, or anxious to secure the best rest they might get for days, amid the extra labours of a start and the perils of the channel. But the forecabin was close and ill-odorous, and Tom was glad to get on deck again.

He stumbled over something. It was the refugee's miserable luggage, still lying where he had left it. Tom lifted it up and removed it to a spot safer from damp or damage. It was Tom's instinct to do a kindly or a care'ul deed.

"Poor lad!" he sighed to himself, "I'm feared he's laughin' at all I've been sayin' to him. Poor enough it was, I know; I wish it could ha' been better not to have offered a temptation to his scorning. He's had a cold spoiled kind of life, I should say. I wonder the master didn't take to him years ago. One would ha' thought his being born along with his own little one would have been a sort of tie like. I've always felt kinder soft to that little Winny O'Hara, as came the day arter Nell had the baby-girl that died. But folks feelin's differ."

Ay Tom, and so they do. Feelings follow thoughts, and they go apart as far as east and west. You think of your children as sent of God, to be brought up for his service, and loved in your love for Him; and you say of your dead baby, "that God took it to himself." But Mr. Billiter thought of his child

as his heir, who should succeed to the great fortune he was making for it, and perhaps set a title before the family name. And when the child died, he wrote upon its monument that "it was snatched from its despairing father."

Ay, Tom, feelings differ, widely, as submission and rebellion, or as the love that is born of the former from the hatred that burns in the latter.

Tom, silently pacing the deck, presently felt something bump against his side. Putting his hand to his pocket, he found there the little fat old fashioned copy of Doddridge's great work, which he had thus hastily stowed away when Mr. Billiter's knock had startled the family group in Cocker's Rents. Tom opened it, and looked at it for a moment by the dim red light. Then a sudden thought struck him. He crossed to the spot where the baggage lay, and carefully inserted it among the folds of the wrappers, which constituted the chief part of the luggage.

"It's all a chance whether he ever finds it," muttered Tom; "but it was a bow drawn at a venture that sent the arrow which killed King Ahab in his disguise. If you never throw your bread on the water, you can't find it after many days, that's all."

Tom did not see his late fellow-traveller again. The captain came up and spoke to him by-and-by, and Tom passed the night in the steward's room, and started off early in the morning. It was a cheerier journey home, for the morning was bright for November, and the sense of danger was gone.

As he neared the wharf, there stood Mr. Billiter at that long narrow window of the little room, and he signed to Tom to land as he had embarked.

It struck Warriner that his master had passed the night in that damp, desolate chamber; for the fire was still burning, and the food and wine stood on the side-board, as before.

"Safe?" asked Mr. Billiter, with almost voiceless lips.

"Safe a-board, thank God, sir," Tom replied, and they were lifting anchor when I left, and the wind's strong in their favour."

There were papers on the table. At this instant Tom's eye fell upon them and perceived them to be bank-notes.

"Take them," said Mr. Billiter. "They offered a hundred pounds for him dead or alive. There are two hundred."

Tom made a stumble backwards. "If you please, no, sir" he said. "There's some things as ought to be done with money. I'd not break the king's laws for money, sir, but I'd break them for feelin's for a poor human creetur as had got misguided in his youth, to give him another chance for this life and that which is to come. Because in a general way that's God's law, and has the king's law inside it."

Mr. Billiter looked at him keenly. Suspicion was rising. "You didn't say this before you went," he said.

"No, sir, I know I did not," Tom replied: "because I wanted to serve my old master and the young gentleman; and somehow, rich folks can't help thinking that poor ones is only to be safe hired for money. You've felt easier like all night than if I'd said this at first. And now it's over."

Mr. Billiter rose and paced the room.

He was a proud hard man. He had cared for his nephew's safety chiefly for the repute of his house, and some chilling horror of kindred flesh dangling from a gibbet. But the whole affair had sent darts of anguish through his very pride and hardness, and all night his iron will had been stamping down his heart. And through all he must keep silence, since none but himself knew aught, except the nephew so sternly parted, and their one accomplice, this menial hireling.

It was a fitting commentary on Tom's upright impulse, that it instantly broke the fetter of position, and placed the two side by side, man and man.

"It is very hard upon me," cried the great merchant, clenching his fists, as he strode to and fro. "I did my duty by him, though I could not bear him near me because of the child I have lost. But I did my duty by him. He had more than if his spendthrift father had lived. He had everything! And now, just as I was getting over my shrinking from him, and arranging, that he should live with me and succeed me, I find him mixed up with traitors and outlaws, lurking about with a price on his head. And I must endanger myself to save me from disgrace. And I must be left lonely—lonely. It is hard, Warriner, it is hard, hard."

"Sir," said poor Warriner humbly, "wasn't it a little hard on the lad that you should shun him because of memories and grief that didn't lie under his hand but were the very will of the merciful God? It's

over and gone now, sir, and can't be altered, an' I've no wish to say a word to hurt you. But I think it would make it kind of easier for you to bear, sir, at this very moment, if you'd think more of the poor lad himself, that's gone out with none to say 'God speed him.'

The great merchant walked once more to and fro in silence. Then he stopped. "You're a good fellow, Warriner," he said, with his hand on his servant's arm, "I won't offer you the money again. But we'll be friends. Go home and rest. Come back at five o'clock this evening, and I'll have a few words with you. Good-day."

But long before five o'clock a messenger came flying to Cocker's Rents with the news that Mr. Billiter had been found lying dead on his bed. A blood-vessel broken in the heart, said the medical evidence.

Thomas Warriner kept his secret. He knew that the dead was best served by so doing, and Tom never reckoned up the chances of promotion that died with his old master, though he was very sorry that he had left him so willingly that last morning, and that death's river now separates himself from their appointed interview.

Under a will made many years before, Mr. Billiter's property passed to his only brother, an iron merchant in the North, who instantly realised it. Tom did not take service under a new master in London. He found some chance of a small post in Norwich, and Nelly and he were both heartily glad of the opportunity to return to the old familiar town.

The evening before they started Tom put a little parcel into his wife's hand.

"It's a new 'Rise and Progress,' old lady. I took the other with me that night that master called me to the wharf and I—left it behind. But here is this one, better print, and gilt leaves."

"Thank you very much, Tom," said Nelly; "only I'm sorry for the other, for old sake o' the days when you gave it to me."

"Well, well, lassie," returned Tom, "if old sake didn't stand by sometimes, new sake would never have a turn."

Peter Smith and all the O'Haras came out to Dockgate to see them off. Once more, the Bell inn. Once more the old Norwich coach. Another good-bye. One parting cheer. And they go as they came. As poor, as insignificant. And the ranks

of the great city close up, and all is as if they had never been there. But there is another City, whose population no man can number, as they gather from the east and from the west, and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob. Everything that begins in those cities of ours is finished in That City, and the worth of no work is known, till it is done. And there rank will be reckoned by capacity for love, and wealth will be counted by the souls we have brought into the King's treasury. And God's word shall not return unto Him void, but shall have accomplished that which He pleased, and shall have prospered in the thing whereto He sent it.

* * * * *

Forty years after. Forty years.

And more than four thousand miles away.

It is a flourishing new town in the Far West of America. A wonderful town, sprung up since the capitals of the Old World have grown hoary. A young town, somewhat rough and rude pushing, after nanner of youth. Where "best people" have made fortunes in "pork-packing," and where gentlemen who will give a dinner-party at night, in the morning lead home the live turkeys that shall grace the festive board. Plenty of wild daring, reckless sin. but, thank God, plenty also of that Divine Spirit which is the salvation of nations.

Just beyond its border stands a pleasant country house, white verandahed, and a little careless in its luxuriant gardening—very different from the staid old homes of England, with their stately cedars, and trim shaven lawns. But still a pleasant and a hospitable place, with a catholicity of welcome that some of the ivied English manor-houses might well envy. It is the country residence of Mr. Herbert Latimer.

He is known in the town. Every boy in the streets knows his name. Old residents of the better class will tell how he "came out" when he was quite a young man, and went into a merchant's office, and how grave and reserved he was for a long time, and how regularly he attended all the meetings of the church, but like one who was sorely tossed and troubled in mind. How a peace sowed to come to him at last, and he gradually entered the society of his fellows, and by the safe ascent of diligence and respect he gained the heights of wealth and honour and married happily, and had the finest family in the township, and has lived to see them flourishing in the church,

at the bar, and the mart, and to have grandchildren to play about his knees.

Who founded the Strangers' Hospital? Mr. Herbert Latimer. Who projected and maintains the Young Men's Institute? Mr. Herbert Latimer. Who started the plan of furnishing small libraries to all the ships that trade from that town? Mr. Herbert Latimer. Who is the faithful friend of the widow, and the trusty guardian of the orphan? Mr. Herbert Latimer. Who fearlessly carries his Christianity into the Town Council Board and the local government? Mr. Herbert Latimer. Look at him now in his study. A tall, fine old man, with masses of waving silver hair, steel grey eyes that years and care have left undimmed. He is standing at his window, with a small book in his hands. His children know that book, and reverence it. It seems to them a very plain, old-fashioned work. It never particularly struck them. But their father has told them that it came to him as the very voice of God. That it saved him for this world and for the next.

He is poring over the rude peasant caligraphy on its fly-leaf—the one poor clue to the mystery that gives the book a romantic interest. He only knows he found it among his luggage one wild and stormy night when he was sailing down the English Channel some forty years ago. He cannot help connecting it with a good, simple-hearted man who took him down the river Thames in darkness and danger two or three nights before. But he cannot tell. Years after he wrote home to England to try to trace that man, but utterly failed; which was no wonder considering that he did not even know his name.

So he once more ponderingly repeats the well known inscription in his treasure:—
"To Ellen Parkyn, with best love from T. W."

"But I shall know about it in heaven," he says musingly. "What awful interest there will be in the reperusal of our own lives, and the discovery of the secrets thereof!" And he gazes dreamily upon the wide, wild landscape that stretches before his window.

But his mind can make no picture of a low, wooden gravestone in an old churchyard of Norwich, England. A man and his wife lie buried there—poor, respectable people, who died in old age, and left behind them an humble memory, as kindly, pleasant neighbours and good parents, but were certainly never heard of ten miles from home, except, perhaps, in the little court where they once lived in London.

No name carved and gilded on marble in famous cemetery, or under cathedral dome. No name in print any where, except where it is fading away on the decaying wood slab, where little children came to trim the daisies and the heart-ease that grow on "grandfather's grave."

What does that matter to Thomas Warriner now? In heaven he must surely know of that pleasant country house in the far, far West, and of the good words that fructify there to bless the great town whose very name he never heard.

There stands Herbert Latimer, in the heart of the New World, with a thankful remembrance of the unknown good man who dropped his crumb into the rapid river of life, and never looked to find it again in this world. And as he turned away from his wide, cheerful window, he murmurs softly—

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

EDWARD GARRETT.

Miscellaneous.

HOW A COUNTRY MINISTER TOOK HIS VACATION.

Ministerial vacations are a modern fashion. The practice began not many years ago with our city pastors, and the village pastor soon felt the same need, and sought the same relief. There are many country parishes where the practice does not prevail, either from the selfishness of the people, or the poverty of the minister, or from both combined. The country pastor's

vacation, of which we write, did not lead him to Saratoga, or to the Sea side, or Long Branch—as a long purse would be required for any of these fashionable recuperators. It is seldom that a country minister can look upon fifty or even twenty-five dollars, all his own, after paying all the bills that are due. Very many never gather the means to travel very far from home, from a *six hundred dollar salary*. But six hundred dollar ministers can enjoy

a vacation just as exquisitely as the five thousand dollar minister. It may not be in the same round of travel, over sea and land, nor in the places of fashionable resort. All of life and enjoyment are not found in one locality, nor in one object of pursuit, nor in one kind of recreation. Having no means for travel, and feeling the need of a vacation visit, our country minister chose the best possible substitute for recreation, and at the least possible expense. Not fifty miles away, and of easy access, was a feeble church which had long been destitute of a pastor: to this church, which had suffered from various troubles, our friend the country minister, took his journey. He gathered the people and preached to them, and revived their hopes of life as a church, counselled with them how to get rid of difficulties, and how to get a minister. By pastoral visitation during the week, and preaching on the Sabbath, the church was induced to make a successful effort to get a minister, and start with new vigour, in a most hopeful field for Christian labour. The country minister was released from study,—one of the main objects of a vacation. From past labours he could select his best preparations. His vacation was without expense to himself, as a grateful people made him a generous gift, as the expression of their gratitude. By watering others, himself had been watered and joy of spirit gave health of body, for he had drank at better fountains than flow at Saratoga, for his draughts were from the fountains of the water of life. His people were happy in giving their pastor a vacation, which had started a dying church into new life, and the country pastor returns to his work with new vigour, and a joy which no pleasures of earth could give.

There are several hundred churches in a similar condition,—churches destitute and dying, which might be greatly aided by a little timely counsel and care. Suppose our city and village pastors should each give but two or three Sabbaths to these dying branches of our Zion, would not pleasure, and health, and renewed vigour, come of such life-giving labours? We do not envy our brethren who are able to take journeys for pleasure and health; nay, we are glad that they can thus do, and especially when they give us readable records of their journeyings, &c. But small salaries do not hinder any minister from equal enjoyments, in a different way.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

THE SECRET OATH OF THE JESUITS.—

“I, A.B., now in the presence of Almighty God, the blessed Virgin Mary, the blessed Michael the Archangel, the blessed St. John the Baptist, the holy Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul, and the saints and secret host of heaven, and to you my ghostly father, do declare from my heart, *without mental reservation*, that his Holiness Pope Urban is Christ's Vicar-General, and is the true and only head of the Catholic or universal Church throughout the earth; and that by the virtue of the keys of binding and loosing, given to his Holiness by my Saviour Jesus Christ, he hath power to depose heretical kings, princes, states, commonwealths, and governments, *all being illegal without his sacred confirmation*, and that they may be safely destroyed: therefore, to the utmost of my power, I shall and will defend this doctrine, and his Holiness's rights and customs, against all usurpers of the heretical (or Protestant) authority whatsoever; especially against the now *pretended* authority and *Church of England* and all adherents, in regard that they and she be usurpal and heretical, opposing the sacred mother Church of Rome. I do renounce and disown any allegiance as due to any heretical king, prince, or state, named Protestant, or of obedience to any of their inferior magistrates or officers. I do further declare, that the doctrine of *the Church of England*, of the Calvinists, of the Huguenots, and of other of the name of Protestants, to be damnable; and they themselves are damned and to be damned, that will not forsake the same. I do further declare that I will help, assist, and advise all or any of his Holiness' agents in any place wherever I shall be, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, or in any other territory or kingdom I shall come to, and do my utmost to *extirpate the heretical Protestant's doctrine*, and to destroy all their pretended powers, *regal or otherwise*. I do further promise and declare that *I am dispensed with to assume any religion heretical for the propagation of the mother Church's interest*, to keep secret and private all her agents' counsels from time to time, as they intrust me and not to divulge, directly or indirectly, by word, writing, or circumstance whatsoever; but to execute all that shall be proposed, given in charge, or discovered unto me, by you, my ghostly father, or any of this sacred convent. All which I, A.B., do swear by the blessed Trinity, and blessed Sacrament,

which I am now to receive, to perform, and on my part to keep inviolably; and do call all the heavenly and glorious host of heaven to witness these my real intentions to keep this my oath. In testimony hereof, I take this most holy and blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist, and witness the same further with my hand and seal, in the face of this holy convent, this day of . . . An. Dom." &c.

THE BIBLE.—Cities fall, empires come nothing, kingdoms fade away as smoke Where is Numa, Milo, Lycurgus? Where are their books? and what has become of their laws? But that this book no tyrant should have been able to consume, no tradition to choke, no heretic maliciously to corrupt; that it should stand unto this day, amid the wreck of all that was human, without the alteration of one sentence so as to change the doctrine taught therein surely there is a very singular providence claiming our attention in a most remarkable manner.

LORD A. HERVEY, Bishop of Bath and Wells, has been addressing the members of the Bath Church of England Young Men's Association. He said it seemed to him that Paul's exhortation to Timothy to avoid "oppositions of science, falsely so called," was preeminently needed in the present day, especially by young men of a literary or scientific turn of mind. Pure Christianity as it was taught in Scripture was now constantly diluted and adulterated with the vain conceits of man. The doctrines of Scripture, instead of being accepted as something given to us from God, were either accepted or rejected according to men's fancies and preconceived notions, and even since itself was not ashamed to parade supposed inconsistencies in what she taught with that which was taught in Holy Scripture. After all, in spite of all the wisdom and knowledge, and what really were the wonderful discoveries of the nineteenth century, those identical books which Timothy read with such good results—those Scriptures which were the lessons of his childhood—were the books for men to live by, and to die by; they alone were the books which made men wise unto salvation, and contained the unchangeable form of sound words. Therefore, while according to their several opportunities they did very right to store their minds with all useful knowledge,

they must above all furnish mind, and heart, and conscience with that sacred learning which was drawn from the deep mind of God Himself, to be used for the instruction, joy, guidance, comfort, and salvation of disciples in all ages.

COPES.—Gloucester Cathedral will in future cope with all other cathedrals in copes. We read that the Bishop, in conjunction with the dean, has ordered six handsome ones of the orthodox Church colours for use in the service. Will it be the better for them? No doubt it will have a braver look, and look with many goes a long way. Peterborough, it seems, is not to be behind Gloucester in the millinery of its dignitaries. Copes, it is announced, are to be worn by the bishop, dean, and canons of the cathedral there for the first time on Easter Sunday. The Purchas judgment, whatever else it may have done, or may do, has evidently stimulated the ecclesiastical tailoring trade.

According to the Rev. H. S. Brown of Liverpool, the savagery of English working men has become so extreme that some of them earn £9 a week at the forge, and have not a bed for their wives and children to lie upon, but who, nevertheless, keep a dog and feed it upon port wine and mutton chops!

At a meeting of manufacturers, colliery owners, mining engineers, &c., held on Saturday at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sir W. G. Armstrong in the chair, it was determined to accept an offer made by the University of Durham, through the Dean, of £1000 a-year for six years, with other collateral advantages, for the establishment of a college in Newcastle, for the study of the physical sciences, provided the town and district raised an equal sum. A general committee was formed for realising the project.

A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.—A poor boy, struggling manfully to support his widowed mother, was very late getting home one night. 'My son, why were you so late?' asked the anxious parent. 'It was so dark I lost my way,' said the boy. 'After this, I will put a light in the window for you.' During the absence of the son, the mother died. Her last words were—'Give my love to Edward; tell him I have gone to heaven, and will set a light in the window for him.'

News of our Church.

PRESBYTERY OF LONDON.—The Presbytery of London met September 6th; ministers all present, with one exception, and two elders. The Rev. B. T. Mullan was translated to Fergus from East Oxford. The Rev. R. Chambers was appointed to preach in East Oxford on 24th inst., and proclaim the church vacant. Mr. Evan Macauley appeared before the Presbytery, asking that, in terms of the finding of last September, his application to be restored to full ministerial standing be now favourably considered. The Presbytery, after a lengthened conference with Mr. Macauley, and consideration of the testimonials laid upon the table, were, one member excepted, unanimous in the resolution passed, to remove the sentence of suspension and restore him to the full status of a minister of this church. The usual Presbyterial certificate was then granted to Mr. Macauley.

The Rev. Wm. Barr, having obtained permission from the Synod to retire from the active duties of the ministry, on the ground of failing health, tendered the resignation of his present charge. The Presbytery resolved to take the usual steps with a view to release Mr. Barr from the pastoral charge of Wawanosh.

The Rev. J. M. McLeod tendered his resignation as pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Glencoe, assigning as the reason that, owing to continued ill health, he felt himself inadequate to the efficient discharge of the duties of his office. The Presbytery resolved to cite the congregation of St. Andrew's, Glencoe, and let the resignation of Mr. McLeod lie on the table.

Messrs. Gibson and Sieveright were appointed to visit Dungannon, confer with the congregation as to future prospects, and ascertain what could now be raised for the support of Gospel ordinances.

The clerk was instructed to correspond with Messrs. Hart and Ferguson, with a view to secure their services for a short time within the bounds of the Presbytery as missionaries.

The Committee appointed to prepare a statement of the mission work of the Presbytery, for transmission to the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland, having failed to report, were enjoined to do so at the next meeting.

A letter was read from the Convener of the Synod's Sustentation Committee, and the Presbytery took action in accordance with its suggestions. The amount assigned to this Presbytery was apportioned as follows:—Chatham and Glencoe, \$85 each; Westminster and Oxford, \$50 each; North East Hope, Kippen, and Williams, \$60 each; Goderich, \$70; Stratford, \$75; London, \$100; Dorchester, \$35; Bayfield, \$30; Wawanosh, \$25.

Enquiry was made of members, regarding contributions to the French Mission, and those who had failed to make collections were enjoined to do so on an early day.

Mr. Rannie was appointed to prepare a plan for holding missionary meetings in all the congregations of the bounds during the ensuing winter, and to correspond with the Rev. C. A. Doudiet, of Montreal, with a view to obtain his services at their meetings.

The Presbytery then adjourned to meet in St. James' Church, London, September 27th, at 2 p.m.

PRESBYTERY OF MONTREAL.—The September Missionary meetings in North Georgetown, Ormstown and Huntingdon, have been satisfactory, both as to attendance and pecuniary results. The meeting in Ormstown on Tuesday evening, September 12th, was thin, owing to the County Fair having been held on that day in Huntingdon. The large new church in Durham was, however, quite full on Sabbath morning, the 10th. The delegates from the Presbytery were Revds. Mr. Black and C. Doudiet, along with Mr. Jas. Croil. The weather was delightful, and it is hoped that a new interest has been awakened in our Home Mission that will tell on future collections. Valuable information has been diffused concerning Missions in the East Indies and Manitoba. The French Mission Sustentation Fund and the *Presbyterian* were not forgotten. The ministers of the churches visited gave the delegates the most hearty welcome, the congregations appeared deeply interested, so that, altogether, they have had a very pleasant journey, their only regret being caused by the unavoidable return of Mr. Croil to Montreal, after the Georgetown meeting. The proceeds for the Presbytery's Home Mission Fund were a little over sixty dollars.

Queen's College.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE ENDOWMENT FUND.

Statements for insertion in the *Presbyterian* will be made up here on the 15th of each month.

Local Treasurers and others are particularly requested, when making up their detailed statements of remittances to the College Treasurer, to follow the mode of entry adopted below.

W. IRELAND, Treasurer.

Queen's College,
Kingston, Ont., 15th September, 1871.
Subscriptions acknowledged to 15th Aug.,
1871..... \$5182 05

KINGSTON.

John McMillan, 3rd instal. on \$100.	\$20 00
A. Livingston, 3rd instal. on \$200.	50 00
William Ford, jun., bal. on \$100.	50 00
	\$120 00

MONTREAL.

Local Treasurer, JOHN RANKIN.

John C. Watson, bal. on \$100.....	\$50 00
David Cunningham, bal. on \$8.....	4 00
	\$54 00

WEST GULLIMBURY.

Local Treasurer, DONALD FERGUSON.

Matthew Faris.....	\$6 00
Mrs. McBeth, bal. on \$15.....	5 00
Rev. W. McKee, bal. on \$9.....	3 00
Rev. W. McKee, additional.....	2 00
Alex. Farquhar, 1st instal. on \$3..	1 00
Donald Ferguson, bal. on \$15.36..	5 00
	\$22 00

WATERDOWN.

Local Treasurer, JOHN GLASGOW.

Alexander Brown, bal. on \$100.... \$34 00

PERTH.

Local Treasurer, JAMES GRAY.

Rev. Thomas Hart, M.A., bal. on \$100..... \$37 00
 John Jamieson, bal. on \$5 2 50
 Intrst from J. Jamieson, revenue.. 0 10

\$39 00

ROSS AND WESTMEATH.

Wm. R. McLaren, bal. on \$5..... 3 00

HUNTINGDON.

Local Treasurer, F. W. SHERIFF, M.D.

Hugh Graham, bal. on \$8..... \$4 00
 William Graham, bal. on \$5. 3 00
 William L. Whyte, bal. on \$5..... 2 50
 Francis W. Sheriff, M.D., bal. on \$15..... 5 00

\$14 50

SHERBROOKE.

Local Treasurer, JOS. ROBB.

Andrew Reynolds..... \$5 00
 Mrs. Crawford..... 3 00
 J. Mackenzie, Lennoxville..... 25 00
 Frederick Clark..... 1 00
 James Murray..... 2 00
 Job. Hughes..... 0 50
 Andrew Young..... 1 00
 Kenneth McLeod..... 2 00
 William Johnston..... 1 00
 John Sheriff..... 1 00

\$41 50

KIPPEX.

Local Treasurer, ROBERT HUNT.

Robert Bell..... \$5 00
 James Moodie..... 5 00
 George Thomson..... 5 00
 James McLean..... 5 00
 James Smillie, Skeene Blair, Thos. Dick, John Cochrane, jun., Wm. Selater, J. S. Shaw, John McMurtrie, Samuel Smillie, John McGregor, William Blair, John McEwen, Robert Stewart, Jas. Mackenzie, John Scott, Donald Mackay, James Dallas, John Cochrane, 17 at \$2 each..... 21 00
 John McLean, John McLean, jun. Peter Grant, William Selater, jun., Geo. Thomson, jun., John Crawford, Samuel Thomson, R. Paterson Wm. Buchanan, John Kyle, J. McAndrew, Cornelius Brown, P. Cooper, Neil Brown, James Kyle, Robert Elgie, Jas. Blair, Wm. Edgar, Jas. Doig, Mrs. R. Doig, 20 at \$1 each..... 20 00
 Allan Hobson, John Anderson, Paul Doig, 3 at 50cts..... 1 50

\$75 50

PAISLEY.

Local Treasurers, ALEX. SPROAT, M.P., AND SAMUEL STEELE.

Mrs. W. Gunn..... \$5 00
 I. & W. McKendrick..... 5 00
 Robert Dick..... 5 00
 Dr. McLaren..... 5 00
 Malcolm McMillan..... 5 00
 Robert Porteous..... 5 00
 James Rae..... 5 00
 Wm. Brockie..... 4 00
 James Blair, Duncan McGregor, Wm. Horneil, E. Saunders, Jas. Saunders, Arch. Drummond, J. Brockie, 7 at \$2 each..... 14 00
 E. H. Middaugh, Rob. H. Finley, 2 at \$1 each..... 2 00
 Richard Harkless, 1st instal. on \$2 1 00
 John Kelso..... 0 50

\$56 50

WILLIAMS.

Local Treasurer, WM. WATSON.

John Levie, 1st instal. on \$50..... \$25 00
 Donald Campbell, 1st instal. on \$20 10 00
 Duncan McEwen, 1st instal. on \$20 10 00
 Edward Wyatt 5 00
 Malcolm McIntyre..... 5 00
 John Stewart..... 5 00
 Angus Stewart..... 5 00
 John Macnaughton..... 5 00
 Hugh Gilchrist..... 4 00
 George Mackenzie..... 4 00
 J. & A. Stewart 4 00
 Duld. Mackenzie, Mrs. Mackintosh, George Wyatt, 3 at \$2 each 6 00
 Robert Brown, Peter McKeith, 2 at \$150..... 3 00
 Jas. Smith, Wm. Milne, Malcolm McIntyre, jun., John McLachlan, 4 at \$1 4 00

\$95 00

Total..... \$55,737,65

FRENCH MISSION.

Georgetown, per Rev. Dr. Muir..... \$18 00
 Valcartier, per Rev. Dr. Shanks..... 4 00
 Scarboro, per Mr. T. Brown..... 28 40
 Winterbourne, per Rev. G. Yeomans. 5 00
 Purple Hill and East Nottawasaga, per Rev. D. McDonald..... 6 78
 Perth, per Rev. Wm. Bain 25 00
 Nottawasaga, Rev. Alex. McDonald.. 6 00
 Stirling, per Rev. Alex. Buchan..... 7 00
 Cushing, Chatham, Que., per Mr. Jas. B. Cushing 8 00
 King, per Rev. John Tawse..... 4 00
 Williamstown, per W. Campbell 6 50
 North Plantagenet, per Rev. Thos. Scott 2 00
 North Dorchester, per Rev. James Gordon 5 00
 Nelson and Waterdown, per Rev. H. Edminson..... 11 00
 Hillsburgh, per Rev. Donald Strachan. 7 38
 Darlington, Rev. Adam Spencer..... 3 50
 Priceville, per Rev. Donald Fraser.. 9 00
 Pakenham, per Rev. A. Mann..... 6 00
 Hemmingford, per Rev. J. Paterson.. 5 00
 Ross and Westmeath, per Rev. H. Cameron..... 15 25

\$182 81

ALEX. MACPHERSON,
Treasurer.

Montreal, 12th Sept., 1871.

SCHOLARSHIP AND BURSARY FUND.

Montreal, St. Pauls, per Jas. J. Rankin, Esq \$60 00
 Hemmingford, per Rev. J. Paterson. 6 00

Geo. D. FERGUSON,
Treasurer.

BRITISH COLUMBIA AND MANITOBA MISSION.

Montreal, St. Pauls, by Rev. Dr. Jenkins \$50 00

G. H. WILSON,
Treasurer.