

British American Presbyterian.

VOL. I.

TORONTO, CANADA, FRIDAY, JULY 12, 1872.

No. 22

THE LOWER PROVINCES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The Synod so far has not through a deal of business, but there remains very much still to be taken up. The foreign mission is reported to be in a flourishing state. At present there are four ordained missionaries on the New Hebrides islands and two on the island of Trinidad. In addition to these, another has just been designated to the former field. The newly appointed brother will spend some months in visiting the congregations and will sail late in the Fall so as to be able to reach the islands next summer. The Home Mission Board presented a pretty full and satisfactory report of the proceedings of the year. The greatest want which this Board feels is that of labourers, and never has the want been felt more pressing, at least in late years, than last winter. This summer, however, the aspect of things is changed. In addition to a good many of our own students who have completed their studies, quite a number of young men have been secured from the Seminaries of the States, especially those of New York and Princeton. Of course the latter remain for the summer months only, but even that will secure a good object. It is unnecessary to dwell at greater length on the need that there is for labourers, as that phase is just the same in the Upper Provinces as here, and if there be any difference Ontario feels the necessity more intensely than we do. The reports on Temperance, on Sabbath observance, and on the state of religion did not present any features of striking importance, save that the tendencies of the times in which we live imperatively demand no less but even more attention to be given to such topics. The state of the supplement Fund is at the present moment more unsatisfactory than any of the others. The Committee having charge of that scheme are in the greatest perplexity as to what is to be done. The present financial state is the natural, necessary result, of the inequality which the recently published statistics, as I pointed out in a former letter, show so prominently in the contributions given to this as compared with those given to other schemes. The condition of the Fund is this. There is a debt of more than \$400, there is due at this date more than \$1,500, that is to say to say some \$2000 of liabilities lie against it at this moment while there is but a little over \$800 in the Treasurer's hands. It should be added that the supplement scheme is separate here from the Home Mission Fund, the separation having been made some years ago while with the other churches, the Canada Presbyterian among the number, it is but a part of the Home Scheme. The deputations from the American churches were heard on Friday afternoon. Mr. Robb the deputy of the United Presbyterian Church of North America was heard first, and his speech was brief and to the point. The schemes and statistics of his Church were closely adhered to, and while there was not great brilliance the interest was maintained to the end. The same can hardly be said of the representatives of the American Church, at all events it cannot be said of the first speaker. It was felt by many that he occupied far too much time, and the interest was by no means kept up. A deputation is yet to be received from the Wesleyan Conference which is at present sitting in this city.

One of the most interesting and important subjects brought before the Synod was a scheme for insuring churches. The year before last two church edifices were destroyed by fire about the same time, one of them being a city church whose value was not less than \$12,000. This it was that led some to think that a mutual scheme might be advantageously wrought and under the supervision of the Church itself. The matter was brought up at last annual meeting when a minister and two elders of large financial experience were appointed to mature a plan for the purpose. A report has now been brought up, admirable in its character and so far as can be seen most feasible in its working provided a sufficient number of congregations join heartily in the plan. It is not proposed to include in the plan the expensive

city churches because if one of them was received at its full value and it be burned the Fund would be entirely swamped at once. It is proposed that the churches be admitted in grades, varying from \$1000 to \$10000, and the most expensive church may be included to such an extent, and the trustees may secure the remaining value in the ordinary way as they have heretofore done. I may refer in more detail to the plan when I see it before me in type. It is sufficient to say that it was received with the utmost cordiality, and the committee was instructed to ascertain as speedily as possible to what extent congregations will fall in with the plan and if as many as would make the scheme safe signify their acceptance of it to proceed to carry it out. It is seldom that a church building is destroyed in that way, but in future where a calamity of the kind does occur this plan will prevent an undue burden from falling on congregations that are pressed sufficiently already and will also obviate the necessity of appealing to the Church as a whole.

One subject promises to occupy a large portion of the present session of the Synod. It is that of the marriage affinity question. It may seem strange that the lawfulness of permitting a man to marry the sister of his deceased wife or a woman to marry the brother of her deceased husband should be mooted at all in a Presbyterian church. And yet so it is. I cannot tell you as yet the result reached as the discussion is only in progress. The view that is almost if not altogether considered heretofore amongst Presbyterians was put forward with great clearness and erudition and power by Professor McKnight. Whether he is right or wrong in the conclusions at which he has arrived no man who is candid and impartial himself can for a moment deny that Professor McKnight in all that he said, as indeed his conduct has ever been, was thoroughly candid and honest and truth-loving, not shrinking in the least degree from the statement of what he is convinced to be the teaching of the Word of God. It demands no little boldness on the part of a man occupying the position which he holds to set forth such views. For it must be confessed that with not a few of the members of Synod and with perhaps a still larger proportion of the members of the Church the reputation of the Professor of theology is now very seriously at stake. It is easy to understand how great the alarm is that many feel, I should say horror rather than alarm, that such sentiments should be entertained by one that fills such a responsible position. What conclusion will be reached I will be able to inform you in my next.

Yours truly,

H.

Halifax, 1st July, 1872.

MONTREAL.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

When I so abruptly closed my last letter, I was speaking of the position and claims of the Montreal College. I trust that I shall not be considered tedious if I dwell a little longer on the same topic. On purely a priori grounds Montreal might well seem peculiarly fitted to be the seat of such an institution. Its central situation and commercial pre-eminence, constitute obvious advantages—the importance of which is enhanced when we remember that this city, so singularly favored in many respects, is still a stronghold of superstition and a focus of error. We presume that it is the weight of these and similar considerations, which has led our friends of the Methodist communion to fix on Montreal as the seat of their proposed theological institution. We trust, however, that there is little need to insist on these points, recognised and admitted as they doubtless are by most of those who have given any attention to the subject. It will indeed be an auspicious omen for the future, not of Montreal only, but of the Dominion at large, when side by side with her secular sister, McGill College, there shall rise a hall of sacred learning—destined let us trust and pray, to send forth many "good soldiers of Jesus Christ" ready to "endure hardness for His sake, and to do battle with the vice and ignorance that are so prevalent in our midst. The two institutions are already affiliated, and when the intimate connection now existing is cemented and strengthened by local contiguity, we may well hope to find in the history of these schools of religion and culture, a truthful image of the ideal so finely sketched by the laureate:—

"Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before."

I have already alluded to the fact that the Wesleyans are showing their appreciation of the advantages of an educated ministry by taking steps for the erection of a theological college in this city. Much has already been done in the matter provisionally. A large amount of money has been subscribed chiefly by liberal-minded residents in Montreal, and the Rev. Dr. Douglas has been appointed theological tutor in connection with the scheme. To those who have seen and heard the reverend gentleman, this appointment will give ample assurance that the first professional chair in the Montreal Wesleyan College will not lack the adornment of dignity, culture and eloquence.

Many of your readers would be pleased, in common with myself, to see the statement of your New Brunswick correspondent to the effect that unwonted interest had been evoked in that region by the efforts of the student evangelists there. These gentlemen, you are probably aware, were and are students of the College here, and from a personal knowledge of their character and qualifications, I am not at all surprised at their success. Some of the readers of the B. A. P. may not be aware that there exists in the same institution to which I have referred so often, a missionary society, having for its main object the propagation of the Gospel among the French and Highland Roman Catholics. Two missionaries were sent out by the society last year, with such encouraging results, that this year the number was doubled, so that there are now four students laboring amongst the class above referred to, in different parts of Ontario and Quebec. This is not only a "labour of love" but in great measure a "work of faith" also, seeing that the necessary expenses connected with it are met by the subscriptions collected for that purpose by the students of the college during their summer's engagements. It is surely not needful to commend the merits of this work, or to enforce its claims on those to whom they may be presented.

Might I be allowed a few words on the letter which appeared in your columns last week, written by a correspondent who signs himself "One who knows." It had reference to the late Dr. Norman McLeod, and his claims upon the respect and approbation of Christians. Judging from the tone of the letter, I fear that "One who knows" moves in no very extended or symmetrical circle, either of knowledge or charity. The charges which he brings against Dr. McLeod are extremely vague and unsubstantial. We imagine that their gist and import may be summed up as follows: "Norman was something of a latitudinarian, and did not further much the cause of 'vital godliness,' in himself and others." We would humbly suggest to "One who knows" that this vague, intangible accusation seems hardly to warrant him in assailing the memory and blackening the fame of the author of "The Earnest Student," the unwearied disseminator of "Good Words," the eloquent advocate with tongue and pen of things that are "pure, lovely, and of good report." I, for one, am strongly inclined to believe in the vitality of a godliness which finds its outflow and its evidence in words of charity and deeds of love.

"DIGAMMA."

Montreal, July 8th, 1872.

TOBACCO AND STRONG DRINK.

Why is that these two things always go together, except that they belong to the same category. Ministers used to indulge in drinking till the people waked up, or, perhaps, they themselves and to drink became disreputable. Of course there is no special rule for ministers that people should not follow for they are "examples to the flock" yet by common consent the people do things that ministers may not.

Let us see how it looks? Imagine the Apostle John with a cigar in his mouth or the Apostle Paul with a pipe or quid. Do you start? It is revolting, but why should that be unbecoming which is all right and proper in their successors in their work? What the Apostle said to Timothy, "Keep thyself pure," has need to be the injunction to many a minister young and old. And it is not a question of purity alone this tobacco business, the habit is making fearful havoc with the well being of

our race. The revenue of our country is affected by it and next to spirits tobacco stands the second in value as yielding revenue. Then we learn that in France, the increase of insanity and idleness and kindred diseases has just kept pace with the increased revenue from the tax on tobacco all that saves us is that women abstain. Those parts of the country where women use tobacco are said to be not worth saving. However, let us come back to our text. Smoking and drinking how naturally they go together, let them go but not carry with them, Christians or the Ministers of God. Slavery has been abolished in the U. S. Let emancipation be here declared, and the people set free for no slavery is equal to that of a bad habit.

I have seen members, chewing by my side at the Lord's Table, and no sooner the service is over than you will see no less than a dozen pulling the fumes in your face. Having spoken against it to several I have been told that our minister smokes, our Elders smoke, Deacons smoke and drink, Members do the same only to a greater extent. I have had to stand the taunts from the careless, and it is something I cannot deny. Yes, mine out of every ten of our Ministers, Elders, Deacons and Members are guilty of less or more of the accursed thing. We say then in view of the above fearful facts that the church and the government can no longer find an excuse for their inactivity in the great and good cause of temperance, but should rise; the church in Her Majesty, and the state with its legal power and crush at once this God provoking and soul destroying system of strong drink. But it is said by some that we shall never see the day, when the use of either will be prohibited. But we say in view of the fearful effects of the common use of drink and tobacco, every lover of his country, and every Christian should not cease to contend and to pray until the plague is driven from our land. And I say the church in Canada is not worthy of her high privilege, if it does not expel the reptile from its pale, nor yet is our country or government worthy of the great Blessings with which it has been distinguished in its signal deliverance from invading foes.

Is the Bible inconsistent in itself? Certainly not. Wine, that is pronounced as a Blessing is unfermented and free from injury. Fermented wine and strong drink are strictly forbidden, either to look at it or to give to our neighbour. With these facts and numerous others which (if time and space permitted) could be brought against the accursed thing, I appeal to you, I appeal to the church, and to Christians, young and old to raise their voices against the devils greatest servants. Leaving this with you.

I am your well wisher,

A PRESBYTERIAN.

NORMAN McLEOD.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—“One who knows,” in last number of the PRESBYTERIAN, published a letter, apparently having in view to cast a stain upon the memory of Norman McLeod and his ancestors. I am not by any means a blind admirer of the McLeods, but I ask you Sir, is it seemly thus to asperse one of Scotland's noblest sons, the moment he is laid in his grave? Take him all in all, Norman McLeod was one of the best specimens of an Evangelical ministry, that the present century has given to the world. He was indeed too liberal a man for the tastes of many in the church to which he belonged and had sympathies with all good men, whether found in his own or other evangelical denominations. While it is perfectly fair to criticise the public actions of such a man, to say as the writer of the letter referred to does, that "Norman McLeod cannot be said to have done much to promote vital godliness," is surely in direct opposition to fact, as every one can testify, who is in any measure acquainted with his missionary labours in Glasgow and his consuming zeal as convener of the Indian Missions of the Church of Scotland. As I dislike anonymous communications above all things, I trust, should the writer of the letter, desire to continue this correspondence he will do so by subscribing his name.

In haste,

Yours very truly,

WM. COCHRANE.

Brantford, Ont., July 8th, 1872.

There is infinite pathos in unsuccessful authorship. The book that perishes unread is the deaf mute of literature.—Holmes.

WHY AM I A PRESBYTERIAN?

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—Some time ago I read in your paper the question from an enquiring mind: What is the ground or reason for being a Presbyterian? I have been looking for an answer. None has appeared. Allow me to state briefly the reasons why I am a Presbyterian. In reading the New Testament, Matt. 23-8, I find "One is your master, even Christ, all ye are brethren." Here is the fundamental law of Presbyterianism. No Pope, no bishop, no priest, no clergy. All upon one democratic plank—brethren. All elders, pastors, ministers, clergy if you will, are the elected chosen of or by the brethren. You destroy the essential element of Presbyterianism by patronage in any form. The clergy of the Scotch Church are as independent of the people as the Bishops in the English Church.

Being brethren, Christians are judicially bound to each other. Take away this bond and you make Congregationalism. You destroy brotherhood. Our democratic brethren who limit government to those who worship in one house, make stone and lime a fundamental plank. You do not destroy Presbyterianism by the ascending narrowing scale of election.

I have stated my belief briefly. The curse and ruin of religious papers is long-winded, exhaustive articles. I see you are pestered with these double column geetry. Send them to Jericho.

I could not be a Methodist—I speak as regards government. With them the people are nothing. Suppose a body of people were to elect their pastors or clergy, and these clergy were to elect a permanent head, I could join that body call it by what name you please.

In conclusion if Presbyterians generally are like the ex-moderator who preached before the General Assembly at Detroit on the permanent and the changing, I must be so plain as to say they are not very clear headed.

Yours truly,

A HEARTY WELL-WISHER TO YOUR PAPER.

SPIDERS.

Spiders are wonderful in structure as they are in their habits and general economy. Most of them have six eyes on each side of the head, in two rows at the point of the nipple like papillae. One set are telescopic, while the other six are microscopic. Next, spiders are right-handed, working more adroitly with the right claw than the left in extending the words of a web. The orifices through which the silky fluid is forced out at will that instantly hardens into an elastic thread, vary in number in different families of spiders. In some of them quite a number of threads unite in the spinning process to make a strong line. Those minute openings are termini of ducts from the bags in which web material is secreted, controlled by sphincter muscles acting in obedience to the will. All their movements in weaving and arranging a fly trap indicate circulation, and are therefore a step quite beyond blind instinct. An examination of a broken cord—mending it and seeking the best point for an attachment to keep the web tense in all directions, certainly exhibits thought. Their manner of approaching entangled game, securing each limb of the prisoner artistically binding them so no resistance can be offered that would be injurious to themselves before savagely eating into their vitals is a marvellous proof of the elements of the mind, far superior to most of the quadrupeds, and yet spiders are without a brain! Nothing is more surprising in the natural history of this very common, but poorly understood insect, than the ferocity of the female towards the male, which she pounces upon when the fertilization of the eggs have been secured, and rarely fails of killing him instantly, and then feasts deliberately on the mangled carcass. Without spiders, which subservise the same important purpose on land that sharks do in the ocean, vegetation could hardly survive the unrestrained depredations of millions of vegetable-eating insects. By the silent warfare of spiders upon them their too great multiplication is regulated so that a balance of power is maintained in nature, essential to the preservation of order without the extinction of any. Spiders, therefore, humble as they are in the scale of being, are just as important to the comfort of man as many higher orders that seem to have a more prominent claim to distinction.

HE CARRIES THE LAMBS IN HIS BOSOM.

A sweet golden head had forgotten life's way, Asleep on its pillow of roses, Wee hands shutting close as it tried to play, Like buds which the summer discloses.

There is never a lamb from love's sorrowful fold But wanders in fields that are verdant, And never a bird hid away from the cold But blooms in the summer eternal.

Select Sermon.

THE LIVING SACRIFICE.

ROMANS 12: 1.

BY REV. R. F. BURNS D. D., MONTREAL.

In this familiar verse we have a duty in its matter, manner, and motives.

I. The matter of it. That ye present your bodies a living sacrifice. Under the previous dispensation, sacrifices were presented in atonement for human guilt, in acknowledgement of divine mercy, and in anticipation of the one great sacrifice which in the fullness of time was to be presented on the altar of Calvary.

The "It is finished" of the Divine Victim of Calvary rung the knell of Jewish Ritualism, and ushered in a new and nobler system in which visible altars and animal victims were all done away. And yet "we have an altar," and "ye are a royal priesthood," expected to offer up spiritual sacrifices.

Bought with a price, "ye are bound to glorify God with your bodies; to yield yourselves unto God with your members as instruments of righteousness.

The eyes for Jesus, to see the glories of his world, and to pour over the treasures of his word—looking unto Jesus, his cross and crown.

The ears for Jesus, eager to drink in each commission that comes from the throne—each Macedonian cry that is wafted on the breeze.

The lips for Jesus, breathing filial Abbas into our Father's open ear, and speaking words in season to him that is weary.

The hands for Jesus, ready to distribute willing to communicate.

The feet for Jesus, treading the paths of pleasantness and peace—joying when it is said "Let us go to the house of the Lord;" visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and drawing from the lips of sorrow and of sin the exclamation: "How beautiful!"

The mind for Jesus thinking of him. The heart for Jesus, loving him; its desires going out after him; its affections like the clinging tendrils clasping him.

The time for Jesus; the talents for Jesus; the money for Jesus; the influence for Jesus; the all for Jesus.

Under the shadow of the cross, sitting down to watch him, then as we catch the glance of his melting eyes, and a grasp of his nail-pierced hands, the emotions welling up within our ravished heart will thus find vent:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small; Love so amazing, so divine, Demands my soul, my life my all."

II. The manner of it.

1. Personal: "ye," "your." It is your bodies.

There is an intense individuality about the gospel. To every man his work. Our Captain expects every man to do his duty; another cannot repent for you, believe for you, love for you, live for you, die for you, stand before the bar for you. Nor can another labor for you. You can do what no other can do for you. As with the members of the body, no one can say to the other: "I have no need of thee." The ass of Balaam, the raven of Elijah, the cock of Peter, the colt on which the Master rode, all had their uses. We have no right to plead off. However insignificant and obscure, the Lord hath need of us. The waste material in the Church must be utilized. The power buried in the pews must have a resurrection. The proxy system has been the Church's bane. Many are weak and sickly amongst us, and sleep—who are in the Church as the patients in the wards of an hospital. They require constant nursing. Could they but get rid of their miserable self-consciousness and exercise them-

selves, unto godliness, how much healthier and happier they would be!

Was the Good Samaritan contented with heaving a sigh or shedding a tear, and passing by on the other side? Did caste or country dam up his sympathies? Was he satisfied with a liberal subscription to the Strangers' Aid Society at Jerico? No! it was personal service he rendered. That is what the Lord requires of us.

2. Voluntary—"That ye present." The very word indicates that it must not be of constraint, but willingly. The victim not dragged or driven to the altar, but drawing nigh of its own accord. "Then will I go to the altar of God."

Too much of our duty, of our devotion, of our liberality is not free.

We go to Christian work like the slave with a clog on his step and a cloud on his spirit. In prayer the wheels of the inner man "drive heavily," instead of being like "the chorist of Amminadab."

Our giving is too spasmodic. Under the pressure of some stirring appeal, we dole out our dollars—often with niggard hand and grudging heart.

It is like the driving up of the water into Eastern gardens by a force-pump. How infinitely better the natural rise, like the waters of the Nile!

3. Earnest. That ye "present your bodies a living sacrifice."

We have wide-awakeness everywhere—on change, in market, amongst the merchants, our "servants," our statesmen.

Why should men only be "at ease in Zion"? Is a generous enthusiasm to be enlisted in behalf of every enterprise save that which most richly deserves it? Should it not be matter of surprise if about our own business we are "not slothful," while "the King's business," which "requireth haste," is done after a slovenly fashion—a surprise like that which underlies his own first recorded utterance: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" Let the epithets "fool" "idiot" be bandied about, or the slander of Hosea's day—"the spiritual man is mad"—be reproduced; accept the ridicule which is your glory, as did he who said, "I am not mad," or, allowing it to be granted, declared: "Whether we be beside ourselves it is to God."

III. The motives.

1. The I. "I beseech you."

The pleader here has a right. With him it was never "go," but "come." From the moment when outside the gate of Damascus, he was apprehended of Christ Jesus, down to the moment when outside the gate of Rome the axe of the headsmen released that heroic soul from that frail body, through that marvellous circumnavigation of charity, his was pre-eminently a "living sacrifice."

Using his apostolic authority, he might command us, but for love's sake he rather "beseeches us." Paul the aged on his knees! What a motive is here!

2. Like his Master, he is not ashamed to call us brethren. "I beseech you, therefore, brethren." He comes down to a level with the humblest member of the household of faith. What an attractive power in the tight and tender cords of love that bind the whole family in heaven and earth!

A PARABLE.

A certain tyrant sent for one of his subjects and said to him: "What is your employment?" He said: "I am a blacksmith." "Go home," said he, "and make me a chain of such a length." He went home; it occupied him several months, and he had no wages all the time he was making it.

Then he brought it to the monarch, and he said: "Go and make it twice as long." He gave him nothing to do it with, but sent him away. Again he worked on, and made it twice as long. He brought it up again, and the monarch said: "Go and make it longer still." Each time he brought it, there was nothing but the command to make it longer still. And when he brought it up at last, the monarch said: "Take it, bind him hand and foot with it, and cast him into a furnace of fire." These were his wages for making the chain.

Here is a meditation for you, ye servants of the devil! Your master, the devil, is telling you to make a chain. Some of you have been fifty years winding the links of the chain, and he says: "Go and make it longer still." Next Sabbath morning you will open that shop of yours, and put another link on; next Sabbath you will be drunk and put another link on; next Monday you will do a dishonest action; and so you will keep on making fresh links to this chain; and when you have lived twenty more years, the devil will say: "More links on still." And then, at last, it will be: "Take him and bind hand and foot, and cast him into a furnace of fire." "For the wages of sin is death." There is a subject for your meditation. I do not think it will be sweet; but if God makes it profitable, it will do you good. You must have strong medicine sometimes when the disease is bad. God apply it to your hearts.—C.H. Spurgeon.

THE PRAYERS OF THE PULPIT.

Dr. Edward Payson, himself remarkably gifted in public prayer, has left the following thoughts on the subject:

In the first place, I conceive that our devotional performances are too often the language of the understanding rather than of the heart. It has been observed that they should be the echo of a fervently pious heart, guided by an enlightened understanding to the voice of God. They too often consist almost entirely of passages of Scripture, not always judiciously chosen or well arranged, and common-place phrases which have been transmitted for ages from one generation of ministers to another, selected and put together just as we would compose a sermon or essay, while the heart is allowed no share in the performance, so that we may more properly be said to make a prayer than to pray. The consequence is that our devotional performances are too often cold and spiritless; as the heart did not assist in composing, it disdains to aid in uttering them. They have almost as much of a form as if we made use of a Liturgy, while the peculiar excellences of a Liturgy are wanting. Our hearers soon became familiarized to our expressions, and not infrequently anticipate them; and though they may possibly be instructed, their devotional feelings are not excited.

That public prayer may produce its proper and designed effects on their hearts it should be, if I may so express it, a kind of devout poetry. As in poetry so in prayer, the whole subject-matter should be furnished by the heart, and the understanding should be allowed only to shape and arrange the effusions of the heart in the manner best adapted to answer the end designed. From the fullness of a heart overflowing with holy affections, as from a copious fountain, we should pour forth a torrent of pious, humble, and ardently affectionate feelings, while our understandings only shape the channel, and teach the gushing streams of devotion where to flow and where to stop. In such a prayer every pious heart among our hearers will join. They will hear a voice and utterance given to their own feelings. They will hear their own desires and emotions expressed more fully and perspicuously than they could express them themselves. Their hearts will spring forward to meet and unite with the heart of the speaker.

Leading the devotions of our people in this manner will preserve us from another fault, less important, indeed, but not less common, than that which has just been mentioned, and which in part is occasioned by it. It consists in uttering the different parts of prayer in the same tone. When our prayers are the language of the understanding only, this will always be done; but not so when they flow from the heart. No person need be informed that in their intercourse with each other a different modulation of the voice is employed to express every different emotion of the heart. No one would expect to hear a condemned malefactor plead for his life and return thanks for pardon in the same tone. And why is it not equally unnatural for sinful beings, condemned to eternal death, to plead for pardon and return thanks for its bestowal in the same tone? Yet how often is this done! How often do we hear prayers flow on, from the commencement to the close in the same uniform tone, with scarcely a perceptible inflection of the voice!

Another fault sometimes found in devotional performances, which are otherwise unexceptional, is the want of sufficient particularity. Indeed, most of our public prayers are too general. They bring so much into view that nothing is seen distinctly. It is well known that, if we expect sublime and terrible objects, nothing affects the mind, unless it be clearly and distinctly perceived. If the most admired descriptive poems, and those which produce the greatest effect on our feelings, be carefully examined, it will be found that they derive their power to affect us almost entirely from a minute and striking description of a few judiciously selected particulars.

It is the same with our devotional performances. We praise God, or confess sin, or pray for mercy, or return for divine favor, in a general way, without being ourselves affected, and without exciting the affections of our hearers. But when we descend to particulars the effect is different. The mind receives drop after drop till it is full. We should, therefore, aim at as great a degree of particularity as the time allotted us, and the variety of topics on which we must touch will allow. Especially is it important that we enter deeply and particularly into every part of Christian experience, and lay on all the minute ramifications and almost imperceptible workings of the pious heart in its various situations, and thus show our hearers to themselves in every point of view. In a word, our public prayers should resemble, as nearly as propriety will allow, the breathings of an humble, judicious, and fervently pious Christian in his private devotions. The prayer of the pulpit differs too much—it should differ as little as possible—from the prayer of the closet. A neglect in this

particular, often renders our performances uninteresting and unacceptable to those whom we should most desire to gratify.

FAITHFULNESS TO EMPLOYERS.

There is no greater mistake a young man can commit than that of being indifferent to the interests of his employer. It is true there are circumstances under which it seems almost impossible to feel an interest in an employer's business; but for all that it is worth a trial. Be faithful in small things; be attentive to your duties; shirk no employment that is not dishonorable; feel that your employer is fairly entitled to every minute of the time which you have agreed to give him for a stipulated remuneration. The wages may be small—too small; but if you have contracted to work for a dollar a week when your work is worth ten, stick to your bargain like a man, until your term of service has expired. It may seem very hard, but it will instill the great principle of being true to your word.

And, besides, you will gain a reputation for faithfulness and integrity and diligence which is worth more to a young person than thousands of silver and gold.

The good friend, who taught a boy the tanner's trade, when he was about to finish his apprenticeship promised to give him a present worth more than a thousand dollars. He carried the young man home and said: "I will give thy present to thy father." And then he turned to the father and said: "He is the best boy that ever I had."

That was the Friend's present, and the father confessed that it was "worth more than a thousand dollars" for a boy to have and to deserve so good a name as that.

A good name is a fortune in itself; a good trade is another. If you earn but little, try to learn a great deal. Your learning may be worth more to you than your earnings. Out of the hundred persons committed to the State's prisons, only three have learned good honest trades. Ninety-seven persons without trades go to State's prisons, where three persons with trades go there.

So wherever you are, try to master your business; determine to know something; attend to what you are taught; and do thoroughly what you do at all. Finish what you begin. Put things back where you find them. Avoid dirt, disorder, and dissipation; resist the devil and submit to God; and, blessed and saved, you shall serve him both now and for ever.—The Christian.

THE ART OF MAKING MONEY.

One great cause of the poverty of the present day, is the failure of many people to appreciate small things. They say if they cannot save large sums, they will not save anything. They do not realize how a daily addition, be it ever so small, will make a large pile. If the young men and women of to-day will only begin, and begin now, to save a little from their earnings, and invest it in some savings bank, and weekly or monthly add to their mite, they will wear a happy smile of content and independence when they reach middle life. Not only the pile itself will increase, but the ability and desire to increase it will soon grow. Let the clerk and tradesman, the laborer and artisan, make now a beginning. Store up some of your force and vigor for future contingency. Let parents teach their children to begin early to save. Begin at the fountain-head to control the stream of extravagance, and then the work will be easy to choose between poverty and riches. Let our youth go in the way of extravagance for fifteen years to come, as they have for fifteen years past, and we shall have a nation of beggars, with a monied aristocracy. Let a generation of such as save small sums be reared, and we shall be free from want. Do not be ambitious for extravagant fortunes, but seek that which is the duty of every man to obtain— independence and a comfortable home. Wealth in sufficient abundance is within the reach of all. It can only be had by one process—saving!—N. J. Mechanic.

THY PRAYERS AND THINE ALMS.

A farmer, whose cribs are full of corn was accustomed to pray that the wants of the needy might be supplied, but when anyone in needy circumstances asked for a little corn he said he had none to spare. One day, after hearing his father pray for the poor and needy, his little son said to him:

"Father, I wish I had your corn."

"Why, my son, what could you do with it?" asked the father.

The child replied, "I would answer your prayers."

We can answer our prayers oftener than we think. With regard to the poor, Jesus says, "Ye have the poor with you always, and whosoever ye will ye may do them good." How many answers to prayers depend on our willingness to do good!

"I'M TOO BUSY."

A merchant sat at his office-desk. Various letters were spread before him. His whole being was absorbed in the intricacies of his business.

A zealous friend of religion entered the office.

"I want to interest you a little in a new office for the cause of Christ," said the good man.

"Sir, you must excuse me," replied the merchant. "I'm too busy to attend to that subject now."

"But, sir, iniquity is on the increase among us," said his friend.

"It is? I'm sorry; but I'm too busy at present to do any thing."

"When shall I call again, sir?"

"I cannot tell. I'm very busy. I'm busy every day. Excuse me, sir; I wish you a good morning."

Then, bowing the intruder out of the office, he resumed the study of his papers.

The merchant had frequently repuffed the friends of humanity in this manner. No matter what the object, he was always too busy to listen to their claims. He had even told his minister that he was too busy for any thing but to make money.

But one morning, a disagreeable stranger stepp'd very softly to his side, laying a cold, moist hand upon his brow, and saying:

"Go home with me!"

The merchant laid down his pen; his head grew dizzy; his stomach felt faint and sick; he left the counting-room, went home, and retired to his bed-chamber.

His unwelcome visitor had followed him, and now took his place by the bedside, whispering, ever and anon:

"You must go with me."

A cold chill settled on the merchant's heart; spectres of ships, notes, houses, and lands, flitted before his excited mind. Still his pulse beat slower, his heart heaved heavily, thick films gathered over his eyes, his tongue refused to speak. Then the merchant knew that the name of his visitor was Death!

All other claimants on his attention, except the friends of Mammon, had always found a quick dismissal in the magic phrase; "I am too busy."

Humanity, mercy, and religion had alike begged his influence, means, and attention, in vain; but when death came, the excuse was powerless; he was compelled to have leisure to die.

Let us beware how we make ourselves too busy to secure life's great end. When the excuse rises to our lips, and we are about to say we are too busy to do good, let us remember we cannot be too busy to die.

WOMEN IN THE CHURCH.

The strength of the Church has always largely been in its women—from the time when they lovingly ministered to the Saviour, in life and at death, met with the apostles for prayer, prior to the Pentecostal baptism, and were the comforters and helpers of Paul in his missionary labors, down to the present day. They have so lived and worshipped, have so exemplified the virtues of the wife and mother, have so illustrated the beauty of holiness, have so trained for the Church its noblest men, that they have compelled the admiration of the worldling and the sceptic. Many a man has found that the last link which still bound his unbelieving mind to some intellectual faith in Christianity was, the remembrance of his mother's piety, or the daily vision of the purity of his wife. The eulogy of Libanus, pronounced upon the Christian women of the primitive Churches, has lost none of its meaning in this nineteenth century. In chasteness of morals, general intelligence, social culture, self-denying benevolence, and unaffected piety, our Christian women are the glory of the age; and it is at once the honour and the triumph of this missionary work—that is, it is rapidly raising the converted women of heathen lands to a similar level.—Selected.

HOW TO START A PRAYER MEETING.

Let the few hearts that feel the need of warmth gather together, having first, each one, sought the Lord in private. If a regular service cannot be maintained at the church or vestry, let neighbors meet in each others houses. No matter how small the number, let the joint pleading continue. Seize and hold the promise. Pray for that which lies nearest to you first. Let judgement begin at the house of God. Do not be so anxious to follow a particular bill of fare that you shall ignore your most conscious needs. Expect a blessing when you pray. Take it when it comes, and use it for Christ.

Although men are accused for not knowing their own weakness, yet perhaps as few know their own strength. It is in men as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.—Swift.

Selected Articles.

LITERARY CURIOSITY.

The following is taken from the *Illustrated Magazine of London*, for 1872. It is interesting as a literary curiosity, and on account of its unobtrusive simplicity.

Like as the daisy rose to you see,
Or like the blossom on a tree,
Or like the dainty flower of May,
Or like the morning of the day,
Or like the sun, or like the shade,
Or like the round which Jones had,
Even such is man, whose thread is spun,
Drawn out, and cut, and so is done.
The rose withers, the blossom blesteth,
The daisy fades, the morning blesteth,
The sun sets, the shadow flies,
The round consumes, and man he dies.

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,
Or like a tale that's new begun,
Or like the bird that's here to-day,
Or like the peacock of May,
Or like an hour or like a span,
Or like the snuffing of a swan,
Even such is man who lives by breath,
Is here now there, in life and death.
The grass withers, the tale is ended,
The bird is flown, the swan ascended,
The hour is short, the span not long,
The swan near death, man's life is done.

Like to a bubble in the brook,
Or in a glass much like a look,
Or like a bubble in a weaver's hand,
Or like the writhing on the sand,
Or like a thought, or like a dream,
Or like the gliding of a stream,
Even such is man who lives by breath,
Is here now there, in life and death.
The bubble's out, the look's forgot,
The thought is past, the dream is gone,
The water glides, man's life is done.

Like to a blaze of fond delight,
Or like a morning clear and bright,
Or like a frost, or like a shower,
Or like the pride of Babel's tower,
Or like the hour that guides the time,
Or like the beauty in her prime,
Even such is man, whose glory lends
His life a blaze or two, and ends.
Delights vanish, the morn o'ercasteth,
The frost breaks, the shower wasteth,
The tower falls, the hour spends,
The beauty fades, and man's life ends.

Like to an arrow from the bow,
Or like a swift course of water flow,
Or like that time 'twixt flood and ebb,
Or like the spider's tender web,
Or like a race, or like a goal,
Or like the dealing of a dale,
Even such is man, whose brittle state
Is always subject unto fate.
The arrow's shot, the flood soon spent,
The time a no time, the web soon rent,
The race soon run, the goal soon won,
The dale soon dealt, man's life is done.

Like to the lightning from the sky,
Or like a post that quick doth lie,
Or like a quaver in a short song,
Or like a journey three days long,
Or like the snow when summer's come,
Or like the pear, or like the plum;
Even such is man who heaves up sorrow,
Lives but this day, and dies to-morrow.
The lightning's past, the post must go,
The song is short, the journey's so,
The pear doth rot, the plum doth fall,
The snow dissolves, and so must all.

THE LARK'S SERMON.

BY ETHEL LYNN BEERS.

It was Sunday morning and the sunshine seemed brighter than on common days as it lighted up the rough sides of the Sawatch range, which formed the background of the mining town known as Twin Lakes. A small group of log-cabins composed the town, and in one of them lived the "English Widow," as she was called. She earned her living by washing at first, and afterwards took as boarders one or two of the men about the crushing-mill. She was a pale, quiet little woman and seemed ill-fitted for the rough life and home, but she never complained. Her cabin had a pleasant window looking out on the side towards the mountain road, and many a rough miner would take off his cap to say, "Good mornin' widdie," as he saw her pleasant face.

Philip Giesman, who had boarded with her a year, boasted not a little of the fair white bread, and well-cooked meals she gave him, and though a careless, irreligious man himself, seemed rather proud of Mrs. Atterbury's Christian character and life.

"I tell you boys," he was saying, "there is no humbug about her, don't stand prayin' one minute, and grumblin' at the weather and the wind and her hard lot in another breath. She's a good old soul. She's seen a heap of trouble too, I guess. There's a picture by the bed of a young feller, looks like a fancy piece most—son, I kinder think, though I never asked her; but it's in my mind he run away, and she thinks she'll find him here some time, and that's what makes her stay."

"And though she's deaf as a post, she keeps a preacher reg'lar—ever heard him, boys? A field preacher. Come home with me right off, and you'll get there before he sings this doxology. Yes, he can sing like a—psalm-book. Now we are coming round the trail I can just hear him. Come on," and Philip and his friends came slowly down the road.

They were a rough-looking crowd enough, and paid small heed to the announcement of a parson at the widow's, yet slowly loitered down the mountain-road in company with Philip.

The English widow had set her small cabin in order, swept up the open hearth, laid a clean white cloth on her little table, and sat before it reading aloud from her great Bible. There was no sound of church-bell, no sight of church-

spire here in the mountain hamlet, and so she held her own Sabbath service. As she could not hear the sound of her own voice, it was pitched in the high key deaf people always choose. A lung fever, she said, had left her thus; Philip Giesman guessed that the boy's desolation and disappearance had somewhat to do with the same "lung fever."

Outside the window in the pleasant sunshine, hung her greatest treasure, the English lark, whose song she well remembered though she might never hear it more. Such trills and quavers! Such strains of melody going straight up to the sky, without stopping. Such thanksgivings and praise at the top!

As the group of miners drew near, first one than another caught the sweet sound, and stopped the half-spoken oath to listen to its melody. They even stepped softly and reverently as they came nearer to the field preacher. The look that each one's mother knew in his boyish face came back again as he listened.

"Look at California Bill," one whispered to another, as they saw a tall and slender figure turn itself to the cabin wall, and the brown hand spread itself over the quivering face. "Like enough he used to hear one in his home, and it's all mixed up with hawthorns and folks that's dead and gone," said Philip, and when one of the loiterers struck the man on the shoulder inviting him to drink, he shook him off roughly, but never uncovered his face.

The lark finished her song and doxology at last, and the group, except Philip and California Bill, went on their way, their voices that had been strangely low and peaceable became harsh and noisy as they went along.

Neither the lark's song, nor the group of men who made its audience, had disturbed the widow's Sunday reading. To-day it was the well-worn page grown thin by the pressure of clasped and nervous hands, where was told the story of the returning prodigal. The two listeners could hear the words broken by sobs as she went on, and California Bill at the sound of her voice raised his head and said quickly, "Who's that?" Philip saw that his eyes were bloodshot and his hands were trembling, as he told him of the widow's struggles and sorrows. Softly and pitifully there arose up then the sound of the widow's prayer. Prayer for help, and rest, and strength through trials, prayer aost of all, for patience to wait his time to give the wanderer back. "And if, O Lord, if he should come near some time, give me a sign to know my child, and oh, tell him how I love him, whether in the camp, the mine, the jail—he cannot go so far that mother love and God's forgiveness cannot follow him." And then there was a silence as perfect as though the three human beings were statues; until California Bill, with two or three of his swift mountain strides, came near and threw his shadow across the big Bible on the table.

There was a scared look on the poor old face, as the widow half rose from her seat, but the new-comer pointed to the words, "For this my son was dead and is alive again, was lost and is found," and so the tale was told.

He knelt at her feet and looked up in her face; he clasped her in his arms, he smoothed the soft gray hair that was brown so long ago, but when he found she could not hear his loving words, he cried outright.

And then that wise little lark thought it would be a good time for an anthem, and so it was. Will Atterbury wrote on the slate a long story, how the lark's song had lured him to his mother, and through her smiles and tears, with many happy little nods she read it through, and quavered out, "He didn't forget to tell the lark, did he?" Need I say the lark was cared for as never lark had been before? and when, by-and-by, Will had finished his business arrangements and found himself a rich man, he took his mother to her dear old English home again, and the lark went too.

FAMILY WORSHIP.

There ought to be no sweeter hour in the day than that in which come the morning meal and family worship. Yet it is sorrowful to see what sometimes passes for the latter. A chapter of the Bible hurried through, a rambling stereotyped prayer mumbled over, and the participants rush off to the work which they enjoy a great deal better.—The exercise is wrapped in fog, instead of being crowned with heaven's light.

It is a mistake to suppose that fluency or education are especially needed in conducting family worship. It wants a heart most of all. Let there not be a single petition that is not born of real desire—even if the prayer be not two minutes long. Blessed be the home where the spirit of song dwells and adds its charm to the morning worship! The exercise need not be long, but it should not be crowded. Break up the formality; carry all the soul-life you have into it; and its savor shall not go through the day alone, but among all the home memories none shall be stronger to hold the grown up children to the faith of their fathers.—*Christian at Work.*

THE ATONEMENT.

Every science has its technical terms, and much depends, of course, upon their being accurately understood, and consistently used. There is, moreover, a constant tendency in the language of theology, as in the case with all living human speech, to admit new terms, to drop old ones, and to modify the sense of others. Advocates of different schools of theological opinions use common terms in different senses, and one main cause of the facility of theological controversy, and of the irritation with which it is accompanied, is due to the fact that they so inadequately understand each other's speech.

The word atonement has been generally used in late years, both in England and in this country, to express the specifying which Christ wrought in order to effect our salvation. The old term, in use ever since the days of Anselm, and habitually used by all the reformers in all the creeds and great classical theological writings of the seventeenth century, both Lutheran and Reformed, was *satisfaction*. We prefer the old term to the new, for the following reasons:

The word atonement is ambiguous. It is used many times in the Old Testament to translate the Hebrew word signifying to *cover by making expiation*. It appears but once in our English New Testament, and there (Rom. v. 11) as the equivalent of the Greek word signifying *reconciliation*. Its etymology is not known, and is claimed by many to be *at-one-ment*. This the Socinians regard as the full force of the word, and as thus fully expressing the exact nature of Christ's work, that is, a reconciliation of God and man. Thus the word is sometimes understood to mean reconciliation, and sometimes that *sin-expiating, God-propitiating work* by which reconciliation was effected.—When we say that we have "received the atonement," we mean that we have been reconciled to God; but when it is said that Christ, after the analogy of the ancient sacrifices, has "made an atonement for us," it means that he has done that which secures our reconciliation, *i. e.*, has satisfied all the demands of law upon which the favour and fellowship of God were suspended. On the other hand, the word satisfaction is not ambiguous. It always means precisely that which Christ did in order to save his people, as that work stands related to the nature of God, and to his law.

The word Atonement, moreover, is too limited in its signification for the purpose assigned to it. It does not express all that Scripture declares Christ did in order to satisfy all the demands of God's law. It properly signifies the expiation of sin, and nothing more. It represents only that satisfaction which Christ rendered to the justice of God in vicariously bearing the penalty due to our sins, but it does not include that satisfaction which Christ rendered in his vicarious obedience to the law as a covenant of everlasting well-being. The word satisfaction naturally includes both of these, while the use of the word Atonement to express the whole of Christ's work has naturally led to confused and defective views as to the nature of that work.

The word satisfaction is neither ambiguous nor defective. The Reformed mean by its use, (1) That Christ fully satisfied all that the justice and law of God required, on the part of mankind, as the condition of their being admitted to Divine favor and eternal happiness; (2) As the demands of the law upon sinful men are both perceptive and penal, the condition of life being, "Do this and live," while the penalty denounced upon disobedience is, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die" it follows that any work which shall fully satisfy the demands of the Divine law in behalf of men must include (1) that obedience which the law demands as the condition of life, and (2) that suffering which it demands as the penalty of sin.—*Dr. Hodge on the Atonement.*

LOVE OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

Place a young girl under the care of a kind-hearted woman, and she, unconsciously to herself, grows into a graceful lady. Place a boy in the establishment of a thorough-going, straight-forward, business man, and the boy becomes a self-reliant practical business man. Children are susceptible creatures, and circumstances, scenes and actions, always impress. As you influence them, not by arbitrary rules nor by stern example alone, but a thousand other ways that speak through beautiful forms, pretty pictures, etc., so they will grow. Teach your children, then, to love the beautiful. Give them a corner in the garden for flowers; encourage them to put it in shape of hanging baskets; show them where they can best view the sunset; rouse them in the morning, not with the stern, "Time to work," but with the enthusiastic, "See the beautiful sunrise!" Buy for them beautiful pictures, and encourage them to decorate their rooms in his or her childish way. Give them an inch and they will go a mile. Allow them the privilege, and they will make your home beautiful.

SELF-ESTEEM.

BY D. E. CARR.

When a man loses all regard for himself, it is pretty evident that others have also begun to coincide with this severe judgment. A man may admire himself so much that his extravagant views of himself will not find a second in any human being, and he will be as Horace says: "Left without a rival to admire himself."

Our views of ourselves, compared with others, are very likely to be warped, unless we have deeply learned the lesson of humility. One can not sufficiently estimate his own worth or demerit, for he can not find any true standard of comparison. Suppose one tries to judge of himself by John Fletcher, or Jonathan Edwards; the former a saint of extraordinary purity, the other a man of surpassing intellect. How can he tell what he is, with these standards before him? He may take any great man in the same profession, and even then he is liable to make the grossest mistakes. A teacher in philosophy may deem himself a disciple of Cousin or Sir William Hamilton, but it will not do to push such comparisons. He may regard himself as an orator, but he must be cautious about the persons he thinks he imitates.

Men who are constitutionally timid, who have not what is called *brass*, are apt to esteem themselves too lightly, and must be thrust out or they never will come out. Some measure of self-esteem is essential to any kind of success, yet the most eminent men have been noted for great modesty. There is a sort of disregard for others in the character of some men, which is vulgarly called *chuck*, and this is seen in assemblies of the people sometimes in such an extraordinary degree, that it is taken for talent.

The man who does not care for any presence who never blushes, never becomes embarrassed, never fails to be heard, may be a bore, may be weak, may have but little behind his brazen defences, yet to the outside world he is the great man. Yet every man should have a certain amount of self-complacency; he should have such inner convictions of virtuous intentions that despite all outer conditions, he will have communion with himself and with God. A man may not be conscious of his own power, or his want of it, but he cannot be mistaken about his own peace of mind. Even Horace said: "*Hic murus aheneus esto Nil consuevit sibi, null a pulvere culpa.*"

"Be this your brazen wall, your sure defence, Thoughts free from guilt, and conscious innocence."

Much as self-esteem is ridiculed, offensive as it is when it depreciates others, and obtrudes itself upon society, it is still, in a certain degree, meritorious. More men are ruined from want of self-esteem, than from the excess of it. A consciousness of rectitude, of a mission in the world, of a high destiny in the world to come, is necessary to any creditable degree of success.

Self-abasement may degenerate into mock humility and hypocrisy. It is not right for a man to indulge in the habit of self-reproach, for this leads to irresolution and cowardice. One should have courage to perform the duty of the hour whether it is perilous or not. The highest glory is not the applause of the crowd, for very few reformers gain much admiration until they die. Self-depreciation is dangerous, and leads to self-abandonment, neglect, and suicide. Men who lose all self-respect become indifferent to their persons, character and associations and hurry to perdition by the shortest routes.

That man is happiest who relies on the promises of God, and yet works out his own salvation. Let the scheme of life be cast on an eternal plane, regarding time only as a preparation for nobler work and higher opportunities, and then life cannot be a failure if it secures one a fair position on the shore beyond, the landing place of immortals released from the earth. God knows all whatever we may think of ourselves. Let us not be deceived into the vain hope that any kind of show without reality amounts to anything in God's record.—*Northern Christian Advocate.*

He who reforms himself, has done more towards reforming the public than a crowd of noisy impotent patriots.—*Larator.*

A young man who allows himself to use one vulgar or profane word has not only shown that there is a foul spot upon his mind, but by the appearance of that word he extends that spot and inflames it till, by indulgence, it will pollute and ruin the soul. Be careful of your words as of your thoughts.

Always avoid the company in which you are willing to tell a coarse jest, because for you it is a demoralizing company. Grossness is never humorous, profanity is never admirable; and if your manner and speech once begin to ravel out upon that edge, all their manliness and charm are in danger.—*G. W. Curtis.*

HOME—HOME I

To be at home is the wish of the seaman on stormy seas and lonely watch. Home is the wish of the soldier, and tender visions mingle with the troubled dreams of trench and tattered field. Where the palm tree waves its graceful plumes, and buds of jewelled lustre flash and flicker among the gorgeous flowers, the exile sits staring upon vacancy, a far away home lies on his heart, and borne on the wings of fancy over intervening seas and lands, he has swept away home, and hears the lark singing above his father's fields, and sees his fair-haired brother, with light foot and childhood's glee, chasing the butterfly by his native stream. And in his best hours, home lies on his own breast, a home with his Father above that sky, will be the wish of every Christian man. He looks around him, the world is full of suffering, he is distressed by its suffering and vexed with its sins. He looks within him, he finds much of his own corruption to grieve for. In the language of a heart repelled, grieved, and vexed, he often turns his eyes upward, saying, "I would not live here always." No, not for all the gold of the world's maces—not for all the pearls of her seas—not for all the pleasures of her flashing frothy cup—not for all the crowns of her kingdoms—would I live here always. Take a bird about to migrate to those sunny lands where no winter sheds her snows or strips the grove, or binds the dancing streams, he will often in spirit be planning his wings for the hour of his flight to glory.—*Guthrie.*

WHO SENT HIM?

Little Johnnie Lawson had just run over the hill after a butterfly—such a large yellow one, with brown on its wings—and nobody noticed that Johnnie had gone. His father and mother were starting for a drive, and Rover, the great, black, shaggy dog, stood ready to run behind the carriage, as he always did.

Johnnie ran after the butterfly till he was tired of running, and the creature was tired of being chased; then it flew high up in the air, and the little boy gave up all hope of catching it.

As he turned to go home, he spied a beautiful pond-lily growing in the brook, so near the bank that he thought he could get it with a stick. So he found a crooked stick, and reached out with it to catch the pond-lily. He was such a little boy, and he had such a little stick, that he could not reach far enough to catch the flower, but he reached far enough to throw his weight over the edge of the bank, and down he went into the water.

In the mean time his father and mother had driven off, and Rover ran behind, as he always did. After they had gone a little way, Rover left the carriage and ran back, no one knew why. He ran down the hill to the brook, and jumped in, just as Johnnie screamed for help to the people half a mile off, who could not possibly hear him.

Rover was a strong dog, and he took hold of the little boy's clothes, and pulled him up on the dry land, before he had been hurt at all. He cried a little, because he was frightened, when he went back to the house for dry clothing, and was not a bit worse for the wetting.

Who sent Rover back, just in time to pull Johnnie Lawson out of the water?

Who takes care of all of us every day?

EVERY-DAYS RELIGION.

We must come back to our point, which is, not to urge all of you to give yourselves up to mission work, but to serve God more and more in connection with your daily calling. I have heard that a woman who has a mission makes a poor wife and a bad mother; this is very possible and at the same time very lamentable; but the mission I would urge is not of this sort.—Dirty rooms, slatternly gowns, and children with unwashed faces are swift witnesses against the sincerity of those who keep other vineyards and neglect their own. I have no faith in that woman who talks of grace and glory abroad and uses no soap and water at home. Let the buttons be on the shirts, let the children's socks be mended, let the roast mutton be done to a turn, let the house be as neat as a new pin, and the home be as happy as a home can be. Serve God by doing common actions in a heavenly spirit, and then, if your daily calling only leaves you cracks and crevices of time, fill them up with holy service.—*S. W. Lyman.*

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

Dr. Bushnell has the credit of saying, that, in his opinion, "the wickedest man in the world is a good man when he gets mad." Certainly the most uncomfortable man to deal with, is one who loses his temper in what he esteems a good cause, and baptizes a very human form of anger with holy water.

British American Presbyterian.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY AT
TORONTO, CANADA.

TERMS: \$2 a year, in advance.

POSTAGE, by mail, 20 cents per year, payable at the office of delivery.

Active canvassers and local agents wanted, to whom liberal commissions will be paid.

Cheques and Post Office Orders should be drawn in favour of the Publisher.

Address

C. BRACKETT ROBINSON,

Publisher and Proprietor.

Office—No. 41 Melville St.; House—No. 4, Gerard St., Toronto.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Space.	3 Mo's	6 Mo's	1 Year
One column	\$50 00	\$90 00	\$100 00
Half column	30 00	50 00	50 00
Quarter column	18 00	30 00	30 00
One-sixth column	12 00	22 00	25 00
One-eighth	9 00	16 00	20 00
One-tenth column	7 50	14 00	18 00
12 lines or 1 inch	5 00	12 00	16 00
6 to 8 lines	4 00	7 50	10 00
4 to 6	3 00	6 00	8 00
1 to 3 and under	2 00	4 00	5 00

No double columns; cuts 25 percent extra, special in reading matter 15 cents per line each insertion.

Any irregularity in the receipt of the PRESBYTERIAN will be immediately notified on notice being sent by Postal Card or otherwise.

A DENOMINATIONAL ORGAN.

An overture on this subject from the London Synod was supported by Dr. Proudfoot, who thought that such a medium as a weekly newspaper would greatly advance many interests of the Church. He could not withdraw the overture, but he would recommend the Assembly to vote it down, and hoped that all the members of it would extend their hearty support to the *British American Presbyterian*, published by private enterprise. Had that paper been in existence a year ago, his overture would never have been introduced.

On motion of Mr. Mullon, after some discussion it was resolved that the overture be rejected, AND THAT THE ABOVE-MENTIONED PAPER BE RECOMMENDED TO THE MINISTERS AND MEMBERS OF THE C. P. CHURCH AS WORTHY OF THEIR HEARTY SUPPORT.—From *Proceedings of General Assembly*.

British American Presbyterian.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 2, 1872.

JOHN KNOX.

Anniversaries and jubilees, centenaries, bicentenaries and tricentenaries, are in the present day all diligently put in requisition to keep up the memory of remarkable events or distinguished individuals. On such occasions much speech making is indulged in, and too often much drinking, if not drunkenness, is at once the indication and the source of the larger portion of the enthusiasm.

We have Burns' anniversaries, with any amount of painful twaddle, and ostentatious debauch, as if it were held a cardinal article of faith that no one could appreciate the "Ayrshire bard" without at the same time having a particular appetite for the "barley bree." While Burns has to have a yearly guzzle, with appropriate illustrations, in his honor, Walter Scott is disposed of by a centenary, and Shakespeare has to put up with even something less.

The Dickens' celebration will no doubt be and by be in full blast, and every dull fellow with literary proclivities will think himself bound to drink to the memory of Thackeray, and secure an annual headache, in order to prove that he appreciates the genius of the "great satirist."

The whole business, in short, of celebrations, both of distinguished men and remarkable events, has been sadly overdone. Questionable people, with bibulous tendencies, have got it mostly into their own hands, and have made it, to a great extent, an excuse for silly declamation and copious libations to the "jolly god." It comes, accordingly to be a question whether decent folks should not let the whole thing alone, allow the toasting of "glorious and immortal memories" to proceed unshared in, till it become so evidently a nuisance and absurdity as to cure itself. Perhaps this would be the best plan, and yet it is a pity that so natural and praiseworthy a custom should be made so disreputable, and should be altogether avoided, because it has been so grievously abused. Could not sensible people show a more excellent way, and rescue anniversaries and jubilees from the general ridicule and contempt under which they have fallen? For instance, on the 24th of November next, it will be three hundred years since John Knox rested from his labors. In the opinion of many, this will afford

an appropriate occasion for getting up a demonstration in honor of the great Reformer, and saying some much needed words in defence of the work he accomplished, and the truth he taught. The man who, under God, has made Scotland very much what it is to-day, and has, more than any other person, stamped his character upon many besides Scotsmen the world over, and even in many respects upon some who have professed to repudiate his teachings, and have sought to defame his character and life, needs neither apology nor vindication. The results of his labors answer for him, even in the gates of his enemies. No man now who has any right to speak with authority on the subject, will even presume to represent the great Reformer as a rude iconoclast, or a boorish, insolent peasant, who took every opportunity to insult his Queen, and to make manifest his entire lack of culture and taste.

All that sort of misrepresentation belongs to days gone by. The stern old times in which he lived required certainly no "rose-water surgery," and the "sweetness and light" of which half-heathenized *litterateurs* of the present day talk so magnificently, would very possibly have been out of place in the life and death wrestle for freedom of opinion and freedom of worship then engaged in; but John Knox was anything but an uncultivated ecclesiastic, or a bullying demagogue. Stern he no doubt was, but yet tender, ready to pull down the "nests," that the "rooks might fly away," yet not destitute of taste for the beautiful, whether in the lofty cathedral or the "winged word."

Still it would be worth while for Presbyterians the world over to have memorial meetings at the time we indicate. Grand old truths require sometimes to keep state. Though the educated and intelligent have far different ideas of John Knox and his labours than were prevalent even sixty or seventy years ago, yet many still think of him as the gloomy fanatic, and the narrow-minded bigot, and what he taught is still set forth in gross caricature by many who, if he is charitable to think, speak only in ignorance, not in malice.

The next 24th of November, then, would be a fitting opportunity for Presbyterians, and lovers of freedom the world over, to direct special attention to those brave days and brave men of old, and to tell their children, and tell them to tell their children in coming times how much they owe, socially, intellectually, and spiritually, to the lion-hearted men like Knox and his associates, who, strong in the fear of God, never feared the face of man, while manfully and successfully contending against the most denuding and degrading system of superstition and tyranny with which the world has ever been cursed.

The light in which Knox engaged is not yet over, but it is now waged in circumstances much more propitious, and shame will it to those who profess to follow in his footsteps, if they carry it not forward to an unmistakable and triumphant issue.

There is to be a great meeting in Philadelphia. Shall we have none in Canada?

But 1872 is the tercentary not only of Knox's death. The seizing of Brill, the turning point in the great Netherlands struggle, also took place 300 years ago. So did the massacre of St. Bartholomew, which was to crush Protestantism to the dust. The first English Presbytery, too, met at Wandsworth in the same year, though only in secret.

What a changed world it is since then! And who will say that it has not in many respects improved?

Men may defame Calvinism and Presbyterianism as they like, but somehow it has always turned out that those who have held by them most earnestly and most uncompromisingly have been the most resolute adherents and defenders of civil and religious liberty, and where work was to be done, and suffering to be endured for truth and right, have ever come naturally, and all but necessarily, to the front.

An old clergyman one Sunday, at the close of the sermon, gave notice to the congregation that in the course of the week he expected to go on a mission to the heathen. One of the deacons, in great agitation, exclaimed, "Why, my dear Sir, you have never told us one word of this before; what shall we do?" "Oh, brother," said the parson, "I don't expect to go out of town."

A WORKING PRESBYTERY.

At the late meeting of the General Assembly, special credit was given to the Presbyteries of Toronto and Chatham for the manner in which the Mission stations within their bounds were worked, and for the liberality displayed by their congregations in contributing to the Home Mission Fund.

From the minutes of a meeting of the Chatham Presbytery, held on the 25th June, as reported in another column, we learn that that Presbytery has appointed deputations to visit at once each group of mid-receiving Mission Stations in the bounds, in order to secure the reduction of the grants now received from the Home Mission Committee, and it is anticipated that the result will be a very material reduction of the grant in all the stations, if not the entire removal of it in one or two.

The Presbytery also resolved, at the same meeting, to raise the stipend of all its ministers to at least \$600 per annum. This has been the aim of the Assembly's Home Mission Committee for the past two years, so far as the entire Church was concerned, but up to this time, from lack of funds, they have been unable to accomplish it. We are glad to learn that the Chatham Presbytery has the prospect of successfully carrying out this laudable scheme, and that, too, very soon, within its bounds.

On the authority of the Clerk, we learn that, although little over a fortnight has elapsed since the Presbytery resolved on this action, at least one congregation—that of Thamesville—has agreed to increase its minister's stipend to the sum of \$600 per annum. This is most creditable, as it is only three years since that congregation was supplemented by \$150 per annum.

There still remain four other congregations in the Presbytery, paying less than \$600 to their Minister. Two of these are expected at once to come up to the desired sum, and it is anticipated that the other two will soon follow, so that the Presbytery is likely to report to next General Assembly that each of its ministers receive at least \$600 per annum, whilst as a whole draws less than formerly from the Central Fund.

Were the same vigorous course to be pursued without delay by all the Presbyteries of the Church, there would be no need to talk of a "crisis" in our Home Mission scheme.

It should also be remembered that the Presbytery of Chatham is one of the poorest and weakest in the Church, without a single wealthy congregation, and yet it is sub-dividing settled charges, opening up new Mission fields, erecting places of worship, and contributing largely to the Home Mission Fund and the other schemes of the Church. We trust that the same praiseworthy energy and laudable zeal will characterize all our Presbyteries in carrying out the Assembly's recommendations as to the Home Mission work of the Church.

THE POLITICAL CONTEST.

We do not propose to take any very decided part in the coming general election for the Canadian House of Commons. But we must enter our grave protest against the spirit in which the contest is being carried on, and the unscrupulous and unmeasured personalities in which both sides indulge. It has usually been said that unless Canadian newspapers were vigorously abusive they would be looked upon as weak and not worth purchasing. If the amount and variety of odious charges and insulting epithets launched at the heads of political opponents be the great test of vigour, there should be no want of intellectual power among the members of the Canadian fourth estate of all shades of politics. They go into vituperation apparently *con amore*. Surely however they cannot really believe all they say. Take one section of the public press and one would immediately conclude the Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake with their followers are a set of the most unprincipled knaves the world ever saw—destitute alike of honour and honesty, while intellectually incapable of comprehending the plainest proposition, or mastering the simplest argument. They *trouble* it seems has bewitched them, and when they are responsible agents, which is not often the case, they are fit only for occupying our reformatories and penitentiaries. Take

the other side, and all that is changed. Sir John McDonald and his associates are the the darkest and most unscrupulous conspirators against the Nation's purse and the Nation's freedom. They have done evil and no good all the days of their political life. Patriotism they know not; truth and they have long since parted company. Corruption is the very element in which they live, and national bankruptcy is the goal to which their policy inevitably tends. Personally they are infamous, politically they are poverty stricken, they are ready for any job, and if they can by any probability go astray they will never keep in the ways of truth and righteousness.

Surely all this is very painful, and upon the whole not very creditable. Are we so bad as all this would make us believe? Is Mackenzie such a fool? Is Sir John such a knave? Can the whole community be divided politically into those who are ready to purchase and those who are anxious to be sold? We cannot bring our mind to believe it. No doubt our politicians are far from being what they ought to be, and we do fear that a large amount of bribery will take place during the coming election contest. But will the iniquity be all on one side? We wish we could say that it would. But it won't. It has not been so in the past, and there is no likelihood of its being so now. What a step in advance it would be if all the members of either political party were resolving that come what might not a dime should be spent which could by any possibility be looked upon as a bribe and that though every election should be lost, no treating of one kind or other would be practised. The party that would do this would be morally stronger at the end of the contest though the other side in every case swept the polls. But this won't be done. Too many from whom better things ought to be expected are at such times open to a "consideration," and we regret to say, Presbyterians in a good many instances as well as their neighbours. Surely the churches at any rate ought to set their faces against such a state of things and make any who would take money or money's worth for their votes on a Railway Bonus, or for a member of Parliament, subjects of ecclesiastical discipline and expulsion. Persons of that class, whether Conservatives or Clear Grits ought to have no place in any Christian Church, except as penitents. And still less if possible those who offer such "considerations."

THE NORTH WEST.

We are glad to see it intimated that the Rev. Moore of Ottawa is about to visit the Province of Manitoba and the Presbyterian mission on the Saskatchewan. This will do a great deal of good in many ways. It will cheer the brethren in those quarters by practically showing them that the Home Church takes a deep interest in their welfare and work.

Mr. Moore's report on his return will bring the position and claims of our congregation in that region more distinctly before the people in Ontario and Quebec and will also afford more reliable directions and information to Presbyterians thinking of emigrating to that country, while it will give authoritative and trustworthy statements in reference to various charges brought against some of the proceedings of the missionaries, and will indicate what is upon the whole the most prudent course to be pursued in the future in regard to the mission among the Indians.

We shall be glad to see a large Presbyterian emigration to the North West and hope that the progress of the Presbyterian Church there will keep pace and if possible more than keep pace with the progress of the country. Presbyterians owe it to themselves and to Canada that they provide abundance of money and men to overtake the ever-widening work to be done in that land of mighty capabilities. Many of our young people are moving to that region, and many more will follow from the old country and from all parts of the Dominion. Let us show that we can do and dare as much for Christ as multitudes are every day doing and daring to secure a little money or to provide a home for themselves and their children in the land of the setting sun. Industrious people who go to Manitoba to farm cannot but in the end succeed well and we flatter ourselves Presbyterians make as good pioneers as are to be found.

PLANTING TREES.

Our esteemed cotemporary the Presbyterian *Witness* of Halifax has the following sensible remarks on "Tree Planting" which are quite as applicable to Ontario as to Nova Scotia. Our theological colleges need to be thoroughly equipped and brought in to vigorous and successful working order. Surely those to whom God has given abundance of this world's goods ought to see to it that the much to be desired result should not be hindered from want of funds:—

"A Scotch nobleman saw with pain the barrenness of the Cheviot Hills. Their irregular slopes afforded pasture for sheep. But the rain washed away the soil, and they were from generation to generation becoming more dry and sterile. He planted acorns here and there. These have sprung groves of stalwart oaks. The shade, the accumulation of moisture, the fertilization of the soil by the decayed foliage and by the flocks seeking shelter beneath them, have spread their new life, verdure and beauty. The wise and benevolent man has thus erected a monument which will abide for centuries, when one of stone would be levelled in the dust. An oak is a living memorial which a thousand years from hence will still be waving its great branches, and accomplishing beneficent ends. And it is one which ever multiplies. The single acorn which a man plants this year may in time be a forest of oaks, which may furnish materials for houses and ships, and add to the riches of a nation.

"Why do not men of property often exercise the same wisdom, and plant what will live, and what will multiply? That which they leave to careless and perhaps vicious heirs, may be wasted and perhaps do injury instead of good. All that is sown for self and time alone 'reaps corruption.' That which is sown is sown to the Spirit, of the Spirit reaps 'life everlasting, honor everlasting, joy everlasting.'

What better 'trees' could be planted by our rich men than endowments of chairs in our colleges? These would produce good fruit for the advantage of men and the glory of God long after the benefactors had passed away. It is well to leave some witness behind us on earth according to the talents God has given us. Now there are bursaries, scholarships, and professorships *inviting our aid in this city*. The Divinity Hall is greatly in need of funds. The money which the Hall needs is in the hands of Church members and adherents: pity they are so slow in paying it over!

"But we would not make the impression that only the gift of the rich are desired. Just the opposite. The widow's two mites were blessed, and have blessed mankind beyond all the gifts which the rich men poured into the treasury near which Jesus sat. They were 'all her living,' a great sum to her, and they were given in love and in faith. That was their chief value.

One of the curiosities of the Mammoth Trees of California is that their seed is so tiny—like a parsnip seed in size. There may be seed which may be "the least of all seeds, but when it is grown it is the greatest" among trees, the heathen and far-off races, may be blessed by its shadow. Small gifts from small means with her spirit, may have large blessings; but no man or woman of larger means, who gives a pittance to the cause of Christ, has a right to call it the "widow's mite," or to expect the widow's blessing."

LORD DUFFERIN.

As many of our readers may be acquainted with the past career of Lord Dufferin, our new Governor-General, we publish the following taken from the Peerage list:—

Earl Dufferin, 4th Baron (Ireland) created 1800; Baron Clandeboye 1800 (Ireland); Baron Clandeboye 1850 (United Kingdom)—by which title he holds his seat in the House of Lords; Baronet 1768; Knight of St. Patrick 1868; Knight Champion of the Bath (civil) 1862.—Fredrick Temple Hamilton Blackwood, only son of the 3rd Baron by the eldest daughter of the late Thomas Sheridan, Esq., born at Florence, 1826; married 1862, the eldest daughter of the late Archibald Hamilton, Esq., of Killyleagh Castle, Co. Down, and assumed the name of Hamilton by Royal license 1862, succeeded his father in 1841; educated at Christ Church, Oxford; was a Lord-in-waiting to the Queen from 1849 to 1852, and from 1854 to 1855; was attached to Earl Russell's special Mission to Vienna in February, 1855; sent as British Commissioner to Syria in relation to the massacre of Christians, 1860; appointed Lord Lieutenant of the Co. Down, 1864; was Under-Secretary of State for India for November, 1864 to February 1866; and Under-Secretary for War from 1866 until June, 1867; author of "Letters from High Latitudes," &c.

MEN OF FEW WORDS.

Some men use words as riflemen use bullets. They say but little. Few words used go right to the mark. They let you talk, and guide with their eyes and face, on and on, till what you say can be answered in a word or two, and then they lance out a sentence, pierce the matter to the quick, and are done. Your conversation falls into their mind as a river in a deep chasm, and is lost from sight by its depth and darkness. They will sometimes surprise you with a few words, that go to the mark like a gunshot, and then they are silent again, as if they were reloading. Such men are safe counsellors, and true friends where they profess to be such. To them truth is more valuable than gold, while pretension is too gaudy to deceive them. Words without point to them are like titles without merit, only betraying the weakness of blinded dupes who are over used as promoters of other men's schemes.

Sabbath School Teacher.

SABBATH SCHOOL LESSONS.

July 21st.

The Talents.—Matt. xxv. 14-30.

Prove the Evil of Covetousness.

Repeat Psalm 114. 1-4; 8rd and 1th Commandments; Shorter Catechism, 81.

VER. 14.

What is the rank of this man? You find from v. 10, 20, 21, 23, 30 that he was a great lord or sovereign. What sort of servants are they? Upper servants, persons in responsible situations, like stewards or agents, for he deputed his goods to them. The three cast mentioned are merely specimens of what he does.

VER. 15.

How much is a talent? Three thousand Jewish shekels, or over £900; five talents were therefore above £1500. Why did he not give the same to all? How does he show his confidence in them? He leaves them to themselves, goes to a far country (v. 14), for a long time (v. 19).

VER. 16-18.

How much money does the first man make by trade? Above £1500. The second? Above £600. Why did the third hide his talent in the earth? He thought this the most secure place. In such countries the practice was common, and if the person died suddenly the money was lost.

VER. 19-23.

Which of the servants would be best pleased at the return of his lord? What profit had the first made? The second? How does their lord deal with them? First he commends them, then he rewards them; they are to be raised to higher posts, and they are to share in the festivities in his palace at his return. "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

VER. 24-27.

How does the third servant abuse his master? What is his pretext for not trading with the money? Whose bread had he been eating all the while? He had food, and clothes, and wages, and did no work. Does his lord admit the charge of being a hard man? No. The servant presumed on his master's good nature, and thought he would escape without punishment. If he had believed his master was so severe, he would have lent the money to the exchangers. What is usury? An old name for interest. In our day it signifies excessive interest.

VER. 28-30.

What was the first part of his punishment? How was the first servant rewarded? What is meant by "every one that hath?" Every one that knows the value of what he has, and puts it to a right use. A savage might possess a watch, but because he could not read the marks on its face, it would not be a watch to him. When king David consecrated his poetic genius to God, and became the sweet Psalmist of Israel, he was one of those who "have." The first servant knew for what the five talents were given him, and used them accordingly. How are those punished who do not use their gifts? How was this unprofitable servant punished?

Lesson. 1. We are all the servants of God. "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

2. We are responsible according to our ability. A child is different from a man. An uneducated man has not the same responsibility as a learned man. A rich man has more to do than a poor man. But every one is responsible "according to his ability."

3. We are left to do our own work in our own way. God gives us his Word to direct us, but He is invisible in his government, and does not interfere with us. He is not a master who every day gathers his servants and tells them what to do.

4. There is a reckoning day for all, v. 19; Ecc. iii. 17; 2 Cor. v. 10; Rom. xiv. 10.

5. We shall be rewarded according to our works, v. 21, 23; Job. xxxiv. 11; Isa. iii. 10; Eph. vi. 8.

6. Men presume on God's goodness, v. 24. Perhaps no servant ever did address his master in this manner, but multitudes act as if God exacted too much from them, and yet that he was easy about sin they might do as they please, Rom. ii. 3-4.

7. The more we improve our talents, the more shall we have to improve, v. 29.

8. Unfruitfulness is a sin that is severely punished. Sins of omission are as great as sins of commission. Who is not guilty here? Who can say, "All these commandments have I kept?" Seek the Saviour, who will pardon all our sins, 1 Cor. i. 30; 2 Tim. i. 9-10; Titus ii. 14.

We must not speak all we know, says Montaigne, that were folly; but what a man says should be what he thinks, otherwise it is a knavery.

Our Young Folks.

KATE.

There's something in the name of Kate Which many will condemn, But listen now while I relate The traits of some of them

There's Jell-Kate, a modest dame, And worthy of your love; She's nice and beautiful in frame, As gentle as a dove.

Communt-Kate's intelligent, As we may well suppose, Her fruitful mind is ever bent On telling what she knows.

There's Intri-Kate, she's so obscure, 'Tis hard to find her out, For she is often very sure To put you with to rout

There's Kari-Kate a stubborn maid, She's sure to have her way, 'Tis ev'ning, contrary fate Objects to all you say.

There's alter-Kate, a perfect pest, Much given to dispute; Her prattling tongue can never rest, You cannot nor relate.

There's dolo-Kate, quite in a fix, Who fails to gain her point, Her case is quite unfortunate, And sorely out of joint.

Equivo-Kate no one will woo, The thing would be absurd; She is so faithless and untrue, You can not take her word.

There's vindi-Kate, she's good and true, And strives with all her might Her duty faithfully to do, And battles for the right.

There's rusti-Kate, a country lass, Quite fond of rural scenes; She likes to ramble through the grass, And through the overgreens.

Of all the maidens you can find, There's none like edu-Kate; Because she elevates the mind, And aims for something great.

"KIND, AND HAS NO TRICKS."

I read these words in a newspaper the other day. Who do you think it was that was "kind, and had no tricks?" A boy? No, it was only a donkey.

The donkey was for sale. The man who owned him wanted somebody to buy him, and so he advertised him in the newspaper. And in order to sell him easily he gave him a good character—"kind and has no tricks."

I wonder if it is true of the boy who reads these words, that he is "kind, and has no tricks." Is he kind to his little brother or sister, and has he no bad tricks about the house?

I am afraid it is not every boy of whom it can be said that he is "kind and has no tricks," and yet how much better a boy ought to be than a donkey!

A SERMON ON "PUSH."

When Cousin Will was at home for vacation, the boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazel-nuts.

As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged-looking man and a discouraged-looking cart.

The cart was standing full of apples before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push, push!" was the cry.

The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to ye," said the man; "you just wait a minute," and hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it, and keep it for life. 'Push!'—it is just the word for a grand clear morning like this; it is just the word for strong arms and young hearts; it is just the word for a world that is full of work as this is. If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back; push! If there's anything good doing in any place where you happen to be, push! If there's any work going on in the Sunday-school, push! Don't drag back, I beg of you. You'll do one or the other. Whenever there's a kind of thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in the town, at church or at school, just help with all your might, push!"

At that minute the farmer came out again with a dish of his wife's best doughnuts, and a dish of his own best apples; and that was an end of the little sermon.—Presbyterian.

No, no.—The boy that can say No! sets out well for a happy useful manhood. How many have fallen irremediably for the want of that little word, No! And if that is not enough, bluntly say, "No, I won't," and run as for life from wicked companions.

Spirit is now a very fashionable word; to act with spirit, to speak with spirit, means only to act rashly and speak indiscreetly. An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute actions; he is neither hot nor timid.—Chesterfield.

Temperance.

THE DEVIL'S HARVEST.

Sixty thousand lives are annually destroyed by intemperance in the United States.

One hundred thousand men and women are yearly sent to prison in consequence of strong drink.

Twenty thousand children are yearly sent to the poor-house for the same reason.

Three hundred murders are another of the yearly fruits of intemperance.

Four hundred suicides follow in this fearful catalogue of miseries.

Two hundred thousand orphans are bequeathed each year to public and private charity.

Two hundred millions of dollars are yearly expended to produce this shocking amount of crime and misery, and as much more is lost in time wasted from the same cause. It is not time to live that which produces such results from our country? Can we be human if we hesitate to lend our aid to such a cause? Let him who reads this lay it to heart.

A HORRID DISCLOSURE.

If the account given by the Dublin Evening Mail of the adulteration of whiskey is correct, it would be advisable for even the most convivial Irishman to be a little moderate in his potations until the Legislature has taken some steps for his protection; and if he advocates the Permissive Bill would circulate extensively among the working classes authentic descriptions of the frightful poison which they often consume under the name of whiskey, they might in the opinion of the Mail, gain a large accession to their ranks. The influence of terror would have a great effect on some who now revolt at the idea of being submissively coerced. The crime of adulteration, it seems, prevails in all parts of Ireland, but the astute people of the North appear to have graduated with high honors in this diabolical chemistry. Dr. Hodges, of Belfast, has recently had occasion to examine several samples of whiskey which he found adulterated with naphtha, cayenne pepper and vitriol. One sample, described as a fair specimen of the drink sold in low-class public houses, was composed almost entirely of naphtha with a slight coloring of whiskey. But even this was outdone by the skill of an itinerant practitioner in a northern county, who by a scientific combination of cayenne pepper, vitriol, spirits of wine, and bluestone, transmutes a gallon of water into a gallon of whiskey at the cost of one penny. The physical effects of the consumption of these concoctions are, it is stated, frightful. Indeed delirium tremens produced by drinking pure whiskey is a joke compared to the consequences of indulging in the adulterated article. The coats of the stomach are corroded, the brain disorganized, and the career of the consumer—when not arrested by the hand of justice in consequence of the crimes committed during the madness produced by it—generally ends in paralysis or insanity.

MAINE AND HER LIQUOR LAW. In a recent debate in the British House of Commons, on the subject of suppression of the liquor traffic in these parishes or localities where two-thirds of the voters should decide against license, the strong objection urged against the measure was that, in America, and especially in Maine, prohibition had been found to be of no benefit; that liquor was sold in Maine Law States as openly, as freely, and in quantities as great, as in the license States. As the debate is to be resumed in July, "The United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic" has applied to Hon. Neal Dow, of Maine to furnish them with certificates from official sources that would have authority and weight, to show what the facts really are. Mr. Dow has accordingly collected and forwarded to the British Alliance certificates from eleven different sources of recognized authority, showing that the liquor traffic is very greatly diminished from what it was before the adoption of the law of prohibition; that the traffic, so far as it exists at all, is carried on secretly and with caution, as other unlawful practices are; and that the fruit of the law is seen, as Mr. Dow expresses it, "in diminished, poverty, pauperism, and crime, and in the increased thrift of our population in every part of the State. This beneficent change is great and so obvious as to strike every observer who remembers the condition of things in the old rum times."

These certificates are from the Mayor and all the ex-Mayors and officials, judges, sheriffs, &c. of Portland, Bangor and Augusta, and the counties they are located in; from the Governor, Secretary of State, and the entire Congressional delegation from Maine; from the church pastors of Portland; from President Chamberlain, of Bowdoin College; from the Convention of the Free Baptist churches of Maine, and from other official sources. The certificate from the Overseers of the Poor of Portland states that the result of prohibition has been

most salutary and marked in diminishing poverty, pauperism and crime; in diminishing arrests for violation of the law, to such an extent that there are not more in a month now than were sometimes made formerly in one day. One of the Accessors of internal revenue—whose business is to explore the liquor traffic of Maine in the course of his official duty—certifies that he knows the State thoroughly in every part, and that the liquor traffic there has been nearly destroyed by the law; that the beer trade is not more than one per cent. of what he remembers it to have been, and the liquor trade not more than ten per cent.

These, certainly, are most encouraging facts, and ought to be published in district-nearer home than in the parishes of Great Britain.

THE CHURCH AND THE PRESS.

The following resolution was passed by the General Assembly of the American Presbyterian Church at its recent meeting at Detroit:—

"Inasmuch as the want of information concerning the nature, operations and wants of several Boards of the Church is one of the chief causes of the lack of interest in them shown by many church members, the neglect of prayers for them and their great deficiency of the means to go forward and occupy the fields of evangelical effort which lie open before them, therefore,

"Resolved, That the General Assembly urges the attention of ministers, church members and heads of families to the duty of circulating those religious newspapers which, though conducted by private enterprise, are distinctly Presbyterian, and have cordially, efficiently, and without charge co-operated with the Boards, Synods, and Presbyteries, in spreading the information referred to before the Church.

The Canada General Assembly also spoke encouraging words to the British American Presbyterian published in Toronto. It is hard to over estimate the good that is done throughout the Churches by the religious Press. The work of the Church, the duty of ministers, the clamor of different enterprises and institutions, are thus brought forward in a way that could not otherwise be attained. The Presbyterians of these Provinces are availing themselves largely of the power of the press. There is the Advocate in St. Johns which often contains admirable articles dealing with Church affairs. The P. E. Island Presbyterian is a credit to the Presbyteries of the Island. The "British American Presbyterian" is lately started in Toronto, and is getting into good working order. Of the Presbyterian Witness it does not become us to speak. All we can say is that we do what we can to promote the cause of Christ in general, and of the Presbyterian branches of the Christian Church in particular. There are four monthlies published by our Churches. It is probable that the Weeklies render more service to the Churches than the Monthlies. Do the Churches appreciate the service rendered by the press? Do they encourage as they ought the enterprise that without cost to the Church does so much of the Church's work? Political journalism has its rewards to which the religious journalist does not look forward. But, after all, we who are outside of the arena of parties and whose chief aim is to promote the glory of God, and the prosperity of His cause on earth, have in our work itself an exceeding great reward.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

In a village near Warsaw, there lived a pious peasant, by name Dobry. Without any fault of his own, he had fallen into arrear with his rent, and the landlord determined to turn him out. It was winter, and evening, and the next day he was to be turned out, with all his family. As they sat in their sorrow, Dobry knelt down in their midst, and they sang,

"Commit though all thy griefs And ways into His hands."

Just as they came to the last verse—

"When Thou wouldst all our need supply, Who then shall stay Thy hand?"

There was a knock at the window. It was an old friend, a raven, that Dobry's grandfather had taken out of the nest and tamed and then set at liberty. Dobry opened the window; the raven hopped in, and in his bill there was a ring, set with precious stones. Dobry thought he would sell the ring; but he thought again that he would take and show it to his minister; and he, who saw at once, by the crest, that it belonged to King Stanislaus, took it to him, and related the story. The king sent for Dobry, and rewarded him so that he was no more in need, and the next year built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own herd; and over the house door there is an iron tablet, whereon is carved a raven with a ring in his beak, and underneath the verse—

"Thou everywhere hast away, And all things serve thy might; Thy every act pure blessing is, Thy potent unalloyed light!"

Scientific and Useful.

ANTIDOTE AGAINST POISON.

Hundreds of lives might have been saved by a knowledge of this simple receipt. A large teaspoonful of made mustard, mixed in a tumbler of warm water, swallowed as soon as possible; it acts as an instant emetic, sufficiently powerful to remove all that is lodged in the stomach.

BENEDIY FOR INDIGESTION.

Half an ounce of ground Turkey rhubarb; one drachm of sulphate of quinine; one drachm of extract of sarsaparilla. Put the sarsaparilla into a cup with three or four tea spoonfuls of cold water; let it stand till dissolved; then add the other ingredients. Make it into a stiff paste; it will then be ready to make into pills with the use of a little flour, making nearly one hundred pills. The dose is two pills every other night.

NEW CURE FOR TOOTHACHE.

Two years ago, says F. Barillet, one of my friends, who was suffering from toothache, thought he would try the effect of cutting a piece of the stem of the Araucaria imbricata; and taking some of the sap (resin), which has the appearance of a white paste, and which is compact, he made a little ball of it, which he placed in the hollow of the tooth. Some hours afterwards the pain ceased, and the substance which still remained in the tooth answered all the purposes of the best stopping. Since that time the sap (resin) has become very hard, and not only has it never moved, but my friend has not experienced the least pain.—The Garden.

ASPARAGUS AS A MEDICAL AGENT.

A medical arrangement, on whose statement we can most implicitly rely (observes the York Courant), informs us that the advantages of this planet are not sufficiently estimated by those who suffer from rheumatism and gout. Slight cases of gout are cured in a few days by feeding on this delicious esculent; and more chronic cases are much relieved, especially if the patient carefully avoids all acids, whether in food or beverage. The Jerusalem artichoke has also a similar effect in relieving rheumatism. The heads may be eaten in the usual way, but ten made from the leaves of the stalks, and drunk three or four times a day, is a certain remedy, though not equally agreeable.—Gardner's Magazine.

TO CLEAN LOOKING-GLASSES.

Take a newspaper, fold it small, dip it in a basin of cold water. When thoroughly wet, squeeze it as you do a sponge; then rub it hard all over the surface of the glass, taking care that it is not so wet as to run down in a stream; in fact, the paper must be only completely dampened all through. Let it rest a few minutes, then go over the glass with a fresh newspaper till it looks clear and bright. The insides of windows may be cleaned in the same way; also spectacle glasses, etc. White paper that has not been printed on is better; but in the absence of that, a very old newspaper, on which the ink has become thoroughly dried, should be used. Writing paper will not answer.

TO KEEP HAMS IN SUMMER.

There are a number of modes given to keep hams through the warm season free from the attacks of insects. Some bag them and whitewash the bags, which is troublesome and somewhat expensive; some cover them with dry wood-ashes and pack them in barrels and cover thoroughly with pine shavings; but we think the best plan of all, and certainly the least expensive with all who have a smoke-house (and every farmer should have a good one), is to keep the hams hung up in a smoke-house, which should be kept perfectly dark at all times. We have eaten hams so kept two years old, and they were among the best we ever tasted. Uniform darkness is a complete protection against the attacks of insects.

HEALTHFUL EFFECTS OF TOMATOES.

The tomato is one of the most healthful as well as the most universally liked of all the vegetables. Its healthful qualities do not depend on the mode of preparation for the table; it may be eaten three times a day, cold or hot, cooked or raw, alone, or with salt, pepper, vinegar, or all together, to a like advantage, and in the utmost quantity that can be taken with an appetite. Its healthy quality arises from its slight acidity; in this respect as valuable, perhaps, as berries, currants, and similar fruits. The tomato season ends with the frost; if hung up in a well ventilated cellar, with the tomatoes hanging to the vines, the "love-apple" will continue to ripen until Christmas. The cellar should not be too dry, nor too warm. The knowledge of this may be improved to great advantage for the benefit of invalids, and of all who are fond of the tomato.

One of the saddest things about human nature is, that a man may guide others in the path of life without walking in it himself; that he may be a pilot, and yet a cast-away.

Scotland.

GLASGOW.

Mr. Kirkwood, who was dismissed from the office of inspector of the poor in Govan, was apprehended on Wednesday, and committed to prison.

The first of what is intended to be a series of ten mission stations in connection with the Free Church of Scotland, will be commenced in the course of a few days in Garnagad Road, Glasgow, at its eastern extremity. Although this is one of the most populous suburban districts in the city, it has hitherto been without adequate church accommodation, and the new church, which is to be of the finest expensive kind, is calculated to meet a great want.

Mr. John Walker, son of the late Mr. Walker, of the Argyle Arms, Inverary, and of the George Hotel, Glasgow, was compelled in 1862 to suspend payment as a grain merchant in this city. Having obtained an honourable settlement on the payment of 6s. in the pound, he emigrated to Canada, and settled in London, Ontario, where he has since resided, and been successful in business; and to-day (Wednesday) the arrival of the American mail, has put all his creditors in possession of cheques for the full amount of their prospective claims. This conduct, so honourable to Mr. Walker, well merits the publicity which we now gladly give it.—*Citizen*.

EDINBURGH.

Two boys, aged twelve and thirteen years, sons of Alex. Rattray, shepherd at Street of Monaltrie, were drowned on Tuesday, in a burn near their home.

The Committee appointed to consider as to the filling up of the vacancy in the Free West Church, Aberdeen, caused by the death of the late Dr. Davidson, have resolved to recommend the Rev. Mr. Laidlaw, of Perth.

The following candidates passed their examination before the Local Marine Board at Aberdeen:—Master—Angus Rennie, Inverness. First Mate—George Innes, Huntly. Second Mate—Francis Mann, Aberdeen.

Alexander Malcolm, a boy of nine years, son of Donald Ritchie, fisherman, while attempting to board his father's boat, which had just entered the Rose hearty harbour fell down, one of the stone stairs at the west pier and broke his thigh. The little suffer was conveyed home and attended by Dr. Cochraue.

The Rev. Henry Duff, of South Leith, died on Wednesday at the age of 65. Born at Dufermline, he graduated at Glasgow, was appointed head master of a school in Glasgow, and at the time of the disruption was settled in Leith. He was for many years clerk to the Presbytery of Edinburgh. He supported the anti-patronage movement, and was in favour of such innovations in public worship as the use of instrumental music, kneeling at prayer, and standing while singing.

BANFFSHIRE.

The Rev. James Macdonald, M.A., who is a native of this county, and was for some time assistant to Dr. Wood, of Dumfries, was on Thursday last, ordained to the pastorate of the Free Church congregation at Ochiltree, in the Presbytery of Dumfries.

Mr. Andrew Bannerman, son of Mr. William Bannerman, Banff, died on Wednesday last, at Glasgow, of congestion of the lungs. Mr. Bannerman was trained to commercial pursuits in Banff, and subsequently in Glasgow, and in association with his brother, Mr. William Bannerman, he proceeded to Australia, where he carried on an extensive as gold broker and banker.

INVERNESS-SHIRE.

It is officially announced that in the 8th Inverness-shire Rifle Volunteer Corps Insign W. A. McLeod is to be Lieutenant, vice Macdonald promoted.

The Queen has been pleased to approve of the Hon. Simon Fraser, Master of Lovat, being appointed Vice-Lieutenant of the county of Inverness.

Mr. Thomas Wynnes, Superintendent of Police for the Burgh of Elgin, has been appointed Superintendent of the Inverness Burgh Police.

ARGYLSHIRE.

Two young men, civil assistants of the Ordnance Survey, named Mr. Joseph Macmillan, Argyleshire, went out in a boat to fish on Loch Lechy, and were drowned, the boat having been found next morning keel uppermost.

On Thursday, Mr. Baird, salmon fisher, Bonaw, caught a sturgeon at the mouth of the river Awe, which measured seven feet in length, and weighed about a hundred weight. It is said to be the largest of the kind ever seen in this quarter.

ABERDEENSHIRE.

The Rev. J. G. Michie, M.A., Migvie, has been admitted a corresponding member of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries.

The Rev. George Garloch, of Old Meldrum, who died recently, bequeathed his fine house with large garden, green house and other premises, as a manse for the Free Church minister of Meldrum, in all time coming. He also left £200 stg. to the Aged and Infirm Ministers Fund; and £150 stg. for the use of the congregation.

Late Scotch papers contain particulars of the murder of Mr. Robert Sutherland, for a long time a resident of this county, who in 1870 went out to Southern Russia to superintend the building of a railway between Tiflis and Poti Vieu, on the 27th of April he was brutally murdered by several of the natives, who plundered the body of a large sum of money. Sutherland was a native of Caithness. The wretches have not been discovered.

England.

The death is announced of the Rev. William Ellis, the well-known missionary in the South Sea Islands and in Madagascar. He was born in 1795.

The freemasons of Gloucestershire have undertaken at their own sole charge the restoration of the reredos in Gloucester Cathedral, the cost of which is estimated at over £1000.

A respectable tradesman of over thirty years' standing in Douglas, Isle of Man, has been sentenced to six months imprisonment, with hard labor, for having given 4d to a boy for a stolen brass tap.

The New Testament Company have got about half way through the Gospel of Luke and hope to publish next year their revised version of the four Evangelists. Among other results this work of revision has had the happiest effect of bringing together men of different communions.

The *Liverpool Albion* says the King of the Belgians intends to visit that port, principally for the purpose of seeing the docks and shipping. The King comes to this country next month, or in August for the purpose of proceeding to Duurobin Castle, on a visit to the Duke of Sutherland.

A Parliamentary return shows that during the year 1871 there were 203 factories started. Of these no fewer than 62 wool and worsted mills were started in New York, and 66 cotton mills in Lancashire. Only four were started in Scotland one in each of the counties of Ayr, Clackmannan, Peebles, and Selkirk.

Ireland.

At Castlebar, Ireland, a process server named Matthews has been beaten nearly to death, and robbed.

The Kilkenny Town Council has adopted a memorial calling for the removal of Mr. Justice Keogh from the Bench.

About £1000 has been collected to defray Captain Nolan's costs, and the *Irish Times* estimates the total amount at £15,000.

It is understood that Mr. Gladstone has sent an adverse answer to the memorial of the Irish members of Parliament, praying for an amnesty to the remaining political prisoners.

Mr. Isaac Butt having been asked to defend from his place in the Commons the priests who have been lashed by Mr. Justice Keogh has declined to do anything of the kind. The Home Rulers, I may mention, are not by any means satisfied with Mr. Butt. They think that he is not sufficiently thoroughgoing, and there are not wanting insinuations that he is angling for office.—*London Letter*.

When a familiar attendant of the Assembly looms over the well-filled pews of May Street Church, he is greatly struck with the paucity of grey heads. The old men are going fast. Cooke, Edgar, Stewart, Wilson, Gibson and Gandy are gone. Dr. Morgan still survives, the last representative of his hard-working and Godly generation, but was not well enough in health to attend the Assembly. The young men who now fill their places, are on the whole men of the right stamp, and if we have no such transcendent displays of debate as in the earlier days of Cooke, we have a far finer display of Christian temper in discussion, and a much larger number of young men now mingle in the debates than in the days when Cooke and Stewart had the field almost entirely to themselves. We are struck with the progress of the beard-movement among the young ministers; it is quite a mistake. No minister looks so like his office as the man who avoids peculiarity, and tries to be like other people.

Foreign.

Europe is supposed to contain 900,000,000 people. One hundred years ago the estimate was but 60,000,000.

The people of Fatsan (Canton) had issued a hand-bill inviting and in an attack upon missionaries.

Dr. John Bayldon, superintendent of the Ararat Lunatic Asylum, and a man of rare attainments, has died. He was a bachelor of medicine and bachelor of science at the University of London, and licentiate of the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons of Edinburgh.

The gold fields of New Zealand appear to be in a prosperous state. The Inangahau district, on the Buller River, on the west coast of the Province of Nelson, is promising to become an important and rich gold-field. A new discovery of alluvial gold has been made in the Taupo district.

It is expected that telegraphic communications between Australia and England will be established in five or six weeks. The line will not be completed by that time, but the gap will be bridged by horse expresses.

THE LATE PROFESSOR ISLAY BURNS.

On Sunday, the 9th June, the Rev. D. Macgregor of St. Peter's, Dundee, preached a sermon in connection with the death of Dr. Burns, from Num. xx. 28, 29 (Aaron's death on Mount Hor), to an overflowing congregation. He felt it difficult to speak, he said, standing as it were upon the fresh closed grave of his beloved and lamented predecessor.

"During the twenty-one years he ministered here," he proceeded, "he spoke many tender and faithful words to you, and his death is fitted to revive the teaching of his life, and impress it upon your hearts. The circumstances are very affecting. Eight years ago he was appointed to the chair of Apologetics in the Free Church College, Glasgow. The work was congenial; he had been unconsciously preparing for it for years previously, and he gave himself to it with great earnestness and intensity. Esteemed by his colleagues, honoured by his students, beloved by a widening circle of friends, it seemed as if he had many useful and prosperous years before him. To the All-wise it seemed otherwise. He has been called away in the full maturity of his power. His sun is gone down while it is yet day. Very remarkable that within the last four years, six of our theological professors have died—Dr. Bannerman, Dr. James Buchanan, Professor Sachs, Dr. Duncan, Dr. Gibson, and now Dr. Burns."

After describing Aaron's death, the seeming anger but real love shown in it, the typical significance of his dying in the wilderness, his calm readiness, and the people's mourning, Mr. Macgregor went on to say that his object was not to pronounce Dr. Burns' eulogy, or to dwell upon his high character and qualifications, but rather to point out some lessons taught by his life. Dr. Burns belonged to a family which produced many eminent ministers. His father, three brothers, and four uncles were all able ministers of the New Testament, and his brother was the most apostolic of them all. After some biographic touches, the preacher summed up thus:—1. "Let us adore Christ's sovereignty as King in Zion. He walks among the golden candlesticks, and plants or removes them as He pleases. McCheyne was honoured to do a work here which will be remembered through all time, but men began to make an idol of him, and God took him away. He is a jealous God. He saw the people going aside to idolatry. He saw much man-worship in these pews, multitudes following McCheyne who never became followers of Christ. He called His servant to wear an early crown. 'Being dead he yet speaketh.' His 'Memoir and Remains' in tens of thousands have gone over the world, so that he has achieved far more by his death than he did during his life. Then the Great Head of the Church sent you a man of a different type. Many of you wished a beloved brother very like your first minister, like him in style, in manner, in the very tones of his voice, but God ordered it otherwise. He sent you one who, if not so popular and winsome as McCheyne, was no less earnest in his work—a true Barnabas, a son of consolation—one whose sermons, rich in Biblical truth and Christian experience, always bore the marks of his fine genius and exquisite taste, one fitted to build up saints, one whose tender sympathy by the beds of the dying will never be forgotten, whose loving words fell like balm on the hearts of the orphan and the widow. 2. Strive to recall the words he spoke to you from this place. Remember how he began the morning service with, 'How lovely is Thy dwelling place; remember the fullness, richness, freshness, of his opening prayer: remember how he loved to close the communion service with, 'O God of Bethel, or, 'Oh may Thy Spirit seal our souls; remember the deep pathos and power of some of his ordinary sermons, such as that on Luke viii. 45, 'Who touched me,' or that on 2nd Cor. iii. 6, 'The let-

ter killeth, but the Spirit giveth life, remember the winning simplicity, kindness, tenderness of his manner, how he would sit by you fire, and listen like a brother to the story of your sorrows and troubles, and comfort you out of the book of God. . . . It is true that during the latter years of his ministry in Dundee he was led to give his strength to literary work. He wrote 'The Pastor of Kilsyth, a volume on the history of the early Church, and a series of valuable papers for the *British and Foreign Evangelical Review* upon the aspects and tendencies of opinion in the Church of England. In his essays on Archdeacon Hare and on the Anglo-Catholic revival he foretold, with almost prophetic accuracy, the existing developments of broad and high Churchism. It was the rare merit of these papers that led to his appointment to the Chair in Glasgow. If some criticised him for not giving his undivided strength to the pulpit during that period, we must remember that many condemned Chalmers for exchanging the pulpit of St. John's, Glasgow, for the Ethical Chair in St. Andrews, and that Chalmers, in vindication of the step, and as showing his estimate of the superior importance of professorial over pastoral work (when he saw students like Dr. Duff and John Ughart rising around him) replied, 'We make the altar here! I am glad that his portrait is to be seen in many of your homes. The calm, thoughtful face, the eye beaming with kindness, the two hands clasping the Bible, the whole bespeaking the ripe scholar, the man of genius, the accomplished theologian, the faithful ambassador of Christ.'—*Dunder Courier*.

THE QUEEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.

WORSHIPPING AT CRATHIE.

It would be about ten o'clock on a calm and lovely Sabbath morning, when as descending the hillside I got the first glimpse of Balmoral Castle in the distance. Its high towers and thickly wooded surroundings gleamed in the morning sun, while between me and the Castle shone out more purely, though not so gorgeously, the bright-looking Free Church. The scene as I descended was one of silent grandeur, and greatly stimulated me in the prosecution of my purpose to reach the Church of Crathie in time for divine service, where I expected Her Majesty the Queen would be present, and I might feast my eyes on Royalty for once. The whole scene was new to me, and enchanting; never before had I undertaken a mountain journey; I had never looked upon my Queen. Here I came upon a Highland girl, or rather she came up to me, and was about to manifest her superior walking powers by gliding past, when I entered into conversation with her. She was bound for church—Crathie Church too—which the informed me was exactly eight miles distant from her home. We walked along together, and I kept talking and inquiring, the result of which was that she had often seen the Queen. She liked to see her, but it was no novelty. She had walked these eight miles simply to attend church. She did, however, expect Her Majesty to be present, and that pleased me. We were close upon our destination before it came into view, and I gazed with intense interest on the simple little ancient-looking building standing on a green eminence by the side of the Dec. Service did not begin till twelve o'clock and thought it was not much past eleven when I arrived, I entered the church for the sake of resting, and going up to the gallery, chose a seat within a few yards of the Royal pew. The interior of the church has no attractions, but is exceedingly plain and devoid of painting or decoration. A scarlet covering on the Royal pew is all that mark it as a special object among the humbler rows of wooden pews. By and bye the rustic congregation straggled in, and unconcernedly took their places, one here and one there, scattered over the whole church. The bundle, a swarthy young Highlander, moved about in an eager business-like manner, and was the only one who, like myself, seemed to be in a temporary fever of expectancy. While the congregation was assembling I observed him enter the Royal pew and place between the leaves of Her Majesty's Bible a note which I understand contained the tunes to be sung in praise during the service. A few peals from a most unmelodious bell brought to me from the lips of a Highlander seated near by the intimation that the Royal carriages were "up." I was all attention. "Here she comes!" he said, and as I looked to the door leading to the gallery the Queen entered, and on taking her seat, engaged in short devotional exercises. Her Majesty was followed by the Princess Beatrice and Prince Leopold. Immediately after them came the Dowager Duchess of Athole and Lady Ely, who, on observing that they could not enter the Royal pew without troubling their Royal Highnesses, were about to said themselves behind when the Queen, noticing their movement, moved to the top of the seat and motioned to them to come in, which they did. Her Majesty's

attendants were seated in the pews behind. I was much struck with the plain unassuming manner and easy grace of the Queen. How naturally and pleasantly she set about arranging her books, and turning up the tunes to be sung. Her dress was exceedingly plain, a black dress, and a black mantle or cloak, and a black bonnet ornamented with a little flower, and instead of the widows weeds of a few white stars in front. And this was the Queen of England, the Sovereign whose power and possessions are greater than of any Monarch in the civilized world. Beloved by all the land, revered by all the world, whose presence in our cities draws thousands by her side eager in their homage. I could scarcely realise that in this simple-looking lady I beheld the Monarch of that great dominion on which the sun never sets. She was at my side. I had never seen her before; she was looking as if in good health, but the deep-drawn furrows on her cheeks looked the decided tracings of grief and care, in truth the expression of her countenance was as if she had but very recently been weeping. Dr. Caird conducted divine service, which was commenced by singing part of the 145th Psalm, and the Queen joined audibly in praise. Throughout the whole service the reverence and attention of the Queen and her children was very marked. At prayer they stood with the congregation, with erect and devout bearing. Prince Leopold's is a countenance that has only to be seen to draw respect or something higher towards him. At the close of the service the old-fashioned beggarly custom of taking round the ladle commenced. I did not expect the officiant would send it up the Royal pew. I almost wished he would not, but he did. After the benediction the choir sang an anthem or doxology while the congregation retired. Her Majesty's suite all stood as she rose to depart, and the Prince and Princess stood at either side of the door leading down the staircase. When she had passed between them their Highnesses followed, and then also all her attendants. Outside a few strong, agile, finely built, finely dressed Highlandmen were in attendance, and conspicuous among them was John Brown, glistening with a load of silver buckles, belts, &c. We in the Lowlands are like to attack a certain amount of something approaching to coarseness in a Highlandman, but these were a set of intelligent, noble looking, trusty fellows in whose care I saw our Queen quietly drive off to the Castle, while I myself took my own road, never so much impressed as I had been that day with the grand simplicity of our Presbyterian form of worship.

TIDE MARKS.

It was low tide when we went to Bristol, and the great gray rocks stood up bare and grim above the water; but high up, on all their sides, was a black line that seemed hardly dry, though it was far above the water.

"What makes that black mark on the rocks?" I asked of my friend.

"Oh, that is the tide mark," she replied. "Every day, when the tide comes in, the water rises and rises until it reaches that line, and in a great many years it has worn away the stone until the mark is cut into the rock."

"Oh," thought I, "that is all, is it? Well, I have seen a great many people that carry tide marks on their faces." Right in front of me was a pretty little girl, with delicate little features, and pleasant blue eyes. But she had some queer little marks on her forehead, and I wondered how they came to be there, until presently her mother said: "Draw down the blind now, Carrie, the sun shines right in Babe's face."

"I want to look out," said Carrie, in a very peevish voice.

But her mother insisted, and Carrie drew the blind, and turned her face away from the window O, dear me! what a face it was! The blue eyes were full of frowns instead of smiles, the pleasant lips were drawn in an ugly pout, and the queer marks on the forehead had deepened into actual wrinkles.

"Poor little girl," I thought, "how badly you will feel when you grow up, to have your face marked all over with the tide marks of passions; for these evil tempers leave their marks, just as surely as the ocean does, and I have seen many a face stamped so deeply with self-will, covetousness, that it must carry the marks to the grave."

Take care, little folks! and whenever you give way to bad temper, remember the "tide marks."

Gentleness.—O beautiful, wonderful word!—almost more a flower than a fruit of Christian life in its grace and beauty adorning the rough places of the road, leading little children, lifting sad hearts, wiping away tears, and winning wayward souls. Paul, with all his great and eloquent words, never melts the heart so truly as when he says, with an irresistible appeal, "I, Paul, beseech you by the gentleness of Christ."—*Oliver A. Wadsworth*.

CHALLOFF ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERIES. The following Presbyteries will meet at the places and times severally mentioned, viz: Toronto. At Toronto, in Knox Church, on first Tuesday in July, at 11 o'clock, a.m.

CANADA PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Presbytery Clerks will please address all communications on business connected with the Home Mission Committee, to the Rev. William Buchanan, Bradford, Ontario.

TORONTO MARKETS.

The quietude previously noted in bread-stuffs continues, if anything on an intensified scale. From ordinary No. 1 superior could have been obtained at 8, but there did not seem to be any buyers in the market; good strong flour being 80 or a round lot, but we have not heard of any offerings.

Travellers' Guide.

Table with columns for Depart, Arrive, and times for various railroads including Grand Trunk East, Grand Trunk West, Great Western Railway, Northern Railway, Toronto and Mississauga Railway, Toronto, Grey, and Bruce Railway, and Hour of Closing Mails from Toronto N. O.

Special Notice.

To persons employed in constant mental toil, study or anxiety, Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is a most valuable and healthy tonic.

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILWAY

We met with a paragraph the other day which is very descriptive of this grand thoroughfare of the world, and now give it for the benefit of the Canadian public: The railways here, that is in England, are not better than ours.

MONEY!!

\$50,000 TO LEND on Farm Property, at seven and one-half per cent. Interest half-yearly, or where interest is payable yearly, eight per cent.

NO COMMISSION CHARGED.

Legal expenses and disbursements rarely exceed Ten Dollars. Apply to BLAIKIE & ALEXANDER, 10 King Street East, Toronto.

CHURCH FURNACES.

JOHN STATE, Manufacturer of Beecher's Patent Self-Cleaning Furnaces, And Tin, Iron, and Copper-plate Worker. NO. 8, PHILLIP'S SQUARE, (Near the Cathedral), MONTREAL.

These celebrated Heaters are adapted for either wood, coal, or peat. In point of economy, principle of action, style, and durability, they are not surpassed, if equaled, by any other furnace made.

TO TEACHERS AND OTHERS.

PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT FOR THE HOLIDAYS! AGENTS

Are wanted to take orders for the following congregations, for THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. R. BURNS, D.D.

Edited by his son, the Rev. R. F. Burns, D. D., Montreal.

- List of agents for various locations: Montreal, Quebec, St. John's, Halifax, Sydney, and other cities across Canada and the United States.

JAMES CAMPBELL & SON.

Toronto, June 26, 1872.

J. YOUNG, UNDERTAKER,

Late from G. Armstrong's undertaking Establishment, Montreal. 351 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

N. McEACHERN, MERCHANT TAILOR,

191 Yonge St., Toronto. Ministers and others can have their garments made up in First Class Style. A large stock of Cloths, Tweeds, &c., to select from.

ST. CLOUD HOTEL,

BY RAND BROTHERS, OADWAY AND 42ND STREET, NEW YORK.

Only three blocks from Grand Central Depot of the New York and Boston Railroads.

This favourite establishment is now and conducted on European systems. Visitors to New York from Canada pronounce it to be the most desirable institution of the kind in that city.

ALEX. GEMMELL, BOOTMAKER,

Sign of the "Golden Boot," 97 KING STREET WEST, Has in Stock a very large assortment of Gentlemen's Sewed Boots, Home made. First-Class English Boots at reasonable prices.

Best quality of Boots of all kinds made to order.

ST. LAWRENCE HALL,

ST. JAMES STREET, MONTREAL.

Long Established—Well Known. Visitors are, as far as possible, provided with the comforts of home life.

REVERE HOUSE,

LONDON, ONTARIO. Nearly all of the clergy of different denominations stop at this house when visiting the city.

A. W. BARRETT, Proprietor.

WILSON'S CASTOR OIL EMULSION,

Consists of the finest fish-liver oil, so prepared that the Taste and smell are both favourably affected, and the medicinal properties left unchanged. It is regularly taken by children and delicate females.

OPINIONS OF MEDICAL MEN.

CHICAGO.—Having prescribed the prepared Castor Oil, manufactured by Messrs. Archdale Wilson & Co., and called "Wilson's Castor Oil Emulsion," and knowing its composition, we can cordially recommend it to our patients and fellow practitioners, as a most effectual medicine.

We have also certificates from a number of medical men in Toronto and Montreal.

The Castor Oil Emulsion is put up in bottles of 25c, each and also in one pound bottles for Physicians' use.

ARCHDALE WILSON & CO.,

Wholesale Manufacturing and Dispensing Chemists. 153m.

JUST RECEIVED!

THE APOSTOLIC CHURCH!

And Scriptural Baptism. Its Mode and Subjects. Price, 15c. each, or post free, 18c.; also the two bound together in cloth; price, 40c., post free, 50c.

S. S. SUPERINTENDENTS AND TEACHERS.

The address by Rev. R. Wallace before the Toronto Presbytery on the

Best Means of Securing the Great End of Sabbath School Instruction

Has been published by request, and will be furnished by the undersigned. 25 COPIES (POSTAGE INCLUDED), \$1.00 SINGLE COPIES, 5 CENTS.

DOMINION DRUG STORE.

NEIL C. LOVE, APOTHECARY AND DRUGGIST, No. 115 Yonge Street, COR. OF RICHMOND ST., TORONTO.

NOW READY.

THE NEW EDITION OF THE Rules and Forms of Procedure Of the Canada Presbyterian Church, as adopted and recommended by the

GENERAL ASSEMBLY!

This book is indispensable to every officer in the Church. Price, in paper, 35c., post free, 40c.; in cloth, 50c., post free, 60c.

MONTREAL Sculpture and General

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS, CORNER ST. ALEXANDER AND ST. CATHERINE STREETS. Montreal.

JAMES MAVOR & CO. Mutual Tablets, Baptismal Fonts, Tiling for Aisles, Transpts, &c. Drain Tiles.

Church-yard Memorials, in Stone, Marble, Granite, &c. Chimney-pieces, slabs, table-tops, and house work of every description. Designs and estimates furnished promptly on application.

THOMAS R. JOHNSON, ESTATE AGENT

AND ACCOUNTANT, 44 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

SPECIAL care devoted to the making up of Statements of Accounts and management of Estates of deceased persons, for the benefit of Widows, Orphans and Heirs generally.

References—Venerable Archdeacon Bond, R. D.; Rev. Canon Bancroft, D.D.; Rev. Canon Baldwin, M.A.; Rev. W. B. Curran, B.A.; Rev. J. F. DeLoach, &c.

MAGORQUODALE & MATTHEWS,

ARTISTS AND PHOTOGRAPHERS, TORONTO, South-east corner of King and Church Sts. (Entrance on Church St.)

THE FINEST STUDIO

AND FINEST LIGHT IN THE CITY. Cabinet Portraits, per doz. \$6 00 " " half doz. 4 00 Carte de Visite, per doz. 3 00 " " half doz. 2 00

NOTE THE ADDRESS:

SOUTH-EAST CORNER OF KING AND CHURCH STREETS. PROSPECTUS FOR 1872. Fifth Year.

REPRESENTATIVE AND CHAMPION OF AMERICAN ART.

THE ALDINE: AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL

claimed to be the HANDSOMEST PAPER IN THE WORLD. "Give my love to the artist workmen of THE ALDINE who are striving to make their profession worthy of admiration for beauty, as it has always been for usefulness."—Henry Ward Beecher.

THE BEST PERIODICALS OF THE DAY.

THE GREAT ENGLISH QUARTERLIES, AND Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, REPRINTED BY THE LEONARD SCOTT PUB. CO., 140 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK.

THE LEONARD SCOTT PUB. CO.,

140 FULTON STREET, NEW YORK. At about One-third the price of the originals.

The Edinburgh Review, The London Quarterly Review, The Westminster Review, The British Quarterly Review,

Published Quarterly—January, April, July, October—

Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.

(A fac-simile of the original.) Published Monthly. TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION. Per Annum.

For any one Review 84 00 For any two Reviews 7 00 For any three Reviews 10 00 For any four Reviews 12 00

For Blackwood's Magazine 4 00 For Blackwood and one Review 7 00 For Blackwood and two Reviews 10 00 For Blackwood and three Reviews 13 00 For Blackwood and the four Reviews 15 00

Postage, two cents a number, to be prepaid by the quarter at the office of delivery. Circulars with further particulars may be had on application.

The Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 140 Fulton Street, New York.

also publish

THE FARMER'S GUIDE

To Scientific and Practical Agriculture. By HENRY STEPHENS, F.R.S., Edinburgh, and the late J. P. NOTTON, Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, New Haven.

Two vols. Royal Octavo, 1,600 pages and numerous engravings. Price, \$7; by mail, post-paid, \$8.

JAMES'S PATENT HOT AIR FURNACE,

ADAPTED TO ALL KINDS OF PUBLIC BUILDINGS! AND PRIVATE RESIDENCES.

WM. JAMES & SON,

816 St. CATHERINE STREET, MONTREAL, RESPECTFULLY inform parties about to make use of Hot Air Furnaces, that they are now manufacturing three sizes of "PORTABLES" and one for Masonry, and that they are prepared to set them up in the most reliable manner, to order.

Architects, Builders and others in need of reliable and serviceable Furnaces, are invited to call and examine. Liberal allowances to Builders and to the trade.

NEW NATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR CANADA.

Prospectus of the CANADIAN MONTHLY AND NATIONAL REVIEW. A feeling has long prevailed that the intellectual life of the Canadian nation ought to have some organ in the form of a good periodical. Attempts have been made to give it such an organ, but hitherto they have not been successful.

In some measures they may have been premature; but it is believed that their failure has been mainly due to the want of a sufficiently strong and well-organized staff of writers, and of a fund sufficient to guarantee to contributors the fair remuneration, without which, as multiplied experience proves, a periodical cannot be successfully carried on.

These requisites have now been effectually secured. The literary aid and materials requisite for the support of a first-class magazine will be sought, without restriction, from all quarters—Canadian, British, and Foreign. But it is intended that the Magazine shall have a specially Canadian character, such as, it is hoped, will enlist Canadian patriotism in its support.

Articles will be treated with the aim of infusing as much as possible of the historical and philosophical spirit into the popular discussion of political questions. Religious questions, if they form the subject of any papers, will be treated with a similar aim.

Mr. GEORGE SUTTON has consented both to contribute regularly, and to assist in conducting the magazine. Intending subscribers will please send us their names. ADAM, STEVENSON & CO., Publishers, Toronto.

CLUB RATES!

To parties wishing to secure a really excellent Monthly Periodical, of national value and interest, the Publishers offer the following advantageous terms for Clubs—Cash in advance. The postage two cents per month, is included in the following rates, each magazine being sent pre-paid from office of publication:—

One copy for one year 8 30 Two copies 5 50 Three 3 80 Five 13 00 Ten, and one to persons sending club 25 00 Letters containing remittances should be registered, and addressed

ADAM, STEVENSON & CO., Publishers, Toronto.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The Publishers would direct the attention of advertisers to the importance of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY as a medium of advantageous advertising, being contributed to by the foremost writers, and being destined to circulate in extensive circles of the reading population of the Dominion of publication:—

All advertisements should reach the Publishers by the 10th of each month. A schedule of rates for advertisements is prepared, and may be had of the Publishers.

TERMS FOR 1872:

One Copy, one year, with Oil Chromo, \$5. Five Copies, \$24. Any person sending 10 names and \$40 will receive an extra copy gratis, making 11 copies for the money.

Any person wishing to work for a premium can have our premium circular on application. We give many beautiful and desirable articles offered by no other paper.

Any person wishing to act, permanently, as our agent, will apply, with references, enclosing \$1 for outfit. JAMES SUTTON & CO., Publishers, 140 Liberty Street, New York.