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Tomatoes au Gratin.—Mix together one quart of stewed tomatoes, half a pint of dried bread crumbs, one tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one-third of a teaspoonful of pepper, and a tablespoonful and a half of butter. Turn the mixture into a baking dish, and sprinkle over it one cupful of grated bread crumbs. Put half a tablespoonful of butter on this, breaking it into tiny bits. Bake in a moderately hot oven for half an hour. Serve hot.—**Good Housekeeping.**

Peach Cake.—Mix together one pint of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, half a teaspoonful of salt and one gill of sugar. Rub through a sieve, and add a gill and a half of milk, one well-beaten egg, and three tablespoonfuls of melted butter. Spread this in a well-buttered, shallow cake pan. Cover the top of the dough with peaches, pared and cut in halves. Sprinkle three tablespoonfuls of sugar over this and bake in a moderately hot oven for half an hour. Slide the cake upon a warm platter, and serve hot with sugar and cream.—**Good Housekeeping.**

Pickled Peaches.—Take one peck of peaches, ripe, but perfectly firm; peel and throw into cold water, to prevent their turning black. For this quantity of fruit, take one quart of best cider vinegar, and two pounds of sugar. When this is boiling, take out as many peaches as will boil without crowding; let them stand on a linen towel for a few moments, for the water to run off. Stick two cloves in each peach, let them boil five minutes, take them out and put them in your glass jars. Put more peaches in the vinegar and continue this until all have been cooked in this way; then pour off the syrup, and scald and skim it, and return to the jars boiling hot. Screw the tops on tightly, and keep in a dark, cool place. If there should not be syrup enough to cover all the peaches, add some more sugar and vinegar, boiling hot.

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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 22.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23rd, 1893.

No. 34.

Notes of the Week.

A coloured woman who has been a teacher in the public schools of Brooklyn, N.Y., ever since the war, has recently been appointed principal of one of the largest schools in that city. This is a significant comment on the solemn belief of some people, less than fifty years ago, that the negro was not a human being and had no soul. Surely the world is progressing.

Irish Presbyterians are greatly pleased at the handsome reference made by Sir George Bruce, when addressing the Free Assembly, to students of the Irish Presbyterian Church, who have been, and are attending college at Cambridge. 'Irish students,' Sir George said, 'never desert their own Church, but keep steadfast to their own Church, but keep convictions.'

The British National Society for the prevention of cruelty to children reports 18,817 children rescued from neglect and starvation; 5,783 from habitual violence; 1,175 from abandonment; 1,134 from exposure, and many others from various forms of cruelty. The Society reforms vicious parents. They know that the agents are widely scattered, and this puts upon them a wholesome restraint. The cruelty prevented by such societies is much more than that which is corrected.

It may be true that in political circles in Great Britain, the question of Home Rule overshadows all others, but in Scotland, at any rate, the question of disestablishment holds a by no means secondary place. Its discussion is not confined merely to ecclesiastics. Politicians have now recognized the fact that it must be faced, and it has therefore come to be one of the leading articles on the programme of the Liberal party. The question, however, has not been allowed to rest even in Parliament, and three private members have introduced bills dealing with some phase of the Church question in Scotland.

The horrors of famine are indeed dreadful. A late Shanghai despatch concerning a widespread famine in the interior of China, says that the people are driven to such desperate straits that the sale of women and children in the affected districts is a daily occurrence, that in some places even male children are being sold by their parents, and that in one prefecture more than 70 female children have been devoured by the famine-maddened people. This is shocking to contemplate. Yet the perpetual drink tragedy in many of its details, in the continual "murder of the innocents," is scarcely less appalling, only we become so familiar with it, that we cease to be shocked by it.

There is much discussion, it is said, as to the position and prospects of the Spurgeon's Pastors' College. In a very short period it lost its founder and inspirer, Mr. Spurgeon, and its Principal, Mr. David Gracey. We believe it has been suggested that Dr. Pierson should be appointed Principal. Dr. Pierson has no engagement in America, beyond the editing of his magazine, and it is understood the work would be agreeable to him, while he is very popular among the students. Even if he did not become a Baptist that would not be an insuperable objection, for the first Principal, Mr. Rogers, was a paedo-Baptist and a Congregational minister to the end of his life.

To overcome the uncertainty of steam communication between Port Said and Joppa, which has hitherto been the great obstacle in visiting Palestine, it is proposed to build a line of railway from Joppa through the country of the Philistines to Port Said. The distance is a little under two hundred miles, and when the road is completed Port Said will be but twelve hours by rail from Jerusalem. The natural advantages which from the earliest times have made Damascus the centre of the overland trade between the Euphrates and the Levant are still showing themselves by its being the point upon which converge four railway lines which at present are either proposed, or under construction.

The universal rejoicing of the religious press in the U.S., in which we heartily join, over the closing on Sabbath of the gates of the Exposition, appears to have been rather premature, as they have been opened again. It is hoped this may be only temporary. The people, however, as a whole have stamped the course of the directorate with disapproval so emphatic as to show that the nation at large has no wish to see and will lend no aid to trampling under foot an institution which, apart altogether from its sacredness, is in its civil and humanitarian aspects, a priceless blessing, with which all the money, and all the elevating education, so-called, to be obtained by opening the Exposition, are not for one moment to be compared.

The House of Laymen of the Established Church of England, by an overwhelming majority, accepted the principle affirmed in Sir Douglas Fox's resolution of the entire sacredness of the day of rest as a divine institution. The working classes are not blind to the fact that legislation on the subject must be attended with consequences to the nation as a whole; and that the provision of a few hours of amusement for themselves on the Lord's day, will tend to its being secularized for other purposes disadvantageous to themselves. Farsighted statesmen have opposed the movement, and men, too—as Lord Beaconsfield and Mr. Gladstone—whose political differences were most marked. The House of Commons, too, has declared against it on every occasion on which it has been brought forward.

The first General Synod of the Episcopal Church in Canada meets in Toronto next month. As this meeting will be representative of the whole body from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it will doubtless be one of great importance and possess no ordinary interest to all Christian denominations in the Dominion. This is a consummation for which earnest Anglicans have long laboured and they are to be congratulated upon the success of their efforts. This union will create a Canadian Anglican body having powers and responsibilities analogous to those of the Episcopal Church of the United States. The English Church is now, or at all events will be when the General Synod meets, the sister Church of the Established Church of England, and of the Episcopal Church of the United States. Difficulties will no doubt be found in getting the whole body under its changed conditions into good working order, but these we can well believe will in time be overcome by the exercise of a proper Christian spirit. We can wish nothing better for the enlarged body than that the union may be as happy in its working and results as that of the Presbyterian bodies has been.

PULPIT, PRESS AND PLATFORM.

The Interior: 6,700 persons perished by murder in the Western States last year—in the same area in which cyclones killed 170. How much less terrible and destructive the wildest forces of nature than the vile and wicked passions of men!

Abbott E. Kittredge: Parents, as you love your children, keep holy the Sabbath day, fill its hours with prayer and song and words that are perfumed with the Christ—let it be the brightest day, the golden day of the week, to which your children shall look back with gratitude to God, when you shall have fallen asleep.

Harley College: Meetings were held at Harley College, Bow, to take farewell of thirty-eight students at Harley House and its associated colleges who were about to go as missionaries to foreign lands. The cosmopolitan character of the institution is shown by the fact that among the students were representatives of seventeen or eighteen nationalities, including a Turkish and a Russian Armenian. Its undenominational character is shown by the fact that among the students leaving are Baptists, Congregationalists, Methodists, Brethren, Lutherans, as well as members of the Church of England.

The Occident: Reverently we approach the throne of grace. There is a dignity and sweetness in the Bible prayers, which never descend to the commonplace in the form of their expression. Endearing terms cannot express the nature of the communion between God and His people. How simple, yet how majestic, in its phrasing is "Our Father," weakened by none of the adjectives with which we struggle to express human affection and emotion. The Christ-love cannot be measured by human standards and epithets. The license taken in some of our hymnals is an exceeding bad taste, and the tendency towards irreverence is to be deplored.

United Presbyterian: It seems to be very easy to fall into a careless habit in regard to church-going. Even sincere Christians are liable to backslide, and need constantly to watch and pray, lest they enter into temptation. It is probable that many of those who make a profession of religion, and for a time attend church and seem to be sincere, and then go back and walk no more with the disciples of Jesus, never had the root of the matter in them—were stony-ground hearers only. If one finds himself disposed to seek after excuses to justify his non-attendance upon the public ordinances of religion, he needs to carefully examine himself.

Dr. Dale: Already Sunday schools have conferred on this country, blessings which cannot be measured, but their real and highest work is only just beginning. What we need is a deeper and larger estimate of what it is possible for them to achieve; a free and earnest investigation by the very best minds of the country of how their methods are to be improved; a larger consecration to this form of Christian service of the intellect and the heart, and the cultivation of the most earnest and able members of our churches; and, in addition to all this, more earnest and constant prayer that in every Sunday school God would reveal more fully, both in teachers and scholars, the greatness of His power and the glory of His grace.

Dr. Stalker: At present the Bible is an arena of great controversy, and the probability is that the contention will increase. Old views are cast aside; new theories are coming up in bewildering number. To the faint-hearted it may seem that the authority of Scripture is declining. But notice how many are reading the Bible, studying it more keenly than it was ever studied before. Helps to the Bible are sold by millions. For the virtue that resides in it we may for the moment have lost the right name; but let the Bible be doing its unique work of saving men, and the Church will have to find a theory commensurate with the results.

The Occident: Truth is eternal and unchangeable, but views of truth, the setting of truth, the application of truth, may and must vary as the ages roll. The diamond is the same to-day in substance and appearance as when it flashed from the breast of beauty centuries ago, but there certainly has been vast progress in the art of setting it. Man must have bread. That is a truth that will stand till the heavens fall, but it is in every way consistent with the utmost progress in the culinary department. Man must have a house; but it does not follow that styles in architecture may never change. Put the emphasis on the right thing. Progress never changes truth, but only the garniture of truth. There has been progress in astronomy, but the stars shine on the same forever. There has been progress in geology, and yet—

"The gray old rocks
Uplift the same unvarying faces
To every change of sky."
So there has been progress in theological shoe-making, and will be in days to come, but the old paths of the Gospel will remain unaltered until the last wanderer has found his way back to the Father's house.

Rev. J. Hiles Hitchens, D.D.: Laodiceanism is the bane of the professedly Christian Church to-day. It abounds on all sides. With a mistaken definition of Christian charity, there is displayed a lamentable indifference to error. Every sect is smiled upon as though there were no vital distinctions. The higher criticism is applauded. The downgrade is ignored. Unitarianism, which denies the divinity of Christ, is deemed to be a phalanx of the Christian army. Romanism, which most grossly dishonours Christ, is treated as a friend, not as a foe. A fair field is claimed for every teacher, whatever he may propound. Every religion is regarded as safe. All roads lead to heaven. There is probation after death. There is no necessity for contending for the faith once delivered to the saints. It is only stirring up strife among brethren to speak or write against Popery, Ritualism, Infidelity, Unitarianism, Theosophy, and the like. Let every man's creed alone. Try and elevate the masses by benevolent and political measures and then be happy! Such is the tenor of the teaching sadly too prevalent. The result is that a spiritual indifference is manifest—an unsettled, roving, gipsy-like spirit which marks a large number of professing Christians. Inside the Established Church, impudent Ritualism and icy Rationalism grow side by side. Outside that Church the men who claimed to have descended from the Puritans, and to be the Protestants of Protestantism, the Dissidents of Dissent, are so weak-kneed that they seldom, and that here and there only, utter a word of protest against the rapid encroachments of Romish errors. Looking upon the Protestant Christian Church of to-day, Christ may well say, "I would thou wert cold or hot!"

Our Contributors.

LETTER FROM INDIA BY MISS FRASER.

(Through the kindness of Miss Ross, of Thorah, we have the pleasure of giving our readers the following very interesting letter from our missionary, Miss Fraser.—ED.)

KOTGORI, JUNE 8th, 1893.

My dear Miss Ross: It has been my intention to write you ever since my illness, but there were so many kind letters of sympathy from friends in Canada to answer, that, knowing that Miss Ross was always letting you know the news, I put off my letter from time to time. I am now quite well and strong, better than ever, indeed. Two months before I left Mhow, I was hard at work, for, although my teachers and medical worker did nobly while I was sick, there was a great deal that only I could attend to awaiting my presence when I was able to be out. I cannot tell you how deeply I felt the love and courage shown by you sister and Miss Calder, during the long weeks in which they refused to leave the house. As soon as I knew that it was smallpox, I had my rooms cleared and the doors locked, and asked Dr. Parker to send them both away at once, but they refused to leave the house. It was so kind and brave, for as the disease began with great severity, there was little hope of my life at first, and it was a great comfort to know that those I loved were so near. I had been so much exposed to the disease, that I had little fear of contagion, but at the time I took it, I was so tired that my body had no power of resistance. We are having a delightful rest at the hills, the first holiday since we came to India. The scenery here is grand. Behind the house we can see the snowy range, towering far above the clouds, 22,000 feet in height. In the deep valley below us, the Sutlej River is flowing. Sometimes when a storm is coming over the mountains, and the hills are touched with strange, fitful gleams of light, it makes me see again Dore's Inferno, and I half expect to see sad, hopeless figures moving athwart the gloom, undone, lost souls. To-day, all is bright and smiling, and the air is laden with fragrance. White roses are hanging in clusters, great, snowy clusters from the trees, for they climb up the forest trees, and fall in festoons from the branches. In the quiet, shady nooks, there are violets, sweet-scented, shy blossoms, that carry our thoughts back to the Canadian woods, and the brooks that rippled over mossy stones, in shady places. How happy the old time memories make us. Is it not good that God gives us thoughts of the past, as well as of the future. We gather the flowers of long ago, and they shed fragrance on our pathway now.

We have had a very busy year, the work is growing daily. Mhow is a large cantonment, and wherever there is an English population, made up of soldiers, officers, and civil service men, you will find immorality and drunkenness going hand in hand with Sabbath breaking and irreligion. No words of mine can give any idea of the amount of vice (not among the natives, but in connection with the British population) that I have had to contend with in my medical work in Mhow. I am not writing this at random. I am speaking of facts, that which I have seen. What makes it so hard is, that the natives too often class all the Europeans together as Christians, and thus bring dishonour on the name of the pure and holy One. We need men and women to work here among the white heathen. Not only to preach the Gospel to the soldiers, but to give them a chance for a pure social life, to bring something into their lives that will make them feel the shamefulfulness of the traps, and easy roads into vice that are provided for them on every side by the Government. We have been working along with a few others in Mhow, to promote this end, but burdened as we are with other work, we can merely touch the outskirts of the great mass of in-

iquity. The evangelization of India is not going to be the matter of a few years' work. The condition of the country at present is the outcome of centuries of idolatry, and the upraising of the people will be the work of generations. It is only when you are face to face with those great religious systems that have moulded the mind of the East, that you can in any way realize what the religion of Christ will have to contend with. I feel sure that the manner of teaching the word of God, which is adopted in the home lands, will not do for India. Our teaching must be adapted to the minds we have to deal with. And the men who have a keen perception of human nature, whose sympathies are ever alive, are the men we need here. If they know Christ, the Christ of love and mercy, and have His spirit whose very essence is love, then let them come in close contact with human hearts, and they can leave their creeds, and neatly turned doctrinal phrases at home, for they will do little good for the mass of the people they will have to deal with here. We can understand, "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations." It is, verily, teaching. The very A B C of truth. Without any of the aids of surroundings, associations, or even hereditary morality. Teaching where too often hunger, want, and sorrow are claiming the first place, and where disease and pain of body have debased the mind. Oh, what we need is love, boundless love, and patience.

It makes me smile now, when I remember learned arguments that I listened to in the past, that proved, without a doubt, that these people would at once discern the difference between the spiritual beauty of the miracles of Christ and the gross absurdity of those performed by their gods. They are well calculated to understand. When I have spent fifteen minutes, fruitlessly, in trying to teach one of them, that medicine taken three times a day is the same as medicine taken in the morning, at noon, and at night, and have decided that I had better give just enough for one day, and make it weak, I begin to rather doubt their powers to discern any special glory in our Lord's miracles, or to comprehend any subtle doctrinal details.

This is where our mission schools and colleges help. Their minds are trained not only in the secular subjects which the Government system of teaching aids, but in moral truth, in the religion of Jesus Christ. In the mission schools the whole atmosphere is healthy for body and mind. It is the daily influence that moulds the character, until, without understanding the change within, the scholars begin to view questions of life from a different standpoint. I have noticed this very much in the boys and girls belonging to the boarding schools at Indore. Even while talking with the little children, I feel at once that they are understanding that they are alive. We must be very broad here, as Jesus Christ was in His life, and in His teaching.

You have wondered about the women who come out so freely to Government and other dispensaries in the charge of men. It is true many do, but it is also true that many will not. Moreover, it is also true that for a great many cases, the presence of men must prevent them from getting the treatment which is most needed. In Mhow, I have had many patients who could not come even to my dispensary, and in almost all midwifery cases the patient would have to die if no female help were at hand. To this question, the fact that Lady Dufferin felt it a necessity to have hospitals exclusively for women, is a clear and sufficient answer. The very thought of male attendance is revolting to the general mind. With many of my patients, I had to assure them, "no men allowed," before I could persuade them to come to my dispensary. There are so many aspects of all those questions, and everyone looks at them from their own standpoint. It is only troublesome when anyone thinks that his view is the only

view, and should be accepted. Probably none of our conclusions are right for others, they are only the lines along which we see most clearly, and, therefore, along which we should work. This is at the root of a great deal of failure. Churches, missions, etc., are organized to death. After the Organizing Committee have operated on the poor body they have on their hands, until every spark of originality is extinguished, they watch its expiring throes, and exclaim on "the failure of missions," and "the lifelessness of church workers." The secret of the success of early missionary enterprise, was that men were allowed to work according to their own abilities, and along the lines that God had fitted them for.

Well, I must close my letter now. Miss Ross and Miss McWilliams are out or they would send love. We are longing to get back to our work, every day seems so long now, there is so much to be done, that we would fain not lose one day. Before we reached here, I had letters pleading with me to return. You cannot understand how deep our love is for our people. Their sufferings, misery, and ignorance, have only tended to draw them nearer to us. It was to people like these that Jesus came. He went in and out among them doing good. We feel that that heart is to-day yearning over them in infinite love. He will not give them up until every knee shall bow, and every tongue confess that He is Lord. Ah! there is a time coming when we will rejoice to look on them, for they shall be the sons of God. Yours most sincerely, M. GRANT FRASER.

CIRCULAR FROM DR. COCHRANE.

The following circular showing the requirements of the Home Mission Fund, (western section), has been sent us for publication, by the Rev. Dr. Cochrane. Copies have been sent, with the sums inserted, to all the Presbytery clerks, and representatives of Presbyteries on the Home Mission Committee.

My dear Sir,—The amount required for the current year from the Presbyteries of the Church for Home Missions is \$68,000, and for Augmentation \$31,000. This calculation is made upon the grants made last March, which in Mission work are considerably in advance of former years, on account of the increasing claims of new fields in the Northwest and British Columbia, and the continuous supply of Mission stations, which the summer session in Manitoba College now enables the Committee to give.

After a careful estimate of the membership and ability of the several Presbyteries, the sum of \$ has been apportioned to the Presbytery of for Home Missions, and \$ for Augmentation.

The report presented to the General Assembly last June, contains the names of 342 mission fields, and 990 preaching stations under the care of the Committee, with an average Sabbath attendance of 35,171 and 13,547 communicants. These stations contributed last year, towards the support of ordinances, the sum of \$63,553.32, besides, in many cases, building churches and mansees, and are giving, not only to the utmost of their ability, but in most cases, far beyond many of the members of our wealthiest city congregations.

The North-West Territories continue to appeal for additional missionaries to overtake the spiritual destitution that necessarily prevails in many of the newly settled districts. Every year mission stations in the North-West are becoming regularly organized, and augmented congregations are by degrees becoming self-sustaining. But as these are removed from the list, other fields in great numbers are opened up for missionary effort. The emigration to Manitoba and the North-West during the present year, greatly exceeds that of the past, and unless the revenues of the Committee is very largely increased, the supply of laborers must fall very far short of the demand.

British Columbia has now four Pres-

byteries and a Synod, with 48 mission fields, 168 preaching stations, five augmented and seven self-sustaining congregations. The progress in this Province has been most gratifying during the past six years, and the Committee hope that, as heretofore, they will be able to render generous aid to our missionaries in that distant field, and encourage the Synod newly formed in giving the Gospel to Presbyterian settlers, and others destitute of the means of grace.

In the older Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, among the Protestants sparsely scattered in Roman Catholic communities, among the lumbermen of the Ottawa Valley, and in the Algoma and Muskoka region, Home Mission work is being prosecuted with renewed zeal, deserving the sympathy and liberality of the Church at large.

The Augmentation Fund at present assists 147 charges. The contributions of congregations for years past, as is well known, have on an average been \$1,000 less than the sum required. Unless, therefore, there is considerable increase in the contributions to the Fund, the Committee must not only reduce present grants, but hesitate to put new ones on the list. To contemplate a reduction of the small stipends paid our ministers, is painful, and can easily be prevented by more liberal contributions to a fund that has proved so helpful in the past. The best evidence of the value of the Augmentation scheme, is that the Presbyteries, who see most of its workings, give most liberally for its support. It was with extreme regret, that the Committee in May last, was compelled to reduce the grants. In most cases, they have reason to believe that the deficit was made up to the brethren in augmented congregations. It is to be hoped, however, that this year, congregations will, by their greater liberality to the Fund, enable the Committee to pay at once and in full. In October, a large amount has to be borrowed to pay the claims of Home missionaries and augmented congregations. It is therefore desirable that congregations and missionary societies should forward their contributions at the earliest possible date, and thus reduce, to some extent, the interest that is paid.

OBITUARY.

The announcement made last week of the brief illness and sudden death of Mrs. Alexander Watt came to the people of Fergus and the surrounding community with a painful shock of surprise. Though Mrs. Watt had reached the advanced age of 81 years, her health had been fairly good, and her family and many friends cherished the hope that she might be spared to them for some years to come. The bereavement, therefore, is painfully sudden. Mrs. Watt was stricken with paralysis, and, on the evening of August 5th, after an illness of only three days, her long, beautiful life, came to a peaceful close. In the presence of her husband, and the surviving members of her family, to all of whom she was devotedly attached, she passed triumphantly through her last change. Even though they cherish the memory of her happy Christian death-bed, still their loss is so great, that it must bring a painful feeling of separation and loneliness. They have the sincerest sympathy of a wide circle of friends. The funeral was one of the largest ever seen in Fergus. The services were conducted by Rev. J. McLamis, of Knox Church, and Rev. J. B. Mullen, of Fergus. Her son-in-law, the Rev. John Ross, Presbyterian minister of Brussels, Ont., was also present.

Mr. and Mrs. Watt came to the township of Nichol, from Aberdeenshire, Scotland. They took a leading part in the organization and establishment of Knox Church, here, and for more than half a century they have been most devoted and consistent members of it. It is said that the first communion among the members of the congregation, was celebrated in the early home of Mr. and Mrs. Watt in 1837. Ever since that time, by their

Christian Endeavor.

CONTINUAL WITNESSING.

REV. W. S. M'AVISH, B.D., ST. GEORGE

Aug. 27.—Acts 26 : 22 ; Psalm 34 : 1-4.

What is a witness? One who bears testimony in a case. John the Baptist was properly called a witness for Christ, because he bore testimony to the fact that Jesus would bear away the sin of the world. (Jno. 1 : 29). The apostles were called witnesses, and, as they entered upon their special work after Christ had ascended into heaven, they bore testimony to the fact that He had died, that He was raised from the dead, that He showed Himself alive after His resurrection, that he ascended into heaven, and that He was there exalted to give remission of sins. Every Christian to-day is a witness for Christ, for he bears testimony to the fact that Christ has saved him, and that He is able to save all those who put their trust in Him.

I. How do we bear witness for Christ? By professing Him before the world. When we, in the presence of the Church, make a profession of our faith, we declare in substance, that we are sinners, that we cannot save ourselves, that we have accepted Christ as our Prophet, Priest and King, and that we are trusting implicitly in the merits of His atoning death. When we thus confess Him, we declare that we believe Christ has taken away our sins, that we regard Him as worthy of the fullest confidence, that He has a right to rule over us, and that we intend to follow Him.

By our example, also, we witness for Christ. Jesus taught His disciples that if they would let their light shine before men, they would glorify their Father in heaven. We are told, that when the heathen saw the pure and holy lives of the members of the early Christian Church, they were so impressed, that many of them resolved to turn away from their own gods, and seek to know the Saviour who had done so much for the Christians. When to-day, a man who has been wicked, impure, and vile, turns away from his sin and continues to lead a holy and consistent Christian life, he bears powerful testimony to the truth that the religion of Christ can meet the needs of the soul, and lift man up to high and noble things. When a man suffers patiently under trial, those who see him, cannot fail to be impressed with the thought, that though Christ afflicts with the one hand, He comforts and upholds with the other. When a Christian, on his death-bed, meets the last enemy without a shudder, his death is a glorious testimony to the fact that the religion of Jesus Christ can sustain the soul when passing away to be with God.

II. We should witness continually. When Paul was converted, he was told that he must be a witness, and, for about 38 years, he was faithful to his high commission. He could say, "I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great." Some can witness very well for Christ at the communion table, but very indifferently when they stand behind a counter. Some witness well at church, but very poorly at a religious meeting, but fail at a party. Some do well during Lent, but alas for them when the Lenten season is over!

III. If we would witness continually we must receive help from above. (John 15 : 5). Paul said, "Having, therefore, received help of God, I continue witnessing." As the apostle required help from God, so do we. His temperament, his circumstances, and his early training, were all different from ours, but, just as he required assistance, so do we, and as he received help, so shall we, if we earnestly and humbly pray for it.

Phillips Brooks said, speaking of ministers: "Men are to get from us painlessly what we have got most painfully from God." Without wrestling prayer and laborious study there can be no helpful preaching. A good sermon must be tilled for.

generous support, consistent example, and diligent attendance, they have been a great source of strength to Knox Church, and it is no wonder that its members, among whom she was universally beloved, feel her loss almost as much as the members of her own family. To those who knew her best, Mrs. Watt seemed to be an embodiment of Christian love. She was truly a helpmeet to her husband, and "her children will rise up and call her blessed." Although she was not demonstrative in her piety, Mrs. Watt was possessed of a very gentle and affectionate disposition, which always manifested itself in kind words and loving deeds. To her, truly, belonged the "ornament of a meek, and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God, is of great price." Her love to the Lord Jesus Christ was supreme; her duty to Him was always her first concern, and, in her latter years, she attained a maturity of Christian experience that was remarkable. She has left behind a shining example of faith and love. May it be copied.

SUNDAY CARS.

Matthew 18th, 19th and 20th.

Mr. Editor: Let me recommend the above texts to all Christians opposed (and all should be opposed) to Sunday street cars. Have there been any united meetings of Christians, with this one subject for prayer? God will honour petitions for the observance of His own day. If the Churches, if Christians, do this, surely mammon cannot prevail.

LAYMAN.

BRANTFORD YOUNG LADIES' COLLEGE.

In another column our readers will find the announcement for the re-opening of the Brantford Young Ladies' College, on September 6th. It is scarcely necessary for us to say anything on behalf of an institution so long identified with our Church, and so well and favourably known by the ministers and elders. At the recent meeting of the General Assembly, the commissioners had an opportunity of visiting the college and its beautiful grounds, and also of seeing the students at work. There was but one opinion expressed, that for situation, healthy surroundings, home comforts, and thorough training, not only in the solid English branches, but also in those accomplishments deemed essential to a finished education, no college in the Dominion can show a better record. The past year has been a most successful one, and the enrolments for next year are equally promising.

EGOTISM.

If asked what egotism really is, the majority of people would promptly answer, vanity or selfishness. But we shall find, if we think, that more is required than these "short methods" of explanation. Whatever tendency there may be in egotism to lead to vanity and selfishness, they are not its inevitable accompaniments. For the egotist may be morbidly humble, and he may be capable of acts of great unselfishness. We shall find in egotism a variety of ingredients, some of them of directly opposite kinds one to another; and we shall notice that they are combined in various proportions in the different classes of egotists whom we shall consider. Not only vanity and selfishness, with their kindred vices of pride and ambition, but an overstrained conscientiousness—a morbid self-distrust and humility, a weakness of moral fibre and want of self-control, as well as a particular intellectual cast of mind, may all be found in various forms of egotism.

Before thinking of the most objectionable and inveterate kind of egotists, let us consider three of the more venial sort—the ostentatious, the intellectual, and the religious. The famous saying in *Punch*, "it is worse than wicked, it is vulgar," might perhaps be applied to the first of these classes; which, full of the worldly importance which wealth confers, will flaunt its horses and carriages, its wines, its

furniture and style of living, making them at once the staple of conversation with the most casual acquaintance. Perhaps a plea for mercy may be raised, on the ground that the vanity of this kind of egotist cannot be very deep-seated, since he tacitly admits that his merits rest not on himself but on his possessions, and that if he should happen to lose them, he would be a person of small consideration.

There is another class of persons who are apt to become egotists from the intellectual construction of their minds. The study of human nature and character being to them the subject of paramount interest, they naturally study their own mental and moral characteristics in order to arrive at true views on the subject. How can they, they might ask, obey the great philosopher's maxim, "Know thyself," without the closest and most concentrated self-study? The observations they may make of others are liable to the grossest mistakes, for the secret springs of other minds are veiled from them; and as they are well aware that their own friends misread them, so are they equally convinced that they must often misread others, and accuse or excuse them when accusations and excuses ought to be reversed. Even when these egotists turn their attention to those around them, they can only make conjectures about them by a process of comparison with the workings of their own minds. It must be admitted that the intellectual egotist has something to say in his own excuse, and that his egotism may have little of the alloy of vanity or selfishness. Christopher North is said to have been quite free from these faults, though he could talk all day about himself. "No one was ever tired of his form of egotism," as we read the other day in a review. Wordsworth has some claims to belong to the same class, and it would not be difficult to mention others. The religious egotist is a being deserving of much pity. He is one in whom conscientiousness is the strongest element. Indeed, his conscience is not merely fully but abnormally developed. Born in an introspective age, his natural tendency is further increased by his religious views. If they happen to be in agreement with one ecclesiastical party, he will be for ever pulling himself up by the roots to see if the required sense of "assurance" is his. If with the other, he will rack his soul with minute systems of self-examination, analysing and dissecting his motives till every symptom of his overstrained soul becomes as interesting to him as do bodily symptoms to the hypochondriac. No spoilt and exacting invalid could demand more attention than this poor sickly soul of his. If he escape the danger religious melancholy he cannot escape the just charge of egotism, if Mrs. Browning be right in saying:—

"We are wrong always when we think too much
Of what we think or are: albeit our thoughts
Be verily bitter as self-sacrifice,
We're no less selfish."

Mrs. Browning, at any rate, would refuse to acquit him of selfishness, though it be of a refined kind. He has passed the lawful limit which Bishop Barry laid down at the Church Congress, "of duty and love to the great self within us," the kind of self-love that would keep us from acting unworthily of our highest interests.

Let us now turn our attention to the worst kind of egotist from a moral point of view—the selfish egotist. If this annoying person (of either sex) has had the misfortune of being an only child, his fault will probably be aggravated by his surroundings. There will be no brothers or sisters to correct it, and though school and college may do something for him, nature and home-training being more permanent forces will hold their own in the end. We might hope much from the influence of a wife if it were not that marriage often gives double force to egotism, making it, as the French say, "l'égoïsme à deux." His unalterable conviction that there is something intrinsically interesting, remarkable and important about himself that must raise him both in his own and in other people's eyes, is half ludicrous, half pathetic. The love which should have flowed out has struck inward, and he speaks of every thought, word or act of his own with a tenderness of affection that is almost touching. The thought of any kind

action that he has done—for we will not deny him that merit—will stir him to an eloquence of genuine emotion. Whether he do the unselfish deed or not self is sure to be the winner; for, in the first case, it will be enthroned for admiring contemplation; in the second, the reasons for abstaining from the act will be studied and elaborated and arranged in the most becoming garb. There may be a certain loveableness in the man, to begin with; his love of our approbation, his craving for sympathy, may make us feel a sort of fondness for him. But our affection will be of no robust nature but of the weaker sort, born of pity with a cross of contempt. For though history introduces to us some egotists of strong character, as a rule there is a weakness of moral fibre in the egotist, showing itself in the indulgent pampering of self, and in the absence of a proper reserve and reticence. If, too, he possessed more of the strength of self-reliance, he would weary his hearers less by the appeals he makes to their opinion, in his outpourings about himself. Perhaps it is this frequent weakness of character in the egotist that gives him, as a rule, but little influence over others. For to say that a man is an egotist is not the same as to say that he is a man of strong personality. He will have little influence of a positive kind, though he may unfortunately have much of the negative and baneful sort described in Mr. Meredith's well-known novel, the hero of which (if we may call him by such a name), by his hungry and insatiable egotism, seemed to absorb and exhaust the vital forces of all around him.

If it be true that, as Bishop Butler teaches us, "self-love is not selfishness till it usurp a monstrous and unnatural predominance," the fatal error of the egotist is not that his studies begin with self, but that they end there. It is, of course, impossible to know anything or anybody except through the impression they make on us, on our senses, our feelings, our reason—and the more naturally subjective a mind is, the more keenly sensitive it is to the force with which all that is outside itself strikes it. But the egotist is at fault when he stops at the point of discovering how others affect himself, regardless of how he affects others, whether for good or ill, for pleasure or pain. All that frets or annoys himself must be removed; any one who jars upon him must be avoided, till he has contracted his prison-walls to the smallest habitable dimensions. The consequence is that so far as his object—his own happiness—is concerned, he has fewer sources of it than any of his neighbours. To quote the famous line of Wordsworth in a somewhat new connection, "The inward eye which is the bliss of solitude" becomes in time the curse of it. For there is no pleasant sin that is more closely followed by its avenger. In extreme cases, a diseased egotism is not only an effect of unsoundness of mind, but a common cause of it, as Hawthorne has pictured for us in his weird and striking sketch, "Egotism, or the Bosom-Serpent," in which the principal character is from time to time put under restraint as insane. The tale may be in the form of a parable, yet its foundations are those of reality. But we need not turn to fiction for an example of the miseries of selfish egotism. A short time ago a book was published which made a deep impression on the literary world. It contained a minute and elaborate account of the life and the thoughts of a woman of genius—Marie Bashkirtseff. The self which she so carefully portrayed was to her the object of the intensest interest, the most absorbing study, and the most devoted worship. She was consumed by a devouring ambition. The very best the world had to offer of admiration, love, honour and glory must be secured for this insatiable idol, no matter at what cost of loss or suffering to others. Should any win a distinction she coveted, jealousy pierced her as with a sharp sword. Beautiful, gifted, interesting as she was, the book presents us with a speaking picture of the Nemesis of an unbridled egotism. Her sufferings were so great that we must needs pity as well as blame her; especially as, towards the end of her short life, the inward gaze was turned outward, at least, as regards one person, and poor Marie was able to love another besides herself. But her whole previous life is a comment, if we need one, on that saying of profound truth and wisdom, "He that loveth his life shall lose it," for the life spoken of there means surely the low aims and desires bred of the self-love of the egotist, —The Spectator.

Pastor and People.

PRAY FOR ME.

BY ARCHBISHOP TRENCH.

I beg of you—I beg of you, my brothers,
For my need is very sore;
Not for gold and not for silver do I ask
you,

But for something even more,
From the depths of your heart's pity let
it be—
Pray for me.

I beg of you whose robes of radiant white-
ness

Have been kept without a stain—
Of you, who, stung to death by serpent
Pleasure,
Found the healing angel, Pain;
Whether holy or forgiven you may be—
Pray for me.

I beg of you, calm souls, whose wondering
pity

Looks at paths you never trod;
I beg of you who suffer—for all sorrow
Must be very near to God;
And my need is greater even than you see—
Pray for me.

I beg of you, O children—for He loves you,
And He loves your prayers the best;
Fold your little hands together and ask
Jesus

That the weary may have rest;
That a bird caught in a net may be set
free—
Pray for me.

I beg of you—I beg of you, my brothers,
For an alms this very day;

I am standing on your door-step as a beg-
gar
Who will not be turned away;
And the charity you give my soul shall
be—
Pray for me.

"THEM THAT HONOR ME I WILL HONOR."

The best commentary on this promise
is a series of cases in which it has
been notably fulfilled. Almost every
Christian can tell of such cases. But the
following one is given by Rev. David
Brown, D.D., in the Glasgow Christian
Leader:—

When I went to be assistant to
Rev. Edward Irving, London, in 1830, I
lived for the first year with Mr. James
Nisbet, bookseller and publisher, who was
an elder of his. After I had been some
time in the family, he told me the story
of his life, as follows: His father was a
soldier; but after the battle of Waterloo
he left the army, and took a small farm
from the Duke of Roxburgh, near Kelso,
his native place. After a year or two
the Duke wanted to enlarge his small
farms, and offered Nisbet his own one en-
larged; but as he had not money en-
ough to take it of that size, he was
allowed to keep it as it was. He was
a widower, with one son, and one day
he said to him, "Now, Jamie, this place
won't do for you. I have given you a
fair education, and you must go up to
London and try to get into some shop
or warehouse, and offer to do any work
they have to give you, till you work your
way on." He got into a West-India
house, and was employed to light the fires
and do other small jobs. He attended the
ministry of good Dr. Nichol, of Swallow-
street, Regent Quadrant, and under him
the grace of God entered the lad's heart.
When Saturday came he declined to light
the office fires on Sunday, as he would
not help others to do business on the
Lord's day. On his master insisting on
its being done, he gave up his situa-
tion. His wife remonstrated with him
on the folly of losing such a servant. He
would get plenty, no doubt, to take his
place, but they might rob his till. Better
give that lad better wages than lose one
so conscientious. "There's something in
that," he said, and determined to send
for the lad. But his wife resolved to
see him first. "I hope you're not going
to yield to your master," she said. "Cer-
tainly not," he replied. "Good," she said.
"I think he'll not insist upon it."

"Well, sir, what have you been doing
since you left this?" "Driving a bread
cart." "Oh, that's a mean occupation."
"No, sir; nothing is mean by which a
man can make a living with a good con-
science." "Will you come back if I get

another to light the office fires?" "If
you don't ask me to do it, I'm willing."
So he stayed on until he had saved a
small sum of money; and on thinking
what he could do for himself, he hit upon
a new kind of business. There were then
no religious book shops in London. Any
bookseller would order a religious book
for you, but they did not have them for
sale. So he took a small shop and ad-
vertised it as a shop for religious books.
And as this was something new, religious
people soon came to him; and as he had
a happy conversational turn (as I myself
soon found), he talked to them about the
books he kept, and what he knew about
their authors. The effect of this was to
increase the number of his customers. He
by-and-by married, and his wife stood be-
hind the counter while he talked. This
led to a step in advance. The London
Missionary Society wanted missionaries,
but could get no educated Christians to
offer themselves, and they had to take the
best Christian artisans they could get.
But these had to be educated, and a num-
ber of evangelical ministers undertook
this office. While in London, the best and
cheapest way was to board them with
some Christian family, and Nisbet was the
man they fixed on. With him and his
wife they had a happy home. At length
they were sent out to their several
spheres, and wrote, as instructed, to the
directors how they had got on, and what
reception they had had from the natives.
But as the directors met only one day
in the week, they were obliged to tell
them that they had no time for long let-
ters, and they must confine themselves to
what was most important. The poor fel-
lows didn't like this; but while they did
as they were bidden to the directors, they
poured out their whole hearts to the Nis-
bets, who they knew would read with in-
terest everything they wrote. These let-
ters Nisbet read to his customers, who
thirsted for missionary intelligence; and
this brought more business to him. But
at length he was brought to a stand.
One day he had a bill to pay of £30,
and he was short of money. He rose ear-
ly and went to prayer with his wife.
While on their knees, there came a ring
to the door. He went down, and on open-
ing it he found the Duchess of Beau-
fort's carriage at the door. "Mr. Nisbet,
I make a rule of paying my own bills,
and begin early. Yours is the first shop I
come to, and I want to pay my bill. Here
is the amount, £30." On going back to
his wife and throwing the money down,
he said, "Let us pray," and gave thanks
with all his heart. From that day he
never wanted.

PERFECT LOVE.

BY REV. A. B. SIMPSON.

The love which the apostle refers
to is our love of God. The phrase,
"Perfect love casteth out fear," explains
what he means by perfect love. It is a
love that has no doubt or dread in it,
but leans confidently on the bosom of the
Lord, trusts in the darkest hours with
unflinching confidence, and even on the
day of judgment will stand with boldness
amid the tumult and the wreck of a dis-
solving world, and claim its place in the
friendship of the Judge who sits upon the
throne.

During the late French war, a train
was carrying military dispatches from
Metz to the headquarters of the French
army. The Germans had just captured
Metz, and were marching rapidly to cut
off the French army. It was necessary
that the dispatches should reach the post
within an hour. The distance was sixty
or seventy miles. The road was rough;
the train consisted of a single coach and
locomotive; the speed was like a whirl-
wind, and the passengers, consisting of the
wife and child of the engineer, the bearer
of the dispatches, and a newspaper cor-
respondent, were hurled hither and thither
in the dashing, rushing train, like sail-
ors in a frightful storm.

To say that they were alarmed would
be little—they were in imminent and dead-
ly peril. Every moment threatened to
pitch the furious train over some embank-

ment or bridge. Rolling from side to side,
leaping at times in the air, rushing, roar-
ing on past stations where everything
made way for this whirlwind of desperate
speed and energy, the few people inside
held their breath in dismay, and often
cried out with terror as they dashed along.

But there was one person on that car
that knew nothing of their fears. It was
the little child of the engineer. Happy
as a bird amid all the excitement
around her, she laughed aloud in child-
ish glee and merriment as often as the
train would give some wild lurch and
hurl her over a seat; and, when they
looked at her in wonder, and her mother
asked her if she was not afraid, she look-
ed up and answered: "Why, my father is
at the engine!"

A little later the engineer came through
the car to cheer up his trembling wife,
and as he entered with the great drops
of sweat rolling down his soot-stained
face, the little child leaped into his arms
and laid her head upon his bosom, as hap-
py and peaceful as if she was lying on
her little cot at home. What a picture
of the perfect love that casts out fear!
What a lesson for the children of the
Heavenly Father!

Look at your little, sleeping babe put-
ting its hand in yours and letting you
lead it where you will, and learn to
trust and love the Father that cannot
err, forget nor fail.

This is the remedy for every fear—
the fear of man, the fear of yourself,
the fear of Satan, the fear of death, the
fear of falling, the fear of the future.
Only love Him and rest in His love, and
you shall dwell safely and be quiet from
the fear of God.

And, oh, what a life ours would be
if we were fully saved from all
our fears! How many of our worst trou-
bles are those that never come! God
give us the perfect love that casteth out
fear!—Christian Alliance.

JOSEPH RABINOWITZ, THE DIS- TINGUISHED JEWISH CONVERT.

A cordial reception was recently given
in the Third Presbyterian Church to the
distinguished Russian, Joseph Rabinowitz.
His name is less known among us than
that of Tolstoi; but at home it is bless-
ed above that of the great author. For
Mr. Rabinowitz stands behind a movement
which has been described by careful crit-
ics, as the most real and significant
among the Jews towards Christianity
than has been since Christ was crucified.
About a dozen years ago he visited Pal-
estine as a lawyer and a philanthropist;
seeking to find, if he could, some refuge
and future for his persecuted brethren.
He could discover nothing that promised
their deliverance, and was deeply discour-
aged. While out on the Mt. of Olives one
day, lost in meditation, the thought
arose; can it be, that the man who was
crucified over there on Calvary, is the true
and only leader of Israel? And so firm-
ly did this question seize him that, re-
turning to his lodgings in the city, and
taking up a copy of the New Testament
which he brought along merely as a
guide-book of travel, he began to read,
if haply this inquiry might find answer.
There and then the Lord, "even Jesus,"
was revealed to him and he worshipped
Him as the Messiah. Returning to Rus-
sia, he greatly surprised those who had
known him, by telling the story of his
great change. He preached Jesus as the
only hope of Israel, and crowds came to
hear his story. Thousands came where
there was room for only hundreds. By and
by, because of opposition arising, he vis-
ited St. Petersburg, and applied to the
highest authority at the court of the
Czar, for permission to preach Christ
in Kischenow, Southern Russia. As there
were 60,000 Jews in residence there, the
field was great, and as he found "white
thorn harvest." At first the lofty official
at the capital paid him slight respect;
but later he yielded this divinely honored
man of God what has not been given
to any man outside the orthodox Church—

permission to preach as he would. Through
the generosity of Christians in Scotland
a large audience-room was erected in Kis-
chenow; and there Mr. Rabinowitz has
seen wonders done in the name of Jesus
of Nazareth, the Son of God. In person
Mr. Rabinowitz appears to be sixty
years old. But when one hears his tor-
rents of speech, and sees the flash of his
eye, and notes the wealth of his imagina-
tion, and his wonderful power in handling
the Word of God, one thinks of him as a
young man of entirely unspent powers. His
visit to America, and Chicago, has been
brought about that he may lend a hand
in the Hebrew mission work, which is
being actively prosecuted in the World's
Fair city. A mighty stream of emigrant
Russian Jews has stopped in this great
city; and the hope is that Mr. Rabin-
owitz may contribute largely to the
redemption of these from the darkness
and death in which they are sunk, by a
few months of work with those who are
concerned for the conversion of the Jew
to Jesus. Professor H. M. Scott of the
Chicago Theological Seminary, and Mr.
William Blackstone have been the chief
supporters of this mission. At the re-
ception in the Third church, both of these
gentlemen, also Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Bos-
ton, and Rev. Dr. Withrow, the pastor,
spoke words of welcome. But the speech
of the evening was by Mr. Rabin-
owitz. Through broken English he pour-
ed a Christian believer's soul so as to make
words stand for sentences and sentences
for arguments. The deep piety of the
man promises results commensurate with
his intellectual powers. He is a lawyer-
preacher, aflame with the love of Christ.

BEYOND THE REACH OF SCIENCE.

High as man is placed above the
creatures around him, there is a higher
and far more exalted position within his
view; and the ways are infinite in which
he occupies his thoughts about the fears,
or hopes, or expectations of a future life.
I believe that the truth of the future
cannot be brought to his knowledge by
any exertion of his mental powers, how-
ever exalted they may be; that it is
made known to him by other teaching
than his own, and is received through
simple belief of the testimony given.
Let no one suppose for a moment that
the self-education I am about to com-
mend in respect to the things of this
life extends to any considerations of
the hope set before us, as if man by
reasoning could find out God. It
would be improper here to enter upon
this subject further than to claim an ab-
solute distinction between religious
and ordinary belief. I shall be re-
proached with the weakness of refusing
to apply those mental operations which
I think good in respect of high things
to the very highest. I am content to
bear the reproach. Yet even in earth-
ly matters, I believe that the invisible
things of Him from the creation of the
world are clearly seen, being understood
by the things that are made, even His
eternal power and Godhead; and I have
never seen anything incompatible be-
tween those things of man which can be
known by the spirit of man which is
within him, and those higher things con-
cerning his future which he cannot know
by that spirit.—Prof. Faraday.

Father Barry, the English delegate to
the Chicago Temperance Congress, writ-
ing to the Liverpool Catholic Times, and
speaking of Toronto, says: "We saw here
an admirable example of the benefits of
temperance. In that bright and genial
city, the law is on the side of temperance.
Saloons merely for drinking purposes do
not exist. Hotels are limited in number,
strictly watched, and held to guaran-
tees for their good behavior. Sunday
closing is rigidly enforced, and the houses
shut at seven on Saturday evening. The
population are sober, the churches well
attended, and the clergy feel that their
incessant toil for the good of their con-
gregations is not thrown away." That
is not bad from an Englishman.

Our Young Folks.

THE LITTLE ARM-CHAIR.

Nobody sits in the little arm-chair;
It stands in a corner dim;
But a white-haired mother gazing there,
And yearningly thinking of him,
Sees through the dusk of the long ago
The bloom of her boy's sweet face,
As he rocks so merrily to and fro,
With a laugh that cheers the place.

Sometimes he holds a book in his hand,
Sometimes a pencil and slate,
And the lesson is hard to understand,
And the figures hard to mate;
But she sees the nod of his father's head,
So proud of the little son,
And she hears the word so often said,
"No fear for our little one."

They were wonderful days, the dear sweet days,
When a child with sunny hair
Was hers to scold, to kiss, and to praise,
At her knee in the little chair.
She lost him back in the busy years,
When the great world caught the man,
And he strode away past hopes and fears
To his place in the battle's van.

But now and then in a wistful dream,
Like a picture out of date,
She sees a head with a golden gleam
Bent over a pencil and slate,
And she lives again the happy day,
The day of her young life's spring,
When the small arm-chair stood just in the way,
The centre of everything.
—Margaret E. Sangster, in Harper's Bazar.

TOLD IN THE DARK.

Leo was in bed. He had said "Now I lay me;" then he had asked his mother to turn down the light.

Leo was a very lion to face all outside foes. He was not so brave when face to face with the little knight of right within him. That was what mother called his conscience—the little knight of right.

Mother knew what it meant when Leo asked to have the light turned out; she sat down on the bed, and took Leo's hand and said in a tender, encouraging way:—

"Tell mother all about it."

Leo lay very still for some minutes, then he burst out in a boy's way right in the middle of the story:—

"Perhaps you'll think 'twasn't so—an' I don't know as I'd believe it myself, only I saw them with my own eyes—I did, mother! an' you'll say yes, won't you, mother? I couldn't help it, really I couldn't—an' she's down in the kitchen!"

Mother smiled. She stroked the little brown fist. She spoke gently.

"What was the strange sight, and who is 'she'?"

"Well, it was this way. We boys were coming home from skating, just dark, an' a cat scatted across the road, an' all the fellows snowballed her—I did, too, mother—an' she tried to squirm through a picket fence an' got caught an' couldn't get through or back, an' the boys yelled—an' that very minute the East Enders fired on us from over the wall, an' we had a regular fight, an' drove em all the way back, just like the minute men that time at Lexington."

"Then it was dark, an' I came home from the corner alone. An' along in the pine woods—this is true, mother, 'tis, I saw it with my own eyes—I saw that kit's face in the dark, in the air—an' lots of other kittens' faces—the dark was full of them, an' all the eyes looked at me, so beggin'-like: I was so sorry—an' a little bit afraid, too—an' I just started an' ran."

"Did you leave the kitten faces behind when you ran home?" asked mother.

"I didn't run home—I run back the road where we slowballed the kit; an' there she was, stuck fast in the fence, an' mewin' just awful—an' I got her out an' brought her home, an'—an'—she's down in the kitchen now!"

The little brown fingers squirmed around mother's as he went on doubtfully, "An' you will say yes, won't you, mother? I couldn't help it—I really couldn't, mother—an' we've only three other kits, you know—only three, mother!"

Mother lifted the little brown fist and kissed it. "We will take care of her somehow," she said.

Leo was very still for the next minute or two, then he suddenly asked:—

"But the faces, mother, the kittens' faces in the dark—how came they there? Such a many kits' faces—and such eyes!"

Mother kissed Leo again, this time on his red lips, as she replied:

"Perhaps it was the doing of the little knight of right!"

THE HIGHLAND SOLDIER.

Writing from Cairo, a lady relates the following touching incident. She was allowed to visit the military hospital soon after some wounded men had been brought in from a skirmish.

"The three hours we could stay were full of work for heart and hand. One you soldier from a Highland regiment especially excited my interest. He had lost a limb, and could not, the doctor said, live through the night. I stopped at his side to see if there was anything I could do for him. He lay with closed eyes, murmuring, 'Mother, mother.' I dipped my handkerchief in a basin of ice water, and bathed his forehead where the fever flushes burned. Oh, that is good!" he said, opening his eyes. Seeing me bending over him, he caught my hand and kissed it. "Thank you, lady," he said, and smiled; "it minds me o' my mother."

"Can I write to your mother?" I asked.

"No," he said; "the surgeon promised to write to her." But could I, would I sing to him?

"I hesitated a moment, and looked around. The gleam of the sun on the yellow waters of the Nile, as the western rays slanted down, caught my eye, and suggested the river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God. I began to sing in a low voice the hymn, 'Shall we gather at the river?' Eager heads were raised around us to listen more intently, while bass and tenor voices weak and tremulous, came in on the chorus:—

"Yes we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God."

When the song was ended, I looked into the face of the boy—for he was not over twenty—and said, "Shall you be there?"

"Yes, I'll be there, through what the Lord Jesus has done for me," he answered, with his blue eyes shining, while the light that never was on land or sea irradiated his face.

"The tears gathered in my eyes as I thought of the mother, in her far-off Scottish home, watching and waiting for tidings of her soldier boy who was breathing away his life in an Egyptian hospital; and I sang,—

"In the sweet by-and-by
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

"I then stooped and kissed his forehead.

"Do come again, lady; come again," I heard on all sides as we left the barracks. I shall go, but I shall not find my Scottish laddie; for by to-morrow's reveille he will have crossed the river."

A STORY ABOUT VENICE.

Let me tell you a story about the pigeons of Venice. If you were there you could see, at two o'clock every afternoon, flocks and flocks of pigeons alighting on the pavement near the great church of St. Mark's. No one ever thinks of disturbing them; no boy or girl in Venice would dare to throw a stone at them. But the people, young and old, like to go at that hour to see tame, beautiful birds.

What do they come for? To be fed. A great many years ago, in the early days of Venice, the people used to keep what they called movable stores in the great square. They were something like the fruit stands at our corners, only they were

dotted about in the square, and a large umbrella was spread over each. One man had four of these and was quite rich. He was a good, kind hearted man, and liked to have the pigeons come down from their cotes away up in the high buildings and pick up the crumbs around his stores. The magistrates, seeing him so interested in the birds, allowed him a sum of money to buy food for them, and he was to feed them every day at a certain hour.

Why this was done we do not know, unless it was for the pleasure of having the birds around. For Venice is a strange city, built on a great many little islands; the streets are all water and the people go about in boats. They never ride, and there are many persons there who never saw a horse or even a cow. They have a few dogs, and the government are so kind that they have water carried every morning to fill the vessels all over the city where the dogs may drink. Perhaps it was this same kindness that led them to provide for the pigeons.

After awhile there was a change in the government and the birds were neglected, but they still had a friend. A kind woman who lived near the great church, began to miss the birds. Her name was Signora Polcastro. She made up her mind that if there was no one else to feed them she would. She did this as long as she lived, and when she died it was found that she had left money enough in her will to feed the pigeons always.

So now, strangers who go to Venice can go out in the square any day at two o'clock and see the pigeons fed. They come by hundreds and seem to enjoy their food and company very much.

All my little readers, I am sure, would like to go to see them; and would want to feed them, too.—The Angelus.

THE ROMAN SLAVE.

Blandina was a Roman slave girl; one of a down-trodden race, for whom life held little of love and less of pleasure. What marvel then, when to her was made known the story of Jesus' love, that it filled her heart to overflowing with gratitude. Was it possible, the Incarnate God Himself, loved her? That He had stooped to a slave's death to redeem and bless the slave? Matchless grace! To her heart the name of Christ became exceedingly precious; but her fidelity was to be sorely tried. A fierce persecution of the Christians was then raging in Rome. Blandina was arrested. The delicate girl of sixteen was racked, scourged, and her flesh torn with iron hooks to induce her to deny her Redeemer. In vain. All that torture could wring from her was the repeated declaration: "I am a Christian!" "I am a Christian!" words which seemed to support her wonderfully. When exposed at last to be torn by wild beasts, a calm, sweet smile rested upon her face, and, with the name of Christ upon her lips, the poor slave passed home to the glory land.

Dear young reader, the Bible speaks of all who are not God's children as being slaves to sin. What a dreadful fact! But the Lord Jesus died a slave's death to redeem the slave. Has he redeemed you? Are you one of the redeemed? Is His name precious to you as it was to this poor child, who could rejoice amid the bitterest suffering that she was "counted worthy to suffer shame for His name?" Are you ashamed of Jesus, or have you courage to confess His name, by living a holy life to His honour and glory?—Dayspring.

The Rev. Sidney Phillips, Vicar of Kidderminster: What was to be said of the family life of the people of England today. The lax views of marriage, the increasing luxury and its attendant vices, the constant efforts that are made to explain away the laws of God, the difficulties which are put in the path of those who desire to give definite religious instruction to the young, the increasing neglect of Sunday observance, had placed the home in danger.

Teacher and Scholar.

Se. 1. 3rd, } PAUL SHIPWRECKED. { Acts xxvii.,
1893. } 30-44.
GOLDEN TEXT.—God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.—Ps. xlii. 1.

After Paul's appearance before Agrippa, the time of his departure for Italy was fixed. With certain other prisoners he was placed under the charge of a centurion, Aristarchus and Luke (v. 2) were among his companions. Not being able to sail direct to Italy, they embarked on a vessel, which coasted along the shore of Asia Minor. At Myra, they were transferred to an Egyptian vessel bound for Italy with a cargo of wheat. Their course is minutely traced until they reached the harbour of Fair Havens, on the south side of the island of Crete. As the coast of the island trends here suddenly towards the north, a ship could make no further progress against the northwest winds with which they had been contending. The season was now so late (Oct.) that hope of reaching Italy before winter was given up. But Phenice, a harbor farther west in Crete, was more convenient to winter in. So, when the wind seemed favorable, the attempt was made, against Paul's advice, to reach it. A storm, however, suddenly sprang up and drove the vessel southward. The temporary shelter of the lee side of a little island enabled them to undergird the ship. Twice they had to lighten it, and as the storm kept on, day after day, they despaired of safety. In this emergency Paul cheered them with hope of deliverance. After two weeks drifting they found themselves at night in the neighborhood of land, and anchoring from the stern waited, longing for day.

1. Frustrated attempt of the sailors to leave the ship. Doubtful whether the ship could outride the storm and be brought safely to shore, the sailors selfishly resolved to abandon it, and leave the others on board to their fate. For this purpose they let down the little boat, under pretence of laying out anchors from the foreship. Paul's watchful eye discerned their purpose. Knowing that the soldiers were destitute of the skill needful, if the ship was to be managed, he pointed out to them and the centurion the impossibility of escape unless the crew remained. The soldiers at once set the boat adrift, by cutting the ropes which fastened it to the vessel, and so frustrated the attempt.

2. Renewed encouragement by Paul. During the time the ship was driven about those on board had no inclination to take any regular meals. But safety required them to keep up their strength, for labor and fatigue would yet have to be encountered before they reached shore. Paul, stepping naturally into a leading position, urges on them the need of taking food, and again gives them, in a proverbial form (1 Kings i. 52; Luke xxi. 18), the assurance of entire safety, for which he had a divine pledge. Then, performing the usual office of the head of the Hebrew family, he gave thanks to God, and breaking bread, (not in any sacramental way), probably distributed it among those present, according to the Hebrew custom, and set them the example by beginning to eat. His words and bearing raised their hopes, and with the more cheerful state of mind their appetites returned. The number on board shows that their vessel was of large size. That the ship might draw as little water as possible, when they ran ashore, they again lightened it, casting out the bulk of the cargo.

3. The wreck. The land which they saw when day dawned was unknown to them. It has been identified with what is now called St. Paul's Bay, on the north west of Malta. It was out of the regular line of sea travel, and had no striking features that would make it readily recognizable. The bay is formed by the main shore on the south and west, and by a little island, which comes within a hundred yards of it on the north. The coast, while for the most rocky, had at one point a beach, i. e. a smooth, sandy shore. Here they determined to run the ship ashore. Leaving the anchors in the sea, and loosing the bands by which the rudders had been tied, they raised the foresail, to cause it to move shoreward with greatest precision and velocity. The outlet of the channel between the little island and Malta is thought to be meant by the place where two seas met, at which the ship ran aground. The bottom of the bay is of so peculiar a nature that the prow of the ship would strike a bed of mud, graduating into tenacious clay. This was what haled it fast, while the stern, exposed to the force of the waves, began to break up. The soldiers, whose lives were answerable for the safe-keeping of the prisoners, showed themselves as selfish in a way as the sailors had been, and counselled that all should be killed. The centurion, out of regard for Paul, restrained them. Those able to swim were commanded to get first to land; and the others, floating on whatever they could get hold of, all succeeded in making their escape.

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The Canada Presbyterian

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, MANAGER.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 23RD 1893.

The award in the Behring Sea case seems to satisfy everybody except those who have money in the business. The British people say they have won, on most points, and the Americans think they have more than held their own, but the Victoria men who catch the seal, say their business is destroyed.

Not so long ago, the Behring Sea case would have caused a long and expensive war. The only war that took place in Paris was a war of words between the American and British lawyers. Governments are becoming more sensible every day. They do not spend millions of money, or shed rivers of blood, to please mere jingoes. The award made in Paris is satisfactory to most of the parties concerned, and it cost little money, and not a tear or a drop of blood.

English politicians, with a liking for aesthetic and theological questions, have an interesting problem under consideration. Chamberlain, with his usual good taste, compared Gladstone to Herod; the inference, of course, being that he might come to the same end. Mr. O'Connor retaliated by calling Chamberlain, Judas. Now, the problem is, whether it is a greater parliamentary offence to compare an old man like Gladstone to Herod, or a man like Chamberlain to Judas Iscariot. It is a great problem, and may never be solved. It should be referred to a committee.

So far, the palm must be given to the Senator who settled the Sunday car question by saying, the Creator has given us electricity; let us use it for propelling Sunday cars. He might as well have said, the Creator has given us strychnine, therefore let us give an overdose to everybody we do not like. Or the Creator has given us dynamite, or gunpowder, therefore we may use them for blowing up our rivals in business. The argument that we may use as we please, everything the Creator has given us, is far reaching, and may be applied in many ways. The Senate must be a wonderful place when one of its most prominent members reasons in that way.

Some of the so-called arguments of the Sunday car advocates are an insult to every citizen of average intelligence. "Give the cars," say they, "to those who want them, you Sabbatarians need not use them if you do not wish to do so. It would be just as complimentary to the intelligence of the people to say, "Let us open a saloon on every street corner, and a shebeen in every park, you moralists need not enter them unless you wish." Things have come to a dangerous pass, if every man who opposes evil can be successfully put down by simply saying, "You need not do it if you do not wish to." Every crime in the calendar might be defended in that way.

Again we remind our friends in Toronto that the result of Saturday's voting will depend very much on organization. It is useless to say that citizens should go to the polls without being asked or provided with a conveyance. Of course they should, but some of them will not do so. There is no use in quarrelling with hard facts on polling day. The business for that day is to bring out the vote. The vote cannot be poll-

ed without proper organization. It is all very well to say that the cause is good. That is quite true; but no cause is so good that it can be left to take care of itself in a world like ours. There has been quite enough of talking and writing. Will our friends kindly remember that ballots—not speeches—will be counted on Saturday evening.

Years ago, a member of the Ontario Government, then in office, stated that there was little use in holding ward meetings in Toronto for the discussion of political questions. The class of people who attended such meetings, went to hiss and hoot, and had neither the will nor the ability to listen to intelligent speeches. Manifestly, matters have not improved. It is no exaggeration to say, that some of the meetings held on the Sabbath car question were a disgrace to the city. Men of the standing of the speakers, would be heard respectfully in any other part of Ontario; but in the capital—in what is charitably called the centre of intelligence and culture—some of the best men in the city could scarcely get a hearing. Decent citizens should either go to these meetings in sufficient numbers to keep the hoodlums down, or remain away altogether.

The clergymen of Toronto who oppose Sunday cars are accused, and, by some, roundly abused, because they are guilty of an offence called, "clerical domination," whatever that may mean. The two or three clerics who favour Sunday cars, are broadminded, generous, liberal, and, we presume, most godly men. It was exactly so during the Scott Act campaign. The ministers who supported the Act were guilty of priest-riding and many other heinous offences, but the few who opposed the adoption of the Act, were noble, liberty loving Christians. It so happens that one well-known Toronto minister was not in favour of the Scott Act, and he is making a strong fight against Sunday cars. He was a good man then, but he is a clerical tyrant and priest-rider now. The Sunday car and liquor men like a minister when he agrees with them, and call him had names when he does not.

THE SUNDAY STREET CAR MEETINGS.

These meetings are being held almost nightly in some part of the city, and the perfect freedom, frankness and confidence with which those for and those against street cars meet each other on the same platform, and side by side in the same audience, is one of the most interesting exhibitions of the working of self-government among a free people that can be seen or desired. The very struggle over this question is an education of the highest value to our citizens and to the country. Attending these meetings, or reading the full reports of them given by the daily press, must upon all fair minds leave the impression that, if Toronto gives up her Sabbath as it has been observed and enjoyed in the past, it will not be because of the manservable force of argument brought forward in favour of doing so. There can be no doubt in the mind of anyone at all disposed calmly to look at and weigh arguments, that this is just what the advocates of Sunday street cars lack. When the citizens of Toronto are asked to give up a practice which has been followed for years and has called forth unmasked admiration, if not the envy, of visitors from all lands, it is due that reasons the most amply sufficient for taking such a step should be forthcoming. It is impossible to say that they are. When we see the able men, who with the utmost earnestness urge the making of this great change in Toronto's Sabbath, one cannot but conclude that the reason why better arguments are not produced is that they cannot be found. When men's feelings are deeply enlisted in a cause for which they cannot find sound reasons, they are then obliged to answer argument by bold assertion, by bluster, sneers, calling names, begging the question

and imputing motives. This is strikingly the case in this contest with those who favour Sunday street cars. It has not been denied, no doubt because it cannot be successfully, that one great reason for seeking this change, the main reason in fact, is the desire on the part of the Street Car Company to make more money by it. Incidentally, the city also, if it looks after its pecuniary interests as sharply and as unscrupulously as the Company is doing, may make some money. This, then, is one argument for Toronto giving up its quiet, orderly, restful Sabbath—we are losing money by it. Will a little more money, supposing it is made—many are doubtful if it will—compensate for the sacrifice we are asked to make? At best it is a paltry and most sordid reason.

Admitting that there is something in the argument that the cars would enable some people to get out to the parks, who just now cannot, seeing that the Saturday half-holiday is so generally observed, and steadily becoming more so, that there are so many available ways for those who need and wish an outing on Sunday, sufficient for all the purposes of health, getting it, will running street cars for the convenience of this small part of the community make up for the noise and disturbance the cars must make, the injury done to the feelings and convictions of thousands, and for the labour a great many will be compelled to do in connection with them? Money again is the answer. It will enable many men, it is said, who are willing to work on Sunday, to make a dollar for the support of their families. While making his dollar for his lower wants, supposing he really has them, is he not clearly starving his higher nature and doing violence to his better self, which, while he is wronging it, he would not deny he has? Much is made of a day off but the Sabbath a quiet, peaceful, restful day for the man himself and his family, and a day of social elevating worship. What will the Street Railway Company do with a man who says, "I cannot work at all on any Sunday; it is against my conscience to do so"? Some talk loudly of the right of the poor man to go to the parks, and to have street cars if he wishes them. Quite true; no one doubts that right; the thing to show is, the right of one man to compel another to convey him to the parks either on his back or by a street car. This has not been attempted. It is also a new principle of government, that when a body of citizens wish to have anything, it is the duty of their fellow-citizens to let them have it though they may believe it to be injurious for the city as a whole, and even if they believe it to be morally wrong, they must offer no opposition. This high-sounding talk about inalienable right in this matter is unmitigated nonsense.

The argument that other cities run street cars is silly in the extreme. If other cities do what we here believe to be injurious or wrong, how can that be a reason why we should follow their example? No answer has been given to the argument advanced from observation and experience, that unnecessary Sunday labour of all kinds is physically, mentally and morally injurious to man, and tends in every way to continually increasing deterioration. No reply has been given to this further than that, the citizens of Toronto are so superlatively virtuous, there is no fear in their case. Beautiful modesty! Especially is it so from men who taunt the clergy with assumptions of superiority and plentifully belabor them with sneers and offensive names. They and those who think like them are frankly told that they have no right to speak, as they can stay off the cars if they do not wish to use them. This sounds well, this is beautifully consistent, coming from those who seek to make a point in their distress, by the cry—a false one they know—of clerical intimidation.

The amount of ignorance, of bold reiterated assertion of arguments, already often refuted, of calling of names by not a few of the advocates of street cars, is simply amazing, and makes it impossible to

respect either their manners or their intellectual or moral character. "Intolerant, hypocritical, Puritanical," are still made to do service for arguments. Men who cannot or will not reason fairly still harp upon the Sunday being a Jewish institution, although it has been shown again and again that it existed long before the Jewish people or Jewish legislation, that the Sabbath was made for man, that it is imbedded in the moral law, the need for it in man's very being, and that we have no more right to tamper with this law than with that against theft or murder. The advocates for street cars, the best of them, never get even within sight of any grand, broad, universal moral principle on which to discuss this question and by which it should be decided. So far as this view of the subject is concerned they appear up to the present moment to be smitten with moral blindness. Such is the impression produced by the whole discussion so far. Let it be noticed by those who do not care to follow long arguments, that against the street cars are all the clergy of the city, with only a few exceptions, with a few exceptions also, all temperance advocates and workers, all the Christian Endeavourers, a great body of the friends of labour, the great majority of Church members, and nearly all Sunday School teachers, and of the whole body of the Press in the city, whose Press is an honour to it, only one newspaper has ventured on an out-and-out advocacy of the Sunday street cars. Take these citizens away from the whole population, and while we have not a word to say unkind or hurtful to those who honestly believe that in advocating Sunday street cars they are striving for a public benefit, we would prefer not to have such friends as their present position compels them to have.

ANOTHER GREAT TRIUMPH.

The formal publication of the decision of the High Court of Arbitration in the great Behring Sea case, is an event of world-wide significance. Opinions in Canada, Great Britain, and the United States, differ widely as to the merits of the final award as regards the claims of the parties concerned. Into this question it is not our purpose to enter. None of the interested nations, hint for a moment at anything showing the smallest trace of partiality on the part of the Court to which they referred their differences. This is a great matter. The Court would have needed to be more than human, to give perfect satisfaction to all the claimants, but from the nature of the complaints made, we should judge that the award, on the whole, is as nearly just to all as could be expected. While we would not say that the question of material advantages is one of no importance, or of small importance in itself, yet, comparatively, it is of small importance. The fact of the settlement of a serious and long standing international difficulty, by the peaceful and rational method of arbitration, and not by an appeal to the sword, is the thing of real importance. This is of incalculable value, not only to the nations immediately concerned, but to mankind at large. It is an object lesson to which the eyes of all civilized nations have been turned, and to which they will often be directed in the future. Its effect in leading to the more general adoption, finally, we may venture to hope, to the universal adoption of this method of settling international disputes, is of world-wide importance. The fact of this being a dispute between English-speaking nations, no doubt, made arbitration more easy than it might otherwise have been, but the rapid and continually increasing interchange among nations, is helping every day to reduce the difficulty arising out of language, in the way of this mode of settling international quarrels. The numerous, rather the innumerable social and commercial bonds existing between the parties in this case, pointed to arbitration as being the only rational mode of settlement, and, doubtless, greatly facilitated it. War, in this instance,

would have been an outrage on the feelings of common humanity. But the more that, by means of easy, rapid, and safe communication among the nations, social and commercial bonds multiply and draw them close together, the more unnatural will war appear, and the more anxious will nations become to shun so terrible, uncertain, and unsatisfactory a mode of settling their disputes. Along this line also, we may cherish the hope, nay, feel a certainty that wars will become less frequent, and, finally, be unknown. It is also a point which cannot be overlooked, that this mode of settling matters of difference between nations, and of serious danger, has first come into practice, on a large scale, in the case of Protestant peoples. Is it too much to conclude from this, that the teachings of the Gospel and those views of divine truth which are peculiar to Protestantism tend more than do any other which have as yet been tried upon mankind, to bring about the happy result, over which, whatever may be the feeling with respect to the material advantages being on one side or the other, the three great nations concerned, alike rejoice. If this is so, and we cannot help believing that there is much in it, does it not furnish a strong argument founded upon humanity, added to these strongest of all arguments, the last commission of our risen Saviour, and His love for men as shown in His atoning sufferings and death, to press on with an ever-intensifying zeal and self-sacrifice in making known the Gospel of peace, as we hold it, to all the nations of the earth, and so the day be hastened on, when men shall beat their swords into ploughshares, their spears into pruning hooks, and learn the art of war no more.

THE HOME MISSION AND AUGMENTATION FUNDS.

The circular from the Rev. Dr. Cochran, which we publish in this week's issue, anent these two funds, really tells its own story. The history of our Home Missions has almost from the first been one of the most encouraging success in itself, and has, through the Church, been fraught with untold blessing to the whole Dominion. What would Presbyterianism have been, and how different in many most important respects, would the history of our country have been, but for our Home Missions? Not only the pressing need existing in many parts of the country, especially in our great North-West and British Columbia, but the abundant success with which it has pleased God to crown our present efforts, make the strongest possible claim upon the whole Church for a liberal response to the call of the Home Mission Committee through its convener. Anxiously do scores of our missionaries watch for the degree of support accorded to this fund, and the extent to which hundreds and thousands of our people, and others as well, shall enjoy the ordinances of religion, depends upon the support we give it. Not only is this important to our mission fields and stations, to our weak congregations, and to their pastors, in its pecuniary aspects, but as furnishing a real and true index of the existence and sincerity of our sympathy with them in their arduous, and often lonely and ill-requited labours. Let these Presbyteries especially, who have least Home Mission work within their bounds, and consequently are most apt to forget the obligation resting upon them in this respect, and resting on them all the more that they generally enjoy an unbroken supply of Gospel ordinances, and are also in the most comfortable worldly circumstances, let them especially show their real interest by a larger liberality. We all pray for the spread of the Gospel at home and abroad, and some can give little more than their prayers, but in the case of those to whom God has given the ability to do more, and who yet withhold it, prayer without giving is little, if any better at all, than a mockery, a piece of hypocrisy and superstition.

HEROES OF THE EARLY CHURCH.

JUSTIN MARTYR (BORN 103 A.D.)

About the time the last apostle was finishing his noble career, a child was born at Sychar in Samaria, who was destined to play an important part amongst the men of that generation: his name was Justin. The writings of Ignatius and Polycarp were short practical addresses exclusively to Christians; but in Justin the Church found a man of great gifts and extensive culture, who was able to wield most vigorously the pen of the polemic, to defend the citadel of truth, and to refute the vile calumnies that were circulated concerning the Christian Church. He was the first writer on Christian apologetics, and has handed down to the Church and to posterity a brilliant reputation, and an imperishable monument in his writings. Though of heathen extraction, he was favoured with a liberal education; he applied himself diligently to the study of the Greek language, to all the branches of the Grecian culture, and more especially to the works of the great philosophers, Plato being his favourite author. His study of heathen mythology, while it left him restless and dissatisfied, created and fostered a strong desire for further research and enquiry.

When but a stripling he left his Samaritan home and travelled through different countries in quest of knowledge; reminding one of the parable of the merchantman in search of goodly pearls. He took nothing on trust, but carefully examined the various systems and schools of philosophy, and sought out the public teachers and learned men of every land through which he passed. The teachings of Plato, and especially his sublime speculations about the "Immortality of the Soul" fascinated his mind, and following such a guide he seemed to stand with throbbing heart knocking for entrance at the gates of life, yet they opened not. He had traversed the length and breadth of the regions of philosophy; he had visited its temples, its groves, and its renowned teachers; and, at length, after immense labour, he had gained the summit of their highest discoveries; but alas, when he looked forth upon the scene which he expected to reward him for all his toils, a heavy mist lay along the landscape, so that, philosophy, in an important sense, left him where she found him, in the regions of conjecture and uncertainty.

O thou, whoe'er thou art, whose steps are led,
By choice or fate, these lonely shores to tread,
If e'er thy sight would blissful scenes explore,
The current pass and seek the further shore.

The story of his conversion is thus told: He was walking in a retired path near the sea, wrapped in meditation, when an old man, on seeing his long robe, the badge of the professed truth-seeker, approached and accosted him. How often has the casual meeting between two strangers turned out to be the pivot period upon which their destiny was moved and shaped. You learn this at the Well of Samaria, on the road to Damascus, in the Library at Emfurther, and also in the meeting between Wesley and the Moravians who explained to him the way of salvation by faith. Justin and the stranger paced the beach in earnest conversation. Step by step did this unknown teacher conduct him away from the paths of ancient philosophy, and from all man-made systems, to the very door of the great temple of revealed truth, and placing the key of that door in his hands, he said, "It is there in the Scriptures you will find everything which it concerns you to know for the attainment of true happiness. But, above all, ask of God to open your heart to the light, for without the will of God and of His Son, Jesus Christ, it is not given to any man to attain to the truth." With palpitating heart, Justin followed him through all the windings of his exciting and

fascinating discourse. A new world of thought and experience, with its glowing landscapes and radiant skies had opened before him as if in a dream. And as he could do nothing by halves, the earnest philosopher became at once the devoted Christian, and uncompromising champion and defender of the faith. He closely watched the private and public conduct of Christ's followers to see if they were true to their profession, and if they were firmly attached to their principles. The conviction came home to him, and each day increased its force, that the world had never seen the like of those who formed the Christian band; their lives were sublimely simple and transparently pure; they feared no foe, and welcomed death. This led Justin to remark, "I was once an admirer of Plato and I heard the Christians abused; but when I saw them meet death and all that is accounted awful among men without dismay, I knew it to be impossible that they should be living in sin and crime. I despised the opinion of the multitude—I glory in being a Christian, and take every pains to prove myself worthy of my calling."

After making a public profession of the religion of Christ he did not lay aside the philosophic garb or cloak peculiar to the sages of that day; and having formerly travelled through many lands in search of knowledge, he now became an itinerant missionary of the Cross, baptized with an unquenchable zeal for the saving of souls. Day after day he might be seen in the crowded thoroughfare of some of the great cities of the empire, and most often in Rome itself, discoursing to eager groups of listeners and enquirers of the deep things of God, literally realizing the inspired picture of the celestial wisdom which crieth without and lifteth up her voice in the streets. The idle passers-by were attracted by the well-known garb which they revered in their own heathen teachers, and approaching with a prejudice in his favour saluted him with "Hail, sage philosopher," and then waited to hear what he had to say about that new wisdom from the East.

In Rome he established a school for instructing those who were anxious to receive Divine knowledge, at the same time his house served as a place of meeting for the Christians of that city. At this period the followers of Christ were labouring under general misunderstanding rather than any state persecution, and this was regarded by Justin as a suitable time to write his First Apology to the Emperor Antoninus Pius and his sons, in the year A. D. 150. In his masterly defence of the truth you see Christianity no longer concealing itself within the narrow walls of its own places of assemblage, but coming forth to the light, approaching the foot of the throne; and though the attitude is that of a suppliant, yet from the very way in which it puts forth its claims to the inalienable rights of conscience, it proclaims its moral superiority, and in the name of an apology, Justin publicly preaches its doctrines in the ears of his sovereign and of the world. Such an indefatigable labourer in the cause of the Saviour, and such a writer of mark could not long fail to arouse the antipathy of his enemies, and to bring down upon himself the penalty ever ready to be inflicted on the good and the true. Yet it was not until the days of Marcus Aurelius that the axe was lifted to cut down this noble cedar. He and several others were brought before Rusticus, Governor of Rome. Being asked ironically by the prefect, if he believed that after his decapitation he would ascend to heaven, "I am so sure," he replied, "of the grace which Jesus Christ hath obtained for me that not a shadow of doubt can enter my mind." He was commanded instantly to sacrifice to the gods, but refused, saying, "We desire nothing better than to suffer for our Lord Jesus Christ, for this gives us salvation and joyfulness before His dread judgment seat, at which all the world must stand." These were his last words, after which he fell like a Roman citizen before the headsman's axe, and thus gained the martyr's crown.—Rev. James Outhbertson, in Great Thoughts.

Books and Magazines

We acknowledge receipt from the Provincial Government of the Statutes of the Province of Ontario, passed last session.

The Mothers' Nursery Guide. The title of this monthly explains and describes itself. It is well filled with most readable articles and paragraphs which cannot but prove of great value to mothers and all others who have the care and nursing of children. The Babyhood Publishing Co., 5 Beckman street, New York.

Book News for August contains its usual full quota of, to the book-lover, appetizing notices and sketches of new books with many interesting illustrations. The last part of it is made up of a descriptive list of books, arranged under the heads of subjects on which they treat. John Wannamaker, Philadelphia.

The Annual Announcement of Trinity Medical College, Toronto, established 1850, and in affiliation with Trinity University, the University of Toronto, Queen's University and the University of Manitoba, gives full information about its staff and course of study for the session of 1893-4. Daniel Rose, 24 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

The Methodist Magazine for July is a most readable and interesting number, furnishing an agreeable variety of prose and verse, of new and continued articles, almost wholly Canadian in their authorship, and thus appealing the more to our interests. It contains articles on India, Ticonderoga and its Memories; Tent Life in Palestine, and two on California, are all interesting. Besides these, there are papers on William III. and on Catherine Booth, the sainted and saintly mother of the Salvation Army, a liberal allowance of poems, original and selected, religious intelligence and book notices. William Briggs, Methodist Bookroom, Toronto.

The August number of the Missionary Review of the World opens with a sermon preached by the Rev. A. T. Pierson, before the London Missionary Society in May last. A timely article for us in Canada is Missions to the Romanists. Louis Harms: Education and Missions; A Recent View of the British Indian Government, and The Present Aspect of Missions in India, are the leading articles in the first department. The International Department gives a bird's-eye view of mission lands and work generally. All the other departments contain full, varied and interesting information on their respective subjects. Funk & Wagnalls, 11 Richmond St., Toronto.

Woman's Work for Woman, for August, is chiefly taken up with Korea, which is the field to which attention is called this month. It is most interesting, as indicating the rapid march of the missionary movement, that in this number the names are given of no fewer than twelve ladies who are at work in Korea in connection with the Presbyterian Church. Much interesting information concerning other lands, is given in correspondence from the missionaries at work there. Very wisely, a part of the Magazine is taken up with a Home Department, not less interesting than the Foreign. Woman's Work for Woman, 53 Fifth Ave., New York.

The Public Life of Christ, by C. J. Kephart, is a brief, compendious, and simple treatise arranged with a view to enable the reader who has not access to larger works, to study and follow the public life of Christ step by step, year by year, from His temptation to His ascension. To further aid the student, the author has constructed an ingenious coloured chart, by which the eye can take in the travels and works of Christ. Besides these, it comprises tables, a Scripture and general index, all well calculated to help increase the usefulness of the book as an aid in studying the New Testament generally, but especially the Gospels. Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

Choice Literature.

TO A MUSICIAN.

Nature hath shower'd her blessings on thy head
And touch'd thy soul with music. By thy hand
The trembling strings ring out in raptures grand

Rare songs of joyous love that wake the dead,
Dull space with echoing sounds and shed
Their beauty o'er our hearts. The little band
Who wear the crown of genius in the land
Of Arts call thee their brother. All is said.

Live long thy power that such sweet music
brings

To soothe life's cares and make the heart forget
Its share of this world's pain. All nature sings
To drown the cry of death that ringeth yet
In every ear, and summer's garland flings
To outlive time, like thoughts to music set.

—Sarepta, in *The Week*.

THE OLD LIGHTHOUSE-KEEPER.

It is a beautiful day on which I write this story, sunshiny and warm; so warm, that the fact that the writer will be here in but two months, seems impossible. Yarmouth just now looks its best, with blossoming hedges, green lawns, and gardens blooming with flowers of every hue.

It is not a very large town, but it is a very pretty one. There are rivers and lakes in plenty for fishing and boating; and lovely drives through wooded country roads; but, unlike almost all sea-port towns of its importance, there is no place of particular interest to tourists, apart from its beauty of scenery; no home where Evangeline was born, such as Grand Pre can boast of; no old fort visited by travellers, as Annapolis contains; nor has it even, like Halifax, a Public Garden, although there is much talk and planning about having one. Take, however, a person with a very ordinary amount of life and spirit, and a mind capable of appreciating the beauties of nature, and Yarmouth would be to them a very pleasant spot in which to pass the summer months. Such a person would enjoy a row through the three beautiful lakes of Milton, a drive through its suburbs, Carleton and Tusket, and if his time permitted, a sail from Yarmouth across to Cape Fourchu, not far distant from the shore of the town. Here he would be shown the lighthouse, a short description of which will here be given, for this lighthouse, and its resident keeper are the subject of my story.

On one side of the Cape is Yarmouth Harbour; on the other, the water running inland, ends in what is called False Harbour, on account of the obstruction to navigation by a bank of sand and small rocks. And it is to distinguish the one from the other, that the light was placed at this particular spot.

On a beautiful day in July, I, with a party of friends, old and young, visited the lighthouse for the first time, at least to me. Owing to the ebb of the tide we were obliged to spend several hours there, and thus it was that we came to hear the following story, told by the keeper, then an old man of perhaps seventy-five years of age, whose bent form, snow-white hair and careworn face, told a tale of loneliness and sorrow. I can see him now, sitting in an old arm chair amid half-worn cushions, one arm resting on the table beside him, as he began:

It is thirty-five years since I first came to this place, and thirty-five years is a long time to live in such a place, as this. I was a young man then, father of one of the most beautiful little girls in all Nova Scotia, at least, so she was to me. She had long, shining hair, and such brown eyes, and, although six years old, she knew how to read and spell as well as most children of nine or ten. She was the last of four children, the others having been carried off by fever, and then their mother went, too. How Mary came to be left, I do not know; but, as soon as she pulled through and I recovered my senses, which came near leaving me during that dreadful time of loss, I looked around for some place where I could live in solitude with my child and forget my sorrows. The doctors

thought a change of air would be the best for Mary, as she was never the same child after her sickness, so, when the position of lighthouse-keeper was offered me, I accepted it without hesitation. I was poor, and unaccustomed to work hard for my daily bread, and the position seemed a good one to me.

At the time I moved into the building it was about completed, with the exception of the light itself, which was to be put in on the following spring. During that time I was to live here free, my only duty being the charge of two large lamps, which, when trimmed and lighted, were to be placed in the two windows of the tower every night, until the new year, when the machinery of the revolving light would be in working order.

Those first summer months were pleasant ones to us both. The little one seemed to pick up wonderfully. We spent whole mornings on the seashore with no other companions, for our nearest neighbour lived four miles away. I occupied the time with sewing sails for a factory across the harbour, and talking to Mary. Such happy hours as she spent making sand-houses, only to see them swept away by the cruel waves, just as death swept her from me soon afterwards. Often she would call me from my work to examine some curious shell or bit of rock, which she had come across in her rambles along the shore, and I always had some wonderful story to tell, of the fishes and mermaids that hid under the waves, to which she would listen for hours at a time. But those days passed all too soon. As winter drew near, she seemed to droop and lose all her colour and health. I wanted to take her across on the mainland, but the doctor said she would be "All right when the warm weather came round again." And much against my own convictions, I believed him, at least for a time. Then she grew too weak to walk, and would lie day after day on a couch by the window, gazing out over the sea, and it just seemed to me as if she pined for some other life beyond the old lighthouse.

At last the conviction came to me gradually, that it would not be many weeks, perhaps days, before she would leave me; and I spent as much time as I could possibly spare with her.

The day which I knew would be her last, came. It was the twenty-second day of November, a day never to be forgotten. Early in the morning a messenger came from the town with orders for me to have the light lighted early in the evening, as there were every indications of a violent storm before midnight, and there were several small vessels hourly expected. I received the message as one in a dream, hearing the message, but not taking in the real substance of it.

The storm anticipated, came about noon that day. All the afternoon it raged, and by five o'clock complete darkness had set in. The waves lashed the lighthouse in all their fury, and the wind blew with a violence that threatened every minute to tear down the staging that surrounded the tower. Leaving my little one's couch, I hurried up the long flight of steps, and, without trimming, lighted the two lamps, and placed one in each window. Then, without a backward glance, I hurried down again, and took up my watch by the window, beside the couch of my dying child.

She was very weak, and her breath came and went in short gasps. Twice when an unusual gust blew, she shuddered, and I thought she had gone, but she opened her eyes, and smiled reassuringly at me. Perhaps she anticipated my loneliness, for although so near death, she must have realized how much we had been to each other during the months that had passed.

Suddenly, while sitting there, the report of a gun reached my ears, borne through the storm, sounding almost beneath the window of the room where I was sitting, and almost at the same moment, the light, which all along I had seen reflecting from the tower on the

waters below, flickered for a moment, and then disappeared. What had happened? The report was surely from some vessel in distress, not more than a quarter of a mile away, and the oil must have all burned out of the lamp, else why had the light suddenly gone out. I saw it all now in a new light. In my selfishness regarding my own troubles, I had neglected my duty. In my endeavour to spend as much of my remaining time as possible with the only companion left me, I had given scarcely a thought to the oil of lamps. Only that morning the man who brought me supplies, had inquired if there was plenty of oil, and I had replied, "Yes," scarcely heeding his question, or my reply.

Was there plenty?

I was as one bewildered. Could I leave her, alone and dying, on such a night as this? Was I responsible for that vessel? Then this thought; were there not other lives exposed to the dreadful perils of the night as dear to some, as this one life to me. All this passed through my brain like a flash. As in a vision, I saw the anxious, tearful faces of mothers gleam with joy as they welcomed back their sailor boys. Then I hesitated no longer, but dashed from the room, stopping not for one farewell glance, although I felt that when I returned she would be gone.

"Oh, God help me to hurry," I cried and in less time than it takes to tell it, I had the feeder in my hand. It was empty, so I knew was the case, as I had drawn the last off into the feeder two days before.

What should I do? Seizing a package of matches, I almost flew over the steps, each one seeming to have a mesmerizing power of holding me back, as they sometimes do in dreams. When I reached the top of the last step, I saw my surmises were correct. One had died out; the other flickering feebly. The latter I seized. It was half full, but the wick was too short to reach the oil. I had no time to lose, not a minute in which to change the wick.

Already I could see by the light of the distressed vessel, that she was almost into False Harbour, and I knew, once in, no human aid could avail.

I tore open a window, and stepped out on the staging which yet remained around the building. The wind had no effect on the blaze, as the chimney was constructed for out-door purposes.

Holding on to the ladder with one hand, I shook the lamp wildly backward and forward. The oil thus reached the wick, and the blaze brightened and threw its yellow light over the black water below. I could see the vessel now almost on the rocks. Did they see the light I wondered, for, unmindful of its warning signal, they were making straight for the sands and rocks.

I strained my eyes into the blackness. I even tried to scream to them, but the sound reached no farther than my lips. This one little blaze was of no use. My help seemed of no avail compared with the wild element working against me. And my child I could help. For one moment I allowed the temptation to remain; but only for a moment. With a cry for strength, I shut out all thoughts of her, and shook my lamp once more.

Suddenly a flash of lightning illumined the whole place, and showed them their danger. Almost on the instant, the vessel changed her course, and steered for the right harbour. During the flash, instantaneous as it was, I had time to see plainly the shape of the vessel, and knew it to be the Raven, a packet, running weekly between Boston and Yarmouth, carrying both passengers and freight.

The lamp had given its last flicker, a sudden gust forced it from my hand, and it was dashed into a thousand pieces on the rocks below. But it made no sound, nor could I have heard it, had it been the report of a gun. They were safe, for I knew the beacon lighted them on the other side. I had done my duty, cost what it had.

Then my courage failed me. I dared not descend, for I knew what awaited me.

It must have been half an hour that I stood, half paralyzed with cold and dread, leaning against the window frame, gazing vacantly over the sea, seeing and hearing nothing.

Then I aroused myself, and began mechanically to descend the one hundred steps between me and the sitting room below.

It was as I expected; all was over. No trace of the storm raging without was shown within that room.

Since then I have lived on and on. One year has been the same as another to me, only each brings me nearer to her. I am an old man now, but for thirty-five years I have done my duty. Only that once did I neglect it, and my punishment was bitter enough. The light that streams every night from yonder window has saved many a life from the very jaws of death, but never did it do its duty more faithfully than did that one feeble blaze fed by those few drops of oil.

The old man ceased speaking, and dropped his face in his hands. We all started as from a dream. Was it a bright sunny day? We had forgotten the sun shone, and we were a pleasure party, so forcibly had the old man's story carried us into the past, back to that far-off night where all was darkness and storm.

We knew it was time to go. So quietly and reverently we took our leave, and left him standing there by the table; a picture never to be forgotten, with the last rays of sun-light streaming over his white hair, and lighting up the once bright colours of the cushions in the old arm chair.—Frances L. Allan, in *The Week*.

A BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT.

A man blind from his birth, a man of much intellectual vigour and many engaging social qualities, found a woman who, appreciating his worth, was willing to cast in her lot with him, and become his wife. Several bright, beautiful children became theirs, who tenderly and equally loved both their parents.

An eminent French surgeon while in this country, called upon them, and examining the blind man with much interest and care, said to him: "Your blindness is wholly artificial; your eyes are naturally good, and could I have operated upon them twenty years ago, I think I could have given you sight. It is barely possible that I can do it now, though it will cost you a great pain."

"I can bear that," was the reply; "so you but enable me to see."

The surgeon operated upon him, and was gradually successful; first there were faint glimmerings of light, then more distinct vision. The blind father was handed a rose, he had smelt one before, but had never seen one; then he looked upon the face of his wife, who had been so true and faithful to him; and then his children were brought, whom he had so often fondled, and whose charming prattle had so frequently fallen upon his ears.

He then exclaimed: "Oh, why have I seen all these before inquiring for the man by whose skill I have been enabled to behold them! Show me the doctor." And when he was pointed out to him, he embraced him, with tears of gratitude and joy.

So, when we reach heaven, and with unclouded eyes look upon its glories, we shall not be content with a view of these. No, we shall say, "Where is Christ? He to whom I am indebted for what heaven is; show me Him, that with all my soul I may adore and praise Him through endless ages."

The telephone is now used by deep-water divers. A receiver and transmitter combined is affixed to the inside of the helmet near the diver's ear. By a slight turn of his head he can speak into the phone, and he can hear readily from it at all times. Its value in deep-sea work for reporting progress or receiving instructions is clear. Formerly the only communication was by a system of pulls at a cord.

SEA SKETCHES FROM NOVA
SCOTIA.

THE HARBOUR LIGHTS.

All along the rock-bound coast of this little Maritime Province the beacon lights gleam brightly. On the Bay of Fundy coast the bold red sandstone headlands are crowned by white-towered buildings, whose lights flash out a cheery signal to the mariners tossed and buffeted by its turbulent tides. All told, great and small, there are one hundred and sixty-six lighthouses in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. The majority are square, wooden buildings, with a tower and firm granite foundations. On the Atlantic coast there are a number of octagonal buildings gaily painted in stripes, and all have a very neat and ship-shape appearance. The highest lights are those of Isle Haute and Cape St. George. The Isle Haute light is on a rocky islet in the Bay of Fundy and is three hundred and sixty-five feet above tide water and visible twenty-five miles. Cape St. George is on Northumberland Strait and is three hundred and fifty feet high. But it is to the lighthouses on the Atlantic coast, that to the dreaded granite coast, that our thoughts turn—to Sambro, and Sable, and Little Hope and Ironbound—what thrilling dramas have been played out under the lamps that shine so steadily far into the darkness. Tragedies of wreck and storm and death.

In sunny summer days, when the sea is shining, clear and blue as the sky above, and the flashing wings of the gulls reflect a brightness as of polished silver—when the passing steamers leave long, straight streamers of smoke on the horizon—when the sails of the fishing smacks hang listlessly, and the bare-necked, bare-armed fishermen pull busily at the lines, for the fish have set in and the sea is full of silver gleams. In days such as these it is hard to realize that the sea can be otherwise than calm and beautiful. But we who know it so well do not forget days in the Autumn, when the screaming gull flew inland, when the great moving mass of ocean was a dull, dark purple, and each wave tipped with greenish white foam, when the sky was as dark as the sea, with gleams of uncanny white light breaking through the banks of wind-torn clouds, when the returning fishing smacks ran charily under bare poles, for the varying wind blew in great gusts, when the long wail of the automatic buoy sounded like a funeral knell to the fishermen's wives in the cove. And when the darkness settled down, the dense darkness of a stormy night on the coast, the lights along the shore flashed out their signal stars to guide and warn the weary mariner.

The harbour of Halifax is one of the finest in the world. The water deep and free from obstructions, and secure and safe when once within. But the approaches to the harbour are perilous in the extreme, owing to the inhospitable rockbound coast, which, on the western approach, is a sheer wall of granite grey, and bare and desolate. At the foot of the cliffs are jagged and sharp splintered rocks showing through the water. The currents foam and seethe around these rocks, sending up showers of spray which glisten with all the colors of the rainbow in the sunlight. Halifax occupies an important position as the chief naval station in North America. Its grand dry-dock and advantages as a coaling station, making it a port of call for many ocean steamships, especially in winter.

Sherbrook Tower, an immense round granite structure on Meagher's Beach, guards the eastern entrance to the harbour. Near this entrance is Devil's Island with two lighthouses, one on the eastern and the other on the western side of the island. There is also a lighthouse on the Imperial property of George's Island just in front of the city.

Chebucto Head light stands at the western entrance to the harbour, it is a revolving white light. There is a red light at Herring Cove, and four and-a-half miles beyond Chebucto Head on a rocky islet, Sambro Light sends its steady beams twenty-one miles far out at sea.

Besides its fine lighthouses Halifax Harbour has all the modern aids to safe navigation—has buoys, fog bells, fog trumpets, automatic buoys, and on Sambro explosive bombs fired every twenty minutes.

High up on the cliffs are perched the homes of the fishermen, little hamlets with hardly a tree or shrub, only the vastness of sea and rock and sky. The stranger who visits the fishing village of Prospect is sure to be shown the spot where the White Star steamer Atlantic went down; one of the most terrible marine disasters in our century. The steamer was bound to New York with more than a thousand passengers. Coal ran short and the captain decided to put into Halifax for a fresh supply. Through some blunder the harbour's mouth was missed, and before daylight on the morning of April 1st, 1873, the steamer struck on Marr's rock, Prospect. So soon after striking did the vessel sink, that many of the passengers slept peacefully into eternity—not a woman was saved, and only one child, a little boy whose parents were drowned.

In the grey and stormy dawn, the fishermen of Prospect saw the masts and small portions of the hull of a great ship among the breakers. The wreck was crowded with human beings, and every wave that washed over it carried down some struggling, worn-out victim. A strong wind was blowing, the sea was running high, and those clinging to the wreck were covered with frozen spray. The inshore rocks were coated with ice and the high sea and bitter cold made the work of rescue very dangerous, but through the heroic exertions of Officer Brady of the Atlantic, and the Rev. Mr. Ancient, Church of England minister at Prospect, and his brave volunteers, all those who had survived the cold and sea were taken off before sundown. The homes of the fishermen were thrown open and their kindness shown in every way that was possible. In the meantime the news had been carried to Halifax. It was the first day of April, and when the rumour spread through the city "that a great steamer, bound for New York, had been wrecked at Prospect and several hundred lives lost," it was thought to be only one of the stories common to the day. When confirmation came, the city was stirred as never before. Steamers were despatched with provisions and clothing for the living, and coffins for the dead. The shore was strewn with bodies tangled amongst the rocks and seaweed. Strong, stalwart men, fair women, and little children, were laid in rows on the rocks for identification. In a few days strangers were pouring in from all parts of the United States in search of the bodies of loved ones. A deep trench was dug near the church, and the unclaimed, unknown dead were buried there to await the great day when each shall give account for himself. Other steamers have gone down near the harbour's mouth, and many lives have been lost, but at no time has the loss of life been so great as in the Atlantic disaster.

Within range of Meagher's Beach light are the dangerous Thrum Cap shoals. Here, on the 23rd of November, 1797, the fine frigate La Tribune went down, and two hundred and fifty brave men calmly met their death. The circumstances have been graphically told by Dr. McMechan in the story "At the Harbour's Mouth." The loss of La Tribune, like that of the recent terrible disaster in the Mediterranean, seems to have been a great and needless sacrifice of human life. One thing noticeable in the stories of these two great disasters is, that devotion to duty in the British sailor, is as steadfast now as it was one hundred years ago. We read of those on La Tribune—"There was no panic; the men did as they were ordered; discipline prevailed."

Accounts of the Victoria disaster tell us "That the Chaplain died trying to save the sick. The Admiral stuck to his post. All the men listened to the call of duty and did their best. There was no panic even in the face of death."

On a high bluff opposite Thrum Cap is York redoubt with its frowning battlements. Woe to the enemy within range of its cannon. It is also the Imperial signal station, and a sharp lookout is kept for passing craft. Below the fort and clinging to the steep sides of the hill is the pretty fishing village of Purcell's Cove, with its white houses, little garden patches, and here and there stunted, wind blown firs and lilic bushes, a long, winding road leads up to the Fort; and the sea view is one of the finest in America. Well up on the broad, bare hillside is a little burying ground. Here, those who have come home to die are buried. In the burial grounds of our fishing villages the graves of women and children are generally more numerous than those of men. They that go down to the sea in ships, the fathers, and brothers, and sweet-hearts, alas! how many of them go down forever. In choosing this spot there must have been a touch of nature akin to that shown in the choice of Salvation Ye's last resting place in Bideford Churchyard. "For here can be seen the ships come in and out across the bar," and the long, green waves of the Atlantic rolling in, and at sunset the great lighthouse opposite catches up the last dying rays of light and flashes them forth with messages of hope and cheer. "Then are they glad, because they are at rest; and so he bringeth them unto the haven where they would be."

—Christina Ross Frame, in The Week.

Missionary World.

MISSION WORK IN LONDON.

The London City Mission is a society with a magnificent history. At its annual meeting held at Exeter Hall, London, in May, some stirring facts were made known in the summary of the report presented. This showed that the missionaries, numbering 483, made last year over three and a half million visits, seeing nearly three hundred thousand sick and dying, holding some sixty-nine thousand meetings, resulting in the conversion of many, the adding to the Church of 2,445 persons, the reclamation of 1,867 drunkards, and rescuing 500 fallen women. A careful survey of the report disclosed two special features of the work—first, that there was scarcely any form of vice, of sin, of error, with which the missionaries were not called on from time to time to grapple; and secondly, that when the work of any one missionary was summarized, it left on the mind the conviction that only by faithful constancy could so much have been achieved. The exact number of missionaries on the staff, on March 31st, was 485, that being thirteen less than on the same day in 1892. Financially there had been a decrease in receipts, the total for the general fund having been £50,597, a decrease of £8,975. This was partly due to a decrease of £3,792 in legacies. The expenditure was also less than in the preceding year, but had reached a total of £60,333. An important feature of the work was that of missionaries to special classes, of whom there were 113, embracing such varieties as the North London scavengers, theatrical employees, gypsies, foreign sailors, Jews, and coal-heavers. Indifference was met with everywhere and was one of the evils hardest to remove. The poverty of many was appalling, and owing to the high rentals charged, people herded together. Overcrowding was followed by immorality, disease and death. With regard to intemperance, in districts not a few a decrease in drunkenness was reported. Gambling had sadly developed, not only among men, but among women and children. Infidelity, said the report, was not so strong and "bare-faced" as it was. Socialism was active, and ministers had the full weight of the hatred of those holding anarchist views. Theosophy now presented itself as a foe to the truth. Sabbath profanation was rife, and Roman Catholicism was also mentioned as a difficulty with which the missionaries had to deal. Life in London may be worse in degree but hardly worse in kind than it is in some other great cities. The one power that must be depended on to stay the tide of evil and bring in aught of real and lasting good, is the power of the Gospel as revealed in the Word of God.

Bishop Newman is profoundly impressed with the high type of spirituality among converts in South America.

Bishop Thoburn thinks that the converts in India, during the next eight years, will outnumber those of the ninety-two years.

There are 200,000,000 people in Africa who never saw a Bible, or heard a whisper of the Gospel tidings. But they see plenty of rum.

The number of Protestant Christians has increased throughout Japan, seven-fold in the past ten years, while the number of Roman Catholic adherents has not doubled.

The Presbyterian Church, South, has six missions in China, manned by thirty-six representatives, and all are located in cities standing upon the line of the Grand Canal.

A company of Chinese women listened to extracts from the autobiography of Dr. John G. Paton. A little later they brought, of their own accord, a contribution for missions in the New Hebrides,

saying: "We must think, not only of those near, but also of those afar off, for they also are our brethren."—Chinese Recorder.

It is stated that more than one-half of the ordained Wesleyan missionaries now on the mission fields, are natives, and more than one-half of the entire cost of the work, is met by gifts and contributions on the mission field.

Said Bishop Pattison of his work among the South Sea Islanders: "I do not even tell them that cannibalism and taboo are wrong. I simply teach them great positive truths, and trust to the influence of these truths to lead them to abandon their old evil practices. I find that this plan answers better than any negative teaching could possibly do."—Indian Witness.

A missionary in China affirms that during January, more money was spent in propitiating evil spirits that have no existence, than all the churches in the United States give in one year to Foreign Missions. Forty-five missionaries devote themselves to the Chinese upon the Pacific Coast; and, as one result, we find this much said against class contributions, \$6,290 to the treasuries of the local missions.

Uganda.—Good, and very joyful tidings, come from Uganda, the British flag floats over the country, and all is peace. A fair division of territory has been made for the benefit of the French R. C. mission. Bishop Tucker, of the Church Missionary Society, finds the people eager to hear the Gospel, audiences numbering from 1,000 to 4,000. They buy up the Scriptures with the utmost avidity. Converts are multiplying. The good bishop was nearly three months on the weary way from the coast to the Uganda capital, but he declares it would be worth while travelling to the end of the earth to take part in the scenes he has witnessed. Probably, there has hitherto been no such flocking to hear the Gospel, and to possess the Scriptures and to learn of Christ. Bishop Tucker is a faithful preacher and teacher. He will not rest satisfied with superficial work. How Alexander Mackay would have rejoiced to see this day! But he was one of the principal agents in paving the way for the triumph that has come. A railway from the east coast will soon be built, so at least, the missionaries hope. This mission occupies an important vantage ground in East Central Africa. It borders on the Sudan. It possesses the sources of the Nile.

Missionaries express the deepest pity for the Pariahs of Southern India. They are outcasts, in the fullest sense of the word, human, yet treated with less consideration than the lowest and vilest brutes. Their persons are not protected, the temples are closed to them, the courts of justice and the rights of property holding are almost entirely out of their reach, and their intellectual and moral condition is terribly degraded, and yet, this class is said to constitute one-tenth of the population. A few months ago, a movement was made by the Government towards an improvement in their educational advantages. A special report by the Director of Public Instruction, showed, that there are 22,838 children of the Pariah and kindred classes, under instruction in 1892, excluding those who have adopted the Christian religion. An important order has just been issued by the Madras Government pointing out the necessity of special schools under public management for the training of Pariah school-masters, and a special inspecting agency for Pariah schools. This step was in accordance with the suggestions of missionaries, and is highly endorsed by them. Many of the present inspecting officers, who are Brahmans and high-caste Hindus, consider it a pollution to enter a Pariah village, and they throw impediments in the way of missionary and private effort to educate these people.

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Ministers and Churches.

Rev. Mr. Cockburn and family, of Paris, are holidaying at Port Dover.

The Rev. D. James, of Midland, is on a walking tour through Muskoka.

Rev. Dr. Laidlaw, of Hamilton, is visiting at Mr. McCall's, Esqueving.

The Rev. J. C. Smith, B. D., of Guelph, has been preaching most acceptably in Galt.

The Presbyterians of St. George are about placing a new organ in their church.

Rev. W. G. Jordan, M. A., of Strathroy, Ont., preached in Knox church, Ottawa, recently.

The Rev. Dr. Watson has completed the fortieth year of his pastorate in Thorah and Beaverton.

The Rev. M. N. Bethune, of Beaverton, preached in the Orillia Presbyterian church, on Sunday, 20th inst.

The Presbyterian pulpit, Cheltenham, was supplied on Sunday, 6th, by Rev. Mr. Fowley, Jr., of Erin.

Rev. Mr. Currie was inducted into the pastorate of Knox church, Perth, on Thursday, the 17th inst.

The Rev. A. McNabb, of Meaford, has returned from the old country, looking much improved in health.

Rev. D.H. Hodges, of Oak Lake, preached at Penrith, Man., Sunday, Aug. 6th, in the Presbyterian church.

Rev. J. Goodman, of Orangeville, preached in the Presbyterian churches of Inglewood, Sunday, Aug. 13th.

Rev. Dr. McKay, the noted missionary to Formosa, has left on a trip to Canada, and will arrive in August.

Rev. James Carmichael, of Norwood, preached at St. Andrew's church, Peterboro, on Sunday, the 13th inst.

Rev. A. McKay, Lucknow, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian church, Glencoe, on Sabbath the 20th.

Rev. Principal Grant, D.D., conducted both services of public worship in St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, on the 13th inst.

Rev. Dr. Smith, pastor of the First Presbyterian church at Port Hope, who has been seriously ill, is recovering rapidly.

A. L. Baird, of Branford, conducted the service at Lynden, on Sabbath, 20th, Rev. Mr. Fisher being away for a few holidays.

The Rev. A. G. McLaughlin, pastor of the Harrington Presbyterian Church, who has been very ill for some weeks, is recovering.

Rev. Mr. Hastie, who has occupied the Presbyterian pulpit of Glencoe, for the past two Sabbaths, has left for his home in Cornwall.

Rev. Prof. Mowat, D.D., of Queen's University, Kingston, conducted the services in the Presbyterian church, Iriquois, last Sunday week.

Rev. John Burton, of Toronto, preached two instructive sermons in the John St. Presbyterian church, Belleville, on Sabbath, Aug. 13th.

Rev. W. Galbraith, of Toronto, filled the pulpit at Jerseyville, on Sabbath evening, the 13th inst., and preached to a large congregation.

The Rev. W. Robertson, of Duff's Church, Aberfoyle, was taken suddenly ill at the morning service, last Sabbath week, and could not preach in the evening.

Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Neenach, India, gave a good address, at Lynden, on his work in India, on Sabbath afternoon of the 13th inst., in the Presbyterian church.

Rev. Dr. George, of St. Louis, long pastor of the John St. Presbyterian church, Belleville, preached in Bridge St. Methodist church on Sunday evening, Aug. 13th.

Rev. W. T. Herridge in St. Andrew's, on Sunday, stated that he had just completed ten years of his pastorate in the church. In his sermon he reviewed the principal events of his ministry.

At a lawn social under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society, Blyth, on the beautiful grounds of Mr. John Bino, on the 2nd August. The sum of over \$60 was realized.

Rev. Dr. Mungo Fraser, of Knox Church, Hamilton, was renewing old acquaintances in Barrie, last week, on his way home from Muskoka, where he has been spending his holidays among the lakes.

Rev. C. H. Cooke, B.A., of Smith's Falls, is camping in his old quarters, on Mr. Cunningham's place, Lake Shore. Mr. Cooke has his family with him, and is putting in a most enjoyable time.

The members of Henry's Church, Russelltown, presented their pastor, the Rev. N. Waddell, B. D., with a cow. For this valuable and timely gift the minister and his family wish to express their thanks.

Rev. W. H. Jamieson, Ph. D., of Blenheim, Ont., preached in the Presbyterian church, Wingham, on Sunday, the 20th inst., at the usual hours. He will also conduct the Bible class at 2.30 p.m. on Sunday.

The Rev. P. F. Langill, Vernon, B.C., was tendered a reception on his return from the General Assembly at Brantford, Ont., and presented with a purse containing \$40. The gathering was an immense success.

The Rev. John Melnis occupied his pulpit in Knox church, Elora, on Sunday, the 13th inst., after a month's holidays, which he spent with his family, in a trip to the Mackinaw Islands, and in the vicinity of Owen Sound.

Prof. Shaw, of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, conducted the Bible class of Knox Church, on the afternoon of the 13th inst. Mr. Shaw is noted for being one of the best instructors in this work in the east, and delighted the large gathering.

The marriage is announced of Miss Agnes Knox, of St. Marys, the talented elocutionist, to Ebenezer Charlton Black, youngest son of the late Rev. John Black, of Liddesdale, Scotland. The marriage took place at Edinburgh, Scotland, and the officiating minister was a brother of the bridegroom.

Principal Grant, speaking at Douglass, Manitoba, a few days ago, said that he believed that he would live to see that province produce 100,000,000 bushels a year, and that it would not be long before it would be the home of one million of a population.

Rev. Mr. Craig, of Oakville, formerly pastor of Claude and Mayfield Presbyterian churches, preached in his old charge on Sabbath the 13th inst. Claude Church was crowded in the morning, when the reverend gentleman preached a forcible sermon on "Upright Living." Mr. and Mrs. Craig were spending a few days last week visiting friends.

At a special meeting of the Ottawa Presbytery, in Knox Church, recently, the call from North Gower congregation to Rev. John S. Loughhead, of Parkhill, Ont., was sustained, and it was decided to ask for \$50 from the Home Mission Committee to help make up the \$750 stipend for that field.

The congregation of St. Paul's, Middleville, of which the Rev. Mr. Smith is pastor, is in a flourishing condition. The Sabbath attendance is larger than at any time in the church's history. The trustees are putting in extra seating capacity. The plate collections are double of previous years.

The Rev. D. M. Beattie, M. A., B. D., has resigned his charge as pastor of the Presbyterian churches at Shower's Corners and East Oxford church, on account of ill health. He will remove shortly to South Carolina to resume his work. The rev. gentleman is an earnest Christian worker; as a pastor he has few equals, having built up two strong congregations.

Rev. Dr. Torrance has received a letter from Rev. Mr. McNair, B. A., stating that he has accepted the call to Waterloo Presbyterian church. His ordination will take place on Tuesday, 22nd. He will undergo his trial for ordination in the forenoon, and if found satisfactory, his induction will be proceeded with in the afternoon. Rev. Mr. Hamilton will preside.

The Rev. D. Tait, of Chalmers' Church, Quebec, who in company with Mrs. Tait, have been visiting friends in Berlin and neighborhood lately, conducted the service in St. Andrew's Church, last Sunday evening. The Telegraph says: He was greeted with a large congregation, many being present from other churches, and all were deeply impressed by his able and earnest sermon.

The congregation of the King St. Presbyterian church, London, have extended a unanimous call to Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Dutton. The only other name mentioned in connection with the vacant pulpit was that of the Rev. Mr. Cook, of Dorchester. Messrs. Parkins, Oheeseborough, Stewart, Forsythe and Black were appointed to wait on the Presbytery at its next meeting, in St. Thomas.

The Mission Band of First Presbyterian Church, Victoria, B. C., furnished the Indian Mission School at Alberni, with desks made by the Globe Manufacturing

Company, Ont. The Band is well organized, and meets fortnightly. They intend to devote their efforts this year to Home Missions. In connection with this church, there is a Ladies' Aid, Christian Endeavor, Mission Band, and a Literary Society, all doing good work.

The Synod of the Maritime Provinces will meet in St. Paul's Church, Truro, on the first Tuesday of October. The committee appointed to make arrangements for the accommodation of members of Synod, met Monday evening. Rev. T. Cumming was appointed chairman, and Rev. A. L. Geggie, secretary. A circular was prepared which will be sent to every minister in connection with the Synod, to ascertain who expect to be present—ministers and elders.

The congregation of Knox Church, Ottawa, were highly pleased with the ministrations of Rev. Mr. McKenzie, of Brockville, who occupied the pulpit on Sabbath, 13th inst., and who proved himself to be a preacher of unusual fervor and excellence. In the evening he took as his theme Genesis xii., 6-11, the story of the building of the tower of Babel. After a brief historical review of this unique event he applied the story to the building of character, in which everyone is daily engaged.

Dr. Paton is at present holding meetings daily, in Eastern Ontario. These will be followed by a visit of six or seven days, late in August and in the beginning of September, to congregations within the Presbytery of Montreal. His last meeting in the western section will be held in Quebec, on the evening of September 4th. Thence he goes to Nova Scotia, where he has generously offered to devote two weeks of his time in assisting the Foreign Mission Committee, (eastern section) to liquidate their debt, before he sails for Britain.

Rev. J. G. Shearer, B. A., of Erskine Church, Hamilton, with Mrs. Shearer and Miss Edgar, choir leader, and Miss McBean, organist, have just returned from the Georgian Bay summer resort, where they have been quietly resting for some three weeks. All have been much benefited by the delightful change and rest, which was much needed. Mr. R. H. Glover, of Toronto, supplied the pulpit in Mr. Shearer's absence, and very much endeared himself to the congregation. He gives promise of being a power for good in the vineyard of the Lord, at home or abroad, if spared to labor long.

The ordination and induction of Mr. W. R. Johnston, a graduate of Knox College, into the united charge of Penetanguishene and Wyebridge, took place in the church at the former place on Tuesday, the 8th inst., at three o'clock in the afternoon. There was a large attendance from both congregations. Mr. James, of Midland, presided; Mr. Wyllie, of Waubesaushene, preached; Mr. Ross, Churchill, addressed the newly ordained minister, and Mr. Galloway, of Hillsdale, the people. In the evening a tea-meeting was held, when an excellent programme of music, readings and addresses was rendered.

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Horsford's Acid Phosphate
with water and sugar only, makes a delicious, healthful and invigorating drink.
Allays the thirst, aids digestion, and relieves the lassitude so common in midsummer.
Dr. M. H. Henry, New York, says: "When completely tired out by prolonged wakefulness and overwork, it is of the greatest value to me. As a beverage it possesses charms beyond anything I know of in the form of medicine."
Descriptive pamphlet free.
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.
Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

The usual service at Knox church, Regina, was on last Sunday evening displaced by a Children's song service, entitled, "The Sabbath." The choir loft and platform were occupied by the Sunday School scholars. S. S. Superintendent Robt. Martin led the singing; Miss Fannie Laidlaw presided at the organ. The anthems, hymns and Scriptural readings all had special reference to "The Sabbath." There were also several appropriate recitations given by little girls. Rev. Mr. Carmichael addressed the congregation from the words, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath."

A happy group of friends waited at the C. P. R., Montreal station, lately, to greet Miss Jennie McKillican on her return from her work in China. Miss McKillican, readers will remember, is a daughter of Mr. William McKillican, of Vankleek Hill, and niece of the Rev. John McKillican, of Montreal. Six years ago she went out as a trained nurse to Pe-king, under the American Presbyterian Board, in company with a lady physician, Dr. Sinclair. She expected to be away from home for at least eight years, but has been ordered home on a furlough, there being, in the doctor's opinion, but the choice between resting now, or working on for another year, and breaking down.

On Sunday last Rev. J. Mackie preached in St. Andrew's, Kingston, in the morning. In the afternoon Rev. Dr. Paton, the aged missionary who has laboured for so many years in the New Hebrides, addressed a large meeting composed of the Sunday School children and members of the three Presbyterian churches in the city. In the evening Rev. J. A. Brown, of Agincourt, near Toronto, filled the pulpit. Dr. Paton's venerable appearance impressed everyone present. Small in stature, with a full beard and a large quantity of long white hair on his head, he looked a veritable patriarch, although in age he has just reached the allotted span of life—the three score and ten. Long residence in a tropical climate has told on Dr. Paton, who still suffers from occasional attacks of fever and ague. One of these came on very inopportunistly while he was in this city.

On Sunday, the 13th inst., at morning service in St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, the text chosen for an eloquent sermon by the pastor, Rev. M. W. Maclean, was Phil. iv. 6: "Be careful for nothing, but in everything by prayer with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God; and the peace of God shall keep your hearts and minds." The efficacy of prayer and the confidence begotten by a living faith in producing ineffable peace to the true Christian were portrayed. In the evening the text selected was I Tim. the othly, i. 15: "Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am world's chief." The speaker believed that every honest man had his moments of doubt, and realized his wickedness and his dependence upon Him who came to save even the chief of sinners, with whom Paul, in his humility, ranked himself, even at the end of his apostolic career.

A souvenir number of the 'Manitoba College Journal' is in print for 1893, and it exhibits a good deal of ambition, both in style and matter. It has a gilt-faced cover, the printing is excellent, and the arrangement of the subjects is in good taste. Pictures are given of the Rev. Principal King, D.D.; Rev. Prof. Baird, B.D.; Rev. Prof. Scrimger, Rev. Prof. MacLaren, Rev. Principal Grant, Rev. Prof. Thompson, Rev. Peter Wright, Rev. Prof. Bryce, LL.D.; Rev. Prof. Hart, B.D.; Mr. Jas. Scott, B.A.; Mr. H. H. Sanderson, B. A.; the graduating class of '93; the Rev. A. McLean, B.A.; the college football champions, and, lastly, the editorial staff. There are seven of these latter, and with true gallantry the place of honor at the head of the group is given to Miss E. H. Hart. The others are Mr. H. Cowan, Mr. J. Brown, Mr. A. Chisholm, Mr. H. G. Gunn, Mr. A. Dunn, and Mr. J. R. MacArthur, B. A. Biographical sketches are given with all the pictures, and the articles are spirited, with some prairie flavours, to give them piquancy. That which describes Dr. Bryce tells much of the history of education in the North-West, while the pictures given of Manitoba College, in 1871-2, compared with the building today, tell how sudden and sweeping has been the material progress of the institution. Dr. King's lecture on 'The Spirit in which Theological Enquiry should be Prosecuted,' commences the letterpress, which is all interesting.

The Port Hope Times, of last week, contains a notice of the death of Gilbert B. Craik, eldest son of Mr. James Craik, merchant of that town. The Times says: The deceased was born in Port Hope in 1871, and was educated in the Public and High Schools, where his talents gave him a high place in his class, and in the estimation of his teachers and pupils. With his school companions, he was regarded with affection, and was a leader in all boyish sports. After completing his education, he joined his uncle,

Mr. George Kyle, in Washington Territory, U. S., where he was soon assigned a position of trust in the First National Bank. A year in the counting house, however, soon convinced him that banking was too confining for his health, and through the influence of his uncle he became associated with railway interests. While thus engaged, he contracted a heavy cold, which settled on his lungs, and feeling his health giving away he resolved, after an absence of two years, to return home. He arrived in Port Hope with his constitution greatly undermined, and although every effort was made to recuperate his failing vitality, he fell into a gradual decline. Treatment in Toronto Hospital, and elsewhere, availed nothing, and despite the loving care of his relatives, the young man fell a victim to the dread disease, consumption. The life which was always characterized by Christian devotion, ended in a peaceful trust in the glories of the great hereafter.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

The Presbytery of Ottawa met in Knox Church on the 15th inst. The call from N. Gower and Wellington to the Rev. J. S. Lochead, of Parkhill, etc., Sarnia Presbytery, was sustained, and the Clerk instructed to forward it without delay. He was also instructed to represent the Ottawa Presbytery before the Sarnia Presbytery, and to request the Rev. J. Campbell Tibb to act along with him.—Jas. H. Beatt, Presbytery Clerk.

LINDSAY.

Met at Sunderland, Aug. 15th., Rev. A. W. Campbell, B. A., was appointed Moderator for next year. It was agreed to hold one or two Normal Institutes for Sabbath School work, in the course of the year. Rev. Mr. Hanna, convener, presented a very encouraging Home Mission Report. Mr. Sam. McLean, of Bal-sore, was certified, with a view to enter the Presbyterian College, Montreal, and Mr. Wm. McKay read a discourse, and was certified to Knox College. A scheme for payment of expenses of commissioners to General Assembly, which has been under consideration for some time, was referred back to the committee to report in detail at next meeting. The item "Reports from Absentees," will have a place on the docket of every meeting in future as a stimulus to regular attendance. A conference on the state of religion will be held in the evening, at next regular meeting.—P. A. MacLeod, Clerk of Presbytery.

The Presbytery of Guelph held an adjourned meeting in Chalmers' church, Elora on the 8th inst., principally for the purpose of the ordination and induction of the Rev. R. H. Horne, B.A., LL.B., to the pastoral oversight of that congregation. The trial exercises of Mr. Horne being highly satisfactory, it was agreed that his ordination and induction be proceeded with at two o'clock in the afternoon according to the notice that had been read from the pulpit on the two immediately preceding Sabbaths. Mr. Hamilton reported that on the 7th inst., he had moderated in a call in the church at Waterloo, which had come out unanimously in favour of Mr. John McNair, B.A., a licentiate of the Church. The call was sustained as a regular Gospel call and the Clerk was instructed to send it on to Mr. McNair for his decision. In the event of his accepting, arrangements were made for hearing his trial exercises, and, should these prove satisfactory, proceeding to his settlement on the 22nd inst. at an adjourned meeting in the church at Waterloo. The stipend promised Mr. McNair was \$800 of salary, and \$100 for house rent, with two weeks' holidays. Dr. Dickson reported that he had moderated in a call given unanimously by the congregations of Doon and Preston to Mr. H. J. Thomas, M.A., licentiate. His conduct in moderating was sustained; commissioners were heard, and Mr. Thomas who was present and in whose hands the call was placed, having signified his acceptance, arrangements were made for his trial exercises, and, provided these prove satisfactory, for his being ordained to the office of the Gospel ministry and inducted into the pastoral charge of the two congregations at Preston on Monday, the 21st. The stipend promised is

\$800, of which \$500 are to be paid by the Preston section of the charge, \$300 by the Doon section. At 2 p.m. the Presbytery proceeded, according to appointment, to the ordination and induction of Mr. Horne. The edict was returned certified as having been duly served. No objector appearing, Mr. Atkinson, of St. Andrew's church, Berlin, preached an excellent sermon from the words, John xiv. 6, "I am the way, the truth and the life." After sermon, Mr. McInnis, Moderator of Session during the vacancy, and who was appointed to preside on the occasion, gave a narrative of the steps in the call to Mr. Horne, put to him the usual questions, and satisfactory answers having been given to them, he was, by solemn prayer, and the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery, ordained to the office of the holy ministry and inducted into the pastoral oversight of the congregation, with the rights and privileges thereto pertaining. He then received the right hand of welcome from the brethren present. Dr. Middlemiss, predecessor of Mr. Horne, is at present in Edinburgh, and, it is understood, intends remaining there all winter, that his health may be thoroughly restored.

GOD'S PROMISES.

A promise is like a cheque. I have a cheque, what do I do with it? Suppose I carried it about in my pocket, and said, "I do not see the use of this bit of paper, I cannot buy anything with it," a person would say: "Have you been to the bank with it?" "No, I did not think of that." "But it is payable to your order. Have you your name on the back of it?" "No, I have not done that." "And yet you are blaming the person who gave you the cheque! The whole blame lies with yourself. Put your name on the back of the cheque, go with it to the bank, and you will get what is promised to you." A prayer should be the presentation of God's promise endorsed by your personal faith. I hear of people praying for an hour together. I am very pleased that they can; but it is seldom that I can do so, and I see no need for it. It is like a person going into the bank with a cheque and stopping an hour. The clerks would wonder. The common-sense way is to go to the counter and show your cheque, and take your money and go about your business. There is a style of prayer which is of this fine, practical character. You so believe in God that you present the promise, obtain the blessing, and go about your Master's business.—Spurgeon.

THROUGH SUFFERINGS.

What is accomplished in us "through sufferings?" Not purity or freedom from sin. Christ was made perfect through sufferings. He could not have been made free from sin because He never had any sin to be cleansed from. Sufferings of themselves never saved any believer. They may have some influence in drawing their victims to the only cleansing agency. The devil may have performed the same office, but no thanks to the devil or to sufferings. The devil meant it for evil, but God overruled it for good.

What, then, is the mission of suffering? It evidently has one. It is not of itself a purifier, but it may be a refiner. It clarifies, beautifies and strengthens holy character. Here is a piece of steel, it is all steel, but it is not yet fine enough. It must be reduced in quantity and refined in quality. All that is taken out of it may be pure steel, but the coarse particles are removed and the finer ones left.

Holy character needs refining. "Not only so, but we glory in tribulation also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience." There was patience before. It is a fruit of the Spirit, but by tribulation (tribulum, the flail) patience is refined—strengthened, made more enduring, its scope enlarged, its exercise made more natural, easy and universal. We are saved by grace, we are disciplined by suffering.—Christian Witness.

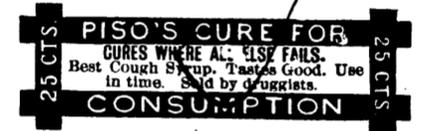
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BIRTH.

At the manse Claude, on Wednesday the 16th inst., the wife of the Rev. Wm. Farquharson of a son.

A NEW FORM OF POLICY.

It is doubtless within the recollection of a great many of our readers when life insurance could only be obtained on the life plan, under which the insured pays premiums for the term of his life, and in case of his death the full amount of the policy becomes payable, whereas, of late years, several new systems (such as the tontine and the semi-tontine) have been introduced, under which are combined the elements of protection to a man's dependents in case of his death, and a desirable investment for himself if he lives to the end of the investment period.

The latest form of policy offered to the insuring public of Canada is that of the investment annuity plan.

Under it, should death occur within the first ten years the policy becomes payable in equal annual instalments; if after that, and within the investment period selected with the first instalment, there will be payable a mortuary dividend of the eleventh and subsequent premiums paid thereon.

This form of policy contract should commend itself to intending insurers, as under it a much lower premium is chargeable than on the other plans of insurance on account of the payment on the face of the policy being extended over a period of twenty or twenty-five years.

The company that issues this most desirable form of insurance is the North American Life Assurance Company, 22 to 28 King st. west, Toronto, from whom full particulars can be obtained by applying for the same at their head office or through any of their agents.

Not a sound has ever ceased to vibrate through space; not a ripple has ever been lost upon the ocean. Much more is it true that not a true thought, nor a pure resolve, nor a loving act, has ever gone forth in vain.—Robertson.

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Gentlemen,—For years I have been troubled with scrofulous sores upon my face. I have spent hundreds of dollars trying to effect a cure, without any result. I am happy to say one bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT entirely cured me, and I can heartily recommend it to all as the best medicine in the world.

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to the ways of her household." Yes, Solomon is right; that's what the good housekeeper everywhere does, but particularly in Canada.

But her ways are not always old ways. In fact she has discarded many unsatisfactory old ways. For instance, to-day she is using



the New Shortening, instead of lard. And this is in itself a reason why "she looketh well" in another sense, for she eats no lard to cause poor digestion and a worse complexion.

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PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap Softening Water. Disinfecting, and a hundred other uses. A can equals 20 pounds Sal Soda.
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W. GILLET, Toronto



IT IS INVALUABLE IN CONSUMPTION
CHRONIC COLDS, OBSTINATE COUGHS,
WHOOING COUGH,
PULMONARY AND SCROFULOUS COMPLAINTS
AND WASTING DISEASES GENERALLY.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

British and Foreign.

The Rev. Henry Herrick, of Woodstock, Conn. is the oldest living graduate of Yale University. He and the Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher are the last survivors of the class of '22.

At a meeting of the Ayr Free Church Presbytery, on June 27th, it was agreed to present a congratulatory address to the Rev. James Porteous, D. D., Ballantrae, on the occasion of his ministerial jubilee.

Lockerbie Free Church congregation has resolved to erect a memorial to the Rev. Alex. D. Campbell, the late minister. Instead of proceeding with the erection of the proposed church hall, it was agreed to provide a new manse for the minister.

To prevent the case of your piano from becoming smoky in appearance wipe a small portion at a time with a fine sponge wet in tepid water and a little Castile soap. Dry with a moistened chamolis cloth which has been wrung until it is almost dry. When this has been done apply some reliable piano polish with a soft flannel cloth.

One of the four panels of the Burns statue is now complete, and on view at Ayr. The subject is "The Cottar's Saturday Night." The panel is designed by the sculptor, Mr. Lawson, who gives a striking and faithful representation of the interior of the cottage, with the family at worship, as portrayed by the poet. The gift of the panel is by Mr. Birkmyre, M.P.

Speaking in Glasgow Presbytery, Dr. Walter Ross Taylor remarked that their hopes with regard to the Jubilee Assembly had been more than realized. In all respects they had had a memorable Assembly. For one thing they were most fortunate in their Moderator; and the high-toned addresses which were given from the chair were in themselves sufficient to make any Assembly memorable. In all respects Dr. Smith fully rose to the height of the occasion.

The funeral of Sir William Mackinnon, Bart., of Balmakill, took place on the 25th ult. in the little churchyard of Clachan, Argyllshire, in the vicinity of his residence of Loup. There was a large attendance of the personal friends of the deceased from all parts of the country, and the obsequies were conducted in the simplest Presbyterian forms. There were present the Marquis of Lorne, Capt. Campbell, of Ardrpatrick, Sir Charles Nicholson, London; Mr. H. M. Stanley, London; Mr. E. M. Jephson, Mr. C. P. G. Campbell, of Stonefield; Mr. A. L. Bruce, Edinburgh; Mr. Peter Denny, Dumbarton, etc.

At a recent meeting of the Salvation Army in Exeter Hall, London, presided over by Gen. Booth, it was reported that the organization had 3,070 posts, distributed through thirty-five countries; and in these posts 29,758 officers "reach about seven million people in some way with the gospel every week." In twenty-one different languages the Army publishes forty periodicals. It claims 3,000 converts from heathenism in India last year. In the way of benevolent work, the Army maintains forty-nine Rescue Homes, twelve Prison-Gate Homes, nineteen food depots, thirty-six shelters, twenty-four labour bureaux, eighteen factories and five farms. In addition there are ninety Slum Posts, with two "slum angels" at each. Whether we regard this Army as a tree which the Father hath planted, or not, it has certainly taken root widely in the soil of humanity and made wonderful growth.

Toronto, April 23rd, 1893.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co.,
Toronto, Ont.

Gentlemen:—
Sometime since while having a friendly wrestling match I was thrown down, and my arm badly sprained and otherwise injured. I suffered a great deal of pain, and from time to time sought the advice of three different doctors, without receiving any great benefit.

About this time noticing your St. Jacobs Oil advertised, I purchased a bottle and used according to directions, what was my delight to receive benefit at once, and in a few days my arm was entirely cured so much so that I could go back to my profession again, which requires a very steady hand.

Yours truly,
Thomas Meredith,
85 Church St.

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INFLUENZA,

Or La Grippe, though occasionally epidemic, is always more or less prevalent. The best remedy for this complaint is **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.**

"Last Spring, I was taken down with La Grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breast seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid and the cure so complete. It is truly a wonderful medicine."—W. H. WILLIAMS, Crook City, S. D.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prompt to act, sure to cure

Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

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Other Chemicals



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which is absolutely pure and soluble.
It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EASILY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere.
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



Travellers in Arctic regions say the physical effects of cold there are about as follows: Fifteen degrees above, unpleasantly warm; zero, mild; 10 degrees below, bracing; 20 degrees below, sharp, but not severely cold; 30 degrees below, very cold; 40 degrees below, intensely cold; 50 degrees below, a struggle for life.—New Orleans Picayune.

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It not only stimulates, but builds up and strengthens. You get a tonic and a food combined in the form of a

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 THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN, CURES
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MISCELLANEOUS.

Local telegrams are now transmitted through pneumatic tubes in most of the principal cities of Great Britain.

In shoemaker's measure three sizes make an inch. Esterbrook's pens are made in all shapes and sizes to suit every writer.

The Queen of Greece is president of a sisterhood having for its object the reformation of criminals.

You don't know how much better you will feel if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will drive off that tired feeling and make you strong.

The average length of the whale is 60 feet; average girth 40 feet; thickness of blubber, 15 inches.

HISTORY OF 15 YEARS.

For fifteen years we have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a family medicine for summer complaints and diarrhoea, and we never had anything to equal it. We highly recommend it.
 Samuel Webb, Corbett, Ont.

The highest rainfall officially registered in India occurred at Chirpungi in the Khesi Hills, the quantity measuring 40.8 inches in 24 hours.

A PERFECT COOK.

A perfect cook never presents us with indigestible food. There are few perfect cooks, and consequently indigestion is very prevalent. You can eat what you like and as much as you want after using Burdock Blood Bitters, the natural specific for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form.

The Empress of Japan is an adept performer on the koto, a large-sized zither. It is an instrument which is much played and very popular in Japan.

MINING NEWS.

Mining experts note that cholera never attacks the bowels of the earth, but humanity in general find it necessary to use Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for bowel complaints, dysentery, diarrhoea, etc. It is a sure cure.

Rabbi Isaac M. Wise says there is a project under consideration for the printing of the Talmud in the English language; and he believes the edition could be issued at a cost of \$100,000.

VIGILANT CARE.

Vigilance is necessary against unexpected attacks of summer complaints. No remedy is so well-known or so successful in this class of disease as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. Keep it in the house as a safe-guard.

James Payn, the English novelist, asks: "Which of all the heroines of fiction, if you had your choice, would you prefer to take out to dinner?" For himself, he says that Becky Sharp would be his choice.

SUMMER WEAKNESS

And that tired feeling, loss of appetite and nervous prostration are driven away by Hood's Sarsaparilla, like mist before the morning sun. To realize the benefit of this great medicine, give it a trial and you will join the army of enthusiastic admirers of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Sure, efficient, easy—HOOD'S PILLS. They should be in every traveller's grip and every family medicine chest. 25c. a box.

The great cave in the Black Hills region is said to be 52 miles long, and contains nearly 1,500 rooms, some of them 200 feet high, having been opened. There are streams, waterfalls and 37 lakes, one of which is an acre in extent. The cave is 6,000 feet above sea level and 400 feet below the earth's surface.

A CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

Dyspepsia is a prolific cause of such diseases as bad blood, constipation, headache and liver complaint. Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure or relieve dyspepsia, if used according to directions. Thousands have tested it with the best results.

Every railway should have its surgeon. He is a necessity as much as its lawyer, its president, or even its superintendent. Both professions of law and medicine are now a necessity for the proper management and conduct of a railway. The railway surgeon came, perhaps last, but he has come to stay, and no railway of importance can now dispense with this officer.—*Medico-Legal Journal.*

RHEUMATISM IN THE KNEES.

Sirs,—About two years ago I took rheumatism in the knees, which became so bad that I could hardly go up or down stairs without help. All medicines failed until I was induced to try B. B. B. By the time I had taken the second bottle I was greatly relieved, and the third bottle completely removed the pain and stiffness.

Amos Becksted, Morrisburg, Ont.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.



A Bright Lad,

Ten years of age, but who declines to give his name to the public, makes this authorized, confidential statement to us:

"When I was one year old, my mamma died of consumption. The doctor said that I, too, would soon die, and all our neighbors thought that even if I did not die, I would never be able to walk, because I was so weak and puny. A gathering formed and broke under my arm. I hurt my finger and it gathered and threw out pieces of bone. If I hurt myself so as to break the skin, it was sure to become a running sore. I had to take lots of medicine, but nothing has done me so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It has made me well and strong."
 T. D. M., Norcatur, Kans.

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 Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
 Cures others, will cure you

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The Cheapest and Best Medicine for
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NEVER FAILS TO RELIEVE
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It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing.

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 and **NEURALGIA.**

Thousands have been relieved and cured by simply rubbing with Ready Relief, applied by the hand to the parts affected and considerable of the adjoining surface; at the same time several brisk doses of Radway's Pills will do much to hasten the cure.

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From 30 to 60 drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heartburn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Colic, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

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A half a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a flannel saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure.

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