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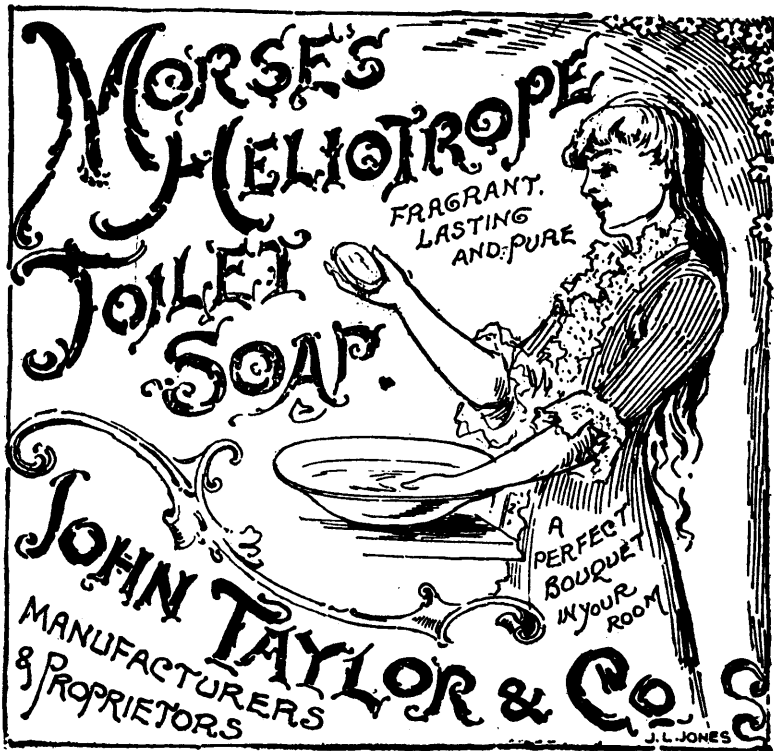
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**One-Egg Gems:** Beat one egg without separating, add to it half a pint of milk, one tablespoonful of melted butter, half teaspoonful of salt, and then put in one cup of bread flour; add a teaspoonful of baking powder, beat thoroughly and bake in a moderately quick oven twenty to twenty-five minutes.

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# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 22.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8th, 1893.

No. 6.

## Notes of the Week.

There are 4,876 students at the University of Berlin this winter, the largest number in the history of the institution.

Eiffel's plan for a great bridge across the River Neva at St. Petersburg has just been accepted, and the St. Petersburg municipality has voted the twenty-six million rubles required to build it.

Ninety-one millions of foreign capital mostly British, says The Christian at Work, is invested in American breweries; the breweries control the saloon; the saloons in our large cities control the government. This is a deadly foreign invasion that cannot be too quickly repelled.

"General" Booth's latest scheme is "a light brigade of 100,000 persons, outside the Salvation Army, to take a box and put a halfpenny in it each week." He thinks a plan of that sort would bring in thousands of pounds.

Recently in India certain regiments, containing over 5,000 soldiers, were placed under medical observation, from which it was shown that the mortality of the free drinkers was 44 per 1,000; moderate drinkers, 28 per 1,000; and teetotallers, 11 per 1,000.

The Duke of Argyle joins Mr. Goldwin Smith and The Times in twitting Mr. Gladstone for saying he was a "pure Scotsman" and then undertaking to legislate for the English. We thought "The Campbell" was a pure Scotchman, remarks The Christian Leader; but he also sits in a legislative chamber at Westminster.

Says The Christian Leader: The censorship in Turkey over the religious press is becoming intolerable, and Her Majesty's representative has declared that the Christian Scriptures must be admitted intact. The censors have been erasing "Jew" and "Hebrew" in all places, and inserting the word "Christian" before sinners, thus: "Jesus came into the world to save (Christian) sinners"—as if no Turks could be sinners.

At the close of drill recently the members of the First St. John Company Boys' Brigade, presented their captain, Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, with a handsome gold-headed ebony cane, a testimonial of their respect and appreciation, that was peculiarly gratifying to the recipient. The presentation was made in a neat speech by Lieut. G. H. Smith, and Mr. Fotheringham who was taken completely by surprise replied in suitable terms.

New plans have been made for the projected bridge across the English Channel, and the promoters will apply to Parliament this session for powers to go ahead with its construction. The engineers are Sir John Fowler and Sir Benjamin Baker. The length of the bridge has been reduced about three miles, and the number of piers have been reduced from 121 to 72. The cantilever system is proposed. The greatest span will be 1,840 feet. The cost is estimated at £32,750,000.

Concerning the wearing away of Niagara Falls, Prof. LeConte says: "The upper stratum of rock is Niagara limestone, a hard rock, but beneath it is a stratum of shale. It is the slow undermining of this shale that causes the limestone to break off from year to year and the falls to recede. They are receding now at the rate of three or four feet a year. What will be the final result? They may go back to the lake, but the limestone is growing thicker and thicker and may finally

ally extend to the bottom of the falls. In that case the rock would not break off, but would wear away and form rapids. In any case, should the falls recede to Lake Erie, at the present rate it would take at least twenty thousand years."

The surplus food supply of the world would last, looking at the question from the purely human point of view, a little over a year, supposing vegetable supplies were cut off and domestic and food animals to be fed on stored produce. Men and beasts would exhaust this in about twelve months, man, of course, slaughtering live stock for food all the time, and so decreasing the consumption of vegetable produce by animals. This estimate does not include fishing or hunting, and only applies to civilized communities.

The New York Mail and Express said some time ago: "The reign of lawlessness in Chicago is a direct result of the efforts of the Exposition authorities in that city to break down the Sabbath. If they teach disobedience to the fourth commandment, in prospect of money gain, how can they expect lower classes of their people to regard the binding force of the sixth and eighth commandments?" To this, the Chicago Tribune replies, with brutal frankness: "All the same, Chicago will have the Fair open, Sunday, Col. Shepard, even if the thieves smash all the commandments and steal the whole business."

Theodore L. Cuyler makes the following pointed remarks in a recent issue of The Christian Intelligencer. They apply with equal force to the rich in Canada as on the other side of the lines: "One great need of the times is for the rich people to understand their duties; otherwise wealth may be a snare and a curse. Another need is for strong churches to discharge their obligations, (that is the word) to the weak and the struggling. After preaching in a certain church in New York I shook hands with over one hundred millions of money in ten minutes after the service! That might mean one hundred missionaries supported and endless other blessings scattered abroad. The greatest need of all, is more personal consecration on the part of every one of us to self-denying service for our crucified Master. 'Inasmuch as ye do it to the least and weakest, ye do it unto Me.' That is our Master's watchword and call to duty. Power means debt—a debt we owe to the poor, the feeble, the guilty, and the perishing. God help us all to pay the debt!"

In the Belfast Witness we find an amusing little speech, made by a staunch Irish Presbyterian minister, who stumbled on a small organ in a church he was preaching in. He described the scene thus:—"There was an instrument in Ballinborough Presbytery. He had gone to preach in a certain church, not knowing the accursed thing was there. It was an evening service, and hymns were only used. When he gave out the number of the hymn he thought surely the bitterness of death was past. But, before he had time to begin reading the hymn, he heard a sound—a most unusual sound, it seemed to him, in a Presbyterian church. He looked down and saw the abomination of desolation. To say he was shocked would be to put it very mildly. Indeed, although it was none of his business, after the service he remonstrated with the minister. The minister explained that the instrument was introduced during a vacancy, that he had nothing to do with it, and was not responsible. Besides, he said, the people came out to hear the music, and then they had to remain to listen to him."

## PULPIT, PRESS AND PLATFORM.

Rams' Horn: Had Job been a man who run his shoes down at the heel, and never had any opinions of his own, the devil wouldn't have bothered him.

Dr. John Caird: It is a great thing to love Christ so dearly as to be "ready to be bound and die" for Him; but it is often a thing not less great to be ready to take up our daily cross and to live for Him.

The Interior: "God is the Father of truth. The devil is the father of lies. Whom will you serve?" asks the Religious Telescope. Up this way, and considerably elsewhere, it is a matter of spot cash.

Dr. D. T. Young: In religion, "What is more than How." There is a God; it is comparatively unimportant to know how He exists. There is a Bible; it is comparatively unimportant to know how it is inspired. There is an infinite atonement, and there are perhaps twenty theories of it; we are saved by none of these, but by the atonement itself. The cross transcends all explanations. Oh, I fear some of you are looking skeptically, critically, at the wondrous cross. If you look thus you will see in it nothing but common wood.

Joseph Parker: Humility is the test of Christian character. There is much that goes for humility which would deceive the very elect. We must be so humble that there can be really nothing to humble our pride. We shall know how much we have learned of Christ when everything is dead against us, when not a star comes out in the night-time, and when the days are almost nights, when there is no fruit on the fig-tree, when men crush in before us, when men seek to outwit us, when men ill-use us. Then shall we know whether we are Christ's or not. The way into Christ's heaven is not a theological examination, but through crucifixion on His cross.

Morley Punshon: The Bible is true, or it is false. If it be true it is true for the heart—for the life—for any time—for all times for eternity—it is the truth now and forever. Do you believe it? "King Agrippa believest thou the prophets? I know thou believest." Man—woman—Kings—heirs of the royal kingdom of heaven—believest thou the Bible? Believest thou that just beyond you—very near you—just above you there is a heaven of blessedness and a hell of doom and that the rupture of a small air-like vessel attenuates as the web of a spider may at any moment exalt you into the one or plunge you into the doom of the other?

Christian Index: "Praying is more than saying prayers." We are not heard for our much speaking. The ear of the Heavenly Father listens to the faintest cry that comes from a sincere soul, and that alone is prayer which thus comes. Here is something good on this point: "God weighs our prayers rather than numbers them. That we should pray often, and even "without ceasing," is important, but that we should pray with sincerity and earnestness, is still more so. The mere mumbling of a form of words, whether long or short comes to but little. If we expect to find acceptance at the throne of the heavenly grace, our hearts must be right in the sight of God.

Phillips Brooks: The Revelation tells us of golden gates and streets of pearl. It tells us also of beings who walk in them with a precious and mystic name written

upon their foreheads. Let us be sure that the new name in the forehead is what makes the reality of heaven far more than the gold under the feet. The new circumstance shall be much, but the new man shall be more! Only by knowing that, can we be truly getting ready for heaven here. We can do nothing now to build the streets and gates, but by God's grace we can do much, very much, now to begin to become the men and women to whom one day heaven shall be possible. Then heaven, when it comes, will not be strange. Only a deepening of the faith by which we sought it shall we receive and absorb, and grow in and by its richness for ever and for ever.

Canadian Baptist: But while, in the meantime, we must regard any organic union with Pedobaptist denominations as impossible, so far as Baptists are concerned, we have great faith in the possibility and the reality of that essential and vital union, which binds as in one heart, and should unite as one in aim and effort, all true followers of Christ, irrespective of differences of views on the points indicated. We should rejoice to see Baptists uniting their forces more and more closely with their brethren, in various lines of aggressive Christian work, in regard to which all are agreed. We believe not only that it is our duty to show forth in this way the essential unity of all the servants of the one Master, but that this way lies the only real approach towards that oneness of faith and practice for which His true disciples can never cease to hope and pray.

Central Presbyterian: From these returns of the United States census it will be seen that all the leading Protestant Churches have increased during the decade from 1880 to 1890, at a greater rate per cent, than the Roman Catholic Church, notwithstanding the gains which this last named church made from foreign immigration. The Lutherans made the largest relative gain of all the Protestant bodies. This was due in large measure to the great immigration from Germany and other Lutheran countries. The increase of the Protestant Churches was fully 17 per cent. in excess of the increase of the population of the country. Although these facts are full of encouragement, it still remains true that a very large proportion of our population has not been brought under the power of the Gospel. Home missionary work is urgently needed in all our States—in the older ones as well as in the more recently settled; in all our cities as well as in the outlying country districts.

Christian Guardian: Independently of an aggressive military policy in the East, and the importance of the retention of Egypt in the interests of her Indian empire, England is engaged in a wise and economical administration of Egyptian affairs which is proving to be of the highest benefit to the population. Through the benefits of this administration, the Egyptians are learning something of honesty and good faith, and are being gradually relieved of oppressive burdens. The condition of the fellahen has been greatly improved. They are not fleeced now as they were and would be again were a less and reliable and capable set of administrators placed over them. The English having shown themselves the true friends of the people, have gained something more than the mere right of the strongest to possession. They have gained the consideration and respect of the governed. And there is every assurance that this beneficent rule will not be withdrawn or trifled with while the need for it remains.



## Our Contributors.

### A VERY UNLOVELY KIND OF CHRISTIAN.

BY KNOXONIAN.

Have you read "The Little Minister" by J. M. Barrie? If so you will remember that one of the most interesting passages in that intensely interesting book is the conversation between the retiring Auld Licht pastor, Mr. Carfrae and his youthful successor, Mr. Gavin Dishart. Among other things the venerable ex-pastor told the young man that Thrums was not nearly as quiet a town as it looked. The Chartists had put mischief into the heads of the Thrums' weavers and the weavers had armed themselves with pikes, formed themselves into a military company and had drilled in the mist in order to be ready for the next lowering of their wages. The good old man was deeply grieved because the weavers of the town in which he had laboured so long acted in that way. One misty day he happened to be out on a neighbouring hill and was startled by a voice crying sharply, "Shoulder arms." A brief examination convinced him that the body of men in the mist were not "shadows" as he had at first supposed; "they were Thrums weavers drilling with pikes in their hands." That, however, was not all, nor was it the worst. It gave additional pain to the good man to see among the others, "our precentor, Lang Tammas, who seems to watch for backsliding in the congregation as if he had pleasure in discovering it."

The new pastor was a little startled to hear that his precentor drilled in the mist with a pike and when off duty watched for backsliders. A little experience would have taught him that the man who watches for backsliding and rejoices when he finds it is pretty certain to be at some mischief himself when he gets into the mist.

LANG TAMMAS,

the Auld Licht precentor of Thrums was a typical man. He represents that unlovely class to be found in most communities, who are always mousing for sin and who shout for joy the moment they find it. Nothing pleases them so much as to find that some unfortunate fellow creature has fallen. To them nothing smells so sweet as the mouth of a moral sewer. They revel in scandal and hunt instinctively for filth. They are never so happy as when they hear that some unfortunate mortal has been disgraced.

Experts of the Lang Tammas school sometimes get badly caught. Their scent for evil is so keen that they occasionally scent it when it is not there. Thinking, like the detectives, that they have a clue when they haven't, they tell the neighbours that somebody has done something awful. Mr. Somebody hears about it and threatens Lang Tammas with criminal proceedings. Lang Tammas wilts like a cabbage leaf and sneaks into his den. Nobody can back down more quickly or apologize more humbly than a Lang Tammas if you take him squarely by the throat.

In a world like ours it frequently becomes the sad duty with a considerable number of people to deal with the sins and shortcomings of their fellow men. Judges, magistrates, constables, church courts, elders, ministers, dispensers of charity, lawyers, doctors, superintendents of prisons and asylums, and a lot of other men are constantly brought into contact with people who have fallen or wandered more or less from the right course. But do these men who see sin doing its dreadful work rejoice over its effects? Does the judge chuckle over the prisoner he has to send to the gallows? Does the magistrate enjoy sending an unfortunate fellow creature to prison? Does any man fit to be an elder or minister gloat over the shortcomings or lapses of weak humanity?

There are two points of difference between Lang Tammas and a decent Christian. Lang Tammas was an amateur. As precentor in the Auld Licht church in

Thrums it was no part of his duty to hunt for backsliding. His business was to lead the singing through his vocal or nasal organs—through the nasal most likely—and leave dealing with backsliders to the elders ordained for that among other purposes. But Lang Tammas liked to hunt for backsliders and he hunted.

The other point of difference is this. A really good man grieves to see backsliding or any other form of sin. Like his Master he sorrows over the fallen and tries to raise them. Lang Tammas didn't grieve. He chuckled and ran to the manse and told the minister in tones that made the good man suspect Lang Tammas was glad because he had discovered some backsliding.

When Lang Tammas was handing in his amateur report on backsliding it never occurred to him that some day the Old Pastor would find him in the mist drilling with a pike and qualifying himself to stab a few of the manufacturers of Thrums. Ah, Tammas, how the chickens do come home to the men who chuckle over the sins of their neighbours.

Lang Tammas was of course, a rare stickler about non-essentials. He would not worship with the U. P.s, because they sing paraphrases. How he would denounce the Free Church because they did not expel Dr. Dods and a number of other alleged heretics. It would make one's hair stand on end to hear Tammas denounce the Kirk. A Methodist or Episcopalian Tammas could not stand within a ten acre field, but yet Tammas could leave the precentor's desk of the Auld Licht Church and drill with the Chartists, so that he could be ready for the manufacturers with some cold steel the next time they reduced the price of the web; ah Tammas.

Tammas could shoulder his pike at the bidding of the Chartists readily enough, but his conscience would not allow him singing, "Jesus lover of my soul," or "Nearer my God to Thee."

The best way to have kept Tammas from drill would have been to procure a small melodeon and play a hymn tune on it as the drill proceeded. The moment Tammas heard the little instrument he would have struck for Thrums.

### DISCOVERY OF A FIFTH GOSPEL.

The Preussische Jahrbucher, the Prussian annual (writes a Berlin correspondent), contains an exceptionally interesting and valuable contribution from Professor Adolf Harnack, entitled, "The newly discovered fragments of Saint Peter's Gospel, and of the revelation of Saint Peter." The discovery was effected in the following manner:—

A few years ago Monsieur Bonriant, of the French Mission Archeologique at Cairo, had a mediæval tomb opened at Akmim, and found therein two Greek manuscripts. One was written on papyrus, and proved to be a ready-reckoner for merchants. The other was a small parchment code of thirty-three pages, evidently containing religious matter. The latter was submitted to Professor Harnack for inspection, and this learned theologian, whilst perusing what was supposed to be merely a translation of some part of the New Testament, recognised a passage quoted by the early fathers in their works as coming from St. Peter's Gospel—a Gospel which from its mention by Eusebius, Origen, and Serapio, was known to have once existed, but never seen by writers for some centuries. It was reckoned as absolutely lost.

The contents of the code are quite new, and though only a fragment of the Gospel is there, it is of great value, dealing as it does with the narrative of the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. The text is as follows, omitting the sub-division into verses made by Harnack:—

Of the Jews, however, no one washed his hands, nor Herod either, nor any of his Judges. And when they were about to wash themselves, Pilate stood up, and King Herod gave orders that the Lord should be seized, saying to them (that is, to the soldiers), "What I have ordered you to do to him, that do." But Joseph was

there, the friend of Pilate and of the Lord, and when he learnt that they would crucify Him he went to Pilate, and begged the body of the Lord for burial.

And Pilate sent to Herod, and asked for His (Jesus') corpse, and Herod said—"Brother Pilate, even if nobody had asked it, we should have buried him (here comes a dash in the print before the next words). For the Sabbath is nigh at hand for it is written in the law the sun shall not set upon a dead person—(another dash)—before the first day of unleavened bread—that is to say, of their festival. But they seized the Lord and butted him as they ran, saying, "Let us drag the Son of God now that we have power over Him;" and they put upon Him a purple robe, and set Him on the judgment seat, and said—"Judge righteously, O King of Israel," and one of them brought a crown of thorns and put it upon the head of the Lord, and others standing by spat in his face, and others struck him on the cheeks, others butting him with a cane, and some scourged him, saying, "Thus have we done honour to the Son of God."

And they brought two malefactors and crucified the Lord between them; but he remained silent, as if he felt no pain, and when they had lifted up the cross they wrote upon it, "This is the King of Israel."

And they laid out his garments before him, and distributed them, casting lots for them. But one of the malefactors rebuked them saying, "We have suffered this because of the evil deeds that we have done; but this man, who has become the Saviour of mankind, what harm hath he done you?" And they were angry with him, and ordered that his bones should not be broken, that he might die in agony. Now it was noon, and darkness covered the whole area of Judea, and they became uneasy, and were afraid that the sun had set whilst He yet lived, for it is written for them that the sun shall not set over a dead person.

And one of them said, "Give him gall and vinegar to drink." and they mixed it, and gave Him to drink.

And they fulfilled everything, and consummated the sins on their own heads, and many went about with torches thinking that it was night, and fell down. And the Lord cried aloud, saying, "My Strength, my Strength, thou hast forsaken me!" And having said this He was taken up. And in the same hour the veil of the temple of Jerusalem was rent in twain; and they drew the nails out the hands of the Lord, and lay Him on the earth, and the whole earth trembled; and there arose a great fear. Then the sun shone (again.)

And it was the ninth hour, but the Jews were glad, and gave to Joseph his corpse that he might bury it, as he had seen all the good that He (Jesus) had done. He took, therefore, the Lord and washed Him, and bound Him round with linen, and brought him into his own grave, that was called Joseph's garden.

Then the Jews and the elders and the priests saw what evil they had brought upon themselves and began to smite their breasts, and to say, "Woe to our sins; the judgment is at hand, and the fall of Jerusalem."

But I mourned with my companions, and with our hearts pierced through. We hid ourselves, for we were being sought for by them as evildoers, and as such who wished to set fire to the Temple. Because of all this we fasted, and sat mourning and weeping night and day until the Sabbath.

But the scribes and Pharisees and elders assembled together, and when they heard that the whole people murmured and smote their breasts, saying, "If at His death these mighty signs have taken place, see what a just man he is."

Then the elders feared, and came to Pilate, begging him, and saying, "Give us soldiers that we may keep watch over His grave for three days, lest perchance His disciples come and steal Him, and the people believe that He be risen from the dead, and do us harm."

Pilate then gave them the centurion Petronius with soldiers to watch over the grave, and with them came the elders and

scribes to the grave, and they, together with the centurion and the soldiers, raised a huge stone, and all of them together who were there placed it at the door of the grave, and they sealed it with seven seals, and after they had set up a tent they watched it (the grave.)

But early when the Sabbath had dawned, people came from Jerusalem and from the country round about to see the sealed grave; but in the night which ended with the dawn of the Lord's Day, whilst the soldiers were keeping watch in pairs, a great voice sounded in the heavens, and they saw the heavens open and two men descending therefrom in radiant brightness and approaching the grave.

And that stone which was laid at the door rolled of itself away, and moved aside, and the grave opened, and the two young men stepped aside. Now when those soldiers saw this, they woke up the centurion and the elders, for they too (the elders) were present as watchmen; and whilst they were telling what they had beheld, they again saw three men stepping forth from the grave, and two of them supported the one, and a cross followed them; and the head of the two reached to heaven, but the head of the one that was led by them overtowered above the heavens, and they heard a voice from the heavens that said: "Hast thou preached obedience unto them that sleep?" and from the cross was heard, "Yea." These, then, considered with one another whether they should go away and report this to Pilate, and whilst they were still deliberating the heavens appeared opened again, and a man descending and entering into the grave. When the centurion and his men saw this they hastened by night to Pilate, leaving the grave they were watching, and they told all that they had seen in great fear, saying, "In truth He was the Son of God." Pilate answered and said—"I am clean from the blood of the Son of God. It pleased you to do so." Then they all approached him, and begged him and persuaded him to order the centurion and the soldiers to say nothing of what they had seen, "for it is better," they cried, "that we should charge the greater quiet before God upon ourselves than that we should fall into the hands of the people and be stoned."

Pilate then ordered the centurion and the soldiers to say nothing, but on the morning of the Lord's Day came Mary Magdalene, the disciple of the Lord—for fear of the Jews, who were burning with rage, and she had not done (as yet) at the grave of the Lord what women generally do at the graves of the dead and of those loved by them—with her friends to the grave where He had been laid, and they feared lest the Jews should see them, and said, "Although we could not weep and mourn on the day on which He was crucified, we will at least do so now at His grave. But who will roll us away the stone that has been laid at the door of the grave, so that we may go in and sit by Him, and do what we ought to do, for the stone is large, and we fear lest somebody shall see us? And if we cannot do it, let us at least lay before the door what we bring in remembrance of Him, and let us weep and lament until we again come to our home." And they went away, and found the grave opened; and they approached, and stooping down, they entered, and saw there a young man sitting in the midst of the grave, fair, and clad with a radiant garment, who spoke to them—"Wherefore come ye? Whom seek you? Surely not Him that was crucified. He is risen, and has gone away, but if ye do not believe it, stoop down and behold the place where he did lay, that He is not. Therefore He is risen, and has gone thither whence He was sent."

Then the women were frightened, and fled. Now it was the last day of unleavened bread, and many had left Jerusalem in order to return to their homes, as the feast was over, but we, the twelve apostles of the Lord, wept and lamented, and each went mourning over what had happened to his own home. But I, Simon Peter, and my brother Andrew, took our nets and went to the sea, and Levy, the son of Alphaeus, was with us.

## Christian Endeavor.

TOPIC OF WEEK.

BY REV. W. S. M'TAVISH, B.D., ST. GEORGE

FIG. 12.—How to pray. Nehemiah's example. Neh. 1; 4-8. James 5; 16-18.

The prayer of Nehemiah is in almost every respect a model one. Dr. Hodge says that prayer to be acceptable to God must be offered in sincerity, in humility, with importunity, in submission to God's will, in faith, and in the name of Christ. All these conditions with the exception of the last were fulfilled in this prayer, and the omission may be accounted for by the fact that Nehemiah lived before the time of Christ. Several features of this prayer are deserving of notice but we can deal with only three.

I. His reverence for God. He addressed Him as God, the Lord of heaven, the great, the terrible and the covenant-keeping God. He thus recognized God's power, authority and faithfulness. How strikingly this spirit of reverence appears in the prayers of Jacob, Ezra and Daniel, (Gen. xxxii, 9-10; Ezra, ix, 5-8; Dan., ix, 3-4). Jesus taught His disciples to approach God with reverence, (Matt. vi 9). When we pray, therefore, we should try to realize the true character of God. We should remember that He is great and greatly to be praised. If the sinless angels adore His majesty, His power, and His love, surely it becomes us to be suitably impressed when we come into His presence.

II. His confession of sin. "I and my father's house have sinned and we have dealt very corruptly." There are some who do not confess their sins in prayer because they foolishly imagine that they have not transgressed any of God's commandments. But if we say that we have not sinned we deceive ourselves. In looking over the Word of God we find that the greatest saints as well as the greatest sinners confessed their iniquities. The publican confessed that he was "the sinner." Job, who was called a perfect man, said to God, "I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes." David said, "Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned." It may be discouraging to feel that we daily break God's commandments in thought, word and deed, but over against this there is the comforting assurance that if we confess our sins He is faithful and just to forgive.

III. His earnestness and importunity in presenting his petitions. "Let Thine ear now be attentive, and Thine eyes open, that Thou mayst hear the prayer of Thy servant which I pray before Thee now, day and night." Possibly he recalled the words of the Psalmist, "The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous and His ears are open to their cry." At all events, he believed that God would hear his prayer, and that thought made him earnest in presenting it.

How often are we taught to pray with fervency and importunity? While God's promises are always conditional yet He has encouraged us to be earnest in our supplications. In the parable of "The Friend at midnight" Jesus taught that importunity would prevail, and in the parable of "The unrighteous judge" He set forth the same truth, (Luke II, 8; Luke xviii, 1-8) "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." How often have such prayers been answered? Jacob said to the angel, "I will not let thee go except thou bless me," and he received a blessing then and there. God gave Jabez that which he requested. Elijah's prayer for rain was answered as his former one for drought had been. Dr. Judson once said, "I never asked God for anything but it always came. Perhaps it did not come in the way that I expected or at the time that I looked for it, nevertheless it always came." Well may we heed the advice of Luther, "pray; pray, pray."

Longing desire prayeth always, though the tongue be silent. If thou art ever longing, thou art ever praying. When stayeth prayer? When desire groweth cold.—St. Augustine.

Here, unfortunately, the manuscript breaks off abruptly just where one is most keen on knowing what followed. But enough is given to prove that the above is St. Peter's Gospel, and to endorse what St. Paul wrote—that that apostle was the first to see our Lord after His resurrection from the dead.

As to the real authorship of the alleged Gospel, Harnack submits that Justin Martyr "knew of it, utilized it, and quoted it as from St. Peter." He thinks that it cannot have been written subsequent to 125 after Christ, and he attributes it to the beginning of the second century, but that it came out of use in the Catholic Churches of Syria between the years 160 and 260 anno.

## VILLAGE LIFE IN THE HARZ MOUNTAINS.

A. A. McDONALD in The Week.

It is a great charm in travelling to find ourselves among an honest and simple people, whose manners have not been corrupted by a cosmopolitan flood of tourists. Such an ideal place is the Harz Mountains in Germany. True, the German people flock there every summer, but they travel with true German economy, in a manner quite different from the prodigal American. And thus we have all the facilities of modern travel while spared the evil effects that it often produces. We see the German people here in a truly representative way, and have a good chance of studying their character. To one who has lived in a great city there is something delightfully attractive about a Harz village. The red-tiled houses built in a quaint old style, often with curious inscriptions carved above the doors, showing that the original inhabitant lived there some five hundred years ago, combined with the Conservative element on all sides give the suggestion of perfect rest and peace for the weary traveller. We notice at once how clearly defined the limits of the village are: all the houses are compressed into a small space, and we see no straggling houses warning us that a village is near; for the farmers do not live upon their farms as in America. The streets are very narrow and as the houses are built high on each side, are sometimes unpleasantly damp. It is a very rare thing to see an all brick house, for this is contrary to principles of frugality. Instead of this a framework is first built of beams interlacing in a peculiar way, which is then filled up with poor bricks, thus making a cheap, but patched-looking house. Many of the tiny cottages are covered with grape vines and the old cobbler working at his open window has only to reach out his hand to pluck the great bunches of grapes. Generally there are a few large, fine houses, sometimes the country places of rich Germans, and often we find living here old pensioned officers who have come hither to spend the quiet evening of life. An air of peace pervades everything, and the great busy world seems no longer to exist. The lovely gardens blooming with Mareschal Niel and Gloire de Dijon roses, and all kinds of sweet flowers, have the magic power of the lotus and make us feel we would wish to remain here forever. And what are the people like? The men are generally fair-haired and blue-eyed, which combination harmonizes delightfully with their large light-blue smocks. The women are all bare-headed, many with their shapely arms bare, and all wearing very short dresses. Everyone knows everyone else and on every side one hears the cheerful "Guten Tag!" The postman, the butcher boy and the sewing machine agent all receive the same cordial greeting at each house. This excessive, and, as we may say, democratic cordiality is a feature of daily life. When a man enters a shop he removes his hat, and at once enters into conversation with the salesman. To go out without buying anything is an unpardonable breach of etiquette. The Greek idea that the tradesman is a public servant has not yet penetrated thus far. And this same hospitality they extend to strangers. In fact, the unusual interest they take in a forger is at times trying. When one is questioned minutely by a complete stranger regarding one's age, family antecedents and other private matters, it is apt to become just a trifle tedious, however kindly meant these questions may be. But this, I suppose, is to

be attributed to the charming simplicity of the people, whose life revolves with ever the same unchanging flow, so that even a conversation with a stranger, being somewhat of a rarity, is greatly enjoyed. Especially if a stranger comes from America is he a great treat, for unfortunately the ideas concerning our country have been to a large extent obtained from wildly exaggerated sources, and to the German peasant America is yet practically undiscovered. A guileless boy requested me to send him a piece of bear's meat from Toronto; he thought they existed there in their primitive strength. The same simplicity is shown in the way they cling to old superstitious beliefs. The Harz Mountains are notably a stronghold of legend, and the peasants sturdily maintain the truth of the fantastic stories, such as the dance of the witches and all the infernal powers on the Brocken, on the night of May the first. One of the loveliest spots in the Harz is called the "Rosztrapper," a great gorge which the peasants say a princess, pursued by giants, leapt over with her horse; and in proof of this, they point out the shape of a horseshoe in the rock, whence the name of the spot.

Let us now glance at the life of one of these Harz villagers. Setting aside the few grandees and men in authority we will watch how the ordinary people live. At once we notice the extreme economy that pervades every detail of life. And although the wife does not hold a very high position, nevertheless her part in the management of the house is very considerable. For housekeeping is here a veritable science and everything moves under fixed rules and with great precision. Every penny is used to the best advantage. And among many of the best educated Germans we hear the cry, "Let our wives be good housekeepers, this is enough." It is certainly strange that when the part of the house-wife is so important, she should occupy such a subordinate position as she does. The wife ever gladly looks on her husband as lord and master, and is most happy when she obeys. Hand in hand with economy goes moderation in pleasure, and the Harz villagers' recreation is most modest. Women and men alike work from dawn till dark and so of necessity, pleasure must be a secondary thought. Sunday is only to a certain extent observed, as regards rest from labour. The man who takes a holiday on Sunday afternoon wends his way to his favorite beer-garden, perhaps a walk of half an hour from his house. Here he is sure to find some of his friends with whom he sits, and calling for his glass of beer spends the rest of the afternoon there in lazy and contented bliss. There may be a dance going on, but the hard-working man is only an onlooker. Rather strange for Sunday, of course, but we must take into consideration what German ideas are on such a subject, and that pleasure which they regard as innocent is innocent they hold, on all days alike. And besides the German religion is so excessively humanitarian. One of the great events of the year takes place on a Sunday, that is the so-called "Fest." It practically corresponds to a country fair and has all the essentials such as gingerbread stalls, shooting galleries and so on. It is a general re-union of old and young, and all take part in the dancing which, continuing all Sunday afternoon and night, breaks up at six o'clock on Monday morning; then the maidens go home and attend to domestic duties till twelve o'clock, when they all return to the dance. But Sunday is the "first night," so to speak, and one sees then the middle-aged woman persuading her little child by means of a piece of gingerbread to stand still for a few moments and hold her parasol and her husband's hat while they join the merry dance and their thoughts fly back to a happy "Fest" on a memorable Sunday twenty years ago. Mingling with the people is often to be seen the old pastor of the village, who is as a father to his flock. Rather strange for Sunday, of course. "But," says the old pastor, "the pleasure in itself is innocent, and my children must work all week, so Sunday is their only day for recreation." As the German cannot exist without music, there is a good supply at the "Fest," as on every other great occasion, notably at the "Jahrmart" another species of Country Fair, which differs from the "Fest" in that the latter takes place generally

all on one spot on the village green, while a "Jahrmart" is stretched out on all sides. We are made aware of its presence by the music of some dozen organ-grinders who break loose upon the village at 5 o'clock in the morning. The next striking feature is the occupation of all available space by travelling tradesmen, who go the round of all these fairs. Every imaginable article is for sale, and the country people flock in to invest in clothing, confectionery and jewellery. It lasts about a week and then the confectioner packs up his cakes that have seen so many Fairs that they are quite *blase*, and moves on to the next village Fair to parade the merits of cake "baked especially for the occasion." Accompanying all this there are on the public green the stock amusements, such as the merry-go-round, so arranged that in its revolutions it produces strange and wonderful melodies, so that during the week there is a carnival of music. All is carried on in a very orderly way, showing the power these people have of entering into simple pleasure with their whole hearts, yet preserving order and moderation. Their everyday pleasures are naturally slight and by no means varied. A great event is an open air concert when the family indulges in a little dissipation, the older children accompanying the father and mother as a great treat. Such a concert takes place generally in the garden of a hotel. The little party go early and choose a good table, numbers of which are scattered through the garden, order some refreshments, the parents beer for themselves and perhaps one cup of coffee for the children. There they sit for two or three hours listening to the music, and watching the different scenes about them, here a noisy party of students, here two veterans, each content with a single glass of beer, but thinking as they watch the students of the palmy days gone by when the twentieth glass was a trifle.

There may be a hall used as a theatre, but only in the more important places, and performances are few and far between, and naturally looked forward to. There is always a certain amount of "Upper Ten" in these villages, generally headed by the military, if there be any, if not, by the faculty of the "gymnasium." But such a set is naturally small, and all the rest are much like a large family. And thus life rolls quietly along for these people, who live apart from the world, devoted to their fatherland and Emperor, and not concerning themselves much about anything else.

## A BEAUTIFUL MEMORIAL.

The large east window in the Central Presbyterian church, corner of Grosvenor and St. Vincent streets, is now occupied by one of the handsomest designs in stained glass to be found in Toronto. It is in the shape of an elegant window, and has been put in to the memory of the late Rev. John Jennings, D. D., by the members of his family. The window consists of three large panels. The central opening contains a figure of the "Good shepherd," surmounted by a canopy, richly treated, and a representation of a descending dove. The base has the text, "I am the true vine," on a scroll, through which is entwined a grape-vine, surrounded by an architectural design. The inscription at the base reads:—"In memoriam John Jennings, D. D., born 8th October, 1814, died 25th February, 1876." In the side openings are two panels containing conventional designs of the rose vine, with the texts, "I am the way, and the truth, and the life," and "I am the resurrection and the life." These panels are surrounded by rich diaper work and are surmounted by ornamental canopies. Dr. McTavish, minister of the church, made the following brief but appropriate reference to the window. He said:—"I cannot allow this service to pass without at least a brief reference to the memorial window, which most of you have the pleasure of seeing for the first time to-day. It is the crowning part of the work of renovation which has been completed with such satisfaction. As a work of art the window is a thing of real beauty. But it has to most of us even a more important value. It is a tribute to the late Rev. John Jennings, D. D., for many years pastor of the Bay street church, from which this congregation originated, and thus helps to perpetuate the memory of one who was beloved by his people as a pastor and a minister of the gospel, and very highly esteemed by the intelligent people of Toronto. On my own behalf—and I am quite sure I can say on behalf of the session and congregation—I beg to express our most hearty thanks to the greatly beloved widow of the late Dr. Jennings and to the family, to whom we are indebted for this beautiful and valuable gift."

## Pastor and People.

### WHEN GOD THINKS BEST.

There's an end to the burdens of souls unblest,  
When God thinks best!  
He will pluck every thorn from the aching breast,  
He will lay them tenderly down to rest,  
And roses shall bloom from the clay, spade-frest,  
When God thinks best!

For that end that will come, we must watch and wait,  
Be we little or great.  
We must stand by the highway, and stand by the gate,  
For, we know not the quarter, and know not the date,  
But, if we be watching, ah, happy our fate!  
Be we little or great.

J. E. RANKIN, L.L.D.

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### THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT.

EDITED BY M. H. C.

(Continued.)

When the cavalcade reached the ancient city, it was learned that the Emperor was holding court, and the prince told Rodolph, who had dismounted with him, to come at once into the royal presence. Rodolph would fain have dressed himself in better garb had he been able, but the prince took his arm in his and led him forward. Through lines of armed men and groups of handsomely dressed courtiers they passed together, straight to the Emperor's chair. "Soire" said the prince "this is Rodolph of Glaubensheim, son of Baron Liebrecht, who has come to do homage to your Majesty." Rodolph glanced at the Emperor's benevolent face, listened to his kind words about his father; then as he knelt to kiss his hand, a tear fell on it at the remembrance of the hard things he had thought of this greatest and best of all his friends. Forthwith a new charter was made out to himself and all that should come after him, on the same conditions. This the Emperor signed with his own hand and sealed with his own signet. The lad was taken away by noble attendants, clothed and armed as became his rank, then brought back and introduced to all the court as the Baron of Glaubensheim. When the imperial state came to an end, Kaiser Rodolph dismissed his young namesake with many costly gifts.

So Rodolph went back to Cologne but not alone; the prince kept him company. There they found the old boat and, although, this time, the journey was against the tide all the way, it was easy work since the prince was there. Back they went to the beautiful mountain home, to the verdant meadows that skirted the Friedensbach, the flower spangled forest glades, to the gardens and the orchards. Now all was Rodolph's, and its charter none could deprive him of for the Emperor knew him by name and in person. The prince so-journed with him many days and these were days of joy and gladness, all the more beautiful because the promise of spring was passing into the beauty of summer, and already showing signs of the fruit of harvest. And when at last the prince returned to Aachen, he made Baron Rodolph promise to come, and come not seldom, to see him and his royal father.

Rodolph enquired everywhere for his brother Conrad, and sent out messengers far and near to gain news of him and his companions. Alas! they had become a band of robbers and enemies of the Emperor's peace. Some were killed by the faithful soldiers of the Empire and others shut up in gloomy dungeons, out of which they never came alive. So Conrad by his want of faith lost all, while Rodolph lived on his fair estate long and happily, doing good to all around as his father and mother had done before him. Often in his boat or by some other means he went to see the Emperor and the prince. When at last he had to leave Glaubensheim to another, it was for a home eternal in the heavens, for a treasure that faileth not, for more than eye hath seen or ear heard or hath entered into the heart of man.

You children of godly parents, live in a beautiful house of faith, among the greatest riches, of which you often think but little. How different is your birthright from that of others?

"My boast is not that I derive my birth  
From lives enthroned and rulers of the earth,  
But higher far my proud pretensions rise,  
The son of parents passed into the skies."

The charter of that possession of pardon, peace and love is God's covenant, and its sign is the ordinance of baptism which you received in infancy. The great Emperor of all the universe, who establishes right and will yet put down all wrong, says "If your children will acknowledge me and let me wash away their sins as when infants they let the water of baptism be sprinkled upon them, then theirs shall be the little children's inheritance, even the Kingdom of Heaven."

The false officer is Satan; he denies our birthright, gives us wrong views of God so that we fear Him when we ought to love, even makes a wrong use of the Word of God so as to deceive us, and leads those who trust him to become destroyers like Conrad and lose their souls. The boat, the old boat, is the Word of God. Nothing can swamp it, nor any enemy come near to the soul that trusts in it. The charter lies there; and that boat will surely carry you to God. Poor brother Conrad is the unbelieving world, yet a brother for all that,

which has wrong views of God and helps Satan in his work of temptation. He whom the boat carries along the river of life gets nearer to God at every stroke, and that means every believing study of its sacred pages.

Coblenz where the rivers meet is just where God and man unite in the person of the Lord Jesus Christ, who offers Himself in His Word, and becomes the strength and comfort of the soul. He alone can tell us what God is like. He declares that He must do all the work for us. He takes us as well beloved children in all our everyday garb into the Father's royal presence. Then when we come to see God what grief to think we ever had hard thoughts of Him! You can't help professing your loyalty like the Psalmist saying "Whom have I in Heaven but Thee, and there is none on earth that I desire beside Thee." Then comes the new robe of Christ's righteousness and the title clear to mansions in the skies, while here below you obtain the blessings of the household of faith.

My young friends, read the charter. It said to your parents "The promise is unto you and to your children." See how Isaac, and Jacob, and Joseph went to Abraham's God. Come, distrust those who would keep you away from God on any pretext. Get your heart into this Book and float away upon it from sinful and worldly thoughts until Christ comes in to keep you company. He will show you the Father whose name is Love. Then yours will be the strong castle, even God Himself, your refuge and your strength, planted all around with trees of righteousness, the Lord's planting, with fragrant flowers of holiness beneath. The birds of Paradise shall sing in your ears the joyous songs of heaven, and, through your life, peace shall flow as a river.

### THE MERCIFUL KING.

"Jesus saith unto Him I am the Truth" John xiv. 6.

In ancient times the population of India and the countries to the north of it was always changing. New herds of invaders came in from west, south and north driving out those who had before owned the soil and sending their kings and princes into exile. One of their exiles was King Sirikata of Delhi who to save his life was forced to flee northwards even across the Snowy Mountains and find refuge at Ladak in Thibet. Many of his Indian soldiers and people kept him company as well as his beautiful young wife Lena, his baby boy Bertesena and his prime minister Langnam. Now Lena in the language of Sirikata's people means Truth, and Bertesena means Truth Declared for the King wanted his heir to bear in some form his mother's name. For several years Sirikata ruled well in Ladak, though his health had been much weakened by his march through the Himalayan Snows and his heart nigh broken with the loss of his fair Indian capital that reared its lofty walls pierced with fifty gates by the waters of the Jumna. At last when his son was still but a lad and his queen yet young and lovely as ever the time came for him to die. He called Bertesena to his couch to bid him a last farewell, saying: "Be kind to your mother, my boy, when I am gone and never forget your name and hers. So Sirikata passed away and Bertesena was King of Ladak.

He was King of Ladak in name but that was all. The true king was the prime minister Langnam, for Sirikata's health had been such that he could not attend in person to much of the business of the Kingdom and had therefore gladly handed it over to the man whom he thought to be the faithful companion of his exile. When the King died Langnam said to himself "I am not going to take all this trouble for nothing. If I marry the queen, I will be a kind of father to this boy, and, of course, the father must rule before the son." So he went to the beautiful Lena and told her that he had been her late husband's best friend, that her son needed a wise counsellor to direct him, and that if she would forget her grief and marry him, he would bring all western Thibet under her sway. The queen did not understand him at first, but when she knew what he meant she was shocked and told him plainly that he was a bad man to try to make her forget her duty to her husband the late King and to take the royal power away from her only son and the King's lawful heir. Then Langnam went away very angry, saying with madness that he would make her repent and deeply regret her words.

The prime minister had so long been master in Ladak that everybody obeyed him. When he gave an order it was as if the king himself spoke. The generals of the army, the judges and noblemen, the tax gatherers gave in all their reports to Langnam and to him the people presented all their petitions. Of course if Bertesena had gone to the army and the people saying "I am Sirikata's son and your king" they would have hailed him and placed his word above that of the minister. But Bertesena had been brought up in the foolish way in which they trained young princes in ancient times. He had had to do nothing for himself for four servants attended him continually, two to bring him what he required and two to run his messages, and these four servants in the strange language of the young king's people were called his hands and his feet. Nobody ever spoke of the royal family as having hands or feet of their own. It was thought impolite to do so, common people might need hands to carry and feet to run to run with, but who ever heard of a prince either carrying or running? So it came to pass that Bertesena knew nothing of what Langnam had said to his mother nor of the evil designs he was cherishing towards himself.

The next day horns were blowing all over Ladak and the air was full of the beating of tom-toms and the clashing of cymbals. Lena and her son looked forth from the different quarters in the palace and saw the army assembling at the

call. Bertesena sent his feet to learn the cause, and soon they returned to say that the army had been ordered away to the west where the Tartar hosts were pressing on the frontier. Not long after he saw the last of the rear guard of cavalry disappearing beyond the city walls. Langnam had not gone with the army. He came to the palace apparently much disturbed and asked to see the queen. When she appeared he told her that the Tartars had crossed the border that they might escape the army sent against them and appear before the walls of Ladak, "My concern for your safety is such" he added "that I cannot bear to think of you in such a place of danger; therefore disguise yourself and King Bertesena and I will send you to the safer border in the north-east." In her alarm for her son Lena forgot the scene of the day before and did not suspect the perfidy of the minister. Disguising herself and urging Bertesena to do the same she prepared to leave the palace. A covered carriage was in attendance and in that she with the King and Langnam drove away followed by a few personal servants, Bertesena's hands and feet, and a small guard of foreign soldiers from the south unknown to the fugitives. Thus they journeyed north eastward into a region largely desert, where the scenery was varied by wooded lakes fed by short rivers that appeared to rise among the wilderness sands nobody knows how.

The places at which the travellers stopped to change horses partake of food, or pass the night, had been common post-stations, and as they went farther and farther into the wilderness where no such carriage had ever gone before, the royal travellers looked in vain for the palace that was to be their temporary refuge. At last one night while they were asleep Langnam ordered his mercenary troops to fall upon the attendant servants and put them to death. But one of the troopers had a countrywoman in the queen's train, to save whose life he told of the order given to him and his comrades. She warned her fellow servants and long before morning they fled to the margin of a well wooded lake and hid themselves in the thick vegetation on the farther bank. Langnam was enraged when he heard of their escape and much to the astonishment of his royal prisoners ordered the country to be scoured in search of the fugitives. The troopers returned unsuccessful and rested that night. Next morning the minister revealed himself in his true colours. Upbraiding Queen Lena for refusing him, he told her that the hour of threatened vengeance had come, and then ordered the captain of the guard to carry her and her son a day's journey into the wilderness and leave them there to die of exposure and starvation. The Queen and Bertesena addressed the captain and his men accusing the minister of treason and stating who they were, but without effect. The trooper who had betrayed Langnam's plot to his countrywoman knew but dared say nothing for his life was already forfeit were it known that he was the informer. The captain and the rest of the guard thought the disguised prisoners were mad to claim royalty and only saw in them persons dangerous to the state whom their generous paymaster thought right to put out of the way. Fearing the return of the royal servants, Langnam kept the friendly trooper and half a dozen more to guard himself, and sent the captain and the rest away with the prisoners, charging them to hold no communication with them and if necessary to gag and bind them should they talk or attempt to escape before the time.

Mounted on roughly saddled horses and well guarded, not daring to open their lips lest blows should be their portion the unhappy young king and queen mother journeyed through the almost trackless wilderness, now crossing sandy ridges and again fording broad but comparatively shallow streams until night fell, when they dismounted, and wearied with the jolting and the heat fell asleep in their wet garments. The soldiers took from them what valuables they carried and under cover of the night retraced their steps until they were well out of reach of their victims and their cries should they awake to find themselves deserted. Returning next day to Langnam they told him how his orders had been executed and escorted him alone in the carriage with drawn curtains back to Ladak. His first orders were to recall the army which had met with no sign of an enemy and to get a creature of his own, the daughter of General Schivagotschi, to personate the queen's mother. Her he married with royal state and a few months later announced the illness and finally the death of her son Bertesena. Then Langnam was crowned King of Ladak and all western Thibet. The only persons in his secret were Schivagotschi and his daughter the queen, and for their own sake he knew that they would keep it.

(To be continued.)

### THE DEATH-BLOW OF POPERY.

The doubtful doctrine of many Protestants is a greater encouragement to Romanism than all her own finery can bring to her. Rome has gained more by Oxford than by all her cardinals. The glorious doctrines of grace are the great guns with which the Papal galleys may be blown out of the water. Grace is a word which is as obnoxious to Popery as the name of Jesus to the devil. Reptiles cannot bear salt, nor can Jesuits and priests endure sovereign grace. Their trade is gone when salvation is free. Their honor is gone when Christ is all. When people think much of Jesus and His redemption, they are sure to think little of priests and their fiddle-fiddle. It was not Luther's arguments, but Luther's plain teaching of justification by faith, which shook the corner stone of the Vatican. If men are saved by believing, they are not likely to waste money on purgatory pick-purse, nor any other of the papal schemes for enriching the Church.

Let us then keep Gospel truth always to the front, for in our own hearts the best preservative against error is a hearty acceptance of the living Christ, and His own sure Gospel.—  
Surgéon.



## Our Young Folks.

### DOING ITS BEST.

I am but a tiny cricket,  
Living in a summer thicket,  
There I take my rest.  
Many songs are gayer, prouder,  
Many a voice is sweeter, louder,  
But I do my best!

In my song there's no complaining,  
Even when the sky is raining;  
Birds fly east and west,  
Silent hide in leafy covert;  
But I chirp till all is over,  
Doing still my best!

When the leaves are round us flying,  
When the birds and bees are hieing  
On their autumn quest,  
You will find me in the stubble,  
Though the clouds look full of trouble,  
Singing still my best!

Clad in garments dark and sober,  
Here I linger till October  
Sunshine warms my breast.  
While the wintry days you number,  
Sweet and quiet is my slumber,  
For I've done my best!

S. S. Times.

### "PIN-MONEY."

"Here is your pin-money, Maud," said Uncle Hugh, as he handed his niece a bright silver dollar.

"Thank you, uncle; I was just wishing for some spare change," and Maud's eyes fairly beamed as she took the offered money.

"Uncle Hugh, when you give me money to spend just as I please, why do you always call it 'pin-money'?" Maud asked.

Well, my dear, I will tell you the origin of the term 'pin-money.' Pins were introduced into England by Catharine, first wife of Henry VIII. They were not, however, the well-known small-pointed instruments, such as we use, but were made of gold, silver, ivory, and brass, many of them weighing as much as six or eight ounces. Such pins as those were worn in the hair and used on different parts of the clothing to fasten folds or drapery, and were quite ornamental. Thus, you see, the first pins were much more useful to ladies than gentlemen. The Spanish manufacturers were permitted to sell their pins only during the Christmas holidays, and in that way gentlemen began to give the ladies of their respective families money at Christmas-time with which to buy pins. At first they were very expensive, costing as much as we now have to pay for a valuable piece of jewelry. However, after pins had become common and cheap, gentlemen continued the practice of giving their wives, daughters, and sisters money to buy pins; in that way the term 'pin-money' originated, and it is now applied to an allowance made to a lady to buy any small articles she may need or desire."

"I am glad you told me all about it, uncle," said Maud; "and I thank you very much."  
Harper's Young People.

### NEW YEAR'S DAY IN INDIA.

Have any of my little readers ever spent New Year's Day in Southern India? I think not. It would amuse you to hear about native people, who all come to salaam and wish us a happy New Year.

After breakfast we all sat in the large veranda, and greeted the numbers of writers, office men, peons, contractors, etc., who came with their offerings.

The chief men were dressed in long white coats, white turbans and white cloths. Their red or yellow slippers they left outside. Their servants carried in, on large brass trays, sugared cakes, bunches of plantains, oranges, vegetables, pomeles, custard apples and curious figures of rajahs made of colored sugar.

Then they put around our necks garlands of yellow chrysanthemums, or larger ones made of pale pink oleander flowers. We were given bouquets of the same flowers, with a yellow line in the centre covered with gilt paper. Sometimes the bouquets were made of rows and rows of

cloves, with a tinsel bird on the top. These had a most fragrant scent.

How we used to laugh at each other. Often I had as many as four or five large garlands around my neck. Then, when I felt too crowded, I offered my arm, and on that they hung the garlands. We did look dressed up. Very pretty parrots made of narrow green leaves, for feathers, they brought, wonderfully made, and looking quite natural. Our little girl used to look through the pillars of the veranda and call out, "More men coming, mother, with garlands and cakes."

This ceremony used to take us all the morning, as the men used to make us little speeches about happiness and health in the coming year, and we had to thank them.

Often we received ten or twelve cakes and hundreds of plantains. You will wonder what we did with such loads of fruits, cakes and sweets.—Mrs. F. F. Smith, in Our Little Ones.

### CHILD LIFE IN SIAM.

When the Siamese young folks get up in the morning they do not go to the washstand to wash their faces, for the simple reason that Siamese houses can boast of no such article of furniture. So our little Siamese friend just runs down to the foot of the ladder—for the house is built on posts—to a large jar of water with a coconut shell dipper. There she washes her face by throwing the water over her hands and rubbing them over her face. She needs no towel, for the water is left to dry. She does not brush her teeth, for they are stained black by chewing the betel nut. Her hair does not require combing, either, for it is all shaved except a little tuft on the top of the head, and that is tied in a little knot, and not often combed.

After breakfast is over, the children go off and find some pleasant place in which to play. The girls play at keeping house, and make dishes of clay dried in the sun. Little images of clay washed with lime are their only dolls.

The boys of Siam are very fond of pitching coins, and spend much of their time in this game. They play leap frog, and very often jump the rope. Now that so many foreigners come to this country, they have learned to play marbles, too.

In the month of March, though usually dry and hot, winds are blowing. At this time, the Siamese, young and old, are much engaged in playing games with kites, which are fitted with whistles, and the air resounds with the noise produced by the toys and the shouts of the multitudes of people engaged in the sport.

As the streets in Siam are almost all rivers and canals, the Siamese boys and girls early learn to row, and paddle their little boats almost as soon as they learn to swim, which they do when they are only four or five years old.—Selected.

### THE SHEPHERD DOG.

The shepherd dogs of Scotland are famous for their sagacity. It is said that one of them will do more than ten men could do in driving a large flock of sheep and keeping them in order. Indeed, the shepherds would find it a very difficult thing to discharge the duties expected from them if they were not assisted by these useful and faithful animals.

If the flock is passing near a field of grain, you will see the dog lead them carefully away from it. He keeps his eye on those who trespass, and overawes them by his bark and his quick movements. The obstinate he punishes without doing any serious harm.

Does it not seem as if reason were at work in his brain? If he had not learned to know the grain from the proper pasture of the flock, how could he know it was not to be eaten?

He seems to feel all the importance of his office, and to know the habits of the sheep even better than his master. If a lamb is too weak to follow the flock, he will call the attention of his master to the fact, and then lead him to find it. Watchful and brave in his duties, he never neglects his work for play. He does not even allow sleep to prevent his taking a proper care of his charge.

## Teacher and Scholar.

Feb. 19, 1893. | REBUILDING THE WALL. { Neh. 4: 9-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—We made our prayer unto God, and set a watch against them.—Neh. 4: 9.

Nehemiah's sad countenance being noticed by the king gave an opportunity of laying before him what had for four months been matter of continual prayer. The king proved favorable, and Nehemiah was sent as governor to Judah. Letters to various persons were given him, so as to aid his undertaking. Arrived in Jerusalem, Nehemiah concealed his purpose until he had made a secret personal inspection of the city walls. Then summoning the leaders of the Jews, he laid before them his plans, and encouraged them to build. The work was begun amid derision from the leaders of the heathen around. The plan is detailed in chap. 3. All classes of the people joined in the work, the inhabitants being strengthened by helpers from the small towns of Judah. Divided into working parties according to families, the workers portioned out the entire wall amongst them, every man building over against his own house. Thus public zeal and private interest were united. The people had a mind to work. Soon the progress of the building was such, that the scorn of the opposers changed to angry threatening and conspiracy. The golden text in the first verse gives the key to the entire lesson. In the face of opposition the people persevered, looking to God in prayer and taking every precaution possible.

I. The Opposition. Three sources are mentioned. Though not so intended, the discouragement of the workers constituted a real opposition. The vastness of the work discouraged them, when compared with the small part each could accomplish. On the long wall the little bands were far separated from one another (v. 19), and now that some were drawn off to act as watch, they were still further weakened. Then the work was laborious, so toilsome that, as they said, the strength of the burden bearers was decayed. The hard work became still more discouraging in view of the lack of results. The great heaps of rubbish hardly seemed to grow less, and even the removal of this, necessary though it was to further progress, did not itself shew the looked for result of rising walls. An additional cause of discouragement was the next mentioned source of opposition, that of avowed enemies. These on their part were encouraged in their hostile conspiracy, by the discouragement of Judah. They openly boasted that they would suddenly surprise the builders, and put them to death, so causing the work to cease. Open opposition to Christian work is most to be feared when it can draw strength from discouragement within. Another source of opposition rose from the Jews who dwelt among these adversaries. Living among the conspirators, too readily they caught somewhat of a disaffected spirit, and thinking the work a hopeless one, they repeatedly came to Jerusalem, from all parts, to urge their fellow townsmen to give up their fruitless undertaking, and avoid the threatened danger, by returning unto them (R. V.). Christian work has still much to endure from professed friends, whose interest is so slight, and whose apprehension of difficulties is so great, that they simply cry down the efforts of others.

II. Divine Reliance. In the face of this opposition God was the refuge of His people. Reliance on Him is put in the forefront, when danger threatened without. Prayer was made unto God the people sharing Nehemiah's spirit, and joining in it. When discouragement was like to spread within, Nehemiah encouraged their hearts in the remembrance of Jehovah (v. 14). If they must fight, let them nerve themselves by the thought that Jehovah is great to defend His own, and terrible to His enemies. The warfare is not their own. God will fight for them (v. 20). In the thorough conviction that their work is Jehovah's they have the assurance of a strength against which no other can prevail. But Nehemiah did not allow

prayer to or confidence in God to degenerate into indolence. The divine side has a corresponding human side.

III. Precautions Taken. Reliance on Jehovah goes hand in hand with the use of every means that Nehemiah's wisdom could suggest. The measures he took were the natural channels through which flowed the answer to the people's prayer. God by blessing these efforts justified the reliance placed upon Him. They make prayer to God and set a watch that they may not be surprised by any sudden attack. The weakest spots are fortified. Where the wall was lowest, and so most exposed, Nehemiah stationed in the open places behind (R. V.) armed forces, disposed of by families, who would thus be the most determined in defence, by acting as guards for their own households. The enemies, finding their plan known, gave up the intended assault. God had disappointed their devices. All the people were again able to return to work on the wall. But henceforth they constituted a permanent guard. Nehemiah's servants, probably a special band attached to his person, were divided into two companies. While the one wrought the other acted as guard, with spears, shields, bows and habergeons (coats of mail). The rest of the workmen, with their rulers standing behind to encourage and direct, wrought with the one hand, and held the weapon with the other, or, as in the case of the builders, had it girt at the side ready for either work or war. Provision is made for concerted action in case of attack. Nehemiah, overseeing and watching, kept constantly beside him the trumpeter. His blast was the signal for all to gather wheresoever it sounded. For further protection laborers from the surrounding country were instructed to lodge in Jerusalem by night. So untiring was the vigilance that Nehemiah and his own immediate band slept in their clothes to be ready at any instant.

Lessons. God's servants must expect opposition, both from without and within. Watchfulness and prayer should unite in all Christian work.

Electric search lights are being adopted by customs officers in England in order to avoid the possibility of explosion while rummaging for goods on board tank and other vessels carrying petroleum or explosives. Ruby-colored lights for the examination of imported cases of photographic negatives in a dark chamber are also to be supplied to obviate the risk of premature development.—New York World.

The strength of some of the spiders which build their webs in trees and other places in and around Santa Ana, Cal., is astonishing, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. One of them had in captivity in a tree in that town not long ago a wild canary. The ends of the wings, tail and feet of the bird were bound together by some sticky substance, to which were attached the threads of the spider, which was slowly but surely drawing up the bird by an ingenious pulley arrangement. The bird hung head downward, and was so securely bound with little threads that it could not struggle, and would soon have been a prey to its great, ugly captor had not an onlooker rescued it.

Prof. Leo Lesquereaux determined before his death that the flora that existed on portions of our continent years ago was different from that now existing, but that the existing flora partakes of the characters of the old, and so certainly was not a flora imported from some other region. In other words, the present American flora came into existence on the spot where it is now found, and it is a new creation following the old, which also came into existence here in its day and generation also. The manner of its introduction, whether by direct genesis from the old, or by special formation, was once a question, but the evolutionary view is now generally accepted.—Meehan's Monthly for December.

It is a fact well established by students of heredity that children are apt to inherit not only the physical, mental and moral traits of their parents, but to be influenced by their age as well. Children born of very young fathers and mothers never attain so vigorous a growth of mind or body as those of older men and women, while children of old people are born old. One of the most surprising cases in medical history is that of Marguerite Cribbawna, who died in 1768 aged 108 years. When ninety-four she was married to a man aged 105. Three children came of this union, but they had gray hair, no teeth, were stooped, yellow and wrinkled, decrepit in movement, and could eat only bread and vegetables.—New York Sun.



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The Canada Presbyterian

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8TH, 1893.

The British Weekly compliments us in this handsome way:—We congratulate the Canada Presbyterian on the elegant form in which it now appears. It is one of the best and brightest religious journals which we receive. Thank you very much. When our new machine learns to conduct itself in steady, orthodox style we shall try to merit praise from such a high source.

Within the past few months at least three men have gone over to the majority the influence of whose names appeared to be lessened by titles—Spurgeon, Tennyson and Phillips Brooks. No man of sense would say Dr. Spurgeon, Lord Tennyson never sounded well, and Phillips Brooks would always have been greater than Bishop Brooks. It spoils some names to attach prefixes and affixes to them.

A writer in the British Weekly says that Macaulay's New Zealander made at least four distinct appearances in English literature before the great historian introduced him. Volney, Horace Walpole, Henry Kirke White, and Shelley made their readers acquainted with the visitor. That may all be true, but Macaulay put a new suit of clothes on him and gave him a fresh start in life. What would that New Zealander amount to now if Macaulay had not taken an interest in him.

Some of our neighbours over the way are perhaps sorry now that they passed such a barbarous law excluding the Chinese. They would like very well to annex the Hawaiian islands, but there are 20,000 Chinamen there and it would scarcely do to make them citizens while their countrymen are vigorously excluded. The soil cannot very well be annexed without taking the people who live on it. There would be grim retribution in being compelled to take 20,000 Chinamen in a "job lot," after refusing individual Chinamen leave to enter the country.

A friend in the west writes an excellent letter urging the General Assembly to take some action in regard to Thanksgiving day. With much of what our friend says we agree, but we respectfully submit that it is too soon to begin cutting out work for the Supreme Court. Four months must pass before the Assembly meets, and it will be quite time enough to begin about the first of May. We notice that a movement is being made in Massachusetts to abolish Thanksgiving day, called by many there, Fast day. The principal reason urged is that it has become a "very fast day." Thanksgiving day in this country will stand some discussion and will get it when the right time comes.

For a long time back the gossip-loving portion of the American republic has been greatly exercised to know the name of the disease from which Mr. Blaine was slowly dying. The medical men refused to give particulars, and the refusal increased and intensified the vulgar curiosity. When death came the doctors said it was caused by "attacks of gout, disturbance of digestion, impoverishment of blood, lung complication, cardiac degeneration and dilation followed by symptoms of chronic kidney disease." That statement is surely long enough and full enough to satisfy anybody. But might not a man who served his country as long and well as Blaine did, be allowed to die in peace.

One does not often find rhetorical gems in the debates of the Canadian House of

Commons, but Col. O'Brien did work off a nice metaphor the other day. The Government, he said, reminded him of one of the Spanish galleons that composed the Armada. The unfortunate vessel was not able to fight and not willing to flee, so it just lay to and received a raking fire from all quarters. The government, he said, resembles that vessel. Unable to fight for the N. P. and unwilling to flee they just lie to and receive shots "from front and rear, from flanks and centre, shots coming in from their own supporters attacking this National policy in terms which admit of no possible dispute." Now that is a rather nice illustration.

We should like very much to know something about that "clerical subscriber who stopped taking the Halifax Witness because brother Murray belabours Rome too severely." Where does the amiable brother live and labour? Is he any one of Sir John Thompson's constituents? What theological seminary turned out a man so full of brotherly love? Did he ever study at Pine Hill? Is he a graduate of Dalhousie? Did he ever attend lectures at Queens? We could easily name several institutions that it is absolutely certain he never attended; but the problem is what seminary ever allowed a student to leave its walls with such heterodox views on Rome. Brother Murray, do tell us something more about that unique ex-subscriber.

It is evident that some people are still sadly in need of instruction upon the two very important matters of honesty and hygiene. In one of the most intelligent and progressive counties of Western Ontario, a farmer sold a steer, which was said to be suffering from cancer for the sum of ten dollars. How can one characterise the greed of a man who would endanger the health of a community for such a paltry sum? But that is not the worst of it. The butcher who purchased the animal, when questioned in the court-room, as to what he did with the meat, swore that he fed it to the hogs! Even if that statement were true, his conduct was most reprehensible. It would be well for the people of that district to become vegetarians until they know what has become of the hogs.

We read somewhere the other day of a congregation that had about \$750 in the treasury at the close of the year's transactions. The report said the congregation is highly prosperous. That depends entirely on what the people are aiming at. If their highest ambition is to get a large balance at the end of the year they certainly succeeded. But was there no place where that money could have done more for God or humanity than it did lying in the treasury? Are all the schemes of the church in such a highly prosperous condition that any congregation can afford to keep nearly a thousand dollars in its treasury? Do some of God's poor need help? We venture to say that a list of the larger congregations with adverse balances would include nearly all those that do anything generous and liberal for the church. An adverse balance may mean and sometimes does mean that the people are doing nothing; it may also mean and often does mean that they are doing much.

Some years ago a wave of pharisaism struck Toronto and Pavilion orators from the other side along with some of our own christened the city "Toronto the Good." This journal sharply rebuked pharisaism at the time. Mr. Macdonnell, one of the ministers that can always be depended on to unmask pharisaism, also gave it one or two vigorous kicks. The figures contained in the chief constable's report for '92 show how much claim we have to be called 'The Good.' During last year within 9 of 9,000 persons were arrested for infractions of the law and 800 "drunks" were allowed to stagger home as best they could without being put behind the bars. The worst remains to be told. Of the 8,991 arrests 1,269 were boys and 101 were girls under 20 years of age. Nearly 1,400 persons under 20 were arrested in this church going city during the last

twelve month. Surely there are questions quite as pressing as organic union. We respectfully ask those esteemed clergymen who are devoting their time and talents to conferences on union if it would not be as well in the meantime to see if something more cannot be done to keep 1,400 young people from growing up into hardened criminals. These youthful offenders are in the same vessel with churches and union committees and if they scuttle the ship all must go down together.

Now that the time has come for Presbyterianial committees to prepare their annual reports on Temperance, Sabbath Schools, State of Religion, etc., it would be well for those sessions that have not forwarded their reports to meet and prepare them immediately. It frequently happens that a convener of a Presbyterianial committee finds it necessary to send two or three requests for reports from sessions. At last the minister, in desperation, sits down and hurriedly answers the questions as best he can without aid of the elders. Such reports are apt to be unsatisfactory in the extreme, and of little value to the convener. The best time for the session to answer the questions submitted is immediately after the congregational meeting has been held, for then the details of the past year are still fresh in their minds. Let the brethren see to it that the reports are forwarded without delay and that they contain the deliberate judgment of the whole session.

Though it may be too early to discuss General Assembly questions at length, it is not too early to discuss the Assembly itself. Commissioners will soon be appointed to go to Brantford and it would be a good thing if some of the brethren would make on the floor of some of their Presbyteries some of the speeches they made last June in the lobbies of Crescent street church, Montreal, and on their way home and after they got home. There is no use in denying the fact that many rightly or wrongly believe that business in the Assembly is centralized until it is in the hands of a few. The few in the "inner circle" rule, and the others are supposed to look on and do as they are told. That view of the situation may be right or wrong; but right or wrong, it has a bad effect on the church. People who hold it naturally say, "if the 'inner circle' run the church let them find the money." If there in any such thing as undue centralization in the church, the time to discuss it is at the spring meeting of Presbyteries when the men who constitute the Assembly are appointed.

Mr. Dalton McCarthy's confession anent the Gerrymaner bills, is highly creditable to him. He frankly admits that these bills were intended to beat the opposite party out of their fair rights. So far so good. Now let the honourable gentleman go a step farther and introduce legislation that will make it impossible for any government or any party to repeat the Gerrymaner. Let him introduce a measure giving us the British system in so far as that system can be adapted to a country like ours. Mr. McCarthy is always ready to boast about British connection and British institutions as well he may. He represents a constituency in which British feeling is supposed to be strong. He is a man of prodigious perseverance—just the kind of man to stick to a cause. Why should not the honourable gentleman introduce a measure founded on British models and designed to wipe out the Gerrymaner. The government might oppose. Well, let them dare to do so. Sir John Thompson cannot afford to do anything of the kind.

The following is taken from a recent number of the St. James' Gazette, London, Eng. It tells how they do things in England's established church, and then talk sneeringly of dissenters. "Church Preference. A valuable Living for Sale in the suburbs of London. Sale urgent. Prospect of early possession. Net income of £900. Light work. The best society. Practically no poor. Beautiful modern church. Apply —"

Need we comment? What a prospect! Not long to wait for an old man's shoes.

No poor to preach the gospel to. Blessed work! "The best society." (which we beg leave to doubt). Gilt, not gold. And then wonder why the working classes are alienated from "The Church!" Per Contra. The Bradford Observer says: "What would our forefathers have thought of a minister who turned up in his pulpit in non-clerical costume, read as his lesson 'Russell Lowell's 'The Heritage,' preached a sermon partly based on an article in the current Macmillan, and partly on the novel of the day—Bjornson's 'Heritage of the Kurts'—and who followed the service not by a prayer meeting, but by a reception at which light refreshments were served, and to which the minister invited strangers to turn in for an hour's chat? Advanced enough, surely! The preacher was Mr. Rhondda Williams, and the place Greenfield Chapel, on Sunday."

Greenfield Chapel is on the list of Congregational Churches in Bradford. "This is "All things to all men" with a vengeance.

RECIPROCIY IF NOT UNION.

Our contemporary, "The Week," does not see much evidence in favor of union in the recent conference at the Ministerial Association. While admitting the personal friendliness of the various representatives it fails to find such a rapprochement on fundamental principles of belief and government as would justify any hope of the speedy disappearance of existing divisions.

It must be confessed that such seems to be the case; and it is to be deeply regretted that it is so. There is so much need of union for the sake of Christ's cause, both in the church and in the world, that it is a matter of sorrow to very many that the grounds of possible union were not as clearly outlined as those of continued severance.

That there were just causes of severance in the past no student of church history will deny; but that these divisions should exist after the causes are removed is a reflection on our Christian intelligence. The legitimate progeny of any division, which is based on anything but fundamental Scriptural principles, is spiritual barrenness, spiritual narrowness and spiritual greed. It could not be otherwise in face of the broad charity of the initial platform of the church of Christ found in the sermon on the mount and the intense desire for unity which is breathed forth in the prayer found in John 17, at the close of Christ's earthly ministry.

But accepting a united church as something we must look for in the far future, might there not be a greater measure of reciprocity among the outstanding divisions of the church than there is at present? When men of different races and various grades of development submit to one legal standard, could not the broad-minded and spiritually-wise fathers of the churches devise and carry into effect some scheme whereby the evils of denominationalism would be minimized, and the virtues, if there be any, might be plainly apparent?

Could there not be some uniform standard of discipline agreed upon, so that the sinner in one church, if he be one of position, influence and wealth, might not too readily become a saint in another?

Could there not be a mutual agreement that no church funds should be given to build up a cause in any district already well supplied with ordinances?

In order to thoroughly evangelize the ground at present occupied, could there not be a yearly conference of all the pastors, elders, deacons, etc. of a given limited district so that there might be consecutive work undertaken throughout, the whole to endeavour to reclaim the lapsed and awaken the careless?

There has always been considerable reciprocity in ministers between the Congregational and Presbyterian churches without any serious injury to either; we might be permitted to say, to the manifest gain of both; and within the last eighteen months two prominent ministers of the Methodist church have accepted calls to Detroit and Chicago pastorates in the Presbyterian Church. Would a step further

or be possible, and a mutual eligibility be agreed upon, based on the minimum of education required by an ordained minister?

Radical and revolutionary, it may be said,—perhaps so; but the most of these are in practical operation wherever the true spirit of Christianity largely prevails, and we do not see any danger in voicing them, especially when so many find a stumbling-block to the acceptance of any church, and we fear of Christ himself, in the bitterness and rancour of sectarian strife.

SERIOUS RIOTING IN CHINA.

A MISSIONARY IN DANGER.

Under date, Hong Kong, Jan. 7, '92, we find the following in a recent number of the Glasgow North British Daily Mail. The whole affair goes to show how little it takes in the Flowery Kingdom to arouse serious feeling against foreigners.

Full particulars of the riot which occurred at Ichang on December 2nd, and led to the landing of a party of bluejackets from H. M. S. Esk, have now come to hand. It is clear from these that the riot was directed solely against foreigners without regard to questions of religion, although it is true that Mr. Cockburn, the head of the mission of the Church of Scotland, was made a special object of attack. The whole affair rose in a manner which would be remarkable in any other country than China. Some new houses were being built for a foreigner by a Chinese contractor, who employed Chinese laborers. It happened that one of the latter in digging some earth, drove his spade into an old grave. An aged woman who was watching him, instantly denounced the man as a desecrator of the tomb of her ancestors, and forthwith started round the town, beating a gong and railing against the foreigners. Mr. Consul Everard complained to the authorities for allowing this, and the woman was sent home and warned. Nevertheless a week or two later she repeated her tactics, and so far excited the people as to induce a mob to collect, who threw stones at the new houses. The following day, owing to renewed intervention of the British Consul, a notice was everywhere placarded warning the people under penalties against any attack upon or interference with foreigners. The notice, however, had no effect. The town was filled at the time with students, always a class inclined to unruliness, and next day when Mr. Cockburn came into the city, he was mobbed, pelted with stones, and compelled to return with a party of pursuers at his heels to his compound.

On November 20th the mob again collected, forced the laborers to cease work at the obnoxious buildings, and pulled down the railings surrounding them. After that there was quiet until December 2nd, when the new Taotal was to arrive to take the place of the deceased Governor. There were great preparations at the landing stage of the Imperial Custom House, where His Excellency was expected to disembark, and there was a considerable assemblage of foreigners there. The Custom House is the property of the Chinese Imperial Government, but many of the principal officers are foreigners. In the afternoon, just as the steamer conveying the Governor arrived off Ichang, a very large crowd gathered and began yelling at the foreign Customs officers, and shouting "Kill him." Fearing trouble the foreigners left the quay and went back into their own compound. This was a signal for the mob to begin operations. They smashed the landing gangways, and broke into the Customs compound, breaking fences and other property. The officers remained perfectly calm until a blow was struck by the leader of the mob, a student. Then the foreigners made a rush for the gate of the compound, shut it, enclosing a number of rioters, whom they at once set upon with great vigour, cudgelling them with blackthorns, and driving them eventually under a rain of blows out of the enclosure.

Meanwhile Mr. Everard, who had previously made arrangements with Captain Ravenhill, of H. M. S. Esk, which was lying in the river, had a rocket fired from the Consulate, which was a preconcerted signal for aid. A party of bluejackets promptly put off in a cutter, after wading through a quantity of liquid mud left by the tide along the river bank landed, and marched straight to the Consulate, the mob dispersing before them in every direction. The bluejackets, after remaining on shore some hours without firing a shot or using arms, returned to the Esk at night, the town being then perfectly quiet.

The agitation was not, however, entirely extinct. The following day a party of roughs gathered outside the house of Mr. Cockburn, and raised shouts of "Kill, kill." The rev. gentleman, however, presented a revolver at the fellows, and threatened to shoot them unless they made off. The

threat was effective, and they departed. Since then there has been no trouble, but the position is viewed not without some apprehension. The students, of whom a good number had their heads broken by the foreigners in the Customs compound, are vowing vengeance, and the fact is recalled that the people concerned in the formidable riot at Ichang in September, 1891, have gone wholly unpunished, though an indemnity was paid to the sufferers.

MISSIONARY WORLD.

AN INCIDENT ON THE CONGO.

Not long ago a missionary on the great river Congo had pushed up on a little steamer into a part where no white man had ever been before. The anchor was let down and the steamer brought to. Food was needed for the men and firewood for the engines. The natives came crowding down to the bank to look at this wonderful boat; they were armed with arrows and big, ugly spears. The missionary tried to talk to them and made signs of peace. But nothing that he could do seemed to touch them; it was plain that they were partly angry, partly suspicious, and partly afraid; and when savages are in that state they are very dangerous. What was to be done? A happy thought flashed across the missionary. He had a wife and a dear little boy on board. He got the baby, took it up in his arms, and showed it to the people. Now, the baby was a really sensible one; it seemed to understand the situation, and instead of crying or pretending to be shy, it laughed and crowded as merrily as could be; and when the poor savages saw it they felt safe; they understood in a moment that no harm was meant, and so they laid down their arms and became quite friendly. Even in Africa we can say, "A little child shall lead them."—Selected.

THE BRAHMO SOMAJ MOVEMENT.

Although missionaries are much indebted to the class who make up the Brahma Somaj as being the mediators between the religious thought of the East and West, the interpreters to India of Western Christianity, and the interpreters to Europe of the best religious aspirations of the East, yet there is no doubt that the Brahmist movement has proved a hindrance rather than otherwise, in many ways, to the reception of Christianity. The paucity of converts from the educated classes of Hindu society in recent years may also be largely traced to this cause. Its utterances are half-Christian, and its promises offer rest without involving the cross which the Christian convert has to take up. Its influence, however, upon the intelligent portion of Hindu society is becoming less and less every year. Ardent young students may join the sect, and boast of its excellencies, but the heads of families, the leaders of society, distrust it, and those very students, when they attain to years of discretion, fall away in considerable numbers. The Brahma Somaj is not a solid phalanx, guided by a well-defined purpose, and marching in a compact body. It is rather a movement, a tendency of many restless minds journeying forth out of the Egypt of Hinduism to some better land, they know not whither. N. Y. Observer.

ROBERT MORRISON, PIONEER IN CHINA.

If any man deserves to be known as the pioneer in China, it is the last-maker of Morpeth, who reminds us constantly of William Carey, who was twenty-one years before him. As Carey wrought on boots, Robert Morrison wrought on boot-trees. Like Carey, he had but an elementary education, and, like him, was so eager to acquire knowledge that he had his book open before him as he wrought at his trade, and filled his spare hours and even his night hours with study. At fifteen he joined the Scotch church, and at nineteen, again like Carey twenty years before him, was deep in the study of Latin, Hebrew and theology. He decided on foreign missions while yet studying at Hoxton, and in 1804 was accepted by the L. M. S. and designated for China. He gave two years to special preparation, studying the Chinese under a native teacher and copying Chinese manuscript in the British Museum. In 1807, at the age of twenty-five, he sailed for China as an ordained missionary, but on account of Chinese hostility to the British had to go via New York, receiving from our secretary of state, James Madison, a letter to our consul at Canton.

He reached that city in September, lodged in the humblest quarters, and for a time adopted native habits of dress and diet. Being forbidden to preach, Morrison set himself to work on renewed study of the difficult tongue, and in 1810, three years after he landed, printed the first Chinese Scriptures ever issued by a Protestant missionary; and in four years more the whole New Testament was completed; four years more sufficed, with Mr. Milne's aid, to supply the entire Word of God; which in 1821 was published entire.

The herculean nature of this task we find it hard to appreciate. During these eleven years Morrison had also published a Chinese grammar of 300 pages, quarto, and a "View of China for Philological Purposes," and as pioneer had confronted and surmounted enormous obstacles. His version, as a first attempt, and with no adequate linguistic aids, was an undertaking which would have dismayed any man but Morrison or Carey. The Old Testament alone formed 21 vols., 12mo.; but even this labor was eclipsed by the preparation of his famous Chinese dictionary, published in the same year with the full Bible, 1821, and which cost the East India Company \$15,000.

Morrison died in 1834, at Canton, after twenty-seven years of devotion to Chinese evangelization. He was a missionary teacher, translator, and distributor of Christian literature. He baptized the first Chinese convert to Protestant Christianity, Tsai-A-Ko, in the same year as the New Testament was printed, who for four years and until his death continued to adorn the doctrine. He founded the Anglo-Chinese College at Malacca in 1818; afterward removed to Hong-Kong, and himself gave in all £2,200 toward its buildings and support. To his intellectual worth the University of Glasgow paid him the tribute of a D. D., when as yet but thirty-five years old, and eight years later he was made an F. R. S. George IV. granted him a special audience when he presented the king with the Word of God in the Chinese tongue.—Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D. D., in "Missionary Review of the World."

Books and Magazines

DAIRYING FOR PROFIT, or the Poor Man's Cow. By Mr. E. M. Jones. Montreal: J. Lovell and Son. 1892

This is a very valuable pamphlet. In all departments of human activity there are theorists and there are practical people; and there are some who combine both qualities. Among this class is Mrs. Chilin Jones of Brockville, the author of this publication. The contents were originally put forth in a Montreal paper, and in the form attracted so much attention and interest that they have been collected and published as a book, every kind of information is here given as to the choosing of a cow, the feeding of the cow, the process of milking and skimming and churning and salting, and all the other mysteries of that business. The fact that Mrs. Jones has obtained many prizes for her cows and for her butter will be one of the best recommendations of her book.

LETTERS TO A YOUNG HOUSEKEEPER, By Marie Hansen-Taylor (Mrs. Bayard Taylor). New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1892.

In a series of twenty-four letters dealing with a variety of matters coming within the scope of good housekeeping, Mrs. Taylor gives to her readers the benefit of a by no means small observation, experience and study. At the outset she says, "I require of you, my pupil, from the start that, being a housekeeper, you devote each day some of your best thinking to the bill of fare and the meals to be served." The 219 pages of this well-filled volume, with the helpful table of contents and index, show not only that its authoress is thoroughly up in her subject, but that she is well able clearly and attractively to impart to others what she has no doubt laboriously and perseveringly by herself acquired. The memory of Bayard Taylor is by no means dishonored by the literary service which his widow has rendered to the art of good living.

DON ORSINO. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: Macmillan and Co. Toronto: Copp, Clark and Co. 1892.

This latest work of Marion Crawford is practically a continuation of "Saracinesca." In the present volume the novelist is dealing with modern Romans in a modern Rome but he has by no means shaken himself free from the old-time associations of the Saracinescas. Don Orsino himself is a modern of the moderns. Ambitious but lacking a motive-power in his life, he has a penchant for two fascinating women older than himself and almost succeeds in persuading both of them that he is love. The woman upon whom the whole interest of the story is centred is very powerfully drawn. Maria Consuelo sacrifices herself from Don Orsino and marries Don Ferice to save the former from ruin. Don Ferice is a speculator at a time when the craving for building had seized upon so many wealthy citizens of Rome. He secures a certain power over Don Orsino and it is to prevent his using it that the tragic marriage of Maria Consuelo takes place. The subordinate characters are admirable, more especially the quondam penniless Zouave, Anastase Gouache, who is now a celebrated portrait painter. On the whole admirers of Mr Crawford's novels (and who does not admire them?) will discover in "Don Orsino" a careful and elaborate study of modern Rome; a story of deep psychological interest told with all that restraint which is indispensable to the artist.

THE LITTLE DINNER, By Christine Terhune Herrick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Toronto: William Briggs. 1892.

Miss Herrick has found an attractive name for her useful and attractive book. The subject matter is indicated in the title. Perhaps no better explanation of the aim of the authoress could be given than that embodied in her own words: "Better, far better, is it (for the hostess) to ask her friends, no matter what may be their wealth or style of living, to a simple, well-cooked meal that she may enjoy in singleness of heart than to wear herself out and go beyond her means in the endeavor to serve a dinner of many courses." Another very sensible remark worthy of quotation as well as of general acceptance is the following: "One cardinal principle should govern the giver of small dinners; she should ask only such guests as will be in the highest sense of the word worth while." We cannot deal with the details of this excellent and serviceable handbook, which has been most thoughtfully and ably prepared. To all young housekeepers it must prove a ready and invaluable aid. Miss Herrick well deserves the thanks of the multitude of readers of her own sex to whom her book cannot fail to prove a welcome boon.

NORDICA AT THE PAVILION.

The appearance of the Nordica Concert Company in the Pavilion on the coming Friday evening will probably be the crowning feature of an already brilliant musical season. This distinguished aggregation, comprising Mesdames Nordica and Scalchi, Messrs. Campanini, Fischer and Del Puente, vocalists, and Mr. Isidore Luckstone, pianist and accompanist, has everywhere secured flattering receptions. The well-filled plan now open at Messrs. Suckling & Sons, in which a few good seats are still available, augurs, unmistakably, an additional triumph. Madame Nordica has few rivals on the concert platform. The delicious beauty, freshness and purity of her voice, its sweetness, power, delicacy and richness are such as only the few great singers possess. Her vocalization is faultless, her trill unsurpassable for long-sustained evenness and bird-like rapidity, and her arpeggios and roulades are as absolutely perfect as one can imagine. She sings with undeviating accuracy of pitch from the beginning to the end of her performance, and the perfect command of her voice, the reserve power available at any moment and frequently employed with startling effect, inspire a confidence and satisfaction while listening to her that only truly great singers can inspire. To all this are added a beautiful face, and a pleasing manner. Madame Scalchi, who is already popular in Toronto, is a superb artist. Her voice is unique. Truly there never was another like it in peculiar quality and character. It fascinates the listener. The perfection of vocal art too, shown in the splendid control of an organ so refractory and so difficult to bring into subjection, represents an amount of patient labour of which probably few of her listeners have, as a rule, much idea. Sig. Campanini, although a source of melancholy to those who have heard him in his prime, is, nevertheless, the finished artist at all times. The artistic interpretation, the feeling, the exquisite phrasing are all present. The voice alone is impaired. What a pity that such an organ should ever cease to be the spring of delight and rapture it once was! But every one has a warm corner in his heart for the noble, generous-hearted tenor, who in former days never spared his powers, but gave them freely, whether to help a brother artist in need, or to aid any good and worthy cause that appealed to him. So the name of Campanini only recalls a magnificent tenor in the past, a kind, warm-hearted man, and a true friend. It should not be inferred from this that Campanini's singing days are over. "Yes, his voice is gone, they say," some one said in discussing the great vocalist; "but how many of our singers would not be delighted to begin where he leaves off!" And there is a word of truth in the remark. Occasionally the little man exerts himself and shows the power he has reserved for a special moment. How quickly, then, one recognizes the old-time spirit; yes, and tone, also! He is still, despite of every consideration, the consummate artist, capable of yielding intense pleasure to those who can appreciate the best and highest artistic instincts. Herr Fischer's voice is exceptionally fine. Although seemingly ponderous and unwieldy it is thoroughly cultivated, and, when occasion demands, both flexible and obedient. Signor Del Puente's dash and spirit, and the manly vigour and even beauty of a clear, round voice, afford genuine pleasure. Mr. Luckstone's accompaniments are exceptionally good. The first portion of the programme on Friday evening will be miscellaneous in character. The second part will be devoted to the rendition of a concert arrangement of "Cavalleria Rusticana."

By reference to a card in another column it will be seen that the offices of the Standard Life Assurance Company will in future be found in the Bank of Commerce Building, rooms, 22, 23 and 24, second floor.



## Choice Literature.

## GRANDFATHER'S FAITH.

BY JULIA A. MATTHEWS.

"Dear father," and Harriet Mason's sharp eyes grew sweet and tender for the moment, as she leaned over him, "I hope you may not be disappointed again."

"I hope so, my dear," he said, rising, and kissing her forehead. "We will trust and wait. Now help the old man on with his coat. I must ride over to see Mr. Paisley again. He was very ill indeed this morning. There! What a fine valet my little woman makes."

He turned when she had helped him to put on his light overcoat (she had to stand on an ottoman to reach his tall shoulders), and took her in his arms, and kissed her again before he went away. It was little wonder that she watched him as he sprang into the carriage and drove away, with glad, proud eyes, or that she whispered as she went back to her embroidery,—

"Dear, noble, beautiful old man!"

He was all she called him. Even if he had had no physical beauty to attract the eye, the grand soul that was in him would have made him still a "beautiful old man."

But when she sat busy with her pretty work once more, Miss Harriet's thoughts went from her father to Charlie. Her heart had grown a little softer toward the boy during the past few weeks. His voluntary exile of himself from home, and from the grandfather whom, in spite of the anxiety he brought upon him, she knew that he dearly loved, had done much to disarm her opposition to him, and to convince her that he, at least, intended to make an honest effort in the right direction.

His continued absence had done something for him also. Delivered from the annoyance of his careless, teasing ways, she began to see that he had some pleasant traits, after all she missed his sweet, jovial whistle about the house, and the ring of his joyous laugh even the stamp of his hurrying, noisy feet would have been endured with patience now. There were no merry stories of school pranks related at the table, with such enthusiasm and enjoyment that she laughed in spite of herself with infectious mirth; there was no one to run out, with a bound and a shout, to welcome her father home from his tiresome rounds, bringing a flush of joy to his tired, worried face. She was always there to meet him with a smile and a kiss; but the rollicking, rough, happy boy was not; and she saw that her father missed him sadly. Charlie would have been amazed beyond all belief, if he had known that, for two long hours, his aunt had been sitting with her work lying idly on her lap, thinking of him, and that not unkindly. But so it was, and only Dr. Mason's return roused her from her reverie.

"Back again already, father?" she said in some surprise, going out, as usual, to meet him. "Oh, you have stopped to leave our child," she added, as the doctor lifted Hattie Raymond from the carriage. "Take care, Hattie; you'll bring in so much dust on your shoes if you step there. Walk on the gravel." Hattie did as she was told, but she came slowly up the pathway, and Dr. Mason followed as slowly. In a moment, Miss Harriet saw from the appearance of both something was wrong.

"What is it, Hattie?" she asked, in alarm, for the child had reached her first.

"I don't quite know," she said, looking up with her eyes full of tears. "But Charlie—Charlie"—and then the sobs which she had been trying, for the doctor's sake, to keep back ever since he had met her at the post-office, and told her the ill tidings, broke forth; and she ran into the house to escape his notice.

"Father, dear, are you in trouble again so soon?" asked his daughter, as Dr. Mason mounted the steps of the piazza.

"Yes, my dear; but let us go in."

They went back to the library where, two hours ago, he had been so glad and

happy, talking of his boy, and sat down there. For a moment he was silent; then he said gravely, but not mournfully,—

"I have had another letter, or rather a little note, from Charlie, dated yesterday; and a telegram from Mr. Braisted, dated, of course, to-day, telling me that Charlie is very ill. He has been hurt, my boy; and Braisted says he wants to see me. At least, he cries out for me; but he knows no one."

"How was he hurt, father?"

"I do not know, except that Braisted says that he was thrown down, and his head badly cut. I hardly know why I do so, but I connect this telegram with Charlie's note. You may read it, but I am afraid that you may not find the comfort that I gain from it. It was written yesterday, and the letter I gave you before I went out was written only the day before; poor little fellow!"

She took the note, scrawled in pencil at Harry's bedside, and read it; her father watching her just as he had watched her before, but not venturing to hope, as he had hoped before, for sympathy in his still unshaken faith. But that little, broken wall of repentance went straight to Aunt Harriet's heart, softened already by her long, quiet thought of the absent boy.

"Oh, father, how sorry he is!" she said.

"Whatever he has done, he is bitterly repentant;" and there was a tremulous quiver in her voice which told him how deeply the humble, contrite confession had touched her. "You think so, my dear?" and the doctor's face lighted with pleasure. "I know that he is truly, earnestly sorry, but I feared that you might doubt it. I am glad, heartily glad, my dear, that you can believe what he says."

"But what about this telegram, father? Shall you go right on to-night?"

"To-night, if possible; but I cannot tell how it may be. Mr. Paisley is still worse than he was this morning, and I am sorely afraid that I shall not dare to leave him. The train starts at six o'clock, and if I can do so conscientiously, I will go on then, and reach Melville by sunrise. If not, I must try to be content to leave Charlie to Dr. Maynard until I can be spared. He is in Melville now, and the boy could be in no abler hands. But I must go, if it is in any way practicable. Dear little fellow! calling for me, and I not there."

"But I must not waste time in vain regrets," he went on, less sadly. "I must trust him to Him who rescued him from greater peril than threatens him now. I am going almost directly back to Mr. Paisley, and shall not return. Just lay a few necessaries in my portmanteau, my dear, and I will take it with me; so that, in case I can get off, I may spend the last possible minute with the poor man. In any event, I will send Watson back with the carriage, so that you may know how I have decided."

In a few minutes he was gone again, and Miss Harriet went to find Hattie. For a long while she sought her visitor without success, but by and by she bethought herself of the barn, and there she found her, lying on a mound of hay, with her face hidden in Caspar's shaggy coat, still crying, as if her heart would break.

Caspar had not remained for many days in Hattie's keeping; for the doctor, and, to tell the truth, Miss Harriet as well, missed him so that they could not do without him. Hattie had brought him home, with Charlie's surprised consent, and he divided his canine affections and attentions between herself and the doctor. When Dr. Mason was at home, or visiting in the neighborhood, Caspar diligently attended his out-goings and in-comings; but when he set off in his carriage, to be gone for hours, the dog trotted off too, and took his way to Lindon, to wait upon Hattie. As to Aunt Harriet, he never noticed her in any way whatever. He had left home, as usual, that afternoon for a visit to the Hill when Dr. Mason went out; but had walked down to the post-office with Hattie, and had followed the carriage home again when the doctor had taken her up.

"I would not lie here, dear," said Miss Harriet, kindly. "You are getting your clothes full of bits of straw, and you'll smell doggy lying upon Caspar in this

way. Come in with me. Yes, bring him if you want him," she added, resignedly, as the girl looked longingly back at the huge dog who had sprung to his feet as she rose from her position upon the hay.

"O Aunt Harriet! how can the doctor stay with Mr. Paisley when he wants so much to go to Charlie?" said Hattie, as they walked toward the house. "I can't bear to have him stay home when Charlie needs him." "He does not need him, dear, so much as Mr. Paisley does. I suppose that Dr. Maynard is as good a physician as father, and Mr. Paisley would have no one who understands him. I am very sorry. I don't wonder that father feels as he does; but it is as great a grief to him as it can be to Charlie. Yes, you can come in, Caspar."

Into the library! Hattie looked up in perfect amazement. Aunt Harriet colored a little. "I suppose you would like him to come in," she said, with some hesitation. But she did not say what she must have told if she had uttered the whole truth, that she wanted him herself, strange to tell.

The afternoon passed quietly enough. Miss Harriet sat by the window waiting for the messenger from her father, with Hattie close beside her, waiting too, one hand lying on Caspar's head as he sat by her side. Not until five o'clock did the gray horses for which they were looking come trotting briskly down the road. Hattie sprang up, and rushed to meet them, Miss Harriet following her almost as swiftly.

Has the doctor gone, Watson," cried Hattie. "No, Miss, said the coachman, "he has not. Mr. Paisley is very ill indeed, Miss; and he don't dare to leave him. He bade me carry this to Miss Mason."

"May I read it, Aunt Harriet?" asked Hattie. Miss Harriet drew her towards her, and they read it together.

"My Dear,—I cannot go. Paisley is at the point of death, and nothing but the most incessant watchfulness of every fluctuation can possibly carry him through. I must wait until to-morrow. God will care for my boy I want to thank you, my dear, for believing him, even although he has slipped again."

Your loving Father

"Keep Hattie with you to-night."

"Will you want me any more, ma'am?" asked Watson, as the lady looked up from the paper which he had handed to her.

"Yes. I shall go to the train myself."

"Oh, Aunt Harriet!" exclaimed Hattie; "are you really going? Oh, I am so glad! Let me go with you," she added, the thought suddenly flashing upon her. "You ought not to be alone all night, and I would be company for you."

"Do you think your father and mother would allow it?" asked Miss Harriet, evidently greatly gratified.

"I think so. Let Watson drive me up, and I will ask them;" and in another moment Hattie was in the carriage, and the gray horses were rushing toward Lindon Hill: for there was no time to be lost.

Back she came again, jubilant, her father with her, to see that the two ladies were safely started on their sudden journey. They found Miss Harriet all ready; and to the end of her life, Hattie Raymond never ceased to wonder how Miss Mason had contrived in so short a space of time to pack into that trunk which stood strapped in the hall, the stores of delicacies and various comforts which it was found to contain when they arrived at Melville.

As Mr. Raymond assisted Miss Harriet into the carriage, a waggon drove up, and Farmer Harland sprang down from it, and came up to the door with a basket in his hand.

"I came over, Miss Mason," he said, rather shyly, "with a basket of late plums; regular beauties they are. I wanted to know if I could get them to the young gentleman any way. Maybe you're sending on by express, now and then. You see, I always felt as if I'd got him turned off from home, and I feel kind of bad about it; for he was such a handsome, happy little chap, that I liked him right well, after all. If you'd give me his directions, I'd like to send him this basket, for a kind of a little make-up, you see."

"I am going to see him, and will take it with me gladly," said Miss Harriet,

bending her head far more graciously than was her custom, as the farmer lifted his basket. "My nephew is ill, and will, no doubt, enjoy your beautiful fruit exceedingly. I thank you for him heartily."

Hattie looked up in surprise. She had never heard Aunt Harriet call Charlie her nephew before, and had almost doubted whether she recognized the relationship. But Miss Mason said no more; and a few moments later they were comfortably seated in the train, speeding rapidly on toward Melville.

## XII.

## TRUSTED STILL.

The quiet of the night was still resting almost unbroken on the house, when Harry Clifford rose from his bed on the second morning after his hurt, and slipping on such of his clothes as he could arrange with only his good right arm to aid him, drew an afghan, which lay on the foot-board over his shoulder, and sat down in the window to enjoy the sweet morning air. He had passed quite a comfortable, but a very wakeful night, for a long sleep into which he had fallen early in the evening had broken the rest of the later hours, and his anxiety for Charlie had not served to quiet him.

As much of the truth as she could veil, Mrs. Braisted had kept from him; but she could not hide it all, for Harry had feared the worst when his friend failed to appear to give him the result of his interview with Will; and he would not rest satisfied until his questions were answered. This much Mrs. Braisted had told him; that Charlie had stood true to his word, and that Will had thrown him down, and his head had been badly injured. She had not told him that this had only been discovered through the boy's ravings, which was the truth. Shortly after he had been laid in bed, he had opened his eyes and looked about him, as if in search of some one, and then had cried out, piteously,—

"O Will! I do love you, I do; but I can't tell another lie. I won't, I won't, not if you kill me."

No one who watched him as he plead, or shrank back as if from a blow, or sat up suddenly, with a resolute, determined face, saying steadily, as if in full possession of his senses,—"I'm not false to you, Will; but I must be true to Grandpa;"—or cried out and shrank back again, could fail to know the end of the meeting in the copse. William Perkins could have had no more convincing witness against him than the delirious boy, who lay all night long, unconsciously revealing the shameful truth. Toward morning, he had grown more calm, and as the day wore on, talked incessantly of his grandfather. He recognized no one, but every face which bent over him, whether it was that of the doctor, or Mrs. Braisted, or Norah, who had been installed as nurse in the sick-room, was greeted by the same entreaty.

"Tell Grandpa I was true at last. Tell him not to despair. I will be worthy of him. 'Him that overcometh'—Tell Cliff. Tell Grandpa."

And every time that Mr. Braisted entered the room, he told him his share in the trick played upon Norah, confessing his deceit with such sorrow that the master was, at length, obliged to avoid his room altogether, in order to spare him the excitement which the story produced each time he related it.

So it went on all day long. The little letter, so humble and so penitent, pursued its quiet way; the telegram sprang with a leap over the many miles which lay between him and his grandfather, and still he lay there talking to him, sending him messages, and saying to the anxious faces which leaned over him, trying to ease his pain,—

"My name is Mason, Charles Mason; a name which has never needed to own to a lie until now."

The one thought was in his mind incessantly. Even William Perkins had no place there now.

(To be continued.)

If you do not wish for his kingdom, do not pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it.—Ruskin.



# A St. Catharines Miracle.

AN OLD AND ESTEEMED CITIZEN RESTORED TO HEALTH AND STRENGTH.

Mr. C. W. Hellems, Sr., Relates the Particulars of His Sufferings and Relief to a Standard Reporter—Advice to other sufferers.

St. Catharines Standard.

Casually, the other day, the Standard learned that Mr. C. W. Hellems, sen., one of the oldest and most respected citizens of St. Catharines, had been restored to health after years of suffering, in a manner bordering on the miraculous. The editor of this paper had known Mr. Hellems for years, and he was anxious to hear from him the story of his wonderful recovery. He had not seen Mr. Hellems for some months, but met with a very warm welcome when he told the errand upon which he had come. Mr. Hellems' home is on the corner of St. Paul and Court streets, and he is well-known to all our older residents as a citizen of the highest integrity, having lived in this city since 1833.

"I have had rheumatism," said Mr. Hellems, "more or less for the past twenty years, which often got so painful that I could not get about at all. I had been to all the doctors here and to some in Toronto and Buffalo, but I could get no relief worth speaking about. Five years ago I went to Welland and took a vapor bath, and felt so much relieved that I took two more. The relief, however, was only temporary, and four and a half years ago the lameness and pains came on again and so completely used me up that I could hardly do anything. I applied to a number of doctors for treatment and two of them treated me, but without relief. My age, they said, was against me; that if I were a younger man there might be some hope for me. I was 84 last October. I then discontinued the doctors' treatment and about a year ago got a box of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale people, and used them without feeling any benefit and quit. This spring I used another box without any effect and again stopped. You see I expected too much and seemed to think that a box of Pink Pills ought to do what years of doctoring did not do. In July I read about the case of Mr. Condor, of Oakville, who had used, I think, eighteen boxes. When I read that he was so fully cured that he was able to work again, and even to play base ball, I took courage and saw that I had not before given the pills a fair trial. I then got half a dozen boxes, and was on the fifth before I felt any beneficial effects. I had run down so low that my appetite had left me. I now began to feel my appetite returning, and my knees and ankles began to gain strength. From that out I continued to improve until the time of the county fair, when I went down there in company with others and went the rounds seeing the stock and other exhibits. I tried to keep up with them and walked so much that day that I felt some bad effects afterwards. But I now knew where to look for relief and continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and ever since have felt a steady improvement. My legs have gained strength wonderfully, and the doctors tell me that if I was a younger man I would be still more benefited. My general health has also improved very much. About six weeks ago I was in Toronto and walked fully five miles that day, something I could not have done before. In fact I feel so much better that I have taken a two year old mustang colt, to break it in." At this point Mrs. Hellems, the life partner of the venerable gentleman, who had come into the room while Mr. Hellems was relating his story, said that a friend, when he heard that Mr. Hellems had taken a colt to break, said he was going to commence using Pink Pills too. Then the lady, noting the Standard man writing at the table, asked Mr. Hellems if all this was to be published.

"Yes," said Mr. Hellems, "if there are any poor creatures who are suffering as I have done, I would be glad to have them know the great good Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done me, and be benefited in the same way. I am glad to have my experience published for the benefit it may do to others, and I cannot too strongly recommend these great pills." In reply to an enquiry Mr. Hellems said he had taken three half dozen boxes since he began to take them regularly, and was now using the fourth half dozen.

The Standard reporter called upon Mr. A. J. Greenwood, the east end druggist, whose store is only a few doors from the residence of Mr. Hellems, to enquire how the sale of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stood in other proprietary medicines, and incidentally to enquire what he thought of their effect in Mr. Hellems' case. "Pink Pills for Pale People have a great sale," said Mr. Greenwood, "and I am continually asked for them. With regard to Mr. Hellems' case, I knew that for years he had suffered from rheumatism and other diseases, and that he was thoroughly run down. He now speaks very highly of Pink Pills, though at first he did not think they were doing him any good; but that may be accounted for by the hold the disease has on his system. He now feels like a young man and is able to attend the various animals, horses, etc. After he had taken about a dozen boxes he came into the store one day and started to dance around like a school-boy. "What's the matter with me?" he said in astonishment, and with happiness ringing in every tone of his voice, he called out, 'O, I'm young again; I'm young again.' He ascribed as the reason for this that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had performed the miracle. He has frequently told me that he had tried doctors without number, besides other patent medicines but without any avail. My sales of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are constantly increasing, and all agree that these excellent little pills are beyond praise. There are many people in this district who have cause to be thankful they tried Pink Pills."

The reporter called upon Mr. W. W. Greenwood and Mr. Harry Southcott, the well known druggists, and both spoke highly of Pink Pills, saying that they are the most popular remedy in the stores, and that those using them are loud in their praises of the results.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humours in the blood such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A Buddhist priest in Japan, comparing his faith with Christianity, emphasizes the peculiar strength of the latter in the words, "The personality of Christ is the magnetic power of Christianity." It would be well for every Christian preacher to keep this ever in mind.

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The Standard reporter called upon Mr. A. J. Greenwood, the east end druggist, whose store is only a few doors from the residence of Mr. Hellems, to enquire how the sale of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills stood in other proprietary medicines, and incidentally to enquire what he thought of their effect in Mr. Hellems' case. "Pink Pills for Pale People have a great sale," said Mr. Greenwood, "and I am continually asked for them. With regard to Mr. Hellems' case, I knew that for years he had suffered from rheumatism and other diseases, and that he was thoroughly run down. He now speaks very highly of Pink Pills, though at first he did not think they were doing him any good; but that may be accounted for by the hold the disease has on his system. He now feels like a young man and is able to attend the various animals, horses, etc. After he had taken about a dozen boxes he came into the store one day and started to dance around like a school-boy. "What's the matter with me?" he said in astonishment, and with happiness ringing in every tone of his voice, he called out, 'O, I'm young again; I'm young again.' He ascribed as the reason for this that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had performed the miracle. He has frequently told me that he had tried doctors without number, besides other patent medicines but without any avail. My sales of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are constantly increasing, and all agree that these excellent little pills are beyond praise. There are many people in this district who have cause to be thankful they tried Pink Pills."

The reporter called upon Mr. W. W. Greenwood and Mr. Harry Southcott, the well known druggists, and both spoke highly of Pink Pills, saying that they are the most popular remedy in the stores, and that those using them are loud in their praises of the results.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humours in the blood such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50cts. a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. The public are also cautioned against all other so-called blood builders and nerve tonics, no matter what name may be given them. They are all imitations whose makers hope to reap a pecuniary advantage from the wonderful reputation achieved by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and refuse all imitations and substitutes.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

A Buddhist priest in Japan, comparing his faith with Christianity, emphasizes the peculiar strength of the latter in the words, "The personality of Christ is the magnetic power of Christianity." It would be well for every Christian preacher to keep this ever in mind.

## Continued Solid Progress

OF THE

# NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

The Annual Meeting of the North American Life Assurance Company was held at the Head Office of the Company, Toronto, on Thursday, Jan. 26th, 1893. The meeting was largely attended by Policy Holders, Directors, Guarantors and principal representatives of the Company.

John L. Blaikie, Esq., President, was appointed Chairman, and William McCabe, Secretary, when the following report was submitted.

In submitting the twelfth Annual Report of the Company's business for the year ended December 31st, 1892, the Directors have much pleasure in again congratulating the Policy-holders and Guarantors upon the ample proofs it affords of solid progress and continued prosperity.

The North America Life and the Dominion generally met with an irreparable loss, on the 17th of April last, in the death of the Honorable Alexander Mackenzie, ex-Prime Minister of Canada, our much esteemed President, who occupied that position from the commencement of the Company, rendering it great and valuable assistance by his sound and able counsel and close attention to its affairs; while his name, known and respected throughout the whole Dominion as a synonym for honesty, inspired confidence in the Company over which he so ably presided.

Mr. John L. Blaikie, who had occupied the Vice-Presidency from the Company's organization, was unanimously elected President, and the Hon. G. W. Allan and J. K. Kerr, Q. C., Vice-Presidents.

New policies have been issued amounting to \$2,400,800, being in excess of the previous year; the cash income amounted to \$446,474.40, being an increase of \$45,969.30; the accumulated funds now stand at \$1,421,981.80; the year's put-by being the handsome sum of \$208,421.39.

The sum paid under the Company's policies, as surplus, matured endowments, claims, etc., amounted in the year to \$118,436.73. For the security of its policy holders, the Company's assets are \$1,421,981.80, in addition to its uncalled Guarantee Fund of \$240,000; and its Reserve Fund now amounts to \$1,115,846.

A reference to the accompanying statements of receipts and disbursements and the balance sheet for the year show the excellent financial position of the Company, and the following table furnishes the strongest evidence of the rapid and solid progress made during the past five years, especially in the relatively large net surplus that has been accumulated for the benefit of the Company's policy-holders.

	Assets.	Percentage.	Insurance in force.	Percentage.	Net Surplus.	Percentage.
Dec. 31, 1892.	\$1,421,981.80		\$12,053,080		\$226,635.80	
Dec. 31, 1887.	542,318.99		6,974,390		54,805.94	
Increase	\$879,662.81	162	\$5,078,690	73	\$171,739.86	313

The excellent and productive character of the Company's investments is shown by the small amount of overdue interest and the favorable rate secured on its invested assets.

One of the best tests an intending insurer can apply in selecting a Company is the relative yearly percentage of surplus made upon its mean assets. In this important particular the North American Life compares favorably with its chief competitors, and excels most of them.

During the year another series of the Company's Investment Policies matured, and the results proved entirely satisfactory to the holders.

The allocation of surplus to the Tontine Investment Policies maturing in 1893 was approved, as made by the Company's Consulting Actuary.

The books of the Company were closed promptly, on the last day of the year, and, as heretofore, the full Government report was then completed and mailed that evening to the Superintendent of Insurance at Ottawa.

The Auditor made a complete audit of the Company's affairs monthly, and at the close of the year verified the cash on hand and in banks, and examined each mortgage and every other security held by the Company. The Auditing Committee made a minute audit quarterly.

The services of the Company's staff of Officers, Inspectors and Agents again deserve favorable commendation.

JOAN L. BLAKIE, President.  
G. W. ALLAN,  
J. V. KERR, Q. C., } Vice-Presidents.  
Summary of Financial Statement and

## Balance Sheet for the year ending December 31st, 1892.

Cash Income.....	\$ 446,474.40
Expenditure (including death claims, endowments, profits, and all payments to policy-holders).....	216,326.56
Assets.....	1,421,981.80
Reserve Fund.....	1,115,846.00
Net surplus for policy-holders.....	226,635.80

Audited and found correct.  
JAMES CARLYLE, M. D.,  
Wm. McCABE, Auditor.  
Managing Director.

## Missionary World.

### LA MISSION EVANGELIQUE FRANCAISE TORONTO.

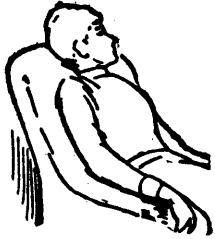
The fourth anniversary of this mission was celebrated in the Mission Hall, Queen street, opposite Knox church, on Saturday evening, Jan. 21. The hall was decked with evergreens and the flags of several nations. Behind the chairman, were a scarlet banner with yellow fringes, bearing the inscription in letters of gold, "A Happy New Year to you all," and one of navy blue with yellow fringes, bearing the inscription, "Une heureuse annee a vous tous." The Rev. Mr. Fenwick, of Woodbridge, Ont., was in the chair. A French hymn was sung. The chairman read Revelations XXII. M. Cusin led in prayer. The chairman said a few words relating to the present season. M. Cusin gave a report of his labours. Then there was an interval, during which all present were treated to oranges and cakes, which they ate to the sound of music, furnished by an Italian lad. When business was again taken up, the following "sentiments" or "dry toasts," as they may be called, were given. The first was, of course, "The Queen," which was honored by three rounds of hand-clapping. All then arose and sang the National Anthem. The recitation in the negro dialect was given by Mr. Cornion, a student of University College. The Rev. W. D. Stark followed with an address on education, and the singing of "La Belle Normandie." The second sentiment was "The United States," which was greeted with three rounds of hand-clapping. There was no one to reply, either in speech or song. The third sentiment was "France." For want of a singer, "La Marseillaise" was dispensed with. M. Du-rel then spoke in French, his mother-tongue. He is a native of the Isle of Jersey, but he studied in the College of Caen in Normandy, in which there were only 14 Protestant students out of 414. He took a first prize. The family to which he belongs is a Huguenot one. The fourth sentiment was "Switzerland," which was honored as those before it were. M. Cusin who is a native of that country, sang a verse of the National Anthem, the air of which is the same as ours. He said that he did not know whether we had stolen from the Swiss, or the Swiss from us. The last sentiment was "King Humbert and Queen Margherita," which was duly honored. The Italian National Hymn was omitted, as there was no one present to sing it. Sig. Basso spoke, giving an account of his work for the spiritual good of his countrymen in Toronto. M. Riche, of Toronto, a native of Nicolet, Que., who was brought up a Romanist, but who has, for many years, been a member of the Methodist church, Mr. Montgomery, of the Bank of Commerce, and Mr. Morton spoke in English, and Mr. Cameron, a lecturer in the University, spoke in French. Votes expressing sympathy with M. Cusin in his difficulties, and praise of his labors, and thanks to him and his helpers for the festival were passed. The blessing was sung in French, and the meeting closed at 11 o'clock. The hall was well filled. The sum of \$2.56 was put into the box by those present.

M. Cusin has a Bible Class in French every Sabbath afternoon, in the place abovementioned. Visitors will be made most welcome. Members of our Church should do what they can to encourage M. Cusin in his efforts for the spiritual good of the French in Toronto. He labors in connection with no denomination.

Woodbridge, Ont. T. F.

Last year 466,000 women in India received medical treatment under Lady Dufferin's scheme for women's physical improvement.

An educated Hindu was lately asked what was the particular department of missionary effort which made him fear most for the stability of his own religion. He replied: "We do not greatly fear your schools; we need not send our children. We do not fear your books, for we need not read them. We do not much fear your preaching, we need not listen. But we dread your women, and we dread your doctors; for your doctors are winning our hearts, and your women are winning our homes; and when our hearts and our homes are won, what is there left us?"



**A TIRED WOMAN,** just as much as a sick and ailing one, needs Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That builds up, strengthens, and invigorates the entire female system. It regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

It's a powerful restorative tonic and soothing nerve, made especially for woman's needs, and the only guaranteed remedy for woman's weaknesses and ailments. In all "female complaints" and irregularities, if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

A great many medicines "relieve" Catarrh in the Head. That means that it's driven from the head into the throat and lungs. But, by its mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy perfectly and permanently cures.

Attention is directed to the new building of the Young Women's Christian Association, 18 Elm St., Toronto, where rooms with board may be had from \$2.25 per week upwards. Transient guests may be accommodated at from 50c. to \$1.00 per day. A large reading room for women, well supplied with daily and weekly papers and magazines is now open, free to all. Also the Employment Bureau for domestic servants, book-keepers, type writers, dress makers and all other occupations open to women. Classes in cooking, dress-making, general improvement, etc. are carried on throughout the season. Further information may be had by applying to the Gen'l. Sec., Y. W. C. A., 18 Elm street.

A new church was opened at Price's Corners, East Garapaxa, on New Year's Day. Rev. R. P. McKay preached morning and evening, and Rev. D. C. Hassock, of Orangeville, in the afternoon. The offerings for the day amounted to \$220. On the Tuesday evening following a social was held. Congratulatory addresses were given by a number of gentlemen, ministerial and otherwise, and the choir of Melvill church, Fergus, furnished excellent music. An overflow meeting was held at the same time in the basement. The proceeds were considerably over \$200. The building is pretty and convenient, and the workmanship throughout, all that could be desired. The cost has been \$2,500. It is a cause of rejoicing to the congregation that this cost has been fully provided for, and they enter their new church free from debt.

The annual meeting of St. Andrew's church, Hillsburg, was held on Friday, Dec. 30th. All the reports were satisfactory, showing a gratifying increase in the offerings to all departments of church work. It was decided to increase the salary of the pastor, Rev. J. J. Elliott, B. A., to \$1,000 per year.

## Ministers and Churches.

The Presbyterians of Belgrave contemplate building a new church.

The congregation of West William's Presbytery of Sarnia, has decided to build a new church.

The Rev. W. A. McKay, B.A., of Woodstock, is soon to deliver a series of addresses on the temperance question at Owen Sound.

At the third annual meeting of the Presbyterian Sabbath school, Berwick, a kind and complimentary address was presented to the superintendent, Mr. J. A. Pollock, who made a feeling reply.

The annual social of the Clayton congregation was an enjoyable affair. The pastor, Rev. McLean, occupied the chair; and an interesting programme was submitted. The addresses by various ministers were appreciated.

Mr. D. Munro was again re-elected secretary of Cornwall, P. S. Board, a position he has held for about a quarter of a century. Mr. Munro is also a loyal Presbyterian, always taking an active and intelligent interest in church work.

It is reported that the congregation of Kirkwall is about introducing an organ into the church. On a recent Sabbath the Rev. F. Ballantyne preached most acceptably on whole-hearted service, basing his remarks on I Chron., chap. xxviii, verse 9.

At the annual meeting of the Wingham congregation the following managers were elected: D. Sutherland, (chairman), A. W. Webster, secretary; A. Ross, treasurer; A. McKague, Thos. Henderson, D. Pringle, Urias Sherk, J. W. Inglis and T. H. Ross.

Mr. R. J. McNeillie was recently re-elected chairman of the Board of Education, Lindsay, for the third successive term. No higher testimony to his efficiency in an important position is required. Mr. McNeillie is also clerk of the Session of St. Andrew's church.

The members of the First Presbyterian Church, Brantford (Rev. J. C. Tolmie, pastor), after careful consideration have decided on enlarging the church edifice. The proposed alterations, it is estimated, will cost \$5,000 or \$6,000. Permission will be asked of the Presbytery to borrow \$3,600; the balance to be raised by voluntary subscriptions.

The annual New Year's tree in connection with the church at Angus was a highly successful entertainment, about \$80 being realized. The pastor, Rev. Leishman, most acceptably discharged the duties of the chair; and a varied programme of speeches, songs and instrumental music helped to make up a most enjoyable evening.

At the annual meeting of the Locke street congregation, Hamilton, there was a large attendance, the pastor, Rev. T. G. Thomson in the chair. The reports presented were all of an encouraging character, each department closing the year with all liabilities met. It was agreed to adopt the envelope system; and the pastor was voted a month's annual holiday.

At the annual business meeting of Cook's Church Mr. P. G. Close presided. The receipts during the year, as stated by the treasurer, Mr. James Allison, were \$9,546.41 and the expenditure \$9,343.75, leaving a balance on hand of \$202.66. The membership now comprises 1,143 names. Messrs. M. B. Allison, W. Anderson, Gilday, and James Fraser were elected to the Board of Trustees. The amount raised for all purposes was \$15,516.42.

The annual meeting of St. Andrew's Church, Peterboro, held recently, was largely attended. Mr. George Edmison, presided. The report of Session showed that 105 members had been received during the year; that 4 had been removed by death, 11 by certificates, and 3 without certificate; leaving a net gain of 87. Messrs. Richard Gray, R. McWilliams and Carey were appointed managers. The average attendance at the Sunday school on each day of meeting had increased 62. The various associations were reported in a vigorous condition; and the pastor, Rev. A. McWilliams, is to be congratulated on the success attending his first year's pastorate.

The anniversary services of Mt. Zion Church, Ridgeway, were the most successful in the history of the congregation. Rev. T. A. Cosgrove, B.A., of St. Mary's conducted the Sabbath services, preaching earnest and eloquent sermons morning and evening. On Monday evening the annual tea meeting was well attended, the pastor, Rev. Hunter, presiding. Suitable addresses were delivered by local ministers and by Rev. Jordan, of Strathroy. The total receipts of services amounted to \$188; and the members and adherents have responded so heartily to the treasurer's appeals that it is expected the debt, amounting to \$4,400 will be entirely extinguished by November, 1894.

On Tuesday evening of last week, the Rev. W. S. McTavish, B. D., lectured on "Matters Matrimonial" in behalf of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian Church, St. George. The report of a local paper says: Information, instruction, anecdotes and political quotations were cleverly interwoven, and the attentive audience heartily endorsed the sentiments of the chairman, Mr. W. B. Wood, M. P. P., when he guaranteed the lecturer a crowded house on a future occasion.

The St. Stephen's Presbyterian church, St. Stephen, N. B., held its annual meeting on the 17th ult., the pastor, Rev. John Anderson, B.D., in the chair. Reports were given in from the session and the various organizations connected with the congregation, including the Sabbath school, Y. P. S. C. E., Woman's M. S., and Mission Band which showed that the congregation was in good working order and in a healthy condition. The financial statement was highly satisfactory; \$700 had been paid in reduction of the debt and a deficit of \$117 on current account at the beginning of the year had been converted into a balance on hand of \$93.

It is only four years ago that St. John's Church, at Gerrard street and Bolton avenue, Toronto, was opened as a church. Under the able pastorate of Rev. J. McP. Scott it has grown from a comparatively insignificant mission to a prosperous and self-reliant congregation, providing for its own maintenance and generously contributing to missionary and benevolent enterprises. At the annual congregational meeting gratifying reports were presented. The membership numbers 229. There were received during the year 77 new members. The weekly collections amounted to \$1,454, and the contributions to the building fund \$152. The increase in the Sabbath collections over those of 1891 was \$243. For missions and benevolence the congregation has given \$515. The total amount contributed by the congregation is \$2,250.

The new church at Bridge End, a neat commodious edifice, was dedicated to the worship of God by appropriate services, conducted by the Rev. Dr. Jamieson, to whose energy and unflagging devotion is largely due its erection. The afternoon and evening services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Battersby and Rev. Larkin, respectively. A social gathering on Monday evening was well attended. The church has a seating capacity of about 250; and a fine school room so arranged that in case of a large attendance it can be used in connection with the church. The building is lighted with stained glass heated by furnaces, and beautifully finished throughout. The whole will be completed at a cost of \$3735, of which, after deducting the receipts and subscriptions of the opening services, only a little over \$1,200 will remain unpaid.

Westminster Presbyterian Church, Montreal, held its annual meeting recently, the pastor, the Rev. M. Stewart Oxley, B.A., presiding. The church is made up of 72 communicants, and has a Sabbath school with 75 children, who attend the place of worship in an upper room on the corner of St. James and Cathedral streets. The site for the new church is on Atwater ave. near St. Antoine street and covers 9,000 square feet of ground purchased for \$1,900. The following are the officers of the new church: Elders, Mr. W. D. McLaren, Mr. David Yulle, Mr. Hugh Cameron, and Mr. Alex. McFee. Trustees, Mr. F. Carter, Mr. J. F. Patterson, Mr. E. Ardley, Mr. Thos. D. Taylor, and Mr. J. A. McDonald. Board of Management, Mr. J. F. Patterson, Mr. F. Carter, Mr. Thos. D. Taylor, Mr. Wm. H. Cunningham, Mr. J. A. McDonald, treasurer, and Mr. E. Ardley, secretary. The annual report was looked upon as very satisfactory, and shows that the future is full of usefulness for the Westminster congregation.

St. Paul's Church, Peterboro, notwithstanding the long illness of the pastor, has had a prosperous year. At the annual meeting, Mr. John Morton, Chairman, the reports, of which there were many, were satisfactory. In the Board of Managers' report it was stated that the Sunday offerings, including special collections, amounted to \$3390.85, the pew rents being \$1865.96. There were \$400 outstanding pew rents. The committee appointed to collect funds to reduce the mortgage debt of the church, had collected \$4,430, of which \$1080 was contributed by the Ladies' Association. It is expected that the debt will be reduced from \$12,000 to \$7,500 in February. The Sunday School report showed the number on roll to be: teachers and officers, 37; scholars, 281; collections, \$302.65; disbursements, \$246.46; missionary collections, \$521.06. St. Paul's Auxiliary of the W. F. M. Society, membership, 48; contributions from all wards, \$767.74.

On a recent Sabbath the new church at North Easthope, built on the site of the one erected fifty years ago, was dedicated, the service in the morning being conducted by the Rev. Dr. MacTavish, of Toronto; in the afternoon by Rev. M. L. Leitch, of

Stratford; and in the evening by the pastor, Rev. P. Stewart. On each occasion the church was crowded by worshippers; and the collection of the day amounted to the handsome sum of \$200. At the Monday evening meeting the chair was taken by the Rev. P. Stewart, who has been pastor of the church for sixteen years. The Chairman of the Building Committee, Mr. Duncan Forbes, read a report which exhibited a very satisfactory condition of affairs. The church had cost rather more than \$2,800, the whole of which had been paid, leaving the sacred edifice free of debt. Bright, pithy speeches were then made by Dr. MacTavish, Rev. M. L. Leitch, Rev. W. A. McKay, Mr. James Sutherland, M.P., and Mr. James Fisher, M.P., Winnipeg. Congratulations!

An entertainment given in the Town Hall, Lansdowne, Ont., on the evening of the 23rd ult., by the young people of the Presbyterian church, was very largely attended and proved in every way a success. This was largely the result of careful preparations on the part of all engaged in it, aided by the kind help of friends from the neighborhood. The children's closing piece, "Waiting for Santa Claus" was followed by that gentleman's welcome entrance, and his distribution of gifts to the children. At the close Mr. Donevan, in the name of the congregations of Lansdowne, Fairfax, and Sandbay presented the Rev. Mr. Fairlie with a very handsomely appointed cutter, accompanied with an address expressive of the kindly feelings existing between pastor and people, their appreciation of his work and their good wishes for the future for himself and family. Mr. Fairlie replied in a few words, saying that he deeply felt the kindness of the splendid gift and that his anxious desire was to be faithful in all his work amongst them."

### KNOX COLLEGE "AT HOME"

Knox College, the abode of Presbyterian theology, that is usually so staid and dignified, put on a gayer humor last night and threw open its doors for the reception of its numerous friends.

In response to a unanimous request from the young men, the council agreed to sanction and lend their aid towards the success of a college "At Home." Cards of invitation were issued, and nearly one thousand persons assembled on Tuesday evening of last week to enjoy the college hospitality. Many of the fathers of the church were in the throng, including Principal Caven, Rev. Dr. Gregg, Prof. McLaren, Rev. Dr. Parsons, Rev. John Nell, Dr. Daniel Clarke, Messrs. Principal Kirkland, Hamilton, Cassels, C. Blackett Robinson, Thomas Caswell, etc., and the attendance of young people was very large.

The decorations were very extensive, and they brought the building into harmony with the spirit that animated the students and their guests. Throughout the evening a well-equipped orchestra furnished music in the hallway, and the pleasing strains were wafted to the various rooms in which young couples lingered over photographic views, and illustrations of heathen worship. In the dining hall a series of stereopticon views were given

## Dyspepsia

Dr. T. H. Andrews, Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, says of

### Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

"A wonderful remedy which gave me most gratifying results in the worst forms of dyspepsia."

It reaches various forms of Dyspepsia that no other medicine seems to touch, assisting the weakened stomach and making the process of digestion natural and easy.

Descriptive pamphlet free on application to  
Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.

Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

For Sale by all Druggists.

**CHILBLAINS**  
**FROST BITE**  
and all **ACHES & PAINS** relieved at once by **Perry Davis' PAIN KILLER** also **Coughs - Colds - Sore Throat - Diphtheria - Rheumatism, and Neuralgia!**  
"ask for the New" **BIG 25c BOTTLE**



with explanatory remarks by Mr. W. Mortimer Clarke, Q. C., Chairman of the Board. In the board room a fac-simile of the book of the dead was to be seen; also the hieratic Egyptian MSS., and an autotype of the constitution of Athens. In the library was a fac-simile of the codex Sinaiticus and an autotype of the codex Alexandrinus. In the museum were mineral specimens of our country and Indian relics; Rev. G. L. McKay's collection of Chinese idols. A number of objects of general interest were also exhibited under microscopes. Refreshments were served in the class room at the west end of the main hall after 9:30 o'clock, and it is needless to say that this proved a centre of attraction.

In Convocation hall probably the greatest number were to be found during the evening. Here Mr. Alex. M. Gorrie, the popular leader of Westminster church choir, had prepared a concert programme of a high order, and to accommodate the large number who wished to hear it two distinct entertainments were given. The College glee club sang several choruses very nicely, and others who contributed to the pleasure of the evening were:—Miss Minnie H. Bauld, Mr. A. C. Mounteer, Mr. A. H. Abbott, and Messrs. Gorrie, McKay, Scott and Martin. The accompanist of the evening was Miss M. G. Ferguson, who, although a very unassuming young lady, is a musician of some note.

It was about 11:30 before all the guests had left, and on every hand were heard expressions of satisfaction and enjoyment. —Condensed from The Globe's report.

Presbytery of Stratford held an adjourned meeting in Burns Church, East Zorra, on Tuesday, 31st ult., for the induction of Rev. J. D. Ferguson, to the pastoral charge of Burns Church and Brookdale. Rev. R. Pyke was appointed Modr. p. t., and presided. Rev. Mr. McLachlan, of Harrington, preached from Acts 20: 28, after which Rev. Mr. Ferguson in the usual form was inducted. Mr. Tully, of Mitchell, addressed the minister, and Mr. Campbell, of Granton, the people. The Presbytery then adjourned to meet again in Listowel on Feb. 8rd, for the ordination and induction of Mr. J. A. Morrison to that charge. A. F. Tully, Clerk.

The Presbytery of Glengarry held a special meeting at Maxville on the 17th inst. to consider the resignation of the Rev. J. A. G. Calder. After parties representing the congregation had been heard, Mr. Calder spoke at some length, finally leaving the whole matter in the hands of the Presbytery. After due deliberation it was resolved on motion of D. B. MacLennan Q. C., that the Presbytery, not being satisfied that severing the tie between Mr. Calder and his people will conduce to the spiritual interest of the congregation, declines to accept the resignation. M. MACLENNAN, Clerk.

The seventh annual meeting of the Orangeville Presbyterial Society was held in St. Andrew's church, Orangeville, on Tuesday, Jan. 10th., 1893, the president, Mrs. Crozier, of Grand Valley, presiding. Although the day was extremely cold delegates were present from eleven auxiliaries and three mission bands. A business meeting was held in the morning, at which the following officers were elected: Pres., Mrs. Crozier, Grand Valley; 1st. Vice-Pres., Mrs. Campbell, Cheltenham; 2nd. Vice-Pres., Mrs. Fowle, Erin; 3rd. Vice-Pres., Mrs. Faquharson, Claude; 4th. Vice-Pres., Mrs. Ballantyne, Mono Centre; Secretary, Mrs. Hossack, Orangeville; Treas., Mrs. Steele, Orangeville; Sect. of Supplies, Mrs. Myers, Orangeville. A committee was appointed to repack the clothing at Orangeville, consisting of Mrs. Moody, Mrs. Fraser and Mrs. McKay. An invitation from the ladies of the Shelburne Auxillary to hold the next semi-annual meeting there, was accepted. An invitation was also sent from Claude Auxillary. Mrs. McRobble of Shelburne was chosen delegate to attend the annual meeting to be held in London in May. Five bales of clothing valued at \$255.63 were sent by ten Auxillaries and one Mission Band to Rev. Alex. Skene, File Hills Reserve. At the afternoon meeting very encouraging reports were read from all the auxiliaries except Dundalk, and from all the mission bands. Although we cannot report the formation of any new auxiliary or mission band, we rejoice that the membership shows an increase and that the contributions this year has far exceeded that of last year, being \$697.67, and increase of \$193.67. An exceedingly profitable paper was read by Miss Young of Erin, on "The Promise of the Divine Presence." A duet by Misses Turnbull and Clarke deserves special mention. Mrs. Wilson, returned missionary from Neemuch, India, was present and addressed the meeting. Everyone present was anxious to hear Mrs. Wilson, and when she closed all felt benefited. She gave a beautiful address, full of information and interest to all. After spending a very profitable afternoon the meeting closed with devotional exercises. The delegates and members of Presbytery were entertained at tea in the basement of the church.

The annual thanksgiving meeting of the Waterdown W. F. M. Society was an enjoyable occasion. The pastor, Rev. Mr. McEachern, was present and gave an address on missions. The thank offering amounted to \$20. Under the direction of Mrs. McEachern, who presided at the organ, a fine programme of music was discoursed by the young ladies of the choir. The officers of the Auxillary are Miss Forbes, president; Mrs. Wm. McMonies, vice-president; Mrs. Thos. Little, treasurer; Miss S. Thompson, secretary and Mrs. T. W. Bleakley, Miss M. Forbes, and Miss M. Little counsellors.

On Tuesday, January 19th, the Presbytery of New Westminster, met in the Church of Richmond, on Sea Island about five miles from Vancouver City to induct into the Pastoral charge of Richmond the Rev. James Buchanan, late of Innesfall, Presbytery of Calgary. Services began at 2:30 p. m. by the Moderator, Rev. J. M. McLeod, of Grace Church, Vancouver, constituting the court of prayer. Rev. W. C. Manson, of New Westminster, preached the sermon from II Peter 1 10, "Give diligence to make your calling and election sure." Rev. G. R. Maxwell, of First Church, Vancouver, narrated the steps taken towards the call and settlement, and delivered the charge to the pastor, while Mr. McLeod inducted into the charge and addressed the people. The attendance was large, and there seemed to be a general feeling of satisfaction and gratitude to God for leading people and pastor together. The Rev. J. A. Jaffray, the former pastor, resigned in September last, and the congregation heard several candidates till the last Sabbath of November when the present pastor preached. He was asked to preach another Sabbath, which he did, when the congregation decided to extend to him a call. This being accepted, a most harmonious settlement took place, which augurs well for the future work of the congregation, and happy relationship between pastor and people. After the induction, the ladies of the congregation tendered Mr. and Mrs. Buchanan a reception and welcome in the manse. A sumptuous repast was prepared by them to which all were invited, and the larder was left with a good supply for future use. Richmond congregation, better known as North Arno, is one of the most spirited in B. C., and has a record of progress unsurpassed by any charge in the country. The church and manse stands in a beautiful spot on Sea Island and the Fraser River. The congregation promise Mr. Buchanan \$1,100 with free manse and stable, and a month's holiday.

C. C. Richards & Co.

Gents.—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for a number of years for various cases of sickness, and more particularly in a severe attack of la grippe which I contracted last winter, and I firmly believe that it was the means of saving my life.

C. I. LAGUE.

## "German Syrup"

For Coughs & Colds.

John F. Jones, Edom, Tex., writes: I have used German Syrup for the past six years, for Sore Throat, Cough, Colds, Pains in the Chest and Lungs, and let me say to anyone wanting such a medicine—German Syrup is the best.

B. W. Baldwin, Carnesville, Tenn., writes: I have used your German Syrup in my family, and find it the best medicine I ever tried for coughs and colds. I recommend it to everyone for these troubles.

R. Schmalhausen, Druggist, of Charleston, Ill., writes: After trying scores of prescriptions and preparations I had on my files and shelves, without relief for a very severe cold, which had settled on my lungs, I tried your German Syrup. It gave me immediate relief and a permanent cure.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

Minard's Liniment is the Best.

The eighteenth annual meeting of Knox College Student's Missionary Society is announced for next Friday evening, in Convocation Hall, at 8 o'clock, Mr. J. L. Blaikie in the chair. There should be a large attendance.

## Dyspepsia

Makes the lives of many people miserable, causing distress after eating, sour stomach, sick headache, heartburn, loss of appetite, a faint, "all gone" feeling, bad taste, coated tongue, and irregularity of the bowels. Dyspepsia does not get well of itself. It requires careful attention, and a remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which acts gently, yet efficiently. It tones the stomach, regulates the digestion, creates a good appetite, banishes headache, and refreshes the mind.

**Distress After Eating** Sick Headache

"I have been troubled with dyspepsia. I had but little appetite, and what I did eat distressed me, or did me little good. After eating I would have a faint or tired, all-gone feeling, as though I had not eaten anything. My trouble was aggravated by my business, painting. Last spring I took Hood's Sarsaparilla, which did me an immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced."

GEORGE A. PAGE, Watertown, Mass.

**Heartburn** Sour Stomach

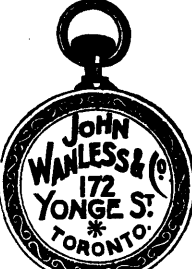
Immense amount of good. It gave me an appetite, and my food relished and satisfied the craving I had previously experienced."

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.  
**100 Doses One Dollar**

**\$18**

Will purchase from us a Lady's Solid Gold Waltham Watch with latest improvements fully guaranteed. Come and see them.

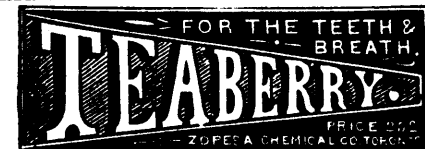
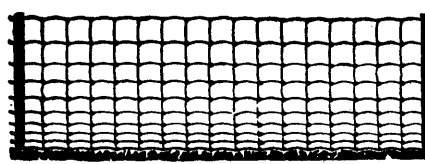
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PRICE 25c  
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**SEE THAT COIL?**

Bind a large steel wire (soft wire won't do) around a broom handle, like the stripes on a barber's pole. When you have a long coil, fasten one end; then stretch it tightly. You can't draw out the kinks, (see cut above) but it will give and take and never sag.

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MENDS EVERYTHING THAT GLUE WILL MEND

ALWAYS READY WITHOUT HEATING

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**SLAVERY.**

This is a word with which people of this continent are not supposed to be very familiar, yet those who carry with them a load of Biliousness, Indigestion, Bad Blood, or Torpid Liver, are subject to the very worst kind of slavery.

Emancipate yourself by the free use of St. Leon Mineral Water. Hundreds have tried it and been relieved daily and if you don't believe this it won't cost much to test it.

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At first hand and sold less than

**WHOLESALE PRICES.**

Berlin Wools, all colours, 5c. per ounce.  
Shetland Wools, all colours, 6c. per ounce.  
Andalusian Wool, all colours, 6c. per ounce.  
Baldwin's finest Fingering Wool, all colours, 8c. skein, \$1.25 pound.  
Scotch Fingering Wool, cheapest imported, 4c. skein 55c. lb.  
Belding's Knitting Silk, all colours, 35c. spool.  
Filo Floss and all other Wash Embroidery Silks, at colours, only 35c. dozen skeins.  
Stamped Linen Toilet Sets, five pieces, 20c. set.  
Gentlemen's Silk Suspenders, 60c. pair.  
Gentlemen's Worked Slippers, from 50c. pair.  
Felt, all colours, two yards wide, 65c. yard; also to hand large stock finest hemstitched tray covers, tea cosies, five o'clocks, shams, etc., selling at very low prices.

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**THE NEW TAILOR SYSTEM.**  
The Leading System of the Day.

Drafts direct on material. Perfection in form and fit, easy to learn and can be taught thoroughly by mail. Satisfaction guaranteed. Inducements to agents. Send for illustrated circular.

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Beware of models and machines.

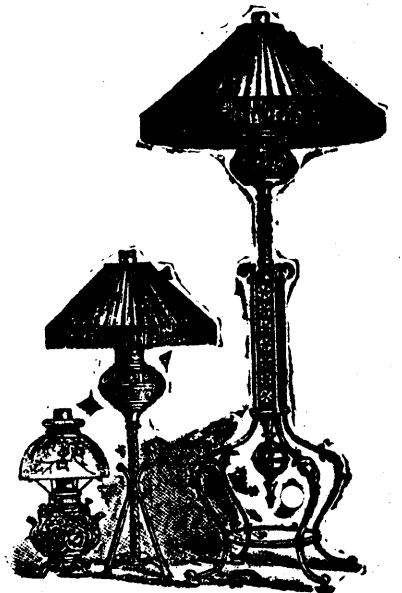
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**FALL FOOTWEAR:**  
FOR LADIES AND GENTLEMEN



At the Old Reliable Golden Boot

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**A LAMP THAT LIGHTS A BIG ROOM LIKE SUNSHINE.**



THAT'S  
**THE PITTSBURGH MAMMOTH.**

A Lamp for store, or hall, or church, or other public place. A Lamp that almost takes care of itself, except, of course, that it has to be kept supplied with oil; and that's the Pittsburgh, both mammoth and family sizes. Better have the primer that tells all about them both; we'll send it if you drop us a line.

**GOWANS, KENT & CO.,**  
TORONTO AND WINNIPEG.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.



### British and Foreign.

The forests of Germany pay an annual government revenue of \$25,000,000.

The city of New York cares for 18,000 lunatics, at a cost of \$625,000 a year.

The number of Jews at present at Jerusalem is approximately put at 42,000.

The stipend to be offered by Regent-square congregation to Rev. D. Fairweather is £800.

The next High Lord Commissioner will probably either be the Earl of Elgin or Lord Thurlow.

A woman who is an active worker in a Brooklyn church has been appointed assistant to the pastor.

Dr. Madden has been sworn in as Chief Justice of Victoria. In succession to the late Hon. George Higginbotham.

Rev. J. Reid Howatt takes the place of the late Dr. Donald Fraser in the editorship of the Review of the Churches.

Two educated negro women at Vasten have begun the publication of the first newspaper in the Congo Free State.

Finland has just been celebrating the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of printing in that country.

Mandalay is crowded with monasteries. There are in Upper Burma 11,894 professed monks, and about 14,000 novices.

The largest needle manufactory in the world is in Redditch, Worcestershire, England. Over 70,000,000 are made weekly.

A copy of Rev. Dr. Oliver's work, "What and How to Preach," has been presented by a friend of the church to each student at the U. P. theological hall.

An elaborately carved communion table is about to be presented to a Rubislaw E. C. church, Aberdeen, by a lady member as a memorial of her two sons, who died abroad.

Prof. Robertson, of Glasgow university, has addressed a long letter to the Universities commission, protesting against the proposed ordinance that makes changes on the Hebrew chair.

It is probable that Mr. W. Shields, the Premier of Victoria, will shortly retire. The idea of a coalition Ministry is received with favour, and efforts are being made to induce Mr. James Service to form a Cabinet.

In Greenock U. P. presbytery, notice has been given by Mr. Edmund Wilson of an overture declaring elders eligible for the moderatorship of synod and presbytery, and also to preside in the session when the minister is absent.

The title of prince is almost as common in Russia as that of colonel in the United States. A Prince Krapotkin is a cabman, a Prince Solbyoff is a market-house porter in Moscow and a Princess Gallitzin is an equestrienne in a cheap circus.

Miss Francis E. Willard, who is a lady over fifty, is president of the National Christian Temperance Union of the United States, which embraces 10,000 societies. She is a Methodist, and has worked with Mr. Moody in Chicago and Boston.

The London Wesleyan council have decided by 53 to 21 (16 being neutral) that no legislation on the drink question will be satisfactory which does not exclude all direct monetary compensation, and does not provide for Sunday closing, and giving the ratepayers the direct vote.

Glasgow E. C. presbytery have appointed a committee to frame suitable minutes expressive of their regret at the deaths of Rev. Dr. F. L. Robertson and Rev. Dr. Andrew A. Bonar. The former is regarded by Rev. Dr. Marshall Lang as in some respects the Charles Kingsley of the Scottish church.

Brazil and other parts of South America are being rapidly settled by Italians, Portuguese and Spaniards, the Italians predominating in a remarkable manner. In Argentine alone, from 1879 to 1888, 67.4 per cent. of the immigrants were Italians. The proportion of English, Irish and Germans is very small.

MAKE NO MISTAKE when buying a remedy for dyspepsia, headache, constipation or bad blood, be sure to get the kind that cures, Burdock Blood Bitters. "It is an excellent remedy for headache."—C. B. Ackett Robinson, Publisher Canada Presbyterian.

STRONG AND PROSPEROUS.

THE

# SUN LIFE

ASSURANCE COMPANY

OF CANADA.

## Burdock BLOOD BITTERS CURES Scrofula.

Scrofula is a tainted and impure condition of the blood, causing sores, swellings, ulcers, tumors, rashes, eruptions and skin diseases. To remove it, the blood must be thoroughly cleansed and the system regulated and strengthened. B.B.B. is the strongest, PUREST AND BEST purifier and cures all scrofulous disorders rapidly and surely. "I was entirely cured of a scrofulous ulcer on my ankle by the use of B.B.B. and Burdock Healing Ointment." Mrs. Wm. V. Boyd, Brantford, Ont.

## THE WARSAW SALT BATHS, Warsaw, New York.

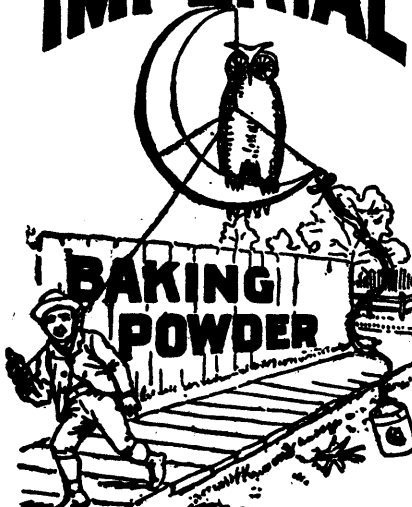
Most convenient of access from Ontario of any Health Resort in New York. Hot water heat, electric bells, hydraulic elevator. All forms of Modern Baths are used, with special attention to the manipulation of

### Natural Salt Water Baths,

Very effective for Rheumatic and Nervous troubles, and as a General Tonic.

Among our Toronto patrons are—  
Sir Oliver Mowat, Rev. Dr. Dewar, Rev. Dr. McLaren, Rev. John Alexander, Rev. Dr. Potts, C. R. W. Biggar, Rev. Dr. Caven, Prof. Thomas Kirkland, Rev. Dr. Reid.  
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## IMPERIAL BAKING POWDER



PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST. Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphate, or any Injurious

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IS something that will interest almost everybody in the civilized world. The eminent and distinguished Dr. Guernsey, of Fifth Ave., New York, says that ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI FRUTTI not only insures perfect digestion, but also corrects any odor of the breath which may be present.

Insure Your Digestion!

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Established 1857. The Great Church LIGHT Frank's Patent Reducers for Gas, Oil, or Electric, give the most powerful, softest, cheapest, and best light known for Churches, Stores, Banks, Theatres, Depots, etc. New and elegant designs. Send size of room, God circular & estimate. A liberal discount to churches & the trade. Don't be deceived by cheap imitations. J. P. FRANK, 51 Pearl St., N.Y.

## EXCELLENCE.

**RHEUMATISM.**—Mr. WM. HOWES, 68 Red Lion St., High Holborn, W. C., London, Eng., states he had rheumatism 20 years; suffered intensely from swelling of hands, feet and joints. He used St. Jacobs Oil with marvelous results. Before the second bottle was exhausted the pain left him. He is cured.

**NEURALGIA.**—Mrs. JOHN McLEAN, Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, says: "I suffered severely with neuralgia for nine years and have been greatly benefited by the use of St. Jacobs Oil."

**SCIATICA.**—Grenada, Kans., U. S. A., Aug. 8, 1888. "I suffered eight years with sciatica; used five bottles of St. Jacobs Oil and was permanently cured." JACOB I. SMITH.

**STRAIN.**—Mr. M. PRICE, 14 Tabernacle Square, E. C., London, Eng., says: "I strained my wrist and the severe pain yielded like magic to St. Jacobs Oil."

**LAMEBACK.**—Mrs. J. RINGLAND, Kincaid St., Brockville, Ont., writes: "I was confined to bed by severe lumbago. A part of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil enabled me to go about in a day."

### IT HAS NO EQUAL.

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DESIGNED & ENGROSSED BY A. H. HOWARD, R.C.A. 53 KING ST. EAST. TORONTO

FROM TEN DOLLARS UPWARD

## GOOD NEWS. CRAB APPLE BLOSSOMS.



## AND THE CELEBRATED CROWN LAVENDER SALTS.

Annual Sale Over 500,000 Bottles.



What London, Paris, and New York say of them: "Chief among the fashionable scents is 'Crab Apple Blossoms,' a delicate perfume of highest quality; one of the choicest ever produced."—*Court Journal*. "It would not be possible to conceive of a more delicate and delightful perfume than the 'Crab Apple Blossoms,' which is put up by the Crown Perfumery Company, of London. It has the aroma of spring in it, and one could use it for a lifetime and never tire of it."—*New York Observer*. "It is the faintest and most delicious of perfumes, and in a few months has superseded all others in the boudoirs of the grandes dames of London, Paris, and New York."—*The Argonaut*. "A perfume that never cloy, but is always fresh, and being highly concentrated, retains its odor for a long time."—*London Court Circular*. "Our readers who are in the habit of purchasing that delicious perfume, 'Crab Apple Blossoms,' of the Crown Perfumery Company, should procure also a bottle of their 'Invigorating Lavender Salts.' There is no more agreeable cure for headache, and by leaving the stopper out for a few moments a delightful perfume escapes, which freshens and purifies the air most enjoyably."—*Le Follet, Paris*.



No articles of the toilet have ever been produced which have been received with the enthusiasm which has greeted the Crab Apple Blossom Perfume and Soap, and the Crown Lavender Salts. They are literally the delight of two continents, and are as eagerly sought in London and Paris as in New York. They are daily bringing pleasure, comfort, health, and refreshment to thousands of homes, and are sold by all druggists as follows: Crab Apple Blossom Perfume, 1 oz., 75c.; 2 oz., \$1.25; 3 oz., \$1.75; 4 oz., \$2.25. Crab Apple Blossom Soap, in decorated caskets, 50c. a tablet.

Do not fail to try this delicious Crab Apple Blossom Perfume and Soap and the Invigorating Lavender Salts. The remarkable lasting quality of this delicious scent renders it more economical than the cheaper perfumes. Sold by all dealers in perfumery. Beware of fraudulent imitations put up by unprincipled dealers for extra gain. Sold only in the bottles of the company, with the well-known Crown Stopper. No others are genuine.

THE CROWN PERFUMERY COMPANY, 177 New Bond St., London. Sold by L. yman, Knox & Co., Toronto, and all leading druggists.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR  
The Celebrated  
**CHOCOLAT MENIER**  
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION LBS.  
For Samples Free, write to G. ALFRED CHOUILLOU, MONTREAL.



The most Delicately Perfumed

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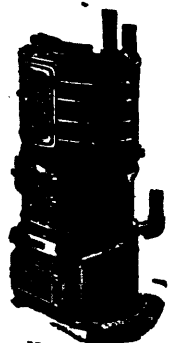
OF THE DAY.

SOLD EVERYWHERE,

USED BY EVERYBODY.

AND MADE BY

THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP COMPANY.



Note attractive design.

THE SPENCE  
"DAISY" HOT WATER HEATER

Has the least number of Joints,

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Beware of Imitations  
L. B. SEELEY & CO. WASHINGTON, D. C.  
WARRANTED.  
Will retain the most difficult forms of HERNIA or RUPTURE with comfort and safety, thereby completing a medical cure of all curable cases. Impervious to moisture, may be used in bathing; and fitting perfectly to the form of body, are worn without inconvenience by the youngest child, most delicate lady, or the laboring man, avoiding all sweat, sweat, padded, comfortable, being Light, Cool, Cleanly, and always reliable. The correct and skillful mechanical treatment of HERNIA OR RUPTURE A SPECIALTY. EITHER IN PERSON OR BY MAIL. 25 YEARS EXPERIENCE.—Prof. S. D. Gross, U. S. Army and Navy. Our "Mechanical Treatment of Hernia or Rupture and Price List," with illustrations and directions for self-measurement, mailed on application. L. B. SEELEY & CO., 25 South 11th Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

**DALE'S BAKERY,**  
COR. QUEEN AND PORTLAND STS., TORONTO.  
BEST QUALITY OF BREAD.  
Brown Bread, White Bread.  
Full weight, Moderate Price.  
DELIVERED DAILY. TRY IT.

ENCRAVING FOR ALL ILLUSTRATIVE & ADVERTISING PURPOSES.  
**J. L. JONES, WOOD ENGRAVER,**  
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**FARMS, MILLS AND HOMES**  
IN OLD VIRGINIA, for sale and exchange. Easy Terms.  
J. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.

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**CONGERS COAL**  
HEAD OFFICE, 6 KING ST. E. TORONTO  
PHONE AT ALL BRANCHES  
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**Vienna Toilet Cream**  
For chapped hands and rough skin has no equal. Dries instantly. Is not sticky or greasy.  
Price, 25 cents. Leading druggists.

**Chase's LIQUID GLUE**  
A GLUE POT ALWAYS READY FOR USE WITHOUT HEATING.  
STRONG—HANDY—DURABLE  
Mends everything that glue will mend.  
Small packages for household use. Special grades for Mechanics.  
Don't Forget "CHASE'S."  
Sold by all Druggists, Stationers and Hardware dealers, or sample by mail for 10 cents. GILMOUR & CO., MONTREAL.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

**CATARRH IN THE HEAD** is undoubtedly a disease of the blood, and as such only a reliable blood purifier can effect a perfect cure. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best blood-purifier, and it has cured many very severe cases of catarrh. It gives an appetite and builds up the whole system.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

A Christian's experience is like a rainbow made up of beams of the grief of earth and beams of the bliss of heaven.

BRONCHITIS CURED.

**GENTLEMEN.**—I suffered four or five years from bronchitis and a severe hacking cough, and could get nothing to do me any good. A friend told me to get Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, and I did so with good results. Two bottles cured me and I hardly know what a cold is now.

ARTHUR BYRNE, Guelph.

Why on earth do people think it fine to be idle and useless? Fancy a drone superciliously desiring a working-bee to stand aside, and saying: "Out of the way, you miserable drudge; I never made a drop of honey in all my life!"—Dr. A. H.

**SAFE AND SURE.** Not only safety from mineral poison (of which B. B. B. does not contain the slightest trace), but prompt and certain action in the cure of disease may be confidently relied on from the use of this unrivalled natural specific for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Bad Blood, Headache, Biliousness and all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

When you make a mistake, don't look back at it long. Take the reason of the thing into your mind, and then look forward. Mistakes are lessons of wisdom. The past cannot be changed. The future is yet in your power.—Hugh White.

**COUGHS AND COLDS** are often overlooked. A continuance for any length of time causes irritation of the Lungs or some chronic Throat Disease. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES are offered, with the fullest confidence in their efficacy, giving almost invariably sure and immediate relief. 25 cts. a box.

Rev. R. W. Dobbie of Blochairn Free church, thinks the Temperance party has been too gentlemanly. They needed to say to Mr. Gladstone, sternly, "Look here, old man, you are a grand man, but we are in dead earnest. You spoke in Liverpool the other day words that will ring through the ages to come. If you believe your words, go ahead and let us see proof of it."

IN THE MORNING.

"Four years ago," writes Col. David Wylie, Brockville, Ont., May, 1888. "I had a severe attack of rheumatism, and could not stand on my feet. The pain was excruciating. I was blistered and purged in true orthodox style, but all to no purpose. I was advised to try St. Jacobs Oil, which I did. I had my ankles well rubbed and then wrapped with flannel saturated with the remedy. In the morning I could walk without pain." Many get up and walk in the same way.

The Christian Commonwealth, which the other week reported the statement that Mr. Moody exacted a large fee for his services at meetings in this country, has promptly received an authoritative contradiction of the absurd rumour. Our contemporary adds: "We think much less has been gained by a contradiction from the best possible source of reports which are revived from time to time and do great injustice and possible injury to one whom we believe to be a zealous and disinterested servant of Christ."

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**GENTLEMEN.**—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for biliousness and find it the best remedy for this complaint. I used several other remedies but they all failed to do me any good. However, it required only two bottles of B. B. B. to cure me completely, and I can recommend it to all. Yours truly,  
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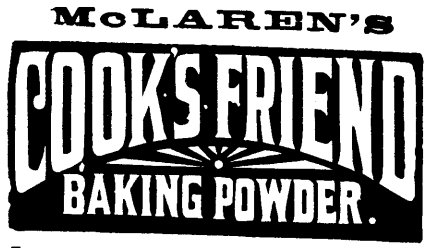
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Miscellaneous.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

ALGOMA.—Next meeting of Algoma Presbytery will be held at Thessalon, on Wednesday, 15th March, at 2 p.m. BARRIE.—Presbytery of Barrie, at Barrie, on Tuesday, Jan. 31, at 11 a.m. BRANDON.—In Portage la Prairie, Tuesday, March 14, at 3 p.m. BROCKVILLE.—Second Tuesday in March, at Iroquois, 1.30 p.m. CHATHAM.—In First Church, on Tuesday, 14th March, at 10 a.m. GUELPH.—Next meeting in Knox Church, Elora, on Tuesday, 21st March, at 9 o'clock a.m. Conferences on State of Religion, Systematic Benevolence, Sabbath Schools and Sabbath Observance begin in the same place on the evening of Monday, the 20th, at 7.30 o'clock. MONTREAL.—The Presbytery of Montreal will meet in the Presbyterian College, on Tuesday, March 21st, at 10 a.m. HURON.—Presbytery of Huron will meet in Clinton on the 11th March at 10.30 a.m. LINDSAY.—At Lindsay, Tuesday, February 28, at 11 a.m. MAITLAND.—In Knox Church, Kincardine, March 14, at 2 p.m. PARIS.—In Brantford, Zion Church Thursday, February 9th, at 10 a.m. PORT HOPE.—At Port Hope, in Mill St. Church, on March 14th, at 9 o'clock a.m. QUEBEC.—In Morrin College, Quebec, on the 28th February, at 4 p.m. SARNIA.—2nd Tuesday, March 14th, in St. Andrew's Church, Sarnia, at 2 o'clock p.m. SAUGEN.—In Knox Church, Palmerston, on 14th March, at 10 a.m. WINNIPEG.—In Knox Church, Winnipeg, on Tuesday, March 7, at 3.30 p.m.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

DEATHS. At Belgravia Estate, Ceylon, on the 27th December last, the Rev. Joseph Burnet, Chaplain of St. Andrew's Church of Scotland, Colombo, Brother of the Rev. J. S. Burnet, of Martin-ton, Ont. At Victoria, B.C., on January 20th, Alexander Wardrope, infant son of Rev. A. B. and Euphemia Winchester, aged one year and seventeen days. "Sow n in weakness, raised in power." "Of such is the Kingdom of God."

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