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DEAR SIR,—I had for years been troubled with dyspepsia and sick headache, and found but little relief until I tried your Burdock Blood Bitters, which made a perfect cure. It is the best medicine I ever had in my life, and I will never be without it. HATTIE DAVIS, Clinton, Ont.

D. F. (weeping): O sir, you don't recognize me. I'm the blind man's wife. B. G.: Yes, I remember you, but what's the matter? D. F.: O sir, we're in fresh trouble. My poor husband has recovered his sight.

SHE (disappointed): The ring is—is pretty, but the pearls are so very, very small. He (airily): Yes, I told them it was for the smallest hand in the city.

ALL who have the care of children should know that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry may be confidently depended on to cure all summer complaints, diarrhoea, dysentery, cramps, colic, cholera infantum, cholera morbus, canker, etc., in children or adults.

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is the cause of most of the depressing, painful and unpleasant sensations and sufferings with which we are afflicted; and these sufferings will continue so long as the Liver is allowed to remain in this sick or sluggish condition. To stimulate the Liver and other digestive organs to a normal condition and healthy activity, there is no better medicine than

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# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

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No. 30.

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## Notes of the Week.

THE call of Elmwood congregation, Belfast, to the Rev. S. McComb, of Armagh, came before the Armagh Presbytery recently. The call was signed by upwards of 300 members. The congregation promised an annual stipend of \$2,500, and also to qualify for the Sustentation Fund. Mr. McComb intimated his acceptance of the call, and was loosed from his charge.

THE REV. ROBERT SMALL, Edinburgh, is entrusted with the revision, with a view to another edition, of the "Annals and Statistics of the United Presbyterian Church," by the late Rev. Dr. MacKelvie, Balgedie, Kinross-shire. Being fond of ecclesiastical lore, this work is a labour of love to Mr. Small, who has constant access to the minute-books of Presbyteries and records and MSS. in the Synod Hall, Edinburgh.

REV. DR. ANDREW THOMSON was presented at a social meeting of Broughton Place congregation, Edinburgh, with an illuminated address congratulating him on his reaching his jubilee as minister of that Church. Mr. White Millar, S.S.C., made the presentation, and among the interesting facts mentioned in it was that only ten of the 1,000 members with which Dr. Thomson began his ministry remained on the roll. In his reply he stated that he still retained not a little of the strength and vigour of his earlier years.

THE International Arbitration and Peace Association have published an address to the electors of Great Britain and Ireland, urging them to demand the creation of a body similar to the Foreign Affairs Committee of the United States Congress, and thereby take precautions against all compromising treaties and engagements, all disputes with foreign nations, which may, at some unexpected moment, involve them in conflicts. Above all they are besought to secure for this country the inestimable blessing and security derived from permanent treaties under which all possible disputes shall be referred to arbitration.

SEVERAL pleasing instances of the co-operation of Nonconformists and Episcopalians in the Christian cause have been witnessed, says the *Christian World*, in connection with the annual assembly at Guildford, "for the promotion of practical holiness." The gatherings were promoted by the Rector of Stoke (Rev. F. Paynter), and a number of well-known Nonconformist ministers, including Rev. F. B. Meyer, have taken part in the proceedings. Revs. W. E. Peters, of St. Saviour's Church, and W. Houghton, pastor of the Congregational Church, have been the most active of the local Christian leaders.

EARL FORTESCUE presided at the conference held by the Funeral Reform Association in connection with the fourteenth anniversary. Lady Frederick Cavendish, at a drawing-room meeting in her own house, maintained that respect should be shown to the departed by rendering the body harmless to the living, that accordingly earth to earth burials should be adopted, and that street processions should be avoided by conveying the body overnight to the burial place so that friends should meet only at the grave. At the annual meeting it was urged that waste land should be utilized for interment, the bodies lying side by side, and not heaped on each other.

By the death of Rev. John Reid Omond, D. D., which took place at Gilmerton, recently, one of the few remaining fathers of the Free Church has passed away. Born in Orkney in 1804, Mr. Omond studied under Dr. Chalmers, and was ordained to the parish of Monzie, in 1830. Mr. Omond was the father of Auchterarder Presbytery, having come out at the Disruption, when a wooden church was erected at Gilmerton, being the second Free Church built in Scotland. This building served the congregation up to 1868, when the present handsome edifice was erected. In September, 1886, Mr. Omond celebrated his jubilee, and the following year the degree of D. D. was conferred upon him by St. Andrew's University.

CYRUS W. FIELD, whose name will be remembered as the organizer of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, has passed away. He was born in Stockbridge, Mass., in 1819, where his father was a Congregational minister. In 1853 he constructed a telegraph line across Newfoundland from Cape Ray to Cape St. John's, and connected Capes Ray and Breton by a marine telegraph. In 1856, by his own personal efforts, he secured the assistance of the British and American Governments, and after two unsuccessful efforts the first Atlantic cable was completed in 1858. Though this ceased to operate in a few weeks, his indomitable courage carried it to a successful issue in 1866, and it has been in operation ever since. A man marked by great private virtues, his name will be best known as a benefactor of nations.

STRATHPEPPER daily services for the benefit of the summer visitors were resumed at the beginning of June under the charge of the Rev. Neil P. Rose from Edinburgh, who delivered short addresses from day to day, assisted by other brethren and also by several laymen, including Major Ross from Aberdeen, and Mr. Morrison, Glasgow. Mr. Rose also preached in the church on the Sundays to large congregations, and his services have been highly appreciated. He likewise preached in the Free Church of Dingwall on a recent Sabbath with great acceptance in the absence of the pastor. Among the many distinguished preachers of his Church, Mr. Rose holds a high place. His labours in the Strath will be long remembered. We understand he is to be succeeded during the month of July by the Rev. John Symon of St. Pauls Church, Perth.

A SAD blow has fallen upon the English Presbyterian Mission in Formosa, through the sudden removal of one of its most promising medical missionaries, Dr. Gavin Russell, intelligence of whose early death has just been received. Dr. Russell was sent out to Formosa only four years ago, at the expense of the late Rev. R. W. Barbour, M. A., Bonskeid. Mr. Barbour felt so deeply interested in Dr. Russell's work that he bequeathed the sum of \$50,000 to perpetuate it, the interest to go to Dr. Russell's support, and after him to any successor who might be appointed to the same field. Dr. Russell's work, which was carried on at Toa-sia, a distance of five days' travel from Tai-wan-foo, the headquarters of the mission, was most successful, upwards of 3,000 patients being treated by him annually. His services were so highly appreciated by the Formosans that he was frequently asked to visit at the homes of the gentry.

THE *British Weekly* says: It is the fashion to sneer at popular preachers—a poor fashion it is. A popular preacher is a preacher people go to hear. Is there anything wrong in that? "Oh, but they go to hear his jokes and his vulgarities, and that is all." No, we answer, let the derider of the popular preacher set up his pulpit and be as vulgar and humorous as he possibly can be, and he will alienate and disgust the people. There is always, be it admitted, something about the acceptable preacher to the masses that the cultivated do not quite like. But no great popular preacher holds his ground without high qualities of mind and heart. Dr. Parker's ministry has been eminently that of a hard thinker

and a close student. Mr. Spurgeon's remarkable genius was coupled with prodigious industry; Mr. McNeill often shows that he has brooded long and deeply on great themes; in short, the man who says that the people can be taught and led by buffoons libels the people.

WE understand, says the *British Weekly*, that the Presbyterians of the Midlands are giving themselves for the work of an advance movement in Birmingham and the neighbouring towns. The recent meeting of Synod had the effect of opening the eyes of the leaders of the denomination to the possibilities of a wide church extension movement, and several representative men from London have joined a local committee formed for the purpose of strengthening and extending the Presbyterian cause. At a dinner recently held in the Grand Hotel, Birmingham, of which Sir George Bruce was chairman, the rapid growth of the city was commented upon by several speakers, and it was felt that if English Presbyterianism was to be a living force in the district, it must bestir itself and devise means whereby the migration to the suburbs might be taken advantage of. At present most of the Churches are stranded high and dry in most unsuitable localities, and the ministers and people actively engaged in keeping the wolf from the door and the peace within themselves, find it somewhat difficult to engage in the work which is after all the *raison d'être* of their existence.

If Dr. Briggs is not more accurate in matters of criticism than he is on questions of Church statistics, those who follow him blindly may find themselves in the ditch. Speaking in Rochester the other day he stated that if all the evangelical Churches would unite, 50,000 ministers and \$50,000,000 might be spared for evangelistic and missionary purposes. According to the best authorities there are we believe, about 80,000 ministers in the United States. From this number, deduct professors of theology and teachers of many kinds, secretaries and other officials and many who are not in the work of the ministry. Deduct also the aged and infirm and then deduct the 50,000, and, as the *Herald and Presbyter* asks, how many would be left? The richness of the proposal to save \$50,000,000 may be learned from the fact that there is not \$50,000,000 paid to all the ministers of the United States. The *Herald and Presbyter* would like to know how anybody can trust the Doctor when he speaks about the Jewish Church in the time of Moses, David and Isaiah.

THE news that comes across the wires every day from the Old Land illustrates in many striking ways the breadth and manliness of the typical Briton and the greatness of his Empire. Great Britain is the only country under heaven that dares to throw open its ports and challenge the world to trade. Great Britain is the only country strong enough to allow any man to take a seat in Parliament who can persuade the electors to give him one. Among the members recently elected there is the former editor of an American newspaper. There is also a Parsee from Bombay, and a Frenchman. There are several Jews and one or two pronounced Socialists. Just fancy the howl about loyalty that would be raised in Canada if people of that kind tried to get into Parliament. John Bull knows very well that the way to keep them harmless is to keep them free. What electors other than Britons would vote against a member of the Royal Family? If the Queen's son-in-law were running in some constituencies we know every man who dared to vote against him would be called a rebel and charged with disloyalty, treason, and a host of other crimes. As likely as not he would be mobbed. The Marquis of Lorne was defeated for the second time the other day and no Englishman paid any special attention to the circumstances. They don't vote in England for a candidate's wife or mother-in-law—they vote for or against the candidate himself. A Canadian feels proud when he sees the true British qualities displayed in the great fight across the water, but his feelings suddenly change when he looks nearer home.

## Our Contributors.

### THE REIGN OF THE NICE FELLOW.

BY KNOXIAN.

Dr. Vincent did good and timely work when he coined that title, "The weak brother a bully." The weak brother too often is just that odious character. Taking advantage of the attentions and charity of a highly philanthropic age, he puts on insolent airs and tries in many ways to govern the strong brethren who are helping him. The bullying is all the more intolerable when the weak brother has made himself weak by his own wickedness. In such cases he says in effect: "I weakened myself by my misconduct, and now that I am weak I propose to govern you men who were prosaic enough to behave yourselves." On this principle, wickedness is the passport to power, and weakness the prime qualification for a ruler. We rather think the good book puts the matter just the opposite way.

Every Christian will gladly admit that the weak brother should be helped in every reasonable way. But when you buy him a crutch and help him to use it, he should not insist on clubbing you with it. You take him out of the ditch and wash him and give him a decent suit of clothes, and put him on a sofa, and before you know he and some of his friends are using the sofa as a throne from which to issue decrees. That is scarcely reasonable, and most assuredly it is not scriptural. The Bible says we are to help the weak brother, but it never tells us to crown him and call him Nero.

The people of Ontario make generous provision for the unfortunates who are mentally or physically weak, but they do not put the government of the Province into their hands. They are not even allowed to control the institutions of which they are inmates. It is only in the Church and in moral reform institutions that the weak brother is allowed to rule. The children of light are rarely as wise as the children of this world.

The weak brother has a cousin who reigns supreme in more worlds than Alexander ever dreamed about. We mean that personage known as the

NICE FELLOW.

We shall not attempt to describe the nice fellow. There is not room enough in this corner to mention his varieties and bring out his points. People who have seen him know something about him, and those who have not seen him can never be made to understand him by any written description.

Now just here let it be granted that a pleasant manner is a good thing—not a great thing by any means, for some inconceivably small men have a good manner—but a good thing. Let it also be assumed that in these days of continual voting in Church and State and keen competition in business it is a misfortune for a public man to have an unpleasant manner. It is a misfortune even to be reticent, or retiring, or to have a constitutional dislike for furs and feathers. Let all this be assumed and still the fact remains that one of the weakest points in the self-government of both Church and State is the reign of the nice fellow. An imbecile smirk is considered of more importance than sound principle; a stale joke is preferred to sensible speech; hypocritical enquiry about the wife and family is a greater matter than intellectual ability, and a shake from the fin of a social and financial shark is more appreciated than a clean record and pure morals.

On each side of the ocean there is a man suffering to-day simply because he is not what is called a nice fellow. President Harrison is universally admitted to be a clean man, and no one denies that he has given the Republic clean government. To keep a public and private record untarnished at Washington for four years is a great thing. Of course Canadians do not like the President's trade policy, but what of that? He is a Protectionist, and was elected to carry out a Protectionist policy. Who can blame him if he does so? Though a good clean man and a thoroughly sound Republican, Harrison came near defeat in his convention. The chief objection to him was that his manner was cold. He was not "magnetic." He does not draw. Being a Presbyterian elder, he does not tell rank anecdotes and slap the "boys" on the back and ask them to drink. He doesn't go to the races and bet, nor does he associate with gamblers, blacklegs, debauchees and other American citizens of that kind. Underneath the expressed objection that Harrison was not magnetic there was probably the unexpressed but more powerful one that he would not allow some of the leaders of his party to steal.

The man on the other side of the water who suffers because he is not considered a nice fellow is the Hon. Edward Blake. Now, as a matter of fact, Edward Blake is a charming man to talk with if he is in good health and there is anything worth talking about. We had a pleasant and most profitable talk with him one evening on the deck of a steamer on the Lower St. Lawrence. He was returning from Prince Edward Island, and knew more about the Island than most of the people who live there. In a few minutes he gave in a highly condensed form a history of the Island, a description of its climate, with statistics of its productions down to the last bushel of oats. Then he branched off to the Saguenay timber trade, and that led to Norway and its shipping and its timber productions. Back again to Canada, he explained

historically and otherwise the French system of holding, dividing and sub-dividing lands, and contrasted it with the primogeniture system of England. We were younger at that time than we now are, and did little more than tap the great commoner and let the accurate information flow. When he had finished we wondered for a while whether we ever knew anything or not. It was a well-spent hour. We never spoke to another man who seemed to know everything and know it accurately. Principal Grant comes nearer the great commoner in universality of knowledge than any other man we ever spoke to. Alexander Mackenzie was infallibly accurate in certain lines, but though a great reader he had not gone over as wide a field as Mr. Blake.

Years afterwards we were put down beside Mr. Blake at dinner in a friend's house, along with sundry Grits. While the turkey was being carved, we ventured, after some little hesitation, to draw him out on the methods of preparing speeches. The starting point was a book he had read, and which he did not seem to suspect any mere country parson had ever seen. With an amount of modesty not always seen in great men, and never seen in small ones, he explained his methods of preparation, and gave his reasons for and against several other methods. It was a good half hour. We learned a good deal, and were much surprised to find the great orator never wrote even his most polished perorations. We asked him particularly about two that made a powerful impression, and he said he could not have written them because he never wrote any. His method was to put such passages through a mental process that was the equivalent of severe writing. His pen was never used except in arranging ordinary matter.

Mr. Blake suffered not a little in Canada because he was not what is known as a nice fellow. A simpering dude with a head so empty that an idea in it would sound like a marble in a teapot could easily get more cheers than Mr. Blake in some communities we know. A vulgar tirade of abuse, stuffed with stale anecdotes and spiced with profanity could raise a guffaw where Mr. Blake's polished eloquence would not be listened to. The hon. gentleman has not the ghost of a chance in some constituencies against unclean fellows who would take the free and independent into the bar, fill their stomachs with vile whiskey and their minds with vile stories.

It is said that the electors of Longford are beginning to complain already because their new member is not a nice fellow.

Hard-headed Scotchmen never pay much attention to the nice fellow. You scarcely ever see a Scotch congregation call a dude, or a Scotch constituency elect a member merely because he is a nice fellow. Scotchmen admire strength, skill, character, capacity, power of some kind.

It is not a little ominous that the nice fellow is influential in Canada just in proportion as the community is Canadian. Select any community or congregation in which, "is he nice?" is a more important question than, "is he able?" or, "is he capable?" or, "is he brainy?" or, "is he influential?" and you will be certain to find a community or congregation nine-tenths Canadian. Dr. Chalmers never asked, "is he nice?" He always asked, "Has he weight?" Palmerston always asked, "Has he resources?" When a majority of our people ask nothing more than, "is he nice?" Macaulay's New Zealander may pack his grip-sack and take a ticket for Canada instead of London.

Young ladies who might know better too often make shipwreck of life by marrying young men simply because they are nice fellows. They soon find to their sorrow that the nice fellows are often the most useless, most heartless and insipid of bipeds.

### CHURCH AND MANSE FUND.

MR. EDITOR,—Accept thanks for inserting circular about our Church and Manse Fund. From questions asked me it would seem that members of the Church in several instances do not understand the nature of the Fund or its management, and hence are not interested in its success. The Fund at first was for Manitoba and the North-West, but the Assembly of 1891 placed British Columbia and all of Ontario west of Lake Superior along with Manitoba and the Territories and made the Fund do service from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean. The capital at the disposal of the Board for the smaller area was wholly inadequate for the larger, and hence the Assembly authorized the Board to appeal to members of the Church for an additional \$45,000. All the capital of the Board is loaned to congregations and missions, and not the interest of the capital as some think. The aim from the outset has been to utilize all the money in Church extension. No loan can exceed \$700, nor can the interest exceed five per cent., and all the interest is employed in making free grants to poor and weak missions—no part of the interest is added to capital. The Fund gets no collection from congregations, the Board appealing to wealthier members of the Church chiefly for support of this work. Neither are grants made annually from the Home Mission Fund for Church building. The Home Mission and Augmentation Funds are for the payment of salaries, not building. The prospects are that the people in Western Canada will themselves give one-third of the \$45,000 asked. Will the East give the balance? The West forms scarcely a-twelfth in membership—eleven years ago it was only one-hundredth—and one-third is a good pro-

portion, especially in view of the fact that the people gave \$18.22 per communicant last year for all religious purposes.

Some Christian Endeavour Societies have undertaken to raise \$500 each, and the Board is to keep their money separate and loan and reloan it, informing the congregation who their benefactors are. Strathroy, Glencoe, First Presbyterian Church, London, St. Pauls, Peterborough, and others have aided with commendable zeal and generosity. Active effort, to advance missions that have the approval of the Assembly, on the part of our young people would soon silence any doubts as to the value of Christian Endeavour Societies. Contributions to the Fund can be sent to the Rev. Dr. Bond, 170 Yonge Street, Toronto. J. ROBERTSON.

### SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

BY REV. E. WALLACE WAITS, D. SC., OF KNOX CHURCH OWEN SOUND.

ON THE CONTINENT—PARIS CHANGES—BRUSSELS AND WATERLOO—ANTWERP—THE BEAUTIFUL RHINE—MONT BLANC AT SUNRISE, ETC.

To an American the aspect of things very much changes in passing from the British Islands to the Continent of Europe. The language, customs and institutions of the several countries are another remove from his own, and once across the Channel he feels that he has taken a step into the great past. He is at once among those old realities of which tradition and history had been speaking to him from childhood.

#### PARIS CHANGES.

Arriving at this city when it was dark, it was reserved for us to see beautiful Paris for the first time under the charms of a bright morning. Nevertheless the impression received was rather the reverse of our anticipations. The ravages which followed the Franco-German war were still visible, although many of the finest buildings had been restored, and it almost seemed that the sun had set on this gay capital when we saw traces of such magnificence in art and architecture wantonly reduced to utter ruin by the vandalism practised by the Commune during their brief "Reign of Terror." Those blind and objectless wretches, let loose upon society by the exigencies of the hour, like demons, seem to have had no happiness but that of destroying the happiness of others, delighting in the wreck and ruin of what genius and centuries had wrought. Not France alone, but the great world of civilization and art, is the loser by such malice and misdeeds. Forty buildings all along the Boulevards and public places in the heart of Paris—most of the grandest in all France, if not in all Europe—were rendered tenantless, roofless, windowless, and the broken arches, the bowing walls and the prostrate columns rendered these sites fit only to be the abode of the owl and the bat.

#### THE TERRORS OF THE COMMUNE.

All the old pride in the name of Bonaparte was now lost in hate, so that the great stone in the Place Vendôme, which told of the battles he had won, was thrown down. They were mad at all laws and all rights, just as the mob in the "Old Reign of Terror" had been. All that was good and great was a mark for their hate. But the Commune held out and made men fight or they would give them no food. The shops were all shut up, and no one could earn aught. At last, when the troops from Versailles made their way in, these madmen set fire to their own town. The Hotel de Ville was soon in a blaze, and so was the Tuilleries. It was said that the wives of these vile men went to their help and threw in things to make the fire burn. Those who came in were full of rage to see their own Paris, so dear to the heart of Frenchmen, set on fire by this mob. So as they fought their way in, they sent a blast of fire down each street. The Commune made a last stand at Pere la Chaise, and fought like wolves. Great herds of them were shot at once, and some were sent to foreign lands. So the Commune came to an end in fire and blood, and peace had reign once more. M. Thiers was made President, and he set things right as well as he could. Napoleon III. was dead in England. France was still not of one mind, and there was a large part who still had a wish for the old kings to come back. So they sent to ask the heir to the throne, Count de Chambord, if he would be the sort of king that Louis Philippe had been. But he said if he came to the throne it must be to rule, as those of his line had done, by the right that had come to them from God, and not from the choice of men. He would be a "king of France, not the king of the French," and he would wear the white flag of the Bourbons, and not the red, white and blue, and he would serve the Pope as though he were his son. When they heard this they made up their minds they would have a free land and a President, and they chose Marshal MacMahon.

The environs of Paris furnish at present a highly interesting field of observation for the traveller. An enterprising Englishman has recently started a four-in-hand coach for the benefit of tourists to see in one day all the battle fields and fortifications about the city, including the palaces of St. Cloud and Versailles. The palace at Versailles contains the finest collection of modern and historical paintings in Europe, conspicuous among which are the battle scenes of Napoleon I. The palace at St. Cloud, which was utterly destroyed, with all the imperial possessions, has been rebuilt and completely restored. The Government, after the late

war, was very active in taking steps to restore or replace most of these buildings. The way in which France has grown and paid off her debts has shown the world what is in her. Trade has found new strength, gold is not scarce and the troops have been put in good trim. All that the Commune tore or burned down is built up, and to-day France may take her old proud place in the ranks. Paris has put on once more her gay look; the wide streets, with their grand shops on each side, where all that "taste" is seen that we call "French," the gay cafes with their gilt and glass, here and there a church old and quaint with the rust of years, or a park where there are walks and green trees, or small lakes where a child can push its toy boat, all tell of good cheer and a land of peace. Where the guillotine once stood and the heads of kings and queens once fell, fountains are seen now whose bright spray leaps up in the light. Nevertheless, we discovered a very strong feeling among those classes with whom we came in contact, favourable to the return to imperial rule, and this feeling seemed to be on the increase. Had the young Prince Imperial not come to such an untimely death, he would doubtless have been their new Emperor. They claim that Napoleon III. did more for France and Paris until the war than any one who had ruled; that during his reign labour received ten francs per day. There were wrongs, no doubt; but not the less are the ancient bonds of union indissoluble, not the least of them are the poets words true —

No distance breaks the tie of blood;  
Brothers are brothers evermore;  
Nor wrong, nor wrath of deadliest mood,  
That magic may o'erpower."

SOME TOUCHING REMINISCENCES.

The term of Marshal MacMahon came to an end in peace, and M. Jules Grevy was made President in his stead. M. Thiers, who had done so much for France in the time of her sore need, drew his last breath on September 3, 1877. In the meantime the young Bonaparte, known as the Prince Imperial, had grown up in his English home. He had had an English master when a child, so he spoke English as his own tongue. He had been a shrewd child, and once said: "I take off my hat to the folks of Paris, for they are so quick to take off one's crown if they do not like him." He grew up a bright youth, quick to learn, brave and full of fire. He would ride a horse that none else could curb, and was glad of a chance to dare to show of what stuff he was made. His heart was set on the aim to win back France one day, and it was his great wish to learn to rule his land well. It was not thought right at first that he should serve in English wars, but when there was strife with the Zulus in Africa he could not rest. He made so strong a plea that in the end he had his own way. They gave him leave to go, not so much to fight as to look on, "to see as much as he could of the war." He set off with some of his school friends with great joy. He was in a manner in charge of men more wise and grave than he, who were to see that he ran no risks. At first they did not let him take part in the fights, but this did not suit him at all. In the end his zeal led him on to his death. On June 1, 1879, he set out with six men and one Zulu, who was a friend. He had, a day or two before this, felt, as he said, "his blood boil" when he heard an old boast that one Englishman was worth five Frenchmen. He rode out to choose a ground to camp on the next night. Soon some of the men came back at full speed, and said that the Zulus had come on them. All were safe but two men and the young Prince. The last known of him he had been seen to run by the side of his horse, which had made a dash from him in fear. They sent men out to seek him, and there he was found dead, his back to the bank, his face to the foe, with all his wounds in front to show what a brave fight he had made. So, in a strange land, by the hand of a black, in a small fight for those who were not French, the boy who was born to a throne met his death. They took him to his old home in England, and his pall was borne by more than one prince, while the Queen sent wreaths to be laid on his bier. The hopes of those who still held to the cause of the Bonapartes had a great blow in his death. In that touching prayer found in the handwriting of the young French prince whose untimely death the British as well as the French people so sadly mourned, there were these most true and significant words, which came home to every bereaved heart and every bereaved nation: "If I forget those who have departed, I shall in my turn be forgotten. May I never give way to the sad suggestion that time effaces everything! Grant that there may sink deeper and deeper into my heart the conviction that those who are gone are witnesses of all my actions. My life shall then be worthy to be seen by them. My innermost thoughts shall then be such as will never cause me to blush for them."

It is the mode in Paris to live in flats. Each flat is shut off from the rest, and has all the rooms of which one can have need. There is one great door on the ground floor, and a man lives there who sees and knows all who mount the stairs. In the old towns and out at field work, life is hard for the poor in France. They live on black bread for the most part, and do not taste meat once a week. Some of the labourers earn but a franc a day, and it takes half that to buy the black bread. They wear shoes of wood, known as "sabots," and the clank of them is great as they go up the steps of a church on feast day. The good wife may be seen to spin or knit as she goes through the street. It may be at the same time she has a milk pan or loaves of bread on her

back. She works too in the fields like a man. We will not dwell on the prospect of what has been wrought for the future of France and Paris by the late fiery baptism—what purification, what regeneration, in ways till now unheard of, towards ends till now undreamed of! The last twenty-two years of French history furnishes a warning to all who are inspired by mere worldly ambition. It is not for us to sketch the life of Napoleon III., for the leading facts are too well known not to pronounce upon his moral character. All we say is, here is a man of considerable intellectual ability and mental culture, who, after years of sufferings, strategies and hazards, rose, by one terrible blow which filled the streets of Paris with blood, to one of the chief thrones in Europe. For many years he was the idol of his people, and ministered to their vanity and greed in many ways. He won great victories in battle, and his word was mighty among the nations. At last he embarks in a war that breaks up his empire and drives him as a refugee to England, where he dies in a little village and is buried in a humble church. An obscure grave is the only outcome of all. "Once," said the London Times, in relation to Napoleon, as his body lay in state at "Chislehurst," "the ambassadors waited with anxiety for a word from those lips. Once Europe could hardly hold Cæsar and his fortunes; and now a narrow room, a narrow bed, a narrow coffin." He is only an example of hundreds of kings who have figured in the history of our world. Let our ambition be to excel in spiritual excellence, beneficent deeds, and social usefulness, Paris—the capital of France! Let us enfold these thoughts in the familiar framework and form of that beautiful city, its encircling hills, its abounding river, its glorious quays, its brilliant streets, its world-historic squares, its spacious palaces, its venerable churches, its magnificent museums, its lengthened avenues, its lovely gardens—the glory of the world's greatness, the focus of the gaiety of the human heart, the joy of the whole earth.

(To be continued.)

THE CENSUS AND THE PRESBYTERIANS.

MR. EDITOR,—According to the Dominion census, lately published, the Church of England increased 18,471 in Ontario in ten years. The Synod of Huron expressed disappointment at this showing, and appointed a committee to enquire into the causes that brought about this unsatisfactory result, as far at least as that diocese was concerned. This is a step in the right direction. According to the same census returns the Presbyterian Church increased in Ontario 35,397, in Quebec 2,314 or 37,711 in the two Provinces; and decreased in Nova Scotia 3,536, in New Brunswick 2,249, in Prince Edward Island 763, or 6,548 in the three. The net gain to the Presbyterian Church in ten years in the whole of the Dominion east of the Great Lakes is thus only 31,163. Should not our General Assembly have appointed a committee of enquiry too? In 1871, in the four Provinces constituting the Confederation at that time, viz., Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, we formed 15.56 per cent. of the population; in 1891—twenty years after—we formed only 14.98. This showing is far from satisfactory.

The totals for the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches in 1871 were, respectively, in the four Provinces in the Confederation, 567,091 and 544,998, only a difference of 22,093. In 1891 other Provinces received into the Confederation in which the Presbyterians were strong were reckoned, and the figures were for the Dominion, for the respective Churches, 742,981 and 676,165, or a difference of 66,816. In 1891 the figures stand 847,469 and 755,199, or a difference of 92,270. The small gap between the two Churches has thus widened as the years went by. During the last decade the Methodists increased 104,488 and the Presbyterians only 79,034 according to the census. What is the cause of all this? Is it due to a larger emigration of our people from Canada, to leakages owing to a defective system of filling vacancies and supplying missions, or to the lack of any proper plan of dealing with inefficient service, or what? Are the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church less palatable to the Canadian people than those of the Methodists, or are our ministers less able to meet the demands of the pulpit of to-day? Will some Daniel rise and enlighten us? The returns tell us that the Roman Catholics increased in Ontario 2,064 more than the Presbyterians during the last decade. Are we to be crowded out of Ontario as we have been out of Quebec? If there is any such danger let us try and spend as much to hold Ontario Presbyterians as we are doing to gain Quebec Roman Catholics. Prevention is cheaper and better than an attempt at cure. By the bye, are our returns from congregations accurate? On looking at the returns from a flourishing town in Western Ontario with a population in 1881 of 5,373 souls, I find that its congregations had, according to Assembly returns, 355 families, and, in 1891, 370 families and forty-one persons not connected with these. But during the same decade the population of the town increased to at least 9,000. Did only fifteen of the incoming families belong to the Presbyterian Church? Is it true that there are 200,000 Presbyterians in the Dominion not connected with any of our congregations or missions. Where are they? A careful comparison of a complete census bulletin with the returns to the Assembly would no doubt shed some light on the subject. Will some genius with a taste for figures take this subject in hand and earn the gratitude of at least one PRESBYTERIAN.

PRESBYTERIAN ALLIANCE AND CHRISTIAN UNION MISSION, JERUSALEM.

THE JEWESSES' WEEKLY SEWING MEETING

At the first meeting of our Jewish mothers after the Passover, when they had all been settled to work sewing the garments we give them for their children, Mrs. Ben-Oliel asked them what feast they had been keeping and what they had been doing. They answered: "We whitewashed our houses, made unleavened bread and then rested. We cannot read, we do not go to the synagogue; for the men it is quite different, they can read and they know all about it." Mrs. B. said: "But at this feast the service takes place in your houses, and year after year you hear it all read; what does it commemorate? What does it all mean?" And little by little it is drawn out from them how the Israelites were brought out of Egypt by the plagues before the exodus, especially the last, when the firstborn were slain in every house where there was no blood upon the door post.

Then they were asked why they do not now kill the lamb as commanded?

"Because we have no Temple."

Mrs. B. said: "It is because God has made such a sacrifice that no other is needed, and He has made it impossible for you to have sacrifices to teach you that the one Sacrifice He has made is sufficient for the sins of the whole world. Who was this great Sacrifice?" One woman who has been with us for some time replied the Messiah. They were asked: "When the lambs were killed, did they remain dead or did they come to life again?" "Of course they remained dead." "But the Messiah when they killed Him and put Him in the grave, lived again, rose from the tomb and was seen many times and eat with His disciples."

"Now let us learn this text, John x. 17, 18, 'Therefore doth my Father love Me, because I lay down My life that I might take it again. No man taketh it from Me, but I lay it down of Myself. I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.' He gave His own life. Frequently when soldiers and others tried to take Him, they could not; but when His own time came then even though the soldiers fell backwards to the ground and He had full opportunity to escape if He wished, He gave Himself up to them." "If He had been a man like ourselves could He have lived again?" (One of the women replied. "No, it was because He was the Son of God." Mrs. B. continued. "God does not want any more sacrifices of animals, but He wants us to accept the Sacrifice He has made for us, to take it by faith for ourselves.")

Then a verse of a hymn was learnt and sung several times, after which the work was folded and put away, and Mr. Ben-Oliel came in and, taking for his subject the Good Shepherd, showed how in the twenty-third Psalm God is called the Shepherd of His people, and the Messiah who is God called Himself the Good Shepherd and gave Himself for His sheep, impressing upon the women the necessity of accepting for themselves God's offer of pardon. He said: "If a person were drowning and a hand were held out to him, the only way it would save him would be if he took hold of it. Also a starving person can only be saved by eating the food provided for him;" ending with an exposition of the text they had learnt of Christ's voluntary death for the sins of the world and quoting the prophecies predicting His coming for that very purpose. This is the teaching we are privileged to give these poor neglected women, and we ask the prayers of God's people that it may be blessed to the conversion of their souls; poor things! their religion hitherto has been what they must not do and what they must not eat, and we want to bring them to the knowledge of the loving Saviour, whom to know is life eternal. At the close we gave them a roll and a cup of coffee, which is sometimes the only food they have had that day, and frequently the mothers take it home to their children rather than eat it themselves. They are very poor and very thankful for anything we can do for them.

From Christmas to Easter we have had a usual attendance of from twenty-five to thirty, and we desire to thank heartily those kind friends who help us to keep up these mothers' meetings, as well as my daughter's sewing classes for girls, either by gifts of money or materials.

And now we are cheered by the prospect of speedily having an evangelistic hall and mission premises for more extended usefulness, for one of God's stewards in far off Canada offers to pay for the site and to contribute towards the building, and last post brought us a collection of \$610 (£125) from the ladies of Dr. Murkland's Church, Baltimore, of which \$350 (£71 15s.) are for the building and the rest for mission expenses.

It would hardly be credited, but it is a fact, that apart from our Episcopal and Lutheran brethren none of the evangelical Churches of the whole of Christendom possess a foot of ground in Jerusalem for any religious purpose whatever. So now at last God is about to provide the Holy City with an "House of Prayer for all peoples." All contributions for this glorious purpose as well as for the mission in general will be gratefully and promptly acknowledged. Address, Jerusalem, Palestine.

AGNES BEN-OLIEL.

Jerusalem, May 3, 1892.

No Other Sarsaparilla possesses the Combination, Proportion, and Process which make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself.

## Pastor and People.

### AFTER A NIGHT OF WEeping.

When the long night of weariness and pain  
Is full of bitter thoughts, and doubts that sting,  
Do we not long to hear some holy strain  
That far-off angels sing?

When every golden deed the heart hath planned  
Is darkened by the fear of failing powers,  
And all our life seems like a barren land,  
Unbless'd by sun and showers.

When every word that loving lips have said  
Sounds, to the morbid fancy, falsely sweet;  
And every truth that we have heard or read  
Seems poor and incomplete

When the one thing whereon our hopes are set  
Is still withheld, although we pray and weep,  
Until we murmur "Can the Lord forget?  
Or doth the Master sleep?"

When the old sin that we had nearly crushed,  
Arrayed in all its fearful might appears,  
And yearning voices that we thought were hushed,  
Call from departed years.

Then, like an evening wind that unperceived  
Beareth an odour from the rose's breast,  
Comes the remembrance: "We which have believed  
Do enter into rest."

And our eyes close, and all the phantom throng  
Of doubt and troubles vanish into air;  
And the one face that we have loved so long,  
Smiles on us calm and fair.

The face that in our darkest hour is bright,  
The tranquil brow that never wears a frown,  
The steadfast eyes, that never lose their light  
Beneath the thorny crown.

So at His word the clouds are all withdrawn,  
The small, sharp pains of life are soothed away;  
After the night of weeping comes the dawn,  
And then, His perfect day.

—Sunday Magazine.

### ON PREACHERS AND PREACHING.

#### THE MINISTER AND THE PRESS.

REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D., PH.D., GALT, ONT.

The press to-day rivals the pulpit, but it must necessarily hold a secondary place. It lacks many elements that go to carrying a cause espoused by it. It is without the influence of the personality of the speaker, the magic power of the voice with its touching and impressive accent and emphasis, sweeping in its changes, from the searching whisper, through all the varying ranges of impassioned tenderness and heart break, to the roar of lionlike boldness and heroic defiance. It has no eye to look with, no hand to gesticulate with, no face to smile with or scowl with, no head to turn aside, no shoulder to shrug, no loose habit to adjust, such as a clerical gown, or a lawyer's robe, or a poorly fitting coat, no gold spectacles to dangle with other little effective touches, as rushing the hands through the long flowing hair, or casting it back into order out of a dishevelled condition, as John Gough used to do. These, when they come in naturally, are helpful and enforce the subject treated. The press, whether represented by the brief article, the long review, or the highly elaborated book, is of necessity bereft of these. They cannot come in, except one knows the writer; then, through an effort of the imagination, the personality may be put behind the words, and the whole deliverance invested with an air of intense reality. Nevertheless the press occupies no unimportant place. At this period of the world's history it is more influential than it has ever been. It speaks to millions more. It gets hold of them when they are willing to hear. It catches them in an eager, receptive mood, and in a direct, sensible, human way it lays its matter before the people. It tolerates no hazy, indefinite, indistinct utterances. The man who speaks, must "speak out," or he will not get a hearing at all. He must have a message or he will not find a corner whence to speak. And he must have the courage of his convictions to say what he desires in a manful, straightforward, honest way or he will at once lose caste, and be consigned to the limbo of those who have mistaken their calling. The press is a forum where public judgment is given, and whence, too, an educative force goes forth upon the individual writer, teaching him invaluable lessons in consideration, in the art of putting things, in restraint, in charity, in regard for the judgment of others, in New Testament temperance—self-control. To be admitted to this school is no mean advantage. To be permitted to speak in it is a great and high privilege. Once, the pulpit was the one great educator of men. They gathered about it for nearly all the knowledge they possessed. It instructed them in all duty—it not only exhorted them to be faithful to their "liege lord" in the hamlet, but it called on them to follow him to the field. It leavened the community with information of the acts of kings, the work of Parliaments, the progress of wars, stories, wise saws, and pure and simple Biblical exposition. It took a wide range, because it was at liberty to do so. No newspaper

carried its budget of intelligence to the people from every quarter of the globe as it does to-day. But now this empire is divided, and the pulpit devotes its energy to the exposition and enforcement of sacred truth. It keeps within its own special province. It is relieved from an excessive burden to the better achievement of its own high and holy ends. No one goes to Church now for news. No one now expects in the pulpit disquisitions on science or art or history or philosophy—these all fall into other hands in other places. And this is well. Now, men seek help in the sanctuary for their spiritual conflict, for their rescue from sin and their recovery to God. Religious truth they look for—that, that they as immortal beings are to live by.

And while the minister faithfully and zealously devotes himself to this work, he is by no means excluded from finding his place in a pulpit even higher than his own—in the press. A pulpit whence he may speak to thousands instead of hundreds; to a whole, broad continent, instead of a ten square mile section in the country, or to a narrow compartment in a city. Aye, he may even speak to the whole world, if he have in him wisdom enough to carry so far.

The press is a great speaking trumpet a man puts to his mouth, by which he may be heard afar. How many men have "manifolded" their influence by a religious use of the press: even when they have had nothing very original or startling to say, but some old truth put in a new setting to show to the people. It is the wise man who does not stick at telling an old thing again, with new feeling and fuller appreciation, and larger judgment.

Dr. T. L. Cuyler, of Brooklyn, is known all over the world to-day, by what? Not by his sermons. Not by his greatness in General Assemblies of the Church. Not by the large congregation to which he ministered in Brooklyn, but by his weekly newspaper religious articles, that are so crisp, so clear, so pointed, so good, that they have been copied into almost every orthodox religious paper of the world. No doubt he has a gift this way, but he has sedulously cultivated it. I once heard that on entering the ministry, he resolved to write a religious article to a newspaper every week, and that he has carried this resolutely into effect. And the result, or rather the stream of results flowing from his activity here has been blessing on blessing. Now these brief and telling articles are marshalled in volumes such as "Stray Arrows," "Heart Truths," etc., etc. Theodore L. Cuyler is an example young men in the ministry may imitate with profit to themselves and blessing to others. He seems to say "Do not wait to do some great thing. Do the small thing to-day as well as you can do it, and go on to greater."

In the use of the press some have taken a different course. They have not committed their thoughts to the stream of newspaper circulation, they put them in the independent form of a tract or booklet. Such was the habit of James Hamilton, the beloved and renowned pastor of Regent Square Presbyterian Church in London, England. Dr. William Arnot, of Edinburgh, his biographer, says: "When his heart was full of a great subject, it discharged itself by a tract." Hence, we have that rich series of tracts, each of which is full of precious truth and fragrant as spring flowers which when read fill the heart with music and the soul with light—"The Church in the House," "Remembering Zion," "The Harp on the Willows," "The Vine," "The Olive," "The Cedar," and "The Palm"—each of which has a mission to fulfil. These little things are more readily read than a large book. One will venture on one of these without a thought, while many thoughts cannot urge some to take up a book. Many will take a leaf of the tree of life who would never think of carrying a large branch.

When Dr. Arnold of Rugby contemplated the improvement of the working classes of England, he did not determine to write a book but a tract. He wrote to his sister Susannah in 1830: "We have got a dispensary here, and I am thinking of circulating small tracts—a la Cobbett in point of style—to show the people the real state of things and their causes."

When Dr. Lyman Beecher was anxious about the issue of a great religious controversy, his mind did not turn to the issue of thick pamphlets but, with the wisdom that characterized all his life, he thought of tracts. Writing to Dr. Faylor, a dear friend of his, he says: "I am more and more convinced that we must attack and defend by tracts. These are anonymous and call no names; cheap and easily multiplied; short, and easily read; plain and easily understood; numerous and capable of being spread everywhere. . . . Great books as our main dependence will not do. The enemy is everywhere, and the defence must be omnipresent as the attack."

The tract is like the dirk, short, quickly turned in any direction, effective; while the book is like the broad claymore that needs room to swing it and great strength to handle it. He who writes a useful tract that finds wide acceptance, has not lived in vain. Here is a great truth full of encouragement to all humble workers—a tract may save a soul. As George Herbert sings of the work of the poet:—

A verse may find him who a sermon flies  
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

So may we speak of the writer's mission. It is not always the bulky volume that does most good, or affects most deeply the thoughts and lives of men.

How many small books might be mentioned that live on, shining in the glory of their spiritual strength, while large

books that imposed on men at their birth have perished long ago.

Is it too bold a statement to make that he who does not use the press in some way does not understand the character of the age in which he lives. Our Puritan forefathers made large use of it in the publication of pamphlets as well as books. They knew its value. To-day when so many read papers, they may be met with there, and their hearts touched and turned Godward. If the press is not read there is a limit set to the good influences of a good and able man's life. Wherever the gift of clear, crystalline speech is given, and the activity of a generous and noble heart, and the spirit of faith in Christ, and conversation to God's service, there the press ought to come into play to multiply the channels of regenerating influence. He who knows how to use the press is a wise man. He increases his influence a thousand fold. The press is a high pulpit of wide and commanding power, and he who finds a place in it has great responsibility resting on him.

### SUMMER DAY CHRISTIANS.

The season when, above all others, the firmament and the earth show forth the glory of God is the season in which He is praised the least by spiritual fruits—work and experience. There are reasons why Christian activity should be greatest in summer. Business flags, the windows are thrown open, the house is cheered up by renovation and the general nervous tension is loosened, while life returns more than ever to primitive ease and simplicity. Humanity in great part is out of doors, and many are at play. If God comes nearest us in nature, our visions of Him at this time should be most glorious and our praise most loud. But against these conditions there are others which are actively opposed. Religious life is nourished in retirement and isolation, but Christian activity is stimulated by intercourse and contact. When summer comes and the pastor leaves for his rest, the pews begin to have a "vacant stare," and among the scattered worshippers there is a feeling of resignation not unlike that on shipboard when a vessel tarries in mid-ocean to repair a leak and take her bearings. Obligations of duty, of a differing kind, lie very near to Christians in summer—those who remain at home and those who go to the fields. The former will find responsibilities multiplied when those who usually share them become fewer. They will have to put a stouter back to the wheel in order to keep up the momentum of church life. They will have to resist more than one inclination to "cut" a service because the weather is hot, or the temporary pastor is not to be compared with their own. On the other hand, Christians abroad will have temptations as many and as besetting. The first one will be to give up their pews for the summer, and leave the church to plunge along under its burdens as best it may. Some will pack their sarratogas and leave no room for the Bible, which serves throughout the winter at family prayers. The result—a little letting down in religious habits and a loss of spiritual force. A few Christians will be oblivious to the opportunities for Christian service. Christian service is not always preaching and monkish prayers. We were on shipboard a few years ago with Earl and Lady Aberdeen. After a flurry of fear over what might have been a sad accident, when the decks were crowded with passengers from the saloon and steerage, the Lord and Lady and one companion started, "My faith looks up to thee, thou Lamb of Calvary," and the whole shipload joined in the song. That was a Christian service. Says Christ to His people at home and abroad, "Ye are My witnesses." If our witness of Him be true, summer tours will not be fretful junketings, barren of good works, but as birds and bees in travel carry seed and pollen from flower to flower and from tree to valley, so the Christian tourist will carry Christian cheer from place to place where he journeys.—Interior.

### DRESS PLAINLY.

Some one has given the following reasons why people should dress plainly on Sunday. These are as valid any other day in the week. It would lessen the burden of many who now find it hard to maintain their place in society. It would lessen the force of temptations which often lead men to barter honesty and honour for display. If there was less strife in dress in church, people in moderate circumstances would be more inclined to attend. Universal moderation in dress at church would improve the worship by the removal of many wandering thoughts. It would enable all classes of people to attend church in unfavourable weather. It would lessen, on the part of the rich, the temptation to vanity. It would lessen, on the part of the poor, the temptation to be envious and malicious. It would save valuable time on the Sabbath. It would relieve our means from a serious pressure, and thus enable us to do more for good enterprises.—Reformed Messenger.

### A POINT FOR YOU.

In view of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for others, is it not reasonable to suppose that it will be of benefit to you? For Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other diseases of the blood, For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, That Tired Feeling, Catarrh, Malaria, Rheumatism, Hood's Sarsaparilla is an unequalled remedy.

HOOD'S PILLS cure sick headache,

## Our Young Folks.

### THE ROBIN AND THE BUTTERCUP.

Down in a field, one day in June,  
The flowers all bloomed together,  
Save one, who tried to hide herself,  
And drooped, that pleasant weather

A robin who had soared too high,  
And felt a little lazy,  
Was resting near a buttercup  
Who wished she were a daisy,

For daisies grow so big and tall.  
She always had a passion  
For wearing frills about her neck:  
In just the daisies' fashion.

And buttercups must always be  
The same old tiresome colour,  
While daisies dress in gold and white,  
Although their gold is duller.

"Dear robin," said the sad, young flower,  
"Perhaps you'd not mind trying  
To find a nice white frill for me,  
Some day, when you are flying?"

"You silly thing!" the robin said,  
"I think you must be crazy!  
I'd rather be my honest self  
Than any made-up daisy."

"You're nicer in your own bright gown,  
The little children love you;  
Be the best buttercup you can,  
And think no flower above you."

"Though swallows keep me out of sight,  
We'd better keep our places:  
Perhaps the world would all go wrong  
With one too many daisies!"

"Look bravely up into the sky  
And be content with knowing  
That God wished for a buttercup  
Just here where you are growing."

### HOW TO HAVE A GOOD MEMORY.

Some people are so fortunate as to be born with good memories; others, if they would attain that priceless boon, must patiently cultivate it—and this is perfectly possible, too. You will often hear people say: "Oh, my memory is so poor, I can't remember anything." Unless there is some mental disease that should be a most humiliating statement, as it shows simply listless, careless, slovenly habits of mind that we ought to be ashamed of. If you would have a good memory you must make it work for you, and serve you with fidelity, just as you make your hands and your feet work for you. Tie an arm at your side and let it hang limp at your side for months, and it will become as weak and unreliable as your memory is. Give your memory its work to do, and then see that it does it. Throw away your note-book and pencil and allow your memory to do the work that nature intended it to do. I know a physician who notes down everything—but unfortunately he has no one to remind him of his note-book; so half the things he notes down are forgotten. From neglect and inattention my memory became treacherous, and I was getting into the note-book habit, but I found it unsatisfactory and a grievous trouble, so I determined to call a halt and dispense with "writin' down" everything, and make my memory do what it was entitled to do. Now I never make a pencil mark to aid my memory, and in a large medical practice I have a hundred things to bear in mind every day. But the more I burden my memory and the more implicitly I rely upon its fidelity the stronger it becomes and the more worthy of trust. Occasionally it still plays me false, but these lapses are becoming more rare every year. Try this method of culture, and see if it don't yield you as good results as it has me. But see that you charge your memory with the matter that you want to use. Forgetfulness is often a matter of inattention. Let a thing make a strong mental impression—lay it away carefully and then when the proper time comes to use it, it will probably present itself.

### THE FLOWER MISSION.

Aunt Louise has two little nieces. She calls them half her children, because she has them half the time, and then she named them besides. They were little twin sisters, and their birthday came in May.

Such a time as they had naming those babies! When Aunt Louise was asked what she thought would be pretty names, she just wrote back, "Violets and May come together." Everybody was pleased, and said it was a happy thought for the little twin sisters, whose birthday came in May.

Every year, by the first of June, papa sends the two children out to Aunt Louise's big farm-house. There they stay all the summer, growing brown and strong in the country air. They were always real little flower-lovers and picked so many that Aunt Louise never knew what to do with them. This year, when they came out to the farm, they were full of a new plan.

Their teacher had told them of the Flower Mission, and how much pleasure the flowers gave the little children and the grown-up people in the hospitals. Their mamma said

that if they would send a basketful, twice a week, she would take them to the children's hospital.

The first basket was full of daisies. They were picked early in the morning, put into a moss-lined basket, sprinkled, and covered with waxed paper. By noon every little child in the hospital had a bunch of fresh daisies. Mamma wrote them of one poor little girl who had never seen a daisy before, and they did her a world of good. That sent Aunt Louise to thinking. If ten daisies do the child a world of good, what would ten thousand daisies do?

The next basket that went to the city was full of roses. Aunt Louise took it herself, and when she came home she brought the poor little girl with her. The daisies proved to be very good doctors, and little Fannie grew better very fast. She liked them more than anything else, and always wanted to send daisies to her "hospilly," as she called it.

One day they sent in such a big basketful that all the children could make daisy chains. And one rainy day they made a great quantity of daisy faces—grandmothers and mothers, some thin and some fat; children and little babies in frilled caps, some pretty and some comical. Such fun as the children had when this basketful came!

Twice a week, all the summer, the basket went back and forth. Sometimes it was full of berries instead of flowers. In the last basket there were neither berries nor flowers, but something that the children could enjoy all the winter long—the prettiest and cunningest kitten in the world. It was a case of love at first sight:—

I love my lovely pussy, my pussy she loves me,  
And whatsoever happens, we always can agree.

### THE BABY'S GUARDIAN.

A gentleman in Connecticut took a collie from the Lothian kennels at Stepney. The dog, after the fashion of his kind, soon made himself one of the family, and assumed special responsibilities in connection with the youngest child, a girl three years of age.

It happened, one day in November, that the father was returning from a drive, and as he neared his house, he noticed the dog in a pasture which was separated by a stone wall from the road. From behind this wall the collie would spring up, bark, and then jump down again, constantly repeating it.

Leaving his horse and going to the spot, he found his little girl seated on a stone, with the collie wagging his tail and keeping guard beside her.

In the light snow their path could be plainly seen, and as he traced it back, he saw where the little one had walked several times around an open well in the pasture. Very close to the brink were prints of the baby shoes, but still closer on the edge of the well were the tracks of the collie, who had evidently kept between her and the well.

We need not tell you the feelings of the father, as he saw the fidelity of the dumb creature, walking between the child and what might otherwise have been a terrible death.

### THE BROKEN SAW.

A boy went to live with a man who was accounted a hard master. He never kept his boys,—they ran away, or gave notice they meant to quit; so he was half his time without or in search of a boy. The work was not very hard,—opening and sweeping out the shop, chopping wood, going errands, and helping round. At last Sam Fisher went to live with him. "Sam's a good boy," said his mother. "I should like to see a boy nowadays that had a spark of goodness in him," growled the new master.

It is always bad to begin with a man who has no confidence in you, because, do your best, you are likely to have little credit for it. However, Sam thought he would try. The wages were good and his mother wanted him to go. Sam had been there but three days before, in sawing a cross-grained stick of wood, he broke the saw. He was a little frightened. He knew he was careful, and he knew he was a pretty good sawyer, too, for a boy of his age: nevertheless, the saw broke in his hands.

"Mr. Jones will thrash you for it," said another boy who was in the woodhouse with him.

"Why, of course I didn't mean it, and accidents will happen to the best of folks," said Sam, looking with a very sorrowful air on the broken saw.

"Mr. Jones never makes allowances," said the other boy. "I never saw anything like him. That Bill might have stayed, only he jumped into a hen's nest and broke her eggs. He daren't tell of it; but Mr. Jones kept suspecting, and suspecting, and suspecting, and laid everything out of the way to Bill, whether Bill was to blame or not, till Bill couldn't stand it, and wouldn't."

"Did he tell Mr. Jones about the eggs?" asked Sam.

"No," said the boy, "he was afraid, Mr. Jones has got such a temper."

"I think he'd have better owned up at once," said Sam.

"I suspect you'll find it better to preach than to practice," said the boy. "I'd run away before I'd tell him." And he soon turned on his heel, and left poor Sam alone with his broken saw.

The poor boy did not feel very comfortable or happy. He shut up the woodhouse, walked out in the garden, and went up to his little chamber under the eaves. He wished he could tell Mrs. Jones, but she wasn't sociable.

When Mr. Jones came into the house, the boy heard him. He got up, crept down stairs, and met Mr. Jones in the kitchen. "Sir," said Sam, "I broke your saw, and I thought I'd come and tell you before you saw it in the morning."

"What did you get up to tell me for?" asked Mr. Jones. "I should think morning would be time enough to tell of your carelessness."

"Because," said Sam, "I was afraid, if I put it off, I might be tempted to lie about it. I am sorry I broke it, but I tried to be careful."

Mr. Jones looked at the boy from head to foot; then, stretching out his hand, "There, Sam," he said, heartily, "give me your hand, shake hands. I'll trust you, Sam. That's right, that's right. Go to bed, boy. Never fear. I'm glad the saw broke: it shows the mettles in you. Go to bed."

Mr. Jones was fairly won. Never were better friends after that, than Sam and he. Sam thinks justice had not been done Mr. Jones. If the boys had treated him honestly and "above-board," he would have been a good man to deal with. It was their conduct which soured and made him suspicious. I do not know how that is. I only know that Sam Fisher finds in Mr. Jones a kind master and a faithful friend.

### SUE'S SECRET.

"I wonder how it is that everybody likes Sue Hamilton so," mused her classmate, Katie Lee.

"My recitations are just as good as hers. I try to be pleasant, seldom lose my temper, and yet she is the favourite with every teacher and scholar in the school. She is not pretty, either," Kate continued, as she looked with a slight blush in the mirror that hung opposite. "Yet even brother Tom, who is so fastidious, said last night, 'What a noble girl Sue Hamilton is, Kate. I am glad you are thrown so much in her company.'"

"Sue," cried a chorus of voices at the foot of the stairs, where are you?"

"There it is," sighed Katie; "they cannot do any thing without Sue's help, while they never think of coming for me."

She brushed the tears from her eyes and joined the bevy of girls in the hall.

"O, we thought it was Sue," said the leader of the band in tones of disappointment.

A hot flush covered Katie's cheeks, and angry words rushed to her lips.

"Sue, Sue; I'm sick of the very name," she said, and then paused, for the door opposite suddenly opened, and Sue's curly head was thrust out.

"Here I am, girls, helping Fanny Jones with her examples; just wait five minutes longer, and I will be through. Katie, dear, won't you come in? I want you to help me settle one or two difficult points."

Katie drew haughtily back, but was persuaded to enter the room, and before she knew it was as much interested in the examples as Sue herself.

"Now let us join the others," said Sue.

"It is you that they want, not me."

"But I want you, Katie," Sue lovingly continued, as she drew Katie on.

"What a happy bevy of girls," said one teacher to another, as they stood together looking out of the hall window five minutes later. "I believe Sue Hamilton carries sunshine everywhere! I wonder what is the secret of her success?"

"She is a Christian, you know," was the quiet answer.

"O, yes, to be sure; and so are Katie Lee and Fanny Brown and a score of the others. Still, you must be ready to admit that there is a difference. I think that the child is endowed with much of the spirit of Christ, who pleased not Himself. The Golden Rule is the standard of her life, I am sure."

"Sue," said Katie as they walked together in the now deserted school-yard, "what makes everybody love you so?"

"I don't know," said Sue, blushing, "unless it is because I love everybody."

Tears dimmed Katie's eyes.

"You are so good," she said, "and I find it so hard to serve Christ faithfully."

"O, Katie, I am not good at all. I am very weak and erring, but the dear Lord has said that He will help me, and I am taking Him at His word."

"I have learned," said Katie Lee that evening to her brother Tom, "the secret of Sue Hamilton's success."

"Well?" he smilingly answered.

"It is the same spirit as that which prompted the Saviour, who sought not to please Himself, but spent His life in self-sacrificing service for others. Sue's life is governed by the Golden Rule."

### SACRED MONEY.

Some years ago a gentleman heard two children talking earnestly about their "sacred money." The expression interested him, and he learned, upon enquiry, that these children were in the habit of faithfully setting apart at least one-tenth of all the money which came into their hands, and using it for Christian work. They each kept a purse for this fund, and an account of all that was put into it and paid out of it. Their father said that they themselves had developed the expression "sacred money." They would often give much more than a tenth to this fund, but never less.

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## The Canada Presbyterian.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 27th, 1892.

IF Ontario officials are not to be allowed to discuss political union with the United States, even when such union is sought by constitutional means and by none other, it is surely nothing more than fair that officials should be asked to stop using language grossly offensive to our neighbours. It is no part of the duty of a magistrate or of any other official to make enemies to the Commonwealth, or by his empty brag to make the Commonwealth a laughing-stock.

THE most wonderful feature in Gladstone's make-up is not his extraordinary vitality nor his splendid eloquence nor his immense resources; it is his faculty for looking forward at eighty-three years of age. Nearly all men at eighty, many at seventy and not a few at sixty, turn back mentally and live their lives over again. They speak about the good old times, fight their battles over again and for all practical purposes live in the past. Gladstone looks steadily forward and has more on hand than he ever had at any past period of his life. History may be challenged to find another man who looked steadily into the future at four score and three.

THERE is one crop that never fails in Ontario be the season wet or dry. July always brings a luxuriant harvest of complaints about examination papers. Either High School and Institute teachers must be the most fault-finding of mortals or the Educational Department must be specially unfortunate in the selection of examiners. Surely the universities of the Province have trained a sufficient number of scholars with sense enough to set a fair examination paper. One teacher declares that a certain paper could not be cleared by any of the examiners whose names are on it, in the time given. Quite likely. It always was one thing to ask questions and another and very different thing to answer them.

THE *Herald and Presbyter* has this to say about the French Canadians who are going over to the New England States in such large numbers:—

Some twenty prelates from the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario are in session trying to devise a plan to check the migration of French Canadian Catholics to the United States. We earnestly hope they may be successful.

So far they have not been successful, but our contemporary need not be alarmed at the invasion. The French-Canadians are a thrifty, industrious, frugal, peaceable people. Their weak points are that they are too subservient to the priests and too easily led by designing political demagogues. They have large families, and they will raise the average among the New Englanders who have scarcely any children at all. They go to church every Sabbath, and in this regard will set an excellent example before the lapsed natives who have lost their church-going habits.

THE Royal Commission on Prohibition did a wise thing in asking the clergymen of Canada what their opinions are on the liquor traffic, but some of the questions are peculiar. The first one runs thus:—

From your experience and observation as a clergyman, do you consider the use of intoxicating liquors in any shape as hurtful morally and socially?

Just what is meant by the expression "in any shape" is not clear. Then it is scarcely useful to ask clergymen if they know by "experience" whether the use of intoxicating liquors is hurtful. Clergymen who are total abstainers, as nine-tenths of them are, have no "experience" to give, and if an occasional one has hurt himself by indulging, he will not be likely to tell the Commission anything

about it. The second question is not much better drawn than the first. Surely it would not have been difficult for the Commission to have drawn up a set of questions that would have brought out the mind of the clergymen of Canada on this most important problem.

PRESIDENT HARRISON, as becomes a Presbyterian elder, is sound on the question of moral teaching in public schools. Addressing an educational convention the other day at Saratoga, he said:—

He is not a benefactor of his race who develops undirected or misdirected power. Therefore we must insist that in all our schools the morality of the Ten Commandments shall be instilled; that lessons of due subordination to authority shall be taught. The family and the school are the fundamental elements of good citizenship; and obedience to law, a respectful deference to public authority, a self-sacrificing purpose to stand by established and orderly administration of the Government.

A greater American than President Harrison, Dr. Charles Hodge, always contended that the duty of teaching morality and every other good thing devolves primarily on the parent—not on the State or on the Church. Parents being primarily responsible, when they organize themselves into a school section, have an absolute right to say that the Scriptures will be read or the Ten Commandments taught or any other arrangement made that they deem proper. It is encouraging to see the President of the Republic taking such high ground.

TOO many Canadian young men have been injured by the wretched delusion that religion, and even ordinary honesty, are a bar to promotion in public life, more especially in politics. Let all such ponder on the lesson that has come across the water during the last few days. The most influential man in the world to-day is a deeply religious man, and has been a religious man all his life. He carried the election mainly by the power of his personal character, aided of course by his splendid ability. It is now no secret that thousands of his political friends care nothing for Home Rule. The question arouses no enthusiasm except in a part of Ireland. The classes were in the main against him, the Established Churches in Scotland and in England were against him, the labour unions gave him trouble, the quarrel among the Home Rulers was a source of weakness, Protestant Ireland was almost a unit against him, but by the sheer force of his splendid personality the Grand Old Man won. The forces arrayed against him would have crushed any other living man. There is a splendid lesson here for young men setting out in public life, and it is not necessary to be a Home Ruler to learn it. The world is not nearly as good as it ought to be, but the greatest power on earth is the power of goodness. If any young man has any doubt about it, let him compare Gladstone with Dilke and Farnell, both statesmen of the first rank.

NOW that the question of holding other than religious meetings on Sabbath has been raised, it may be well to thrash it out. So far as we know an avowedly political meeting has never been held in Ontario on the Lord's Day. During the Scott Act campaign, semi-political meetings were held in many places, and some of them were addressed by men whose character and record would not compare very favourably with Edward Blake's. These meetings were of course called temperance or prohibition meetings, but everybody knows that the Scott Act had its secular side, and that questions of taxation and other secular issues were discussed at such gatherings and that "laughter and cheers" were common. Many good men who loved a quiet Sabbath and were in favour of the Act were deeply grieved at such demonstrations, but there was no use in saying anything. There was a "boom on," and the managers from the outside co-operating with a few in each locality did just as they pleased. Many of the paid lecturers were from "the other side" and of course had no sympathy with our foggy ideas about Sabbath desecration. The Sabbath meetings were held, and we now know how much good they did. Political meetings have sometimes been held in churches under the guise of religious services. They began with prayer and ended with the benediction, and there was a hymn or two during the proceedings, but the part called the sermon was the poorest kind of political speech. We Canadians are greatly given to the practice of superintending the morals of the human family in a somewhat

pharisaical sort of way. There is quite enough of work for us around home.

WITH all due deference to Sir Oliver Mowat, opened and avowed advocacy of annexation or even a concealed desire for political union with our neighbours is not the chief danger to which Canadians are exposed at the present time. The tendency to adopt in both Church and State the worst features of the American Republic—the features the best people over there are trying to get rid of—is a far more dangerous thing than an occasional speech in favour of annexation. Can any man with his eyes open deny that some of the evils that sorely afflict the American Presbyterian Church are taking a strong hold in ours? The practice of solving every difficulty by a change of minister is distinctly American. No such thing is known in Scotland or Ireland. Unseemly scrambling for city pulpits is also mainly American, and so is the utter disregard of order and authority in the method of getting supply. Worship of rank is British, but worship of the almighty dollar is American. That phrase "large and wealthy congregation" is suggestive. Even in judicial proceedings in the American Church a minister's standing is sometimes measured by the size and wealth of his congregation. Do we never measure ministers by the same standard? A year ago there was a revolt in the American Church against concentration of powers. Will any Presbyterian with his eyes open say that power in the Presbyterian Church in Canada is not going up leaps and bounds into the hands of less than a score of men? We do not know how the land lies in the other Canadian Churches, but so far as the Presbyterian Church is concerned, we are imitating the worst features of American Presbyterianism rather than its good ones. In politics matters are even worse. We started in '67 to found a nation on British models and we did not go far until we began to adopt the most odious practices of the lowest strata of American politicians. The caucus, the "bleeding" of contractors, the gerrymander, and several other odious practices are American, and all decent Americans are ashamed of them. What a burlesque on decency and common sense it is for a man to make speeches in favour of British connection and then go down to Ottawa and defend and advocate the vilest features of American politics—features that all clean Americans are ashamed of!

THE most remarkable thing about Sir Oliver Mowat's speech on annexation is its existence. That he, a statesman, naturally cautious and sometimes blamed by his political friends for being too conservative—a speaker who seldom discusses theoretical questions and who knows better than most statesmen when a question passes from the speculative into the arena of practical politics—that he of all others should have given a good half hour on an historical occasion to an elaborate argument against annexation is something that might well make Canadians pause and think. Had Sir Oliver merely indulged in a rhetorical flourish or two it would have been the most natural thing imaginable, but his argument was written out in full with all the care he used to bestow upon one of his chancery decisions, and he went over the points just as he used to go over the points of his cases at the Equity Bar. The Premier must take a more serious view of the annexation question than that taken by the great majority of Canadians. In fact most Canadians have been under the impression that there is no question of annexation before the country at all. Possibly Sir Oliver knows more about the matter than is known by ordinary citizens. The Premier of the Dominion stated some time ago that he and several others signed the annexation manifesto in '49 in an "outburst of petulance." Perhaps Sir Oliver knows of other distinguished people who are seized with occasional outbursts of that kind. Let us hope that the number is few, and that the bountiful harvest now ripening will put them into better humour. Canadians have one of the noblest heritages on earth. If they do not use it properly and improve it the fault is their own. It has never been shown, and it cannot be shown, that the average man in Canada is not as comfortable and prosperous and happy as the average man in the United States. The only comparison worth making is a comparison of averages. We have few millionaires and we don't want them. If we have no Carnegies we have no Pinkertons. We hope the day will never dawn on Canada when any number of Canadians will find pleasure in such vulgar exercises as bowing and scraping to ignorant, purse-proud millionaires.

## UNITED STATES PRESBYTERIAN STATISTICS.

STATISTICAL science is making constant advances. It is reaching results much more accurate than were dreamed of a few years ago. Investigators were in a measure content if they could ascertain certain data and call in probabilities and averages to do the rest. Even yet allowances have to be made for imperfect and suppositious returns, and a degree of reliance must still be placed on the doctrine of averages. In the Canadian Church there has, within the last few years, been a decided improvement. In the reports of standing committees presented to the Church courts, complaints are made of the remissness and indifference of some of the congregations. They do not seem to realize the importance of full and accurate answers to the questions addressed to Sessions, Boards of management, Sunday schools, etc., neither do they fully appreciate the reason for the timely filling up and return of the answers to the respective Conventions. It seemed, a few years ago, that Sabbath school statistics were most difficult to get. Conventions of central Presbyteries made frequent and forcible complaints. Quite a number of schools sent no replies at all, and some of those who did report did it in so imperfect a manner that the results of all the efforts put forth to secure completeness were in a measure unavailing.

A better state of things is beginning to prevail. As a rule the gentlemen appointed by the respective Presbyteries to attend to these duties, in addition to special qualifications, are vitally interested in their work, and, strange though it seems, these gentlemen who are strong in statistical lore are usually enthusiastic. The Convener of the General Assembly's Committee on Statistics, the Rev. Dr. Torrance, is one of the most methodical and business-like officers in the service of the Church. Under his patient, laborious and accurate management, the statistical report presented annually to the General Assembly is a masterpiece of painstaking and diligent work that is not surpassed by the similar reports presented to the supreme of any of the other Churches. Long years hence Dr. Torrance's reports will remain valuable. Historians in the future will find them mines of precious material. The negligence and tardiness with which some congregations deal with the statistical reports can have no idea how it increases the labour and annoyance of a conscientious Convener.

The New York *Independent* from time to time presents most valuable statistical information concerning the various evangelical Churches. Last week it gave a very full analysis of the last United States census in so far as it relates to the Presbyterian Church in that country, and it may be interesting to Canadian Presbyterians to glance at the progress made by their ecclesiastical kinsfolk on the other side of the lines that separate them geographically.

The Presbyterian Church in the Northern States has thirty Synods, two of them in foreign countries; 214 Presbyteries, eighteen of them in foreign lands; Church organizations number 6,717; and the number of communicants has now reached 788,224. The Church in the Southern States has thirteen Synods; seventy-two Presbyteries; 2,391 organizations; and a membership of 179,721. The Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church, which in most respects is strictly Presbyterian, has six Synods; nineteen Presbyteries; 187 organizations; and 12,722 communicants. The Cumberland Presbyterian Church, coloured, has a Synod composed of twenty-three Presbyteries, with 238 organizations; and 13,439 communicants. The Cumberland Presbyterians, white, have 2,791 organizations; and 164,940 members. The United Presbyterian Church of North America has 866 organizations; 94,402 members. The Associate Church of North America has thirty-one organizations; and a membership of 1,053. The Associate Reformed, South, has 116 organizations; and 8,501 members. The Reformed Presbyterian, Synod, has 115 organizations; and 10,574 members. The Reformed Presbyterian, general Synod, numbers thirty-three organizations; and 4,602 members. The Reformed Presbyterian, covenanted, has four organizations; and thirty-seven members. The last on the list is the Reformed in the United States and Canada, which has one organization; and 600 members.

According to the full returns there are 13,490 organizations or congregations of Presbyterians of all branches in the United States, 12,462 church edifices, valued at \$94,876,233, and 1,278,815 communicants.

These are dry but not uninteresting details. They are suggestive of the intellectual, moral, social and

spiritual forces that make themselves felt, and felt for good, among the people of the United States and in every foreign mission field to which its faithful missionaries have gone. The powers of evil may be strong, but we hear more about them than we do of the silent forces that are working steadily for the promotion of the best interests of the people and for the advancement of the divine glory. We notice the political and social aspects of life in the United States, simply because they are more obtrusive. The religious and moral forces are working for eternity as well as for time.

### LONGING FOR DAY.

WE pass over the highway of human life only once. If we make mistakes they cannot be undone, they can only serve to warn us against making more like them in the portion of the journey that remains, and they may serve as beacons to warn others against the commission of like mistakes. There are seasons in life when darkness and shadow rest on the way we have to go. Then we are filled with anxieties and perplexities. It is well for us to look to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life. Under His guidance, and under His alone, there is safety. The following interesting paper from the *Christian at Work* contains valuable and suggestive thoughts:—

The subject is suggestive of watching, anxiety and longing. God only knows how many troubled restless eyes wished for the day last night and wish for it every night. The crowded vessel on which Paul was being sent towards Rome as a prisoner in bonds, was destined to become wrecked, and although safety to life was promised, yet in the darkness there was danger lest they should be dashed against rocks, so after casting four anchors out of the stern they could only wait and wish for the day. Time may well be likened to night, and eternity to broad daylight. Earth presents one long scene of groping, feeling the way through obstacles, and although all needed light is given, the constant yearning is for light, more light. We read of pagan darkness and the bright light of Christianity. The comparison is a fitting one. But paganism is by no means the only state involving darkness and the need of light.

In temporal as well as in spiritual concerns mists and darkness abound. The pathos of life confronts one at every turn. Men in the struggle and turmoil of business life, the merchant, the farmer, the sea-captain, those enduring the strain and anxiety attending the professions, all, in whatever calling or vocation, are involved in trials and difficulties through which they often sigh for daylight. Parents agonize over the downward course of perverse children, and great corporations stagger under almost inextricable entanglements, the outcome of perfidious dealings on the part of trusted but traitorous agents. O to see daylight through it all! The lonely watcher by the couch of sickness and danger longs inexpressibly for the gloomy night to be gone, and the invalid watches with wide open eyes for the first promise of the dawn.

Seekers after spiritual life wade through seas of doubt, dimness and uncertainty. Longing for light, yet unable to comprehend in their fulness and simplicity the directions contained in the Bible, they suffer from blinding clouds and perplexing mists, wishing eagerly for the day that will shed light along the shaded way. But the age is distinctively one of research and advancement. Men are no longer content to accept blindly the theories and conclusions of others on important subjects, but are becoming students and discoverers for themselves on the high seas of religious principles and beliefs? Books, sermons, and free interchange of opinions and independent thought, and now as never before individuals are penetrating the mysteries and uncertainties which science is steadily unfolding before the astonished eye of the explorer in her mystic realms. Light from high heaven and undeviating mental balance are needed to pilot the mind safely amid the rocks of scepticism and incredulity calling in question the truth of miracle, and daring to refute what forms the very basis and foundation of Gospel facts. And no little sadness attaches to the piteous state of those who want to believe the Bible just as it stands, but are tormented with doubts believed to be honest ones. May a ray from the throne of God send convincing light to all so harassed and troubled.

The newly created world was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. It was incomplete; fit neither to be the abode of man nor to aid vegetation or any growth whatever, until God said "Let there be light, and there was light. And God saw the light that it was good." Daylight for the soul is quite as much a necessity as sunlight for the world of nature.

Of new converts it is often said they have come out of nature's darkness into the light of the Gospel, and each renewed soul can testify to the appropriateness of the expression. We hear of the night of sorrow, and the darkness of seasons of affliction and adversity. Such seasons must be repeated and lived over and over again as long as time endures. And herein lies much of the pathos of life before alluded to. Let it be remembered that ever since the first day and night told of in the opening chapter of the Bible, day has always followed night. Spiritual darkness in this age and this day of increasing light must be largely the result of wilful blindness. There is scarcely such a thing possible as inability in our land to reach the light. But for those surrounded by clouds of sorrow and distress, enveloped by the darkness arising from such of life's ills as they are powerless to avert, to all threatened with the wreck of earthly hopes and longing, who have cast their anchors of worldly support into the treacherous deep, to all who can only pray and then dumbly wish for the day, we say patience! God new creates the light every day. God knows the loneliness, the dreariness, the need of light, as well to-day as when He first created

the light, and saw that it was good. Out from the darkness He can always call the light. Only fear not, but trust Him. It will not be long before the shadows will flee away, and eternal day will dawn.

Blessed Healer! all our burdens lighten;  
Give us peace, Thine own sweet peace, we pray;  
Keep us near Thee till the morn shall brighten,  
And all mists and shadows flee away.

## Sabbath School Teacher.

### INTERNATIONAL LESSONS

July 11. THE APOSTLES' CONFIDENCE IN GOD. Acts iv.

GOLDEN TEXT.—They spoke the Word of God with boldness.—Acts iv. 31.

#### INTRODUCTION.

When before the Jewish Council, the Apostles Peter and John were questioned concerning the miracle of the healing of the lame man at the Beautiful Gate of the Temple. The apostles had spoken in reply with great clearness and boldness. The fact of the cure was undeniable, and the people knew of it. So it was neither possible for the rulers to contradict the plain facts nor politic to punish Peter and John for the performance of a good deed. So they sought to impose silence on the representatives of the infant Church by threatening its representatives.

I. The Apostles Threatened.—The members of the Sanhedrim were anxious to reduce the apostles to silence concerning Jesus Christ. To this they cannot consent. It is not a matter of choice with them at all, but one of necessity. St. Peter, now courageous as he had once been timid, replies to the authorities by asking whether it was right to obey God rather than man. This question implies that they were conscious that their course of action was right, and that in pursuing it they had God's approval and sanction. They believed that God's will was supreme. They appeal to the understanding and conscience of their judges that it is right in God's sight to prefer God's command to man's. In their answer the apostles, though firm, were respectful to their judges. They were not defiant, but firm in their purpose to serve God at all hazards. They were constrained to speak God's truth. They could not be silent. To this all that the Jewish rulers could reply were a few more threats. They would readily have inflicted punishment, but they dared not with any show of reason, so they were permitted to depart from the Council uncondemned. In this the members of the Council were moved, not by a desire to do right, nor because they were friendly to the apostles, but they had to bow to popular opinion. They could not punish Peter and John "because of the people, for all men glorified God for that which was done." The man who was healed had been a cripple all his days, and at that time he was about forty years of age. He was well known in the city, and there could be no mistaking the fact that he had been suddenly cured.

II. The Apostles' Trust in God.—Being set at liberty Peter and John went to their own company and reported all that the chief priests and elders had said unto them. It was now clear to them that the followers of Jesus Christ were to be subjected to relentless opposition, trials and persecution. The members of the Church, when they heard the recital of what had taken place in the Sanhedrim took the best possible course they could have taken. They spread their case before the Lord. They began their prayer with an ascription of praise to God as the Almighty Father, having all power in heaven and earth, expressing their firm resolve to serve Him with all fidelity and submission to His will. As yet they were one in purpose and one in sentiment. "They lifted up their voice to God with one accord." Two views are taken of these words descriptive of this primitive act of worship: one is that one of their number led in prayer to which all cordially assented, as it expressed the feelings common to them all; the other is that as there was the citation of a part of the second Psalm, which they applied to their circumstances, and as they were no doubt familiar with its words they recited it together. It is not, however, the form of worship but the fact of it, and the unanimity with which it was engaged in that the evangelist records. Learned men in our day are in the habit of conjecturing as to the authorship of the Psalm. Here we have evidence that the first disciples had no doubt that the second Psalm was composed by David; neither were they doubtful of its divine inspiration, for they use the significant expression in direct address to God: "Who by the mouth of Thy servant David hast said," etc. Then they apply the language of that Psalm to the peculiar condition of the Church at the time. The heathen, the peoples, the kings and the rulers had raged and combined against the Lord's Anointed. The Roman authorities, represented by Pilate, the Jewish authorities had been bitten in their hostility and many of the common people had joined in the cry "Away with Him, crucify Him." It was not only against Jesus of Nazareth, the Lord's Anointed, it was against God and His great and gracious purposes that they had combined. Now they apply the words of the Psalm to the events that were then taking place. The combined hostility of men, evil as it was in design and in immediate effect, it was nevertheless the fulfilment of Old Testament prophecy and carrying out the purpose of God for the salvation of men and the founding of His kingdom of righteousness and truth on the earth. Those hostile to God's purpose were combined unconsciously "to do whatsoever Thy hand and Thy counsel determined before to be done." God makes the wrath of man to praise Him and to the remainder thereof He setteth bounds.

III. The Apostles' Resolve.—There is no shrinking from trial and danger on the part of the membership of the infant Church. They do not seek to escape from the difficulties that gather around them. In solemn prayer to God, they call on Him not to punish their enemies, but to "behold their threatenings." What they desired for themselves was to be inspired with true Christian courage that in all circumstances they might be enabled to speak God's word boldly. They also prayed that they might be endowed with miraculous gifts of healing, as evidences, signs and wonders, in the name of "Thy hold child (servant) Jesus." That this was the earnest and sincere prayer of the company of Christians assembled to hear the account of the examination of Peter and John, we learn from the fact that it was graciously and fully answered. When they had prayed, the place was shaken where they were assembled together; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and they spake the word of God with boldness.

#### PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

It is best to follow what we know to be right in the sight of God. The threats of men cannot suppress the truth of God.

In times of trial and danger it is the best and the safest course to lay all before God in prayer.

At all times it is our duty to speak God's truth with boldness and tenderness.

## Choice Literature.

## UNA AND KING DAVID.

To be near her and her child, King David had secured employment in the wards, and his pittance of pay and rations was most often shared with those poorer than himself. He had been a prayer-leader of renown in plantation days, and his missionary work among the patients was generally more welcome than the conventional ministrations of the Church. Early and late he was seen at the bedside of the dying, many of whom passed out of life clinging to his black, knotted fingers and repeating with fluttering breath his petition of the sinner repenting at the gate of Death.

It was the bright spot in King David's day when sunset freed him to be at the disposal of his young lady. The great heat during the day kept Una much indoors, and she sorely missed the old outdoor country life. To day, when David had shouldered her empty trunk and carried it away, she made haste to take her shade-hat down from its peg, pausing once more on the doorsill to look proudly back at her final achievements in decoration.

"Isn't it lovely, King David?" she said, when the old man came twisting back. "Isn't this just like a real home?"

"That it is, little Mistic," he answered, cheerfully, falling behind her, however, to gulp once or twice, and swallow down a lump.

Hand-in-hand, homeless in a land of homes, the two wandered out of the precincts of the camp into a bowery bit of woodland overhanging a canal that here kept sluggish pace with the river tumbling below over its rocky bed. The sweet, untainted air was balmy with wild flowers. Una, soon tired of walking, sat upon the root of a tree looking down into the clear stream, drawing long breaths of the delicious atmosphere, trying to forget the sad scenes and to deaden her ears to the haunting sounds of Camp Winder life. As she rested thus, a canal boat glided beneath her, a Negro boy stretched on the deck performing upon the horn an obligato of rare melody, which died in distance like the horns of Eftland. And then a bird, in the bough above, took up the tale of sweetness, trilling in ecstasy as if there were no war.

Oh! King David," said the little girl, "do you know, what with the furniture and this lovely evening, I think if it were not wrong I could be almost happy."

"Whatever you do, don't stop feelin' good when you kin, little Mistic," he replied, standing beside her leaning upon his staff. "It's Nature movin' in your veins like the sap stirs in the trees. You've got to do a mighty heap of laughin' to put heat into your pore ma, honey, don't forgit."

"I know it. I like to make her face soften and her lips curve. King David, I believe she has never given up hope that my father may be alive."

"It's nigh onto a year, now, Miss Una," he said, reluctantly, stooping down to pick up a bunch of ferns that he might hide his face. His mind's eye saw his beloved master on a veritable throne of glory, side by side with Master Hal, both playing golden harps.

Una's face clouded, and she sighed heavily.

"We will walk on, now, King David. I must gather some wild flowers for her little Sevres vase. She will come in tired I know. Oh! one can't have everything, but Mrs. Robbins gave me some such beautiful biscuits, and I could manage to get a little butter—if we only had a pinch of real tea."

If King David had carried the wealth of the Indies in his pocket, he could not of broken into a more widely jubilant smile.

"Miss Una, honey, sure as you're bawn, I've got a surprise for you. You dun hit the nail square in the head that time, my lamb. Ef I didn't scrub her storeroom flo' for Miss Potts after hours las' night, and she give me my choice of pay 'tween a ham bone and a drawin' o' tea—the gynuiwine article her nephew sent her a pound of through the blockade! an' I reckon I just tuk that tea. I was bound to keep it till next time Mistic had one o' her headaches an' if you will b'lieve me, she put in three lumps of sugar lumps' Miss Una, lumps!"

"Oh! that is too good!" cried Una, her face kindling. It did not occur to her to thank him, so identical were their interests. "I'm afraid Mamma's had too many headaches lately, and I think her step is slower than it was; if it wasn't that she has always had good health."

"She ain't lookin' so mighty well, honey," the old man admitted, then stopped. He had not the heart to cloud the child's holiday hour with a fear that had begun to haunt him sorely.

Una walked home wreathed like a Dryad with her wild flowers, and in passing through the region of the gangrene tents, fitted in here and there to lay some vine or spray upon the pillows of sufferers condemned to that dreaded exile from the wards. A little cluster of wood anemones, rose and purple staining their milk-white petals, was all that remained of her flowers to deck the tea-table improvised from Miss Sprigg's rosewood bedstead, at which, presiding over a plate of biscuits, toasted and buttered, Una received her mother, King David bowing behind her with a pot of smoking tea.

Mrs. Eustis tried to respond to the old man's pride and the little girl's delight. She drank eagerly a cup of tea, but ate a morsel only, and sat by the window courting the feeble stirring of the close air at nightfall, conscious of a strange faintness and swimming of the head. The latter hours of her weary day had been spent with a patient who had begged her, for his mother's sake, to stay by him—until, just as the lights of the camp were flickering feebly forth, his lamp of life went out. Until long after bedtime she lay upon the lounge undressed, and by the next morning was declared by the doctor to be in the first stage of some malarial fever, its precise nature not yet assured.

Una, who had never seen her mother ill, felt a sense of terror overmaster her solitude. With a sinking heart she set about making her dear invalid comfortable. Irish Rose, coming in and seeing Mrs. Eustis toss upon the harsh unbleached cotton of the hospital sheets, hastened away to extract from the bottom of her old-fashioned chest an armful of snowy linen.

"Let me put these on her bed, me burd," the good creature whispered. "Ra! old country flax it is, span and wove by me mother—God rist her soul, and the lace on the pilly cases she worked and bid me put by against me weddin' day."

though the Saints above know when I'll get a chance at a husband, seein' the way the Yankees be's a-shortnin' our supply of min folks."

Mrs. Robbins and King David shared Una's vigils as, hour by hour, day by day, the fever ran its course. One night, following a day when the guns of battle had ceased only when the darkness arrived, the little girl had fallen asleep on the lounge, while King David kept watch over the patient. Toward morning a tap was heard upon their door, and the ward-master of a newly equipped ward in Mrs. Eustis' division asked in a low tone for permission to use the matron's keys.

"There's an ambulance train just beginning to come in, and all my beds will be full," the man said to Una, who answered his appeal. "The most of 'em hav'nt had food since before the light this morning; and if you could make it convenient, Miss, to come out to the storeroom and show me where things are kept it would save time and life too."

"Go, Una darling," said her mother. "Do for me what I cannot do. You know where I keep the brandy—make it go far, for it is all we have—never fear but David will take good care of this poor soldier fallen at her post."

Lantern in hand, the man strode ahead of her, as Una under the starlight picked her way across the rough ground of the camp to the ward kitchen, where they hastily reviewed supplies. To their dismay, every mouthful of food was available except a batch of coarse corn bread, a piece of cold boiled bacon, and a few quarts of milk.

"How many to feed, Henderson?" she asked, mournfully.

"God knows, Miss, but considerable more'n we've got food for, I'm afraid. Will you take the bottle and a cup, Miss? There'll be some too far gone to eat, better's the luck for them!"

The Southern night had spent its early heat, and a delicate breeze laden with wood odours came up from the river. In the blue vault of heaven great stars shone brilliantly. On the confines of the camp, before the open doors of the new ward, ambulances were depositing their ghastly burdens, some of the wounded uttering piteous prayers to be left to die in peace, some mercifully in stupor, while other forms were lifted out stilled in the silence of eternal rest. Those for whom the long jolting ride through heat and dust from the battlefield had not finished the work begun by the enemy's bullets, were carried within, and laid upon cots in rows; and by the insufficient glimmer of oil lamps and tallow dips the surgeons began their rounds.

Una, too inured to these scenes of sorrow to lose her balance, set to work immediately to count the men requiring sustenance and to divide her scant supplies. With the ward-helpers, she went from bed to bed, distributing the bread and meat to a few, to more the eagerly craved draught of milk which must be doled out in such tantalizing measure. Here and there, at the surgeons' orders, she parted with the brandy that was precious as the elixir of life. Despite her calm, tears of bitter longing for more to give them ran down her cheeks, and mingled with the cup she had forcibly to withdraw from parched and starving mouths.

Almost the last sufferer upon her round was one who had worked himself over upon his face and lay without sign of life. Una looked about for help to move him, but no one was at leisure, and, slipping her soft hand under his cheek, she turned it to the light, striving with the other hand to put a spoonful of milk and brandy between his white lips. Then a cry burst from the little girl, unheeded in the commotion of the hour.

"Denny! Denny Ryan! Speak to me. Drink this for my sake, for Hal's sake—Denny, only hear."

A surgeon, attended by an orderly carrying a lantern, hurried up. The light fell upon the wounded lad, upon Una's imploring face.

"Oh! Doctor Lewis, help me, please," she said. "He was one of my father's soldiers, and followed my brother to the war. He lived on our place, and we've been playmates all our lives."

"He is past helping, my dear child, the doctor answered, kindly, "you may stay by him if you like, and, if consciousness returns, your voice will soothe him, but he is going fast."

"That's a pocket edition of Florence Nightingale you've got there, Doctor," said a newly transferred assistant on the staff, as they resumed work at an adjoining bed.

"She is one of the precious things that come in small parcels," answered Lewis. "Such pluck and sweetness don't meet every day."

Una knelt by Denny's side, weeping silently. The sight of his familiar freckled face brought back a hundred memories of home and Hal and her father. Denny, the son of the Mount Airy Irish overseer, had been Hal's loyal shadow; had refused to stay behind him from the war, had been with him at his death at Gettysburg. Ryan, Denny's father, had, so far as the widow and daughter of Colonel Eustis knew, remained on at Mount Airy in charge of their property—his older son, Bill, having gone off to Washington and enlisted as a Federal volunteer.

And this was the end of Poor Denny's soldiering! So soon to follow Hal! Always to follow Hal! Above the bed was a window, through which the streaks of a saffron dawn came to lighten the shadows of the ward. In a tree near by, a bird began to stir and chirp. The boy opened his eyes and looked at his companion, wondering.

"Miss Una! I thought you was calling me. It was pickin' dewberries, I was—down in the cow-pasture where the blue flags grow—at home."

"Dear Denny, you are not at home yet; but you soon will be. Don't you remember you were in a fight to-day, and they've brought you straight to me, at Camp Winder, where we've lived since—Papa and Hal were—left at Gettysburg?"

"Hurrah! We charged the ridge!" Denny cried out, in a thrilling pipe, that caused more than one head to turn on its weary pillow. "Miss Una, I'd a-died to bring Hal safe out of it. To take him and leave me was kind o'funny, don't you think? Miss Una, did Bill tell you he saw the Colonel in the Yankee hospittle?"

Una's heart gave a great, eager leap that robbed her of her speech. To Denny "the Colonel" was always Una's father.

"Hal and I are goin' trappin' Molly cotton-tails to-morrow," the voice went on, more feebly. "In the woods where we got you the mistletoe last Christmas—it's snowin' now, I think, my han's are gittin' cold."

Una took his chill fingers in her warm clasp, and summoned all her strength.

"Denny," she said, close in his dying ear, "for God's sake try to understand. Tell me what Bill said about Papa?"

"Miss Una, was you talkin'? Seems to me I'm a little deaf."

"What did Bill say about the Colonel in the hospital?"

"It was last Monday on picket guard near Drewry's Bluff. I saw Bill on the Yankee outpost an' hailed him. You bet he was surprised. . . . We talked back an' forth a good half-hour. Bill said the Colonel wasn't killed at all. . . . he was just hit stupid like, an' couldn't talk. . . . Miss Una, are you cryin' for your pa?"

"Denny—"

"Bill's a good fellow, Mother. He'll fetch the cows for you 'stead of me. . . . Hold on there, Hal, I'm comin'."

And with that, poor Denny died.

(To be Continued.)

## THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

## "INASMUCH."

Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of these, ye did it not to Me.

If there was one thing Elizabeth Day prided herself upon it was her thoroughness, that she was not a "dilettante" in anything; and certainly a girl who read Kant in the original and quoted Dante in the "soft Tuscan tongue" could not be called superficial.

To-day she had been hard at work since early morning finishing up a water-colour sketch. It was coming out beautifully, and she sighed a little impatiently when the maid announced one of her friends. However, she turned the case to the wall, drew two easy chairs in front of the grate, and welcomed her guest cordially.

"Evidently Kate has something on her mind, she thought, as Miss Forbes seated herself with a preoccupied air, and drew a letter from her pocket.

"Lizbeth," she began abruptly, "do you remember Mary Hadleigh?"

"Remember her? I don't think any of our class will ever forget her, for she took first honours all around, and didn't leave a ghost of a chance for the rest of us. Besides," she added warmly, "she was the sweetest little saint that ever breathed. What about her?"

"Well, listen. You know brother Jack has a sheep ranch out in Colorado, and he's always roaming over those western wilds prospecting for mines and things. He'll date a letter in Idaho, finish it up in Texas, and between times send a telegram from San Francisco or Yankton. To-day this letter came from Choctaw Gulch, if you know where that is."

"I certainly do not. What has that to do with Mary? She is not at there, is she?"

Miss Forbes did not answer at once. She unfolded the letter deliberately, then said, with an odd inflection in her voice—

"Before I begin, Lizbeth, I wish you would look around this room. Look slowly—take it all in—then I'll read Jack's letter."

It was very queer, so unlike Kate's usual racy nonsense. What did she mean? Elizabeth looked curiously about her room to see if she could find an answer. The afternoon sun shone in through the windows; its rays were flashed back from the silver fittings of the dressing-table; they lit the face of her favourite Madonna with a new glory, and lingered caressingly on the bowl of roses and mignonette whose fragrance filled the air. It was a beautiful room, and expressed well, she often thought complacently, her own personality.

"Well," she said, as she completed the survey, "what next?"

"This is next," said Miss Forbes, quietly, and read from her letter:—

"I met one of your school friends the other day under rather unusual circumstances. I was riding slowly over a bad bit of prairie, and as I came up alongside a dugout I saw a woman on the lee side, with a tub of clothes. It was blowing fifty miles an hour, and she was trying to rig up a clothes-line. Just as she got one end tied fast and started for a pole with the other, the norther whisked round the corner, lifted that tub like a thistle-down, and in two seconds there wasn't a rag in sight. I roared, it was the next best thing I ever saw. But when the little woman turned round and started back for the house, head down, fighting the wind and fighting the tears back too—I didn't laugh any more. The next thing I knew, Bill and I were loping over the prairie after the washing. We brought back all that were left in the country—"

Both girls broke out in an irresistible laugh. "Just imagine Jack careering over the plain with his arms full of wet linen!" said Kate.

"It must have been more exciting than polo," said Elizabeth, dryly.

Kate read on: "Perhaps you can take in my astonishment when I found my Madonna of the tub was your friend Miss Hadleigh (Mrs. Grant). In ten minutes we were chatting away like old cronies, with the small fry hovering round. My arm aches like the toothache, writing, but I'm bound to persevere—('He never wrote such a letter before in his life,' interjected Kate). It's time your kid-glove saint and sisters in the effete East knew how some of your substitutes live out here. You know what these dugouts are like. I could stand up straight in this one and an inch—"

spare ('Jack's six feet one'). There was a lean-to curtained off where I suppose the dominie and his wife slept. The walls were lined with building paper; the cooking stove was on one side of the room, the table on the other; there were two chairs, the baby's cradle and a wash-bench. That was all, and about all there was room for. They are living here, two miles from anything, because since the railroad struck the Gulch nobody but a saloon-keeper can pay the rents. Grant came home soon with a couple of bundles, and I heard one youngster sing out, 'O, mamma, papa's got some meat! and the other piped up, 'And ginger snaps!' They were hushed up quickly, but I drew up my own inferences. In the course of the evening I found out that their salary was overdue, they were in debt, and Grant had just \$2.13 to lay in winter supplies with. We men peeled potatoes for supper, and talked political economy and evolution. Grant's a Yale man, same fraternity as I, and as level-headed a fellow as I've met. The menu for supper was bread and potatoes, with fried mush and coffee for dessert. No butter and no milk. They are raising the infant on condensed milk, so the rest of the family can't indulge. I was making my adieux about nine o'clock, when some men stopped at the house and wanted to know the way to the Gulch. Grant asked them in and offered to pilot them, but Grant got in a prayer-meeting first. He did it so easily that we all dropped on it as if we went to them every night in the week (I haven't been in one for ten years). We sang some hymns; Grant read some verses that screwed into a fellow's conscience—and then he prayed. I tell you, Kate, I never meant to be a 'professor,' but if I could get hold of the sort of religion that man has, I'd go for it. He has a grip on the Almighty that means something. I haven't any use for the gilt-edged religion that prays in plush pews, and don't pay its missionaries (I don't mean you and mother, Katchen), but to know God—to believe—"

But Kate sprang up with a choking sob, "I can't read any more, 'Lizabeth. To think of Jack, dear, darling Jack, wanting to be a Christian, and mamma and I have been praying for that so long—and the first one to make him think is a home missionary—and in debt—and this suit cost me \$100 for making—"

The tears were coming too fast to be held back, and, more afraid of Elizabeth's cool sarcasm than anything else in the world, Kate did not try to finish her sentence, but ran down stairs and disappeared as suddenly as she came. Elizabeth could not go on with her painting that afternoon. The light was still perfect, Kate's call had not been a long one; but, after trying a few half-hearted touches, she put her colours away and dressed for a walk. As she passed through the hall her mother called to her:—

"Elizabeth, are you going shopping?"  
 "I think not this afternoon, mother," she answered, hardly knowing why she felt so unlike anything of the sort. She walked slowly down town in the brilliant sunlight, fighting a battle with her conscience, and strangely at variance with her own self and the beauty of the day.

"Why do they send such people out to those western savages?" she argued, indignantly. "I believe in adaptation of means to ends. Who would think of using a delicate watch spring to move a trip hammer (with an approving mental pat at the metaphor), and cultured people have no right to bury themselves in that way. It's sheer waste."

"But," answered conscience, "a watch spring could carry the electric current which would move a thousand trip hammers, and God did not think it a waste to give His only Son to save sinners. Besides, men like Jack Forbes are not savages."

Elizabeth winced. She knew why Jack had chosen to "bury" himself out in the indefinite, limitless "West. It was a sore point, and she shifted her argument.

"Well, if they do send men and women out there to preach, they have no right to let them freeze and starve. Why don't they pay up their salaries promptly like any respectable business firm? I don't see why everything in Church work should be done in such a shiftless, haphazard way."

"Who make up the Church?" answered conscience, sternly. "Men and women like yourself, and upon each individual member lies the burden of the responsibility. Inasmuch as each one of you has not done his or her duty in this matter, 'ye have not done it unto Me,' and the sin lies at your door. You can not shift the blame upon a 'board, and say 'I am innocent—see ye to it.' What have you done, Elizabeth Day?"

And then, as suddenly as the light flashed upon Saul of Tarsus, God sent an arrow of conviction into her soul. The Sunday before had been the one after Thanksgiving, and for years this day had been chosen, above all others, for the annual Home Mission collection. Usually she had put \$10 on the plate—she prided herself upon her liberality—but she had forgotten it this time, and one solitary dollar bill lay in her purse, with a cheque her father had given her the night before. The pastor has made an especial appeal for the debt of the board. Very tenderly and solemnly he had pressed home God's claims upon the silver and gold of His people, and still more earnestly the honour of being "workers together with Him," and the sacred joy of giving, because He gave Himself for us. Heart and conscience had pleaded together for the cheque that lay snugly in the dainty purse, but she had resisted. She had excellent excuses. "Perhaps father would not like it," and, with the pride which apex humility, "it would look like affectation for me to give \$100, and finally—stiffening her resolution as the plate passed by, enriched with the one dollar bill—"It would be giving for mere impulse, just because I am affected by the sermon."

It all came back to her now, argument, appeal, resistance, with a burning sense of guilt and shame. She walked home, fighting no longer, but crying out for forgiveness and

light. "I have been called a Christian nine years," she thought bitterly, "and I never brought one soul to Jesus, and I never denied myself one single thing to help any one to do it."

From that time a new life began for Elizabeth Day. It was characteristic of her that she was not content with merely giving more money. She gave herself, "soul and body, a living sacrifice," and giving "until she felt it" was only one phase of the rich and manifold developments of spiritual life springing from the full consecration. Life was radiant with a new meaning when painting, study, social duties were all done "as unto the Lord."

And if, as the years run on, she became a leader and worker in every good cause, some of the old interests were crowded out, there could be no regret, for the lesser joys were merged in the infinitely greater—even the "joy of the Lord."—*Woman's Work for Woman.*

AN OAKVILLE MIRACLE.

THE REMARKABLE CASE OF MR. JOHN W. CONDOR

A HELPLESS CRIPPLE FOR YEARS—TREATED BY THE STAFF OF THE TORONTO GENERAL HOSPITAL AND DISCHARGED AS INCURABLE. THE STORY OF HIS MIRACULOUS RECOVERY AS INVESTIGATED BY AN "EMPIRE" REPORTER.

Toronto Empire.  
 For more than a year past the readers of the *Empire* have been given the particulars of some of the most remarkable cures of the nineteenth century, all, or nearly all of them, in cases hitherto held by the most advanced medical scientists to be incurable. The particulars of these cases were vouched for by such leading newspapers as the *Hamilton Spectator* and *Times*, the *Halifax Herald*, *Toronto Globe*, *Le Monde*, *Montreal*; *Detroit News*, *Albany, N. Y. Journal*; *Albany Express* and others, whose reputation placed beyond question the statements made.

Recently rumours have been afloat of a remarkable case in the pretty little town of Oakville, of a young man recovering after years of helplessness and agony. The *Empire* determined to subject the case to the most rigid investigation, and accordingly detailed one of our best reporters to make a thorough and impartial investigation into the case. Acting upon these instructions our reporter went to Oakville, and called upon Mr. John W. Condor, (who it was had so miraculously recovered) and had not long been in conversation with him when he was convinced that the statements made were not only true, but that "the half had not been told." The reporter found Mr. Condor at work in one of the heaviest departments of the Oakville Basket Factory, and was surprised, in the face of what he knew of the case, to be confronted by a strapping young fellow of good physique, ruddy countenance and buoyant bearing. This now rugged young man was he who had spent a great part of his days upon a sick bed, suffering almost untold agony. When the *Empire* representative announced the purpose of his visit, Mr. Condor cheerfully volunteered a statement of his case for the benefit of other sufferers. "I am," said Mr. Condor, "an Englishman by birth, and came to this country with my parents when nine years of age, and at that time was as rugged and healthy as any boy of my age. I am now twenty-nine years of age, and it was when about fourteen years old that the first twinges of inflammatory rheumatism came upon me, and during the fifteen years that intervened between that time and my recovery a few months ago, tongue can hardly tell how much I suffered. My trouble was brought on, I think, through too frequent bathing in the cold lake water. The joints of my body began to swell, the cords of my legs to tighten, and the muscles of my limbs to contract. I became a helpless cripple, confined to bed, and for three months did not leave my room. The doctor who was called in administered preparations of iodide of potassium and other remedies without any material beneficial effect. After some months of suffering I became strong enough to leave the bed, but my limbs were stiffened and I was unfitted for any active vocation. I was then hampered more or less for the following nine years, when I was again forced to take to my bed. This attack was in 1886, and was a great deal more severe than the first. My feet, ankles, knees, legs, arms, shoulders, and in fact all parts of my frame were affected. My joints and muscles became badly swollen, and the disease even reached my head. My face swelled to a great size. I was unable to open my mouth, my jaws being fixed together. I, of course, could eat nothing. My teeth were pried apart and liquid food poured down my throat. I lost my voice, and could speak only in husky whispers. Really I am unable to describe the state I was in during those long weary months. With my swollen limbs drawn by the tightening cords up to my emaciated body, and my whole frame twisted and contorted into indescribable shapes, I was nothing more than a deformed skeleton. For three long weary months I was confined to bed, after which I was able to get up, but was a complete physical wreck, hobbling around on crutches a helpless cripple. My sufferings were continually intense, and frequently when I would be hobbling along the street I would be seized with a paroxysm of pain and would fall unconscious to the ground. During all this time I had the constant attendance of medical men, but their remedies were unavailing. All they could do was to try to build up my system by the use of tonics. In the fall of 1889 and spring of 1890 I again suffered intensely severe attacks, and at last my medical attendant, as a last resort, ordered me to the Toronto General Hospital. I entered the hospital on June 20, 1890, and remained there until September 20 of the same year. But, notwithstanding all the care and attention bestowed upon me while in this institution, no improvement was noticeable in my condition. After using almost every available remedy the hospital doctors—of whom there was about a dozen—came to the conclusion that my case was incurable, and I was sent away, with the understanding that I might remain an outside patient. Accordingly from September, 1890, to the end of January, 1891, I went to the hospital once a week, for examination and treatment. At this stage I became suddenly worse, and once more gained admission to the hospital, where I lay in a miserable suffering condition for two months or more. In the spring of 1891 I returned to Oakville, and made an attempt to do something towards my own support. I was given light work in the basket factory, but had to be conveyed to and from my place of labour in a buggy and

carried from the rig to a table in the works on which I sat and performed my work. In August, 1891, I was again stricken down, and remained in an utterly helpless condition until January, 1892. At this time Mr. James, a local druggist, strongly urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I was prejudiced against proprietary medicines as I had spent nearly all I possessed on numerous highly recommended so-called remedies. I had taken into my system large quantities of different family medicines. I had exhausted the list of liniments, but all in vain, and I was therefore reluctant to take Mr. James' advice. I, however, saw several strong testimonials as to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a blood builder and nerve tonic, and thinking that if I could only get my blood in better condition my general state of health might be improved, I resolved to give Pink Pills a trial. With the courage born of despair I bought a box, but there was no noticeable improvement, and I thought this was like the other remedies I had used. But urged on by friends I continued taking Pink Pills, and after using seven boxes I was rewarded by noticing a decided change for the better. My appetite returned, my spirits began to rise and I had a little freer use of my muscles and limbs, the old troublesome swellings subsiding. I continued the remedy until I had used twenty-five boxes, when I left off. By this time I had taken on considerable flesh, and weighed as much as 160 pounds. This was a gain of sixty pounds in a few weeks. My joints assumed their normal size, my muscles became firmer, and in fact I was a new man. By April I was able to go to work in the basket factory, and now I can work ten hours a day with any man. I often stay on duty overtime without feeling any bad effects. I play base-ball in the evenings and can run bases with any of the boys. Why, I feel like dancing for very joy at the relief from abject misery I suffered so long. Many a time I prayed for death to release me from my sufferings, but now that is all gone and I enjoy health as only he can who suffered agony for years. I have given you a brief outline of my sufferings, but from what I have told, you can guess the depth of my gratitude for the great remedy which has restored me to health and strength."

Wishing to substantiate the truth of Mr. Condor's remarkable story, the *Empire* representative called upon Mr. F. W. James, the Oakville druggist referred to above. Mr. James fully corroborated the statements of Mr. Condor. When the latter had first taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills he was a mere skeleton—a wreck of humanity. The people of the town had long given him up for as good as dead, and would hardly believe the man's recovery until they saw him themselves. The fame of this cure is now spread throughout the section and the result is an enormous sale of the Pink Pills. "I sell a dozen and-a-half boxes of Pink Pills every day," said Mr. James, "and this is remarkable in a town the size of Oakville. And better still they give perfect satisfaction." Mr. James recalled numerous instances of remarkable cures after other remedies had failed. Mr. John Robertson, who lives midway between Oakville and Milton, who had been troubled with asthma and bronchitis for about fifteen years, has been cured by the use of Pink Pills, and this after physicians had told him there was no use doctoring further. Mr. Robertson says his appetite had failed completely, but after taking seven boxes of Pink Pills he was ready and waiting for each meal. He regards his case as a remarkable one. In fact Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are recognized as one of the greatest modern medicines—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 resulting therefrom, diseases depending upon humours in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills restore pale and sallow complexions to the glow of health, and are a specific for all the troubles peculiar to the female sex, while in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excess of whatever nature.

The *Empire* reporter also called upon Mr. J. C. Ford, proprietor of the Oakville Basket Factory, in which Mr. Condor is employed. Mr. Ford said he knew of the pitiable condition Condor had been in for years, and he had thought he would never recover. The cure was evidently a thorough one for Condor worked steadily at heavy labour in the mills and apparently stood it as well as the rest of the employees. Mr. Ford said he thought a great deal of the young man and was pleased at his wondrous deliverance from the grave, and his restoration to vigorous health.

In order to still further verify the statements made by Mr. Condor in the above interview, the reporter on his return to Toronto examined the General Hospital records, and found therein the entries fully bearing out all Mr. Condor had said, thus leaving no doubt that his case is one of the most remarkable on record, and all the more remarkable because it had baffled the skill of the best physicians in Toronto.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and 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.

EDWARD LINLEY, of St. Peter's, C.B., says "that his horse was badly torn by a pitchfork. One bottle of MINARD'S LINIMENT cured him."

Livery stable men all over the Dominion tell our agents that they would not be without MINARD'S LINIMENT for twice the cost.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvellous cures. Treatise and \$2 trial bottle, free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

(From a letter of Marion Harland's, written February 5, 1892.)

"A like quantity of

**Cleveland's**

Baking Powder goes further and does better work than any other of which I have knowledge. It is therefore cheaper."

*Marion Harland*



The Newest Thing used as a Pin is the Bow Knot Pattern, which is proving very popular on the other side of the line, and is also rapidly gaining favour here.

ASK TO SEE IT.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER

PURIFIES AS WELL AS Beautifies the Skin. No other cosmetic will do it.



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 40 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer,

said to a lady of the *hautton* (a patient): "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream as the most beautiful of all the skin preparations.'" One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. FERT T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of anyone selling the same.

For **50** Years **PERRY DAVIS' Pain Killer**

Has demonstrated its wonderful power of **KILLING EXTERNAL and INTERNAL PAIN.** No wonder then that it is found on

- The Surgeon's Shelf
- The Mother's Cupboard
- The Traveler's Valise,
- The Soldier's Knapsack
- The Sailor's Chest
- The Cowboy's Saddle
- The Farmer's Stable
- The Pioneer's Cabin
- The Sportsman's Grip
- The Cyclist's Bundle

ASK FOR THE NEW **"BIG 25c. BOTTLE."**

**Ministers and Churches.**

THE congregation of Ashfield has given a unanimous call to the Rev. John Rose, of Whycomoh, Cape Breton.

THE Rev. John Mackie, M. A., announces a donation of \$1,000 to the Foreign Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church, by a Kingstonian.

ALL communications in reference to the vacancy in First Church, Port Hope, should be addressed to the Rev. James Cleland, Moderator of Session.

THE Rev. Dr. Bryce has succeeded in obtaining three large donations towards the Manitoba College. The sums promised are two \$1,000 and one \$500.

THE Rev. Dr. Sexton, who is now filling the pulpit of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, Washington, will supply the Presbyterian Church, Port Dover, Ontario, during the month of August.

MEMBERS of the congregation of the Glencoe Presbyterian Church assembled at the manse one evening recently and presented their pastor with a purse of \$170 and an address, which was read by Mrs. (Dr.) McIntyre.

MANY friends of Mr. J. Burt Sutherland, long resident of London, Ont., were pleased to see him in Montreal at the General Assembly. He was looking very well, and is still working hard in the interests of the Presbyterian Church.

THE Rev. Dr. Burns, writing to a gentleman in Halifax from Broughty Ferry, Scotland, conveys the pleasing intelligence that he continues to improve in health. The previous Sunday he had gone to church twice, walking there and home again both times.

ON the eve of his departure for the Old Country, Rev. Dr. Smyth, pastor of Calvin Presbyterian Church, Montreal, Que., was presented with a handsome sum of money in gold by the members of his Session at the close of the prayer meeting service.

THE corner-stone of the new Presbyterian church at Verschoyle was laid on the 13th July with the usual ceremonies. Rev. Mr. McGregor was the master of ceremonies, and Messrs. C. Thompson, William Imrie and R. M. Anderson, of Tilsonburg, made speeches.

ON July 10 Rev. Principal MacVicar, of the Montreal Presbyterian College, preached two powerful sermons in Chalmers Church, Guelph, to good congregations, who listened with deep attention to the clear and forcible presentation of the truth by the talented preacher.

AT the last meeting of the Presbytery of Glengarry the Rev. J. S. Burnet resigned the offices of Clerk and Convener of the Home Mission Committee. The Rev. Malcolm MacLennan, of Kirk Hill, was appointed to the former office and the Rev. Arpad Givan to the latter.

EXTENSIVE alterations and repairs have been made on Knox Church, Manitowaning. While the work was being done the congregation met for public worship in the Methodist church, which was kindly placed at their disposal. A neat fence has also been erected around the church grounds.

THE Rev. Hope F. Ross, pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Morris, Manitoba, and well known in Winnipeg, has been in poor health lately, and his medical advisers forbid him to engage in ministerial work for some time. As a result he has handed in his resignation to the Winnipeg Presbytery, and will for the next two years solicit life insurance, having been appointed agent for a first-class company.

ON the occasion of his leaving Beaverton and Gamebridge, the Rev. D. C. Johnson was presented with a purse of upwards of \$200 by the members and adherents of Knox Church, Beaverton, and Mrs. Johnson with a purse of \$80 by the Gamebridge portion of the congregation. In each case the presentation was accompanied by an affectionately-worded address, to which Mr. Johnson briefly replied.

THE Rev. Dr. Laidlaw, pastor of St. Pauls Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, has left on his vacation. He will take his family to relatives near Georgetown, and will then join a party of Americans on a trip to the sea shore. He will be absent for five weeks. For the first three Sundays Mr. Clark, a student, will preach at St. Pauls, and for the last two the pulpit will be occupied by Rev. Dr. Sutherland, of Pittsburg, Pa.

A STRAWBERRY festival under the auspices of the Y. P. S. of C. E. of Knox Church, Elora, was given in Armory Hall on the evening of Tuesday, 5th inst. The luscious fruit found many eager consumers, who remained to participate in the intellectual feast offered later in the evening. Vocal and instrumental music, varied by readings from Mr. Faskin and Mr. Ingall, made up a programme of considerable attractiveness.

THE new Protestant Church at St. Rose, Quebec, is proving a great boon to the summer visitors. Service was held there lately, a hundred chairs having been placed in the building, but they were not sufficient for the worshippers. A Presbyterian minister, who officiates at other points in the district, conducts the services at St. Rose, which are denominational. A number of sturdy Protestant farmers living within a few miles of St. Rose gladly avail themselves of the services at the new church.

THE Rev. Robert Johnston, pastor of St. Andrews Church, Lindsay, was called to preach at Beaverton on Sunday, July 10, and the Rev. Dr. Moffat, of Toronto, secretary of the Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society, ably conducted the services in his absence. In the morning the Doctor explained the nature and extent of the Society's work. In the evening the sermon was chiefly directed to the young people present and was full of practical instruction.

THE members of Dorchester Presbyterian Church met together at the manse on Thursday evening,

the 14th inst., to take a formal farewell of Miss Cook, who has resigned her position as organist and who leaves on Saturday to visit other parts of Canada before returning to Scotland next spring. Since the settlement of her brother as minister in Dorchester she has occupied a prominent place in all good work, and as a mark of respect the members and friends around Dorchester presented her with a handsome gold watch and Albert chain, also a well-filled purse accompanied by a very flattering address.

THE Montreal *Gazette* has the following in reference to Mr. Donald Guthrie, B. A., son of Mr. D. Guthrie, Q. C., M.P.P., Guelph. The new Presbyterian church at St. Lambert was on Sunday opened for divine worship. Services were conducted at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., Mr. Donald Guthrie officiating. Large congregations assembled at both services, that in the morning by actual count numbering 265. Mr. Guthrie preached a thoroughly practical sermon from the text, "And herein I exercise myself to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and toward men." In the afternoon the Sunday school was organized with a good staff of teachers and sixty scholars.

THE large lecture room of the First Presbyterian Church, Victoria, B.C., was filled by the congregation to extend a welcome to their newly-inducted minister, the Rev. Dr. Campbell. The Rev. D. MacRae, of St. Pauls Church, presided, and addresses of congratulation and welcome were made by the Revs. R. Jamieson, New Westminster, Coverdale Watson, Pandora Avenue Methodist Church, P. McF. McLeod, St. Andrews, and A. B. Winchester, Chinese Mission, to which Dr. Campbell replied in a happy-manner, with music and refreshments interspersed. A cordial vote of thanks was tendered to the Rev. D. MacRae for services rendered as Moderator of the Session during the vacancy. Dr. Campbell enters upon his work in Victoria with much promise of useful and successful results.

OWING to continued ill-health the Rev. D. C. Johnson has been compelled to retire from the pastorate of Knox Church, Beaverton, and last Thursday evening, at the prayer meeting, an address expressive of the kind and sympathetic feelings of the congregation was presented to him, accompanied by a purse containing nearly three hundred dollars. The address was signed by Messrs. Daniel Cameron, John Ross and H. Logan, in behalf of the Session and Deacons' Court. In leaving Beaverton Mr. Johnson will be followed by the earnest prayers of the people of his late charge for his early restoration to wanted health; and he also carries with him the cordial good wishes of the general public to whom he had endeared himself by many acts of Christian courtesy. Communications relative to the vacancy should be addressed to Rev. Robert Johnston, B.A., Moderator of the Session.

CANADIAN friends of the Rev. J. McL. Gardner will be pleased to learn of his success in his position of superintendent of the missions in San Jose Presbytery, California. A recent number of the *Occident* has the following reference to him: The work of the young superintendent has acted like an electric thrill on all these mission Churches. Perhaps in no Presbytery on the coast is the work of our Church so prosperous throughout as in that of San Jose. With the skill of good generalship the Home Mission Committee and the superintendent have mastered the situation, and they now control the work in its minutest details at every point over their large mission field. The salary and expenses connected with this mission are met by Mr. David Jacks, an elder in the Church at Monterey, who has been one of the warmest and most helpful friends of the Home Mission in California.

DURING the present month Principal Grant, of Queen's, visited for the first time the valley of the Chateauguay, Province of Quebec. He was greatly pleased with its situation, beauty and fertility. While in the district he preached twice for the Rev. Dr. McDonald, Dundee, and twice for the Rev. J. B. Muir, Huntingdon. Owing to the wet weather the attendance at the services in Dundee was small, but at Huntingdon the audiences were very large, as the day was a fine one. As three clergymen gave up their evening meetings in Huntingdon and vicinity, the congregation in St. Andrews Church in the evening was not only a crowded one, but it was a representative one. The sermons delivered were able, practical and evangelical. Principal Grant also visited Mrs. James McNair, who is in her 110th year. She is a member of Rev. J. B. Muir's congregation. She is hale and hearty.

THE Rev. Mr. Patterson, of Toronto, delivered a lecture one evening recently in the Presbyterian church, Wingham, under the auspices of the teachers of the Sabbath school. Mr. Patterson fairly captivated the Wingham people. The *Times* says: His style is clear, vigorous and manly, commending with all the warmth of his generous nature all that is good, helpful and noble in the teacher or other Christian worker, no matter how humble or obscure his sphere of labour may be, but denouncing in plain, practical and strong terms everything purely selfish, insincere and inconsistent in teacher or preacher. The so-called instructor "who is occupying a place where God does not want him" was described as a "nuisance." "The teacher who takes a glass of wine or offers it to another may be acting within his legal rights, but his conduct and influence in so doing may result in the temporal, moral and eternal ruin of some of his class or congregation."

THE Presbytery of Montreal met on the 19th inst. in Westminster Church Hall, corner of St. James and Cathedral Streets, for the purpose of inducting the pastor, the Rev. M. Stewart Oxley, to his Church, practically a new congregation within the bounds and under the care of the Presbytery. The hall was well filled by members of the congregation and friends of the new enterprise. The officiating ministers were the Rev. James Patterson, Clerk of Presbytery; Rev. A. J. Mowatt, Rev. D. L. McRae, Rev. G. Colborne Heine and Rev. E. Scott. The Rev. Mr. Mowatt presided in the ab-

sence of Rev. Dr. Warden, Moderator of the Session. The Rev. Mr. McRae preached the sermon, the Rev. Mr. Mowatt gave the charge to the minister, and the Rev. Mr. Heine addressed the people. The proceedings were concluded by a social meeting, at which refreshments of ice cream and cake were served, and the congregation separated after a pleasant hour or more of conversation, looking forward to the breaking of ground in the early future of their new church home on Atwater Avenue, near St. Antoine Street.

THE anniversary in connection with St. Andrews Church, Sonya, was held in the beautiful grove belonging to Mr. John McDougall, was a decided success, despite the unfavourable condition of the weather. In the afternoon speeches were delivered by Messrs. McCrae, McLeod, Cummings and others, while the Oakwood brass band more than filled the bill with their choice selections, which they rendered in fine style. It is needless to say anything about the tea, as the ladies of the congregation cannot be surpassed in this direction. It the evening a grand concert was given, consisting of speeches, singing and first-class music furnished by the Sonya choir. On Monday evening, July 4, the Rev. John Neil, B.A., of Toronto, held a large audience spellbound for an hour and a-half while he pictured to them the many places of historic interest which are to be seen around Edinburgh. After the lecture the audience was helped to all kinds of cake. This ended one of the most successful anniversaries ever held in Sonya. Proceeds for tea and concert, \$147.50.

A VERY successful picnic under the auspices of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Knox Presbyterian Church, Portage Du Fort, was held there in Dr. Gaboury's grove, on Friday afternoon, the 15th inst. The weather was all that could be desired, and the speeches of Rev. Messrs. McNab, Beechburg; Nelson, of Bristol; Scott, of Osceola, and Dafeo, Methodist minister of Portage Du Fort, were very much to the point, and listened to with attention. The choirs of Bristol and Portage Du Fort furnished excellent music. Mr. J. M. Kellock, M.A., student missionary in charge of the field, made a very happy chairman. As 15 cents was all the charge for admission to picnic and tea, the \$40 netted make a good showing for the interest taken in the work by the people of the place, and the members of the Society are to be congratulated on this nice little addition to their funds as well as on the quickened interest in missions resulting from the day's proceedings.

A VERY good attendance and an exceedingly pleasant and profitable time at the induction of the Rev. R. M. Phalen, B.A., at the Presbyterian church, Enniskillen, on Tuesday, 5th inst. The Rev. R. D. Fraser, M.A., Moderator of Whitby Presbytery, presided with grace and dignity, and greatly assisted the services by his tact and judicious remarks. The ordination sermon, a good one, was preached by Rev. R. Whiteman, B.A., Port Perry. The ordination was very impressive and solemn, and was conducted by the Moderator, with the following ministers assisting: Revs. Messrs. J. A. McKeen, M.A., R. B. Smith, Ashburn; S. H. Eastman, J.A., Osbawa; J. B. McLaren, Columbus; R. Whiteman, B.A., Port Perry, and the Methodist ministers, Revs. Messrs. R. McCulloch and D. S. Houck, who were kindly invited to participate in the services. The excellent address of advice to the new pastor was delivered by Rev. R. B. Smith, of Ashburn. The address to the people by the Rev. J. A. McKeen, M.A., Orono, was one that will not soon be forgotten by those who had the pleasure of hearing it. It was both witty and extremely practical. The music throughout the service was furnished by the church choir. An enticing repast was supplied by the ladies of the congregation. Rev. Mr. Phalen begins his work under favourable auspices, and all wish him success in the great fight against evil. The new pastors, Rev. Messrs. Phalen and Houck, made a good impression in their services on Sab-

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Beware of Substitutes and Imitations.

bath in their respective churches. We trust the good cause may greatly extend and strengthen under their judicious management.

TUESDAY, June 29, was a red letter day in the history of Quoddy, Halifax County. On that day the Halifax Presbytery held its first meeting there, and the first ordination service was also conducted. Five ministers and one ruling elder met at the church in the evening, but owing to the unfavourable state of the weather only a small audience gathered. Mr. W. Harper Anderson was ordained and set over the people for one year as a missionary. Rev. J. E. Jack presided, Rev. T. H. Murray preached an excellent sermon from Numbers x. 2. Rev. E. Grant addressed the missionary and A. B. Dickie the people. Mr. Anderson is a young man, a native of Aberdeen, Scotland, studied in the university of that town, holding a degree of M.A., and was licensed by the Presbytery of Elgin in June, in connection with the Free Church of Scotland. Quoddy and Moser River is a new congregation organized last November and comprising four preaching stations. Previous to that time these sections were connected with Sheet Harbour and formed one congregation. Twenty three years ago they numbered only twenty-two Church members, but ten years later they reached eighty-four; at present the congregation comprises seventy-five families and 120 communicants, and there is a reasonable prospect of growth.

SONDAY, July 3, will always be a memorable day in the history of Zion Presbyterian Church, Vancouver, B.C. After making an up hill fight for several months, the congregation are at last installed in their own building and will now be able to go forward pursuing the even tenor of their way. Although the exterior is not yet quite complete, the interior is finished, and yesterday was the day chosen for the dedication of the building. Rev. J. K. Smith, of San Francisco, formerly of Brockville, Ont., came up especially to perform the opening ceremonies, and was greeted with large congregations at each of the services. The choir, increased to twenty-six voices by members of the musical branches of other Churches, contributed sweet and appropriate music, while the ladies left nothing undone to make the platform and desk appear beautiful. At the morning service, after having read several passages of Scripture suitable to the occasion, the officiating minister declared the building formally opened for the service and worship of God and implored the blessing of the Deity upon all its members and office bearers and services. He afterwards preached the opening sermon, taking as his text Heb. xii. 27. The destructibility of some and the indestructibility of other things was his theme; he enumerating among the indestructible, (1) the Church of Christ, (2) the Word of God, (3) God's love to the World, (4) the work of the Holy Ghost, and (5) the love of Christ. In the afternoon a platform meeting was held at 3.30. The building was well filled, the time being occupied by the pastors of other Churches in giving short addresses, interspersed with suitable selections by the choir. Those who spoke were Revs. J. K. Smith, J. W. Pedley, R. R. Maitland, G. R. Maxwell, J. Hall, and E. D. McLaren. Rev. Messrs. Betts and Weir were also to speak, but had been called out of town; Rev. H. P. Hobson had written regretting his inability to attend, and expressing his best wishes for the prosperity of the Church. Rev. J. K. Smith preached again in the evening, many adherents of his former Church in Brockville being present.

The Huntington Gleaner has the following: The first anniversary service of the induction of the Rev. Dr. McDonald, who arrived in Dundee on Dominion Day of last year, was inducted on the following day, preached his first sermon on the following Sabbath, the 5th, and who has been gaining in favour with his congregation ever since, was conducted on Sunday, July 3, by no less a personage than Principal Grant, D.D., LL.D., of Queen's

University, Kingston, a very close friend of Dr. McDonald. He preached in the morning from Mark xiv. 6: "She hath wrought a good work on me," and in the evening from Luke ix. 60: "Let the dead bury their dead; but go thou and preach the Kingdom of God." Those who have heard the rev. gentleman, or who have read of him, know that he handles his subjects in an edifying and masterly manner, and on this occasion he sustained his high reputation. He also addressed the Sabbath school in the afternoon in a pleasant, affable, and instructive manner, greatly to the delight of those assembled. On Monday (the glorious fourth over the border), the ladies of Zion Church congregation held their annual picnic, which was to have taken place in Smallman's grove, but the clouds of late have had such a habit of weeping, that even terra firma has softened, is no longer firm, and is unfit for tender soles to tread thereon. In consequence the basement of the church was used. Although the day was fine there was a cold north wind, which made the lee and shady side of a building the most pleasant. There is no need of dilating on the quality of the viands prepared, for the spread was not behind former displays, and was so abundant that I have no doubt the ladies could have supplied a picnic every day the rest of the week. Anyway, they were to have one the following evening. Any outsider who begrudges twenty five cents for the privilege of partaking at such a table, of exchanging fraternal greetings, being present when the young man and maiden exchange shy glances, and listen to good music and the eloquence of learned men, ought to be—put out of the Church. The intellectual part was presided over by the Rev. Dr. McDonald, in the main part of the Church, and surely it was preferable to any grove for such a purpose, for all could be comfortably seated and hear what was said. The Rev. John H. Gardner, of Fort Covington; Mr. Gourlay, who is a student officiating at La Guerre; and George W. Stephens, M. L. A., made short and pleasant addresses, interspersed with music by the choir and songs by Mrs. Jackson, rendered in her best voice and manner. Last, but not least, came the address of Principal Grant, which was in good form and pleasing, touching upon many subjects, religious and political. He does not seem to be in accord with the present policy of the Government so far as the high tariffs concerned. He is a true son of Canada. To him there are other countries, but this country is first. There is no flag that floats like the cross of St. George. He spoke of the number of young men of Nova Scotia who had devoted themselves to the ministry, some of whom went east and some west, and who had studied in Queen's University. Dundee has had her share of these men, the first being John Livingstone, who died here in 1860; John Cameron, who is now in Scotland; Donald Ross, John Martin, and the present incumbent, Dr. McDonald. He stated that he was very much pleased with the Dundee congregation, and he did not think it was a fair weather one, for a goodly number had assembled the day before although it was raining "cats and dogs." Principal Grant is undoubtedly a very pleasant and entertaining speaker, and it was a treat to listen to his sayings. There would have been a larger meeting had it not been for the bad weather. A letter from Mr. Scriver, M. P., was read, regretting his inability to attend, and which contained a very liberal donation. With the donation from the two members the ladies will realize about \$125. There was every indication that the Rev. Dr. McDonald is quite a popular pastor of Zion Church. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in Zion Church, Dundee, on the second Sabbath of July, when twenty-six new members were received into full communion. This is the largest number ever received at any one time in the history of the congregation. The minister's Bible class now numbers 103.

PRESBYTERY OF HAMILTON. The Presbytery met on July 9. Arrangements were made for the ordination of Rev. C. A. Webster, M.D., as missionary to the Jews in Palestine. It is fixed for Thursday, the 28th inst., at eight p.m., in Central Church, Hamilton. The standing committees for the year were appointed. A call from St. Enoch's Church, Toronto, to Rev. John Young, of Niagara Falls South, was accepted. In reluctantly agreeing to the translation, the Presbytery put on record an expression of their great regard for Mr. Young and their high estimate of the work done by him, and their sense of the great loss which the cause of the Church must suffer in that section of country by his removal.—JOHN LAING, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF ORANGEVILLE. This Presbytery met at Grand Valley on the 5th inst., Rev. D. C. Hossack, M.A., LL.B., Moderator, in the chair. Elders commissions were received on behalf of Messrs. Robert Philip, Grand Valley; Hugh Carson, Alton, and A. Steele, M.A., Orangeville. The Moderator's term of office having expired, Mr. T. T. Johnston, of Maple Valley, was appointed for the ensuing six months. Mr. Crozier reported that he had organized a congregation at Vanatter to be known as "Vanatter Presbyterian Church," with the names of twenty-eight members on the roll. Mr. Crozier further reported that he had met with the people of Knox Church, Caledon, Vanatter and Waldemar, with a view to moderating in a call, but they decided that they were not prepared to proceed. Mr. Johnston was given liberty to moderate in a call in the Osprey charge. The Presbytery decided to hold its next regular meeting at Orangeville on September 13, at half-past ten a.m. A conference was held in the evening, when a full house listened with pleasure and profit to addresses delivered by Messrs. Fowle, Johnston and Wilson.—H. CROZIER, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF PARIS. The regular quarterly meeting of this Presbytery was held in Knox Church, Woodstock, July 12. The Rev. W. S. McTavish, B.D., was appointed Moderator for the ensuing twelve months. The Presbytery entered into consideration of Mr. A. K. Caswell's resignation of the pastoral charge of Windham Centre and Waterford. Mr. R. G. Sinclair reported that he

had served the citation and met with the congregation. Resolutions adopted by Windham and endorsed by Waterford were read expressing attachment to Mr. Caswell and desiring to retain him, but not opposing his personal wish if he still desired to be released. Messrs. McKnight and Hendry, commissioners from the congregation, were heard. Mr. Caswell was also heard and still adhered to his resignation, which on motion made was accepted, and Mr. Sinclair was appointed to declare the pulpit vacant on the last Sabbath of July, and act as Moderator of the Session during the vacancy. Leave of absence from his pulpit on account of ill health was granted to Mr. D. M. Beattie for three months with an expression of the Presbytery's sympathy with him in his affliction and the hope of his speedy recovery. The next meeting is to be held in Paris, October 11.—W. T. M. MOLLER, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF PIERREBOROUGH. This Presbytery met on the 5th July. There were present fifteen ministers and six elders. A call to Millbrook and Garden Hill was sustained on behalf of Rev. J. A. Bloodsworth, a minister without charge, and provisional arrangements made for his induction. The call was signed by 142 members and sixty three adherents. There was a promise of stipend of \$900 without manse, to be paid in half-yearly instalments. Mr. Jones, of First Port Hope congregation, tendered the resignation of his pastoral charge on the ground that he had accepted of a call to a congregation in his native town, Westchester, Penn. Under the circumstances the congregation made no opposition to the acceptance of his resignation. On motion of Mr. Carmichael, seconded by Mr. Hay, the following resolution was adopted: "That the Presbytery accept of the resignation of Mr. Jones to take effect after the first Sabbath in August, express regret at losing one who has proved himself so efficient as a worker in the vineyard of Christ, deeply sympathize with the congregation in its great loss and would commend them to the care of Him who will watch over them in their emergencies." Mr. Cleland was appointed to be Moderator of Session during the vacancy. The next meeting was appointed to be held in the hall of the First Church, Port Hope, on the 20th September at nine o'clock a.m. Arrangements were made for visiting the several mission fields before next meeting. Mr. Hyde was appointed to visit Chandos and Burleigh; Mr. Anderson, Harvey; and Mr. Torrance, Haliburton and Minden.—WILLIAM BENNETT, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF WHITBY. This Presbytery met on the 5th of July at Enniskillen and ordained and inducted Mr. R. M. Phalen, of Queen's College, over the united congregations of Enniskillen and the two Cartwrights. The meeting was very harmonious and the field is a promising one to a minister who is willing to do some hard work. The Presbytery met again on the 19th in Oshawa, the Rev. R. D. Fraser, Moderator. Elders' commissions were given in and the roll made up. The Convener of the Home Mission Committee reported that the Presbytery was now filled up—there was no vacant congregation in it. The treasurer laid his book on the table and the auditors reported that they had examined the vouchers and found them correct, there being a balance on hand of \$107. Mr. Eastman was thanked for his diligence. According to the recommendation of the Finance Committee, the assessment for the current year would be at the rate of five cents per member. The question was raised, what is the allowance of the Presbytery to its commissioners for travelling expenses to the meetings of the Assembly? The answer was given by a hearty vote from the residence of the commissioner to the residence allotted to him in the place of the meeting of the Assembly. The treasurer was ordered to pay the travelling expenses of the commissioners to the last General Assembly. The Convener of the standing committees for the current year are: Home Missions, Mr. Abraham, Sabbath School, J. B. McLaren; State of Religion, Mr. Leslie; Systematic Benevolence and Statistics, Mr. Eastman; Sabbath Observance, Mr. Chisholme; Temperance, Mr. Perrin. Mr. Fraser informed the Presbytery that Mr. Adam Spenser, whose name was on the roll of ministers without charge, was suddenly removed by death on the eve of the 18th day of June last. Mr. Spenser had been the minister of St. Andrews Church, Darlington, for several years, but on the 17th day of July, 1883, the pastoral relation was dissolved. He has since been living within the bounds of this Presbytery; his sudden death is a solemn warning to us all—it tells us to work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work. Other matters of minor importance were despatched and the Presbytery adjourned to meet in Port Perry on the third Tuesday of October, at 11 o'clock a.m. A committee was appointed to make arrangements for holding a conference on the eve preceding the meeting.—A. A. DRUMMOND, Pres. Clerk.

OBITUARY.

F. McCALLUM, JR., CHOUVEN.

In the course of his sermon at the regular service in the Presbyterian Church, recently, the pastor Rev. J. Hay, B. D., made the following obituary reference:—

It is my painful task this morning to refer to the loss sustained by this congregation in the death of the chairman of the Board of Managers. Those who saw him daily for the past six months could see that his health was failing, but all were surprised and grieved to learn how suddenly at the last the summons came calling him away. As the church bell tolled the hour of evening service on Sabbath, July 3, he passed "into the rest that remaineth for the people of God." Born in the congregation, his whole life was identified with the church—as a boy at the Sunday school, as a member of the choir, and for many years as an upright and consistent member in full communion.

The estimation in which his fellow-members held him was shown by their election of him as a manager for many years, and his brethren on the Board

chose him as their chairman. The congregation elected him to the eldership which, however, he did not see his way clear to accept, being willing to do all in his power for the congregation as a member of the Board.

It can be well said of our departed brother that in all the history of the congregation since he had any share in its life and work, he has always been faithful to its best interest and that every pastor who has ministered to this congregation for the past forty years found in him a warm and sterling friend. He was respected and honoured by his town-men, deeply beloved by his wife and family to whom he was greatly devoted, faithful and uniformly kind to all his friends. Those who knew him best loved him most. He was willing to aid any good cause and always ready to help in the advancement of the Church of Christ. Many a quiet act and kind deed done for others in their time of need showed the unobtrusive and Christian spirit of our deceased friend. Such a life as he lived finished while yet in the days of natural strength calls upon us "to do with our might what our hands find to do, to work while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work." In so far as he followed Christ let us follow him. Let us strive to live the life of faith in Jesus. There is no preparation for death equal to or to be compared to a consistent godly life. May such be the lesson borne home to our hearts by the Spirit of the Lord. Could our loved ones speak to us would they not say: "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh. We commend to God our Father, the sorrowing family and relatives, and pray that the sympathy of Jesus, Christ and the consolation of the Comforter may enable them to say: "Thy will be done, for "blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."



Willie Tillbrook  
Son of

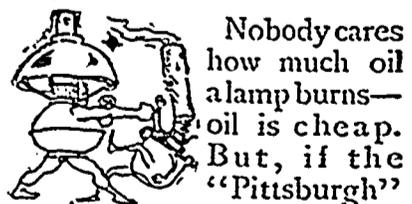
Mayor Tillbrook

of McKeesport, Pa., had a Scrofula bunch under one ear which the physician lanced and then it became a running sore, and was followed by erysipelas. Mrs. Tillbrook gave him

Hood's Sarsaparilla

the sore healed up, he became perfectly well and is now a lively, robust boy. Other parents whose children suffer from impure blood should profit by this example.

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Nobody cares how much oil a lamp burns—oil is cheap. But, if the "Pittsburgh" burns less oil and gives more light than any other central-draft lamp, we all care; and we care a good deal; for it shows that the other lamps evaporate oil without burning it, while the "Pittsburgh" burns it.

Besides, the "Pittsburgh" is easy to manage; the others are not. The "Pittsburgh" is clean by habit; the others are foul by habit—they have dirt-pockets, every one of them. Send for a primer.

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How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfeeling, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

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### British and Foreign.

THE Rev. Dr. Gloag's resignation has been accepted by Selkirk Presbytery.

THE Rev. J. Kater, of Hamilton, has been elected to the Church at Bathgate.

THE Rev. Colin Nicol, of Branchory, has accepted the call to Clydebank, Dumbarton.

THE Queen laid the foundation-stone the other week of the new garrison church at Aldershot.

THE Rev. John McNeill will spend August at Bracmar, taking the regular services of the Fice Church.

THE Rev. J. A. Bain, M. A., late minister of First Raphoe, has been installed to the pastorate of the Church at Westport.

THE total missionary income of the Irish General Assembly for the past year, excluding the Female Association, was \$148,670.

OPEN-AIR meetings at Fenaghy, near Ballymena, have been held, having commenced recently. Rev. John McNeill is among the speakers.

PROFESSORS BLAIKIE AND DODS conducted the afternoon and evening anniversary services respectively in M'Crrie-Roxburgh Church, Edinburgh, on a recent Sabbath.

THE Rev. Samuel McComb, of Armagh, formerly of Reading, has accepted a call to Elmwood, Belfast, as successor to the late Dr. Murphy, formerly of Church Hill.

THE Rev. Thomas J. Pattison, of Kinnettles, has been presented with a gold watch by Forfar Presbytery and friends in the town on the occasion of his ministerial jubilee.

THE Hospital Sunday Fund in London amounts to about \$120,000 this year. Sir Savile Crossley, M. P., who sent \$5,000 last year, has given the same munificent sum again.

DR. WALTER C. SMITH is the preacher this month at Interlaken; Dr. Wallace, of Hamilton, will be at Lucerne, and Rev. W. Affleck, B. D., of Auchtarmachty, at Zermatt.

MR. JAMES C. BUCHANAN, M. A., lately assistant in Lansdowne Church, and son of the U. P. Church Foreign Secretary, has received a unanimous call to the West Church, Linlithgow.

THE C. H. Spurgeon Memorial Fund has now reached the sum of about \$32,500. All donations should be addressed to the treasurers, Memorial Fund, Metropolitan Tabernacle, London.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER hopes that the intensified despotism displayed in the Russian measures against the Jews will end in a catastrophe breaking up into half-a-dozen kingdoms that great barbarian empire.

THE Glasgow betting agents, believing that the new law applies only to pedestrians who are loitering, are driving about the streets in waggonettes, into which their customers enter for a few minutes to effect their bets.

GREENOCK Presbytery was addressed recently by Messrs. M'Alpine and Tudhope, two students from Glasgow University, on the subject of the foreign mission movement, and it was agreed to bring the matter before the congregations.

EDINBURGH Presbytery has appointed a committee to enquire into the Sabbath arrangements of the police, and to co-operate with the Free Presbytery's Sabbath Observance Committee in obtaining an alteration of them if the facts warrant interference.

At a meeting of Rigg of Greta U. P. congregation to elect a minister an equal number of votes were given to Rev. James Drummond, late of Dundee, and Rev. D. S. Brown, probationer, Edinburgh. The Moderator, therefore, declared that there was no election.

A VOICE of sympathy has been passed by Dingwall Presbytery with Rev. M. Macaskill over his treatment in the Assembly. He stated that the attack had been premeditated, a gentleman having heard of the matter at a hotel dinner table in Edinburgh several days before.

HADDINGTON ABBEY, after having undergone extensive renovation, was re-opened recently by Rev. Dr. MacGregor, of Edinburgh. The services on Sabbath were conducted by Rev. Dr. Macleod, of Govan, Rev. Mr. Grant, of Edinburgh, and Rev. Dr. Tulloch, of Glasgow.

THE Rev. George Clarke Love, B. D., son of the late Rev. Joseph Love, of Killletter, county Tyrone, and successor to his father in the pastorate of the Church, having emigrated and being for some time in charge of the Church in Dimboold, Victoria, has been called to Strathalbyn, Adelaide, South Australia.

DON'T LOSE THE BABY.—Every mother knows how critical a time the second summer is, and how many little ones die during that period from Summer Complaint, Dysentery, Diarrhoea, and Cholera-Morbus; and how anxiously she watches day by day, lest the dread disease snatch away the loved ones! There is no disease that comes so suddenly, or is frequently so quickly fatal, as these Bowel Complaints, and in a large majority of cases doctors and medicines seem to be of no avail. There is, however, one remedy, which in forty years of trial has never been known to fail when taken according to the printed directions, and this is PERRY DAVIS' PAIN KILLER. It is so safe and sure that no mother is justified in being without it. A bottle in the house ready for sudden sickness will often save a life. You can get the new Big Bottle for 25c.

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Generally comes like a thief in the night. It may attack your child at any hour. Are you prepared for it? Ayer's Cherry Pectoral gives speedy relief in this disease. It is also the best medicine for colds, coughs, hoarseness, sore throat, and all disorders of the breathing apparatus, is prompt in its action and pleasant to the taste. Keep it in the house. C. J. Woolriddle, Wortham, Texas, says: "One of my children had croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night, I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it strangling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the little sufferer's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicines it had taken, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life."

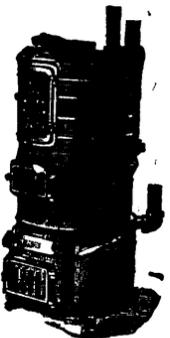
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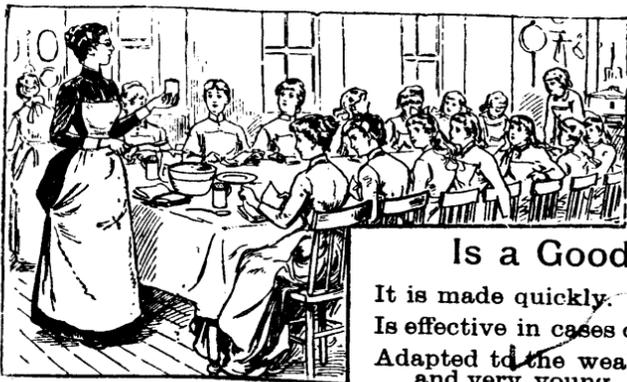
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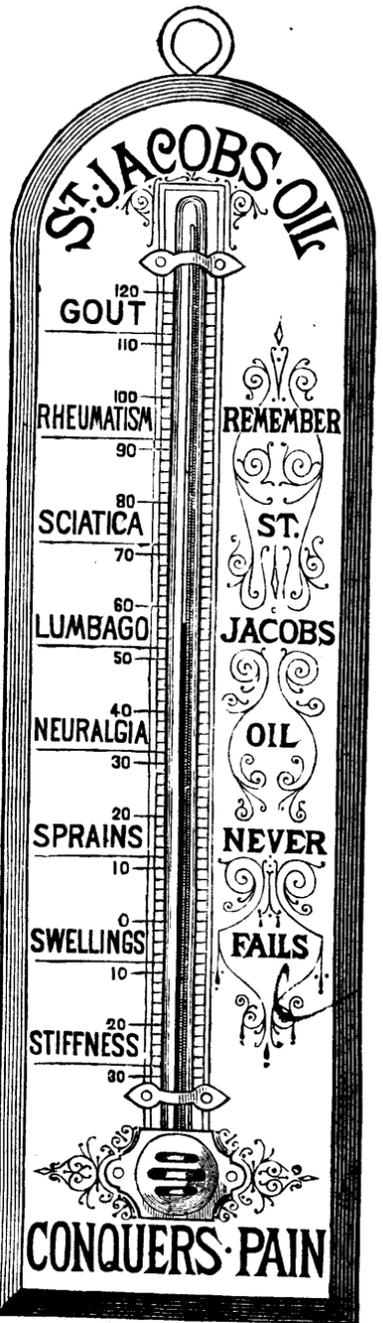
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Miscellaneous.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

GUELPH.—In Knox Church, Guelph, on Tuesday, 20th September, at 10.30 o'clock, a.m.
HURON.—In Brucefield, on the 13th September, at 10.30 a.m.
LINDSAY.—At Sunderland, Tuesday, August 30, at 11 a.m.
LONDON.—The Presbytery of London will meet in Knox Church, St. Thomas, on Monday, 12th September, at 2 p.m., for Conference, and on Tuesday morning, 13th September, for business. Elders' Commissions and Session Records examined.
MAITLAND.—At Wingham, on Tuesday, September 13th, at 11.15 a.m.
MONTREAL.—In Presbyterian College, Montreal, Tuesday, September 6, at 10 a.m.
OWEN SOUND.—In Division St. Hall, Owen Sound, Tuesday, September 27, at 10 a.m.
QUEBEC.—In Chalmers Church, Richmond, August 30, at 4 p.m.
TORONTO.—In St. Andrew's Church West, on Tuesday, August 2, at 10 a.m.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, 25 CENTS.

MARRIED.

At the Presbyterian Manse, on Tuesday, June 28th, Rev. T. Nattress, Ezra, son of Mr. Alfred Pufford, Rutliven, to Mary, only daughter of Mr. C. H. Kemp, of Amherstburg.
On July 2nd, at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. Dr. Wardrope, Guelph, assisted by the Rev. D. M. Buchanan, Georgetown, J. Gordon Sutherland, M.D., to Helen, daughter of the late Jas. Lindsay, Esq., Limehouse, Ont.
At No. 134 Duke street, on Saturday, the 5th inst., by the father of the bride, John A. L. Richmond, of Berlin, Ont., to Wilhelmina Fordyce (Minnie), daughter of Rev. John Gauld.

DIED.

On the 21st July, at his residence, 537 Jarvis street, Toronto, Henry Kent, in his 67th year.

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SUMMER SESSION — 1/4 APRIL 1st to AUGUST 31st.

Staff for 1893

REV. JOHN M. KING, D.D., Principal—New Testament Exegesis and Biblical Theology.
REV. A. B. BAIRD, B. D.—Hebrew: Introduction and Church History.
REV. WILLIAM McLAREN, D.D. (Knox College, Toronto)—Systematic Theology.
REV. JOHN SCRIMGER, D.D. (Presbyterian College, Montreal)—Old Testament Exegesis.
REV. R. Y. THOMSON, B.D. (Knox College, Toronto)—Apologetics.
REV. PETER WRIGHT, B.D., Portage la Prairie, will give a course of Lectures on Homiletics and Church Government.
PRINCIPAL GRANT, D.D. (Queen's University) will give a course of Lectures should circumstances permit.

ARTS DEPARTMENT

Will open on October 1st, and continue until May 24th.

AUCTION SALE OF TIMBER BERTHS.

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS. (WOODS AND FORESTS BRANCH.) TORONTO, 27th June, 1892.

NOTICE is hereby given, that under Order in Council, Timber Berths as hereunder in the Nipissing, Algoma, Thunder Bay and Rainy River Districts, viz. in Biggar, Butt, Finlayson, Hunter, McCraney, McLaughlin, Paxton, Peck, and the northerly portion of Berth Forty-nine, lying South and West of the Wahnapitae Lake, all in the Nipissing District. The Townships of Lumsden and Morgan, and a small portion of territory lying North and West of Pogomosing Lake, in the Algoma District; Berths One and Seven, Thunder Bay District; and Eleven, Twenty-seven, Thirty-six, Thirty-seven, Sixty-four, Sixty-five, Sixty-six, Sixty-seven, Sixty-eight and Sixty-nine, Rainy River District. Will be sold at Public Auction on

THURSDAY, THE THIRTEENTH DAY OF OCTOBER NEXT, AT ONE O'CLOCK P.M., AT THE DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS, TORONTO.

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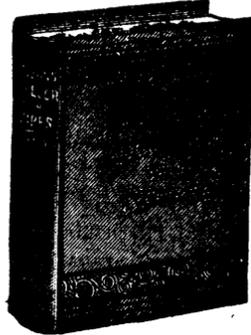
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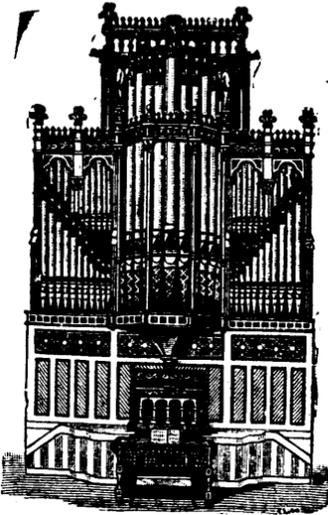
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