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Sabbath School Presbyterian.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

In parcels of twenty, and over, 15 cents per year.

Golden Hours for the Young.

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In parcels of twenty, and over, 15 cents per year.

The SABBATH SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN has been received with increased favor during the year, although there are still very many schools in which no copies are taken. It is encouraging to know that the patrons of the paper look with approval upon the efforts made to provide such a publication; and we bespeak largely increased orders for the coming year—promising, on our part, to make the paper more attractive than ever to our young folks.

GOLDEN HOURS, started in January last, will be continued; but as an entirely distinct publication. In reading matter and illustrations it will be quite different from the SABBATH SCHOOL PRESBYTERIAN, so that, if desired, the two papers may be given out to the same scholar alternately—thus forming a fortnightly issue.

PLEASE NOTE!

Superintendents and teachers will oblige us much by sending in their orders for 1879 as early as possible, so that we may know how many copies to print of the January number.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Presbyterian Sabbath School Convention, for the County of Huron, will be held in Blyth on the 4th of February.

GREECE has resolved to negotiate directly with the Turkish Government, with a view to the settlement of the boundary question, without permitting any third party to interfere.

THE Toronto "Christian Guardian" has entered on its fiftieth or "Jubilee" year of publication. The opening editorial in this week's issue is written by its first editor, Dr. Ryerson.

PROBATIONERS corresponding with Rev. J. R. Scott, Clerk of the Lindsay Presbytery, will please address to Cambray post-office, not Manilla as in printed paper of distribution.

IN the Greenock U. P. Presbytery the Rev. David

Macrae has denounced the proposed "Declaratory Act" as an attempt to preserve an appearance of consistency, and to justify the retention of the Westminster standards by devices essentially Jesuitical."

CANDIDATES for appointment in the English civil service were asked at a recent examination to "give a full account of Dryden's conversion to popery." A row has been made over the wording of the question as objectionable, on the ground of its implied leaning toward religious intolerance.

WE have received a report of the proceedings of the Presbytery of Toronto at its meeting on the 19th ult.; but as the only business transacted at that meeting was that connected with the translation of Rev. Dr. Robb, and as our editorial on the subject in last week's issue covered the whole ground, we deem it unnecessary to publish the report.

WE direct attention to Principal MacVicar's urgent appeal in behalf of the French Evangelization Scheme, which our readers will find in another column of this issue. The work, we needly scarcely say, is most important as well as very interesting, and cannot be carried on without money. We trust the response to this appeal will be such as to render unnecessary any reduction in the number of missionaries employed by Board.

THE tendency in the markets on which the great manufacturing industries of Britain depend is still downward. A reduction of wages has taken place in almost every branch of trade. Some large establishments have stopped work entirely; others are working short time; and on the whole the out-look of the British workman is more discouraging than it has been for many years. Tidings of distress also reach us from Switzerland and other manufacturing countries.

LIQUOR-DRINKING Scotland has been told a blunt truth by the Lord Provost of Glasgow: that the loss of £5,000,000 which has fallen on the shareholders of the City of Glasgow Bank represents but its six months' expenditure for strong drink. He then indicates to his countrymen who are devising means to relieve the calamity, that they could wipe it off by reducing their liquor bills one-half for a year. What if they should make a clean sweep, and with heroic self-sacrifice give up the other half!

"ECONOMY is the order of the day in England," writes a London correspondent of the New York "Times." "If you go to the great co-operative stores of London you find that the provision departments are the chief quarters of business. Among the upper middle classes extravagant dinner parties are dropping out of fashion. Men who a few years ago would not have been seen on the railway in anything but a first-class carriage, now ride in a second; men who used to ride second now ride third. We are all economizing."

THE flight of Shere Ali has, we suppose, virtually ended the Afghan war. That self-same transaction has however increased the difficulty of concluding a definite peace. There is nobody with whom to treat. The state is disorganized. And the British officials must either take each district of the country by itself, and each party in that district by itself, and eat salt

with every petty Khan that can raise a hundred men; or else they must take the government into their own hands, appoint a ruler, and support him in his administration.

A STRIKING illustration of the value of littles is in the following facts. The United States Government issued a fractional currency—"stamps," from five cents to fifty. The little bits of paper have been so carelessly handled that about \$16,000,000 worth have been destroyed! A five lost here, a ten there—and the aggregate of many millions is reached. The loss is so much gain to the treasury. The Halifax "Witness" wishes the lesson of the "power of littles" implied in this fact would be borne in mind. "We are individually far too careless about fractions of money, of time, of property. Our Church finance requires to be re-organized on the basis of caring for and gathering carefully the minutest gift of the poor as well as the large offerings of the rich."

THE Rev. James Chalmers Burns, M.A., of Kirkliston, who, it will be recollected, visited this country a few years ago as a delegate from the Free Church of Scotland, along with the Rev. Mr. Wilson of Edinburgh, has been nominated by the Commission of the Free Church, as moderator of its next General Assembly. Mr. Burns, who is a son of the late Rev. Mr. Burns, minister of Brechin, and a nephew of the late Rev. Dr. Burns of this city, studied for the ministry under Dr. Chalmers, was for six years minister of the Scotch Church, London Wall, and has since the disruption been minister of the Free Church at Kirkliston. Although occupying a comparatively limited sphere, he is well known throughout the Church as a sound and able theologian, and has always taken a deep interest in the Jewish and Continental missions of the Free Church. Mr. Burns is also a brother-in-law of the late Rev. Dr. Guthrie.

THE annual meeting of Manitoba College, Winnipeg, was held on the evening of the 13th ult. There were present: Rev. Dr. Black, chairman; Rev. W. Ross, Boyne; Rev. A. Matheson, Little Britain; Rev. J. Scott, Emerson; Rev. A. Campbell, Rockwood; Rev. A. Cameron, C. P. R.; Rev. J. Douglas, Morris; Rev. A. Bell, Portage la Prairie; Rev. H. McKellar, High Bluff; the Presbyterian ministers of the city, and a number of laymen, with a few ladies. After opening exercises the Rev. Mr. Ross gave an address on the subject, "Classics, as affording mental discipline." Rev. Mr. Douglas introduced a new feature into the annual exercises by reading a scholarly and able paper on the "Invisible State." Rev. Prof. Hart read the Senate Report. It showed among other things that one student of the college had during the past year passed the previous examination of the University of Manitoba; six others had passed the preliminary examination, two of whom had been granted a supplementary examination in mathematics; two students had completed their term in theology, one of whom had been advanced; the other is taking an extra session in Knox College, Toronto; one student had entered Victoria College, Cobourg, and one the Trinity Medical School, Toronto. Rev. Prof. Bryce presented the Dufferin silver and bronze medals to the successful candidates. Rev. A. Bell gave an eloquent address on the principle of "Compensation," and short addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Robertson and Scott.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

"A TIME TO DANCE."

A worthy clergyman who had been suspected of having improperly interfered in influencing some of the young people under his pastoral care to absent themselves from a ball that took place in that parish, received in consequence the following anonymous note:

SIR,—Obey the voice of Scripture. Take the following for your text, and contradict it. Show in what consists the evil of that innocent amusement of dancing—"A time to weep and a time to laugh, a time to mourn and a time to dance." (Ecc. iii. 4.)—A TRUE CHRISTIAN BUT NO HYPOCRITE.

The minister wrote the following admirable reply, which he inserted in a periodical publication.

MY DEAR SIR (or Madam):—Your request that I would preach from Ecc. iii. 4, I can not comply with at present, since there are some Christian duties more important than dancing, which a part of my people seem disposed to neglect. Whenever I perceive, however, that the duty of dancing is too much neglected, I shall not fail to raise a warning voice against so dangerous an omission. In the meantime there are certain difficulties in the text which you recommend to my notice, the solution of which I should receive with gratitude from "a true Christian." My first difficulty respects the *time* for dancing; for although the text declares that there is "a time to dance," yet when that time is it does not determine. Now this point I want to ascertain exactly, before I preach upon the subject; for it would be as criminal, I conclude, to dance at the wrong time, as to neglect to dance at the right time. I have been able to satisfy myself, in some particulars, when it is *not* "a time to dance." We shall agree, I presume, that on the Sabbath day, or at a funeral, or during the prevalence of a pestilence, or the roaring of a thunderstorm, it would be no time to dance. If we were condemned to die, and were waiting in prison the day of execution, this would be no time for dancing, and if our feet stood on a slippery place beside a precipice, we should not care to dance.

But, suppose the very day to be ascertained is the whole day, or only a part, to be devoted to this amusement? and if a part of the day only, then which part is "the time to dance?" From the notorious evil effects of "night meetings," in all ages, both upon morals and health, not one will pretend that the evening is "the time to dance," and perhaps it may be immaterial which portion of the day is devoted to that amusement. But allowing the time to be ascertained, there is still an obscurity in the text. Is it a *command* to dance or only a *permission*? Or is it merely a declaration of the fact that, as men are constituted, there is a time when all the events alluded to in the text do come to pass? If the text be a *command*, is it of universal obligation? and must "old men and maidens, young men and children," dance obedience? If a *permission*, does it not imply a permission also to *refrain* from dancing, if any were so disposed? Or if the text be merely that there is a time when men do dance, and there is a time when they die, then I might as well be *requested* to take the first eight verses of the chapter, and show in what consists the evil of those innocent practices of hating, and making war, and killing men, for which, it seems, "there is a time"—as well as for dancing. There is still another difficulty in the text, which just now occurs to me. What *kind* of dancing does the text intend? for it is certainly a matter of no small consequence to "a true Christian" to dance in a scriptural way, as well as at the scriptural time. Now, to avoid mistakes on a point of such importance, I have consulted every passage in the Bible which speaks of dancing; the most important of which permit me to submit to your inspection.

"And Miriam the prophetess, the sister of Aaron, took a timbrel in her hand; and all the women went out after her, with timbrels and with dances." (Exod. xv. 20.) This was on account of the overthrow of the Egyptians in the Red Sea.

"The daughter of Jephthah came out to meet him with timbrels and with dances" (Judges xi. 34.) This also was on account of a victory over the enemies of Israel.

"The yearly feast in Shiloh was a feast unto the Lord, in which the daughters of Shiloh went forth in dances" (Judges xxi. 21.) This was done as an act of religious worship.

"And David danced before the Lord with all his

might." But the irreligious Michal "came out to meet David, and said, 'How glorious was the king of Israel to-day, who uncovered himself in the eyes of the handmaids, of his servants, as one of the vain fellows shamelessly uncovereth himself'" (2 Sam. vi. 14-20.)

Dancing, it seems, was a *merit* *rite*, and was usually performed by women. At that day, it was perverted from its sacred use by none but "vain fellows" destitute of shame. David vindicates himself from her irony, by saying, "It was before the Lord;" admitting that, had this *not* been the case, her rebuke would have been merited.

On account of the victory of Saul and David over the Philistines, "the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing." (1 Sam. xvii. 6.) "Let them praise His name in the dance." (Ps. cxlix. 3.)

"Thou hast turned for me my mourning into dancing." (Ps. xxx. 11.) The deliverance here spoken of was a recovery from sickness, and the dancing an expression of religious gratitude and joy.

"As soon as he came nigh to the camp he saw the calf and the dancing." (Exod. xxxii. 19.) From this it appears that dancing was a part, also, of idol worship.

"O virgin of Israel, thou shalt again be adorned with thy tabrets, and go forth in the dances of them that make merry." (Jer. xxxi. 4.) This passage predicts the return from captivity, and the restoration of divine favor, with the consequent expression of religious joy.

"We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced; we have mourned unto you, and ye have not lamented." (Matt. xi. 17.) That is, neither the judgments nor the mercies of God produce any effect upon this incorrigible generation. They neither mourn when they are called to mourning by His providence, nor rejoice with the usual tokens of joy when His mercies demand their gratitude. "Now his elder son was in the field, and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard music and dancing." (Luke xi. 25.) The return of the prodigal was a joyful event, for which the grateful father, according to the usages of the Jewish Church, and the exhortations of the Psalmist, praised the Lord in the dance. "A time to mourn and a time to dance." (Ecc. iii. 4.) Since the Jewish Church knew nothing of dancing, except as a religious ceremony, or as an expression of gratitude and praise, the text is a declaration that the providence of God sometimes demands mourning and sometimes gladness and gratitude.

But when Herod's birthday was kept, the daughter of Herodias danced before them, and pleased Herod." In this case dancing was perverted from its original object to purposes of vanity and ostentation.

"Wherefore do the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power? They send forth their little ones like a flock, and their children dance. They spend their days in wealth, and in a moment go down to the grave. Therefore they say unto God, Depart from us, for we desire not the knowledge of Thy ways. What is the Almighty, that we should serve Him? and what profit shall we have, if we pray unto Him?" (Job xxi. 7-15.) Their wealth and dancing are the reason of their saying to God, "Depart from us," and of their not desiring the knowledge of His ways, or of serving Him, or of praying to Him.

From the preceding quotations it will sufficiently appear:

1. That dancing was a religious act both of the true and also of idol worship.
2. That it was practised exclusively on joyful occasions, such as national festivals or great victories.
3. That it was performed by maidens only.
4. That it was performed usually in the daytime, in the open air, in highways, fields and groves.
5. That men who perverted dancing from a sacred use to purposes of amusement were deemed infamous.
6. That no instances of dancing are found upon record in the Bible in which the two sexes unite in the exercise, either as an act of worship or amusement.
7. That there is no instance upon record of social dancing for amusement, except that of the "vain fellows" devoid of shame; of the irreligious families described by Job, which produced increased impiety, and ended in destruction, and of Herodias, which terminated in the rash vow of Herod and the murder of John the Baptist.

I congratulate you, sir, on the assured hope which you seem to have attained that you are "a true

Christian," and on the meekness and modesty with which you have been enabled to express it; and most sincerely do I join with you in the condemnation of all hypocrites. I am, etc.

THE HILLS OF THE LORD.

He hath made them the haunt of beauty,
The home elect of His grace;
He spreadeth his mornings on them,
His sunsets light their face.

His winds bring messages to them,
Wild storm-news from the main;
They sing it down to the valleys,
In the love-song of the rain.

They are nurseries for young rivers,
Nests for His flying cloud,
Homesteads for new-born racos,
Masterful, free and proud.

The people of tired cities
Come up to their shrines and pray:
God frothens again within them,
As He passes by all day.

—Gannet.

THE STREAMLET AND THE POOL.

A minister of Philadelphia in illustrating the blessedness of cultivating a liberal spirit, uses this beautiful figure:

"See," he says, "that little fountain yonder—away yonder in the distant mountain, shining like a thread of silver through the thick copse, and sparkling like a diamond in its healthful activity. It is hurrying on with tinkling feet to bear its tribute to the river. See! it passes a stagnant pool, and the pool hails it: 'Whither away, master streamlet?'"

"I am going to the river to bear this cup of water God has given me."

"Ah, you are very foolish for that—you'll need it before the summer is over. It has been a backward spring, and we shall have a hot summer to pay for it—you will dry up then."

"Well," said the streamlet, "if I am to die soon, I had better work while the day lasts. If I am likely to lose this treasure from the heat I had better do good with it while I have it."

"So on it went, blessing and rejoicing in its course. The pool smiled complacently at its own superior foresight, and husbanded all its resources, letting not a drop steal away. Soon the mid-summer heat came down, and it fell upon the little stream. But the trees crowded to its brink, and threw out their sheltering branches over it in the day of adversity, for it brought refreshment and life to them; and the sun peeped through the branches and smiled pleasantly upon its dimpled face, and seemed to say, 'It's not in my heart to harm you;' the birds sipped its silver tide, and sung its praises in the overhanging branches; flowers gemmed its border, and breathed their perfume upon its bosom; the beasts of the field loved to linger near its banks, and chewed the cud of content under its cool shadows, and the husbandman's eye always sparkled with joy as he looked upon the line of verdant beauty that marked its course through his fields and meadows; and so on it went, blessing and blessed of all!

"And where was the prudent pool? Alas! in its inglorious inactivity it grew sickly and pestilential. The beasts of the field put their lips to it, but turned away without drinking; the breeze stopped and kissed it by *mistake*, but shrunk chilled away. It inhaled the malarial in the contact, and carried the ague through the region, and the inhabitants caught it and had to move away; and at last the very frogs cast their venom upon the pool and deserted it, and Heaven in mercy to man, smote it with a hotter breath and dried it up!

"But did not the little stream exhaust itself? O no! God saw to that. It emptied its full cup into the river, and the river bore it on to the sea, and the sea welcomed it, and the sun smiled upon the sea, and the sea sent up its incense to greet the sun, and the clouds caught in their capacious bosoms the incense from the sea, and the winds, like waiting steeds, caught the chariots of the clouds and bore them away—away to the very mountains that gave the little fountain birth, and there they tipped the brimming cup, and poured the grateful baptism down; and so God saw to it that the little fountain, though it gave so fully and so freely, never ran dry. And if God so blessed the fountain will He not bless you, my friends, if 'as ye have freely received, ye also freely give?' Be assured He will."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

CANADIAN PRESBYTERIAN HISTORY.

No. VI.

BY H. S. McCOLLUM, OF ST. CATHARINES.

PIONEER INCIDENTS AND EXPERIENCES.

While waiting for some details, and for the connection of some severed links in the history of the life and labours of Father Eastman, the writer has concluded to give to his readers some of the incidents and experiences of pioneer Presbyterian missionaries, gleaned from original note books or recent correspondence. These, he hopes will not prove uninteresting, though they may not be, to any considerable extent, historically or statistically instructive.

A GLOOMY "DUTCH DOMINION."

John Beattie, though born of Scottish parents, and brought up among the Scotch Presbyterian Churches in Washington County, New York, in due time, became an ordained minister, or dominie, of the "Low Dutch Reformed Church in North America." On the fourteenth day of May, 1810, he started from his Long Island home for a five months missionary pilgrimage through Upper Canada. From the original note book, with daily entries in his own handwriting, (kindly furnished by his surviving children,) some incidents of his wilderness journeyings have been gleaned. He was a full week on his passage, by sloop, from New York to Albany, and while delayed by unfavorable winds, he wrote as follows. "Under this adverse providence, during these four days, I have had some gloomy reflections—a long journey before me—an entire stranger in the land to which I was sent—a wilderness to pass through before I reach missionary ground—my horse, in the meantime, oppressed by standing still on board, and starving for want of provisions. These considerations combined depressed my spirits and rendered these four days gloomy. But, notwithstanding these things, I still enjoyed one consolation—I trusted that God, who called me to the mission work, would conduct me safely through."

PREACHING IN A BORROWED COAT.

Of Sunday, May 20th, Mr. Beattie wrote. "This morning being clear and pleasant, two of the passengers together with myself agreed to take the boat belonging to the sloop and go ashore. We walked in company (for what we called recreation) two miles back into the country, to a log tavern, and there, while drinking some ale by way of refreshment [temperance societies not then organized on Long Island] I inquired if there was a church in the town. The tavern-keeper informed me that there was, that the Rev. Mr. Westervelt was their minister, but that they had no preaching this day, in consequence of their being united with the congregation of Coeyman's, where it was his turn to preach to-day." Having ascertained the distance to Coeyman's to be eight miles, and, having engaged a horse to ride there, he changed coats with one of his companions who had one more "suitable for a clergyman when in church a good fit except the sleeves, which were a little too long." When he arrived, "Mr. Westervelt, a thick fat man, had entered upon the application of his subject, and having finished his discourse, he came down from the pulpit, and very politely asked me to preach in the afternoon. I agreed on condition that the intermission should be only fifteen minutes, and that I should leave church immediately after preaching, in order that I might be back at three o'clock, when the tide would serve for the sloop to proceed on her way to Albany. He published it to the congregation and then dismissed them. We retired, took some refreshments and returned to the church in fifteen minutes. I preached, took my leave of Mr. Westervelt, and rode full speed back to the log tavern, where I left the horse and ran down to the shore which was two miles distant. When I arrived there the vessel had got under way, but was in sight. I cried aloud. They heard me, and my two companions came with a boat and brought me on board. We arrived this evening in sight of Albany."

BAD ROADS AND LODGINGS.

Friday, June 1st. "This day I travelled thirty-three miles over one of the worst roads that it is possible for the human mind to form any conception of—frequently wading through the water and mud up to my horse's knees, and often to her belly—at other times

climbing over roots, stumps and logs—sometimes toiling over causeways made of rough logs (which are the most horrid bridges I have ever seen) some of them being a half mile in length. But all this is nothing when compared to the inhabitants of the Desert—the mosquitos. These West Indian stinging gnats were the occasion of more misery to me than all the rest of my difficulties combined. After my fatigue through the day, I stood in need of a comfortable place to lodge in over night; but such a place is not to be found in this wilderness, and I was under the necessity of putting up at Mr. Vroman's tavern. This man lives in the best house within ten or fifteen miles of him, an old, weather-worn log house, covered with bark—a dismal inn to the weary traveller. Here, for want of a bed and bedstead, I made the floor my bed, but, instead of sleeping, I was under the necessity of defending myself of maintaining an arduous contest with an innumerable multitude of little nocturnal beasts which inhabited the place."

Mr. Beattie was not yet in Canada, but on his way there through the "Black River Country." The next day, June 2nd, he rode twenty miles to breakfast, under a mosquito escort, and at about one o'clock reached Ogdensburgh, in sight of his missionary field.

WORSE ROADS IN CANADA.

Having spent the night of the 10th July under the hospitable roof of Mr. Reynolds, in Yonge, in the County of Leeds, Mr. Beattie started, very early on the 11th, westward. His journal says: "Soon after leaving Mr. Reynolds I entered into what is called the six mile woods, and here the Black River road in the State of New York was immediately called up in memory only that this road, in some respects, is worse than that, though the causeways are not so long nor is the mud so deep. Almost entirely new-cut through the woods, it is, in some places, scarcely anything more than a narrow foot path. Being entirely alone in a strange land, and utterly unacquainted with the road, this was a dreary wilderness to me." He reached Gananoque before dinner, stopped with a Mr. Howland, and preached at his house in the evening to a small but attentive audience, many of his hearers been deeply affected.

KINGSTON SIXTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

Thursday, July 12th.—"Soon after I left Mr. Howland's, my horse lost one of her shoes, and before I arrived at Kingston she was so lame that she could scarcely mark the ground with that foot. At Kingston, I put up over night at the hotel kept by Mr. Walker, where I received the best of treatment and accommodations. There is a garrison in this place occupied by about three hundred soldiers, and also a court house and two churches, the one Episcopal and the other a Roman Catholic Chapel, which is, as yet, in an unfinished state. There are a few fine two storey buildings of stone; the rest are principally small and make but a mean appearance. The streets are very irregular and the buildings scattered. The morals of the people are said to be very much corrupted, and there is little or no religion in the place."

A month or so later, Mr. Beattie had visited the two previously established Reformed Dutch Churches north of York, and organized the first church of the Presbyterian order in that then prospective commercial city.

A PRESBYTERY ON A LOG.

Rev. Duncan McMillan, of Komoka; Rev. Charles Jones, pastor of Edwards' Church, Saxonville, Mass., and Rev. James Rogers, of Redwood Falls, Minnesota, are, doubtless, the only surviving members of the United Synod. On their return from a meeting of Synod at Prescott, in June, 1833, Rev. Messrs. Robert McDowall, Peter Ferguson, Andrew Bell and Duncan McMillan, were deputed, as representatives of the York Presbytery, to call at Demorestville, and ordain Mr. Rogers to the work of the ministry, and to "install him in charge of the church and congregation in Demorestville, Hollowell and Hillier." In a recent letter, Mr. McMillan tells the story of Presbyterian experience as follows:

"We left Kingston, I think, on Wednesday, the 11th day of June, 1833, in the afternoon, by a small boat which made a trip every other day to the carrying place, at the head of the Bay of Quinte, returning on the intermediate days, and calling, both ways, at the different landing places on the two sides of the Bay. As the boat travelled but slowly, we landed far in the night at a wharf a few miles from Demorestville. After ascending to the general level, we saw a

public house not far off and directed our course towards it. On coming to the door, we knocked long without a response, but, at last, the landlord, opening it a little, asked, in a gruff voice: 'Who are you that are troubling us at this unreasonable hour?' While we were in the act of telling him our story in reply to his question, he slammed the door in our face, saying, 'Get away from here' or something worse. This was a serious disappointment, as there was no other public house there, and Mr. McDowall had his daughter with him. But there was no help for it, and so, wrapping ourselves in our extra clothing, we sat down on a friendly log near by, I hope in the spirit of meekness, to muse over our lonely condition—the gentlemen forgetting their own grievances, in their tender sympathy with their lady companion thus exposed to the chill air of the night. We sat, or walked, counting the hours and longing for the morning, till dawn of day, when a gentleman whose comfortable looking house stood not far off, saw us from his window, and recognizing Mr. McDowall, came promptly to our relief. He warmly invited us to his house and hospitably entertained us while we remained, expressing indignant condemnation of the tavern keeper for his rude treatment of us. He said he was the means of getting him his license, to enable him to support his family, but, being a magistrate, he would now take it from him. I remember we put in some plea in his behalf, being unwilling to be the occasion of his being deprived of his means of livelihood. Mr. Soams, for that was our benefactor's name, drove us, after breakfast, to Demorestville, and, after service, brought us back to his house."

MINISTERS AND CONGREGATIONS DISAPPOINTED.

"But," continues Mr. McMillan, "this did not end our disappointments and trouble. The boat we came up with was to return to Kingston, as usual, on Thursday evening, and it was understood that she was to call at the same wharf to take us back, that we might find our way from Kingston to York by one of the lake boats. But, to our no small annoyance, we saw her keeping close to the opposite shore of the Bay, regardless alike of previous understanding and our signals of distress, and passing on without us. We were, therefore, obliged to remain with our good friend, Mr. Soams, till the boat was returning on her next trip, on Saturday. The consequence was that there were unexplained disappointments in our western congregations, as we were unable to get home to meet them on the following Sabbath." The conduct of the captain was not approved by the owner, who instructed the purser to pass the party back to Kingston free. Mr. McMillan concludes his reminiscence as follows. "It is pleasant to call to remembrance acts of Christian kindness with which one may have met in the distant past. Many names more familiar to me than that of Mr. Soams have long since passed from my memory, but his has kept its place there amidst all vicissitudes, and I am sure that he has not missed his reward."

AN UNCOMFORTABLE EMIGRATION.

Of the members of the Niagara "Presbytery of Upper Canada" in service before the Rebellion, four are now living, viz.: Rev. Samuel Sessions, at St. Johns, Michigan, Rev. Joseph Marr, at Harrisburgh, Penn.; Rev. R. H. Close, at Elmira, N.Y., and Rev. Charles E. Furman, D.D., at Rochester, N.Y. In December, 1835, at what seemed to be the call of duty, Mr. Furman left a pleasant and comfortable settlement at Clarkson, N.Y., and took his way to Hamilton. His journey to his new field of labour is thus described. "On my way to Hamilton with my family, I was entertained and helped on my journey by a Mr. Davis, of St. David's [a son-in-law of Rev. D. W. Eastman], and by Mr. Oliver Phelps, an elder and everything else, to and for, and in, the church at St. Catharines, so far as material support was concerned. I left his home Saturday afternoon, and was till midnight reaching my destination. Clouds above us, mud beneath us, rain and wintry atmosphere around us, in an open waggon with three little girls, the oldest lacking a few days of five years of age! Looking back from present facilities of travel, it seems marvellous that we all survived, especially remembering that the youngest of the three seemed deadly sick on the way, with what proved to be chicken pox. When I reached Hamilton I had no home, no house had been provided for me, and I felt the change severely. During the two years I remained there, I often had need of many things, and would

have suffered much but for the kindness of a few friends, prominent among whom being John G. Parker of 'Patriot War' memory."

A PRESBYTERIAN PRISONER.

"I stood beside Mr. Parker," continued Dr. Furman, "when he was arrested and taken to prison. I had no thought but that he would be released in a few days. No one knows how he suffered in prison, or of his greater suffering on board ship on his way to England. Of the hundred or more letters written by him to prominent men, one proved efficient. It sent Mr. Hume, I think, to Lord Durham at midnight, who obtained a writ of *Habeas Corpus* which afterwards resulted in his acquittal, with the greater number of his fellow-prisoners."

A PRECIPITATE RETREAT.

"Our church," he adds, "was suspected wrongfully as disloyal. Our prayer meetings were even charged with being perverted to disloyal purposes. Mr. Samuel Mills, afterwards a member of the Queen's Executive Council (or upper House), was my neighbor. His wife wanted to come, in the time of the excitement, to Rochester, where she had lived previous to her marriage. He had a horse and I had another. We harnessed them together before an open waggon, took in our wives and children and came away. And such a journey! The early part of December, 1837! Watched when we started, watched on the way, and watched when we crossed the river! But we were unmolested, and reached Rochester in safety though with many discomforts. I thought to return immediately, but a letter from Dr. Kellogg advised me not to do so in the present state of things, and so my ministry in Canada was brought to a permanent conclusion."

EARTHLY HONORS WELL BESTOWED.

After a successful and honored ministry of unusual length, and after he had honorably retired from active service, Hamilton College, at its last commencement, (1877), conferred upon Mr. Furman the degree of Doctor of Divinity, much to the gratification of all his acquaintances. Modestly wearing his earthly honors, he is patiently waiting, at the age of seventy-seven, his Master's Call, and his heavenly coronation. Recently in the wakeful hours of a night of physical suffering, he expressed his thankfulness for mercies past, and voiced his supplications in the following

EVENING HYMN.

Lord, Thou hast led me all the day,
And smoothed the roughness of my way,
And that no evil might betide,
Thy station has been at my side.

Thy bounty has my bread bestowed,
My cup with blessings overflowed;
And not a real want of mine
But has been first a thought of Thine.

My feet from falling Thou hast kept,
And dried my tears whene'er I wept;
And though so often near the grave,
Extended was Thy hand to save.

My weary frame when locked in sleep,
Wilt Thou, O Lord, securely keep;
But should it die ere morning then
Receive my ransomed Soul,—*Amen.*

GOD'S CARE FOR HIS OWN.

From the many intensely interesting incidents furnished by Rev. M. Sessions, two or three only can now be given. He writes:—

"In the township of Erin, there was not a professor of religion. But they got up a subscription of twelve bushels of grain, and sent it out to me, asking me to come and preach to them once a month, in the week time, for six months. I said to my wife 'that call must not be slighted.' It was fifty miles to the place, but I mounted my horse and started. I had a lonely ride, passing through some whole townships without a clearing. I became very hungry and faint, and could hardly sit on my horse. Hour after hour passed and I felt broken down. With my eyes full of tears, the horse walking slowly, I looked down into the snow path, and there lay a large biscuit. I got off, picked it up, and went on my way eating. As I took the last mouthful I saw another. I picked that up and ate it. It was all I wanted, and I found no more. I went on, preached in the only frame house in town, repeated the visit monthly for six months, got my twelve bushels of grain, and, best of all, that work resulted in a revival and the formation of a Presbyterian Church. I had many letters urging me to come back and stay there. One said, 'I will divide my last loaf of bread with you, if you will come.' And, I must con-

cess it, I was homesick to get back to Canada for ten years after I came to the States."

AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

"One Sabbath," writes Mr. S., "I was to preach in the school house at the Centre, in Pelham. I had several miles to go, and, as I was riding through a piece of woods, with the heads of my discourse on a card in my pocket, I felt a powerful impression that I should go into those woods and pray that that sermon might lead at least one soul to Christ. Having hitched my horse, I went into the dense forest and there wrestled with God for the conversion of some soul through the preaching of that sermon, and, for a time, it seemed as though I could never get away from that spot. But, at length, my soul was full of unutterable peace, and I proceeded on my way. At the close of the sermon, an old gentleman, Esq. B——, got up, in great distress, declaring himself a lost sinner, and crying for mercy. We turned the service into a prayer meeting, and that man went to his house rejoicing in the love of Jesus. Who can say that God does not hear prayer which He hath Himself inspired by the Holy Ghost?"

LOVING THE PEOPLE AND THE TREES.

"I was riding," continues Mr. S., "in a region where I never was before. Passing a log house near the edge of the wood, a man called out to me: 'Ain't you a stranger here?' 'Yes, sir.' 'I thought so' said he. 'Have you got any cakes in your pocket?' 'No sir.' 'Well,' said he, 'it is so far that way to the next house that no man can ride through without suffering for want of something to eat.' He filled my pockets with brown bread and cheese, remarking, 'I watch for strangers, and I don't let them go into those woods without something in their pockets to eat.' I stared at him in astonishment, and then I tried to thank him, but my throat filled up, and my eyes too, and I turned my horse and went on my way. Do you wonder that I loved the people of those woods? Aye, and the forests too! I loved the trees. I remember once, as I was threading the deep woods on horseback, I would strike the trees as I passed, with my open hand and then kiss them. Now, don't laugh at me. Let any man experience what I did and he will know how I felt."

CALL FROM THE UNCONVERTED.

"One incident more and I will stop. As I was returning home one day I saw a large tall man enter my door. I rode up, hitched my horse, and went in. The man rose up, gave me his hand, told his name and where he lived, and then said: 'I came up to-day to see if you couldn't come down and preach to us.' Said I, 'have you no preaching there?' 'No.' 'Are there any Christians there?' 'Not any.' 'Are you not a Christian?' 'No,' and his eyes filled as he spoke the word. Turning to my wife, I said 'I can't refuse that call; I must go.' She acquiesced, and, after feeding my horse, I leaped into my saddle and rode off. God went with me, and I trust I shall meet some of those souls 'in the sweet by-and-by, over there, over there.'"

ACKNOWLEDGMENT AND APPEAL.

The writer of these papers is indebted to various parties for generous assistance which will be duly acknowledged as the work proceeds. He desires now to make special acknowledgements to Rev. Robert Wallace, of Toronto, for the use of the printed *Minutes* of the United Presbytery and United Synod, 1830 to 1835, inclusive, and to Rev. John G. Murray, of Grimsby, for similar *Minutes* for 1832 and 1837. The *Minutes* for 1836, 1838, 1839 and 1840, are very much desired, and information of any kind, in relation to those bodies—particularly of the history of the former before 1830—is earnestly solicited. The writer is anxious to record all that can now be ascertained in reference to the history of the first Presbyterian organization in Upper Canada.

The writer is also diligently seeking information as to the United Presbyterian Church of Canada, the Reformed Dutch Missions to this country, the Niagara Presbytery of Upper Canada, and the Canadian work of the American Home Missionary Society for twenty years commencing in 1826. He has also learned from Rev. Samuel Fenton, of Vittoria, that the Rev. Jabez Collver antedated both Mr. McDowall and Mr. Eastman as Presbyterian ministers in Upper Canada, having settled in Norfolk County in 1793, preaching for many years, to three congregations in that county, and closing his earthly labors there in 1818. Any further information in reference to Mr. Collver's life and

labors, or in reference to any branch of Presbyterian history in Canada, will be thankfully received, suitably acknowledged, and carefully used in due time.

H. S. M.

REVISION OF THE BIBLE.

MR. EDITOR,—Having in a recently-written paper laid before your readers a few facts, more or less interesting in regard to the "Revision of the Bible," permit me to follow it up with a few considerations in connection with its revision, well knowing that the reasons for so doing are regarded by many, and especially by the merely English reader, as being neither so numerous nor so weighty as to warrant the thus laying hands on a translation, which with its many excellencies has so well served our forefathers for upwards of two centuries and a-half. While its exceedingly simple and forcible Saxon has done much to mould our better literature, while its words are stored in our memories and all but engraven on our hearts, yet the reasons for a revision, as will be seen, in part at least, in what follows, are neither few nor small; and while hoping that the promised revision will be such as not needing soon if ever to be repeated, let us wistfully wait for it and welcome it when it comes.

It may be known to most, if not to all, that the Bible was, originally, not printed but written on parchment, and thereafter copied by Scribes for the use of the people. Now, it is not only probable but clearly demonstrable, that during long centuries and amid all care, errors and emendations increased with increasing copies, so that at the present day it is admitted and acted on, that the oldest copies are most correct.

Keeping this in view it appears that the entire Bible was first translated into Saxon, in parts and by different persons between the beginning of the eighth and the end of the tenth centuries, and that during that period King Alfred translated a great part of the Bible, and the venerable Bede translated the Gospels if not the whole Bible. The first translation of the Bible into English is supposed to bear date as early as 1290, of which three copies are still in existence. The next translation was by Wycliffe about the year 1380, many copies of which are still extant. The first printed translation of the Bible in our language was published by Tyndal in 1532. This edition was bought up and burned by the authority of the then Bishop of London, but the money obtained thereby was employed by Tyndal in issuing a larger and better edition. This was still farther corrected by Roger Coverdale and Cranmer, and, in 1540, Cranmer succeeded in getting it printed by public authority in England, and it is hence called Cranmer's Bible. During the reign of Queen Mary some British exiles in Geneva made a new translation and printed it in 1560, which is called the Geneva Bible. The Bishops so heartily hated this translation, that they made another which in 1568 was issued as the Bishops' Bible. This Bible was, however, so unpopular with the people, and the Geneva one was so hated by the King (James I.) that a new translation, was proposed to him, which so readily met the royal favour that he appointed fifty-four of the most learned men of the time to undertake the work. In it, however, only forty-seven took part, and these were strictly enjoined to take the Bishops' Bible, aided by such manuscripts as were available, as the basis of the new translation, and to depart from the former only, and in as far as the sense of the original could be so doing, be more accurately conveyed. This company was divided into six parties, each party having assigned to it a certain portion of the Bible, including the Apocrypha. When the whole was completed it was then submitted to the supervision of a selected six, one from each party, and then again to the supervision of two on whose approval it was printed in 1611. Three years were employed in the work, the preface being written by a Dr. Smith one of the two supervisors. This is the Bible we now have, and with the exception of the Dutch Bible it is said to be the best extant.

Notwithstanding the acknowledged excellencies of our translation, which are alike many and great, yet it cannot be denied that the translators were placed under considerable restraint by the personal and prelatial prejudices of a pedantic King; and, while their scholarship may not be questioned, yet it must be admitted that their knowledge of oriental manners and customs, of countries, their climate and commerce, was so circumscribed as to lead to not a few misapprehensions and mistranslations, the evidence and ef-

fect of such ignorance. But above all this, the whole of the translations that preceded ours were made from versions not earlier than the tenth century, while ours is based upon editions of the Greek text of Erasmus and Stephens, of dates respectively 1516 and 1550, and from MSS. after the tenth century. Since then, and but yesterday, three especially important ancient MSS. have been given to the world. Of these, a correct edition of what is called the Codex Alexandrinus, belonging to the middle of the sixth century appeared in 1860. Still later and in the year 1865 one of the oldest the purest and the most complete of all the ancient versions was given to the public. This is called the Codex Sinaiticus from the fact of its being discovered by Tischendorf in a monastery on Mount Sinai while visiting there in 1859. This dates from the middle of the fourth century. This is probably one of the fifty copies of the Bible prepared in 331 and sent as a present to the monks at Sinai, and has remained in their monastery ever since. Though thus old yet it is so complete that it lacks not a leaf. The last of the three, and the latest in being given to the world, is called the Codex Vaticanus, from the circumstance that though known to exist as early as the end of the fourteenth century, yet it was locked up in the Vatican for well-nigh 500 years, and appeared only in 1867. This, like the former, belongs to the middle of the fourth century. By these we are now in possession of well authenticated MSS. 500 years older, and by so much more the purer, than those to which our translators had access; and with these it cannot be doubted, far less denied, that during these 500 years and at such a period when copies were all written, and ere printing had been discovered, changes neither few nor small had been introduced, not a little affecting the meaning as well as the integrity of the text. Your space will now, however, only allow me to present a very few illustrations of what is meant, and while these are taken from the New Testament, it is not by any means because the Old Testament is less faulty than the New.

Of mistranslations, designedly so, and by royal authority, we have, for instance, "God forbid" so frequent in our version but not found in the original at all. Again in the original there is one word for the building, and another for the assembly, but both are ever translated "Church," in assumed condemnation of all non-conformity and dissent. Besides such royal mistranslations we have in the compass of three verses the one Greek word translated, "counted," "reckoned" and "imputed." Still worse, we have in only parts of two verses the same word in the original, rendered "lust," "covet," and "concupiscence," while we have on the other hand four different Greek words, all rendered in our version by the one word, "preach." We have also in our Bible words not only obsolete, but words whose meanings are now the very opposite of what they once were, such as "let," and "prevent," and when the apostles say "we took up our carriages" these meant simply what they carried and not what carried them. But we go from words to statements we find that John v. 4 as well as the last part of verse 7, and the first of verse 8 of 1 John v. are unwarranted interpretations, and when we go from statements to paragraphs, it seems to be now all but beyond dispute that Mark's gospel ends with chapter xvi. 8. and that John viii. 1-11 belongs not to the sacred record at all. These are but brief samples of the many reasons presented and pressed, not for a new Bible but for a new translation of the old Bible, by which a more accurate interpretation may be presented of that "Scripture given by inspiration of God and profitable for doctrine for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." D.

Dunbarton.

THE SETTLEMENT OF SUPPLEMENTED VACANT CHARGES.

MR. EDITOR,—However detrimental to the well-being of the Church protracted vacancies in weak congregations and supplemented charges may be, it is doubtful if the exercise of Presbyterian patronage, recommended by Mr. Hastie in his "Open Letter," would prove a proper corrective for the evil.

Mutual liberty of choice on the part of pastor and people has always been regarded by the Presbyterian Church in her best days essential to harmonious settlement, and the experience she has bequeathed to us of heart-burnings, strife and division, when that privilege was abrogated, may well lead us to pause

and consider, ere we consent to wear "One link of all our former chain." For, practically, there can be no essential difference between Lay and Presbyterian patronage. If a veto be imposed upon pastor or people, it matters not by whom—their liberty of choice is gone.

In order to pave the way for the introduction of his scheme, Mr. Hastie attacks the status of supplemented congregations—assigning them a middle position between mission stations and self-supporting charges—and maintains that, because they are aid-receiving, they are not entitled to the same liberty of choice in the selection of a pastor as those congregations which pay their own way.

The chief obstacle which bars the acceptance of this view, is the inability to find—on Presbyterian principles—a middle ground between mission stations and self-sustaining charges, which would entitle the people to any of the privileges of membership, without entitling them to all. If they have been recognized by the Church as congregations, it is on the ground that their members are children of God, and brethren in Christ—as men whom the truth has made free—free to the enjoyment of all the benefits which that relationship confers—free to representation in the courts of the Church—free to choose their pastor, if pastor they are to have, and free to accept, if need be, the free-will offerings of their brethren, to aid in the maintenance of ordinances among them, without being subjected to a single disability on account of their poverty. There is both pith and point in the Scotch aphorism—"Bow to the bush ye seek bield from." But were the advice acted upon in the matter under consideration, we would very soon find ourselves entangled with a yoke of bondage, which even Scotchmen have found themselves unable to bear, and which has been discarded by the Presbyterian Church the world over, as an intolerable nuisance.

Apart from the question of principle, however, Mr. Hastie's scheme lacks the merit of fair play to recommend it. By reference to published statistics, it will be found that the average contribution per member for ministerial support, guaranteed by congregations requiring aid, will compare favorably with our better class of charges, which boast a numerous membership, and pay a much more liberal salary.

To place invidious distinctions, therefore, between the weak and the strong in the direction indicated, will be the least likely way of strengthening the weak hands, and confirming the feeble knees. Nor should it be forgotten that the "critical spirit" mentioned in the "Open Letter," as contributing so largely to the keeping open of vacancies among our aid-receiving congregations—is not a feature peculiar to this class, but is chargeable, even in a larger degree, upon our largest and wealthiest congregations. These last, however, can afford to be critical, and therefore can—so far as Mr. Hastie's scheme goes—enjoy immunity from reproach, while the former are sharply reminded that "beggars should not be choosers." While there can be no doubt that this spirit has much to do in frustrating the efforts put forth by the Church for the settlement of our poorer vacancies, the want of success is, I am persuaded, mainly to be attributed to the present financial policy of the Church—a policy which virtually leads our ministers to the auction block, leaving their standing and reputation to be determined by the amount of compensation their services will command. It is a fact far from creditable to our Church, that there are in our midst estimable men, gifted with qualities of mind and heart, which would do honor to any pulpit in the land, whose reputation and standing among their fellows are classed third or fourth rate, for the simple reason that the providence of financial circumstances has forced them into—and still keeps them in—small and unimportant charges, where the salary is small or supplemented.

This want of appreciation by their more fortunate brethren, as well as by the Church at large, cannot fail to be felt most keenly by cultivated and sensitive minds; even more so than the scanty remuneration they receive; and we can scarcely blame Probationers if—aware of this—they only accept calls from such vacancies as a last resource; nor yet those ministers whose lot has been cast in such spheres of labor, who, after a brief incumbency, hasten their escape from the scene of their degradation as soon as their finances will allow them to do so.

By substituting a sustentation scheme for the maintenance of the ministry, in lieu of the method which

now obtains, the evil would be largely abated. The Church would thereby maintain the purity of her ministry; supplemented congregations would receive needed aid in a less humiliating manner, and faithful men who minister to weak charges, would labor more contentedly, and with better effect among their people, when relieved of those feelings of degradation, which—however uncalled-for—always beset honourable minds, when in receipt of even the smallest pittance which assumes the appearance of charity. My communication being already too lengthy, I only hint at the remedy. Perhaps on some future occasion I may again revert to it. What will be still better—perhaps some correspondent who is better acquainted with its practical operation elsewhere, and is therefore better able to demonstrate its utility, will give your readers the benefit of his views on the subject.

As the author of the "open letter" on which I have been commenting, attaches his signature to his communication, courtesy requires that I should follow his example. W. TAIT.

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

MR. EDITOR,—In a recent appeal in behalf of French Evangelization, the prosperous state of the work was made known to our ministers and people. We have had over forty missionaries in the field, and new openings present themselves which we are unable to overtake. But one thing threatens to arrest the progress of the cause of truth and freedom for which we plead, and that is want of money. It was intimated in the appeal referred to, that unless contributions were forwarded more liberally the salaries of faithful missionaries, due in some cases several months, could not be paid, and some of them must even be dismissed. We have now come to this sad issue. At a meeting of the Board last week the questions were put by one from the Chair, "What missionaries can we dismiss? What fields are we prepared to abandon through lack of funds?" We gave the matter careful consideration, and resolved to begin the work of dismissal. One missionary accordingly leaves his field and our service in five days. I have given him papers to enable him to look for some other employment. Others on our roll are marked as destined to be notified to discontinue unless funds are forthcoming speedily.

Before going further in this direction I am constrained to tell the Church the step we have been forced to take, in the hope that we may not be put to shame before the world and the enemies of truth, in withdrawing from places in which the Lord manifestly calls us to work.

It is proper to state that in many instances ministers have personally contributed most liberally, and larger sums by far than are given by entire congregations. They judge wisely of the national and religious importance of this mission, and so do impartial persons at a distance, who have learned something of what we are doing. To-day I received a letter from the south of France and a secular journal from Scotland, both of which speak of this work in glowing terms, as the crowning glory of our Church. Shall it then be allowed to languish? Must we through this miserable financial pressure be unjust to our missionaries, and untrue to the cause of God and of freedom? Must we abandon and undo what has already been achieved, and then expect to enjoy God's favour in business or in Church matters? Is there no true spirit of patriotism in Canada? Are there not among the half million of people who have attached themselves to our Church, thousands of men and women full of faith and of the Holy Ghost, who will promptly give more than is needed? Let contributions be sent, even if small, from ALL congregations, mission stations, Bible classes and Sabbath schools, without exception, from all who breathe the prayer "Thy kingdom come," and then we can afford to extend our operations instead of contracting them, and do without the aid of such as think that "the chief end of man" is to imprison the Lord's money in the form of real estate and bank stocks, and who think that ministers and missionaries are poor unfortunate creatures, pursuing a low, unimportant calling, deserving to be pitied, but not much respected or heeded.

I leave this matter in the hands of the people, asking them to report their opinion, in the form of money, to the Treasurer, the Rev. R. H. Warden, 210 St. James Street, Montreal.—D. H. MACVICAR, *Chairman Board of French Evangelization.*
Presbyterian College, Montreal, Dec. 25th, 1878.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The Quarterly.

Hamilton: Collegiate Institute Literary Society.

At the close of its fourth volume the "Quarterly" retains the freshness and vivacity of its younger days while the character of its heavier matter is much improved. The article on "Greek Religion and Christianity," in the number for January 1879, evinces extensive reading and just thought. There is also a prize essay on Decision of Character.

Vick's Publications: Floral Guide, Illustrated Monthly.

Rochester, N. Y.: James Vick.

Vick's "Illustrated Monthly" is "a thing of beauty," and a vehicle of useful information on all matters connected with flowers and garden work. Each number, besides many engravings, contains at least one colored plate; and the number for January 1879 has two colored plates—one, a group of roses, and the other illustrating holiday decorations. The "Floral Guide" is a very handsome seed catalogue of 100 pages, and contains one colored flower plate and 300 illustrations.

The Westminster Teacher.

Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.

"The Westminster Teacher" is what we are to have henceforth instead of "The Presbyterian at Work." We cannot say that it is the old publication under a new name and in a new shape, for there is a change of purpose and contents as well. "Lending more general topics to the weekly religious press, it devotes itself to the service of the teachers and officers of our Sabbath schools, especially in the study of the Bible Lessons of the International Series." Thus to withdraw from the field of general religious literature and single out a special department is a change that will increase the usefulness of the magazine. For the preparation of the lesson helps for 1879, the valuable assistance of Dr. Duryea, Dr. Herrick Johnson, and Mrs. G. R. Alden has been secured. The January number is now before us, with the lessons for that month under the following sub-headings: Introduction, Critical and Expository Notes, Teachings of the Lesson, Additional Thoughts, Test Questions for the Teacher, Black-board Illustration, Catechism, For Teachers of Little Folks. There is also a valuable article on the "Restoration," (that is the return of the Jews from captivity); by Rev. Sylvester H. Scovel, covering the ground occupied by the lessons for the month.

Sunday Afternoon.

"Sunday Afternoon" for January has the opening chapter of a new serial by the author of "Tom's Heathen," which Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe commended so highly. It is entitled "Colvin the Sinner." Rebecca Harding Davis has a short story, and there are two others, "One of the Converts," and "Mrs. Wilkin's Duty." E. E. Hale's serial, and "Fishers of Men" are concluded. Prof. George P. Fisher of New Haven, in an article on Witchcraft, tells us that disbelief in it was considered by religious people two hundred years ago a great sin. Rose Terry Cooke gives advice to young ladies as to literature as a profession. George M. Towle gives, with comments, an account of the present status of Socialism, more particularly in Germany and Russia. Rev. Dr. E. A. Washburn of New York, translates from the German an account of the confirmatory evidence in the Egyptian antiquities of the early Jewish history. Miss Helen Campbell writes of one of Jerry McAuley's "Experience Meetings." J. B. T. Marsh, David Kor and Charles Caverno have contributions, and there are poems by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Ray Palmer, and Lucy Larcom. The following extract is a specimen of the sort of writing that is generally to be found in the department called "Editor's Table:"

"A fair specimen of the *odium theologium* lies under our eye. It is a letter printed in the organ of one religious denomination, bringing to light certain alleged disreputable doings in two other denominations—doings connected with the passage of one minister from one of these denominations to the other. We shall not recite the story, because we do not wish to abet the scandal-mongers. But all the circumstances of the case, as they are brought to light in this narration, show that it was one of great difficulty and delicacy, and lead us to respect the motives of those concerned in it, who have sought to prevent it from becoming a public matter. What these Christian brethren have thought best to be silent about, this man makes haste to proclaim upon the housetops. It is true that he does not mention names; anonymous stabbers of his sort never do that; but he leaves

no one in doubt as to the identity of the persons with whom he is dealing. And the motive of this performance is only too plain. It is the outcome of sectarian rancor. This correspondent would never have written, this newspaper would never have published, a letter like this relating to irregularities or misdoings in their own sect. But here is a fine chance to point out the frailties of two sister (?) churches; to call attention to the bedraggled skirts of the one and to a rickety old rip in the robe of the other; and your genuine sectarian never misses such a chance. If he can make a point for his own sect by dragging to light troubles in other sects which those immediately concerned do not wish to make public, he feels that 'the interests of pure religion' require him to do it. This is the law of love as he understands it in its application to Christians of another fellowship. And it is just at this point that the sect spirit reveals itself as the antithesis of the Christian spirit; and that the sects are all the while showing themselves to be the enemies of Christ."

RENOUNCING THE WORLD.

To renounce the world in one way is the most commendable act of a man's life; to renounce it in another way is a very dangerous thing, if not a positively injurious one.

The old English question asked of a candidate for baptism inquires whether he is ready to "renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the wicked world, with all the covetous desires of the same." Such things as these the Christian must renounce before he can be a Christian at all. There can be no half-way business about it. Compromise with the downright wickedness of the world is fatal to the godly life. A partial surrender gives up the whole.

There is, however, another and very prevalent idea of the renunciation of the world, which is materially different from the abandonment of the thoughtless or deliberate acts of the unrighteous children of this life. It is something more than abandonment, it is separation. Taking a Pilate's wash-bowl, many persons purify their hands, and then declare that they have nothing further to do with sin. To them, the text "Come out from among them, and be ye separate," means not only the abandonment of sin, but the desertion of sinners. In the endeavor to keep themselves pure, they give up efforts for the reclamation of those who are stained with guilt. They build convent walls, and immerse themselves within their dim recesses. In order to remove the possibility of relapsing into evil ways, they seek to banish the possibility of temptation. If they are never tempted, they never fall. Persons of this way of thinking are by no means confined to the Roman Catholic Church. The monastic tendency exists where monasticism is unknown. The desire to make an object of one's self, or to do some startling thing, is universal. "If I could get dead drunk, and lie in the gutter, with my pockets turned inside out, I think I should be satisfied," says one. "If I could be known, the world over, as a marvel of purity, I could rest content," says another. The world is full of people who, like the little girl in the nursery rhyme, are "very, very good" when they are good, but "horrid" when they are bad. Of course it is more pleasant to be a model of excellence than a model of vice; and so, in their zeal to renounce the world, men swing on hooks, or climb St. Simon Stylites' pillar, or vow to read no book but the Bible, according to their several religious faiths. It is the same world they all seek to abandon, though their methods vary. It is the secret plaudit of their own hearts that they value even more than the world's astonishment or reverence. Each of them deliberately makes up his mind, like the boy in the juvenile story, to become a "blighted being."

After all, it is Christian work that approves the believer. Positive virtue is a very different thing from negative innocence. The Christian organization is the church militant, not the church contemplative. One man's duty is not another's; but certainly few persons are so isolated, by nature or by circumstance, as to be exempt from all other duties than that of self-culture. The Son of Man came to seek and to save that which was lost. His followers can hardly excuse themselves for abandoning efforts in the same direction. The fear of falling, the delights of spiritual piety, or the benefits of religious culture, are not valid reasons for abandoning the world to its fate. The New Testament lays a great deal of stress upon Christian endeavor, but says very little about the cultivation of a mystical spirituality unconnected with active effort in such fields as seem to lie around each individual. It is the laborer who is worthy of his hire.—S. S. Times.

It is good for us to think no grace or blessing truly ours till we are aware that God has blessed some one else with it through us.—Rev. Phillips Brooks.

WORDS OF THE WISE.

EVERY the weakest man is strong enough to enforce his convictions.—Grotius.

THAT is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express.—Ramus.

Few persons have courage enough to seem as good as they really are.—Hart.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do those things living, which are to be desired when dying.—Johnston.

It is always safe to learn, even from our enemies; seldom safe to venture to instruct even our friends.—Cotton.

A GOOD conscience is a continual feast; and a mind at peace through Christ is the antepast of heaven.—Bishop Reynolds.

As my own self is present to me in an incomprehensible manner, so God is present to me likewise, in an incomprehensible manner.

A CONTEMPLATIVE life has more the appearance of a life of piety than any other; but it is the Divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise.—Cress.

Men are every day saying and doing, from the power of education, habit and imitation, that which has no root whatever in their serious convictions.—Channing.

There is none made so great but he may both need the help and service, and stand in fear of the power and unkindness, even of the meanest of mortals.—Seneca.

Every good and holy desire, though it may lack the form, hath, in itself, the substance and force of a prayer with God, for He regards as prayer the moanings and sighings of the heart.—Hooker.

There are three things which the true Christian desires with respect to sin—justification, that it may not condemn; sanctification, that it may not reign; and glorification, that it may not be.—Cress.

An old man was dying who had long served Christ, when one asked him: "Can you rest a little now, father?" "Dear child," he said, "it is all rest; for the everlasting arms are underneath me."

If we would become Christians of strength and maturity, we must undergo severe trials. What fire is to gold, so is affliction to the believer. It burns up the dross, and makes the gold shine forth with unalloyed lustre.

The Church needs the help of all. The young, the old, the rich, the poor—all are called to the work, to contribute what they can. Nor is there any one who is useless, if he will but employ the talents given him and embrace the opportunities put within his reach. If all are to work, there is work for all, and the reward will be given both to him who does little and him who does much.

Contentment is a blessing, and it is within the reach of all, but it will not be found by him who goes out to seek it. It is something from within, and until the heart is right all effort after it must be in vain. Paul says, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content." It was something that came to him as he served his Master and imbibed his spirit. When the soul is filled with the love of Jesus, and when His will is the rule of life, discontent will have no place, and the peace that passeth all understanding will be the Christian heritage.

The frosts have not of themselves made the autumn woods so beautiful. Their office of crisping, deadening and destroying is not one of embellishment, but rather of distortion and spoliation. But the sunshine and air, acting in concert with the frost, have turned the whole landscape into panoramas of beauty, which no artist's skill can imitate. And when God sends us His rod it will not of itself bring us blessing. It may only harden and deform. It is when He accompanies it with the Sun of Righteousness and the dew of the Spirit that it produces the loveliness of a soul that is sweetened and sanctified.—United Presbyterian.

If we only agree to do what we like to do, our lives are likely to be barren. If too much indulgence will spoil a child, so will humoring a mind and soul beget in it a disposition lacking in what is noblest, and wanting the qualities from which result the highest forms of beneficence. It is when the water is meeting with opposition from rocks and other obstructions lying in its way, that it purifies itself and deepens its channel. And it is when we go on our way, acting against the indispositions which attempt to fetter and impede us, that we strengthen our minds and characters, and do good service in the cause of the Master.

A chief reason why so many believers fail to attain an exalted type of Christian character is because they do not receive Christ as a living, indwelling, personal Saviour. Religion is, to them, an abstraction, rather than a reality. They have faith, but it is a dead, intellectual exercise, rather than a life-giving power begotten in the soul by the Holy Ghost, through the Word of God, "which liveth and abideth forever." We may, we must possess Christ if we would be His. In the Bible, a crucified Christ; in the heart, a living Christ; in heaven, a glorified Christ; in the future, a coming Christ—Christ in life, Christ in death, Christ in a coming judgment—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and forever."

Men often give in the hope of receiving again; their charity is bread cast upon the waters that they hope to find somewhere after (or perhaps, before) many days. Of charity that has not paid, many bitter complaints are heard. But God's ways are not our ways. He gives in the hope of giving more. That is his object in giving, "Grace for grace," grace upon grace, is his method; one gift is sent to make room for another. As one day's dew and sunshine enables the flower to take more dew and sunshine the next day, so all God's spiritual gifts enlarge the spiritual nature to the end that more grace may be bestowed. If we have received any good thing from Him it is not a sign that He wants anything from us; it is a token that He wants to give us something more.—Sunday Afternoon.

Scientific and Useful.

HASLET STEW.—For this dish use a fresh pig's or sheep's hams, which costs about six cents. Wash the liver, heart, and lights, cut them in two-inch pieces, put them into a saucepan, with one ounce of salt pork sliced (cost one cent), an onion chopped, one dessertspoonful of salt and half a saltspoonful of black pepper; two bay leaves, two sprigs of parsley and one of thyme, tied in a bag; (cost of seasoning one cent); one ounce of flour, one gill of vinegar, half a pint of cold gravy or cold water and six potatoes peeled and cut in dice (cost of all these about five cents); stew all these ingredients gently together for two hours, and serve as you would a stew, with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley sprinkled over the top, and bread to eat with it.

ON DIPHTHERIA.—Dr. R. M. Snow says in his last report as Registrar of the city of Providence: In connection with this subject I think it my duty to ask the attention of the people of Providence, and especially of parents, to the following statements:—1. No case of diphtheria occurs without an adequate cause. This is self-evident. 2. The cause of nearly all cases of the disease exists in the houses or premises, or within a few feet of the houses where the cases occur. 3. The cause of nearly all the cases that occur in the city is breathing impure air from privy vaults or sink drains, or cesspools; or drinking impure water. Much observation and long-continued and careful investigation have perfectly satisfied me of the truth of these propositions, and they are applicable to all cases, whether in the tenements of the poor or in the mansions of the rich.

OUR RECIPE FOR CURING MEAT.—To one gallon of water take one and a half pounds of salt, one-half pound of sugar, one-half ounce saltpetre, one-half ounce potash. In this ratio the pickle can be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork. The meat must be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface-blood, etc., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar. If this recipe is strictly followed, it will require only a single trial to prove its superiority over the common way or most ways of putting down meat, and will not soon be abandoned for any other. The meat is unsurpassed for sweetness, delicacy and freshness of color.

TO POLISH SHIRTS.—When your shirts are washed, make your starch as thick as you can stir it, put enough of blue-water in to clear its color, very little suds made of white soap, say about half a glassful, let it boil up a few times, keep stirring to prevent its burning, then take off and set it to cool, next rinse and blue your shirts—if yellow, leave ten or fifteen minutes in blue water; after rubbing out all blue streaks wring through a wringer twice; be sure there is no water left in them; turn wrong side out; next spread enough of wet unbleached muslin to cover a small table, starch it well so as to keep it on the table, rub all over with dry cloth so as to take out the water; next take about half a yard of muslin, the same kind, put a handful of starch in, and wring through with your hands; this makes your starch smooth, and easy to rub in the shirts; spread your shirts on the table with the right side of the bosom inward, spread it straight, take a little of the starch and rub it into the bosom with your hand; when well rubbed all over, then take hold of the neck and rub with both hands up and down with all your might till thoroughly rubbed through; take out all creases, and rub the bosom over with a cloth or your hands so as to leave no starch on the outside; do likewise with wristbands and shoulders. Never dry them out of doors; do the same with cuffs and collars. Never damp them with raw starch, it spoils the polish; use cold water as little as possible; just lay a wet cloth upon the bosom. Iron dry, rub over with a damp cloth; use a hot polishing iron; iron quick, and use all your strength on the iron. If it is not all right the first time, damp it again and do likewise, and you will be sure to have them shining. Take a cloth hard wrung and spread your cuffs and collars in rows, fold them up, and put a very heavy weight on the top for an hour. Iron with a polish-iron, roll them round your finger, and it will give them a shape. You will have to use patience at first till you get used to doing them so. I can starch a shirt in five minutes and iron it in ten. I would do them no other way.

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 3, 1879.

TO OUR READERS.

WE wish our readers one and all a happy New Year, and as many returns as will be good for their preparation for the joyful New Year when they shall enter among the happy throng of heaven. What would life be without such seasons, when we are called away for the time from the cares and worries of business to spend a few short hours with dear ones at home, and amongst our friends and companions? And if it is a delightful thing for father and mother to kiss their child, and wish him or her a happy new year, or for son and daughter to show their filial regard at this season, is it not natural and right that the publishers of a religious journal, such as this, and its numerous readers should be occupying the same platform of brotherly sympathy and mutual good-wishes.

The longer we continue to discharge the pleasant but responsible duty of journalists, we feel more closely drawn to those who are our constituency. There is a certain airy shadowiness about the audience which we address, that makes it more of an invisible presence than that before which the preacher or orator presents himself. When the minister rises in the pulpit he sees the friendly eyes of young and old watching his movements with keen interest. It is perhaps with bated breath that, when giving out the Psalm to be sung, he perceives some well-known figure absent from his accustomed seat. When he utters his thoughts, he can feel at once whether he is in sympathy with his hearers. But it is not so with the audience to which the journalist is called to minister. He may know a few here and there. But what idea has he of readers who are far removed from the ordinary abodes of men, of the aged who are tottering over the grave, of the strong and active who are performing life's duties, of the young who are passing the rubicon into the world of letters and knowledge, of the children of the nursery, who are learning to pray and to sing at a mother's knee. The

journalist is conscious of addressing men and women of all classes and grades, of various experience, of different education, of opposite feelings and tastes, and of all ages. At first he may write in abstract forms, to please himself so to speak, like the bird set upon the fir at tree and singing its melody all alone for its own sake. But by and by he finds he is touching the chords of human hearts, that he is speaking to men, that he has, in the power of the pen, the magician's wand that can move and rouse others to action. Need we wonder that this audience, which seems at first to be my 'erious and undefined, assumes to the imagination the shape of a reality, and that the journalist becomes sensitive to the wants and desires of his reading constituency. He finds himself the provider of a weekly feast for every manner and variety of taste and capacity, and the forms of his readers, that were at first unsubstantial and airy, become endowed with human sympathies. In providing for the weekly entertainment he is every day coming into closer relations with those to whom he ministers, till at length he is conscious of a real friendship subsisting between him and his readers, as there is between a pastor and the members of his flock. It is not, therefore, without much force of meaning, that we say to our readers, "A Happy New Year."

Let us also delight in the thought that our readers experience towards us a feeling corresponding to ours. They are as deeply and as vitally interested in the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN as we are. It is of great importance to them that our weekly visits are such as will do good to their households, to their congregations, to their pastors and teachers, to their Sabbath schools and Bible classes. Should we not be oftentimes in their thoughts when they are remembering all other interests at a throne of grace, and should they not be ready to aid us with every influence at their command in our great undertaking of publishing a paper that will redound to God's glory, and promote the good of our fellow-men.

THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

ON Sabbath the 5th January the week of prayer begins, and it will continue to the succeeding Lord's day. From the inception of the Week of Prayer, according to the suggestion of a missionary in India, it commended itself to the hearts of Christians. It is now under the guiding control of the Evangelical alliance, and in consequence there is perfect concert in its observance all the world over.

Indeed, it is delightful to think of the united action of the people of God, which the Week of Prayer secures. Prayers will arise during the ensuing week from all lands, and from all classes, which will have from day to day the same root-thought for their basis. Thus it is interesting and profitable to think of Christians throughout the world on one day, and with one voice and heart breathing earnest desires on behalf of children. Realize for a moment the importance of this to those who pray. Conceive of its value to those for whom prayer is thus offered. And to

take another example, what good must be brought to bear upon Home or Foreign Missions, when these are presented before the Father's throne by praying millions.

There is also a moral grandeur about this Week of Prayer before which our attention must be arrested. It reveals to us that the Christian religion is not upheld and professed by but a few, but that it represents a number of adherents that no man can count. By the Week of Prayer our hearts are brought into praying sympathy with our dear friends and relatives, or with our fellow countrymen in the Mother-land, and we think of the days long gone by when we learned of the Saviour in the humble hamlet where we were born. The old Church rises before our minds. The manse with its patriarchal sire comes to view. The companions, with whom we played in childhood, start up before us, and we think of their various occupations as they are now taking part in the conflicts of life. And then our hearts go out to India and China, to Australia and New Zealand, to the dark continent of Africa, to the millions on the American continents, to the Islands of the Seas, and we think of the countless brethren to whom we are unknown, but to whom we are linked as brethren in Christ. The thought of all this leads us from despairing doubt to triumphant hope, as we contemplate the advancing hosts of the Lord's army. Let us hope that the Week of Prayer will be more than a mere sentiment with us, and that it will be heartily and earnestly observed. The Evangelical Alliance has provided daily meetings in Shaftesbury Hall, which we hope will be largely attended, and over which we trust the Lord's Spirit will make Himself felt; and let us feel confident that the opportunity is highly valued by our congregations as one in which they can command a blessing from the Lord, and many a work will be begun in churches during the Week of Prayer the fruits of which will only be known on the great day.

HOLIDAY WEATHER.

THE weather, which we have enjoyed during the holiday season, has silenced even the proverbial grumblers. Just when beginning to fear that Jack Frost was about to pass us over, the whole continent was visited by a mighty polar wave. There followed, what the oldest inhabitants are accustomed to call, "a regular old-fashioned Canadian snow-storm," succeeded by a few days of piercing cold. Sabbath week was a severe day throughout the country, rendering travel and church-going somewhat difficult. But Monday was like a gleam of summer in the lap of winter, the cold being sufficient to preserve the consistency of earth's mantle of snow, and the warmth being so marked as to render heavy garments a somewhat oppressive burden. This happy combination of opposing influences became the settled weather of the holiday period, and in consequence we are now looking back upon the parenthesis between Christmas and New Year's day with a delightful remembrance of the special blessings which were vouchsafed to the country.

The effect of the change of weather from the sad, dismal, dripping days of November, to the sharp, clear, bright ones of the past fortnight was evident in a moment. The people were infused with a new spirit. This quickly showed itself in all possible directions. Store windows began to assume a lively appearance, Christmas trees had seemingly sprung up in a night, and evergreen decorations and fanciful devices were the reigning order. The display of toys of every description, of illumined books, of pictorial mottoes, and of many works of art was one of great variety and beauty. The exhibition of pastry, confections, groceries, of poultry and butcher meat was simply wonderful. The streets of our cities on Christmas and New Year's Eves were endowed as with a new life. Shop-keepers laid aside the slow dragging movements of dull November, and were active as bees, happy as crickets, and quickly assumed the nonchalant air of busy times. No one could go into the crowded streets without feeling inspired in presence of the delightful change that had come over things. The business done was more than the average of several years. It was a different kind of business, the purchases being for the most part light and trivial as compared with other similar seasons. But the buyers were legion. Everything was cheap, and the sales were numerous, turning over large quantities and clearing out immense stocks. The rich and poor alike were resolved upon making a highway for the patron saint, who presides in the interest of the young over Christmas festivities, and, so far as we have been able to gather the movements of Santa Claus, our young friends in their every form, of children of our homes, of our Sabbath schools, of our benevolent institutions, have enjoyed a regular, old-fashioned Christmas holiday.

The country, too, has been all alive during those weeks. What a change comes over the scene, after a good, honest snow-storm, like those of the olden times! On all hands they are getting ready their richly caparisoned steeds, for every one has a ride in these matters, and nothing will do but bright and shining harness—but the bells and metal appointments of sleighs cleaned and polished till, like mirrors, they reflect the light—but buffalo robes made beautiful and comfortable by elaborate linings. Then the farmers have a gay time, in paying friendly calls, in giving and receiving hospitality, in attending church socials. There is good cheer on all hands. Tables are groaning with the plenty a bountiful Providence has supplied. Hearts are made light and merry in the absence of the care and anxiety which belong to the seasons of sowing and reaping. The young folks have a good time as becomes their animal spirits and happy ambitions. We have only to think of these things, and remember how differently it would all have been, had we not been favoured with the winter's blasts and the bore' snows. Let us think upon the dread desolation caused by such a winter in other lands, in Ireland and Scotland, for example. The wealthy may enjoy the change to snow and ice and the thermometer below zero; but what rigour

does it mean for the poor man, what wretchedness for half-clothed women, what misery for starved little ones. With nothing but dead ashes in the grate, and an empty larder, and with but little more than rags to shut out the cold, such a season as this can mean nothing but an awful calamity, nay, in some parts of Great Britain at this moment the roads are made impassable by accumulated snows, and there are wanting the merry ringing of the sleigh-bells with which our ears are so familiar, and which speaks of easy travel from one place to another. The snows by which we are assailed might turn our life into that of the solitudes of the Alps, but for the plenty with which God blesses us, and that enables us to turn the winter blockades into modes of travel and commerce.

During such a season, what enjoyments upon the ice! The makers and vendors of skates are out in full force, catering to all classes of our citizens. Such is our national fondness for sports on the glassy floor, that we are having our tournaments, and promenades and even social gatherings upon the ice. The man skating-rink is a sort of superior parlour, in which the young can move with agile grace along the slippery surface. There is no longer the danger which arises from pursuing the exercise of skating upon exposed lakes and rivers, where there were no conveniences for retirement and rest, and where to sit down was almost death. Now, it is all the other way, and the consequence is that a real good time is being enjoyed with skating carnivals and tournaments. And then there is the roaring game, which has been transplanted from the lochs of Scotland to the lakes and rivers of Canada. What with the suitability of the climate for this manly sport, and the patronage it has enjoyed from the late Governor-General and other eminent men, curling has taken a high place among our out-door amusements. It is a game which we will do well to foster and encourage. It makes the players glow and tingle with health. It excites to generous emulation. It begets a fellow-feeling of kindly sympathy. It sets East and West, and North and South against one another in noble competition. It teaches men by its precepts and examples to exercise the double charity of being humble when victorious, and hopeful when defeated. The present season promises to be highly favourable to these recreations on the ice, and we are glad to feel the air vibrating with the ringing sounds of many happy voices.

THE Sabbath school of the North Mara congregation held its anniversary recently. The attendance and manifest interest indicated the prosperous state of the school. After an excellent tea had been served the pastor took the chair, and a pleasant hour was spent listening to brief addresses and appropriate music. The Sabbath school at Longford is also doing well under the care of two worthy men. The congregations both at Mara and Longford are steadily increasing, and tokens of the Divine blessing have been vouchsafed. The pastor, the Rev. D. McGregor, is much esteemed by the people of his charge, and here as elsewhere his labours are being blessed of God. A few friends at Longford made him a Christmas present of a handsome purse of money. May such harmony and good-will as exists long continue, and pastor and flock be favored with the smiles of the very God of peace.—COM.

SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE.

For the many Sunday School workers who were not privileged to attend the Institute lately held in Toronto, we give a few points made and emphasized by the several speakers.

Rev. D. J. McDonnell, on "Some characteristics of Christ as a teacher," noted the following:—(1.) Authoritative and dogmatic—"I am the truth," etc. (2.) Illustrative—"Without a parable spake He not," "The Kingdom is *here*," etc. Urged teachers to learn to make analogies, get illustrations from nature, home-life, history, everywhere. (3.) Paradoxical—full of apparently contradictory statements. "My peace," and "I came not to send peace," etc. (4.) Suggestive—Dropped seed thoughts, which the disciples afterwards thought over. So should the teacher in the Sabbath School. (5.) Reticent—Did not attempt to explain all mysteries. The silence of Christ is suggestive. (6.) Discriminating—Christ has no cut-and-dried method of dealing with men; no uniform plan in His approach to men; e.g., Nicodemus—young Ruler—Zaccheus—Woman at well, etc. The wise teacher will study human nature. (7.) About Himself—He was his own theme, "I am the truth." Let Christ be the Alpha and Omega of the teacher.

Mr. H. J. Clark, superintendent of the Northern Congregational Church Sunday School, on "How to conduct a Sunday School Session," gave prominence to the fact that this was a *teaching* service, and that the larger part of the time should be devoted exclusively to teaching. Would give one quarter of an hour to opening, one quarter to close, and three-quarters to teaching. He allowed no interruption to teachers while teaching. Punctuality and order were imperative necessary. Opening prayer by superintendent brief, earnest, devout. Few words at close, emphasizing the *golden thought* of the lesson.

Rev. B. Silcox, on "What the pastor can do for the Sunday School," urged the following:—(1.) That as *pastor* of the School, he should be in the School as regular as in his pulpit. (2.) Give the Sunday School its true place in the Church. It is the teaching department of the Church, and as important as the preaching. (3.) Assist the superintendent in the selection of teachers. (4.) Conduct the teachers' meeting. (5.) Aid in the choice of the literature of the Sunday School. He argued that the Church is responsible to God for the religious education of the children. Let the children first be fed.

Rev. Dr. Castle, on "What the home can do for the Sunday School," made these points:—(1.) Punctuality—send the child in time. (2.) Home study of the lesson. (3.) Review lesson taught at School. (4.) Parents should know the teachers, take them into confidence, and so both together work for the child's spiritual good. (5.) Teach child to respect the teacher; let the teacher be held in high esteem in the home. (6.) Should visit the School often, and manifest their appreciation of its work. (7.) Supply the School with plenty of money. The teachers give their time, the parents should not allow them to be compelled to raise the money.

The Institute was conducted by Rev. Jesse Hurlbut, of New York. His last address was on "The Trained Workman." This is the great necessity of the Sunday School to-day, more attention should be given on how to teach. It is not the man who knows most, but the man who knows best how to make the most of what he knows, that succeeds as a teacher.

It is easier to set a man against all the world than to make him fight with himself.—*Tillotson*.

SCOTLAND, owing to its recent failures, is rated as £15,000,000 poorer than it was a few weeks ago.

I HAVE never been able to discover that a man is at all the worse for being attacked. One foolish line of his own does him more harm than the ablest pamphlets against him by other people.—*Macaulay*.

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, in his lecture on "The wastes and burdens of society," claims "man's natural life to be eighty years, and as the average life is but thirty-three years, there must be a waste of forty-seven years." There is much of truth in the statement. If a man be unfortunate in business, it is attributed to the violation of some commercial law. Now, if a person be taken off in the prime of life, ought it not to be attributed to the violation of some physiological law? If people only knew better, they would live better and longer; but how can they profit by that which they know not of? The only popular work that meets this great want is Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. In it the great problems of disease and health are fully discussed. The work contains over 900 pages and 250 colored plates and wood-cuts. Price, \$1.50 (post-paid). Address the author, R. V. Pierce, M.D., Buffalo, N.Y.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

FROM JEST TO EARNEST.

BY REV. H. P. ROSE.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Lottie's periods of depression never lasted long, and again the frosty air and quick motion set her blood tingling with life. In order to escape De Forrest's whispered sentimentalities, she commenced singing. Her naturally good voice had been somewhat injured by straining at difficult music, under superficial instruction, instead of thorough training for it, but within a moderate compass and in simple music, was sweet and strong.

De Forrest was enthusiastic in his encores of selections that were beyond her abilities. Though most of the airs were unfamiliar to Hemstead, he was satisfied that they were incorrect, and certain that the music was not over good. Therefore he was silent. This piqued Lottie, for one of her purposes in the choice of what she sang, was to impress him, from the barbarous West, with the idea of her superior culture. At last she said:

"I fear you do not like operatic and classical music very much, Mr. Hemstead?"

"We do not often hear such music very perfectly rendered, in our part of the West. There are airs from the opera that are very pretty," and he suggested one that was simple.

The truth began to dawn on the quick-witted girl, but De Forrest said, patronizingly:

"It requires a cultivated taste to appreciate such music as you were singing, Miss Lottie."

"It is not with the music probably, but my rendering of it, that Mr. Hemstead finds fault."

"Two of the airs were new to me, and the other I have heard but seldom," said Hemstead evasively.

"How about that one?" asked De Forrest.

"Well, in sincerity then, I think Miss Marsden does herself injustice by attempting music that would tax the powers of a prima donna."

"The poor!" whispered De Forrest to Lottie.

After a moment she said firmly, "Mr. Hemstead has only said plainly what you thought, Julian."

"Oh, Miss Lottie—" he began to protest.

"I'm not a fool," she continued, "so please don't waste your breath. You have heard all the prima donnas, and know how ridiculously far beneath them I fall, when I try to sing their music. I think you might have told me. It would have been truer kindness than your hollow applause. Why, our teachers make us the laughing-stock of society, by keeping us upon these absurd attempts at music beyond us, to the exclusion of everything else, is something that I can't understand. My car is not over nice, but I have always had a suspicion that I was executing in the sense of murder, the difficult arisat that the old weakened-faced Italian professor kept me at till brother Dan said in truth, that I was turning into a screech-owl. But no one, save he and Mr. Hemstead has been honest enough to tell me the truth. Thus, on many occasions, I have taxed the politeness of people to the utmost, no doubt, and been the cause of innumerable complimentary fibs, like those you have just been guilty of, Julian. Perhaps, Mr. Hemstead, you think a style of music like this more suited to my powers; and she struck into a well-known plantation song.

"No," said he, laughing, "I think you do yourself still greater injustice."

"You probably think I cannot sing at all."

"On the contrary, I think you have an unusually good voice. I wish you would sing that air that you were humming when you came into the parlor this afternoon. I liked that, and imagine it is suited to your voice."

"What was it? Oh, I remember. An air from Faust, that Marguerite sings at her spinning-wheel. I think I can give that pretty decently."

She sang it sweetly, with taste and some power. Hemstead's encore was hearty, and she knew it was sincere.

"Now that you have done me such good service," she said laughing, "and shown that mediocrity is my musical position, let us have some old-fashioned ballads, and all sing them together in sleigh-riding style."

"Pardon me, Miss Marsden, I assign you to mediocrity in nothing."

"Oh, no, not you—my own abilities place me there. But come, each one sing;" and she commenced a ballad, well known to the others, but not to him.

It sounded very well indeed, only Harcourt's bass was much too light for the other voices.

"Why don't you sing?" asked Lottie of Hemstead.

"I do not know the air or words."

"Shall we try Old Hundred?" asked De Forrest.

"Ahem! The long metre doxology—"

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Addie and Harcourt joined in laughingly. Bel commenced with them, but stopped when she saw that Lottie did not sing.

"Do you believe that 'all blessings flow' from God?" asked Hemstead of De Forrest.

"I suppose so, according to Old Hundred," he said lightly.

"You don't suppose so" at all, Julian. You know it, as we all do, however we may act," said Lottie with emphasis.

"With such a belief, I would at least treat Him with respect," said Hemstead quietly. "I should be sorry to be under deep and continued obligations to One toward whom I failed in ordinary courtesy."

"I knew it was wrong," muttered Bell, "but—"

"I have no such belief," said Harcourt, "so your sharp homily does not apply to me."

"Where do your blessings come from?" asked Hemstead.

"Well, those I don't get out of my clients, from where this snow does—the laws and forces of nature."

"Your faith is like the snow, I think, very cold."

"If it's cold in winter, it's warm in summer," retorted he, flippantly; and Addie giggled approvingly, for the reason that it sounded flippant and smart.

They had now reached the hamlet of Scrub Oaks, in the centre of which was a small house, that seemed bursting with light and noise. Whenever the door opened it appeared to fly open from a pressure within.

De Forrest acted as escort to the ladies, while Hemstead accompanied Harcourt in his effort to find a sheltered place for the horses. This pleased the young lawyer, and he said, good-naturedly:

"Don't think, Mr. Hemstead, that I do not respect your honest convictions, and I meant no slur upon them. You take things too seriously."

"I suppose we all ought to make more allowance for what is said in mere sport and repartee," said Hemstead. "But what to you is law and force, is to me a personal God and Friend. You know that there are some names—like that of mother and wife—that are too sacred for jest."

"Thus people misjudge and misunderstand each other, simply because they see things from different points of view," replied Harcourt. "De Forrest provokes me, however. He has no doubts worthy of the name, for he reads nothing save the sporting news and fashionable literature of the day, and yet he likes to give the impression that he is in with us, who read books and think."

"If you will only tread fairly, Mr. Harcourt, I have no fears but that in time you will think rightly. An honest jury must hear both sides and have no prejudices."

The young men now sought the rest of the party, who had squeezed their way into the little parsonage that seemed so replete with life and bustle, that it appeared like a social bomb-shell, with effervescing human nature as an explosive material, and might burst into fragments any moment.

CHAPTER IX.—"THE OTHER SET."

The minister and his wife were scarcely host and hostess on this occasion, as a self-appointed committee of ladies had taken upon themselves the duty; but, like all corporations, this committee had no soul and a very indefinite body. No one knew just who they were, or where to find them, and some of the members, in the bewilderment of unaccustomed official position and honors, seemed to have lost themselves, and hustled all over the house about as aimlessly as decapitated hens. The more staid and practical sisters of the committee were down in the kitchen, breathlessly setting tables which were almost as speedily cleared, by people whose appetites were as keen as the winter night without.

"I do declare—" ejaculated Mrs. Gubling, as one devastating tableful rose ingeniously from the repast and another flock began to gather in hungry expectancy at the door—"I do declare, I'm near beat out. Is this a starvin' community? At this rate they'll eat up, all there is in the house, and the minister and his wife and babies into the bargain."

"Well," said Mrs. Rhamm, conveying the last bit of corned beef which had been reluctantly left upon the plate as "manners," to a rather capacious mouth, "if they would eat up some of the babies it wouldn't be so bad. I don't see why poor ministers will have so many babies."

"The Lord takes care of 'em. We don't," suggested Mrs. Gubling.

"We all do our part I s'pose. The worst of it is, that it makes it uncomfortable for a church to give a small salary."

"I wish our church was more uncomfortable then. It's a shame we give Mr. Dlimm only six hundred. But come, if we don't get another table set they'll eat us up."

"I'd like to see 'em," said Mrs. Rhamm, with a disdainful sniff.

"Well, you be a bit old and tough," chuckled Mrs. Gubling.

With the solace of this sally, which seemed true, if not true wit, these hard-featured mothers in Israel set about their tasks with the deftness that long experience gives.

At the time De Forrest conveyed the ladies into the hall, the upstairs members of the committee were buzzing around somewhere else, for there was no one to receive them. They were gradually hustled or carried into the parlor or main room, and here Hemstead and Harcourt found them in characteristic conditions. Addie's and De Forrest's elegant noses were decidedly *reloué*; Bel appeared both disgusted and frightened, while Lottie's face wore an expression of intense and amused curiosity. She was seeing "the other set" to her heart's content, and all was as new and strange as if she had visited another land.

Harcourt joined Addie, and they commenced whispering satirical criticisms on the remarks and manners of those around. Hemstead's interest mainly centred in watching Lottie, and in noting the effect of her contact with plain and uncultured people. He was glad he did not see the repulsion of a little mind and a narrow nature, as was the case with most of the others. Though it was evident that she had no sympathy with them, nor for them, there was intelligent interest and wide-awake curiosity. While the others were encasing themselves in exclusive pride, she was eager to investigate and get in rapport with this new phase of humanity. But trammelled by her city ideas, she felt that she could not speak to any one without the formality of an introduction. But the ice was broken for her unexpectedly. Feeling her dress pulled, she turned and found a very stout old lady sitting near her, who asked in a loud whisper:

"Been down to supper yet?"

"No," said Lottie, "I don't wish any."

"I do, but I'm afraid I won't get none. You see I am big and clumsy anyway, and now I'm so lame with the rheumatiz, that I kin hardly move."

"It's too bad," said Lottie, pathetically, but with a swift comical glance at the others.

"Yes, it's kinder awful to be so helpless," said the old woman with a complacent sigh, delighted at having a sympathetic auditor. "I'm dreadfully afraid I won't get no supper. I'm like the withered man at the pool of Bethesda. Whenever they are ready for another batch 'while I'm a comin' another steppeth down before me."

"Well, you're not very much withered, that's one comfort to be thankful for," said Lottie.

"I'd like to be thankful for my supper, if I could only git a chance," persisted the old woman.

"You shall have a chance. When is the pool troubled? When shall we put you in?"

"There I now is the time," said her new acquaintance, dropping her affected and pious tone, and speaking with sharp engerness. "See, one batch is comin' up, and nuther is going down."

"Mr. Hemstead, will you assist me in escorting this old lady to the supper-table?"

Hemstead's face was aglow with approval, and he instantly complied, while the other, understanding Lottie better, were convulsed with laughter.

It was no easy thing for them unitedly to manage the hobbling mountain of flesh. When they came to the steep, narrow stairway, matters were still more serious.

"You shall go first," whispered Lottie to Hemstead, "for if she should fall on me—good-bye, Lottie Marsden."

Hemstead patiently, carefully, and with the utmost deference, assisted the helpless creature down the stairs.

"You are as polite to her as if she were a duchess," said Lottie, in a low tone.

"She is more than a duchess. She is a woman," he replied.

Lottie gave him a quick, pleased look, but said, "Such old-fashioned chivalry is out of date, Mr. Hemstead."

"He's right, miss," said the old woman, sharply. "I'm not Dutch."

Lottie dropped behind to hide her merriment at this speech, and Hemstead appeared with his charge clinging to his arm, at the kitchen door, which her ample form nearly filled.

"My sakes o' lives! Auntie Lammer, how did you get down here?" said Mrs. Gubling. "We hain't ready for you yet."

"No matter," said Mrs. Lammer, "I thank the mercies I've got down safe, and I'm goin' to stay till I git my supper."

"Can I help you?" asked Lottie, glancing curiously around the room.

They looked with even more curiosity at her; and a strange contrast she made, in her rich and tasteful costume and rare beauty, with those plain, middle-aged, hard-working women, and the small dingy room.

For a moment they stared at her without reply, then gave each other a few suggestive nudges; and Mrs. Rhamm was about to speak rather slightly, when good-natured Mrs. Gubling said:

"You are very kind, Miss, but you don't look cut out for our work. Besides, my dear, it's an awful dangerous place down here. I'm afraid we'll git eat up ourselves before the evening is over. I'm sure you would be, if you stayed. I wouldn't mind taking a bit myself, and the good woman and her assistants laughed heartily over this standing joke of the evening, while Auntie Lammer, seeing that Mrs. Gubling was the leading spirit of the supper-room, quivered in all her vast proportions with politic and propitious mirth.

All this was inexpressibly funny to Lottie, who had the keenest sense of the absurd, and with a sign to Hemstead she drew him away, saying:

"This exceeds any play I ever saw. I didn't know people who were not acting could be so queer and comical."

"Well, Miss Lottie," he said, as they ascended the stairs, "I admit that humanity everywhere often has its ridiculous side, but I have been laughed at too much myself to enjoy laughing at others."

"And why should you be laughed at so much?"

"I suppose it is the fate of overgrown, awkward boys, who have a tendency to blurt out the truth on all occasions."

"Such a tendency as that will always make you trouble, I assure you."

"It hasn't with you, yet."

"Our acquaintance has been very brief."

"And yet I seem to know you so well. I would not have believed it possible in one short day."

"I think you are mistaken. But you have ceased to be a stranger to me. I have remarked before to-day, that I knew you better than some I have seen from childhood."

"I am happy to say that I wish to conceal nothing."

"Few can say that."

"Oh, I don't mean that I am better than other people, only that it is best to appear just what we are. People should be like coin, worth their face—"

"I was in search of you" interrupted De Forrest, as they stood talking a moment near the head of the stairs in the hall. "We did not know but that the syph you escorted away, had made a supper on Hemstead, with you as a relish. Have you seen enough of this bear-garden yet?"

"No, indeed," said Lottie; "I am just beginning to enjoy myself."

From openly staring at and criticizing the party from Mrs. Marchmont's, the young people began to grow aggressive, and from class prejudices, were incited to be hostile. There were whispered consultations, and finally one well-known habitué of the store and tavern thought he could over-crest himself with glory by a trick, and at the same time secure a kiss from Lottie, the prettiest. The conspiracy was soon formed. A kissing game in one of the upper rooms was suspended for a moment, and one of the tall girls accompanied him down as if they were a delegation, and on the principle that in designs against a woman a female confederate is always helpful in disarming fear and suspicion.

He approached Lottie with the best manners he could assume, and said:

"We are having some games up stairs. Perhaps you would like to join us. We'd like to have you."

"Do come," added the tall girl, "they are real nice."

"Certainly," said Lottie, who was now ready for another adventure. "Come, let us all go."

"The others needn't come unless they want to," said the young man, for he didn't relish the lawyer's presence, whom he knew by reputation, nor the searching looks of the tall stranger whom he did not know.

"Mr. Hemstead, you and Julian come," said Lottie, and as they ascended the stairs, she studied this new specimen of Scrub Oaks, who was a loafer of the village as De Forrest

was an idler of the town. They both belonged to the same genus, though the latter would have resented such a statement as the foulest insult.

The manners, and the smart, loud finery of her new acquaintance, amused Lottie very much. When they reached the room, they found it full of whispering, giggling young people.

The tall girl, as instructed, said, "Now let us form a ring with our hands on this rope."

"This having been done, she said, "Now Mr. Shabb, you must go inside first;" And then with a nudge to Lottie, she explained, "He'll try to hit our hands with this, and if he hits your hands you will have to go inside the ring."

What else he would do, she left to be disclosed by action.

Then he of the flaming neck-tie and bulging cheek took his place with a twinkling eye that meant mischief. De Forrest and Hemstead declined to play, but the latter slipped forward and stood near Lottie. He was not sure, but dimly remembered seeing this game before, when it was not played so innocently as the tall girl had described.

The young rustic made extravagant but purposely vain efforts to strike the hands of others, and Lottie watched the scene with laughing curiosity. Suddenly he wheeled round and struck her hands sharply; and to her horrified surprise, it seemed but a second later that his repulsive face was almost against her own. But something came between, and starting back, she saw the baffled youth imprint a fervent kiss on the back of Hemstead's hand.

There was a loud laugh at him from those who expected to laugh with him. He swaggered up to Hemstead, and said threateningly:

"What do you mean?"

"What do you mean?" asked Lottie, confronting him with blazing eyes. "It is well this gentleman interposed. If you had succeeded in your insult I should have had you punished in a way that you would not soon forget."

"It's only part of the game," muttered he, abashed by her manner.

"Part of the game!"

"Yes," giggled the tall girl, faintly; "it's a kissing game."

"Did you know it was such?" asked Lottie indignantly, of De Forrest and Hemstead.

"Indeed I did not," said De Forrest, "and if you say so, I'll give this fellow the flogging, anyway."

"Come right out, and do it now," was the pert response.

"All I can say is, Miss Marsden," explained Hemstead, "that I suspected something wrong, and took means to prevent it. How those nice-looking girls can allow this fellow to kiss them, is more than I can understand."

"No lady would," said Lottie, as she swept disdainfully out; and under the withering influence of these remarks, kissing games languished the rest of the evening; only young children, and a few of the coarser natured ones, participating. But soon the absurdity of the whole scene overcame Lottie, and she laughed till the tears stood in her eyes.

As they were slowly descending the stairs a faded little woman said:

"I'm glad to see you enjoying yourself, Miss Marchmont. It was very kind of you and your party to come so far."

"I am not Miss Marchmont," said Lottie, "though I came with her."

"Well, as the minister's wife, I would like her and all her party to know of our grateful appreciation."

"You thank us beyond our deserts. But are you the minister's wife? I am glad to make your acquaintance;" and she held out her hand, which Mrs. Dlimm seemed glad to take.

At this moment there came the cry of an infant from one of the upper rooms.

"Oh, there goes my baby," said Mrs. Dlimm, "I thought I heard it before," and she was about to hasten on.

"May I not go with you? I'd see the baby?" asked Lottie.

What mother ever refused such a request? In a moment Lottie was in the one small room in which, on this portentous occasion, the three younger children were huddled, the others being old enough to take part in what, to them, was the greatest excitement of their lives, thus far.

Lottie looked curiously around, with the quick appreciative eye by which ladies seem to gather accurately at a glance the effect of a costume and the style and character of an apartment and its occupants. But she politely, and from a certain innate interest, gave such attention to the baby as to win the mother's heart. It was but an ordinary baby, although the fattest and sturdiest member of a rather pinched household, but Lottie wonderingly saw that to the faded mother it was a cherub just from heaven.

Lottie could not understand it. A perfumed baby, in lace and muslin, might be a nice pet if the nurse were always within call, but the sole care of this chubby-checked Molock, that would sacrifice its mother as unconsciously and complacently as the plant absorbs moisture, seemed almost as prosaic and dreadful as being devoured alive.

"Does no one help you to take care of that child?" asked she.

"Well, my husband and the elder children help some."

"Haven't you a nurse for all these children?"

"No, indeed. It's as much as we can do to clothe and feed them."

"Don't you keep any servants at all?"

"Yes, we have a girl in the kitchen, but she's almost as much bother as she is worth."

"How do you get along?"

"I hardly know—somewhat as the birds do out of doors."

"Are you happy?"

"I've hardly time to think. I think I am though; happy as most people. Some days bright, some days cloudy, and now and then a storm. That's the way it is with all, I imagine. We all have our crosses you know, but by and by all will come right."

"I should be cross enough, with all your crosses."

"They might make you patient. The crosser people I know are those who shun all crosses."

"Now I think of it, I'm inclined to believe that's true," said Lottie, reflectively. Then she whispered, as she walked

softly to the mother's side, "Baby is going to sleep, isn't it?"

With different expressions, they both peered into the full-moon face, two features of which, the eyes, were becoming obliterated by the white, drooping lids. Lottie looked as if she were examining a zoological specimen. Mrs. Dlimm gazed with a smile of deep content and tenderness.

The undisturbed rest of the child upon her bosom was a type of her own mind at that moment. She was nature's child, God's child, and the babe was hers.

To the true and simple child of nature, who, without thought of self or the public eye, are quietly doing their duty in their own little niches, these moments of peace with strange thrills of joy are constantly coming. If this worn mother could look down upon the child, and her plain, pale face grow beautiful with spiritual light, how must the God who inspires all love—who is the source of tenderness—have regarded her?

The expression of this woman's face puzzled Lottie beyond measure. It was so incongruous, irreconcilable with the burdens, the weary cares, and ceaseless toil and anxiety of her lot. It was so out of keeping with the noisy throng and confused bustle that filled the house, and it dimly suggested to the proud belle a condition of mind before undreamt of in her philosophy.

Some new and curious thoughts stole into her heart as she watched the mother slowly rocking backward and forward, uttering a low, crooning lullaby—the gentlest sound that ever falls on mortal ears. For some reason there came into her soul a sudden loathing of her own selfishness and callousness.

After the child had been laid in the cradle, she asked, "What did you mean when you said, 'It will all come right some day?'"

"Well, I suppose I meant that God's little children often get sorely perplexed with their cares and troubles in this world, but when we get home and sit down to rest and think it all over, it will then seem right."

"Home?"

"Yes, home in our Heavenly Father's house. That's the only real home we have. We only 'stop,' as the Irish say, here and there for a little while in this world."

"And do you think of heaven as a pleasant home and rest after what seems to me your very hard life?"

"Certainly; how do you think of it?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I have not thought much about it."

Before Mrs. Dlimm could reply, there came anything but a heavenly interruption. It was as if Moses and Aaron were within the cool and shadowy tabernacle feasting on spiritual manna, and there came a delegation from the Hebrew camp, clamoring for the "leeks and onions of Egypt."

Though the congregation often said, "It's a pity Mrs. Dlimm is such a meek and quiet little woman," and though the self-appointed committee of ladies was so large, and the minister himself was down stairs, yet when the first real emergency of the evening arose, the upstairs members of the committee were helpless, and the best thing Mrs. Gubling, the leading spirit down stairs, could do, was to "shuck up," as she said, and "go tell the Parson's wife." But seeing Mr. Dlimm on the way, she beckoned him aside with a portentous nod. He, poor man, heard her tidings with dismay. He had fallen into the habit of taking all his difficulties either to the Lord or his wife, and in this case he felt that both must come to his aid.

With Mrs. Gubling he at once hastened to the nursery, and entered rather abruptly.

Mrs. Dlimm raised her finger impressively, then pointed to the cradle.

"But, my dear—" began her husband, rather impatiently.

"Hush," said the wife in a low tone, "whatever's the matter don't wake the baby, for then I can't do anything."

"Mrs. Dlimm," said Mrs. Gubling, "they've eat up everything there is down stairs, 'cept me, and there's three tables yet. It's such a fine night, and the sleighing's so good, that lots more have come than we expected. I don't know how much money they brought, but they hain't brought provisions enough."

"What shall we do?" asked Mr. Dlimm, nervously.

"If it takes the last penny we have in the world," said his wife, with grave dignity, "no one shall leave our house hungry. You must step over to the store, Mr. Dlimm, and buy enough to satisfy every one."

"I feel just as you do, my dear," he said, with the air of one who sees duty clearly, though it is far from being agreeable. "Just give me our poor little horde from your bureau drawer, and I'll go at once."

Lottie witnessed the scene with mingled amusement and indignation, and then with her face aglow with a sudden purpose, sped away also.

(To be continued.)

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, with full directions for preparing and using, in German, French, or English. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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NINETY per cent. of the thread made yearly is used on sewing machines.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

EIGHTY Free Churches in Glasgow will be opened next month for evening services through a fortnight.

THE Government of Spain have decided to expel all foreigners belonging to the international Society from that country.

RAILROADS pay \$5,000 for killing a man; but the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company have paid \$12,555 for killing a trotting horse!

AN offer of \$5,000 a day would be a tempting one to most men, but Mr. Field of Chicago refuses it for the lease of a Colorado mine that he owns.

HON. BAYARD TAYLOR, United States Minister to Germany, the popular traveller, poet, lecturer, journalist, and author, died at Berlin, December 19.

THE Irish Sunday-Closing Association has received reports that the new law is working with excellent results in several hundred towns and villages in Ireland.

THE new church for the Finnieston Free congregation, Glasgow (Dr. Andrew Bonar's), which will seat 1,000 persons, and has cost \$60,000, was opened recently.

DR. HOWARD Crosby says that in spite of all the drawbacks to the honest execution of our Excise laws, there are 1,739 rum holes less in New York city than there were a year ago.

MR. WILLIAM BUCKNELL, the large-hearted Baptist of Philadelphia, invited each of the city pastors of that denomination to buy five dollars' worth of books as a holiday present from him.

It is reported that Pope Leo XIII. is engaged in drawing up a scheme of co-operation between all the European Powers, with a view to the repression of socialistic and international tendencies.

THE marriage of the Duke of Cumberland, son of the late ex-King of Hanover, and Princess Thyra, daughter of the King of Denmark, was celebrated at the royal residence in Copenhagen on Saturday evening.

A RECENT visit to Pitcairn's Island, settled by the famous mutineers of the "Bounty," showed that their descendants now number 16 men, 19 women, 25 boys, and 30 girls. They live together in perfect harmony and contentment.

THE Old Testament Company of the British Bible Revision Committee, concluded a ten days' session—the fifty-fourth session—on the 29th of November. They completed the first revision of the Book of Esther and that of Daniel chapter xi: 35.

IT is stated that American Presbyterians will co-operate with the Free Church of Scotland, in supporting evangelical preaching at important points on the Continent of Europe. American travellers constitute an important portion of the attendants on these Sabbath services.

MR. HENRY VARLEY, the evangelist, whose visit to this country is fresh in memory, has been laboring successfully for months in Australia. He has been persuaded to remain there and has decided to locate in Melbourne, where a tabernacle holding 5,000 persons is to be built for him.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Presbyterian Journal," speaking of the poverty of the poor of Egypt, says, "I have seen children hunting for stray grains of raw beans among the refuse of the thorny provender where a camel had been feeding, as eagerly as we used to hunt for chestnuts among the grass on a frosty autumn morning."

TEMPERANCE principles are spreading among the influential classes in England and their testimony has great weight. Sir Philip Cunliffe Owen, the British Commissioner at the Paris Exposition, has recently stated that he could not have discharged his laborious duties, often occupying 19 hours a day, if he had not been an abstainer.

IT seems that our pugnacious little English sparrows are slandered by the commonly accepted belief that they drive away other birds. Prof. Brewer, of Boston, denies the fact, and states that there are now 17 species of native birds on Boston Common, while there were only 5 when the sparrows were introduced five years ago.

AT a recent Missionary Conference at Yankton, Dakota, connected with the missions of the American and Presbyterian Boards, 227 Indians were present from abroad, the majority coming 200 miles, and as many of the Yankton Indians. Some of the questions discussed by Indian ministers and laymen were, "How to promote revivals," and "How to honor the marriage relation."

REV. R. W. McALL, who has done so much in establishing evangelical missions for the workmen of Paris, has introduced similar efforts in Lyons, since the close of the Paris Exposition. He has already secured four rooms in densely-populated districts of the city, and the opening meeting, on November 17, was crowded. Lyons, with its 350,000 inhabitants, is not only the headquarters of ultra-Romanism, but is as well the hotbed of scepticism and atheism.

MR. SPURGEON continues to be a martyr to rheumatism and unable to resume his pastoral duties. He recently wrote to his congregation: "I cannot stand for even five minutes. During the night I have been fiercely attacked by rheumatism in the back and loins, and I now feel quite prostrate. How I long to speak again in the name of the Lord. Accept my hearty love. May God bless the two brethren who so kindly fill my place. Pray for me and let nothing flag."

AN Ohio man, who had been seen two successive days pacing up and down in front of his saloon, as if in deep thought, was asked by a friend if the crusaders had been after him. His reply was, "No; but I have received a postal, signed by three ladies. The husband of the first is one of my customers, and is rapidly becoming a drunkard. A son of the second, one of my customers, is just starting in the drunkard's course. The husband of the third was one of my customers, and died a drunkard. It cuts close, and I can't stand it."

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

REV. PROF. CAMPBELL, of Montreal, occupied the pulpit of Charles street Church in this city last Sabbath.

MR. A. T. COLTER was ordained and inducted into the pastoral charge of Thornbury and Heathcote, Dec. 11th, 1878.

REV. PRINCIPAL MACVICAR, of Montreal, preached to a large congregation in Knox Church in this city on Sabbath morning last.

ON the 16th inst. Rev. A. Y. Hartley moderated in a call at Thames Road and Kirkton, which resulted in favour of Rev. Colin Fletcher.

REV. J. McMECHAN preached a sermon to the Masons of Waterdown on the 22nd ult. There was a large congregation. The text was 1 Peter ii. 17: "Honour all men, love the brotherhood, fear God, honour the king."

THE Rev. J. Smith of Erskine Church, Toronto, will (D.V.) preach the anniversary sermons in the Presbyterian Church, Bracebridge, on Sabbath, the 12th inst. On the evening of the 13th he will also deliver a lecture on "Church Song."

ON the evening of the 27th ult. a festival was held in connection with the Lower Town branch of St. Andrew's Sabbath school, Ottawa. The chair was occupied by the superintendent, Mr. Larmonth, and addresses were delivered by Rev. Messrs. Gordon and Elliott.

THE Sabbath school in connection with the Presbyterian Church, Rochesterville, held its annual social on the evening of the 27th ult. There was a good attendance of the parents and friends. After an excellent service of refreshments a pleasant time was spent in singing, recitations, and addresses. In the recitations and singing the children took a highly creditable part. The report showed the school to be in a prosperous condition.

ON Friday evening, the 20th ult., the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D., of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, delivered a lecture in Guthrie Church, Harriston. The Rev. gentleman held his audience spell-bound for more than an hour and a quarter, as they listened with marked attention to his eloquent remarks. The lecture was very highly appreciated. Although there was no social in connection with it, yet the attendance was good, and the next time that the Rev. gentleman favors Harriston with his presence, there will be a still larger audience to welcome him.—COM.

ON the evening of the 23rd ult. a party composed of members of the congregation of Guthrie Church, Oro, and their families, waited on their pastor, the Rev. S. Hutchison, at the manse, and taking possession of the dining-room and parlour, proceeded to lay out a bountiful tea. After partaking of the good things provided, the whole company assembled in the parlour, and the remainder of the evening was occupied with speeches and music. At a timely hour the pastor closed the meeting with the benediction, and the company dispersed well pleased with the manner in which they had spent the evening.

THE anniversary of the Sabbath school of Zion Church, Brantford, was held on the evening of Thursday, the 26th ult. The superintendent, Dr. Nichol, presided. Interesting and appropriate readings and recitations were given by pupils and others. Dr. Nichol presented the superintendent's report, showing the school to be in a very prosperous condition, with an attendance of 350. Mr. Chas. Duncan, treasurer, gave the financial statement, also showing the school to be in a tolerably good position. Towards the close of the proceedings the pastor, Rev. Dr. Cochran, made a few appropriate and well-timed remarks. The collection taken on behalf of the school was liberal.

ON the evening of Friday, the 27th ult., the anniversary of the Zion Church Mission Sabbath school in West Brantford was held. The chair was occupied by Mr. Charles Duncan, the superintendent, and addresses were delivered by Mr. John Montgomery, Dr. Wm. Nichol, Mr. Wm. Geddes, and Rev. Dr. Cochran. Prizes of books and nicely bound copies of the Bible were distributed, at the close, to the most deserving scholars, and next the Christmas tree was stripped, which afforded every child some useful article of dress for the winter. In some cases they received almost entire outfits, through the liberality and thoughtfulness of the teachers and friends.

THE Rev. F. R. Beattie, M.A., was ordained by the Presbytery of Peterboro', and inducted into the pastoral charge of Baltimore and Coldsprings, at Baltimore, on the 11th of December. There was a good attendance from both congregations. Mr. Ballantyne of Cobourg presided, and preached an appropriate sermon from 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16. Mr. McWilliam delivered the charge to the minister, and Mr. Torrance to the people. A successful soiree was held in the evening. After an excellent tea had been served in the adjoining hall, those present repaired to the church, when suitable addresses were delivered by several members of Presbytery and others. Mr. Beattie enters on a wide sphere of usefulness with very good prospects.

MR. JOHN MORDY, M.A., was ordained and inducted to the pastoral charge of Lake Shore and Leith on the 19th Dec., 1878. A social meeting of welcome was held in the Leith church in the afternoon. Addresses were given by Messrs. D. Armstrong and J. Harkness, elders of the congregation; also by the following ministers: Messrs. Forrest, Glassford, Somerville, and the newly ordained pastor, Mr. Mordy. There was an overflowing congregation. An address, accompanied by a magnificent Family Bible, was presented to Mr. Somerville by the congregations, as a token of their appreciation of his services as moderator during the vacancy. Mr. Mordy enters on his labours with the hearty good wishes of all his brethren in the Presbytery, and the utmost unanimity in both congregations.—COM.

ON the evening of Friday, the 20th ult., a soiree was held in connection with the Sabbath school of Chalmers' Church, Montreal. The school-room was nicely decorated. The musical programme was admirably carried out. The annual report showed that there are now 349 scholars on the roll, being thirty more than at any time previously, with an average attendance for the whole year of 230. The Juvenile Missionary Society have collected and distributed for missionary purposes \$210. Addresses were delivered by Mr. Munro, the Rev. Mr. McCaul (of Three Rivers), and the Rev. Dr. Usher. An interesting feature of the meeting was the presentation of a beautiful silver inkstand, with an address from the Bible-class to the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Wright; a handsome piece of silver plate, suitably engraved, and an address on parchment from the lady teachers to the esteemed and efficient superintendent, Mr. Jas. Phymster, and a handsome copy of Mendelssohn's "Songs without Words" to Miss Katie McFee, the organist.

THE anniversary of Zion Presbyterian Sabbath school, Orangeville, was celebrated in the town hall on Christmas evening. Tea was served in the Council chamber from 6 to 7.30 p.m., after which a very choice programme was presented, consisting of solos, duets, and choruses by the Sabbath school children and the choir. Several addresses were given by the resident ministers present, and all seemed to have enjoyed themselves. An interesting feature of the proceedings was the distribution of presents to the children from a beautiful Christmas tree, and the presentation and address to Miss Anderson, organist. Sermons were preached in connection with the Sabbath school work on Sabbath, 22nd,—in the morning by the Rev. Mr. Hunt, of the Canada Methodist Church, and in the evening by the Rev. J. M. McIntyre, pastor, singing on both occasions being by the school. Great interest is taken in this work, and the school is prospering. Several of the members have during the year been admitted to full church membership, and "still there's more to follow."—COM.

THE Sabbath school anniversary of Division Street Church, Owen Sound, was celebrated in the Town Hall on Friday Evening, December 20th. The first part of the evening was spent in singing by the children, and by a chorus of adults. Readings, recitations, and addresses were also given. On the platform stood a magnificent Christmas tree, loaded down with presents for the children. While the tapers were being lighted a musical box, kindly lent by Mr. Creaser for the occasion, discoursed sweet music to the audience. After the presents were distributed among the children, two of the members of the Bible class came to the platform, and, in the name of the members who are leaving the town, presented the pastor, Mr. Somerville, with an address and a beautiful plated student's lamp. He replied in suitable terms. Division Street Church is noted for the good taste it displays in the way of Sabbath school entertainments, but the one of

this year has eclipsed all predecessors. There was a large audience, every church in town being largely represented.—COM.

PRESBYTERY OF BRUCE.—This Presbytery held its regular meeting at Port Elgin on the 17th and 18th ult. There was a large attendance of members present. Mr. Anderson's term of moderatorship having expired, Mr. Currie was appointed moderator for the ensuing six months. There was read a communication from the Rev. Dr. Bell, stating that he had been appointed by the Senate of Queen's College to represent its interests in this Presbytery, and as he could not be present at this meeting, he hoped the Presbytery would act promptly in devising means for raising the amount required to meet the current expenses of Queen's and Montreal Colleges. Mr. Scott stated that he had been appointed to represent the interests of Knox College before the Presbytery. The Rev. Messrs Nelson and McQueen being present were asked to sit and correspond. Circular letters were read from the Presbyteries of Stratford and Brockville intimating that they would apply to the next General Assembly for leave to receive the Revs. John Kay and George Blair respectively as ministers of this church. On application from the Congregation of Chesley, leave was granted to the moderator of their Kirk Session to moderate in a call to a minister on the Wednesday before the next meeting of Presbytery. Mr. Tolmie submitted the Home Mission quarterly report which was received and thanks tendered to the committee. Chesley were allowed to provide their own pulpit supply every two alternate Sabbaths. Riversdale and Enniskillen were allowed to provide their own supply for the present quarter. The convener of the Home Mission committee was asked to provide full supply of probationers for Pinkerton and West Brant. Mr. Straith was instructed to correspond with the ministers in the neighborhood of Salem Church, and ask them to give a day each to that station before the next meeting of Presbytery. There was read a petition from the trustees and other members of the congregation of Knox Church, Ripley, asking the Presbytery to reconsider the matter of Glebe lot in Huron Township for final settlement. The Presbytery having heard this memorial agreed that as it had already fully considered and come to a decision on the subject, and as it does not appear that any new evidence has arisen to affect the case, decline to re-open the matter or change its former decision. From this finding, Mr. Sutherland protested and appealed to the Synod for reasons to be given in. Messrs Tolmie (convener), Scott and Straith were appointed a committee to answer said reasons, and the two former members of the committee were appointed to represent the Presbytery in this case of appeal before the Synod. It was resolved to hold a Presbyterial Sabbath School Convention in Knox Church, Paisley, on the 1st Tuesday of July next, at 2 o'clock p. m. The following committee, viz: Mr. Straith (convener), Dr. Bell, Mr. McLennan and Mr. Scott, ministers, and Mr. McBride, elder, was appointed to prepare a plan and programme thereon to be submitted at next meeting of Presbytery. On motion of Mr. Scott, seconded by Mr. Straith, it was resolved that this court agree to hold a Presbyterial visitation of the congregation within the bounds, a third of the congregation being visited every year and the entire number overtaken once in three years. The following committee was appointed on the state of religion, viz: Mr. Scott (convener), Messrs McLennan and Gourlay, with their representative elders with instructions to prepare a report for the next meeting of Synod, the same to be submitted to next meeting of Presbytery. Mr. Straith on behalf of the committee appointed to wait on the Presbytery of Saugeen in relation to the re-adjustment of the Presbyteries, reported that he had fulfilled his appointment. Mr. Tolmie intimated that at next meeting of Presbytery he would propose the following resolution, viz: 1st, that the Presbytery oppose any division of its territory at next Assembly; 2nd, that in case a division should be made nevertheless, this Presbytery ask that the assembly constitute the western boundary by a line embracing Teeswater on the east and thence to Underwood, which shall also be in Bruce, and on the east embracing Clifford and Normanby with the congregations; on the south to Teeswater included; Tiverton being left to choose to which Presbytery it may be attached. The next meeting of Presbytery was appointed to be held in Knox Church, Kincairdine, on Tuesday 18th day of March next, at 2 o'clock p. m.—A. G. FORBES, *Pres. Clerk*.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON II.

Jan. 18. } THE DEDICATION. { Ezra vi 1879. } Para vi 14-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.—“The glory of this latter house shall be greater than of the former, saith the LORD of hosts; and in this place will I give peace, saith the LORD of hosts.”—Hag. ii. 9.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. Ezra iv. 1-24. The work hindered.
- T. Hag. i. 1-15 The prophet's reproof.
- W. Ezra v. 1-17 Tatnai's letter.
- Th. Ezra vi. 1-13 The new decree.
- F. Hag. ii. 1-23 The people encouraged.
- S. Zech. iv. 1-14 Success foretold.
- S. Ezra vi. 14-22 The dedication.

HELPS TO STUDY.

I. THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE—Vers. 14, 15.

In our last lesson, we saw the zeal and eagerness with which the returned Jews began the great work of the restoration of God's house. But they were not allowed to proceed in peace. As soon as the Samaritans heard of it, they desired to take part in the work, and thus identify themselves religiously and nationally with the Jews. They asserted that they sought God, even as did His people. This was plausible, but completely untrue. For their religion was in reality idolatry, with a whitewash of Judaism, 2nd Kings, xvii. 33. Besides, the chosen race, of whom was to come the Promised Seed, must be preserved from all admixture. The Jews, therefore, with just indignation repelled their proffers of assistance. This repulse made the Samaritans bitter enemies. In every way they endeavored to trouble the workers and to thwart the work. They wrote letters to the king of Persia to excite his suspicions and jealousy. But as long as Cyrus and his son, who were in sympathy with the Jews, reigned, their efforts were in vain. As soon, however, as the usurper, Artaxerxes sat upon the throne, the Samaritans obtained from him a decree prohibiting the work at Jerusalem. (Note 1). But Artaxerxes was overthrown by Darius, who, like Cyrus and Cambyses, was a disciple of Zoroaster, and in sympathy with the monotheism of the Jews. These, therefore, took courage, and stirred up by the appeals of the prophets (Note 2), resumed the work. But opposition again arose, this time it was from the Persian satraps, or governors, over Syria and Palestine (Ezra v. 3), but they were not so bitter, and more candid, than the Samaritans. When they demanded of the elders the authority for rebuilding, they were referred to the decree of Cyrus. Accordingly, the letter of complaint which the governors sent to Darius carried with it its own answer. The annals of the reign of Cyrus were examined, and the decree found. Darius, therefore, commanded the governors not only to desist from hindering the Jews, but to assist them in every way, both with money and supplies.

Thus encouraged, the Jews builded and finished the house, which was completed on the third of Adar, just 70 years after the destruction of the first temple, in the sixth year of Darius, and therefore in the spring of B.C. 515, twenty years after it was commenced.

God's temple in the heart and in the world is built slowly in the midst of great opposition and discouragements.

Nothing can hinder the upbuilding of God's temple, and nothing, therefore, should discourage the builders.

In the upbuilding of our own Christian character, and in carrying on the work of God against others, let us never weary. Faithful continuance in well-doing will be at last crowned with success.

The kingdoms of this world and their rulers are used by God in the establishment of the kingdom not of this world. Every policy and decree of men is overruled by the King of kings, for the perfecting of this great purpose of love for men.

II. THE DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE—Vers. 16-18.

As soon as the temple was finished, they proceeded to solemnly dedicate it to the service for which it had been built. All united in this festival. Among the people there were representatives of all the tribes. Many had in past times been attracted towards Judah from Israel. These were no doubt increased, when Israel was laid waste; and shared the exile and return of Judah. Seven hundred victims were offered—a small number compared with those offered at the dedication of the first temple, 2nd Chron. vii. 5. Twelve he-goats were offered for a sin-offering, one for each tribe. The returned children of the captivity evidently therefore considered themselves as representatives of all Israel. The priests and Levites were arranged in their several divisions and courses. Moses had assigned to them their various duties and privileges, Num. iii. 6-10; viii. 9-14; although David had divided them into courses, 2nd Chron. xxiii. 6-24, xxiv. 1-19.

The temple is consecrated, that is, separated from all that is profane, for God's service and presence. So the heart, which by a true divine indwelling, is made a temple of God, is to be consecrated from all sin and dedicated to the service of God. Every power, every faculty is to be consecrated.

Dedication is grounded in sacrifice. The sin offering was typical of one great sacrifice which alone takes away sin. The heart and life must be sprinkled with the blood of that sacrifice before they can be accepted. Redeemed by Christ's blood, we are consecrated to His service.

The orderly arrangements of the workers and their services is essential to all progress. There are manifold gifts and powers in the Church. The One Spirit divideth to each man severally as He will. Each has his own place and work, and it is important that he ascertain what it is, and occupy it faithfully.

III. THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER—Vers. 19-22.

The dedication of the second temple took place as soon as the building was finished. The Jews did not wait, as did the builders of the first temple, for the great autumn festival of tabernacles. However, there was an appropriateness in the time, for it was just upon the eve of the national festival of the Passover, which was now celebrated.

The passover was held at the beginning of the sacred year. It commemorated the Exodus and the birthday of Israel as a nation, while it also foreshadowed the one event for the sake of which Israel had been chosen and called and made a nation, namely, the death of Jesus. There was, therefore, a peculiar fitness in the dedication of the second temple taking place upon this festival. The restoration from Babylon was a second Exodus. All made ready to keep the feast. All legal and ceremonial detilements were put away. The priests and Levites killed the Paschal lambs for the people. Originally each head of a household performed this office, but on account of the danger and frequency of legal detilement, it came in course of time to be delegated to the Levites, who acted, also, even for the priests.

With the returned Jews there united in this solemn service all such as had separated themselves from the filthiness of the heathen of the land. There were descendants of Jews who had remained in the land when the rest of the nation had been carried away captive. They had no doubt, intermarried with the heathen and violated the laws of Moses as to food and purifications, and worse than legal detilement would be the moral pollution which they could not fail to have contracted. But now, having separated themselves altogether from the heathen, they did eat the Passover with their brethren. For it was the feast of unleavened bread. All leaven was forbidden. This very prohibition symbolized the removing of the leaven of sin and impurity from the heart and life. Exod. xii. 15; xiii. 6; 2 Chron. xxx. 21; xxxv. 17; 1 Cor. v. 7, 9. For seven days, the allotted number, they kept the feast with joy. God had made them joyful by the deliverance which He had wrought them. He turned towards them the heart of the King of Assyria, so that, instead of hindering, as did his predecessors, he had helped them in their work. Thus the hearts of kings and all rulers are in the hands of the Great King.—Prov. xxi. 1. Their hearts overflowed with joy, which gave utterance to itself in those glad psalms, the cxlvi.—cl.

It is remarkable that during this festive season a deputation from Bethel came to inquire whether the few days of fasting and mourning established during the captivity were still to be observed—Zech. vii. 2, 5. The prophet indignantly repudiates the observance of fast-days in a time of joy. Even during the exile, after the first burst of sorrow was over, except to a faithful few, they had possessed little reality. But now they would have been altogether meaningless. The prophet, therefore, bade them make their holy feasts of joy and gladness.

There is a very weighty lesson here for us. A religious observance, a ceremony, a day of fasting, whose meaning and spirit are gone, is worse than useless. Let us beware of unreality in religion. The outward act should correspond to the inward spirit. Our Lord taught the same truth to those who asked why his disciples did not fast.—Matt. ix. 14, 15.

Christ our Passover is slain for us. We have been redeemed from the bondage of sin and death, and are pilgrims from the Egypt of worldliness and sin to the Canaan of love and peace, the Divine presence and glory. We must put away all leaven, separating ourselves from all sin and selfishness. We should serve the Lord with gladness. Joy is a fruit of the Spirit and should characterize the Christian life. Rejoice in the Lord.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. For the better understanding of the place in Persian history of the present and several following lessons, the true list of Persian kings is here given from William Smith—

	Beginning of	Length
	each reign,	of
	B.C.	reign.
1. CYAXARES king of Media (<i>Ahasuerus</i> . Dan. ix. 1)	634	40 years.
2. ASTYAGES, his son, last king of Media (<i>Darius the Mede</i>)	594	44 years.
3. CYRUS, son of his daughter and Cambyses, a Persian noble, founder of the Persian Empire. (Rawlinson says 558)	550	21 years.
<i>Cyrus begins to reign at Babylon, Jan. 5, 538</i>		
4. CAMBYSES, his son, (<i>Ahasuerus</i> : Ezra iv. 6)	Jan. 3, 529	7½ years.
5. GOMATES, a Magian usurper, who personated Smerdis, the younger son of Cyrus (<i>Artaxerxes</i> : Ezra iv. 7, etc.), about Jan. 1	522	7 months
6. DARIUS, the son of Hystaspes. A Persian noble, raised to the throne on the overthrow of Gomates. <i>Darius</i> : Ezra iv. 5-24; chs. 5, 6	Jan 1, 521	36 years.
7. XERXES, his son (<i>Ahasuerus</i> : Esther).	Dec. 23, 485	11 years.
S. ARTAXERXES LONGIMANUS, his son (<i>Artaxerxes</i> : Ezra vii. 1, Nehemiah). End of his reign, Dec. 17, 423)	Dec. 7, 465	42 years.

2. Haggai.—With regard to his tribe and parentage, both history and tradition are alike silent. According to tradition he was born in Babylon, was a young man when he first came to Jerusalem, probably of priestly rank. He was an old man at this time, living long enough to see both the first and second temples.—*Smith's Bible Dictionary*. Zechariah. Son of Berachiah, and grandson of Iddo. He is called son because he was descendant of Iddo, as Jesus was Son of David; and because probably his father was dead, and he was the next representative of the family after his grandfather Iddo. He seems to have entered upon his office when quite young (Zech. ii. 4), and must have been born in Babylon, and returned with the first caravan of exiles under Zerubbabel.

PROPER USE OF TIME.

“Gather up the fragments” of time, “that nothing be lost.” This can be addressed only to those who are employing the greater portion of their time in some earnest work. He who floats aimlessly and loosely in society, has no fragments of time as related to a whole. It is all fragments. He himself is a fragment lying useless, and his whole life requires to be recast. But whatever the great business of a man may be, however engrossing, there will always be some fragments of time that will remain, and with most men these are so considerable that the disposition made of them will greatly modify the results of life. The secret of doing much is to do a little at a time, and to persevere in doing it. Half an hour a day in the service of an earnest purpose has been sufficient for the acquisition of languages and the writing of books, and for laying the foundation of a lasting fame. Even the minute fragments required for drawing his waxen ends was employed by Roger Sherman in looking on his book before him; and it was thus he became a sage and a signer of the Declaration of Independence.

Let a professional man, or any man, when he starts in life have a side study, be it history, or a language, or poetry, or any branch of natural history, or geology, and let him give to it the fragments of his time, and he will be surprised at his own acquisitions. The whole tone of his thoughts and life will be elevated; the change of subject will be his best recreation. And what is thus true in literature and science is more so in religion, and in all that relates to duty. There is no time to brief for ejaculatory prayer. When the countenance of Nehemiah was sad for the desolations of Jerusalem, and the king asked him, “What is thy request?” there was time between the question and the answer for him to pray to the “God of heaven.” If the objects of this world had been to furnish opportunities for doing good, it could hardly have been arranged better than it is; and whoever has a heart set upon that, will have no need that any fragments of time he may gather up will be lost. *Mark Hopkins*.

CHILDREN'S WINTER CLOTHING.

It is a favorite maxim with city mothers that children are warmer-blooded, and need less clothing than adults. Especially is this held true of babies and girls. Boys are warmly protected by cloth leggings, kilt suits and stout shoes, while their little sisters defy the winter wind in bare knees and embroidered skirts. There is a poetic fancy, too, that girls should be kept in white up to a certain age. A dozen little girls, of from three to five, were assembled the other day, and the universal dress was an under vest and drawers of merino, a single embroidered flannel petticoat, and an incumbent airy mass of muslin, ribbons, and lace. Meanwhile, their mothers, women of culture and ordinary intelligence, were wrapped in heavy woollens, silks and furs. In consequence of this underdressing, the children are kept hosed, except on warm days, or when they are driven out in close carriages, and therefore a chance cold wind brings to these tender hot-house flowers, instead of health, disease and death. It is absolute folly to try to make a child hardy by cruel exposure, or to protect it from croup or pneumonia by a string of amber beads, or by shutting it up in furnace-heated houses. Lay away its muslin frills until June; put woollen stockings on its legs, flannel (not half-cotton woven vests) on its body, and velvet, silk, merino—whatever you choose, or can afford on top of that; tie on a snug little hood, and turn the baby out every winter's day (unless the wind be from the northeast and the air foggy), and before spring its bright eyes and rosy cheeks will give it a different beauty from any pure robes of white. —*Scribner's Monthly*.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

- HURON.—This Presbytery meets at Clinton, on 14th Jan., 1879, at 11 a.m.
- PETERBOROUGH.—In St. Paul's Church, Peterborough, on the third Tuesday of January.
- KINGSTON.—In John Street Church, Belleville, on first Tuesday of January, 1879, at 7.30 p.m.
- LANARK AND RENFREW.—On third Tuesday of January, 1879, at half-past one, p.m.
- BARRIE.—On Tuesday, 28th January, 1879.
- GUELPH.—In Knox Church, Galt, on the third Tuesday of January, 1879, at 10 o'clock a.m.
- MONTREAL.—This Presbytery meets in St Paul's Church, Montreal, on Tuesday, 21st January, 1879.
- TORONTO.—On the second Tuesday of January, 1879, at 11 o'clock a.m.
- OTTAWA.—In Bank Street Church, Ottawa, on the 1st Tuesday of February, at 3 p.m.
- QUEBEC.—In Melbourne, on Wednesday, January 15th, 1879.
- HAMILTON.—The next stated meeting will be held in Central Church, Hamilton, on the third Tuesday of January at 10 o'clock a.m.
- LONDON.—Adjourned meeting in North Westminster Church, on 2nd January, 1879, at 11 a.m.—Next regular meeting in First Presbyterian Church, London, on the third Monday in March, at 2 p.m.
- LINDSAY.—At Woodville, on Tuesday, 25th February, at 11.30 a.m.
- WHITBY.—In St. Andrew's Church, Whitby, on the 3rd Tuesday of January, at 11 o'clock a.m.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES 25 CENTS.

BIRTH.

At East Williams, on Saturday, December 21st, the wife of Mr. John Milliken, of a daughter.

MARRIED

On Tuesday, 24th December, at the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. F. R. Beattie, M. A., Baltimore, W. A. McEvers, Esq., to Miss Maggie Baptist, both of the Township of Hamilton.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WATCH YOUR WORDS.

Keep a watch on your words, my darlings,
For words are wonderful things;
They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey,
Like the bees they have terrible stings.
They can bless, like the warm, glad sunshine,
And brighten a lonely life;
They can cut, in the strife of anger,
Like an open two edged knife.

Let them pass through your lips unchallenged
If their errand is true and kind,
If they come to support the weary,
To comfort and help the blind;
If a bitter, revengeful spirit
Prompts the words, let them be unsaid;
They may flash through a brain like lightning,
Or fall on a heart like lead.

Keep them back, if they're cold and cruel,
Under bar, and lock, and seal;
The wounds they make, my darlings,
Are always slow to heal.
May peace guard your lives, and ever,
From this time of your early youth,
May the words that you daily utter
Be the beautiful words of truth.

CASTLE-BUILDING.

ELLA was comfortably seated in a great arm-chair, reading of heroic deeds and wishing, oh! so much, that she might accomplish something to make her famous—something to be talked about and win praise from all who knew her, as well as from an admiring public far and wide.

"Now, if I were only old enough to be a Florence Nightingale, go to the seat of war and nurse the wounded soldiers, wouldn't that be splendid? Or, like Grace Darling, rescue some one from a watery grave. Dear me, what can or shall I ever do?"

And foolish Ella, forgetting her room needed righting, that she had not yet practised her music lesson, or that her mother might need some assistance this busy morning with nurse sick and Willie fretting over not receiving his usual attention, went on idly dreaming or planning what she would do at some future day, when big enough to accomplish something worth while.

"Ella, dear," called out a sweet, gentle voice from the parlor door, "won't you please run up into the nursery and help amuse Willie? Jennie's face is aching so badly she cannot pay much attention to baby."

"Oh, dear! it is always just so; I no sooner get comfortably seated reading than I must go and amuse Willie. He's a perfect bother!" mentally said Ella, as she slowly closed her book, and still more slowly rose out of the arm-chair into which she had curled herself for a good indulgence in reading and castle-building.

"Come, Ella, Willie will get to fretting real hard, and then it will be much more difficult to amuse him."

"But mother, this is Saturday, and I think I might have a little rest and pleasure of my own, without having to amuse baby whenever he is cross and fretful."

"Very true, dear, it is your holiday, but cannot you find pleasure in making others happy? I would not have my little girl grow up cold and selfish, thinking only of her own enjoyment."

"Grow up cold and selfish," repeated Ella, as she ascended the stairs. "Why, mamma doesn't know what great things I mean to

accomplish one of these days. How I do wish I was big enough now to go away to China or Africa to teach the heathens, or do something of the kind."

A scream from Willie quickened her steps, but her brow bore a rather sulky look as she turned the knob of the nursery door.

"Oh, Miss Ella! I'm so glad you have come. I have a distracting toothache and the neuralgia all down one side of my face, and I can't amuse Willie no way."

"You took cold talking for so long a time over the fence last evening," replied Ella, in no very gracious tone. "There, Willie, stop your crying, or I'll not play with you. Just see, you have upset the soap-suds and broken your soap-bubble pipe."

Willie had stopped crying upon his sister's entrance into the room, but now he stood with quivering lips, scarce knowing whether to confess he was sorry, or to rebel and again set up a defiant yell.

What has become of Ella's wish to care for wounded soldiers, or to teach the heathens? Has she poured oil upon the troubled waters? helped to ease Jennie of the torturing pain she is so patiently trying to endure? or seen what gentle words may do to quiet Willie? Alas, no! The work just before her does not seem grand enough to claim her attention. It is not one that will win praise from her fellow-creatures, and so Ella sets about amusing her little brother in a pre-occupied, listless manner. Jennie is not sent to lie down, or Willie put in a thorough good humor, until mamma is disengaged, enters the room, and by her bright, sunny face and manner sets things to rights. Jennie has something given her for her tooth, and a soothing lotion to bathe her face, and is then sent off to lie down and rest. Willie is taken upon the lap and soon quieted with a pretty picture-book.

Ella watches these proceedings, wondering why she had not thought of them, and with regretful feelings tells her mother so.

"Well, Puss, it is not easy to put old heads upon young shoulders."

"But, mamma, only this very morning I was planning what great deeds I meant to do, and was wishing to begin them right straight off."

"And forgot that the work directly before you was the only one God requires of you. I'm afraid my little girl indulges in castle-building. Like bright bubbles they will only fall to pieces, deary, unless you first lay a firm foundation."

"And how can I do that, mamma? I don't quite understand your meaning."

"It is this. Day-dreaming, or castle-building, as I call it, for future time to the neglect of present duties, is apt to weaken the character instead of strengthening it; so when the time comes for some great and heroic deed, such a one is unnerved or incapacitated to act in the way they had dreamed they should. While another, who forgets self and daily strives to make others happy, unconsciously performs brave deeds all the time. This is the firm foundation of which I spoke. And you see, Ella, when a time comes for what you consider great and heroic deeds, they are performed as naturally and with as little thought

of self as the simple ones have long been transacted, and, dear child, let me add, without a thought of this world's applause which castle-builders expect to follow their great deeds."

Ella looked thoughtful. Had mamma so clearly read her thoughts? Or was this really the way with all dreamy castle-builders? If so, she would not be one of them. And, forming a good resolution, she no longer found the care of dear Willie a bother, or present duties distasteful. But, in the strength of Him who ever helps His trusting children to do right, Ella at once set about building a firm foundation against the time she might be called upon to make greater sacrifices for others.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

ROCKS.

A GENTLEMAN was once, when a lad, sailing down East River, near New York, which was then a very dangerous channel. He watched the old steersman with great interest, and observed that whenever he came near to a stick of painted wood he changed his course.

"Why do you turn out for those bits of wood?" asked the boy.

The old man looked up from under his shaggy brows, too much taken up with his task to talk, and simply growled out, "Rocks."

"Well, I would not turn out for those bits of wood," said the thoughtless boy; "I would go right over them."

The old man replied only by a look which that boy has not forgotten in his manhood. "Poor, foolish lad," it said, "how little you know about rocks!"

So, children, shun the rocks as you would the way of death. There are plenty of buoys to warn you where they lie hidden, and whenever you meet one turn aside, for there a danger lies.

LAPLAND BABIES.

I WANT to tell you how the mammas away up in Lapland keep their babies from disturbing the minister on Sabbaths. All the babies are outside, buried in the snow. As soon as the family arrives at the little wooden church, and the reindeer is secured, the papa Lapp shovels a snug little bed in the snow; and mamma Lapp wraps the baby snugly in skins, and deposits it therein; then papa piles the snow around it, and the dog is left to guard it while the parents go into church. Often twenty or thirty babies lie out there in the snow around the church; and I never have heard of one that suffocated or froze. Smoke-dried little creatures, I suppose they are tough. But how would our soft, tender, pretty, pink-and-white babies like it, do you think?—*S. S. Visitor.*

HEAVEN'S gates are wide enough to admit penitent sinners, but too narrow to admit sin.

A POOR heathen convert came to ask the missionary if he could procure a Bible. "I have not a new one that I can give you," said the missionary; "I have a second-hand one, but it is old." "O! that is nothing! If the book is old *the Word is new.*"

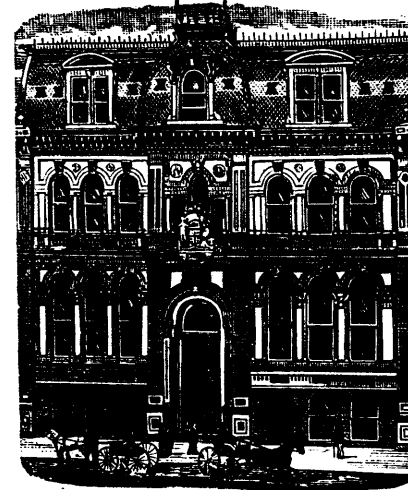
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DON MOUNT, October 2nd, 1875.
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DEAR DOCTOR,—You enquired after my health and views relative to your treatment of the cancer or cancerous affection in my lip—now just eleven years ago—in reference to which I have to express my gratitude to an overruling Providence that I was led to an acquaintance with you, and became a subject of treatment by you. My lip had been sore at least seven years (7) years, exceedingly painful, and for two or three years before you took it in hand, almost unendurable. All sorts of experiments had been submitted to by me, embracing caustics, excoriation—everything indeed but the surgical knife—and in vain; for it always returned, and worse than before. Your treatment effected a speedy, complete and permanent cure. The cancerous humour seems thoroughly expurgated from my blood. I have now for a long time used nothing antagonistic as at first, nor any stimulant or tonic to keep up my system; and yet my health is perfect, and, at the age of sixty-six, I am laboring with a vigor equal, if not superior, to any other part of my laborious life. You are at liberty, to make any use of this you may judge proper. Yours gratefully, JOHN CARROLL, Methodist Minister.

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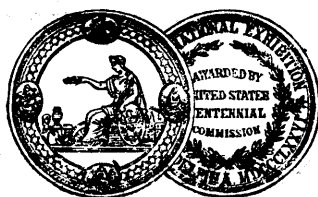
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