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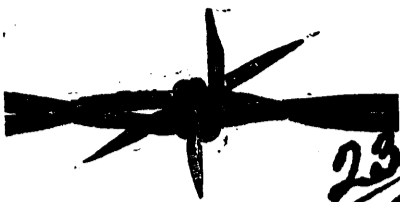
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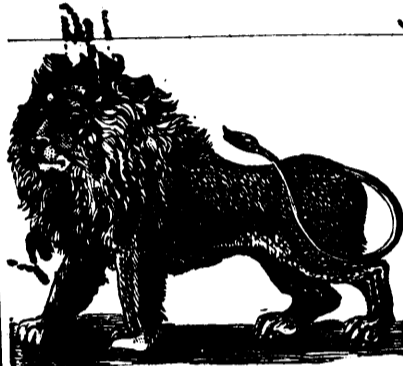
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MAKING FLOUR BY ELECTRICITY.—Flour was formerly made by simply grinding wheat at one operation to the finest possible flour, and then separating by sieves the flour from the bran, necessarily grinding in much of the bran with the flour and discolouring it, while much of the very best material was separated with the bran and lost. The present method is to grind very closely the wheat several times, using strong blasts of air between each grinding to separate the bran from the granulated interior portion, and at last crush it to flour, relieved of all the bran. The new electric method consists in passing the middlings under revolving hard-rubber cylinders, electrified by contact with sheepskin. The particles of bran fly up to meet the rubber, from which they are turned off in a side channel, the purified middlings, freed from bran, passing through rollers to become fine flour. This separator is in use at the Atlantic Mills, Brooklyn.

HEALTHY FOOD.—It is no economy to use inferior food. It is a saving of money and time and health to give a high price for what we eat, if it be fresh and perfect, rather than to buy it for less on account of its being wilted or old or partially decayed. Some people prefer to make their meat tender by keeping, which means that decomposition is taking place; in plainer phrase, it is rotting. Such meats require less chewing and may appear very tender, but it is a physiological fact that they are not digested as easily or as quickly as solid fresh meat. When a vegetable begins to wilt, it is no longer that vegetable because a change of article has taken place, and in such proportion it is unnatural—it is dead—and to eat it, tends to death. One of the most horrible forms of disease is caused by eating sausages which have been kept for a long time; more common in Germany than elsewhere. Scarcely anything saddens us so much in passing through some of the by-streets and the more obscure avenues as the sight of the long-kept meats and shrivelled vegetables which are sold to the unfortunate poor at the corner Dutch groceries. But the poverty-stricken are not the only sufferers; the richest men come in for their share, for themselves and for their families, in proportion as the mistresses of their splendid mansions are incompetent or negligent to those household duties, the proper performance or neglect of which makes all the difference between a true wife and a contemptible doll.

CUCUMBERS IN BRINE.—Cut off the cucumbers, leaving a short piece of the stem on, carefully placing them in a basket without brushing, wash in cold water and lay in a cask two or three inches deep; cover with salt—the coarse quality—and repeat until all are in. It will be necessary to throw in a little water with the first layer, afterward the salt and liquid from the cucumbers will make sufficient brine. Spread a cloth over them; have fitted a board that will go inside of the cask, keeping all the cucumbers under, and place a heavy stone on top. When fresh cucumbers are to be added, remove the board and cloth, washing off from them and the sides of the cask every particle of white scum. Any of the top ones that seem soft throw away. Put in the fresh cucumbers layer by layer, with salt between, as at first. When the cask is almost full strew over salt, cover perfectly with cloth and replace board and weight. The cucumbers must every one be kept under the liquid. Look after them, washing off, from time to time, the scum that covers cloth, board and weight. To ensure success the cucumbers should not be bruised and they should be put into the cask soon after gathering. When wanted for use, take out as many as you wish, replacing the cloth, board and weight. Put the cucumbers into a vessel that is large enough to hold two or three times as much water as there are pickles. Cover with cold water; let stand three or four days, or until fresh enough, changing the water each day. Then cover with hot, spiced vinegar.

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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 9.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1881.

No. 35.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE schools of the Free Church of Scotland mission on Lake Nyansa in Central Africa are attended by 120 native children. Those in the more advanced classes read and write in English.

THE Ontario Branch of the Dominion Alliance will hold a grand temperance and prohibitory convention in Hamilton on the 15th and 16th inst. Along with other topics the adoption of the Canada Temperance Act, the amendment of the license law, and the introduction of scientific instruction on temperance into the schools, will be discussed.

THE following is Mr. Spurgeon's perhaps too severe judgment of the revised New Testament: "It is a valuable addition to our versions, but it will need much revision before it will be fit for public use. To translate well, the knowledge of two languages is needed; the men of the New Testament Company are strong in Greek, but weak in English. Comparing the two, in our judgment the old version is the better."

Up to 1870 there was no provision for common school education in England; but now, both in England and Scotland, parents are required by law to provide elementary education for their children between the years of five and fifteen. In 1879 there were 10,111 prosecutions in London for not sending children to school according to law, 5,648 in Liverpool, and 2,556 in Birmingham, and the law is felt to be a valuable assistance.

THE appearance made at the matriculation examinations of Toronto University by the Brantford Collegiate Institute reflects great credit upon that institution. An examination of the published statistics shows that the various schools sent up in all 180 candidates, of whom 156 succeeded in passing. The Brantford Collegiate Institute sent up sixteen, all of whom passed—winning among them ten first class honors, twenty second class honors, and two scholarships.

AFTER a week of prayer, a mass meeting, in the interest of Christianity, was held about three months ago at Kioto, Japan, when, it is said, 3,500 persons were present. A meeting of the same nature was held at Osaka, on June 11th, when the attendance rose to 7,000 persons. The Shinto priests were alarmed, and brought charges against the Governor of Osaka before the courts for permitting such assemblies. The court refused to entertain the accusation. Religious liberty seems to be legally established in Japan.

WE have the following item on the authority of an American exchange: "At a church in the north-west of London, the two kinds of wine are used at the communion. Those who partake of the fermented wine occupy the pews in the body of the church, and those who prefer the unfermented sit under the galleries. There is no discussion of the subject; but there is a steadily increasing movement from the middle aisle to the side seats, and it is quite probable that the body of the church will be required before long for the abstainers."

A NEW religious sect has just been discovered in the vicinity of Chicago. They call themselves "Overcomers," and their Society the "Church of the Overcomers." They would not like to be called Universalists, or Roman Catholics, or Plymouth Brethren, and still there is about them something of all three. They agree with the first in believing that the whole human race will be finally saved; with the second in holding that all souls not absolutely consecrated in this life must pass through a period of purgation in the world to come; and with the third in renouncing all existing Church organizations. They profess to take their name from the several messages to the churches of Asia, in the Book of Revelation, in which

messages so many promises are made to "him that overcometh."

RECENT Scotch papers contain descriptions—some of them evidently very much exaggerated—of certain disturbances which took place in connection with "an open meeting of Deacons' Court" held in Argyle Free Church, Glasgow. Even upon the most lenient view the occurrences on the occasion are very much to be regretted. The ostensible object of the gathering was to inquire into the disposal of the funds contributed by the congregation. In order if possible to prevent the meeting—which had not been called in accordance with the laws of the Church—the minister shut himself up in the vestry and locked the church doors. An entrance, however, "was effected," and the proceedings which followed were somewhat of the stormiest—resort being had to blows, throttling, etc. A police court case arose out of one of the more violent encounters. By latest accounts the whole matter was in the hands of the Glasgow Presbytery. It seems to have been altogether the work of a few belligerent individuals, who ought to be very severely dealt with.

"A LADY who does not wish her name made public has presented Princeton Theological Seminary with a gift of \$100,000." We clip that from the New York "Independent." It is only three lines of print, and most readers would be inclined to pass it over with very little attention. But let us consider the amount of money involved—one hundred thousand dollars! And let us consider the modesty of the lady in concealing her name. "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." And let us consider also the importance which that benevolent lady must have attached to institutions for the training of men to preach the Gospel to those who are to succeed us who are now passing away. Did she attach too much importance to them? Do we all attach sufficient importance to them? What sort of a world do we expect our children to live in? The time is at hand for the collection for our own Colleges to be taken up. We cannot give as this lady gave, but let us carefully weigh the importance of the object and let us give according to our ability.

THE Galt Collegiate Institute opens this week under new management, and with the prospect of winning from this fresh departure a career as brilliant as that which it has already had, if not more so. This is saying a great deal, for it is a difficult task to excel the record made by Dr. Tassie as a teacher; and not only so, but it is no easy matter to come after a man who enjoyed such a high and widespread reputation as he did. Had not the Board of Trustees fortunately hit upon the right man and succeeded in obtaining his services they would have found it extremely difficult to maintain the old reputation of their school; as it is no one can wonder at their being so sanguine of success. The new principal is Mr. John E. Bryant, M.A., late of Pickering College—one who has already proved himself a thorough, practical, and successful educator; and certain we are that both he and the excellent staff of teachers associated with him will put forth every effort to keep the Galt Collegiate Institute among the first schools of its class in the country, and even to advance its standing.

UNDER the heading "Lorne's Libations," one of our city daily contemporaries says: "Twelve hundred dollars' worth of liquor was specially imported by Lord Lorne for use on his trip to the North-West, and was passed free through the custom house here. A local dealer got a large order for an additional supply, and this, too, was taken out of bond free of duty. Owing to the enforcement of the law against liquor in the North-West, it is impossible to get anything good in that country, and so His Excellency was compelled to provide a little beforehand." There may possibly be some exaggeration in this. It is not at all likely that a parliamentary committee will be appointed to investigate this matter as was done in the case of Lieut.-Governor Macdonald's famous "corkscrew"

expedition; so the exact truth in the premises will probably never be ascertained, but when such very large estimates as the above pass current there must surely be some foundation for them. It is much to be regretted that the Governor-General of Canada has countenanced two of the most glaring evils which disgrace our country—Sabbath desecration and the free use of intoxicating liquors; the latter charge being very much aggravated by his introduction of strong drink into a territory where it is absolutely prohibited by law.

THE following is an extract from a sermon on "Sabbath Desecration," preached on the 21st ult. in St. Stephen's Church, St. John, N.B., by the Rev. Dr. Macrae, late Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada: "The Sabbath was created for man by God. The question of keeping a Sabbath is not governed by any system of religion. It is not a doctrine bound up with obsolete Judaism. It stands upon a boundless foundation. Historically considered, the Sabbath stands on a vastly older foundation than either Christianity or Judaism. We have in the Bible the oldest fragments of history found. There is a history of man, scant but sufficient for our purpose, and at the very outset we have the division of time into weeks, one day of the seven composing the week being the Sabbath. In the days of Jesus the Sabbath was fenced in by strict rules. A man might be left to die because it was the Sabbath, while an ass could be taken out of a ditch. Christ had refused to be bound by these restrictions, and His disciples had pulled and eaten corn on that day. The very opposite reason, for you may say that in Christ's days the evil was too much Sabbath, in ours the evil threatens to be no Sabbath at all. The Pharisees wanted the Sabbath a day of gloom instead of a day of rest and gladness. The infidels of this day want the people to keep the Sabbath in their way. They want man to work, work, work. The anti-sectarians of the present day regard men as machines. Get men to be considered as machines and they would soon be considered as nothing else, and who can mistake the fact that only as far as they are useful machines are they of any value in the eyes of such persons. These men only see in man money-making machines. These new friends of humanity take credit to themselves for generosity for stopping short of oppressive overwork, while insisting that such work as they please shall be done. As for clergymen they are incapable of looking at the question of Sabbath desecration dispassionately or judicially. It is only men enlightened by a sense of this self-interest who can do so, and these enlightened men claim they should be immortalized by their fellow-men as long as they stop short of oppressive overwork. They say we do not compel men to work on Sunday. It is at their own option, and our men never make any complaint. No, for a very sufficient reason; when they do in most occupations now-a-days they can go. There is compulsion by labour and compulsion by capital, and as long as the relations between employers and employed are upon a mere selfish footing it will continue to be so. When they insist that the Sabbath is to be kept in the way of doing week-day work, it is to promote the welfare of man. Trains are run and steamboats sailed. Quick and expeditious travel facilitate all the worthiest interests of our race. Clergymen are mere obstructives and are advised to stand out of the way and allow the race for riches to run on unchecked, and we can but lift up our voices and utter words of warning. The Sabbath is your old historical birthright. Will you part with it? It is not easily regained. Is it the case that God meant six days' labour to suffice for seven days' wants, and six days' wages to suffice for seven days' wants? Is this historically the fact then: who as a matter of the merest worldly interest is to be benefited by insisting on seven days' toil? Is it the labourer? Will the results to man correspondingly increase? This is essentially a working man's question. You have the matter entirely in your hands. You can demand your birthright, but you must act promptly and firmly."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

CHRIST IN THE BELIEVER AND THE BELIEVER IN CHRIST.

BY REV. ARTHUR HARRIS, OF MAREHAM.

"Abide in Me and I in you."—Jno. xv. 4.

Christ and Christianity are one. The Gospel is not as a code of moral precepts sent forth by a moralist to direct and guide the conduct of men, and which may continue to influence apart from any reference to its author. On the contrary, Christ breathes in its teaching and lives in its recipients. The divine message is powerless, inoperative, apart from Christ, the divine messenger, the revealer, the reconciler, the inspirer of blessed hopes, the bestower of life eternal. Separate Christ from His teaching, and the essential truths of our holy religion fail to renew or subdue fallen, sinful man. It is when Christ is apprehended by saving faith, enthroned in the heart as the ever-living Redeemer, that a man becomes a new creature in Him; and when this occurs the permanence of the purity thereby obtained depends on the permanence of fellowship with Him. The disciple must set his life in Christ and let Christ live in him.

Such seems to be the meaning of the text, for it is as if Jesus had said, "Do ye abide in Me, and admit Me to abide in you, or let Me abide in you. Effect, by God's help, this perfect, mutual fellowship your abiding in Me, My abiding in you." Both thoughts are essential to the completeness of the union. In one sense, the union itself, even the abiding of Christ, is made to depend on the will of the hearer. The other side of the truth is given in verse 16: "Ye have not chosen Me, but I have chosen you and ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit, and that your fruit should remain."

The words of the text are significantly descriptive of the union which subsists between Christ and all believers. He and His people are one. They are to be esteemed as essentially one body, though separated by seas, and rivers, and mountains, and still more by petty names and denominational distinctions. So much are Christ and His people recognized as one that the human body is represented in Scripture as a striking illustration of the union which is between them. The human body is made up of different members, but these so well fit one another, are so dependent one on the other, and work so harmoniously together, that they are felt and recognized as but one. "By one Spirit are we all baptized into one body, whether we be Jews or Gentiles, whether we be bond or free." "Ye are the body of Christ and members in particular."

The illustration in the passage before us likewise shews this union in an interesting and cheering manner, for says Jesus, "I am the vine, ye are the branches." The union between a branch of the vine and the main stem is the closest that can be conceived. It is the whole secret of the branch's life, strength, vigour, beauty and fertility. Separate from the main stem it has no life of its own. The sap and juice that flow from the stem are the origin and maintaining power of all its leaves, buds, blossoms, fruit. It is a beautiful emblem of Christ. The union between Him and believers is just as close and just as real. In themselves believers have no life or strength or spiritual power. All that they have of vital religion comes from Christ. They are what they are, and feel what they feel, and do what they do, because they draw out of Jesus a continual supply of grace, help and ability. Joined to the Lord by faith, and united in mysterious bond with Him by the Spirit, they stand and walk, and continue and run, the Christian race. But every jot of good about them is drawn from their spiritual head—Jesus Christ.

The vine is a root coming out of the ground without much stem, sending forth its branches in all directions. It is unattractive, uninviting, probably the most insignificant thing of life in the vegetable kingdom. How symbolical of Him of whom the prophet speaks, saying, "When we shall see Him there is no beauty that we should desire Him, that He is without form and comeliness." The same prophet describes Him as a root out of a dry ground. He was, as it were, a root out of the dried up spiritual nature of man—a root out of the unedged gardens of fallen humanity. But the vine, unattractive and uninviting as it may at one time appear, becomes beautiful and desired when its branches are leaved and laden with

ripe, luscious fruit. In like manner, Christ, the spiritual vine, is eminently inviting and attractive when His branches—all believers—are manifesting the fruits of righteousness, mercy, and truth. And the vine, insignificant and unpromising as it may in the first instance appear, gives forth such an amount of growth and fruitfulness as indicates its own real design. Its fruit not only nourishes, but cheers and invigorates. The juice of that fruit strengthens the weak and emboldens the timid. In a sense incomparably nobler and truer, Christ, the spiritual vine, accomplishes in believers what the natural vine accomplishes for men. Cleansed from sin in His atoning blood, He expels fear from their breast—the fear of God, of death, of judgment. He makes the weak strong—not to commit deeds of lawlessness and violence, but strong to resist evil, strong to perform works of faith and deeds of love. He inspires the hope of an entrance—when life's battle is over—into the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. It was Christ in him that inspired the great apostle of the Gentiles to affirm, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." It was Christ in them that strengthened the noble martyrs to suffer the cruellest of tortures and of deaths, without murmuring or the exhibiting of the least fear or pain. It was Christ in them that nerved our forefathers to dare the tyranny of the Stuarts, and to worship God in the secluded vale or on the heath-clad moor, agreeably to the dictates of their own conscience, and though hunted like beasts of prey. Yes, brethren, it was Christ in these same forefathers that gave them courage and strength to battle and bleed for the possession of the civil and religious liberties which we now enjoy, and which are the bulwark of the throne, the prop and stay of the constitution, and the firmest guarantee and security for national order and tranquillity. It is Christ in him that enables the self-denying missionary to hazard his life for the sake of immortal souls. And it is Christ in him that prompts the dying Christian to breathe in confident and living accents:

"Rock of ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

These, brethren, are some of the blessed results which have accrued and are still accruing to men from Christ abiding in them—results which a darkened world cannot perceive, and which it cares not to understand.

The expression of the text is remarkable also as indicating the interpenetration of Christ and believers. For observe, the union is not an arbitrary one, but an essential one. This union is not like that of the stones of a building, which, though cemented together, are yet every one distinct from the other. The union is mutual, for says Jesus, "Abide in Me, and I in you." Believers abide in Him when their affections intertwine around Him and enter into His very heart by channels through which there is a constant and ceaseless flow of His grace, His wisdom, His truth, His love. And He abides in believers when their every holy desire, their every divine thought, their every religious act, are suggested and impelled by Him. Notice the point where you speak of a branch of the vine joining the main stem. There appears to be a line of demarcation between the branch and the stem. But analyze it, dissect it, and you find that the fibres of the vine are running into the branch. Trace it in the opposite direction, the fibres of every branch are running into the stem. There is no point where the union, so to speak, begins. There is absolute possession the one of the other. Thus it is with Jesus Christ and believers. You cannot detect their union physically. Yet He is in them, they are in Him. Believers are in Him, abiding in Him, loving Him, believing on Him, following His footsteps, making His interests their interests, regarding Him as part of themselves. It is thus that the believer differs from the unbeliever; and in this the former possesses such a knowledge of whose he is and of what he himself is, that the accumulated Agnosticism of the ages can neither controvert nor gainsay. Not, however, until we are in Christ, contemplating Him with regardful gaze as the uniting band of all hearts that are in sympathy with Him and actuated by His spirit, can we fully understand and know the meaning of the text, not till then can we know that our root is Christ, and that all that is in the root is for the imparting of peace, joy and strength to believers; and all believers, of whatever clime, or whatever age, to whatever class they may belong, are

united to Him with a true and substantial unity which can never be sundered.

Further, these words imply that this union is immediately accomplished. When a man believes in Christ there is then secured a true union between Christ and him. This may be illustrated by the interesting process of engraving; and remember, engrafted fruit is the desired and saleable fruit. You put a bud into the stem, following the proper directions, carefully tending it. For some little time there is no vital connection between the bud and the stem; but the moment that the fibres of the bud take root, as it were, in the soil of the vine there is a constant flow of sap into it, and that moment is the beginning of a true and thorough growth. That growth will manifest itself in after days and after years by a large and noble development. Similarly is it with the believer and Christ. The moment a man believes, the moment the union is secured between his heart and the Saviour. Then indeed is Christ's righteousness the believer's righteousness; Christ's love the believer's love; Christ's forgiveness the believer's forgiveness; Christ's sympathy the believer's sympathy; and Christ's humility, meekness and submission, the believer's also. Brethren, it is Christ abiding in you and you in Him, that enable you to develop these the imitable traits of His character. It is these divine graces that give a fragrance and beauty to Christianity, and proclaim its empire and dominion over the hearts and affections of men; and although in you these will be far short of what they are in Him, it is your union with Him that enables you to develop these, and thus to be advancing in the divine life. Let us never forget it is by developing these divine traits we manifest our union with Christ and glorify God while so doing.

There are, however, many professing men and women who are no more in regard to Christ than the bud which has been put into the vine and which has not begun to grow is in regard to the vine; it is not yet part of the vine—it is not interpenetrating. Their union with Christ is outward and formal. Some of them are joined to Christ by baptism and church-membership. Some of them go even further than this; are regular communicants and loud talkers about religion. Notwithstanding services and sermons and sacraments, they have no grace in their hearts, no faith, no inward work of the Holy Spirit. They are not vitally engrafted into Christ; but the moment a man believes in Christ there is a true union begun. Christ gives life, and the moment the believer has his root in Him that moment is life imparted. Saving faith in the Redeemer is the efficient cause of that life, and this faith will as assuredly engraft its possessor into Christ as the bud which has been put into the vine and taken root in its soil has been engrafted therein.

It may be here noticed that there is a consciousness of this union. In some it may be a little while before this consciousness is fully experienced; in others it is coeval with believing. Christ is mine, I am His. I don't need to wait until some great act be performed, or until some extraordinary work be done by me, before I am made sensible that a union is effected between the Lord Jesus Christ and my soul. (Ho, brethren, we can know whether we love God and delight to keep His commandments; whether we find our joy in endeavouring to live a life hid with Christ in God; whether we hate sin and are battling against its influence over us and our fellow-men. The moment we believe we may be as conscious of this, as the moment we awake from sleep we are conscious of our existence. In sleep we are unconscious of all around us—even of our own being. In the embrace of sin a man is unconscious of his deadness to God and things spiritual. Awakened by the Holy Spirit, and led to feel the need of the Saviour, repenting of his sins and throwing himself in conscious guilt upon that Saviour, and finally engrafted into Him, he knows that a new life is given him—a life in which all things become new; then does he hate sin and forsake it, love virtue and pursue it, desire good and perform it. To be conscious of this we do not need to wait till our warfare is over—till our earthly home of this tabernacle be dissolved.)

Moreover, every growth has its development, its manifestation, and influence; it is never without results. To employ the former illustration, these are obtained by engraving. When you see the bud growing which has been engrafted into the vine then you know that a vital union has been constituted between

the bud and the vine, you see that the bud is giving promise, that it is becoming productive. Soon that bud unfolds itself into beautiful leaves; then comes the blossom, the earnest of the period of fruitfulness; and last of all, through the combined influence of the sunshine, the rain, the gentle dew and the moisture of the ground, you see the fruit forming, and day by day attaining a higher growth, till the time arrives when the branch bends with its weight, and the moment comes when it is ready to fall into the lap of the gatherer. Analogously can we reason respecting the Christian life. When a man is engrafted into Christ there is the beginning of an effected growth which is manifesting itself in kind deeds, in wise, loving words, in earnest prayers, and in deeds of self-sacrifice. These are the earnest of the fruitfulness which shall yet appear. For by and by, in the maturity of a Christian's life, behold the mellow fruits which cluster on him—the precious fruits which are the distinguishing marks of the Christian life: delight in all spiritual exercises and duties, earnest prayer and earnest labour for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, which includes mitigating the misery and alleviating the woes of suffering humanity. As the grapes are beautiful and inviting on the vine, so are these and the kindred fruits of believing beautiful and pleasing in the eye of God. It is these that bear witness to the power of His regenerating and sanctifying Spirit in the heart of believers. These are the results, and as in the case of the engrafted bud, we can reason from the results to their cause. We can say because the man believes a vital union has been effected between him and the Saviour, that union will manifest itself in faith and good works—the believer's fruits. By engrafting, every variety—say of apple—can be grown on the same tree, and each retain its own flavour, colour and form. So in regard to Christ, every believer in Him retains his own idiosyncracies, and hence the difference in the work done by Christ's people. Nevertheless, abiding in Christ and Christ abiding in us we shall bear fruit to the praise and glory of His holy name, and many fruits shall appear in the life to come. How necessary, brethren, seeing that we are branches of the true vine, to be watchful and productive, and ever striving to exhibit, by the quality of our fruit, our union with Him who is the root of all that is holy and pure and good.

When a branch has been torn from the vine its vitality is destroyed, and no power but His who made it can restore that vitality and cause it to bear fruit. Sin has plucked man from his Creator; spiritually he is withered and sapless, incapable of bearing the fruits of righteousness. But, blessed be God, He who has all power given to Him, takes the man who has faith in Him, shrivelled and dry though he be, and engrafs him into Himself. For this He came, for this He died. To accomplish this He has commissioned His ministers to proclaim His power, His love, His willingness. Sinner, will you believe this, and

“Come to Him without one plea,
But that His blood was shed for thee.”

HOME LIFE IN INDIA.—VI.

BY M. FAIRWEATHER.

The term “ryot” is synonymous with our word “tenant” when we refer to property exclusively, and carries with it always the idea of vassalage. It includes all grades of the farming classes, from the great landed proprietor owning many estates to the poor cottager, whose only earthly possessions besides his hut may be no more than the lean buffalo which supplies the family with milk. The fields are all fenceless as in France, being separated mostly by a simple footpath or shallow ditch, and sometimes nothing at all but the difference of the crops distinguishes their boundaries. Cultivated lands are mostly separated from the public highways by low dykes. Isolated trees are always scattered at intervals over the fields, and a well is considered necessary to about every five or six acres. A tree and a well must always be married for luck, the ceremony being performed by the Brahmins, who are then feasted, and all before the owner may partake of the fruits of the soil.

The real work in the fields begins in February with ploughing up the soil. The plough itself is of very simple construction, being only an upright share tipped with iron, into the top of which is fastened a pole which projects forward and is linked to a ring in the yoke between the necks of the oxen. There is

but one crooked handle, which turns backwards, for the steadying hand of the ploughman. The oxen are urged forward by rope lines passed through a hole made in the cartilage of the nose. If special speed or guidance be required these are abandoned for the more effective methods of twisting the tail or scratching the animal's sides with a goad or jabbarie.

The harrow has very truthfully been described as follows: “Imagine two oxen harnessed to a ladder, six or eight feet long, with two men standing upon it, and as many boys as the animals can draw, and this machine dragged backwards and forwards over the ploughed surface until the soil is loosened and the clods crushed, and you will have some idea of the operation which in India is made to take the place of harrowing.” Now begins the coolie labour of the farm. The weeds still left must be reprotoed and dug out with a knife, resembling a miniature straight sword, and the clods—still unbroken or formed anew since the ploughing—are crushed by an instrument like a pickaxe. The land is ready for sowing the seed about the beginning of May, and for months almost constant irrigation is necessary.

When the crops begin to ripen fantastic images are set up in conspicuous places as scarecrows. Rude platforms of thatch, raised high upon four long posts, are also placed in the midst of the fields where men, women and children take turns in watching, and at intervals uttering a loud prolonged and melancholy shriek, which is answered from more distant fields by other watchers stationed there, thus keeping up a sort of incoherent communion. Their task of frightening off birds, thieves, stray cattle, or wild animals, is accomplished by the use of the sling and balls of hard dried clay. If wild animals hold their ground the watchman takes a torch of straw, pours oil upon it, and igniting it with tinder advances the flaming brand to the foe which usually decamps with all haste. Lucifer matches are not known among natives who are not mingling with Europeans. The grain is reaped by the sickle, so common in Europe, only that it is smaller in size and takes not so sharp an edge, being often made of untempered iron.

Men and women share equally the labour of the harvest-fields. The average pay for a man during the busy season is about threepence sterling, and for a woman one-third that of a man. This does not include either board or lodging, but they receive a small allowance of tobacco and oil for rubbing the body as perquisites. Perhaps as many as 50,000,000 people in India never earn more per day the whole year round. Again, perhaps 25,000,000 more never during their whole lives have at any one time in their possession as much as twenty-five cents in ready cash over and above their absolute necessity. Is it any wonder then that famine is so frequent a guest in India? and how, in common sense, are they to be expected to buy largely of our colporteurs foreign Bibles, or even New Testaments? It is objected they cannot read, and true enough they cannot, but that is no reason why they may not get some one who can to do it for them, as I have in multitudes of instances known to be the case. The gleaners follow the reapers in the fields now as in the days of Ruth. From one-third to one-half an English acre is considered a day's work for eight reapers, I am told, in the Bengal rice fields; a little more is expected in Central India in the corn harvest. The grain is bound in sheaves, and carried home upon the heads of the shearers when the day's work is over. It is then cast upon the threshing-floor, which is a rude dais of baked mud almost of the consistency of stone. There it is trodden out by the feet of oxen, which are driven two or three abreast round and round upon it, treading out on an average about six hundred pounds of grain per hour. The oxen on these occasions are always muzzled.

Next follows the winnowing. The straw is gathered off from the floor and stacked for future use; the grain is then swept into a heap. One man now raises a quantity to the height of his shoulder, from whence it is allowed to fall in a gentle rippling stream to the ground; meanwhile another plies a large palm fan briskly, which sends the light chaff away, and the clean grain lies at their feet yellow as old gold.

The fan is in shape like an ordinary parlour dust-pan, the frame of stiff bamboo and laced with finer threads or strips of the same, so that it is light, yet very substantial. After the cleaning it is immediately either sent to market or put into wells built for the purpose, and cemented so as to resist the entrance

either of insects or moisture, and being opened only occasionally to obtain necessary supplies for the family or for market. Such is the history of the first crop, and it is the same with all the others, only that the season is different.

In April begins the second sowing for the principal harvest. If it be rice, merely a small patch is thickly sown for transplanting about the middle of July. The separate plants are then set in rows and trenched to facilitate the watering. Between the rice furrows cotton is commonly planted, and at a little distance its foliage might be mistaken for that of the currant bush. This crop is reaped about the last of November or 1st of December.

In some parts of Rajpootana, as an experiment, as many as five crops were raised from the same pieces of ground within thirteen months, but four is the common run. Some crops may be sown, reach maturity, and be reaped all within six weeks.

Horses are never used in farm work in India; neither is hay ever stored for the use of cattle.

Indian corn, sugar-cane and opium are the staples of the Deccan.

Orchard trees are often rented by merchants, who give an average upon the green fruit, and take all risk off the cultivator in regard to thieves, wind storms, vermin, etc.

THE ORGAN QUESTION IN THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

A correspondent of the Edinburgh “Weekly Review” writes as follows: “It appears to me much meditating upon various matters connected with the interests of the Free Church, of which I am a member, that the occasion of the approaching meeting of Commission should be taken advantage of by those who are in favour of congregational liberty in the matter of instrumental music to have some consultation together on the present state of the question, and the steps which should be taken during autumn with a view to legislation on the subject at the ensuing General Assembly. It is desirable that, when the proposal does come up, it should not come as the crotchet of one congregation or even of one Presbytery, but that the feeling in its favour which is so widely diffused throughout the Church should have some adequate expression. It is, indeed, time that we should do something to put our Church abreast of the other denominations in this matter if we are not to lose many of our young people—the future citizens of our country—to whom the present state of things, especially in some country churches, is the reverse of attractive. We need not hope for any ‘light and leading’ from the metropolitan Presbytery—the men who would naturally lead that body on such questions unfortunately absenting themselves from its deliberations. I would only add one word in commendation of the attitude of the young congregation of St. Luke's, Broughty Ferry. Though their session might well have taken up the position that the deliverance of last Assembly could not affect them, being pronounced in a cause to which they were not made parties, they have loyally refrained from any such technicality, and have disused their harmonium in the meantime, and have burdened their not over-extensive funds with the salary of a precentor. For their sakes, and for the sake of hundreds of our churches, our liberty should be established without unnecessary delay. What a relief it would be both to the funds and to the ears of many country congregations were the bawling ploughman expelled from the precentor's desk, and the service of praise led by an educated lady or gentleman by means of an organ or harmonium.”

THE Rev. David C. Scott has been ordained for the Church of Scotland's mission at Blantyre, East Africa, in place of Mr. Macdonald, recalled.

PROF. PLUMPTRE, of England, says: “It has come, I believe, to be almost, or altogether, a work of super-erogation to maintain, as against scientific thinkers, the possibility of a miracle. That possibility is not denied by any reasoner who has a claim to be listened to.”

A PROSPECTUS has been issued with a view to the formation of a joint stock company to establish a Ladies' College at Truro, N.S. The capital stock of the company is to be \$20,000 in 2,000 shares of \$10 each, and the first meeting will be held as soon as \$15,000 of the capital stock has been subscribed. Dr. McCulloch is provisional president.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

WHAT BOOKS SHALL THE CHILDREN READ?

BY REV. I. A. R. DICKSON, GALT.

This great fact must not be lost sight of, that among the potent educational forces of the home, next to the life and teaching of the parents is the silent, subtle, and all-pervading influence of the books that are read by the children. There is, as Frederick Denison Maurice has finely put it, a friendship of books, and that, too, to none more real, and living, and enduring than to children. What they read creates for them a spiritual world, which becomes every way more to them than the actual world in which they are living. The characters, the actions, the scenes, the sayings, enter as elements into their life: they imprint themselves on their memory, and dwell in their imagination and exercise a prevailing power upon their actions. The reason of this has been wisely given by John Milton in these words: "Books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a progeny of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve as in a vial the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively and as vigorously productive as those fabulous dragon's teeth—and being sown up and down may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book; who kills a man kills a reasonable creature—God's image; but he who destroys a good book kills reason itself—kills the image of God, as it were in the eye."

Illustrations of this indestructible energy of books are not wanting. Samuel Johnson tells us of Cowley, that "In the window of his mother's apartment lay Spenser's 'Faery Queen,' in which he very early took delight to read, till by feeling the charms of verse, he became, as he relates, irrecoverably a poet." Richard Baxter informs us of the value of certain books to him. Being under spiritual concern, a poor man in the town lent his father an old torn book, entitled, "Bunny's Resolutions." "In reading this book," he observes, "it pleased God to awaken my soul, and shew me the folly of sinning, and the misery of the wicked and the inexpressible weight of things eternal, and the necessity of resolving on a holy life, more than I was ever acquainted with before. The same things which I knew before came now in another manner, with light, and sense, and seriousness to my heart. After this, Dr. Sibb's 'Bruised Reed,' and Perkins's 'Of Repentance,' and 'The Art of Living and Dying Well,' and 'The Government of the Tongue' did further inform me and confirm me. And thus *without any means but books*, was God pleased to resolve me for Himself."—*A Schoolmaster at Moulton*. It was the perusal of "Cook's Voyages," while instructing his pupils in geography, that led William Carey to contemplate the moral and spiritual degradation of the heathen, and to form the design of communicating the Gospel to them, which was afterward so heroically carried out. The reality of Wilberforce's "Practical View" led the great Dr. Thomas Chalmers out of legal bondage into the liberty of the sons of God, and he was henceforth a new man. This celebrated book did the same for Leigh Richmond, who wrote the "Dairyman's Daughter," which has been a fountain of life to many souls. Illustrations of the life-giving power of books, of how they determine and control the entire course of those who read them, are almost numberless. And their effects upon the minds of children are deeper and more lasting than upon grown men, and that with this peculiarity, they are less pronounced. If a man reads a book that exercises a decisive influence upon him, it forms an epoch in his life, but if a child does that it is unobserved, because there is little yet with which to make a contrast, and the life of the book is received as freely and unthinkingly as the air that it breathes. And it is this very fact that ought to make parents and guardians exceedingly careful that only good books shall be used by their children.

But what kinds of books are good books? Answering generally: books that are pure in thought, and that will quicken in their minds high, noble, and generous conceptions; books that are wise and true, and that will give to them right views of the world, and healthy views of life and duty; books that are full of

instruction, and that will inspire them with courage to act manfully, and worthily, and heroically in the presence of difficulties and antagonisms. Every book they read ought to be a fount of inspiration to do right, to think wisely, to speak truthfully, to live well, and at length to die happily. Isaac Walton of "The Complete Angler," felt this when he inserted in his will this clause: "To my son Isaac, I give Dr. Sibb's 'Soul's Conflict,' and to my daughter his 'Bruised Reed,' desiring them to read them so as to be well acquainted with them."

Books for children must have a charm about them to win them and keep them reading. They must interest: hence the wonderful magic a story has upon the minds of both young and old. It chains them fast. What books excel in this? "The Pilgrim's Progress" and "Robinson Crusoe." Would that all the children read had the same charm! Dr. James Hamilton, of London, had for a long time in his mind a scheme for writing the history of the Church of Scotland, something on the plan of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather," for young people. "For," he said, "if that history could be learned in the nursery or at school, it might do something to forestall the present spirit of indifference or hostility toward our kirk, and perhaps something more." This scheme, we regret to say, was never carried out. Had it been done, it would have been very attractive, as much so as a fairy tale.

Mrs. Charles, in her "Schonberg Cotta Series," has done good service in this department. She has, with great taste, and tenderness, and skill dealt with the times of Whitfield and Wesley, Luther, Oliver Cromwell, and the Pilgrim Fathers, and Alfred the Great. Few books are so charming as hers. All the principal events in the history of the Church might be treated of in the same sympathetic spirit, and with the same judicious calmness. And all the great doctrines of Christianity, the principles of moral philosophy, the discoveries of science, and the most common points of civil law, might be so woven into the web of a story that they would find entrance into the minds of the young, and through the fascination of the story, be fixed there forever. With these subjects they ought to have as early an acquaintance as possible.

Agesilaus, the Spartan king, when asked what boys should learn, admirably answered: "That which they must use when they are men." That is a sound principle of education and applies to all children. Jean Paul Richter says, in answer to the question, What is the best kind of stories for children? "Oriental and romantic tales seem the most suitable, such as many of the 'Arabian Night's Entertainments,' Herder's 'Palm Leaves,' and Krummacher's 'Parables.' Children are little Orientals. Dazzle them with the wide plains of the East, with brilliant dew-drops and bright-tinted flowers. Give them, at least in stories, the impulse which shall carry them over our cold northern rocks and north capes into the warm gardens of the south. Let your first miracle be, like Christ's, a turning of water into wine, of fact into poetry."

This is being done, more than ever before, by many excellent writers: done slowly, but with amazing success. For it must be remembered that writing to children is like talking to children, one of the most difficult undertakings. Yet, take as a sample of successful writing to children, and that, too, on the most abstract and momentous themes, those little books of Frances Ridley Havergal, entitled, "Morning Stars, or Names of Christ for His Little Ones;" "Little Pillows, or Good-Night Thoughts for the Little Ones;" "Morning Bells, or Waking Thoughts for the Little Ones." These are little talks, so sweetly said, so plain, so pointed, altogether so winsome, that we can think of nothing better for the children as a Christmas box, or New Year's present, or birthday gift, with a request to them to read them, as they were written to be read, daily. Children's books of the right kind are multiplying fast, the London and New York religious tract societies, and many first-class publishing houses are doing their best to supply the demand for wise, loving, truthful, wholesome literature for the little ones.

There is no doubt that many miserably poor, and often actually poisonous, stories have been written for the children; stories full of wrong views of God, and life, and duty, and human relations; stories which have debased the mind, and hardened the heart, and embittered the life; stories which have fallen on their souls like a blight. Watch has to be kept against any such being read by them. The discovery that Bis-

marck made on his way to Paris, of school books filled with lies, which he called the saddest sight he saw in France; and the discovery Joseph Cook made in Boston of the same character, school-books full of the boldest violations of historical veracity, and passages plainly intended to inflame uneducated readers—all by Roman Catholic priests—are but instances of a work that is widespread—the falsification of all the great truths on which our life and our hope are built; and which are set forth in the most charming way. Parents must watch zealously against the entrance of any of these, in whatever guise, into the home. They are destroyers of spiritual life and peace. This work is done most effectually when good books are selected and commended by the parents themselves. Children should not be at liberty to read anything and everything. The motto should be, "Only choice food for mind and soul."

TWO MORE PRODIGAL SONS.

The last New York paper received contains the story of a prodigal son, reminding me of another that I was sadly interested in a year or two ago. Both of them bring us into sympathy with broken-hearted parents. And both have lessons that ought to sink into the hearts of young men and warn them to shun the beginnings of evil. First, let me rehearse this fresh tragedy. I will not mention names, because they may be read by loving friends and make their wounds bleed again.

PRODIGAL NUMBER ONE.

In the latter part of May last, a young man left the home of his parents in Scotland and came to the city of New York, where he arrived on the 8th June. Taking a room at a hotel, he proceeded at once to make himself drunk. He would become only sober enough to call for more liquor. The managers of the respectable hotel supplied him freely for several days. When it was found that he would have nothing else he was refused more, and he managed to get it from outside. This went on from the 8th to the 18th of June, the young man being intoxicated most of the time, and his money being nearly all gone. Then he was ordered to leave. The young man now awoke to his terrible condition, and, without waiting to be turned adrift, he killed himself. In his possession, and stained with his own blood, were found two letters. One was from a lady to whom he was engaged to be married. It was full of tenderness and love; written on the eve of his leaving his home and country to begin a new life in the new world. She reminds him of his infirmity, and implores him to resist it and get the victory. The other letter was signed by both of his parents: pious Scotch parents, who fear God and desire their son to be kept in His fear. I think this letter is worthy of being read by parents and sons:

My dear John,—Your dear mother and I are about to part with you for a time. It may be in the inscrutable decrees of Divine Providence that we shall never meet again on earth, and we wish to give you our parting blessing. You are about to take your departure from your native shores, and, if spared, to dwell among strangers in the land of your adoption. We hope and pray that God may guide and sustain you in all your wanderings, leading you to put your trust in Him as your guide and protector, asking Him at the throne of grace to sustain you and keep you from evil, and make you a useful member of the community in which you dwell, and an earnest, Christian, disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ. Study your Bible; read it morning and evening. Keep the Sabbath day holy to the Lord, abstain from all appearance of evil, and pray to God for His blessing on your every day life. Put your whole trust in Him, ask forgiveness for all past offences, and in His strength you can do all things. We freely forgive you all. Never again shall we mention your past history. You have a new field before you. Go on in the strength of the Lord, and He will sustain and uphold you in all your doings. In the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength. In this world we shall have tribulations and many things seemingly hard to endure, conflicts without and fears within, but we must meet them and face every difficulty with courage and perseverance—not in our own strength, for then all must fail, but in the promises of God and in the strength of His almighty arm, for hath He not declared: "In this world ye shall have tribulations, but be of good cheer, I have overcome the world;" and when we have finished our pilgrimage on earth, and when our work of warfare is

over, we may all receive at last the welcome, blessed invitation, "Come ye blessed of My Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you." What should our aim be in this world but to die daily, that we may live anew unto Jesus Christ. Our lives on earth are but a span; make up our peace with Christ, that our end may be everlasting life. Live soberly, righteously, and godly, and may the God of peace bless, protect, and guide you in your journey through this vale of tears, is the humble, yet very earnest prayer of your loving and affectionate parents.

P.S.—Read the fourteenth chapter of St. John and the eighth of Romans—the last two chapters I read to you at the family altar—and the following verse

"I go your entrance to secure
And your abode prepare.
Regions unknown are safe to you.
When I, your friend, am there."

Write often and regularly to your dear parents and sisters and brothers. Farewell.

With such a letter in his hand this prodigal seeks his fortune in a strange land. What passion is strong enough to drag him from such parents to the grave of a suicide and drunkard? It is doubtless a dreadful fact that he had often wrung their hearts with anguish before. What days and nights of sorrow they had endured! How many tears and prayers his waywardness had wrung from them, whose gray hairs were going down in sorrow to the grave! The only passion strong enough to tempt a son from such parents to self-destruction is the passion for intoxicating drink! This was his ruin, as it has been and will be of thousands. Across the ocean and into the darkened home of those afflicted parents I send words of sympathy from Christian hearts in America. You are strangers to us, but there is a kinship in sorrow, and we are your friends, praying that the God of Abraham, and Isaac and Jacob may be your God, your strength and consolation.

This deplorable event has brought to my mind the history of

PRODIGAL NUMBER TWO.

It was a very hot day in June, before I had left town for the summer. I was just leaving my house for a public religious service, when I read in the morning paper that a young man had committed suicide the night before at a hotel; that he was identified by letters found upon him, and it appeared that he was the son of a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman, whose name was given: a friend of mine a thousand miles away. It was also added that the body had been sent to the morgue, the place to which dead persons are sent who have no friends to take them in charge. It was not possible at that moment for me to go and see to it, but I sent a messenger with a letter to the keeper of the morgue, requesting him to put the body into ice and keep it carefully until he heard from me again, and I would be responsible for all expenses. Then I telegraphed to the father, saying that his son had died suddenly in this city, and asking him what he would wish to have done with his remains. This, I reasoned, was what I would like to have done toward me if one whom I loved were to be found dead in a distant city among strangers. In the course of the day an answer came from the father, saying that he wished the body decently buried, and he would write further by mail. A few friends in the city, who saw the same facts in the paper, came to me, and we carried out the father's wishes, finding a grave in the family cemetery of one of the friends. I soon received a sad letter from the father. It was the old story: a son, well beloved in the sight of his mother, had fallen into evil ways, broken through all the strong bonds of holy love, defied parental authority, joined himself to wicked companions, and had gone away into a far country to waste his substance in riotous living. Exhausted in body, and mind, and means, he had reached New York, and here, in the lonely wretchedness of a midnight hour of remorse and despair, he had killed himself. His parents are both dead now, or I would not tell you this wretched tale.

It is not improbable that a thousand young men are at this moment leading the lives of prodigals in the city of New York! Prodigals with homes blessed with plenty, with religion, and with love. And in all these cases they have been lured away by the use of intoxicating drinks. Other vices have their victims, and often these other vices are the effects of those associations which drinking has induced. This Scotch prodigal son was a young drunkard. My friend's prodigal son was a young drunkard. And there are

Rachael's, heart-broken mothers, in all lands, wailing because their sons are prodigal drunkards.

Have the promises failed? Has God forgotten to be gracious? Is there no balm in Gilead, no physician to cure this universal plague?

It is vain to scrutinize the mysteries of God's inscrutable providence. We behold His goodness and His severity too. I cannot tell you why, in His infinite love and power and wisdom He permits evil, or the evil one, to be. It does not help the matter to tell me that

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."

It is faith, not evidence, that enables me to say His ways are wonderful in goodness when they seem to be all against the wishes of His saints. Therefore we must bow down, or lie in the dust and adore the sovereignty of Him whose ways are past finding out.

But are God's ways harder to be understood than the cruel wickedness of the degenerate son who pierces his parents' hearts with the base ingratitude and monstrous sinfulness of apostasy and crime? Suicide is awful, but how much worse than self-murder is the sin of him who rends the heartstrings of his father and mother by his own folly and shame.

"How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" cried Joseph when he, a young man, was tempted. How can any human being sin against parental love? But of all the prodigal sons now living in misery in New York, many of them—the most of them—have the guilt of parricide on their souls. They have slain the happiness of the parents that bore them.

None of these prodigals will be reached by these reproaches. But in ten thousand homes into which this letter will find its way there are boys yet untouched by the tempter—dear, good, lovely boys, without a thought that they will ever be like the monsters that are now in the horror of intemperance, hastening down to the drunkard's tomb. Unto you, O boys, dear boys, to you I write. This Scotch son who came here from the family altar with a prayer in his hand, signed by both his father and his mother, imploring him to be pure and true and good, and then twice murdered himself—this suicide impels me to plead with you to shun his sin and his fate.

The dead boy in the Morgue, the son of my Southern friend, cold, stark, dead in his youthful beauty, in his blood shed by his own hand, is before me as I write, and I hear his voice rising from the marble on which he lay in his nakedness and shame, imploring you, the sons of pious parents, not to come to the place where his miserable career on earth has found its miserable end.—*Irenaeus.*

IN MEMORIAM.

Wonder what Jesus ever wrote,
While the accusers gathered round,
Was it the sentence, or the crime,
Or but a name "upon the ground?"

They speak of stoning; to the ground,
He stoops, and with His holy hand,
"The Undeiled," who knew it all,
Writes slowly, something on the sand.

"I would have mercy," "Sin no more,"
And sin shall soon upon my hand,
With "pen of iron," indelibly
Print marks unlike those on the sand.

Our "life's like footprints on the strand,"
Our friendship's all is never found,
"A little while," a little mound,
Perhaps a name "upon the ground."

Port Colborne, Ont.

D. M.

THREE-WORD PRAYERS.

"One day," says a lady, "when I was a little girl I did something particularly naughty, and my governess sent me to a back room, quite alone, and gave me a lesson to learn, headed 'A Child's Prayer,' nearly two pages long. When I had by and-by repeated my task she bade me remember to say it over every morning, as I needed very much to pray to be a good child. I am afraid I never did it."

The Lord does not set any such task as this before His children. When He taught His disciples to pray the form was very brief, and when persons came to Him to pray, the prayers which reached His ear were very short and very definite. The prayer of the woman of Canaan was, "Lord, help me;" the prayer of Simon Peter was, "Lord, save me;" the prayer of the penitent malefactor was, "Lord, remember me;"

the prayer of the broken-hearted publican was, "God be merciful to me." Such are the prayers which the Lord has been pleased to hear and answer. Prayers that can be learned in a moment, and which will never be forgotten; prayers that do not need to be learned at all, but which spring spontaneously from the depths of the soul; prayers which can be offered in an instant and which the Lord makes haste to answer. A prayer in three words is much better for ordinary purposes than a prayer stretching over three pages. Let us learn to pray short prayers, and let us use them often.—*The Christian.*

YOUNG PEOPLE'S ASSOCIATIONS.

There is power in wise organization. It gives method and system. It kindles enthusiasm. It calls out latent energy. It gives to every one his work. Every church should be thoroughly organized.

The young people of a church compose one of its most important elements. With warm, eager hearts they want to be at work. Unless they have something to do they will lose interest and perhaps drift away. There is no spiritual health without activity. It should be one of the first thoughts of a pastor how to get his young people enlisted in the work of the Church, and then how to direct their energies in the field. In them he has a vast volume of power, which, if he is faithful and wise, he may use for glorious ends.

In many churches the young people are organized into associations, and are doing great good. Especially in towns and cities is there need for such associations. The purposes of organization necessarily vary with the field.

This subject is presented at this time because the autumn is the period of the year at which all such new work should be commenced. There is scarcely a church anywhere in which there are not enough young people to make a strong working band, if they were gathered into one organization and animated by one common impulse of consecrated zeal.

A practical example is always better than a theory. Better, therefore, than an elaborate explanation of the purposes and methods of such an association will be a plan of organization prepared by the writer and now in use. It was made for a particular field. No doubt in almost any other field some modification will be necessary, as no plans are abstractly the best. The character of the place and work must always be studied and the organization adapted thereto. However, this is given as something in the direction desired.—*Westminster Teacher.*

At a meeting of the Aberdeen Free Presbytery, held on the 9th ult., Professor Robertson Smith's name was removed from the roll.

FROM late Scotch papers we find that the Rev. Thomas Scott, M.A., late of Ruthrieston church, has been ordained to the ministry by the Presbytery of Aberdeen, and has been appointed to the chaplaincy of Mhow, in the Presidency of Bombay.

EMPEROR WILLIAM of Germany was recently presented with a curious pen, that supplies itself with ink while writing. The old Kaiser thanked the donor and said, "I should like to own a pen that would write only what is good and true; and then I wish all our journalists and reporters might each have one just like it and use no others."

IN the last forty years one hundred and twenty missionaries on the west coast of Africa have fallen victims to the climate; but this sacrifice of life has not been without its over-payment of reward and blessing, as appears from the fact that the converts to Christianity on the field now number thirty thousand or more, and thirty-three missionary societies are at work now in Africa.

THE annual graduation ceremonial in medicine, law, and science, in connection with Edinburgh University, took place within the United Presbyterian Church College Hall, in presence of a large audience, on the 1st inst., when thirty-five students were presented for the degree of M.D., and 126 for the degrees of M.B. and C.M., in addition to seventeen others, upon whom law and science degrees were conferred. Professor Annandale delivered the usual address, in which he exposed the quackery of both qualified and unqualified practitioners, and gave some wholesome advice to the graduates upon becoming members of the medical profession.

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Edited by Rev. Wm. Inglis.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1881.

THE collection for the common fund intended for the support of *all* our Colleges will be taken up on Sabbath, the 11th inst. We direct attention to the circular regarding this matter reprinted in another column of this issue. A circular to the same purport has been sent to student missionaries, each of whom is called upon to "loyally put forth a vigorous effort to obtain a good contribution from his field." We trust that the collection all over the Church will be commensurate with the great and vital importance of the object for which it is made.

TENDENCY TO EXTERNALISM.

THERE is no feature of this busy stirring age more deserving of the serious attention of Christian men than the tendency to externalism. That which attracts attention and shews is deemed a success, and on the other hand no matter how valuable the gift or how important the knowledge, unless it can be made visible and popularized it is deemed worthless—it is a failure. Doubtless this is but a passing phase resulting from the progress of these times so wonderful, and ere long true excellence will assert its right and move itself superior to show. As intelligence and morality advance, society will be more and more purged from vain show. Meanwhile, however, it becomes us to be on our guard, lest, under the semblance of real excellence, mere show and sham retard the advancement of the race.

Externalism begins early. It shews itself in our modern school theory of estimating the success of education merely by answers to questions for which in too many cases the candidates have been coached. In this way no value can be attached to the real education so far as forming the inward character is concerned. Following out this beginning society opens her arms to any one whose ostentatious claims are forced upon her notice by frequent advertising. The public seems increasingly to favour amusements and pastimes of a showy nature, while it is too negligent of the claims of the noble, pure and modest engagements which affect our inner manhood. The great are those who shew most and hesitate least. It may be said that the world has always done this; that "the vain glory of life" has in all ages been the great object of human ambition. This is true. Nor do we wonder that, so long as nothing better was known, poor humanity sought her portion amid the external glories of this present world. Now it is different. The religion of Jesus has for eighteen hundred years held up before the nations something better than worldly grandeur or vulgar applause; continually it reminds us that the greatest and best man that ever trod our earth was, judged by the world's maxims, a failure, and that the noblest and grandest work that was ever accomplished had no external glory, but was done in the hearts of men. Modern society owes its greatness to that inward force. No greater mistake can be made than to suppose that the external results in which men now glory can continue if the internal moral force of Christianity is not supplied. Still more is this true of the Church of Christ. We are often told that the Church is becoming worldly; but it would perhaps be more correct to say that the Church is in danger of using the world's methods and adopting the world's maxims; of giving so much attention to externals as to neglect the internal work of grace. We have commodious and beautiful churches and Sabbath school rooms; attractive hymn-singing; pleasing literature; schemes, plans, helps, associations, parliaments, picnics, and other such external aids, for the work of preaching and teaching the young, and the success of our churches

and schools is judged by the multitude, variety, and agreeableness of these external things.

We may be told that the conversion of souls is more than ever before the object aimed at. It may be so, but we doubt it nevertheless. Is it not true that by directing attention so exclusively to church and school externals, we may be tempted to think that all is attained when these are externally a success? Nay, further, even in this matter of conversion of souls, are we not warranted in saying that modern methods, such as religious processions by Ritualists to attract the thoughtless multitudes to the church, where imposing ceremonies are performed, equally with the extravagancies of the Salvation Army, and the large gatherings at revival meetings and camp-grounds, with eloquent and sensational addresses and sentimental music, all depend for success on the tendency to externalism and desire for amusement which pervade society.

The quiet, earnest, simple inculcation of truth and duty has no attraction for very many. Truly it is said that in order to hold our young people we must make churches attractive, and accommodate the services to the taste of those who have no spiritual relish for divine things. A church is counted a success, not when a company of true Christians assemble to worship God, but when by advertising something novel and interesting, either by way of discourse or ceremony or musical performance, a crowd of godless ones are gathered together in the hope that they may get some good, or at least may give an outside support to the Gospel of God's grace. Thus men come to plead for attention to externals in order to advance the inward work of God's grace. And with what result? Large external things; fine churches; large gatherings of a popular nature, where everybody is pleased; large sums of money spent on making the services enjoyable. These indeed, but also a hankering among our young people after a sensuous religion which pleases the taste and does not probe the conscience, with an impatience of doctrinal teaching and a doubt whether after all there is any need of a change of heart or any inward dealing of the soul with God, and still worse, a holding back of many from what is seen by them to have no spiritual reality behind the show. We point out the danger, not because we think God's Church is going to ruin, but to lead Christian men to consider well whether it would not be more honouring to God and safer for the people to make less of external success and regard more the *graces* of the Christian life, which, like the lowly lily of the valley, cannot flourish in the bright glare of worldly vain-glory. It is foolish to suppose that we can ever make Christianity attractive by decking it out with the vain-glory of the world; Christ's Church has before this been corrupted and decked with gairish ornaments, and accommodated to the taste of worldly men, but when that was done the bride of Christ was no longer a chaste virgin but the harlot that made all nations drunk with her Popish abominations. Externalism in religion without living piety will pave the way for a revival of the apostacy.

SUGGESTIONS FOR TOURISTS.

SITTING at our desk this sultry day, our thoughts moved away from amid the immediate surroundings, and paid flying visits to Portland, the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and sundry other places, and in spirit we congratulated those who have managed to find time as well as money for the exhilarating and invigorating influence of change for a season.

The late William Jay, one of the most eloquent preachers of his day in England, was withal very quaint and eccentric; and on one occasion, about the commencement of the tourist season, he preached a sort of temporary farewell sermon to all in his Bath congregation whom it might concern. To those going off to the sea-side or elsewhere he submitted a series of matters for thought, and in closing said something like this: "Finally, my dear friends, above all let me admonish you to see to it that whatever else you leave behind you for the summer, you be very sure that you take along with you your religion." Now, whilst Canadian Christian tourists may take with them their religion, some of them may possibly fail of taking with them a little thoughtfulness of a particular kind in certain very desirable directions; for tourists, for want of a little thought, may fail of doing anything like justice to the real benevolence and generosity of their nature; e.g., one may next Sabbath be much

pleased and profited by the ministrations of some worthy preacher in some obscure spot. How cheering to that minister were the tourist to see him somehow before leaving, say a kind word, and perhaps hand to him some book that he had done with, and which might be a little change to the minister from his more solid reading. Another might cheer some superintendents and teachers by visiting the Sabbath school, giving a book or two to the Sunday school library, or, better still, taking the address of the Superintendent and telling them all that he would send a number of copies of a Sabbath school paper to them for the next twelve months. A third falls in with two or three energetic men in some rural congregation, where great efforts are being made to get up a new church edifice; and even a very small contribution to the building fund, and the spirit of the act, would be worth not a little to the few doing what they could. Such are some of the ways in which Christian tourists have been known to leave blessings behind them, and to have greatly added to the pleasantness of their own reminiscences; and doubtless the number of such kindly acts would be greatly increased by a little more consideration in those directions. As "a word spoken in due season," so an act done in due season, "how good is it!"

STREET PROFANITY.

THE almost incessant stream of profane language that assails the ears of the pedestrian on the streets of our cities, towns, and villages, and even on our country roads, and, sad to say, on many of the playgrounds of our public schools, is most offensive, not only to religious people, but to all who have any sense of the proprieties of life left. Our own city perhaps takes the lead in this as in other respects. A correspondent who, by his vigorous style and the no less vigorous remedial measures which he proposes, shews that his sensibilities are by no means abnormally delicate, wrote to one of our dailies last week as follows:

"Is it not time that either the Government or corporation took up the question of the punishment of children, and even adults, for using profane language? I refer more particularly to the youth. The oaths uttered by these youngsters are simply shocking, and certainly a disgrace to any civilized community. One would scarcely think that we had so many churches and Sunday schools in Toronto when they hear the horrid language used by the children. I can safely assert that you will hear more of such language in Toronto in one day than you will in a week in the city of New York. I would suggest that the police be empowered to carry a rawhide, and to administer on the spot punishment for bad language and stone-throwing."

We may have a sting at the stone-throwers some other time. In the meantime let us confine our attention to the other evil, for it is the worse of the two. Time was when profane swearing was one of the fashionable vices. The royalist "gentlemen" of the English Revolution swore; the yeomen and peasants of the Parliamentary army didn't. Under strict Puritan rule the loud oath and the profane jest had to give place for a time to the muttered imprecation; but with the restoration of the Stuarts came also the restoration of the old vocabulary, with additions and emendations; and down to a period within the memory of men still living profanity was, in some places at least, regarded as a mark of gentility. It is not so now. This disgusting vice has been banished from polite society, and even roughs and blacklegs have come to understand that "in the presence of ladies" they must abandon their habitual mode of speech, however hard a task that may be to them. This change is partly owing to the influence of Christianity, and partly to æsthetic culture. Mere culture never saved a soul from sin, but it must at least be admitted that, by keeping down the offensive outward manifestations of corruption, it has acted like a sort of chloride of lime upon the moral atmosphere of many a drawing-room since the days of "good Queen Bess," and brought to them some degree of "sweetness" if not "light."

The writer of the communication which we have reproduced above seems to make our "churches and Sunday schools" in some way accountable for the profanity to be heard on our streets. He does not seem to be one of the unco' refined himself, but in this matter he follows their example, for if there is any "evil in a city" they always call religion to account for it. Our churches and Sabbath schools are doing their best to reach all classes, but this cannot be done in a day nor in a year. The man is quite right

in calling upon the civic authorities to take the matter in hand, for it is their duty to keep the streets free from nuisances, and why should the ear be called upon to endure offence any more than the nostrils? But cannot æsthetic culture do anything towards removing this crying evil? Is it not possible for a little "sweetness," or "light," or some beneficent influence or another to percolate from the exalted platform of the superlatively respectable and highly cultured class down to the lower strata of society? Why not open a mission school of culture? Alas, is it true, as has sometimes been suspected, that mere æsthetic culture and indolence go together?

All religious men, all men of culture, and all men, whatever may be their standing either in religion or in æsthetics, who appreciate the decencies and proprieties of civilization, ought to follow the example of the ladies and frown this thing down. He who listens complacently to the profane swearer and keeps up a conversation with him is to some extent a partaker of his guilt. He who turns away when he hears an oath, and who regards the first profane word as the signal for cutting the conversation short, even though it should be in the middle of a business transaction, soon finds that those who address him will be very careful of their language. Such restraints, often repeated, would have the effect of causing "adults" who are addicted to this vice to break off their evil habit almost unconsciously; and when these quit, the "youngsters" will soon follow their example.

KNOX CHURCH, TORONTO,—IMPROVEMENTS.

THE interior of this fine old building is undergoing almost entire renovation. A new floor has been laid, with an elevation at the outer end of fourteen inches above the old level, affording a sufficient fall towards the pulpit to enable every person in the audience to have an unobstructed view of the preacher. The pulpit has been lowered two feet and a new semicircular platform has been constructed in front of it. The old straight pews—apparently not much the worse for their age—may be seen ranged in piles outside the church. Some struggling congregation in the newer parts of the country could, no doubt, obtain possession of them at very small cost, and might find them serviceable for many a year to come. The space which these formerly filled in Knox Church is to be occupied by curved—or what are generally called circular—seats of the most approved pattern. The angles of the gallery have been rounded off so as to correspond with the shape of the new seats. The ceiling will require only such renovation as will bring out afresh the dimmed beauties of the oil painting; but some additional ornamental work is spoken of. The contrivances for ventilation will be such as will provide a constant supply of fresh air in all parts of the building without any injurious or annoying draughts. An organ is in course of construction and will be placed in position before the church is reopened. By an arrangement similar to that in the Jarvis street Baptist Church, the organist will be concealed from the view of the congregation. The whole cost of these repairs, alterations and additions, including the organ, will be somewhere in the neighbourhood of \$9,000. The seats alone will cost \$4,000.

The carpenter work is about finished, and it is expected that the congregation, now meeting in the school-room—a spacious apartment capable of accommodating about 1,000 people—will occupy the refitted and much improved audience room of the church in about five weeks from the date of this paper. Almost everything will be new to them, the principal exception being the pulpit. May we not well suppose that while, in the midst of unwonted comforts and conveniences, all will wait with pleasure and profit on the instructions of the preachers of to-day, the thoughts of many will sometimes go back to a period when their minds were more capable of receiving impressions than they are now, and when they eagerly drank in the saving truths of the Gospel from the lips of the preachers of a by-gone time? And if so, may we not also well suppose that many an eye, now perhaps somewhat dimmed with age, will sometimes rest lovingly on the familiar face of the old pulpit—the pulpit of Robert Burns and of Alexander Topp?

REV. DR. WARDROPE returned to Guelph on the 23rd ult. from his holiday.

PRESBYTERIANISM IN WINNIPEG.

THE columns of one of our morning city contemporaries are at present enlivened by a series of brilliant letters from the pen of Principal Grant, now on his travels in the North-West. We cannot make room for any of the glowing descriptions; but we crop the following as supplying the very latest news affecting Presbyterian interests in Winnipeg:

"The Board of Management of Manitoba College deserve great credit for the energy which they display. Four months ago they bought a site in the outskirts of the city for \$6,000 which they could now sell for \$18,000. On this site—four acres and a half in extent—they are erecting a wing of the College, as it is to be. The wing is to contain class-rooms, a chemistry laboratory, a house for the Principal, and accommodation for forty resident students. The building material is the whitish coloured native brick, faced with native limestone which is also of a whitish hue and very pretty, and apparently durable stone. The cost, including site, furnishing, heating, gas, etc., is estimated at \$41,000. To meet this they have so far only \$11,000, the proceeds of their former property, and \$12,000 which the citizens of Winnipeg have subscribed. When the citizens have paid this, they will just be in the humour to subscribe the balance of \$18,000 required. The Board of Management go forward fearing nothing. None of their investments is likely to pay them better. Winnipeg is very well off as regards church accommodation. The only building of architectural pretensions is Knox Church, its graceful spire shooting up into the sky, marking the site of the city to the traveller on the prairie for miles around. Yesterday I drove out to Bird's Hill, a gravelly eminence to the north-east, ten or twelve miles away, and at that distance the spire of Knox Church stood out boldly defined against the sky, almost the only distinctive mark in the vast circle of surrounding prairie. Last night the Presbytery of Manitoba sanctioned the organization of a second congregation, the members of which intend to build in the north-east end of the city. They have parted from the parent congregation in the most friendly spirit, actuated solely by a desire for the common weal, and instead of grudging the loss which they sustain by the secession of valued members, the trustees, session, and congregation have unanimously voted them \$5,000 towards the erection of the new church. This, too, although Knox Church has a debt on it of \$12,000, representing an annual burden of \$1,000."

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

GOOD COMPANY (Springfield, Mass.) is as racy, instructive and morally wholesome as ever.

LORIMER AND WIFE. By Margaret Lee. (New York: George W. Harlan.)—This story opens among the fashionable and frivolous, but by and by finds its way into earnest and active life, and teaches several wholesome lessons. The price of the volume is 50 cents in paper covers, or \$1 in cloth.

ST. NICHOLAS. (New York: The Century Co.)—The publisher has changed, but the same old editor, Mary Mapes Dodge, remains on the cover, and there is abundant internal evidence that she is still at her post. In the September number there is a rich treat in store for those boys and girls who take this magazine, or who have it provided for them.

HAND BOOKS FOR BIBLE CLASSES. The Confession of Faith. By Rev. John Macpherson, M.A. (Edinburgh: F. & T. Clark.)—Among the many useful books belonging to this series, that now before us ought to rank high. The text of the Confession, with the very full notes and the introduction of forty-eight pages, supplied by Mr. Macpherson, constitute a complete scheme of systematic theology.

THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS. (New York: Eugene R. Smith. Price: single copies, 25 cents; \$2 50 a year.)—The September number of this excellent missionary publication possesses even more than usual interest and attraction. Instead of giving missionary news from all parts of the world in every number, the plan of the publisher of this magazine is to devote the whole of a number to some particular country or mission field, the next number to some other field, and so on. The field passed under review in the number now before us is India, one of the most extensive and populous mission fields in the world. These forty-eight pages of fresh reading matter, with their thirty-three equally fresh illustrations, will make the readers of this magazine pretty well acquainted with what is being done, and what there is to do, in India.

PAPERS FOR THE PRESENT TIME. (Toronto: S. R. Briggs, Willard Tract Depository.)—Two of these tracts have been sent to us for notice. That by the Rev. H. M. Parsons on "Spirit, Soul, and Body," evinces considerable ability, and great power in the matter of close packing; but really such a subject as this cannot be popularized in a sixteen-page pamphlet.

Very many of the statements made require at least some explanation and elucidation, if nothing more. The author ought to write a much larger treatise on the subject. The other paper is on "The Atonement," by the Rev. George S. Bishop, D.D. This tract contains an epitome of the scriptural doctrine of the atonement, with proofs, illustrations, and answers to objections—the whole admirably arranged, tersely expressed, and in every way well fitted to overcome that terrible obtuseness which seems to characterize the average modern mind in view of this the fundamental doctrine of the Christian religion.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. (Boston: Littell & Co. Price \$8 per annum.)—It must be kept in remembrance that this magazine is published weekly, although in shape and size it resembles the monthlies; so that in the course of the year the subscriber receives fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each. When this is taken into consideration it will be seen that the price is very low. The numbers for August 20th and 27th contain articles on Madame de Staël, from the "Quarterly Review;" President Garfield, from the "Nineteenth Century;" a New Study of Tennyson, from the "Cornhill Magazine;" A German Silver Wedding, from the "Argosy;" Carlyle and Chalmers, from "Good Words;" Personal Reminiscences of Lord Stratford and the Crimean War, from "Temple Bar;" Burmese Bells, from the "St. James Gazette;" Up Stairs in Westminster Abbey, and A Congress of Domestic Economists, from the "Saturday Review;" The Destruction of Small Birds in Europe, from the "Pall Mall Gazette;" and many other interesting and valuable papers.

SIN AND SALVATION. By Henry A. Nelson. (New York: A. D. F. Randolph & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Price \$1.)—This book is likely to become a favourite among the more intelligent class of religious people. The author's style is chaste, quiet and lucid—sufficiently animated to sustain attention, but at the same time in full keeping with the solemnity of the subject. The expression is natural and easy, while the thought is often very striking. The nature of the contents will be understood from the headings which the author has given his chapters. The book is divided into two parts—the first treating of Sin and the second of Salvation. In Part I. we find: (1) Sin as an Act, (2) Sin as a State, (3) Sin as a Disease, (4) Sin as a Separation from God, (5) Sin as an Inheritance, (6) Sin as a Delusion, (7) Sin as a Doom. Part II. contains: (1) Salvation as an Act, (2) Diverse Beginnings of Salvation, (3) What is Essential to the Beginning of Salvation, (4) Early Beginning of Salvation, (5) Salvation as Healing, (6) Salvation as a Return to God, (7) Salvation as a Recovery from Delusion, (8) Salvation of Households, (9) Salvation of Society, (10) Salvation Consummated.

IN the acknowledgments for the "Hall Fund" last week, "per W. A. Reid" should be, Chalmers' Church, Woodstock, per W. A. Reid, \$14.

THE HALL FUND.—Collected in Mitchell, Ont., in aid of the family of deceased by Mrs. Dougherty and Mrs. Cornell, and received per the Rev. J. W. Mitchell, the sum of \$26.

AT the close of last week almost everybody had abandoned hope in President Garfield's case; but he experienced a favourable turn last Sabbath, and since then further indications of improvement have been continuously reported up to the time of our going to press.

THE "Christian Helper," a Baptist paper which has been published in this city during the past two years, has been purchased by the Baptist Publication Society, and incorporated with their new publication, the "Baptist Weekly," the first number of which makes its appearance this week.

IN the notice of Rev. A. B. Baird's ordination by the Presbytery of Stratford, which appeared in our issue of last week and which was taken from a local paper, there were several—no doubt unintentional—errors, which Rev. Mr. Waits corrects in a note which we have just received. Mr. Waits says that, in his charge, he did not tell the newly ordained minister to guard against offensive doctrine; made no comparison between the pulpit and the press; did not tell Mr. Baird to use mild words about wine-drinking, etc.; did not say that speculation was not dangerous; and did not refer to any work of Milton.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

THE OATH-KEEPER OF FORANO.

A TALE OF ITALY AND HER KVANGEL.

BY MRS. JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER V.—THE MARCHESE FORANO.

"Their views indeed were indistinct and dim,
But yet successful, being aimed at Him,
Christ and His character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject, and their hope."

During this same summer the story of Judith Forano drifted to the Palazzo Borgosia, borne along on the tide of events, as a bit of weed is borne on the incoming waves of the sea. Mrs. Bruce, deeply interested in her protégé, wrote to her own countrywoman, Honor Maxwell, reciting the story of the Jewess' wrongs. "She believes her child is living. I believe in the mother instinct that causes her to know in some mysterious manner that her son is not dead. If the boy is living, suppose it should happen that you should see him or hear of him." Thus Honor read the letter to Uncle Francini.

"Why," says Uncle Francini, "she has lost a child: you have found one: perhaps they are the same." "O uncle!" cried Honor, in excitement—"but how could I tell—stay, here is a slip of paper on which Mrs. Bruce writes Madame Forano's description of the child. Come to me, Michael!" Michael, who was lying on a rug on the farther side of the salon, playing with a backgammon board, sprang up and planted himself before her; Uncle Francini leaned forward to compare the boy with the description. Honor read: "her babe was fair: a look at Michael—his skin was a clear, brown olive, the blood burning ruddy in his cheek and lips, and now flushing his throat, from the warmth of the day: 'its eyes were a lovely violet.'" Honor looked at her foundling, but knew well enough already that his great, laughing eyes were black as jet; "and his hair was curly and golden." Michael's hair was curly enough, his locks fell in shining masses, gently lifted by the sea-breeze, stirring through the room about his shoulders, but these locks matched his eyes, except where a strong light creeping through the blinds, which were now down to keep out the sun, tinged their waves with bronze. Honor was reading a mother's description of a babe of a month old, lost nearly six years ago; she was looking upon a great, romping boy; there was nothing in common between the picture of Judith Forano's memory and the boy of Honor Maxwell's reality. I think both Uncle Francini and Honor were glad that there was not: on these hot days, when he could not paint, what could the old man do without the boy?

The summer brought forth harvest and vintage, and vintage and harvest were gathered; meanwhile the seed which Nanni had sown in Ser. Jacopo's heart in early spring, had also brought forth its fruit. All summer the honest man had come to Honor for counsel, and she had ever taken him to the law and to the testimonies. As his thirst for the very Word of God grew greater, Assunta had gone evening after evening with her Italian Bible, and shut in, in an inner room with the calzolajo and his wife, had read to them by the hour. Honor Maxwell had taught her maid to read the Scriptures; the Spirit of God brought home their meaning with divine efficiency.

We come to the evening of one of the regular meetings of the Vaudois Church. The room was dark, rough, low ceiled, the floor brick; the benches backless, the lights dim and few—our Vaudois brethren are poor. The Swiss pastor sat at a little table with his Bible before him, Doctor and Mrs. Polwarth came in, presently also Honor Maxwell and her maid, then shortly after appeared two who had never hitherto gathered with the Vaudois band, Ser. Jacopo and Monna Lisa. There was reading, prayer, exhortation from one and another. Then Ser. Jacopo rose, and there was a waiting silence. He began to speak in the firm, calm voice of a man whose mind has been cautiously and irrevocably made up. "At the close of last Carnival my brother-in-law came to my house, having a copy of the Evangel. He had also the Evangel in his heart. He read to me in the book, and I found it good; he taught me much which I felt to be the TRUTH. But this truth was something different from that I had before heard and practised, and there arose a contest in my heart. I did not wish to draw enmity upon myself; I did not wish to cadanger my business, myself, my family, by provoking the priests, and especially, I did not wish to sacrifice a few lire by changing certain habits in my business; I did not wish to speak truth and act truth at all times; so I shut my heart to the Evangel. But, my brothers, we may shut the gates of our city to our friends or our foes, but thereby we cannot shut out the sun of heaven, he still shines on us; so though I shut my heart, I felt the eye of God like a burning sun, look down into my soul; and as our locked gates do not keep out the air, I felt a new knowledge stirring within me. I cannot tell you why I went for relief to the Evangel, instead of to the priests; God alone knows why I went to the Signorina Maxwell, and she read me the Evangel. At last, my brothers, what did I feel? I saw Ser. Jesus leaving His throne of glory to live on earth for me, I saw Him poor, weary, despised, homeless—for me; I beheld Him dying, buried, risen—and my soul said, What then, cannot I leave a Church which hides his Evangel, cannot I suffer loss and scorn, cannot I give up a few lire for Ser. Jesus, who did all this for me? Ah, my brothers, when I did feel that I could even lose the lire for Ser. Jesus, then all was done. I no longer feared the priests, I no longer withheld anything. This is my wife, Lisa. I said to her, 'Lo, I am become an Evangelical for Ser. Jesus; must I therefore lose you and my children? Ever so, I am content to give up all for Him.' But my wife replied, 'Ecco, Jacopo, what has Ser. Jesus done for you that He has not done for me? What do you owe Him that I do not? No, we will be Evangelicals together.' 'In that case,' I said, 'there is no division; we will take all our eight sons with us into the service of Ser. Jesus, for

that cause He gave us the eight.' And then finally, my brothers, I said to the maiden Assunta, who had read the Evangel to me, 'Do you fear to confess Ser. Jesus before men?' and she replied 'No; therefore she is with us tonight. Take us—we belong to you—because we belong to Christ!' Ser. Jacopo spread out his brawny arms as if he would embrace the whole assembly; tears were falling from many eyes; the Vaudois pastor sobbed aloud; Mrs. Polwarth and Honor Maxwell thought of the maid Mercy, who went to the heavenly city with Christiana and her sons; and they remembered the good journey from the City of Destruction to the Celestial Gate—but they forgot that Vanity Fair lay across their road.

The winter came clear, bright, with a beauty of its own; the last olives were gathered; the roses disappeared with Christmas, but along the hills the hawk-weed with its golden eye defied the frost, and bloomed the winter through. During these months Nanni, with a pack on his back, travelled up and down Tuscany; the pack held the usual light wares of a pedlar, but he had a wallet of gospels, and Testaments, and copies of hymns, and his heart was stored with the truth which his lips dispensed.

When the spring came, Nanni left Tuscany by "reedy Trasemene," crossed Umbria, passed through the Apennines north of Mount Carno, and travelled along the Adriatic coast to Barletta. The evangelist found the country people, as a rule, less accessible, more under the dominion of the priests, less realizing the possibilities of liberty than the people of the cities. Arriving at Barletta, he found his parents well, and indeed bearing fruit in old age, for several Bible meetings were held at their house weekly, Sandro reading, and his grandfather explaining the Scriptures, and the number of believers had already increased to eight. Sandro seemed to have reached a very remarkable degree of experience for his age; the Fari family were still hearers but not doers of the Word. The eight believers of Barletta rejoiced greatly in Nanni's visit of a month, he left them to go to Ser. Jacopo with an important proposition. Signore Conti was not likely to be able to continue his business for many years, and desired that Ser. Jacopo should remove to Barletta, and keep the bottega in his stead. A calzolajo in the town had just died, and his widow was willing to sell out his interest and stock in trade for a small sum, which frugal Ser. Conti was able to pay in behalf of his son-in-law.

Italians are accustomed to crowding in their houses, and by using one of the widow Mariana's rooms in the house next door the Jacopo family could be accommodated with the old man's home. Not only would a family thus be united, but a household of believers would be established in Barletta, to strengthen each other's hands, and set an example of Christian domestic life.

Charged with this mission of bringing Ser. Jacopo to comfort the declining years of his father-in-law, Nanni turned his steps towards the north.

Ser. Jacopo readily accepted the proposal; it would unite him to his son, his wife to her parents: they would be placed in a little community of converts like themselves; the work of God promised fair to progress in the southern city: they might not only share in the seed-sowing, but help to gather in the harvests.

More than fifteen years have passed since then. I am writing history. I look back and see how indeed they sowed the seed, and how they gathered the harvest and brought home the vintage. I see, and a great blackness falls over Ser. Jacopo and Monna Lisa and their seven sons, going toward Barletta; and, as in the vision of Abraham, after the darkness, a smoking furnace and a burning lamp moving up and down.

So Ser. Jacopo was gone south, and Easter had come; and in Easter week Father Innocenza—from whom Dr. Polwarth had heard nothing for the year since his first visit—suddenly reappeared at the pastor's study. Padre Innocenza was even in more of a passion than before; his frame quivered with excitement; he was angry with himself, his lot in life, his Church, with Dr. Polwarth and his letter; and after the first courtesies of meeting trembled on his tongue his suppressed rage broke forth at the minister's mild question:

"Have you honoured me by bringing your answer to my letter?"

"No, I have not brought an answer. You must explain yourself. Your letter is dishonest and unfair. I must know what you mean and why you mean it."

"I am ready to explain my meanings. I had hoped my letter was so simple as to need nothing to make it clearer."

"Charlie! Answer me this: I hear that you have called my Church Anti-Christ's Church, my Pope Anti-Christ, our spirit Anti-Christ. Tell me—have you?"

Now, Dr. Polwarth had never thus spoken to Romanists, but he had said many things in the course of his life.

"Yes, I have said so," he replied.

"And why did you say so?"

"Because I believe it to be true."

"On what authority?" roared the Padre, in a white heat.

"On the authority of God's own Word," replied the pastor, coolly.

"I will tell you what you shall do," said Padre Innocenza, nearly choking with rage; "you shall sit down here and you shall draw me out those references in God's Word whereon you base that opinion. I go to prove them. If you do not make them plain, if it is not as you have said, then, son of infamy, preacher of lies, first-born of Satan, you are Anti-Christ yourself!"

Dr. Polwarth at first felt those risings of the natural man which tempted him to thrust the abusive ecclesiastic into the street; but he had learned of Him who when He was reviled, reviled not again. Moreover, he looked into the priest's eyes and saw, under all this passion, a man divinely troubled. Therefore, instead of becoming excited, the Doctor said, quietly:

"I will write out these references and send them to you."

"You shall not!" cried Innocenza. "I will have them now. There is your paper, your pen, your book; sit there and write, and I will wait for it."

He at once began to pace up and down the study, like an excited wild beast restive in its cage.

Dr. Polwarth placed himself at his table and opened his Bible. He had the Scriptures in his head and in his heart. He had studied this question, and found the prophecies of the great apostasy in the Old Testament as well as the New.

He began turning over the leaves of his Bible and placing on a sheet of foolscap the references in fair script, writing out, not the whole verses, but their first and concluding words. Thus he went rapidly on, gathering from the Prophets, the Gospels, the Epistles, the Apocalypse, the portrait of the Roman heresy. After more than an hour of incessant labour on his part, incessant walking on the part of Padre Innocenza, the minister said:

"I have done. You have now to search out and verify these passages. If I offer you an Italian Bible, you will not consider it reliable. Where will you find the Word of God with which to compare these Scriptures?"

Padre Innocenza grasped the paper, and, folding it small, thrust it into an inner pocket.

"E basta!" he cried; "don't trouble yourself, Signore, I will see to it that these are properly compared with a true Bible—one that I accept as no garbled product of heresy." And hardly waiting for a parting salutation, he rushed away.

It was late in the afternoon when Padre Innocenza's weary and dripping steed climbed the last steep ascent to the Chapel of "Sta. Maria Maggiore of the Hills." He gave the rein to the half-naked sprite who acted as his valet, stable-boy and general factotum, and as the lad turned to the stable the priest entered his chapel. The air was chill—all Italian churches have the cold of the grave. The floor was brick paved; the benches were backless and worn, like the seats of country schools a hundred years ago; along the walls were sea tablets, bearing the epitaphs of the richer parishioners of Sta. Maria Maggiore for the last two centuries; here and there a more ambitious memorial had marble festoons, scrolls, cherubs' heads and skulls wrought about it.

Above the altar was a Virgin borne by angels, a work of Aurelio Lomi; beneath it was a tabernacle wrought in brass, and a worm-eaten crucifix, by a pupil of Giotto. On the altar were the usual tall candles and faded bunches of artificial flowers. To the left, and partly behind the altar, lay along the floor the marble figure of a man in a priest's robes. Padre Innocenza walked over this monument to his predecessor of three-quarters of a century back, and then, drawing aside a faded and dusty crimson curtain, entered his sacristy and locked the door behind him. The sacristy had one window high up in the wall: it was a lonely room, and Padre Innocenza looked lonely standing therein. The stone floor had sunken and twisted unevenly; the table in the centre of the room was dusty and time-eaten; against the door swung a long rusty cassoak, something like a murderer hanging from a gibbet in chains. There was a delf pitcher and basin, with a towel slung thereon, but the half-clad factotum had failed to put water in the pitcher or bring a clean towel, a server with several little cups and glasses for holding salt, oil, water and such things, for mass, stood on a shelf, and beside it a ewer, a broken glass and two or three empty bottles. Under the shelf were two rows of large drawers. Father Innocenza knew well what each one held, yet could not prevail upon himself to go directly to what he wanted.

He opened the first drawer; there, in a careless heap, lay a great curtain of purple velvet embroidered in gold, but the velvet had grown dingy, threadbare, moth-eaten, the embroidery was blackened with age, a little cloud of dust rose as the priest turned over its folds. Beneath the curtain was a huge missal, with great brass clasps and leather bindings; the book and the curtain were alike worn out with a century and a half of use. The second drawer which Padre Innocenza opened was full of ancient stoles, surplices, and altar veils; the muslin was yellow with time, full of rents and darns; the lace and embroidery were frayed and torn away. In this drawer was a book, a volume of "rites and ceremonies." Still to another drawer went the Padre, here were more vestments—purple vestments for Lent, white vestments, glowing with embroidery and golden with great crosses; scarlet vestments, black vestments; they were not yet beyond using, and were folded with some little care; the psalter and prayer book lying with them were evidently yet in service. The fourth drawer held various basins, crucifixes, an old tabernacle, a *grindus* cover, a cap or two, a rosary, a bent salver. Then the Padre came to the last drawer of the treasures which had been gathered here during two hundred years. He opened the drawer more reverently. Here was a priest's rusty frock, a shabby hat, an hour glass, a skull, a stole, and under all a purple Lenten altar-veil. This was wrapped into a large package; Padre Innocenza unfolded it, and lo! a book. The volume was square, had been bound in white sheepskin, which was now brown with age, riddled with holes, and cut with winding lines by worms; the clasps were dull and bent. He opened it; the page was yellow, clouded, and had marks as of a book that had been in the water, or long buried in the earth. The paper was like parchment in finish and thickness, the type huge, black, antique—a wonderful and precious book, not only to the enthusiast collector, but yet more to the man who held it in his hand. It was a complete Bible, and on the front blank page was written: "This is the true and unadulterated Word of the Lord God of Heaven and Earth," and the name signed was that of the priest who had worn this rusty robe and faded stole; who had counted by this hour-glass the time of his prayers; who had kept this skull by his bedside as a *memento mori*; whose head this battered hat had covered; who had served at the altar which this veil had draped; who had gone down to dust three-quarters of a century ago, and over whose grave Padre Innocenza had walked when he came into the sacristy.

What had been the history of this Bible? It must have been very old and defaced when it came to the dead priest's hands; it was marked with notes and comments in faded

ink; it was worn and thumbed as if it had been laboured over by hungry souls—well, it was in the chapel ten years ago, it is there now, a book with a marvellous unwritten history that will never be known until the last day. Padre Innocenza placed between the leaves of this Bible the paper given by Dr. Polwarth. Then he heard the shrill voice of his factotum calling him to supper, and so replaced the book in hiding, and went into his house.

If we had looked for the Padre for two days following, we should have found him locked in the sacristy, the Bible spread out before him, Dr. Polwarth's paper in his hand, the pain and passion darkening in his face every hour.

On the third day Padre Innocenza locked the paper in a drawer, and opened the Bible at the first page; here he began to read rapidly, yet with the air of one who compares the word under his eye with something which he has previously learned.

In such reading and pondering Padre Innocenza spent the spring, the summer, and the autumn of 1861. But after the first week of this reading, a change came upon the parish of "Sta. Maria Maggiore of the hills."

From fifty to a hundred people had been wont to come on Sabbath to the Padre's ministrations. He had looked on them exactly as the Sanhedrin looked on the rabble of their day when they said, "This people who knoweth not the law are cursed." But after the first week of his new studies Padre Innocenza looked on his flock as *men*; he began to take an interest in them; to feel that he had a duty to them; to compassionate their ignorance, to strive to relieve it. Hitherto the Padre had been supposed to preach once a month, perhaps; and at such times he had read or said something, without caring at all whether his people understood it or were likely to profit by it. The parishioners, isolated on their hills, seldom went five miles from their homes, unless an occasional member of the flock vanished toward France, England or America, and was heard of no more. Once in several years a Bishop came from Firenze to confirm the few young people who might be of age for that rite; and for the rest the congregation were entirely remitted to Padre Innocenza, who had hitherto been to them the minister of death. And yet there was a tradition in the church, a tradition that in the time of the oldest peoples' grandfathers the priest who now slept behind the left hand of the altar, had stood in the carved, high-up pulpit of this chapel and had so preached to the people that tears had tolled over their faces; that the whole chapel was crowded; that envy, strife, theft, profanity nearly perished from among them; that the dying died serenely; and the little children lived as saints. It was very far from this in Padre Innocenza's day.

(To be continued.)

IT'S WHAT YOU SPEND.

"It's what thee'll spend, my son," said a sage old Quaker, "not what thee'll make, which will decide whether thee's to be rich or not." The advice was trite, for it was Franklin's in another shape—"Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves." But it cannot be too often repeated. Men are continually indulging in small expenses, saying to themselves that it is only a trifle, yet forgetting that an aggregate is so serious that even the seashore is made up of petty grains of sand. Ten cents a day is even \$36.50 a year, and that is the interest of a capital of \$600. The man that saves ten cents a day only, is so much richer than he who does not, as if he owned a life estate in a house worth \$600; and if invested quarterly does not take half that time. But ten cents a day is child's play, some one will explain. Well, then, John Jacob Astor used to say that when a man who wishes to be rich has saved \$10,000 he has won half the battle. Not that Astor thought \$10,000 much, but he knew that in making such a sum a man required habits of prudent economy, which would keep him advancing in wealth. How many, however, spend \$10,000 in a few years in extra expenses, and then, on looking back, cannot tell, as they say, "where the money went to." To save is to get rich. To squander, even in small sums, is the first step towards the poorhouse.

PAINLESSNESS OF DYING.

One of the most common notions is that pain and dying are inseparable companions. The truth is, they rarely go together. Occasionally the act of dissolution is a painful one, but this is a rare exception to the general rule. The rule is that unconsciousness, not pain, attends the final act. Painlessly we come, whence we know not. Painlessly we go, whither we know not. Nature provides an anesthetic for the body when the spirit leaves it. Previous to that moment, and in preparation for it, respiration becomes feeble, generally slow and short, often accompanied by long inspirations and sudden expirations, so that the blood is steadily less and less oxygenated. At the same time the heart acts with corresponding debility, producing a slow, feeble pulse. As this process goes on, the blood is not only driven to the brain with less force, but what flows there is loaded more and more with carbonic acid gas, a powerful anesthetic, the same as that derived from charcoal. Subjected to its influence, the nerve-centres lose insensibility; apparent sleep creeps over the system; then comes stupor and then the end.—*Visions by E. H. Clarke, M.D.*

A FEW SIMPLE REMEDIES.

Occasionally the summer wanderer from home among the hills and mountains finds himself at some distance from a physician, and in emergencies for which he is illy prepared. A few hints to such may not be out of place. The most violent attacks of cholera morbus have yielded to this remedy: Spearmint, which grows by the brookside, bruised, the juice expressed and mixed with a little French brandy; take a teaspoonful internally from every fifteen minutes to a half hour apart, as long as violent purging continues, then for a time less often. The same bruised mint wetted with brandy can be laid across the stomach to prevent vomiting. It has been

tried in many cases with perfect success, and by physicians of good repute. The rattlesnake, whose bite is poisonous, will sooner run through fire than pass through white ash leaves. If possible, when wandering in localities infected by this reptile, carry a branch full-leaved of white ash tree in the hand. An old Indian remedy for their bite is expressed juice of plantain; take a tablespoonful or so internally every fifteen minutes at first, then not so often, and freely applying the juice to the bitten part. It is equally useful in case of bites from almost any poisonous insect, particularly stings and spider bites. So invaluable is its use that there are families who keep a bottle of this juice mixed, with sufficient purpose, too, for it has been the means of saving more than one life. To prevent getting overheated, a few green leaves worn in the hat-crown are excellent. One is far more liable to sunstroke when hungry than after eating. A free use of lemonade or cream tartar water is, for most persons, highly desirable during severe hot weather. To prevent getting chilled after dripping perspiration, the lightest flannels should be worn. For all purposes of summer travel, many ladies and gentlemen are beginning to appreciate the value of light woollen materials, and the better way if the cold has been taken from going without, is to get into them at once.

THE EVENING HOUR.

"Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening."—Psalm civ. 23.

O! calm, sweet evening hour,
What lulling charm doth o'er my senses steal,
As fans your cooling breath my fevered brow
With soothing power!

O! sweet to sit and muse—
As wanes the day o'er dell and meadow fair,
While song-birds' swelling throats are hushed and still,
And flowers diffuse

Choice fragrance on the air—
One line of yellow light lost in pink,
Rims the horizon round as pictures set
In borderings fair.

The picture is thus fair
I gaze upon; and God hath made it so;
And now He wills I rest from labour done,
With grateful prayer.

—Good Words.

IT is a noteworthy fact that the present British and Foreign Bible Society is built on the spot in Earl street, London, where three hundred years ago a body of fanatics burned every copy of the Bible that could be found, and then congratulated themselves that the book was destroyed. The book is now printed there in one hundred and seventy-eight different languages.

"I SEND out my children to their daily tasks, surrounded by the hallowed breath of prayer," said a Christian father. So doing he aided them in the struggle against evil. "If my children get angry with each other," said another, "I at once make them all sit down and sing together in unison some pleasant hymn, or song, its soothing effect is magical, they forget their little quarrels, and go kindly to their sports again."

THE "Sunday School Times" says: "It cannot be questioned that belief in the individual immortality of the human soul has been stated with unusual explicitness and frequency in the obituary notices, personal reminiscences, poetical tributes, and other literature called forth by the recent death of three renowned English authors. Two of these dead authors were not accounted within the company of Christians, and one of them was a pronounced materialist; but in the words which their successors have written concerning them there has been an almost unanimous expression of belief, from sceptics as well as from Christians, that their personalities *must* have a continuous existence. Though George Eliot died an unbeliever in the soul's immortality, her successors have not been content to act upon that belief; and though Carlyle was buried without a word of funeral service or of memorial tribute, even the 'cosmic' Whitman made haste to say that he did not doubt that the soul of Carlyle still lived, in conscious individuality, on the other side of the river of death. These tributes, incomplete as they are, mean a good deal, as shewing a reaction from the barren materialism that recently ruled certain circles of thought. Even poetry, and art, and literature cry out against the soul-destroying theory that death ends all; and before the open grave the tongue long trained to silence will utter at least some poor words of hope of continued life."

THE chief of police of New York city says that three-fourths of the abandoned girls in that city were ruined by dancing. Young ladies allow gentlemen privileges in dancing for which, if taken under any other circumstances, these gentlemen would be reported as improper persons. It requires neither brains, good morals, nor religion to be a good dancer. It will not mix with religion any more than oil will mix with water. As the love of the one increases, the love of the other decreases. How many distinguished Christians are eminent dancers? As certainly as the atmosphere around the thermometer at zero will freeze things, as the wind will drive the boat, so certainly will dancing freeze the religious sentiments out of the soul. It will drive its devotee away from the church; it is a wind that blows in that direction. In ancient times the sexes danced separately. Alcohol is the "spirit" of beverages. So sex is the spirit of the dance; take it away, and let the sexes dance separately, and dancing would go out of fashion very soon. Parlour dancing is dangerous. Tippling leads to drunkenness, and parlour dancing leads to ungodly balls. Tippling and parlour dancing sow to the wind, and both reap the whirlwind. Put dancing in the crucible, apply the acids, weigh it, and the verdict of reason, morality, and religion is, "Weighed in the balance and found wanting."—*Tract.*

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

DEAN STANLEY'S estate is probated at £90,000.

THESE are 95,103 Presbyterians in New Zealand.

THERE are one hundred and sixteen stations for evangelical preaching in Turkey.

THE Waldensians, Wesleys, and Methodists in Italy unite in supporting a weekly paper.

GOVERNOR ST. JOHN, of Kansas, is delivering addresses in the State of Indiana in the interest of the prohibition movement.

IN one square mile in London, where the poorest people congregate, \$2,000,000 a year is said to be spent in intoxicating drink.

REV THEODORE BRIDGE has translated St. Luke into the Yaghan language. It is spoken in the south of South America, and is a very difficult tongue.

THE Livingstone mission of the Free Church of Scotland has stopped the slave trade about Lake Nyassa, whence nineteen thousand slaves were annually carried off.

IN Connaught, Ireland, the proportion of illiterate Romanists is fifty-one per cent., of the Episcopalians eleven per cent., and of the Presbyterians six and a half per cent.

THE American Association for the Advancement of Science protests against the custom among colleges of conferring the degree of Doctor of Philosophy as an honorary title without examination.

MR. KIMBALL, the "church debt raiser," has thus far laboured in behalf of 160 churches, being instrumental in raising from church members the respectable sum of \$1,000,000.

A CABLE telegram has been received by Rev. James Scott of Glasgow, who is at present in London, announcing on the authority of Mr. Moody, that he and Mr. Sankey will go to Britain in October.

STEPHEN PAXTON, the well-known Sabbath school missionary in the Western States, who has recently died, organized 1,400 Sabbath schools, with 11,000 teachers and 70,000 scholars.

MR. MORTON, of Clapham, has received £1,000 from the New South Wales Church for the purpose of sending out ministers to that colony. Two ministers of the English Presbyterian Church have agreed to go.

THE first ecclesiastical body to give authority to the use of the Revised New Testament is the Wesleyan Conference of England. It has authorized the revisers of the Second Catechism to use quotations from the Revision.

A WEEK of prayer has recently been observed in Kobe, Japan, followed by a mass meeting attended by nearly 4,000 persons. In Kyoto sixty families have been led to renounce idolatry by reading a single copy of St. John's Gospel.

ANOTHER pre-Disruption worthy has passed away in the person of the Rev. Wm. Gilston, minister of the Free Church, Carnock, near Dunfermline. Mr. Gilston had attained the ninetieth year of his age and fifty-fourth of his ministry.

ANOTHER member of the much-venerated Monod family, so conspicuous in the annals of French Protestantism in the present century, has departed. M. Horace Monod died lately after many years of active service as a minister of the gospel of Christ.

THE heaven of Scriptural truth is working in the Lutheran churches of Poland. The old rationalistic hymn books of the last century have been abolished, and a new hymnal, conservative and evangelical, introduced into all the churches on Easter Sunday.

THE China Inland Mission is a peripatetic society numbering seventy missionaries and twenty-six missionaries' wives. They are always on the move and have penetrated to the farthest inland cities of Thibet, where no other Europeans have ever ventured.

THE Sabbath school work in connection with the Marylebone Church, London, Eng., of which the Rev. Dr. Donald Fraser is the pastor, has been recently developed with great energy. There are now three schools, with 100 teachers, and more than 1,000 pupils.

THE "Christian Evidence" lectures delivered in Edinburgh and Glasgow last winter by United Presbyterian ministers and professors were so successful that it has been resolved not only to re-deliver them in Dundee next month, but to arrange a new course for the coming winter.

THE Lord Mayor of London has called the attention of the "charitable" to the Fund being raised by the Lord Provost of Edinburgh to relieve the sufferers by the recent storm in Scotland, when fifty-eight fishermen were drowned. He said the Corporation of London had contributed £100.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH at Rome, will hold 54,000 persons; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul's at Rome, 32,000; St. Paul's at London, 25,000; St. Petronia at Bologna, 24,000; Florence Cathedral, 24,300; Antwerp Cathedral, 24,000; St. Sophia's, Constantinople, 23,000; St. John Lateran, 22,900; Notre Dame at Paris, 20,000.

THE United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, having recently organized a new mission to the Zenanas of India and China, is now about to carry it into active operation. A meeting of ladies was held in Edinburgh to bid farewell to Miss Pretty, the first of a band of Zenana agents about to proceed to the East. Her destination is Manchuria. The others are expected to leave towards the end of October.

THE great sum of money received for liquor licenses in New York city does not go into the city treasury, but is handed over to 117 benevolent institutions, in sums varying from \$90,412 to the "Institution of Mercy," down to \$102 to the Homoeopathic Medical College. Roman Catholic institutions get the lion's share of this fund, which last year amounted to \$415,280. The peculiar direction given to it must be on the theory that the liquor traffic should support at least the infantile pauperism which it creates.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

REV. E. GILLIES was ordained and inducted at Earlton, N.S., on the 24th ult.

REV. R. J. BEATTIE, of First Church, Port Hope, has returned from his trip to Muskoka.

THE Rev. A. D. McDonald returned to Seaforth on the 23rd ult., after a three months' visit to Scotland.

REV. MR. NICHOL, of Montreal, has been supplying the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, for the last two Sabbaths.

THE Clandeboye mission station, Manitoba, has been put under the charge of the minister and session of Little Britain.

THE Sabbath school in connection with McNab street Church, Hamilton, held a picnic at Dundurn on the 25th ult.

THE congregation of Mitchell have agreed to extend a call to the Rev. Donald Tait, of Berlin—stipend \$1,000 and free manse.

THE Rev. John Hogg of Charles street Church, Toronto, has returned from his holiday trip looking well, and resumed his pulpit duties.

THERE is a movement on foot in the congregation of Upper Musquodoboit, in the Presbytery of Halifax, N.S., for the erection of a new church.

THE anniversary services of Erskine Church in this city will be held next Sabbath. Rev. Principal Grant is expected to preach morning and evening.

THE congregation of Sheet Harbour, N.S., realized \$250 by a bazaar which they recently held, thus removing the last dollar of debt from their church and manse.

A LARGE number of the Presbyterian Sabbath school children of Fenelon Falls went to Bobcaygeon on Tuesday, the 16th ult., by steamer and enjoyed a very pleasant picnic.

REV. E. F. TORRANCE, M.A., has returned from his holidays much improved in health, and resumed his pulpit duties in St. Paul's Church, Peterborough, on the 21st ult.

THE Presbyterians of Enniskillen have placed a new fence in front of their church, and considerably improved the appearance and convenience of the grounds and sheds.

ON the evening of the 22nd ult. Rev. Mr. Thompson, who has for some time taught the Bible class of McNab street Church, Hamilton, was presented by his pupils with a beautiful gold chain.

AT the recent meeting of the Presbytery of Stratford the resignation of the Rev. Robert Renwick, of Elma Centre and West Monckton, was accepted, and arrangements made for a retiring allowance.

THE Presbyterian church at Newtonville was much damaged by lightning some time ago, and has since undergone extensive repairs and improvements. Rev. Dr. Ormiston, of New York, will conduct the re-opening services next Sabbath.

THE pulpit of the First Presbyterian Church, Brantford, was occupied last Sabbath by Mr. R. Y. Thompson, B.A.; Rev. Donald Currie will preach there next Sabbath, and Rev. Mr. McAdam, from Glasgow, Scotland, on the 11th inst.

THE Rev. D. H. Fletcher, of McNab street Church, Hamilton, has returned from his five months' tour in Europe and Asia, looking, it is said, well and hearty. He has travelled through Egypt, Palestine, and Asia Minor; sailed up the Black Sea, visited Constantinople, and passed through Greece, Italy, Switzerland, Germany and France.

MR. ALEX. ROBERTSON, of Dutham, an energetic Christian worker, who took an active part in the formation of the congregation of Knox Church there, has recently fallen into ill-health, and the ladies of the congregation have very thoughtfully presented him with an excursion ticket which will procure him a six days' trip by steamer on the upper lakes.

MR. JOHN TURNBULL, B.A., has accepted the call to Knox Church, Goderich, as colleague and successor to Rev. Dr. Ure. The salary is \$800. Mr. Turnbull's ordination and induction will take place on the 13th inst.—Rev. Dr. Ure to preside, Rev. Mr. McDonald to preach, Rev. Mr. Lohead to deliver the charge to the minister, and Rev. Mr. Musgrave to address the people.

REV. R. WALLACE, of the West Church, Toronto, has gone to the sea-side by order of his physician.

His injured limb is doing well, but he cannot yet walk without the aid of a crutch, and his foot swells with very little exertion. The Doctor thinks the sea air and bathing will be beneficial, as the reverend gentleman's general health has to some extent run down. He is expected back about the 16th inst.

AT a meeting of the congregation of Knox Church, Winnipeg, held on the 16th ult., it was decided that upon the organization of a new congregation \$10,000 be paid over to it on condition that the same be expended in the erection of a place of worship. On the following evening an informal meeting of those who propose forming the new congregation was held, and steps were taken to petition the Presbytery with a view to immediate organization.

AS we have before intimated, the Presbyterian Church at Port Sydney was on the 21st ult. opened for public worship by the Rev. Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford, who preached two excellent discourses to large and interested audiences. The Presbyterians in Port Sydney are comparatively few, and have had a good many difficulties to contend with in the erection of their place of worship, but thanks to their energy and to the kind assistance of friends, especially in Toronto and Orillia, they have succeeded in completing a very neat and commodious little church, and in being able to say at the opening services that it was entirely free of debt. At one time it was thought that all that could be done for years would be to use the building in a very rude, unfinished condition, but through the kind encouragement and help given by the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell and friends in Toronto, and by the Rev. Mr. Gray and the Presbyterians in Orillia, as well as by the strenuous efforts of the Presbyterians in Port Sydney themselves (and among these it will not be thought invidious to mention especially Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis and Mr. and Miss Kay), the work has been brought to a successful termination, and the Presbyterian church in Port Sydney is as neat and well-finished a place of worship as is to be found in any such locality in the Province. The opening services were followed on the succeeding Monday by a large and enthusiastic meeting held in the town hall, at which Dr. Cochrane delivered his well-known and justly-popular lecture on "Glimpses of the Old World," and fully sustained his well-earned reputation as an able and eloquent platform speaker. The Presbyterians in Port Sydney are to be congratulated on the successful issue of their building operations, and we have only to add our hope and prayer that this happy beginning may be followed by very blessed times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord.

COLLEGE FUND.

ANNUAL COLLECTION—SABBATH, 11TH SEPTEMBER, 1881.

REV. AND DEAR SIR,—By appointment of the General Assembly, the annual collection for the College Fund takes place on Sabbath, 11th September.

Since the union in 1875 there has been considerable diversity of opinion in regard to the best method of supporting the several theological institutions in the Western Section of the Church. The system adopted of setting apart a certain territory for the respective colleges has not proven successful from a financial standpoint, while it has been productive of a good deal of irritation, and has tended somewhat against the consolidation of the Church.

At last Assembly a large committee was appointed to consider this matter maturely, and after very full discussion it was unanimously agreed to recommend the institution of a *common fund* for the support of Knox, Queen's, and Montreal Colleges. This recommendation was unanimously adopted by the General Assembly as follows:

1. That the most satisfactory method of surmounting the immediate difficulties besetting the support of the Colleges in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec is the establishment of a common fund for their benefit, the divisions of which shall be *pro rata*, according to their present requirements—such requirements for the current year being as follows, viz.:

Knox College	\$10,000
Theological Faculty, Queen's College	4,000
Montreal College	5,000
		\$19,000

and that such common fund be established by the authority of the General Assembly.

2. That this common fund shall be known as the College Fund, and the Rev. R. H. Warden appointed Secretary and Agent of the same, with power to bring the matter fully before the Church as early as possible.

3. That the Rev. Dr. Reid and the Rev. R. H. Warden be Joint-Treasurers.

Not only were these resolutions unanimously adopted, but representatives of the several colleges expressed their cordial approval of the scheme, and prayer was offered expressive of the gratitude of the Assembly at the happy solution of what has been a somewhat difficult problem for many years.

The success of the scheme depends, under God, upon the liberal and hearty support accorded to it by the congregations of the Church.

The amount required to be raised this year is \$19,000—a comparatively small sum from the 80,000 communicants in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. When it is remembered, however, that only \$12,320 was raised last year, it will be at once apparent that there must be largely increased liberality in order to obtain the *fifty per cent. additional* required this year.

To render the Union College Fund successful, I venture to urge the following points:

1. That every congregation (settled or vacant) and every mission station contribute to the Fund, as enjoined by the General Assembly. No loyal minister or missionary will fail to give his people the opportunity of doing so.

2. That the amount contributed by each congregation bear a fair proportion to the numbers and ability of the people, and to the amount required.

The average contribution needed per communicant is 23 cents. It is hoped that even the weakest congregations and stations will aim at this.

3. That the collection be made, if at all practicable, on the Sabbath appointed by the Assembly, and that from the funds of missionary associations an appropriation be made to the College Fund during September, and all collections and contributions forwarded as early as possible.

4. That owing to the precariousness of a Sabbath collection, collectors be appointed in those congregations where there are no missionary associations, to solicit contributions towards the Fund. Special attention is directed to this. A brief statement from the pulpit, and a little trouble in securing suitable collectors, will result in a very material increase in the contributions.

The names of collectors and of all subscribers of \$1 and upwards will appear in the financial statement to be submitted to the next Assembly. Subscription sheets may be obtained on application to the undersigned.

5. That an opportunity be given to the youth of the Church in Bible classes and Sabbath schools to contribute to the Fund.

There is much to encourage in connection with our theological institutions. The service they have rendered in the past to the Church and to the country can scarcely be overestimated. The number of students is far greater than at any former period, there being at present upwards of 200 young men studying with a view to the ministry of our Church. With so many devoted young men consecrating themselves to the work, is it too much to ask the membership of the Church to exert themselves to the utmost for their thorough training? It is earnestly hoped that the action of the General Assembly in instituting this common College Fund will meet with common approval throughout the Church generally, and that liberal contributions on its behalf will be received from all our congregations. It is with full confidence in the loyalty of our people to our theological institutions and, above all, to the Great King and Head of the Church, that this union fund has been established, and, recognizing how much its success rests with ministers and sessions, I respectfully but most earnestly solicit your hearty co-operation.

Along with liberal contributions, let there be earnest prayer on behalf of professors and students that they may have a rich baptism of the Spirit, and may be all taught of God, and that the students may be thoroughly equipped for their life-work as preachers of the glorious Gospel of Christ. If such believing prayer abounded throughout the Church, might we not hope to see a rising ministry even more faithful and successful than in days that are past: then would the Church be revived and quickened, and the moral wastes around would rejoice and blossom as the rose.

ROBT. H. WARDEN.

260 St. James Street, Montreal, 22nd Aug., 1881.

STATE OF RELIGION IN THE PRESBYTERY OF QUEBEC.

At a recent meeting of the Quebec Presbytery, Rev. Calvin E. Amaron, M.A., read a report which he had been appointed to prepare on the state of religion within the bounds. The report, which is a very able one, and evidently the result of much pains and attention, has been transmitted to us for publication, and we are sorry that we cannot make room for it in full. The following is merely that part of it which contains the answers to the questions sent down by the General Assembly:

The General Assembly has sent us questions in order to elicit answers which will give information concerning the fruits borne by the members of our various congregations. I am asked to give you, in substance, the answers that have been sent me. Some are very indefinite and convey little information, and I am sorry to say that from certain congregations of the Presbytery, of which I know little or nothing, I have received no answers to the questions sent by the General Assembly.

In reply to the question, "Is there any evidence of an increasing sense of the supreme importance of the claims of religion?" the majority of sessions call attention to the fact that the services of God's house are regularly attended, or that the attendance is encouraging, or much improved; while others see no improvement, or complain that one of the services is well attended, while the other is almost deserted. In reference to family worship, the general impression is that our people sadly neglect it, and that is a source of spiritual death.

Very few ministers are able to say that their people take a decided stand against the prevailing forms of vice; some are condemned, while others are left untouched because they have become fashionable. Intemperance, though on the decrease in several quarters, is not opposed as one of the most devilish foes of all that is good, pure and holy. In many quarters Christians do not shine as bright lights, although others are glad to report general consistency.

When asked if much help is given by Church members by way of visitation of the sick, assistance in prayer-meeting or Sunday school, and in the care of the spiritual interests of the congregation generally, sessions are almost unanimous in giving a negative reply. Those who can say that they receive aid, add that it is very little and not at all what it should be. All seem to shrink from this duty, and leave all the work to the pastor. Some are glad to notice prosperity and have reason to believe that the cause of Christ is making inroads on the world around; they report interesting cases of conversion. Others think they are not losing ground; others seem to know little about it, while others again are saddened because of the spirit of levity and worldliness, which prevails among a large number, and which clearly indicates that souls do not understand the importance of eternal life. The general impression left on the mind by reading the various reports is this one. Hundreds of souls have never understood that they cannot go to heaven unless they are born again, and live the life consequent to the new birth.

From the reports we are led to conclude that our people have a fair acquaintance with the Word of God and the Catechism, especially among the young people, but know very little about the government of the Church. They are Presbyterians by accident—or providentially, if you prefer—rather than from principle. Some complain that our people care more for light and trashy reading than for the Bible and solid literature; "a tendency for low concerts and clown performances is shewn above one for those that would ennoble and elevate." Mothers are not careful of their young daughters, and allow them to mingle with all sorts of young men, much to their peril.

Information is sought concerning the liberality of our people, which, as a rule, is a pretty good test of Christian life. Almost all agree in saying that much more could and should be done, and those ministers whose congregations report liberal contributions are the first to say that their people are only beginning to understand their duty in this direction. Still, almost all report favourably. Some congregations have given a third more than last year, others have increased, but it is generally thought that the heads of families alone contribute, and not the young people; while one minister reports that special efforts are put forth to teach each child the duty of systematic giving on each Sabbath day. Efforts put forth to wipe off heavy debts bid fair to be crowned with success.

The answers to the question, "What are the prevailing sins you have to contend with?" are varied, but at the same time the same sins are lamented in the majority of our congregations. To wit: intemperance, and in view of its fearful ravages and unpardonable unwillingness on the part of elders and Church members to abandon absolutely the use of intoxicants in the shape of wine, beer, etc.; Sabbath-breaking, in the shape of labour on railroads and in post-offices; also social visits and calls on Sabbath evenings instead of attendance on Church ordinances. Some

deplore the sin of unchastity in quarters where it would not be so much as suspected, and a very light regard for the sanctity of marriage relations. Evil talking and useless gossip well nigh ruin many a Church. Dishonesty in commercial transactions is also deplored. The influence of popery is blighting in several quarters, making our people weak and timorous, unfaithful to their own belief, Protestants and Christians in name only, but not in deed. And finally, worldliness, indifference to true, holy and deep-seated piety, and a conformity of the Church to the world is given, and with just reason, as the greatest sin of which God's Church is guilty and which results in spiritual deadness.

On the whole, the reports, though encouraging in many respects, lead to the conclusion that there still exists a great deal of spiritual death in the churches within our bounds. We have reason to take courage, but we also have reason to humble ourselves and pray for a richer outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXVII

Sep. 11. } IDOLATRY PUNISHED { Ex. xxxii.
1881. } 26-35.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Little children keep yourselves from idols. Amen."—1 John v. 21.

HOME READINGS.

M. Ex. xxiv. 1-18 Moses Called into the Mountain.
T. Ex. xxv. 1-40 The Ark, etc.
W. Ex. xxvi. 1-37 The Tabernacle, etc.
Th. Ex. xxvii 1-21 Altar of Burnt-offering.
F. Ex. xxviii. 1-43 Aaron Set Apart.
S. Ex. xxxi. 1-18 Observance of the Sabbath.
Sab. Ex. xxxii. 1-35 The Golden Calf.

HELPS TO STUDY.

At the close of our last lesson we left the Israelites standing awestruck and submissive before the "mount of God." They had heard the law; they quaked before the lightnings and the thunderings and the smoking mountain; and they said, "All that the Lord hath said unto us will we do." That is where we find them.

Where do we find them now? But a few days at most a week or two—had elapsed, and we find these professed worshippers and servants of the true God deliberately entering upon the practice of that detestable idolatry which they had become so familiar in Egypt—bowing down before "graven images," the work of their own hands. It is not necessary to suppose that they intentionally and deliberately turned away from the true God, whose voice they had so lately heard and whom they had solemnly promised to serve and worship; their sin was that they attempted to worship God in a way which He had forbidden, for He had said, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image," etc.

And what is to be said of Aaron, who, in the absence of Moses, yielded so readily to the clamour of the people on this occasion, and made for them, or caused to be made for them, "a golden calf." Aaron was but human—he failed; so did even Moses afterwards (Num. xx. 10-12). Aaron temporized; he was afraid that he could not keep the people together if he did not yield to their wishes.

When Moses returned from his forty days' stay in the mount and found the people singing and dancing around their idol, he was filled with indignation—so much so that on the first impulse he destroyed the two tables of stone which he had received from God and on which the ten commandments were engraved. The idol was destroyed—burnt in the fire (probably it was made partly of wood, and partly of gold), ground to powder, and scattered upon the water of which the people drank.

Our lesson gives an account of the vigorous measures which Moses adopted to suppress this rebellion and bring the people back to their allegiance. It may be taught under the following heads: (1) *Idolaters Slain*, (2) *Intercession Made*, (3) *Justice Done*, (4) *Idolaters Plagued*.

I. **IDOLATERS SLAIN.**—Vers. 26-29. We may well be astonished at the severity of the punishment inflicted, but we can neither deny its justice nor question its wisdom. Moses was not the prime mover in the matter, for he refers to God as his authority for the command. We must remember that Jehovah was not only the God of the Israelites but their king—their civil governor; as such they had rebelled against Him, and as such He uses severity to bring them back into subjection.

Who is on the Lord's side? This question suggests to the "S. S. Times" some very pertinent considerations regarding the time that now is. "That is the test question to-day," it says, "as it has been always. Not, Who is on the popular side? not, Who is on the pleasant side? not, Who is on the money-making side? not, Who is on the conservative side? not, Who is on the progressive side? but, Who is on the Lord's side? That question has its place and its force in the Church as well as in the outside world. One must be willing to have his Christian brethren call him an 'old fogy' when he stands firm, or a 'heretic' when he accepts new light at the call of God; he must consent to be sneered at as 'strait-laced' because of his views on questions of morals, or to be looked at askance as 'dangerously lax' because of his recognition of the law of love in judging the practices of others; he must incur the danger of open hostility or of silent ostracism, if he would prove himself squarely on the Lord's side in times of church

division and of ethical discussions. But that question comes with greatest power to those who have not yet formally decided on which side they are, in the great struggle of the universe. If the Lord Jesus were to speak out of heaven this hour, and say, 'All those who are ready to be on My side at every risk and at every cost, will step to the right of the line I now point out: those who remain on the other side, I must count as against Me,' what would be your course? Would you step over that line and shew yourself on the Lord's side? If you would, why don't you do it now? That is just the decision you are called to at this time."

And all the sons of Levi gathered themselves together unto him. "These," says Dr. Talbot W. Chambers, "were not yet set apart as they afterwards were to sacred service. They were influenced partly by attachment to Moses, who belonged to their tribe, but doubtless still more by a spirit of penitence and holy resolution, indicating a sort of natural fitness for the position they subsequently held as 'an Israel within an Israel,' representing the ideal life of the people."

There fell of the people that day about three thousand men. "But the idolatry and the rebellion," says the "National S. S. Teacher," "would soon have destroyed the entire multitude. It has been said: 'The sickly sentimentality which fits up handsome cells for prisoners, feeds them bountifully, and lets them off easily, was not known under the theocracy. God made very quick work with rebellion and mutiny.' It was a case similar to mutiny on a ship, or revolt in an army on the eve of battle. They were in the wilderness, surrounded on every hand by enemies; they had just been led out of bondage in the most marvellous way; all their wants were supplied directly from the hand of God; their sin was very great, and, unless punished in the most signal manner, it would have been impossible for Moses longer to have held them under authority, or to have led them into the land of promise. This is thoroughly sustained by their subsequent history."

II. **INTERCESSION MADE.**—Vers. 30-32. Before going to plead with God, Moses endeavours to impress the minds of the people with the heinousness of the offence which they had committed.

Ye have sinned a great sin. Their sin was not the sin of the heathen, who had not God, and who worshipped false gods. It was not the first commandment they had broken—at least not directly—but the second. Their sin was the sin of the Romanist and the so-called Ritualist of modern times who attempt to worship God in a way which is not of His appointment, or which He has positively forbidden. And it was, and is, "a great sin." From this and many other passages in the Bible it would seem as if God regarded his sin as even more insulting and more dishonouring to Him than is the sin of those who deliberately turn away from Him to worship false gods.

If Thou wilt forgive their sin—and if not, blot me, I pray Thee, out of Thy book. These words form part of the prayer of Moses in behalf of the guilty Israelites. "There is all the difference in the world," says Mr. H. Clay Trumbull, "between sharing another's sin and sharing the consequences of another's sin. The one is always base; the other may be truly noble. A man may oppose with all his power the wrong course of his partner, or his brother, or his child, or his father, and then when the blow falls on the guilty one he may quietly share in the punishment without attempting to screen himself at the other's cost, or he may permit it all to come on himself, unjustly, rather than expose the one he loves by asserting his own freedom from complicity with the wrong. Never does Moses appear in a grander and a more admirable light than while thus pleading tenderly with God to spare these sinful people, or to let him die with them. So long as God's honour was at stake, Moses could stand out against his own brother to the death. With God's honour vindicated Moses was ready to die for any one of that sinful people whom he led. The truest devotion to another will never consent to do wrong for the loved one; but it will be ready to suffer wrong to the uttermost for that object of affection."

III. **JUSTICE DECLARED.**—Vers. 33, 34. The reply of God to Moses' prayer is, Whosoever hath sinned against Me, him will I blot out of My book. On this passage the "Westminster Teacher" says: "His petition was granted in part—in part withheld. The conditional request which his ardent affection for the people had prompted him to utter was pronounced inadmissible. Only the transgressors should have their names blotted from the book of the living, not those who had remained faithful.—Ezek. xviii. 20. Moses was to continue the work which he had begun, conducting the people forward to the land of promise."

IV. **IDOLATERS PLAGUED.**—Ver. 35. In the last verse of our lesson we are told that the Lord plagued the people because they made the calf. We copy another practical application from the "S. S. Times": "Forgiveness does not do away with all the earthly consequences of the sin forgiven. The unconditional pardon of a murderer would neither bring back his victim to life nor take from him all cause of regret and suffering as a result of his crime. Transgression always injures a man. He will in some way feel its sad consequences so long as he lives. Nothing could be more foolish than for us to suppose that we could do a wrong and be forgiven for it, and that would be the end of it. It wouldn't be the end of it. The sin itself, the guilt of the sin, God would put an end to, would put out of sight and thought forever, by His act of forgiveness; but the earthly consequences of that sin must continue so long as earth continues. And God must give a child of his new treatment and a new training because of his every new experience in sin. The man who has been found guilty of crime must not wonder that he is distrusted long after he has served out his term of legal punishment. Nor can a man expect to be as strong, as sensitive, or as spotless, at the point of his former failures in integrity, as if he had never yielded to temptation just there. If we consent to yield to sin, we have got to suffer because of our sinning—so suffer here in the flesh even when we are forgiven—so for our transgression. Sin is a terrible thing—even in view of its gracious forgiveness."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

WHAT IS FAITH?

"How sweet it is, my child,
To live by simple faith,
Just to believe that God will do
Exactly what He saith."

"Does faith mean to believe
That God will surely do
Exactly what He says, mamma,
Just as I know that you

"Will give me what I ask,
Because you love me well,
And listen patiently to hear
Whatever I may tell?"

"Yes, you may trust in God,
Just as you trust in me;
Believe, dear child, He loves you well,
And will your Father be.

"For when you sought His love,
Your Father up in heaven
Looked kindly down for Jesus' sake,
And has your sins forgiven.

"And now to pray in faith
Is simply to believe
That what you ask in Jesus' name
You surely shall receive.

"Go with your simple wants,
Go tell Him all you need,
Go put your trust in Christ alone,
Such faith is sweet indeed."

INO AND UNO.

Ino and Uno are two little boys
Who always are ready to fight,
Because each will boast
That he knows the most,
And the other one cannot be right.

Ino and Uno went into the woods,
Quite certain of knowing the way.
"I am right! You are wrong!"
They said, going along,
And they didn't get out till next day!

Ino and Uno rose up with the lark,
To angle a while in the brook,
But by contrary signs
They entangle their lines,
And brought nothing home to the cook!

Ino and Uno went out on the lake,
And oh, they got dreadfully wet!
While discussion prevailed
They carelessly sailed,
And the boat they were in was upset!

Though each is entitled opinions to have,
They need not be foolishly strong,
And to quarrel and fight
Over what we think right
Is, *You know* and *I know*, quite wrong!

"MY" OR "OUR."

JASPER had no brother, and Lucy had no sister, so they had to be playmates to each other, and they played a great deal together. Lucy loved Jasper, and Jasper loved Lucy; but there is one thing that I am sorry to speak of—they often had a quarrel. Jasper was too fond of the little word "my."

One day Lucy was trundling a hoop in the yard, when Jasper opened the gate and came in from school. "That is 'my' hoop!" cried Jasper, rudely snatching it from her hands; "you shan't use 'my' things so!"

At another time Lucy stood in the garden door reading a paper, when Jasper came along and looked over her shoulder. "That's 'my' paper!" said he, seizing it at once.

"Mother said I might have it," cried Lucy, holding it tightly.

"Give it up!" cried Jasper; "let go 'my' paper, Lucy," he said in an angry, threatening tone.

"Mother let me have it," persisted Lucy.

Jasper pulled it out of her hands, and in the pull the beautiful paper was soiled and torn.

After a while their Aunt Jane paid them a visit, and tried very hard to mend Jasper's ways. She could not bear to see such a fine little fellow spoiled by selfishness.

What do you think Mr. Jones gave Jasper out of his shop? You could never guess—a foot-ball.

Jasper took it in his arms and ran home. "Lucy! Lucy!" he called, as soon as he got into the house.

Lucy heard his pleasant voice, and ran joyfully to meet him.

"Lucy, dear," he said, "see 'my' foot-ball!—no, not 'my' foot-ball, but 'our' foot-ball Lucy. You shall play with it when you please."

"Foot-balls are boys' playthings," said Lucy, looking much pleased.

"That's no matter," said Jasper. "Now and forever my playthings shall be yours, Lucy, and your playthings shall be mine. We will not say 'my,' but 'our,' won't we, Lucy?"

And what answer do you suppose Lucy made? She put her arms around Jasper's neck and hugged and kissed him.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

MAMMA, I thought a mite was a little thing. What did the Lord mean when He said the widow's mite was more than all the money the rich man gave?"

Mamma thought a minute, then said, "Lulu, I will tell you a story, and I think you will understand why the widow's mite was more valuable than ordinary mites.

"There was once a little girl named Kitty, and she had ever so many dolls. Some were made of china, and others of wax, with real hair, and eyes that would open and shut; but Kitty was tired of them all, except the newest one, which her auntie had given her at Christmas. One day a poor little girl came to the door begging, and Kitty's mother told her to go and get one of her old dolls and give it away. She did so, and her old doll was like what the rich man put into the treasury. She could give it away just as well as not, and it didn't cost her anything.

"The poor little beggar girl was delighted with her doll. She never had but one before, and that was a rag doll, but this one had such lovely curly hair, and such an elegant pink silk dress on, she was almost afraid to hold it against her dirty shawl for fear of soiling it, so she hurried home as fast as she could. Just as she was going up stairs to her poor room, she saw through the crack of the door in the basement her little friend, Sally, who had been sick in bed all summer, and who was all alone all day, while her mother went out washing, to try and earn money enough to keep them from starving. As our little girl looked through the crack she thought to herself, 'I must shew Sally my new dolly.'

So she rushed into the room and up to the bed, crying, 'O, Sally! see!' Sally tried to reach out her arms to take it, but she was too sick; so her little friend held up the dolly, and as she did so she thought, 'How sick Sally looks to-day! and she hasn't any dolly.' Then, with one generous impulse, she said, 'Here, Sally, you may have her.'

"Now, Lulu, do you see? The little girl's dolly was like the widow's mite—she gave her all."

A GOOD BARGAIN.

A FARMER asked a boy what he would work for him for, for one year. The farmer was close at a bargain, and the boy knew it. Says the boy, "I will work for you if you will give me one grain of corn for the first week, two grains for the second, four for the third, and doubling each week until the fifty-two weeks or year is out."

"Good," said the farmer.

The boy began work, and took one grain for the first week, two for the second, four for the third, eight for the fourth, sixteen for the fifth, thirty-two for the sixth.

"Hold on," said the farmer, "you are taking too many."

"Not at all," said the boy, "I am but carrying out the contract."

The farmer began to figure how many grains the boy would take in fifty-two weeks, and to his astonishment, he found out he would be entitled to 1,457,593,257,463,808 grains. He could never pay him, and agreed to give him fair wages if he would let him off from the contract.

A LITTLE girl said: "I wish I could go to heaven and see my dear papa." My husband said: "But you would not know him." "Yes, I would, by the clothes he wore." "But he don't wear any." "Well, I'd know him by the smile he wore." What a beautiful way in which to be remembered.

Do you really believe that it is of any use whatever having children join your temperance society? was asked some time ago. "Indeed I do," replied a worthy minister of the Gospel; "I have had more parents reclaimed from intemperance, and added to my church, through the zeal of these little ones than from any other agency." We have known of parents becoming earnest, devoted Christians, all through the efforts of their little ones. Surely, "a little child shall lead them."

A LITTLE boy, whose mother had died, came to his infant-class in Sabbath-school with a sad heart. Young as he was he felt his loss. His first words were, "Teacher, my mother is dead." And he began to cry. The teacher tried to comfort him by telling him that Jesus loved little children and would take care of them, and that his mother had gone to heaven where Charley could see her again if he loved Jesus. On that Sabbath night Charley's father, going into the parlour saw him, all alone gazing intently at the beautiful moon. Talking to himself, he was saying, "I cannot see her, no I cannot see her." "What can't you see, Charley?" interrupted his father. "Why, I cannot see mother. Teacher said to-day that mother was in heaven, where Jesus was, and I have been looking, and looking, but I can't see her. But if I love Jesus I will see her when I die. I must wait."

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

FRESH air is indispensable, but when you need a fresh pen be sure it is one of Esterbrook's make.

W should not suffer from a Cough, when a few doses of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral will cure.

THE PERUVIAN SYRUP has cured thousands who were suffering from Dyspepsia, Debility, Liver Complaint, Boils, Humours, Female Complaints, etc.

MR. L. A. JACKSON, of New York city, under date of March 9, 1880, writes as follows: "I am indebted to your Extract for the relief of my rheumatism for months, and never experienced any relief from physician's prescriptions."

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

- MONTREAL.—In St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on the first Tuesday of October, at eleven a.m.
LONDON.—In Dr. Proudfoot's Church London, on the second Tuesday of September.
KINGSTON.—In Chalmers' Church, Kingston, on September 20th, at three p.m.
CHATHAM.—In First Presbyterian Church, Chatham on the 17th September, at eleven a.m.
GREEN SOUND.—In Division street Church, Green Sound, on the 20th September, at half past the p.m.
WILKENTON.—In St. Andrew's Church, Wilkenton, on the third Tuesday of October, at eleven a.m.
SAUGHER.—In St. Columba Church, Saugher, on Tuesday the 20th September, at two p.m.
GUELPH.—In St. Andrew's Church, Guelph, on the 20th September, at ten a.m.
MONTREAL.—In St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on Tuesday, the 20th September, at half past one p.m.
MONTREAL.—At St. Paul's, on Tuesday, 27th of September, at eleven a.m.
MONTREAL.—In St. Paul's Church, Wilkenton, on the third Tuesday of September, at two p.m.
MONTREAL.—At St. Paul's, on 28 of September.
TORONTO.—In the usual place, on the 6th of September, at eleven a.m.
TORONTO.—In Knox Church, Goderich, on the second Tuesday of September, at eleven a.m.
MONTREAL.—At St. Paul's, on Tuesday, the 27th of September, at two p.m.
MONTREAL.—At St. Paul's, on the 20th of September, at eleven a.m.
MONTREAL.—In Mill street Church, Port Hope, on the third Monday in September at half past seven p.m.
MONTREAL.—In Knox Church, Woodstock, on Tuesday, the 4th October, at two p.m.

ALMA COLLEGE

Will open for the reception of lady students on the 15th of October, 1881. Buildings, the finest in the Dominion devoted to the education of ladies.

\$190, paid in advance, will cover a year's education—four terms of seven weeks each—adding in addition to the higher English studies Latin, Greek, French, German and Italian; and Music, Drawing, and Painting from the teachers and governesses of the institution.

ST. JAMES' SQUARE Presbyterian Church.

A REUNION AND PEACH FESTIVAL

in connection with the Hopeful Gleaners' Mission Band will be held in the Lecture Room of the above church on Tuesday Evening 5th of October.

A WOUNDLESS MEDICINE.—The cleansing, soothing and healing properties of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry render it the best remedy in the world for all forms of bowel complaints, sickness of the stomach, cholera morbus and dysentery.

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CURES THE WORST PAINS In from One to Twenty Minutes. NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one suffer with pain. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF is a cure for every pain. It was the first and is

THE ONLY PAIN REMEDY that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES, no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

Radway's Ready Relief

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE. INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS, INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER, INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS, CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS, SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING, PALPITATION OF THE HEART, HYSTERIC, CROUP, DYPHThERIA, CATARRH INFLUENZA, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS, CHILBLAINS AND FROST-BITES.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part where the pain or difficulty exists will afford instant relief. A half tumbler of water will in a few moments cure Cramps, Spasms, Sore Stomach, Cholera, Sick Headache, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all internal pains.

Travellers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from cold or water. It is better than French Brandy or other as a stimulant.

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FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty years is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (and by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Twenty-five cents per bottle.

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be it seated in the Lungs or Stomach, Skin or Bones, Flesh or Nerves, Corrupting the Solids and Vitiatng the Fluids. Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Glandular Swelling, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Syphilitic Complaints, Bleeding of the Lungs, Dyspepsia, Water Brash, Tic Doloraux, Tumors, Swellings, Tumors, Ulcers, Skin and Hip Disease, Mercurial Diseases, Female Complaints, Gonorrhoea, Pimples, Salt Rheum, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Kidney, Bladder, Liver Complaints, etc. PRICE: 50 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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