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# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 9.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 29th. 1881.

No. 30.

## LOOK AT THE LABEL.

Every subscriber of *THE PRESBYTERIAN* is requested to look at the little label by means of which his name is affixed to every number of the paper, where each one can see the precise date to which payment has been made; and all who discover that the time for which they have paid has expired, are asked to send the amount due as soon as practicable. To those who are two or more years in arrears we are compelled to say that prompt payment must be made. The names of all parties owing more than **TWO YEARS** will be struck off on the **FIRST OF AUGUST**, and the accounts placed in other hands for collection.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

It is now understood that President Garfield is practically out of danger. Of course there is always the possibility that something unforeseen may come in to destroy all the bright hopes now so fondly cherished. But humanly speaking the crisis is past, and James Garfield will in all likelihood live to be the most honoured and most powerful man that has ever occupied the White House, with the best chance possible of not only a second term of office, but even of a third.

THE so-called learned professions are becoming over-supplied, and young men ere they begin to woo any one of the three black graces would do well to weigh their chances in other fields. Many well-to-do farmers err in sending their sons into professional life, often it is to be feared, simply because agricultural pursuits are considered by the young men as slow, or as presenting too limited a field for real talent, etc. Latterly there has been a reaction in favour of farming. Many young men have left our cities for the west, and the Agricultural Colleges at Richmond and Guelph are full. It is to be hoped this will continue. There are enough professional men; the country requires those who will till the soil and develop its resources. The advance made in agricultural science will moreover unite a keen intellectual enjoyment with the more practical work of the farm, so that the men of "real talent" may find abundant room to shew the stuff of which they are made.

THE Presbyterians of Australia have had a heresy case, which has been ended by the following deliverance of the Melbourne Presbytery: "The Presbytery having considered the paper on the Atonement, published in the Victoria 'Review' for October, 1880, and signed 'Chas. Strong,' and having also considered their committee's report on the same, expressed their sincere concern and pain at the negative character of the teaching in Mr. Strong's paper, the absence from it of all distinct mention of the Divine Person of the Lord Jesus Christ as the Mediator and Reconciler, working out the atonement, as well as its omission of all reference to the supernaturally given revelation; and, inasmuch as the Christian faith rests upon, and the Christian consciousness takes hold of, certain objective supernatural historic facts, especially the incarnation, the atoning life and death, and the resurrection and ascension of our Lord, the Presbytery earnestly and in the spirit of brotherly kindness urge upon Mr. Strong that in his future utterances he make these essential facts prominent."

THE trial of the Oka Indians for setting the Roman Catholic church at Oka on fire has, after extending over a period of more than four years, at last resulted in the accused being declared innocent. A service of thanksgiving was lately held in the school-house in which the Protestant Indians of the place usually worship. The Rev. J. A. Dorion preached and thereafter various addresses were given. There is a talk of these Indians removing to a location in Muskoka, and perhaps if everything were wisely and liberally managed such a migration might be best. The whole, however, would need to be

very carefully managed, else the seminary will be pretty sure to have by far the best of the bargain. We could never see what claim in equity these priests had to that property except in trust as guardians and teachers of the Indians. They were there for the sake of the Indians, not the Indians for the sake of them, and if these Indians change their minds on the matter of religion and religious teaching it would seem only equitable that the discarded teachers should take their departure, not the discarding scholars. The predecessors of these very wide awake priests got a very valuable property in fee simple once before by getting the forefathers of these Indians removed to their present location. The same dodge, though for different reasons, seems likely to be tried again. Even though they pay \$1,000 to get quit of these heretics it will pay the Fathers handsomely in cash to say nothing of quiet.

THE Theistical Church of India, of which Chunder Sen is the leader, consists now of about 130 small churches scattered over the country, the number of members ranging from three or four to three hundred. The anniversary of the Brahma Somaj has lately been celebrated at Calcutta; but the success of the demonstration was to some extent marred by the vagaries of Babu Keshub Chunder Sen, who, although he is now disavowed by the majority of his former followers, still regards himself as leader of the movement. Keshub Chunder Sen, in the judgment of many of his old disciples, has partially relapsed into Paganism. His last act has been to introduce into his church a red flag, which is supposed to symbolize the blood of martyrs; and at the same time he has made it the centre of a fantastic ceremonial. The "Brahmo Public Opinion" states that Mr. Sen himself fanned the flag with a *chamur* or yak tailed duster, as people generally fan their idols, while "the other missionaries went round it with lights in their hands in imitation of the idolatrous ceremony called *arati*." The seceders from Keshub Chunder Sen denounce all this as idle mummery; and indeed at the opening of their new Prayer Hall they altogether repudiated the use of flowers, spices, burnt offerings, and other material accessories of worship. They also made a declaration in favour of pure Theism, and of a catholicity broad enough to shew respect to all the sects and sacred writings in the world. It appears that a Pundit from Lahore delivered a sermon which was listened to with rapt attention by fifteen hundred men; in fact, so great an impression was produced that at the close of the service the congregation remained in their seats unwilling to stir.

LONDON holds its own well, as the increase of population is 560,311 in the decade, or 17.2 per cent, while the increase in the population in the whole of the nineteen towns enumerated is 533,287, or 16.5 per cent. upon their previous numbers. This is the more remarkable since, in the preceding ten years, the figures shewed a very different state of things. Then the metropolitan increase was 450,271, or 16.1 per cent, while that of the nineteen towns was 476,239, or 17.3 per cent. The figures, therefore, are reversed, London's rate of increase rising from 16.1 to 17.2, and that of the nineteen great provincial towns falling from 18.3 to 16.5. The population of the metropolis now exceeds by 50,000 that of the whole of these towns together, being 3,814,571, against 3,764,244. Nothing can better give one a just idea of the size and importance of London than this: Manchester and Liverpool, Salford and Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, Nottingham, all regard themselves as towns of no mean importance, and yet their united population, together with that of eleven other great towns, falls short of that of London. The whole of Scotland has a smaller population than that of the metropolis, and by the end of another decade it is possible that Ireland will also be surpassed. This steady and ever-increasing rate of growth may well give cause for thought, and even for apprehension. So far no evils such as were feared by our forefathers have arisen from the enormous aggregation of people at

one centre; but if London is to keep on growing at the present rate of increase, it will have attained dimensions by the end of the next century such as the world has never yet imagined, for it will by that time contain considerably over 12,000,000 inhabitants.

THE Rev. Silvester Whitehead spoke at the May anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and gave the following incident, shewing what heroic men the converted heathen are: "Another man, the keeper of a Confucian temple at Potlan, an ancient town on the Canton East River, received the Scriptures from a colporteur of the London Missionary Society; he was baptized by Dr Legge; he at once gave up his employment, and, among his acquaintances and friends, appointed himself as a Scripture reader; he was a sort of moving conscience among the Chinese. He went about the streets of the city, and into the interior, with boards upon his back bearing texts of Holy Scripture, and so abundantly were that man's labours honoured that in about three years a hundred persons were ready to receive Christian baptism. So mightily grew the Word of God and prevailed, that in a short time excitement began to appear, and then hostility, and then persecution broke out; Christians were driven from their homes and their property plundered. This man was taken, and twice within forty-eight hours was had up before the mandarins to account for his conduct, and he was called upon to recant. This he sedulously refused to do. They therefore tried what torture would do, and suspended him by the arms through the night. The next morning he was brought forth, pale, wan, feeble, almost ready to drop, for a second trial, still resolved to cleave to his Bible and to Christ, and he ventured to express the hope that his persecutors and judges might some day accept the new doctrine. This was too much for them; they rushed upon him, like the judges of Stephen, 'with one accord,' and killed him on the spot with repeated blows of their side-arms, and threw him into the river. Thus perished one of China's first Protestant martyrs."

THE Sydney "Morning Herald" in the latest issue come to hand has the following very gratifying account of the working of the Sustentation Fund scheme in New South Wales: "The Presbyterian Church of New South Wales, a year ago, brought to this colony the Rev. J. Miller Ross, of London, of the Presbyterian Church of England, to introduce their English financial system in a modified and improved form, known as the Sustentation Fund. One object of this system seems to be the creation of a strong financial bond of common interest between all congregations of the Church; another is to secure that the equal dividend from that fund shall not be less than £300 per annum; and a third is to place congregations which may be both able and willing in a position to give to their ministers increased additional supplements to this dividend, and so to raise the whole platform of ministerial support to a much higher figure than hitherto. These incomes, it appears, are exclusive of manses or residences for their ministers. During the past year the congregations of the Church have been visited, and the scheme has been expounded. The General Assembly which met in Sydney in October last, passed a Sustentation Fund Act, embodying the regulations of the system, and ordaining that the Act should come into force on the 1st January last. The Sustentation Committee have just held their last meeting for the first quarter to consider the state of the fund, and have found themselves in the position to declare an equal dividend at the rate of £300 per annum—the figure contemplated. This very satisfactory result is the more remarkable that it took the Free Church of Scotland over a quarter of a century in its far-famed Sustentation Fund operations to reach its equal dividend of £150, and it took the Presbyterian Church in England four years to reach its dividend of £200. So speedy and gratifying an issue of the Church's endeavours can hardly fail to be in itself a very pleasing reward to the few generous members of the body who initiated so liberal a policy."



## OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

### WOMAN'S WORK FOR WOMAN IN AMERICA

[A paper read before the Union Meeting of Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies in Kingston, by Mrs. Machar, Corresponding Secretary of the Kingston Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.]

(Continued.)

To such noble proportions, in ten years, have grown the Woman's Missionary Societies of the Presbyterian Church of the United States. They were founded on no definite or uniform plan, and amidst no little scepticism regarding the tendencies and usefulness of such a movement. Growing from within rather than moulded from without, and modified by varying circumstances, they have not aimed at any rigid uniformity, and their elasticity has given variety and fulness to their work, some of them including Home as well as Foreign Missions within their sphere of operations. "Thus," as was well said by Mrs. Perkins at their union meeting last May, "under God's shaping hand, our work formed itself, and thus ever since the same hand has moulded it, not with any cast iron rigidity of outline—there is no such moulding in the great workshop of the Lord—but with the gracious and elastic curves which can embrace a world for Christ."

They have thus practically proved, what many at first doubted, that Woman's Foreign Missionary Societies are neither superfluous nor likely to interfere with the general work of the Church. This large supplementary contribution of \$176,000 is not deducted from the receipts of the general fund, which has largely increased, not diminished, with the growth of the woman's work. Such organizations were needed, and are needed, among ourselves, mainly for two reasons, first, that there is an immense work for woman which only woman can do, and secondly, that by such societies our Christian women at home are brought, as it were, into contact with the devoted workers abroad, and the ignorant and suffering women among whom they labour. Many a kind and tender-hearted woman in our happy Christian land would soon lose her present indifference to Foreign Missions were she brought to realize the actual condition and urgent needs of her down trodden heathen sisters. Many a Christian woman who has never sacrificed a luxury or undergone a privation that the perishing might have the bread of life, must feel stung with remorse when brought into actual contact with those of her sisters who have given to this cause their lives—their selves. The General Assembly of the United States early recognized this principle when in the first year of the organization of woman's societies, it declared that the women of the Church must work, not abstractly but directly, if they would work efficiently, and in accordance with the laws of their nature. At the end of the first decade of the experiment they adopted unanimously the following resolution: "That the Assembly will guard and cherish woman's work for woman as an agency peculiarly adapted to the work for which those societies were originally organized, and in which the Christian women of our churches, are so specially and deeply interested."

Nor has the Foreign Missionary work fulfilled the fears of those who dreaded that it might interfere with the claims of the Home Mission work. The law of Christian energy is not the law of physical energy. The power of love to do grows by doing, and it will generally be found true as it has been found emphatically true in the Presbyterian Church of the United States, that "the officers and members of Foreign Missionary Societies are as a rule, and have been for many years, actively and earnestly engaged in some form of woman's work for Home Missions."

From the wonderful progress and success of the movement for woman's missions in the United States, we may well draw much stimulus and encouragement. The first secret of their success we well know, is the open secret that may be ours as well—the faith and love which has been the inspiration of the whole. But the methods by which they have worked are worthy of our consideration also. Their organization is a most favourable one, sufficiently elastic to provide for differing circumstances and differing needs, and affording convenient centres for those annual gatherings which are sources of so much quickening impulse and refreshing sympathy. The Presbyterian

Societies bind together the local Societies under the protecting care of the Presbytery. And the six central Societies now hold such meetings as the present for sympathy and conference under the venerable shadow of their General Assembly.

One means of progress on which our American sisters place much reliance, is that of the common hour of prayer on Sabbath evenings. There can be no closer or tenderer bond of sympathy between the widely scattered members of such Societies, and between the Societies at home and their lonely, isolated workers on the foreign field, than the consciousness of meeting weekly in spirit, to pray for the success of the work that is dear to all. And, apart from the promised answers to believing prayer, we may be sure that those who thus unite their prayers for Foreign Missions will not be laggards in labours or in gifts.

Another thing to which the American Societies pay much attention is the awakening of missionary interest in the young, even in the children. We know of their countless Mission Bands, and they try to gain the boys as well as the girls. The writer of this paper, as representing here the Juvenile Mission Scheme of our Church, would suggest that this Scheme affords a mode of interesting the children without interfering with Mission Bands where they may be formed, and extending to places where the formation of such Bands is scarcely practicable. As such, it is hereby commended to the interest and sympathy of the Societies here represented.

The last of the methods found serviceable by our sisters, which need be mentioned here, is their abundant supply of missionary periodical literature. The monthly magazine entitled "Woman's Work for Woman," has been published regularly since the very beginning of the movement, and has a circulation of 10,000 copies. "Children's Work for Children," a juvenile monthly, has also a large circulation. Other periodicals, entitled "Our Mission Field" and "Woman's Evangel" and several newspapers, are channels for information and missionary impulse to flow through. Most useful of all, perhaps, is the "Monthly Letter"—a small and inexpensive publication—a number of copies of which are on the table. Each number contains either an interesting letter from the field, or a brief statement of suggestive facts or thoughts concerning the practical prosecution of the work. They are published by a committee chosen from the six Societies, and go monthly to thousands of Auxiliaries all over the land. This is only the second year of their publication, but already their beneficial effects have been felt. The present writer would rejoice if this union meeting should be a link in bringing about such a union of the Societies here represented for the purpose of issuing such a useful publication. The Society of the Western Section is most kind in sharing its letters, multiplied by mechanical means, with other Societies. But the advantage in issuing such a series of monthly letters as might be done by all our Societies united would be its greater comprehensiveness and variety. One month we might have a glimpse of our Indore work, through one of our female missionaries there. Another letter might shew us the work in Trinidad. Another might take us to the New Hebrides and another to Formosa, in which we must now feel a more profound interest than ever before. And another still might bring us to share in the cares and joys of our sisters who labour to lighten the darkness of our own countrymen and countrywomen in French Canada. To scatter such publications broadcast would be in itself no mean service to the mission work of our Church. Were a tenth part of its noble opportunities understood and realized by the women of our Church at large there could hardly be the indifference that we find to-day; we should scarcely find Christian women spending hundreds of dollars on unnecessary luxuries, and offering one or two dollars perhaps to the cause emphasized by the parting command of our Lord.

But if the stream of our missionary effort is to broaden and deepen, as it has broadened and deepened among our sisters, the current of our Christian faith and life must be fuller and stronger first. Only the grateful love that flows from a profound consciousness of forgiven sin can bring and break the alabaster box. Only they who have found in Christ the light of life, and into whose hearts His love has entered as a transforming power, can have an adequate motive to self-sacrifice of any kind, in order that others, too, may find in Him the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

### THE LATE REV. DR. MUIR, OF GEORGETOWN.

The Rev. James Crichton Muir, D.D., who entered into his rest at the manse, South Georgetown, Quebec, on the 9th inst., in the eighty-third year of his age, was no common man, although the greatness of his character and attainments was not always apparent to the casual observer. Born in Dumfries, Scotland, he received his preliminary training in the academy of his native town, and was *dux* of the school at the time of leaving it. Through the patronage of the rector of the academy, who was proud of the acquirements of his pupil, he received an educational appointment in England, which he retained two years; and in this situation he had an opportunity of confirming the knowledge he had gained at school, and of laying a foundation for still higher classical attainments. To the end of life he remained master of the *minutiae* of the Latin and Greek languages; the fact of having to superintend, at one stage or another, the education of his own large family of boys and girls, since there were no superior schools in the Chateauguay valley, keeping up his acquaintance with grammar. He was about twenty three years of age when he matriculated in the University of Edinburgh, the institution in which he took his full course of seven years. Already he had become distinguished for insight, freshness and independence of thought. He had already both observed and reflected, and his years and experience gave him a decided advantage over lads in their teens, especially when he competed with them in those subjects in which reach of thought came into play. He gained the first prize of his year in the moral philosophy class, then taught by John Wilson. He was a divinity student under Dr. Chalmers, from whose earnest, broad, generous nature he drew a deep inspiration, as so many others of the young ministers of that generation did. The tone of his mind was fervently evangelical, and one could easily trace in him the enthusiastic Chalmersian influence. He had for contemporaries in Edinburgh, Cunningham, Candlish, Hetherington, Prof. Macdougall, Dr. H. Bonar, Dr. Cook of Quebec, and Dr. Williamson of Queen's College, with all of whom he stood on a footing of intimacy, as he was inferior to none of them in general acquirements, while in some departments he was superior to most of them. Like many others of Scotland's greatest sons, he enjoyed all through his college career the stimulus that came from having to maintain himself by teaching, while prosecuting his professional studies. He was licensed to preach the Gospel in the year 1832, and soon after went over to Cork, in Ireland, as a tutor, and at the same time he supplied a Presbyterian station that had been opened in that town in connection with the Synod of Ulster. While living there he had an opportunity of obtaining an insight into Irishmen and Irish questions. He always evinced a strong liking for Pat, and on this subject was his conversation more interesting or enlightened than when he took up the perplexing problem that is the burning political question of our day. Returning to Scotland, he was for two years missionary at Port Glasgow, under Dr. Barr, afterwards minister of St. Enoch's Church, Glasgow. About this time the Church of Scotland began to awake, in some measure, to the duty which she owed to her children across the sea, stirred up by the clergy reserve question to which her attention had been called by repeated letters and deputations from Canada. The "Glasgow Colonial Society," the forerunner of the General Assembly's Colonial Committee of later days, was formed for the purpose of sending suitable men to maintain "the blue banner" in Canada, having Dr. Burns, of Paisley, for its energetic Convener. Dr. Cook had been called to Quebec in 1835, and his college friend, Muir, was induced by the Colonial Society to accompany him. In September, 1836, Dr. Muir was ordained and inducted into the pastoral charge of Georgetown, on the Chateauguay River—then a wilderness—by the Presbytery of Quebec, Dr. Cook presiding on the occasion. The people among whom he settled had been most of them hinds or shepherds in Scotland. They were, therefore, poor, but they had vigorous frames and strong wills, and, above all, a reverence for God's Word, and a relish for religious ordinances. Dr. Muir had the satisfaction of living to see the same people in circumstances of worldly comfort and independence not often surpassed in the most favoured districts of Canada. It may be matter of surprise that a man of

his parts and learning should have remained in a position of comparative obscurity. But perhaps the best lesson read to the profession to which he belonged in Canada, is the fact that he was content to labour in the sphere to which the Head of the Church at first called him. Temptations were indeed addressed to him to try his powers in more prominent positions; but he was singularly void of worldly ambition, and he felt that he could employ to the full all his gifts and acquirements in his Master's service, among the farmers of Georgetown. The result shewed how wise he was. Not only was he himself happy in his work, but he saw the fruits of his ministry in the intelligent, thoughtful, industrious, well-regulated community to which he gave the tone, leaving behind him, as a co-presbyter said the day after his burial, this standing proof of his ability, efficiency and faithfulness. An active pastorate extending over a period of forty-five years is so unusual a thing in Canada, that it may well receive emphatic commendation; and we see in the large and flourishing congregation Dr. Muir has left behind—a united people, most exemplary in their attendance upon ordinances—what it is that in the long run tells most favourably upon a community; not brilliant preaching, but the power of a godly life, combined with a faithful and assiduous discharge of pastoral duty. Those who have enjoyed the hospitality of the manse of Georgetown, which was often spoken of as "the model manse," are not likely ever to forget it. Courteous to ladies, the Doctor was the soul of any company in which he was; but it was in his own house he was seen to most advantage. He was not only the counsellor and guide, but also the companion and friend of his own children. He delighted to the last in the company of the young, and thus his own sympathies remained evergreen. He was in his element whenever a young minister dropped in at the manse. All kinds of curious topics came up for discussion, on which he brought to bear the quaintest thoughts, and illustrations drawn from out-of-the-way sources. His reading kept him abreast of the age on most of the great questions that move thought. He was especially well read in the departments of history, ethnology and geography, and his library was rich in works bearing on these subjects, while it was well-stocked with authorities on mostly every department of inquiry. He had ample leisure for reading; so that, with a memory quick and retentive to the last, it may be imagined how vast the stores of learning were which he had laid up. "Reading makes a full man," and one had only to start any subject of living interest in the presence of Dr. Muir to find that the old man eloquent knew a great deal more about it than himself. His conversation was very often a monologue. He could also wield a trenchant pen on occasion. He hated controversy; yet he was drawn into a wordy warfare with at least two public men—Rev. James Fettes, after the disruption, and Dr. Cordner, Unitarian minister of Montreal—a foeman worthy of his steel. The opinion entertained by many neutral persons was that in the trial of dialectics he held his own against both these valiant combatants. "The Presbyterian"—the organ of the former Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland—was greatly enriched by his contributions to its columns. He never ventured, however, extensively on the field of authorship. He laboured under one physical infirmity—defective vision; his eyes had different focal powers—and this defect hampered him greatly in the way of correspondence and authorship. He could write, and did write after a fashion, but it greatly puzzled himself as well as others to read afterwards what he had set down; yet he continued to the last to write his sermons laboriously—he wrote one the very week his health broke down, which was never preached. Only once in his life had he attempted to read a discourse from manuscript; this was in Port Glasgow. His discomfiture from shortness of sight was so great that he was never inclined to repeat the experiment. All the same, he wrote a sermon every week. He felt that though he could not make use of what he had written, in the pulpit, the composition helped to define his thoughts and to condense his information on the theme of his discourses. His preaching was quite informal, he just talked to the people. The talk was discursive; the connection might not always be well maintained between the different parts—he branched off into side thoughts, from which he was not always in a hurry to return. This seemed to strangers in-

coherent; but he always talked sense, and not infrequently his discourses sparkled with fresh thought and lively fancies. Taking him from year's end to year's end, there were probably few more interesting preachers in Canada—certainly no one appeared in his pulpit whom his congregation preferred to hear, even after he had become an octogenarian, and the strongest proof of his power as a preacher is to be found in the large congregation which continued to the last to come out to hear him.

A man so catholic in his sympathies was sure to stand well with his fellow citizens of all races and creeds, and none mourned over his death more sincerely than his French Canadian neighbours, many of whom accompanied his remains to their last resting place. Until within a few years he was very regular in his attendance upon the courts of the Church, and brought to bear upon their counsels far-seeing wisdom. He sympathized with the non-intrusion party in the Church of Scotland, but he, like not a few others, did not see that the Colonial Church was called upon to participate in any decisive movement in this country; and so remained with the majority in 1844. He was elected Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada in connection with the Church of Scotland, in 1849. In 1858 the Senate of Queen's University, of which he had been for many years a Trustee, as he afterwards was of Morrin College, conferred upon him the degree of D.D., he being the first individual selected for that honour, a tribute at once to his high attainments, and to the success of his ministry. The authorities honoured themselves in thus honouring him. As he had striven to avert the disruption in Canada, so to see the scattered remnants of the Presbyterian family in the Dominion gathered into one was an object on which his heart was greatly set; and the day on which the union was at last consummated was one of the gladdest of his life.

Dr. Muir's end was in keeping with his well-spent and equable life. For some weeks he suffered terribly at intervals from the paroxysms of disease of the heart. But his patience under suffering was beautiful to behold. He was never once heard to complain. When a friend asked him one morning how he was, he answered, "I am just trying to be as well as I can." Rarely has the spirit been seen to triumph so completely over the flesh. The Sabbath before his death it was my privilege to dispense the Lord's supper to his attached and anxious congregation. The occasion was one I am not likely soon to forget. In the midst of his weakness the Doctor's heart was with his people, and I was entrusted with his last message to them, praying that grace, mercy and peace should be with them, and that he and they should together enjoy the fellowship of the spirit, though he was separated from them in body. To the last he took the deepest interest not only in his flock, but also in everything that was going on around him, so that he may be said truly to have died in harness, although he had not been able to preach for several weeks prior to his decease. When looking forward to his end, it was with calmness, as if it were only to the sleep of a night. Like the Apostle he had long died "daily." Death was only dissolution, but it was no death to him: it was only a transition from one stage of life to another. There was no affectation of ecstasy, however, in his speech or behaviour—all was naturalness and simplicity. In short, it was a death of peace and joy in Jesus, such an end as fitly closed a life hid with Christ in God. He was ripe for the kingdom; he "came to his grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season."

ROBERT CAMPBELL.

Montreal, July 16th, 1881.

#### MRS. MILLER, CHINGUACOUSY.

MR. EDITOR,—I presume it is not peculiar to the Norval congregation that it has been called of God to mourn the bereavement by death, in the course of the winter and spring, of several very excellent and esteemed members. A few words regarding one of these departed ones, viz., Mrs. Janet Miller, late of Chinguacousy, near Norval, it seems to me may be interesting to your readers.

Mrs. Miller was a daughter of the late Mr. John Chisholm, a U. E. Loyalist, whose Canadian residence was on the Queenston Heights, Niagara. As she was born in 1796, and resided in the same place up till 1821—therefore throughout the whole period of the war between Great Britain and the United States, beginning in 1812—your readers will be prepared to hear that many and remarkable, and often

very trying, were the incidents of her early life. Of these, however, Mrs. Miller was not wont to speak, except to old acquaintances who possessed some personal knowledge of them, or in response to the solicitations of friends. When she did speak of them, it was certainly not in terms expressive of admiration, either of the bravery or the generosity of the invaders. The writer remembers how she was wont to tell of hearing them boast on their arrival in the morning, and of beholding them driven, ere the day had closed, over the heights and into the river; and how she was wont to speak of being compelled to witness their reckless destruction of the property of the inhabitants of the district alike in house and field.

It was always in the spirit, and often with expressions, of gratitude to God, that Mrs. Miller spoke of her preservation amid the great dangers to which her life was exposed during those troublous times. Sometimes, it is true, the safety of the family of which she was a member, and of the families in the same neighbourhood, was sought by flight into the interior of the country. On such occasions the fugitives were wont to conceal their most valuable things—which could not be carried with them usually by burying them in the ground. Sometimes these treasures were found again; sometimes they were not. But flight was not always possible. Hence she of whom I write, in the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth years of her life, was not infrequently in positions of peculiar danger—even at times between contending armies. Her danger and her providential deliverance on one such occasion, seemed to have made a deep impression upon her mind. She had gone one morning, on business, to the house of a neighbour; as she returned, a body of American soldiers, who had crossed the river during the night preceding—and at the time lay concealed in the adjoining bush—supposing she had discovered their presence, and fearing, doubtless, she would give information thereof, by two of their number pursued and arrested her. Whilst the soldiers, holding each an arm of their youthful prisoner, were leading, or dragging, her across the field, the yell of Indians in the British service was heard; a few minutes more and soldiers and prisoner had reached the fence, already one of the soldiers had mounted it, when a ball from an Indian's musket pierced his head (I believe) and instantly killed him. The other soldier preferring personal safety to the security of his prisoner quickly left Miss Chisholm free. Thus saved of God, by the instrumentality of Indians, she ever cherished and manifested in words and deeds, very kindly feelings toward them.

To me the most pleasing part of my statement remains to be told. I trust also that it shall be to your readers the most encouraging and profitable. The late Mrs. Miller had the happiness of being the child of God-fearing parents, a member of a family in which the worship of God was maintained, notwithstanding the reproaches to which the members thereof were subjected in consequence, and a member of one of the three or four families by whom the first Presbyterian church in the Niagara District was built. What time she entered into the full communion of the Church, we know not. But so far as we know she was always, whilst in the neighbourhood, up to her death a consistent member of the Church, and always took a deep and active interest in the welfare of the Norval congregation, and in the missionary operations of the Church at home and abroad. Her happy home, and her own ministrations of kindness, rendered with such simplicity and cheerfulness, will long be remembered, I am sure, by those who whether as students or licentiates or ministers, have laboured in this portion of the Lord's vineyard. Her last sickness was but of short duration. The infirmities of eighty-five years greatly increased by several recent attacks of sickness, had left but little to be done in completely severing "the silver chord." Her departure was in perfect peace. J. A.

#### TOWARDS THE NORTH-WEST.

MR. EDITOR,—According to promise, I send you a few hastily written lines, en route to Winnipeg, which place I expect to reach to-morrow evening (Friday). The journey so far, on account of the excessive heat of the past week, has been anything but pleasant. For mere pleasure, I cannot recommend an *all rail trip* at this season of the year, even when Pullman and sleeping cars are taken advantage of. But time is precious, and for that reason personal comforts must be sacrificed.

The few hours spent in Detroit and Chicago af-

forded little opportunity either for sight seeing or conversation with brethren in the ministry. In both cities, indeed, the majority of the regular pastors are absent, enjoying the vacation, and the churches but thinly attended. We were glad to hear most gratifying accounts of the progress of the Central Church, Detroit, under the pastorate of the Rev. Mr. Dickie formerly of Berlin. While we reluctantly part with such valued brethren, we rejoice in their abundant success in the sister Church across the lines.

Several of the leading pulpits of Chicago are at present vacant. The First Church (formerly Dr. Mitchell's), and the Second Church (formerly Dr. Gibson's), and the Jefferson Park Church (formerly Dr. Patton's), are all in quest of pastors. The First has called Dr. McKenzie, of Cambridge, Boston, and the Jefferson Park Church has called Rev. Mr. Hemphill, of San Francisco, but in neither case has the call been accepted as yet. Our old friend, Dr. Ormiston, preaches, I understand, in the Second during the present month. Chicago, notwithstanding its wondrous progress in business matters, does not seem to offer great attractions to first-class ministers. Either the strain upon the physical and mental system is too severe, or the soil is unproductive, or the demand for sensationalism is so rampant that good evangelical preachers prefer quieter though less lucrative and prominent positions. It is a sad fact that practical godliness makes but little progress among the masses of this great city. As for Sabbath, there is literally none outside the churches. Beer gardens, coffee-houses, concerts, theatricals, and excursions to camp meetings and other more questionable places, attract tens of thousands, to the utter neglect of religious duties. And yet, surely here if anywhere, earnest Gospel preachers are needed to cry aloud against abounding iniquity. Said a friend to me, speaking of the moral condition of the city: "There is nothing thought of here but money-making. The future world has no influence upon the masses. 'I have only to die once, and I can arrange matters with God after that,' said a business man to me a few days ago."

Canadians cannot but feel deeply interested in the moral and religious condition of this great centre. Thousands of our young men and women are here, filling important positions. Whether they will fall in with the practical infidelity that is so prevalent in the very highest circles, or maintain the old-fashioned integrity and piety of their ancestors and of their native land, depends very much upon the power of the Gospel during the next decade.

"Young man, go west—Go west, young man." So said Horace Greeley many years ago. His advice is now followed by thousands—some 60,000 a week of immigrants are passing through New York to the far west. On the train that took us from Detroit to Chicago, there were five cars packed with Danes and Norwegians, and it is so every day. And yet there is room for millions more in the Western States and Manitoba. Our American friends profess great ignorance of Manitoba and its resources. We met, in travelling to Chicago, with a Methodist preacher from Michigan. He was on his way to Dakota, where his son, who had just graduated, had gone to buy land. *He had heard of Manitoba*, but as a place somewhere about the limits of creation. Evidently the good brother was better versed in theology than in geography. And yet, sad to say, he was a Canadian by birth, born near Montreal, but now so thoroughly Americanized, that he had almost forgotten there was any territory whatever beyond the United States!

St. Paul, where the "Syndicate Railway" may be said to begin, is a very pretty city of 42,000 inhabitants, situated on the bluffs overlooking the Mississippi River, and thirteen miles below the falls of St. Anthony. Minneapolis, the rival city, only a few miles distant, now contains 47,000 inhabitants, and on account of its lumber and milling interests, is destined to become, at no distant date, a very populous city. It possesses one of the finest and largest available water powers in the world, and has at present twenty-five flouring mills in operation, turning out 20,000 barrels of flour daily. Its annual shipment of lumber averages 140 million feet. The falls of Minnehaha also, celebrated by the poet Longfellow, are in the neighbourhood, and attract, at this season of the year, a large number of visitors.

St. Paul has long been noted for its invigorating climate, and many Canadians are to be found here, who have quite recovered their health, and now make it their permanent home.

My next will be (D.V.) from Winnipeg. W. C.  
ST. PAUL, July 14th, 1881.

## PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

### "I HAVE NOT A PARTICLE OF FEELING."

Thus spoke a young lady to whom I was presenting the claims of the Gospel, and whom I was urging to an immediate acceptance of Christ. It would not have been strange to hear the words had they been accompanied with a stolid look, a careless manner, or an impatient temper; but if you can imagine it, reader, the tears were seen coursing down her cheeks while she spoke, and there were suppressed sobs between her sentences, and now and then a deep-drawn sigh. Was she trying to deceive me by feigning indifference? I am sure this was not the case. But as we talked on, and I urged still more strongly an immediate decision of this important matter, she said:

"But I have no conviction of sin. How can I be a Christian unless I have first seen my sins and truly repented of them? Why, sir," she continued, "I rise in the morning determined to do right this day, and not to fall into any wrong ways, and before I know it I forget myself; I lose my temper, or speak unkindly, or act meanly, and then I am completely discouraged, and think I won't try any more;" and with these words the tears once more ran down her cheeks. Was it not a singular exhibition? "No feeling!" and crying while she said it; and no "conviction of sin," and accusing herself bitterly all the while?

And yet it was a perfect illustration of the mistakes we make when we try to read our hearts. The eye was never made to look inward. It can see the outward world, but not the face in which it is set. The ear was never fashioned to catch the sounds that are within the body. The voices of the world, the winds and the waves, and the singing of the birds, it hears at once; but the pulse-beats and the respirations it has no inner drum to resound. So of the mind; we do declare that it is often the poorest judge of its own experiences and impressions. One can see sin in another more easily than in himself; he can discern the mote in a brother's eye more readily than he can see a beam in his own eye. And it is equally true that one can often see the evidence of penitence in another more easily than in himself. The sinner is not the best judge of his spiritual state; he needs the mirror of Scripture or the mirror of some more enlightened mind than his own, wherein to discern his true condition of mind.

Hence the requirement of the Gospel is: "*Look unto Me, and be ye saved.*"

In Christ crucified is the place to see our sins; in the mirror of revelation is the place to see our hearts; in the light of God's countenance is the place to discover our secret sins.

And so we took our troubled, self-deceived and deeply dissatisfied inquirer and led her at once to Christ. Instead of trying to deepen her conviction, or to persuade her that she really had penitence and feeling, we brought her to accept Christ just as she was. This she did, upon her knees, in that very hour. Did you ever see a flood of golden sunlight suddenly pouring into a room through an open shutter? How the motes become visible, dancing and floating and sparkling in the brightness. So sin, which the candle of conscience failed utterly to discover, or, discovering, failed to mark—so sin is seen in the light of God's face, the revelation of His Word, in the manifestation of Christ's cross. Therefore, do you want conviction? Come to Christ. Do you want pardon? Come to Christ. Do you want peace? Come to Christ. We shall be constantly deceived in looking at ourselves; we can never be deceived in "looking unto Jesus."—A. J. Gordon, D.D.

### DYING YOUNG, YET FULL OF JOY.

In her interesting biographical sketch of Dudley Keith-Falconer, the second son of the Earl of Kinross, Miss Marsh gives the following account of his last days on earth:

Our conversation turned from the written Word of God to His ever-living Son, and Dudley said:

"I do not *always* realize the presence of Jesus so distinctly as I do that you are present at this moment; but I know," he added earnestly, "that as He *has* shewn Himself to me, and very close at hand too, when I most needed Him, so He will shew Himself again when I shall need Him most of all—in dying hours."

And it came to pass even as he said.

"Poor boy, poor boy!" said his young brother, with sorrowful tenderness, as he stood beside him one day, when his pain was more than usually severe.

"Don't say that," answered the brave young sufferer with a happy smile; "I am such a very rich boy!"

Another time, when he saw his father's tears, he said:

"Why are you crying? You should sing, 'Cheer boys, cheer!'"

And when, from a sudden symptom of great danger, they thought he was just dying, his mother heard him say in exulting tones:

"Hurrah! heaven is close at hand now!"

But his work was not quite finished yet. For a few days longer he was to linger on the bank of the river, to bear still more blessed testimony to his Saviour's transforming power; for in these waiting days his mother wrote of him:

"My darling's will and reason and affections are all brought into perfect subjugation to his beloved Lord and Saviour's."

When speaking one day with his mother about the various pleasures of heaven he said:

"One of the things to which I am looking forward is to have some passages in the Bible, that I cannot understand down here, made quite clear to me up there," and in accordance with this feeling of willingness to trust in the Word of his God even when he could not comprehend it, and in the love which had ordered the plan of his life, although it had denied him much that makes life delightful, were the texts which he chose to be put on his gravestone:

"Feed me with food convenient for me."

"Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ."

As the hour of his departure approached he longed to hear the voice of the Master summoning him, and to enter through the gates into the city. That hour came at last. His mother knew it, and bending over him asked if he felt the presence of the Saviour. Dudley calmly answered:

"Yes, He holds me by the hand—He never leaves me; and heaven seems so near, as if I were almost there already."

She asked: "Shall I read a few verses of Scripture to you?"

"No, thank you, mother, not now," he answered; "I have Jesus here," placing his hand on his heart; "you see the Bible is a book, but Christ is a Person."

A little later, when he was in great agony, he said: "I don't see my Saviour at this moment, but I know He is near."

And a few minutes afterwards he added:

"I would not change places with any of you. Happy, happy, happy! Jesus is always with me."

"O, Comforter of God's redeemed!

Whom the world does not see:

What hand should pluck me from the flood

That casts my soul on Thee?

Who would not suffer pain like mine

To be consoled like me?"

Fainter and fainter came the failing breath, but perfect consciousness remained. Just ten minutes before he passed away, when with the restlessness of the dying he wished to be laid on the floor, his mother was obliged to tell him that it was impossible. Looking the last upon the face of her who ever held the highest earthly place in his pure and devoted young heart—his "first, last love"—he softly said, "My mother, your word is law," and fell asleep in Jesus, thus fitly ending the nineteen short years of his rare and lovely life.

"Say not too young am I;

For he who dies, when God doth will,  
Is old enough to die."

"We used to talk of the glory,

When I, too, stood outside!

Now I see the King in His beauty,  
In the far-off land abide.

"But the half of all His glory

Had never been told to me,

Nor the joy of the joyous city

Which stands by the crystal sea."

### THE LONDON JEWISH PRESS ON THE REVISED VERSION.

The "Jewish Chronicle" regards the New Testament in a measure as a branch of Jewish literature worthy of study equally with the Apocrypha and Philo. All the great Jewish scholars of Germany are accustomed to deal with it in this manner, using it as



an authority for the customs and thoughts of Jews in the times in which it was written. It says: "As a matter of course, the New Testament has a further and more direct interest as the documentary foundation of the Christian religion, which claims to be a continuation and consummation of our own. From this point of view it is of interest to observe that the chief changes which a necessarily hasty perusal has brought to light tell in favour of Judaism in the long continued struggle between church and synagogue. The evidence for the resurrection of Jesus is considerably weakened by the admission made in the marginal notes of the new version that the concluding verses of the Gospel of Mark are absent in the two oldest Greek manuscripts. The passage in John's Gospel about the three witnesses is wisely omitted, and a strong text for the doctrine of the Trinity thus removed. The Broad Church will be embarrassed to find the doctrine of a personal spirit of evil admitted into the Lord's Prayer. One of the most charming anecdotes about Jesus—His treatment of the woman taken in adultery—is now recognized to be a late interpolation, and this lends some strength to the conviction that many of the New Testament narratives are *ben trovato*. Throughout, the addition of 'Christ' to the name Jesus is said to be absent in the most trustworthy authorities, and the late origin of His claims to divinity is thus shewn. The new version is in many ways an additional confirmation of the position Jews have always taken up in denying the extravagant claims of the followers of Jesus. The care and accuracy with which it has been executed have rendered it both more trustworthy and more readable, and its production whets our appetite for the accomplishment of the still more difficult task entrusted to the Old Testament revisers."

The "Jewish World" says: "Looking at the matter from an unprejudiced point of view, we cannot but regard the revision as a great mistake. It must not be forgotten that the authorized version of the New Testament holds a peculiar position among Anglo-Christians. It is not regarded as the Old Testament is among the Jews. The vast majority of Christians rarely realize that the New Testament is a Greek book, and that the version thereof is but a rendering from another tongue. Textual criticism and differences of interpretation, the relative authenticity of different readings, are matters of which they have heard nothing. The new revision will bring home to them the many imperfections of the book they had almost worshipped. It will place it before them in the same position as any other literary work of former times. It will force upon their convictions the fact that it requires treatment like other ancient documents, criticism and emendation, and omission; that there are contradictory versions and irreconcilable differences; that there are words which, it is admitted, have been left out, yet have a good claim to be kept in. Christians will find that sayings hallowed by the dearest associations of youth and age, joy and suffering; phrases that have imbedded themselves in their literature; supposed utterances of Jesus himself, are not even found in authoritative copies of the Original. The revision will raise vague doubts, distractions, and uncomfortable notions, which can never again be allayed. In brief, the book, hitherto surrounded as by a halo of divinity, is reduced, by the mere fact that it admits of criticism, to the level of an ordinary work compared and revised and amended."

**THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.**

It is one of the honours of the Presbyterian Church that it has not been under the necessity of seceding from the great Apostasy. It stood by a desperate and forlorn struggle, in the valleys of Piedmont and of Scotland, successfully against the usurpation. If there is any Church that can claim a succession through all time, through the chasm of fifteen hundred years from Luther to Paul, and over the other chasm, from John the Baptist, our great sprinkler, to Moses, fifteen hundred years more, it is the Presbyterian Church. It has fought all the great battles of time, and is still holding its way. It has occupied, we may proudly and thankfully say, the forefront of the war of time, for the great fundamental doctrines of the faith. It has held them against statesmen and kings, against philosophers and fanatics, and against the sword that persecuted unto death. Its names are escutcheoned with the many of whom the world was not worthy. Its record, its sublime succession, is on high. And

yet it has never been a Church of dogmatic bigotry. It has never given its sympathy to absolutism. It shakes hands with all Christians, and counts their institutions valid, if not Scriptural. It has always accounted substantive doctrine and principle more valuable than ritual, and has therefore, always been patient of the fanaticism that wastes itself on modes. It has none of the *esprit de corps* of the zealot, because it has an evangelical sympathy too wide to be confined within the limits of a denomination. It is generous to a fault. It gives, without stint, its material to make other communions, but never compasses sea and land to make one proselyte. It blocks out the truth from the quarry, and throws, with generous hand, the pabulum of thought to every people. Popular manipulators appropriate and adapt it to their uses. Still it abides by its quarry work, its grand mission to feed the world with truth, rejoicing and continuing to rejoice that "nevertheless every way Christ is preached."

This is noble. But has not the time come when we must train our children and ourselves to a more cohesive loyalty to the Presbyterian Church? Has not the time come when we should more perfectly popularize the two great fundamentals of Presbyterianism, the elder and the family, and take the field as well as abide by the foundry? Nay, the Presbyterian Church of this country owes it to Christ and to herself more perfectly to unfurl her banners, and instead of a popular literature, to uphold to the world the sturdy religion of Knox and of Murray, of Coligny, of Augustine and Paul. Let us honour the faith which it is our honour to possess. *London Weekly Review.*

**HORN BLOWING.**

Now, the more people blow, the more they may, but he is a fool who believes all they say. As a rule, the smallest boy carries the biggest fiddle, and he who makes most boast has least roast. He who has least wisdom has most vanity. John Lackland is wonderfully fond of being called Esquire, and there's none so pleased at being dubbed a doctor as the man who least deserves it. Many a D.D. is a fiddle-dee-dee. I have heard say, "Always talk big and somebody will think you great," but my old friend Will Shepherd says, "Save your wind for running up a hill, and don't give us big words off a weak stomach." A long tongue generally goes with a short hand. We are most of us better at saying than doing. We can all tattle away from the battle, but many fly when the fight is nigh. Some are all sound and fury, and when they have bragged their brag, all is over, and *amen*. The fat Dutchman was the wisest pilot in Flushing, only he never went to sea; and the Irishman was the finest rider in Connaught, only he would never trust himself on a horse, because, as he said, he generally fell off before he got on. A bachelor's wife is always well managed, and old maids always bring up their children in prime style. We think we can do what we are not called to, and if by chance the thing falls to our lot we do worse than those we blamed. Hence it is wise to be slow in foretelling what we will do, for

"Thus saith the proverb of the wise,  
Who boasteth least tells fewest lies."

—John Ploughman's Pictures.

**THE ENORMOUS GOOSEBERRY.**

Now is the season for paragraphs in the newspapers concerning gooseberry: which are twice as large as possible. The wonderful information fills up a corner, and gratifies the lovers of the marvellous, besides illustrating a style of writing which is by no means rare even among religious people.

We have been surprised to hear of "a great work" in a place where many intelligent residents never heard of any "work" whatever. Accompanied by a plea for funds we have seen narratives which have been written by excellent persons in which the descriptive adjectives may have been accurate if judged by the standard of their writers, but were certainly inapplicable to the matter in hand from any ordinary person's standpoint. We thought when we read the article that a whole neighbourhood had been convulsed if not converted; but on inquiry of city missionaries and Bible women we found that nothing particular had happened—at least, nothing so special as to cause excessive transports to the most hopeful.

We wish certain brethren could be taught to speak within bounds. The common slang of the day talks of things as "awful," "magnificent," "splendid," and so forth, and this seems to have been im-

ported into religious reporting. It is mischievous, however, and tends to damage the best of causes. When Christian people find things overstated they lose confidence, and in the case of men of the world it is worse, for they use the exaggeration as material for jests. It is always better to be under the mark than over it when we are describing good works in which we have had a hand. We must not put into print those sanguine ideas of things which our hopeful minds create in our excited brains. The cause of truth can never be aided by a deviation from truth. We may win applause at a public meeting, or excite admiration in individuals, by highly coloured descriptions, but the time comes for investigation, and when the colouring vanishes we are sure to be held in disrepute by those whom we deceived. The whole business of exaggeration is wrong and must never be tolerated in ourselves or encouraged in others; even the suppression of discouraging facts is a doubtful piece of policy, and policy is always impolitic in Christian work.

Brethren who are rather apt to puff, let us whisper in your ears leave the monstrous gooseberries to the newspapers, and speak every man truth with his neighbour. —*Sword and Trowel.*

**WOMAN'S MISSION.**

Dr. Herrick Johnson says in his recently published work, "Christianity's Challenge."

"I stand amazed before the revelations of the last decade, as to how a woman may help Christ's kingdom come. What unused and unguessed resources have been lying hid, which this 'woman's work for woman' has called out of their secret places and sent on missionary errands around the world! It is the dawn of a new day, and there scarcely has been a brighter since the angels made the Judean air thick with melody when Jesus was born. *It looks, after all as if the strategic point in the warfare for this world's supremacy were the heart of woman.* That won, and the family is won. And when 'up goes the family down goes heathenism.'"

**THE END OF STOCK GAMBLING.**

"I think I may be excused for a little show of pride in saying that I knew when to quit Wall street," he observed as an elevated train carried them over that great thoroughfare.

"So you used to speculate?"

"Yes; I was on the street for seven years."

"Made your pile, I suppose?"

"Yes; I made and lost money the same as the rest. At one time, I could draw my cheque for \$83,000; that isn't so bad for a man who went into Wall street with only \$40 in his pocket."

"And you knew when to quit?"

"Yes, sir."

"That was when—when?"

"That was when I had enough left to pay my fare to Elmira and hire a boy to carry my satchel up to my father-in-law's hotel," was the reply.

THE Moravian Missionary report for 1880 shews that they have 99 stations, 324 missionaries, 1,485 native assistants, 24,439 communicants, 17,000 children in day schools, 12,335 in Sabbath schools.

THE fruits of having medical missionaries sent to mission stations is illustrated by the fact that the Viceroy of Tientsin, China, within sixteen months, has given to the missionaries of the London Missionary Society \$6,000 for medical services.

THE body of Pope Pius IX. was removed, July 12th, from St. Peter's to the Church of San Lorenzo, in accordance with the provisions of his will. No secrecy was observed. The removal took place at midnight. The procession traversed the city to the Basilica. An immense number of members of Catholic associations followed the procession with torches. Some young men disturbed the procession with cries of "Long live Italy;" but the military dispersed all who did not belong to the cortège. Next day the diplomatic corps accredited to the Vatican visited the Pope at his invitation. He addressed an oral protest to them in regard to the disturbance, and a protest was sent to the papal nuncios abroad. It is also stated that the Pope wrote privately to the King, complaining bitterly of the conduct of the Government in not preventing the disturbance, and declaring that he will protest in the face of Europe in regard to the position occupied by the Pontiff in Rome.



## THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

\$2.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE.

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## THE RURAL CANADIAN.

A FORTNIGHTLY JOURNAL OF

## Agriculture, Horticulture and Rural Affairs.

THE generally acknowledged and deeply felt need of a first-class Farm Journal, published from the capital of the Province of Ontario, will shortly be supplied by the issue, on the First and Fifteenth of each Month, of a periodical to be called "THE RURAL CANADIAN," in which, while chief prominence will be given to Agricultural Matters, and especially to newly developed Farm Industries, such as the Dairy, Cattle-Feeding for the Foreign Market, Fruit Production and Export, due attention will be paid to Tree Planting, Forestry, the Garden, Home Embellishment and Enjoyment.

The new journal will be wholly independent of all organizations, cliques, and sectional interests. While encouraging and aiding Farmers' Clubs, the Grange, and every other association aiming to promote Agricultural Improvement, it will be frank and outspoken on these and all other subjects that come within the range of its mission. With friendship toward all, but subserviency to none, it will hold itself free to advocate whatever seems best calculated to benefit the tiller of the soil, and the country at large.

"THE RURAL CANADIAN" will, of course, be non-political and unsectarian, yet it will be patriotic, and not unmindful of the fact that religion underlies all our institutions, and is essential to the highest prosperity of every nation and people under heaven.

Its Editor will be the well-known, experienced, and now veteran agricultural writer, W. F. CLARKE, whose name, familiar as a household word to rural Canadians all over our broad Dominion, will be a sufficient guarantee that ability, point, sprightliness, and good nature, will be stamped on its contents.

It is scarcely necessary to add that the typographical appearance of "THE RURAL CANADIAN" will be first-class. Our facilities for turning out Fine Printing are unrivalled, and no effort will be spared to give the paper a neat and attractive exterior.

It is intended to issue a specimen number in time for the great Agricultural and Industrial Exhibitions this Fall, and as a large edition will be struck off, advertisers will do well to secure a share of its limited space.

"THE RURAL CANADIAN" will be published at \$1 per annum, with a reduction to Clubs.

An active Agent is wanted in every village and township, to whom liberal inducements will be offered.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,

5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Publisher.



Edited by Rev. Wm. Inglis.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1881.

## GAVAZZI.

GAVAZZI has again visited Canada, and by this time has left this continent as he supposes, and as is altogether likely, for the last time. Few men of the present day have had such a career; fewer still have had the happiness of seeing their early and fondly cherished aspirations so fully realized. The "Then" and the "Now" both of his Italy and of himself, are as diverse the one from the other as can well be imagined. He may well feel like one who dreamed, and no doubt with devout thankfulness and perfectly justifiable exultation he often says, "The Lord hath done great things for us, and because of this we are at once glad and grateful." His has been a noble, heroic life, and no one who heard him last Sabbath but must have felt his heart warm to the old man eloquent whose words had so often been "half" or even whole "battles," and who has so unmistakably shewn through a long and honourable career that he has been a witness for the truth, and one coming ever more fully and more manifestly under the elevating and mellowing influence of the Gospel of

the grace of God. We are sure that his fervid appeal for help and sympathy to Italy in its present most interesting condition will not have been made in vain, and that in addition very many will follow the "Old Crusader" with respectful and most sympathetic interest, and join in the hope and prayer that he may be spared to see yet better and brighter days come to that land which he has served so nobly and loved so well.

## QUESTIONABLE WAYS OF SUPPORTING CHRIST'S CAUSE.

THERE is always more or less danger of the world creeping into the Church, and of questionable plans being in this way adopted for doing the work of that Church, and for thus advancing the cause with which it is identified. We shall not say that there is actually at present more of this than in days gone by, but it indicates its presence and influence in not a few cases much more noticeably, and it may, we think, be added, much more offensively. Everything which those who "profess godliness" may or may not becomingly lend themselves to, we shall not profess to settle. On certain points there may be considerable diversity of opinion. Some may feel themselves at perfect liberty to follow certain courses which, to others, would be quite intolerable, nay, absolutely scandalous. As the general tone of piety in a church or community falls, it may be expected that an increasing number of such questionable courses shall meet with more or less general approbation, or at any rate, be looked on as, at worst, simply harmless or mere matters of indifference. "What harm?" accordingly comes often to be asked in reference to many practices which those in any degree spiritually-minded feel to be not in accordance with the will and way of Christ, while there are others, which, both "saints and sinners" instinctively conclude, should have nothing to do with the Church of Christ, and should never be associated with those who are His followers. There might be some of these to be regarded as so far within the debatable ground. But there are others evidently not there at all. That there are too many professing Christians who are systematically theatre-goers, card-players, horse-racers, and "general sports" is beyond all reasonable question. To doubt this would be to deny the most obvious and most easily recognized facts of ordinary every-day life. How far the allowance of such a state of things on the part of the office-bearers of churches is compatible with loyalty to the Master, we shall not stay to determine. The question is being continually asked, "What harm?" and the denunciation of "Puritanism" and "strait-lacedness" is of course ever ready. But even with those churches which would never think of sanctioning such courses as we have just referred to, is there not a very considerable danger of things being done and plans adopted professedly in the interests of religion and for the "good of the cause," which neither good taste nor intelligent piety could be expected to sanction? What shall we say, for instance, of the case referred to in our report of the proceedings of the Hamilton Presbytery at its last meeting? From that report we gather that it had been proposed to raise funds for the support of ordinances in a mission church by organizing a dancing picnic, admission to which, we presume, was to be put upon a simply money basis. Now we can easily imagine the arguments in favour of such a proceeding and can at once perceive that some of them could be made tolerably plausible. If dancing, it might be said, is right indoors, why not out? If ordinary picnics, with all their usual fooling and flirting, are quite allowable means of grace and money-raising, why should there be anything wrong in this single additional element of a friendly and ecclesiastical dance? And yet while these and many similar questions might easily be asked, we are persuaded that not only the devoutly Christian, but even the thoughtful and intelligent who make no profession of religion at all, would at once say that the conclusion on the subject at which the Presbytery arrived, was in accordance with, at once, sound good sense and intelligent piety. But if so, would it not seem necessarily to follow that there should be a very considerable revisal of many of the plans, too frequently taken in almost every denomination for raising money for religious and benevolent purposes? Is the dancing picnic the only thing to be condemned? Are there not a good many other plans for raising funds for quasi-religious purposes only a little less questionable, and in only a slightly

less doubtful taste? We are not aware that the lottery, pure and simple, with all its demoralizing influences, has as yet been adopted by any Protestant denomination as a legitimate means for coaxing the dollars out of the pockets of the faithful. Though they are illegal, Roman Catholics have lotteries ever and anon in full blast with episcopal sanction, and with cameos which the Pope has blessed. Yes, and Protestants are sometimes not far behind. Lucky bags and post offices at Church bazaars are not unknown, with now and then auctions, and clerical auctioneers who have a turn for buffoonery to make the bidding brisk. The "most beautiful damsel," the "ablest statesman," or the "most popular lawyer" plan is so old and well-known as almost to have become stale. And yet it still makes its appearance occasionally when cash for a church painting or a Sabbath school library is badly needed. But there is no necessity for going very minutely into detail. The question to be settled is, Are such decent and becoming plans for helping to maintain and extend the knowledge of the "great salvation" in the world? If so, where is the line to be drawn? Are these all such as Christ would sanction with His presence and sanctify with His blessing? If they are, then by all means go ahead, for they must in that case be right. If, however, it is doubtful if they are, not to put the matter more strongly, would it not seem reasonably as doubtful if any of Christ's people ought to lend their countenances to such questionable proceedings, when their avowed ideal is "to be in the world as Christ was," and to seek ever to plant their feet only where they recognize His footprints and can reckon fully upon His acquiescence and approval?

## SABBATH-BREAKING IN HIGH PLACES.

IT is not possible, in the presence or hearing of a certain class of the community which claims as its own peculiar possession a more than usual amount of "culture," "intelligence" and "breadth," to say "Sabbath" or "Sabbath-breaking" without calling forth a whole stream of denunciatory expletives against all "fanatics," "hypocrites," "pharisees," "Judaists," "maw-worms," "Sabbatarians," and we know not how many other similar elegancies of which they seem to have a more than usually liberal supply. When they mean to be specially severe and specially sarcastic they take to peculiar spelling and regale their unfortunate readers with the sight of the "Sabbath," which makes the whole thing of course excessively ludicrous and the wretched "Sabbatarians" excessively absurd. Many a poor scribbler—Cockney and otherwise—haunted with the strange delusion that he was clever, has thus in the past with indefinite frequency made himself merry in a cheap bewildered fashion at the expense of those who had the misfortune not to see religious matters through his spectacles and not to be partakers in his wonderful breadth of sentiment and clearness of vision. And the same thing goes on still. They wave their hands and corrugate their eye brows, and the thing is done. Once let them call a man a "Sabbatarian" or "strait-laced" and it is all over with him. He has been judged and sentenced. Let him no more hold up his head. And yet after all, and in spite of all this, people will persist in advocating a "Sabbath rest," and in protesting against "Sabbath profanation." And why shouldn't they? It is not a matter to be spoken of with bated breath and whispered humbleness. Experience has shewn that such a rest is "good" for man, while multitudes at the same time believe that it is commanded by Heaven. It is no wonder then that such should earnestly defend its observance and protest against its violation. Such being the case, it is the most natural thing in the world that the people in the Lower Provinces should have been greatly scandalized by the Governor-General's late pleasure trip over the Intercolonial on the 10th inst.; and should have with regret and strong disapprobation regarded such a very gratuitous and very unnecessary violation at once of the law of the land and as they believe of the law of God. We should have been surprised had it been otherwise. Even such a paper as the Halifax "Chronicle," that claims to be by no means "strait-laced" on the subject, says: "It is difficult to find any justification for the Governor-General's Sunday train. Lord Lorne is on a pleasure trip. His time is his own. Under these circumstances it does not appear that there was any good reason why he should travel away from Halifax by a special train on Sunday. His example is not a

good one." The Halifax "Witness" of the 16th inst. speaks out still more decidedly. It says:

"Many hundreds of Christian ministers preached last Lord's day before as many Christian congregations. These united in prayer to God to bless the Governor-General of the Dominion—to keep him from evil, and to give him the spirit of his high office. At that very time His Excellency was thundering along through the country, robbing some scores of poor fellows of their rightful Sunday rest, and setting an example before his inferiors that can do no possible good and is certain to do incalculable injury. We should like His Excellency to understand that while the people of this country are very glad to welcome him, while they appreciate highly his visits, and all his efforts for the public good, their best feelings are shocked, they are disgusted and alarmed, at the disregard shown by him for an institution that is infinitely precious to them. They certainly expected better things of the Marquis of Lorne. It has been remarked to us, and we think there is much truth in the remark, that nothing could be more injurious to the sanctity of the Lord's day than this excursion of His Excellency, except a Sunday excursion by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church."

It may be said that this is strong language, but the question is, Is it too strong? and we are convinced that very many of the most intelligent and moderate minded in the community, who have a great respect personally for the Governor-General and are most anxious in every way to do him honour, will say, far more in sorrow than in anger, that it is not. Logically followed out, such a precedent would lead inevitably to the conclusion that work of every kind ought to proceed as regularly and as unintermittedly on the first as on any other day of the week, for if the work done on that trip of the Governor's were right we should like to know what could be properly said to be wrong or to be forbidden.

**ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.**—Rev. Dr. Reid has received the undermentioned sums for the schemes of the Church, viz.: A Member of St. Andrew's Church, Mount Forest, for Home Mission, \$2; and for Foreign Mission, \$2. Mrs. M. Warwick, for Home Mission, \$10; and for Foreign Mission, \$10.

As we intimated a week or two ago, the Rev. Dr. Andrew Bonar, of Glasgow, preached twice in this city last Sabbath to very large and most interested congregations. The Doctor also on the following evening addressed, in his own effective style, a large number of young people in St. James' Square Presbyterian Church. He has, we believe, left to attend the meetings for Bible study to be held under the presidency of Mr. Moody at Northfield during the coming weeks, and will be followed by the most respectful regards of many who had the pleasure and privilege of hearing him in Toronto.

## BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

**ST. NICHOLAS** continues at the head of magazine literature for young people. Nowhere is it approached, either on this continent or in Europe. The August number will be a rich treat to any of our young readers fortunate enough to secure a copy.

**BOYS' OWN PAPER, GIRLS' OWN PAPER, LEISURE HOUR; SUNDAY AT HOME.** (Toronto. William Warwick & Son.)—These papers hold on their useful course from month to month, always, we are glad to learn, securing a larger constituency, and in this way always doing an increased amount of good.

**SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE** for August. The midsummer holiday "Scribner" is a magnificent number, both in illustrations and letterpress. Fiction, poetry, and essays make up a most entertaining number, while in "Topics of the Time," and in "The World's Work," a number of useful articles are furnished in the editor's best style.

**THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY.** August, 1881. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—"Dr. Breen's Practice," by W. D. Howels, is beguiling in this number, and promises to be worthy of its author. Henry James gives another instalment of "The Portrait of a Lady," and various other papers make up a very excellent number of the "Atlantic."

**THE INTERNATIONAL REVIEW.** August, 1881. (New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.)—The "International" this month has seven very readable articles on, "Some Reminiscences of the Thirty-first Congress," "College Graduates in the Ministry," "An American Bonaparte," "The Divorce Question," "Rights," "Some Curiosities in Horotopical Reckoning," and "Why Ireland has been Misgoverned."

**OUR LITTLE ONES.** (Boston: The Russell Publishing Co. \$1.50 per year.)—Our remarks respecting "St. Nicholas" will apply with equal force to "Our Little Ones." For more youthful readers this magazine is altogether the most beautiful we ever saw. In pictures and papers for the young, it is quite unique, and should find a place wherever there are boys and girls to be amused and instructed.

**SO AS BY FIRE.** By Margaret Sidney. (Boston: D. Lothrop & Co. Price \$1.25.)—This story is full of earnest purpose. The lesson it teaches is that it is only through great sorrow and tribulation that some souls are purified, that the trials and disappointments of this world, if rightly accepted and turned to use, make clean the heart "as by fire." It is not a child's book, although some of the most entertaining characters in its pages are children.

**THE GOSPEL IN ALL LANDS.** July, 1881. (New York: E. R. Smith, Bible House.)—We have once and again noticed this very deserving publication. It occupies quite a unique position among the various periodicals of the day, and supplies a want long felt by those who wish to have a distinct and satisfactory idea of what is being done all over the world for the propagation of Christianity in heathen lands. The present number gives an account of Japan, its people and government, and the labours of Protestant missionaries within its borders. These labours have been far more extensive and successful than most people have any idea of. We advise those who can afford it, and who are anxious to know not only what their own Church is doing for the evangelization of the world, but what is being attempted by all sections of Protestants, to subscribe for the "Gospel in All Lands." They will find the money well spent, for such a periodical coming every month will extend their knowledge, quicken their zeal, increase their liberality, deepen their gratitude, and give new material and earnestness to their prayers.

**MEMOIR OF DAVID MURRAY,** late Provost of Paisley, by his son J. C. Murray, LL.D., Montreal. (Paisley: Alexander Gardner.)—There are not very many mayors or provosts whose lives are of any such importance as to call for a written record of the particulars after they have passed away. Usually they perform the duties official and personal that fall to their lot with more or less efficiency, and then quietly sleep with their fathers—their excellences all recorded on their tombstones, or in the minute books of the Municipal Councils over which they may have presided. Occasionally, however, there is an exception to this rule, and we think such an one has very properly been made in favour of Mr. Murray. Professor MacGregor of Edinburgh says of him:

"To Paisley he was a great citizen. To the west of Scotland he was a great politician. To the Free Church he was a veritable tower of strength; and to the Christian cause he was wholly devoted, his whole life being quietly effective for the highest end, not only in his own denomination, but in the community as a whole."

It is always a risky business for a very near relative to take up the work of memoir writing, for the danger is great that his affections and prejudices will lead him astray and induce him to give a portrait of his subject very different indeed from what truth and fact could justify. A great many modern memoirs are in this way worse than useless, while worthy people are renounced by them simply ridiculous from the absurd praises and unconscious misrepresentations of their too ardent admirers and biographers. It does not appear that Dr. Murray has in this case allowed his filial affection to override his judgment or to do violence to either the proprieties or likelihoods. Provost Murray was evidently in many respects a superior man—affectionate in all family relations; active, judicious and successful in business; public spirited and energetic as a citizen; liberal, yet discriminating in his benefactions; and withal adorned by a meek and quiet spirit which drew to him the affectionate regard of his relatives and friends, and the unfeigned respect of all with whom he came into contact. To natives of Paisley this memoir will be especially welcome, and, no doubt, in its pages they will be glad to find a record of many incidents in the history of that "guid auld toon."

### DR. MCKAY'S VISIT TO HALIFAX.

The good man has come and gone. His visit has been fraught with blessing—"as when an angel shook his wings." He gave three Sabbaths to the Maritime

Provinces—July 3rd to St. John, N.B.; July 10th to Charlottetown, P.E.I.; and July 17th to Halifax, with meetings through the week. He has spoken eighteen times in all, his addresses averaging over an hour each. He has visited Fredericton, Moncton, Summerside, Pictou, New Glasgow, Truro, Millland, Shubenacadie, etc., and left everywhere most blessed impressions behind him. He reached Halifax on Saturday forenoon, and attended a missionary garden party at a lovely retreat on our beautiful North-West Arm, got up and most successfully carried out by the Mission Band, which is doing a good work as a juvenile branch of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. He seemed to enjoy exceedingly the sail on our splendid harbour, and the variegated scenery of Sandford Fleming's sweetly sequestered "Dingle," and our peerless "Arm," which reminded him of his "dear Formosa." Under shadow of a tree, with a big crowd around him, he had a most interesting and instructive half-hour's "talk" with the young folks, who enjoyed it immensely. Many felt it to be an honour and a privilege to shake hands with him. There were some curious meetings. For example, two ladies found that the missionary had stopped over night in India with a beloved son and brother; two other ladies found that, in that same distant land, he had met their sister; two more discovered that he was intimately acquainted with a loved member of their household, an energetic young Halligonian, who is pushing his way as a merchant in China, and who, in the beautiful island of Dr. McKay's love and labour, had (along with Dr. Ringer) watched by his bedside when the missionary was very sick and all unconscious of the kind youth's loving ministrations. Then there came up to meet and greet him an officer of Her Majesty's Ship "Northampton" (Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock's ship), who knew the missionary well in Formosa, and had often attended meetings in his house. To this brave British sailor he "took" at once, and they have been much together during his brief visit. The brethren did not wish Dr. McKay to have more than two services on Sabbath, but he preferred having three, and we let him have his own way. So at eleven he commenced his wonderful story at Fort Massey Church, in the South End; resumed it just where he left off, at four o'clock in St. John's Church in the North End; then in the evening we had St. Matthew's—our largest—central Church, filled with some 1,200 people, for Fort Massey and St. Andrew's gave up their services, and we had an hour and a half now of completely new matter, though at the close, after all, "the half of it was not told us." It was a red letter day to us all—a day much to be remembered. The thrilling details, the overpowering appeals, can never be forgotten. It was a real "time of refreshing," whose fruit, we trust, will appear many days hence. Everybody fell in love with him. On Monday morning we drove round to some points of interest in and about the city—the citadel, the public gardens, the park, our college, etc., with all of which he seemed delighted; with this last particularly—the site, the surroundings, the comfortable accommodation for the students, and, though last, not least, the library, especially that corner of it which contains so many of the books of W. C. Burns, whose name comes next in his esteem to the "name that is above every name." He reverentially handled the numerous beautifully bound prize books from Glasgow and Aberdeen, which attest the apostolic missionary's scholarship. The fine collection of handsome volumes presented to him by St. Peter's, Dundee, for supplying McCheyne's place during his absence in Palestine, and the well thumbed Hebrew book, which bears "Wm. C. Burns, 1834," upon it, and was his daily study. Dr. McKay seemed to favour what some of us have repeatedly spoken of—a summer session here, which would allow of our having a reserve corps of student missionaries for winter service in our mission field, and which our charming position and cool climate would favour. The coolness blessed him, and made his heavy work lighter. Dr. McGregor, our esteemed agent (who has faithfully attended the missionary during the past week), Rev. Mr. Wylie, and I accompanied him to Shubenacadie, some forty miles along the Intercolonial, where we were met by five others of the brethren, and a congregation deemed very large for haying time, which gathered at 2.30 p.m., and to whom his last words in these provinces were spoken. Then Father Sedgwick, with characteristic unction and pathos, commended him and his to God, and we parted, never, probably, to meet again till *that day*. R. F. E.

## CHOICE LITERATURE.

## THE OATH-KEEPER OF FORANO.

A TALE OF ITALY AND HER EVANGEL.

BY MRS. LIA M'NAIR WRELL.

## CHAPTER II.—THE MYSTERIOUS BOY.

"Be still, then, O my soul!  
To man, in the whole,  
Thy God's perfections."

The evening of the second day after Carnival was as bright and peaceful as if there had never been a storm; and as the tumult of the elements had settled into calm, so the small excitement which had been occasioned in the British Consulate by the flight of a nun, and in the Palazzo Borgosola by the mysterious appearance of the little boy, had also died away. The Consul had provided for the nun, and Honor Maxwell had provided for the little boy.

At breakfast-time on the morning of the day after he had been found standing in the salon, Assunta brought the little boy for inspection.

Our Uncle Francini had his hobbies, and one of them was blood. Trotting out this hobby for a morning amble, Uncle Francini discovered from the boy a fine head, erect, fearless bearing, noble physique, and especially from the nice conformation of his hands and feet, that he was a child of good family. Alas! when our hero was seated at the table he conducted himself like the lowest of the people, and put Uncle Francini to shame. However, the good gentleman brightened when Honor undertook to instruct the child in etiquette, and found that he instantly apprehended and practised her lessons concerning his knife, fork and napkin, his eating and drinking. They also endeavoured to make him speak.

The child, for instance, wanted a roll, and pointed at it, making the sounds and gestures of an untaught mute. "Please," said Honor; "say please." The boy watched her lips, made one or two herculean efforts, and said "please" with tolerable plainness. Uncle Francini at once became enamoured. He gave the roll and said, "grazie; say grazie." After similar attempts the pupil said "grazie." English and Italian seemed equally foreign to him, and his speech, when he acquired it, was likely to be of the composite order—Miss Honor teaching him English and Francini Italian.

"What shall we do with him, uncle? shall we keep him? He will make a charming model for you—so much better than the children we hire," said Honor.

"Let us keep him until some one who has a right claims him," said Uncle Francini; "he will be an interest to you, my child. I fear you grow dull here; there is not so much to interest young ladies here as in America. You pine, perhaps, for your charities, for your schools, for your services, to be able to go in and out and teach people without being accused of proselyting. You give up a great deal for your old uncle, my Honor."

"Not at all," said Honor. "I like to stay here, and," she added, with a flash in her eyes, "I shall stay here until I may go in and out and teach as freely here as at home—until I may give a Bible or a tract, open a school, buy a church, without a priest daring to molest me."

"Dear girl, that day will never come," said Uncle Francini.

"It must come, uncle. All the world is waking up." "All the world is returning to darkness," sighed Francini. "The old masters have no successors. There is now no Buonarroti to inspire the world with his triple talents."

"But art is not the world's regenerator!" cried Honor, giving her musing uncle's arm a shake. "During the French Revolution the mob preserved their statues and murdered their savants. Lac Biule is the means, God's promise is our assurance, and by an open Bible Italian liberties will be established. Do you not suppose there are prayers of St. Paul for Italy yet waiting to be answered by the Prayer-Hearer? As for art, I have my doubts, but the world would be better if every copy of those idolatrous *lost masters* were out of existence."

"My dear Honor," remonstrated Francini, "I trust your pupil will be more amenable to your instructions than you are to mine concerning art."

"And I am to have the boy, uncle, and teach him, and dress him, and you are to paint him, eh? Then I had better send Assunta to buy him some clothes; his costume is too airy for this chilly morning."

"It is quite warm enough by the fire," said Francini, pulling the bell. "Paulo must bring my easel and brushes and a new canvas at once, and I will sketch little—little—ah, *Cospetto! mia cara*, he has no name."

"We must name him," cried Honor. "What shall it be? Pietro, after your uncle? or—Jasper is a delightful name?"

"No, no," said the old artist, "after none but the divine singer, painter and sculptor, Michael—"

"What a blessing that you never married, uncle," said Honor; "if you had had ten sons they must all have been named Michael Angelo Buonarroti—what a confusion!"

"And none of them heir to *his* genius," sighed Francini.

"The world does not produce Buonarrotis now-a-days." "Perhaps not," said Honor; "they come to shew what man may be in genius hereafter. But the world-to-day produces men who make a really nobler mark on time, and sow grander harvests for eternity than even Angelo."

"Che, che," said Francini, too courteously to dispute further; "let the child be called Michael; he is extremely like the glorious Michael of Guido Reni. Place him as he stood last night, that I may begin to paint."

Michael, the newly-named, was standing near them as Honor turned to him with a bright smile, as if quite enraptured with her appearance, the child caught her hand and kissed it twice.

\*A common Italian exclamation of doubt or denial.

"It was the ect an' air of a courtier," said Francini.

"I am sure, Honor, the child is of even noble blood."

Paulo had prepared for his master's work, and Francini was presently engrossed in his beloved employment. Honor set to work Master Michael's measurement, and despatched Assunta to the outfitter's for a supply of child's clothing.

Assunta, a pretty girl from the hills, who for two years had been Honor's attendant, still wore, to please the artistic taste of the old painter, the bright and charming costume of the Italian peasant girl. On her way to the outfitter's Assunta met an old acquaintance, a gorgeous mountaineer, in velvet, scarlet sash, buttons and embroidery.

"Why, Gulio," said Assunta, "here in all your finery for the carnival, and never come to me, to tell me a word of the dear Marchesa, or to take my duty to her!"

"On the contrary, I have just arrived in town, and was now on my way expressly to see you," said Gulio, lying with entire glibness and ease of mind. "Believe me, two years of absence from the sight of your smiles have made me pine."

"You don't shew it," said Assunta, briskly.

"It is my duty to hide my woes," laughed Gulio. "I am here on an hour's business about the sale of some olive oil for the Marchesa. Shall I tell our Signora that you are well and happy, and do not regret that you missed taking the veil?"

Assunta tossed her head. "The veil would not have suited me at all, only Father Damiano had me over-ruled. I bless the Signora every day for having prevented it."

"The Signora singularly undervalues convents, for a good Catholic," said Gulio, in his light way. "She considers them good only for widows and aged spinsters. She also holds the priesthood lightly, and asserts that a good family man is better than a bad priest! I have my pocket now en-umbered with a pair of slippers sent her by Ser Jacopo, the cobbler, who owes it to her that he is not a priest, and who yesterday had his eighth son christened."

"Speaking of sons," said Assunta, "a boy came to our house on the last evening, in the early part of the storm."

"Ah, then, your Signorina has married."

"Not at all," said Assunta, "the boy was five years old, very handsome, dumb, and no one knows where from."

"And you sent the little vagabond packing to the police."

"Alto, are we heathen?" said Assunta. "Our Palazzo is full large, our purse is not empty. No, we keep the infant in the name of God. I am now buying clothes for him."

"And what is his name?" asked Gulio, who was carefully inspecting his knee-buckles.

"How can one tell, when he cannot tell one? We have called him Michael, and we propose to bring him up."

"Davvero! the saints will reward such a charity. And yet, perhaps, he will be brought up a heretic."

"There may be worse things than heretics," said Assunta.

Gulio looked keenly in her face and laughed. "Ah, he! it has been out of the frying-pan into the fire with you, Signorina; out of convent into heresy. But I'll not tell of you."

"Well," said Assunta, uneasily, "I cannot stand here with you. Give my duty to the Marchesa, and tell her I shall yet come over the mountains to see her. Perhaps I will bring our pretty boy; she loves little children."

"Tut, tut," cried Gulio, earnestly; "come alone if you would be welcome. The Signora grows old, she has nerves in her head; she will not be pleased to see a strange child."

"I'll not bring the boy to copy your manners," said Assunta, and waving her head, with a smile pleasanter than her speech, she hurried on.

As for Gulio, he probably sold the olive oil—if, indeed, he had any to sell—by the next evening, for at five on the second day after Carnival he found him entering a little boat to be rowed to a small felucca which lay outside the mole; ready to sail to Elba. No ships lie at the piers in Mediterranean ports; they anchor at a greater or less distance from the shore, and transact their business on shore by means of small boats. Near the felucca lay a steamer bound for England, and waiting for some passengers.

When Gulio stepped into the boat, the two boatmen, who were old acquaintances, began to jest with him about the splendour of his head-gear, for he wore a black velvet smoking-cap, embroidered with oak leaves in blue, and decorated with a long blue tassel.

"You must be going to your wedding, Gulio!"

"Not at all. I go to Elba on business about some wine."

"Perhaps, then, you have the purse of the Marchesa in your pocket, and have been tapping it. Look out, or we may be called on to row you over to Gorgona!"

"The Marchesa would no. feel rich enough to buy such a cap."

"It is true," said Gulio, with dignity, "that my Signora is not rich, but to be a poor noble in these days is to be a true noble. What we lack in scudi we make up in pedigree."

The boatmen laughed, but one of them said, "Yes, yes, the Forani have not enriched themselves by oppressing the poor."

The mouth of an Italian harbour is made narrow, in order to bring the boats passing to and from the ships readily under the surveillance of the custom-house officers. When several boats are passing through this outlet at once they frequently get wedged together. In this way Gulio's boat was driven alongside a handsomer craft, containing, besides its crew, a gentleman, a lad, two ladies, and some baggage. As the boats momentarily delayed, one of the ladies suddenly screamed, "Gulio Ravi!"

Gulio turned quickly, and as quickly turned away.

"Alto!" said the boatman, "Gulio's cap has fascinated the English Signorina."

Again the lady cried, "Gulio Ravi!" and throwing herself forward, tried to grasp the side of his boat. The

\*The usual abbreviation of Signora.  
†An island used as a convict station.

gentleman near her caught her arm and besought her to be quiet.

"Bother on the lady," said Gulio, still keeping his face averted; "from some mistake about me she will upset her boat, and then we must all be in the water to fish her out."

The rowers were striving to part the boats, but were hindered by the number of the craft about them. The excited woman who had called to Gulio, struggled from her companions, and shrieked, "Gulio! Tell me, is my child living?"

"The woman is mad," said Gulio, uneasily.

The gentleman in the other boat endeavoured to hush the lady, who was attracting general notice. She was not to be quieted; breaking loose from his grasp, she flung herself on her knees as the boats were rapidly parting, stretched forth her arms, and cried, "Gulio! if my child lives, I conjure you to raise your hand!"

"Confound it!" cried Gulio. "I will sit where she cannot see me!" He started up to change his place, and in so doing he was turned from his boatmen, and towards the lady. Was it by accident or intention that for one second he held up his hand with the palm turned to her? Certainly she thought it was the reply to her entreaty. "My child lives!" she said, passionately. "Where are you taking me? I will return, I will rescue him—my child lives."

"Madame Forano," said the Consul, "you distress, you anger me! I have pledged my word to get you quietly away, and you make a scene, which will in two hours be discussed over all the city. That man did not recognize you; he made you no sign; you are mistaken in him."

Mrs. Bruce, the lady with whom Madame Forano was to travel, knew a better method of calming her; she clasped her arms about her, drew her head to her shoulder, and began to speak softly in her ear. Whatever she said, it was potent; Madame Forano made no further disturbance, and reaching the waiting steamer, she went quietly to the state-room which she was to occupy with her friend. The Consul had recovered his affability. "I think you will be comfortable here," he said, glancing about the saloon and state-room. "Mrs. Bruce, let me suggest that you appear the better sailor, and that your *soi disant* maid keep her room under plea of sea-sickness. She had better remain closely in this place."

"I am sure she will not object," said Mrs. Bruce.

"No, no. Oh, if I might only sleep until I reach England!" exclaimed Madame Forano, laying aside her bonnet.

"Good-bye," said the Consul, shaking her hand, and looking at her with sympathy. "It will be one of the pleasantest memories of my life, that I have been able to assist you."

"And I could not forget you, nor cease to be grateful to my preserver in an eternity," said Madame Forano. "My friends will write you, and join their thanks to mine; you have more than delivered my soul from death!" The tears were in her large black eyes as she clasped his hand. Then an intenser feeling of passion and resolution rose in her soul, and burned the tears away. "You will hear of me again! My child lives, and I will find him if I turn over every stone in this wicked land!"

"Good-bye, good-bye," said the Consul, unwilling to commit himself on the dangerous question of the child. "Confide all to your friends, and be entirely guided by them."

He left the state-room door, and found Mrs. Bruce seated at a table near by. "Thank you for coming to me, rescue in extremity," he said; and do not let your charge say or do anything to attract the notice of Italian servants on this ship; they will be back here and spread reports. I think her troubles have turned her mind a little astray. I hope you will find her family. If not, communicate with the address I gave you, and you will be relieved of responsibility."

"I will not leave her until she is safe with her friends," replied Mrs. Bruce.

Even if her parents are dead, she says she has some elder brothers, and there is a strong family and clanish feeling among Jews; she will be sure to find protection."

Bidding Mrs. Bruce and her son farewell, the Consul returned to his boat; the felucca was already off for Elba, and presently the steamer "Orient" was hurrying on its way. Mrs. Bruce was an American lady of the Consul's acquaintance; he had interested her in Madame Forano's story, and obtained a passport for the fugitive to travel as Mrs. Bruce's maid. Mrs. Bruce had procured her dress suitable to the supposed station, and agreed to see her safely established among her friends, and the steamer had been chosen as the safest method of departure, especially as it sailed the day before the time when the Consul had promised to have Judith leave Italy.

But this is a world where many things are being done at once; therefore it is not strange that while the felucca steered toward Elba, the "Orient" toward Gibraltar, the Consul toward shore, Honor Maxwell and Master Michael should have sallied out of Palazzo Borgosola, and with thoughts intent on shoes rather than on ships, directed their steps to the shop of Ser Jacopo.

Ser Jacopo had secured the custom of Signorina Maxwell by favour of Assunta, with whom he was slightly acquainted. Indeed, Assunta had but just purchased of him a pair of shoes for Michael, telling the marvellous tale of the founding, and now that Honor had come to buy Sunday boots for the same child, the garrulous artisan was ready to talk with even more than his usual fluency. It was Honor's custom to talk freely with her Italian tradespeople, that she might thus assure them of her friendly interest in them, and drop by times the words of instruction and Scriptural reproof and consolation of which they were in perishing need. Ser Jacopo felt at ease with the young lady, and after bidding her "*buona sera*," he continued:

"And here is the '*bellissimo bambino*' of which Assunta told me. Trai, Signorina, thus to take him into your gracious care is a deed that looks for reward only from heaven. To do such works of charity, Signorina, is what I call me religion. It was especially the religion of my patroness, the Marchesa Forano, to whom I owe it that I have this

\* Good evening.

† The most beautiful boy.



shop, my wife and eight sons. I have never heard the Marchesa called a learned lady, but she had very valuable practical sense. She has always held that a good citizen was better for Italy than an idle priest; and she said the country had more need of honest fathers than of clerics with nothing to do. When I was a young lad my mother designed to make me a priest for three reasons: first, as an expiatory offering to the Church; second, to free herself from responsibility; and third, to secure me a living which is poor enough, being but two francs a day and pay for a mass, if you can get one to repeat. I was of an age to agree to anything, but the Marchesa considered for me. She proved to my mother that she could not make expiation for herself through me. I consider that sound doctrine, Signorina, though Madame did not learn it from the Holy Church, but out of her own sense; and yet the Marchesa is an excellent Catholic, always keeps her fasts, and attends mass."

Ser. Jacopo had by this time fitted Michael with shoes, and stood with them in his hand, while he continued his favourite story:

"Besides, the Marchesa shewed my mother, Mary be merciful to her soul! that she had no right to escape from accountability concerning me; and lastly she said, 'Here is a great, strong boy; he will want plenty to eat and drink; he must be busy, or he will fall into mischief, and you set him to starve on two francs a day with nothing to do. Instead of expiating your sins, he will increase his own. Very need will drive him to lying and cheating the poor, ignorant and dying, to get a few more francs for his food and lodging. 'There are good priests,' said the Marchesa, 'but they are men with a vocation, who have not donned the gown for the sake of two francs a day. Che, che!' said the Marchesa, 'the world must always wear shoes—make him a calzajo,\* and I will pay his fee.' And so it was, Signorina, and since then I have made my way. I took care of my mother until the holy angels assumed that responsibility; I married the daughter of a calzajo of Bartetta; I named my first boy Sandro, for the Marchese; my second, Joseph, for the honoured Marchesa Josepha; my third, Forano, from the estate; my fourth, Marchese, for want of any other name belonging to my patrons, and since then I have been obliged to cease paying my duty to the family, in naming my children for them, simply because there were twice as many children as names."

"The Marchesa was certainly a good friend to you," said Honor, rising to leave the shop. "I hope your children are all quite well, and their good mother also."

"Well enough, Signorina, grazie. But I have sent Sandro to Firenze, in care of a vetturino, to inquire after my wife's brother. He went there as a journeyman calzajo in the Piazza San Marco, and we have heard that he has fallen in with some Vaudois, and is becoming heretical."

"And you would think that very evil, Ser. Jacopo?"

"It would be very dangerous, Signorina, and people like ourselves, who stand well with the authorities, had better not risk anything. See what heresy has done for the Vaudois."

"Yes, truly many of them have died for it. They must, therefore, believe it. What if their views should be true? I suppose, then, Ser. Jacopo, you feel it right that Vaudois should be outcasts?"

Ser. Jacopo glanced about, lowered his voice. "Ecco, Signorina, I cannot forget that the Vaudois are our Italian brothers. I'd much rather have the Vaudois than Austrians, and the Marchesa always held all persecution to be wrong. Cospetto, what can one do? Only the best that one can. I have sent Sandro to bid brother Nanni, come and work with me, and avoid danger."

"Good-day, then, Jacopo. I hope God will guide you and yours."

"Felicissima notte, Signorina! May all the saints protect you."

Honor did not turn toward the Palazzo Borgosio, but down the Corso, to a substantial dwelling, which served as a church and parsonage for a congregation of British subjects, who worshipped God under the protection of their own flag, and were closely watched lest they should do any proselyting. When Honor was admitted by the front door of this dwelling, she saw a room opposite open, and the minister seated at a table. Before him stood a priest of some thirty years old, who seemed in the height of passion. As Honor followed the servant upstairs to the drawing-room in the piano nobile, she heard the priest thus:

"You are not ashamed to say, to teach, that we are saved wholly by grace through faith, without aid of our good works? Infamous fellow, ten thousand times infamous! I will meet you, refute you—"

The closing of the drawing-room door shut out the priest's voice. Mrs. Polwarth presently entered, and the first thing was to discuss Michael.

"Very likely some of your servants know more about him than they admit, and are trading, for his support, on his beauty and your generosity," said Mrs. Polwarth. "These Italians are very artful."

"At least, I shall have the advantage of instructing him, and he seems a bright child. As long as I call him my protégé, and provide for him, there will be one Italian whom I can evangelize without let or hindrance," replied Honor.

"That is one comfort," said Mrs. Polwarth. "Do you know that little room which we hired for the Vaudois school, and paid for in advance, has been taken away on pretence of some flaw, and we lose all our rent after one week's occupation?"

"Oh, really, I would appeal to the Consul. That is shameful."

"And it is the third time it has happened. But appeal is useless; it would only attract attention and opposition. I have taken our boxes out of the little room on the terrazzo, and shall have the school there, in a little, dark, close place. Then our house has been watched for three nights, so that our class of four catechumens could not get in. If we are to evangelize Italy by such means as are now in hand, our prospect is of slow success."

"This is our day of patience, of waiting, of small things," said Honor, "but by-and-by you will see the great and effectual door opened, and great things will be done for us, whereof our souls shall be glad. There is even now some fruit."

"And very poor fruit, I assure you. To-day I feel discouraged. We have news that a priest whom we thought converted and got off to England is leading an idle, dissolute life. In the number of years we have spent here we have aided the escape of three priests and a nun, and not one of them has turned out well," said Mrs. Polwarth mournfully.

"And yet you would continue to teach, and send to England those who professed to be converts, and must escape for their lives?"

"Why, certainly; to do the work we find is our business, the event is for God," said Mrs. Polwarth.

"And you are only now complaining that God has not properly managed the event," said Honor, quietly.

"Thank you, I see; I will not distress myself about God's part in the work. Besides, one true convert would pay for all our disappointment; look at a De Sanctis."

Dr. Polwarth coming in caught the last word. "The Padre Innocenza, with whom I have just parted, is far from being a De Sanctis: he is in a white hot fury. Would be glad to imprison or assassinate me, and debarred those privileges, is about to destroy me in a controversy."

"Oh, by no means!" cried Mrs. Polwarth, "a public controversy would awake hostility enough to ruin our work here. Though you defeated your opponent you would be still more defeated yourself. Besides, I thought it was against canon law for priests to enter into controversy."

"But this is to be a private controversy, on paper, my dear; and as for canon law, it is not my affair. Padre Innocenza disregards it: he is a priest from the hills, some miles from the city. I am to write my views, and he is prepared triumphantly to refute them, and reduce me to contempt."

"I would have nothing to do with it," said Mrs. Polwarth, "he will garble your paper and publish its distorted form to your detriment."

"Nevertheless," said the doctor, after a short consideration, "I think I will enter into the matter, and leave the Lord to protect the exposition of my faith. You see, the proposal is that I give him a statement of the doctrines I hold, and the reasons or proofs thereof. Now, that gives me opportunity to preach to the poor young man a full Gospel, such a thing as he has never heard in his life. Perhaps for this very end God has sent him to me, boiling over as he is with rage; and taking my letter to contradict it, he may be led by it to the light. Yes, I shall write a full, careful, scriptural letter on faith in Christ Jesus, and asking God's blessing on it, may get my answer of peace after many days."

Dr. Polwarth now turned his attention to Michael, and declared him to be a Greek. To prove his point he sent for a young Greek who lodged in an opposite attic, who might converse with the boy in his native tongue, and solve the mystery of his appearance and parentage. The Greek was accordingly brought over. Michael listened gravely to his discourse, laughed melodiously, and comprehended not a word.

Mrs. Polwarth then went out to walk with Honor. On the pier they met a turbaned Turk, who had earned his square of carpet thither to say his sunset prayers. When his devotions were finished, Mrs. Polwarth begged him to speak to Michael. The Turk did so; the boy shook his head, and repeated the three words he had learned; "lady," "please," and "grazie."

(To be continued.)

A PROTEST AGAINST INJUDICIOUS EARLY RISING.

Dr. Hall, in a late number of his "Journal of Health," says: "One of the very worst economies of time is that fished from necessary sleep. The wholesale but blind commendation of early rising is as mischievous in practice as it is arrant in theory. Early rising is a crime against the noblest part of our physical nature, unless it is preceded by an early retiring. Multitudes of business men in large cities count it a saving of time if they can make a journey of a hundred or two miles at night by steam, rail or railway. It is a ruinous mistake. It never fails to be followed by a want of general well-feeling for several days after, if, indeed, the man does not return home actually sick, or so near it as to be unfit for a full attention to his business for a week afterwards. When a man leaves home on business, it is always important that he should have his wits about him; that the mind should be fresh and vigorous, the spirit lively, buoyant, and cheerful. No man can say that it is thus with him after a night on a railroad, or on the shelf of a steamboat. The first great recipe for sound, connected, and refreshing sleep, is physical exercise, toil is the price of sleep. We caution parents particularly not to allow their children to be waked in the mornings; let nature wake them up, she will not do it prematurely; but have a care that they go to bed at an early hour; let it be earlier and earlier, until it is found that they wake of themselves in full time to dress for breakfast. Being waked up early, and allowed to engage in difficult, or any, studies late, and just before retiring, has given many a beautiful and promising child brain fever, or determined ordinary ailments to the production of water on the brain."

PROF. SWIFT reports that it is the opinion of astronomers generally that the comet is identical with the one discovered in Brazil on the 29th, and called in Europe by the name of Dom Pedro. It is probably a new comet. There is no division of the comet. Letters claiming the discovery in this country, and the Warner prize, continue to come in by hundreds. The letters are being carefully examined, and it is expected an announcement will soon be made as to whom the honour belongs.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

SPAIN invites the persecuted Jews of Russia to settle within her borders, and a meeting to oppose bull-fights was lately held.

THE Pope convoked an extraordinary council of cardinals to consider the recent riots. After a prolonged discussion, Cardinal Pecci's proposal to delay all action was agreed to.

A TRE exploring party, sent by the Syndicate to search for a route through British Columbia more southerly than that of the Yellowhead Pass, have so far failed to find a practicable pass through the Selkirk Range, and have no hopes of finding one.

IN conversation, the Archbishop of Canterbury said the last audible words of Dean Stanley were: "I have laboured amidst many frailties and much weakness to make Westminster Abbey the great centre of religious and national life in a truly liberal spirit."

MR. ELLIOT STOCK, who recently issued the English New Testament for a penny, is about to publish an illustrated New Testament in the French language, at the same price, for distribution on the continent. Nearly a quarter of a million of the English edition have been circulated.

BRITISH COLUMBIA has a source of serious trouble at hand in the shape of the new Chinese immigrants. These refuse to pay taxes, and otherwise treat the laws with contempt. A Yale policeman, who went to collect the school tax from "John," was inconspicuously "bounced."

A FRENCH MONSEIGNEUR has discovered a great catacomb before the St. Pancrazio gate at Rome. It has ten chapels and extends as far as the foundations of the Villa Doria Pamphily. All the graves have been previously opened, but the discoverer hopes that he may still come upon some which have been left undisturbed.

ONE-FOURTH of the income of the Basle Mission, which sustains 115 missionaries in India, Africa, and China, and has gathered 13,245 church members, is derived from a penny-a-week, contributed by 120,000 persons. The collections were begun in 1855, and have amounted to \$1,156,145. In 1879 they were \$53,000.

THE "Aion," a newspaper published in Greek at Athens, states that the Rev. Dr. John H. Hill, the American missionary, who is now in his ninetieth year, and Mrs. Hill, who is eighty-nine years old, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage on the 27th of April. There was a large assemblage of their former pupils and friends present. Dr. Hill has for some time been deprived of his sight. He went to Greece in 1829.

By the Congregational Year Book for 1881, it appears that the net increase of members in 1880 was very small—being only 1,792. The total is 384,332. The churches number 3,745—a gain of 71. The total number of ministers is 3,577, of whom 2,412 are in pastoral work—\$72 as pastors, 1,540 as acting pastors. Of the 3,745 churches, 945 are vacant. The total of benevolent contributions was \$1,032,272, and of home expenditures, \$3,446,489.

DR. LEWIS SWIFT, director of the Warner Observatory, recently received a letter from Mr. T. M. Schaeberle, Ann Arbor, Michigan, announcing that he had discovered nebulous matter, which he supposed to be a comet, in right ascension five hours forty-eight minutes; declination north thirty-eight degrees forty-five minutes, but daylight obscured its identity. At three o'clock this morning Dr. Swift reported that he had discovered the comet in the constellation Auriga, and that it is quite bright, being larger and more luminous than the one discovered May 1st by Dr. Swift. Its centre is strongly reddened, and from the motion, it is apparently very slow. It cannot be ascertained whether it is going directly toward or from the earth. The comet is telescopic. This is the fourth comet discovered since May 1st. Dr. Swift thinks, from the present position of the comet, it is the expected comet of 1812. It is moving very slowly toward the north west. Mr. Schaeberle puts in a claim for the \$200 Warner prize.

TWO Italian girl students, the Signorina Carolina Magistrelli, of Mantua, and the Signorina Evangelina Boitiero, of Acqui, who had previously passed, with great distinction, examinations in Greek, Latin, and Italian literature in the Roman University, lately took doctor's degrees in natural sciences. Each, having obtained the maximum number of votes, became thereby entitled to have her theses printed. The "Opinione" says that, as far as it knows, no woman has until now taken a degree in the Roman University since its foundation by Innocent IV. in the thirteenth century. Notwithstanding, says the "Capitan Fracassa," that the appearance of these young persons among the students was at first viewed with dissatisfaction by the heads of the University, their studies soon won for them the esteem of the professors, and their exemplary conduct was such that their presence among the students, instead of being a cause for dissatisfaction, commanded the chivalrous respect of their colleagues of the male sex.

A LONDON newspaper, the St. James "Gazette," following an example often set by the American press, has been taking a census of the church congregations of the metropolis. In sixty-three churches of the Establishment, with seating accommodations for 32,455 worshippers, only 6,721 persons were present, while the sixteen dissenting chapels had 4,399 present, with accommodation for 15,290 persons. Some of the church congregations were ridiculously small. Excluding officials and poor people attending for relief, there were four worshippers only at St. Dunstan-in-the-East, and at St. Nicholas, Cole Abbey, only two. One clergyman, with £1,500 a year, has a "net" congregation of thirteen. The incumbent of St. Botolph's, Bishopsgate, is paid £1,650 for ministering to a congregation of 224, while of the 145 persons who attend St. Andrew's, Mary-Axe, of which the Bishop of Bedford is the incumbent, with an annual income of £2,400, forty-one are officials and school children. The St. James "Gazette" is a staunch Church and State paper, but the friends of Disestablishment will derive a great deal of aid and comfort from its figures.

\* A shoemaker. † Florence. ‡ Behold!  
§ Look! ¶ The usual contraction of Giovanni, or John.

## MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

KNOX Church, Mitchell, has been re-opened for divine service. It has undergone thorough repair and is much improved.

THE Presbyterian congregation of Wingham are about erecting a new church at a cost of \$13,000, to replace the building recently destroyed by fire.

THE ladies of St. Matthew's Church, Osnabruck, lately presented Mrs. McCrae, wife of Rev. D. L. McCrae, with a handsome sum of money, accompanied by an address expressive of esteem and affection.

THE Presbytery of Whitby met in Whitby on Tuesday, 19th of July. The only business of public importance that was transacted was hearing the trial discourses of Mr. W. R. McCulloch, and licensing him to preach the Gospel.

REV. A. LCLEAN, of Blyth, on Monday, 21st inst., left for a tour through the Western States. Having been granted a three months' leave of absence, the rev. gentleman intends to take due advantage of it. We heartily wish him a pleasant trip, an enjoyable time and a safe return.

THE Rev. Mr. Lowry and family intend leaving Brantford shortly and making Toronto the place of their future residence. "In the removal of Mr. Lowry," says the "Expositor," "we lose one of our most public spirited citizens, and one whose influence has always been exerted to advance the cause of religion and education."

THOROLD congregation has given its pastor, the Rev. C. D. McDonald, a month's vacation, and a purse of one hundred and twenty dollars, to help him spend the month all the more agreeably. This purse cannot be looked upon as a mere solatium to atone for a stingy stipend, or perhaps to make up for arrears due, for Thorold Presbyterians give a good average stipend, and always pay the same strictly in advance.

THE Pembroke "Observer" says the Rev. S. C. Fraser, M.A., one of the pioneer Presbyterian ministers of the county, and for many years the much esteemed and popular pastor of one of the McNab congregations, is in town and is the guest of his old friend, Mr. Irving, the County Registrar. Mr. Fraser looks hale and hearty and becomes his age well. He has many warm friends in this town who are all glad to have the opportunity of giving him a "Highland welcome."

THE opening of North Mountain Presbyterian church took place on the 17th inst., and the event was a source of great joy to many. The opening services were performed by the Rev. Dr. Smith, of Kingston. The amount of \$1,000 was raised during the several diets of worship, which more than covers the debt upon the building. The church is a neat, stone building, costing about \$5,000, and the people are to be congratulated that they can now worship in it free from incumbrances.

FROM the Louisville "National Presbyterian" we learn that Mr. L. L. Warren presented to the Broadway Tabernacle of that city the sum of \$41,000, on condition that the remainder of the debt, amounting to \$15,000, should be cleared off at once. The offer was at once accepted, and something more than the required amount subscribed. In celebration of the church being freed from debt special services were lately held, at which the Rev. A. B. Simpson, the former pastor of the church, officiated with great acceptance.

PRESBYTERY OF OWEN SOUND.—This Presbytery met at Griersville on the 5th inst. Although Mr. Dewar was absent from the last meeting, he was, on motion duly made, allowed to enter his dissent against the finding of Presbytery on Mr. Mordy's report anent his subscription list for missionary in Sarawak and North Keppel. The Presbytery held a visitation of the congregation. After the questions had been answered by the several parties appointed, the congregation was addressed by Messrs. Stevenson, McKenzie and McLennan. An extract minute of Synod was read, intimating that Berkeley station had been transferred to the Presbytery of Owen Sound. Messrs. Somerville and Cameron were appointed to visit Berkeley and announce the decision of Synod to them. In the evening a visitation of Meaford was held. The congregation was addressed by Messrs. Cameron, Colter and Dewar, and these brethren, with Mr. McLennan, were appointed a committee to form

a deliverance on the visitations held, and submit the same to the Presbytery at its meeting next morning. Messrs. Stevenson, McKenzie and Rogers were appointed to examine Mr. Graham with the view of appointing him mission work in the Peninsula. After examination Mr. Graham was appointed a catechist. The Treasurer's books were audited and found correct. Attention was called to the fact that several ministers were absent without reason being given. It was agreed that an explanation should be asked at the next meeting. JOHN SOMERVILLE, *Pres. Clerk*.

THE PRESBYTERY OF SAUGEEN.—This Presbytery met in Guthrie Church, Harriston, on the 12th inst. Mr. McLeod was appointed Moderator for the next six months. Members who failed to produce their session records were ordered to do so at next meeting, along with their communion and baptismal rolls. The Presbytery agreed to transfer Mr. A. B. Dobson to the Presbytery of Lindsay for license. Mr. McLeod was appointed to organize the petitioners of Durham into a congregation, and act as Moderator of session. Mr. A. Wilson, having delivered his trials, was duly licensed to preach the Gospel. Mr. G. A. Smith having satisfactorily answered the prescribed questions, was received as a minister of the Church. Mr. Young was appointed to attend to the interest of the colleges within the bounds of the Presbytery. Mr. Campbell gave in a report of the Home Mission work of the Presbytery. Messrs. Gaudie and Campbell, students, gave important information in connection with their fields of labour. Mr. Campbell, of Harriston, was appointed to dispense the sacrament of the Lord's supper at Black's Corners and Howlet settlement during the summer. A call from the congregation of Osprey in favour of Mr. John Chisholm, M.A., was sustained, and accepted by Mr. Chisholm. In the event of his trials being sustained, arrangements were made for his ordination and induction on the 3rd of August. The congregations of Markdale and Flesherton applied for moderation. Mr. Eakin was appointed to moderate in a call in these congregations at his earliest convenience.—S. YOUNG, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF HAMILTON.—This Presbytery met on the 19th inst. Mr. Scouler reported the formation of a regular session in Erskine Church, Hamilton. Mr. J. H. Simpson was reappointed to Louth for six months. Mr. Munro tendered his resignation of the pastoral charge at Port Colborne, and the congregation and session are cited to appear for their interests. Mr. R. G. Thomson delivered his trial exercises to the satisfaction of the Presbytery, and was licensed to preach the Gospel. The commissioners to the last Assembly reported diligence. The Standing Committees were reappointed. Mr. Mutch, missionary at Fort Erie, directed attention to a proposal to raise money for the support of Gospel ordinances by a picnic with dancing, which was advertised, and asked advice from the Presbytery. The following was the deliverance: "Resolved, to approve the conduct of Mr. Mutch in opposing the raising of money for the support of the Gospel by such means; and feeling the danger which threatens the Church from questionable methods of raising money for the Lord's work, and sinful conformity to the world in social amusements, further instruct the Clerk to write to the office-bearers of the church at Fort Erie, beseeching them to do their endeavour to avert so grievous a scandal upon the good name of the Presbyterian Church, as must obtain if the picnic advertised for Tuesday, the 26th inst., be conducted in the manner advertised in connection with the Presbyterian cause." Mr. Robinson, of Strabane, was appointed to preach at Fort Erie on Sabbath, the 24th inst., read this decision, and counsel the congregation.—JOHN LAING, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF LONDON.—This Presbytery met on the 12th inst. in the First Presbyterian Church, Clarence street, London. After the opening exercises, the minutes of the May meeting were read and approved. The first business taken up was the application from Knox Church, St. Thomas, for permission to sell 130 feet of the lot on which the church stands, and apply the proceeds towards the erection of a new church building. After some discussion on the prospects for another congregation in St. Thomas, it was decided to grant the request of the congregation. The returns from the General Assembly recommended the admission of Messrs. W. D. Reese and J. H. Edmonds to the ministry of the Church, and on motion it was decided that they be received. Considerable

discussion ensued on the report recommending the formation of a new Presbytery to be called the Sarnia Presbytery, and to consist of the congregations of St. Andrew's Church, Sarnia; Knox Church, Camlachie; Forest and McKay's; Knox Church, Thedford, and Lake Road; Parkhill and McGillivray; Nairn and Beechwood; West Williams and North-east Adelaide; Point Edward, Burns Church and Moore Line; Brngden and Bear Creek; Alvinston and Napier; Petrolia; Mandaumin, Wyoming and Plympton, Watford and Main Road; Adelaide and Arkona; with the mission stations of Corunna, Mooretown and Oil Springs. It was urged by many of the speakers that Strathroy ought to have been included in that Presbytery, but it was at the special request of the congregation in question that it had been retained under the London Presbytery. This division was finally accepted. The Commissioners to the General Assembly reported their attendance, and a vote of thanks was tendered to them. A delegation consisting of Messrs. D. McKenzie and Weir, of Hyde Park; and Messrs. Waugh and Grant, of Komoka, was heard in regard to the recent difficulty with the Presbytery about the supplementing of Rev. Mr. Henderson's (the pastor's) salary. The matter has been before the Presbytery once or twice before, and no doubt the facts will be well remembered. As the delegation made no motion, the Rev. Dr. Proudfoot asked if the congregation were in possession of all the facts. If so, they must either increase the minister's salary themselves or insist on the Presbytery doing so. After some discussion, the Rev. Dr. Proudfoot moved, "That, as the Presbytery united Komoka and Hyde Park under one pastor, while neither the Hyde Park people nor the pastor desired it, and as the Presbytery, in view of the additional labour and expense imposed on the pastor agreed that the salary should be \$800 per annum, and as the circumstances remain unchanged, the Presbytery do now renew its application to the Home Mission Committee for supplement up to \$800, leaving it to the Home Mission Committee to grant the amount asked if they shall be able, it being understood, that if this application fail these congregations will allow the matter to drop." Seconded by Mr. Cuthbertson. Mr. Rennie moved in amendment, seconded by Mr. Beamer, "That the Presbytery, having heard the commissioners from Hyde Park and Komoka, resolve, that whereas the law of the General Assembly does not allow congregations to be supplemented beyond \$700, unless in exceptional cases, and whereas there does not appear to be any specialty now existing in the case of Hyde Park and Komoka, the Presbytery does not see its way to make application for a supplement to make the stipend more than the usual maximum." Mr. Henderson stated that the expenses in connection with holding services at Komoka were not met by the amount received therefrom. He was willing to place his accounts on the table for examination, and they would prove this fact. Dr. Proudfoot spoke to his motion, stating that there was danger that the Presbytery might get the name of repudiating their duties and engagements, and this would be worse than the reputation of extravagance. By carrying the motion it would shift the responsibility on the shoulders of the Home Mission Committee, and be the easiest way of letting all parties withdraw from the positions taken. The vote taken was, Mr. Rennie's amendment, 19; Dr. Proudfoot's motion, 10. Several members expressed their dissent, including Dr. Proudfoot, D. B. Whimster and Mr. Cuthbertson, and asked that it be recorded on the minutes. Rev. Mr. Henderson gave notice that at the next meeting of the Presbytery he would ask to be allowed to look to the congregations for the whole of his stipend. Mr. McKinnon and Mr. Sutherland were, on motion, appointed a Committee to inquire into and consider the reasons for the protests, with instructions to report at the next meeting of the Presbytery. Rev. Mr. Henderson presented the following: "I dissent from this decision of the Presbytery, for the following reasons, to be engrossed in the minutes: First—It is unprecedented in the Presbyterian Church, as the reduction of a minister's stipend by a Presbytery. Second—It is a deliberate and unnecessary refusal to make any attempt to meet the expenses entailed on a minister by additional labours put upon him by the Presbytery, according to the usual practice of the Church. Third—It is a practical contradiction of the principle set down by the Presbytery of London, at its meeting in May, 1880, in respect to supplementing

estimates, namely, that there should be no 'relaxation of effort' on the part of the Presbytery in their correspondence with the Home Mission Committee, in order to secure a continuance of the original grant. Fourth—It is a direct violation of the Presbytery's own covenant engagement made at the union of Komoka with Hyde Park, at its meeting on July 9. h, 1878. Fifth—It is virtually the same motion that was appealed to the Synod of Hamilton and London, which appeal was sustained in April last, and it therefore does violence to the spirit and intent of the Synod's finding. (Signed) Alex. Henderson." A request was received from Srathroy, asking the Presbytery to moderate in a call. Agreed to. Some discussion then took place on Church government, in regard to ministers discharging duty in each other's missions, and dismissals from church congregations. No action was taken in this matter. Some reference was made to the farewells of the western members, who would in future form the Sarnia Presbytery. Dr. Proudfoot, on the eve of parting, would not take up time with a long speech. Personally he had been opposed to the division, but did not take a very active part in the discussion on the subject. Rev. Mr. Duncan had been opposed tooth and nail to the division, but nevertheless parted the best of friends with his brethren in the good work. With such a large field as the London Presbytery embraced it was impossible to be acquainted with all the congregations. It would be better for the young men in debating, as they would have less difficulties in facing a smaller gathering. He referred to the loss which the London Presbytery were suffering by the division, and expressed kind regards for all, and the entire absence of any personal feeling on his part in debate. W. R. Sutherland, of Ekfrid, followed in a brief speech on the rapid progress made by the Church in Canada, for which they should thank God, to whom the growth might be attributed. The harmony which had characterized their proceedings throughout, and the great mercy shewn towards the brethren, inasmuch as they had been spared by God to do His work, were causes for great thankfulness. He concluded by referring to the wealth and influence of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Rev. Mr. Thompson anticipated that the new Presbytery would be successful. He thought the younger members took their full share in debate, and often proved their knowledge of the law by setting their elders right. After prayer the Presbytery adjourned.

It has been well said that no man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear.—Geo. Macdonald.

THE NEWS recently received from one of the Hawaiian missionaries in the Gilbert Islands reads like one of the tales of romance. The people of Tapi-tea, under Rev. W. B. Kapu, have gathered together all their weapons of war and burned them. They have also passed stringent prohibitory laws, making illegal all traffic in intoxicating liquor. The sanctity of the Sabbath is also enforced by imposing heavy fines for games or labour on that day.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "On the death of the pastor of the Dutch Chapel in Smyrna, which occurred in February, 1880, the congregation applied to the Government of the Netherlands for the continuation of the stipend allowed from time immemorial for the partial support of a new pastor. The Government objected to the continuation of the stipend, but consented to take the matter under consideration provided the 'General Synod of the Wallonne Churches' of the Netherlands made the request. The congregation of the church, not being able to pay more than half of the necessary amount, corresponded through the chairman of its consistory with the ecclesiastical authorities. It appears that although the late pastor had been appointed by the Government at the recommendation of the General Synod, and selected from their own number, and had filled that post over thirty years, he had never sustained any ecclesiastical relation, either by correspondence or in any other way, with that body, and their reply was that before they made the desired request to the Government they wished to have authentic, historical evidence that the church in Smyrna did originally belong to their body. I was accordingly intrusted with the work of searching the old records of the church and consulate, and making an historical sketch, which proved very laborious and often tedious. Very

fortunately, I discovered in an old chest a lot of consular records of the years 1610 to 1685, and church records dated 1688 to 1705, which although much worm-eaten and almost falling to pieces, and written in an old quaint style in Dutch, settled the matter beyond a doubt. The work completed was presented to the General Synod, and had the desired effect, and at once procured the recommendation asked for, and subsequently the grant from the Government, to the great joy of all our congregation. I spent many nights plodding over these musty documents, but I was richly repaid, as, besides obtaining what we were after, several very interesting facts about the history of Smyrna came to light, which were before either unknown or of which there existed no known records. Among other things clearly proved is that the Dutch colony in Smyrna was established before the year 1610. In the church records a minute is entered to the effect that the previous records of the church had been lost during a great earthquake which had destroyed the city of Smyrna on the 18th July, 1688, which proves the existence of an organized Protestant church over 200 years ago."

## SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

### INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

#### LESSON XXXII.

#### THE PASSOVER

Aug. 7. }  
1881. }

{ Ex. xii.  
1-14. }

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. v. 7.

#### HOME READINGS.

- M. Ex. xi. 1-10.....The First-born Threatened.
- T. Ex. xii. 1-17.....Passover Instituted.
- W. Ex. xii. 18-28.....Unleavened Bread.
- Th. Ex. xii. 29-51.....Israelites Driven out of the Land.
- F. 1 Cor. v. 1-8.....Christ our Passover.
- S. Deut. xvi. 1-22...."Keep the Passover."
- Sab. Ps. lxxxviii. 40-53..God's Wrath Against Egypt.

#### HELPS TO STUDY.

Our present lesson opens at that point of time when nine of the plagues enumerated in the last lesson had been inflicted, and the tenth, the most severe of all, was impending. Once and again Pharaoh had pretended to submit, promised to set the Israelites free, and begged Moses to entreat with God for the removal of the affliction; but on each of these occasions, up to the point at which we have now arrived, whenever the plague was removed his heart became harder than ever, and he proved himself as dishonest as he was unmerciful. On one occasion this treacherous and faithless potentate had made the confession "I have sinned," but he had spoiled it by adding the words "this time." The true penitent understands and confesses not only that he has sinned "this time," but that he has been sinning all along. And now there hung over Pharaoh and his people the most terrible calamity of all—a plague that could not like the others be removed—the slaying of the first-born in every family. In preparation for this event, and for the immediate departure of the Israelites from Egypt, the ordinance which forms the subject of our lesson was instituted, and observed for the first time. It was called the passover because in slaying the first-born the Lord would pass over those houses that had the blood of the paschal lamb sprinkled on their door posts.

The following topical division may be adopted: (1) *The New Era*, (2) *The Slain Lamb*, (3) *The Sprinkled Blood*, (4) *The Hasty Feast*, (5) *The Safe Dwelling*.

I. THE NEW ERA.—Vers. 1, 2. The centuries of Egyptian bondage had come to a close; a new era—an era of independence and prosperity and liberty to serve the true God in their own land, the land promised to Abraham—now dawned upon the Israelites, and their calendar was changed. The bygone years of slavery were to be forgotten and they were to begin a new life.

This month shall be unto you the beginning of months. Formerly the year of the Hebrews began in the month corresponding with our September; thenceforward their ecclesiastical year was to begin in the month Abib (Ex. xii. 4), answering to our March or April, or parts of both.

II. THE SLAIN LAMB.—Vers. 3-6. In the institution of the passover the family or household is recognized as well as the individual and the congregation of Israel. It is so under the New Testament dispensation also. Religion is a matter that belongs to the individual, to the family and to the Church. Family worship is not less important, not less beneficial, not less obligatory, than private or public worship. Neither does religion exclude the social element, for here we find neighbours directed to unite in the celebration of the passover where the families were small.

Your lamb shall be without blemish. It was to be complete and healthy in all its parts and organs, without any wound or malformation—and thus emblematic of the perfect holiness of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God, who was to appear in a subsequent age and give Himself as a sacrifice for sin. Peter, in his First Epistle (i. 18, 19), speaks of our being redeemed "with the precious blood of Christ, as of a lamb without blemish and without spot." The passover certainly commemorated the deliverance of Israel from Egyptian bondage, but that was not its principal

object. It looked forward more than backward, and to the faithful among the Israelites gave assurance of a coming atonement for sin.

And the whole Assembly of the congregation of Israel shall kill it in the evening. The lamb was to be killed by the master of the house, in the presence of his family, at the moment of sunset on the fourteenth day of the month—or rather on the fourteenth day of the moon, for the month of the Jews began at new moon, and thus the passover, like their other feasts, was movable. The Talmud contains this remarkable passage: "It was a famous and old opinion among the ancient Jews that the day of the New Year, which was the beginning of the Israelites' deliverance out of Egypt, should in the future time be the beginning of the redemption of the Messiah." And so it was, for the Saviour suffered at the time of the passover. The fact of its being instituted on the occasion of the deliverance from Egypt made the passover commemorative of the exodus, but all the circumstances connected with it—the date of its observance, the innocent lamb, the shed blood, the unbroken bones—instead of being commemorative of things past or then transpiring, were "shadows of things to come."

III. THE SPRINKLED BLOOD.—Ver. 7. Did not God know the houses of the Hebrews from those of the Egyptians, and could He not pass over the former in destroying the first-born of the latter without any visible sign being placed on their doors? It is well to start this question because it is so like a great many questions that people are continually asking themselves and others regarding God's doings. Yes, He could; but He chose, for good and wise reasons, to make the Israelites shew their faith in His word, in His mercy and loving-kindness to them, by the simple act of sprinkling the blood of the paschal lamb on their door-posts. So whatever God commands us to do we neglect at our peril, however insignificant or even useless it may appear to us in comparison with the infinitude of His own power exercised for our salvation. He deigns to work through means of His own appointment—it is our part to employ these means. The great lesson taught here is that, in order "to escape the wrath of God due to us for sin," we must, individually, have "the redemption purchased by Christ" applied to us by the holy Spirit. The Lamb is slain, the blood is shed, but after all is done how can we be saved unless we obtain, by faith, a personal interest in the atonement.

IV. THE HASTY FEAST.—Vers. 8-11. The Israelite was to eat the passover with his loins girded, his shoes on his feet and his staff in his hand, ready for the wilderness. So with the Christian in the beginning of his course. True, he enters upon a rest—a sweet and satisfying rest in Christ and His merits, a much-needed rest from the ineffectual struggle to work out a righteousness of his own by the deeds of the law—but he does not by any means enter upon a life of rest from warfare against the devil, the world and the flesh, or of rest from work in the Master's service; on the contrary it is only then that the warfare and the work begin. The "S. S. Times" has the following pointed words on this subject. "Salvation is the beginning of the Christian's race, and not the end of it. Christ's work in winning your salvation is finished; but your work of proving your salvation has just begun. As soon as you are saved you must start out into the wilderness, and have a hard time of it. It would seem as if this passage were wretchedly mis-read by some, read after this fashion: And thus shall ye eat it—thus partake of God's plan of redemption—with your dressing-gown on, your embroidered slippers on your feet, your fan or a new novel in your hand, and sitting in an easy-chair. It is good to be brought back to the naked text once in a while! Having safety in the blood of the Crucified One doesn't absolve us from further work or trial; but it sets us at it with all our might."

V. THE SAFE DWELLING.—Vers. 13, 14. On that terrible night there was not a safe dwelling in Egypt but those upon which the blood was sprinkled; to all the rest the morning's light brought mourning and woe, for "there was not a house where there was not one dead." "There was," says the "National S. S. Teacher," "no immunity from the plague except under the blood. The Israelites were distinguished from the Egyptians only by that. They were spared that night, not for the sake of their works, nor for their genealogies, but for the blood. The destroying angel did not look at them but at the blood-sprinkled lintels. He did not look at their faith, nor their repentance, but simply at the crimson stains upon the door-posts. So our salvation is purchased, not by our works, nor by our faith, nor by our repentance, but by the precious blood of Christ. 'Apart from shedding of blood there is no remission.' Repentance and faith merely appropriate what grace has done."

#### TO SUBSCRIBERS IN ARREARS.

The fact that so many of our readers allow their subscriptions to get far in arrears renders the publication of THE PRESBYTERIAN a very onerous task. The amount so owing now aggregates THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS. A change must take place. It is impossible for us to longer allow so unsatisfactory a state of affairs to continue, and friends are urged TO MAKE IMMEDIATE REMITTANCE. Accounts are enclosed in this issue, and we expect a prompt response.

We have all along looked upon our subscribers as HONEST AND TRUSTWORTHY; it is now for them to shew that our estimate was not a great mistake.

Names in arrears for more than two years on 1st of August next will be struck from our list; and the accounts will be placed in other hands for collection.



## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

### LITTLE TEMPLES.

"Ye are the temples of God."

Jesus, can a child like me  
Thine own living temple be?

Yes, Thy Spirit day by day  
In my heart will deign to stay.

Then that heart must ever be  
A fit dwelling-place for Thee.

Naughty tempers, thoughts of sin,  
These things must not enter in.

But a temple is a place  
Built for constant prayer and praise,

And the teaching of Thy Word;  
Am I such a temple, Lord?

Yes, if all I do and say,  
In my work and in my play,

Shall be gentle, true, and right,  
Pleasing in Thy holy sight.

Help me, Lord, for I am weak;  
Make me hear when Thou dost speak.

Cleanse my heart from every sin,  
Make me beautiful within.

May Thy presence from above  
Fill my heart with holy love.

Then shall those about me see  
That the Saviour dwells in me.

### NEVER FORGET TO PRAY.

Never, my child, forget to pray,  
Whate'er the business of the day;  
If happy dreams have blessed thy sleep  
If startling fears have made thee weep,  
With holy thoughts begin the day,  
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

The time will come when thou wilt miss  
A father's and a mother's kiss,  
And then, my child, perchance thou'lt see  
Some who in prayer ne'er bend the knee;  
From such examples turn away,  
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

### THE MOTHERLESS.

SITTING in the school room, I overheard a conversation between a sister and a brother. The little boy complained of insults or wrongs received from another little boy. His face was flushed with anger. The sister listened a while, and then turning away, she answered, "I do not want to hear another word; Willie has no mother." The brother's lips were silent; the rebuke came home to him, and stealing away, he muttered, "I never thought of that." He thought of his own mother, and the loneliness of "Willie" compared with his own happy lot. "He has no mother." Do we think of it when want comes to the orphan, and rude words assail him? Has the little wanderer no mother to listen to his little sorrows? Speak gently, to him, then.

### "I CAN'T UNDO IT."

A LITTLE girl sat trying to pick out a seam that she had sewed together wrong. Her chubby fingers picked at the thread, that would break, leaving the end hidden somewhere among the stitches that she had laboured so wearily to make short and close; and though the thread came out, yet the needle-holes remained, shewing just how the seam had been sewed; and with tears in her eyes she cried, "O mamma, I can't

undo it!" Poor little girl! you are learning one of the saddest lessons there are. The desire of undoing what can never be undone gives us more trouble than all the doings of a busy life; and because we know this so well, our hearts often ache for the boys and girls we see doing the things they will wish so earnestly by-and-by to undo. And now where is the bright side? Right here. Let us try to do a thing the first time, so we will never wish to undo it. We can ask our heavenly Father. He never leads us wrong; and anything we do under His guidance we shall never wish to undo.

### TAKE A DRINK?

Take a drink? No! not I;  
Reason's taught me better  
Than to bind my very soul  
With a galling fetter.  
Water, sweet and cool and free,  
Has no cruel chains for me.

Take a drink? No! not I;  
I have seen too many  
Taking drinks like that of yours,  
Stripped of every penny.  
Water, sweet and cool and clear,  
Costs me nothing all the year.

Take a drink? No! never;  
By God's blessing, never  
Will I touch or taste or smell,  
Henceforth and forever!  
Water, sweet and clear and cool,  
Makes no man a slave or fool.

### EVENING HYMN.

The day is done;  
O God the Son,  
Look down upon Thy little one.

O Light of light,  
Keep me this night,  
And shed round me Thy Presence bright.

I need not fear,  
If Thou art near;  
Thou art my Saviour, kind and dear.

Thy gentle eye  
Is ever nigh;  
It watches me when none is by.

Thy loving ear  
Is ever near,  
Thy little children's voice to hear.

So happily  
And peacefully,  
I lay me down to rest in Thee.

To Father, Son,  
And Spirit One,  
In heaven and earth all praise be done.

### "ALMOST SAVED!"

A MAN drowning! He fell off the pier into the sea; and, look, you can see his head just above the waves! There! he has caught hold of the rope those men have thrown to him! Now—he has it! No—he has missed it! Ah! that huge wave has carried him farther out. Nothing can save him now! Oh, if he had caught the rope when he was near!

"And he was so near being saved," says one honest fellow, dashing a tear from his eye. "Why, the rope fairly touched his hand."

Ay, that made it all the worse. To think of him being drowned after all, when he was almost saved!

Almost saved! Children, do you hear that cry from another world? "I was once very near being saved. I had almost made up my

mind to accept of Christ, but did not do it. Now it is too late! Lost! lost!—and forever! Oh, if I might go back to earth again, and hear once more of Jesus! Oh, that I had come to Him when I might have come!"

### HOW TO PRAY.

A LITTLE boy in Jamaica called on the missionary, and stated that he had been very ill; and often wished the minister had been present to pray with him.

"But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed yourself."

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, but how did you pray?"

"Why, sir, I begged."

A child of six years, in a Sabbath school, said, "When we kneel down in the school room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked to God."

A little girl about four years of age being asked, "Why do you pray to God?" replied, "Because I know He hears me, and I love to pray to Him."

"But how do you know He hears you?"

Putting her hand to her heart, she said, "I know He does, because there is something here that tells me so."

We must remember to pray, and to pray aright.

### JETTY AND THE BEE.

WE have a beautiful little spaniel, with such bright black hair that we call her Jetty. She has long ears, black sparkling eyes, a white breast, brown silky paws, and a brown spot over each eye. She is only about the size of your frisky kitten, though she is several years old.

Jetty was rather melancholy yesterday, and not inclined to eat her breakfast, so I gave her a little bit of sugar; and she liked the sweetness so much that she thought she would have something else that was sweet—something of her own choosing. Well, she trotted down stairs, but presently returned, shaking her ears and looking as if her mouth had been hurt. Then she carefully laid a treasure upon the carpet, turned it over with her nose, and shook her ears again. What do you think she had got? A great humble bee! I suppose she had licked some honey off its legs; but, alas! it had stung her tongue.

Little children, beware of stolen sweets! There is always a sting in them!

"He that despiseth his neighbour sinneth; but he that hath mercy on the poor, happy is he."—*Prov. xiv. 21.*

A LITTLE girl was lying in bed so ill that her disease had taken away her sight. Her teacher went to see her, and said, "Are you quite blind, Mary?" "Yes," she replied; "but I can see Jesus." "How do you see Jesus?" "With the eye of my heart."

NOTHING is easier than faultfinding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character, are required to set up in the grumbling business. But those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.

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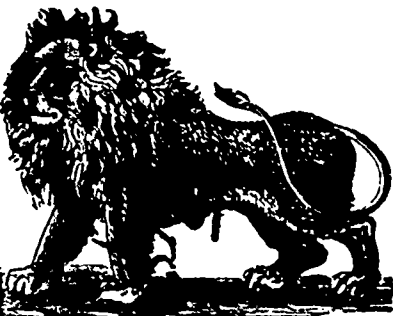
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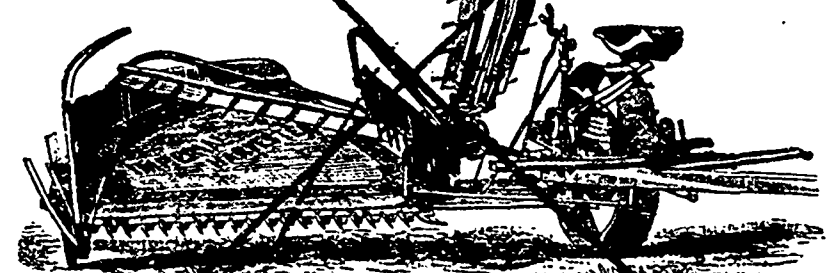
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