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TORONTO ENGRAVING CO.

Vol. 10.—No. 33.
Whole No. 550.

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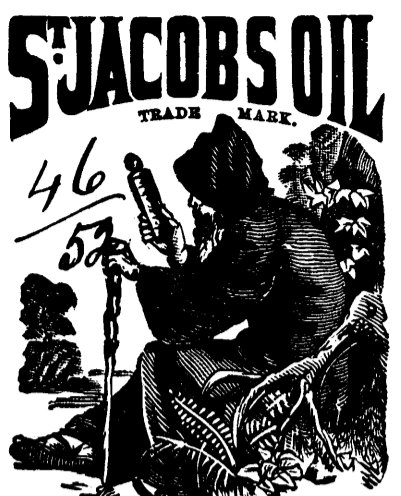
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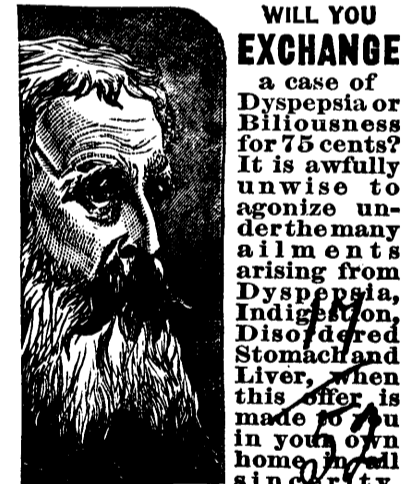
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 Any one who will cut this out and return it to the address below, with 50 cents in stamps or coin, will receive four articles worth ten times 50 cents, which will enable them to clear from \$5 to \$20 per week. Money refunded to anyone dissatisfied.
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 PLACE a little soft soap upon the gate and barn door hinges, and stop that fearful creaking every time they are opened or shut. Saturate a piece of cotton cloth liberally with tar and sulphur, place it around the fruit trees, and lessen the work of insects another year.
TOMATO PICKLE.—Take nice, smooth, ripe tomatoes. Cut them in two crosswise. Place a layer in an earthen or stone jar; then a layer of brown sugar. Continue until the jar is filled, having sugar for the top layer. Tie up and put away. They will be ready for use in a month, and will keep as long as they last. The vinegar they make is excellent.

PRESERVING AND PACKING EGGS.—To preserve eggs, dip each one into melted pork lard, rubbing it into the shell with the finger; then pack it in an old fig drum or butter firkin, setting every egg upright, with the small end downward. Eggs thus prepared in August, directly after harvest, have been eaten with relish the following January.

TESTING EGGS.—A French paper gives the following old recipe, for testing the age of eggs, which it thinks seems to have been forgotten: Dissolve 3/4 ounces of common salt in 1 1/4 pints of water. An egg put in this solution on the day it is laid will sink to the bottom; one a day old will not reach quite to the bottom of the vessel; an egg three days old will swim on the surface.

HOW TO TREAT A COLD.—When you get chilly all over and away into your bones, and begin to snuffle and almost struggle for your breath, just begin in time and your tribulation need not last very long. Get some powdered borax, and snuff the dry powder up your nostrils. Get your camphor bottle and smell it frequently; pour some on your handkerchief, and wipe your nose with it when needed.

SALAD DRESSING.—Put one teaspoonful made mustard into the salad bowl and one teaspoonful of sugar, add two teaspoonfuls of salad oil, drop by drop, stirring it well together as the oil is added, or three table-spoonfuls of the thickest, richest sweet cream instead of the oil; then, when well mixed, if oil is used, add four teaspoonfuls of milk (if cream is used, three teaspoonfuls of milk will answer) and two of vinegar. The vinegar is to be added after the milk very gradually, stirring all the time, else the sauce will curdle and be spoiled. When well mixed and as smooth as cream, add cayenne pepper and salt to suit the taste. The ingredients cannot be added too carefully, or beaten too much.

POISON OF TOBACCO.—A rather unusual case of poisoning by nicotine has occurred lately in a Paris suburb. The victim, a man in the prime of life, had been cleaning his pipe with a clasp knife; with this he accidentally cut one of his fingers subsequently, but as the wound was of a trivial nature he paid no heed to it. Five or six hours later, however, the cut finger grew painful and became much swollen; the inflammation rapidly spread to the arm and shoulder, the patient suffering such intense pain that he was obliged to betake himself to bed. Medical assistance was called, and ordinary remedies proved ineffectual. The sick man, questioned as to the manner in which he cut himself, explained the use to which the pocket-knife had been applied, adding that he had omitted to wipe it after cleaning the pipe. The case was now understood, and the patient's state becoming alarming, he was conveyed to the hospital. There the doctors decided amputation of the arm to be the only hope of saving the patient's life, and this was immediately done. His life was barely saved. No wonder smokers so often have sore and poisoned mouths, cancer of the lips, and like troubles.

A POWER IN THE HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.
 Conspicuous among the influential men of the Dominion is Mr. J. H. Metcalf, member of Parliament from the city of Kingston. Commencing life as a school teacher, he has steadily worked his way upward to the honored position in business and politics we now hold. Coming to a personal matter, we would mention that Mr. Metcalf was formerly subject to extreme soreness of the chest, for which, as he himself says, "I could find no remedy but St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy." In the following letter Mr. Metcalf gives evidence of his appreciation: "I take great pleasure in stating that I used St. Jacobs Oil for some soreness of the chest, and found it to be an excellent remedy. I would not be without it for any time its selling price. As a family remedy it is certainly has no equal."

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 10.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16th, 1882.

No. 33.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

IN Great Britain, it is stated, there are 10,000 Sunday-school temperance organizations, with more than a million members.

VIRGINIA drinks up her entire wheat crop annually, and it is stated that the liquor drank in Louisiana costs \$47,000,000, or \$2,000,000 more than its combined cotton, sugar and rice crop.

To Rev. G. W. Chamberlain, a Presbyterian missionary in Brazil, in 1866, an old patriarch, put the question: "Young man, where was your father, that my father died without the Bible?"

THE Irish Presbyterian Church has twenty ministers who have been over fifty years in the ministry, thus rendering one thousand years of ministerial service. The oldest of these was ordained in 1817.

ON August 23rd a celebration will be held near Chicago for the purpose of raising funds for the erection of a monument to the memory of John Brown. All the States in the Union will be invited to co-operate in making the memorial a national one.

PASTOR ZIEMAN, who is now carrying on the evangelistic work begun in Germany by Dr. Somerville, has been preaching to large audiences in Heidelberg, Goerlitz, Breslau, and other cities, and he has now pressing invitations to labour from nineteen cities in Germany.

THE Malagasy Government, in its new code of laws for Madagascar, prohibits the planting of the poppy for the purpose of raising opium, under a penalty of \$100, "and in case of failure to pay, the guilty shall, for every sixpence unpaid, spend a day in long irons or chains." It also prohibits smoking hemp.

RATHER a knotty case has arisen in one of the law courts of Australia. It seems that a Roman Catholic merchant died, leaving the sum of \$7,000 to the Roman Catholic Church to be used to deliver his soul from purgatory. The executor refuses to pay the money over until he has satisfactory evidence that the soul of the testator has been discharged from purgatory. The evidence has not yet been obtained.

THE Methodist ministers of Cincinnati have declared for a prohibitory liquor clause in the Constitution of Ohio like that of Iowa. "We invite the people," they say, "of all political parties, and of all churches and of no church, to unite with us at the proper time in petitioning the present Legislature to pass a joint resolution submitting the proposed amendment to the decision of the voters of the State."

ROMAN CATHOLIC missionaries, it seems, have been trying to proselyte the Christians of Krishnagar District, India, who are attached to the Church Missionary Society. When asked by these Christians why they did not go to the perishing heathen, the priest replied, "We do not go to the heathen, for we think they may be possibly saved by the light of reason, but we are sure that you, as Protestants, must perish, and so we come to you."

AT Brighton and other fashionable resorts in the south of England non-alcoholic drinks, attractive looking and very refreshing, are being substituted at lawn-tennis and garden parties for the usual champagne cup and claret cup. Abstainers are often found to be in the majority at these parties. In many households also gentlemen's servants are now supplied with five o'clock tea instead of beer; and the benefit of this arrangement is already seen.

"MIXED education" has been introduced, with beneficial results, into the academy conducted by the Society of Friends at Lisburn, Ireland. The effect

has been to increase self-reliance and independence among the girls, and to give the boys more gentleness and self-restraint. The first place in the class has been kept by a boy, but he has met with formidable competition by a girl. The boys are much more easily managed under this system than under the other.

THE Philadelphia "Presbyterian" says: "Mr. Joseph Cook proved himself to be a man of weight among the Japanese in various ways. He impressed the intelligent men with the massiveness of his argumentation, and he broke the springs of nearly every Japanese carriage into which he entered." Mr. Cook's proportions have probably been enlarged in the course of his travels, but wherever he goes it will be well to regard him as a 'man of wecht,' physically and intellectually.

THE Japanese are making rapid progress in public education. It had its beginning not quite eleven years ago. In 1872 not less than 53,000 Government schools were established, conducted on European principles, the average of schools being one to every 640 inhabitants. In two years the number of schools was augmented until the pupils exceeded 400,000. Two years ago there were 2,319,000 pupils, and, from such accounts as may be gathered, last year the total number was near by 3,000,000. The number of girls attending school is very small in proportion to the boys.

LETTERS from the Blantyre Mission of the Church of Scotland state that a war was about to break out on the Shire River, East Africa. The natives have lately learned the art of brewing *ponche*, and the liquor is making sad work among them. Chief Chipetula, maddened by it, cut off the eyebrows and cheeks of his favourite wife, who, to escape his rage, jumped into the river and was drowned. Smitten with remorse, Chipetula then demanded that the wives of four river chiefs should follow her example. As they have refused, he has declared war, and was preparing to open hostilities.

THE American mission in Egypt has been utterly broken up. The missionaries, who but lately were preaching, teaching, and establishing churches, have sought refuge in Europe. The Rev. Dr. Dales, the Secretary of Foreign Missions of the United Presbyterian Church, has crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of consulting with the missionaries as to their future movements. Mrs. Dr. Lansing, one of these missionaries, is the sister of Dr. Dales. Meanwhile some of them are arriving at home. The Rev. J. Giffen, with three children, arrived last week in Philadelphia, having been a missionary in Egypt for about eight years.

JUDGE TOURGEE thinks that the success of the temperance movement in Iowa was due to women. "There have been no torchlight processions," he says, "no public dinners, no caucuses, and most certainly no treating to drinks. Yet behind all these means, and so overshadowed by them that the nature of the work in progress was almost unsuspected, a band of earnest women have laboured, telling everywhere the story that, even when most exaggerated, hold too terrible truth not to make its way. Every woman who had seen husband or brother or son in danger even in the remotest degree from the whiskey fiend worked with an anguish of energy to bind and render it forever powerless."

THE arrival in Cairo of the young Canadian midshipman taken prisoner by Arabi Bey is thus described: On Sunday morning all Cairo was moved. Crowds rushed about the streets in great excitement, congratulating each other and shouting with joy. The cause was the arrival of a boy of seventeen, Midshipman De Chair. He was conveyed in a close carriage, through whose blinds could just be distinguished the blue and gold of a British officer's uniform. The thousands of natives who surrounded the carriage would have it that it was Admiral Seymour who had

been captured by Arabi Pasha, and made the air ring with the cries of "The Sultan is victorious! The Infidels have been driven off!" The youngster enjoyed the scene immensely, and still more their disappointment when, on his alighting, they discovered that he was but a beardless boy in a round jacket, and not the important capture they thought had been made.

ON June 21st the annual celebration of Mr. Spurgeon's birth-day occurred at the Stockwell Orphanage. In 1866 the widow of a clergyman presented him with \$100,000 to build a Boys' Orphanage. From then till now house after house has been built. The "Silver-Wedding House" was paid for by money given to a lady by her husband on the 25th anniversary of their wedding day. A merchant, as a token of gratitude to God for prosperity, built "The Merchant's House;" a builder gave "The Workman's House;" sons of the treasurer of the church built "The Unity House," perpetuating the Christian name and memory of their mother. Other houses are called "The Testimonial," "The Sunday School," "The Students' House." The Girls' Orphanage dates from May 19, 1879. Four houses have been built and furnished. Soon 250 girls will be domiciled at Stockwell. In all, up to last March, 758 children have been admitted. Yet this is but one of several great enterprises which this many-sided minister has created. His practical wisdom surpasses even his oratorical powers.

THE following is a literal translation of the note submitted to the Turkish Sultan by the combined European Powers on the 15th of July: "The undersigned, by order of his Government, has the honour to make known what follows to his Excellency the Minister of Foreign Affairs to his Majesty the Sultan. Deeply convinced of the necessity of applying a prompt remedy for the disturbed state of Egypt, and of restoring confidence, the Great Powers assembled in conference have decided to appeal to the sovereignty of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan, by inviting him to intervene in Egypt, and help the Khedive, by sending forces to establish order, subdue factious usurpers, and put an end to that state of anarchy which has desolated the country, produced bloodshed, led to the ruin and flight of thousands of European and Mussulman families, and compromised at once the national and foreign interests. While assuring by their presence the rights of the empire and the re-establishment of the Khedive's authority, the Imperial forces will allow at the same time, according to the methods hereafter to be determined by common consent, the adoption of wise reforms in the military organization of Egypt, without prejudicing by their intervention the prudent development of civil, administrative, and judicial institutions in such a way as is consistent with the Imperial firmans. In applying, then, to his Majesty, the Great Powers of Europe have firm confidence that during the sojourn of the Ottoman troops in Egypt the normal *status quo* will be maintained, and that there will be no interference with the immunities and privileges guaranteed by previous Imperial firmans, or with the working of the administration, or with the international engagements which result from them. The sojourn in Egypt of the Imperial troops, the commanders of which will have to work in concert with the Khedive, will be limited to a period of three months, unless the Khedive should demand a prolongation for an additional term, to be fixed by agreement with Turkey and the Powers. The expenses of the occupation will be defrayed by Egypt, and the amount will be determined by agreement between the Powers, Turkey, and Egypt. If, as the Great Powers hope, his Imperial Majesty the Sultan acquiesces in the appeal thus made to him, the application of the clauses and conditions above enumerated will form the subject of subsequent agreement between the Powers and Turkey. The undersigned takes this opportunity of presenting to his Excellency the Minister for Foreign Affairs of his Imperial Majesty the Sultan the assurance of his high consideration."

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

JOB'S COMFORTERS.

BY JOSEPH PARKER, D.D., LONDON, ENGLAND.

If we were required to name the most prominent men of science in England to-day, amongst the names that would first occur to us would, of course, be Professor Thomas Huxley, F.R.S., and Professor John Tyndall, F.R.S.

What Dr. Tyndall or Dr. Huxley is to science, John Stuart Mill may be said to have been to philosophy. All the world has read his "Logic," tens of thousands of delighted students and statesmen have perused his "Political Economy," and his essays on general literature are as widely known as the language in which they are written. Yet, great and eminent as these men are, and must forever be in the estimation of intellectual men, it is a mere matter of fact, and not of thoughtless inference or sectarian prejudice, that they are not identified with what is commonly understood by the expression, Spiritual Religion. I am not prepared to say that they would assume the hostility of positive disbelief; they would rather suggest that nothing can be known of the invisible, or what is called the supernatural and divine. They would not receive any book, say the Bible, as the revelation of the supernatural being. Probably they would say, in substance, if there is a God, we do not know Him. He has not come within the limits of our apprehension and experience; and we know nothing of the value and authority of any revelation of Himself which He is supposed to have made. This they would not say flippantly, or with any idea of bringing the faith of other men into contempt; they would put forth the statement as a personal decision, and not as a challenge to controversy, or a reproach upon the credulity of other people. Dr. Tyndall distinctly says that there is a secret in nature which science has not explained; and John Stuart Mill has in his posthumous essays said some pathetic and morally beautiful things of Him who is worshipped by Christians as the Son of God and the only Saviour of mankind. Still, it must be admitted that Dr. Tyndall, Dr. Huxley and Mr. Stuart Mill stand quite outside the Christian circle so far as it includes a supernatural person, a supernatural revelation, a supernatural redemption, and a supernatural regeneration of the human heart. They claim to live within the limits of objective knowledge, and distinct personal experience. That I may not seem to put unworthy words into the mouths of illustrious men, let me give a quotation or two from their own writings.

Dr. Tyndall says: "The mind of man may be compared to a musical instrument with a certain range of notes, beyond which, in both directions, we have an infinitude of silence. The phenomena of matter and force lie within our intellectual range, and as far as they reach we will, at all hazards, push our inquiries. But behind and above and around all, the real mystery of this universe lies unsolved, and, as far as we are concerned, is incapable of solution."

Prof. Huxley says: "Why trouble ourselves about matters which, however important they may be, we do know nothing, and can know nothing? We live in a world which is full of misery and ignorance, and the plain duty of each and all of us is to try to make the little corner he can influence somewhat less miserable and somewhat less ignorant than it was before he entered it. To do this effectually, it is necessary to be fully possessed of only two beliefs: the first, that the order of nature is ascertainable by our faculties to an extent which is practically unlimited; the second, that our volition counts for something as a condition of the course of events."

This is my text. I intend to turn those two beliefs to practical account, and to test their consolatory value in a concrete instance. I must ask to be allowed the privilege of dramatic license, only giving you the assurance that in thus using great names nothing can be further from my intention than the least degree of personal disrespect. Professor Huxley says that the "world is full of misery and ignorance," and that to reduce the amount of ignorance and misery effectually only two beliefs are necessary—and those two beliefs relate to the order of nature and our own volition. Nothing more is required: natural law and human volition, properly understood and exercised, are all we need. It is my business now to dispute this, and I

will conduct my side of the disputation in the form of a parable.

There was a man in these latter days whose name was Job; the same was a follower of Jesus Christ, and his delight was in the law of God, from whom was all his expectation. Job went among men as one who ceased not from prayer, nor hesitated to declare the sufficiency and joyfulness of a life of faith in the Son of God. Day by day he blessed his bread in the name of heaven, and set the Lord always before him as the source of his strength and the giver of every good gift. And unto Job were born sons and daughters; and as for his wheat fields and orchards, they were fruitful beyond measure. And it came to pass that a sudden blight fell upon the whole fortune of Job, and that Job himself was bowed down in weakness and in great fear. His children perished out of his sight, and his ground brought forth abundantly no more; and it was as if God had forsaken him in unexplained and terrible anger, and given him over as a prey to the enemy. Yea, his wife also spake not a word of sympathy, but talked of death as the only release from grief so unendurable. Now, when the new leaders of human thought heard of all the evil that was come upon Job, they came every one from his own place—Huxley the Moleculite, John Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee. And when they lifted up their eyes afar off and saw Job more a shadow than a man, they whispered to each other, "This comes of religious faith," and they hastened toward him with swift feet. So they sat down beside the shattered man, and in less than seven seconds Stuart the Millite began, metaphorically, to throw stones at his bewildered head.

"Just what might have been expected," said he; "this comes of your star-gazing, and of reading the patriarchs, instead of watching the markets. I always say that a man brings this sort of thing upon himself; and that as he makes his own bed, so must he lie upon it. Be your own god, and then pray as much as you like. Humanity is divine."

But Job answered and said: "O that my grief were understood, and that ye could heal the pain that is in my heart! for then would I bless you as those who speak wise words. Behold, this cometh not of mine own hand; for wherein have I dared the Most High to overwhelm me?"

Then answered Huxley the Moleculite, and said: "Cease from thy languishing, nor let thy repining any longer be heard. Understand thou that this disturbance is entirely molecular; by some means or other the molecules have got into a disordered condition, and that singular white-brown fluid found in the heads of human animals has become a little addled, diluted, or otherwise injured, and hence these phenomena. All animal life is more or less subject to this visitation; and, viewed scientifically, yours, Job, is a singularly beautiful case."

Whereupon Job moaned in the bitterness of his soul, and cried, saying: "O that my children were about me as in the days that are gone, and that I could recall the light which made my home a scene of gladness! If not, would God I might die and be at rest! My children! my children! whence have ye fled from me?"

Then answered Tyndall the Sadducee, and said: "Thy children have melted into the infinite azure of the past, as all living things must melt. They have gone again to the dust; but in their decomposition there will be liberated gases and other elements, which, mingling with the general chemistry of nature, will contribute somewhat to the nourishment of animals and plants; and in this way the decomposed children of Job will be of great use in the chemical economy of the universe."

Then was Job full of indignation, and his soul was overwhelmed within him. "Miserable comforters are ye all," said he; "and yours is the wisdom of fools. Have ye seen sore trouble, and has your day suddenly been turned into night, or have your eyes stood out with fatness and your souls been long at ease? Know ye what it is to be carried away as with a flood, and to be thrown down by an irresistible arm? Your words are strange to me, and your speech without savour."

Then answered John Stuart the Millite, and said: "Are thy children more than the children of other men that they should live forever? Reform the sanitary arrangement of the country, return a thoroughly representative Parliament to St. Stephen's, give woman the franchise, and let all the leading articles be signed by the names of the writers, and then we may look

for better health, higher wages, and more general comfort. This you may call utilitarianism, but I call it common-sense."

And Huxley the Moleculite, said: "Why grieve for children, and why moan and groan over the inevitable? You should take a scientific view of all things. What my friend the Sadducee has said is strictly scientific. We live upon one another all through and through creation. We find the origin of protoplasm in the vegetable world: the plants drink the fluid containing carbonic acid, water, and ammonia, and thus maintain themselves in vigour; and then the animals, in their turn, eat the plants, and perform a high feat of constructive chemistry by converting dead protoplasm into the living matter which is appropriate to itself."

Thereupon, in paternal anguish and rage, Job smote Huxley the Moleculite to the ground, and Tyndall the Sadducee exclaimed: "Why this, O Job?" And Job answered in bitter sarcasm: "The molecules! And God do so to me, and more also, if I smite you not one and all for your madness and cruelty. O my children! my children!"

But Huxley the Moleculite, and John Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee, reasoned with Job, and besought him to restrain himself, and offered to lend him their complete works to while away his childless hours and his consuming sorrows. Moreover, Tyndall the Sadducee answered and said: "We are the founders of a new school; we are the valiant leaders of the new age, and we are prepared to suffer, if need be, a good deal of advertisement, and are even willing to risk all the consequences of a remunerative circulation of our books. Let me speak to thee, I pray thee, nor let thine anger be too hot."

Then Job answered, "Say on." And when Huxley the Moleculite had retired from Job, according to the square of the distance which formerly separated them, Tyndall the Sadducee opened his mouth and said: "What is thy complaint, and what is thy desire, that we may answer thee?"

And Job answered: "My complaint is that I am sore wounded, and that my life is impoverished and filled with woe. The delight of mine eyes is taken away, and no longer is mine ear filled with music; and they that knew me turn away from me, and they that understood me are numbered with the dead. O that I might have my request, and that God would grant me the thing that I long for!—even that it would please God to destroy me; that He would let loose His hand and cut me off! Is there not a God in heaven, and is He not King over all the earth? Why is His hand heavy upon me, and for what reason hath He shut up my soul in darkness? Answer me, if ye have understanding."

"We will answer thee," said the Sadducee, "and let thee know the measure of our wisdom. We have stretched our minds across cosmic spaces and cosmic periods, and have seen the sufficiency of matter to grow and recombine and produce startling effects: we have seen nothing, indeed, of which matter is incapable—it seems to be its own secret and its own origin. Still, there is an inscrutable power somewhere; we know nothing about it; neither does any man. There is, we own, a secret which we cannot make out; and our resolution is never to attempt its explanation. For my own part, I have not even a theory of magnetism, much less a theory of the universe. Let us keep within our own limits, and lay down our work at the call of nature. Be quiet. You are in trouble; you have lost your children; your high social state is gone. Be it so; take these things philosophically, and don't let your courage fail you."

"Beside," added John Stuart the Millite, "as our knowledge of nature extends, we shall get command over disease, and even death itself. When public baths are more known and appreciated, and the higher education of woman is advanced, I imagine we shall dry up nine-tenths of the trouble of life."

"O fools and hard of heart!" said Job, "have you no more answer to my grief than this? When a man's life is desolate, will a theory of magnetism recover his comfort and peace? When he has discovered the tomb in the midst of his garden, will hydropathy make his heart glad with unspeakable joy? You tell me that there is a secret in the universe which you cannot explain; but because you cannot explain it, is it, therefore, impossible of explanation? There is a stone which I cannot lift; does it, therefore, follow that no other man can lift it? Is there healing for my body, and none for my soul? Is

there bread for my physical hunger, and no food for the fiercer hunger of my heart? You mock me; you wish me to give the lie to my own consciousness; you tempt me to commit spiritual suicide! Miserable comforters are ye all!"

"Still," said Huxley the Moleculite, with chastened air, "we must be scientific. Let me lay it down, that matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena."

"And pray who told you that?" said Job. "You chatter great words with glibness, and make fine speeches, but you find for me no fountain in the wilderness, nor can you assuage the swelling of my woe. Is there not something deeper in life than you have yet touched? A wounded spirit, who can bear? Will not God hear me when I cry, or will He hide Himself from my approach? Can a man live upon the wind, or satisfy himself with hard words, or rest his head upon the sharp rocks? Have you had pain like mine, or have you lived in gaiety, and sat at the table of plentifulness? When did the lion rend you, or the wolf lie in wait for your appearing? Ye know not whereof you affirm, else would your speech be chastened and your words be few."

Then up rose Tyndall the Sadducee, and hastily said: "Should not the multitude of words be answered? And should a man full of talk be justified? Let me ask Job a question or two that may comfort him in a rational and not in a sentimental manner."

What is the vegetable world but the result of the complex play of molecular forces? What is it which tears the carbon and the hydrogen from the strong embrace of the oxygen? Is it possible for the undeviated human mind to return to the meridian of absolute neutrality as regards ultra-physical questions? Let Job consider these, and a million similar questions, if he would be really comforted. Let him read Fichte in the morning, and commit Emerson's poems to memory on Sundays, and always keep by him a good translation of Plato; and, above all, let him doubt those who pretend to see in cholera, cattle-plague, and bad harvests, evidences of the divine anger. And now that I am speaking, I will make a clean breast of it at all hazards. Prayer is wasted breath. The law of gravitation crushes the simple worshippers in the Methodist chapel while singing their hymns just as surely as if they were engaged in a midnight brawl. Job must hold his feelings in control. Let the Moslem give way to them in his battle-cry, and the red Indian wake the echoes of his hunting-grounds with such wild howls; but when Job can attend scientific lectures at the Royal Institution, or take a course of evening lectures at the School of Mines, he ought to conduct himself in a rational way in time of misfortune, and show himself to be a philosopher."

Then answered John Stuart the Millite, with unusual warmth: "I, too, have been in trouble, but I needed no sackcloth, nor scattered I any ashes on my head. I took a philosophic course. I mounted a philosophic steed and sped away from my trouble. If Job will hear me, he shall know how to keep distress under his feet, and to defy the threatening storm. What time I am afraid I flee to metaphysics, and when conscience threatens to get the upper hand of me I consider the functions and the logical value of the Syllogism. When my father, who would never allow me to have any convictions about religion different from his own, melted into the infinite azure of the past, I comforted myself under such melting by testing Berthollet's curious law—that two soluble salts mutually decompose one another whenever the new combinations which result produce an insoluble compound, or one less soluble than the two former; and the comforting effect of the experiment was remarkable—so much so, that, in an ecstasy of scientific surprise and delight, I almost wished that he had melted sooner, that I might have had longer possession of this prize. O that Job would do something of the same kind! He would forget the past in a trice, and be as happy as I am. Let me put you in possession of a secret, if by doing so I can rally the dejected Job. When I die there will be found in my desk the manuscript of my autobiography; and so sustained was I by philosophic reflection during its composition, that never once in its pages have I mentioned my mother! Nobody could know from my autobiography that I ever had a mother! That is what I call self-control! Other people talk of their mothers, and their mothers' influence, and their mothers' prayers, and their mothers' example, but I never own the relationship; I

keep on the airy highlands of philosophy, and avoid the close and relaxing valleys of sentiment. Once, indeed, I was about to give way to the common folly; but I recovered my self-restraint by showing the fallacious reasoning which has been founded on the law of inertia and the first law of motion, and I never lost my balance again. If Job would take some such course, his grief would be forever dissipated."

And to the same effect Huxley the Moleculite, who had insensibly increased his distance from Job: "I have often steadied myself under a stunning blow by remembering that protoplasm, simple or nucleated, is the formal basis of all life. This has been a great comfort to me in many distresses. When death has invaded the household of any of my friends, I have always proved to them that all living powers are cognate, and that all living forms are fundamentally of one character; and they have invariably thanked me for my sympathetic and consolatory expressions. One dear old friend of mine, who suddenly lost all his income in a railroad crash, would, I believe, have died of a broken heart had I not asked him to compare in his imagination the microscopic fungus—a mere infinitesimal ovoid particle—with the gigantic pine of California, towering to the dimensions of a cathedral spire; and my friend no sooner complied with my request than in a wave of victory, as Tyndall the Sadducee would call it, he was lifted far beyond rolling stocks and permanent ways with their fickle dividends and their treacherous attractions. It is very pleasing to me to find that there is in science that which will heal 'a mind diseased.' Job, be encouraged by our words; rest upon them as upon a sure foundation: and in passing through the various experiences of life, always remember that a nucleated mass of protoplasm is the structural unit of the human body. This you will find a catholicon for human ills."

Then Job arose from the ground and turned his face toward the heavens, nor spake one word to those who offered him stones for bread. In his eyes were standing great tears, and on his countenance was the stamp of unutterable grief. Then the Lord took up his cause, and answered his comforters out of the whirlwind:—

"How old are ye, and what is the measure of your days? Ye mighty men and mocking comforters, answer me, that I may know the strength of your understanding and the dignity of your judgment. What will happen on the morrow? And can you, who are unable to turn over a single page of passing time, read all the volumes of eternity gone, and comprehend the measure and the reason of all things? Is the universe without a maker, a guardian, a friend? Are there no boundaries set to power, and is there no watch appointed over ambition? Can the eagle soar quite into the sun, or build his nest amidst the forests of the stars? Can any man deliver his friend in the day of death, or travel with him into the great waters and return from the gulf? Is there no angel of mercy spreading mighty but gentle wings over all the world, sending the seasons in their course, the rains in rich showers and the fire to warm the earth of all summer long? Are there no mysteries in life which make you pause and for a moment turn your flippancy into, at least, an appearance of sobriety? Know ye the invisible bonds which keep you within an appointed sphere? Can you shut your door upon those powers which wither your pride, and take away all the sap of your strength? You call Me a Secret and an Inscrutable Force, and you deny My power to reveal Myself to the children of men. Who are you that you should set yourselves against Moses and David, Ezekiel and Daniel, John and Paul? You have told my servant Job what you can do in the hour of human darkness and sore distress, and behold your helplessness and the vanity of your strength!"

Then Job cried aloud: "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him! He hath been with me in six troubles, and in seven He will not cast me off. Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Miserable comforters are ye all, though ye are the men, and wisdom will die with you! When you have exhausted your petty science, what have you told me that can touch the agony of my heart, or bring back the light of my house? If your theory be right, why should I suffer all this misery when, in a moment, I can end all my distress? If this chastening be for no higher good, why should I not interrupt it by an instant destruction of my consciousness? You mock me, but you have no satisfaction for my heart. You throw

hard words at me, but you have no balm for my healing. Ye are as a bowing wall and a tottering fence; I will not lean upon you. The Lord is my light and my salvation. I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. O Lord! Thou hast brought up my soul from the grave; Thou hast kept me alive that I should not go down to the pit. Thine anger endureth but a moment; weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning! I said in my haste, I am cut off from before thine eyes; nevertheless Thou hearest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto Thee. Lord, open the eyes of these men that they may see my defence as Thou seest it!"

And the Lord opened the eyes of the leaders of science, and they saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Job; and the Lord opened their ears so that they heard voices other than of men, saying: "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels: the angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear Him, and delivereth them; He shall give His angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. The Lord of hosts is with thee, the God of Jacob is thy refuge."

And the heart of Job was lifted up in praise, and through the sob of his woe there came forth alleluias unto the Lord. Yea, he magnified his God, and praised Him with many psalms: "Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me bless His holy name. He healeth the broken in heart, and bindeth up their wounds; He is the God which fed me all my life long unto this day; the angel which redeemed me from all evil. I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that my loved ones are standing before Him, glad in His light and beautiful in His holiness! Praise the Lord!"

And it came to pass that Job's three comforters—Huxley the Moleculite, Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee—gathered together their inaugural addresses at the British Association, their lectures at the School of Mines and the Royal Institution, their dissertations upon the ballot and the higher education of women, and returned with them to their several places. And it came to pass as they journeyed that they came near to a beautiful stream, spanned by a suspension bridge, nigh unto which there nestled the thatched cottage of a ranger in the woods.

"That," said Stuart the Millite, "seems to be an ideal house, though so simple and unpretending. How clean the place is and sweet-looking, and how these tangled flowers on the front brighten it and give it quite a jewelled appearance! and a beautiful peep of the river must be caught from that western window."

And it came to pass, as they drew near to the house, that the ranger in the woods leaned himself against an aged tree, and seemed as if he did so in heaviness of heart. And it was even so, for lifting up his eyes and seeing three men bearing many books, he said unto them:

"Be ye learned men who can tell what to do when we are dizzy and senseless?"

"Perhaps, indeed, we can help you a little," said Huxley the Moleculite; "at any rate we are quite willing to try."

"Come with me, then, and see what is in the house. I lost her mother but a twelvemonth since, and now she's slipping away."

But Huxley the Moleculite, and Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee shrank from the man; and in remembrance of the sufferer they had left, they dared not to speak of the sympathy of science.

"But, mayhap, you will pray with the child, and not pass by her on the other side. In such books as yours there must be something for broken hearts like mine. It is but a step or two to the girl's bedside. Come!"

"It would be but wasted time, my friend," said Stuart the Millite, "for we have no power over the laws of nature."

"But cannot you speak comfortably to the child, for she says the river is very cold, and, bless her, her feet are very young!"

"You are not so very near the river, my friend," said Stuart the Millite. Whereupon the man turned away and answered with a great sob.

And it came to pass, as the leaders of science had gotten away to the height of a distant hill, that they laid down their books and rested awhile. And presently Tyndall the Sadducee opened his mouth and

said: "We have been out of our depth to-day, and, perhaps, we have no business along this road at all. These books of ours are invaluable in their places, and very likely they are indispensable to the higher education of the world; but there are two men along this road, who, somehow, need something that we have not got to give them. It is no use concealing the fact, or making it look less important than it is. I wish a great poet would arise who could sing these woes to sleep and charm us out of our ill-fortunes."

And it came to pass that the Lord turned the captivity of Job and made him glad with new joy: yea, He crushed for him the finest of the grapes, and gave him wine with His own hand; and upon his wheat-fields and orchards He sent the benediction of sun and shower until their abundance returned and was multiplied. And Job rebuilt his altar, and bowed down before God with all reverence and love, and sang the praise of the Most High with a loud voice, and made a joyful noise unto the Rock of his salvation. And in the day of his prosperity Job sent for the books of Huxley the Moleculite, John Stuart the Millite, and Tyndall the Sadducee, and read them all with an attentive eye. Then he rose up and said:

"O wise, yet foolish men! your books are full of knowledge and instruction, and mighty men are ye in the fields of learning. But have ye forgotten that there is a spirit in man, and that the inspiration of the Almighty gives him understanding? Know ye the way into the heart when it is in ruins; or can ye lift up those who are pressed down by the hand of God? Keep your learning in its proper place, and it will help the progress of the world; but attempt not with it to heal the wounds of the heart. Not to your wisdom, but to your simplicity, will God reveal Himself; He hath hidden Himself from the wise and prudent, and shown forth His beauty unto babes: even so, Father, for so it seemed good in Thy sight."

And the woodman's little girl? Was the river so very cold when her young feet touched it? We cannot follow far along that drear road, nor see far into that great darkness. But there was no splash in the water; there was a quivering in the arch which spanned it, from which the ranger knew that his child had been taken, not through the river, but over the bridge, to the mountains of myrrh and the hills of frankincense.

Long years after, the woodman would tell how, in the black night, his sweet child closed her thin hands, and, looking up to heaven, said, "Not my will, but Thine, be done!" and how she turned to him and said, "Father, give me one long kiss: I am dying." On the wall were three strange shadows, cold when touched, dumb when spoken to; and then the woodman knew what it was to be ALONE.

My soul, when that night darkens around thee, and the last star of human comfort fades out of sight, may there bend over thee

"One like unto the Son of man."

A PURPOSE.

From one end to the other of the great "boot-room" ran a ceaseless rustle of rapid work. Every man, stripped to the light gossamer wrapper, was doing his best. The company had taken a large contract. Hundreds of thousands of pairs of rubber-boots would be turned off within the next few weeks, and thousands of dollars would go to the energetic "piece-hands." The faster a man worked, the more money he made. All false and useless motions were left out, and alert, active, the human machines handling the heavy "boot trees," doing the most intricate "stitching" and "rolling" with a single touch.

At the same long table, in this eager race, worked two men. One was a South-Western Yankee, scarred and weather-pitted, lean and wiry, whose long arms and bony fingers finished the work with a nicety and despatch that could only be equalled by the skilled "old hands."

His mate was slender, smooth-faced, nervous, quick of motion, and clear of eye. There was no odour of liquor in his breath, no tobacco stain on his teeth.

No one there knew him. His "ticket" for the last month had been the largest in the room, and there were men working with him who had spent a lifetime at boot-making.

The Westerner had noted all his companion's points carefully, had tried in vain to keep up with him. At last, one day, during the ten minutes' lunch

that the "piece men" allowed themselves, he said, "Stranger, moight I ask what's yer puppus in drivin' so, and beatin' all the rest?"

The young man smiled a bright pleasant smile, that always reflected itself in the grave face opposite.

"You think that my rapid work shows a special purpose?" he asked.

"Sartin I do. The mightier a man's puppus, the smarter he is. That's a reason. An' ef it ain't bein' too cur'ous, I'd jest like to hev yer air yer puppus."

The young man grew grave, thought a moment, and then said:

"I have indeed a mighty purpose—one that a lifetime of the hardest work cannot exhaust—and yet I doubt if you would care to hear it."

"I knowed it," said the other; "but go ahead, give it to us straight as yer please; I'm good for't."

"Did you ever know a man to die for a friend?" asked the young man.

"Wall, yes; I knowed a man in Arkansaw who took up another man's fight, and was killed."

"Not in that way, but in cool blood to take another's place—to be hated, to be sneered at, and at last to be killed, all for the sake of a friend?"

"I can't say as ever I did," replied the Westerner; "'tain't exactly natur', that ain't."

"No, it isn't very natural to man," was the reply, "yet a Friend of mine for years bore all the shame and reproach of my deeds. He was hated, threatened, mobbed. His very name became a reproach. Without a home—with nothing but His innocence, He was at last put to death by those who so hated Him."

The other had said nothing, but the burning of his deep-set black eyes showed that the story was not without its effect.

"One who was near Him when He died," continued the bootmaker, "wrote me a letter, and in it were the dying wishes of my Friend. He said first that He forgave me everything, and He loved me more than any other could love."

"He'd no need to say that after dyin' for yer," was the husky comment.

"One thing He wished me to do. There were others whom He loved, and who had wronged Him. He wished me to go to them and beg them to accept of His dying love, and be reconciled to Him. That is my purpose."

"Stranger," said the listener, "I don't wonder that you beat us all. I don't know what yev done, that yer pardner should hev died fur yer, but I do know that yer a lucky man to have such a Friend. Don't yer never go back on his memory, an'—if it ain't being too cur'ous—moight I ask his name?"

"His name was Jesus Christ," was the reverent reply. "The letter is here in the Bible, and with His help I am working here to get money to fit myself more thoroughly to tell men His dying message, and beg them to become reconciled to Him."

There was no further time to be talking, yet the young man felt that the other understood.

The next day the Westerner was not in his place, and word went round that he went on a spree. He never came back.

Three years after this the boot-maker, having finished his studies, was preaching in a store in the far west, when he noticed a tall weather-beaten man, who entered and seated himself on a box. There was something familiar in his make-up, some suggestion of the past, which, however, did not explain itself until, after the sermon, he came forward saying:

"Yer not the only man in this district that's got a puppus. I've read that letter many times, an' in all sorts of places, since you brought it up to me. I've been down in the mines, an' out among the Injuns, tellin' the boys about it, an' now I'm bound for Lower Californy. Give us a grip of your hand, pardner, and don't forget yer puppus."

LESSONS IN HOME-LIFE.

"It is your cross, and you must try to carry it bravely."

Mrs. Gray was thinking on these words as she sat at her mending. The sun was streaming into the pleasant large sitting-room. Jimmy sat on the floor by little Daisy, amusing her with a bit of an old umbrella. Anyone looking in at the door would have said, "What a pleasant scene!" but Mrs. Gray was thinking how she longed to be out in the sunshine, how she "hated" darning, and what little hope there

was that times would ever be better. Then came the sentence at the beginning of my story. Yes, her cross was to always be "pinched." She knew very well she ought to be thankful that sickness and death had never come near her home, that her children were good, her husband faithful and industrious; she ought to have some cross. Just then she heard Jimmy's voice saying,

"Now, what kind of an angle is this?"

"Ob-tuse," said little three-year-old Daisy, as if her words were eggshells that would break unless handled carefully.

"And this?" altering the two bits of steel.

"Right angle."

"And now, Daisy, if I put two sticks side by side, they are parallel, but if I put one across, that is—why, mamma, that makes a cross! A transverse makes the cross!"

"Yes, dear, I see. You can never make a cross out of two parallel lines."

The children went on with their play, but the mother had received a very precious lesson. "I make my cross," she said to herself, "just as Jimmy said. If my will were parallel with God's, there could be no cross; I don't believe I have any cross unless I make one!"

The sun shone just as invitingly, the pile of work was the same as before; but with an earnest desire to place her will by the side of God's, somehow the work in hand was not so wearisome; the room looked so cheery, her children's chatter was so amusing; and when, an hour later, a friend ran in and said, "How happy you look here!" Mrs. Gray could yield a ready and hearty assent with no envy of her friend's richer lot.

It is not always easy to lift the transverse and make it parallel; but the exercise is strengthening, and each time the effort required is less. One helpful way of looking at the matter is to say to one's self, "Somebody must have the filling in to do; somebody must be poor, or sick, or troubled in this way. God sees I am fitted to take up this part of His work, and I will."

A little service of praise will often help to move the transverse will. Tell over your mercies, with a thanks after each one. A friend wrote you a pleasant letter; your sunny, cheerful room; the quiet hour when baby sleeps; the little faces that were watching at the window as you turned in at the gate. Never forget that "step to peace" that Thomas à Kempis gives, "Always expect less rather than more;" that will help you to keep your will parallel with the Divine will. As a very earnest Christian once said to me, when I ventured to pity her for certain trials she was enduring,

"But why should I not have some trouble? I don't flatter myself that I am strong enough to do without any spiritual tonic."

One who feels in this way seldom makes "crosses;" the will runs parallel with God's, giving an easy track for the life to run on, instead of forming a cross.—*Hope Ledyard, in N. Y. Ill. Christian Weekly.*

"WE HAVE AN ALTAR."

The cross our altar. There the great Burnt-offering was burnt and accepted for us. By the altar we stand, finding in it everything that suits the sinner's case and meets the sinner's fears.

1. There I see God in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself.—The "altar" was the place of reconciliation for Israel; the cross is the place of reconciliation for us. There we see everything that prevented reconciliation removed, and everything needed for its accomplishment there finished and exhibited. "Reconciliation" is the inscription on the cross.

2. There I see God meeting man in love.—At the cross heaven touches earth, and God out of heaven embraces man. There is but one meeting-place for the sinner. Man thinks there are many such; God tells him there is but one. Man's varied systems of religion, his self-devised rites, his well-prepared forms of religion, are his meeting-places—substitutes for the one God-appointed meeting-place. But all in vain. "Meet Me at the cross," is God's message of love. Nowhere else is there grace or power.

3. There I see the forgiveness of sins for the guiltiest. The inscription on our altar may be said to be, "Forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin." No amount of sin, and no kind of sin, is excluded from this mighty pardon. It is a pardon worthy of the altar; worthy of Him who has set up the altar;

worthy of the Divine Sacrifice that has been presented there "once for all."

4. There I see the only place of safety for the sinner. Wrath is everywhere else; perfect security is there. The "consuming fire" descends on the altar and is there consumed—there expended and exhausted; so that all who stand around that altar are absolutely and forever safe. "Salvation to the utmost" is the world-wide proclamation issuing from the four horns of that altar.

5. There I see the divine welcome for the sinner.—It comes from God Himself; and it is given with whole heart and whole soul. It is no half-hearted welcome, but earnest and true. Sons of men, God bids you welcome! He has no pleasure in your banishment or condemnation. "Draw near" is His gracious message; why stand aloof?

6. There I see life in death.—It is death that the altar represents, but life also,—for the cross is the death of the Substitute; and therefore the meaning of the altar is LIFE; life out of death, life through Him who poured out His soul unto death," because He was bearing the sins of many, and thus making everlasting life a free, a sure, a righteous gift to Adam's race.

7. There I see all things ready for the sinner's acceptance.—The ransom is there, the purchase-money is there, the things needed by a sinner are all there; and God says, "Take." They are all to be had for the taking. No merit, no money, no work; all is free. He that believeth enters on the possession of all. To believe is to take. "He that believeth hath everlasting life."—H. Bonar, in "Word and Work."

THE STORY OF THE MANUSCRIPTS.

We have been favoured with a perusal of this most interesting little work, and are led to hope that the pleasure and profit derived from it may be participated in by our readers. With the history and contents of the principal manuscripts of the New Testament—the Alexandrine Vatican, Sinaitic, and others—most of those who may be considered advanced students of theology have made themselves acquainted, but the late "find" of the Rossano manuscript will furnish them with something wholly new. The book is one that ought to be in the hands of every thoughtful student, who will derive pleasure from his sense of value of the discovery. It gives an honest, well-weighed estimate of the relative value of the different manuscripts, whilst what the author has to say about them, he says briefly and well. His force, like all true force, lies in his simplicity. His single aim is to get at the facts and to give us the facts, diverted neither to the right hand nor to the left by any pre-formed theory—not looking at them through coloured glasses, but only contemplating them, as if unconcerned with their implications, in the dry light of the understanding. Indeed, a reverent regard for truth, as truth, seems to be the author's supreme characteristic; for, though he can hardly avoid betraying what his own religious views are, yet he gives his verdict in favour of readings which, to say the least of them, do not uphold those views as forcibly as others which, on manuscript authority, he rejects. Indeed, the *pros* and *cons* seem everywhere stated with the utmost judicial impartiality. The account of uncial and cursive writing, of the Palimpsest MSS., of the first discovery of the Sinaitic, and of the difficulties encountered and surmounted by the indefatigable and persistent Tischendorf are most interesting, and the whole is told so simply that a child could not fail to understand it. Something is due to the enterprise of Boston, and to the author for furnishing us with this admirable little work.

ON THE DANGER OF DEBT.

Don't get into debt. Few persons do so with an intention to defraud or to take advantage of friend or neighbour. Men generally involve themselves from sheer want of thought, over-much confidence, excessive hope. The gentle and pious Cowper got involved through lack of management. Richard Brinsley Sheridan went through three fortunes through excessive hospitality. From an indifference to calculation De Quincey lost a handsome fortune, and was buried at the undertaker's expense. James Boswell, Oliver Goldsmith, and Thomas Campbell were each in debt through a foolish benevolence. Goldsmith would have borrowed a sovereign to give it to a beggar.

Bacon, the most illustrious of philosophers, accepted bribes from suitors in his court to meet the demands of his creditors. Chatterton, Haydon, and many others were by debt driven to suicide. For the honour of literature I would remark that other eminent cultivators of learning have offered an example of prudence in the administration of their affairs. Lord Chesterfield kept a household journal, and lived strictly within his income. Milton, often in difficulty, paid everyone. Shakspeare was notably provident. The poet Burns died at the age of 37, and though his income had always been circumscribed, he was found equal with the world. Wordsworth lived ten years of a legacy of £1,000, and never fell into debt.

Debt is an incubance crushing as a nightmare. Dr. Johnson describes one in debt as amidst small shot which are rattling on every side. A man cannot succeed in business or advance professionally if at every step the chain of debt is fettering and restraining him. Those who supply him with the means of carrying on business will execute his orders tardily, give him the worst stock, and add to the price a considerable percentage. The west-end London tailor presents a long bill to those who pay tardily. Even the professional friend turns his back on the man who pays badly. "How," said an attorney's clerk to his master, "shall I begin this letter?" It was addressed to a client. "Has he paid his account?" said the attorney. "Yes, sir," said the clerk. "Well, begin the letter, 'My dear sir,'" said the attorney. "The gentleman to whom this second letter is addressed owes a considerable balance," said the clerk. "Begin 'Dear sir,'" said the attorney. "The third letter," said the clerk, "is to Mr. Thompson, who has paid nothing." "Address him 'Sir,'" said the attorney. Remember the words of the old song,

"When I've a sixpence under my thumb,
I'll get credit in every town;
But when I have none, they bid me good-bye:
So poverty parts good company!"

Of course there are circumstances in which, through no fault of his own, a man may fall into debt. But whatever has been the cause, it becomes him to repair the loss when he has the means or opportunity. The great apostle, recommending the duty of benevolence, prefers to it the payment of debt. "Owe no man anything, but to love one another."—D. D., in *Christian Leader*.

THE SOLEMN HOUR.

The present hour is always the solemn hour; the past has ceased to exist, the future is out of reach. The present is within our control; the past and future are not. Responsibility is fastened to the moment. To meet its demands is joy and peace, and is laying up eternal treasure; to disregard them is awful indeed, and is laying up wrath without end for the future. It is a glorious thing to do right even in the smallest matter; it is a dreadful thing to do wrong, for in wrongdoing there are no small matters. Who can be guilty of an infraction of God's holy law, and look his Maker in the face and say it is a small matter? But what we *do* is not all, but what we *are* is the great point. It is a blessed thing to be "in the Lord," for those who live in the Lord are sure to "die in the Lord." Not to be in the Lord is the source of all terror, the concentration of infinite despair and of eternal woe. In the Lord, or not in the Lord—that is the question; and that is the question of the hour—of the moment. Mind and heart are in healthy action and in full strength, and the great question of eternity is in full view, and ripe for decision. Solemn beyond utterance is the hour. God calls to repentance and to faith. Yielding to the call or not yielding to it makes an hour solemn. When death comes, its shadow preceding it, stills to unconsciousness and insensibility; there is no call from God then; the solemn hour is past; the issues of eternity are already decided.—*Christian Index*.

THERE is a noticeable revival of interest in foreign missions among the theological students in Scotland, at present.

TWO prizes, one of fifty dollars and the other of twenty-five dollars, are offered by the London Sunday School Union for the two essays which shall best show to the young the evils of the tobacco habit. The papers must be presented not later than September 3rd, and must not contain more than five thousand words.

MISSION NOTES.

NINETY years ago the first English missionary offered himself, and now the whole number of evangelical foreign missionaries is five thousand, and they are leaders of a native host of thirty thousand helpers of all kinds.

A METHODIST minister, labouring as a missionary among the Indians in Arkansas, has been murdered, after a determined struggle, by some young Indians whom he had corrected in school. They waylaid him in a lonely spot.

IN answer to the call of the Lutheran General Council, five young pastors have already come from Germany to labour among the Germans in the United States, and it is reported that at the missionary institute at Kropp, Schleswig, seventy young men have offered themselves for similar service.

A HINDOO mother, after listening hour after hour to the lady missionary, as she explained the way of free salvation, exclaimed, "Tell me more." At last, when the long talk must close, the old mother drew out from under her veil the thin, gray hairs, saying, "These hairs have grown white waiting for such words as these."

SOME years ago some labourers went from San Fedele, near Lake Como, in North Italy, to Switzerland, to find work. On their return they brought the Bible with them. Their neighbours came to hear it; six or seven families left the Church of Rome and stood firm during serious persecution. A Protestant church has just been opened in this beautiful mountain village.

THE "African Settlement Society" of England are sending out boys and girls (who have had Christian training in the various benevolent houses of London, to Southern Africa. They are to be under the care of Christian families, who will aid them in gaining a livelihood. The Government of Natal has donated a large tract of land, adjacent to the sea, for this Christian settlement.

THE Religious Tract Society of England has just commenced work in the great Peninsula of Corea, hitherto almost unknown to civilized nations, whose people have been most jealously excluded. It contains a population estimated at 10,000,000, and its area is 90,000 square miles. Its language is quite distinct from Japanese and Chinese, and until the last few years little was known of the region beyond the few facts ascertained by Jesuit missionaries from China, and through the surveys of ships on the coast.

A MISSIONARY writes from San Paulo, Brazil: "Last Sabbath I organized a children's missionary society, and called it the Brazilian Evangelical Society. I wish you could have seen the eager faces and the outstretched hands offering money. For the present we intend to buy Bibles and send them to the interior when our missionaries go on long journeys. But this is not all. We want our children to feel that the field is the world, and we intend to study monthly the same subjects that the societies study at home."

ONE writes from Kanazawa, Japan: "I got up at 4 o'clock this morning to attend a funeral. The funerals here are at 5 o'clock in the morning. This was one of our Christian women who had died. As the Government will not allow Christians to bury their own dead, we had to allow Buddhists to bury her. They took her to a heathen temple, and worshipped, and burnt incense, and did a great deal of horrible nonsense. Then they buried her. As soon as they were through we sang the beautiful Christian hymn, 'There is no name so sweet as Jesus.' It was delightful to hear that hymn sung in that burial place, under the very eaves of the heathen temple."

THE Rev. Josiah Tyler, of Natal, South Africa, in an interesting article on Zulu worship, says the Zulus worship their ancestors, "who are supposed to occupy subterranean abodes, occasionally visiting the earth in the form of serpents." The Zulus maintain that they were created by a "Great-Great" who "sprang from a reed on the bank of a river." Where this river is, or what is the nature of the reed, they do not profess to know. Missionaries are troubled because there is no word in the Zulu language which is equivalent to the word God. Various words have been proposed, but as the natives cling fondly to "Unkulunkulu" ("Great-Great"), it is probable that this term will come into general use. The German and Norwegian missionaries have used it for some time. In conclusion, Mr. Tyler denies emphatically the charge that the Zulus are without consciences.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1882.

IN order to accomplish anything worth mentioning, a Turk would require to live a very long time. The Sultan still adheres to his policy of "masterly inactivity." Up to Saturday night last, the Ottoman troops had not sailed for Egypt, neither had Arabi Pasha been declared a rebel. In the meantime the occupation of the Egyptian outlets on the Mediterranean coast involves a large daily expenditure, for which the British Government will undoubtedly claim reimbursement, so that the revenues of the unfortunate country are being discounted for very many years to come; in the inland districts lawlessness and anarchy are permitted to triumph; and if the massacre of Christians has ceased, it must be simply because there are no more Christians left to kill.

SHOULD elders be elected for a limited term? No, exclaim a hundred voices, that is a Yankee innovation. Perhaps so, but some of these Yankee innovations are not bad things. The Presbyterian Church of America is the Church of the Millers, the Alexanders, the Hodges, and scores of other eminent ministers of God whose names shall be revered as long as Presbyterianism exists. Apart altogether from the origin of the question, honestly, now, has it not two sides? Do you know of any elders elected twenty or thirty years ago, and still pretending to discharge their duties, that would not get half a dozen votes now if they were nominated at a new election? Do you not know of a few that nobody would vote for if an election were taking place now? If a minister in any way loses his influence for good over a majority of his congregation he removes, but an elder may remain, and in his position, long after nine-tenths of the congregation regard him as a nuisance or something worse. If there is any better remedy for this evil than election for a limited term, the Church should hear about it. A good elder will always be re-elected; an elder useless or worse, the people will put out in the cold—where he ought to be.

IN 1876 there were 5,077 congregations in the Presbyterian Church of America. In that year 48,240 members were received by examination, or an average of nine to each congregation. In 1881 the number of congregations had increased to 5,598. In this year only 25,344 were added by examination—an average of only four to each congregation. In the intermediate years, the average, taken in the order of time, was eight, six, five, and four to each congregation. Our brethren across the line are anxiously looking for the cause of this decrease. Perhaps no single cause will account for it. It might be a very good thing for some one who has a taste for figures to make a similar investigation in regard to our own statistics. What is the average increase in our congregations by examination? How does this compare with the average of five or six years ago? We are quite aware that figures are not a reliable test of the spiritual condition of a Church or congregation—quite aware of that fact. We are also aware that many good people have a repugnance to that kind of figuring. We have no great liking for it ourselves. There are few things we dislike more than to hear a professional revivalist "counting up" at the end of a series of meetings. Still, reliable figures are one test, and the average admission by examination of last year compared with the average of five years ago would be instructive. Perhaps brother Torrance, of Guelph, will give us the figures.

HOME MISSION FUND.

WE beg to remind all whom it may concern that the collection for Home Missions appointed by the Assembly to be taken up in all congregations and Mission Stations where there is no regularly organized Missionary Society is due next Sabbath, and that there are very pressing reasons why it should be a specially liberal one. The field is ever widening, and the necessity for earnest and sustained work is ever more evident and more pressing. On the most moderate calculation, forty-three thousand dollars will be needed to carry on the home work for the Western Section of the Church during the current year, and a very considerably larger sum could be expended with the greatest possible advantage. Such an amount can easily be raised, especially when the country is so prosperous as it is at present. Let every one give as the Lord has prospered him, and according to the spiritual blessing which, as a member of the Church of Christ, he says he has received from the Gospel, and the Lord's treasury for this and every other Christian enterprise will be abundantly filled.

THE FORMOSA MISSION.

WE are sorry that there seems but little likelihood of Mr. Junor resuming his work in Formosa, even should he recover from his present severe sickness, as we sincerely hope he will. So at least say the doctors. Doctors, however, are sometimes mistaken in their calculations and conclusions as to what certain constitutions can and cannot sustain with safety, and it is quite possible, therefore, that, in spite of all that has been said in this case, there may still be in store for Mr. Junor years of successful labour in his chosen Formosan field. This shall be as the Lord and Master sees best. In the meantime it is very evident that the hands of Dr. Mackay, the remaining missionary, need to be sustained and his heart encouraged by additional assistance being sent out as speedily as possible. We are glad to understand that the Foreign Mission Committee is fully alive to this necessity, and that there is every prospect of at least one other missionary being very speedily despatched to Formosa.

The missionary spirit among the students and preachers of our Presbyterian Church in Canada is every year becoming more fervid and more widely diffused. The sickness and discomforts of those in the high places of the field, instead of deterring others from the same course of self-consecration and possible suffering, are consequently having the very opposite effect. In this spiritual warfare it is coming to be more and more the case that "each" steps "where his comrade or front ranksman stood" the moment that he falls. The volunteers for work in the foreign fields of our Church are more numerous, we understand, than the state of the funds will justify the Committee in engaging, however suitable in every respect these brethren may be. This is very gratifying, but it is also a state of things which ought to lead to great searchings of heart. It is usually held to indicate a spiritual condition not what ought to prevail if the money for mission work is more abundant than the supply of suitable workers. Is the converse of this not also a ground for reasonable anxiety and self-rebuke? Are things as they ought to be if devout, earnest, and every way suitable agents who offer their services are to be told that they cannot be employed, simply because the Church has not supplied the necessary funds? We think not. The work laid to the hand of our Church, both at home and abroad, is evidently a very great and important one. Every year this is becoming more evident. Prayers have in this respect been very graciously and very fully answered, and such answers must naturally lead to still more earnest petitions and still more energetic efforts. As in times past, it is still the duty and the privilege of the Lord's people to "expect great things," to "attempt great things," to be "satisfied with nothing short of great things," and in this spirit of humble trust and earnest prayerfulness to rest quite confident that through the blessing from on high great things will assuredly be achieved. It is still with us in Canada comparatively the day of small things, but, at the same time, of wonderful promise. The fields are white to the harvest. Let all see to it that they do their parts in gathering in the sheaves.

It may be thought by some to be the very commonest of commonplace to say that the time is short.

But then if it be commonplace, it is at the same time self-evidently true and pressingly important. "God's work must go on, and I may be dead," was the well-known and unanswerable argument advanced by the Christian negro for his unusual liberality and unflagging effort in the great work of holding forth and holding fast the Word of Life. And it ought to be as pressing with all God's people now as it was with that poor man then, especially with all who feel how far they have come short of the priceless commendation given so long, long ago: "She hath done what she could."

The Church will hope and pray that Mr. Junor may yet resume his work in Formosa; but in any case it will be comforting and encouraging to him and to all to know that the severe and protracted sickness which it has pleased the Heavenly Father to afflict him has not cooled the holy ardour of others for the same work, but has, on the contrary, only led them with greater eagerness to say, "Here are we; send us."

ONTARIO TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.

THE twenty-second annual convention of the Ontario Teachers' Association was held in the rooms of the Education Department, in this city, last week. The reports given in the daily papers indicate, on the part of the teachers and inspectors, undiminished interest in the important work committed to them, and an earnest desire to promote the educational prosperity of the country. Among the improvements advocated were: the entire abolition of "Christmas and Midsummer Shows"—as the ostentatious displays which have been so common of late years under the name of public examinations were not inaptly termed by the introducer of the subject—and the adoption of written examinations, not however to the entire exclusion of oral questioning; the granting of superior certificates to thoroughly successful teachers of long standing in the profession; the shortening of the hours of study for the junior classes in the Public Schools; the repeal of the clause giving trustees the option of shortening the school holidays; and the changing of the time for holding the Intermediate Examination so as not to clash with the Toronto University Matriculation Examination or the local examinations for women. This list is by no means exhaustive. Within our limits we cannot even mention the various important matters which engaged the attention of the different sections, much less can we give extracts from the able addresses by which the various discussions were introduced. In one instance, however, the nature of the subject calls for an exception. We refer to that part of the address of the President, Mr. A. MacMurchy, M.A., in which the use of the Bible in the schools is advocated, the two great standing objections to its introduction being disposed of in a way that is as satisfactory as it is expeditious. Mr. MacMurchy is reported as follows:

"Referring to the question of religious education, he instanced the case of Birmingham, the School Board of which place had at first kept religious instruction out of the schools, then had compiled a 'text book of morals,' the final result being that the Bible had found its way into the schools. For could there be any book of morals equal to the Bible? (No, no.) In Scotland most careful provision had been made for the encouragement of religious instruction, and the Church of Scotland had in its employ religious inspectors to report on this subject alone. Lord Macaulay says: The sacred books of the Hebrews—books which, considered merely as human compositions, are invaluable to the critic, the antiquary, and the philosopher, when we consider what sublime poetry, what curious history, what striking views of the divine nature and the social duty of man are to be found in the books of the Jewish Scriptures. He also quoted the opinion of Froude and Huxley on the same subject. Two reasons were chiefly given for neglecting to advance religious instruction—namely, denominational differences and the lack of suitable teachers. In reference to the first, he might say that denominational differences were the merest trifles compared with their essential agreements in religious belief. As to the second reason, the lack of right teachers, he could only say that any one who could not reverently, humbly, and lovingly read the Word of God, was not fit for a teacher. (Applause.) It seemed to him that especial pains had been taken in Canada to keep out of all the books every fact of Bible history. Would it not be as well to know who Joshua was as well as Herman? (Applause.) In conclusion, he begged to commend that the Government announce to all schools that direct moral and religious instruction was to be given except when a vote of the people indicates that such was not desirable. Announce the general policy, and let the ratepayers say that it shall not be given (hear, hear); or if this could not be done, let this Association appoint a standing committee to prepare a series of Bible readings similar to that prepared by the London School Board, and try in every

proper and legitimate way to induce school trustees to make use of them in their schools. (Hear, hear.)"

After the above was in type, we received from the Rev. John Lang, M.A., of Dundas, a duplicate of the extract from Mr. MacMurchy's address, accompanied by the following remarks.

"It is most satisfactory to notice how expression is being given in so many quarters to the opinion that the Bible should be used as a class book for the purpose of instructing our youth in morality as well as religion. The 'Globe' notwithstanding, it is becoming manifest that the number of those opposed to the use of the Bible, including agnostics and voluntaries, is very small indeed. The justice of having things arranged according to the wish of the majority who are Christian, and not according to the wish of a minority who claim to be advanced thinkers that have reached a position (by evolution!) beyond Christianity, is being generally admitted. The recent change also in the Regulations for our schools will make it more easy for trustees and teachers to put the Bible back in the honoured place it had till a few years ago. Two of the Anglican Bishops, and all the Methodist Conferences have intimated their willingness to co-operate with the Presbyterian Church in conferring on the subject with the Minister of Education. And the Minister himself has again and again expressed his desire to see the Bible used. Whence then comes the opposition? I expect that the 'Globe' soon will trim its sails to the popular breeze, and for fear of the party at next election to the Local Legislature being affected by the agitation of the question on the hustings, will say it always advocated the Bible. Some readers, however, have memories. The following [the extract given above] from Mr. A. MacMurchy, President of the Provincial Teachers' Association, applauded as it was by the teachers, speaks volumes. The teachers, no longer under compulsion to cram for examinations, will for the most part rejoice to give a Bible lesson, and our children will learn to know and love God's book.

"The Association, after considerable discussion, adopted the following clause of the report of a Committee on the President's Address: 'The number of schools opening with religious exercises is happily on the increase, and your Committee is of the opinion that it is desirable that a suitable selection of Scripture lessons should be incorporated in our Readers, and that the sentiments of the President's address are strongly endorsed—that any one who cannot reverently, humbly, and lovingly read the Scriptures is not fit for a teacher.' Nothing can be more satisfactory as showing that our teachers may be trusted with giving instruction to our children in Christian morality. The suspicion that they might use their position to overthrow the faith of the little ones is as unfounded as unjust to the noble band of men and women who are forming the character of the rising generation. Right nobly has the Association repudiated all such suspicions."

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE WESTMINSTER TEACHER.—(Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication.)—This publication continues to maintain its character as one of the best practical aids in Sabbath school work. The September number has been on our table for some days.

THE CANADA EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY.—(Toronto: C. E. M. Publishing Co.)—The July-August number of the "Educational Monthly" has made its appearance with a fair supply of valuable contributions, and the usual departments of school and university work well occupied.

CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE. (Toronto: J. P. Clougher.)—Among the many useful papers in the August number of "Cassell," there is one on "How to Pronounce Welsh Names"—just what a good many ordinary readers have for a long time been wanting to know. The reading matter of the number as a whole is up to the average, and the illustrations are good.

A FAIR PHILOSOPHER.—By Henri Daugé. (New York: G. W. Harlan & Co.; Toronto: N. Ure & Co. Price \$1.)—This volume of 296 pages belongs to the Kaaterskill series, and contains a pretty-well-written story, largely illustrative of life among people who devote their leisure time to literary pursuits, with which class the heroine and some of the other characters are identified.

ELAINE.—By Mme. Augustus Craven. Translated from the French by Lady Georgina Fullerton. (New York: W. S. Gottsberger; Toronto: N. Ure & Co. Price \$1.)—This is a nicely-got-up volume of 340 pages, containing what appears to be a readable story of Parisian life. In turning over its leaves we have not observed anything objectionable, unless it be that a few brief incidental references to religion reveal the fact that the author is a Roman Catholic.

AN INQUIRY CONCERNING THE RELATION OF DEATH TO PROBATION. By G. F. Wright. (Boston: Congregational Publishing Society.)—At such a time as this, when so many vague notions are floating around regarding the question of the termination of the probationary period at death or its continuance

thereafter, the book before us is well fitted to be eminently useful. The "Inquiry" is not at all tedious, occupying only 114 pages, but it is very thorough, and results in showing with great clearness that the generally accepted doctrine of the Christian Church on this matter is in accordance with Scripture and with reason. The author is Professor of the Language and Literature of the New Testament in Oberlin Theological Seminary, and is already favourably known by his "Logic of Christian Evidences" and "Studies in Science and Religion."

NATURAL RELIGION.—By the author of "Ecce Homo." (Boston: Roberts Brothers; Toronto: Welling & Williamson. Price \$1.25)—This book of Professor Seeley's is certainly not less remarkable than its predecessor, neither is it any safer. In attempting to find a religion that will suit professedly atheistic scientists he gropes his way into a system that is nothing more or less than Pantheism, and proceeds to recommend that as the religion of the future. Possessed of a mere critical knowledge of religious systems, and shut up with the writings of a few like-minded contemporaries, this man knows little or nothing, in its religious aspects, of the world in which he lives; and even the most moderate view of the power, vitality and progress of Christianity in the present day, if brought convincingly before his mind, would be to him a surprising revelation.

ASSEMBLY'S FOREIGN MISSION, WESTERN SECTION.

CHINA.

A late communication from China informs us—
(1.) That the Rev. Mr. Junor was still at Amoy. His health continues to be in a very low state—so much so that he is unable to leave that place.

(2.) That Dr. Mackay is giving great attention to the erection of "Oxford College." He usually gives six hours a day to the superintending of the work, standing all the time under a burning sun. He seems determined that the money so generously given shall not be squandered. He writes to the following effect: "Last Saturday I went in to Sin-tiam, and in the afternoon married a young couple; in the evening I preached to a packed house; on Sabbath morning at 8 o'clock to 100 people; at 11 a.m. to many more; at 3 p.m. to a greatly increased audience; and at 7 p.m. to a crowded house, with scores outside. What a glorious time! The helper there (Tân Hé) has done a noble work. I hope the lovers of Christ's cause in Canada will not forget our devoted native preachers here. Without them very little would be accomplished."

CENTRAL INDIA.

From Indore Mr. Wilkie writes: Again, a week ago last Sabbath, we added by baptism two more to our ranks—a man and his wife, formerly Hindoos. Two others (Brahmins) also desired baptism at the same time, but these I felt it necessary to keep back for a short time, though I hope they too ere long will be not only regular attenders, but actual members with us. It may also encourage others to tell you that the first two have been largely brought on through the influence of the young man I baptized last September—one who is only an ordinary house servant, but has been seeking, as best he could, to tell of that Saviour he has found so precious. He went to the house of the new convert as often as he could, talked and prayed with him, and got him regularly to attend our services. This Pectam, before his conversion, was a thoroughly bad man, but especially was addicted to the use of ganja, an Indian drug (*Cannabis Indica*), whose effects are much the same as opium, and so since his conversion he has had a very hard fight to get rid of his former habits, and actually twice gave way. For some time, however, he says the desire for his old habits has left him. He gets about \$4.25 per month, but of this regularly gives \$1 per month for the advancement of the work. When he last handed it to me, I said: 'Are you not giving too much?' when at once he replied: 'Can I give too much for Him who has done so much for me?' On account of the persecution which poor Pectam has had to submit to since his baptism, Isaree, the last convert, was somewhat unwilling to remove the sign of his faith—i.e. his long hair, which has not been touched with scissors since his birth, and which he and his companions, the Sikhs, wear coiled up in a ball on their forehead. If it had remained, even though he had become a Christian, he would have been received by his mother, and

perhaps also by his caste companions, though he would not have been allowed to eat with them. Now, however, it is gone, and the last link that bound him to his old faith is cut. Little can those who are at home know what it means to be a Christian here. You are at once looked upon as if in disgrace—shunned by all your former companions and friends, and regarded as dead by your family, the funeral rites in some cases actually being celebrated. A very touching illustration of this was given sometimes when Balaram's father would come over to see him (for even his caste prejudice could not completely overcome his natural feelings), and his baby. When the old man, who very dearly loved the little one, would take it in his arms, it would sometimes try to put the bread it was eating into the old man's mouth; then the old man would say: 'What I are you also trying to get me to break my caste?' Yet, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, we can rejoice at the amount of encouragement given us. For the past three months we have regularly had at our services on Thursday and Sabbath, and often at our worship in the evenings at the house, a number of soldiers of a native regiment then stationed here, who quite warmly spoke of the truth of Christianity and of their determination to embrace it. They spent the last evening with us, staying as late as they were allowed, and engaging very heartily in the singing of the Hindi hymns, etc. They then gave me their addresses, and promised to write me as often as they could. They bought the Gospels and other Christian tracts, and I gave them a hymn book and two or three other small tracts. They, however, specially urged me to either go myself or send as soon as we could some Christian who might be able further to instruct them. We may never have the privilege of baptizing them, and so counting them amongst our number here; but, as is the case with hundreds to-day in India, I believe some of them even already are Christians at heart. I only mention this to show that the results of the work cannot properly be measured by the mere number of baptisms.

"We are now (June 16th) in the midst of the rainy season, the monsoons having come in this year unusually early and with unusual severity. Last Saturday evening, about eight o'clock, our house was struck by lightning and considerably damaged, but fortunately no one was injured in the slightest degree. The room struck was one in which we are all usually gathered in the evening after my return from work; but on this particular evening they waited my return from the city in the dining-room, in which I had hardly got seated ere the terrible crash came, knocking down bricks and mortar in all directions, and setting fire to the cloth ceiling of one of the rooms. The fire, however, was soon put out, and the damage done is rapidly being repaired. We cannot thank our Heavenly Father too much for His providential care over us. If, according to our usual custom, any of us had been in the room in question, it would certainly have been very serious.

"I may mention that our native Christians have adopted the plan of giving their tenth, or more, for directly Christian work, besides giving for other purposes. I do not wish to make any comparisons that might hurt the feelings of the more highly favoured Christians in Canada, but I think that with profit they could compare the giving of the Churches at home with what the native Christians here are doing. One person who only gets about \$52 per year actually gives about two-thirds of what is the average given by the members of the home churches. Another, who only gets \$16 per month, actually gives two and a-half times as much as the average Church member at home gives for all purposes. I may also say that the native Christians in Mhow are doing the same as those at Indore in the matter of giving. Mr. Campbell has had very much encouragement in his work, he having been permitted to baptize no less than seven since last September: two in September—a man and a woman; two in October—also a man and a woman; and three in March—a man, woman, and a girl: all on profession of their faith in Christ. Miss McGregor also had a great deal of encouragement lately in her schools, but of this she will, I hope, give you full particulars herself. Though the members of the staff have been passing through rather trying weather, all are now in much their usual state of health." T. L.

THE Congregations of Baltimore and Coldspring have extended a unanimous call to Mr. Charles W. Cooke, licentiate.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

A TWICE-TOLD TALE.

The school-house into which the North Sea looked and roared was "long and low, and thatched with straw." It had a mud floor below and an unlathed roof above, along whose rafters there used frequently to be a helm, or oar, or boat-hook, or even a foresail.

It was on a Friday night, about sixty years ago, that two lads—pupils in this grammar school of Scotland—planned to meet on the morrow and set forth for the Doocot Caves. They met, and they set forth, and this is what came of it. Hugh, the elder lad, had been in the caves once with his uncles, and felt confident that he could act as guide. They strolled along from Cromarty until they came to the beach, and so reached a wall of rock that went sheer out into the sea.

At the time Hugh had visited the caves with his uncles they had passed around this rock and thus gained the desired haven; but this could not be done with more than a fathom of water at the base. Neither could the caves be approached from below, for there a second horn of rock stretched out. Thus, these strange and weird caves were guarded on either side, while unscalable precipices rendered them inaccessible from above.

"If," said Hugh, "we could contrive to get inside now, we could wait among the caves for the tide to fall."

"It is too bad to be so near, and not get there," sighed David.

"Let's see about that ledge up above," suggested Hugh; "I'll climb up a bit, and see where it will take us."

Hugh climbed and scrambled until he gained the narrow shelf that ran out on the promontory of rocks, as far as could be seen. David followed. On this ledge, "by the aid of the naked toe and the toe-nail," it was just possible to creep, and on "all-fours" the lads got slowly and painfully along, the precipice beetling more and more, and the water becoming greener and deeper below. They did not speak; they could not go back, for there was no room enough to turn round. At last they got to the point of the promontory, and doubled the cape in safety.

But where was the ledge, on and to which they clung, to leave them when they should turn the point?

They crept on, unknowing, until they reached its terminus, where it hung, leaving them perched ten feet above the beach.

Weary with the agony and the peril of the crawl, Hugh gasped out—

"There's nothing for it, Davy, but to drop."

"All ready," came the response; and down dropped the lads, proud of their success, and up splashed the rattling gravel as they fell. That was the very first time that the Doocot Caves had been invaded in that way.

For at least seven days the boys were shut in, and the marvels of the cave would be all their own. At the end of that time the North Sea in its appointed round would retire, and give them leave to walk out. Happily, of all this the lads were ignorant. They fondly believed that the afternoon tide would make everything right, and until that time were bent on exploring the wonderful caves.

The morning hours were full of enjoyment. There was the Doocot Cave itself—a mine of marvels to the lads—in which they saw the pigeons, white, variegated and blue, sitting here and there in the gloom, and then darting out into the sunshine.

They found creeping dwarf-bushes; the pale, yellow honeysuckle, never before seen by them, except in gardens; the sweet-scented woodruff of the flower-pot, that becomes sweeter the more it is crushed; and the scurvy-grass which the great Captain Cook had used in his voyages.

They broke off with their hammers whole pocketfuls of stalactites and petrified moss. There were little pools at the side of the cave, where they could see the work of congelation going. They found places where the sides of hollows seemed to be growing almost as fast as the water rose in them; the springs lipping over deposited their minute crystals on the edges, and the reservoirs deepened and became more capacious, as their moulds were built up by this curious masonry that grew as frost creeps over water.

They penetrated the inner depths of the larger cave, and looked out from it as though it had been the tube of a telescope upon the sparkling sea, while all around was as dark as midnight. The sudden gleam of the sea-gull, seen for a moment from the recess as it flitted past in the sunshine—the black, heaving bulk of the grampus as it threw up its slender jets of spray, and then, turning downwards, displayed its glossy back and vast angular fin—all acquired a new interest from the novelty of the setting in which they saw them.

About an hour after noon, the tide, while there was yet full six feet of water beneath the brow of the promontory, ceased to fall; and then, after a quarter of an hour's space, began actually to creep upwards on the beach.

The lads saw this, and just hoping that there might be some mistake in the matter which the evening tide would scarce fail to rectify, continued to amuse themselves and to hope on.

Hour after hour passed, lengthening as the shadows lengthened, and yet the tide still rose. The sun sank behind the precipices, and all was gloom along their bases, and double gloom in their caves; but their rugged brows still caught the red glare of evening, that gradually grew into the sombre and gray. The sea-gull sprang upward, and hid him slowly to his lodge; the cormorant flitted past to his whitened shelf, high on the precipice; the pigeon came whizzing down from the uplands, and disappeared amid the gloom of their caves; every creature that had wings made use of them in speeding homeward; but the poor lads of the grammar school had not wings, and there was no possibility of their getting home without them.

Hugh and David made desperate efforts to scale the precipices, and on two occasions got up among the crags to where the sparrow-hawk and the ravens had their nests;

further up they could not go. The cliffs never had been scaled, and they were not destined to be by these two Scotch lads of Cromarty. At last, as the twilight deepened, they had just to give up in despair.

"Wouldn't care for myself," said poor little David, bursting into tears, "if it were not for my mother; but what will mother say?"

"Wouldn't care, neither," said Hugh, with a heavy heart; "but it's just back water, and we'll not get out at all!"

They went away together from the beach and the precipices into one of the shallower and drier caves, and cleared a little spot of its rough stones. Then they went groping along the rocks to pull some of the dry grass that at that season hung from them in withered tufts. Of this they formed a most uncomfortable bed, and lay down in one another's arms.

As they lay there they heard the wind rise and howl mournfully amid the cliffs, and the sea, that had been so silent all day, began to beat heavily against the shore, and to boom like distress-guns from the two deep-sea caves at the two ends of the great crescent of rocks that held them prisoners. By-and-by, as the night went on, they could hear, too, the beating rain and the pattering of a streamlet in the deeper cave.

David fell asleep ere long. Hugh, being older, and having more fear, kept awake. He was tormented by the memory of a dead man whom he had seen lying where the North Sea had cast him up, not far from the place where they then were. Try as he would, he could not forget him, and when he fell into a doze it was only to see him rise up and come toward him in his dream. Then Hugh would awaken and cling to his companion, and wish for the morning, which was still far away.

Toward midnight the sky cleared and the wind fell, and the moon, in her last quarter, rose, red as a mass of heated iron, out of the sea.

"Wake up, Davy!" urged Hugh; "wake up! Let us get down and see if the tide will let us out of this."

David awoke, and the poor lads crept down in the uncertain light to ascertain the state of the tides. They found the waves creaking among the rocks, just where the tide-line had rested twelve hours before, and a full fathom of sea enclosed the base of the promontory.

This sight gave to Hugh his first glimpse of the real nature of their imprisonment, which was not for a tide, but for a week. This was a terrible thought, coming as it did amid the chills and the terrors of a dreary midnight. The sea must be their only way of escape, and still they had neither wings to fly over it, nor boat to cross in it.

"Let us hail that vessel," cried Hugh, catching sight of a sail crossing the wake of the moon at the time. And not more than half a mile away. They began to shout, in the hope of being heard; but the vessel passed on and disappeared in the murky blackness. They shouted still, by turns and together, until, losing hope, they at length groped back to their comfortless bed, just as the tide began to rise on the beach and the waves to roll higher at every dash.

The lads fell asleep. Hugh was sleeping as soundly as his companion, when they were both aroused by a loud shout. They started up, and crept downwards among the crags to the shore. As they reached the sea the shout was repeated. It was that of at least a dozen harsh voices united.

There was a brief pause, followed by another shout, and then two boats shot around the western promontory, and the men, resting on their oars, turned towards the rock and shouted yet again.

The whole town had been alarmed by the story that two little boys had straggled away in the morning to the rocks of the Southern Sutor and had not returned.

It was so well known by the inhabitants of Cromarty that the Doocot Caves were not accessible at that stage of the tide, that no one thought of looking for the boys in the caves; but it was believed that one or both of them had fallen over the precipices, and that fear kept one of the lads from returning to tell the story.

In this belief, when the moon rose and the surf fell, the two boats were fitted out and well manned for the rescue.

The surprise of the rescuers to see the lads come out to meet them, safe and well, may be imagined; but not the awe with which they learned the manner in which they had gotten at the caves in the morning.

When the boats, bearing in safety Hugh and David, reached Cromarty, a crowd met them on the beach, and at least two households felt happy and grateful over the return of Hugh Miller and his little friend of the Cromarty Grammar School from their perilous visit to the Doocot Caves.

A GRAIN OF COMMON SENSE AND A COOK BOOK.

Jenny was home on the long vacation; and it so fell out one day that there was no one else to get the family dinner. Mother had gone to the village, and the girl had gone to her own home unexpectedly. Everybody thought how lucky it was that Jenny was at home. With a profound conviction of her own ability to do anything she undertook, Jenny proceeded to her task.

"Are you sure you can make out, daughter?" asked father a little anxiously, putting his head in at the door, just before he went to the field. Jenny gave her head a toss at this implied reflection on her ability, and answered with decision.

"Any person, father, with a grain of common sense and a cook book, can get a dinner."

So father walked away tolerably well satisfied, though, perhaps, with a misgiving or two, as he knew cooking was a new art with his learned daughter, on whom he had lavished a great deal of money in the way of an education.

The coast being clear, Jenny proceeded with enthusiasm to prepare her fine piece of veal to roast. She looked over her cook book for the most approved recipe, and prepared it according to science. And it did look appetizing as it went into the oven so nicely skewered and tucked up and seasoned. "Baste it every fifteen minutes," the directions

said, and Jenny went by the clock in all her operations. The vegetables were all nicely prepared and set on to cook, at the orthodox moments, and then went into the dining-room and set her table with most exact care and neatness. The pies were all ready for dessert, so she had no anxiety on that score, and there was plenty of bread. But as the hour for dinner crept steadily on, the results were not quite satisfactory. She basted and basted the veal, but it did not progress favourably. She turned to her cook book again, a little flurried and worried, but no directions could she find, but with regard to basting and serving. It would not brown for some reason. She did not bother with the vegetables, for they needed no attention after being put on, and she had given them a full hour to cook. All her anxieties were centred on that obstinate veal. The last quarter of an hour was up, and the punctual harvesters came trooping in, hungry and expectant. Jenny was about ready to cry. All her high notions of woman's ability to do whatever she undertook, so diligently instilled into her mind at school, had taken wing.

"Edward, what shall I do?" she asked her brother privately, as she took him by the sleeve and pulled him into the pantry. "What is the matter with my dinner?"

Edward coolly walked out and lifted a kettle from the stove and looked in. There was not a spark of fire in that stove! Then Jenny cried, and the more the rest laughed the more she cried. But Edward was a good brother, and handy. He had been to the war, and learned a good many domestic arts over the camp fire. He flew around and built a fire in three minutes, sliced some ham and had it on frying, finding time to say comfortingly, "Don't cry, sis; we'll get out of this scrape all right."

Then Jenny caught his spirit, and fried up a dish of cold potatoes, and cooked some eggs and made a pot of coffee as soon as the water boiled; and with plenty of sliced tomatoes, and pie and bread and butter, they made out to keep off starvation until night, when the veal was "done brown."

Father used sometimes to say, with a little twinkle in his gray eyes, that he rather thought, "with a grain of common sense and a cook book," his daughter would make a cook yet.—*Aunt Olive, in Housekeeper.*

DAYS DROPPED OUT.

Fortunate indeed are the people who know nothing, by experience, of days dropped, like beads dropped from a string, out of the swift activities of life. Some of us know enough of them. The world wears the same bright face it had on yesterday. The bees swing homeward heavily laden. The soft wind sighs through the leaves, and the shadows hase each other over the grass. All is full of grace and beauty. Summer reigns, and the earth is robed in bridal garments. But what is it all to her who feels so weary and discouraged that she cannot lift her heart up from the darkness of despondency? She finds herself wishing that a gray sky and gusts of rain were here, to sympathize with her mood, which is mocked by so much bloom and brightness.

In the city, the long, panoramic streets are never so showy, never so attractive, as at this season. The windows fairly shimmer with the display of rainbow-hued ribbons. Fabrics of every description hang in rich folds, to tempt the gazer's eye. Gaily-dressed ladies and elegant gentlemen pass you on the promenade. Everybody is happy and busy, eager and glad. Everybody but yourself, and you are aware of a discordance; you are out of harmony with the spirit of universal good-fellowship which seems to be abroad. All you care for is to get through the listless days, and feel that night has brought you release from care and the need of being agreeable.

It is a day dropped out. And yet, dear friend, conscious of having ever nursed and petted the dismal and dumpish and unworthy temper of mind of which such gloomy thoughts are born, do not entertain it any longer with complacency. There is nothing brave in being morbid. There is nothing heroic in self-pity. Rather come out of yourself. Look about for what is to be done, and take hold of the work which comes first to your hand. If you can find no work—if it seems to be your lot in life to stand aside and wait, then try to wait with patience on the Lord. An hour of joy you know not may be winging its way toward you. Think of the happy days you have already had. Hope for happy days to come, and trample on the evil mood which causes you to lose a day.

There are dropped-out days which, however, are very different from these. They are caused by sheer physical exhaustion; by the despotism of headache, by worn-out nerves, and fever in the blood. How courageous are some good women, who every week or two are obliged to lie by and let illness do its will with them! One or two such we have known, whose voices are always sweet, whose smiles were ever cheery, and whose Christian character was emphasized by rare unselfishness and generous love. Yet, every few days they had to spend long hours in darkened rooms, fighting with pain, and coming forth after the conflict with pale faces and hollow eyes. How thankful should we be who have no such record of dropped-out days.—*Christian at Work.*

THE POISON WE DRINK.

A retired wholesale liquor-dealer recently said to an interviewer from the *N. Y. Times*:

More than two-thirds of the stuff sold for brandy in this country is the meanest kind of poison. It is manufactured from an oil of cognac. In most of the gun sold there will be found oil of vitriol, oil of turpentine, oil of almonds, sulphuric ether, and extract of grains of paradise. You can purchase oils and essences from which "whiskey of any age" can be produced. This style of whiskey when tested will show sulphuric acid, caustic potassa, benzine, and nuxvomica and other poisons. This is the sort of stuff that bores into the coatings of the stomach and creates ulcers. In porter you will find opium, henbane, capsicum, cocculus

indicus, copperas, tobacco, and sulphuric acid. In beer,—alum, opium, nux vomica, green copperas, vitriol, sub-carbonate of potash, and jalap are used. Cocculus indicus is used largely in cheap beer. Three grains will produce nausea and prostration; ten grains will throw a strong dog into convulsions. Fox-glove and henbane are used for the same purposes as cocculus indicus. Oil of vitriol is used to increase the heating qualities of liquor, wormwood is used for its bitter and stimulating qualities, green copperas gives porter a frothy "head."

In astringent wines you find alum, Brazil wood, oak, sawdust, lead, and copperas. Sugar of lead and arsenic are also used in wine. In pale sherry, sulphuric acid, prussic acid, and alum are among the "harmless" ingredients used to give colour and the appearance of age.

SEA BREAKERS.

Seen from the land, the curl of the breakers, even in nature, is somewhat uniform and monotonous; the size of the waves out at sea is incomprehended, and those nearer the eye seem to succeed and resemble each other, to move slowly to the beach, and to break in the same lines and forms. Afloat even twenty yards from the shore, we receive a totally different impression. Every wave around us appears vast, every one different from all the rest, and the breakers present, now we see them with their backs toward us, the grand, extended, and varied lines of long curvature which are peculiarly expressive both of velocity and power. Recklessness, before unfelt, is manifested in the mad, perpetual, changeful, undirected motion, not of wave after wave, as it appears from the shore, but of the very same water rising and falling. Of waves that successively approach and break, each appears to the mind a separate individual, whose part being performed, it perishes, and is succeeded by another; and there is nothing in this to impress us with the idea of restlessness, any more than in any successive and continuous functions of life and death. But it is when we perceive that it is no succession of wave, but the same water constantly rising, and crashing and recoiling and rolling in again in new forms and fresh fury, that we perceive the perturbed spirit, and feel the intensity of its unwearied rage. The sensation of power is also trebled; for not only is the vastness of apparent size much increased, but the whole action is different; it is not a passive wave rolling sleepily forward until it tumbles heavily prostrated upon the beach, but a sweeping exertion of tremendous and living strength, which does not now appear to fall, but to burst upon the shore—which never perishes, but recoils and recovers.—*John Ruskin.*

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE ON SOCIAL LIFE.

Men, as a rule, are attracted by the beautiful face, but it is an internal beauty of character by which a woman can exert the greatest amount of influence. A true-minded man, though first enamoured by the glare of personal beauty, will soon feel the hollowness of its charms when he discovers the lack of beauty in the mind. Inestimably great is the influence that a sweet-minded woman may wield over all around her. It is to her that friends would come in seasons of sorrow and sickness for help and comfort. One soothing touch of her kindly hand would work wonders in the feverish child; a few words let fall from her lips in the ear of a sorrowing sister would do much to raise the load of grief that is bowing its victim in anguish to the dust.

The husband comes home worn out with the pressure of business, and feeling irritable with the world in general, but when he enters the cozy sitting-room and sees the blaze of the bright fire, his slippers placed by loving hands in readiness, and meets his wife's smiling face, he succumbs at once to the soothing influence which acts as the balm of God to his wounded spirits, that are wearied with combating the stern realities of life.

The rough school-boy flies in a rage from the haunts of his companions to find solace in his mother's smile; the little one, full of grief with its own large trouble, finds a heaven of rest in its mother's bosom; and so one might go on with instance after instance of the influence that a sweet-minded woman has in the social life with which she is connected.—*St. James' Magazine.*

IS THERE WATER ON THE MOON?

In a recent communication, Mr. Helmuth Dueberg, of Berlin, presents a new theory of the moon, and argues the possibility of its being inhabited on the farther side. It is well known that the moon always presents the same face to the earth. Because this side of the moon is an arid and waterless desert, we are not justified, Mr. Dueberg thinks, in assuming that the farther side is like it. Since the moon does not revolve so as to change the side presented to the earth, and since the attraction of the earth for the moon is very great, the heavier side, if there is any, must be turned this way. Supposing the moon to possess air and water, these lighter and more fluent elements of her composition would of necessity lay on the farther side. In the absence of any centrifugal force due to rotation on her own axis, the only centrifugal force acting upon the moon must be that resulting from the moon's motion round the earth. This would tend still more to throw the moon's air and water to the "out"-side with respect to the earth. For a practical illustration of this view, Mr. Dueberg suggests a ball swinging in a circle by means of a cord. The ball, like the moon, will always turn the same side to the centre of evolution, and if it be in any liquid, the liquid will be rapidly accumulated on the opposite or outer side. Hence the possibility of water, air, and life on the moon, around the shores of a central lunar sea, on the side always turned away from us.—*American Ship.*

It is not for me to determine whether the danger to the Gospel be greater or less by my life or death. The truth of God is a rock of fear, placed for the falling and rising of many in Israel.—*Luther, 1516.*

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S RIDE.

At the battle of Jena, when the Prussian army were routed, the Queen, mounted on a superb charger, remained on the field attended by three or four of her escort. A band of hussars seeing her, rushed forward at full gallop, and with drawn swords dispersed the little group, and pursued her all the way to Weimar. Had not the horse which Her Majesty rode possessed the fleetness of a stag, the fair Queen would infallibly have been captured.

Fair Queen, away! To thy charger speak—
A band of hussars thy capture seek.
Oh, haste! escape! they are riding this way.
Speak—speak to thy charger without delay;
They're nigh.
Behold! They come at a break-neck pace—
A smile triumphant illumines each face.
Queen of the Prussians, now for a race—
To Weimar for safety—fly!

She turned, and her steed with a furious dash—
Over the field like the lightning flash—
Fled.

Away, like an arrow from steel cross-bow,
Over hill and dale in the sun's fierce glow,
The Queen and her enemies thundering go—
On toward Weimar they sped.

The royal courser is swift and brave,
And his royal rider he strives to save—
But no!

"Vive l'Empereur!" rings sharp and clear;
She turns and is startled to see them so near,
Then softly speaks in her charger's ear,
And away he bounds like a roe.

He speeds as tho' on the wings of the wind.
The Queen's pursuers are left behind.

No more
She fears, tho' each trooper grasps his reins.
Stands up in his stirrups, strikes spurs, and strains,
For ride as they may, her steed still gains,
And Weimar is just before.

Safe! The clatter now fainter grows;
She sees in the distance her labouring foes.
The gates of the fortress stand open wide
To welcome the German nation's bride
So dear.

With gallop and dash, into Weimar she goes,
And the gates at once on her enemies close.
Give thanks, give thanks! She is safe with those
Who hail her with cheer on cheer!

The above spirited poem, from "St Nicholas" for July, is well adapted for declamation, and we advise the boys to learn it for that purpose.

MORNING GLORIES.

They said, "Don't plant them, mother, they're so common
and so poor,"
But of seeds I had no other, so I dropped them by the
door;
And they soon were brightly growing in the rich and teem-
ing soil,
Stretching upward, upward, upward, to reward me for my
toil.

They grew all o'er the casement, and they wreathed around
the door,
All about the chamber windows, upward, upward, ever-
more;
And each dawn in glowing beauty, glistening in the early
dew,
Is the house all wreathed in splendour, every morning
bright and new.

What if they close at midday, 'tis because their work is
done,
And they shut their crimson petals from the kisses of the
sun,
Teaching every day their lesson to my weary, panting soul,
To be faithful in well-doing, stretching upward for the goal.

Sending out the climbing tendrils, trusting God for strength
and power,
To support, and aid and comfort, in the trying day and
hour,
Never spurn the thing that's common, nor call these home
flowers poor,
For each hath a holy mission, like my Glory o'er the door.

WEIGHING THE EARTH.

One would scarcely think that the world could be weighed in scales, like a package of merchandise; but Herr von Jolly, of Munich, has done so, and finds it 5,692 times as heavy as a body of water of the same size, or about half as heavy as if it was of solid lead. He placed his balance in the top of a high tower, and from each of the scales, suspended, by means of a wire, a second scale at the foot of the tower. Two bodies which would balance in the upper scales were out of balance when one was removed to the lower scale, because the latter was nearer the centre of the earth. By comparing this difference with the difference caused by a large ball of lead (1 metre in diameter) in close proximity to the lower scale, he obtained an equation which, with the known size of the earth, gave the density of the latter as above stated.—*Eastern Record.*

THERE are two classes of men in the clerical profession: there are the men who sustain the pulpit and the men whom the pulpit sustains.—*Dr. Austin Phelps.*

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE New York "Christian Union" calls the grog-shops "the assassins of clergyman."

A BERKSHIRE clergyman has determined to substitute zedone for sacramental wine.

BEER brewing has, a Japanese paper says, become an important branch of industry in that country.

WOMEN can now practise as attorneys in the Connecticut courts, by the decision of its Supreme Court.

CHICAGO is to have a Cardinal of her own, as the red cap is to be given to Archbishop Patrick A. Fechan.

THE late Samuel A. Harrison, the art collector, of Philadelphia, bequeathed \$10,000 to the Home for Incurables in that city.

THE Hon. John Bright and the Lord Mayor of London have each entertained a company of American dry-goods clerks now on a visit to Great Britain.

IT is proposed to hold the next General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance at Stockholm, in September, 1883. The Queen of Sweden is said to take a warm interest in the project.

THE missionaries in India of the Lutheran Church send a strong appeal to their Board for a reinforcement of at least five men. The Board regrets that it has neither the men nor the means.

A REPORT that Arabi Bey intended to surrender and go into voluntary exile, retaining his rank and pay for himself, and insuring the same privilege for a number of his comrades, has proved false.

THE public debt of Egypt is \$450,000,000—an enormous load for a country which has neither mines, forests, nor manufactures, but derives its whole revenue from 4,750,000 acres of agricultural land.

THE operation of casting the bronze statue of Thomas Carlyle, which is to be erected on the Chelsea Embankment, was successfully performed at the works of Messrs. Young & Co., London, on the 15th of July.

A STUDENT at Durham University has been sentenced to nine months' imprisonment, with hard labour, for attempting to extort £20 from Dr. C. Lake, Dean of Durham, by pretending that he could reveal a Fenian plot to blow up Durham Cathedral.

THE "Blue Ribbon Army" is making decided progress in Wales. In Swansea alone over 27,000 took the Gospel temperance pledge. The brewers find their receipts are greatly diminished, the falling off of one in that county being \$4,500 a week.

A "GARFIELD HOUSE," sixth in order of the "Homes for Working Girls" established in different parts of London within the last four years, has just been opened in South London. Minister Lowell presided at the ceremonies attending the opening.

A JOINT committee of the American Philological Association and the American Association for the Advancement of Science have requested American colleges to cease conferring the degrees of Doctor of Philosophy and Doctor of Science *honoris causa*.

THE Bishop of Maryland thinks a consecrated church too sacred a building in which to carry on discussions on church matters, and wants a hall built in which to hold sessions of the Convention. The New York "Independent" holds that this is "formalism run mad."

MISSIONARY "comity" is not a dead letter. The Presbyterians were about to establish a mission at Chihuahua, in Mexico, but learning that the American Board desired the field, left it to them, and Rev. J. D. Eaton, late of Boundbrook, N. J., will begin the work.

AT Salisbury, on the 17th ult., 50 special constables were sworn in, in order to prevent further Salvation Army riots. There were nearly twenty assault cases upon the Army for hearing on Monday by the magistrates. The majority were adjourned, but in two cases fines were inflicted.

REV. FORBES E. WINSLOW, vicar of St Paul's, St. Leonards-on-Sea, England, has had £10,000 as a thank-offering unconditionally and anonymously placed at his disposal by a member of his congregation, for the building of a church for the poor in a district of St. Paul's parish called Bohemia.

THE Ministerial Union of San Francisco, composed of clergymen of different denominations, have formally requested the Board of Education of that city to arrange for the admission of all duly qualified Chinese children to the public schools. There are already a few Japanese children in the schools.

AT the Masonic obsequies in memory of Garibaldi, held in a building at Montevideo, South America, an alarm of fire was given, and three hundred persons rushed for the narrow staircase leading to the door. Twenty persons were trampled to death, and ten others were almost killed. The fire was caused by an oil lamp falling on a catafalque.

THE Island of Hainan, on the coast of China, has a population of about 1,500,000. A Mr. Jeremiaassen, formerly engaged in the service of the Chinese customs at Canton, being an earnest Christian, left this service to engage in mission work at his own expense. He is now on the Island of Hainan for the purpose of introducing the Gospel there.

THE pastor of St. Chrysostom's Protestant Episcopal church, in Philadelphia, until lately possessed a silver dollar which, for two years, had served as a shining witness and detective of imposture. During that time he offered the coin to 113 starving men who had tried in vain to obtain work, according to their own glib wails, if they would remove a heap of gravel from his back yard. One and all declined the job, though it would not have taken more than an hour. The 114th beggar accepted the offer and received the dollar, although he did little more than level the heap by kicking the sand around the yard.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE induction of the Rev. A. Findlay into the pastoral charge of Bracebridge, Monck, and Muskoka Falls, will take place on the 24th inst.

ON the 9th inst. the Sabbath school children of the Presbyterian church at Bradford enjoyed a pleasant sail and pic-nic at DeGrassi's Point.

THE Rev. James Cameron, of Chatsworth, has gone on a trip up the lakes. He is accompanied by Mrs. Cameron. The Chatsworth pulpit is supplied by the Rev. Mr. Duncan, of Kilsyth.

THE Orillia "Times" says that the annual pic-nic of the Presbyterian Sabbath school of that town, held lately, "was as successful as any previous year, which is saying not a little in its favour."

AT a special meeting of the Presbytery of Huron, held on the 9th inst. in the Presbyterian Church, Seaford, a call from the congregations of Rodgerville and Chiselhurst in favour of Rev. Robt. Thynne was sustained and ordered to be transmitted to him.

LINDSAY Presbytery meet at Uptergrove on Tuesday, 22nd inst., at half-past one o'clock p.m., for the induction of the Rev. H. Sinclair to the pastoral charge of North Mara and Longford congregations. Rev. Messrs. Ross, McNabb, Elliot, Paul, and McDonald are appointed to preach, preside, and address the pastor and people on the occasion.—COM.

A LECTURE on "How to Get On in the World" was delivered in the Presbyterian church at Selkirk, Man., on the evening of the 2nd inst., by the Rev. David Mitchell, of Belleville, Ont. The Rev. Alex. Matheson occupied the chair and introduced the lecturer. The new Selkirk paper, the "Herald," says that "Mr. Mitchell treated his subject ably and eloquently, and fully sustained his reputation as a lecturer."

AT the recent meeting of the Presbytery of Maitland, the Rev. W. T. Wilkins resigned his charge of the Belgrave congregation on account of inadequate support. The congregation bore testimony to Mr. Wilkins' faithful discharge of his pastoral duties, but stated that they were unable to support a minister, owing to the fact of another congregation, that of Fordyce, being established within their bounds. The resignation was accepted.

A SECOND missionary—Mr. R. G. Sinclair—has been appointed to Prince Albert, N.W.T. Three additional church edifices are nearly completed, and as soon as the grant of \$100 each applied for from the Church Building Fund has been received they will be opened free from debt. Ten acres of land, the property of the Prince Albert congregation, will be laid off in town lots and placed on the market this summer, and the balance appropriated to the erection of a manse.

THE St. Mary's "Argus" of the 5th inst. says: "From a letter dated 'Amoy, China, June 10th,' from the Rev. K. Junor to his parents in this town, we are pleased to learn that the reverend gentleman was recovering from his recent severe illness. At the date of the letter he was able to move a little around the house, and expected soon to be able to remove to Japan. His physicians have given it as their opinion that he should not go back to labour in Formosa, as the condition of his health is such that it might prove fatal. After a short residence in Japan, in all likelihood Mr. and Mrs. Junor will return to this country, in order to get thoroughly recuperated.

THE Presbyterian congregation of Little Britain, Manitoba, has with great spirit completed its church, which is now one of the best finished and most substantial in the Province. The ladies of the congregation, having undertaken the matter, decided to expend some \$900, and have re-ceiled, re-seated, and painted the church, fitted up a new pulpit, and obtained handsome chandeliers. A friend of the congregation presented a new Pulpit Bible and Psalm Book. On the 2nd inst. a picnic was held on the grounds of the church. There was a good attendance—sufficient to fairly fill the church, in spite of the showery character of the day. Friends of the congregation from Winnipeg, Kildonan, and Selkirk were present. The usual refreshments, with ice cream, etc., abounded, and there was much rejoicing over the improvements. The pastor of the congregation, Rev. Alexander Matheson, Rev. Prof. Bryce, of Winnipeg, and Rev. Mr. Laidlaw (Methodist), of Selkirk, were present, and congratulated

lated the congregation on the signs of progress. Little Britain, with East and West Selkirk, constitute the charge of Mr. Matheson.

AT the regular quarterly meeting of the Presbytery of Miramichi, N.B., the clerk read drafts of the minutes respecting the translation of the Rev. Dr. Jardine to Brockville, Ont., and that of the Rev. J. A. F. McBain to Georgetown, Que. These minutes, which were adopted and ordered to be engrossed, were as follows: "In consenting to the translation of Dr. Jardine, now of Brockville, this Presbytery bears testimony to his worth and labours. While he was pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, he showed himself to be a fine combination of the scholar and the practical worker. He is highly cultured, but he is not a recluse or book-worm. His preaching was fresh and erudite, and at the same time he was a systematic worker among his people, as well as most active in the business of this Court. The Presbytery cherish an affectionate memory of their brother, and follow him with prayers for abundant success in the sphere which he now occupies. In consenting to the translation of Mr. McBain, now of Georgetown, the Presbytery puts on record the esteem in which he is held after an experience of nearly four and one-half years. He gave most diligent attention to the work done in this Court, his acquaintance with ecclesiastical procedure and his wisdom in council rendering his services very valuable. He was always a Christian gentleman among his brethren. As a preacher he was faithful and able, his aim being to declare the whole counsel of God. He was particularly assiduous in the prosecution of his pastoral work, testifying from house to house on behalf of the religion which he professes. His deep interest in the schemes of the Church was manifest in the liberal contributions given by his congregation. The Presbytery parts with him with regret, praying that his labours in his new sphere may be still more abundant and successful."

PRESBYTERY OF MONTREAL.—A special meeting of this Presbytery was held in St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on the 8th inst., Rev. R. Campbell, moderator, in the chair. The call from Elgin and Athelstane was reported with a guarantee of \$950 a year and a manse, and as having been transmitted to the Presbytery of Miramichi, N.B. The Presbytery resolved to meet in Elgin on Thursday the 24th of August, to go on with Mr. Houston's induction, if the way be clear; the Rev. Mr. Johnston to preside, the Rev. Mr. Boyd to preach, the Rev. Mr. Watson to address the minister, and Rev. Mr. McBain to address the people. With regard to Mr. Patterson's appointment to Presbyterian city mission work, the edict served on the congregation of Hemmingford was reported duly served. The minutes of a congregational meeting were read, indicating a strong feeling to retain Mr. Patterson as their pastor. Mr. Julius Scriber, M.P., appeared as commissioner, and spoke of Mr. Patterson's long and faithful services, and the strong attachment to himself personally of those who had known him longest and most intimately, intimating at the same time that the vote at the congregational meeting did not indicate a desire to raise formal objections, provided Mr. Patterson himself and the Presbytery thought it best that the pastoral tie should be dissolved. The Rev. Mr. Patterson having been asked to express his mind, declared his willingness to accept the appointment of Presbytery, while feeling deep regret at leaving his present field, where he had lived and laboured so happily. After an expression of opinion by the Revs. R. H. Warden, J. S. Black, Principal McVicar, and others, as to the nature of the work and the suitability of the appointment, the appointment was formally made, to begin on the 1st of September, and Mr. Patterson was appointed moderator of the Session of Hemmingford during the vacancy. The Presbytery resolved to meet for the induction of the Rev. John Scrimger as Professor of Hebrew and Greek Exegesis in the Presbyterian College, Montreal, on the first Wednesday of October, at half-past seven o'clock p.m. The moderator, the Rev. Robert Campbell, was appointed to induct and give an address suited to the occasion. Rev. Mr. Watson reported that he had moderated in a call at Dundee. The call was unanimous in favour of the Rev. Mr. McEachern, of Parkhill, Presbytery of Sarnia. The stipend promised was \$800 a year, with manse and glebe. The call was sustained, and ordered to be transmitted to the Presbytery of Sarnia with the request that it be issued with all convenient speed. Rev. Mr. Cameron, of

Glencoe, and Rev. Mr. Wells, of Nairn, were appointed to prosecute the call before the Presbytery of Sarnia. The meeting then adjourned.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

MR. EDITOR,—Your sense of justice will no doubt place before your readers this correction of a statement you made in your issue of the 2nd inst. The merits of the cases themselves must be determined individually, and that can only be done by having the evidence of both sides. We both deprecate Cooper justice, as well as ecclesiastical Adullamite caves. You state that you have knowledge of "three instances in which the Congregational Union has laid the foundation of a Congregational Church on a Presbyterian quarrel." That Independent Churches have been formed, organized, as results mainly of Presbyterian quarrels, is no doubt true; perhaps the cause of Christ has not been always hindered thereby; and that such Churches, self-organized, have been, as churches, received afterwards into the Union, is also true, but the Union never encouraged or aided in the formation thereof. I venture to doubt whether any Presbytery would decline receiving an actual working congregation, provided the conditions of doctrine and polity were met.

That denominations so closely allied in Reformation struggles, in doctrine and aims, and even general polity, as the Presbyterian and Congregational are, might aim at avoiding conflict, or even competition, in places where both are struggling is Christian reasonableness, and to that end I for one am ready for straightforward talk; but I must be permitted to suggest that the hindrances are not all on one side, and that imputations of "dear brother gush" and fair dealing do not conduce to that end. Fraternally,

EDITOR OF "CANADIAN INDEPENDENT."

Toronto, August 4th, 1882.

GOSPEL WORK.

WHAT CAN BE DONE IN THREE DAYS.

The programme of Messrs. Moody and Sankey for the next nine months includes visits to a large number of provincial centres. In the hope of encouraging and stimulating those who may have the care of the arrangements in these places, I present a brief sketch of what has just been accomplished within the short compass of three days.

Kirkcaldy is a manufacturing town of 24,000 inhabitants. It is well equipped with churches and Sabbath-schools, and while religion has always had the respect of the community, there has not, for some time, been anything like a general awakening. Evangelistic work, however, has always been encouraged by the best men in the place, and—a point of some importance—evangelism has never been brought into disrepute by ill-advised or extravagant effort.

The conditions being so far favourable, no sooner had Mr. Moody fixed his date than the ministers began preliminary preparations. A choir was called together to learn the newer hymns, and Mr. Sankey himself was kind enough to select a number for special practice. This choir was under the personal instruction and leadership of one of the ministers, and it is only right to say that its work throughout has been most admirable. The singing will long be remembered as one of the most impressive as well as one of the happiest features of the movement. After the choir was organized the Christians were called together for prayer. The aims of the special effort were explained from some of the pulpits, and one or two preparatory evangelistic services were held on the Sabbath evenings preceding the arrival of the evangelists. To lay too much stress upon these simple points is impossible. Prayer, of course, much prayer is indispensable; and the awakening of interest and expectation goes far to prepare the way for a general movement.

Two other things I might mention, incidentally. The evangelists did not enter Kirkcaldy alone. There followed them a small body-guard of workers accustomed to deal with inquirers, to take a hand at an overflow meeting, and to devote themselves, if necessary, to follow up the work afterwards for days or weeks, according as the movement might develop. In this case the services of these strangers were all required. It is imperative in all similar cases that some one should be secured to continue the meetings. The influence of the young converts will begin to tell

at once on their associates, and if there are no meetings to encourage them in their mission, the gleanings, if not the whole harvest, will be lost. Besides, the impression in many cases needs deepening, the sudden faith requires steady nursing, and if the first success is to be more than a flash in the pan, it must be succeeded by persevering work.

A second point I refer to with some hesitation. I hope I shall not be misunderstood if I add, that it is of some importance that the evangelists should be introduced to a new community under as good auspices as possible. I mean, that the leaders of the work locally should be men who have, in the fullest sense, the respect and confidence of the place. It was doubtless good for Paul that he had such worthy patrons as Priscilla and Aquila; and Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey lost none of their audience by being the guests of one whose even aggressive influence on the side of Christ and righteousness for nearly half a century, as Provost of the town, never made him one enemy.

The season of the year, it may be said, was the worst possible. It was midsummer. The school examinations were pending, and parents as well as children were on the eve of their summer holiday. The town generally was preparing for its annual fête—which included as one of its items a day's horse-racing. But all this had no appreciable effect upon the meetings.

The first meeting was held in the Established Church on Friday evening. Here many years ago a crowd was gathered to hear Edward Irving—an occasion sadly remembered still for the catastrophe with which it closed. The gallery fell in, and numbers of the congregation perished. No such crowd probably has filled the old church since. It was a magnificent audience to influence, and both Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey were in unusual form. Mr. Sankey sang with great power "Behold what love," and Mr. Moody preached on "God is love." The impression was great, and although the temptation must have been difficult to resist, Mr. Moody did not intimate an inquiry meeting. He invited, however, all who would like to hear a simple statement of the way of life to remain after the meeting was dismissed, and was rewarded by the most earnest attention of nearly half his audience for another half-hour.

On Saturday no meeting was held. This day is the evangelists' Sabbath.

Sunday opened with a meeting for Christian workers at nine o'clock—the best of all the meetings to many. The whole country side contributed to fill the pews, and, indeed, during the whole day the town was filled with strangers. At five the Free Church was packed with an audience of women; and the Established Church, at which Mr. Sankey and the choir put in an appearance later, could scarcely contain the overflow. After the inquiry meeting, the churches were filled a second time, one with a mixed audience, the other exclusively with men. There must have been nearly 2,000 present at the latter. Probably the most solemn and fruitful occasion of the whole series was the inquiry meeting at the close of this service. Some hundreds remained behind, and as it was out of the question to allocate a worker to each, Mr. Moody had to deal with them *in masse*. Those who saw this meeting will remember it all their lives. The evangelist began by pressing immediate decision.

It seemed at first as if there was to be no response. When the question was asked, "Who will accept Christ?" there was no reply. The question was put again and again, now varied in form, now backed by a text, or illustrated by some telling story from past experience; still the silence remained unbroken.

At last a manly voice spoke out, "Mr. Moody, I will;" "And I," said another; "I will," said a third, and a fourth, and a fifth. But Mr. Moody was not satisfied. That bowed crowd must yield more. So the speaker began again. His earnestness now was most melting. One after another rose and said, "I will," and in ten minutes longer those who professed decision could be numbered by the score. Still the evangelist pleaded in the name of Christ with the conscience-stricken remainder. One after another they gave in. The pathos of the final appeal did its work.

On Monday there were three meetings: first, a Bible-reading for the special benefit of the country people; next, Mr. Sankey generously yielded to the

desire expressed to have a children's meeting. This opportunity of seeing and hearing one whose name is familiar in every Scotch home as a household word was eagerly seized, and an immense gathering thronged the place of meeting. An inquiry meeting followed, and a second children's meeting is to be held in a few days, in order to perpetuate the work. The evangelistic service in the evening brought the series to a fitting close, and again a crowded inquiry meeting testified to the power of God.

What I would specially recall, in closing, is that this three days' campaign has undoubtedly been owned of God. The most sanguine workers are taken by surprise, and now everyone is filled with gratitude and joy. The inquirers have not only been numerous beyond all expectation, but their quality has much impressed the workers. We are following up the movement with nightly meetings, and trust that for many days to come the fountain of blessing will not cease to flow.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXV

Aug. 27, } PHARISEES AND SADDUCEES { Mark 12 :
1882. } SILENCED. { 13-28.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."—1 Tim. 4 : 8.

TIME.—Tuesday of last week of Christ's life—same day as last two Lessons.

PLACE.—As last, in the Temple.

PARALLEL.—Matt. 22 : 15-33; Luke 20 : 21-40.

Notes and Comments.—Ver. 13. An unholy alliance again—"Pharisees and Herodians;" so Lesson for February 5; a political party and a religious sect uniting against Christ, although opposed in everything else. Matthew says they were disciples of the Pharisees—young persons, probably—to give a greater plausibility to their question; "to catch:" lit. to ensnare.

Ver. 14. And they use flattery too! as if they thought that He would be deceived by that. "Teachest the way of God in truth:" true, but the devil's truth, which is a lie. "Tribute:" or "tax," for the word here signifies a poll tax levied by the Romans. "Give or not give:" look at the cunning of this. If He said "give," His influence with the people, whose national fanaticism was now at its height, and ready to break out into rebellion, was gone; if He said "don't give," then was the opportunity for which they were looking—they could denounce Him to Pilate as a traitor.

Ver. 15. "Their hypocrisy:" Matthew, "wickedness;" Luke, craftiness. "Why tempt:" seek to entrap. "A penny," the Roman *denarius*, equal to about sixteen cents, and so He makes them answer themselves, and they are caught in the meshes of the net they had prepared for Him. There is more than human wisdom in the action of Jesus.



ROMAN DENARIUS—A PENNY.

Ver. 16. "Whose image:" likeness on coin. "Superscription:" the name, titles, etc. "Cæsar's." Tiberius, the most beautiful and most wicked of all the Roman emperors.

Ver. 17. "Render to Cæsar:" and this the Rabbis had taught where they said, "Wherever any king's money is current, there that king is lord." The coin of a realm shows the authority. "To God:" man himself, ruined although he may be by the fall, bears the image of his Divine Coiner, and to Him, man with all his powers should be given, and so the reply is complete—to the Pharisees. "Render unto Cæsar:" to the Herodians. "Render unto God:" a lesson for each and all. "Marvelled:" no wonder. Never was a wiser answer to an entangling question—an answer, too, that lays the foundation principles of Church and State.

Ver. 18. Another attack from a fresh quarter. "Sadducees:" the sceptic of that day. "No resurrection:" "neither angel nor spirit"—Acts 23 : 8, thus denying the future life altogether.

Ver. 19. "Moses wrote:" Deut. 25 : 5-10. Like the law of divorce in Lesson for July 2, this was not instituted by Moses, but permitted, as a custom of other nations too deeply rooted in the mind of the people to be easily abolished; but it will be seen that, like divorce, it was so carefully guarded as to make it as little as possible objectionable.

Vers. 20-23. The case stated may have been a real one, but it was, more probably, one of their stock illustrations and arguments with which they had aforesaid troubled their opponents, the Pharisees. Here is the point—if God through Moses ordained this, then there could not be a resurrection, as one wife to seven husbands would be an absurdity. The Pharisees themselves had furnished this weapon by their teachings respecting a future life, which they said was to be a copy of this, and expressly asserting that a woman who had two husbands in this life would be restored to the first one in heaven. "In the resurrection:" lit. in the life after the resurrection.

Vers. 24, 25. "Ye do err:" REV. "is it not for this cause that ye err?" answered in ver. 27, "ye do greatly err." "Know not the Scriptures:" two sources of error—ignorance of the word of God, and doubt, unbelief, as to

the power of God. The Scriptures which they had, and professed to receive, plainly taught a resurrection, while their national belief as Jews was in an omnipotent Jehovah. "Neither marry:" as the man, "nor are given in marriage:" as the woman, by her father, "but are as angels in heaven:" so Rev. In heaven, no death, no birth, no marriage, no physical relations such as exist here, but a spiritual body even as the angels.

Vers. 26, 27. A grand setting forth of the truth of the resurrection from the relation of God to their fathers, that relationship, on which they so much prided themselves. He was "the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob:" and because He was such these must be living, for "He is not the God of the dead, but—of the living. This living God can only be the God of the living. The Sadducees acknowledged the authority of the Pentateuch, even if they denied that of the prophetic books, which they are said to have done. The effect of these replies is seen in ver. 34.

HINTS TO TEACHERS.

Cautions.—It is right to get all the light we can on the facts of the lessons, and to give to our scholars as much as will enable them properly to understand the occasion of the truths to be taught, but no more; some Lesson note writers give, we think, far too much attention to the wrappings of the lesson, as here—full details about Roman coins, values, customs of tax and tribute collection, etc., and ancient ideas of marriage such as are here mentioned. Well to know, teacher; but if you are going to fill your hour of teaching with that matter, you will certainly fail of the true end of your labour; give your thought, study and instruction the rather to the great truths and teachings you will find here, as in every lesson.

WHAT AND HOW TO TEACH.

Topical Analysis.—(1.) The temptation and discomfiture of the Pharisees (vers. 13-17.) (2.) The temptation and discomfiture of the Sadducees (vers. 18-27).

Prefatory.—If we can find a thought common to both lessons by which we can preserve the unity of our teaching, it will be something like this—the relations which God's servants bear to Him in this life and the life to come: He is their God.

On the first topic, let us get a clear understanding of the spirit and nature of this conspiracy. Here were two sets of men hating each other with a bitter hatred; the one, Roman in their desires and aims, the other intensely Jewish, and looking with abhorrence on Romans and all other Gentiles. These two parties strike hands for the occasion. They each hate Jesus, and they conspire to put a question, the reply to which they feel sure will be His destruction on the one side or the other—such was their hatred. Further, there was base hypocrisy; they came with fawning, honied words to disarm suspicion, that He might the more easily fall into the pit which they had dug. Show further the omniscient wisdom of Jesus. He saw their hypocrisy, Matthew tells us that He charged them with it (22 : 18), made them by their own showing answer themselves, and at the same time demonstrate the marvellous wisdom of Him whom they would have destroyed; they came to ensnare, but were themselves ensnared. The words of the Saviour are weighty, and we must press upon our scholars that, as Christian citizens, we have duties owing alike to our rulers and to God. We must no more cheat our rulers than we must disobey God. To the one, as the representatives of law and order, we must give what is required—support; and to God, the service of life and heart.

On the second topic, show how clearly the truth of the resurrection is taught from an Old Testament passage. Who but He who spoke those words to Moses could have known their deep meaning? "This God is our God for ever and ever." The relations of God to His people are not exhausted in our short lifetime, but are for ever; He is the living God, and those whose God He is must, of necessity, live also. So the words of Jesus, "Because I live, ye shall live also"—John 14 : 19. We may rejoice that the wickedness of these men brought from the Master such a blessed discovery of the meaning of Scripture, and such a firm foundation on which to build our faith of a future life.

Incidental Lessons.—On the first topic—That we must expect what our Saviour experienced, the bitter opposition of wicked men.

That God can make the wrath and hatred of man to praise Him.

That we have duties as citizens which must not be disregarded.

That Christians should recommend their religion by faithfully performing their duties as citizens and subjects.

On the second topic—That ignorance of the Scriptures is the real cause of unbelief.

That humble faith is the divinest wisdom.

That earthly relations are only for this life.

The eternity of God an assurance of the eternal life of His children.

Main Lessons.—Our supreme duty to God the basis of all our actions, civil and religious—Dan. 2 : 21; Rom. 13 : 1, 2, 4, 6; Titus 3 : 1; 1 Peter 2 : 13. The resurrection, taught in the Old Testament—Job 14 : 12-15; Psa. 17 : 15; Isa. 26 : 19; Dan. 12 : 2.

THE power of a man's virtue should not be measured by his special efforts, but by his ordinary doing.—Pascal.

CONTENTMENT is a pearl of great price, and whoever procures it at the expense of ten thousand desires makes a wise and happy purchase.

THE Bible in the Basuto language has been issued by the British and Foreign Bible Society, at a cost of £4,000. This is the ninth completed Bible in the native languages of Africa.

THE Swedish Evangelical Missionary Society of Stockholm has six missionaries in India. It has also missionaries in South Africa, and has done some missionary work in Abyssinia.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE WRITING ON THE SHORE.

(The author of this little poem, G. B. Ontram, saw "God is Love" written on the Trusthorpe Sands.)

I read one morn'ing on the sand,
And written by a childish hand,
A truth the billows cannot teach,
A truth past human wisdom's reach—
God is Love.

It seemed a very angel's trace,
God's footprint in that lonely place,
It brightened up the sea and sky;
And glad I was I could reply,
God is Love.

And much I thanked my little friend,
Who thus her joyous creed had penned;
And may she know for evermore
The truth she wrote upon the shore—
God is Love.

The tide will come again to-day,
And wash that lonely print away,
But death and hell cannot erase
The charter of that child of grace—
God is Love.

A STAR-HOLE IN THE SKY.

Two faces at a window, and a black, black sky above.

One was a face of delicate fairness; the other was round and ruddy with health, plump as a full moon. Mabel Lee owned the first, and her brother, Eddie, owned the second. Mabel was ten and Eddie eleven.

"No star-hole in the sky to-night, Mabel. Black, black everywhere."

"Yes, I see one, Eddie."

"Where?"

"Over that chimney."

Yes, just above the top of a neighbour's chimney that the night was fast swallowing up, Eddie saw a star. It looked like a little spark that had flown out of the neighbour's chimney.

"Ah, Mabel, you find a star-hole in every sky," said Eddie. "If none were there, I believe you would prick one with the point of a pin."

Mabel laughed, and turned away from the window, leaning on her stout little companion's arm. As she turned, one could then have seen the little girl was pitifully lame. But Eddie supported her, tenderly holding her up. It was a touching sight to see them going to school together, the weaker leaning on the stronger, and the stronger gently bearing the weaker up.

Mabel was indeed famous for finding star-holes in the sky. As she went away from the window she said to herself:

"If I were not lame, Eddie might not be so good, and take such care of me."

The next night after her discovery of the star near the chimney, she was going home with Eddie. She was not feeling very happy, for a little fellow, Timmy Thomas, had made fun of her walking. Mabel kept it all to herself, and did not tell Eddie. She was now so sorry that she was lame, and there were big tears in her blue eyes, but she did not let Eddie see them.

Suddenly the tears were startled away, for Mabel and Eddie heard a loud scream.

"O, help me—do! do! O, help me—do!"

"Somebody is in the water—fallen from the wharf," cried Eddie. "Come this way, Mabel."

As he spoke, he led Mabel through a big gate that was open into a large wood-yard. This yard opened down to a wharf, and in the water, clinging to a pier, was Timmy Thomas. After leaving Mabel and Eddie he had thought it would be good fun to run from one wharf to the other, up to the wood-yard wharf, but he had missed his footing, slipped and fallen down—down in the water. What a pitiful, beseeching face he turned up to them!

"Quick, quick!" he cried. "O, get some one to help me, quick!"

"Hold on there, Timmy! Grip fast and grip firm," called Eddie. "I will soon have somebody here."

Off ran Eddie, saying to Mabel:

"Now, you stay here till I come back;" and because Mabel was lame she was obliged to stay behind.

How she wished she was strong! Wouldn't she run away for help?

"But there, I can keep him company, and that will do some good," she thought, looking down at the unfortunate boy in the water.

"Poor Timmy!"

"Mabel," he cried, piteously, "won't Eddie bring somebody soon? This pier is slippery, and I can't cling good; and I am afraid I can't hold on long."

What could Mabel do?

She turned about, and looked through an open door into a shed on the wharf. Was that a rope she saw on the ground? She limped into the shed, and there, indeed, was a rope at one side. And it was knotted!

"Perhaps Timmy could cling to this," she thought.

She took it back to the edge of the wharf, wound one end of it two or three times around the pier to keep it from slipping, and then threw the knotted end into the water. How Timmy did cling to that knotted end!

"I can hold on to this," he said.

"Can you?" asked Mabel. "I am glad."

There she was above, holding on to her end, and below was Timmy clinging to the rope.

Eddie came back very soon, followed by a man quite strong enough to rescue Timmy.

"Ho, ho!" he said. "What have we down here? A fish on the end of this line? Can you hold tight if I pull you up?"

"I think I can," said Timmy. "The knot helps."

"Well, hold on! Up, up she comes—there!"

And Timmy was landed on the wharf as neatly as any fish ever pulled out of the dock.

"Look out next time, sonny!" said Mr. Gray. "If it had not been for this little girl you might have been down where the fishes are, and for good, too."

Then Timmy turned to Mabel.

"O, Mabel," he said, "I am sorry I made fun of you."

But Mabel said that was all settled, and she walked away, leaning on Eddie, and saying to herself:

"There, if I had been able to run like other folks I shouldn't have stayed with Timmy, and couldn't have helped him."

So she found another star-hole in the black sky.

LITTLE FOES OF LITTLE BOYS.

"By-and-by" is a very bad boy:
Shun him at once and forever;
For they who travel with "By-and-by"
Soon come to the house of "Never."

"I Can't" is a mean little coward:
A boy that is half of a man;
Set on him a plucky wee terrier
That the world knows and honours—"I Can't."

"No Use in Trying"—nonsense, I say:
Keep Trying until you succeed;
But if you should meet "I Forgot" by the way,
He's a cheat, and you'd better take heed.

"Don't Care" and "No Matter," boys, they're a pair,
And whenever you see the poor dolts,
Say, "Yes, we do care," and 'twould be "Great Matter,"
If our lives should be spoiled by small faults.

A WISE CHOICE.

A good minister, whom we will not name, while sitting at the dinner-table with his family, had these words said to him by his son, a lad of eleven years:

"Father, I have been thinking if I could have one single wish of mine, what I would choose."

"To give you a better chance," said the father, "suppose the allowance be increased to three wishes; what would they be? Be careful, Charley."

He made his choice, thoughtfully; first, of a good character; second, of good health; and third, of a good education.

His father suggested to him that fame, power, riches, and various other things are held in general esteem among mankind.

"I have thought of all that," said he, "but if I have a good conscience, and good health, and a good education, I shall be able to earn all the money that shall be of any use to me, and everything else will come along in its right place."

A wise decision, indeed, for a lad of that age. Let our young readers think of it, and profit by it.

DO YOU KNOW PETER?

I know a little boy, whose real name we will say is Peter Parsons; but the boys call him Peter Putoff, because he has such a way of putting things off, both business and pleasure.

He can learn his lessons well; but he is almost always at the bottom of his class, because he has put off learning his task from one hour to another, until it is too late. He delays in his play as in his work. He puts off reading the library book until it is time to send it back; he waits to join the game until it is too late; and generally comes up a little behind-hand for everything, from Monday morning till Saturday night, and then begins the new week by being too late for church and Sunday school. Peter is quite conscious of his own fault, and means to reform some time; but he puts off the date of the reformation so constantly, that manhood and old age will probably overtake this boy, and find him still only too worthy of the name of Peter Putoff.

ONE spark blew up the magazine, and shook the whole country for miles around. One leak sank the vessel, and drowned all on board. One wound may kill the body; one sin destroy the soul.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and has been used for forty years with never failing success by millions of mothers for their children.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

- LINDSAY.—At Lindsay, Tuesday, 20th August, at eleven o'clock a.m.
KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Monday, September 18th, 1882, at three o'clock p.m.
SAUGEN.—In St. Andrew's Church, Mount Forest, on the 19th September, at ten o'clock a.m.
PATERBORO.—In First Church, Port Hope, on the third Tuesday of September, at ten o'clock a.m.
SARNIA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Sarnia, on the third Tuesday of September, at two o'clock p.m.
HURON.—In Clinton, on the second Wednesday of September, at ten a.m.
STRAITFORD.—In Knox Church, Stratford, on the second Tuesday of September.
LONDON.—In the First Presbyterian Church, London, on the second Tuesday of September, at two p.m.
GLENGARRY.—At Alexandria, on Tuesday, Sept. 12th, at eleven o'clock a.m. Session Records are to be produced for examination.
CANTON.—At Windsor, on Tuesday, 19th September.
WHITBY.—At Oshawa, on Tuesday, 17th October, at half-past ten o'clock a.m.
MANTLAND.—At Melville Church, Brussels, on Tuesday, 19th September, at half past one p.m.
BARRIE.—Special meeting at Bracebridge, Thursday, 24th August, at two p.m., for the induction of Rev. A. Findlay. Ordinary meeting at Barrie, last Tuesday of September, at eleven a.m.
TORONTO.—In the usual place, on the 5th of September, at eleven a.m.
GUELPH.—Next ordinary meeting in Chalmers Church, Guelph, on the third Tuesday of September, at ten o'clock forenoon. Meeting for the ordination and induction of Mr. A. McKay in First Church, Eramosa, on Monday, 18th September, at eleven o'clock forenoon.
QUINCY.—In Spoutown, on Wednesday, 6th September, at 7 a.m.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

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DIED

At Beaverton, on the 31st ult., George, eldest son of the Rev. David Watson, M.A., aged 14 years.
At Beaverton, on Friday, 4th August, Peter Murray, sen., aged 65 years.

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NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Welland Canal," will be received at this office until the arrival of the Eastern and Western Mails, on FRIDAY, the FIRST day of SEPTEMBER next, for the deepening and completion of that part of the Welland Canal between Ramey's Bend and Port Colborne, known as Section No. 34, embracing the greater part of what is called the "Rock Cut." Plans showing the position of the work, and specifications for what remains to be done, can be seen at this office, and at the Resident Engineer's office, Welland, on and after FRIDAY, the EIGHT-EVENTH day of AUGUST next, where printed forms of tender can be obtained.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed form, and, in the case of firms, except there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the same, and further, an accepted bank cheque for the sum of four thousand dollars must accompany the respective tenders, which sum shall be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works, at the rates stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque of money thus sent in will be returned to the respective contractors whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

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