

A. R. 1.0
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The
City

Go ye into all the World and Preach
the Gospel to Every Creature.

The Maritime Presbyterian.

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MAY, 1885.

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RUTS AND RAILS.

There are ruts, and there are rails. A plowman who always plows up the same furrow, is not much of a success as a plowman ; but an engineer who runs his engine off the track at a dangerous curve, is still less of a success as an engineer. It is a great thing to know the difference between a rut and a rail, and no Sunday-school superintendent is fully qualified for his office until he has attained to that knowledge. Every superintendent ought to be fully persuaded in his own mind as to what are the things which ought to be run on rails in his school, and what are the things which ought not to be run in ruts. And he must see to it that in his anxiety to prevent the school from running in ruts, he does not end by running the school off the rails.—S. S. Times.

HOW TO DO GOOD.

How common is the error of thinking that one's truest success is his doing the most good that is possible. Doing one's duty is always better than doing any amount of good ; better than accomplishing the largest beneficial results by one's action—apart from the question of a rich duty. Saul made the mistake of thinking that worship and sacrifice were better than simple duty-doing. The Lord sent Samuel to rebuke and to condemn Saul's folly, David did better. When his men were in two divisions, one part fighting unto death, and the other part doing nothing but stand and watch the camp equipage. David insisted that the measure of reward should be according to the men's duty-doing and not according to their active service and its results. He said : "As his part is that goeth down to battle [to do great things] ; so shall his part be that carrieth by the stuff [to attend to his simple duty there] ; they shall share alike. And it was so from that forward, that he made it a statute and an ordinance for Israel unto this day." And that seems to be God's standard of approval in every sphere. The invalid, patiently enduring in weakness and suffering, a helpless charge in the care of others, is as sure of recognition, and of a glorious reward, as is the wise ruler of a great people, or the winner of souls by the thousand as a brilliant and successful preacher of Christ. One's only anxiety need be to know what is duty, and to do that. Duty-doing, not doing good, should be the highest aim of service on the part of every child of God.—S. S. Times.

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VOL. V.

MAY 15th, 1895.

No. 5.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE.

The closing of the above institution took place on Thursday, April 30th, at Pine Hill, Halifax.

The beginning of the day's proceedings was the competition in reading, for the Wiswell elocution prize. There were but two or three ministers present besides the the judges and competitors. After two trials all round the prize was awarded to Donald McDonald, B. A.

At ten o'clock the College Board met in the library, and the ordinary routine business was transacted. The Funds shew that the expenditure of the year has exceeded the receipts by nearly \$1000. This is not a large amount for the whole church and if all the congregations had done something for the college, the whole amount might easily have been realized.

At three o'clock the formal closing took place in the College. There were present a number of ministers and several other visitors.

Principal McKnight presided, gave a short address, and a report of the work of his classes during the winter. Professors Currie and Pollok then read their reports after which addresses were given by Rev. Neil McKay of P. E. Island, Dr. Macrae of St. John, and Joseph Annand of Anceityun.

The attendance at the hall during the past winter was larger than it has been for a number of years. There was but one student present who has completed his studies, but there were seven of the second year and ten of the first.

The following prizes were awarded :

The St. David's prize of \$10—J. W. McLellan, B. A.

The McMillan prize of \$25—J. A. Johnson, B. A.

The Fort Massey prize of 25—Roderick McLeod.

The St. Matthew's prize of \$25—J. R. Coffin.

The Pollok prize of 25—J. W. McLellan, B. A.

The Wiswell elocution prize—Donald McDonald, B. A.

The Forrest Prize—A. Campbell.

Also, two prizes of valuable books to gentlemen of the first year whose marks were specially high in the general average of the written examination—E. M. Dill, B. A., and Donald McDonald, B. A.

The Morrison prize—Alexander Campbell.

Our College is doing a good work. The training is very thorough. As a centre of Home Mission work, training our students at home, for home work, it is of great value. While earnestly working for the other schemes of the Church let not the College be forgotten.

The proceedings of the day were brought to a close by a meeting of the Alumni Association of the College which was held in the library at five o'clock, P. M. The chief subject of discussion was, how to keep our students at home, and deepen the interest in our college. Several who had seen the working of other institutions bore testimony to the high character of the training given here.

It was resolved to ask Synod at its next meeting to give part of one of its sedarants to the Alumni Association that the interests of the College might be considered and a deeper interest created in its welfare.

STATE OF THE FUNDS, MAY 1st, 1885.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.	
Receipts to May 1st, 1885.	\$ 13207 48
Expenditure " " "	14252 71
Bal. Due Treas. May 1st, '85	\$1045 23
DAYSPRING, AND MISSION SCHOOLS.	
Receipts to May 1st '85	\$3095 82
Expenditure " " "	4622 75
Bal. due Treas.	\$ 626 93
HOME MISSIONS.	
Receipts to May 1st, 1885.	\$4910 22
Expenditure " " "	4296 26
Bal. on hand	\$613 96
SUPPLEMENTS.	
Receipts to May 1st, 1885.	\$13085 70
Expenditure " " "	7891 28
Bal. on hand	\$5194 42
COLLEGE.	
Receipts to May 1st, 1885.	\$8362 02
Expenditure to May 1st. (including Bal. due Treas. May 1st, \$4192 09)	13641 12
Bal. due Treas.	\$5279 10
AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS FUND	
Receipts to May 1st '85	\$1957 41
Expenditure " " "	2223 65
Bal. due Treas.	\$266 14
RECEIPTS FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL.	
Foreign Missions	\$2607 47
Dayspring and Mission Schools	764 03
Home Missions	648 62
Supplement	1381 70
College	505 48
Aged Ministers Fund	163 88
French Evangelization	329 21
	\$6400 39

P. G. MCGREGOR, *Treasurer.*

The "State of the Funds" is most encouraging. The above figures represent not exactly but pretty nearly, their state at the close of the year. Though the year nominally ends on the first of May, the Treasurer's books are usually kept open for a few days longer, while on the other hand there is some expenditure for the year which is not charged in the above account. But though we have not the exact state of the Funds at the closing of the year, we have a pretty good idea of how they will stand and the prospect is most cheering. Take the Foreign Mission and Dayspring Funds, we see a deficit of about \$1600, but we began the year with a debt on these Funds of nearly \$1500, and on the whole the Foreign Mission receipts will

very nearly cover the expenditure for the year.

All the other Funds except the College Fund are in grand condition. It is a long time since the year has closed, on the whole so hopefully.

As a church we have every reason to thank God and take courage.

UNIFICATION OF FOREIGN MISSION WORK.

At last General Assembly a committee was appointed consisting of three members from the Maritime Synod, and four from the West, to draw up a scheme for the unification of the Foreign Mission work of our church, the scheme thus prepared to be submitted to the whole Foreign Mission Committee, East and West, and after approval or revision by them is to be submitted to next Assembly.

The sub-committee met in Montreal a few weeks since and prepared a scheme which, we understand, will soon be published in full.

Some of its principal points are in substance as follows :

The Foreign Mission work of our church shall be carried on under the charge of one Committee to be known as the Foreign Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

There shall be one Fund of which Dr. Reid shall be treasurer, and Dr. McGregor sub-treasurer. The proportion of the salaries of these men now paid from the Foreign Mission Funds to be continued as at present, Dr. McGregor receiving the same amount from the sums received by him, Dr. Reid receiving his usual per centage from the funds raised in the West, the F. M. funds passing through Dr. McGregor's hands not to be taxed for Dr. Reid's salary.

The Committee shall consist of twenty-one members of whom five shall be from the Synod of the Maritime Provinces, one from Manitoba, and the remainder from Quebec and Ontario.

The ordinary place of meeting of Committee shall be in Toronto.

There shall be three corresponding secretaries, one for the New Hebrides and Trinidad; one for India and China; and one for the mission to the Indians in the Northwest; and one recording secretary, all without salary.

Dr. Reid shall pay the missionaries now laboring under the charge of the West, and conduct such correspondence as may be necessary in connection therewith, and Dr. McGregor shall do the same with those in the New Hebrides and Trinidad.

All arrangements now existing in the several fields shall continue in force until changed by the Committee.

There are some other points of lesser importance that will be seen when the scheme is published, the above mentioned are its principal features.

The whole matter will no doubt be fully discussed at General Assembly though probably not finally decided until it is submitted once more to our Synod, inasmuch as the Synod, one of the parties to the union, at its last meeting, 'resolved to delay the decision of the question till next Synod.'

A part of the Foreign Mission work of the Western Section of the Church has been among the Indians of the North West. The present rebellion shews the need of such work; While the wild tribes of the South Seas need the gospel we have heathen at our doors.

But there is another element in the gospel that should be kept before them, viz. justice. And it will avail little to preach to them a gospel of peace and righteousness so long as they feel that they are wronged. It will be a poor substitute in their eyes to take from them their prairies and streams, where once they had abundance, and while refusing them bread offer them the Bible. It will not do to say to them Depart in peace be ye warmed and filled, and yet withhold from them what is needful for the body. They

are the wards of the nation, and while they must be compelled to lay down their arms of rebellion they must be fed and taught, and trained into a better way.

Such work is no charity. It is their due. We have taken from them one way of living, we are bound to provide and teach them another.

Ere these lines are read, war may be declared between Britain and Russia, or peace may be well assured, but whatever the result, we see the influence of Christianity in nations, in the fact that the war has been so long averted. Gladstone, a giant in moral, and Christian, principle, as well as in intellectual and physical power, has held with mighty hand a rein on the more warlike tendencies of the nation, determined to maintain peace if it could be done; bearing patiently the treachery, falsehood and threatened encroachments of Russia, seeking to settle difference by arbitration rather than the sword. If peace be maintained we will be able to look back upon the present as a spectacle, dark and sad on the one hand, but on the other almost sublime, in its moral grandeur. A mighty, grasping, nation, trampling upon rights and truth, seeking to provoke war. A large element in another nation eager for the fray, while the government, realizing the horrors of war and the awful responsibility resting upon it, not from weakness or fear, but from a sense of right, and the fearful results of plunging the world into war, refuses to be driven forward by the angry, surging crowd behind, so long as any honourable way of maintaining peace has been left untried. Had it been in past ages both nations would no doubt have been ere this engaged in deadly strife. It may be so yet, but according to present appearance it will not be if Britain can avoid it.

Then let us pray that come it may, when such principles shall rule the world, when men shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks, and shall learn war no more.

RETURN OF REV. JOSEPH ANNAND.

On Nov. 5th 1872 Mr. Annand and his wife sailed for the New Hebrides. On the 4th of June, 1873 he reached his field of labor. For the first three years they were settled on a heathen island, breaking new ground, the seed that they sowed is now bringing forth fruit.

In 1876 they were removed to Ancityum to take Dr. Geddie's field where they have since laboured with zeal, energy, and success.

There are now in their charge 173 adult members in good standing, while a staff of eleven elders and eleven deacons is taking charge of the station in their absence.

Mr. and Mrs. Annand left Ancityum Dec. 19th and reached Sydney Jan. 7th.

On the 30th Jan. they sailed from Sydney via Suez Canal and Mediterranean and reached London March 21st. Spending a few days in London, and in visiting Mrs. Annand's friends in the West of England, they sailed for Nova Scotia arriving in Halifax on Sabbath, April 16th.

Nigh thirteen years have come and gone since they left home for work in the South Seas. These years have brought with them many changes, but few changes greater than that in the progress of Missions. Since that time Dr. MacKay has done a good work on Formosa, since that time our Trinidad Mission has grown from a very small beginning to its present dimensions. Since that time much of Africa has been opened to the gospel. In India and China vast changes have taken place. Since that time Japan has passed through one of the most marvellous changes witnessed in modern times, a nation born in a day, while in their own field of labour our returned missionaries have seen the pleasure of the Lord prospering in their hands.

Mr. and Mrs. Annand show in themselves but little change, if we take into account their long years of work under a

southern sun. They are both in excellent health.

Their missionary life has its bright, as well as its dark side. Mrs. Annand says that she had no idea until they were leaving how hard it would be part with their people, so attached to them had they become.

May their visit home prove helpful to the church stirring it up to a deeper sense of its duty to the heathen, and helpful to themselves as they enjoy the society of Christian friends.

THE AUGMENTATION OR SUPPLEMENTING SCHEME.

The Supplementing Committee met in Halifax on Tuesday, April 28th. The state of the Fund is most cheering. Of the \$12,000 asked for by Synod about \$10,500 has been paid into the Treasurer's hands. For the first time in the history of our church in the Maritime Provinces have all the ministers in the Supplemented congregations received at the rate of \$750 and a manse.

In many manse homes where there has been for years a very limited support this new order of things will be most welcome. It will mean a freedom from care and anxiety about worldly matters, to which some homes have long been strangers.

One encouraging fact in connection with the movement is that since its beginning little more than a year ago 22 congregations that were below \$750 have become self-supporting at that rate, making in all some \$3000 increase.

Another fact equally cheering is that 25 of the Supplemented congregations have increased their contributions toward self support, to the amount of \$2500. The whole increase in the contributions toward the support of their own pastors in the two ways above mentioned being about \$5500.

There are two points that should be kept in mind.

1 That while half the supplemented con-

gregations have made an advance in the matter of helping themselves there are about 20, receiving aid, that have made no increase from their own resources toward self support. The aim of the church, while seeking to give larger supplements, should also be to encourage the supplemented charges to do more in the way of self support. Many of them are doing well. They have to do well in order to receive supplement, but the better they do for themselves the more cheerfully will the church at large give them aid.

☞ A second fact should be borne in mind. There is a number of congregations that cannot get supplements, whose ministers are receiving less than \$750 per annum. Why can they not get supplements? Because a congregation must give at the rate of \$4.50 per communicants, before it can get aid. These congregations do not give at that rate and if they did they would not need a supplement, for they would raise the minimum from their own resources. If these congregations would do as well as the Supplement charges are doing every minister in the Maritime Synod would receive \$750 and a manse.

Our Church has taken a grand step forward in the matter of liberality. The response in the Augmentation movement has been prompt and hearty over almost the whole church. May He who has said "The liberal soul shall be made fat" richly fulfil his promise.

HOME MISSIONS.

The Home Mission Committee met in Halifax on Wednesday April, 29th.

FIFTY STUDENT CATECHISTS

were appointed to the various mission fields in the Maritime Provinces for the ensuing summer. Of these, 20 are appointed to labour in in the Presbytery of St. John. Eighteen of the fifty are from our own College at Pine Hill, several from Dalhousie College, some from Scotland, some from Princeton, and some from

the Upper Provinces. This is a much larger number than was ever before sent out by our Church. We here note

1. The expansion of our Home Mission work. The dwellers in the more scattered settlements are being supplied with the gospel as never before. Thanks to the Lord of the harvest for the large band of young men who are thus available for work in our Home Mission field.

2. While the present is not the time for regrets, one cannot lose sight of the great dearth of laborers during the winter months. Some of these stations have been more or less regularly supplied during the winter by neighboring ministers and others, but many of them have had but little service, since the students left them last Autumn for college.

A need of our church that was never more felt than at the present time is more men for the ministry. The harvest is plenteous, the laborers too few.

The following is the list of Students employed for the coming summer.

For St. John Presbytery.

Name.	Institution.
James Ross	Presb. C. Hfx.
John Hawley	"
W. C. Cady	"
Jas. F. Blair	"
E. M. Dill	"
C. L. Herald	Queens C. Kingston
J. H. Milne	"
E. B. Waller	Princeton
Brown	"
Scott Watson	"
J. B. Bittinger	"
H. C. Fox	"
George Blair	Montreal
A. Currie	"
Murray Watson	"
J. H. Cahill	On the field
William McLeod	"

Presbytery of Miramichi

Alex. Campbell	P. C. Hfx
J. A. Johnson	"
J. F. Smith	Dalhousie C.
G. Haddow	Knox C. Toronto
George Kinnear	"
J. Van Cleve	Princeton

Presbytery of P. E. Island.

J. R. Coffin	Pr. Col. Hfx
W. L. McRae	"

Presbytery of Halifax.

Willard McDonald	P. Col. Hfx.
John Valentine	"
J. McLeod	Dalhousie
Wm. Tufts	"
G. H. C. McGregor	Free Col. Ed.
E. W. Byington	Hartford
G. McQueen	Princeton
Claude Brodhead	"

Truro Presbytery.

J. W. McLennan	P. Col. Hfx.
Andrew Hamilton	Scotland
J. W. Makely	Princeton
Henry Dickie	"

Pictou Presbytery.

A. P. Logan	P. Col. Hfx.
Edward Marr	U. P. Scotland
D. Morrison	Dalhousie

Victoria and Richmond.

Rodk. McLeod	P. Col. Hfx.
H. McLean	"
George Whillans	Montreal
David Wright	Ch. of Scotland

Sydney Presbytery.

Donald McDonald	P. Col. Hfx.
J. D. McFarlane	Dalhousie

Presbytery of Newfoundland

W. J. McKenzie	Dalhousie
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LIST OF PREACHERS

Rev. James Thompson
" W. C. Bryden
" J. A. McLean
" William Hamilton
" A. O. Brown *
Mr. George Carson
" Thomas Thomas Stewart *

* These with two Gaelic Preachers are expected from Scotland this month.

For May Mr. Bryden was appointed to Presb. of Lunenburg and Shelburne, Mr. McLean to Miramichi, Mr. Hamilton to Halifax, and Mr. Carson to Miramichi first half, and to Pictou Presb'y the second half of the month, unless hindered by pre-existing arrangements, Mr. Stewart also to be employed in Pictou on arrival in May.

THE JOURNEY OF A DAY.

BY REV. THEODORE L. CUYLER.

Human life is a journey marked off into stages of four-and-twenty hours. A person of average age sees about eleven thousand of these stages; if he reaches threescore years, he will have seen twenty two thousand risings of the sun. Night brings the bivouac and tired nature's sweet restorer. After a few hours of sound slumber (and woe to the man or

woman who cannot sleep), the rosy finger of the morning touches us, as the Divine Restorer touched the dead maiden in the house of Jairus, and says to us "Arise!" In a moment the whole machinery of life is again in full play. God puts us on a new probation, when the griefs of yesterday may be forgotten, and the mistakes of yesterday may be corrected, and a new chance is given us to "make good speed" on a higher walk of diligence, and a closer fellowship with our Guide.

One hour of the morning is commonly worth two at the sunset; nearly all the mind's best work is wrought after its resurrection from the couch, and not when it is seeking repose. The "Wizard of the North" wrote his Waverley romances before breakfast, while his guests were sleeping. All those commentaries of beloved Albert Barnes on yonder shelves, are the product of five o'clock in the morning. The night-watchman of Philadelphia got accustomed to see him marching over to his study before daylight in Winter. A vast deal of nonsense has been uttered about the "midnight lamp"; but it usually burns up a life before its time. Let the devil's debauchees be astir at midnight; God's children ought to be in bed and asleep. Especially students and ministers should perform their chief intellectual labor in the morning. I am happy to say that I have never prepared but one sermon in the evening, and am only sorry that I did that.

(1) Every day's journey should be commenced with God. As the oriental traveller sets out for the march over the burning sands by loading up his camel under the palm trees, and by filling his water-flagons from the cool fountain that sparkles at the roots, so doth a Christian way-farer draw his early supplies from the inexhaustible spring. "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up," said the man after God's own heart. The buoyant soul makes its earliest flight, like the lark, towards the gates of heaven. Bunyan gives a beautiful description of his Pilgrim, who awoke and sang in the Chamber of Peace that looked towards the sun-rising. An interview with God in the closet or at the household altar, sends us out on the journey, as Moses descended from the Mount, with the face shining.

(2) Much depends upon a cheerful start for the day. The man who leaves his home with a scowl on his brow, and a snap at his children, and a tart speech to his wife instead of a kiss, is not likely to be pleasant company for anybody during the day; he will probably come home

with the temper of a porcupine. Wise plans should be laid for every day so that it be not an idle saunter, or an aimless bustling to and fro. Yet to make good speed on the right track, we must not start *over-loaded*. Not too many things to be undertaken, lest they prove hasty botch-work. The journey is not made in a cushioned car, but on foot, and the most galling load is in vexatious and worrying care. One step at a time is all that the most busy Christian can take, and steady walking ought not to tire any healthy body or soul. It is the over-strained rush, whether in business or study, that breaks people down; especially the insane greed for wealth or the mad ambitions, goading brain and nerves to a fury. The shattered nerves and sudden deaths in all our great business centres, tell a sad story. A good rule is to *take short views*. Sufficient to the day is the toil thereof; no man is strong enough to bear to-day's load with the morrow piled on the top of it. The only long look far ahead that you and I should take, should be the look towards the Judgement seat, and the offered crown at the end of the race. That is the way to get a taste of heaven in advance.

(3) God's word is the best road-book for each day's journey. It is the infallible guide, with clear directions for every step, clear warnings for every danger, and bracing encouragements for every steep hill and hard pull. We defy any infidel to take the Bible, and order one whole day in close, conscientious obedience to all its injunctions, and go to bed that night a skeptic. The best test of the Bible is to walk by it; each morning we should consult it, and then carry its precepts and spirit with us through the day. Our Christianity should be woven into every hour, and regulate every act; it should keep the temper sweet and the conscience alert; it should make the house-wife's floor clean, and the merchant's ledger honest; if Christ be within us, then should He shine forth from us continually. Some people keep their religion as they do their umbrellas, to be used in an occasional storm; or like an overcoat, to be put on in severe weather. They hunt up their piety on Sundays, and wear it to church or to the communion table. When they get home they throw it off, and go in spiritual rags, or in pitiable nakedness through the week. If a sharp trial comes, it is convenient to have it; if the footstep of death is heard coming, then by all means it must be within reach. Such a wretched travesty

of real godliness was not in the Apostle's mind when he said "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ." So be apparelled with the spirit of Christ, is to walk in the beauty of holiness.

(4) As we set out on the life-march each morning, we never know what the day may bring forth. Sudden temptations may surprise us, as the Southerners surprised Sheridan's army at Cedar Creek when off their guard. Let us put on therefore the whole armor, and be ever watching. Few Christians fall deliberately; it is commonly the sudden assault of sin, when they are unwatchful, that trips and throws them into the dust. Then, too, we never can predict at the dawning what dark clouds may roll up, or what showers of tears may fall before the sun set. It is best that we should not know what is coming. If God only came with it, let the storm arise, and the blow fall! As our days our strength shall be. The tears may be but the lenses of love to see farther into heaven.

Each day is a precious loan from God. To lose a day in indolence and sin is a jewel lost out of our crown. The night soon cometh: perhaps suddenly "the sun's rim dips, and with one stride comes the dark." God keep us always ready for the next step in the journey; for it may be a step into eternity. Every morning let our prayer be like that of Abraham's steward: "I pray thee, send me good speed this day!" Then we shall end it at a milestone nearer our Father's House; and when we reach Home, there shall be no night there.

THE INQUISITION, A CIGAR FACTORY.

We came from Carthage to Colon, from the oldest city in South America to the youngest one; from the home and headquarters of the Spanish Inquisition in South America, where hundreds of heretics have been tortured to death, and thousands more have suffered horrors, and died in dungeons for denying the infallibility of the Pope, and refusing to confess their sins to a licentious priest. The Inquisition building with its three centuries of blood stains is now a cigar factory, and the monastery where the doctrines of the Church were framed in a military barracks; the monks and nuns have been driven out of Columbia, but Protestantism has no hold there, and the only Christian church in the Republic is the chapel at Colon.—Wm. E. Curtis.

ALL SEEN AT LAST.

It is not too much to think that when God shall have made up all His jewels, and the number of the elect shall be complete, He will make it a part of their happiness to look back from the height of heaven upon all their winding track and to see that every step has been ordered in infinite love; that their forest trials have been merciful; that their fittest choices have been links in God's chain of purpose, that their very sins have been overruled for good. And if this shall appear amazing in the history of an individual, how shall it shine resplendent in the nations of them that are saved, when ten thousand times ten thousand intermingling and entangled lives shall visibly accord with our infinite plan and centre in one sovereign purpose! The great end of Creation and Providence and Grace is God's own glory.—*Rev. F. W. Alexander, D. D.*

MISSIONS IN BENGAL.

A Missionary who has written a careful review of the progress of missions in Bengal in 1864, notes prominently the fact that the Moslems have assumed a more favorable attitude toward Christianity than ever before. Moslems form nearly a third of the population of Lower Bengal, and hitherto they have been almost inaccessible to the truth; but during the past year they have shown a remarkable readiness to hear the Gospel, not only in villages, but in Calcutta. Abdu Hagg, one of their chief mollahs, who preached regularly in Wellington Square, Calcutta, and succeeded in making Mohammedans of a dozen Europeans, is now preaching the Gospel. In that city two native and two foreign missionaries are laboring among the Moslems. The reviewer is so noticing a decline of party spirit among the native Christians. Representatives of all the Missions meet together every Tuesday evening to prepare a new version of the Gospels.

"Well, my boy, so you are going to try your fortune in the city? Hell you it is a dangerous ocean on which to launch your craft," said a man to his only son.

"Yes, sir," answered the lad, taking his F.F.C. from his pocket, "but I've got a safe compass to steer by."

"Stick to it, stick to it!" cried the man, "and the devil cannot hurt you."—*Ed.*

LEANING CHRISTIAN.S

Many Christians are like the Leaning Tower of Pisa,—as far gone from uprightness as it is possible to go without toppling over. They exhibit a leaning towards the world, some times for lack of a firm foundation, at other times for a false sympathy with the world, for fear it will think them puritanical. The world is much more likely to pull over the Campanile at Pisa, than the Campanile to lift the world. The original intention of the Leaning Tower was to serve as a belfry, and it now swings a chime in which the heaviest bell is rated at twelve thousand pounds. The builders endeavored to compensate for the crookedness of the lower stories by a better adjustment of the upper stories. This not least of the tower's characteristics reminds us of the attempt which some make to atone for crooked conduct by a mystic spirituality. The week days, all wrong, cannot be set straight by topping them off with a little devotion on Sunday. The upper stories will always be imperiled where the foundations are crumbling. After all, the true purpose of the Campanile was not to excite the world wonder by its leaning, but to call the people with its bells; and for that work uncompromising uprightness is best. The world will be better saved by uncompromising consistency, which rings out clearly, than by any attitude of false sympathy. The more one is lifted up to exact agreement of life with God's will, the greater lifting power will one have to draw others downward. Be strict to self, then, however lenient to others. He who breaks the least commandment, and teaches men so, shall be called the least in the kingdom of heaven.—*S. S. Times.*

In the Christian Convention, lately held in Milwaukee, a man asked Mr. Moody:—"Mr. Moody, have you grace enough to be burned at the stake?" "No, sir!" "Don't you wish you had?" "No, sir! I don't need it. All I wanted was grace enough to live at Milwaukee three days and hold a convention."

One evening, in a parlor at a summer watering place, the young people were dancing. One young lady was not taking any part in the exercise. "Does not your daughter dance?" asked another lady of this young lady's mother.—"No," was the reply. "Why, how will she get on in the world?" "I am not bringing her up for the world," was the quiet answer.

ENJOYING CHRIST.

Can we enjoy him while living for ourselves, while indulging in sin, while prayerless and cold and dead? Does not God directly seek our highest happiness when he strips us of vain-glory and self-love, embitters the poisonous draught of mere human felicity, and makes us fall down before him lost in the sense of his desirableness and beauty.

The connection between glorifying and enjoying him is, to my mind, perfect—one following as the necessary sequence of the other—and facts bear me out in this. He who has let self go, and lives only for the honor of God, is the free, the happy man. He is no longer a slave, but has the liberty of the sons of God; for him who honors me I will honor."

Satan has befogged you on this point. He drags to see you ripen into a saintly, devoted, useful man. He hopes to overwhelm and ruin you. But he will not prevail. You have solemnly given your self to the Lord; you have chosen the work of winning and feeding souls as your life-work, and you can not, must not, go back. These conflicts are the lot of those who are training to be the Lords' true yoke-fellows.

Christ's sweetest consolations lie behind crosses, and he reserves his best things for those who has the courage to press forward fighting for them. I entreat you to turn your eyes away from self, from man, and look to Christ. Let me assure you, as a fellow-traveller, that I have been on the road and know it well, and that by-and by there won't be such a dust on it. You will meet with hindrances and trials, but will fight quietly through, and no human ear can hear the din of battle, nor human eye perceive fainting, or halting, or fall. May God bless you, and become to you an ever present, joyful reality! Indeed, he will, only wait patiently.—*Life and Letters of Elizabeth Prentiss.*

Let parents beware what they say about the sermon or the preacher before their children, in whose hearts the word of God may be seeking a lodgement. Why pray in the morning for the conversion of sinners, and then, by cold criticism of the sermon, neutralize the very means by which it pleases God to save. Thoughtless comments at the dinner-table will do this far more effectually than all the profanity the children hear as they pass the drinking saloons on their way to school. Parents beware!—*The Lutheran.*

BISHOP RYAN ON SABBATH REVERENCE

I ask my brethren, finally, whether we do not find declining reverence for the Lord's day one invariable evidence of spiritual decay and backsliding from God. This is a painful subject, I know, but it ought to be looked in the face, and few of us, I am afraid, can have been ministers of Christ many years without seeing examples of it. Both in treating bodies and souls a correct diagnosis of symptoms is of the first importance; and I am much mistaken if one of the surest symptoms of approaching disease of soul is not a gradually increasing carelessness about Sunday. When I observe a Christian professor becoming irregular in his attendance at church services on Sunday; when I see him becoming listless, or sleepy, or uninterested, either in time of prayer or preaching; when I hear of his wasting his time between services or on Sunday evenings in little inconsistent acts, which at one time he would not have dreamed of; when I see and hear such things I say, I am never surprised bye and bye to hear a melancholy departure from God. In short, carelessness about Sunday, so far as my own observation goes in thirty-eight years' ministry, is one of the first steps toward a fall.

Now, when I put all these things together, when I find that, as a general rule, the unconverted have no pleasure in the Sunday, the converted delight in it, and the backsliding become cool and lukewarm about it, and when I find besides that my own experience is precisely the experience of every faithful minister with whom I discuss the subject, I cannot help coming to a very decided conclusion—that conclusion is, that God has ordained an inseparable connection between the Lord's day and healthy spiritual life.

It all comes to this, if you live a low life, you will have a low creed. If you live to eat, all of life that is worth talking about will be done when you are done eating. If you live to love, then life will never be done. Live to spend and be spent in the service of God and your generation, and your life will only be blossoming into eternal loveliness. On the other hand, the man who lives a sensuous and selfish life is only passing into the outer darkness. God help us to lose our life—the life of doubt and darkness—and to find the life of love, and faith and glorious hope.—*Dr. Munro Gibson.*

THE CHIMING BELLS.

In 1641 Evelyn visited Amsterdam, and went up into the tower of St. Nicholas' church to note the playing of the marvellous chimes. He found a man away below the bells, with a sort of wooden shoes on his hands, pounding away on a key-board. The proximity of the bells, the clanging of the keys when struck by the wooden gloves, the clatter of the wires, made it impossible to hear the music. Yet there floated out over the sea and over the city the most exquisite music. Many men paused in their work and listened to the chiming and were glad. It may happen that in your watch towers, where you are wearily pouring the music out of your life into the empty lives of the lowly, that the rattling of the keys and the heavy hammers, the twanging of the wires, the very nearness of the work, may all conspire to prevent your catching even one strain of the music you are creating, that far out over the populus city, full of weary souls, and far out on the eternal sea, the rare melody of your work blends with the songs of angels, and is ringing through the corridors of the skies. It may gladden some burdened souls here and sweeten even the rapturous music of heaven.

The Mormon polygamists are evidently weakening in their resistance to the law of the land. The fifty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Mormon hierarchy was held lately, but for the first time in its history its recognized head failed to preside. He is a fugitive from justice, hiding with two of his chief counsellors from the Federal marshals. No one dared to appear on the platform but elders who were married to one wife. The speaking by the second and third rate men who were present was chiefly filled with complaints of persecution. The reports of 'missionaries' were passed by. There was little enthusiasm, and the number attending were fewer than usual. *Sel.*

There is an old legend of the Middle Ages to the effect that once upon a time a church member died at a ball. Satan came along and took his soul, and was flying off with it, when St. Peter finding it out, put after him and demanded a restoration "He was a Christian," said St. Peter, "and you must give him up." "Christian!" exclaimed Satan, "why I found him on my premises." "If that is the case," said St. Peter, "I give it up."

THE WORK OF A MOMENT.

Did you never write a letter and just as you were finishing it let your pen fall on it, or a drop of ink blot the fair page? It was the work of a moment, but the evil could not be entirely effaced. Did you never cut yourself unexpectedly and quickly? It took days or weeks to heal the wound, and even then a scar remained. It is related of Lord Brougham, that one day he occupied a conspicuous place in a group to have his daguerrotype taken. But at an unfortunate moment he moved. The picture was taken, but his face was blurred.

Do you ask what application we would make of these facts? Just this: It takes a lifetime to build a character; it only takes one moment to destroy it. 'Watch and pray,' therefore, 'that ye enter not into temptation.' 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.'

Little things are often the hardest things. It is comparatively easy to do a momentary deed of daring that will startle everybody; it is not so easy to do little deeds of quiet courage from day to day, unheeded by all and unheeding all. Perhaps you are not called to do the great deed. But you are called every day to do the little deeds, which more surely wear out life and strength in the long run. Be glad that you are called to this, for this is the harder task, and he who is faithful here, will not be unfaithful in the easier great things.

We hold very firmly that our heaven will be just what we are prepared to enjoy. Our preparation is just what we ourselves make. We cannot live poor, broken, feeble, and aimless lives here, and enter heaven in all the fulness of bliss and joy. We shall no doubt take up the song in heaven that we had learned to sing on earth. If we have been dwelling in the fogland, drooping and moping about the earth, we need not expect at once to stand on the golden heights of heaven.

Let us live right each day. Let us make the last day on earth a fit introduction to our first in heaven. Life is grand only as we make it so. We delude ourselves by supposing that we can live weak and heartless lives here, and enter heaven ready for its supremest joys. We should learn to make each day a real joy, a real preparation for our next day, and to find it a foretaste of heaven.—*Sel.*

HALIFAX PRESBYTERY.

This Presbytery met in St. Matthews Church, Halifax, on Tuesday April, 28th.

After considering the remits of assembly anent marriage with a deceased wife's sister the following resolution was passed by a majority of 13 to 3.

"Inasmuch as the process of inferential reasoning usually adduced on the subject of marriage with a sister of a deceased wife, whatever its intrinsic merits, is not sufficiently clear or convincing to justify the prohibition of such marriage by ecclesiastical authority ;

Therefore, resolved, that the Presbytery approve of the practical recommendations of the committee, namely, that church discipline be not exercised in regard to a marriage with a wife's sister, wife's aunt or wife's niece."

Rev. Joseph Annand who was present was cordially, welcomed. This was his first attendance at a Presbytery in this country for 13 years.

The Presbytery on motion passed a resolution in reference to the troubles in the North West expressing abhorrence of the rebellion which has led to such loss of life, sympathy with the friends of those who had lost their lives in the discharge of their duty to their Queen and country, invoking the divine blessing on those who have gone forth and imploring the suppression of the rebellion and that the reign of righteousness, law and peace be restored throughout the Dominion.

On application of Rev. R. D. Ross, of Wolfville, the Presbytery Passed a resolution commending him to the church for assistance in moving his church edifice from its present inconvenient site to a more eligible and central position.

It was decided to add the name of Rev. J. F. Campbell, missionary in Mhow, India, to the roll of members, on account of his having been ordained by the Halifax Presbytery

Eight student catechists from Pine Hill and Dalhousie—were appointed for work in different parts of the country during the summer.

The Prsbytery adjourned to meet again in Chalmers's church on Tuesday, May 26th.

The Western section of the Church has sent out their first female medical missionary to India. Another is now studying at Kingston, Ont., and has offered her services to the Foreign Mission Board. When graduating she will also go to India.

TO-DAY, NOT TO-MORROW.

Perhaps there is now a "shy, solitary, serious thought" in your heart about becoming a Christian. If you let it alone it may fly away like a bird through a cage-door left open, and may never come back. Or else a crowd of business cares and plans, or perhaps a pressure of social invitations will flock in, and the good thought be smothered to death. You have smothered just such blessed thoughts before. The thought in your heart is to become a Christian now : and the great bell rings out, "Now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation." No soul was ever yet saved, and no good deed was ever done to-morrow. Be careful, dear friend, lest to-morrow find you beyond the word of probation !—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

On the 21st November 1884, a new church was opened at Mr. Lawrie's station, Aneithum by the Rev. Joseph Annand. On the day of opening three adults and five children were baptized and nine persons were admitted to church membership. In the erection of this church, men, women and children gave time, strength, and material and when finished it was free of debt. No special collection was required on the day of dedication. The nations are also being trained to contribute to the cause of Christ. This year one half of their contributions will be given to help the New Hebrides mission the other half to assist the new Free Church mission at Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee.

Are not the convents on Aneithum teaching us invaluable lessons. How many churches when built have an incubus of debt resting upon them which hangs as a dead weight for many years.

The New Kincardine Colony New Brunswick which has been supplied for some time by Catechists is again to employ the labours of an ordained missionary.

The Riversdale station, Lunenburg Co. under the labours of Rev. Henry Crawford is making marked progress and will soon be able to receive aid from the Augmentation scheme.

Baddeck congregation C. B. and Musquodoboit Harbor are both employing catechists this summer to assist their pastors in arduous labours.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada will meet on Wednesday the tenth day of June at half past seven o'clock in the evening, in Crescent Street Church, Montreal.

NEW HEBRIDES MISSION.

Letter from Mr. Robertson.

R. M. Steamship "Australia",
Honolulu, Feb. 23rd 1835.

"We are all very well—have not been better for a long time. Mrs. Robertson is daily gaining in strength, and beginning to get back a better color. She improved very much after we got to San Francisco, tho' very unfit to travel when we left Montreal, but we were afraid we might miss the Steamer if we did not start when we did. We had a magnificent journey from Montreal to San Francisco stopping twelve hours at Chicago, and twenty-four hours at Omaha and being eight days at San Francisco where we met many warm friends, thirty of them Nova Scotians, most of whom we had known before. We met Messrs Burgess, Whittier and J. McLean (of Gt. Village).

I addressed three congregations in San Francisco and Oakland, the Sabbath before we sailed: A. M. in Mr. Burgess' Church and afternoon in Dr. Hoston's, evening in the Congregational Church. Our fellow passengers are very nice, we number 42 in the saloon, besides fifteen children. We have an English Canon, a Bible Reader, a Quaker preacher, an Author, Geo. Augustus Sala, three Drs. one of them a lady, two generals and their families, merchants, and patent medicine agents, besides some twenty second class passengers and seventy-two Chinese from Hong Kong who are to land here (Honolulu) because not allowed by law to land in the free country of America.

We have just finished luncheon and as in a few moments we will be at the wharf I must close, we shall write again from Sydney by return Steamer. We will probably be fourteen days to Auckland (N. Z.) and five more to Sydney from that port.

Oh! the beautiful palm trees are in full sight, and the trade wind comes so refreshing off the land so I must run on deck.

We sail again to-night. I am so enjoying the voyage."

H. A. ROBERTSON.

The day is coming when it will be a greater honour to have written the twenty-third Psalm, than to have been the author of Shakespeare; to have led one sinner to Christ, than to have commanded a navy; to have subdued one sinful habit than to have taken a city.

PARTINGS.

Partings are minor deaths. When the train of cars has rolled away, or the great steamship faded from our sight, our loved ones are, in regard to personal presence, as far removed from us as if the church-yard clay had rattled on their coffin-lids. Yet they are strong and hopeful, believing that all goes well with them, and that a week—a month—a year—will bring them back to us, perhaps with even a fuller life than ever before. Why should we not be as strong and hopeful in bearing that other separation, when our loved ones depart to be with Christ, in that major parting which we call death? We know that, separated from us by the river of death, they live a fuller and happier life than if they were separated from us by only a continent or an ocean. And no railway or steamship company's schedule is, to the Christian, so sure a promise of reunion as these words of Holy Writ: "Thou also that art fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him."—*S. J. Times.*

Parents wonder why their sons and daughters do not grow up in the way they count good, when at the most impressive part of their life these sons and daughters are so placed as to have their own types of religious life depreciated in their minds, and often enough without any positive attachment being formed for any other. Indeed, this is part of a system, in our cities especially; by which the work of the most faithful ministers is often undone. Sunday-school, dancing-school; prayer-meeting; theatre; communicants' class, ball room—the varying atmosphere of these is not favorable to moral and spiritual health. And when sad consequences follow some parents wonder that the church has no little influence!—*Rev. Jno. Hall, D. D., New York.*

Can you afford to stay away from meeting on the Sabbath, where you may worship the Lord, hear the Gospel preached, encourage the minister and people, and grow wiser and better by the instruction given? Can you afford to stay away from the prayer-meeting, where you may meet the brethren, sing the songs of Zion, pray for one another, for the descent of the holy Spirit and for the salvation of sinners?—where you can tell of the love of Christ and His blood that cleanseth from all sin, which often convinces sinners of the necessity of pardon and a life of prayer?

ARE MISSIONS A FAILURE?

The changes effected by missionary labours in India during the last fifty or sixty years are wonderful indeed. Should Carey and Thomas visit to-day the scene of their life-labours, it would seem a stranger land than when they first touched its shores.

Her sacred Ganges is now ploughed by Government steamers, while twelve thousand miles of wire carrying messages from her people. Then, the whole interior of the country sealed and the roads almost impassable; now it is all open, and the surveyors are everywhere.

Then a whisper against sacred customs through the mission-fields sent a panic through India and England; now the marriage of widows, and the suppression of cruelties in festivals, with other changes more radical than the early missionaries dared dream of, are discussed weekly in native newspapers.

Then it was with difficulty that child-area could be hired to attend Christian schools; now staunch Hindus contribute to the support of these schools. Then if natives could be induced to take Christian books as a gift, the missionary rejoiced in his success; books are now sold. Then the education of women was looked upon with terror or utter contempt; to-day the education of the girls of India receives more attention than did that of the boys thirty years ago.

In Calcutta nearly a thousand women are regularly taught in their zenanas by the ladies of the Women's Union Missionary Society, and many a young Brahmin secretly imparts to his wife daily what he learns at the schools. It is not sixty years since an order was issued by the Indian Government that "Missionaries must not preach to natives, nor allow native converts to do so;" now the officers of the Government vie with each other in praise of the work done by missions, while the modern leader of the Somj holds up the very missionaries at whom the edict was aimed to the everlasting gratitude of India.

And the change wrought, or working rather, is greater even than these outward signs indicate. It is no mere intellectual satisfaction that we feel when we find Euclid, Cowper, Blackstone, perhaps with the skin of the sacred cow used in their binding, resting on the tables of cultivated Brahmans; for by this we know that we have clasped hands with our Eastern cousins, that for the Indian of to-day every thing is possible.

Already in vision we see, not far off, the time when between us and them "there shall be no more sea." *Lucknow Witness.*

RUNNING FROM THE SHADOW OF GUILT.

The visit of law and long suffering justice, as last aroused, has startled the Mormon leaders of Salt Lake City. It is as much a surprise to those without as to those within its guilty precincts. A feeling of weakness at the delay in reaching this sink of evil had driven the country nigh unto despair. The vaunting of the leaders, and their defiance of all restraint, was accepted as an evidence that only the sword could cut the cancer from the body politic. But justice has been put in motion by the present judiciary. Judge Zane, by the high tone of law and morals shown in his courts, is startling these villains baptized by the blood of the innocent and cursed by the cries of down-trodden women.

John Taylor, the arch fiend, has fled to a more secure retreat than could be found beneath the sway of justice. He is not ready to stand the enfolding of a cross-examination into his own and his confederates' character before a jury of honest men. Under Judge Zane's interpretation of the law the grand juries were purged of those who believed in and practiced polygamy. Since then nine Mormons have been indicted, tried, sentenced and lodged in prison, to be tested in the crucible of suffering for the privilege of much marriage. It will no doubt also be good for the wives as well as the husbands. There will be, we may believe, a surprising working together for good all round.

This revival of justice and this conviction of the guilty are making an impression throughout the Mormonism of Idaho and Arizona. The circuit courts of these Territories are showing a quickened judicial conscience and larger perceptions of common decency, and if the conviction of the bishops can be taken as a sample of their future operations the land may take the mantle of shame from itself. It is sincerely to be hoped that the President of the United States will carry out the intimation of his inaugural address, and give still greater efficiency to the work of the extermination of this root whose fruit is only national disgrace. But let no friend of decency relax his effort, let no church go back in its missionary operations, and let public sentiment keep its shoulder to the wheel, which has been so long in moving, that it may gain daily velocity. —*Phi. Pres.*

The Maritime Presbyterian is always mailed before the 15th of each month. If any agents do not receive their parcels within a reasonable thereafter, they will confer a great favor, by sending a card giving notice of the fact.

"And ye shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, see that ye be not troubled, for these things must needs come to pass for nation shall rise against nation and kingdom against kingdom" but "this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in the whole world for a testimony unto all the nations"

The congregation of Hopewell, Pictou Co. N. S. which, in the last statistics reports but sixty families, recently sent in its annual collection for the Foreign Mission Fund, amounting to the handsome sum of \$196. (one hundred and ninety-six dollars), or three dollars and twenty-five cents per family.

Something is the matter with the liquor business. The President of the Western Export Association says that the distilleries are only running 28 per cent, of their capacity, and only dare to put 25 per cent. on the market. "There is no demand for the liquor," he says. Unfortunately, there is too much demand yet; but it is a comfort to know that a shadow rests upon the manufacture of whiskey. May it never be lifted!—*Phil Pres.*

"The strict Judge cannot be overcome, for He is Omnipotent; cannot be deceived for He is Wisdom; cannot be corrupted, for He is Justice, cannot be suspended for He is Eternal; cannot be avoided, for He is everywhere; yet He can be entreated, for He is Mercy; He can be appeased, because he is Godness. He can cleanse, because He is the Fountain of grace. He can satisfy because He is the bread of life. He can soothe, because he is the Unction from above. He can beautify, because he is Bliss. Turned from Him, then, and fearing His Justice, turn ye to him, and flee to His Mercy; flee from Himself, to Himself; from the rigor of Justice to the Bosom of Mercy. The Lord who is to be feared saith it. He who is Truth enjoins what is Just, profitable, good, 'Turn ye unto Me.'—*St. Victor de Hugo.*

DAY BY DAY.

One of the great mistakes which people are constantly making is overlooking small opportunities, and waiting for great ones. The divine plan of life which leads those who accept it higher and higher by slow and imperceptible stages is understood by few; to grasp it firmly and to live by it resolutely is to achieve success at the very start. There is a widespread faith in chance, luck, fortune; in some magical element in the affairs of the world which, if one happens to possess, bears him to prosperity. There is no magic in the growth of a tree. It rises out of the soil a fragile thing, gathers body and vitality year by year, spreads its great arms over the sward at last in century-old vigour and permanence, by the operation of inviolable laws. In all the sweep of its expanding life not an inch of girth has been added, not a leaf unfolded, by chance, accident, or fortune; a sublime order has encircled every hour of its growth.

A little child's life is ordered from the first under a law not less pervasive and universal; its growth into power and permanence depends on the same loyalty to the laws which unfold it and which are to it the unseen highways along which it may pass to the highest success. Slow growth, by hourly loyalty to the best impulses within us and to the smallest opportunities around us, lifts the weak life into a royal strength and beauty at last. It is not by great and sudden expansions that men and women are brought to the front and charged with the high and difficult work of guiding society; it is quiet, steadfast fidelity to the duties of obscurity that brings at last the shining crown of fame, influence, and eminent usefulness. Any future of brightness which does not grow out of the present as a flower grows out of a seed is a mirage that will lure for a time, and then fade into nothingness, and leave life tenfold more barren. Aspirations die only in souls that are disloyal to them; life promises nothing which it will not fulfil to those who set themselves to obey its law.—*ristian Union.*

THE Children's Presbyterian.

LOVING HIM WHO FIRST LOVED ME.

Saviour, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey ;
Sweeter lesson cannot be,
Loving Him who first loved me ;
With a childlike heart of love,
At Thy bidding may I move ;
Prompt to serve and follow Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.

Teaching me all Thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in Thy grace,
Learning how to love from Thee,
Loving Him who first loved me.
Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe ;
Singing, till Thy face I see,
Of His love who first loved me.

TRUST.

A picture memory brings to me ;
I look across the years and see
Myself beside my mother's knee.

I feel her gentle hand restrain
My selfish moods, and know again
A child's blind sense of wrong and pain.

But, wiser now—a man gray grown—
My childhood's needs are better known ;
My mothers chastening love I own.

Gray grown, but in our Father's sight.
A child still groping for the light.
To read his works and ways aright,

I bow myself beneath his hand ;
That pain itself for good was planned,
I trust, but cannot understand.

I fondly dream it needs must be
That as my mother dealt with me,
So with his children dealeth he.

I wait, and trust the end will prove
That here and there, below, above,
The chastening heals, the pain is love.

John G. Whittier.

LETTER FROM A PASOPR

My Dear Children :—

I have just been reading a little book of 180 pages called *Mites against Millions, or Childhood against the World*. It is a very interesting volume and I hope it may find its way into our Sabbath School libraries. You could scarcely read it without shedding tears. It is the story of a little girl now in heaven. I will try to tell you of her that you may be interested and strive to imitate those who through faith and patience now inherit the promises.

At the early age of seven this little girl with her parents came to live in Philadelphia, and shortly after united with the Presbyterian Church. For one so young in years her knowledge and piety were remarkable, and she was very anxious to do something for the Saviour. Not long after professing Christ her delicate frame grew weaker. She often received visits from her minister who was much pleased and interested in her. One day when he called she asked her mother to hand her a little box which contained all the money she had, amounting to \$4.40. I want you to take this money and promise me so that when I am in heaven I shall know that it is done and build with it a church for poor people. Her minister replied \$4.40 will not build a church it will take at least 40 or \$50,000. Then said she I will pray for you. She did so, and immediately he took her hand saying Fannie with God's help I will try.

For several years the little box with its contents was quite a burden. How to employ a gift so small and build a church with it was a perplexing problem. The church however to which she had attached herself after her death increased rapidly and it was at length resolved to start a mission in connection with it. After a good deal of delay a brick yard was purchased and it was agreed to build a wooden chapel. Soon the chapel became too small. Through strong faith, earnest prayer, and active toil, a new building was placed on the site. The pastor

sought and abroad and wherever the little box was presented and the story told of the little girl's wish and faith, hearts were moved. On one occasion the pastor when in Ottawa was on a fishing excursion on the river Gattineau. Having an Indian with him who was rowing the boat he took the box from his pocket. The Indian saw it and wished to know what it was. The story was told him, and with tears trickling down his cheeks, he drew a shilling from his purse, and looking up to the sky, said, "Me pray for your little girls church."

At length the station had grown so fast that the Presbytery formed it into a congregation. A little over two years ago the church was opened and dedicated to God free of debt. It is a beautiful edifice. If you ever visit Philadelphia, you will find it on Bouvier Street and Montgomery Avenue. It has a spire 136 feet high 70 feet of which is French hammered glass, the only glass steeple it is said in the world.

The dying request of one of Christ's little ones has been carried out, and though dead she still speaks. I hope you are somewhat interested in her work of faith. So live that when you die you may leave behind monuments more enduring than brass. You may not be able to bequeath dollars and cents to build a church but you can set a good example and shed abroad a beautiful influence. You will thus effect future generations when the earthly tabernacle is mouldering into dust.

— — —
"I AM."

Little Pierre commenced going to school before he was six years old. He learned so rapidly that it was only a few weeks before his teacher said to him one morning during the opening exercises:

"Come here, my little man, and look on my Bible. I think you can read this verse, it looks as if it were meant for you."

The little fellow did his best and hesitatingly read, "I am that Bread of Life."

Miss Sheldon told him these were the words of Jesus; that just as we need bread to keep us from being hungry and starving to death, so we need Christ's love and favor to keep us from suffering and dying forever.

The school was reading in the Gospel of John, and each morning after that, when they came to a similar declaration of our Saviour Miss Sheldon would say, "There is another verse for Pierre,"

until the child had not only read, but learned seven verses or parts of verses which the scholars called "Pierre's I Ams."

There was another little verse, in the tenth chapter, which he liked very much, the teacher said, "because that was so grand they would keep it for the capstone and always recite it last."

Are there not many little boys and girls who would be glad to know these "I Ams" that fell from the lips of Jesus when he was upon earth? Who will learn them and repeat them every day?

"I am that bread of life."

"I am the light of the world."

"I am the door of the sheep."

"I am the good shepherd."

"I am the resurrection and the life."

"I am the way, the truth and the life."

"I am the true vine."

"I and my Father are one."—*J. A. R.*

ADVICE TO GRANDMA'S CHILDREN.

Half the value of anything to be done consists in doing it promptly.

And yet a large class of persons are always more or less unpunctual and late. Their work is always in advance of them, and so it is with their appointments and engagements.

They are late, very likely, in rising in the morning and also in going to bed at night; late at their meals; late at the counting-house or office; late at their appointments with others.

Their letters are sent to the post-office just as the mail is closed. They arrive at the wharf just as the steambot is leaving it. They come into the station just as the trains are going out.

They do not entirely forget or omit the engagement of duty, but they are always behind time, and so generally in haste, or rather in a hurry, as if they had been borne a little too late, and forever were trying to catch up with the lost time.

They waste time for themselves and waste it for others, and fail of comfort, and influence and success which they might have found in systematic and habitual punctuality.

A good old lady, who was asked why she was so early in her seat in the church, is said to have replied that it was her religion not to disturb the religion of others.

And if it were all a part, both of courtesy and duty, not to say of religion, never to be unpunctual, they would save much vexation of spirit.—*The Christian at Work.*

SAY YES TO JESUS.

A little girl was once asked what it was to believe in Jesus. She said: "Why, it is just saying 'Yes' to Him when he asks us to come to Him to find rest."

Was not that a beautiful answer? Can any older person explain faith better? And since it is so easy to believe in Him why cannot we all trust Him as our Saviour; He says: "Come to me and I will give you rest. Come, and I will fill you with bread." Let us all say: "Yes, Lord; I come to receive these good things."—*Sel.*

LAST KNOCKS.

Some people are able to tell you when they first heard the knocks of Jesus. These are *first* knocks. But Mr. McCheyne once said to a little girl in Kelso, "Remember, also, there are *last* knocks." When the heart becomes hard and careless, then be afraid. Be afraid lest Christ should knock for the last time. O, you at whose heart he is still knocking, you whose hearts are still fresh and young! O children, in the days of youth open the doors of your hearts, and let the King of Glory in.—*Macleod.*

TALKING WITH OUR EYES.

A dear little child, about two and a half years old, was lying in bed one morning, looking in her mother's face, who in turn was gazing fondly on the child. Neither spoke for a while, when the little one smilingly said, "You're talking to me, mamma." "No, darling," said her mother, "I did not say any thing." She quickly replied, "Yes, mamma, you is talkin to me wiv your eyes, and you say 'O you dear little girl, how I do love you!'"

SPEAK REVERENTLY.

When Prince Bismarck, the great German statesman, was a lad, his father once overheard him speaking of the emperor as "Fritz." He reproved him for the familiarity, and added, "Learn to speak reverently of his majesty, and you will grow accustomed to think of him with veneration."

The words made a deep impression on the boy which was never effaced. Even in his old age he lowers his voice and assumes a respectful tone whenever he speaks of his sovereign. If a message is brought to him from the palace, either

verbal or written, he always stands to receive it.

What a lesson is the custom of this great statesman to boys who speak so lightly, if not profanely, the name of the King of Kings!

The fault is not confined to them. The growing irreverence of the age is very marked. The words of God are handled about in the daily prints as lightly as if they were the words of the court-jester. Some fine spun piece of political sarcasm, parodying some scene in Scripture, is often found in a morning paper, and is laughed over by thousands. The travesty will ever after be associated with the sacred words especially in the minds of the young. A full page picture in our best illustrated newspaper one morning represented St. Peter as seated in a great arm-chair before the gate of heaven, with keys hanging by his side, busily reading the daily paper, and deciding not to admit certain parties. It was only one of many similar pictures. It is not enough that Christian parents should seek to hide their smiles over such caricatures, or should mildly deprecate the irreverence. They should set their faces like a flint against them. Such a course would be felt, as in the case of Prince Bismarck.

It is very easy to lower our standard of reverence for anything. We have only to speak of it habitually in a light way. There is nothing like it to take the life out of the most precious texts of Scripture. We may repent of such sin with bitter weeping, but those words can never be to us again what they were before. We may have cut down a bridge we shall some day vainly long to cross.

A gentleman of keen wit used often to point his remarks with some apt quotation from the Bible. A friend who greatly admired him was present in his last hours, and asked with deep sympathy what was the future outlook.

"Very gloomy, indeed," was his response.

Surprised and deeply pained he hastened to quote some precious promises suited to the solemn hour.

"I have spoiled them all for myself," was his answer. "There is not one but is associated with some jest."

His light went out in darkness, though his name was on the church-roll. What a lesson is here for all who are willing to be taught by it! Lay it to heart.—*The Life Boat.*

LITTLE SINS.

You make light of them now, but they are not to be trifled with: they creep on so stealthily that you scarcely notice them; by and by you will find it impossible to turn them out. I think of the Indian story of the tiny dwarf, who asked the king to give him all the ground he could cover with three strides. The king seeing him so small said "certainly". Whereupon the dwarf suddenly shot up into a huge giant, covered all the land with the first stride, all the water with the second, and with the third knocked the king down and then took his throne.—*Sunday Hour.*

WHAT TO DO.

The writer, as he was leaving a prayer-meeting, saw a young lady, dressed in deep mourning, standing, weeping. The tears were slowly rolling down her cheeks and she would wipe them away as if she were conscious of their falling.

"Here is a lady," said a gentleman, "to whom I wish you would say a few words. She says she is uncertain what to do?"

"Why are you uncertain what to do?" I inquired.

"I do not understand the next step to be taken," she said.

"Where are you now?" I asked.

"I have been coming to the meetings for four weeks, and all that time I have felt anxious about my soul: but all I do does not seem to make my case any better."

"And what do you try to do?"

"I strive to convince myself that I am a sinner—as I know I am. But I would have a deeper conviction."

"Your mistake is a very common one. Your next step, and only step, is to go to Christ just as you are. Go to him at once. You can do nothing. Christ, as a Saviour, gives all the help you need."

"Is that all?"

"Yes, that is all. You must stop trying to do anything, and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ. Go to him who says to you, 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

"O," said she "is that my next step?"

"Not your next step, it is your first and only step. He does not say, come to conviction—come to a deeper sense of sin; but he says, 'Come unto me.'"

"O! I see it now. I have been refusing Christ, while all this time I thought I was preparing to come to him."

"Will you go to Jesus just now?"

"I will" she said, and just then she trusted her soul to the care of Jesus and found peace. Her tears were now tears of joy. She had learned what to do; it was only to stop trying, and to leave it all to Jesus.—*Good Words.*

A LIFE WASTED.

About thirty years ago a gentleman from New York who was travelling in the South met a young girl of great beauty and wealth and married her. They returned to New York and plunged into a mad whirl of gayety. The young wife had been a gentle, thoughtful girl, anxious to help all suffering and want, and to serve her God faithfully; but as Mrs L—— she had troops of flatterers. Her beauty and dresses were described in the society journals; her *bonnets* flew from mouth to mouth; her equipage was one of the most attractive in the Park. In a few months she was intoxicated with admiration. She and her husband fitted from New York to Newport, from London to Paris, with no object but enjoyment. There were other men and women of their class who had some worthier pursuit—literature or art or the elevation of the poor classes—but L—— and his wife lived solely for amusement. They dressed, danced, flirted, hurried from ball to reception and from opera to dinner. Young girls looked at Mrs. L—— with fervent admiration, perhaps with envy, as the foremost leader of society. About ten years ago she was returning alone from California, when an accident occurred to the railroad train in which she was a passenger, and she received a fatal internal injury. She was carried into a wayside station, and there, attended only by a physician from the neighboring village, she died.

Dr. Blank has said that it was one of the most painful experiences of his life.

"I had to tell her that she had but an hour to live. She was not suffering any pain; her only consciousness of hurt was that she was unable to move, so that it was no wonder she could not believe me.

"I must go home," she said, imperatively, "to New York."

"Madam, it is impossible. If you are moved it will shorten the time you have to live."

"She was lying on the floor. The brakeman had rolled their coats to make her a pillow. She looked about her at the little dingy station with the stove stained with tobacco in the midst.

"I have but an hour you tell me?"

"Not more."

'And this is all that is left me of the world! It is not much, doctor,' with a half smile.

"The men left the room, and I locked the door that she might not be disturbed. She threw her arm over her face and lay quiet a long time; then she turned on me in a frenzy:

'To think of all that I might have done with my money and my time! God wanted me to help the poor and the sick it's too late now. I've only an hour! She struggled up wildly. 'Why, doctor I did nothing—nothing but lead the fashion. Great God! The fashion! Now I've only an hour! An hour!'

"But she had not even that, for the exertion proved fatal, and in a moment she lay dead at my feet.

"No sermon that I ever heard was like that woman's despairing cry, 'It's too late!'"—*Youth's Companion*.

A FINE SCENE.

Two boys were in a school-room alone together, when some fireworks, contrary to the master's express prohibition, exploded. The one boy denied it; the other, Ben Christie, would neither admit nor deny it, and was severely flogged for his obstinacy. When the boys got alone again—

"Why didn't you deny it?" asked the real offender.

"Because there were only we two, and one of us must have lied," said Ben.

"Then why not say I did it!"

"Because you said you didn't, and I would spare the liar."

The boy's heart melted. Ben's moral gallantry subdued him. When school reassembled, the young culprit marched up to the master's desk, and said—

"Please, sir, I can't bear to be a liar. I let off the squibs," and he burst into tears.

The master's eye glistened on the self-accuser, and the undeserved punishment he had inflicted on the other boy smote his conscience. Before the whole school, hand in hand with the culprit, as if he and the other boy were joined in the confession, the master walked down to where young Christie sat, and said aloud—

"Ben, Ben, lad, he and I beg your pardon; we are both to blame!"

The school was hushed and still, as older schools are apt to be when something true and noble is being done; so still, they might almost have heard Ben's big-boy tears dropping on his book, as he sat enjoying the moral triumph which

subdued himself as well as all the rest. And when, from want of something else to say, he gently cried "Master forever!" the loud shout of the scholars filled the old man's eyes with something behind his spectacles, which made him wipe them before he sat down again.—*S. S. Advocate*.

A BATTLE THAT WAS NOT FOUGHT.

Two boys were once at play. A dispute arose between them, and in high words they dared each other to fight. Jackets and caps were thrown on the ground, and both boys were ready to begin. But who was to strike the first blow? for both of them seemed as if they would rather not.

"Now, then, strike me if you dare!" said the younger boy with an angry look.

The other boy looked at him, but did not strike, and at last said, "I have nothing to strike you for."

"Well, then, after all, neither have I," said the other, who had begun the quarrel. "Let us be good friends again, for I have nothing to strike you for, either."

They left the field without striking a single blow, and never quarrelled again. Both of them became good men, and held good positions in life.

How few battles would be fought if young people, and old as well, really had a reason for the quarrel before they struck a blow!

"The beginning of strife is like the letting out of water," but "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

SEEING WITH ONE EYE.

Among my friends and acquaintances there is a missionary of a City Mission and Tract Society who is remarkable for his skill and 'act in dealing with individual cases. At one time a Christian master of a large carpenter's shop sought his services in behalf of his foreman.

"He is profane, a scoffer, and a sceptic," he said. "I cannot do anything with him; and I cannot get along without him, he is such an excellent workman."

The missionary promised to see what he could do. Frequently he visited the shop, speaking to one and another of the journeymen, but sedulously avoiding the foreman, until his curiosity was thoroughly aroused. At last the opportunity waited for came. Seeing the foreman one day squinting along a board to

see if it was straight, the skill and tact of the missionary seized upon the occasion. Stepping up to the workman he said, "Now is not that strange, that a man with two good eyes can see better with one?"

With a hearty laugh the foreman answered, "Well, I never thought of that, but it is true sometimes."

"Yes, it is true; and that reminds me of a verse in the Bible, 'If thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light: but if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness.' I guess you had better think of that;" and the missionary left him.

However, the wedge was in, the workman's respect was won, and his mind set to thinking. As he said afterwards, he could never run his eye along a board without the words coming to mind, and an inquiry as to their meaning. Slowly and patiently the missionary followed up his advantage until at last the heart yielded, and the scoffer became an humble, but zealous follower of Christ. The last I heard of him, some year ago, he was a faithful steward in a church and superintendent of the Sunday-school.—*L. W. Mudge in Amer. Mess.*

WHY NOT SAY SO.

Dr. Holland, whose pure and wholesome writings will always stand as a monument to his noble life-work, says the world is full of kindness that never was spoken, and that is not much better than no kindness at all. The fuel in the stove makes the room warm, but there are great piles of fallen trees lying on rocks and on tops of hills where nobody can get them; these do not make anybody warm. You might freeze to death for want of wood in plain sight of these fallen trees if you had no means of getting the wood home and making a fire of it. Just so in a family; love is what makes the parents and children, the brothers and sisters happy. But if they take care never to say a word about it; if they keep it a profound secret as if it were a crime, they will not be much happier than if there was not any love among them; the house will seem cool even in summer, and if you live there you will envy the dog when any one calls him poor fellow.—*Self.*

LOOK TOWARDS THE LIGHT.

A weary and discouraged woman, after struggling all day with contrary winds and tides, came to her home, and flinging herself into a chair, said:

"Every thing looks dark, dark."

"Why don't you turn your face to the light, aunty dear?" said a little niece who was standing near.

The words were a message from on high, and the weary eyes were turned toward Him who is the Light and the Life of men and in whose light alone we see light.

"Turn your face to the light," O weary watcher; you have looked, and longed, and struggled in the darkness without avail; now turn your glance the other way! "God, who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts, to give unto us the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ," and if we will look toward the light, and walk in the light we shall find blessing and peace all along our way, and even amid darkness and shadows shall rejoice in hope of the glory of God, the light of an unsetting day.—*Christian.*

THE ENGINEER'S REMEDY.

My engineer was a gray-haired, thick-set man of fifty, quiet and unobtrusive, and deeply in love with his beautiful machine. He had formerly run a locomotive, and now took a stationary engine because he could get no employment on the railroads. A long talk with the superintendent of the road from which he had been removed revealed only one fault in the man's past life; he loved strong drink.

"He is, as well posted on steam as any man on the road; he worked up from train boy to fireman, from fireman to engineer, has rendered us valuable services, has saved many lives by his quickness and bravery; but he cannot let liquor alone, and for that reason we have discharged him.

In spite of this discouraging report I hired the man. During the first week of his stay I passed through the engine-room many times a day, in the course of my factory rounds, but never found aught amiss. The great machine ran as smoothly and quietly as if its bearing were set in velvet; the steel cross-head, the crank-shaft, the brass oil cups reflected the morning sun like mirrors; no speck of dust found lodgement in the room. In the "fire-room" the same order and neatness prevailed; the steam-gauges showed even pressure, the water-gauges were always just right, and our daily report showed that we were burning less coal than formerly. The most critical inspec-

tion failed to find any thing about either engine or boilers that showed the faintest symptoms of neglect or carelessness.

Three weeks passed. The man who had had recommended as "good for five days work and then two days' drunk," had not swerved a hair from his duty. The gossips were beginning to notice and comment upon the strange affair.

"I should like to speak with you a moment, sir," said he one morning as I passed through his sanctum.

"Well, John, what now?" I said, drawing out my note book. "Cylinder-cil-a-l gone?"

"It's about myself," he replied.

I motioned him to proceed.

"Thirty-two years ago I drank my first glass of liquor," said the engineer, "and for the past ten years, up to the last month, no week has passed without its Saturday night drunk. During those years I was not blind to the fact that appetite was getting a frightful hold upon me. At times my struggles against the longing for stimulant were earnest. My employers once offered me a thousand dollars if I would not touch liquor for three months, but I lost it; I tried all sorts of antidotes, and all failed. My wife died praying that I might be rescued, yet my promises to her were broken within two days. I signed pledges and joined societies, but appetite was still my master. My employers reasoned with me, discharged me, forgave me, but all to no effect. *I could not stop, and I knew it.* When I came to work for you I did not expect to stay a week; I was nearly done for; but now!" and the old man's face lighted up with an unspeakable joy, "in this extremity, when I was ready to plunge into hell for a glass of rum, I found a sure remedy! I am saved from my appetite!"

"What is your remedy?"

The engineer took up an open Bible that lay, face down, on the window ledge and read, "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—*Christian*.

WHEN TO LEARN TO GIVE.

Nothing proves that a thing can be done as well as the doing of it, and one example of the success of training in systematic benevolence is worth tons of articles written to prove that the thing can be done. A most striking case is afforded by a large Presbyterian Sunday-school of New York.

The aim has been to secure a missionary offering for every scholar every Sunday of the year. Giving has been made

an act of worship. No attempt has been made to induce scholars to give large sums, the amount being left entirely to the individual conscience; the stress has been laid on giving regularly and giving as worship.

The result is almost incredible. For several years only one scholar has failed to give every other Sunday; last year the failures averaged only one scholar every third Sunday. The total of the contributions each year mounts into the thousands. The result has been achieved by the persistence of the superintendent and teachers in educating the mind and conscience of the scholars as to the duty of systematic giving.

Let no one say, with this example before him, that success in realizing the ideal we have described is impossible. What has been done can be done again. And in this example we have the key to this whole problem of systematic benevolence. Though much may be done by a pastor who has persistence of purpose to train the older members to systematic giving, habits are too firmly formed for him to hope for the largest success.

The training must be begun in childhood and in the Sunday school. If we wish men and women to give their dollars we must teach children to give their pennies; if we expect men to give large sums when they have become rich, we must teach them to give small sums when they are poor. No man becomes generous all at once; we are naturally selfish, and covetous, and the habit of regular giving is formed slowly and with effort. The time for forming habits is youth, especially the time for forming right habits.

The great embarrassment of our missionary organizations is due solely to the fact that so large a percentage of our churches and members are able to give only small sums, and so give nothing at all. There is a false sense of pride that restrains many people from making small contributions.—*Examiner*.

EARLY PRAYER.

A young man in professional life, who devoted his evening hours to work in the lowest part of London, used daily to rescue from sleep two or three of the early morning hours for prayer and communion, and study of the Scriptures. He recommended the practice to others, and enforced his recommendation by the saying of Newton. "If the sack be filled at once with wheat there will be no room for chaff." "I fill my sack as early and as full as I can at the footstool of the

Lord, or the devil would get in a bushel of chaff before breakfast."--*The Watchman.*

RICH POVERTY.

There is a story of a widow of limited means who was remarkable for her liberality to benevolent objects. But a sad change came into her life by an unexpected legacy which made her wealthy, and then her contributions began to fall below the amount of her straitened finances. Once she volunteered; now she only gives when importuned, and then it is as meagre as if the fountains of gratitude had dried up. Once when asked by her pastor to help a cause dear to her heart in her comparative poverty, and to which she gave five dollars then, now she offers twenty five cents. Her pastor called her attention to the surprising and ominous change. "Ah," said she, "when day by day I looked to God for my bread I had enough to spare; now I have to look to my ample income, and I am all the time haunted with the fear of losing it and coming to want. I had the guinea heart when I had the shilling means, now I have the guinea means and the shilling heart." It a fearful risk to heart and soul to become suddenly rich. This is one of the reasons why God lets many of his best children acquire wealth so slowly so that it may not be a snare to them, may not chill their benevolence, that when wealth comes the fever of ambitious grasping may be cooled, and that benevolence may overtake avarice.

A parishoner, who was a dear friend, read his pastor a page from his life's history to this effect. When a small boy he gave his heart to Christ. He was engaged in a brickyard to carry clay, often on his head, for twenty-five cents a day. Then he vowed that one-tenth of his income he would give to his God. This he conscientiously did, and prosperity followed until he was worth \$10,000; and then the trial of his life came, in which he went down in financial disaster. He would not give one-tenth of \$10,000. Here his faith balked. He said, "After disaster had swept all away I learned what I had not known before—that it is easier to give one-tenth of \$1.50 a week than of \$10,000. A man is truer to God who works for 25 cents a day, and has less temptations and more strength to meet them, whose income is \$6 a month, than \$833}. He regained wealth, but it was in strict compliance with the vow of his youth, which his disaster enabled him to fulfil until his death.--*Sel*

TEMPERANCE.

WHAT BUSINESS MEN THINK.

W. J. Spicer, Superintendent of the Grand Trunk Railway, in his circular recently issued to his employes of the road, says: "You have the lives of the public and the safety of persons and property entrusted to your care, requiring at all times the utmost caution and vigilance in the performance of your duty. Men subjected to such temptations at any time are safe only as total abstainers. The 'one glass more' often has the effect of making a man careless, sleepy, and indifferent to danger, if not worse, at a time when he most needs to have his senses clear and wide-awake for his own and others' safety."

The Central Railroad of Georgia has a rule prohibiting the use of intoxicating liquors while on duty, any employee known to use them will be dismissed from their service.

The American Express Company has decided to dismiss any and every employee using intoxicating liquors. This is a purely business arrangement. A great corporation serving the public as a conveyor of goods finds that its service is impaired by any toleration of drink habits among its employees. When will the greater corporations, the city, the State, the nation, learn the same truth?

Some of the more important railroad companies will not permit their employees whether on or off duty, to drink intoxicating liquors.

The superintendent of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, which has issued an order to discharge all employees who drink, says, whiskey has been found a foe of railroading. It has caused the loss of a great many lives and much money. Railroad managers have learned that a man who drinks is dangerous.

WHAT THE DOCTOR'S THINK.

Toledo physicians bear testimony to the fact that no man can drink beer safely, that it is an injury to any one who uses it in any quantity, and that its effects upon the general health of the country has been even worse than that of whiskey.

Beer is an article of ordinary diet has been discontinued in at least twenty-seven pauper lunatic asylums in England, with the result that in no instance has the apparently important change led to any sort of physical inconvenience. Many

of the superintendents in whose asylums the modification was made, and also many of the patients, testify cordially to the benefits of the change. The question, says the *Journal of Mental Science*, is not one of totalism, or even primarily of a financial order, but one of pure expediency and good management.

The National Medical Association in 1884, in convention assembled, declared that alcohol should be classed with other powerful drugs, and when prescribed medicinally it should be done with conscientious caution and a sense of great responsibility, and that it would confine the use of intoxicating liquors to the uses of science.

A New York physician sends this item to *The Voice*, and it is an important fact. Many physicians are now, on principal, ordering for their patients prescriptions with no alcoholic ingredients: "I have carefully examined each number of the *London Lancet* for the last six months, and fail to find the report of one case, out of the many cases treated by the best English physicians, in which alcohol in any form was ordered or used. Is it not high time that the fraternity in this country become equally intelligent?"

WHAT INSURANCE TABLES SAY.

Mr. Nelson, a distinguished insurance man, makes the following computations: A total abstainer, 20 years old, has the chance of living till he is 64.

A moderate drinker, 20 years old, has the chance of living until he is 35½.

A total abstainer at 30 has the chance of living till he is 64½.

A moderate drinker, 30 years old, has the chance of living till he is 44½.

A total abstainer at 40 has the chance of living till he is 68½.

A moderate drinker, 40 years old, has the chance of living till he is 51½.

Probably no business on the face of the earth is so mathematically correct as the insurance business. Its figures are not made up in the interest of any church or party. They are not the result of any temperance fanaticism, but simply from cold business calculation.—*N. Y. Evan.*

FRANKY'S MISTAKE.

My shoe-strings always have knots in 'em. I never can find my slate-pencil." And then Franky sat down on the floor and cried.

He cried two kinds of tears; one kind was because he was impatient; the other, because he was trying in a certain way

to be one of Jesus little preachers, and failed.

He let small things make him cross, such as a knotty shoe-string and a lost pencil; and he very well knew that Jesus did not care to have cross disciples or preachers. When he got up that morning he was very determined to "shine" for Jesus; but, before he was ready for morning school, he was in gloom and tears. He wondered if Paul and all the rest of the good Bible-people were pleasant all the time. "If they were," he said "their things must have been all right and not bothered; mine plague me."

The whole day went wrong. He forgot and whispered at school; got angry with a boy on the play-ground and dropped his new reader in the mud. So, on the whole, it was a sorrowful day; and Christ's little disciple did not shine much.

"God bids us to shine.—

You in your small corner,
I in mine."

He said as he went through the woods to his home; "but I don't see how it is done."

He told over his sorrows and mishaps to his mother that night, and she said she thought she knew where the trouble was.

This surprised Franky, and he asked what was the trouble.

She did not answer at once, but repeated very slowly "Having therefore obtained the help of God, I continue unto this day."

"Having therefore obtained the help of God, I, Paul, continue to preach Jesus, —it means, Franky."

Franky looked out of the window with a very sober face, but made no answer.

"Franky did not ask God to help him to preach Jesus at school, coming home, and at home; so he did not let his light shine," said his mother.

Another long time was spent in thinking; and then Franky remembered he had not said any prayer that morning, had not even asked God to help him, feeling very certain that he could be a good boy all by himself.

Have you ever made such a mistake?
Little Folks Quarterly.

GOD'S ACRE.

June, lovely June, bright with sunshine and flowers, the very air made joyous by the birds and insects all around—is here, and Nature is glad among the mounds of the village cemetery, as though

no evidence of earthly death could be seen.

For Nature is God's own manifestation, and He tells us that Life is Eternal. The dead are not laid hopelessly away. From the tomb is the glorious Resurrection!

Yes, there are lessons to learn from silent graves—lessons for old and young. Solemn truths—yet not sorrowful.

We need not be unhappy when we think of death. In the natural tear of earthly sorrow may gleam the rainbow of the Sun of Hope. Christ, the Sun of Righteousness, drove out the darkness of the tomb, ere He decreed that in it we should wait His second coming. Blessed, indeed, thrice blessed, are "they who die in the Lord!"

LETTER FROM MRS. MORTON.

MY DEAR CHILDREN.—I am going to tell you a story which is neither pretty nor true.—Then you will say, 'why tell it to us?' Because I want you to be very sorry for the poor little Hindu children who are taught foolish and wicked stories as part of their religion. This one I read lately in Prem Sagar, one of their religious books, which they think to be a great deal better book than our Bible.

When the god Krishna was five or six years old he went out with some companions one day to herd calves; taking their luncheon with them they laid it down and leaving the calves began to amuse themselves by throwing stones, making garlands of flowers, and so on.

In the meantime a bad king who wanted to kill Krishna had sent a demon in the shape of a dragon to lie in wait with his mouth open hoping for a chance to swallow Krishna.

The boys seeing the open mouth of the dragon and thinking it to be a cavern said one to another, 'What a big mountain this must be to have such a large cavern in it! If we once get into this we will never get out; it frightens me only to see it.' Then one named Tokh said, 'Come along; even if we get into it what fear if Krishna is with us? If it be an evil spirit it will be killed like Bakasur was.'

While they were talking thus the dragon drew such a long breath that all the calves as well as the boys were lifted off their feet and fell into his mouth. Feeling his hot and poisonous breath the calves began to low, and the boys to call out, 'Oh, Krishna, beloved! remember us or we shall be burned to death.'

Hearing their cries Krishna entered the

dragon's mouth, which gladly shut him in, but he made his body so large that the dragon was split in pieces, and all the calves and boys got out. Then the gods being very glad rained down flowers and nectar to cool them.

Now that you have heard this story you will understand the answer of one of our Christian people who was asked by a heathen, 'How could you become a Christian when you know so much of Prem Sagar?' 'That is just why I became a Christian,' said Lal Bihari Singe, Mr. Grant's faithful helper, and now an ordained minister.

Dear children, make haste to help us, that the young Hindus may be taught about Jesus, and may learn all the lovely Bible stories that you know so well. Many of them have already learned about Samuel and Joseph and David, and it makes them wish to be good boys like these; but then they see so much wickedness around them that they forget and find it much harder to be good than if they lived in a Christian land like Nova Scotia.

Mr. Morton asked one day in Tacarigua School, 'Who was the strongest man?' a dozen voices answered, 'Samson.' 'What did Samson do that showed he was very strong?' 'He killed a thousand men with a donkey's bone.' 'Did he drink wine or rum to make him strong?' 'No.' 'Well, then, if any one tells you that to drink will make you strong, you tell them, Oh, if I am as strong as Samson that will do for me, and he did not drink anything but water.' With this little temperance lecture which is good for boys everywhere I will close.

SARAH H. MORTON.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

PRESBYTERY OF MIRAMICHI.

This Presbytery met at Newcastle, N. B., on Tuesday, the 7th of April.

Nine ministers and one elder were present.

Mr. Murray was appointed clerk for the ensuing year to take effect from the next regular meeting.

The report on the State of Religion was read by Mr. W. A. S. Only nine congregations out of sixteen had returns, but so far as information went, the evidence of spiritual vitality and progress was satisfactory.

The report on Sabbath Schools was read by Mr. Quinn. It indicated decided

advance in this department of the Church's work.

Reports on Temperance from the Sessions of Dalhousie and Campbellton were read, and ordered to lie on the table.

Presbyterial certificates and evangelistic work within the bounds were given to the Rev. W. C. Bryden and Mr. James Dow.

The report of the Presbytery Fund was audited. Balance in hand \$5.97.

The subject of Sabbath observance was taken up, and earnest attention given to threatened encroachments on the sanctity of the day by railway traffic and otherwise. On motion of Mr. Herdman the following was unanimously agreed to:

"That the Presbytery of Miramichi learn with great regret that an immense amount of Sabbath work has, during the past year, been carried on along the Northern division of the Intercolonial Railway, so much so as to give rise to the fear that, practically, the Sabbath is taken away from a large number of our people. We therefore appoint Sabbath the 10th of May as a day on which we desire the Ministers of our Presbytery to preach to their congregations upon this subject and we invite also the co-operation of all other Christian denominations in a united effort to work up public sentiment against this evil."

Catechists were appointed to supply the various mission stations for the ensuing summer.

Next meeting to take place in the town of Dalhousie on the second Tuesday of July.

Mr. Herdman, who has been appointed to the important field of Calgary, N. W. T., tendered his resignation of his charge of Campbellton. This announcement, which took the Presbytery by surprise, elicited the expression of general sincere regret. Mr. Herdman, who has laboured within the bounds for the last seven years, has made himself very dear as a friend to all his co-presbyters, and won universal esteem.

JOHN MCCARTER, *Clerk*.

THE PRESBYTERY OF SYDNEY.

This Presbytery met on the 18th March, at Sydney Mines—present 7 ministers and 6 elders. The following resolution was passed:

Mr. McMillan reported for the Committee appointed to visit Boularderie in the interests of the Augmentation Scheme, that additional subscriptions are being made to the stipend of the pastor. Mr. Murray, for a similar committee reported

that new subscription lists have been opened in Gabarus.

It was agreed to ask the Home Mission Board for the services of Mr. J. W. McLellan for Mira, Mr. R. McLeod for Loch Lomond and Framboise, and a Gaelic-speaking probationer for Cow Bay, for the coming Summer.

The report on the State of Religion within the bounds was read by Mr. Farquharson, and was followed by an interesting discussion of the subject.

The report of the Committee on Temperance was read by the convenor. Mr. J. Murray, which was followed by a discussion of the whole Temperance question and the best methods for its promotion.

Presbytery took up the remits of Assembly and marriage with a deceased wife's sister, and resolved unanimously in favor of abiding by the teaching of the Church as heretofore understood and interpreted in the Confession of Faith.

Mr. Gordon resigned the Clerkship of Presbytery, and Mr. Farquharson was appointed to that office.

Mr. Gordon demitted his charge at Grand River.

The following were appointed commissioners to the next General Assembly: Messrs A. Farquharson, Dr. Murray, G. L. Gordon, with James Forbes alternate, ministers; Messrs. F. Falconer, D. McLellan and D. McKay, elders.

Mr. Murray gave notice of motion and the re-arrangement of the Presbyteries of this Island. The next meeting was appointed to be in St. Andrew's Church, Sydney, on the last Wednesday of May, at 11 o'clock.

TRURO PRESBYTERY.

Ten ministers and six elders were present at the meeting on Tuesday April 14th.

Intimation was received from the Home Mission Board that the four Catechists applied for by the Presbytery had been appointed. It was agreed that Mr. Henry McQuinn should labour at Maccan, Mr. Andrew Hamilton at Harmony, and that the Rev. J. A. Logan and the clerk should confer concerning the appointment of Messrs. J. W. McLellan and Henry Dickie to Westchester and North River.

A petition was received from the first Presbyterian congregation, Truro, asking authority to moderate in a call to a minister to be colleague and successor to their present pastor—Dr. McCulloch—who, after forty-six years of active la-

bour in the congregation, feels himself unequal to the full measure of work now required of him. Messrs. Alex. Miller, James Pitblado and W. Y. Loughhead appeared as commissioners supporting the petition and giving details of the arrangement purposed by the congregation. The Presbytery expressed pleasure with the unanimity and cordiality manifested by the congregation, sanctioned the proposed arrangement and appointed the Rev. Thomas Cumming to moderate in a call at such time as may be agreed upon by the congregation.

The Revds. Thomas Cumming, J. H. Chase, S. C. Gunn and A. F. Thompson, ministers, and the Hon. Samuel Creelman with Messrs. Isaac Flemming, J. K. Blair and Silas Black, elders, were appointed commissioners to the General Assembly.

Reports on Temperance and the State of Religion were read and received, and a short conference held on each subject. Thanks were given to the Couvener, Rev. J. A. Logan and J. D. McGillivray, for the preparation of the reports.

The following motion proposed by Dr. McCulloch was adopted:—"That this Presbytery begs to record their deep sympathy with their fellow citizens in the North-west in their present painful situation, and especially with those who are mourning their dead—to assure those who are now being called to defend their country of their best wishes and prayers that God may protect them in the day of battle, and that through their toils and dangers, under God's blessing, the sound of war may soon cease to be heard in our land."

The next meeting of Presbytery will be held in the Presbyterian Hall, Truro, at 11 A. M., on Tuesday, May 12th.

J. H. CHASE, *Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF LUNENBURG AND SHEL-BURNE.

This Presbytery met at Lunenburg on the 14th inst.

Mr. Miller reported that the work of the Presbytery's Augmentation Committee had been completed. All the congregations have responded to the appeal. The Synod allotted to the Presbytery \$475. The congregations have paid \$480. The report was heartily approved.

Mr. Crawford read the report on Temperance. All settled congregations sent in returns. The advance of Temperance is greatly hindered by the unsatisfactory state of the liquor laws, yet progress is

being made in all places, in some places it is quite marked, in others it has been but slight. The report was approved, and the following recommendation added.—In view of the recommendation of last Assembly that temperance societies be formed in all our congregations under the direction of Sessions, (See minutes, p. 34 1.) this Presbytery suggests that the Assembly's committee issue a simple constitution for congregational and S. S. societies, so that uniformity may be given to the work.

Mr. Simpson presented the report on Sabbath-Schools. Four congregations have not sent in returns. He was directed to write for returns, complete his report as soon as possible, and forward to the proper quarter.

The clerk gave report on Statistics, which was also incomplete for want of returns. It was dealt with in same way as S S. report.

The following were appointed as commissioners to next General Assembly. *Ministers*, D. Stiles Fraser, H. Crawford, and James Rosborough, with I. S. Simpson as substitute. *Elders*, J. S. Calder, M. D. and James Eisenhour.

Mr. Millar read report on State of Religion. All settled congregations had sent in reports. There was a lengthy conference on some points brought out in the report, which was approved, and parties were appointed to speak in the evening on "Attendance on public worship," "Personal Religion," and "Family Religion."

There was a large meeting in the evening. After singing, reading of scripture, and of the report on State of Religion, addresses were given as previously arranged.

Next meeting was appointed to be held at Bridgewater on last Tuesday of May at 2.30 P. M.

D. STYLES FRASER, *Clerk*.

PICTOU PRESBYTERY.

The Presbytery of Pictou met at New Glasgow on the 5th inst.

Mr. A. W. McLeod accepted the call from Vale Colliery and Sutherlands River, and arrangements were made for his induction on the 26th inst. The moderator was appointed to preside, Mr. Munro to preach, Mr. Blair to address the minister, and Mr. Cumming the people.

Mr. McLeod's connection with his present congregation is to terminate on the 17th inst., and Mr. Cumming was appointed to exchange with him on the 24th

inst., and to declare the congregation of West River vacant.

The congregation of Salt Springs appeared before Presbytery, by Commissioners, petitioning for separation from Scotsburn, and for union with Green Hill or West River.

Commissioners from Scotsburn stated that the proposals of Saltsprings had been submitted to the congregation of that place, and that they had unanimously agreed to offer no opposition to the said proposals in the event of their being able, with the concurrence of the Presbytery, to effect a union with Hermon. After deliberation it was resolved that the Presbytery having heard the Commissioners from Saltsprings and Scotsburn, record the interest with which they regard the proposals submitted for their consideration; but inasmuch as the matter has not been regularly laid before all the parties interested, they agree to bring the proposals to the notice of the Sessions and Congregations of Green Hill and West River, with directions to report their judgement upon the matter at the next regular meeting of Presbytery.

With reference to the remit of the Assembly anent marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister it was agreed by narrow majorities to disapprove of the recommendation of the Assembly's Committee to the effect that the proposition contained in the clause of the Confession of Faith viz. "A man may not marry any of his wife's kindred nearer in blood than he may of his own" is not sufficiently sustained by the authority of scripture; and to approve of the recommendation "that church discipline shall not be exercised in regard to marriage with a wife's sister, wife's aunt, and wife's niece."

Messrs. McMillan and Underwood intimated that they would be unable to fulfil their appointments to General Assembly when Mr. D. C. Fraser and Dr. Murray were appointed in their room.

Mr. R. Cumming on behalf of the Committee on Temperance submitted a report which was received and adopted. Suitable action was taken with reference to efforts to secure the mere complete suppression of illicit distillation of ardent spirits as well as other points referred to in the report.

The Catechists were appointed to their respective fields of labours, viz. Mr. Logan to Trenton, Mr. Marr to Country Harbour and Isaac's Harbour, and Mr. D. Morrison to Wine Harbor and Cape George.

It was also agreed to appoint Mr. McLean to visit Fifteen Mile Stream with a view of ascertaining the feasibility of sending a Catechist to that place for a part of the summer.

The report of the Sabbath School Committee was presented and approved.

The Presbytery adjourned to meet in the church at the Vale on the 26th inst., at 4 o'clock, P. M., for ordinary business, and at half past seven for the induction of Mr. McLeod.

E. A. McCurdy, *Clerk.*

HOME TRAINING.

Here we find one of the grand benefits of a proper training at home. Parents cannot do everything with their children. They often find themselves arrested in even their best endeavors. They are disappointed, many a time, in the business which their children choose, the tastes which they develop, and a thousand other things. The young pass very soon out of the hands of their natural guardians. But one thing all parents can do for their children—they can teach them the one supreme need of a pure and lofty purpose with which to commence and continue life. They can show by their own example what it is to mean well and to mean well means to conquer. Between purpose and execution there may be a certain path in all good things. If a boy will only go out from home for the battle of life with the firm resolve to swerve not a hair's breadth from the path of honesty, and to stand by the truth, and to seek companionship with only the pure, and to grow into a better self than that of to-day, there is no worthy crown which he will not win and wear. No wrong word that he writes, or wrong deeds that he has done, will ever come back in the latter life and stand up as terrible judges to condemn him in the hour when he needs all the friends he can find. In these days we need more men of harmonious life, pervaded by an iron will, to give themselves to only the causes of justice and integrity. Such men are always safe, whether living or dying. When the last struggle comes they have nothing to fear. Like Havelock, they may spend their whole life, except the closing months, in obscurity. But the time will come when justice will have full play. The world is sure to see its heroes, sooner or later, and to see it to love and to remember.—*N. Y. Christian Advocate.*

MISSION WORK IN GLASGOW.

Evangelists and Mission work in Glasgow are carried on upon an extensive scale. The city mission employs paid missionaries, whose duties are to visit prescribed districts several hours every day, deliver tracts, converse and pray with the poor people, and endeavor to get as many as possible to attend Sabbath meetings. In this way the worst parts of the city have come under their influence. But the missionary labours are not at all pleasant. He has to visit filthy dens, and talk with, if possible filthier people. Troubles above measure are poured into his ears; and his sympathies are in great demand. He finds that it is little comfort to say to cold, ragged; hungry wives and children, "Be ye warmed, clothed and fed." If, therefore, he wants an opportunity to preach the gospel to these people, he must endeavor to provide them with loaves and fishes. At times the missionary also experiences priestly kindness by having an occasional shower of stones about his ears should he chance to come into too close proximity to members of the R. C. Church, a godly number of whom generally cross his path, there being a large Irish population in the lanes and closes of the city. In James Morrison Hall famishing hundreds gather every Sabbath morning, when a substantial breakfast is served out to them by willing lady and gentlemen volunteers. Then an opportunity is presented to the workers to "speak a word in season," and tell of Him who is "the bread and water of life." During the warm summer months a large tent capable of holding hundreds of people, is pitched on Glasgow Green, and to this tent is transferred the Sabbath morning breakfasts and Sabbath and week-evening evangelistic meetings. Much good is done by this practical method of working.—*Queens College Journal*.

Some bad boys had tried to persuade a good little boy to play truant. "No, no, I cannot," said he. "Why? Now why?" they asked. "Why, answered the boy, "because if I do I shall have to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to-night." "O, well," they said, "in that case you had better not go." Bad boys expect of boys better brought up than themselves better things than they can practice. But you see what a bridle the habit of prayer puts on a little child.—*Childs Delight*.

YOUR BETTER SELF.

Moralizers say, Be yourself; but they often forget to tell which self they mean. Is it the self which speaks through the animal nature, and which clamors that the whole man be brought into subjection to it, or the self which speaks in moments of intense spiritual feeling, and which refuses to hold any parley with the lower nature? Is it the self that would give up all for others, or the self which would grasp all for its own good;—the self which would place beneath the microscope, without emotion, the blood that was shed on Calvary, or the self that loses self at the foot of the cross? A friend saw General Gordon's face flush with pride and ambition when Sir Samuel Baker told him that he was likely to be called to the governor-general of the Soudan. Late that night Gordon entered his friend's room; and began inquiringly, "You saw me to-day?" Then he said quietly, "Yes, you saw me; that was myself—the self I want to get rid of." These words contain the kernel of the whole matter. We are not one self, but many selves; and the proffered advice, Be yourself, is only worth following when it means, Be your best self—your highest self; not the self that you ought to get rid of.—*S. S. Times*.

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SINS OF OMISSION.

Few men ever lived a life so busy and so devoted to God as Usher, Archbishop of Armagh. His learning, habits of business, station, friends all contributed to keep his hands full every moment; and then his was a soul that seemed continually to hear a voice saying, "Redeem the time, for the days are evil." Early, too, did he begin, for at ten years of age he was hopefully converted by a sermon preached on Rom. xii. 1, "I beseech you, therefore, by the mercies of God that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice." He was a painstaking, laborious preacher of the Word for fifty-five years. Yet hear him on his death-bed! How he clings to Christ's righteousness alone, and sees in himself, even after such a life, only sin and want. The last words he was heard to utter were about one o'clock in the afternoon, and these were uttered in a loud voice—"Lord, in special forgive me my sins of omission."

It was omission, says his biographer, he begged forgiveness for with his most fervent last breath. He who was never known to waste an hour, but who employed the shred ends of his life for his great Lord and Master. The very day he took his last sickness he rose up from writing one of his great works and went out to visit a sick woman, to whom he spoke so fitly and so fully that you would have taken him to have spoken with heaven before he came there. Yet this man was oppressed with a sense of his omissions.

Reader, what think you of yourself—your undone duties, your unimproved hours, times of prayer omitted, your shirking from unpleasant work and putting it on others, your being content to sit under your own vine and fig tree without using all efforts for the souls of others? O sins of omission! "Lord, in special forgive me my sins of omission!" *Words to Winners of Souls.*

THE DYING MINISTERS' WISH.

A saint who has passed to his heavenly home used to say he would drop a tear on entering heaven, because he was parting with that friend repentance. "There is another reason, I think, why we may all drop a tear as we find that the hour of our salvation is coming nearer," said Rev. Dr. Donald McLeod at a recent meeting. "I remember, as a young minister, sitting at the bedside of one of the most faithful pastors in our church in Scotland. As the time of his departure

was drawing very near, he said to me, 'Oh that I could yet do something more.' A wife about to become a widow, and several children, were standing around the death-bed as calm as I am now. It was not the fear of parting with them that troubled the departing saint, for he had committed them to the Father of the fatherless and the Husband of the widow. He said to them, 'I know God will never let you want.' The fear that was still clinging to him and preventing, as it were, the glad spirit from soaring away as upon eagle's wings into the presence of his King, was this—he had not done enough. 'Oh that I could do something more before I see Him face to face.' Do you feel that you could do more, pray more, or give more, and are tempted not to do it? Look at it again in the light of Gethsemane and Calvary. How the treasure and pleasures of earth pale, like the rushlight before the glorious noontide sun, as we think of the appeal of the great Apostle, who himself had sacrificed all for Christ: 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, who, though he was rich, yet for your sakes he became poor, that ye through his poverty might be rich.'

RIGHT WORDS.

One is tempted to ask, "How is backbone to be formed in the rising generation of Christians if every thing about the religious life is made so pleasant and easy? If sermons must be so light or so short as hardly to involve any effort of attention on the part of the hearer, and the rest of the service is to be a bright little concert? And if the other hours of the day given us to be spent at the gates of heaven are to be merely enlivened with 'Sunday talk?' We are in great danger of degenerating into molluscous Christians. Christian preachers and writers ought, I think, to be continually reminding their people of the place of self denial in the Christian life. If we let down the tone of the church in this respect, it may please God to give her a new chapter of the discipline of persecution, for that has been the great means usually employed for teaching her that "the cross" has to be borne in another sense than as an ornament on a lady's bosom— "If any man will come after me let him take up his cross daily and follow me."—*Ar. W. G. Blake.*

JOINING THE CHURCH.

Ought I to make a public confession of faith, and join the church? This most important question is, no doubt, agitating the minds of hundreds among the readers of these columns. The first person with whom most of you would discuss this question would be your own pastor. He would probably say to you—yes, my friend, you had better do so, provided that you had already joined *Jesus Christ*. If the Son of God be within your heart then you are spiritually alive; you have experienced the new birth; you are prepared to live the Christian life because He liveth in you. If you only make membership of a church the main thing, if you unite yourself to nothing stronger than a company of frail, fallible fellow-creatures, and expect them to tow you along by the power of their prayers and fellowship, then you have but a poor chance of success in this world, or of heaven in the next.

The first question for you to settle is—Have you been born anew by the Holy Spirit? Have you, by sincere faith, united your heart to the omnipotent Saviour? If that be so, then your public acknowledgement of this fact, by connecting yourself with a Christian church, is the completion of the process of *joining the Lord Jesus*. Heart union first, then open confession. Christ demands both, and when both steps are taken you have become one with Him. Your heart is, by a mysterious but real process, linked to His infinite heart of love. You join your weakness to Christ's strength, your ignorance to His wisdom, your unworthiness to His merits, your frailty to His watchful oversight, your poverty to His boundless resource of grace. Your spiritual destiny is bound up with your Lord's; because He lives you shall live also; and you will be kept by the power of God through faith unto full salvation. A glorious conception is this; and if, by God's help, you are making this a reality, then go forward. The sooner the better.
—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

WHAT JESUS IS ABLE TO DO FOR YOU.

Able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work.—2 Cor. ix. 8.

Able to succor them that are tempted.—Heb. ii. 18.

Able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence

of His glory with exceeding joy.—Jude xxiv.

Able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him.—Heb. vii. 25.

What he has promised, able also to perform.

Able also to make you stand.—Rom. xiv. 4.

Able to keep that which I have committed unto him.—2 Tim. i. 12.

Able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.—Acts xx. 32.

Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think.—Ephesians iii. 20.

"I'M AS GOOD AS MY NEIGHBORS."

Quite likely; but that's not enough. Are you as good as God says you ought to be? We read about a man whose name was Saul of Tarsus, who was not only as good as his neighbors, but he was better than any of them. He was beyond his equals in knowledge, and "more exceedingly zealous" of the religion of his fathers. His neighbors looked up to him as the leading man; and the religious world had so much confidence in him that they gave him a "commission," and he had "authority" from the chief priest. Sure this was a fair specimen of one well up in religion, and a man with a good chance, as men say. But when he saw himself in God's mirror, it was then that he came to the conclusion that he was the 'chief of sinners.'

THE DIME NOVEL.

Much has been said concerning the demoralizing effects of the dime novel. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the mischief that is being wrought by this deadly agency. It is one of the most injurious foes that family life has to fear. The following facts speak for themselves: The report of the New York Society for the Suppression of Vice for 1885 classifies the crimes of the youth of both sexes (under 21) as follows: Murder, 74; attempted murder, 104; burglary, 179; highway robbery, 84; grand larceny, 72; larceny, 130; forgery, 18; arson, 4; manslaughter, 2; counterfeiting, 5; train wreckers, 3; mail robbery, 4; picking pockets, 8; suicide, 37; attempted suicide, 24. A band of a dozen boys is mentioned—all under ten years of age—who had voted to kill their mothers. One of them proposed to practise upon a servant girl first, but she objected, and the plot was discovered.—*Can. Pres.*