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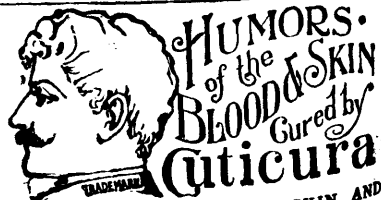
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SOMEBODY who has looked up the matter announces that we do not get condensed milk from Cowes, but from Cannes.

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"WHAT makes that young man talk so thick?" "Well, the fact is he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and—" "Oh, I see! It is still there!"

"DID you ever meet a real pirate?" asked a young lady. "Yes," replied the old navy officer, "once on the coast of Maine." "How delightful! And did he live on a sloop painted black?" "No. He kept a summer hotel."



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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 20.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, 1891.

No. 36.

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For the use of Sabbath School Teachers.

IMPROVED SCHOOL REGISTER

For the use of Superintendents and Secretaries.

Both the above have been carefully prepared, in response to request for something more complete than could heretofore be obtained, by the Rev. T. F. Fotheringham, M.A., Convener of the General Assembly's Sabbath School Committee. These books will be found to make easy the work of reporting all necessary statistics of our Sabbath Schools, as well as preparing the reports asked for by the General Assembly. Price of Class Rolls 60 cents per do. Price of School Registers 20 cents each. Address—

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Notes of the Week.

NEW SOUTH WALES general election has resulted in a remarkable temperance triumph. Out of 135 members twenty-six are pledged to prohibition and twenty-nine to local option without compensation, while twenty former members are pledged against compensation, and many others who would not give a pledge are willing to vote for prohibition.

A GLASGOW contemporary says: The taxpayer rarely has a conscience towards the Government. But, though churches are free in Toronto from the payment of local rates, a Baptist Church has expressed its sympathy with the general discontent at this exemption and directed the treasurer to pay to the city authorities the sum that would be due from them if not thus ecclesiastically exempt.

DR. STAFFORD, medical inspector for Belfast, characterizes as gross exaggeration the statements that have recently been made as to ether drinking in Ireland. It is confined to six small towns in the north; and instead of 2,600 gallons, which has been given as the consumption, only about 144 were sold last year. The practice, he says, arose in 1848, in the prescription of ether by a quack from Glasgow as a preventive of cholera.

GENERAL BOOTH has had an enthusiastic reception at Cape Town. He is the guest of Sir J. Gordon Sprigg, who presided over a select meeting at which Sir Henry Loch, the Governor, and other high officials were present. There were 5,000 present at the public meeting, when the chief justice, Sir J. H. DeVilliers, took the chair. His "scheme" appears to have been subjected to considerable criticism, but is heartily endorsed as a whole.

MR. SPURGEON was able on a recent Sabbath to write the following letter to his congregation. Dear Brethren,—The Lord's name be praised for first giving and then hearing the loving prayers of His people. Through these prayers my life is prolonged. I feel greatly humbled and very grateful at being the object of so great a love and so wonderful an outburst of prayer. I have not strength to say more. Let the name of the Lord be glorified.

THE Rev. Donald F. MacKenzie, B.D., who has accepted the call to Langside, is the fourth minister of the Free Gaelic Church, Campbeltown, translated to Glasgow. Those who previously went to the "second city" were Rev. Duncan M'Nab, a man of lofty intellect and scientific attainments, to Renfield Church in 1856; Rev. Alexander Munro to Stockwell; and Rev. John T. MacLean, to Govan, labouring for eleven years, by the way, at North Bute.

A SCOTTISH exchange says. Tom Cossar, better known as "Blin' Tam o' Gilmerton," no longer tramps the roads of Southern Edinburgh, which had been familiar with him for sixty years. Ministers and precentors will now draw their breath in peace, for Tam was a regular attendant at church, and no mean critic. A long journey would he take for the pleasure of hearing—and criticizing—a "new" man. Hard words he had for the late Dr. Begg, who, when in Liberton before the Disruption, proposed to put him into the poorhouse—an insult never forgotten. For thirty years he ordered the bread for the communion in Liberton Free Church,

a function he held of the highest importance. Honest and trustworthy, Tam served his day and generation well.

THE *Christian Leader* says: The wardrobe of Jesus Christ must have been a large one, if all the holy relics of His coats are real originals. The proposed pilgrimage to Trèves has resuscitated the claims of other places to such a sacred relic. Woven stuff is liable to perish, but an iron chain will last a long while. The very chains of St. Peter are said to be preserved at Rome for devotional purposes. A model of them has been obtained for a Catholic school in Blackburn; and Bishop Vaughan has added some filings from the chains at Rome, given him by the Pope. These filings are to be placed among the model chains, and then good Catholics can use them also for devotional purposes. Nor will they be precluded from miraculous events since there is no Napoleon in Lancashire to say: You may have a pilgrimage; only mind, there are to be no miracles.

WE regret, says the *Christian Leader*, to record the death recently of the amiable and gifted lady, Miss Robina Hardy. She was most active in aid of the sick and the poor in the Grassmarket; her philanthropy and story-telling played into each other's hands. Readers will remember that our last Christmas number opened with "A True Incident of Edinburgh Life," which just expressed her dainty gift and her care for little children. Her face will be sadly missed in the Grassmarket, whither she often wended her way to work in the Vennel mission founded by the late Dr. Robertson, of New Greyfriars. Of middle age, she was the daughter of an Edinburgh dentist, who was the son of Dr. Hardy, one of the city ministers, and a Moderator of the Assembly in the early part of the century. She had been in failing health for some time past, but it is only about two months since "Tibbie's Tryst," her last book, was given to the public.

MR. GEORGE MULLER prefaces his fifty-second report of his institution at Bristol sustained by faith and prayer, with a detailed account of his recent preaching tour, lasting from August, 1890, till June last. His great preaching tour of two years and seven months, ending in March, 1890, is summarized in a few lines, but during those two and a-half years he travelled no less than 36,602 miles, and journeyed through South Australia, Tasmania, New Zealand, New South Wales, Ceylon and India. After a rest of four months at the Orphan Houses he started again for the Continent in August last, and from that time till June last he has been travelling and preaching on the Continent, travelling distances of 115, 120 and even more miles in a day, and preaching to vast audiences, and sometimes addressing assembles of 1,500 and 2,000 persons. So eager were the people to hear the discourses that on more than one occasion he could not pass through the throngs, and had to obtain admission to the preaching places by side doors. Sometimes he preached eight times in a week, and yet at his advanced age his health has been preserved, and he has once more come home to look after his orphans on Ashley Down.

REFERRING to the Alliance Convention to be held in Toronto on September 16, the *Citizen* says: There is shortly to be an Alliance Convention. Shall we unite with the Alliance? No; let us unite in the Alliance. If we understand rightly, the Alliance is what the delegates forming the Council of that body decide it shall be. Therefore when the great whole of the temperance people unite in it, it will simply do their will. It is but a machine—it is barely that—it is the raw material of which the machinery may be made. We don't know that any good would come of hunting up other material. Certainly none did of starting that now practically defunct party called "new." What we advise is, not that a section, a division, a party of schism, but the great majority of prohibition voters collar the Alliance, and through it speak their will. That is not wishing the Alliance any evil! The Alliance Council is made up only of representa-

tives chosen by Church Conferences, Synods and provincial temperance organizations. All its meetings will, however, be public, and visitors will be cordially welcomed. It is the annual Dominion Parliament of the prohibition movement, and has a more representative character than has any other Canadian assembly.

THE *British Weekly* says: Mrs. Besant, in the current number of *Lucifer*, has retracted Malthusianism. Materialism went some months ago. Mrs. Besant explains that her Malthusianism sprang from her Materialism, and that the destruction of the one is the destruction of the other. She brought a material cure to a disease which appeared to be of material origin, but she has now discovered that only by the way of self control and self-denial can men and women build for themselves bodies and brains of a higher type. Mrs. Besant tells of what she suffered for Malthusianism—loss of children, loss of friends, social ostracism and the rest of it. She will do well to remember more than that. Her advocacy of Malthusianism has been marked by a fierceness, a dogmatism, a blindness to the most obvious and grave considerations which have hardly any parallel in all the embittered controversies of the time. Now Mrs. Besant has confessed that she was the victim in her philosophical, religious and practical teachings these many years of a series of ghastly fallacies. Surely this might teach her something as to the manner in which she should bear herself in advocating the new creed to which she stands committed. The best thing that any one can wish for her is that she should come to repudiate it as heartily as she now repudiates Malthusianism and Materialism. We hope for this, and we think so well of Mrs. Besant as to believe that she will find the recantation to come all the easier if she has not to join with it unavailing remorse for angry words that cannot be recalled.

THE chief interest of the series of committee meetings of the Irish Presbyterian Assembly centred in the Elementary Education Committee, which had submitted to it the report of its deputation to Mr. Balfour, on the 20th of June last, in respect of the proper maintenance of the Dublin non-denominational Training College in the interests of the Irish Presbyterian Church, and especially in the interests of the minor denominations, to whom the maintenance of separate colleges would be a financial impossibility. It appeared that Mr. Balfour's replies to the deputation were to the effect that it was not his intention that the efficiency of the non-denominational College in Dublin should be in any way interfered with, but that should its efficiency at any time become so impaired as to render it unfit for the right discharge of its duties, so far as the Presbyterian Church was concerned, it would have an unquestionable claim upon any Government that might be in power for precisely similar terms to that which had been granted to the Episcopalians and Roman Catholics—that is, it could have a college of its own. To some members of the committee this reply seemed satisfactory; to others it did not. These latter held that it was impossible, in the altered circumstances of the situation, that efficiency could be maintained; that in the event of its not being maintained and a Presbyterian college becoming an absolute necessity, it was difficult to say what untoward political complications, the result of the next general election, might arise to throw Presbyterian educational interests into the background; and that the best thing the Church could do in its own interests was to look ahead a little, and to collect information as to cost and methods in like institutions, especially in those of Scotland. Professor Dougherty and Rev. Thomas M. Hamill (Lurgan) moved a resolution in this seemingly reasonable direction, but it was rejected by a large majority. Professor Petticrew, Dr. H. B. Wilson, Dr. Irwin (Castlerock), Rev. George Magill (Belfast) and others thought it was unnecessary at present to take any such precautionary step, as it would hamper the Church in its future action in the matter. And besides, they said, there was no need for haste. Perhaps so; and it is to be hoped so. At all events, time will tell.

Our Contributors.

NOTES BY THE WAY--SOME EXCITING POINTS BETWEEN BANFF AND VANCOUVER.

BY KNOXONIAN.

If a tourist has a little more life than a clam he begins to get deeply interested if not excited soon after he leaves Banff on the west-bound train. The mountains tower up grandly on both sides of the railway and you begin to ransack your vocabulary for suitable adjectives to express your feelings and describe your environment. It is no use. There is no power in the English language to describe your surroundings or tell anybody how these terrific peaks impress you. Dr. Potts came on the train at Banff and as we whirled around the mountain sides, dashed through tunnels, and ran down the fearful gorges, the eloquent Doctor could say little but "glorious," "glorious," "glorious." That hard worked adjective was as good a word to use as any, but in the presence of these awful peaks that seemed to pierce the morning sky with their icy summits even the word glorious seemed weak. At Canmore an observation car had been attached to the train from which the passengers could see the scenery in all directions. The run from Banff to Field, where we stopped for breakfast at the base of Mount Stephen, is a kind of railroad travel that I shall not be foolish enough to attempt to describe. I don't know that I would have tried a description under any circumstances, but two or three attempts that I have recently seen come before my mind every time I take hold of my pen and a voice seems to shout, yes shout, "now don't make an ass of yourself in that way." I won't.

Perhaps the most exciting part of the mountain scenery is the run down the Kicking Horse Canyon. At Palliser, a station a short distance west of Field, the railway and the river run into this terrific gorge together. The mountain sides form two almost perpendicular walls along the sides of which the railway runs, the train shooting from one side of the river to the other as the exigencies of the case may require. Away down below you the river rushes along as quickly I should say as the waters of the Long Sault Rapids on the St. Lawrence. Above the perpendicular walls rise almost out of sight and at times appear to close together over the railway. At Palliser, Brother Potts and I mounted the locomotive so that we could enjoy the full benefit of the run down the gorge. For thirteen miles we had all the excitement we wanted. As we ran out of the gorge we had the benefit of one of the most wonderful sights in this world of wonders. The engineer, as obliging, gentlemanly and intelligent a young fellow as I ever met, told us to stand on the platform of the locomotive and look right back. Two high mountains seemed to overlap and cross the track while between us and the overlapping mountains was the shoulder of a third which also crossed the track. The scene was grand beyond description and as puzzling as it was grand, for you could not for the life of you see how the train got through. In a moment the mountains vanished. "Look again," said the engineer. We looked again and the same scene reappeared, but reappeared only to vanish. "Look again," he said four times, and four times the overlapping mountains came into view immediately behind the train. "Look now for the last time," said our friend as he stood with his hand on the lever, and sure enough there they were again. The effect was produced I have no doubt by the doubling and twisting of the train across the river.

A little to the west of the Kicking Horse Pass there is a lovely spot. Close by the base of Sir Donald, which rises to the height of a mile and a-half, and near the Great Glacier is the Glacier House in a small restful valley, just the kind of place a tired tourist would like to stay over in for a day. The C. P. R. Company own the hotel and it is said to be well managed. Many tourists remain here, and while they rest themselves get a full view of the surrounding mountain scenery, which is perhaps at its grandest around this little valley. A short distance west of the Glacier House the train comes to the famous Loop, about which many people have read or heard. As I understand it the track forms a letter S about a mile in length. As the train doubles and twists it is not easy to see at the time just how you are going, but whether you understand the situation or not you are thoroughly persuaded that the Loop is a marvellous piece of railway engineering.

Leaving the Loop about four o'clock in the afternoon one striking scene after another meets the bewildered gaze until darkness closes a day of sight-seeing never to be forgotten.

It is a mistake however to suppose that when you have passed through the Rockies and Selkirks the mountain scenery is at an end. The Thompson River Canyons which we passed in the night are said by those who have seen them to almost equal anything on this part of the line. At the risk of being laughed at by specialists in mountain travel, I may say that the run down the Fraser Canyon within a few hours of Vancouver made me think more about my life insurance policies than any other part of the line. For over twenty miles the river runs between perpendicular walls of rock hundreds of feet high. Two hundred feet above the bed of the river the railway is literally blown out of the side of the rock. From the observation car or the window of the Pullman you look right down to the river two hundred feet below and feel—well I don't know how others felt, but as the train rushed along that ledge of rock, whirled around projecting

corners, and dashed through tunnels, I repeatedly felt thankful that the Canada Life is a solvent company and that it always does the square thing on claims. One reason perhaps why this run along the Fraser tries some nerves most is because it comes at the end of three thousand miles when the nerves are more or less unstrung. Possibly too you see the danger more there than in many other places, and then the run is longer. Twenty-three miles seem long in a place of that kind.

Turning to the right, about eleven o'clock, for the first time since we entered the gap west of Calgary, the train runs into a level country, at least a country comparatively level. In a little less than two hours we get our first glance of the water at Port Moody on the Burrard Inlet. A short run along the south shore of the Inlet brings us suddenly up to a large station where the roar and rush of city life, especially the musical voices of a score of hack and transfer men—the first heard since we left Brandon—tell us that we have finished a journey of 3,000 miles. This is Vancouver, about which something next week.

WORLD'S CONFERENCE AT AMSTERDAM.

(Special Correspondence to THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.)

The Conference of representatives from the Young Men's Christian Associations throughout the world arranged for, since the Conference in Stockholm three years ago by the Central International Committee in Geneva, has just been opened in Amsterdam. About five hundred delegates are in attendance, and among them a number from Canada.

This is the twelfth Conference that has been held since the organization of the first Young Men's Christian Association in London forty seven years ago. The first General Conference was held under the presidency of Rev. J. P. Cook, in Paris in 1855. Geneva was the gathering place for the second in 1858 when Max Perrot was president. London, the birthplace of the movement, received the third Conference in 1862, George Williams the founder being elected to preside. In 1865, Elberfeld, in Germany, the home of the Krummachers, the fourth Conference was held, Superintendent Durselin occupying the president's chair. Rev. J. P. Cook presided for the second time at the Conference which met for the second time in Paris in September, 1867. Sixteen years ago Amsterdam was the place chosen for the sixth Conference, J. Van O. Bruyn occupying the presidential chair. J. Von Oertzen in August, 1875, presided at the seventh Conference, in Hamburg, and Charles Fermand at the eighth in Geneva. The ninth was held in London in 1881, presided over by the Earl of Aberdeen, the tenth in Berlin with Count A. Bernstorff as president, and the last one in Stockholm in August, 1888, with Bishop Von Schaele as president.

The Young Men's Christian Association has claims to recognition from the Church of Christ. Its aim is to unite those young men who, regarding the Lord Jesus Christ as their God and Saviour, according to the Holy Scriptures, desire to be His Disciples in their doctrine and in their life, and to associate their efforts for the extension of His Kingdom among young men. It distinctly disavows any intention or desire to enter upon functions proper to the Churches. On the other hand it seeks to be and deserves to be regarded as helpers to the Churches in effort and service directed towards a class of persons not easily reached by ordinary church agencies, and it considers it to be alike a privilege and duty to lead young men into the fellowship of the Churches and under the influence of the Christian Ministry.

The growth and influence of the Young Men's Christian Association during the forty-seven years of its existence are features in Christian activity for which multitudes devoutly thank the Lord. Weaknesses in the individual associations are found as they are found in every human organization, but God has owned the agency, and many thousands to-day bear testimony to blessings to their sons at home, and to their sons who have gone from home by the salutary and spiritual influences that have been cast about young men through this Christian Association. Its power has been felt in all parts of the world. And these who know the power of the Lord through its agency are now in Conference in the chief city of this historical Dutch land.

Holland has over four hundred associations and one hundred and twenty representatives from these associations are taking part in the present Conference. Great Britain and Ireland, with their membership of nearly eighty thousand, have the largest delegation present from any country outside of Holland. Germany has nine hundred associations represented in this Conference by a delegation numbering eighty-six, among whom are Count Van Bernstorff of Berlin, and the Rev. K. Krummacker of Elberfeld, the son of the author of "Elijah the Tishbite." Delegates are here from the islands of the sea, from almost all the European countries, from the regions of Asia, and from the Continent of Africa. The Church of which THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN is an organ is laying plans for the establishment of a mission to the Jews. Its members who may become readers of these lines will be interested with the information that the Young Men's Christian Association has a deep interest in the Saviour's land, and is planning to bring the Saviour's blessings of life and liberty to the young men there. Rev. W. Hind Smith, who was sent abroad by the British Associations to visit and explore, has an interesting declaration to present to the Amsterdam Conference, which the following sentences form a part:—

"I have had the joy (during the past eight months) of forming eleven new associations. In Palestine three, two being at Jerusalem (one for the Arabic-speaking young men, another for the Hebrew converts) the third at Jaffa. At the several meetings held we had the pleasure of meeting representatives who came to hear about our work from Gaza, Ramleh, Lydda and Beyrout. The deputations were each supplied with suitable papers, and left with the resolution to form associations upon their return. (I hear that a German branch has been formed at Jerusalem since my visit there. In Jerusalem we formed a Central Council, which should take the oversight of the work in Palestine, and of which Mr. Ellis, of Bishop Gobat's school, Mount Zion, Jerusalem, is the secretary." "This tour of over 32,000 miles, taken just as I am completing my twenty-seventh year of Young Men's Christian Association secretarial work, has confirmed me in the conviction as to the general progress and value of our God-ordained work (we never had so much cause for thankfulness to God as now); and secondly, as to the results of the past illustrating the text 'My word shall not return unto Me void'—and the sometimes forgotten thought expressed in the line 'no toil for Him shall be in vain.'"

The Committee of arrangements at the Amsterdam Conference deemed it advisable to hold a public meeting to be preparatory to the formal opening of the Conference. If members in attendance and apparent interest are indications of the success of a public meeting this preliminary service last Tuesday evening in the Westrokerk was a great success. A professor in the University here, after hearty exercises of praise in different tongues, delivered an address in the Dutch language. Prayer was offered and was followed by an address in English by the Episcopal clergyman of this city. Another hymn was sung and was followed by a third address in German from Pastor Bahr of the German Reformed Church here. A special song, Haydn's "Creation," and Rev. Mr. Richard, who is over a French Protestant Church in Amsterdam, delivered an address on "Welcome and Union" in the French language.

On the following day, the 12th of August, which had been appointed for the opening of the Conference, the delegates assembled around the banners of their respective countries in the "Maison Stroncken," a large hall in the city situated in the vicinity of Ryks Museum, one of the attractions of Amsterdam, and spent an hour and a-half in concerted prayer for the blessing of the Spirit of the Lord upon the Conference. Prayer ascended from many hearts and through different tongues. At one o'clock in the afternoon in the same place the chairman of Conference, a Christian gentleman from Amsterdam, announced the following lines to be the words of praise with which the Conference should be begun. They are the English translation of the Dutch which he read:—

All ye whose heart in God rejoices,
Ye righteous, spread your Saviour's fame!
The upright ones should raise their voices
In honour of His glorious name.
Let God's house be ringing
With the joyful singing
Of your heart and voice,
Play on harp and cymbal,
Psalter and timbrel,
Make a cheerful noise.

Let us around proclaim His glory
Our hearts delight with Him abide,
Tell of His love the wondrous story
For in His name we do confide.
O, our heavenly Father,
In whose house all gather
We to Christ belong,
Make our hope increasing
And our love unceasing,
And our faith more strong.

A portion of the 10th of John was read. Prayer in different languages was offered. A presidential address was given by the chairman himself in three languages, and interpreted into other languages, and after another hymn the Conference was formally opened.

Before the close of the first service Mr. Spurgeon was remembered, and on the suggestion of George Williams the founder, under God, of the Young Men's Christian Association, and Mr. Spurgeon's personal friend, a telegram of sympathy in his illness was sent to Mr. Spurgeon. Another message of salvation was prepared on motion of Lord Kinnaid and Count Bernstorff and sent to the Queen and Queen Regent of Holland. Then a report from the Central Executive was given to the Conference, and information concerning the progress of the work for the last three years throughout the Young Men's Christian Association world was presented. A delegate from Ceylon then spoke. At 5 p.m., the first session of the Conference was brought to a close.

"Maison Stroncken," Amsterdam, Holland. S.

FRAGMENTARY NOTES.

IRELAND—BELFAST, THE NORTHERN ATHENS—PRESBYTERIANISM—SOME EMINENT PREACHERS.

Presbyterianism is keeping pace with the rapid growth of Belfast. Churches and schools are to be seen in all directions. I noticed a number of new churches in various parts of the city; but was surprised to find that the old leading churches, which were ministered to by such men as Hanna, Cooke, Morgan, and Macnaughton, continue to wear the same quiet sombre appearance they were accustomed to wear when the above-named illustrious men filled the pulpits. The churches would seem to have prospered every way except externally. When people at a distance hear of the work of these churches they are naturally surprised when they see them. A Presbyterian from the country walking hurriedly

along the streets where these churches are situated could easily pass without noticing them. So far as I can remember not one of these three large wealthy churches has a spire. They are well-finished inside, comfortable to sit in, and well-filled with worshippers. The warehouses and public buildings are creditable to the city and calculated to attract the notice of strangers, but to think of Rosemary Street Church, which was favoured with such ministers as Hanna and MacNaughton (from Paisley); May Street, whose venerable walls resounded with the burning eloquence of Cooke, and Fisherwick Place, which claimed to have the model pastor of Ireland, Rev. James Morgan, D.D., should be almost hidden from view is something difficult to understand. The latter Church for half a century has been a pattern to all other Churches for liberality, especially in giving for missionary purposes. The outside appearance may be taken as characteristic of that extreme, modest, unobtrusive feature of our much-loved Presbyterianism which is always found to be better than it looks.

The present pastor of Rosemary Street is the Rev. William Park, ex-Moderator of the General Assembly, and joint Convener of the mission to India. Mr. Park is an able preacher and during his year of office as Moderator laid the entire Church under heavy obligations.

The Rev. Dr. Williamson is the present pastor of Fisherwick Place, and although when the lamented death of Dr. Morgan took place the congregation almost despaired of getting a man to fill his place, it is gratifying to find that the congregation was never more prosperous than it is now. Dr. Williamson is a man of great energy, forcible and impressive as a preacher, very earnest and evangelical in style and has proved a worthy successor to the great man who preceded him.

May Street Church was built for the famous Dr. Cooke where for half a century crowded congregations were thrilled by his eloquence, for whom the congregation had the warmest regard. When he was appointed to the chair of "Sacred Rhetoric" in the Assembly's College, they insisted on his remaining the constant supply until the time of his death. So far as I know he was the only man in the Irish Church who was allowed to hold the double charge of pastor and professor. I suppose it was probably owing to this that for many years before his death Dr. Cooke refused to enter into engagements to preach charity sermons on a Sunday. Any minister or congregation desiring his services was obliged to accept them on a week day, and the day generally was fixed by Dr. Cooke himself. The usual course followed when a minister applied for his services, he would receive an acknowledgment of his letter in about three weeks, and in about three weeks after, should Dr. Cooke be able to undertake the service, the applicant would get his choice of one of two days. Dr. Cooke's services were in great demand and although tickets for admission to the church in which he was to preach were sold at one shilling sterling, still every church, even on a week-day, would be crowded with the most intelligent and wealthy people composed of all denominations in the neighbourhood.

Dr. Cooke used to relate some funny stories about these engagements with country pastors. He was a great favourite and popular with the people, and was also a power in the General Assembly; his opinion generally settled any question. I remember one occasion during the Revival when a prominent merchant left his merchandise and commenced preaching, having gathered a congregation and built a church, he came to the Assembly praying to be accepted as a minister and presenting the Church to the Assembly. The discussion which followed was long and heated, and taken part in by all the leading men on both sides of the House. Dr. Cooke rose and said he wished to ask the brother two questions, first: "Are you able to preach?" and second: "Are you willing to preach?" The answer being in the affirmative, Cooke said: "Then in the name of God go at it." There are few living now who took part in that debate, but I have reason to believe that the minister referred to is still living and continues the successful pastor of the same congregation. This was only one of the many valuable fruits of the great Irish Revival of 1859.

Dr. Cooke was also a power in politics. He was an uncompromising Conservative and always opposed any encroachments of the Romish Church, and while opposed by many of his brethren who charged him with leaning towards the then Established Church as against the interests of his own Church; yet he followed the even tenor of his way. He was liberal towards all Protestant Churches and although the avowed enemy of Popery he was personally respected and esteemed by Roman Catholics.

The three great occasions on which Cooke won his most pronounced victories were: The repulse of Dan O'Connell from Belfast; the victory over Dr. Ritchie, the Scottish controversialist who invaded Belfast to propagate the principles of voluntarism as against State endowments, and the death-blow which he administered to the Arian party in the General Assembly. The speech delivered by Dr. Cooke at the meeting of Synod in Cookstown in July, 1828, was a masterpiece of logical arrangement and persuasive eloquence, and although the orthodox party trembled as to the result, yet as Cooke drew to the peroration of his address the feeling became general that the cause of orthodoxy was safe, and that the principles of Arianism were dead in the Presbyterian Church in Ireland. I have had frequent conversations with a staunch Presbyterian in Nova Scotia who recently died at an advanced age, who when a young man heard the speech re-

ferred to and I often remarked how his eyes would brighten and his face shine when he attempted to describe the effect of Dr. Cooke's speech on the audience. Your readers will bear with me when I give a few sentences from the closing portions of this powerful address:—

For a perfect Church I look not, till the Lord shall come with His saints; but for a more perfect one than this Synod at present exhibits, I think, without much presumption, we may reasonably hope. I know there is a wonderfully sensitive apprehension when we talk of reforming the Church and it is not a little remarkable that this sensibility is most apparent in those very persons who are so anxious to reform the errors of the State. Let us contemplate the State chariot as it passes along, and they pronounce it at once so crazy a vehicle that it will scarce bear the load of majesty to the street's end. So they seize the reins of the proud steeds that draw it, and, after a moment of stop for examination, they pronounce for its total dissolution and complete rebuilding. So they commence "political blacksmiths" and they take out the springs and knock off the circle of the wheels and every bolt and screw must ring to the anvil and hammer. And then they become "political joiners" and they take asunder the wood work of "ancient oak" and then substitute some modern exotic, which is wondrously to lighten the body of the machine. After this they become "political painters and varnishers" and the whole affair is so bedizened with fantastical devices, that it is impossible to recognize the ancient ponderous and sturdy vehicle which bore along the "Majesty of Britain" through ages of warfare to ages of glory.

But show to these self same artificers the chariot of the Church, and though it creaks in every joint and totters in every spring and threatens at every revolution of the wheel to separate into a thousand fragments, and though it presents an aspect so weather-beaten and forlorn that Poverty herself might be almost ashamed to be the driver—yet, oh! Beware of touching the venerable ruin!—they will repair the crazy wheels by merely dipping them in water—they assist the broken springs by combing them with a piece of timber—they will wrap the shattered pole with all manner of ropes and bandages, and they will eke out the tattered harness with every variety of "shreds and patches" until the motley combination shall become to the Presbyterian people as the ship *Argo* to the Greeks, a subject of argument as to its identity with the Church that existed in the days of our fathers. . . . To me, sir, it is astonishing that the very same men who are so clear-sighted to discern and ready to reform our political institutions are so blind to the necessity of searching out and reforming the errors and evils of our religious institutions. . . . Many objects are to be sacrificed for peace, but peace as well as gold may be bought too dear.

The Arian party were driven out of the General Assembly, and although the Unitarian party comprised a number of the most cultured and eloquent men that any Church could boast of, still Unitarianism has very little influence now, and it is said that when Dr. Montgomery, the champion of the cause and the great opponent of Dr. Cooke, was on his death-bed that Dr. Cooke visited him and that all past bickerings and differences seemed to be buried on the approach of death. I heard, but cannot vouch for the truth of it, that Dr. Montgomery's views had undergone a change on the great question of the divinity of Christ. In many respects Dr. Montgomery was the equal of Dr. Cooke, if not his superior as a finished orator ready of speech, with a commanding presence. He made a deep impression on an audience, and so much was he held in esteem by the sympathizers of the Arian faith that a week before the great meeting of Synod in Cookstown they presented him with a service of plate which weighed one thousand ounces.

Dr. Killen says of Dr. Montgomery's address:—
Mr. Montgomery had evidently summoned all his strength for the occasion, and as if anticipating his speedy secession seemed resolved to make his last appearance in the Synod memorable by the infliction of a fatal wound on the reputation of his great ecclesiastical antagonist. Standing immediately below the pulpit and in full view of a crowded auditory, his tall and portly figure, his well-toned voice, and his graceful elocution, imparted additional effect to an address of uncommon ability. . . . When he approached the termination of his speech he alluded to the possibility of a division of the Synod and then contrasting the strifes of earth with the serenity of heaven, the tones of his voice became unusually mellow and pathetic, as he closed with a sublime and touching peroration.

Dr. Cooke was born and baptized in the congregation of Maghera and was ordained to a small country charge in 1808. Ever after the great Arian controversy, he was regarded as the Goliath of Orthodoxy. The Church in Toronto which bears his honoured name would seem to follow in his footsteps as in their service they use only Psalms and paraphrases. Hymns have never yet been introduced.

In my next letter I may make some reference to the successors of Dr. Cooke in the pastorate of May Street Church.
Toronto, August 29, 1891. K.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE.

BY REV. E. WALLACE WAITS, D. SC., OF KNOX CHURCH OWEN SOUND.

A VISIT TO LUDLOW CASTLE; ITS SURROUNDINGS AND ASSOCIATIONS—RICHARD BAXTER—CROMWELL AND HIS IRONSIDES—MILTON AT LUDLOW CASTLE, ETC.

There are "sermons in stones," and there is also history in stones—history unchronicled by the pen of the historian—stones pillared, castellated, sculptured, moss-grown, hoary with age, crushed by thunder, splintered and battered by battle, bloodstained, crumbling, waste and ruinous. Palaces, mansions, towers and castles built, and brilliant fortunes made by iniquitous means, in most cases are brought to desolation, and become like chaff before the whirlwind of God's indignation.

Such were many of the baronial halls and castellated piles of our native land, the hoary and venerable ruins of which form the most prominent objects in the great historic scenery by mountains and plains, by rivers and hills and seashore. Chatterton says of one of our ancient castles:—

O'er the historic page my fancy runs
Of Britain's fortunes—of her valiant sons:
Yon castle, erst of Saxon standards proud,
Its neighbouring meadows dyed with Danish blood.

Then of its later fate a view I take;
Here the sad monarch lost his hope's last stake,
When Rupert bold, of well-achieved renown,
Dined all the same his former prowess won.

But for its ancient woe no more employed,
Its wall all mouldered and its gates destroyed;
In history's roll it still a shade retains,
Though of the fortress scarce a stone remains.

The truly noble castle of Ludlow is fully equal in interest to any of the ancient castles of England and Wales, rich in historic fact, in legend, in recollections of bold and daring deeds, in memories of crime and glory, great names, poetry and picturesque scenery.

It is a classic ruin of which Salopians may justly be proud. It is situated upon a "bold and well-wooded rock," in a pretty, antique town, and in the midst of a district and surrounding provinces of rare fertility and beauty and glorious historical associations.

Around us spread the hills and vales,
Where Geoffrey spun his magic tales,
And called them history; the land
Where Arthur sprung, and all his band
Of gallant knights.

Watered by noble rivers, sheltered by magnificent woods and forests, interspersed with industrious towns and hamlets, and enriched by the labour and enterprise of its inhabitants, the whole of this part of the kingdom, including Worcester, Monmouth, Hereford, presents all those features of scenery and soil which contribute to the beauty and stability of a country. From whatever point the traveller may enter this part of our country historical landmarks meet him at every step—feudal and monastic ruins, rich in the history of departed dynasties. In fields where the husbandman now reaps his peaceful harvests we trace the shock of contending armies, whose deadly weapons still rust in furrows which their valour had won, and which the blood of the Roman, the Saxon, the Briton had fertilized.

From these we turn aside to contemplate the fragments of baronial grandeur which attest the glory of chivalry, but now, like sepulchral mounds, proclaim the deeds of their founders—such as Ludlow Castle and the Castle Raglan. Many sculptures, pavements, altars, statues, coins and inscriptions bear testimony to Roman sway. Such is the Silurian settlement of Caerlon, with its classic vicinity. Here there were frequent and bloody encounters between the brave mountain tribes of the ancient Britons and the invincible Roman arms. The remains of roads and stations show that at least the coasts and the more accessible parts of the country were under the dominion of that extraordinary people. A Roman road may still be distinctly traced running from the neighbourhood of Shrewsbury to that of Hereford, the Roman Magna, marked by numerous tumuli, and skirted by a continued line of strong camps. This neighbourhood is supposed to have been the scene of the last actions of the war against Caractacus, who for nine years had bravely commanded the Confederate Army of the Britons, and whose fame had reached Rome. He had a soul of fiery valour, and his words were like cannon-shot. He was defeated by Ostorius, and his wife, daughters and brothers were taken prisoners. Caractacus fled for protection to the Queen of the Brigantes, who, however, surrendered him to the Roman conquerors. He and his family were taken in chains to Rome by command of Claudius. He stood erect and undaunted in the presence of the Emperor; and Tacitus, the Roman historian of that period, makes him say: "My present condition is as dishonourable to me as it is glorious to you. I had arms, horses, riches and grandeur. Is it strange that I should part with them unwillingly? Does it follow because you have a mind to rule over all that therefore every one must tamely submit? Had I sooner been betrayed to you neither your glory nor my misfortunes had been rendered so famous and my punishment would have been buried in eternal oblivion. But now, if you preserve my life, I shall be a standing monument of your clemency to future ages." [Moved by this noble speech, Claudius at once pardoned the captives and ordered their chains to be taken off.]

HOME STUDY LEAFLET—CHILDREN'S DAY.

MR. EDITOR,—A sample copy of our new *Home Study Leaflet* has been sent to every minister and Sabbath school superintendent in the Church. I shall be happy to send one to any teacher, or other person, who wishes to examine it. In some cases, where the school as a whole does not adopt it, individual classes might, especially in the senior department, use it with advantage. I am compelled to modify the offer made in this month's *Record*. It has been found preferable to use a better grade of paper than was at first intended and to allow subscriptions to begin and end according to the convenience of subscribers, accordingly subscriptions need not end with December, nor can we give the last three months of the current year free. This arrangement we believe will be more acceptable to schools and financially less hazardous to the Committee. The price, when, will be at the rate of one cent a month for each copy, or \$12 per 100 per annum. I would suggest that every school order and pay for the leaflet for three months, and then continue it with the classes or teachers who can use it with advantage.

A sample copy of the responsive "Harvest Home" service for "Children's Day" (September 27th) has also been distributed. Permit me to remind schools that the General Assembly has appointed that a collection be taken up on this day on behalf of the scheme of Higher Religious Instruction. We hope that our schools will loyally and generously respond. There was a slight deficit in our accounts last year which we hope to see wiped out. The responsive service will be sent free to any school that will promise a contribution during the year of from one to ten dollars, according to ability. But while we emphasize the financial duties of the day it must not be forgotten that the main object that the Assembly had in view in appointing it was spiritual. If it is indeed observed universally throughout the Church "as a day of special prayer on behalf of our Sabbath schools," and as an occasion for bringing "prominently before our congregations the claims of the Sabbath school upon their prayerful sympathy, pecuniary support and personal co-operation," a new impulse will be given to the efficiency of this important department of the Church's work. Yours sincerely,
T. F. FOTHERINGHAM,
St. John, N.B., Sept. 1, 1891. Convener S. S. Com.

Pastor and People.

OUR FOES.

A man's worst foes are those within his heart—
Which often seem to him his dearest friends,
Nor ever once suspects, until life ends,
That they have slain him as with deadly dart.

If by rare chance and grace of God's good part
We waken from the lethargy (which sends
A numbing influence over us and blind
The ill and good) how bitter is the smart!

So let us probe far down the dismal wound
And drag forth every foe that lurks within
(Alas how many are there ever found!)
Until we know not of one soul's dear sin,
Then should we feel a happiness more blest
Than sleepless eyelids that at length find rest.

—Alexander Macaulay.

AN OLD MAN'S THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

If I am indeed what I have long professed to be, and hope that I am, I shall ere long be there. I some time since passed the bounds of three score and ten years, and in the natural course of things my life must soon be cut off, and I shall fly away. And, by the grace of God, I shall enter within the pearly gates and become an inhabitant of the celestial city.

There I shall see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below

I shall see my blessed Saviour face to face. I shall behold Him arrayed in the glory that He had with the Father before the world was. I shall have near and uninterrupted communion with Him. Here it has often been hindered by sin and unbelief; but there nothing shall intervene, and the unclouded sunshine of His face shall ever cheer my soul.

There I shall be forever done with sin. This has long been my greatest evil. Long have I waged warfare with it, and in vain sought to overcome. Many a time have I cried out almost in despair: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" But I shall be presented faultless before the presence of the Divine glory with exceeding joy. I shall have wrought in me that holiness without which no man shall see the Lord. I shall shine in blest resemblance to Him. I shall awake in His likeness and be satisfied.

And glorious will be the company with which I shall be associated. Here, an imperfect creature myself, I have dwelt amongst imperfect creatures. Thus has my soul often been vexed. But there I myself, and all with whom I shall be associated, shall be holy as God is holy. We shall all bear the spotless image of the Saviour. The angels will be holy angels. The saints will be the spirits of just men made perfect. All shall be arrayed in fine linen, clean and white, which is their righteousness. There I shall have fellowship with Abraham, and Moses, and David, and Daniel, and all the worthies of the old dispensation, who walked with God; and with John, and Peter, and Paul, and with all the holy and the good of every age.

And most delightful will be my employments. I shall contemplate with supreme satisfaction the perfections, and works, and ways of God. I shall be forever increasing in the knowledge of Him. I shall know more and more of the wonders of that redemption into which the angels desire to look; and I shall bear some humble part in that immortal song of which it is the exalted theme. I shall be forever unspeakably blessed. I shall drink of the river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb, and I shall eat of the fruit of the tree of life in the midst of the Paradise of God. I can now but faintly conceive of the glorious things that God has there prepared for them that love Him. Nor can I but faintly realize that I shall so soon wake and find me there.

O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul

—Senex, in *Herald and Presbyterian*.

FAMILY PRAYERS.

From one cause or another the custom of assembling the family for prayers every day, either in the morning or the evening, seems, unfortunately, to be on the wane. Very much in our restless, eager life, so full of competitions and of conflicts, militates against this excellent family habit. If the home is in the suburbs, some miles from the office or the shop, and the business man must rush from the breakfast table to catch a train, he often feels too hurried to be in the proper devotional frame; he has an instinctive perception that in his prayers and Bible reading he is running a race with the locomotive, and this does not commend itself to his mind as an appropriate or decent thing to do.

Children, obliged to be in school at a stated hour, often ask to be excused from morning prayers. They have a lesson to review, or an exercise to write, or some last toilet duty, as buttoning shoes, or mending gloves, to perform, and if their presence insisted upon they fume and fret over the delay thus involved. A strong pressure is thus brought to bear from the earth-side against this heaven seeking at home in the morning.

At even-tide it is no better. Various meetings, some of them religious, some merely social, summon people as they rise from the supper, or late dinner, which is becoming the general fashion for families to take. Callers come in. The young people have numerous engagements. Before the family are aware of what has happened, the family prayers in the evening have been so often omitted that the blessed habit finally is lost by default.

Yet, what a pity to part lightly with so great an advantage, so precious a comfort!

At the family altar the family bond is strengthened as nowhere else. Hearts draw closely together there. The absent child is remembered. Perhaps that child, grown to manhood, is surrounded by temptations. Is there not for him a safeguard in the blessings sent to him daily, by way of the Throne? Can he forget the little circle in the sitting room, the heads bent low, the father's tender voice! Shall not that memory be an amulet in many a day of trouble?

"Thy God, and thy father's God!" Happy are the homes which have so anchored here that the hopes allied to the promises never break faith's cable.

Self-consciousness, partly, and partly the lack of knowing how to conduct family worship simply, and, also, when necessary, briefly, keeps some from establishing the little service in the daily life. Let me tell you how easily it may be done.

In a household where I was the guest the other day a daughter goes to the piano and plays the air of a familiar hymn. Everyone sings. I shall not soon forget the sweet pleading voices in "Let the Saviour in," nor the solemnity and beauty of "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide," as I heard them sung in that home. After the hymn every child from the youngest upward, recites a verse of Scripture in turn, and the father then reads a short passage in a Psalm, and leads in prayer.

In another household the custom is simpler still. The father or mother reads the text and stanza for the day from an everyday text-book, and then the simple and brief petitions follow; commending the household to God's care, and acknowledging His constant blessings.

The reading of a Psalm and the repetition, in concert, of the Lord's prayer by the whole family, would constitute family worship.

As a breakwater against the incursions of worldliness, as a protection to the family against unbelief, as the tribute justly due to our fathers' God, let us hold fast to family prayer.—*Mrs. M. E. Sangster.*

FATHER, FORGIVE THEM.

I am asked: "Was this prayer of Christ on the cross answered?" I reply, yes; but we must understand what is the Bible idea of forgiveness. To this end let us turn to Acts ii. 36-38. Peter was preaching to a portion of the crowd that had cried: "Crucify Him," and had mocked Jesus while He was hanging on the cross. It was for these men that our Saviour prayed. But fifty days had passed and they were not forgiven. Peter publicly charged them with the awful crime. And when they were told that He whom they had crucified was "both Lord and Christ," they were pricked in their hearts, and cried: "What shall we do?" Peter did not reply, You are forgiven since Christ prayed for you, and the Father heareth him always. No; he said: "Repent and be baptized . . . for the remission of sins." Christ's prayer was not for the pardon of those who persisted in sin; for such a pardon would sap the very foundations of truth and right, and would not benefit the sinner after all. No power can save a man who continues to drink poison and to refuse the antidote. The spirit of prayer was that they might not be destroyed at once and forever, as their sins deserved, but that they might be spared so as to have time and space for repentance; that they might be warned and entreated, as they were on the Day of Pentecost; that they might have the Holy Spirit to persuade and enable them to repent, and that when they did repent they might be forgiven.

The prayer of Christ for His murderers in His prayer for all who are in their sins. Persistent impenitency repeats the crime of Calvary. It is crucifying the son of God afresh. Modern sinners, like those who stood around the cross, do not fully realize what they are doing. And hence the loving Saviour prays for them, that if they repent they may be forgiven. Encouraged by this prayer we go into all the world preaching repentance for the remission of sins.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

KEEP YOUR WORD WITH THE CHILDREN.

We cannot estimate too highly the importance of keeping faith with the children. When once that is destroyed the corner-stone of our influence is taken away. It will not be strange if the whole structure will crumble around us, overwhelming us with trouble and unavailing sorrow.

It is related that the Earl of Chatham had promised that his son should be present at the demolition of a wall about the estate, but through accident it was pulled down in his absence. His lordship felt the importance of his word being kept sacred, so he ordered the wall to be rebuilt that his son might be present when it was again demolished, as he had promised. It was not that a child's whim might be humoured, but that his faith in his father's word might be unshaken.

Those little open eyes take sharp note of our actions from a very early age. You may sometimes get on the blind side

of older people, but rarely of a little child. They go right through the flimsy disguises of sophistry and worldly politeness, and come down to bare plain facts.

A little child had been promised the next time grandpa came he should go home with him. The next time came, but the promise was not fulfilled, so the child reminded him of it.

"You don't think grandpa would tell a lie?" asked the old gentleman, sadly concerned.

"I don't know," answered the child; "what does grandpa call it?"

A mother had promised a cake to her little boy when she returned home one day, but being absent for several hours she forgot it. The little boy had been watching long at the window for her, and his disappointment was great, but not so great as his amazement at his mother for breaking her word. "Forgot" was a word whose meaning he did not know. Mother went quickly out and bought the cake; but still the trouble lingered in his mind, and he was heard saying softly to himself, by way of comfort: "Mother only forgot." He could not bear to think she had told a lie. Have your children equal sensitiveness with regard to your truthfulness?

One almost trembles to hear the scores of promises which thoughtless mothers make, with no thought of ever fulfilling them. But children very soon learn to value them at what they are worth; and who can estimate the consequences to their immortal souls of this early lesson in falsehood?—*Sunday School Times.*

HOW TO MAKE LIFE HAPPY.

Take time; it is no use to foam or fret, or do as the angry housekeeper who has got hold of the wrong key, and pushes shakes and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door is still unopened.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering troubles to vex us and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures.

Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them a month hence.

Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get.

It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble.

The world is like a looking-glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown and it frowns back.

Angry thoughts canker the mind and dispose it to the worst temper in the world—that of fixed malice and revenge. It is while in this temper that most men become criminals.

THE RANGE OF THE BIBLE.

Let us look at the vast range of the Bible; let us retrace in the sacred history of the discipline of the world the largeness of the mode of God's action; let us ponder the manifestations of His love, of His patience, of His long suffering, sometimes even startling to our eyes; let us trace, with aching sigh, how He makes man minister to man, and race to race, and generation to generation; let us notice how He accepts in compassion varieties of service according to the state and means of those who render it, how He turns to a source of blessing what appears to our eyes simple misery and ruin; and hope will rise upon us which we often sorely want; a hope which will not cover with a dull, colourless cloud of indifference the religious positions of men, but on the contrary make us feel, since we have received a priceless heritage, what is perilled in our energy, what we owe and what we render to others who are heirs with us of a common salvation.—*Canon Westcott.*

TRUST HIM THROUGH.

Sometimes we have an experience in life that seems like walking through a long, dark tunnel. The chilling air and the thick darkness make it hard walking, and the constant wonder is why we are compelled to tread so gloomy a path while others are in the open day of health and happiness. We can only fix our eyes on the bright light at the end of the tunnel, and we comfort ourselves with the thought that every step we take brings us nearer to the joy and the rest that lie at the end of the way. Extinguish the light of heaven that gleams in the distance, and this tunnel of trial would become a horrible tomb. Every week a pastor has to confront these mysteries in the dealings of a God of love. To the torturing question, "Why does God lead me into this valley of the shadow of darkness?" We can only reply, "Even so Father, for so it seems good in Thy sight." We are brought into the tunnel, however we may shrink back. There is no retreat; we have nothing left to us but to grasp the very hand that brought us there and push forward.

When we reach heaven, we may discover that the richest and deepest and most profitable experience we had in this life were those which were gained in the very roads from which we shrank back with dread. The real victory of faith is to trust God in the dark and through the dark. Let us be assured of this, that as the lesson and rod are of His appointing, and that as His all-wise love has engineered the deep tunnels of trial on the heavenward road, He will never desert us during the discipline. The vital thing for us is not to deny and desert Him.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

Our Young Folks.

PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES.

The spider wears a plain, brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

She looks as if no thought of ill
In all her life had stirred her;
But while she moves with careful tread,
And while she spins her silken thread
She is planning, planning, planning still
The way to do some murder.

My child, who reads this simple lay,
With eyes down-dropt and tender,
Remember, the old proverb says,
That pretty is that pretty does;
And that worth does not go or stay
For poverty or splendour.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress,
That makes the saint or sinner.
To see the spider sit and spin,
Strut with her webs of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

A TALL BOY WITH A SHORT MEMORY

"Sir," asked a man of a minister going from church one Sunday afternoon, "did you meet a tall boy on the road, driving a cart, with rakes and pitchforks in it?"

"I think I did," he answered; "a boy with a short memory, wasn't he?"

"What made you think he had a short memory, sir?" enquired the man, looking much surprised.

"I think he had," answered the minister, "and I think he must belong to a family that have short memories."

"What in the world makes you think so?" asked the man, greatly puzzled.

"Because," said the minister, in a serious tone, "God has proclaimed from Mount Sinai: 'Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy,' and that boy has forgotten all about it."

JERRY'S CHOCOLATE CAKE.

"When I am a man," said Jerry Whitmore, searching his plate earnestly for crumbs of his vanished cake, "when I am a man, I am going to have a whole chocolate cake to myself a whole, big, round, chocolate cake, mother. I am, in deed, and nobody shall have a bit of it. I would like to see how it feels to eat a whole cake by myself."

"You need not wait till you are a man," said his mother "I will make you one to-morrow."

"Will you really, mother? all to myself?"

"Yes, on one condition—that you will not give anybody a bit of it while it lasts."

"Ho! I can easily promise you that; for I don't want anybody to help me eat it, I can tell you."

Mrs. Whitmore sighed a little and wondered if Jerry was as selfish a little boy as he thought he was, but she made him the cake. As soon as the icing was firm Jerry cut a big slice for himself and sat down on the kitchen-step to eat it. His little brother Rob came and stood in front of him with his hands behind his back. "Wis' I had some piece," said Rob, looking at Jerry.

"Mother," called Jerry, "Can't I give Rob a piece?"

"Certainly not," answered his mother.

"Go away, then, Rob, and don't watch me eat it," begged Jerry. But no; there stood the little man eyeing the cake until it was gone; while two big tears rolled down his cheeks.

"That piece didn't taste good one bit," said Jerry to himself. "I won't eat any more when Rob is around."

The next time Jerry took a piece he slipped out of the door to hide himself in the woodshed. Bounce, the little black and tan terrier, thinking he was going out to play, slipped after him, but just before the couple got out of sight, the mother called: "Jerry, remember not to give Bounce any cake."

"Oh, isn't that a pity?" said Jerry to Bounce, and then he had to eat his cake with Bounce begging for every bite. It was worse than Rob, because he could not explain anything to doggie.

"There, that's two pieces of cake spoiled for me," grumbled Jerry. "Eating a whole cake isn't half as much fun as it's cracked up to be."

When the tea-bell rang, Jerry was ready for bread and butter and milk as if he had not tasted anything for twelve hours, and there on his upturned plate was a half of what the Whitmore children called a "snow-ball." It was a white cake—white inside, with white crumbs and citron, and round and white outside, with particularly sugary icing. Nobody made just those cakes except Aunt Martha Mason.

"That cake was sent to Rob, Jerry," said his mother, "and of his own accord he asked me to save you a piece"—when, to everybody's surprise, big boyish Jerry burst out crying.

"I hate chocolate cake, mother," he said. "I never want to see another piece as long as I live."

So Mother Whitmore knew that Jerry had learned his

lesson. She did not believe he would ever again think anything sweeter than he kept to himself.

"Suppose we bring out your cake and eat it for supper?" she said to her little boy.

Jerry's face cleared up all in a minute.

"Oh, mother," he said, "that would be so nice!"

And I think that if Rob and Bounce had been allowed to eat all that Jerry wanted them to have, they would both have dreamed of their great-grandfathers that night.

THANK GOD.

A little girl did not want to pray when she retired to rest. I do not like to tell you her true name so I will call her Helen.

"Have you anything to thank God for?" asked her mother.

"No," said Helen, "you and papa give me everything."

"Not for your present home?" asked mother.

"It is my papa's house; he lets me live in it."

"Where did the wood come from to build it?" asked mother.

"From trees," answered Helen; "and they grow in big forests."

"Who planted the big forests? Who gave rain to water them? Who gave the sun to warm them? Who did not allow the winter to kill them, or the lightning to blast them? Who kept them growing from little trees to trees big enough to build houses with? Not papa, not man; it was God."

Helen looked her mother in the eye, and then said, "Papa bought nails to make it with."

"What are nails made of?" asked mamma.

"Iron," answered Helen, "and men dig iron out of the ground."

"Who put the iron into the ground and kept it safe there till the men wanted it? It was God."

"We got this carpet from carpet-men," said Helen, drawing her small, fat foot across it.

"Where did the carpet-men get the wool to make it from?"

"From farmers," answered Helen.

"And where did farmers get it?"

"From sheeps' and lambs' backs," said the little girl.

"And who clothed the lambs in dresses good enough for us? for your dress is made of nothing but lambs' wool. The best thing we can get is their cast-off dresses. Where did the lambs get such good stuff?"

"God gave it to them, I suppose," said the little girl.

"It is you that gives me bread, mother," said she, quickly.

"But," said the mother, "the flour we get from the store, and the store bought it from the miller, and the miller took the wheat from the farmer, and the farmer had it from the ground, and did the ground grow it all itself?"

"No," cried Helen, suddenly, "God grew it. The sun and the rain, the wind and the air are His, and He sent them to the cornfield. The earth is His too. And so God is at the bottom of everything; isn't He mother?"

"Yes," said the mother, "God is the origin of every good and perfect gift which we enjoy."

The little girl looked serious. She looked thinking. "Then, mamma," she said at last, "I can't make a prayer long enough to thank God for everything."

"And have you nothing to ask His forgiveness for?" asked the little girl's mother.

"Yes," she said in a low tone, "for not feeling grateful, and in trying to put Him out of my thoughts."

Helen never after that refused to pray.

BEAUTY.

"All pleasant, good-natured boys and girls have pleasant faces." While walking one day with a friend of mine, who is a governess, we met two children. One had long, curly, golden hair, large blue eyes, and pink cheeks; the other had a muddy complexion, small eyes, and short hair, and the two were such a contrast that after they passed I could not help exclaiming, "What a beautiful child!"

My friend, who had spoken to both, asked, "Which one?" and then seeing my look of surprise, she added: "I suppose, of course, you mean Estelle; but do you know that I cannot see anything lovely in the child? I have seen the two in their home. Nellie is a cousin dependent upon Estelle's father for her support, and she is kind, gentle, unselfish, helpful, studious, indeed so lovely in every way in character, that I forget her face isn't pretty. Estelle is just her opposite; cross, exacting, selfish, disagreeable to every one at home, and will not study. She has smiles for company always and makes a much better impression on strangers than Nellie does; but I know her so well that I cannot think her pretty."

Girls, and boys too, there is a large moral to this small story. It is said that the eyes are "the windows of the soul," and it is certain that a person cannot have wickedness and selfishness in his soul and hide them from the world. What you really are will show in your faces, and the homeliest faces lighted up with pure, loving thoughts, will always be more attractive than the most beautiful features which are only a mask for ugliness within.

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Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Sept. 20,
1891.

CHRIST THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

[John 10
1-16.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—The Lord is my Shepherd. I shall not want.—Psalm xxiii. 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

It is probable that this beautiful allegory of the Good Shepherd was spoken by Jesus soon after His conference with the blind man who had received sight. It may be that the day was declining and that the shepherds in the neighbourhood of the city could be seen gathering their flocks under shelter for the night. It was in keeping with Christ's method of instruction that the common and familiar incidents of daily life could be made to convey a knowledge of important spiritual truths.

I. The Sheep-fold.—In Palestine in our Saviour's time and down to the present it has been the custom to build enclosures, open to the sky, for the protection of sheep. These enclosures were built of stone, and the top of the walls was generally protected with thorn and other prickly shrubs. In some of them there were covered buildings, affording shelter in very stormy weather. Several flocks are accommodated in one sheep-fold. The shepherds bring in their charges and leave them in the porter's care for the night. He takes his station by the door where he remains till morning. In the former dispensation the Jewish Church was the sheepfold, now it is the Christian Church. There was only one proper way into the enclosure, by the door. Whoever sought to gain an entrance by climbing the wall, had no honest purpose in view. Only thieves and robbers endeavoured to get inside by that means. He who enters by the door is a true shepherd. He has no reason to seek an entrance stealthily. His object is to care for the sheep. The porter, whose office it is to guard the flocks from thieves and wolves, knows the shepherd and gives him free entrance. The sheep also know him to be their shepherd, and they recognize his voice. He knows the sheep and knows them individually. He calls them by name and leadeth them out to pasture. It is stated that it is customary to give names to each sheep in a flock however large, and each one knows its own name and answers readily to it. It is the duty of the shepherd to take his flock to pasture, so "he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice." It is still the custom in Palestine for the shepherd to go before his sheep. He does not drive but leads them. The reason given is that they follow willingly because "they know his voice." A writer tells that "a traveller in Greece found three shepherds with flocks of six or seven hundred each, all mingled together, but the sheep would answer to their names when called by their owner, but not if called by another. The traveller experimented with them. He called, and the sheep took no notice. The shepherd called, and they came. Then he said that the sheep knew the shepherd by his dress and not by his voice. But when the shepherd exchanged clothes with the traveller the sheep would not obey the strange voice; but when in the traveller's dress, the shepherd called, the sheep came at his bidding. So the Christian knows Christ's voice." Thus the sheep will not follow a stranger. "They know not the voice of strangers." Christ's hearers no doubt understood His description in its literal sense, but they failed to see its application to themselves and to the spiritual conditions in which they were living.

II. Christ the Door.—Jesus then made the application of the parable Himself. He begins with the significant words "Verily, verily," which He frequently used to draw attention to the important truths He was about to utter. He declares, "I am the door." It is by Him and Him alone that the sheep and lambs can enter the fold of salvation. By Him only can the true under shepherds enter on the consecrated service of the flock of God. To this saying Jesus adds: "All that ever came before Me are thieves and robbers." This does not mean that all God's messengers in the past were thieves and robbers. All who had been divinely commissioned entered by the door. They proclaimed God's message and heralded the coming of the Good Shepherd. False Christs, self-seeking and insincere religious teachers are here described. The sheep turned away from these false shepherds; they "did not hear them." Jesus repeats "I am the door," and adds "by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and go in and out and find pasture." In this fold of the Redeemer there is perfect safety, safety from sin, from its guilt, pollution and punishment, from temptation and from danger. He shall also enjoy the constant care of the Good Shepherd and the rich provision made for the supply of all the wants of the soul. How wide is the contrast between the purpose of the false and the True Shepherd! The former has no care, no love for the flock, he cometh that he may steal, and kill, and destroy. Christ came that they might have life, spiritual, eternal life in all its fulness and blessedness.

III. Christ the Good Shepherd.—Christ says "I am the Good Shepherd." All the qualifications of the Good Shepherd are found in Him. He has perfect knowledge of every one, of his needs and condition. He is able to care for every member of His fold, to protect them from all harm, and He loves them with infinite tenderness. "The Good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep." The shepherd in Christ's time followed a dangerous calling. In remote parts there was danger from beasts of prey. David while a youthful shepherd gained renown for his heroism in defending his flock from attacks by lions and bears. Christ willingly sacrificed His life for His sheep. He died for them that they might live. There is another contrast between the true and the hireling shepherd. The hireling guards the sheep not for their good, but for his own supposed benefit. For their defence he will risk nothing. When the wolf approaches the hireling flees, and the sheep are scattered and some of them become the wolf's prey. The Good Shepherd has a complete knowledge of His sheep and they in turn have an increasing knowledge of Him. They come to a fuller realization of His glorious perfections, of His infinite love. The knowledge that comes from the relationship of Father and Son is a type of the intimate knowledge subsisting between Christ and His people. For this reason He lays down His life for them. The discourse closes with a prophetic statement of the wide and far-reaching purpose of Christ's work, the extension of His kingdom to the Gentile world. "And they shall become one flock, one shepherd." These words will receive their complete fulfilment in the Paradise of God, when all God's redeemed children will be gathered home. There all will unite in unceasing praise to Him who gave His life for their redemption. Then will the redeemed ones know, even as they are known.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

Christ is the door by which alone we can enter His kingdom, where there is shelter and safety.

Christ the Good Shepherd protects His flock, shields them from danger, keeps them from going astray, and provides abundant supply for all their wants. He leads them in the green pastures and by the still waters.

The Good Shepherd knows all His sheep and they come to know and love Him. So great is His love that He has laid down His life for them.

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The Canada Presbyterian.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9th, 1891.

As a large number of congregations and mission stations have not yet responded to the appeal issued for the annual collection appointed by the General Assembly for Sabbath, July 26, it is earnestly requested that the collection be taken and forwarded without delay to Rev. Dr. Warden, 198 St. James Street, Montreal. The salaries of many of the missionaries are long overdue, and funds are urgently required. It is hoped that this scheme will have its share of the first fruits of this year's abundant harvest.

ONE of our contemporaries wisely declines to publish a ten-page contribution by a correspondent who writes on what he says "he does not know" about Inspiration, Atonement and other fundamental doctrines. Our contemporary thinks that a man who wants so much space should write about what he *does* know. The opinion is a sound and sensible one. Why should anybody have three or four columns of a paper to tell the world what he does not know about something. A whole issue of the largest journal in the world could contain all that some people do not know about one doctrinal point

RESPONDING to a toast at a public dinner given by members of the Bar the other week in a western province, a judge, speaking of the great improvement in the legal profession in his Province, stated that there were still two or three practitioners not far away who when they rose in court always compelled him to say to himself: "What mischief are they up to now?" To be represented in court by a counsel who provokes such enquiries in the mind of the presiding judge must be hard on a client. Notwithstanding all that has been said in joke and in earnest to the contrary, there is no calling in which it pays better to be honest than in the legal profession.

THE issues before the country now are not those of mere party. The struggle is for national existence. If the facts are as alleged some of the so-called Liberals of Quebec are as deep in the mud as some of their opponents at Ottawa are in the mire. The destiny of the country now depends on whether there is sufficient moral force in the Dominion to punish the offenders. That there has been wrong doing of the most flagrant kind nobody denies. Is there enough of moral force in Canada to punish the wrong doing and introduce a new and clean era in Canadian politics? That is the question on which the fate of the country depends.

IT goes unsaid that the results of the recent census are disappointing. Even not over sanguine people expected that the population of the Dominion would number over five millions. Much blame is laid in certain quarters on the fiscal policy. If there is blame anywhere it should rest on the people themselves. They adopted the present fiscal policy in '79 and endorsed it several times afterwards at the polls. If it was not the right policy for this young country the majority made a mistake and that is about all that need be said on the subject. Canadians are a self-governed people. They manage their own affairs, and if they mismanage them they must just bear the consequences. Taking it all in all Canada is as fair a heritage as God ever gave any people. "Every prospect pleases," etc. There are not five millions of people in this Dominion, but judging from recent revelations in Quebec and Ottawa there are several more than behave themselves properly. Population may not be our greatest need.

WHAT will they say in England? We owe most of our huge national debt to English capitalists. We all know that crookedness is not tolerated in British officials. Red tape they have in abundance. They often move in a provokingly slow manner. Their political contests are often as fierce as our own, but in money matters they are straight as the Bank of England—strict as the moral law. Party politics never interferes with offences against official rectitude. If Canada does not come clean out of this scandal business our national credit must necessarily be injured. Capital is always sensitive. Credit always easily injured. On the low ground of dollars and cents—and it is not very low ground either—these scandals should be probed to the bottom and the offenders punished, no matter who they may be. We must remember that we are, unfortunately, a borrowing nation.

IF the Royal Commission about to be appointed by the Dominion Government to enquire into the doings of officialdom at Ottawa could extend its operations so as to embrace the *manners* of officials in post-offices, custom houses, railway offices, telegraph offices and other public institutions, some good might come out of the evils that called the commission into existence. Just why a ratepayer of this heavily-taxed country should be made to feel uncomfortable in presence of the official youth whose salary he helps to pay is one of those mysteries that even responsible government does not seem to solve. Too frequently the official youth seems to think that his principal business is to make everybody that comes into his awful presence feel small. By curt replies, or a snappish manner or top lofty airs the official lude either does business for you in the most exasperating, humiliating manner or proves to you most conclusively that he cannot do business at all. In a democratic country like ours where everybody has to pay his share in maintaining the body politic, is there any reason why ratepayers should not get civil replies from government and municipal officials whose salaries they pay, or even from the officials of railways they helped to bonus? It would add immensely to the pleasures of existence if all those who are paid for serving the public could be induced to serve the public with a reasonable degree of civility, not to speak of politeness.

THE question how far is a Minister of State morally responsible for the conduct of his subordinates is an interesting one, and is much discussed in Canada at the present time. There is no doubt as to legal responsibility. The head of a department is, and very properly too, legally responsible for official work done by those under him. The country pays him for looking after his assistants, and he should give the country value for its money. Still it is quite within the bounds of possibility that a subordinate might do a vast amount of mischief without there being moral culpability on the part of his principal. Heads of departments chosen for political reasons purely may, and we fear often do, know very little about the details of the business the country pays them for looking after. They are more or less at the mercy of their subordinates, and must continue to be until they master the business of their departments. One lesson of the hour is that heads of departments, especially spending departments, should look more strictly after their subordinates. While attending to the moral conduct of those under them a little attention to their manners would do no harm. It is notorious that a Cabinet Minister, or the manager of a loan company, or president of a bank, or head of any large concern, is nine times out of ten a much easier man to do business with than his junior clerk. Respectable citizens not accustomed to do business and perhaps not quite able to understand the routine of officialdom do suffer from youthful understrappers who are supposed to be the servants of the people.

THE *Herald and Presbyterian* has the following and many more useful and timely things to say about strife in the Church:—

It seems a grievous thing that the time and attention and energy of the Church must be occasionally, diverted from their central work by internal strife. We wish that controversy might never be stirred up in the ranks of Christians. We wish that all theological professors might always bear in mind that their work is to train young men to go out and preach the Gospel so that souls may be saved, and that through our whole land, in every pulpit, the central truths might be put with such evangelical simplicity that no ques-

tions would be raised in the minds of the worshippers as to the orthodoxy of the preacher.

It is a very serious thing, this making a disturbance of the Church, by the teaching of a heresy or the preaching of sharp and divisive words. "Woe unto the world because of offences," said Christ. "It must needs be that offences come, but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh."

It is a very serious thing and perhaps the worst feature of the sad business is that those who kindle the strife sometimes seem to chuckle over the mischief they have done. This is true not only of those who cause strife by heretical teaching and preaching but of too many who kindle fires of an entirely different kind. It is humiliating, saddening in the extreme to hear men who profess to be Christians speak in a way which shows clearly that they rather enjoy "a fight" of some kind in the Church of God. It never dawns on their minds that strife injures the cause of Christ and grieves the Holy Spirit. We never can be too thankful to God that He nerve'd the men of bygone days to fight for civil and religious liberty. Some of their descendants seem to think that they can imitate the old heroes by fighting each other.

RECENT disclosures of immorality in the city of Toronto have startled prim respectability from its wonted propriety. Means can surely be found to check the progress of corrupting vice, and one thing is made evident that there is imperative need for teaching the value and blessedness of purity of heart and life. On this painful subject a correspondent writes:—

To any right-thinking person the story of sin, shame, and death such as the daily press of Toronto has revealed within the past two weeks is not agreeable reading, but perhaps in the interests of morality the details may have a beneficial effect in warning others. It is the question whether this is the case or not, but it strikes one as being decidedly unjust, not to say unmanly, that the poor weak victims of man's unbridled lust should be held up to public obloquy by name, and the names of the seducers withheld, yes carefully withheld. If the tale told in last week's *Empire* be correct, and there is no reason to doubt it, the names of these young scoundrels and libertines should be published in black letter all over the land. It matters not that these men are high-toned clerks and sprouting professional men of the bluest blood of Toronto, let their names be known, and then let the door of every Christian home, of every respectable house, be closed to them.

It is cowardly and mean that the newspapers of Toronto should be influenced to carefully withhold the names of the men while the poor girls are held up to public gaze. It may be possible that the unfortunate creatures had no rich relations or influential connections, but all the same it is contemptible and unmanly, more particularly since all this immorality can not have been carried on for years without the practices of these wretches being known to the police and a section of the public. The thing is not possible, and if the members of Christian Churches knew what was going on why did they not take measures to put a stop to it?

The correspondent's point is well taken. So long as what goes by the name of Christian and respectable society turns the female offender out of doors and makes social pets of the male delinquents, the dread evil and its inseparable cruelties will continue. While fictitious names are given and the real names of the guilty are withheld, the public press is not doing its whole duty as a guardian of the best interests of society.

THE VACATION OVER, WORK RESUMED.

THE summer hegeira is about over. People who went to rusticate have returned home or are wending their way thither. Now that facilities for travel are so abundant, and when oceans can be crossed in a few days, people may scatter to the ends of the earth during a comparatively brief holiday. The summer exodus has been large and it will probably increase in volume every year. A generation ago individual tourists or small groups considered it a great feat to make the round of Europe, to-day they think comparatively little of encircling the globe. Men add largely to their experience and obtain more definite knowledge by coming into personal contact with distant parts of our planet. This running to and fro not only gives increase of knowledge, it will exercise a perceptible influence on human progress. It will do much to modify national antagonisms, and soften racial asperities. When people come into personal contact and look in each other's faces they are able to trace a kinship that unites mankind in spite of the many causes of separation and repulsion. Surely Providence designed that the immense material progress achieved in this century should lead to corresponding advances in the moral well-being of the nations.

Be that as it may the wanderers are returning to the shelter of home, most of them doubtless greatly benefited by the brief respite from accustomed toil. They have had the opportunity of

changing their environment and coming into closer relations with nature than is possible in the crowded city amid the absorbing cares of business life. Many have returned no doubt physically and morally benefited by the change. Now that home is reached and daily tasks have to be resumed it is possible that people may be differently affected. Some feel that it takes an effort to throw off the vagrant habit and settle down steadily to the ordinary round of common-place duties. Others, either from the force of habit or under a stronger impulse, feel a desire for the resumption of the tasks to which they devote their time and energies. In all cases, however, the realities of life and duty have to be taken up, and the law operates that what one has undertaken to do he must do with all his might, for the realities of life are stern.

The Churches have had their holiday season. In Canada we have not adopted the questionable practice of closing the church building during the heated term. In the towns and cities the attendance has been perceptibly diminished and many of the pastors have had their customary and much needed outing, but their places have been supplied and public worship has been regularly maintained. In some cases the Sabbath school has had a vacation, but now that the young folks have returned and the day schools have resumed, the Sabbath school has got into full working order, with, let it be hoped, new enthusiasm, fresh zeal, and deepened interest in the important work it has been instituted to accomplish. The respite, the opportunity afforded for observation and reflection, will no doubt in many instances be turned to excellent account, and a higher state of efficiency be reached. The Sabbath school is an intergal part of the Church and claims the best and most consecrated service it can receive.

The Church and its various organizations ought to profit by the return of the people from their customary vacation. Quickened zeal ought to be manifest in every department. Fresh invigoration ought to stimulate the spiritual life of pastor and people. There should be firm resolves on the part of all to infuse greater earnestness, more of reality into Church life, and that it should be in effect what in profession it is a company of the faithful followers of the Lord Jesus, exemplifying in their lives the doctrines He has taught and manifesting His spirit in all the relations of life. The preaching of the Gospel is the main work of the pastor, but it is no less the manifest duty of all to live the Gospel in all the activities of life. If the professed followers of Jesus lived up to their avowed ideal, what a different condition of things would even now exist. Never was there a time in the history of our country when a full manifestation of the Christian life was more needed. Is it not apparent from the revelations with which the land is ringing that purification and reform are most urgently needed if we are to obtain freedom from the sins that are a reproach to any people? The pulpit may inveigh in thunder tones against wickedness in high places and social iniquities that spread pollution, but until the people awake to righteousness, corruption and crime will continue to hold high carnival. Reform, like charity, must begin at home. No one can adequately put his hand to the work of moral and spiritual renovation who is insensible to his own need of personal improvement. The individual like the nation that is unconscious of the need of reform needs a purified vision. The work of elevating the moral tone of the nation primarily belongs to the Church. It is by her members exemplifying the practice of righteousness that the nation can become righteous.

DOGMA AND LIFE.

POSSIBLY President F. L. Patton's paradoxical saying, so startling in appearance, was primarily intended to give people a shock. There is no evidence that it was uttered for the mere sake of singularity, nor with a view of provoking dialectic fence. It was obviously spoken in terse epigrammatic fashion for the express purpose of compelling people to think. The learned President of Princeton is reported to have said "that if he had to choose between a man whose Christianity was all life and no dogma, and one whose Christianity was all dogma and no life, he would unhesitatingly give his vote for the latter." From the absolute way in which this is expressed it is hardly probable that Dr. Patton or any other man will ever be called upon to make the choice. It would be exceedingly difficult to find a man whose Christianity was all dogma, or one whose Christianity was all life. Christianity, even in its most imperfect

form, will, to some extent, influence a man's thoughts and actions. The complete severance is an impossibility in actual fact. A life uninfluenced by some clear and definite conviction can scarcely be called Christian, nor could the term be rightly applied to the man who professed to believe a system of truth that leaves his daily life entirely untouched.

No doubt Dr. Patton feels deeply the absurdity of drawing a formal distinction between life and dogma, as is the prevailing fashion with some who count themselves eminent representatives of light and leading. This fictitious antagonism is accentuated by not a few who have but dim conceptions of what is meant by dogma. It is the fashion to rail at creeds, and as an excuse it is hinted that as living benevolence and personal goodness are better than dead dogmas, therefore it does not so much matter what a man believes if he only lives rightly. It was obviously the purpose of the Princeton President to lead people to look beneath the surface, and reflect on the shallowness of much of the popular outcry against dogma. By the way some people express themselves it might be inferred that dogma was some dreadful nightmare from which all should be delivered.

Christian dogma is the systematized expression of the teaching of Scripture. The great essential doctrines of Christianity are held by Christians irrespective of their ecclesiastical connexions. They may differ as to Church polity and also as to the relative importance of certain doctrines, but there are fundamental truths that Catholic or Protestant, Anglican or Presbyterian, hold in reverence. They are embodied in all the creeds of Christendom. In the domain of theological science scholarly, devout and truth-loving men have patiently and prayerfully investigated the teaching of Scripture, and in successive ages have formulated the results of their enquiry. There have been keen, prolonged and often bitter debates on points of doctrine. As with the Scriptures themselves, the doctrines deduced from their teaching have been subjected to the keenest and most searching scrutiny. It yet remains to be shown that the great essential doctrines of the Christian faith have in any important degree been invalidated. Modern scholarship, archaeological discovery, the broadening of the human mind, have enabled men to take a larger grasp of the deep things of God revealed in His word, but the great doctrines of Christianity remain unshaken, and if candidly considered they more than ever commend themselves to the intellectual, moral and spiritual nature of man. It is not dogma that has estranged men from religion. By mistaken conceptions of its place and meaning it has been often misrepresented. Properly understood it has been and ever will be eminently helpful to all who desire to comprehend in some measure the true purpose of life, and rise to the high destiny designed for man by his Creator, Preserver and Redeemer.

From the nature of the case what a man sincerely believes will exercise a dominant influence over his life. The man who has discarded all belief in Christianity nevertheless has a working theory according to which he frames his actions. He at least believes in the multiplication table, and applies it to his business. He believes in the general laws governing material things, and he knows that if he should transgress those he must bear the consequences. It could easily be shown that life without some theory lying back of it would present greater anomalies than are now perceived. It is of the utmost consequence that a true theory of ethics, based on the revealed truth of God, should be attained, and where can men find a purer and loftier standard of morals than in the ethical system derived from the teaching of Scripture, and embodied in clearest form in the Ten Words?

The real practical difficulty is not with dogma, but because of the want of its application. It is applied Christianity that this age specially needs. Now, as in the days of Paul, there are too many who evidently hold the form of godliness while denying its power. It is the divorce of sacred and secular, creed and conviction, profession and practice that is doing mischief. Railing at dogma will not mend matters. One of the conspicuous needs of the time is a firmer grasp of divine truth, a deeper insight into the meaning of life and its responsibilities, a clearer perception that duty is imperative. The Saviour taught a truth that is just as important and real to day as when He uttered it. Ye cannot serve God and mammon—a truth that many in these days seem prone to forget. The connection between dogma and life will be seen in that other suggestive saying of the Divine Teacher. If any man wills to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God.

Books and Magazines.

IN addition to the usual number of fine and varied pictorial embellishments with which the *Illustrated London News*, American edition, abounds, the number for last week contained a short story by Mrs. Lynn Linton with handsome illustrations printed in coloured tint.

UNIVERSITY Extension articles, describing the methods of this great missionary movement in the interest of learning, occupy thirty of the eighty-six pages of September *Book News* (Philadelphia: John Wanamaker). Practical talks on the study of geometry, botany and constitutional politics, with lists of the needed books are also given. The literary features of the magazine are up to the standard, the notes, reviews and descriptive price list and the "books announced" being full of information of books just published and to come. The frontispiece portrait and biographical sketch are of Francis Parkman, the eminent American historian.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)—The interesting series of papers, "Ocean Steamships," is concluded with a finely illustrated contribution by Ridgely Hunt, a lieutenant in the United States navy. Other illustrated papers are "Odd American Homes," "The City of the Sacred Bo Tree," "A China Hunter in New England," and "Browning's Asolando," by Felix Moscheles. Andrew Lang is the contributor of a characteristic paper on "Adventures among Books." The new serial, "The Wrecker," the joint production of Robert Louis Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne, increases in interest. Charles G. D. Roberts contributes a short story, "Captain Joe and Jamie" As a whole the number is well sustained.

THE CENTURY. (New York: The Century Co.)—The contents of the September number of this leading magazine are of more than average excellence. A fine portrait of Thomas Bailey Aldrich forms the frontispiece and a genial estimate of the poet is furnished by Frank Dempster Sherman. The papers that will be turned to with interest are: "A Winter Journey Through Siberia," by George Kennan; "To California in 1849 Through Mexico," "The Distribution of Ability in the United States," by Henry Cabot Lodge, "The Government of Cities in the United States," by Seth Low; and "Treatment of Prisoners in Camp Morton," in which both sides of the story are told. In poetry and fiction there are abundant materials of such a quality as will stand the fire of exacting critics. "The Squirrel Inn" is concluded, and the "Faith Doctor" progresses in interest.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—The series of illustrated papers on "Shakespeare's Comedies" is continued in the present number. Beatrice, the heroine of "Much Ado About Nothing," forming the frontispiece, and the comment on the play is supplied by Andrew Lang. Illustrated papers of interest are: "The New York Chamber of Commerce," "Glimpses of Western Architecture," "London—Plantagenet," by Walter Besant, and "Under the Minarets," descriptive of Constantinople, by F. Hopkinson Smith. There are also two other attractive papers sure to be read with keen interest: "Letters of Charles Dickens to Wilkie Collins," and "Germany, France, and General European Politics," by the *Times'* famous Paris correspondent, M. de Blowitz. The fiction, including the serials by William Dean Howells and George du Maurier and short stories, and poems are fully up to the high standard maintained by *Harper's*.

THE TREASURY FOR PASTOR AND PEOPLE. (New York: E. B. Treat.)—The number for September is worthy of its name, being brimful of rich, suggestive and varied articles admirably adapted to be helpful to its readers. The portrait of Dr. J. T. Wills and a view of the Church which he serves at Greenwich, Conn., form the illustrations. His sermon is on a timely theme, and the sketch of his life indicates a successful career. Prof. A. E. C. Wright's sermon on "The Individual Not Overlooked in the Mass" is cheering and truthful, and the story of Zaccheus, as expounded by Rev. C. Bonekemper, deserves special mention. Professor Hunt discusses "Liberty of Thought and its Limitations" as a living issue. Leading Thoughts of Sermons are by Canon Liddon, Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, D. MacEwen, E. P. Goodwin, G. Fairclough, J. Lewis, and G. A. Gordon. Dr. T. L. Cuyler writes an excellent pen-picture of Dr. Stephen H. Tyng. Other notable articles are by Rev. M. T. Runnells, on "The Bible as Distinguished from all Other Books"; by Rev. S. Z. Batten, on "The Limits of Responsibility"; by the Bishop of Ripon, on "The Science of Preaching"; by Dr. J. M. Wright, on "Shall Roman Catholics Rule?"; on "The Home and the Church," by Dr. John Hall; on "How Christ and His Apostles Viewed the Scriptures"; on "Christian Progress in Japan"; on "Scepticism no solution for Life's Problem," by Dr. W. M. Taylor; on "Beauty," by Rev. T. H. Siddall, on the Sunday School Lessons, by Dr. Momen, and on "Preaching to Children," "Christian Work," and "Make it Plain," by the editor.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—In his nautical story, "The Disturber of Traffic," which appears in the September *Atlantic*, Rudyard Kipling has struck an entirely new vein. Mr. Kipling has never done anything of the same kind before, and has never been more vivid and astounding than in the present story. Another short story, "An Innocent Life," is contributed by Lillie B. Chace Wyman. Mr. Stockton's "House of Martha" is continued by a long instalment, and Mary Hartwell Catherwood gives us four clever chapters of "The Lady of Fort St. John." Thus fiction is quite fully represented in this summer issue of the *Atlantic*. The rest of the number is made up of a collection of remarkably good articles, and one hardly knows how to pick out the chief plums from the pudding. Octave Thanet has a second paper on "Town Life in Arkansas," which will amuse everybody. John Burroughs has left his fields for "A Study of Analogy"; Mr. Bradford Torrey, however, still remains faithful to his rustic haunts in a sketch of "Dyer's Hollow." John Fiske has a paper on "Europe and Cathay." A paper on "The Author Himself," by Woodrow Wilson, a charming description of the Japanese "Feast of Lanterns and the Market of the Dead," by Lafcadio Hearn, and a review of Mrs. Oliphant's Life of Laurence Oliphant, under the apt title of "A Modern Mystic," are among the other interesting papers. There is poetry by Dr. Parsons, Colonel Higginson and Philip Bourke Marston, and reviews and the usual Contributors' Club. One article, not already mentioned, must not be forgotten, namely, "Speech as a Barrier between Man and Beast," by E. P. Evans.

Choice Literature.

RALPH GEMMELL.

BY ROBERT FULLER, A.M.

CHAPTER VII.

Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.—*Psalm*

Having remained two or three weeks in prison Ralph, with a number more, was put on board a vessel at Leith, to be transported to the English plantations in Jamaica. It is almost needless to relate the severe treatment they met with during the passage. The captain, to whose charge the captives were committed, was a man who had never thought of religion, and who had little sympathy with human suffering. The prisoners, crowded together, were shut up in the hold of the vessel, under an iron grating. Their food was bread and water, and even that was but sparingly given them. Thus situated, with nothing to cheer them but the hopes of a better life, where their sins, being finally forsaken, would no more subject them to calamity, they sailed from their native land in the month of July. The weather was favourable, and their passage prosperous enough till they came in sight of the island of Jamaica. It was near night, in the month of September, a very stormy time in these latitudes, when the ship drew towards the land. The wind at this time, however, was fair, the sky serene, and every one expected to be ashore in the course of a few hours, when suddenly a dead calm ensued the heavens grew dark the sea was troubled—and in less than half-an-hour the fury of the tempest came. The winds blew so violently, and the tumult of the waves was so great that to manage the ship became impossible. A rocky shore was before them, and the mighty strength of a stormy sea was driving them quickly towards it. In the midst of this danger the prisoners entreated the captain to relieve them from their confinement, that they might have a chance of saving themselves if the vessel foundered. This request, however, he refused, declaring that he would rather see them all drowned than give them an opportunity of escaping from his hands. In the meantime the vessel ran aground, a very little off the land, and was so damaged by the shock that she made water rapidly, while the waves were every moment breaking over deck. Still, however, the captain refused to release the prisoners. But he did not forget to provide for his own safety. Expecting that the vessel would be instantly wrecked he ordered the long boat to be manned, into which he threw himself with all the hands on board except the mate and two or three sailors, who refused to leave the vessel. Thus he thought to save himself, careless of the fate of Ralph and his companions. But God, who holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand and bringeth to nought the counsel of men, had not so determined it. The boat had not proceeded many yards from the ship when it was upset by the force of two mighty billows, and the cruel captain, and all who were with him, instantly perished in the waters.

When the mate observed this he immediately released the prisoners; and they, with the few seamen who remained on board, laboured incessantly at the pumps to keep the vessel from filling with water. But, notwithstanding all they could do, the water still increased on them, the storm was as violent as ever; and they thought every moment would be their last.

And now did Ralph behave himself then? Where did he turn for help? He trusted, as he had done before, in that Saviour who walks upon the sea and who can say to the ragings of its billows "Peace, be still!" And he cried to Him that He would yet spare him. All his companions also lifted up their voices to God; and it pleased Him to hear and answer their cry. He made the storm a calm by His command; and every man that remained on board safely reached the shore in the small boats. The mate now took charge of the prisoners, and conducted them to the governor of the island, who afterwards disposed of them to the planters.

For a free-born and enlightened man to submit to slavery, as Ralph now did, is the hardest task which can be proposed to a human being. In some respects it is worse than death itself. To die is the lot of all. The rich man, as well as the poor, must go the way appointed for all living; and, therefore, no one can think himself peculiarly degraded by being subject to what every other person is. But to be in vassalage to a fellow-creature—to be bought and sold like the beasts of the field or the produce of the ground—to be subjected to toil without even the hope of a recompense—and to be exposed to the lash of a capricious and tyrannical master, without daring to defend ourselves, and without any opportunity of having our injuries redressed—is a descent so far below the common rights of our nature, so far below the common condition of mankind, and therefore so peculiarly degrading that to stoop to it for the sake of conscience requires the greatest devotedness to religion, the strongest trust in the promises and grace of God, and the liveliest hope of a sure reward in the mansions of eternal freedom. In this state of servitude, however, severe as it was, Ralph was now doomed to live for a time. The master, under whom he and two or three of his fellow-sufferers were placed, treated them with nearly the same severity as the negroes with whom they laboured. To Ralph this treatment was peculiarly galling. His infancy had been tenderly nursed; he had been brought up, to the age of fifteen, as the expectant of a considerable estate. But now he was compelled to labour daily, from morning till night, under the scourge of a cruel taskmaster, breathing a sultry air and exposed to the heat of a burning sun.

This, young reader, was a hard and painful condition, peculiarly degrading and revolting to human nature. But if you are doing what Ralph, to save himself from this state, might have done; if you are disobeying the commandments of God and giving yourself up to the guidance of sinful passions, you are the willing victim of a slavery infinitely more debasing and severe. Ralph was compelled to his bondage by the wickedness of his fellow men, you willingly subject yourself to the dominion of your passions, and the vassalage of the devil. He had the approbation of his own conscience, and the smile of his Saviour's countenance, you are providing for yourself remorse and anger of your Maker. He submitted to slavery for love to God and holiness, you are

selling yourself for what is unclean and abominable. He was degraded in the sight of sinful men only; you are rendering yourself vile in the pure eyes of God and every holy being. He was sustained by the hope of eternal life; your wages are eternal death. His servitude was that of the body only; yours is the bondage of the soul. His could endure for only a few years; yours, if you break not from it, will continue with increasing severity through eternity. In this dreadful slavery you and all men are by nature. You cannot ransom yourself from it. No man can redeem his brother from this captivity. Christ only can make you free. Examine yourselves, then, and see that you are His freemen—that you have obtained the glorious liberty of the sons of God. If you have, you will not be surprised that Ralph submitted to slavery for love to his Saviour.

In this land of bondage the young man had no minister to counsel and comfort him. On the Sabbath, however, he was not required to labour, and he hailed its dawn with a rapture of holy delight. The former part of the day he spent alone reading his Bible—the only book he had taken with him from Scotland—enriching and solacing his mind with its precious truths, examining himself, lamenting his past transgressions, weeping over the sins that still remained in his heart, and lifting up his soul in prayer to God for a heart to serve Him better and love Him more. In the afternoon he met regularly with his companions who were under the same master. Their place of meeting (for they generally met in the same place) was under a large plantain tree, whose foliage screened them from the scorching rays of the sun. Here they prayed together, read a portion of the Scriptures—sang a song of praise to their God and Saviour; here they conversed of the great love of God displayed through Christ Jesus; cheered and comforted one another with the promises of the Gospel and the hopes of eternal life; and here, too, did they find the truth of the saying that wherever two or three are met together in God's name, there will He be in the midst of them to bless them; and here did they often experience, in near communion with God, in the joy of the Holy Ghost, in ardent anticipation of heaven, the strongest proofs of that truth which we are so desirous to set before you, that whosoever putteth his trust in God, He will never leave nor forsake.

That this truth may be the better rooted in the mind of the young reader, I shall relate here a conversation which happened one Sabbath evening between Ralph and one of his companions.

"You seem," said Ralph to him, "very melancholy today. May I be permitted to ask the cause of your sadness?"

"I have been troubled for some time," replied his friend, "with the thought that we are deceiving ourselves. In our own country we were persecuted and condemned by the law to banishment; here we are in slavery, degraded from the rank of human beings, and without the hope of liberty; surely the Lord hath forsaken us, else He would never permit so many evils to come upon us."

"Beware of such thoughts," said Ralph, "it is the adversary of God and man who suggests them. He tries to make you weary in the service of God by persuading you that it is unprofitable. And if Satan or your own heart once persuade you of this, your obedience to God will be no longer sincere, and therefore you will have no right to expect the joy of His presence. But we have no reason to suppose that God hath forgotten to be gracious to us because we are left to prove our sincerity by severe and long-continued suffering, even slavery itself. Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and He scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. It is through much tribulation that we are to enter the kingdom of heaven. But the wicked, you know the Bible says, prosper every day; they grow up and flourish like the green bay-tree, and are not troubled as other men. Prosperity in this world, therefore, is no proof of God's favour, nor is adversity any token of His displeasure. It is the feeling in our own bosom that makes us happy or miserable. The poor slave may have a peace of mind and a hope in the life to come, which will be an ever present reward for all his sufferings; while his rich master may have within him the gnawings of remorse, and those fearful forebodings, which shall hinder him from enjoying his wealth and embitter his very existence. You know, my friend, that I tried the pleasures of sin myself. I had then all that I wanted. I was surrounded by friends who respected and loved me, and I was flattered with the hopes of future honours; but whenever I thought of death and a world to come, I was miserable. Then I was prosperous, and deemed happy by men; but then I had forsaken God, and was indeed forsaken by Him. Now I am as poor and as degraded in the eyes of the world as a human being can be; but I believe in my Saviour—I trust in God—and I am happy. It is only when I indulge sin in my heart that God leaves me a moment to mourn. Doubt not, my friend, the truth of God's promises. Our sufferings are indeed long and severe; but if we are rightly exercised under them they will all work together for our good; and if we are faithful to the death we shall receive a crown of life."

"You speak truth, my friend," replied his companion. "I am convinced. I am comforted. Let us fall down on our knees and pray to God that we may have grace given us to resist every suggestion of evil, to believe more and more in the promises of the Gospel, knowing that He is faithful who hath promised, and will bring to pass the desire of our hearts."

Ralph had now endured this bondage nearly two years. His body, although naturally robust, subjected to severe toil, in a climate noxious to Europeans, was beginning to decay; and he hoped that death would soon deliver him from his thralldom. But God had yet in reserve for him many days of peace and happiness in the land of the living.

CHAPTER VIII.

Every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands for My name's sake shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.—*St. Matthew*

One day as Ralph and his companions were labouring in the fields, their master approached them, and saluting them pleasantly, said, "The year of jubilee is come. You are no longer my servants. A revolution has happened in Britain. A new king is placed on the throne; and he has sent orders that all who were banished and enslaved for their religious opinions under the preceding government are to be immediately set at liberty. Vessels await you on the coast to convey you to your native land."

"Our native land! they all cried with one voice.

"Praised be God! hath He at last delivered it from oppression! O Scotland! Scotland! shall we yet see thee!" And they embraced one another, and shouted for gladness of heart.

In a few days after the announcement of these glad tidings, Ralph, with many more exiles, embarked in a vessel for Greenock. The wind was favourable, the passage quick and prosperous. And how did his heart leap for joy when the white rocks and blue mountains of his native country rose on his view! With the flow of spirits which his release produced, and the change of air, his health was completely restored; and he forgot for a while that he was disinherited, and forbidden his father's house. And now the well-known cliffs of Arran, the rock of Ailsa and the shores of Carrick welcomed his eye; and now he could see Irvine and the old castle of Creigfoot; and the joy of his childhood beat at his heart.

As Ralph and two or three other passengers wished to land at Irvine, the vessel drew near the harbour, and they were put ashore in the small boat. But who would attempt to tell the joy of Ralph's soul when he set foot on the land of his birth? It was a feeling of delight sufficient to repay years of toil. He fell down on his knees, and thanked God who had preserved him through so many trials and restored him in health and strength to his beloved country. "So may God bring me," said the young man, "when the trials of life have passed away, to the land beyond death and the grave."

It was in the beginning of summer, on a Sabbath, about mid-day, that he landed. The inhabitants of Irvine were just gathering to the afternoon's sermon. It was a pleasant sight to Ralph. He could observe many, of whose sufferings he had shared in the time of persecution, this day peacefully walking to the house of God, having none to make them afraid. He entered the church; and was both surprised and delighted when he saw the pulpit filled with the venerable old pastor, who, after his mother's death, had first instructed him in the ways of righteousness. This worthy minister, having been ejected from his pastoral charge in Irwin at the commencement of the persecution, had, for twenty-eight years, wandered up and down his native country, doing what he could to instruct and comfort the suffering Church; and now, after having undergone innumerable hardships, after having often made the narrowest escapes from his enemies, and after having seen them entirely overthrown, he was restored to the arms of his flock, to his home and his family. Age had rendered him so infirm that he was compelled to address his people sitting in the pulpit. When he began his sermon Ralph listened to every word, as if it had come from the tongue of an angel. And it is no wonder that he listened with delight; for the whole discourse was an offering of thanks to God for the deliverance of His Church. No wonder that the tear of holy joy flowed down his cheek while the good old man prayed that all those who had been banished from their native land for conscience sake might be safely conducted home, to glorify and praise their God.

After sermon, Ralph, who had not been observed in church by the minister, called at his house. Although he was much altered the old man instantly recognized him, and, to use the language of Scripture, "fell on his neck and kissed him."

As soon as this happy salutation was past, Ralph asked the minister if he had heard anything of his father lately.

"You shall lodge with me to-night," said the minister, "and I will introduce you to your father to-morrow."

"And is he indeed reconciled to me?" said Ralph. "And is he well? Is Edward well?"

"Edward is well," said the minister, "but your father has been complaining for some time. Yesterday he sent for me. I had not been in his house for nearly thirty years and I was surprised at the invitation."

"You might be well surprised," said Ralph; "surely he is greatly changed."

"Yes, he is greatly changed," said the old man; "for he thinks he has wronged both you and me, and his own soul too. He says he is dying, but knows not what is to become of his immortal spirit."

"I will go to him this moment," said Ralph, "it may be that God will comfort him through me."

"Nay, but I will go too," said the affectionate old minister, "I like to see meetings of forgiveness and love. Your father wished me also to visit him to-day, but, being fatigued with the duties of the Sabbath, I meant to defer my visit till to-morrow. Since you will go, however, we will go together. By the time we have taken some refreshment the cart will be ready, for I cannot walk now."

On their arrival at Craigfoot Ralph, although he had not been there for nearly six years, was recognized by some of the old servants.

"Here is Ralph!" they shouted, "here is Ralph. His father will now die in peace." And they ran and told his father that Ralph was come home.

"Bring him lither!" exclaimed his father, "bring him hither quickly!"

The old minister now approached Mr. Gemmell's bedside, leading Ralph in his hand. "I have wronged thee, my son! I have deeply wronged thee!" exclaimed Mr. Gemmell, as he reached his hand over his bed, and drew his son forward to his embrace. "Canst thou forgive me? Will God forgive me for my iniquities to thee?"

"I have forgiven you already," said Ralph, while he wept over his father's breast, "and God is willing to forgive you too."

Here the good old servant of God gave one hand to the son and another to the father, and offered up his heart's desire unto God. After this he exhorted Mr. Gemmell to put his trust in God; entreated him to believe in the promises of the Gospel, which, he assured him, were given to the chief of sinners; and then took his leave and returned home.

"You look very ill," said Ralph to his father, when they were left alone. "I am fast dying," replied his father, "I caught a cold last winter; it has never left me; and I am now so weak I cannot stir from my bed. But where have you been wandering all this while, my son? I need not ask; I know what you have suffered. I have been a cruel father to you. I wished you to live like myself, careless of religion, and because you could not do this I drove you from my house. Your grievances, however, I can in some measure redress. I have destroyed the former will which I rashly made, and restored you to your proper rights, and thrice happy am I that you have returned to heir that estate you so well deserve."

Here Mr. Gemmell was interrupted by Edward coming into the room. "Here is your brother," said his father to him. "You know how much I have wronged him—how much I have taught you to wrong him."

"But Ralph will forgive me," said Edward; for he knew the tenderness of his brother's heart, "Ralph will forgive me. You have often seen me weep, father, when we talked about him since you turned ill."

"My dear brother," said Ralph, "you are indeed forgiven." And the two brothers warmly embraced one another.

"Now," said Mr. Gemmell, raising himself up on his bed, when he saw his sons weep for gladness in each other's arms; "now I am happy as far as this world is concerned. You are both well provided for; and you will be kind to one another. Well, Oh, Ralph! I am not yet prepared for death. I have sinned grievously—I have been a curse to my own family—I have persecuted the people of God—I am the vilest of sinners—and I fear that God in His anger may cast me off for ever. Yesterday I sent for the good old minister (so kindly did Mr. Gemmell now speak of those men whom he had once scorned as the offscourings of the earth), and he gave me some comfort. He displayed the way of salvation through Jesus Christ, and encouraged me to believe in Him. I do wish to believe in Him. I see no other way of escaping the wrath to come. But I fear my heinous sins have provoked Him to leave me for ever."

Can you imagine, young reader, with what feelings Ralph heard his father talk thus; or with what eagerness and anxious love he began to comfort him?

"Dear father," he said, "Christ loves us the better the more we hate ourselves, and we do Him wrong when we think that the greatness of our sins will hinder us from being accepted of God through Him. It is not because we are sinners that God will not accept of us; for if this were true no man could be saved. It is because we will not believe in Christ, nor repent, nor forsake our sins that He will not save us. This is the saying of God to every man, even to the chief of sinners. 'Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.' He died for our sins and rose again for our justification. His grace is sufficient for us; He perfects His strength in our weakness. Is not the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, sufficient to wash out the vilest sin from our souls? The blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin. God is well pleased with us, that is, with all who believe in Christ, for His righteousness' sake. If, then, we are willing to believe in Christ, if we are willing to forsake our sins and to be made holy, we have the word of God witnessing to us that Christ is willing to plead His suffering and death in our behalf, to sanctify us by His Spirit, and to present us at last to His Father, without spot, or wrinkle or any such thing."

"Lord, I believe; help my unbelief!" exclaimed his father, when Ralph had done speaking. And again he cried, "Lord, I believe; help my unbelief!" Ralph saw by his look and difficulty of breathing that death was at hand. He fell down on his knees with Edward by the bedside, and prayed for his father. It was a fervent, effectual prayer, and it was heard.

Ralph now asked his father if he felt his trust any stronger in his Saviour. "He hath come to me at the eleventh hour," said his father; "I hope all is well. Oh the love of God in Christ Jesus!" He could utter no more, but casting a look of ineffable affection on his son, he fell back on his bed and expired.

To have been the means of saving a soul from death will be to every one who has been so honoured a thought of sweetest delight throughout eternity; but what infinite joy of heart must it be to have the conscious feeling that we have been instrumental in accomplishing the salvation of a father or a mother, a brother or a sister! This feeling was now Ralph's reward. It was his zealous perseverance in obedience to God against so much opposition that first led his father to think seriously of his own conduct. He was, as we have seen, the means of enlightening and comforting him in his last moments; and he received from him a look of affection and gratitude which recompensed him more than an hundredfold for all his past afflictions. By his example and instruction Edward, too, forsook the error of his ways; and he had the satisfaction of seeing him, after having devoted himself several years to study, become a faithful and zealous minister of the Gospel of Christ.

At his father's death Ralph succeeded to the paternal inheritance; and we deem it unnecessary to say more of his future life than that in prosperity, as he had done in adversity, he put his whole trust in his Saviour, walked in the way of His commandments, and to the end of his days experienced it to be a true saying—that God will never leave nor forsake those who put their trust in Him.

Young reader, before I take my leave of you let us reflect a little on the history of Ralph. You have seen him in childhood reading his Bible, and listening to the instructions of his mother. You have seen him, after her death, trusting too much to himself—breaking his pious resolutions—renouncing his religion—and walking in that way in which sinners go. Then, you remember, he had all that his heart could desire of this world's bounties. He was beloved and caressed by his friends, honoured by his acquaintances, and filled with the hope of a life of ease and prosperity. And what was then the sum of his happiness? His conscience condemned him; remorse embittered all his pleasure; and when he thought he was dying he shook with terrors of despair; for he had secured no Almighty Friend to stand by him at that last hour when the help of man is vain. So shall you be overcome by the threatenings and allurements of the world, if you seek not continually the guidance of the Holy Spirit—if you rely not wholly on the grace of your Saviour. And if you continue to live in sin, so shall the bitterness of remorse come upon you, and so shall you find yourself friendless and to despair at the approach of death. Again, you have seen him awakened to his duty by the grace of God, while at the same time he was forbidden his father's house—despised by his friends wandering in poverty labouring in the field or begging his bread—now with the immediate prospect of an honourable and untimely death before him—and now in punishment and slavery, and what was then the sum of his happiness? In the severest moment of his sufferings he had the peace of mind which passeth all understanding—he had the hope of eternal life he had the smile of God's countenance, and the assurance that He would never forsake him. This was his happiness. It will be yours, too, young reader, if you so serve God, so resist the world and so take up your cross and follow Christ. We cannot promise you the same

wealth in the world as that which fell to the share of Ralph; but if you persevere, like him, in well-doing, you may be means of saving some near relation or dear friend; and we can promise you, on the authority of God, that in poverty He will enrich you—in suffering He will solace you—in temptation He will strengthen you—in sickness He will be your health—in death your rod and your staff and after death your everlasting reward. Persevere, then, my young friend, in well-doing; put thy trust in God; and thou shalt find Him, in life and death, in time and eternity, thy ever-present and all-sufficient Friend.

THE END.

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

THE CALL FOR HARVESTERS.

"The harvest truly is plenteous." If it was abundant in Galilee during our Lord's ministry there, it is also throughout Christendom still; and beyond Christendom are the greatest harvest fields of all—the dim neglected millions of the heathen world. It is true that in this closing decade of the nineteenth century the novelty of the missionary revival is over, and the mere romance of the enterprise is gone; but the fields are there still, and the precious grain is ripe, over-ripe.

How plenteous numerically is the living harvest of souls! The population of the globe is perhaps some fourteen hundred millions; and all these need the Gospel of Christ, and are capable of being redeemed from sin, and of devoting themselves to the service of God.

How plenteous also as regards accessibility! When the Lord Jesus said to His Apostles, "Go ye into all the world," there were no facilities for travelling, no railways, no steamships, no telegraph wires, no newspapers. But in our time how easy and rapid is the communication with every part of the world! The remotest shores are now quite accessible. Politically, too, the world is lying open to the Gospel. Our most far seeing statesmen are becoming more and more exercised about the future of our Indian and Colonial Empire, but surely our first duty as a Christian people is to carry the Gospel to our fellow-subjects throughout the Queen's dominions. And how marvellously within the last generation have other lands been opened to the missionaries of the cross! Italy, the very heart of the Papacy, now enjoys full religious liberty. The Gospel is winning its way most hopefully in Bulgaria. Missionaries are threading the great rivers of the Chinese Empire. Japan is rapidly putting on Western civilization, and multitudes of its people are asking the way to Zion. Christian missions are penetrating even into the heart of Darkest Africa.

And the harvest is plenteous as regards readiness for the Gospel. On every side the ancient barriers are falling. The old-world philosophical paganism of Asia is being slowly undermined. Africa, discontented with its fetichism, is blindly seeking the Lord, if haply it may feel after Him, and find Him. Europe and America are distressed with intellectual doubts and disturbed with social problems, which the truth as it is in Jesus alone can solve. Everywhere the fields "are white already to harvest."

"But the labourers are few." Not quite so few, of course, as when the Lord Jesus spoke these words, for the prayers of the disciples for labourers have been so far answered. The missionary enterprise now commands the services of very many devoted and accomplished men and women. During the last ninety years the Churches have been slowly awaking to a sense of their duty as entrusted with the Gospel, and at present there are, if we mistake not, some three or four thousand European and American missionaries labouring in the foreign field. But what a small number that is, in comparison with the multitudes who go to reside on inhospitable shores in the interests of commerce and for the pursuit of wealth! And how inconsiderable is the entire foreign evangelistic work which is being done by Christendom when compared with the sacrifice which the Lord Jesus Christ made in order to the salvation of the world, and when viewed in the light of the gratitude which the redeemed nations owe to Him!

The ideal attitude of a Christian congregation in relation to the home heathenism which may exist around it, is that it fold itself right over, if we may so speak, upon the non-churchgoing population, and by the loving efforts of its individual members reclaim the lapsed and raise up the fallen. Collections for Home Missions will not of themselves evangelize the masses; the work will only be done as the result of personal contact between the units of the Church and the units of the masses. But the number of Christian people who do any work of this kind is small.

Surely, too, the time has come when each of the larger congregations of the Church at home should have its own particular agent or agents labouring somewhere away in heathendom. At present pressing demands are being made upon our own denomination for an increased number of Gospel harvesters in our foreign mission fields. Only a few months ago our agents in Manchuria presented an earnest appeal to send ten additional missionaries into that ripe harvest-field; but the appeal can only be responded to when the Church shall provide both the men and the money.

How are we to procure the harvesters that are so urgently required? "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that He will send forth labourers into His harvest." God will not dispense with labourers. His harvest is to be gathered in by the old-fashioned Gospel means. "It hath pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." He will not, as some one has said, provide His Church with a spiritual reaping-machine. He asks His

people to pray for hands, and not for any brand-new method of securing the harvest. The Divine and the human must unite in the great work of spreading the Gospel, and winning the world for the Redeemer.

"Pray ye, therefore," that is, because the harvest is so plenteous. Pity for the poor heathen must lead us to pray for labourers. One of the purest springs of all right missionary effort, and of all successful propagandism of the Gospel, is compassion for the souls of men. It was the sight of the crowds of people who had followed Him, and who were now foot-sore and weary, as well as spiritually shepherdless and almost despairing, that caused Christ to be "moved with compassion." It was the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," that led the Apostle of the Gentiles across the Aegean to tell the Gospel story in Europe. It was this motive also—compassion for "men beimghted"—that spoke to the heart of Heber when he consecrated himself to the work of God in India. And the thought of "the masses" of the heathen, both at home and abroad, should affect all Christians similarly.

Our work in the great cause is first of all to pray. We can best promote the ingathering of souls by petitioning the Lord of the harvest for a supply of earnest harvesters. It is good in its own place to maintain a Theological Training Seminary, but, after all, only God the Holy Spirit can qualify the men. It is right to advertise for labourers, but it is still more necessary to pray; for the harvest is "His," and the men who are destined to reap it must receive a Divine call. The evangelist must be His messenger, and the missionary must go bearing His commission. It was the prayers of old James Paton, offered in his humble closet at Torthorwald, near Dumfries, that brought three of his sons, including the hero of the New Hebrides, to the service of the Master in the Gospel ministry. And we also, in praying that Christ's Kingdom may come, and that His will may be done in earth, must beseech Him to send forth labourers.

But if we pray this prayer from the heart, we shall ourselves also become labourers in the harvest-field. We have it within our own power to answer our petition by our sympathies and our contributions, if not also by our personal efforts. Jesus said to the Twelve, "Pray ye"; and then, as we read in the very next verse, He sent them out two and two to preach the Gospel of the Kingdom in the towns and villages of Galilee. So it is not enough that we declare our devotion to the Redeemer by joining in the call for harvesters; we must ourselves, as we have ability and opportunity, become labourers in the field.—Rev. Charles Jerdan, LL. B.

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EXHIBITION ATTRACTIONS.

One of the most interesting things at the coming Exhibition in Toronto, to Ladies especially, will be the exhibit by the manufacturers of the now celebrated Health Brand under-vests. All the new styles for the fall season will be shown, and the attendants will give away samples of the wool they are made from, thus enabling the public to satisfy themselves that it is as absolutely fine and pure as claimed. Make a note of this. Over a hundred autograph testimonials from the leading Doctors of every important town in Canada. The goods are for sale in every first class store, but when asking for this make, unless you see the word Health stamped on the article, it won't be genuine.

AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

The subject of health. Good health depends upon good food. It is not what we eat that nourishes the body, but what we digest. To study what we eat and why we eat is important. It was by eating the wrong food that the curse came upon mankind at first. Thousands are miserable with indigestion and dyspepsia from eating the wrong kind of food now. Some eat the same kind of food in hot weather that they do in cold weather, and consequently they suffer and are cast out of the paradise of health. It is always safe to eat Desiccated Wheat, but be sure you get the proper article with the name and trade mark of the Ireland National Food Co. (Ltd.) on the package.

Pure is one thing; wholesome, another. Pure arsenic is not wholesome. Pure ammonia, pure white clay, or pure alum cannot make a wholesome baking powder, even if it is called "absolutely pure."

Every housekeeper knows that pure cream of tartar, pure soda, pure flour, are wholesome. These three ingredients, and these three only, are used in Cleveland's Baking Powder. Cleveland's is pure and wholesome; it leavens most, and leavens best, but its special excellence is that it is perfectly wholesome.

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"I have been afflicted with biliousness, and constipation for fifteen years; first one and then another preparation was suggested and tried but to no purpose. At last a friend recommended August Flower. I took it according to directions and its effects were wonderful, relieving me of those disagreeable stomach pains which I had been troubled with so long. Words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold your August Flower—it has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Such a medicine is a benediction to humanity, and its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia or biliousness." — Jesse Barker, Printer, Humboldt, Kansas. G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.



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Coffee of the Finest Quality and Flavour can be made in a moment, by adding boiling water. No Cheap Substitute of peas, wheat or barley, but GENUINE MOCHA AND OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA.

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THE GREAT INVIGORATING TONIC

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BEWARE OF THE MANY IMITATIONS.

Ministers and Churches.

THE Rev. C. W. Gordon, of Banff, has been called to St. Augustine Presbyterian Church, Winnipeg.

LARGE audiences welcomed Rev. D. J. Macdonnell last Sabbath when he resumed his pulpit ministrations in St. Andrews, West.

THE Rev. J. S. Hardie, of Stanley Street Church, Ayr, has received a unanimous call to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, Holyoke, Mass.

THE Rev. Mr. McDiarmid has resigned his charge of Latona and Burns Church, and his resignation has been accepted to take effect Sept. 30.

THE Rev. R. Hamilton, Motherwell, purposes leaving for a couple of weeks' holidays. The Rev. A. A. Drummond has undertaken to supply the pulpit.

THE Rev. W. A. Duncan, M.A., B.D., of Sault Ste. Marie, who is visiting his old flock, preached in the Presbyterian church, Churchill, on Sunday morning.

THE Rev. Mr. McEachern has intimated his acceptance of the call from the congregation of the Presbyterian Church, Waterdown. His settlement will take place shortly.

THE church at Harrington is progressing rapidly toward the time when the congregation will be able to again occupy the edifice. It will be a very comfortable church when completed.

THE Rev. R. H. Abraham was called away two weeks ago to the death-bed of his mother in Toronto. She passed away on Friday week. The reverend gentleman has the sympathy of many friends in his bereavement.

THE Rev. Mr. Mitchell, formerly of Waterloo, who met with a bad accident some two weeks ago while supplying for the Rev. J. C. Tolmie at Brantford, is improving. He hopes to be able to reach his new field of labour during the present week.

KNOX Church Sabbath School, Acton, picnic in the Park on Tuesday afternoon was much enjoyed by the children of the school. The weather was fine and the teachers and officers did all they could to give those who participated a pleasant afternoon.

A NEW church, to be known as St. Andrews, was opened in the township of Wells, Algoma, on Sabbath, August 23, by the Rev. A. Findlay. The church is conveniently situated for a large number of settlers and will in time grow to be an important centre.

THE Rev. W. E. Wallace was inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation of Little Current, Algoma, on the 26th of August. The Rev. E. B. Rogers preached, and the Rev. J. Rennie of Spanish River addressed the minister and the congregation on their respective duties.

PRINCIPAL KING, of Manitoba College, on his return from a visit to Great Britain, preached suggestive, thoughtful and much appreciated discourses in St. James Square Church in the morning of Sabbath last, and in College Street Church in the evening. He left for the West on Monday.

PROFESSOR JONES, preceptor in Knox Church, Kincardine, dropped dead of heart disease in Paisley a few days ago. The Professor was a noted musician and had gone to Paisley to give music lessons. He had formerly been preceptor in the Presbyterian churches in Galt, Toronto, Seaford and other places.

THE Port Hope Guide says: In the absence of the pastor, Rev. B. C. Jones, the two Presbyterian congregations were again united, and the Rev. William MacWilliam preached in first church in the morning and in his own in the evening. The congregation was very large.

THE Rev. James M. Boyd, B.D., of Beauharnois, Quebec, who has just returned from a delightful trip to the old world, received a cordial greeting, a day or two after his arrival, from the Chateauguay part of his charge. The sincerity of the welcome was evidenced by the presentation of a purse of money to lighten the expenses of the voyage.

ON the afternoon of September 4, the ceremony of laying the corner-stone of St. Andrews Presbyterian Mission Church, on Brant Avenue, Brantford, was performed by Mr. J. K. Osborne. Rev. Dr. Cochran, Dr. Wm. Nichol and Mr. Robert Henry made addresses. The work is under the auspices of and supported by Zion Presbyterian Church.

THE Rev. John McNeill, of Regent Square Church, London, is announced to preach in the East Presbyterian Church in the morning, and in the Pavilion, Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, in the evening, of Sabbath next. Last Friday and Sabbath he conducted services in the Church at Campbellford, where his brother-in-law, the Rev. Marcus Scott, is pastor.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Guelph Mercury writes: The Rev. R. M. Craig preached a most excellent sermon to the volunteers of Ferguson company, who paraded to Melville Church Sunday morning week. It was full of patriotism, history, sacred and profane, information, religion pure and simple, and the best of advice. We trust it will have as good an effect as it deserves from the appreciation it received.

THE Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour met in the church at Woodville last week, and perfected their organization by selecting the following officers: Rev. A. McAuley, president; Mr. J. Rodgers, vice-president; Miss Clara Munro, recording secretary; Miss L. Gilchrist, corresponding secretary; Mr. H. Barnes, treasurer. Also committees for the various objects the Society has in view.

THE induction of the Rev. S. Rondeau, B.A., formerly of St. Marks Church, Ottawa, into the pastorate of St. Andrews Church, Sudbury, took place on Wednesday, August 26. Rev. A. Find-

lay presided, addressing the minister. Rev. J. Garrinch preached the sermon and Rev. J. S. Robertson addressed the congregation. Mr. Rondeau received a very cordial and hearty welcome from the congregation.

THE members of Knox Church choir, of Galt, were, at the close of the prayer meeting on Wednesday evening, each made the recipient of a present from the congregation. The lady members each received a beautiful Bagster Bible, together with a sum of money, and the gentlemen members a Bagster Bible. On the front of the Bible was printed the name of the recipient, and on the fly leaf was printed the fact of the presentation being made by the congregation in appreciation of services as a member of the church choir.

THE Presbyterians of Bluevale had the pleasure of listening to Rev. Mr. McVeaty, English Church clergyman, who for several weeks has been visiting friends in this neighbourhood and who kindly consented to assist the pastor, Rev. A. Y. Hartley, at the Sunday morning service. Mr. McVeaty took for his subject the Parable of the Sower, and dwelt particularly on the stony ground hearers, touching on the many difficulties likened to stones in the way of the hearers who heard and brought forth, but soon withered away. Pleasant in delivery, in beautiful, simple, touching language, he dealt with his subject, presenting precious truths to his hearers.

THE social and reception given by the Young People's Society of Central Church, Galt, to their pastor, Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, on his return from Ocean Grove, N. J., was an entire success. Refreshments were served on the manse grounds which were handsomely decorated for the occasion. The programme consisted largely of vocal and instrumental music, and the Society had reason to congratulate itself on the musical ability of its members. The large attendance at the social is evidence of the esteem and respect entertained for Rev. Mr. Dickson by the young people of his Church, and of the sympathy and kindly feeling existing between them.

A LARGE and enthusiastic audience assembled in the lecture room of the West Presbyterian Church on Friday evening to welcome back the Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Turnbull from their summer holiday. The chairman of the Board of Managers, Mr. James Watt, presided. An excellent programme of vocal and instrumental music was effectively rendered. Those taking part were: Misses McGregor, Brimson, Isywater, Howard, Adair, and the Fisher sisters; Messrs. Sims Richards, Gilchrist, and the Proctor brothers. Congratulatory addresses were delivered by the Rev. Alexander McGillivray, ex-Ald. Carlyle, Mr. David Millar, and Mr. R. S. Gourlay. The Rev. Mr. Turnbull feelingly responded. Refreshments were served by the members of the Ladies' Aid Society, under whose auspices the reception was given.

THE Rev. Dr. Burns, Fort Massey Church, Halifax, N.S., on Sunday week, in concluding his sermon, referred to the disgrace that has been brought upon our good name as a people by the corruption that has been exposed at Ottawa, showing how true was the scriptural phrase, "You cannot serve God and mammon," and how, in this instance, it seemed as if those in high places preferred serving the latter. He also spoke about how necessary it was that every public official should be led to see that, after all, "Honesty is the best policy," and that "corruption, like murder, will out." The service closed with that appropriate hymn in the Presbyterian Hymnal: "Remember, O Lord, what is come upon us; consider and behold our reproach."

THE Pembroke Observer says: The Rev. Mr. Mousseau, a French Protestant clergyman, pastor of a French Protestant congregation somewhere near Buckingham, Que., was in town this week. He is also pastor of an English-speaking congregation in the same neighbourhood (mostly Scotch). For years they were without the ministrations of the Gospel, and are in poor circumstances, living back in the mountains. Mr. Mousseau has been travelling through the towns in this section collecting money to be applied towards a new church he is erecting for them. The congregation of Calvin Church here contributed quite liberally. Mr. Mousseau was a fellow-student of the Rev. G. D. Bayne. When at home he preaches in the morning in French to his French congregation, after which he travels to the English settlement and preaches in English.

SUNDAY and Monday week were days of peculiar interest to the members and friends of Knox Church and Sunday School, Acton, and the services of the two days were of a highly interesting character. Rev. W. J. Clark, of the First Presbyterian Church, London, preached excellent sermons on Sunday morning and evening to very large congregations, and in the afternoon addressed the children of the Sabbath school, captivating their attention and holding it throughout. On Monday evening a commemorative tea-meeting was held and again the church was well filled. Tea was served in the new class-rooms, after which the evening's programme was proceeded with. Rev. Messrs. Edge and Rae made short addresses but the speech of the evening was delivered by Rev. Mr. Clark on "The Aims and Benefits of the Society of Christian Endeavour." The choir discoursed suitable music. The proceeds were in the neighbourhood of \$40.

THE annual Tract Society meeting of the Erin branch was held in the Methodist church, Erin, on Monday evening week. The attendance was fair and the meeting interesting throughout. After devotional exercises Rev. R. Fowle, president of the Society, introduced the speaker, Rev. Dr. Moffat. The reverend gentleman's address was earnest and practical, while his simple language held the interest of his hearers throughout. The colporteurs' work in Muskoka, Eastern and Western Ontario and Manitoba was minutely described; the undenominational work in the endeavour to reach all classes with the Gospel has been greatly blessed; and sensible, attractive and intelligent books, tracts, etc., distributed in all parts of the Province. The work certainly deserves the heart's

confidence of all the people of Canada. The following officers were then elected: Rev. R. Fowle, president; Local Clergy, vice-presidents; Mr. Peter McGill, sec.-treasurer; Messrs. John Collier, William Sutton, Richard Hamilton, James Long, Peter McGill, Committee.

THE Rev. D. M. Ramsay was recently inducted pastor of the Mount Forest Presbyterian Church under most auspicious and favourable circumstances. The regular induction service in the afternoon was well attended and very interesting and impressive. Rev. Mr. Mackellar, of Bell's Corners, preached, after which Mr. Cameron, of Harriston, conducted the induction service. Rev. Mr. Young, of Clifford, followed with an address to the newly-inducted minister, after which the Rev. Mr. Cameron addressed the people. In the evening a tea meeting was held which served as a public reception to the new pastor. Interesting after-supper addresses, of a congratulatory nature generally, were delivered in the auditorium of the church by the following reverend gentlemen: S. Young, of Clifford; Dr. Williams, Methodist; Walker, Baptist; Bevan, Anglican; and MacMillan, all of Mount Forest; Mackellar, of Bell's Corners; Cameron, of Harriston; Morrison, of Cedarville; Thom, of Arthur; Craig, of Feigus, and the pastor.

THE London Advertiser says: Sunday was the first anniversary of the pastorate of the Rev. M. P. Talling at St. James Presbyterian Church. The ladies had assiduously devoted their attention to the decoration of the interior of the edifice to mark the special services held on the occasion. Very pleasing and pretty were the results. The platform was buried under a magnificent collection of floral beauties while the gallery fronts were draped with evergreens. The lecture-room was also handsomely ornamented. On the following Monday evening the congregation had a social time. Refreshments were plentifully served in the new Sunday school-room and a grand programme of music and speeches given in the church. Rev. Mr. Talling outlined the progress made by the Church since his induction. He told of his first sermon, his first prayer meeting, his first baptism and his first wedding and then his first anniversary. During the year \$900 had been paid on the church debt, on which only \$400 now remained; additional room had been provided for the Sabbath school, the church had been carpeted, painted and kalsomined, and the appearance of the grounds improved. A Christian Endeavour Society had been formed. The Church membership had been increased ninety.

THE Presbytery of Hamilton met recently in the Church at Oneida to induct the Rev. Mr. Turnbull to the pastoral charge of that congregation. The Rev. Mr. Robertson acted as Moderator. The church was crowded, many having come long distances to the interesting ceremony. After the formal business connected with the call was transacted, Mr. McKnight delivered an eloquent discourse on Isaiah xxviii 16, which was appreciated by all present. The Moderator having related the various steps taken in the call of Mr. Turnbull, and put to him the usual questions which were satisfactorily answered, engaged in prayer, after which he gave him the right hand of fellowship and in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Great Head of the Church, inducted him as minister of the congregation. The other members of the Presbytery also gave him the right hand of fellowship. The Moderator then called on Rev. Mr. Johnston, Cayuga, to deliver the charge. He was followed by Rev. Mr. Conning, of Caledonia, who delivered a most appropriate address to the people, pointing out the various ways in which they could help and encourage their minister. The Moderator having pronounced the benediction, the people, as they left the church, were afforded an opportunity of shaking hands with their pastor. An excellent

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lunch was served by the ladies on the lawn, and in the evening a tea-meeting was held to welcome Mr. Turnbull, when the church was again crowded. Mr. George Fleming presided. An excellent programme of songs and recitations was gone through and suitable addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Caswell and others. Mr. Turnbull's address made a good impression. We heartily wish Mr. Turnbull God speed.

The Presbyterian congregation at Oliver's Ferry held their annual Lawn Social at Rideau Centre on the grounds opposite the Coutts House on Friday evening week. The grounds were decorated with evergreens for the occasion, which, when lit up with lamps and lanterns, presented a grove-like appearance. Mrs. Smith had her home brilliantly decorated with Chinese lanterns, which gave a festive appearance to the scene. Tables were set up upon the lawn at which the ladies were kept busy for over two long hours attending to the wants of the three hundred and fifty guests who sat down for tea. Shortly after eight o'clock the yacht *Geradine* arrived from Perth, having on board the Citizens' Band. They were received with much enthusiasm by the large crowd that assembled to welcome them at the dock. After tea was over they played a number of selections to the delight of all who were present, after which the Rev. James Potter, of Merrickville, gave a timely address on Church work, and highly commended the spirit in which the young men did their work during the evening. He concluded his address by singing a solo, "That Old Old Story is True." Mrs. Campbell also sang a solo entitled "The Last Hymn." Miss Munsie presided at the organ during the evening. The entertainment was brought to a close by the band playing "God Save the Queen."

On Sunday week, the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell preached to a very full congregation in St. Gabriel Church, Montreal. He took his text from St. John xv. 5: "I am the vine, ye are the branches; he that abideth in Me and I in him the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing." Mr. Macdonnell dealt with the duty of Christian people. He held in full view the uses of the vine. It was largely for the benefit of others. Its rich, luscious fruit was borne to make man glad rather than to propagate its own species. The speaker laid down as the duty of Christians not so much to live for themselves simply but for others. It was not Christian duty only to live so that when their lives were ended they should reach an asylum where all would be without sin and with glorious surroundings. That of itself was good, but it was not the duty of the Christian as shown to us by the Lord Jesus Christ. The duty of every man and woman was to live their lives not only for themselves and those near to them, but also for others; and to follow as closely as possible the lesson of self-denial of the Great Master Himself. It was not enough to look back at the martyrs of old, or at the Livingstones, Haningtons, and others of this day who were heroes for the Master. People must look at their own doors—at themselves, examine their own deeds and see if in the doing thereof they were following the instructions laid down for them. The speaker's style was forcible and at times fervent. He closed with a strong invitation to his hearers to put the words of his text into practice as individuals. While in town, Mr. and Mrs. Macdonnell were the guests of the Rev. Dr. Campbell, of St. Gabriel Church.

The Montreal *Witness* says: The Maisonneuve Presbyterian Church is the name of the first Protestant Church erected in the town of Maisonneuve. The work of construction has just been completed and the formal opening will take place as soon as Dr. Warden, of the Presbyterian College, returns from Europe. The history of the congregation is interesting, and most inspiring to those labouring in similar fields. Four years ago the members of Eskine Church, Montreal, established a mission in that district in charge of Mr. Rochester, then a divinity student at the Presbyterian College here, but now an established minister in the Canadian North-West. The mission developed rapidly, and within a year the attendance increased from about half-a-dozen to twenty. The meetings were then held in a private house on Noire Dame Street. As the congregation grew, larger quarters had to be secured, and a tenement was rented near by from a Mr. Charron, when the meetings continued to increase. About this time Mr. Rochester was succeeded by Mr. E. A. Mackenzie (also of the Presbyterian College), who still continues to minister to the congregation. In July, 1890, an agitation began for the erection of larger quarters, and a subscription list was placed in the hands of Messrs. Warden King, treasurer, S. W. Ward, R. Gilbert, W. D. Bennett and J. Allan, jr. So successful were they that four months later a beautiful spot at the corner of Adam Street and Letourneau Avenue was purchased, and the work of laying the foundation of what was to be the first Protestant Church in the district was begun and finished before the snow fell. In spring the work of constructing the superstructure was begun, and on Saturday week was completed. It was agreed that no debt should be attached to the church when ready for formal opening, and such will be the case. The structure is a frame building, brick encased, is fifty feet long by thirty-six feet in width, and will comfortably seat 300. It is very attractive in appearance, and reflects credit on those who have been instrumental in securing its construction, chief among whom are Messrs. King, Rogers and Yelle, who have been tireless in their efforts to advance the mission's interests. The rear end of the building is at present used as a Protestant school. This is divided from the main part by folding doors, which can be removed when necessary to increase the seating capacity.

The *Globe* says: There are few clergymen in Ontario who are so loved and esteemed by their congregations as Rev. D. J. Macdonnell of St. Andrews. His genial disposition, yet his devoted and consecrated life, his liberality of thought, his knowledge of and interest in his people, young and old, all combine to bring about that harmony of action

that characterizes the work of his Church. Rev. Mr. Macdonnell has returned from a six-months' holiday, and a special service of praise was held last Friday night to mark the event and the pleasure of the congregation at his safe return. In many churches the welcoming back would have been an occasion for much platform speaking and general conviviality, but at St. Andrews, West, it was made a time of solemn and impressive worship. There was a congregation of fully 1,200 assembled in the body and gallery of the church, and many from other Churches attended to show their interest in the reception. The choir, under Mr. Fisher, led the singing and sang the anthem, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O arm of the Lord." After reading a passage of Scripture and the singing of hymns, Rev. Mr. Macdonnell said: I wish to thank you, my loving people, for your exceeding kindness to me. The words are not uttered merely as a form, but they are the expression of what is in a full heart. I am almost ashamed to have taken so long a holiday. I was reconciled to it because it was at your bidding and with the conviction that my usefulness to you might be greater in the long run than if I came back sooner. I must confess, however, that I often got impatient at my long-enforced idleness. I was glad to hear from time to time of the success of Rev. Mr. Goldsmith's ministrations, and I wish to express my appreciation of his ministrations both in the pulpit and in the sick-chamber. He then proceeded to give an account of his holiday. He left Toronto on the 12th of March and spent the first month on the ocean and in receiving medical treatment in London. On the 11th of April he left Liverpool on the *Empress of Japan*, which was starting out to make its trip round the world. He went as far as Colombo—about as far away from Toronto as he could well get—and then returned, after visiting several points of interest, to London, arriving there on June 9. He spent two months on this sea voyage and made the acquaintance of the Mediterranean, Red Sea, and Indian Ocean. The remainder of the time he spent in England and Scotland, making an extensive stay in the Orkney Islands. He returned to this side on the new Dominion Line steamship *Labrador*. And now, he said, after all these interesting and novel sights, after the Nile and the Pyramids, tropical vegetation and the Highlands of Scotland; after the invigorating air and glorious twilights of Orkney, it was a great joy to me to be home again under the bright Canadian sky and to be putting on the harness for renewed and I trust better work. This, indeed, is the greatest pleasure. Do you know, he continued in his serious way, I feel to-night as though I ought to be inducted over again. This seems more like a new beginning of labour in this church than anything I have experienced since I became your minister. I have felt almost as if it would be better for some father in the ministry to address me to-night instead of me addressing you—telling of the great joy, as well as of the great responsibility, of labouring among a loving and willing people. I must, however, speak for myself and ask you to join in seeking the Divine blessing upon your minister. He concluded his brief address by calling to mind the words of the ordination hymn:—

Lord, pour Thy spirit from on high,
And Thine ordained servants bless.
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteous-ness.

When the benediction had been pronounced the congregation were invited to remain and meet the pastor. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonnell took up their places in the manager's room, and during the next half-hour shook hands with probably 900 persons. Refreshments were served in the lecture room. A very pleasing incident was the presentation by the members of Session of an easy chair to Rev. Mr. Goldsmith, who very acceptably ministered to the spiritual needs of the people during the past six months. The presentation was made by Dr. McCurdy, and Rev. Mr. Goldsmith made a suitable reply.

PRESBYTERY OF WINNIPEG.—A meeting of this Presbytery was held in Knox Church, Winnipeg, recently, Rev. John Hogg in the chair. Mr. Baird reported that he had moderated in a call from the congregation of Morris, which had resulted in favour of Mr. Hope F. Ross. The call was signed by forty-four members and forty-two adherents, and was the unanimous and hearty expression of the wish of the congregation. Messrs. John Brown, of Morris, and J. G. Brown, of St. Jean Baptiste, who had been appointed as commissioners from the congregation, wrote regretting their absence and expressing the desire of the congregation that the call should be accepted. On motion of Rev. Joseph Hogg, seconded by Rev. Dr. Duval, the call was sustained and placed in Mr. Ross' hands. It was accepted by him, and the induction was fixed for September 15, at three p.m. Rev. James Lawrence to read the verdict, Rev. John Hogg, Moderator of the Presbytery to preside, Rev. Mr. Beattie, to preach, Rev. Dr. Bryce to address the people and Rev. James Douglas the congregation. Rev. James Lawrence reported that he had moderated in a call at Dominion City in favour of the Rev. Walter Beattie. The call was signed by seventy-three members and sixty-two adherents. Messrs. Jos. Baskerville and John Hunter appeared as commissioners from the congregation and represented it as the hearty and unanimous wish of the congregation that Mr. Beattie should be settled among them as their pastor. The call was sustained, and, being placed in Mr. Beattie's hands, was accepted by him. It was agreed that the induction should take place on the 7th of September, at half-past ten, a.m., Rev. Mr. Lawrence to preside and address the minister, Rev. John Hogg to preach, and the Rev. Dr. Duval to address the people. Professor Hart in a few words expressed the gratification of the Presbytery that these two congregations which had been under the care of the Presbytery since their formation as mission stations had now reached such a satisfactory condition, and were on the point of acquiring as pastors young ministers so full of promise. The Home Mission Committee met immediately after

"In the Wash"

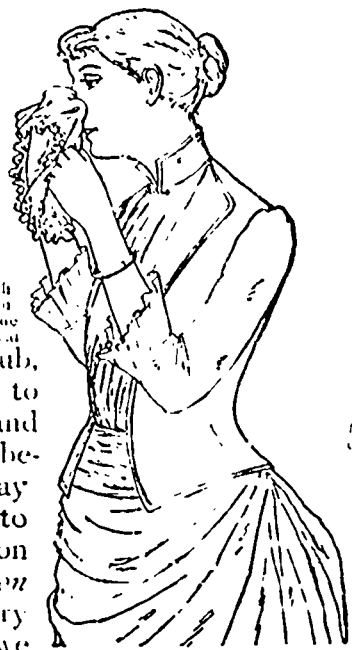
That's where your delicate handkerchiefs come to be "more hole-y than righteous"—certainly not in the show-like service required of them—more or less true of all things washed.

Give two equally delicate handkerchiefs equal service for one year.

Wash one with soap—usual way—the other with Pearlone without soap, as directed on each package—wash the one you value most with Pearlone—it will be far the best at the end of the year.

The old-fashioned way of rub, rub, rub, is slow work, poor work, slow death to women—quick death to fine things, and renders coarse things useless long before their time. Pearlone does away with all this. Costs but five cents to try it; directions for easy washing on every package; easy for you, easy on things washed. We can't make you try Pearlone—you would thank us if we could. Millions are grateful for its help. Envious soap makers try to imitate it borrowed brains are cheap and so are their productions.

Send it back



Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is a good one" or "the same as Pearlone." IT'S FALSE!—Pearlone is never joggled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearlone, send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.

the meeting of the Presbytery. Mr. W. B. Findlay was, at his own request, released from the charge of Whitemouth, and it was arranged that fortnightly supply should be given from Winnipeg. Rev. Dr. Robertson, Superintendent of Missions, was asked to pay a visit to Gretna for the purpose of conferring with the people there in regard to the interests of the congregation. It was agreed that Rev. Mr. Beattie should preach his farewell sermon in Gretna the next Sabbath, and that he should be transferred thereafter to Dominion City. Arrangements were made for the conducting of communion services at the Home Missions within the bounds of the Presbytery as follows: Clearsprings, Rev. A. McFarlane; Little Britain, Rev. Joseph Hogg; Fort Frances, Rev. C. D. McDonald; Meadow Lea, Rev. A. B. Baird; Silver Mountain, Rev. John Pringle; Ignace, Rev. J. L. Simpson; Whitemouth, Rev. H. F. Ross; Stony Mountain, Rev. W. J. Hall; Union Point, Rev. John Hogg; Ludville and Clarkleigh, Rev. Dr. Bryce; Suthwyn, Rev. David Anderson; Clendoye, Rev. J. A. F. Sutherland; Beausejour, Rev. A. B. Baird and Rev. Professor Hart; Shoal Lake, Rev. Dr. King; Stuartburn, Rev. W. Beattie; Norman, Rev. R. Naurn; Casselman's, Rev. Professor Hart; Balmoral, Rev. W. J. Hall.

OBITUARY.

MR. ROBERT THOMSON.

With deep regret we record the death of Mr. Robert Thomson of Port Stanley, which sad event occurred at the family residence Thursday evening, August 13, 1891. The deceased gentleman was a native of Dumfries, Scotland, and was universally esteemed and respected by the entire community whose sincere sympathy is accorded his widow and family in this hour of their affliction. The funeral service, held at his late residence on Sunday afternoon at half past three o'clock, was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Black of Toronto, after which the remains were interred in Union Cemetery. Besides his widow, deceased leaves one son, Capt. J. C. Thomson of Chicago, Ill., and six daughters, the latter being, Mrs. William Simson, London, Ont., Mrs. W. D. Magee, Toronto, Mrs. G. G. McRobbie, Shelburne, Mrs. Dr. Newton, Ridge town, and two daughters at home.

REV. RICHARD GAVIN,

aged seventy years, entered into his eternal rest a short time ago. Death took place at deceased's residence on Albert Street, Ottawa. Deceased was born at Strichen, Aberdeen, Scotland, in 1821, and received his education for the ministry and his ordination to the Free Church of Scotland in that country, being appointed minister of the parish of Strichen, Aberdeenshire.

He came to Canada thirty-four years ago and very soon after entered upon the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society in the district, occupying the dual position of travelling agent and secretary. This position he held until his resignation in May last. On June 27, the Bible society recognized his arduous services by presenting him with a valuable Bible. The sickness which compelled his resignation of active work in May last continued to increase until death peacefully ended his sufferings.

The deceased's removal will be greatly felt and his loss sincerely mourned. His charity was great, and being joined to a retiring disposition it is probable that many of his acts of generosity will never be known upon earth. Deserving young men frequently sought his counsel and help and never failed to receive it. His hand was ever ready to assist Christian enterprises, and to the Y. M. C. A. he was always a true and warm friend. He was one of the founders of the Gospel Mission Union.

CHOIR singers have great difficulty in finding new and suitable anthems of a practical character. Books are expensive, and the few really good things in them are soon sung to death. *The Musi-*

cal Visitor, a monthly magazine, which, after a thorough investigation of its merits, we can heartily endorse, furnishes each month sixteen pages of short anthems and voluntaries of an entirely practical character, which can be well prepared in one or two thorough rehearsals. The anthems are new and by experienced church music composers. Besides the music pages, there is much helpful and interesting reading on current musical topics. Published by The John Church Co., Cincinnati.

LADIES AT THE EXHIBITION.

Every lady, married or single, who goes to the Exhibition Grounds, should at once see there the display of Health Brand undervests, including all the new styles for the coming season, and also get from the attendants in charge samples of the wool they are made from, which will be given away. This is the best proof the manufacturers can offer to the public of the absolute purity and fineness of their goods. The fit and make are acknowledged to be perfect; it would be well to remember that the manufacturers possess over one hundred autograph testimonials from the leading doctors of every town in Canada. Every first class dry goods store keeps these goods now, but see the word "Health" is plainly stamped in each vest, or it will not be genuine. Don't forget this, as there are lots of imitations of every good article, but they dare not imitate our registered trade mark, and this is your protection.



The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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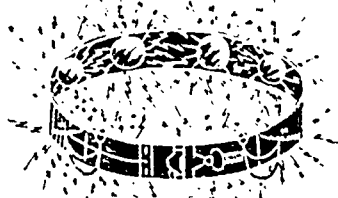
Have proved for fifty years. By using it heartily for a few months will remodel anyone.

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And worn mothers and wives—how many such there are! Not worn with age—few of them have reached middle life—but with exhausting work and worry. For the majority, it is impossible to escape these hard conditions; but the means of successfully facing them are within the reach of every one. To sharpen the appetite, aid digestion, enrich and purify the blood, build up the system, and make the weak strong, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of all medicines. Mary Henrickon, Park street, Ware, Mass., testifies: "For over twelve months I was afflicted with general debility, headache, and loss of appetite, followed by chills. I was scarcely able to drag myself about the house, and no medicine helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Since taking this remedy I have entirely recovered my health and strength."

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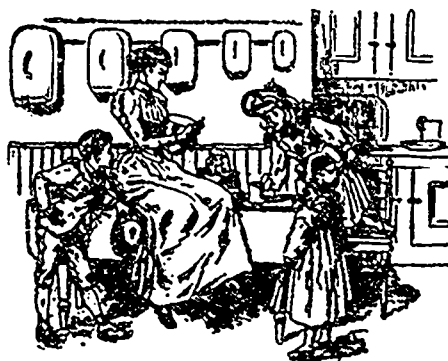
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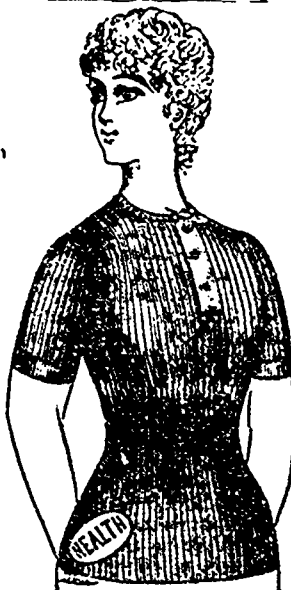
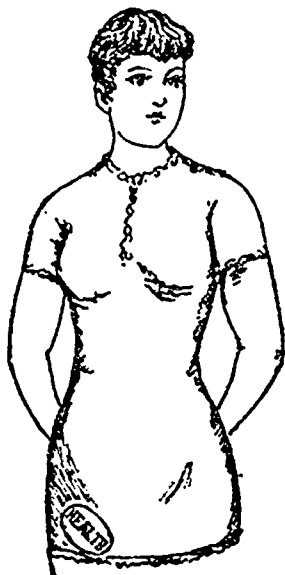
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HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

MASHED POTATOES WITH EGGS—Before removing mashed potatoes from the stove beat the white of an egg with a pinch of salt until very light. After the potatoes are taken up in the dish smooth them over, and spread the beaten egg on them, just as you would frosting on a cake, and hold a very hot inverted stove-lid over them for a few seconds, or until the egg turns just the least bit yellow

CLEANING DECANTERS.—To clean glass bottles and decanters, break up a few egg shells (that have not been cooked) into the article to be cleaned and put in a little cold water. If greasy, take warmish water with a little sal-soda. Shake well and rinse out with plenty of clear, cold water. Let them drain thoroughly. This is the method used in the south of France. To take out stains, put into them spent tea leaves and shake them up and down rinsing thoroughly.

WHITE MOUNTAIN ROLLS.—Four cups of flour, one cup of milk, one-quarter cup of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-third cake of compressed yeast, half-teaspoonful of salt, white of one egg beaten stiff. Have the milk warm. Add the butter melted, warm but not hot, salt, sugar, yeast and the flour. Mix well, then the white of the egg, the last thoroughly mixed in with the hand. Let them rise over night. In the morning roll into shape, cut and fold over or make into any other form. Bake in a quick oven after they have stood one hour.

COCOANUT CAKE. Half a pound of grated cocoonut, three-quarters of a pound of crushed lump-sugar, six ounces of butter, the beaten whites of five eggs, two tablespoonfuls of rose-water or a flavouring of vanilla, a little grated nutmeg (this may be omitted when the flavour is not liked). Cream the butter and sugar, beat until very light, add the rose-water, then the cocoonut, beating it in as lightly as possible; finally, whip in the whites of the eggs lightly. Bake at once in a buttered dish; or, if preferred, in little shells. Sprinkle powdered sugar over the cake when cold.

GERMAN PUFF.—One pint of milk, four eggs, one quart of flour, three tablespoonfuls of butter; beat the yolks and whites separately; warm the milk, add to it the butter. When the milk is cool stir in the beaten yolks. Stir this slowly into the flour, which should be sifted and put in a pan or mixing bowl; add salt to taste; then stir lightly the whites, beaten stiff, into the mixture. Butter a bread-tin, fill half full, and bake in a quick oven. When it is done, turn it out and send to the table hot. This is to be eaten with some kind of sauce.

IMITATION LEMON CREAM.—This will be found useful when cream is not to be had. Put the thin peel of two lemons into half a pint of boiling water, and when it has stood a little dissolve half a pound of loaf sugar in it. When nearly cold add three eggs, the yolks and whites well beaten together, and the juice of the lemons. Strain this into a stew-pan and stir until well thickened. After taking from the fire stir occasionally until cold, then mix into it a quarter of an ounce of gelatine, soaked and dissolved in half a gill of water also nearly cold.

Dr. Price's Cream Baking Powder

Used in Millions of Homes—40 Years the Standard.

FARMER'S CAKE.—Two eggs, one cupful of sugar, one cupful of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda, two cupfuls of flour; flavour with the grated rind of one lemon.

DELICIOUS SPONGE CAKE.—Beat the yolks and whites of two eggs separately, and mix nearly all of one cup of sugar with the whites, the rest with the yolks. Add one cup of flour, one generous teaspoonful of baking powder and one-quarter teaspoonful of salt. After mixing all these well together add one-half cup of boiling water.

FRIED TOMATOES.—Cut large tomatoes into rather thick slices, drain them well on a hair sieve, then season with pepper and salt and dip in cracker dust and fry carefully in hot fat—butter and bacon fat mixed is best. Arrange the tomatoes when done on squares of buttered toast. This is a nice dish for breakfast.

BOUILLON SOUP.—One and a half pounds of beef, one pound of bone, two and a half quarts of water, two carrots, two onions, two cloves, three leeks, one-half head of celery, one turnip, a little piece of parsnip. Salt to taste just before it is strained. It must be served clear.

DAMAGING EVIDENCE

AGAINST THE "RIPPER."



The "ripper" which troubles many a woman is Poor Soap. It rots away their clothes and injures their hands; yet some people will buy it because it appears to be cheap. False economy! Poor Soap is dear at any price. In "SUNLIGHT" Soap you have an article that cannot injure either clothes or skin, no matter how fine or delicate. Try it. Beware of Imitations.

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experiments are attracting considerable attention at the present time, but

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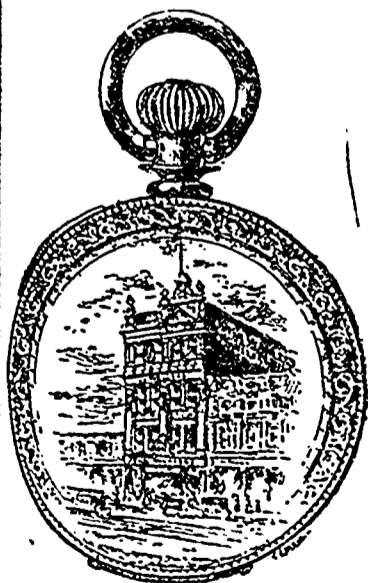
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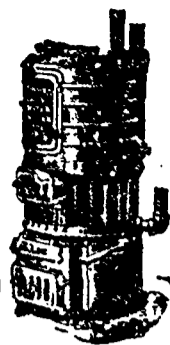
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They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless.

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Has the least number of Joints,

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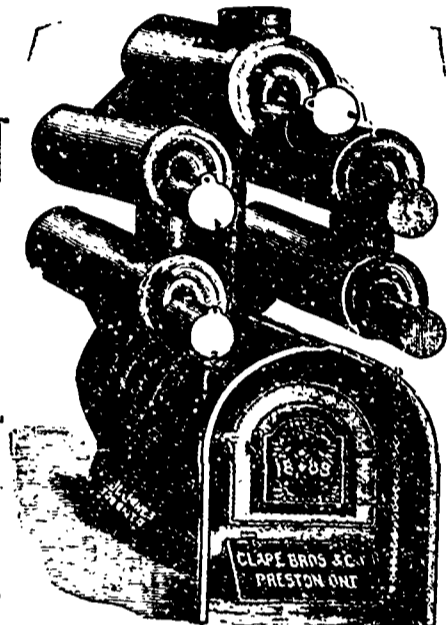
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Superior Hot Air Furnaces

Are now in use throughout the Dominion in dwelling houses, stores, schools, public halls and churches, and are proved to be The Cleanest, Healthiest and most Economical Furnaces ever introduced. We have hundreds of Testimonials. Note the following:—

SMITHS FALLS, 31d June, 1890.

We are highly pleased with the No. 36 Superior Furnace which you placed in our St. Andrews Church last season, and which heated our Church and Sunday School Room adjoining, containing in all 70,000 cubic feet, to our entire satisfaction. All other furnace manufacturers claimed that two furnaces would be necessary. Your furnace is easily managed, freed from dust and gas. The system of ventilation in connection with the heating has proved highly satisfactory. We have effected a great saving of fuel and labour, and are well pleased in every way.

CHAS. H. COOKE, Pastor St. Andrews Church. JOHN MCGILLIVRAY, Chairman Building Com.

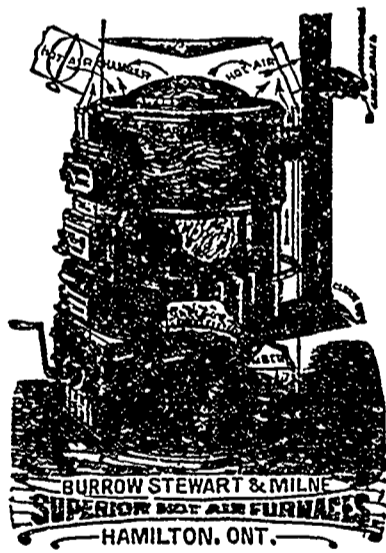
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GENTLEMEN—We take much pleasure in expressing our entire satisfaction with your Superior Jewel Furnace, having used it during the past winter in heating Chalmers Church in this town. Our Church contains 60,200 cubic feet, with eight large windows and four entrances at each end of the room. All parts of this large room have been most comfortably heated with a very moderate amount of coal. Respectfully yours,

W. H. WALLACE, Sec. Board of Trustees Chalmers Church.

Estimates given, and Catalogue with Testimonials, on application to



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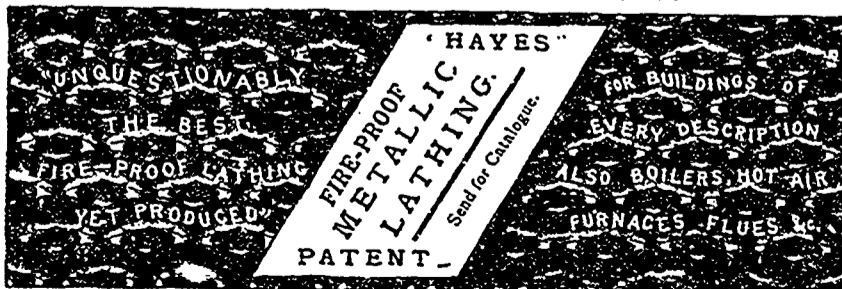
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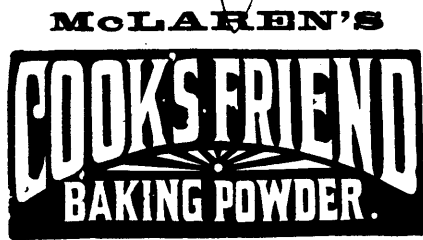
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Miscellaneous.



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CARDS FREE SEND YOUR ADDRESS ON POSTAL FOR SAMPLES OF NEW CARDS & SOUVENIRS FOR MEN, FIRST IN AMERICA. WE PAY DUTY. CARD WORKS, GLOUCESTER, ENGL.

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FALL SEASON'S TRADE

WE OFFER OUR PATRONS FOR

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A WATCH

That has never been manufactured for the money. We have purchased a limited quantity at Slaughter Prices, and until sold will give buyers the full benefit of our bargain.

FOR FIVE DOLLARS.



GENTS' SIZE SOLID COIN SILVER

Open Face, Stem Wind and Set Watch, an accurate time-keeper, strong and durable, handsomely engraved in an assortment of designs.

Mailed post-paid to any address in Canada on receipt of \$5.

We recommend this Watch as a First-Class Article, and the Best Value ever offered.

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When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the cures of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESSES & the like, I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now seeking a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give EXPRESS and POST-OFFICE. G. ROOT, N. O. 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

Miscellaneous.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, 25 CENTS.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride, Aldersyde, Cannington, on the 1st September, by the Rev. Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford, Charles Edgar Weeks, Esq., barrister, Cannington, to Clara A. M., third daughter of Richard Edwards, Esq.

DIED.

At Port Stanley, on the evening of August 13, 1891, Robert Thomson, Esq., a native of Dumfries, Scotland, in the 87th year of his age. "I am the resurrection and the life."

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

BROCKVILLE.—At Merrickville, September 14, at 5 p.m. BRUCE.—At Walkerton, Sept. 15, at 2 p.m. GURLEH.—In Chalmers Church, Guelph, on Tuesday, 15th September, at 10.30 a.m. HAMILTON.—In St. Pauls Church, Hamilton, Tuesday, September 15, at 9.30 a.m. KINGSTON.—In St. Andrews Church, Kingston, on 3rd Tuesday in September, at 3 p.m. OWEN SOUND.—In Division Street Hall, Owen Sound, September 30, at 10 a.m. SARNIA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Strathroy, third Tuesday in September, at 2 p.m.

AMERICAN FAIR.

334 Yonge St., Toronto. Telephone 2033.

Now an importer of dolls in distress comes to us for relief, and we have undertaken to close out for him some 5000 dolls which have been sold from 60c per dozen up to \$14 per dozen. We have marked the retail prices for this sale 30c each up to 89c, and you ought to have trouble with your children if every child of them under 20 does not have a doll.

We have left about 1000 of the 3000 albums we undertook to close out. Many of them are in the hands of other dealers, and though a loss on them, the money they brought has been helpful to one in need. We advise our customers to come in now at the close.

Besides these special sales we are making a push all along the lines of our great stock, wagons, carts, lunch baskets, etc., all greatly reduced, for we must get them out of the way of fall and winter goods. Lunch baskets 9c, cheap at 20c. Lanterns 39c, worth 75c. Nonsuch stove polish 9c. Acme shoe polish 19c. Mrs. Potts' irons 84c per full set. Other irons 24c per lb. Shelf paper 3c per dozen yards in all colours.

Our sale of books averages 100 per day. Paper covers 3 for 25c; well bound 19c, and best cloth bound 25c; nearly all the poets and great authors. School books and school supplies 20 per cent. to 50 per cent. discount from usual prices. Store open evenings. Come! It will pay you as well as us.

W. H. BENTLEY.

ISLAND PARK.

The old Favorite Steamers.

GERTRUDE AND KATHLEEN, WILL START TO-DAY.

And continue for the season, to run from Brock street to the Island Park. The Island Park Ferry Company's Boats will also run from Church street wharf to Island Park. A. J. TYMON, Manager. MAY 28, 1891.

VICTORIA PARK AND STEAMBOAT COMPANY

Are receiving applications for excursions to this most delightful resort, with its new planked bicycle and tricycle race circle, donkey race course, and many new attractions and amusements for young and old. Early application recommended to secure dates.

Office, 38 King Street east. P.S.—We have already booked the following Presbyterian Sabbath Schools:—Knox, St. Mark's, St. Enoch's and South Side.

TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, endorsed "Tenders for Works," will be received until noon on

Wednesday, the 16th Instant,

for the following works:—Farm House and Lodge at the Mimico Asylum; Cottage, Fencing and Water Tank at Hamilton Asylum; Sewage Works at Belleville Institute; Hall, Laboratory and Greenhouses at Agricultural College, Guelph; and Registry Office at Rat Portage.

Plans and specifications may be seen at the Hamilton Asylum, Belleville Institute, Agricultural College, the Sheriff's Office at Rat Portage and at this Department, where forms of tender can also be procured. The tenders for the works at the several Institutions to be accompanied by an accepted cheque for five hundred dollars each, the cheques to be payable to the order of the Commissioner of Public Works, Ontario, on condition of being forfeited if the party tendering declines or fails to enter into a contract based upon his tender when called upon to do so. Where the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The bona fide signatures of two sureties for the performance of the contract to be attached to each tender. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any tender.

C. F. FRASER, Commissioner.

Department of Public Works, Ontario, Toronto, September 4th, 1891.

Miscellaneous.

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CHICORA AND CIBOLA

In connection with Vanderbilt system of Railways, leave Toronto four times daily (except Sunday) for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with express trains on New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Philadelphia, Cleveland, and all points east and west.

Leave Yonge Street Wharf at 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 4.45 p.m.

TICKETS at all principal offices.

JOHN FRY, Manager.

KILGOUR BROTHERS,

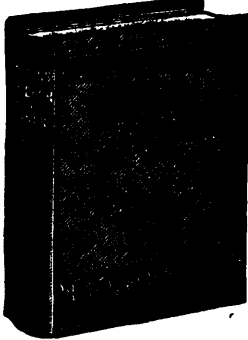
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FRENCH, GERMAN, SPANISH.

NATIVE TEACHERS.

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I hereby give notice that on and after this date [July 16th] my School will be open for business tuition during the following hours:—

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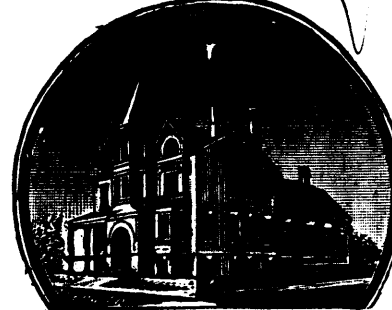
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Special advantages are given in Music, Art, French, German and Elocution.

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The School will re-open on 9th September. Miss Lay will be at home after 21st August. Letters to the above address will be forwarded to her.

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Musical Education in all its Branches.

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Miscellaneous.

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