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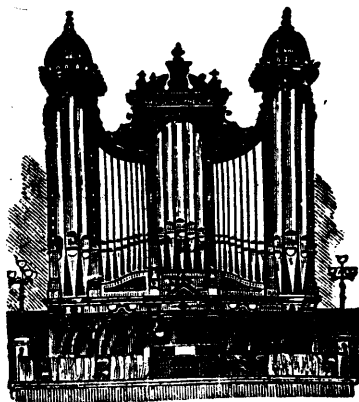
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Words of the Wise.

PRACTISE in life whatever you pray for, and God will give it you more abundantly.—*Dr. Pusey.*

A **CONTEMPLATIVE** life has more the appearance of a life of piety than any other; but it is the divine plan to bring faith into activity and exercise.—*Cecil.*

Do little things as if they were great, because of the majesty of the Lord Jesus Christ, who dwells in thee; and do great things as if they were little and easy, because of His omnipotence.—*Pascal.*

THE saddest, the most pathetic utterances, are the utterances of men who with the furthest and subtlest reach of thought grasp only negatives. A man can no more live on negatives than he can live on stones; a negative creed is the creed of death.—*Prof. Borden P. Bowne.*

WE cannot hasten Christ's coming. "Of the day and the hour knoweth none." But the kingdom of God is as a grain of mustard seed—we can sow of it; it is as a foam globe of leaven—we can mingle it; and its glory and its joy are that even the birds of the air can lodge in the branches thereof.—*John Ruskin.*

HAVE you ever observed how entirely devoid is the Lord's prayer of any material which can tempt subtle self-inspection in the act of devotion? It is full of an outflow of thought and of emotion towards great objects of desire, great necessities and great perils. "After this manner, therefore, pray ye."—*Prof. Austin Phelps.*

THE earnest men are so few in the world that their very earnestness becomes at once the badge of their nobility; and as men in a crowd instinctively make room for one who seems eager to force his way through it, so mankind everywhere open their ranks to one who rushes toward some object lying beyond them.—*President Dwight.*

THE sentinel picketed to watch the enemy does his duty by giving the alarm if the enemy approaches—not by advancing single-handed to the conflict. So the duty of a Christian, watchfully discerning the approach of temptation, is to convey the case to God; it is foolhardiness to adventure into the combat unsent and unprovided for.—*Budington.*

NO Christian, though the poorest and humblest, ever need despair of doing a noble work for God. He need never wait until he can obtain the co-operation of the multitude or the wealthy. Let him undertake what he believes to be his duty, on ever so small a scale, and look directly to God for aid and direction. If it be a seed which God has planted, it will take root, grow, and bear fruit, "having seed within itself."—*Francis Wayland.*

LET us remember that we cannot fairly throw ourselves upon God's fatherly care unless we also do our best to do His will. To be able to feel this freedom, we should be of the number of those to whom He has pledged Himself that all things work together for good; and that class is the class of those who "love God." To throw ourselves upon Him is an act of love, and it is a hypocritical act unless it is connected with a sincere resolution to obey Him.—*Canon Mosley.*

LET no one hold his prayer cheap; He to whom we pray holdeth it not cheap. Ere it is gone forth out of our mouth, He has it written in His book. One of two things we may without doubt hope, that He will either give us what we ask, or what He knoweth to be more useful to us. For we know not what to ask for as we ought, but He hath pity on our ignorance. He graciously receiveth prayer, but He giveth not, either what is not altogether good for us, or what need not be given us yet. But the prayer will not be without fruit.—*S. Bernard.*

"God is love," 1 John iv. 8.—"God is love." All His perfections and His procedures are but so many modifications of His love. What is His omnipotence, but the arm of His love? What the threatening of the law, but the warning of His love? They are the hoarse voice of His love, saying, Man! do thyself no harm. They are a fence thrown round the pit of perdition, to prevent rash men from rushing into ruin. What was the incarnation of the Saviour, but the richest illustration of His love? What were the miracles of Christ, but the condescension of His love? What were the sighs of Christ, but the breath of His love? What were the prayers of Christ, but the pleadings of His love? What were the tears of Christ, but the dew-drops of His love? What is the earth, but the theatre for the display of His love? What is heaven, but the Alps of His mercy, from whose summits His blessings, flowing down in a thousand streams, descend to water and refresh His Church situated at its base?—*Rev. Dr. Waugh.*

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 3.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MAY 7th, 1880.

No. 27.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Rev. Canon Ryle, so well known for his many popular and evangelical writings has been appointed to the new bishopric of Liverpool, England.

THE report went in the early part of the week that all the foreign born Jews had been ordered to quit St. Petersburg within six hours. This, however, has been emphatically and officially denied.

IT is satisfactory to learn that the worst is thought to be over in Ireland. The spring has been seasonable and the promise of summer is excellent. If there is a good harvest, quite a new face will be put on things.

THE May meetings of the different religious and benevolent societies will be held as usual in the course of next week in this city. Several popular speakers from a distance are expected to be present on the occasion.

THE Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor, New York, has from impaired health been obliged to retire from the editorship of the "Christian at Work." It is to be hoped that this retirement is only temporary, though the wonder is not that the doctor has been obliged to curtail the amount of labour he performs but that he has been able for so long a time to do so much and to do it so well.

PRINCESSES are getting cheap. A Hanoverian Princess has just married her father's secretary, who is only a baron, with the hearty approval of the Queen of England, while the King of Wurtemberg has given his consent to the marriage of his daughter, the Princess Pauline, to a young physician of Breslau. And why not? The chances are all that the men were as good as the women; perhaps better.

THE Moderator of the approaching Synod of the Presbyterian Church of England will be the Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D., of Marylebone; of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Rev. Dr. Watson, of Dundee; of the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, Rev. Thomas Main, of St. Mary's, Edinburgh; of the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church, Rev. Professor D. Duff, D.D.

THE Presbyteries among the Freedmen in the Southern States have the gift of outspokenness in their reports, which is strongly in contrast with the veiled and polite utterances of their brethren of the white race. Thus in the report of one Presbytery in the South it is stated with regret that one of the churches under its care must apply to the Committee on Freedmen for a larger appropriation this year than last, and given as a reason that a distillery has been erected near the church, that the temptation has been too strong for the virtue of many of the members, and that the church has had to expel one-fourth of them, all the work of one distillery.

THE Catholic Archbishop of Dublin in a pastoral just issued says: "Doctrines destructive of mutual confidence are laid down by some public speakers as the first principles of morals. Patriotism is invoked as a spirit of disunion between priests and people. The evil genius of Communism which brought such fearful woes on other lands is only watching the opportunity which that disunion may give it, to try to establish its hideous throne among us. Our people have yet many wrongs. Our educational system is imperfect. Our land laws, though reformed, can still be employed as instruments of great injustice, and we must use every means on which God's blessing can be invoked to redress these wrongs."

A NEW ENGLAND contemporary has the following statement of fact. He does not give the reason, but it is not far to seek nor difficult to find: "A depreciation in the value of the farms has marked the advance of Romanism in New England, and especially Mas-

sachusetts. Where the Irish Roman Catholics have supplanted the thrifty and industrious "Yankee"—as in Berkshire and other counties in Massachusetts—tidiness has given place to slovenliness, and thrift to squalor. Not only so, but farms there which thirty years ago easily brought from \$50 to \$200 an acre, can be had for from \$20 to \$100. Wherever the farmers are Irish Roman Catholics, as a rule the land is cheap, the farms have deteriorated in quality, and society has travelled backward.

ERNEST RENAN has been delivering a series of lectures in London. He was introduced to his audience by Lord Houghton. The influence of Rome upon Christianity was his general topic. He was patronizing somewhat in his references to religion, saying of it, "All religion, perhaps, is defective and partial, but it has none the less in it something of the divine." He placed Christianity and Islam together, as "universal religions." But even Renan, with all his sceptical and Jewish prejudices, could not be indifferent to the unrivalled excellence of the true faith, and had to confess that "the origin of Christianity was the most heroic episode in the history of humanity, and the world has never seen more devotedness, more love of the ideal, than were exhibited in the one hundred and fifty years from the time of the sweet vision of Galilee under Tiberius to the death of Marcus Aurelius."

THE Vienna correspondent of the "Times" says: "The change in the British Parliament and Cabinet has brought an element of uncertainty into European politics. The sending of an Austrian and German military deputation to St. Petersburg to congratulate the Czar on his birthday is now connected by conjecture with the reconstitution of the Triple Alliance. The Prince of Bulgaria is expected at Belgrave to pay a long promised visit, and in view of the fresh impulse given to the aspirations of the Balkan populations by the change in the British Ministry, this visit is now regarded as the first step towards the alliance of the Balkan principalities. The union of the three advanced Liberal leaders in the Italian Chamber of Deputies with the regular Opposition for the overthrow of the Cairoli Ministry is brought into connection with the change of Government in England, which is supposed to have broken the spell which has forced Italy to keep on good terms with Austria."

THE New York "Evangelist" says "good-bye" to Dr. John Gibson, of Chicago, in the following terms: "While greatly regretting, in common with his people, this decision, we are sure that no one who knows Dr. Gibson will ascribe to him any but the highest motives in determining his course. The church in St. John's Wood stands next in importance among the Presbyterian churches of London to Dr. Fraser's in Regent square. It has secured a pastor worthy of such a position. He may perhaps feel that he will be more at home in London, and that his usefulness will also be increased. It may be so. We can only say that he has made a capital American while he has been among us; that he has been equally loyal to his Church and his country; and that he goes from us with the high respect, as well as with the esteem and affection, of all his American brethren. We trust that his ministry in another field may be one of no less usefulness and happiness than it has been here."

THE Presbyterian "Record" of Philadelphia has the following item. We wish we could say that there are no Presbyterians in Canada similar to those spoken of: "A missionary of the Board in Minnesota, speaking of the difficulty he encounters in inducing Presbyterian people to supply their children with healthy and untainted spiritual food, writes as follows: 'When we see the amount of Sabbath literature with which the country is flooded, it is certainly the duty of Presbyterians carefully to scan every publication that comes before them for approval. But it is too true that, while our own 'helps' are as good as any, and are conducted by persons responsible to the Presbyterian

Church for the food they give its children, our own people will, to save a few cents, supply their Sabbath schools with papers published by irresponsible parties, of whose belief and teachings they know nothing.' Well, if this is true, it is a very uncomplimentary truth, and one that should not be allowed to exist to the discredit of the Presbyterian name."

THE folly of tying up charitable bequests with close restrictions, has had many illustrations. The London School Board has brought to light a number of charities in which the benevolence of the givers was certainly very short-sighted. One of the parishes in that city has an endowment left for the purpose of paying for sermons on England's Deliverance from the Spanish Armada, and the Gunpowder Plot, and in Commemoration of Queen Elizabeth's Accession to the Throne. The parish of St. Pancras has a fund provided for paying for "two lanterns and four candles in Soper Lane, and the keeping clean of the preaching-place at St. Paul's Cross." Of course in these days of gas and electric lights, such bequests are useless. A legacy was left to the parish of St. Dunstan, to provide the vicar, churchwardens, and as many ancient parishioners "as it could reasonably serve," with a dinner, of two courses only, once a year. The income from this trust amounted to one hundred and twenty-two pounds ten shillings last year, of which twenty pounds were expended for the dinner, and the rest was given to miscellaneous purposes. One Richard Budd left property valued at about £300 two hundred and fifty years ago, the income of which was to be spent in bribes of threepence each to such of the poor as would attend prayers on Friday mornings in the Church of St. Giles. The parish of St. Michael has a bequest of thirteen shillings and fourpence "to keep the parish pump in order." Thousands of pounds have been tied up in the hard knot of restrictions like these in that city, the object for which the original bequest was made being no longer desirable, if not obsolete. And at the same time the want and suffering in that great city continues to supplicate for the aid held in the clutch of these dead hands. There may be a charity, as well as a zeal, which is not according to knowledge.

THE West Point outrage is still exciting keen and angry discussion among our neighbours. No wonder. The theory now in favour with those who wish to screen the white cadets, who are in training at that National Institution for becoming military "gentlemen," is that Whittaker did it all himself—bound his own hands, slit his own ears, and otherwise outraged his own person—in order to excite indignation against his fellow-students and draw favourable attention to himself. This is too absurd. The cadets were all put upon their oath and all swore they knew nothing about the outrage and had no hand in it. This, the military authorities declared, was all that could be asked, for "gentlemen could not lie." The New York "Independent" takes a different view, for it says:—"But it has become evident to the public that it is not simply Whittaker's case that is under investigation; but the Military Academy itself. Only one thing in favour of the Academy has been brought up. It is said that its students will not lie. They may do anything else that is bad; but they will under no circumstances lie. They may be drunken, brutal bullies, but they will not lie. But, if this is so, then Whittaker does not lie, unless the law is that white cadets will not lie. But we confess to no great faith in a claim that the discipline of a military academy will make its students better morally than other students. We know of no civil school and do not believe there is a military school on the planet in which the vicious boys do not lie." As far as we have seen, only one Canadian paper has sought to vindicate the colour hatred by which these young incorrigibles are animated, and it is one of no standing either in the way of ability or circulation. As a matter of fact however we have still among us far too much of the same unreasoning prejudice though it might not go the length of either mutilation or murder.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

IN MEMORIAM.

A LATE TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF TWO GOOD MEN.

THE LATE JOHN ROBSON, OF SARNIA.

During the last twelve months have passed to their "exceeding great reward, two good men to whose memory no tribute has been paid in any religious journal, in Canada at least. It is desired to remedy this omission so far as possible by a brief and heartfelt though tardy tribute to the Christ-like lives and labours of two men whose memories are appropriately conjoined, though one died comparatively young, and in distant China, while the other passed away in a good old age, after a life of little noted labour for Christ in our own land.

The last referred to must be mentioned first. His name was John Robson, a name well known to the Christian hearts of Sarnia, and to some in other places also. He left his native Scotland in his youth, and first took up his abode in Perth, where he was most indefatigable in Sabbath school teaching, in gathering neglected children to be instructed, in visiting the poor and sick—acting, in fact, as a voluntary lay missionary. About 1840 he left Perth and came to settle in Sarnia, mainly because at Perth there was abundance of religious teaching and Christian workers, while at Sarnia there was a sad scarcity of both. The late Hon. Malcolm Cameron, in the absence of churches and settled ministers, had public worship every Sabbath in his own house, conducted either by himself or by any minister who happened to be within reach, and also organized a Sabbath school, taught by himself and Mrs. Cameron, until the need was supplied by the opening of the Union Sabbath school. Needing assistance very much in such circumstances, Mr. Cameron appealed to his friend John Robson to "come over and help," so that through the instrumentality of his experienced Christian labours the life of the new village might be moulded by the influence of Christian principles. With apostolic readiness Mr. Robson answered the appeal, and came to labour literally with heart and hand in his Master's work. No service was too humble for him to do willingly in that cause. Whether the service or Sabbath school were held in private house, school house or town hall, he would sweep the floor, dust the seats, light the candles, and make the fire, as well as teach his class with the eloquence of thorough earnestness. He was for many years an elder of the church, and, it need hardly be said, an elder who did an elder's duty. He visited the sick and afflicted, expostulated with the careless, conducted cottage meetings with much vigour, and when the railway was in progress would walk any distance to address a little gathering of "navvies" concerning everlasting life. Besides these duties, he was always at work, distributing tracts, lending good books, acting as a sort of voluntary colporteur, yet working so quietly and unobtrusively, especially in his later days, labouring unnoticed and even unthanked in the outlying district where he lived, that many around him knew nothing of him, while he went faithfully on with his work, visiting the poorest and the worst, and ministering not only to their bodily needs, but also, out of his own means, to their bodily ones as well. He occupied during his life several different positions, all with a single eye to God's glory. He was an earnest Bible student—no mean theologian—and was so admirable a Bible class teacher that he was called by his friends "an Encyclopedia of Scripture knowledge." Those who look back to his life after an intimate acquaintance with much of it, cannot recall a fault in his character, unless it were his carrying self-forgetfulness to an extreme, so as to be somewhat careless of his dress. Notwithstanding this, and his being a very "plain man," one who knew him well testifies that she "grew up regarding him as a Hindoo does the most venerated Fakir."

For some years before his death he had been laid aside by age and infirmity from all work except work for his Divine Master, in which he never grew weary. To the last he was interested in all Christian work, but especially in Foreign Missions. Others have or can get the Bible, he would say; the heathen *must* have teachers. He shewed his interest practically by liberal contributions to various missions. It need hardly be said that he spent very little on himself, and gave away in money or books what must have

amounted to a large sum; yet to the surprise of his friends who thought he gave away all he had, he left a considerable legacy to Foreign Missions. "To the last," writes one of his truest friends, "his mind was clear, happy and cheerful, urging everyone to love, fear and serve God. His advice was as sound, his reasoning as clear as it ever was." After a painful illness of some weeks, death released him from suffering and weakness, and he went to his rest at the ripe age of eighty-three, to receive, as no one can doubt, the welcome of "Well done good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." Yet he died unnoted by the Church or the world, and the lack of fitting tribute to his memory wounded the faithful hearts who knew and appreciated his apostolic life. Said one of these, in reference to the omission, "No man remembereth the poor man whose wisdom saved the city." To atone to some extent for the omission of what was certainly due to his memory in this respect, this brief notice of him though late, has been written by one who regrets very much that it was not done sooner. It should be added that one of Mr. Robson's sons at least entered the ministry, though not that of the Presbyterian Church, and worthily bears his father's name, the Rev. Ebenezer Robson, of Lachute, P. Q. John Robson's life made the Church richer while he lived, and the memory of such should be preserved as its best heritage.

THE REV. ALBERT WHITING.

The other to whom it is desired to record a somewhat tardy tribute was a former labourer in our Home Mission fields some six or seven years ago. The son of a wealthy American, educated at Princeton, he visited, in connection with his father's business, some of our most recently settled and destitute townships between Perth and Kingston—townships in which even yet there is hardly a settled minister, and in which mission tours are still most laborious. Fired with true missionary spirit, Mr. Whiting resolved to come and labour there as a volunteer missionary, and labour he did, grudging neither privation nor hard work, without fee or reward even in praise or thanks, except indeed the grateful love of the poor country people to whose spiritual needs he so acceptably ministered. He would walk long distances on foot as many of our Home Missionaries have to do, carrying at his belt a hatchet wherewith to force his way through the pathless woods; would live on the scant and poor fare which was all his friends could supply, returning summer after summer to go through the same laborious routine. At last, his theological studies being completed, he determined to go as a missionary to China, having already shewn by his Home Mission work that he was a labourer of the right sort. His Canadian friends grieved much to lose him, and still cherish the memory of his unsparing labours. Last winter a paragraph in the newspapers announced the death of the Rev. Albert Whiting, in China, from privations endured during the famine. It was further stated that the Governor of the Province in which he died, desired to have divine honours paid to his memory, and when that could not be permitted, insisted on defraying the expense of such a funeral as he deemed a fitting mark of respect for one who had given his life, like his Master, for those sitting in "darkness and the shadow of death." Were there more of such men among those who profess and call themselves Christians there would be fewer who glory in rejecting Christianity altogether. A. M. M.

FORMOSA.

PAPER READ BEFORE THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—WESTERN SECTION AT HAMILTON, 13TH APRIL, 1880, BY MRS. J. THORNBURN, OTTAWA.

There is among the Germans this proverb: "Behind the mountains there are people." Our views are so apt to be bounded by our knowledge, and our sympathies so apt to be hedged in by our affections that it is very easy for us to forget what lies beyond. And it is well for us to be reminded that we of this nation—we of the Anglo-Saxon race—yea, we of Christendom are not the *whole* world, but that "behind the mountains there are people."

Perhaps, till within the last ten years, not one amongst here realized that in the far off-island of Formosa there lived 3,000,000 souls, ignorant of that Gospel which we so highly prize, and although there is now no spot among the islands of the eastern seas to which the hearts of the people of the Western Section of our Church so often turn as to Formosa, and al-

though we have learned much of the place and its people, still it seems desirable, in order to an intelligent idea of our Mission there, that we should have the geography and physical features of the island clearly in our minds, and for that purpose I have obtained a map—kindly lent by Professor McLaren—and have gleaned such facts regarding the place, its history and its missions as the sources of information at my disposal afforded.

THE ISLAND OF FORMOSA

is about the size of Nova Scotia, being 90 miles east of China, between 22° and 25° north latitude. Its length is nearly 250 miles, with an average width of 60 miles. Although so near to the mainland it does not appear to have been known to the Chinese till the year A.D. 1430, when an officer of the Imperial court, being wrecked on its shore, brought home tidings of the place. After this it was chiefly a resort for pirates who at that time infested the Chinese seas. Early in the sixteenth century it began to be known to the Spanish and Portuguese navigators. Albuquerque, the great Portuguese Viceroy, made his nation master of the Indian Seas. After him, in 1517, Perez de Andrada reached Canton and established the first trading relations with China, and it was probably in some of their voyages from Canton to Japan that this island was first visited by them. Struck with its beauty, the Portuguese called it "Isla Formosa," or the "Beautiful Island." After this the Spaniards probably made some attempts at establishing settlements and missions,* but it was not till the beginning of the seventeenth century that Europeans, in the persons of the doughty Hollanders, gained any strong footing on this island. The Dutch, lately emancipated from the Spanish yoke, were fast gaining ground on the Portuguese in the East Indies, and having captured Malacca and the Spice Islands, proceeded to attack the Portuguese settlement at Macao. Repulsed from this, they established themselves in the Pescadores—small islands between Formosa and the mainland. Here they became a source of great annoyance to the Chinese who, desirous of getting rid of such troublesome neighbours, offered them liberty to trade if they would remove farther off to Formosa, or "Taiwan," as it was called by the Chinese. Another account says that a vessel stopped at this island "which appeared charming to the Dutch, and commodious for trade, wherefore, under the pretence of staying for provisions and other necessaries, they took the opportunity to examine the island" (Da Haldi), and on their return reported its excellent facilities for trade. However this may be, in this island

THE DUTCH MADE A SETTLEMENT

in 1624, and as was their custom "erected, for the protection of their colony, a square fort with large bastions, and below these, towards the sea, they had another fortification, which covered the palace of their governor, consisting of two regular bastions, an excellent covered way and four half moons." The larger fort was called Fort Zeelandia, the smaller Fort Provincia, and near the spot now stands the city of Taiwan-foo. They also erected factories at Tamsui and Kelung.

When the Dutch first arrived the island must have been principally, if not altogether, occupied by the aborigines, but on the expulsion of the native Ting dynasty in 1652, and the placing of the Tartar race on the throne of China, many of the refugee loyalists flocked to Formosa from the mainland—an emigration which eventually proved fatal to the Dutch rule.

No sooner were the Dutch fairly established in Formosa than they turned their attention to the moral and spiritual condition of the natives. In 1626

GEORGE CANDIDIUS,

"minister of the Word of God," was sent to establish schools and missions among the people, and so successful was he in his labours that in sixteen months he is said to have converted to Christianity one hundred of their leading men. "In 1631, Mr. Robert Junius, of Delft, was sent by the United Provinces of Holland as a missionary. He is said to have baptized 5,000 converts on professing their faith and giving proper answers to questions propounded out of the Word of God, and to have planted twenty-three churches, besides appointing schoolmasters, by whom about six hundred children were taught. He is said also to have composed certain prayers, collected the chief articles of religion, and translated various

* The Japanese had also turned their attention to it.

psalms into the Formosan language. Being at length grown infirm, and having set pastors over various congregations, he returned to his native land, and was succeeded by Daniel Gravius and others."

Thus was Christianity spreading in this fair island, when, in the year 1659, Koxinga, a noted Chinese chief—or pirate, as he might rather be called—began to trouble the Dutch. This man, who was disaffected towards the Tartar rule, was in possession of a large fleet, and became a terror to the eastern seas. Knowing that there were now many thousand Chinese loyalists in Formosa, he entered into a secret correspondence with them, with a view of expelling the Dutch and setting himself up as an independent sovereign, and on the 30th May, 1662, landed on the island, with 20,000 men and being joined by the Chinese settlers, attacked the forts of Zealandia and Provincia. In the open country all the Dutch settlers were taken prisoners, among the rest one Hambrocock, a minister. After various attempts to take Zealandia, into which the besieged had retired, Koxinga sent Mr. Hambrocock to the Fort on an embassy, leaving his wife and two of his children as hostages. His instructions were to prevail, if possible, on the Dutch to surrender, threatening him with certain death if he did not succeed in his mission. Arrived at the Fort, he encouraged his countrymen, in every way, to defend themselves till reinforcements should arrive from Batavia. They all besought him to remain and not to return to the cruel death which awaited him. He had two daughters in the Fort, who hung about his neck, overwhelmed with grief and tears. He represented that his wife and two children remained in the camp and that his non-return would be certain death to them, and "so, untwisting himself from his daughters' arms, and exhorting everybody to a resolute defence, he returned to the camp."* Koxinga's rage knew no bounds. All the male prisoners, amounting to nearly 500, were slain. Among these were three ministers, Mr. Hambrocock, Mr. Mus, and Mr. Arnold Winsheim, and many schoolmasters. For nine months the little garrison heroically held out, but at length, finding longer resistance useless and three of their ships being burned, they agreed to surrender, provided they were allowed to retire to Batavia, which request was granted. The only return these heroic men received from their countrymen for all they had undergone, was to be cast into prison at Batavia, and the Governor of the Fort—Frederick Cojet—banished for life to a small island on the coast, from whence, however, he was liberated by the intercession of the Prince of Orange, and allowed to return to Holland in 1676, on condition that he would not give his services to any other State, and that he should deposit 25,000 florins as a guarantee for his promise (Prevost.) He was certainly treated with great harshness, the only excuse being the chagrin felt by the Dutch for the loss of so important a place. For two years the Dutch endeavoured to retake their lost possession, but in vain (Harris).

THUS ENDED THE DUTCH

rule in Formosa, and thus was extinguished, not to be rekindled till centuries had passed away, the light of the Gospel in that island. God's ways are not as our ways, but we know that love and prayer are never lost, and who can doubt but that the prayers of those early missionaries are now being answered—the answer coming after many days. Had the Dutch pastors been enabled, during the thirty years of their occupancy, to translate the Bible into the language of the natives, and thus to have left behind them God's Word as a light in the darkness, the issue might have been different; but, left to themselves, without any teachers, any written guide, or any intercourse with Christian nations, what could possibly be the result but that they should lapse into paganism again. Yet, for many years, traces of the Christian religion and the Dutch language, which they had learned together, lingered among the natives. Du Haldi, the Jesuit writer, who visited the island nearly a century after, says he found among them the knowledge of the Trinity, of Adam and Eve, of the fallen state of the race, and of baptism.

After the expulsion of the Dutch

KOXINGA ESTABLISHED HIMSELF

as king of the island, where he and his successors continued to rule till 1683, when his grandson gave in

* The above is from the narrative of Mr. John Nienhoff, agent for the Dutch East India Co., who was in those parts at the time.

his allegiance to the Chinese Government in the reign of Kang-ti.

The island, thus united to the Chinese empire, has proved a valuable acquisition. Harris, an old writer, says: "Formosa is one of the fairest and most fruitful countries of the east," and modern travellers but confirm this statement.

It is traversed from north to south by a chain of lofty mountains, called simply "Ta-Shan," Great Mountain, attaining, in some of its summits, an elevation of 12,000 feet. The loftiest point, called "Mu-Kang-Shan," or the Wooded Mountain, has been named by the English Mount Morrison, after the name of the captain of one of the early vessels trading to Tai-wan-foo. These mountains form an effectual wall of defence for the aborigines, who inhabit the eastern part of the island, driven thither by the Chinese, and who have resisted every effort to dislodge them.

As will be seen from the map, the physical features of the two sides of the island are distinctly different. The scenery in the eastern part is very grand. Along the coast the hills rise so abruptly from the sea, and are so steep and high, that they appear like everlasting fortresses, from that to the central ridge it is a succession of mountains and valleys, one range rising above the other to a great height, the tops often covered with snow. Mr. McKay says, "apart from the Highlands of Scotland, I never saw anything so grand and sublime." Mr. Bridge says, "the outline of the mountains is at once beautiful and fantastic. A brilliant verdure clothes their sides, down which dash cascades, that shine like silver in the tropical sunlight." Mr. Thompson, in his "Ten Years' Travels," thus describes a scene in this region. "Before us lay a panorama of surpassing grandeur. The mountains rose up, range above range, covered with dense forests, and bathed in the purple light of sunset, their gigantic forms softened and beautified by the foliage of the ancient forests. The attractions of this spot were as varied as they were beautiful. At one place a mountain stream leaping out of some dark chasm tumbled in foam over the rocks and was lost again in the forest; and everywhere around we could see that the same Power who clothed the stupendous mountains with a mantle of evergreen verdure embordered by the sunset with purple and gold, had not left the minutest fissure in the rocks without some special grace of its own. I could now understand what the Portuguese meant when they named the island 'Formosa.'"

Mr. McKay visited this region in 1877, and thus describes it: "Bamboo groves are numerous. I never saw anything of the kind to surpass the beauty of one near Mount Sylvia. Tall and straight, of sky blue colour, the trees stood on the mountain's side, and I gazed at the view before me in amazement and wonder. Rattan, out of which chairs, etc., are made, grows in wild profusion, and swings to and fro in the breeze like the rigging of a ship. Creepers and parasitical plants are innumerable and make the way difficult for the traveller. Tree-ferns stand in the valleys and on the hill-sides and spread their leaves in surpassing grandeur."

(To be continued.)

ROMISH ORDINATION.

MR. EDITOR,—I am an old Scotch farmer, for more than thirty years in this country, and am greatly pleased with our paper since you undertook its management. Will you permit me to crave, through your columns, for more light on Romish ordination. Few of our really well-informed pastors are pleased to give their reasons for voting in the affirmative. To myself, and many of the class to which I belong, all Scripture seems to take the other side.

In Scotland our fathers taught us to regard Popery as a soul-ruining religion—as the Antichrist of the Apostle John—our Lord Christ's great "standing enemy," as assuming His titles, arraying itself in opposition to the King whom God has set on His holy hill, and persecuting His people. Setting itself against Him, in His prophetic office by adding to, or taking from, His Word and laws; in His priestly office by suggesting other methods of atoning for sin, and substituting other mediators; and in His kingly office by changing and dispensing with His laws. Can it be a branch of the Christian Church whose head assumes the title of "His Holiness," "Our Lord God the Pope," "Christ's Vice-gerent on earth?" Can we

suppose a branch of the Christian Church to be guilty of idolatrous worship of Mary, saints, and angels? Can it believe in transubstantiation, penances, purgatory, idolatrous and blasphemous masses, indulgences, dispensations, and absolutions, and the soul-corrupting confessional? Branch of Christ! Would not a more fitting title be the "synagogue of Satan"—the great apostacy—the "revelation of that wicked or lawless one whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and destroy with the brightness of His coming."

I have only read of one Romish ordination; it was performed by a Cardinal Vicar of Rome, even he who as Papal Nuncio celebrated the ceremony of baptizing the Prince Imperial of France, at Notre Dame in 1856. It may, therefore, be presumed to have been performed in accordance with the strictest canon. The writer, D. K. Guthrie, says: "On a Saturday of holy week some forty young men were to be consecrated sub-deacons, deacons or priests. The friend by whom I was accompanied had a sorrowful interest in the scene, for among the candidates for ordination was an English youth, his own college companion at Cambridge, who, after resisting the entreaties of parents and friends, had taken a step from light into darkness. There we saw him—pallid, clad in white, with down-cast eyes, but firm step—advance from his place among his brother novices. Kneeling before the chair of state on which, within the choir, Patria sat, he submitted (like the others before him) to the strange symbol of having four locks of his fair brown hair shorn by the Cardinal's gilt scissors from the four sides of his head; which locks were then dropped with due solemnity into a gilded salver, held by a kneeling acolyte. This done he took his place with those who had preceded him, not on his knees, but stretched out on his face all his length on the ground, where those forty white-robed figures lay, prostrate, motionless, like so many corpses, till amid a profound silence Patria pronounced the final consecration prayer."

I see, by your report, that at a meeting of the London Presbytery the other day, a motion to regard this mummery as valid ordination to the Christian ministry was moved by a rev. doctor, who is also a professor in Knox College. At that same meeting "in view of the deficit in the funds of the College" the members are asked "to use every effort to increase the subscriptions of their congregations this year."

Will the rev. doctor have the goodness to enlighten us as to his reasons for regarding the Roman superstition as a branch of the visible Church of Christ, and so try to confirm our faith in the teaching of the institution he represents before we are called on to contribute towards its support? A LAYMAN.

North Oxford, 9th April, 1880.

EVANGELISTIC WORK.

MR. EDITOR,—I suppose there is very little difference of opinion in our Church regarding the necessity of evangelistic work. Even in the past history of our Church this necessity has been seen and acted upon, and in most cases with blessed results. There have been times in the past, when special visitations of God were more manifest than at others, and these times have called forth special efforts on the part of God's people. But there have also been periods in the past history of the Church, when many of the professed people of God seemed to be cold and indifferent, and when the pastor had few on whom he could lean for help. At such times special efforts have often been put forth by a few devoted followers of Christ and great good has been done. And I do not here refer to the regularly recurring periods of spasmodic effort put forth by some branches of the Christian Church, but to those times, when, in the good judgment of our office-bearers, special efforts are really required. Our ministers, and those associated with them, can, to some extent, discern the signs of the times, whether these be seasons of anxiety and activity or those of apathy and coldness.

In thinking over the above subject, at least in connection with our own Church, it appears to me that one of the greatest difficulties has been the lack of a well organized method, and regularly recognized evangelists.

One of the great troubles in some of our churches has been the employment of men who had no ecclesiastical standing at all, and it may be in some cases, those who have scorned it altogether.

Now, sir, is there any reason why we should go out-

side the bounds of our own Church for evangelistic workers, and have this Church endangered, and some of our ministers placed in painful positions. I think I might assert very positively that there is no reason for such a step. There is plenty of material in our own Church for this work if it were only taken advantage of. I have myself carried on special services *alone* for three weeks at a time, but I shall not do so again, for I find there are plenty of our ministers ready to help in such work if they are only asked. Perhaps it would be better if the General Assembly would give its voice in the matter, and lay down some rules for future guidance in this work. If a central committee were appointed to whom gratuitous labours might be offered, then requests for such labours could be forwarded to this committee, and the necessary help obtained. Something should be done in the matter if our Church is to keep pace with other churches, and also to save her from employing questionable agencies that are neither certified nor responsible. I think the peace and safety of our Church should be a reason for definite action in the matter.

JOHN R. BATTISBY.

Chatham, April 21st.

TEMPERANCE NOTES

A DOCTOR'S OPINION OF ALCOHOL.

Alcohol is, like fire, a good servant, but a bad master, and it becomes us as the conservators of the public health to be on our guard lest, through our incautious prescription, it should gain the mastery of any of our patients. The fact that many practitioners have ceased to administer alcohol in their practice without any diminution in their success ought to be sufficient evidence that its wholesale administration must be very prejudicial. Alcohol is only one of the many drugs which we have at our disposal, and those of us who feel compelled to be careful in our prescription of it need not feel ourselves embarrassed for an efficient substitute in very many instances.—*Dr. James Muir Horne.*

ALCOHOL UNNECESSARY AND INJURIOUS.

Drunkenness is one of the diseases produced by the use of alcoholic drink, and it can only be cured by entire abstinence from the drink which causes it. This is now generally known. It is not, however, equally well known that all intoxicating drinks are not only unnecessary to persons in health, but positively injurious. But all who have studied the subject practically, by physiological research, by extended observation and personal abstinence, will endorse the opinion that strong drink is unnecessary and injurious. There is also a general opinion among persons who have studied the physiological action of alcohol, that the medical profession labour under error as to the use of alcohol in the treatment of disease—that it is used when unnecessary, and frequently with the most injurious results. The work of temperance reformers, then, is to obtain and diffuse correct information as to the nature and effects of alcoholic liquors, and the safety and advantages of abstinence. They are the true sanitary reformers; for temperance is a most important part of preventive medicine. Without saying a word in disparagement of other efforts for the promotion of the public health, we are convinced that nothing could conduce so much to the physical improvement and social elevation of the lower classes of our countrymen as total abstinence from strong drink.

A CHRISTIAN DRAMSELLER.

I was well acquainted with a sincere Christian man who thought he could conduct a public house on Christian principles. Accordingly, he took a well-known house of this kind. I was passing the place one day, and saw the name of my Christian friend being painted over the door. The name being an unusual one, I knew of no other who bore it. I passed in through the door, and to my surprise there stood my friend behind the bar. It so happened that there was no one else present, and I expressed my astonishment at finding him in such a position. He appeared to be equally astonished at my astonishment, and asked whether a Christian could not consistently keep a public house. I replied, "I certainly could not do so; and I don't think you can if you are the man I judge you to be." He said, "I cannot glory in God in it I will not remain in it." While we were talking, a man nearly drunk came in, and with the drawl of a sot said, "Gie us a pint o' drink, landlord." The

Christian looked at me and then to the man. I said, "Give him the water of life." "No use," he said, "it would be casting pearls before swine." So he drew the water of death from the brewers' pump. Presently the man said, in the usual drawl of the drunkard, "Gie us a song, landlord." I looked the landlord in the face, and said, "Glorify God, brother; sing him a song." He felt very uncomfortable, and doubtless wished me away; however, he sang a verse of the well-known hymn—

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinner's plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

The drunkard stared and stood up, saying, "You sing that, and keep a public house! Why, I wouldn't do that." He left his cup and staggered out, saying, "I won't come here again." My friend was satisfied. He said, "I'll never sell another drop." Nor did he. The house was closed; and he thanked God for the deliverance.—*George Brealey.*

THE VIPER IN THE FIRST GLASS.

One of the latest contributions to the literature of the bottle which I have seen is the following note, written last week, and now lying before me: "My dear Sir,—I am sorry to inform you that I have again fallen, and am now held at Jefferson Police Court, Sixth avenue and Tenth street. Will you not, in God's name, come and pay my fine and deliver me? Please come at once. I will repay you. I am sick and almost beside myself." The author of the above distressing note is a young man of fine family fine education, and attractive manners. He was for a short time a student in a theological seminary. Twelve hours before he was locked up in "Jefferson Police Prison" as a street drunkard, he was at Dr. Bunting's "Christian Home for Inebriates," in Seventy-eighth street. For several weeks he had been an inmate of that excellent institution. Knowing how often the wretched youth had fallen before, Dr. Bunting secured a good situation for him to keep him from the temptation of idleness. Before sundown he had slipped away from his new place of employment, and was arrested for drunkenness in the open street. And all this, too, in a young man of gentle, refined manners, not yet out of his twenties. What are the lessons of this last text in the ever-enlarging chapter of damnation by the dram? Several lessons. The first one is that when a drunkard has "reformed" often, and fallen quite as often, he gets used to falling. His will grows weaker every time, like a rope that has been broken repeatedly, and is the worse for every mending. He becomes hardened in conscience by every blow given to conscience. His self-respect has been wounded so often that he grows reckless. He has broken so many good promises that he does not really believe himself when he signs the pledge for the twentieth time. 2. A second lesson from my fallen friend's case is that drunkenness becomes a horrible disease. It is as much a self-inflicted disease as a consumption would be which was brought on by sleeping on the wet ground. This young man tells me that when the appetite clutches hold of him he is powerless to resist. He is swept away like a chip on the rapids of Niagara. This utter impotence makes him the more desperate. Bitterly has he learned what God's word meaneth—"Whoso committeth sin is the slave of sin." What miracle the grace of God may yet work for my poor friend, no one can predict; but up to this time no efforts, prayers, or promises, have been of any avail. The demon of appetite still hurls them into the fires and into the flood; and when cast out he returns again with the seven other evil spirits, and the last state of that man is worse than the first. 3. But there was a time when my friend A— was a sober boy, untainted with the cup. When he let it alone, he was safe. He saw his father drink and began to tamper. His first glass opened perdition to him. Touching that first glass was like touching a victim of yellow fever; it was fatal. The last dram which sent him into a police cell was but the last drop of his first drink. Every day I see God's truth written up in more and more vivid lines of fire on the sky—"Look not on the wine when it is red; for at the last it biteth like an adder, and stingeth like a viper." Total abstinence is the only Gospel of salvation from the bottle. We have got to preach it from our pulpits, and teach it to our Sunday schools, and enforce it in our homes—that the viper lies coiled up in the first glass.—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

HOW TO KEEP OUR CHILDREN FROM BAD BOOKS.

DR. HARCAP'S WAY.

You want me to tell you how to keep our children from readin' bad books? Why, stop 'em; that's all. That's my way. If I don't want my boy to do a thing I just tell him not to, and that's the end of it. He understands it. I'm master in my own household, and they all know that. I'm master. I believe that doctrine—Dr. Dullard calls it the headship of man. He preached last summer a capital sermon on Ell; he shewed us how God punished parents that don't make their children stan' round.

Just how should I go to work if I found that one of my boys was readin' a dime novel? Well, I will jest tell you how I did go to work. I came into the sittin' room the other night and found Robert with a copy of the "Ledger" in his hand. He had come into the house—that I found out afterwards—wrapped round a pair o' boots from the shoemaker's. He was a readin' of it. "What have you got there, Robert?" said I. And he shewed me. I picked it out of his hand sooner than a flash of lightning, and threw it into the fire. "Don't you never let me see you a readin' of any such stuff as that agin," said I, "or you'll hear from me. If I catch you a readin' of any sensational literature you'll get a sensation from me, I can tell you. And he knows what that means. Some people say they don't believe in the rod. I do; and my boys know it."

"But, father," says he, "Dr. Hall writes for the 'Ledger.'"

"Never you mind who writes for the 'Ledger,'" says I. "You ain't a goin' to read it, not if the angel Gabriel writes for it." And no more he ain't; and I'll warrant you that I sha'n't catch Robert with the "Ledger" in his hands agin in a hurry. And then I told my wife that I didn't want to see a copy of the "New York Ledger" in my house agin; and what's more—I wouldn't.

"It came wrapped around a bundle of shoes," said she.

"I don't care if it did," said I. "Don't you let any more of them papers come into this house; not if you never get another pair of shoes. What's feet to the mind! I'd rather my boys should go barefoot all their lives than that any of them sensational papers should ever come under my roof. I won't have it, and that's all there is about it." What did she say to that? Well, she didn't say nothin'. I reckon that Mrs. Harcap's too good a wife to say anything when her husband tells her what to do. Ain't I afraid that my boy will go off and read worse papers in secret? Well, I should jest like to see him do it, that's all. I guess he wouldn't do it more'n once. Don't I think that when he grows up he may take to worse books? That's what the Deacon says. But I tell the Deacon that's none of my business. If, when he gets to be of age, he chooses to take up with bad literature, that's his lookout, not mine. Besides, if you train up a child in the way he should go he won't depart from it. That's the promise, and I reckon it's safe to go on that. I won't have my children a readin' of any fiction. Walter Scott? No, not Walter Scott. Not a thing. Not a single thing. They shall read the truth and nothin' but the truth so long as they're under my roof. When they get out they can do what they please.

THE DEACON'S WAY.

How would I go to work to keep my children from reading sensational books? The best way to answer this question is by telling you what I have done.

The other evening, coming into the sitting room, I saw James reading a dime novel. At least, I thought it looked like a dime novel. Mother had her sewing; Jennie was working on an afghan; Tommy was making a set of jackstraws out of a piece of red cedar. "Let's have some reading aloud," said I. "James, you seem to have got hold of an interesting book there, suppose you read it aloud to us." James looked up with a flush on his face.

"I don't believe you would care for this," said he; "it isn't much of a book."

"You're mighty interested in it," said Tommy, "for a book that isn't much of a book."

"Yes I come," said Jennie, "let's have some reading aloud. Why not, James?"

"Mother wouldn't like this book," said he,

"Why not?" said mother.

"Oh! you wouldn't, that's all," said James. "It's just stuff."

"If it isn't worth reading aloud it isn't worth reading at all," said Jennie.

"That does not follow," said I, "by any means. There are a good many books worth reading that are not worth reading aloud. But if James is too much interested in his story to put it aside, the rest of us will form a reading circle and get something that is worth reading aloud."

"Oh! I don't care anything about it," said James. "I was just reading to get through the evening. If you have got anything better on hand, let's by all means have it." With that, he laid the book by with a shove that sent it half way across the table.

"What shall it be?" said I.

"How would it do to begin a course of history?"

"There's our 'Hume' in the bookcase. I don't believe that any of us ever read it through. How would that do?"

I thought to myself that probably none of us ever would read it through, but I did not say anything. I waited for some one else to respond.

"I've got a bully book up-stairs," said Tommy.

"What is it?" I asked.

"'David Crockett,'" said Tommy. "I will go and get it." With that, and before any of us could decide whether we wanted it or not, Tommy was off upstairs after his "bully book." He is as quick as a flash in everything. It proved to be one of Mr. John S. C. Abbott's Pioneers and Patriots series.

"What is there bully about it?" said I to Tommy, when he had produced it.

"Well, father, I didn't mean to say bully; only you know that word comes awfully convenient and I kinder ring it in without thinking. But it's full of adventure, about a fellow that lived in the wilderness when the country was new, and even Ohio was as wild as an Indian—what-do-you-call-it?"

"Reservation," said Jennie.

"Yes, reservation," said Tommy.

"What do you say, James," said I; "will you read aloud for us while I go to work on the shoe-box I am making for mother?"

James said he would, and we then and there inaugurated a reading circle. We have kept it up, so far, all winter; James and I taking turns in reading aloud and the rest going on with their work. Tommy is quite expert with his knife; and he has begged off from the reading to go on with his carpentry. We followed "David Crockett" with "Daniel Boone;" and then took up Mrs. Brassey's "Voyage Round the World in the Yacht 'Sunbeam.'" We are reading that with an Atlas, and look up the places in the Atlas, and Jennie sometimes looks them up further in the Cyclopædia and tells us more about them at the next reading. And I haven't seen anything more of James' dime novel. My way to keep our boys from the bad literature is to overcome evil with good.

How can I find the time? Well, I believe that he that does not provide for his own family is worse than an infidel. And I think that it is part of my duty to provide my children with good books and good company in reading them. And I won't take so much work on my hand that I cannot do something for my own children. It is true, that when we had extra meetings through the week of prayer I only went to two of them; and I do not always go to the church sociable; and I have no lodge to go to; in fact I generally spend my evenings at home. I do not know any way in which a father and mother can spend all their evenings out, and make their children contented to spend them at home. My neighbours grumble a little but my children do not; and on the whole I would rather bear the grumbling of my neighbours than of my children.—*Christian Union.*

CHRIST AND HIS BRETHREN.

This is a ground of unspeakable consolation unto believers, with supportment in every condition: No unworthiness in them, no misery upon them, shall ever hinder the Lord Christ from owning them, and openly avowing them to be His brethren. He is a brother born for the day of trouble, a Redeemer for the friendless and fatherless. Let their miseries be what they will, He will be ashamed of none but of them who are ashamed of Him and His ways, when persecuted and reproached. A little while will clear up great mistakes. All the world shall see at the last

day whom Christ will own; and it will be a great surprisal when men shall hear Him call them brethren whom they hated, and esteemed as the offscouring of all things. He doth it, indeed, already by His word; but they will not attend thereunto. But at the last day, they shall both see and hear whether they will or no. And herein, I say, lies the great consolation of believers. The world rejects them, it may be their own relations despise them—they are persecuted, hated, reproached; but the Lord Christ is not ashamed of them. He will not pass by them because they are poor and in rags—it may be, reckoned (as He Himself was for them) among malefactors. They may see also the wisdom, grace, and love of God in this matter. His great design in the incarnation of His Son was, to bring Him into that condition wherein He might naturally care for them as their brother; that He might not be ashamed of them, but be sensible of their wants, their state and condition in all things, and so be always ready and meet to relieve them. Let the world now take its course, and the men thereof do their worst, let Satan rage, and the powers of hell be stirred up against them; let them load them with reproach and scorn, and cover them all over with the filth and dirt of their false imputations; let them bring them into rags, into dungeons, unto death—Christ comes in the midst of all this confusion and says, "Surely these are My brethren, the children of My Father," and He becomes their Saviour. And this is a stable foundation of comfort and supportment in every condition. And are we not taught our duty also herein, namely, not to be ashamed of Him or of His Gospel, or of any one that bears His image? The Lord Christ is now Himself in that condition, that even the worst of men esteem it an honour to own Him, but, indeed, they are no less ashamed of Him than they would have been when He was carrying His cross upon His shoulders, or hanging upon the tree; for of everything that He hath in this world they are ashamed—His Gospel, His ways, His worship, His Spirit, His saints, they are all of them the objects of their scorn; and in these things it is the Lord Christ may be truly honoured or be despised.—*Owen.*

BE OF GOOD CHEER.

Though tangled hard life's knot may be,
And wearily we rue it,
The silent touch of Father Time
Some day will sure undo it,
Then, darling, wait;
Nothing is late
In the light that shines forever.

We faint at heart, a friend is gone;
We chafe at the world's harsh drilling;
We tremble at sorrows on every side,
At the myriad ways of killing;
Yet say we all,
If a sparrow fall,
The Lord keepeth count forever.

He keepeth count. We come, we go,
We speculate, toil and falter;
But the measure to each of weal and woe,
God only can give or alter;
He sendeth light,
He sendeth night,
And change goes on forever.

Why not take life with cheerful trust,
With faith in the strength of weakness?
The slenderest daisy rears its head
With courage and with meekness;
A sunny face
Hath holy grace,
To woo the sun forever.

Forever and ever, my darling, yes—
Goodness and love are undying;
Only the troubles and cares of earth
Are winged from the first for flying;
Our way we plough
In the furrow "now;"
But after the sowing and growing, the sheaf;
Soil for the root, but sun for the leaf—
And God keepeth watch forever.

—*Mary M. Dodge.*

EXPERIENCE AND THEOLOGY.

Although there is only one door to the kingdom of heaven, there is many an entrance to scientific divinity. There is the gate of free inquiry as well as the gate of spiritual wistfulness. And although there are exceptional instances, on the whole we can predict what school the new-comer will join, by knowing the door through which he entered. If from the wide fields of speculation he has sauntered inside of the sacred enclosure; if he is a historian who has been

carried captive by the documentary demonstration—or a poet who has been arrested by the spiritual sentiment—or a philosopher who has been won over by the Christian theory, and who has thus made a hale-hearted entrance within the precincts of the faith—he is apt to patronize that Gospel to which he has given his accession, and, like Clemens Alexandrinus, or Hugo Grotius, or Alphonse de Lamartine, he will join that school where taste and reason alternate with revelation, and where ancient classics and modern sages are scarcely subordinate to the "men who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." On the other hand, if "fleeing from the wrath to come," through the crevice of some "faithful saying," he has struggled into enough of knowledge to calm his conscience and give him peace with heaven, the oracle which assured his spirit will be to him unique in its nature and supreme in its authority; and a debtor to that scheme to which he owes his very self, like Augustine, and Cowper, and Chalmers, he will join that school where revelation is absolute, and where "Thus saith the Lord" makes an end of every matter. And without alleging that a long process of personal solicitude is the only right commencement of the Christian life, it is worthy of remark that the converts whose Christianity has thus commenced have usually joined that theological school which, in "salvation work," makes least account of man and most account of God. Jeremy Taylor, and H. Hammond, and Barrow, were men who made religion their business; but still they were men who regarded religion as a life *for* God rather than a life *from* God, and in whose writings recognitions of Divine mercy and atonement and strengthening grace are comparatively faint and rare. But Bolton, and Bunyan, and Thomas Goodwin, were men who, from a region of carelessness or ignorance, were conducted through a long and darkling labyrinth of self-reproach and inward misery, and by a way which they knew not were brought out at last on a bright landing place of assurance and praise; and, like Luther in the previous century, and like Halyburton, and Whitefield, and Jonathan Edwards, in the age succeeding, the strong sense of their own demerit led them to ascribe the happy change, from first to last, to the sovereign grace and good Spirit of God. It was in deep contrition and much anguish of soul that Owen's career began; and that creed which is pre-eminently the religion of "broken hearts" became his system of theology.

"Children, live like Christians; I leave you the covenant to feed upon." Such was the dying exhortation of him who protected so well England and the Albigenes; and "the covenant" was the food with which the devout heroic lives of that godly time were nourished. This covenant was the sublime staple of Owen's theology. It suggested topics for his Parliamentary sermons;—"A Vision of Unchangeable Mercy," and "The Steadfastness of Promises." It attracted him to that book in the Bible in which the federal economy is especially unfolded. And, whether discoursing on the eternal purposes, or the extent of redemption—whether expounding the mediatorial office, or the work of the sanctifying Spirit—branches of this tree of life reappear in every treatise. In such discussions some may imagine that there can be nothing but barren speculation, or, at the best, an arduous and transcendental theosophy. However, when they come to examine for themselves, they will be astonished at the mass of scriptural authority on which they are based; and, unless we greatly err, they will find them peculiarly subservient to spiritual improvement and instruction in righteousness. Many writers have done more for the details of Christian conduct; but for purposes of heart-discipline and for the nurture of devout affections, there is little uninspired authorship equal to the more practical publications of Owen. In the life of a Christian philosopher lately departed, it is mentioned that in his latter days, besides the Bible, he read nothing but "Owen on Spiritual Mindedness," and the "Olney Hymns;" and we shall never despair of the Christianity of a country which finds numerous readers for his "Meditations on the Glory of Christ," and his "Exposition of the Hundred and Thirtieth Psalm."—*North British Review.*

It seems to us to be slow progress, but those who are at work for Protestantism in the empire of Austria count it a decided advance that it is now conceded that "any one may invite friends to his own family religious services," and not be a law-breaker.

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Edited by Rev. Wm. Inglis.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, MAY 7, 1880.

THE MEETING OF THE ASSEMBLY.

AS most of our readers are aware, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, meets this year in Montreal on the second Wednesday of June, at half-past seven p.m. It would be well for all who propose to be present on that occasion to communicate the fact to the Rev. R. H. Warden, Montreal, as soon as possible, so that arrangements may be made for their accommodation during the session of the Assembly, and the necessary documents be sent to them to permit of their availing themselves of the reduced fares on the different lines of travel, as will be seen in the advertisement in another column.

PRIVATE CHARACTER AND PUBLIC TRUST.

THERE is nothing more common than to hear it affirmed that in seeking men for public trust, or in putting them into public offices, the community has no right to inquire into their private characters or to make any serious deficiencies to be found in these a reason for withholding public confidence, or for refusing to bestow that honour and influence justly due to superior ability, which would otherwise be freely and frankly rendered. Private character is, it seems, so sacred that it is in no case to be seriously meddled with, so that if a man is fairly competent for the performance of certain kinds of work, we are given to understand that it is something very like persecution to refuse him the position on the ground that his private morals are loose or that his personal habits are not what would stand the test of any very tolerable standard of excellence. Now, we altogether protest against the principle involved in this way of talking. In many cases it has greatly helped to keep shameless vice in countenance when this has been associated with intellectual ability, while it has tended to lower the general tone of morality, by the worthless being honoured, and the immoral promoted to positions of trust and emolument. It is quite true that mere respectability of personal character is not all in all, and that it would be exceedingly absurd and short sighted to put an incompetent blockhead into a position, the duties of which he could not discharge, simply because his private morals were pure and his general conduct unimpeachable. But, while this is the case, it is still beyond all contradiction that in a state of society in any measure approaching to what it ought to be, the personal character of those who seek to be leaders will not only be carefully scrutinized, but moral excellence will always be an important factor in determining the amount of confidence to be reposed and the degree of honour and admiration to be rendered. In all private arrangements and transactions this is taken as a matter of course, and is rigidly acted on by all who have a due regard to their own interests. No merchant cares to have in his employment the drunkard, the gambler, the rake or the reprobate, even though he may be one or all of these himself. He has learned that intemperance, rakishness, etc., are not safe or pay-

ing qualities in his subordinates and, therefore, if he is wise, he does not say, "so long as they do my work I don't care what they are," for he knows that if their character is bad, his interests are either suffering already or will do so very speedily.

Instead of such a rule being less rigidly applied to public servants it ought to be more so, and, indeed, the extent to which it is so used may very well be taken as a gauge of the current morality and an indication of how general opinion and practice tend. The noble people will be nobly represented and the moral will generally be found in much the same position. If the base, the intemperate, the tricky, the false and the licentious are found in places of trust and honour, it must be taken as an indication, in a free country, that they are a fair average representation of the morality of those who have chosen them, and who, so far, regard them with confidence and honour. And yet, if this is so, and that it is beyond all reasonable question, are we not forced to some rather unpleasant and humiliating conclusions, as we—all over this continent—contemplate those who, after all due processes of constitutional winnowing have been gone through, are to be spoken of and treated as the "finest of our wheat?" Of the humblest township councillors up to the highest office-holders in North America, is it to be said in general "They are, mentally, competent—and, morally, respectable?" In very many cases this can truly be affirmed; but, in very many more, it is notoriously and unblushingly the reverse. People have no need to be either censorious or suspicious before coming to such a conclusion. It is acknowledged on all hands, and in too many instances it is even defended. "Yes, he's a drunken, worthless reprobate; but he does the work we chose him for efficiently and well." "His private conduct is, we know, a perpetual scandal; but what have we to do with his private character so long as he attends to his public duties?" "Morally he is tainted to the core, his mouth is full of oaths and his life is a record of social villainies; but he is very clever and speaks well." "Yes, he lies dreadfully; but has he ever betrayed the public interests?" And so the deprecating, apologetic, or positively laudatory phrases go the round, and councillors, aldermen, Reeves, mayors, members of Parliament, etc., etc., have, not only their private, though ostentatious, iniquities condoned and pooh-poohed, but have them even made so sacred that the slightest reference to their existence as a bar to office is too often denounced as far worse than the worst thing condemned, and far more indicative of a bad heart and a worthless character. And so it comes to pass that professedly religious men are not only in many cases represented by rakes, but are often found moving heaven and earth to have these elected; that sober men put drunkards upon their ticket; that foul-mouthed blasphemers are patted on the back by those who claim to have the fear of God before their eyes, and that fathers of families, and patterns at that, often rather chuckle than otherwise over the escapades of their favourites, though these escapades have issued in homes being laid desolate and in lives being blasted for ever more. Nobody at the present time in the slightest degree acquainted with public life or public men, whether in Canada or the States, would ever affect to call such representations into question, but the veto is always ready and the hackneyed excuse is thought always sufficient, "Private character has nothing to do with public trust." "He's a worthless man, we allow, but an able councillor; a drunken reprobate, but a clever alderman; a swearing ruffian, but a capital reeve; a swindling trickster, but a first-rate mayor; a convicted seducer and an impudent liar, with a brow which has long since forgotten how to blush, but an able M.P., and a highly honourable man," "a"—but there is no use in completing the sentence. It can be duly rounded off with an et cetera, to suit each individual experience. Is this what ought to be? We very much more than doubt if it is. And sure we are it is not what will be when Christianity has assumed its rightful position, and Christian morality has come to exert its proper influence, and to assert and maintain its regal and rightful sway.

PERIODICAL WAILINGS.

PEOPLE of a certain type of mind are kept in a chronic state of agitation over their neighbours' consistency, and seemingly can find no relief except in more or less covert lamentations about the sad bondage in which some live, and the sad dangers

to which others are exposed. The trouble seems to be always with them in a more or less latent condition, but sometimes it breaks out, like measles or whooping-cough, into a ferment of more than usual activity, and, of course, at such seasons makes the patients more than usually uncomfortable, petulant, and perverse. The symptoms are varied. With some, John Calvin and all his belongings constitute the special *bete noir*, so that when the fit is on them the slightest reference to that grand old Reformer is sure to set their pulses up twenty degrees and make them actually red in the face, if not purple. Of course, they have never read a word of what John Calvin has written, but they have been told that he was an awful man, who held opinions of the most soul-destroying character, and did things at the very mention of which the heart of every Christian is moved to the most righteous indignation. They dwell with special emphasis and unction upon the part he took in the death of Servetus, and seem to find peculiar pleasure in having it set forth that this murder was the natural and necessary result of the Reformer's theological opinions and of his generally gloomy and blood-thirsty ways and works. It is something for which to be thankful that this business of Servetus is apparently the one dark spot in Calvin's life, even in the estimation of his enemies—for with all their grubbings among old manuscripts, and all their cookings and caressings of old exploded slanders, none of them have been able to find anything else which could with even a show of decency be formulated into a charge against the moral character and religious consistency of the great Frenchman—the latchet of whose shoes not one of them is worthy to stoop down and unloose, and the logical consistency and scriptural character of whose theological system they have all as little been able either to expose or to explode. Of course, every one competently acquainted with the history of this Servetus episode knows that it is anything rather than unquestionable; that Calvin was the chief actor in the tragedy or the chief prompter to its being enacted. The struggle in that case was one far more of politics than of theology, and had Servetus and his Genevan sympathizers got the mastery, their opponents would have fared as hardly as he did.

The fact is, however, that this everlasting ringing of the changes upon "poor Servetus" is not so much in order to hold up to universal execration the man Calvin and his persecuting tendencies as to have it believed that all was the result of his theology and that in the nineteenth and every other century as well as in the sixteenth, Calvinism is another name for everything that is base, bad and intolerant.

We are not the apologists of John Calvin, and have no desire to screen him from any condemnation he may justly deserve. He was brought up in the bad, corrupting, and intolerant school of Rome. He lived in an intolerant age, and fought with enemies to whom assassination and legalized murder, as well as calumnious caricatures and cooked and mutilated documents, were the most ordinary as they were thought to be the most legitimate implements of intellectual and party warfare. It was therefore not wonderful if even such a mind as his did not shake itself entirely free from all the evil influences of early education and life-long surroundings, or that in the sixteenth century this quasi monster did not exhibit all the liberality and tolerance which are anything but universal even in the nineteenth. But let us whisper in the ear of those who are far more anxious to have a brickbat to throw at nineteenth century Calvinism, than to have a solemn sentence of condemnation passed upon the intolerance and cruelty of the sixteenth century Calvin, that there are two sides even to that Servetus affair, and that it is now pretty well settled among competent judges that Calvin "did" not "burn Servetus" after all! It is, to be sure, not of the slightest consequence except as a matter of antiquarian curiosity, but that "other side of the shield" could easily be given and perhaps some who have renounced Calvinism and all its works, would be astonished both at its colour and character. In the meantime it is not well to be too foolish, or too eloquent, or too pathetic, or too objurgatory, over "the poor victim of Calvin's intolerance." Those who hold by that system of truth usually for shortness called Calvinism do so not because it is of Calvin, but because they find it in the epistles of Paul, and in the sayings of Christ; and if anyone fancy that that system is to be scattered to the winds by crying, "Calvin burnt Ser-

vetus," or that its adherents can be silenced and put to shame by any such school-boy folly, they are wonderfully mistaken. "Poor Servetus" and "poor Aikenhead,"—as the twin victims of Calvinistic and Presbyterian persecution and intolerance,—may be allowed a rest for a little, though even if all that has been asserted about them could be proved, as it can not, it would not follow either that Calvinism was false, or that Calvinists, especially when they take the shape of Presbyterians, were or are either gloomy fanatics or blood-thirsty bigots and bravos.

Another phase of this agitated anxiety about other people's consistency generally takes the form of painful "Jeremiad" over the crushing and cramping influence of written creeds and Confessions. The amount of declamation expended upon this supposed iniquity has been positively marvellous, and even yet it has not quite disappeared. Will those good friends who are so impressive in this line, tell us how they could even imagine a Christian man without a creed either written or oral, or a Christian Church which did not rest on some dogmatic substratum or *credo*, more or less substantial? The Church of Christ, it is to be hoped, is not a mere debating club, nor its ministers mere "truth seekers" with whom everything is vague, shadowy, and unsettled, to be held to-day and thrown aside to-morrow, as the whim of the hour may dictate. It has generally been thought that they had not only sought the truth but had found it, and that they had something to teach before they professed to be teachers.

Come now, friends, don't be too foolish in your denunciation of creeds, and not too uncharitable in your insinuations about the Presbyterianism of the present day. At least when you are at it, you might do a little in the way of proof. We have had mere assertions of the kind so frequently paraded that like "poor dear" Archbishop Lynch's "demonstrations" (?) they become slightly tiresome, not to say monotonous.

There are other symptoms of the disease we speak of which we have not space to notice at present. All in due time.

THE Synod of Toronto and Kingston will meet in St. James' square Church, Toronto, on Tuesday, the 11th inst., at half-past seven p.m.

RECEIVED, and forwarded to Mr. Ward, the following subscriptions for relief of destitute in Asiatic Turkey: Previously acknowledged, \$42; Alex. Taylor, Dromore, \$5; A. Well Wisher, \$2; Rev. T. Fenwick, Metis, \$2; Col. Haultaine, Peterboro', \$20; total, \$71.

CONTRIBUTIONS of members of St. James' square congregation, Toronto, for debt on Ordinary Fund of Knox College: Hon. Oliver Mowat, \$50; Mr. Robt. Kilgour, \$50; Hon. George Brown, \$100; Mrs. Dr. Burns, \$10; Mr. Lachlan Livingston, \$20; Rev. Principal Caven, \$100; Thomas Kirkland, \$10; Rev. John M. King, \$110. Total, \$450.

THE Board of the Upper Canada Bible Society, at a special meeting held on the evening of the 30th ult., very wisely agreed to rescind its former resolution about a change in the place of holding the annual meeting of the Society. It will now be understood that that meeting takes place, according to the original arrangement, in St. James' square Presbyterian Church. This is as it ought to be.

AT a meeting of convocation of University College, Toronto, held on Friday, the 23rd ult., by requisition, the question of giving publicity to the proceedings of the Senate was discussed. There was a very large attendance and a great deal of interest manifested in the question. There was an unanimity on the question of giving publicity, but there was a difference as to the extent, and as to the manner. After the making of motions and amendments, and the withdrawal of the same, and the further making of motions, it was finally agreed that a memorial be sent to the Senate setting out the desire of convocation to have publicity given to the Senate's proceedings, but leaving the extent and manner of giving it to be settled by the Senate.

THE first sensation in the new British Parliament has been the refusal of Mr. Bradlaugh, the member elect for Northampton, to take the necessary oath, on the plea that he is an atheist pure and simple, and cannot therefore take any oath or make any affirmation that involves belief in the existence of a personal

God. It is very likely that Mr. Bradlaugh's seat will be declared vacant. In that case, it is understood that he will present himself for re-election and that he expects he will do for the atheists what Daniel O'Connell did for the Roman Catholics by his persistent re-elections for the County of Clare. It does not follow. Indeed, we rather suspect that Bradlaugh will find himself left out in the cold as he ought to be, both on account of his opinions and practice, for he has been too often and too discreditably before the courts to be made a hero or a martyr of.

THE Halifax "Witness" has the following justly complimentary notice of the Rev. J. McEwen's Normal Class Outlines, lately published at this office, and mailed free to any part of the continent on receipt of price: "We recommend this little work of 112 pages to Sabbath school superintendents and teachers. It is inferior to none of the helps already provided, and superior to very many. The price is 30 cents in paper covers, and in cloth 50 cents. We suggest to the author that as the book is entirely non-sectarian, its sphere of usefulness might be widened by the omission of 'Presbyterian' from the title. Other denominations, we are sure, are in need of just such a help as this; but the title suggests at once that this book is Presbyterian in the sense of being denominational, whereas it is only Presbyterian in the sense of being thoroughly Christian and evangelical."

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

St. Nicholas for May.

"St. Nicholas" for May is as bright and interesting as ever.

History of the City of New York.

New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

Part VI. of the second volume of this work is chiefly occupied with party and family sketches of the period immediately following the peace of 1783.

The Westminster Teacher.

Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board. Toronto: James Bain & Son.

The May number supplies clear and pointed exposition of the Bible and catechism lessons for the month.

The Standard Series.

New York: I. K. Funk & Co.

In No. 12, Class D. 1, of this series, we have the first volume of "Knight's Popular History of England." The work will be completed in eight volumes at thirty cents each—this is \$2.40 for a work usually sold at \$18, and \$35. This history is allowed on all hands to be the best for the general reader; and the present publishers are doing the public a most valuable service. We are sure that many thousands of people in ordinary circumstances will avail themselves of the opportunity thus given them of securing a work which only the rich or professionals could formerly afford to buy.

Scribner's for May.

"Scribner's" for May contains the first of a series of articles which should be interesting to Canadians, and largely increase the sale of the magazine in the Dominion. It is written by Rev. Dr. Grant of Kingston, and is entitled, "The Brave Days of Old." To be followed from the same pen by articles on "The Political and Social History;" "The Dominion;" "The North-West;" "The Present Position and Outlook;" also papers by Charles H. Farnham and Charles de Kay, on special features of Canada,—including a finely illustrated account of the picturesque city of Quebec; a paper on the Ursuline Convent in that city; and probably the most complete description of the wonders of the Saguenay River yet printed, written by one who has thoroughly explored its beauties, in a canoe, from source to outlet.

Letters on the Anglo-Israel Folly.

By A. Malachi. Truro, N.S.: Herbert McConnell. 1880.

In these letters Hinnism is handled without gloves, though, perhaps, some of the terms employed are stronger than courtesy could justify or good taste could adopt. We must acknowledge that it is difficult to keep quite a serious face when the demonstration is going forward that we Anglo-Saxons are the long lost ten tribes, that the Celts are Canaanites, and that Queen Victoria is descended from King David. We suppose every one has his hobby, more or less harm-

less, but surely there is no use in anyone riding it actually to death. If it comforts anyone to believe that the stone in the chair of Edward the Confessor is really the very article that served Jacob for a pillow a long time ago, and that the daughter of Zedekiah or some other body actually was married to an Irish prince on Tara's hill, why, so be it. In such a sad, serious world as this is, with so much to be done, and so little time to do it in, there is surely small reason for fighting over such a matter, far less for losing one's temper about it. If we are all Israelites according to the flesh, most of us will find it very difficult to unravel the mysteries of our different genealogical trees, for there has been a strange mixing of the blood going on with most of our ancestors, for, at least two millennia, if not for a good deal longer time.

The Sacraments of the New Testament.

By George L. Armstrong, D.D. New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

So far as we have been able to examine Dr. Armstrong's book on the sacraments it seems characterized throughout by great carefulness in writing, a judicial and judicious spirit which never seeks to make the most of any point that tells in favour of the view adopted, and never hesitates to give credit to those who are most keenly opposed, for honesty of purpose and respectability of acquirement; and this, combined with a manly outspokenness, in the advocacy of the ordinary Pædo-baptist view of the one sacrament and the ordinary Protestant one of the other. The whole field is traversed; not always, perhaps, in the most attractive manner possible; every passage bearing on the subject under discussion is examined, difficulties are not shirked, and harsh language is scarcely, if ever, employed. One great recommendation of the volume is that it is written in a popular style, is free from theological technicalities, and supplies within reasonable compass what many intelligent Pædo-baptists and Presbyterians may have been seeking for, and without success, to help them in their discussions with their neighbours, as well as in meeting the difficulties which may have sometimes arisen in the course of their own study of the Scriptures or in the review of those doctrines most surely believed among them.

The 19th Century: a History.

By Robert Mackenzie. London: T. Nelson & Sons. Toronto: Clougher, Bros.

This book is neither a text book nor a work of reference, but it is more readable than it could possibly have been made if in either of these two forms. It is a series of historical sketches, the topical arrangement of which interferes as little as possible with chronological order. Chapter I. is headed "The Opening of the Century." Under this head we have—probably because it eclipses all contemporary events—an animated account of the French Revolution with its causes and consequences; and Chapter II. is, for a similar reason, we suppose, headed "Napoleon Bonaparte." These two chapters, with a short one on the "Congress of Vienna" make up Book First. The first chapter of Book Second deals with the social condition of Britain in the early years of the century, and is followed by a chapter on the Reform Bill, two on the "Redress of Wrongs," such as "The Test Act," "Catholic Disabilities," "Slavery," etc. Chapter VI. of this second book is occupied with "Our Wars," Chapters VII. and VIII. with the "Victories of Peace," and chapter IX. with "Christian Missions." Perhaps this subject has never before been so fully or so fairly dealt with by a secular historian. The author places Christian Missions "in the foremost rank of powers destined to change the face of the world," and with a fulness scarcely to be expected in a work of the kind describes their origin, progress, and present effectiveness, giving numerous illustrations of their success. We cannot in such a notice as this give even the most meagre statement of the contents of this book. Book Second contains three chapters besides those which we mentioned, and then comes Book Third which among a variety of important subjects devotes a chapter to the American Civil War and another to the Papacy. Mr. Mackenzie is a facile and vigorous writer, a mature thinker, and a warm advocate of judicious political reform and true social progress. The book contains 460 pages octavo; it is beautifully printed and handsomely bound. It ought to make its way into township libraries, into the libraries of Institutes, and also into a position which is still more honourable because more limited in its range of selection—the home library of the working man.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

A KNIGHT OF THE XIX. CENTURY.

BY REV. E. F. ROE, AUTHOR OF "FROM JEST TO EARNEST."

CHAPTER XLVIII.—MRS. ARNOT'S KNIGHT.

It will not be supposed that Haldane was either blind or indifferent during the long months in which Beaumont, like a skilful engineer, was making his regular approaches to the fair lady whom he would win. He early foresaw what appeared to him would be the inevitable result, and yet, in spite of all his fortune, and the frequency with which he assured himself that it was natural, that it was best, that it was right, that this peerless woman should wed a man of Beaumont's position and culture, still that gentleman's assured deliberate advance was like the slow and torturing contraction of the walls of that terrible chamber in the Inquisition which, by an imperceptible movement, closed in upon and crushed the prisoner. For a time he felt that he could not endure the pain, and he grew haggard under it.

"What's a matter, my boy?" said Mr. Growther abruptly to him one evening; "you look as if something was a-gnawin' and a-eatin' your very heart out."

He satisfied his old friend by saying that he did not feel well, and surely one sick at heart as he was might justly say this.

Mr. Growther immediately suggested as remedies all the drugs he had ever heard of, and even volunteered to go after them, but Haldane said with a smile,

"I would not survive if I took a tenth part of the medicines you have named, and not one of them would do me any good. I think I'll take a walk instead."

Mr. Growther thought a few moments and muttered to himself, "What a cursed old fool I've been to think that rhubarb and jallup could touch his case! He's got something on his mind," and with a commendable delicacy, he forbore to question and pry.

Gradually, however, Haldane obtained patience and then strength to meet what seemed inevitable, and to go forward with the strong, measured tread of a resolute soldier.

While passing through his lonely and bitter conflict he learned the value and significance of that ancient prophecy, "He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and we hid, as it were, our faces from Him." How long, long ago God planned and purposed to win the sympathy and confidence of the suffering by coming so close to them in like experience that they could feel sure—yes, know—that He felt with them and for them.

Never before had the young man so fully realized how vital a privilege it was to be a disciple of Christ—to be near to Him—and enjoy what resembled a companionship akin to that possessed by those who followed Him up and down the rugged paths of Judea and Galilee.

When, at last, Laura's engagement became a recognized fact, he received the intelligence as quietly as the soldier who is ordered to take and hold a position that will long try his fortitude and courage to the utmost.

As for Laura, the weeks that followed her engagement were like a beautiful dream, but one that was created largely by the springing hopes and buoyancy of youth, and the witchery of her own vivid imagination. The springtime had come again, and the beauty and promise of her own future seemed reflected in nature. Every day she took long drives into the country with her lover, or made expeditions to picture galleries in New York; again, they would visit public parks or beautiful private grounds on which the landscape gardener had lavished his art. She lived and fairly revelled in a world of beauty, and for the time it intoxicated her with delight.

There was also such a chorus of congratulation that she could not help feeling complacent. Society endorsed her choice so emphatically and universally that she was sure she had made no mistake. She was caused to feel that she had carried off the richest prize ever known in Hillaton, and she was sufficiently human to be elated over the fact.

Nor was the congratulation all on one side. Society was quite as positive that Beaumont had been equally fortunate, and there were some that insisted that he had gained the richer prize. It was known that Laura had considerable property in her own name, and it was the general belief that she would eventually become heiress to a large part of the colossal fortune supposed to be in the possession of Mr. and Mrs. Arnot. In respect to character, beauty, accomplishments—in brief, the minor considerations in the world's estimation, it was admitted by all that Laura had few superiors. Mr. Beaumont's parents were lavish in the manifestations of their pleasure and approval. And thus it would seem that these two lives were fitly joined by the affinity of kindred tastes, by the congenial habits of equal rank, and by universal acclamation.

Gradually, however, the glamour thrown around her new relationship by its very novelty, by unnumbered congratulations, and the excitement attendant on so momentous a step in a young lady's life, began to pass away. Every fine drive in the country surrounding the city had been taken again and again; all the fine galleries had been visited, and the finer pictures admired and dwelt upon in Mr. Beaumont's refined and quiet tones, until there was little more to be said. Laura had come to know exactly why her favourite pictures were beautiful, and precisely the marks which gave them value. The pictures remained just as beautiful, but she became rather tired of hearing Mr. Beaumont analyze them. Not that she could find any fault with what he said, but it was the same thing over and over again. She became, slowly and unpleasantly, impressed with the thought that, while Mr. Beaumont would probably take the most correct view of every object that met his eye, he would always take the same view, and, having once heard him give an opinion, she could anticipate on all future occasions just what he would say. We all know, by disagreeable experience, that no man is so wearisome as he who repeats himself over and

over again without variation, no matter how approved his first utterance may have been. Beaumont was remarkably gifted with the power of forming a correct judgment of the technical work of others in all departments of art and literature, and to the perfecting of this accurate aesthetic taste he had given the energies of his maturer years. He had carefully scrutinized in every land all that the best judges considered pre-eminently great and beautiful, but his critical powers were those of an expert, a connoisseur only. His mind had no freshness or originality. He had very little imagination. Laura's spirit would kindle before a beautiful painting until her eyes suffused with tears. He would observe coolly, with an eye that measured and compared everything with the received canons of art, and if the drawing and colouring were correct he was simply—satisfied.

Again, he had a habit of forgetting that he had given his artistic views upon a subject but a brief time before, and would repeat them almost word for word, and often his polished sentences and quiet monotone were as wearisome as a thrice-told tale.

As time wore on the disagreeable thought began to suggest itself to Laura that the man himself had culminated; that he was perfected to the limit of his nature, and finished off. She foresaw with dread that she might reach a point before very long when she would know all that he knew, or, at least, all that he kept in his mind, and that thereafter every thing would be endless repetition to the end of life. He dressed very much the same every day; his habits were very uniform and methodical. In the world's estimation he was, indeed, a bright luminary, and he certainly resembled the heavenly bodies in the following respects. Laura was learning that she could calculate his orbit to a nicety, and know beforehand what he would do and say in given conditions. When she came to know him better she might be able to trace the unwelcome resemblance still further, in the fact that he did not seem to be progressing toward anything, but was going round and round in an habitual circle of thought and action, with himself as the centre of his universe.

Laura resisted the first and infrequent coming of these thoughts, as if they were suggestions of the evil one; but, in spite of all effort, all self-reproach, they would return. Sometimes as little a thing as an elegant pose—so perfect, indeed, as to suggest that it had been studied and learned by heart years ago—would occasion them, and the happy girl began to sigh over a faint foreboding of trouble.

By no word or thought did she ever shew him what was passing in her mind, and she would have to shew such thoughts plainly before he would even dream of their existence, for no man ever more thoroughly believed in himself than did Auguste Beaumont. He was satisfied he had learned the best and most approved way of doing everything, and as his action was always the same, it was, therefore, always right. Moreover, Laura eventually divined, while calling with him on his parents, that the greatest heresy and most aggravated offence that anyone could be guilty of in the Beaumont mansion would be to find fault with Auguste. It would be a crime for which neither reason nor palliation could be found.

Thus the prismatic hues which had surrounded this man began to fade, and Laura, who had hoped to escape the prose of life, was reluctantly compelled to admit to herself at times that she found her lover tiresomely prosy and "splendidly null."

In the meantime Haldane had finished the studies of his second year at the medical college, and had won the respect of his instructors by his careful attention to the lectures, and by a certain conscientious, painstaking manner, rather than by the display of any striking or brilliant qualities.

One July evening, before taking his summer vacation, he called on Mrs. Arnot. The sky in the west was so threatening, and the storm came on so rapidly, that Mr. Beaumont did not even venture down to the city, and Laura, partly to fill a vacant hour, and partly to discover wherein the man of to-day, of whom her aunt could speak in such high terms, differed from the youth that she, even as an immature girl, despised, determined to give Haldane a little close observation. When he entered she was at the piano, practising a very difficult and intricate piece of music that Beaumont had recently brought to her, and he said,

"Please do not cease playing. Music, which is a part of your daily fare, is to me a rarely tasted luxury, for you know that in Hillaton there are but few public concerts even in winter."

She gave him a glance of genuine sympathy, as she remembered that only at a public concert, where he could pay his way to an unobtrusive seat, could he find opportunity to enjoy that which was a part of her daily life. In no parlour save her aunt's, could he enjoy such refining pleasures, and for a reason that she knew well he had rarely availed himself of the privilege. Then another thought followed swiftly: "Surely a man so isolated and cut off from these aesthetic influences, which Mr. Beaumont regards as absolutely essential, must have become uncouth and angular in his development." The wish to discover how far this was true gave to her observation an increasing zest. She generously resolved, however, to give him as rich a musical banquet as it was in her power to furnish, if his eye and manner asked for it.

"Please continue what you were playing," he added; "it piques my curiosity."

As the musical intricacy, which gave the rich but tangled fancies of a maser-mind, proceeded, his brow knit in perplexity, and at its close he shook his head and remarked,

"That is beyond me. Now and then I seemed to catch glimpses of meaning, and then all was obscure again."

"It is beyond me, too," said Mrs. Arnot, with a laugh. "Come, Laura, give us something simple. I have heard severely classical and intricate music so long that I am ready to welcome even 'Auld lang syne.'"

"I also shall enjoy a change to something old and simple,"

said Laura, and her fingers glided into a selection which Haldane instantly recognized as Steibelt's Storm Rondo.

As Laura glanced at him she saw his deepening colour, and then it suddenly flashed upon her when she had first played that music for him, and her own face flushed with annoyance at her forgetfulness. After playing it partly through she turned to her music-stand in search of something else, but Haldane said,

"Please finish the rondo, Miss Romeyn;" adding, with a frank laugh, "you have no doubt forgotten it; but you once, by means of this music, gave me one of the most desirable and wholesome lessons I ever received."

"Your generous acknowledgment of a fancied mistake at that time should have kept me from blunders this evening," she replied, in a pained tone.

With a steady glance that held her eyes, he said very quietly, and almost gently,

"You have made no blunder, Miss Romeyn. I do not ignore the past, nor do I wish it to be ignored with painstaking care. I am simply trying to face it and overcome it as I might an enemy. I may be wrong, for you know I have had little chance to become versed in the ways of good society; but it appears to me that it would be better even for those who are to spend but a social hour together that they should be free from the constraint which must exist when there is a constant effort to shun delicate or dangerous ground. Please finish the rondo; and also please remember that the ice is not thin here and there," he added with a smile.

Laura caught her aunt's glance, and the significant lighting up of her face, and, with an answering smile, she said,

"If you will permit me to change the figure, I will suggest that you have broken the ice so completely that I shall take you at your word, and play and sing just what you wish" and, bent upon giving the young man all the pleasure she could, she exerted her powers to the utmost in widely varied selections; and while she saw that his technical knowledge was limited, it was clearly evident that he possessed a nature singularly responsive to musical thoughts and effects; indeed, she found a peculiar pleasure and incentive in glancing at his face from time to time, for she saw reflected there the varied characteristics of the melody. But once, as she looked up to see how he liked an old English ballad, she caught that which instantly brought the hot blood into her face.

Haldane had forgotten himself, forgotten that she belonged to another, and, under the spell of the old love song, had dropped his mask. She saw his heart in his gaze of deep, intense affection more plainly than spoken words could have revealed it.

He started slightly as he saw her conscious blush, turned pale instead of becoming red and embarrassed, and, save a slight compression of his lips, made no other movement. She sang the concluding verse of the ballad in a rather unsympathetic manner, and, after a light instrumental piece devoid of sentiment, rose from the piano.

Haldane thanked her with frank heartiness, and then added in a playful manner that, although the concert was over, he was weather-bound on account of the shower, and would therefore try to compensate them for giving him shelter by relating a curious story which was not only founded on fact, but all fact; and he soon had both of his auditors deeply interested in one of those strange and varied experiences which occasionally occur in real life, and which he had learned through his mission class. The tale was so full of lights and shadows that it now provoked to laughter, and again almost moved the listeners to tears. While the narrator made as little reference to himself as possible, he unconsciously and of necessity revealed how practically and vitally useful he was to the class among whom he was working. Partly to draw him out, and partly to learn more about certain characters in whom she had become interested, Mrs. Arnot asked after one and another of Haldane's "difficult cases." As his replies suggested inevitably something of their dark and revolting history, Laura again forgot herself so far as to exclaim,

"How can you work among such people?"

"After the words were spoken she was ready to wish that she had bitten her tongue out.

"Christ worked among them," replied he, gravely; and then he added, with a look of grateful affection toward Mrs. Arnot, "Besides, your aunt has taught me by a happy experience that there are some possibilities of a change for the better in 'such people.'"

"Mr. Haldane," said Laura, impetuously, and with a burning flush, "I sincerely beg your pardon. As you were speaking you seemed so like my aunt in refinement and character that you banished every other association from my mind."

His face lighted up with a strong expression of pleasure, and he said,

"I am glad that those words are so heartily uttered, and that there is no premeditation in them; for if in the faintest and farthest degree I can even resemble Mrs. Arnot, I shall feel that I am indeed making progress."

"I shall say what is in my mind without any constraint whatever," said Mrs. Arnot. "Years ago, Egbert, when once visiting you in prison, to which you had been sent very justly, I said in effect, that in rising above yourself and your circumstances, you would realize my ideal of knighthood. You cannot know with what deep pleasure I tell you to-night that you are realizing this ideal even beyond my hopes."

"Mrs. Arnot," replied Haldane, in a tone that trembled slightly, "I was justly sent to that prison, and to-night, no doubt, I should have been in some other prison-house of human justice—quite possibly," he added, in a low, shuddering tone, "in the prison-house of God's justice—if you had not come like an angel of mercy—if you had not borne with me, taught me, restrained me, helped me with a patience akin to heaven's own. It is the hope and prayer of my life that I may some day prove how I appreciate all that you have done for me. But see; the storm is over, as all storms will be in time. Good-night, and good-bye," and he

lifted her hand to his lips in a manner that was at once so full of homage and gratitude, and also the grace of natural and unstudied action, that there came a rush of tears into the lady's eyes.

Laura held out her hand and said, "Mr. Haldane, you cannot respect me more than you have taught me to respect you."

He shook his head at these words, involuntarily intimating that she did not know, and never could, but departed without trusting himself to reply.

The ladies sat quite a long time in silence. At length Laura remarked with a sigh,

"Mr. Haldane is mistaken. The ice is thin here and there, but I had no idea that there were such depths beneath it."

Mrs. Arnot did not reply at once, and when she did perhaps she had in her mind other experiences than those of her young friend, for she only said in a low, musing tone,

"Yes, he is right. All storms will be over in time."

CHAPTER XLIX.—A KNIGHTLY DEED.

The year previous Haldane had buried himself among the mountains of Maine, but he resolved to spend much of the present summer in the city of New York, studying such works of art as were within his reach, haunting the cool, quiet libraries, and visiting the hospitals, giving to the last, as medical student, the most of his time. He found himself more lonely and isolated among the numberless strange faces than he had been in the northern forests. He also went to his native city for the purpose of visiting Dr. Marks, and as the family mansion was closed, took a room at the hotel.

His old acquaintances stood far aloof at first, but when Dr. Marks carried him off, with friendly violence, to the parsonage, and kept him there as a welcome guest, those who had known him or his family concluded that they could shake hands with him, and many took pains to do so, and to congratulate him on the course he was taking. Dr. Marks' parsonage was emphatically the interpreter's house to him, and after a brief visit, he returned to New York, more encouraged with the hope that he would eventually retrieve the past than ever he had before.

But events now occurred which promised to speedily blot out all possibility of an earthly future. In answer to his letter describing his visit to Dr. Marks, he received from Mrs. Arnot a brief note, saying that the warm weather had affected her very unfavourably, and that she was quite ill and had been losing strength for some weeks. On this ground he must pardon her brief reply. Her closing words were, "Persevere, Egbert. In a few years more the best homes in the land will be open to you, and you can choose your society from those who are honourable here and will be honoured hereafter."

There were marks of feebleness in the handwriting, and Haldane's anxiety was so strongly aroused in behalf of his friend that he returned to Killaton at once, hoping, however, that since the heats of August were nearly over, the bracing breath of autumn would bring renewed strength.

After being announced, he was shewn directly up to Mrs. Arnot's private parlour, and he found himself, where, years before, he had first met his friend. The memory of the bright, vivacious lady who had then entertained him with a delicate little lunch, while she suggested how he might make his earliest venture out in the world successful, flashed into his mind, with thronging thoughts of all that had since occurred; but now he was pained to see that his friend reclined feebly on a lounge, and held out her hand without rising.

"I am glad you have come," she said with quiet emphasis, "for your sympathy will be welcome, although, like others, you can do nothing for us in our trouble."

"Mrs. Arnot," he exclaimed in a tone of deep distress, "you are not seriously ill?"

"No," she replied, "that is not it. I'm better, or will be soon, I think. Laura, dear, light the gas, please, and Egbert can read the telegrams for himself. You once met my sister, Mrs. Poland, who resides in the South, I think?"

"Yes, I remember her very well. There was something about her face that haunted me for months afterwards."

"Amy was once very beautiful, but ill-health has greatly changed her."

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF OUR YOUNG PEOPLE?

When vacant churches are looking out for a minister, what point, among others, is uppermost in their minds? Is it not that someone shall be called who can attract the young people? And further, is it not a complaint that is not infrequently made against a conscientious and faithful pastor, "The young people don't seem to be interested in him!" That will in all probability be made the entering wedge to his dismissal. Who are these "young people?" Why, in the majority of cases, they are children of members of the church. To whom, under God, are they primarily responsible? To their parents? Of course, will be the prompt answer. Who is responsible for their religious training and culture? Why, their parents. Is not the Bible very explicit on that subject? But, as a matter of fact, it is well known that many, very many parents are "very guilty" in this matter. Are they authorized to expect a blessing upon their children when they fail to do what God requires them to do? Is not the principle, "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me," as applicable to this as to all other departments of Christian duty? Reducing the subject down to its last analysis, what is the requirement that parents really make of pastors? Why, that they shall cure their defects; that they shall do a work which God says parents must do. The question, then, "Will this or that minister attract the young people?" is a question that has no right to exist. What, then, is to become of our

young people? Why, they must be cared for as the Bible directs. Parents and churches must get back to Bible principles on this subject. Parents should feel that they are to blame if their children do not love the church, and walk in the ways of truth and godliness. Take them with you to church from their infancy. Teach them the truths of our holy religion. Pray with and for them. Let parents do their duty, and the question, "What is to become of our young people?" will be satisfactorily answered.

"THE TIME IS SHORT."

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender,
And soon with me the labour will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender.
The time is short.

A shepherd's tent of reeds and flowers decaying,
That night winds soon will crumble into naught;
So seems my life, for some rude blast decaying.
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul, the long spent time redeeming;
Sow thou the seeds of better deed and thought;
Light other lamps, while yet thy light is beaming,
The time is short.

Think of the good thou might'st have done, when brightly
The suns to thee life's choicest seasons brought,
Hours lost to God in pleasure passing lightly.
The time is short.

The time is short. Then be thy heart a brother's,
To every heart that needs thy help in aught;
Soon thou may'st need the sympathy of others.
The time is short.

If thou hast friends, give them thy best endeavour,
Thy warmest impulse and thy purest thought,
Keeping in mind, in word and action ever,
The time is short.

Where summer winds, aroma-laden hover,
Companions rest, their work forever wrought
Soon other graves the moss and fern will cover.
The time is short.

Up, up, my soul, ere yet the shadow falleth;
Some good return in latter season wrought;
Forget thyself, when duty's angel calleth.
The time is short.

By all the lapses thou hast been forgiven,
By all the lessons prayer to thee hath taught.
To others teach the sympathies of heaven.
The time is short.

WHO WAS THE BAD BOY?

Little Annie was prettily dressed and standing in front of the house waiting for her mother to go out to ride.

A tidy boy, dressed in coarse clothes, was passing, when the little girl said:

"Come here, boy, and shake hands with me. I dot a boy dus like you named Bobby."

The boy laughed, shook hands with her and said: "I've got a little girl just like you, only she hasn't got any little cloak with passy fur on it."

Here a lady came out of the door and said: "Annie, you must not talk with bad boys on the street. I hope you haven't taken anything from her? Go away, and never stop here again, boy!"

That evening the lady was called down to speak to a boy in the hall. He was very neatly dressed, and stood with his cap in his hand. It was the enemy of the morning.

"I came to tell you that I am not a bad boy," he said; "I go to Sunday school, and help my mother all I can. I never tell lies, nor quarrel, nor say bad words, and I don't like a lady to call me names, and ask me if I've stolen her little girl's clothes from her!"

"I'm very glad you are so good," said the lady, laughing at the boy's earnestness. "Here is a quarter of a dollar for you."

"I don't want that!" said Bob, holding his head very high. "My father works in a foundry, and has lots of money. You've got a bigger boy than me, haven't you?"

"Yes, why?"

"Does he know the Commandments?"

"I'm afraid not very well."

"Can he say the Sermon on the Mount, and the twenty-third Psalm, and the Golden Rule?"

"I am very much afraid he cannot," said the lady, laughing at the boy's bravery.

"Does he not ride his pony on Sunday, instead of going to church?"

"I am afraid he does; but he ought not," said the lady, blushing a little.

"Mother don't know I came here," said the bright little rogue; "but I thought I would just come round, and see what kind of folks you were, and I guess mother would rather your boy would not come round our doors, because she don't want little Mamie to talk to bad boys in the street. Good evening!" And the boy was gone.

THE work of Protestant missions in China since 1842, when they were first planted there is thus summed up: Chinese communicants 13,000, of whom two-third are men. Organized congregations 312, with nearly 700 church edifices and chapels. There are 473 foreign missionaries, 73 native ministers, 92 Bible women and 21 theological schools. Children attending Sabbath school, 3,000, and 7,000 receiving secular education from the missionaries. The converts contribute \$9,000 annually; 18 churches are self-supporting, 243 partially so.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

DR. EDMOND DEPRESENSE, a Protestant divine and well-known writer on theological subjects, has been appointed secretary of the French legation at Washington.

REV. DR. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR will sail for Europe with several members of his family on the 2nd of June, in search of rest and recreation. His congregation have voted him a four months' leave of absence and a gift of \$2,500 to defray some of the expenses of his trip.

THE Abbe Thibaut curé at Montiers (Oise), has announced his intention to leave the Romish Church, and has begun delivering evangelical lectures in Montiers and the neighbourhood. The curé in an important town in the next department has taken the same step, and is about to commence his studies for the ministry in a Protestant faculty.

AN English correspondent of the "Evangelical Churchman," speaking of converts from Romanism in Ireland, says: "Here are a few interesting facts in connection with the work of the Irish Society in Ireland: 1. About forty persons instructed by the Society, once Roman Catholics, have entered the ministry of the Churches of Ireland and England. 2. In the general Synod of the Church of Ireland sit many of the convert clergy, one a dean of his diocese, several canons and prebendaries. 3. Nineteen churches have been built for converts, and one church has been built in America by emigrant converts from Galway."

ON Sabbath afternoon, March 28th, the Rev. Mr. Borland, Clerk's Lane Evangelical Union Church, Kilmarnock, intimated at the close of the services that he thereafter ceased to be pastor of the church, and further, that his connection with the Evangelical Union body was at an end. It is thought (a Kilmarnock correspondent adds) Mr. Borland will join the Established Church, and the opinion prevails that possibly Clerk's Lane Church may take a similar course. It will be a rather curious theological turn to see the mother Church of Mormonism absorbed in the Establishment.

AT the Easter vestry of St. Paul's Church, Pendleton, Manchester, it was stated that the number of candles used at the early celebration of the Holy Communion since the Rev. W. Wright, the present incumbent, entered upon his duties, had been increased from two to forty-two. Concurrently with this, the people's warden reported that the collections for church expenses had decreased from £115 to £41. The collections for the Sabbath school had decreased from £23 to £9, the income from sittings and pew rents from £105 to £35, and the number of sittings let from 187 to fifty-one.

THE war against the Ritualists goes on in the English courts without any great results. Lord Penzance has granted an inhibition against the Rev. T. V. Dale, of St. Vedast's, London, for continuing certain illegal Ritualistic practices after being admonished and after a motion had been served upon him. If the inhibition is not released by obedience after a period of three years a new rector will be appointed. Mr. Dale was ordered to pay the costs of the proceedings. Notwithstanding this judgment, Mr. Dale omitted none of the objectionable features of the service on the following day.

AN extraordinary tale of martyrdom in the Russian Church is told by the "Figaro." In 1853 the steward of a Russian landowner was murdered in the district of Kieff. A priest named Kobytowicz was accused of the deed, and, in spite of his protests of innocence, he was transported to Siberia, where he was forgotten. The other day an old peasant admitted on his death-bed that he was the murderer, that he had confessed the crime to the priest in question and obtained his absolution. The priest, however, having received the confession under the usual seal of secrecy, could not divulge it, and preferred to undergo the terrible punishment in the mines of Siberia to departing from his duty. The authorities at once sought for the priest among the prisoners, but he had died a few months before the disclosure.

AT the inquiry by the Board of Trade into the Tay Bridge disaster, Henry Law, C.E., further testified regarding the strength of the material of the piers, and stated that whereas the specifications required a tensile strength of twenty-one tons to the square inch, some of the tie bars gave way in testing at a tensile strength of fifteen tons to the square inch. He said some of the rivet holes were too large for the bolts, several nuts were defective, and in each of the piers two columns were cracked and had bands around them. At an adjourned meeting, Albert Grothe, civil engineer, was the only witness examined. His evidence was purely technical. In reply to a leading question regarding the cause of the catastrophe, he attributed it to the strong wind, and also stated there was no ground for suggesting that the bridge had been constructed of inferior materials, nor had he seen any indications of defective workmanship which would account for the accident.

ACCORDING to the Society for the Propagation of the Jewish Faith, the headquarters of which are at Berlin, there are at the present moment scattered over the face of the earth from six to seven millions of Jews, that is to say, the same number of Israelites, or nearly so, as it is alleged existed in the time of King David. Of these, five millions live in Europe, 200,000 in Asia, 500,000 in Africa, and a million or more in America. In Europe, Russia reckons the highest number of Jews, 2,621,000 being established in that country. Second on the list comes Austria-Hungary, which possesses 1,375,000 Israelites, of which 575,000 reside in Galicia. Germany gives hospitality to 512,000 Jews, Holland to 70,000, England to 50,000, France to 49,000, Italy to 35,000, Spain and Portugal together have but from three to four thousand Jews in their territory, Sweden 1,800, and Norway only twenty-five Israelites in the whole kingdom. In Berlin alone there are 45,000 Jews, nearly as many as in the whole of France. There are 25,000 Jews in Palestine, the majority being at Jerusalem, where the Israelite population is estimated at 13,500, of which 7,000 are Mussulmans.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

MESSRS. J. Ritchie, John G. Campbell and James Smith called at St. Andrew's manse, Belleville, on Thursday evening, the 29th ult., and presented the Rev. Mr. McLean with a most affectionate address, together with a handsome gift to Mrs. McLean. The whole incident was a most pleasant surprise to Mr. McLean, who replied to the address in fitting terms, and, in the name of Mrs. McLean, thanked the donors for their handsome gift.

THE annual meeting of the congregation of Collingwood, was held on Monday, 26th April. The Rev. R. Rodgers occupied the chair. The total receipts for ordinary church purposes during the year were \$1,206, fully meeting all liabilities. The amount raised for Church schemes was \$113; this includes \$28 contributed by the Sabbath school. The total contributions of the Sabbath school amounted to \$79.26. The amount collected on account of Church Building Fund was \$2,896.45. It appeared from the reports that the congregation have raised for various purposes during the year the large sum of \$4,264.45. The Board of Management was unanimously re-elected. A vote of thanks was given to the choir and specially to its able leader Mr. Charles Kelly, for their very efficient services during the year; and also to the ladies for the efficient manner in which they had laboured for the furnishing and adornment of the new church.

THE twentieth anniversary of the Rev. W. T. McMullen's induction to the pastoral charge of Knox Church, Woodstock, was taken advantage of on Sabbath, the 25th ult., by Mr. McMullen to review the course of his twenty years' ministry in the county town of Oxford. We are sorry we can make room only for the following extract from the excellent sermon preached on the occasion: "Twenty years ago, on the 19th of the present month, I was inducted into the pastoral charge of this congregation. The call extended to me was signed by 105 members. The total number of names on the communion roll at that time was about 128; the number of names appended to the call, viewed in proportion to the total membership, was therefore very large. I had the most satisfactory grounds for believing that the call was unanimous and hearty, and that if I accepted it and came to Woodstock I would meet with a cordial welcome. In this I was not disappointed. The pain of separation from my former charge was greater than I had anticipated it would be, but the kind and warm-hearted manner in which I was received here on the day of my induction reassured me that I had correctly interpreted the leadings of Providence, and that in coming here I was walking in the path of duty. The relationship then formed has now stood the test of twenty years, and may surely be said to have vindicated its claim to be regarded as of the Lord. Few congregations have carried on their work and enjoyed their privileges in a spirit of greater harmony for twenty years; and it has fallen to the lot of but few ministers to spend twenty years of such peaceful labour in the work of the Gospel. It seems almost incredible that it can be twenty years. Truly we spend our years as a tale that is told. And now it may be interesting to note in general terms some of the changes that have taken place, and to contrast the circumstances of the congregation at present with what they were twenty years ago. Of the 105 communicants who signed the call to me, about 27 or 28 have gone the way of all flesh; about 35 are still with us; a few of them have become connected with neighbouring congregations, and the rest have left the place. Of the 34 adherents who signed, about 9 are still with us, 12 have died, and almost all the others have removed to reside elsewhere. During the twenty years of my pastorate about 600 persons have been received into full communion in the church on profession of faith and by certificate—an average addition of 30 for each year. There are at present about 340 in full communion in the congregation, and a considerably larger number of adherents. I find by referring to our returns for the year 1862-3 in the printed minutes of the Synod that we contributed to the missionary and other schemes of the Church for that year a total of \$89. For the year just closed we have contributed a total of \$552.80. The credit of this large advance is in a great measure due to the warm-hearted zeal and untiring efforts of the Christian ladies of the congrega-

tion. They have had the exclusive charge of this matter for a number of years past, and in no other department is the increase so large. Our contributions now are more than six times as large as they were for the year '862-3; and a member of the congregation stated to me his conviction a few weeks ago, that we might double our contributions to missions and be none the poorer. I believe that not only would we be none the poorer financially, but much richer spiritually. As regards the increase in the current revenue of the congregation from pew rents and collections, I cannot give the exact figures, but I find that in 1862-3 the sum total raised for all purposes was \$1,817.55, and the sum total for 1869 was \$3,926.27, and for the year closing 31st of March, 1880, \$4,221.80." We trust Mr. McMullen will be spared to celebrate his jubilee (shall we say in the same place?) amid even still more marked indications of Divine favour and guidance.

PRESBYTERY OF WHITBY.—This Presbytery met at Oshawa, on the 20th April. There was a full attendance of members. The greater part of the forenoon sederunt was spent in conference on the state of religion, which was introduced by Mr. Roger reading the annual report on that subject. Several members took part in the conference, and the Presbytery agreed to recommend that the ministers use increased diligence to secure the co-operation of parents in impressing upon the baptized children of the Church their relation to the covenant, and teaching them that it is their duty and privilege to seek a personal interest in Christ, and to openly acknowledge Him; and to this end, would further recommend that the ministers of Presbytery, not only bring the matter before their own congregations, but that, before next regular meeting of Presbytery, each minister shall exchange pulpits with another, in order, the more effectually to bring the subject before the people. Commissioners to the General Assembly were elected, by rotation. Messrs. Crozier, and Abraham; by ballot, Peattie, and Little, ministers; and Messrs. A. Beith, T. Bingham, T. Yellowlees, and S. Wood, elders. Mr. R. Torrance, Guelph, was nominated moderator of the Synod of Toronto and Kingston at its meeting in Toronto. Mr. James Ross, student of the third year, passed the preliminary trials, and application is to be made to the Synod for leave to take him on trial for license. The draft act anent the reception of ministers was adopted *simpliciter*. The reports of the treasurer and of the Finance Committee were given in and read, from which it appears that \$144 had been expended on the current expenses of Presbytery and the travelling expenses of delegates to the last General Assembly, leaving a balance in hand of \$39. To meet the expenditure of the coming year, it was estimated that a sum at the rate of eleven cents per member would be required. The Presbytery ordered accordingly. The next regular meeting will be held in Bowmanville, on the third Tuesday of July next.—A. A. DRUMMOND, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF BARRIE.—An adjourned meeting of this Presbytery was held at Barrie, on Tuesday and Wednesday, 20th and 21st April, for disposal of all unfinished business, and of any other which might arise. Present—fourteen ministers and seven elders. Messrs. Craw and Millard, ministers, and J. Cerswell, jr., elder, having resigned their commissions to the General Assembly, Messrs. Leiper and Gray, ministers, and A. McGoun, elder of the Presbytery of Montreal, were elected in their stead. The resignation by Mr. Panton of the charge of Bradford and Second West Gwillimbury was taken up. A petition was received from Bradford praying that the resignation be not accepted. Memorials from both congregations, and from the neighbouring congregations of West Gwillimbury and Innisfil were also received, in which were set forth steps taken towards effecting the desire of the people for a union of the four congregations under one pastorate. Commissioners were heard in respect to the resignation and to the proposed union. Mr. Panton intimated his desire to withdraw his resignation. The Presbytery resolved to permit the withdrawal of resignation, and to unite the congregations of Bradford and Second West Gwillimbury, West Gwillimbury and Innisfil into one charge under Mr. Panton's pastoral care. Arrangements were ordered with respect to the church property of the extinct congregation at Cherry Creek. Home Mission business engaged for some time the attention of the court. The following resolution was unanimously

adopted: "Whereas the application of the Presbytery to the Assembly's Home Mission Committee, for a grant, equivalent to the amount deducted from the grants passed by the Committee in March, 1879, was not entertained; and whereas the sum applied for has been provided by the Presbytery of Montreal at the instance of the Rev. R. H. Warden, Convener of the Home Mission Committee of said Presbytery, it is resolved that this Presbytery cordially acknowledges its obligation to the Presbytery of Montreal for its generous gift whereby the losses of the missionaries and supplemented ministers are repaired, and that the Presbytery tender thanks to Mr. Warden for the interest taken by him in this matter." Deputations were appointed to visit the congregations of Town Line and Ivy, and the stations of Wyebridge, etc., with the view of getting the people to contribute to the stipend sums equal to the reductions made by the Home Mission Committee on the grants hitherto enjoyed by them. On the Assembly's remit as to the validity of ordination by the Church of Rome, a motion was proposed by Mr. Acheson to the effect that ex-priests applying for admission to the ministry of the Presbyterian Church should be re-ordained. An amendment proposed by Mr. Moodie, without expressing any opinion on the subject of the remit, recommended that applications of converted Roman priests for admission to this ministry be dealt with as they arise. The amendment was carried by a vote of six to three. Mr. J. K. Wright, student, was examined on application for license. The examination was sustained, and the Presbytery resolved to apply to the Synod for leave to take Mr. Wright on public probationary trials. Next ordinary meeting to be held at Barrie, on last Tuesday of July, at eleven a.m.—ROBT. MOODIE, *Pres. Clerk*.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

The Council of the University of Queen's College met on the 27th ult., and was numerously attended by the local representatives of the graduates, and by a number of the members of Council from a distance, including Rev. Dr. Wardrope, of Guelph; Rev. George Bell, LL.D., of Walkerton; and Rev. Malcolm McGillivray, M.A., Scarborough.

The Registrar, R. V. Rogers, B.A., announced the election of Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., to the office of Chancellor of the University. Dr. Saunders, of Kingston, was elected a member of Council in the stead of D. B. McLennan, Q.C., who had been appointed a trustee. Notice of motion for the next meeting was given, to the effect that at future elections for Chancellor all matriculated students, as well as graduates, be allowed to vote.

The Committee which had been appointed to consider the advisability of having a law faculty in connection with the University reported recommending its establishment, and suggesting a curriculum for the degree of LL.B. The report was adopted and sent to the trustees.

Convocation was held on the 28th ult. Convocation Hall was crowded with students, graduates, and their friends. In addition to those present at the meeting of the Council on the previous day, there were Rev. N. McNish, LL.D., Cornwall; Rev. D. M. Gordon, Ottawa; Rev. D. Ross, Lachine, and a large representation of the leading people of Kingston and the vicinity.

Principal Grant opened Convocation with reading the Scriptures and prayer, and then called upon the Professors in the Faculties of Arts, Divinity, and Medicine to present their class prizes. The honour list, the gold medalists, and University prizemen were then announced, each name being loudly cheered. The ceremony of laureation next took place, after which Mr. A. B. McCallum, B.A., a double gold medalist, delivered the valedictory to the art students, and J. E. Galbraith, M.D., University prizeman, to the medicals.

The Rev. Principal then delivered an address intended more especially for the students in the Divinity faculty, who had refrained from nominating one of their own to deliver a valedictory. He began by referring to the dictum promulgated in certain quarters that morality owes nothing to religion, and that the world would continue to be quite as moral as it now is if it lost all sense of religion and all faith in a living God. Declining to discuss the abstract question, he pointed out that the human race cannot afford to throw away any of the motives or impulses which in-

duce men to act virtuously, and that the world would be better for the increase of such motives rather than their decrease. He held that religion would not strengthen morality unless it were really believed. One of the strongest bulwarks of public and general morality is the conviction on the part of the people that the clergy, as a class, maintain a lofty standard of morality, that they are pure in life, unselfish, and ready to do their duty without ostentation and without shrinking. Let that belief be shaken, and the effect on popular morality will be disastrous. He urged the students to remember that they were in this sense, by their lives, the guardians of public morality, and reminded them that their utterances and conduct would be tried by a standard more rigid than was applied to men in other walks of life. He rejoiced that this was so, and was sure they would not have it otherwise. He urged them to go forth to their work in the spirit of their Master, resolved to live so that men would learn more from their lives than even from their teaching. After he had addressed a few remarks to the students generally,

Dr. Williamson, the Vice-Principal, presented the following candidates for honorary degrees: Rev. John Cook, D.D., of Morrin College, and John Thorburn, M.A., of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, for the degree of LL.D.; and the Rev. George Bellis, of Belfast, Ireland, the Rev. J. F. Stevenson, of Montreal, and the Rev. G. L. Mackay, Canada Presbyterian Missionary to Formosa, for the degree of D.D. Mr. Stevenson responded to the Vice-Principal's remarks, and his address was enthusiastically received by the students.

The University prizes, gold medals, etc., for next session were then announced, and the Principal closed the proceedings of Convocation with the following address:

Gentlemen of the Convocation, and Ladies and Gentlemen:

Before closing this Convocation, the last we expect to hold in this hall, it gives me much pleasure to speak to you the customary good words of review, of augury, and of thanks for your interest in what we may call, in a country so young as the Province of Ontario, our venerable University. When I begin to review, amid all that is cheering and hopeful, our irreparable loss comes up before us and marks the past as a black year. We shall ever remember it for the death of Prof. Mackerras, more than for any other event connected with its varied story. It would not be meet for me to enlarge on this occasion upon the rare excellence of his character, though his loss is still fresh in our memories, and though almost every week since the public funeral which the University and city spontaneously accorded to him, I have received letters from one part of the country or another, or from the United States, Europe, or Asia, filled with mourning on account of his untimely departure from us.

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
Tam cari capitis?
Cui pudor, et justitiae soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum inveniat parem?

As long as Queen's endures so long will his memory endure as part of our most treasured inheritance. I rejoice that we are not to be without living memorials of him. Enough has been subscribed to found a Mackerras Scholarship of \$100 in connection with the chair he filled so well, and a meeting of subscribers held to-day agree to establish this at once, and to keep the fund open for a year, when definite action may be taken as to the permanent form that the Mackerras Memorial is to assume. We trust that during the ensuing year more may be done than has been yet indicated. The letter which I am about to read conveys another memorial of him to us:

"To the Vice-Chancellor of the Convocation of Queen's University:

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—A number of ladies in Kingston and elsewhere, who knew and appreciated the late Rev. Prof. Mackerras, deeply regretting that his lamented death deprives this Convocation of the familiar presence of one long so intimately associated with Queen's University, have thought it most fitting that he should hereafter be represented by a memorial portrait. They have most heartily united in procuring the accompanying portrait in oil, of which we, on their behalf, request your acceptance, in the hope that it may long perpetuate within the walls of this University the memory of his devoted and faithful labours for her well-being, as well as the influence of his reverend and noble life.

Signed on behalf of a large number of subscribers,
"JESSIE GRANT, LOUISA J. MACDONALD, EMMA MOWAT, ALICE S. ROGERS, AGNES M. MACHAR, MARY P. SMITH, ELKANOR MACDONNELL, W. M. FRASER, A. M. MACPHERSON, HARRIET MCINTYRE."

The Rev. Principal in graceful terms accepted of the portrait on behalf of Convocation. He foreshadowed certain changes in the course of study, alluded to the coming law faculty, cordially commended the institution of a special course of medical lectures for women, stated that the sum of \$40,000 or \$50,000 was still needed in order to put the building and endowment funds in a satisfactory state, and referred to the new scholarships established by A.

Gunn, M.P., for general proficiency at matriculation, and by M. C. Cameron, M.P., for proficiency in the use of Gaelic, accompanying the announcement with an eloquent plea for the study of that language, concluding with a brief eulogium on the newly elected Chancellor, Mr. Sandford Fleming, and the announcement that his inauguration would take place on or soon after "University Day," next October.

The following is the list of honour-men and graduates of the year:

HONOURS.

Latin—A. R. Linton, Orono, first-class.
Mental and Moral Philosophy—A. B. McCallum, first-class.

GOLD MEDALS.

Chemistry—Lewis W. Shannon, B.A., Kingston.
History—Daniel McTavish, Scone.
Mental and Moral Philosophy—A. B. McCallum, Paisley.

SCHOLARSHIPS.

Glass Memorial, \$60—Adam Shortt, Walkerton, Junior Mathematics.
St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, \$50—John Hay, Pinkerton, Chemistry.
Grant, \$48—J. A. McArthur, Kincardine, Ethics.
Reekie, \$50—J. P. Hume, Burnbrae, Natural Science.
Cataqui, \$50, with honour of Grant Scholarship—W. Meikle, New Glasgow, N.S., History.
McIntyre, \$50—W. Spankie, Williamsville, Senior Mathematics.
Prince of Wales, \$60—W. Briden, Bath, Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry.
Church (1), \$60, with honour of Church, (2) and Glass Memorial Scholarships—S. W. Dyde, Ottawa, Junior Greek.
Church (2), \$60—D. McTavish, Rhetoric and English Literature.
Church (3), \$60—A. R. Linton, Logic and Metaphysics.
Leitch Memorial, \$80—James Ross, B.A., Hyde Park, Greek Testament and Theology.

GRADUATES.

B.A.—Julien D. Bissonette, Stirling; William Briden, Bath; Wilber Daly, Napanee; John A. McArthur, Kincardine; Arch. B. McCallum, Paisley; Hugh McMillan, Lochiel.
M.A.—James Cumberland, B.A., Rosemont; John Herald, B.A., Dundas; Gilbert C. Patterson, B.A., Collingwood.
B.D.—Rev. J. C. Smith, M.A., Guelph; Rev. Prof. Hart, M.A., Winnipeg.
LL.D.—Rev. John Cook, D.D., Quebec; John Thorburn, M.A., Rector of Collegiate Institute, Ottawa.
D.D.—Rev. J. F. Stevenson, B.A., LL.B., Montreal; Rev. George Bellis, Belfast, Ireland; Rev. George L. Mackay, Missionary in Formosa.
James Ross, B.A., passed his first examination for B.D. M.D.—H. H. Chown, B.A., Kingston; J. E. Clarke, Schomberg; L. E. Day, C. R. Dickson, C. S. Empey, Kingston; J. E. Galbraith, Bowmanville; J. H. Knight, Wallaceburg; P. McPhaden, Kincardine; J. Odiam, Lucknow; H. H. Reeve, Kingston; W. D. Reid, Kingston; Thomas Wilson, B.A., Glencoe; W. H. Waddell, Perth; W. A. Lavell, Kingston.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XX.

May 16, } THE MARRIAGE FEAST. { Matt. xxii. 1-14.
1860. }

GOLDEN TEXT.—"As many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage."—Matt. xxii. 9.

HOME STUDIES.

M. Matt. xx. 1-19... The Labourers.
T. Matt. xx. 20-34... The Ambitious Disciples.
W. Matt. xxi. 1-16... Christ's Triumphal Entry.
Th. Matt. xxi. 17-32... Christ's Authority Questioned.
F. Matt. xxi. 33-46... Wicked Husbandmen.
S. Matt. xxii. 1-14... Marriage Feast.
Sab. Luke xiv. 16-24... The Great Supper.

HELPS TO STUDY.

After receiving little children and replying to the rich young man, as recorded in the passage which formed the subject of our last lesson, Christ delivered the parable of the Labourers in the Vineyard, answered the ambitious request of James and John, and departed from Perea, directing His steps towards Jerusalem by way of Jericho.

In the neighbourhood of Jericho He healed two blind men, and having entered that city He visited Zaccheus and delivered the parable of the Talents.

Six days before the passover He reached Bethany. There He passed the Jewish Sabbath; and on the first day of the week occurred His triumphal entry into Jerusalem.

The episodes of the barren fig tree and the cleansing of the temple follow, the Saviour spending each night at Bethany and returning to teach in the temple each day.

In the course of this teaching in the temple during the week preceding His death He delivered the parable of the Two Sons, that of the Wicked Husbandmen, and that which forms the subject of our present lesson.

The teachings of this parable may be arranged under the following heads: (1) Invitation Rejected, (2) Retribution, (3) Invitation Accepted, (4) An Unworthy Guest.

I. INVITATION REJECTED.—Vers. 1-6. This parable, like the two preceding ones already mentioned, exhibits primarily the wickedness and ingratitude of the Jews in their persistent rejection of God's offers of mercy notwith-

standing their high privileges, and their utter rejection as a people on that account. It has also a direct application to nations and to individuals, in all ages, who reject the Saviour as the Jews did.

A certain King made a marriage for His Son. The King represents God, and the marriage feast signifies the abundant provision made in the work of redemption for man's salvation, support, and happiness.

Sent forth His servants. This generous King would exclude no one from the feast—the wayfaring man, come whence he might, would be welcome, but He sent special invitations. His servants, the prophets, had called the Jews to repentance; and His servants, the priests, had shewn them as in a glass, darkly, Christ crucified.

To call them that were bidden. The ceremonial dispensation had been a constant bidding, a repeated invitation, to the Jews, and all its material rites and observances pointed to the salvation that is in Christ.

They would not come. Instead of humbling themselves before God and seeking the pardon of sin through the atonement prefigured in their animal sacrifices, they vainly endeavoured to work out a righteousness for themselves by strict attention to ritual and by rendering a superficial obedience to the moral law falsely interpreted and corrupted.

Again He sent forth other servants. This second mission is supposed to represent John the Baptist, Christ Himself and His immediate disciples, Stephen, Barnabas, Paul, and others, who called upon the Jews to "behold the Lamb of God," slain before their eyes.

All things are ready, said these last messengers, come unto the marriage. A few believed and lived, but the great bulk of the nation either gave no heed or manifested the most bitter opposition.

They made light of it. That was one class; one thought more of his farm and another of his merchandise than they thought of Christ or salvation. This class was very large; and this kind of Judaism is very popular in the present day.

Entreated them spitefully and slew them. "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, that killest the prophets and stonest them which are sent unto thee" (Matt. xxiii. 37). See also Acts iv. 3; v. 18; viii. 3; v. 40; xiv. 15-19; xvii. 5; xxi. 30; xxiii. 2; v. 58; xii. 2.

II. RETRIBUTION.—Ver. 7. The King in the parable surely had reason to be angry. Those who ought to have rendered obedience to his commands had treated even his kind invitations with contempt. God is long-suffering and not easily provoked; but He tells us that He is "angry with the wicked every day." His anger is no transient ebullition of passion, but an uncompromising opposition and an unrelenting hatred to that which is evil, accompanied by the most tender pity and love to those who are its victims. Those who choose evil and cast in their lot with it can look only for destruction.

Destroyed those murderers. About seventy years after these words were spoken Jerusalem was destroyed by Roman armies, and the beautiful temple given to the flames. National sin brings national disaster; but for the individual there is a still more terrible punishment beyond.

III. INVITATION ACCEPTED.—Vers. 8-10. The door of mercy had stood open to all in all ages; but now the special advantages and privileges formerly possessed by the Jews alone, were to be transferred to other nations.

They which were bidden were not worthy. Jacobus says: "The unworthiness consisted in their rejecting the provision, as the worthiness of the guests lay in their accepting it. This indicates the sentence passed upon the despisers and neglecters of the Gospel, whether Jews or Gentiles. The Jews, in rejecting the message, proved that they were not worthy of their high privileges. 'Seeing ye put it from you and judge yourselves unworthy of everlasting life, lo, we turn to the Gentiles'" (Acts xiii. 46).

Into the highways. Translated by Wickliff "the ends of ways." It means literally the outlets of streets, where several ways met; and the intention seems to be to shew that the Gospel call is without distinction. Even the apostles were slow to believe this, and it was only by a special revelation that Peter was brought to understand that "God also to the Gentiles" had "granted repentance unto life."

Both good and bad. The Saviour here speaks after the manner of men; for the Gospel is addressed to all as "bad," that is as sinners; and no one is "good" until he has received the Gospel and is sanctified by the Holy Spirit.

The wedding was furnished with guests. It was much easier for God to do without the Jews than it was for the Jews to do without God. "For I say unto you that God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham" (Matt. iii. 9).

IV. THE UNWORTHY GUEST.—Vers. 11-14. Not all who yield outward allegiance to the Gospel really become partakers of its benefits. There have been hypocrites and false professors in all ages.

To see the guests. The wheat and the tares are permitted to grow together until the harvest, but then an inspection and a sifting will take place.

Had not on a wedding garment. He could not plead poverty, for wedding garments had been provided in an outer chamber for all comers, as was customary on such great occasions; and for the sinner there is also provided the righteousness of Christ with which he ought to be clothed before he enters the guest-chamber on earth, and with which he must be clothed before he enters the guest-chamber above.

Friend, how camest thou in? There must have been some remissness on the part of the servants attending at the door of the guest-chamber; but this does not lessen the man's own responsibility.

He was speechless. Literally *muzzled* or *gagged*. No man can offer any excuse at the judgment. "Every mouth shall be stopped" (Rom. iii. 19).

Cast him into outer darkness. The hypocrite keeps on hoping that he will not be detected; but the "hypocrite's hope shall perish" (Job viii. 13). Will not the sense of self-destruction, and the memory of the gracious offers of mercy rejected, be of themselves sufficient cause for weeping and gnashing of teeth.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

I know a little saying,
That is altogether true;
My little boy, my little girl,
The saying is for you.
'Tis this, O blue and black eyes,
And gray—so deep and bright—
No child in all this careless world
Is ever out of sight.

No matter whether field or glen,
Or city's crowded way,
Or pleasure's laugh or labour's hum,
Entice your feet to stray;
Some one is always watching you,
And whether wrong or right,
No child in all this busy world
Is ever out of sight.

Some one is always watching you,
And marking what you do,
To see if all your childhood's acts
Are honest, brave and true;
And watchful more than mortal kind,
God's angels pure and white,
In gladness or in sorrowing
Are keeping you in sight.

Oh, bear in mind, my little one,
And let your mark be high!
You do whatever thing you do,
Beneath some seeing eye;
O, bear in mind, my little one,
And keep your good name bright,
No child upon the round, round earth,
Is ever out of sight.

PINS AND NEEDLES.

ONCE there was a girl that lived in a good home and had plenty to eat and to wear, and a good father and mother who were always laying themselves out for her, but she didn't deserve it a bit.

You wouldn't have believed it to look at her, but there was something dreadful about her. She was one of the cruelest girls that ever lived. I don't mean that she tore the legs and wings from the flies, or stuck pins through bugs; she did worse than that. She carried pins and needles about with her, and stuck them into folks. The strangest thing about it was that her own mother suffered most by her cruelty. Her mother wasn't a bit well. She often took a poor spell, and was a weakly kind of a woman anyway; but this wicked girl didn't have any sort of feeling for her. Jab went a pin here and a needle there whenever she happened to feel out of sorts.

"Stuck pins and needles into her own mother!" said Rose.

"Yes, she did," continued the old lady; "sometimes it was a great coarse pin that tore her most cruelly, and sometimes it was a little fine cambric needle, so fine you could hardly see it, that went away in deep. If she couldn't do just what she wanted to, or go where she wanted to, or read when her mother wanted her to work, she would just fly up and stick a needle or a pin into her."

"Mean, ugly thing," said Rose, her black eyes flashing, "why didn't her mother whip her or shut her up?"

"Served her right, if she had, I think myself," said Aunt Patty with emphasis.

"But she was one of those sweet, patient kind of persons, and she would often go off by herself and cry and pray over her bad girl. You have seen little silk pin and needle cushions, haven't you, made in the shape of a heart? Well, what was strange about this was that the pins and needles went right through to this poor mother's heart and there it was, stuck full. Nobody could see them but just

herself, and the eye that looks down into everybody's heart."

Aunt Patty stopped just here, and her gray eyes looked over her spectacles at Rose, as she slowly said:—

"Do you know of any other girl that carries pins and needles around with her?"

Rose's cheeks got redder, and her eyes blacker. She grasped her sunbonnet, dashed down the steps, and away she flew around the house, down to the farthest corner of the yard, out of sight and hearing, and then flung herself down on the grass under the old pear tree, and cried aloud:—

"Oh, dear! oh dear! she means me, I know she does!" she groaned. "I wish she never had come here. She's always watching me just as sharp. I don't stick needles and pins into mamma, and she needn't say I did; and she's real cross, too, anyhow. Oh, dear! oh, dear! I shall die."

But she did not die; she rolled over and over, cried loud, angry screams until she was almost worn out, then buried her face in the cool, sweet grass and fell asleep; and she dreamed. She thought her mamma was very sick, the blinds were all closed and the house was still, everybody whispered and went about on tiptoe, and a doctor with gray hair and a long gray beard bent over her mamma. "She has heart disease," he said "brought on by trouble;" then he turned and looked right at Rose from under his shaggy brows, shook his finger at her and said: "That is the one who did it, the troublesome child—she is killing her mother."

She screamed out in her dream, and that awoke her. She had been asleep a long time, for the sun was almost down on the top of the hill. Then it all came to her. Aunt Patty's story and her dream. When she recalled the words of the gray old doctor, she cried again with all her might. It was a sorrowful little soul that sat there for the next half-hour constantly patting the poor little hand, mourning and repenting. If naughty, cross looks, tardy obedience, as well as impertinent words, were pins and needles, how many times she had hurt her dear mother—her fair, sweet mamma, that she was proud of. She killing her mamma, indeed! She would die for her that very minute, if it were necessary; but then the dreadful truths would come and stand before her. How she had pouted when her mamma asked her to put down her "Golden Hours" and shell peas for dinner; how she always fretted when she couldn't have the second piece of pie, and only yesterday she went through what she called a "real fuss" about wearing her white Swiss muslin; told her mamma nobody else thought it was too cold, and it was "real mean anyhow." Why, it seemed as if she were always wanting to do the opposite thing from what mamma wished. "Wear your blue dress to-day," mamma would say.

"Oh no, please let me wear my pink one, that blue one is just horrid."

"Put on your rubbers, Rose."

"I don't need them."

"Yes, you do, the ground is quite damp."

"Oh, no, it isn't damp where I am going, besides I can walk on my heels if it is. I don't need them, truly I don't."

Then she would hurry out of hearing quickly. That would oblige mamma to go to the hall door and issue a positive command for the rubbers to go on, and they always went on with a pout and a frown, and so it was with many other little things. Were these the fine needles that Aunt Patty meant?

Her conscience gave her a very sharp twinge, too, when she recalled her mother's look, and tone, and words, only a few days ago when she had spoken disrespectfully to her.

"My child, when you speak in that manner, do you know that it pains me in my heart, just as your finger does when you run a sharp needle into it?" Mamma know about needles, too, it seemed.

Yes, Aunt Patty was right. She did not feel angry with her now, nor was she crying in those loud, ugly screams; real tears of penitence rolled down her cheeks. She knelt down behind the old tree, and told Jesus all about her naughtiness, and asked Him to take those hateful sins right out of her heart. She made a solemn promise never to be naughty to her mamma any more; never, never to let her lips speak those awful, sinful words again. She asked the dear Lord to keep her from breaking it. Just then she heard her mamma's soft voice calling:—

"Rose, Rose! Where is my blossom? Why, tea is all ready, and we have strawberries and biscuits. What are you hiding down here for, little one?"

"Oh, mamma," said Rose, in a little choked voice, springing up and hugging her mother close, "I am so glad you are not dead. I won't be pins and needles any more. I won't. Do forgive me."

"Pins and needles," said mamma, looking puzzled, "what does that mean?"

"Oh, it means—it means," sobbed Rose, "that I'm never going to be naughty any more."

God often used to speak to His people in dreams. Why may He not now send dreams as well as Aunt Patties to warn his little servants?

"BE PATIENT, MY DEAR."

"MOTHER," said Mary, "I can't make Henry put his figures as I tell him."

"Be patient, my dear, and do not speak so sharply."

"But he won't let me tell him how to put the figures," said Mary, very pettishly.

"Well, my dear, if Henry won't learn a lesson in figures, suppose you try to teach him one in patience; and perhaps when you have learned this the other will be easier to both."

Mary hung her head; for she felt that it was a shame to any little girl to be fretted by such a little thing, and she began to think that perhaps she deserved to be blamed as well as Henry.

AN infidel says he has learned by sad experience that a curse follows those who break the Sabbath.

"JOHNNIE," said a man, winking slyly to a dry-goods clerk of his acquaintance, "you must give me good measure; your master is not in," Johnnie looked solemnly into the man's face and replied, "*My Master is always in.*" Johnnie's Master was the all-seeing God.

Scientific and Useful.

RELIEF FOR INFLAMED EYES.—Take old muslin and make a pouch to fit the eye, and fill with flour; bind this on the eye. It does more good than anything I ever tried.

RICE PANCAKES.—Two large cups of rice well-washed, boil in one quart of water; when the water boils off, add one quart of milk, flour enough to make a nice batter and one egg.

PEACH CAKE.—Bake three layers of sponge cake, cut ripe peaches into very thin slices; prepare some sweet cream by whipping, sweetening and flavouring it; spread the peaches, with the cream poured over between, each layer as also over the top of the cake.

JOHNNY CAKE.—To half a pint of meal add warm water enough for a thin batter, half a teaspoonful of melted butter, half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar, a little soda and salt. If convenient add an egg. This makes an excellent cake, and to those who have not a full allowance of milk and cream it will prove a great help.

COLD WATER is much more satisfying in its results than sweet milk. Cake is more tender when made with water. A lady said to me recently, "I wish I had known of this before, for many times I could not make cake, because I could not get the milk." Another item: Use a tumbler for measuring instead of a tea-cup. Keep a common sized one on purpose.

RIGHT KIND OF EXERCISE.—The exercise which will give permanent strength, which will build up healthy bodies for girls, and ultimately for women, is the exercise of the swimming bath, which brings into play all the muscles of the body; that of the gymnastic class, where, in suitable dress, and under the direction of competent instructors, exercises fitted for the strength of girls are set for them to do; and that of the play-ground, where games give both amusement and exercise.

INFLUENCE OF SINGING ON HEALTH.—The medical Wochenschrift, of St. Petersburg, publishes an article on the influence of singing upon the health. It is founded upon the exhaustive researches made by Professor Monnasein, of St. Petersburg, during the autumn of 1878, when he examined 222 singers, ranging between the ages of nine and fifty-three years. It appears to be an ascertained fact from these experiments, that the relative and even the absolute circumference of the chest is greater among singers than among those who do not sing, and that it increases with the growth and age of the singer. While, too, milder forms of catarrh are frequent among singers, bronchial catarrh is exceedingly rare. The mortality of singers from phthisis is infrequent. Bright's disease on the contrary is not infrequent among them. Professor Monnasein concludes that singing is highly to be recommended as a valuable prophylactic for persons who are phthisically inclined, and that it is far preferable to ordinary gymnastics for developing, expanding and strengthening the chest.

HOW WE CATCH COLD.—The "Lancet" says: "This pertinent question is just now engaging attention. There is another question which should be answered first—namely, What is cold? The old idea of a 'chill' is perhaps, nearer the truth than the modern notion of a 'cold.' The hypothesis would seem to be that a 'cold' is something more than a cold, because, it is said, 'You do not catch cold unless you are cold.' The fact is there are probably as many diverse occurrences grouped and confounded under the generic title of cold-catching as diseases covered by that popular term fever, which is made to comprise every state in which the pulse is quickened and the temperature raised. By a parallel process of reasoning 'cold' ought to be limited to cases in which the phenomena are those of a 'chill.' When a person 'catches cold' any of several morbid accidents may occur—(1) he may have such a chill of the surface as shall drive the blood in on the internal organs and hamper some weak, or disorder and influence some diseased, viscus; (2) the cold may so impinge on the superficial nerves that serious disturbance of the system will ensue and a morbid state be set up; (3) the current of air which causes the cold may in fact be laden with the propagating 'germs' of disease; or (4) the vitality of the organism as a whole, or of some one or more of its parts, may be so depressed by a sudden abstraction of heat that recovery may be impossible, or a severe and mischievous reaction ensue. The philosophy of prevention is obviously to preserve the natural and healthy action of the organism as a whole, and of the surface in particular, while habituating the skin to bear severe alternations of temperature by judicious exposure, and natural stimulation by pure air and clean water, and orderly habits of hygiene and health.



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Edited by Rev. James Cameron.

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BIRTHS.

On Friday, 30th April, at 94, St. Patrick street, a daughter to James W. and Lillie Smith.

At the manse, Vaughan, on 30th April, the wife of Rev. P. Nicol of a daughter.

At the manse, East Gloucester, on Sabbath morning, 2nd May, Mrs. McDiarmid of a son.

MARRIED.

At 230 Berkeley street, on the 29th April, by the Rev. Principal Caven, James Imrie to Jeannie Anderson, both of Toronto.

At the Sherbourne street Methodist Church, on Tuesday, May 4th, by the Rev. John Potts, D. D., assisted by the Rev. J. B. Clarkson, M. A., Mr. W. J. Gage, of W. J. Gage & Co., to Ina, youngest daughter of David Burnside, Esq., F. E. I. S., Barrie, and sister of John T. M. Burnside, Esq., Inspector of the Bank of Toronto.

DIED.

At Kirkwall, Ont., on the evening of Friday the 23rd ult., Julia, beloved wife of A. H. Stewart, Esq., in her 58th year.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

LINDSAY.—At Woodville, on Tuesday, May 25th, at eleven a.m.

BRUCE.—In Knox Church, Paisley, on the first Monday of July, at two p.m.

HURON.—In Clinton, on the second Tuesday of May, at eleven a.m.

KINGSTON.—At Belleville, on the first Tuesday of July.

GUELPH.—In Knox Church, Guelph, on the third Tuesday of May, at ten a.m.

LONDON.—In First Presbyterian Church, London, on Tuesday, the 18th May, at one p.m.

BROCKVILLE.—At Spencerville, on Tuesday, July 6th, at three p.m.

MANITOBA.—In Knox Church, Winnipeg, on the third Wednesday in May, at ten a.m.

GLENGARRY.—At Alexandria, on 22nd Tuesday of July, at ten a.m.

CHATHAM.—At Chatham, in First Presbyterian Church, on 6th July at eleven o'clock.

TORONTO.—An adjourned meeting will be held on Tuesday, May 11th, at half-past two p.m., in the usual place.

PETERBORO'.—At Millbrook, on Tuesday, 6th July, at eleven a.m.

BARRIE.—At Barrie, on the last Tuesday of July, at eleven a.m.

QUEBEC.—In Morrin College, Quebec, on the 11th May, at ten a.m.

WHITBY.—At Bowmanville, on the third Tuesday of July.

MAITLAND.—A special meeting will be held in St. Andrew's Church, Lucknow, on Tuesday, May 18th, at half-past one p.m.

THE SYNOD OF TORONTO AND KINGSTON will meet in St. James' Square Church, Toronto, on Tuesday, 11th May, 1880, at 7.30 p.m. The opening sermon will be preached by Professor W. McLaren. Certificates will be issued entitling members to reduced fares on the Grand Trunk, Great Western, Northern, and North Western Railways.

JOHN GRAY, Synod Clerk. The Manse, Orillia, April 12th, 1880.

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settled in one of the towns on the Clyde, Scotland, wishes to make an Exchange, to begin about the end of May—for two months—with a brother minister in Canada or the United States. For particulars, please address PRESBYTERIAN OFFICE, 5 Jordan St.

ADDITIONAL MISSIONARIES FOR MANITOBA.

The Home Mission Committee are prepared to receive applications from ministers and licentiates desiring appointment to Manitoba. Applications with testimonials to be sent on or before the 1st May to the Convener,

REV. DR. COCHRANE, Brantford. Brantford, April 6th, 1880.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

The following Circular has been mailed to all members of Assembly whose names have been forwarded by Presbytery Clerks. Lest any should fail to receive it we give it in full:

MY DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly inform me as early as convenient:

(1) If you intend being present at the approaching meeting of the General Assembly, and if so whether you have made any private arrangement for accommodation or desire the Committee to provide a home for you during the meeting; also

(2) The names of the Railway or Steamboat Lines by which you will travel, so that I may send you certificates entitling you to tickets at reduced fares.

In the event of no reply being received from you before the 20th May the Committee of Arrangement will take it for granted that you do not require to be furnished either with accommodation or a railway certificate. The Committee, however,—whether you purpose being present or not—will feel obliged by your sending a Post card in reply to this before the 20th inst.

Yours very truly,

ROBT. H. WARDEN. 260 St. James Street, Montreal, 3rd May, 1880.

TRAVELLING ARRANGEMENTS.

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R. H. WARDEN.

Montreal, 3rd May, 1880.

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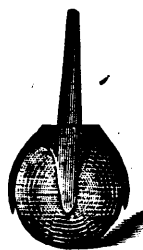
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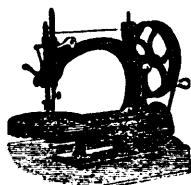
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