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Vol. 15.—No. 43.
Whole No. 767.

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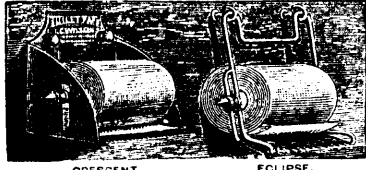
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DROPPED OR POACHED EGGS.—Have water boiling and salted, and if possible muffin rings in a large frying pan, into which to slip each egg; cook until firm; lift each egg, ring and all, with a pancake turner, on to thin slices of buttered toast neatly trimmed.

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In another column of this issue is to be seen the advertisement of The Ontario Tea Corporation. This Company, to introduce their Teas into the families of consumers, make the extraordinary offer of Electro-plated Tea Spoons. This Corporation is well spoken of, and their Teas can be depended upon as pure and unadulterated. Such enterprise is deserving of patronage. Give them a trial.

SNOW EGGS.—Boil one quart of milk with two ounces of sugar and the grated peel of lemon. Break six eggs; whip the whites to stiff froth, mixing in four tablespoonfuls of fine sugar. Now take a tablespoonful of the whipped whites and drop it into the boiling milk, they will set, and may be turned lightly; when firm drain on sieve, using all the whites in this way; make a custard of the yolks and the milk, flavouring to taste—be careful it does not curdle. When cold pour over the frothed eggs and serve.

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A Hard Fate.

it is indeed, to always remain in poverty and obscurity; be enterprising, reader, and avoid this. No matter in what part you are located, you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and receive free, full particulars about work that you can do and live at home, at a profit of at least \$5 to \$25 and upwards daily. Some have earned over \$50 in a day. All is new. Capital not required. You are started free. Either sex. All ages. Better not delay.

TO CLEAN GLASS AND SILVERWARE.—Eggshells crushed into small bits, and shaken well in decanters, three parts filled with cold water, will not only clean them thoroughly, but make the glass look like new. By rubbing with a flannel dipped in the best whiting the brown discolouration may be taken off of cups in which custards have been baked. Again, all of us are aware that emery powder will remove ordinary stains from the white ivory knife handles, and that the luster of morocco leather is restored by varnishing with the white of egg. Nothing, it is said, is better to clean silver with than alcohol or ammonia, finishing with a little whiting on a soft cloth. When putting away the silver tea or coffee pot which is not in use every day, lay a stick across the top under the cover. This will allow fresh air to get in, and prevents the mustiness of the contents.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES, In Consumption and Wasting Diseases, seems to possess remedial powers of great efficacy. It heals the irritation of the throat and lungs. Makes pure blood and builds up and fortifies the system against further inroads by disease. Take no other.

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TRIAL TRIP.

In a few weeks THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN will enter on its SIXTEENTH YEAR of publication. Since its first appearance it has been a welcome visitor to thousands of homes, and in order that its merits as a Church and family paper may become known to a still wider circle of readers, THE PRESBYTERIAN for the remainder of this year will be sent to any one sending us Fifteen Cents in stamps.

Notes of the Week.

ACCORDING to Dr. H. Osgood, a Baptist divine, the Baptist Churches throughout the world had in 1880 an aggregate membership of 2,676,870; Bishop M'Tyler, in his recent history of Methodism, gives the Methodist total as 5,212,186; and the Presbyterian Alliance at its Belfast meeting in 1884 gave the Presbyterian total as 6,750,460.

DAVID KENNEDY, the gifted interpreter of Scottish song, who was making a tour of the American continent, died after a short illness at Stratford last week. He has been around the world singing the songs that touch the Scottish heart. For several years he was precentor in Nicholson Street Presbyterian Church, Edinburgh. He made it a rule never to hold a concert on Saturday evening, and to be found at the Sabbath service, where not infrequently he and his family led the praise of the congregation. The last place at which he followed his usual course in this respect was at St. Andrew's Church, Sarnia.

THE fine monument erected to perpetuate the memory of Joseph Brant, the renowned chief of the Mohawks, who stood loyally by Great Britain during the Revolutionary War, was unveiled at Brantford by Lieut Governor Robinson on Wednesday last. The accompanying ceremonies were imposing, and the effect was greatly heightened by the presence of a number of prominent chiefs, among them Mistawasis, from the North-West. A number of prominent men from a distance, and leading citizens of Brantford, took an active part in the proceedings connected with the completion and unveiling of the Brant monument.

THE Prince of Wales has, it is announced, decided that the Indian and Colonial Exhibition will close on the evening of Wednesday, November 10. The proposal of the Prince of Wales that the Queen's Jubilee should be celebrated by the establishment of an Imperial Institute, as the outcome of the present Exhibition, has naturally continued to attract much attention. There would seem to be a belief among exhibitors and others interested in the possibility of the Exhibition being re-opened next spring in somewhat of its present shape, and continued through the year, whilst arrangements of a more permanent nature are being completed. In other words, the belief would seem to be that the present Exhibition and its Royal Commission will cease early in November, and that the display of next year will be under the auspices of the permanent institution.

A WELSH league, formed to assist all who are oppressed by tithes, has issued a manifesto; it is opposed to the removal of tithe liability to the landowners. It is rumoured that Mr. Chamberlain means to place himself at the head of a movement for the abolition of tithes; but he may now find that there is no great readiness on the part of the Nonconformists to accept him for a leader. The formidable proportions this war is assuming is indicated by the fact that steps are being taken to secure concerted action on the part of North and South Wales. In Cardiganshire the agitation is becoming most intense. The Marquis of Anglesey has signified his intention to redeem all the tithes on his estate in lieu of a remission in the half-year's rent almost due; and other landowners are about to make an abatement of ten per cent. in the tithes. Lord Salisbury proposes in-

roducing a measure next session dealing with the entire subject.

A TELLING pamphlet, entitled "The Autobiography of a Hawbee," by Mr. Playfair, has been published in Edinburgh. It says I can do little in a grocer's shop, less in a draper's shop, and still less in a publican's, but, pray tell it both in Gath and Askelon, I can do much in a church. Sarcasm is brought to play with heavy effect upon the economist. "I am brazen faced enough," says the shameless half penny, "to affirm that I am of all coins the most churchy." The writer of the pungent pamphlet believes that many churches are in a state of chronic financial decline simply because Christian ministers dare not speak of giving and office-bearers will not. Financially these churches do not live, they only exist, and yet nine tenths of them have sufficient recuperative power. Mr. Playfair says he is sick of hearing people who are not widows talk about the widow's mite. Equally to the point is the remark that stingy givers are ever the most exacting of church adherents.

NOTHING could be more appropriate, says the *Christian Leader*, than the proposal to establish a Colonial Institute that shall interest and inform the nation with respect to the extent and capacities of the Greater Britain that girdles the globe. This notion is not only in accord with a powerful movement of the present time, it is also a most felicitous embodiment of what is perhaps the most remarkable feature of the long reign which it is designed to commemorate. The growth of our colonial empire under Victoria is the most impressive and far-reaching fact of the half-century, and it is the one probably destined beyond all others to figure conspicuously in that page of the future historian which recalls the most enduring features of the marvellous epoch that will be identified with the present sovereign. That the proposed memorial has been suggested by the Prince of Wales will help to connect his work with the beneficent suggestion of his father which produced the first of the great industrial exhibitions of our century.

THAT the Donalds endowment, made by Sir Donald A. Smith to McGill University, Montreal, opening up a comprehensive course of study to women, supplied a keenly-felt want, is attested by the number who have eagerly embraced the opportunity for the broader and higher culture thus afforded. There are now sixty-eight female undergraduates studying under the conditions of the endowment in connection with the college. Of these, many are in their first or second year; a goodly number in their third, and of these latter the majority propose going through the entire course and becoming candidates for honors. The "sweet girl graduate," says a recent visitor, seems to have suggested long enough the notion of pretty incompetency. To see the girls at their lessons; to note the methodical manner in which the teaching is pursued, the earnest gravity of the fresh young faces as the professor learnedly descants upon experimental physics, and the perfect comprehension of the serious nature of the work in which they are engaged, is to realize that the "sweet girl graduate with golden hair" is much more than a poetical figure. The comprehensive character of the curriculum, and the earnestness with which it appears to be pursued, demand that she be taken seriously.

THE annual public meeting of the Industrial Refuge and Aged Women's Home was held last week in the building, North Toronto. There was a large attendance of ladies interested in the good work of these two benevolent enterprises. The secretary, Mrs. C. S. Ewart, read the annual report of the institution, which showed that there were admitted last year fifty-eight women. There were twenty seven in at the beginning of the year, making a total of eighty-five. Of these nineteen went to service, two died, two were sent to the General Hospital, thirty five left on their own account, and twenty-seven are at present in the Refuge. Mrs. MacLennan, the trea-

sure, read her report, which showed the institution to be in good financial standing. The Industrial Refuge report is: Proceeds from work of inmates, \$1,636.61; subscriptions, \$1,533.61; grants from city and Government, \$845.68, making a total of \$4,115.90. The expenses were \$3,544.59, leaving a balance of \$571.31. The Aged Women's Home report showed that \$772.50 was received for board of inmates, grants from Government, \$316.96, making a total of \$1,089.46. The expenses were \$1,196.44. Paid on contract for addition to building, \$541.50. Mrs. MacLennan stated that the women in the Refuge have earned almost enough to meet half of the expenditure.

MORALIZING on electoral morality, the *Christian Leader* says The Christian patriot will note with satisfaction the lessening expense incurred by parliamentary candidates, although their outlay is still much higher than it ought to be. With the extension of the franchise it has become more difficult to corrupt constituencies, and we indulge the hope that there is a deepening sentiment of abhorrence of those vile practices by which self-seeking politicians were wont to snatch the prize of a seat in Parliament. At the general election last year the average cost for each vote polled in Scotland was 5s. 7d.; at the recent election this was reduced to 4s. 5½d. To their credit the successful workingmen candidates in England did not pay more than the odd coppers—one Welsh operative secured his seat for even less; and we trust the day is hastening when it will be accounted a disgrace to pay more than these sons of toil have expended. The memory of Burns does not seem to do much for the morality of the county that calls itself by his name. The highest individual expenditure of any Scottish candidate was that of Mr. Vernon, the Liberal Unionist who proved victorious in South Ayrshire. His triumph was purchased, either by himself or his supporters, at the cost of nearly £2,000. The time is coming when such a fact as this will be looked back upon with shame, not unmixed with scorn. Still, in its ethical aspects the election of 1886 marks, on the whole, decided progress. On this continent a similar purification of the political atmosphere is much needed.

THE Young Men's Christian Association, working in connection with McGill University, Montreal, held a very pleasant reunion in the lower hall of the Peter Redpath Museum recently. The very enjoyable gathering took the form of a reception to the new students of the Institution, and was largely attended by members of the faculty and a great many ladies and gentlemen. Mr. J. K. Unsworth, President of the College Y.M.C.A., occupied the chair and referred to the large increase of membership—from thirteen, six years ago, to ninety-five now—and he felt sure that prosperous days were in store for those who had given their hearts to this work. They greatly wanted a suitable place for meetings, and fifteen students had subscribed \$158 toward a building fund, which, continued the speaker, will no doubt be augmented when the wants of the association come to be properly set before the friends of McGill. Sir William Dawson said he belonged to the old men's association rather than to the young men's; he could look back to the time when he was a very young Christian, and could realize how Christian labour had been revolutionized. He welcomed the association to the museum, but hoped before long they would have a building of their own. Toronto had one, and Montreal was not in the habit of being distanced by her Western neighbour. Sir William concluded by wishing the association God-speed. The Rev. Dr. Murray, of the Faculty of Arts, being called upon for an address, said that it was almost out of the question for a professor to turn lectures on science and literature into sermons; but at the same time, as a member of the teaching body of the University, he took the greatest possible interest in all movements tending to bring the students to live a life becoming a Christian gentleman.

Our Contributors.

SOME AUTUMN THOUGHTS IN PLAIN PROSE.

BY KNOXONIAN.

Not being ambitious to furnish autumn poetry for any body's waste-basket, we put our essay on autumn in plain prose. We may be wrong, but we have an idea that plain prose in the contributor's column does more good than bad poetry in a waste-basket. Some people would perhaps prefer writing for the waste-basket in poetry to writing for their journal in prose, but that is not our way of thinking. There is neither gain nor glory in having one's verses put into a waste-basket. The literary companionships of a waste-basket are not good.

Autumn in Ontario is in many respects our most pleasant season. October is our most enjoyable month. A run through any part of Ontario in October is a rare treat. The trees, whether in orchard or wood, are more beautiful than in spring. There may be less to suggest hopefulness, but this lack is more than atoned for by the infinite rarity of tint. Any man who can take a run through Brant, or Oxford, or Perth, or Waterloo, or Halton, or Peel, or York, or Ontario, or any of our older counties in October, without being moved to admiration has a small soul. He is but one remove from the cattle seen feeding in these localities, and perhaps not nearly so useful as some of them. October is one of the best months in the year for a holiday. A man who has October and \$200, or even \$100, can take a capital holiday without going off this continent, or even out of this Dominion.

In the life of every good man who lives to his threescore and ten there is an autumn. Where it begins or ends you cannot exactly say, but every body knows what you mean when you say about any given man that he is in the autumn of life. One cannot name any day in September and say autumn began on that day, nor can you name any year in a man's life and say his autumn began in that year. We know when the autumn of the year has fully come, and there are many signs which tell us when the autumn of life has come.

A good man should be at his very best in the autumn of life. Autumn is the fruit-bearing season in human life as well as in nature. A Christian man should be more useful, more influential for good, more of a blessing to his Church and to society in the autumn of life than he has ever been before. He has all his past experience to guide him; he has that faculty for dealing with men with the minimum of friction which can be acquired only by practice; he has the wisdom which years usually give to every man who wants it; he has a vast amount of useful knowledge picked up by the way; and, better than all, he has, or ought to have, more grace than he possessed at any previous period of his life. His autumn should be by far his best time. If a man is not a better Christian in the autumn of life than he was in life's spring and summer, it may well be doubted whether he is a Christian at all. If he has not more sense in autumn than he had in his earlier years, there is great fear that he may never have any sense. There is no hope for a fool at sixty.

Perhaps the finest thing about the autumn of life is its *mellowness*. The mellow character is no longer hard—no longer harsh, no longer sour, no longer green. A man in that stage does not try to do everything by force. He does not try to make drunkards sober by abuse, nor to convert Catholics with a club. He knows that you never make a liquor seller better by calling him hard names, nor turn a Catholic into a Protestant by breaking his skull. A preacher in the mellow stage never consigns men to everlasting perdition in a tone of voice as destitute of feeling as the tones of an auctioneer. The autumn of life brings mellowness in the case of every good man, and mellowness of character means moderation, charity, kindness, patience and many other qualities that make character lovely.

Men in the autumn of life are as a rule the safest men to do business with.

A doctor in the autumn of life is not very likely to give you heroic treatment unless your case is really bad. He knows that "horse doses" shake up the system terribly. He nurses nature, helps nature and gets you through as easily as is compatible with

safety. All young doctors don't give "horse doses" by any means. Many of them are careful, prudent, fine fellows, who treat their patients with great care and skill. Some of the old ones, even in the autumn period, give very strong powders for very slight ailments. But still the general rule remains true that a good physician in the autumn of life gives as few "horse doses" as he can help, especially to weak people and children.

A good lawyer, in the autumn of life, is very careful about advising people to go into lawsuits. He knows by long experience that litigation is slow, tedious, expensive and terribly uncertain. A young lawyer, brimful of fight, and anxious for promotion, may not always be so careful.

A statesman in the autumn of life, if a good man, always becomes more moderate in his opinions and feelings. He has lived long enough to see that there are good men, patriotic men, on both sides. He has also found out that there are selfish schemers, pinchbeck patriots, howling hypocrites, and a few thieves on both sides. A young man starting out in public life is apt to suppose that all the good men are on his own side and all the bad ones on the other. When he comes to the autumn of life he knows better, and becomes more moderate in his feelings and opinions.

A business man in the autumn of life has usually some marked qualities. He is not very apt to enter into wild cat speculations. He doesn't *sue* half as quickly as a young man. In fact he never sues at all if he can get his own in any reasonable way. As a rule, it is much easier to do business with a man in the autumn of life than at any other period. He is more reasonable, more sensible, more kindly, and does not believe so much in *force* as he did when young.

A pastor in the autumn of life should be at his very best. If he has kept up his reading, he is at his best. Having children of his own, he knows better how to deal with the young of his flock. Having lost some of his own, he can sympathize with others when similarly bereaved. If he has been a good student and has had the discipline of the pen, he should preach better in the autumn of life than at any other time. His sermons will be more mellow. He may preach less about hell than he once did, but he will preach more about the cross. His sermons will be more sympathetic, more helpful, more useful than they ever were. His prayers will be the best part of his service. There is nothing that shows the spiritual growth of a minister or any other Christian so much as his prayers.

Reader, are you in the autumn of life? If so, are you better than you were at any former period? Have you outgrown all hardness, harshness, sourness, bitterness? Have you that mellowness of character which should come in autumn and which, while it adorns the possessor, is a benediction to all around him? If not, why not?

RAMBLES AMONGST SWISS HILLS.

A WEEK IN THE JURA.

Tourists seldom make any stay in the Jura. They are the first hills they meet on entering Switzerland from the west; and none of them are high enough to endanger life in the ascent. Swiss tourists, therefore, may pass through the range by train and admire the scenery; but hurry on to the giant mountains of the Bernese Oberland, or the lofty hills south of the Rhone Valley, and finish their Swiss tour by a hasty visit to Chamouni, and a look at Mont Blanc, "the monarch of mountains," and some of its neighbours in French Savoy. This is a mistake; for there is much in the Jura which would repay a delay amidst its peaceful valleys and clean, pretty and industrious villages. I have made several visits to this part of Switzerland—the last at the beginning of this month—and each time I discovered new beauties and physical features peculiar to the Jura; met many pleasant and intelligent people, and always received the greatest kindness and hospitality.

I will now state a few facts, taken at random from my note-book, which may interest some of your readers, and perhaps induce some of them, on their next visit, to spend a day or two here, where they will find far more comfort, at much less expense, than in the over-crowded hotels to which they too often resort. Grand scenery, too, is also to be found here, as a ride by train from Bâle to Bienne and Neuchâtel through

the Münster-Thal—in French, Val Moutier,—proves. It consists of a succession of defiles and narrow gorges of marvellous beauty, while the broader basins are enlivened by meadows, mills and factories. It is certainly the grandest valley in the whole Jura range. Again, the route from Neuchâtel to Pontarlier through the Val de Travers, is full of picturesque scenery, of which glimpses can be had on both sides of the railway. It was in this neighbourhood I spent a few days recently, and what follows has special reference to it.

EXQUISITE FORMS OF VEGETABLE LIFE.

I have already referred to the valleys as being peaceful; they are also fruitful and full of industries of all kinds; and in the season flowers are found in the greatest profusion. The eye is charmed in looking upon fields of anemones, gentians, orchids and thousands of species of every variety of colour. And here let me interpolate a few sentences, to say that no country in Europe offers to the tourist more exquisite forms of vegetable life than Switzerland. Even in the most elevated regions, close to the abode of perpetual snow, are lovely harebells, primroses, saxifrages and numbers of tiny, delicate plants and flowers which flourish in the very drip of the glacier, lighting up the most dreary solitudes with their brilliant colours, so that one is inclined to address them in the language of the poet, and ask:

Meek dwellers 'mid yon terror-stricken cliffs,
With brows so pure, and incense-breathing lips,
Whence are ye? Did some white-winged messenger,
On Mercy's mission, trust your timid germ
To the cold cradle of eternal snows;
Or, breathing on the callous icicles,
Bid them with tear-drops nurse thee?

The characteristic flowers of Switzerland are the rhododendron, called here the Alpine rose, and the edelweiss. The former is abundant and grows at lesser heights, so that every school boy you meet carries a bunch on his alpenstock. And yet there is scarcely any plant which, when pulled, so soon loses its beauty. With surprising speed, it changes its clear transparent purple-gold into a bluish tinge, so that no one has seen Alpine roses in their full splendour, who has not seen them blooming on the slopes of the rock. The latter is rarer, grows in more inaccessible places, and is still more beautiful. True, specimens of it, with its tender star-shaped flowers, stretched and mounted on cards for sale, may be seen in every town. But the plant in its natural state is only to be found after climbing dangerous rocks, and the experiment is not unattended with occasional loss of life. Mr. John Ball, whose passion for mountain scenery is well known, a passion which led him from his youth to pass most of his life in mountainous countries, has written much on the flora of the Alps. In one of his memoirs he says that the region contains 2,010 species, divided into 523 genera, included in 96 natural orders. In addition there are reckoned no less than 335 sub-species—forms closely allied to recognized species, but distinguished by differences more permanent and better marked than those which characterize the so-called varieties. No one can visit in spring an Alpine valley, when the flowers are in full bloom, without again and again saying with Keble:

Relics ye are of Eden's bowers,
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair,
As when ye crown'd the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.

FERTILE COUNTRIES AND RICH PLAINS

offer no sights to be compared with the pictures presented amongst these hills in the Jura. Rich vintage and abundant harvests have not the same charm or attraction for the tourist. Nor do the inhabitants of such countries become attached to them so strongly as do those born in higher regions. Neither the length of the winter, nor their isolation, nor the sterility of these uplands, lessens the love of the mountaineer for his native hills. As Alceste says of Celimènes, they say of their country: "Sa gracie est la plus forte." And yet I was told that the number of houses, and consequently of

INHABITANTS ARE DIMINISHING

yearly upon the higher plateaus of the Jura. Deep though the love of the mountaineer be for his rugged hills and rude climate, it is beginning to give way before the wants and exigencies of the present epoch. Formerly the people were satisfied with little—a cow, a field of barley, a garden planted with cabbage and potatoes, a rustic homestead, sufficed for the needs of the family. Now, this is not so. The general level

has risen, and with it have risen the ideas and habits of the people. They now seek new resources, and employ more profitable modes of cultivation. Instead of being satisfied with one small farm, they begin by joining two together and afterwards three or four, each addition necessitating the departure of one or more families. The more comfortable and pleasant lives they enjoy in the villages below, in a measure reconcile the exiles to the change. When they weary of this new life, they go up to their native hills in the summer, or during their many *fete* days; and this they do in bands, and find enjoyment in eating cream and drinking milk, as the shepherds did in the time of Virgil, adding occasionally a less idyllic, though succulent ham, soaked in the best wines ripened on the shores of their lakes. Such visits, as described to me by one who has taken part in them, have

MANY CHARACTERISTIC FEATURES.

The company is usually mixed, many being young and simple, while others are aged, and some even learned in the mysteries of botany and geology. In consequence some move about looking at every thing and talking without sequence or order, others analyze and dissect in a scientific manner; but every thing is eventful, surprising, or subject of study and conversation. Here, for example, is a poor old woman, stretching on a wall as tottering as herself, the linen she has just been washing at the running spring—there a number of half-naked children, curious and savage, rolling in the dust, with the sun blazing upon them. Farther on a bird sings as it mounts, and a young shepherd lad under the trees replies to it in rustic trills which echo from the rocks around. What a contrast do scenes like these offer to those to be seen in visits to the palaces of kings or chateaux of *grands seigneurs*: only gods and goddesses seem fit to inhabit these sumptuous abodes. And yet even here you may find but the souvenirs of fallen humanity: corrupted masters surrounded by valets and courtiers more corrupted still. One quits them with a feeling of relief. How different the impression made by the interior of a Swiss chalet! The *entourage* here does not affect the owner. On the contrary, it draws all its value and all its interest from the man whose greatness appears in the simplicity in the midst of which he lives. There is nothing superfluous here: only the necessary milk, black bread and couch of straw—with contentment of spirit, and serenity of soul conspicuous on the countenances of these humble cowherds. Their desires do not go beyond what they possess. They are freemen who know neither the laws of etiquette nor the slavery of social conventionalities. You enter and are received with a welcome. All is open—the kitchen in which they are preparing the cheese in a huge copper boiler, the dairy full of tubs as white as the milk they contain, the room in which the family live, and behind it, separated only by a thin partition, the spacious stable—all apparently breathes peace and contentment. But, doubtless, here also the serpent succeeds in insinuating himself, and troubles and anxieties may be hidden behind the exterior happiness. Still it requires an effort to realize it, and one cannot quit these rustic abodes, which have often in our Swiss rambles afforded us a kindly shelter from a passing thunder shower, without feeling less anxious about the gifts of fortune, and stronger to bear up against adversity, and more inclined to use the poet's words and say:

It is so good, amid earth's changing scenes,
To take each moment's portion from Thy (God's) hand;
To feel that joy or sorrow, loss or gain,
Can only come to me by Thy command.
And that I love to have it even so—
Content to know no other will but Thine;
Glad to receive what Thou art pleased to grant,
And what Thou takest willing to resign.

Chate, Vaud, Suisse, August, 1886. T. H.

RUSSIA seems in no mood to accept the unmistakable resolution of the Bulgarians to manage their own affairs. Scheming and intimidation are alike powerless to shake the determination of the people to resist Russian interference and control. The Muscovites cannot understand why a little principality should dare to think differently from the Czar of all the Russias. The St. Petersburg papers are clamouring for the accomplishment of Russian purposes by force of arms. The war fever is spreading, but by decisive action, plunging Europe into hostilities may very possibly be averted. The resources of diplomacy are not yet exhausted.

FROM THE FAR WEST.

NOTES BY MEMBERS OF THE PRESBYTERY OF REGINA.

THE MOUNTAIN MISSION.

The following extracts are taken from Rev. D. McLeod's report to the Presbyteries of Regina and Columbia:

"DONALD

is likely to continue to be a place of considerable importance, with a permanent population, and the sooner that we have a church there and a missionary the better. Like other railroad towns, the evil influences of the liquor traffic and its accompanying vices are clearly manifest. . . . During the first week I spent in Donald I gathered statistics and found that there were twelve families, having twenty children of school age—i.e., between six and sixteen years. I wrote to the Provincial Secretary, giving these facts, and calling his attention to the need there was of having a public school. On my return on the 28th, there was awaiting me a reply from Mr. S. D. Pope, Superintendent of Education, giving information as to how the people should go about getting a school district established. I left the school business in the hands of Mr. R—, who is personally interested in educational matters, and there will doubtless soon be a public school started."

"I conducted services at

ROGERS' PASS AND GLACIER HOTEL

on the 22nd and 29th ult. The attendance in the evening at the Glacier Hotel was very encouraging—about 150 each day. There is no likelihood of either of these places continuing to have anything of a population after the work of construction is done."

"On Wednesday, August 18, I conducted service in REVELSTOKE,

at the Court House. The audience numbered about twelve, as large a number, however, as gathered at any time. The fact, the shameful fact, is that in these railway towns Sabbath is the busiest day for the town people. Shops and saloons are all open, and work, business and pleasure all proceed in vigorous fashion. At

ILLE-CILLE-WAET

I conducted service with the men in the camp at Fox's Mills. There were about twenty-five present."

Referring to the whole field, Mr. McLeod says: "It is necessary that we have a missionary permanently located at Donald. He could give sufficient supply in the meantime to all the stations between Revelstoke and Golden City, and perhaps even as far as Banff. Donald will continue to be a place of considerable importance, as it is the end of a division of the C. P. R., and there are several families there of high standing and good character, who take a deep interest in the welfare of the place, and who are ready to lend a helping hand in any effort to do good among the people. I have no doubt also that their contributions for religious ordinances will be very liberal."

The following extracts from a letter to Rev. J. C. Herdman, written by a station agent in the Selkirks (the mountain range west of the Rockies proper) may also be of interest, as showing that even in points remote from church privileges, humble followers of the Saviour are to be found:

"On account of the kindness of a contractor who was always inviting me to meals, I had not a full board account to pay the Company in July and August. I wrote to that friend since he left and told him so, and that I had given the amount saved in aid of missions in British Columbia, and it would be put to his credit, as it was due to his kindness."

"What we need is some one to go along the line and do individual work as well as attend to public ordinances, and I am positive he would realize a good deal of money, particularly if he would do any little favour for the men; for instance, carry money to town, and mail or express it for them to their families, because they do not know whom to trust. The navvies feel proud when men better dressed and better educated than they are speak to them without airs of condescension."

"I received lately some *Graphics* and *Illustrated London News*, and the men were delighted—almost wild, I might say. Such papers pave the way for religious matter. I am now getting some temperance matter and scriptural papers, which I will send all along the line. I keep my Bible and my hymn book on the table before me."

"Every pay-day those who can go to the nearest centre, and things are lively. The duty of the policeman is hard on pay-day—so much drinking, gambling, fighting, etc., from morning until night. There is a car on my siding full of liquor for Miss— (a disreputable woman probably). No one knows what is in the car outside, or it would be broken open during the night—men would come miles to do so. They left it here on that account, as at— there are too many men, and the last car was broken into and liquor taken."

The station agent has had talks with several of the men he meets about the "one thing needful." Nor is he alone in this; for the Lord has His willing servants in the Rocky and Selkirk Mountains as elsewhere. At Rogers' Pass for instance, another layman of our Church has been preaching the Gospel to hundreds of the workingmen in the open air, and claims with justice that there are many who can only be reached in this way, so averse are they to going to a regular service even when such a service is being held. These willing and gratuitous workers deserve well of the Church.

THE "CHRISTIAN LEADER" AND CANADIAN BRETHREN.

MR. EDITOR,—It gives me pleasure to inform the *Christian Leader* and others that when "Mr. X." (a local Convener) answered Mr. Howie in these words, "Our vacancies do not want you and if I were to consult sessions about sending you, they would say 'No' at once," "Mr. X." alone is responsible for these words of refined cruelty and unwarranted suppositions. True, Mr. Howie has not been sent to vacancies, but he has preached and lectured to many congregations with success, as is evidenced by both the press and the people having an opinion decidedly favourable to Mr. Howie.

The question arises whether a local Convener has the power to refuse appointments to any probationer of our Church who has been duly received by the General Assembly, and whose Christian and moral character is above reproach.

If such be the case, then it places probationers completely at the mercy of the local Conveners, who (as ministers are but men) may, at their own sweet will, either give or refuse appointment to worthy men striving to do their duty to the Church and the world. Allanford, Oct., 1886. J. M.

IRISH PRESBYTERIANS AND POLITICS.—THE HOME SECRETARY.

MR. EDITOR,—In your paper of the 29th ult. you publish what proposes to be a reply to mine of the 22nd ult., on the above subject. But as your correspondent, "Onlooker," only refers to the latter portion of my letter, and as there is very little in his communication calling for special notice from me, I will only trouble you with a line at present.

First. As to the Home Secretary changing his opinion on the Home Rule question, this is only what hundreds of others have done, as shown by the late elections.

Second. If men who change their opinions should not be taken into a Government, how would Governments or Cabinets be formed? Even Mr. Gladstone himself changes his opinions, and most of all our great politicians have changed their views.

Third. As to the merits of Justin M'Carthy, Sexton and Parnell, I never made any reference to these gentlemen, but would suppose, as Home Rulers and disturbers of the peace of Ireland, they are entitled to a first place.

Fourth. As to the morality of public men, I do not consider the columns of your paper a fit place to discuss such questions. K.

Toronto, Oct. 4, 1886.

STATEMENTS are made, with what degree of reliability is not certain, that although the Franco-Malagasy difficulty has been settled, a new French expedition is in preparation. This will have for its object the capture of Antananarivo, and the securing of French control. The Hovas are not subdued, and the heroism they displayed in repelling aggression has not forsaken them. Of late they have been adding to their warlike resources, and are better equipped than ever for the defence of their country. The new expedition to Madagascar will be by no means a holiday parade for the French forces.

Pastor and People.

THE GREAT END OF LIFE.

A CHAPTER FOR YOUNG MEN.

Everything has a purpose. Not the greatest or smallest thing in animate or inanimate creation exists but for the accomplishment of some distinct and definite purpose. And not only has everything a purpose, but everything has a purpose worthy of itself proportionate, I mean, to its powers and potentialities. Nothing great exists for the attainment of an insignificant purpose. Great things have been made for great purposes. There has been waste neither of divine skill nor of divine power in the framing of this vast universe.

Man exists for a purpose, and a purpose worthy of himself—proportionate to his powers and capabilities; a great purpose! Man is at the top of the visible creation. God has made him only a little lower than the angels. The purpose of his being, therefore, must be a greater purpose than that for which anything else has its existence in the world.

Have you ever put the question to yourself: "For what end was I born, and for what cause came I into the world?" Why am I here? For what has God made me? What purpose was in His mind when He fashioned this complex and wonderful organism, body, mind, and soul, and gave me my place in the human family?

I fear many of you young men have never asked this question—the most important, certainly, to which you could set your thoughts. You have inquired as to the purpose of other beings, but not of your own. And, as a consequence, many of you are spending your energies upon objects which ought to be utterly contemptible in your eyes. Your life is a failure.

My knife is made to cut. If it won't cut it is a failure; and I throw it away. My pen is made to write. If it won't write, it is a failure; and I throw it away. You and I were made for certain high and noble purposes in God's hands. If we do not fulfil those purposes, we are a failure, and God, in great indignation, will visit us with everlasting destruction from His presence.

If I show my readers who are young men the purpose of their being, I shall render an important service. If my words should set any to make an earnest review of their life, so that they shall discover its emptiness and vanity,—its utter failure to realize the true end and purpose of your being,—by the grace of God, this brief paper may be to the saving of souls.

There are people who might be truly appalled by a vision of their life—what is it? The great capacities which fit them for achievements of the most glorious and godlike character are being exercised in the gratification only of what is lowermost in their nature. They are content with a life not essentially different from that of the beasts. Give a dog plenty to eat and a comfortable lair, and he knows no trouble. And if these can eat and drink to their satisfaction, and have a pleasurable nook to shelter them,—surroundings which will gratify the senses, they are happy just as the dog is satisfied.

God made man in His own image, after His likeness. Man accomplishes the object of his being, therefore, in as far as he resembles God. We are to be perfect, even as our Father who is in heaven is perfect. Study the character of God, if you would know the end of your being. "Thou art good, and doest good," says the Psalmist (cxix. 68). Follow this model; realize in your character and life what you see in God, and you will fulfil the purpose of your creation.

There is no purpose you can live for so great and glorious as this purpose. The wealth of a Croesus; the power and fame of an Alexander; the learning of a Solon!—what are these compared with God-likeness?—with resemblance to God in His perfect character and gracious works?

In the first place, God made you to be good.

"Thou art good," says the Psalmist.

There is no fault in God. He is perfect in every virtue. The holiness of God is without a stain. You can predicate of Him nothing but "holiness, justice, goodness and truth." In Him these qualities shine forth in their fullest splendour. He knows nothing of sin, but as an object outside of Himself and, in its slightest forms, utterly antagonistic to His nature.

The end of your being is perfect freedom from sin. God did not make you to be proud, and unjust, and malevolent; and if you are, you have missed the purpose of your being. "To have my character conformed to the moral character of God; to have my will one with His; to have my whole being in harmony with His sentiments, sympathies, thoughts and purposes; to have my entire soul permeated, ennobled, filled and inspired by His indwelling, so as to feel every power and every faculty under His immediate impulse," is the purpose of my being. And a life otherwise characterized is a life wasted,—a life lost,—with whatever success it may have pursued other and lower ends.

But, in the second place, God has made you to do good.

"Thou art good, and doest good."

"God is love." When God made man, He purposed that he should have eternal life; and in Christ He is seeking to restore the race ruined by sin to its lost destiny. This is the grand object of all the divine volitions and procedure. "All things are yours—whether Paul, or Apollus, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come; all are yours" (1 Cor. iii. 21, 22). There are other objects in the divine mind, but they are subordinate, and intended to help forward this object. When Moses asked to see the glory of God, this was the response: "I will make all My goodness pass before thee; . . . and will be gracious to whom I will be gracious, and will show mercy on whom I will show mercy." The greatest effort ever put forth by Deity, if I may so speak, was put forth for the world's redemption. When He peopled space with these vast orbs, He spake, and it was done. But when He provided for the recovery of our lost race, He laid bare His mighty arm. You pay the greatest price for that which you esteem of the greatest value. The greatest price it was in the power of Deity to give—I say this reverently—He gave to ransom our species from the hands of the destroyer. "In this was manifested the love of God toward us, because that God sent His only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through Him."

To fulfil the purpose of your being, you must witness for the truth, not only in your character, but by your labours. "Hold forth the Word of Life." God intended you, young man,—oh think of it!—to be a co-worker with Him for the world's redemption. If you neglect the cause of the Gospel, you neglect the very purpose of your creation. God made you not only that He might confer on you eternal life, but that through you He might confer eternal life upon others. "As every one hath received the gift, even so minister the same one to another, as good stewards of the manifold grace of God." Every other object for which you live should be subordinated to this, and should be pursued in order to help you in this purpose. Oliver Cromwell, on one occasion, went into a church, where he saw twelve silver figures stuck in as many niches. "What are these?" he asked. "The twelve apostles." "The twelve apostles!" he cried. "And did the twelve apostles spend their lives thus uselessly? Take them down, sirs, and turn them into money, that, like the twelve apostles, they may go about doing good." God did not mean His saved ones to be put on pedestals as monuments of His mercy; but to go out into society, and to try upon others the power of that truth which has regenerated their own souls. He does not ask for statuary to His glory, but living, active men, who shall go out everywhere preaching the Gospel, bearing witness unto the truth, and thereby extending the conquests of His grace.

One reason why the Church is not more numerous to-day is that it has been so largely made up of statuary. Statuary have no power for active service. I might put up a dozen statues in this church; they would never add another to its membership. And so I might have a hundred men in this church, content to be monuments of divine grace, and they would never add another hundred, or add another one.

As you can, and where you can, you are meant to be agents for the spread of the blessed Gospel. Men have strayed from God and are exposed to frightful dangers; it lies with you to seek them out and save them—as many as you can reach. There are no exceptions, on the ground either of humble capacity or lowly station. "If you cannot do all you wish, try to do all you can." The highest honour in the last day will be shown, not to the servant who has brought the largest number to the Lord, but to some more lowly and less gifted disciple, whose works in comparison are small, but who did what he could.

What souls have you brought to Christ?—what fallen ones rescued?—what wanderers restored?—into how many hearts, broken and bleeding, have you poured the healing balm?—into how many souls have you infused the joy of salvation? If you cannot lay claim to so high a honour, are you still able to say that, realizing the purpose of your being, you are diligent, at you have opportunity, trying to win souls? It is a personal question. Do not look to this one or to the other—minister or missionary—inquiring how they are doing. Put the question to your own hearts and consciences. For it will matter nothing to you how others have acted if you have failed in the purpose of your life.

Multitudes in the Church are mere ciphers. They are not doing a particle to reduce the sin and sorrow abounding on every hand. They will not be missed in a single holy agency or cause, when they have passed out of the world. In some libraries there are (I know not what they call them) imitation books. They are used to fill vacant places and to prevent genuine volumes from falling into confusion. Looking at them in the shelves, you would fancy they were real books, for they have not only the appearance of books, but names on them, and often the names of classic writings. How many are like these shams—men in form, but blocks in reality! They give out no instruction—none of that truth which blesses and saves mankind.

A young man who was converted during an illness afterward found that his illness must end in death. When informed of this he manifested no alarm. One day his mother, while in a room adjoining his, overheard him exclaiming suddenly, "Lost, lost, lost!" she ran in and inquired anxiously if he had lost his hope in Christ. "No," he said; "I have no fears, mother. But oh! my lost lifetime! I am twenty-four; and I have done nothing until a few weeks since for Christ; but everything for myself and my pleasures."

Do not go down to the grave with such a regret. Let your labours be so abundant for Christ that when you die you shall leave a vacancy in the Church which shall be felt and deeply mourned. By earnest and laborious usefulness win for yourselves the gratitude and esteem of God's people. There are monuments more to be coveted than those erected over men's graves, even when inscribed with the most flattering eulogies. They are monuments which you may put up while you live—regenerated men—men blessed and saved for time and eternity. It is better far to have your name inscribed on hearts that shall endure, than on perishable stone—inscribed on souls than in the annals of a nation's glory, which can only secure for you at most a fleeting fame.

A Greek artist boasted that he made his pictures for eternity. But there is scarcely a vestige of his work extant even to-day. And there is not one among you all, I believe, who could give me his name. But to make converts—converts for Christ—that is to work for eternity. The lapse of ages shall bring no decay in the achievements of those whose lives have been devoted to the moral and spiritual regeneration of mankind. Their works shall abide even after the world itself has been consumed in the fires of the great day.

Oh, young men, there is no work to which you can devote your energies comparable with this of saving the souls of your fellows. This transcends all other vocations as far as heaven transcends earth. "If I lodge in the mind a thought that shall stir a man's deepest nature, and send him on a new career of life and virtue; if I kindle aspirations after God, and truth, and holiness, in a mind debased and grovelling; if I disenthral a mind from the bondage of fatal error; if I emancipate a soul from the tyranny of vile and vicious habits, I do a greater work than if I were to emancipate ten thousand slaves, heal all physical maladies, end all poverty, and enthrone reason in her lost seat."

And, oh! the rich joy of saving a soul! In this world there is no happiness like that of the soul-winner. It fills the mouth with laughter and the tongue with singing. And what a delight in the world beyond to see those, whom we have sent there, looking into our eyes their eternal gratitude and love; it shall be worth all the sacrifices we have made of our time and strength, and even of our means, to experience such rapture. To save souls, to rescue men from going down into the pit, and to set them among the throngs of the glorified is the joy of God. "He delighteth in mercy." For this joy Christ endured the cross, despising the shame.—*Rev. A. F. Forrest.*

THE JEWS AND CHRISTIANITY.

It is a significant sign of the times that the Jews, both Rabbis and laymen, have taken to writing to Christian periodicals, either in defence of the tenets of modern Judaism, or deprecating the work of evangelization among their co-religionists. It proves that their consciences are not at ease; and it proves more, it proves also alarm at the strides which Christianity is making in their ranks. Competent statisticians compute that from 1,000 to 1,500 Jews are now annually being gathered into the different Christian churches. Here are some reliable statistics of recent date. In 1881 the Synod of the Russian Church reported 572 Jews baptized during that year. In the same year 122 were received into the Evangelical Church of Prussia, and nineteen into the Lutheran Church of Hamburg.

A rapid glance through the reports of the London and British Societies for Jews, both situated in London, discovers forty-six baptized through the labours of the first, and fifty by those of the latter, in that same year. This gives over 800 Jews baptized in one year; but this sum does not include the result of the labours of Jewish Missions of the Presbyterian and other Churches in the United Kingdom and the Continent of Europe, nor those received into the Roman Catholic Church, which, in Vienna alone, in 1882, were 181; or many who are received into particular churches, of whom little is heard or known, especially of Jews of the higher classes, who do not like publicity, for it affects their status in the social scale.

As to the position in life of those who embrace Christianity, the following description is given of those baptized in Vienna in 1882, viz.: six doctors, three professors, three lawyers, ten students, two military officers, three civil officers, one solicitor, four journalists, twelve merchants, two actors, two actresses, one musician, one painter, two governesses, twenty-seven bookkeepers and clerks, one railway offi-

cer, four male labourers, forty-two servants, fifty-two Jewesses of the labouring classes, etc., showing that they belonged to all categories and grades of society.

Thus it is that, while Rabbi H. Pereira Mendes writes to the *Christian Advocate* of New York, and sends a paper by his father, under the heading, "Can the Jews be Converted to Christianity?" the *Record*, of London, was for several weeks publishing letters on a similar topic, a discussion in which I took some part. The tactic of Rabbi Mendes, and others like him, is to seek to disparage the results of Christian missions among the Jews, and thereby to discourage effort. He is evidently oblivious of the fact that, even if those efforts had proved entirely fruitless, which is the very reverse of the truth, as I have shown above, still the sacred duty incumbent on Christians, to preach the Gospel to the Jews, would remain equally binding and obligatory. They could not desist from obeying an explicit command of the Divine Master, "Beginning at Jerusalem," from following the great Apostle's example, who everywhere began by preaching to the Jews in their synagogues, whether the Jews will hear or whether they will forbear. Duty is ours; results are in the hands of God. Judaism itself places before us a higher standard of duty than the mercenary consideration of mere actual results.

The Rev. Jacob Freshman's comments on Rabbi Mendes' paper, which appeared jointly in the *Christian Advocate*, are excellent. But there is a passage in the Rabbi's paper which he has not noticed, and which calls for a rejoinder. He says "that the consistent doctrine of the Jews is never to seek to influence the religious opinions of their fellow-men, but to extend the widest tolerance to all men of every belief," and he adds, "their faith renders them hostile to proselytism of any kind." Fine words those, and the central sentence is worthy of utterance in the land of the Pilgrim fathers; but it proves that Rabbi Mendes is imbued with Christian principles—the teaching of the Gospel of Jesus—to a larger extent than he is perhaps conscious of or ready to admit, and that he has forgotten or departed from the maxims and spirit of Judaism. Such language and sentiments sound well in that land of liberty, but can only impose on those who are ignorant of Talmudic Judaism. If modern Judaism has really adopted those maxims, then its doom is sealed. A non-aggressive religion cannot survive long. But is it really so? From the calling of our reverend progenitor, the patriarch Abraham, provision was made for the admission of Gentiles into the commonwealth of Israel, and the Talmud is prolific with directions for the reception of proselytes.

The Maccabees subdued Idumea and compelled the inhabitants to conform to the Jewish laws. Some of the most honoured ancient Rabbis, such as Onkelos, the author of the Chaldaic translation of the Pentateuch; Rabbi Akiba, Reah Lakish, etc., were proselytes. Even to this day the Jews make proselytes when and where they can, and they do not stint expense for that. I will give two illustrations of it. My first European teacher, a Gibraltar, of Genoese parentage, became a Jew at Tangier. From that moment he had no further need to work. He was sent with wife and children to Jerusalem, and they were kept in comfort ever thereafter at the expense of wealthy Jews. I was present, in 1845, in Oran, Algeria, at the circumcision of an Italian of middle age, who thenceforward had all his wants supplied liberally by the Jewish community. I know him well, and he candidly told me he had need to change his name and disappear from Europe.

If Rabbi Mendes' aspersions are true, why are Jewish converts terribly persecuted everywhere? Where is the tolerance he speaks of to be found among the Jews? Has he expunged from his prayerbook the collect recited thrice daily for the destruction and perdition of those who forsake Rabbinic Judaism? It is politic of Rabbi Mendes to quote the words, "the pious of the nations of the world"; the Gentiles (not "of all creeds," as Rabbi Mendes translates it) "have a portion in the world to come"; but he knows, or ought to know, that, according to the expectations and definitions which follow, there is no hope of salvation for Christians—they are mentioned distinctly—the Nosrim, or for converts to Christianity. And why? Mainly because they do not believe in the Oral Laws—i.e., the Talmud and the traditions of the Rabbis! That is the truth of the matter. By unfairly quoting words apart from their modifying contexts, dust can be thrown in the eyes of Christians, ignorant of the real doctrines and teaching of the Rabbis, and thereby make believe that the system is not, after all, so corrupt as is generally supposed, and that it is possible to obtain salvation without the atonement, expiation and redemption of the Messiah.

Judaism is in a crisis. The Jews cannot longer hold by Talmudism; it must be relinquished and given up; and there is nothing before them but either Evangelical Christianity or the black despair of infidelity. Christians know what is best for the Jews, and through them for the Church and world at large. Which is it? Rabbi Mendes would prefer? That is precisely the momentous question pending an answer from the leaders of our Jewish brethren.—*Ben Olsh.*

THE PEACE OF CHRIST.

"My peace I give unto you."

Sweet gift of Christ! O, blessed thought,
The peace of mind that God hath wrought,
No earthly passion half so sweet,
No joy on earth is so complete,
As that the loving Father gives
To those in whom the Spirit lives—
The peace of Christ.

O, weary one upon life's sea,
That hath no Christ to comfort thee,
Remember when the billows roll,
Surge on, and surge about thy soul,
That there's an harbour safe and sure
Wherein thy heart may rest secure—
The peace of Christ.

O, loving heart that trembles yet,
Half fearful that it may forget;
Afrail that it may miss the way,
Doubting, wav'ring all the day—
Remember that it is to thee
This gift of gifts is offered free—
The peace of Christ.

O, Christian, with the brow severe,
With eyes that seldom drop a tear,
With lips that smiling have forgot;
Remember that it is thy lot
To have within a joy divine,
Open thy heart and make it thine—
The peace of Christ.

Love of God! How its dimension
Reaches above our comprehension,
And who of us can understand
The workings of His mighty hand?
But rest, my soul, and quiet be,
Thou knowest this, He giveth thee
The peace of Christ.

So, then, my soul, upon His breast
Thy troubles cast, and be at rest,
Though sorrow wrings the heart, and pain
Saps life and strength with steady drain,
O'er all these griefs and cares of thine
God pours the healing balm divine—
The peace of Christ.

THE COMFORTING POWER OF CALVINISTIC DOCTRINE.

The grand feature of Calvinism is the assertion of the sovereignty of God, supreme, absolute and all-comprehensive. He does His own pleasure in the armies of heaven and amongst the inhabitants of earth. His will prevails all the time and everywhere and in all things, even in calamitous events and human sins. Of course we distinguish between His preceptive will as moral Ruler, and His controlling will as the God of providence. Men break His laws, but they do not and cannot defeat His purposes. If we allow for a moment that God's will ever yields, whether to man or nature, whether to stern fate or human volitions, then we lose the whole ground of comfort. Our anchor slips, and we are the helpless victims of winds and storms. God's sovereignty must be universal and perpetual; it must be without limitation, or the foundations are gone. Every case of discomfort and despondency illustrates this truth. When the afflicted insist that God does not control their lives and destinies, or that He leaves some thing to chance or fate or human resolve or weakness, they throw away their only ground of consolation. Past trials seem dark and they have no true hope for the future. Something may happen which even God cannot prevent, some law of nature may come into operation, some mistake or crime of man may be committed against their welfare, and they see no preventive or cure. But the true Calvinist grasps the blessed truth, *God does reign*, and he interprets it in its broadest sense and applies it in all exigencies. He believes in it with reference to every event great and small, to every circumstance trivial and important; to every blessing and every calamity; to all experiences, changes and mysteries. Hence he is fortified on all sides against all assaults. The sovereignty of God is indeed as true in the case of the sinner as it is in the case of the Christian; but its bearings, especially in affliction, are entirely different. God is armed against all transgressors, and His sovereignty is to them a source of terror. But the Christian realizes that God rules all things for His good. The same authority, power and resources which are directed to the destruction of the one are directed to the salvation and well-being of the other.

The Calvinist believes that God has a plan by which He performs His gracious will toward His people—a plan not only general but particular; not vague, but definite; not dependent on the caprices of others, but fully formed and all-efficient. He cannot comprehend that plan. He does not know what its events or steps are until he sees them actually accomplished, and even then he cannot see what they mean, nor how they contribute to any good end. He leaves all that to God, and therefore he accepts every movement of divine Providence as a part of God's plan and as necessary to its execution. Thus he is kept from the

folly of regretting any occurrence, except as it may be lamented as a sin; of saying, as so many do, "If my affliction had come at some other time or in some other way, I could have borne it with more resignation; if my child or my husband had died of a different disease, or if I had used some other or additional means of recovery, I could have been reconciled; and a multitude of similar unwise lamentations and complaints which are really murmurings against God and the expressions of unbelief. Not to speak of the uselessness of regretting what is past and cannot be altered, it is the way to deprive ourselves of all comfort. How consoling, on the contrary, is the firm belief that our Heavenly Father has presided over all our afflictions; that His will determined their coming and their form, and that He introduced every feature and circumstance of our trials!

We do not say that Arminians enjoy no support and comfort in their afflictions. We know that large numbers of them are God's true children, and that He does not leave them comfortless. But they enjoy this rather in opposition than in conformity with their professed system of doctrine. As in many other instances, they are happily inconsistent. And we rejoice to find amongst them a clearer conception of the providence of God than formerly, and this is becoming more and more general. But leaving out the true basis and connections of this doctrine, as these are developed in the Calvinistic system, they fail to reach the grand reservoir of Christian consolation. We have known some of them in deep and overwhelming sorrow, who have failed to find the coveted relief in their professed doctrines, to come to this fountain and find a comfort they never knew before. This is claimed not for our glory either as a Church or advocates of a creed, but for the glory of Him whose nature, attributes and word afford the true solution of our doubts and perplexities, the true ground of our trust, and the genuine source of comfort in all the troubles of this mortal life.—*Southern Presbyterian.*

THE WORLDLY SPIRIT.

Every Christian knows that religion and worldliness are hostile. He has heard the minister say so many times, and, even if the Bible did not tell him that we cannot serve God and mammon, his Christian instinct makes it plain to him. Nobody, if he were to determine to devote himself to piety, would claim the right to be worldly. He would expect to renounce whatever claim of the kind he made previously. In the Church he would expect to be spiritual. He would look to the things above. His conversation would be in heaven. If, therefore, a believer, or one professing to be a believer, is worldly, it is not because he believes worldliness is a good thing, or that it is reconcilable with a right consecration to God. If he is conscious of his disposition, he admits at once that he is wrong; if he is not conscious of it, he is of course deceived, and needs to be taught his delusion.

We are accustomed to speak of people who have money as being worldly above all others. So fixed is this feeling, that some persons conclude that every man who succeeds in active trade is carnal in his tastes, without the devout experiences which belong to the truly converted. Good dressing, comfortable homes, a fine carriage and a dinner that is a feast all look to certain religious critics like so many signs of the life that is lived to the flesh. There is certainly a danger in money-making, and luxuries are hard on the soul, but they who have them often exemplify some of the noblest virtues. But the fact is that each person, if he be worldly, has a world of his own, and there is as great variety in the styles of the sin as there are objects of the selfish devotion. When the mind of any one is more absorbed by an earthly interest than by the things of the kingdom of heaven; when, also, it is indifferent toward piety, even though it be without a temporal passion, it has the same character. The worldly spirit is one that enters poorly into the spirit of the cause of Christ, and which permits itself to be occupied with affairs that belong wholly to the secular life. It exists among people of all classes, and always with the same baleful result.—*United Presbyterian.*

COMPREHENDING OURSELVES.

Let us comprehend our own nature, ourselves and our destinies. God is our rest, the only one that can quench the fever of our desire. God in Christ is what we want. When men quit that, so that "the love of the Father is not in them," then they must perforce turn aside; the nobler heart to break with disappointment, the meaner heart to love the world instead, and sate and satisfy itself as best it may, on things that perish in the using. Herein lies the secret of our being, in the world of the affections. This explains why our noblest feelings lie so close to our basest; why the noblest so easily metamorphose themselves into the basest. The heart which was made large enough for God wastes itself upon the world.—*F. W. Robertson.*

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1886.

THE Union of the Waldensian Church and the Free Italian Church has been virtually accomplished. Dr. Gray, of Rome, who was present at the Synod which met last month at Torre Pellice, writes that of the seventy members of Synod present when the final vote was taken on the proposed Articles of Union, sixty-seven voted in favour; the remaining three abstained from voting. The result, which was hardly expected, is highly satisfactory to the friends of the United Church in Italy. The united Church conserves the name of the Waldensian Evangelical Church, leaving, however, the power to individual congregations to take the name of Evangelical Church of —, if they see fit.

OUR attention has been called to the fact that in the schedule issued by the Distribution Committee these words occur:

The remuneration of probationers is at the rate of \$10 a Sabbath with board.

At the General Assembly the remuneration of probationers was discussed, and without a dissentient voice the inadequacy of their pay was feelingly recognized. While there has been increase all along the line, the preacher's fee has remained at what it was twenty years ago. The Scheme recently adopted is more generous than the words quoted would indicate. This is the clause referring to the matter:

When a pastoral charge becomes vacant the Presbytery shall determine the amount to be paid for supply, regard being had to the amount paid for stipend before the vacancy occurred, and shall communicate the same to the congregation; but the amount shall in no case be less than \$10 per week, with board and lodging; in the case of congregations receiving supplement the grant shall be continued during the vacancy to such an extent as to admit of this sum being paid.

WE confess to a little disappointment in regard to the *Mail's* performances as a prohibition journal. We had some reason to think that it might follow up its mild attack on the liquor business with something like the staying powers it shows when attacking good Presbyterians like Messrs. M. C. Cameron, M.P., and Mr. McMullen, M.P. During the parliamentary session it assails Mr. McMullen almost every day with a vim, indeed we might say *venom*, which savours strongly of personal malice. It follows Mr. M. C. Cameron in pretty much the same way, at times accusing him of very serious offences. Now, why cannot the *Mail* show the same persistency in attacking whiskey as it does in attacking these Presbyterians? Why does it not belabour the liquor business as it belabours these unfortunate men? Why say a few mild things about liquor and then stop, while it hammers away at the same men month after month? We may be all wrong, but it does strike us that the *Mail* does not show a much vim and persistency in attacking whiskey as it shows in attacking some decent men we have the honour to know.

THE *Interior* puts some of the things it knows about the New Theology before its readers in this pungent way:—

First. It has been known to us that the Andover professors are to be prosecuted for heresy, in order that the endowments of Andover may not be perverted. The prosecution will take the form of accusations by one of the trus-

tees of Andover before the Board of Visitors. From what we know of the situation we have little doubt that the professors will be removed and the endowments rescued from forfeiture. This fact will be made public in the secular press in a few days.

Second. The Andover professors, while professing to be the evangelists of sweetness, light and liberty at Des Moines, were really fighting for their chairs. They hoped to go back with such an endorsement from the American Board as would put an estoppel upon the prosecution for heresy. Hence Des Moines was made the battleground, and the new departure brought all its diplomatic skill, influence and eloquence to bear upon the issue. The fight from that side has been shrewd and skillful. It is admitted that the tactics and the oratory at Des Moines were on their side. The only thing they lacked to give them victory was the truth.

That the endowments given to Andover by men now in Heaven have been perverted, and are now used in teaching a theology the donors never believed and never wished to have propagated, is as true as any fact in holy writ. It says very little for the new theology that it should have begun its career by using the generous bequests of dead men for purposes that the donors never intended their money to be used. We take that back—it says a great deal for the New Theology that it should act in that way. Dr. McLaren threw much light on the theories of the New School. The perverting of these endowments throws much light on its practice.

THE court before which the case of the seven Anarchists in Chicago was lately argued has refused to interfere with the verdict. Sentence of death has been passed, and though the law provides for another appeal it is almost certain that the condemned men will be hanged. The prompt way in which our neighbours have dealt with this case brings out a striking feature in the character of the American people. They have a free-and-easy way of talking about almost every thing which leaves others to believe that things in Church and State are allowed to drift. Their style leads many to think that every body over there acts on the go-as-you-please principle. Such a notion is a great mistake. No people in the world act with more promptitude—when they do act. Even in politics if a man is fairly caught jobbing or stealing they pitch him overboard—banish him from public life—in as short a time and with as little ceremony as any country under the sun. The general impression is that a minister or professor in the American Presbyterian Church may hold rather loose views on theological points. Perhaps he may—as he may do here—if he keeps pretty quiet about it; but if his case gets fairly into the courts and the brethren conclude that the matter is serious, the chances are a thousand to one that the heterodox brother will be put out in the cold in much less time than the operation would be performed in Scotland or Canada. The easy way in which a typical American talks is no indication of what he is pretty certain to do in an emergency. These unfortunate creatures who go to the gallows in a few weeks have found out at terrible cost that the American people, though free and easy on the surface, have all the sternness of their ancestors when an emergency arises.

CAN nothing be done to stop the influx of indigent and helpless people who crowd into Toronto every autumn? There are about a hundred and thirty thousand people crowded together on a few acres here, and a population of one hundred and thirty thousand furnishes quite enough of hungry and helpless people, without any importations. We know of no law, human or divine, which binds the Christian people of Toronto to feed and clothe and shelter the poor of other municipalities. No man in Ontario, in reasonable health, need go to a soup kitchen for food, or to a house of refuge or jail for shelter, if those who live in that way were distributed over the Province. The difficulty arises from the gathering of the needy at one point, or at a few points; for other cities do doubt have more than their share, as well as Toronto. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, the man who has to be fed and sheltered by charity in Toronto could have work and food fifty, yes, twenty miles from the point at which he begs. It seems an outrage on charity that the Christian people of Toronto should have to support people every winter, who might find work and bread a few miles out in the country. There is no use in discussing the matter when the people are here and suffering. There is a human being hungry and cold. He cannot be allowed to starve or freeze to death. You know quite well

that many a rich farmer in Ontario would be glad to give him work, or at least "chores" to do, by the doing of which he could earn food and clothing. But he is not with the rich farmer. He is here shivering on one of the streets of Toronto, and cannot be allowed to die there. The true solution of the problem is to keep him from coming in winter, to a city where work is scarce, living dead, and where there are too many poor already.

PROF. M'LAREN'S lecture on the New Theology gives additional interest to events that are taking place on the other side of the lines. Not long ago the American Board of Missions determined not to send any missionaries into the foreign field who accept the Theology of the New School. This action produced intense feeling at Andover, and the disciples of the New School determined to test conclusions at an adjourned meeting of the Board held the other day at Des Moines. The way they succeeded may be learned from the following resolutions which were passed at that meeting:

Whereas, from remarks made on this platform it seems difficult, if not impossible, to draw a general statement in terms so clear and strong as to cover the case, therefore

Resolved, That this Board distinctly and emphatically disavows its belief in what is called the doctrine of a future probation, and hereby instructs its Prudential Committee to exercise great care on this point in the selection of missionaries for foreign fields.

This was subsequently further modified to the following, presented by President Chapin:

The Board is constrained to look with great apprehension upon certain tendencies of the doctrine of a probation after death, which has been earnestly breached and diligently propagated, that seemed divisive, and perverse, and dangerous to the Church at home and abroad. In view of those tendencies it heartily approves the action of the Prudential Committee in carefully guarding the Board from any commitment to the approval of the doctrine, and advises a continuance of that caution in future.

This motion was passed by a majority of forty-eight to twenty-two. Of eighty members absent seventy sent letters condemning the New Theology. Dr. Egbert Smyth, the head and front of the New School, was put off the Prudential Committee, receiving only thirteen votes out of seventy. Those who thought the New School had Congregationalism under their control have got a rude awakening. The only thing the New School men could carry at Des Moines was a resolution asking the Board to consider the expediency of referring difficult applications—presumably applications from disciples of the New School—to a council of the Churches. No doubt the Board will consider the matter, but as the only representative of the Andover School failed to keep his seat on the Board it is not hard to say how the consideration will end.

SAM JONES.

DOUGLAS JERROLD, himself an unmistakable humourist, and for years a *Punch* contributor, did not approve of indiscriminate indulgence in the humorous vein. Speaking of travesties of history, he said, If this goes on, we shall be having a comic Sermon on the Mount. In the estimation of many, not by any means captious, we in this irreverent age are tending in that direction. Sam Jones is possessed of an irrepressible impulse to say odd things, which in any other preacher would be strongly condemned. From repeated reference he claims that it is an indispensable and important part of his method in arousing thought in the minds of the careless and indifferent. He claims that his humour is consecrated. At the same time it is plain that not a little unconsecrated nonsense finds expression. Such methods no doubt are relished simply because happily flippant dealing with sacred things is rare; but if they serve to attract, they also repel. Reverential feeling is in perfect harmony, and therefore not unbecoming in religious teachers. Flippant talk, however pungent, is not in general conducive to the growth of devout and pious feeling. After all, however, is such a defiantly unconventional style actually necessary to arrest attention to sacred and saving truth? Spurgeon is gifted with a hearty, healthy humour, but he rarely indulges in it while proclaiming the truth of Jesus Christ. Of all living preachers, few have been so owned and blessed in proclaiming the message of eternal life. His language, pure, strong Saxon, is not one whit less forceful than Sam Jones' mode of address, and he can always command the attention of any audience, whatever the degree of culture of which its members may be composed. In

the best specimens of preaching the world possesses—not to mention Him who spoke as never man spake—preserved in the Old and New Testaments there are no traces of even undignified speech. Given earnestness and directness, and a message to deliver, people will listen to it without the adventitious aid of questionable oddities.

Mr. Jones would not take it as a compliment to be described as a theologian, since, according to some of his expressions, he speaks rather disparagingly of theology. At present, at least, he runs no risk of being so described. He is not unfriendly to the Churches, being in sympathy with them, but in his eagerness to commend his teachings to those outside as well as inside the Churches he does not always say kindly things of them. Our religious organizations are not above criticism, and they may benefit by it, but is declamation against creeds and Churches calculated to make those he addresses feel more kindly to the Churches, and strengthen their desire to unite with them when Mr. Jones says such disparaging things?

There is, however, no question as to the sincerity of motive and earnestness of purpose of the Southern Evangelist. In one way he is emphatically a preacher of righteousness. Prevailing every-day sins he speaks of with great plainness of speech. His arraignment of the drink curse is most powerful and effective. If he does not shine as a doctrinal expositor he is most certainly a vigorous practical preacher, calling attention pointedly to the important truths of Christianity which we of this age specially need to know, and above all to practise. The love of Christ for sinful men, irrespective of outward condition, is strongly dwelt upon in the teaching of Sam Jones. He has a loving heart and a deeply sympathetic nature. There can be no doubt that he is fitted for a special work, and whether his not very happily chosen figure of the "cyclone" be realized or not, it must be the earnest prayer of all who desire the salvation of sinners to see lasting good follow the labours of Sam Jones in Toronto.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

RECENTLY heavy defalcations have occurred in monetary and commercial institutions in the United States. Several of the defaulters occupied high places in social and business circles. They were confided in by their business associates, and trusted by the communities in which they lived. One of them was a relative of Neal Dow, the venerable leader of the Temperance Movement in Maine. He was noted as a prominent man in religious and philanthropic circles, frequently occupying pulpits and taking a leading part in religious meetings. It was discovered that he had wrecked the institution with which he was connected and seriously injured, financially, those who had trusted him. Swift retribution has followed. He has been sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. These occurrences severely shock public confidence, and the cry is, Who can be trusted? When the moral sense of a community is thus outraged such questions are natural and proper. Yet is it not the case that while the man who is detected, exposed and punished is held up to a just popular indignation, the more adroit schemer, who, by fraudulent means, has amassed a sufficiency of wealth that places him beyond the temptation to risk desperate expedients, is courted and praised mainly because he is wealthy? The average tone of society is not blameless in this particular. So long as money is regarded as the highest blessing to be possessed, so long as the wealthy are all but worshipped, chiefly because they control money, just so long will defalcations on a startling scale continue. Money is very needful, but it isn't every thing. A man is not to be despised because he is rich, nor is to be unduly petted on that account.

A more just and generous standard of measurement is required. The true test of worth is not wealth, though many make it the rule by which men are judged. The amassing of wealth no doubt represents very valuable human qualities. It indicates shrewdness, a considerable knowledge of human nature, industry and thrift; hence it is taken to represent these aptitudes and virtues. It also in certain instances represents other qualities: Men successful in the race for riches are sometimes merciless to their fellows in trouble; they lose that fine sensitiveness of conscience that would forbid them to prey

on the misfortunes and necessities of the distressed; and when the occasion offers they are not over anxious to carry into practice the requirements of the golden rule. Men should not so much be judged by their surroundings, as by their character. In the final and justest of all judgments we are taught that, as God is no respecter of persons, men will be judged by what they are, not by what they have. If character were more esteemed, and money less, there would not be so many temptations to dishonesty as now unfortunately present themselves.

The history of these defalcations is significant. In every instance they originate in the inordinate desire for the possession of wealth. The trusted official handles vast sums. Money is the one subject he hears talked of from morning to night. It is regarded by those he comes in contact with as the be-all and end-all of existence. He hears of the rapid fortunes made in stock gambling. He ventures all he can honestly call his own, then much he has no business to touch. But he will not stop while retrieval is possible. On he rushes till exposure and ruin stare him in the face. He becomes desperate, and the crash strikes and overwhelms him. It is a sad, but an old, old story, and it will go on repeating itself.

It is often moralized that insufficient salaries tempt men to deal dishonestly with funds committed to their trust. No doubt there is a certain degree of truth in this, but in these recent instances the defaulters could not plead that excuse. With upright conduct they had the means of enjoying comfort and independence. Circumstances may be much, but character is more.

When a man of pronounced religious profession falls into the snare of the devil, there is a large and unthinking class ready to express their distrust of all religious profession whatever. Christianity is indeed seriously injured by the inconsistencies and failures of its professors, but it is they that suffer loss, not Christianity. Had they been faithful to the teachings of the Bible, disaster would not have overtaken them. It was not because they feared God, but because they ceased to fear Him, that they made shipwreck. Had they trusted Him He would have kept their feet from falling, their eyes from tears, and their souls from death. When the teachings of Christianity take hold of men's hearts there will be fewer examples of flagrant dishonesty, less mammon worship, and more generous dealing in the domain of business.

Books and Magazines.

THE THEOLOGICAL AND HOMILETIC MAGAZINE. (Toronto: Willard Tract Depository, S. R. Briggs.)—In the Symposium "The Jewish Faith in Relation to Biblical Theology" and "Evolution" are continued in the October number of this most excellent monthly. The Expository Section is rich, including an able sermon on "Righteousness by Faith," by Dr. Oswald Dykes. In the other sections much profitable and suggestive reading will be found.

THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE. (New York: Macmillan & Co.)—"By the Riverside," a fine engraving, forms an appropriate front-piece to the October number of this admirable magazine. "Cambridge" and "Some Less Known Towns of Southern Gaul," are interesting descriptive papers, finely illustrated. A new serial work of fiction, "A Secret Inheritance," by B. L. Farjeon, is begun. The other contents are no less interesting and attractive.

ABRAHAM: The Typical Life of Faith. By Rev. David R. Breed, D.D. (Chicago: F. W. Revell.)—Example is better than precept; and the author of this book has derived from the example of the great patriarch the most distinct and emphatic teaching with regard to the life of the believer. There is no straining of the meaning of the Scripture, nor any fanciful construction of its words; but it is plainly shown that the life of the Father of the Faithful was intended to exhibit, in the providence of God, a complete illustration of the way in which the Lord leads all His people. The chapters of the book deal with the successive steps in the development of the Life of Faith, and the interest of the reader increases to the close. The way of life is shown to have been the same in all ages, and the unity of the indivisible Church of God is beautifully exhibited. The book cannot be read without a deep effect—increased faith in our Covenant God, more joy in the everlasting Gospel, and deeper gratitude for the gift of God, the seed of Abraham, our redeemer.

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

SUCCESSFUL ZENANA WORK.

We who are engaged in Marathi work, says a lady missionary, have much cause for thankfulness in reviewing that of the past year. So much have we had to remind us that our labour is not in vain in the Lord, that we may indeed take courage and look forward to much progress in the future.

Our Beni-Israel school is one in which we are deeply interested. We do thank the Lord that he has called us to "feed the lambs." Some of our elder girls left school at the beginning of this year, but we have made arrangements to assist them in their studies at home, so that they may not lose their interest in the Scriptures. When going round to the different classes, if I ask a class to rise and say a verse in turn, their little faces look so bright and happy, and without hesitation verse after verse is repeated.

I had an infants' class up for a Bible picture lesson, and it was so sweet to hear them describe what they saw in the picture. I had previously explained it. One was asked to repeat the story right through, which she did most satisfactorily. The Elementary Catechism we use in school is learned by all the children. The infants repeat it after their teacher, Sundrabai, but no sooner are they able to read than they with great pleasure bring a piece (one-third of a penny) and buy a book, and they are very proud to have it as their own. Sundrabai has taught them several action songs, and they are very fond of a hymn they sing with actions, "Two little eyes to look to God," etc. This I like best.

We have 103 Marathi-speaking families to visit, and our pupils number 142. Miss Blakeman, Miss Campbell and I have twenty-eight houses each to visit, and our Bible woman has nineteen. I need not say that we are always welcome, and that our Bible lessons are steadily kept up; they know we will not go to them unless they are willing to hear the Word of God. This is indeed a very encouraging feature of our work nowadays. Eleven or twelve years ago they would have raised objections, but thank God these have been removed. The woman who begged I would not read the Bible to her last year is now much interested in "Pilgrim's Progress"; do pray that this may be the means of bringing her to the knowledge of the truth. I have not seen much of dear Eshahai, the young widow, for some time past, as she goes away with her people to a village a few miles out of Bombay, where their summer residence is situated, but no objection is made to my seeing her when she is in town, and I continue to visit her father-in-law's house, where there are several who listen when I read and sing. One dear pupil reads her Bible daily. She commenced last year, and then read in connection with the Marathi Bible Union. Now she reads the same portions that I do, printed for Mr. Boys' Bible and Prayer Union. She chooses a verse daily, which she writes in a book and shows me every week. Last year I thought it would be very nice for us to have a text for every month, and that we should distribute the one chosen in each house we visited. I told K— of our intention, and she helped me to choose and write out the text in Marathi ready for printing, and she offered to get 600 printed, which, at the rate of 160 a month, will last just four months. When I offered to pay for the same she said her father had arranged to settle the account. I have lately, with her kind assistance, had some more texts printed, and she said her father wished to pay for these too; however, I thanked her and said we could not allow it this time.

Village-visiting has its difficulties, but they seem to be outweighed by the success which sometimes meets us. We went to a hut yesterday, hoping we should get some women to listen to us, but they all seemed scared away. However, after a short time several men came up and listened most attentively. We told them our object was to talk with and read to the women, but seeing they appeared so much interested we thought they would like to read our leaflets, and, after giving away a great number, we proceeded to another part of the village, where we hoped we should be welcomed as cordially, and were not disappointed.

May our Heavenly Father bless all our efforts for the advancement of His kingdom in this land.

Choice Literature.

UNDER THE SNOW.

CHAPTER III.

It was August when Andre came down from the mountain to see his mother. It is now the middle of September, about a month before the cattle need come from the hills. But the trees look more like November; incessant rain has swept away the leaves, and the rich red beauty of the creepers is marred by gaps in the foliage. The brown-petalled, sodden-looking sunflowers and dahlia blossoms, that a while ago made a glory of the carpenter's little garden, are now only suggestive of damp and decay, sticking together in blurred masses.

The weather has been strangely cold too, and to-day a heavy mist has hung over the lake, blotting out the mountains. All day long masses of vapour have been rolling over the steep, pine-covered ridge behind the village in huge clouds like the smoke of a battlefield, sweeping more than half-way down the hillside with soft, blurred edges, seeming as if they had let loose the torrents of rain which have been falling for hours.

Hans Christen is a schoolmaster as well as a carpenter. All day long he hammers and saws and works into shape the wood that lies heaped behind his house, and in the evening he goes through much the same process mentally with the dull scholars who come to his class. He considers himself a scholar, and he is weatherwise, but this weather puzzles him, and he is in a mood to prove his wisdom on some one or other. As he turns from his study of the clouds, he sees Andre's mother walking quickly past his garden; her eyes are half closed, and her head is bent forward; certainly the cold is bitter enough to account for the pace at which she walks; but Hans is always ready to teach, and just now, as has been said, he feels specially commissioned in this direction.

"Elisa," he calls out; "Elisa Engemann."

"Yes, neighbour;" but though she stops she does not round or hold her head erect, it is bent forward ready for the next step.

"What ails you?" he says severely. "Since Andre went back you have been keeping yourself away from us all. You have scarcely said a dozen words to me. Let me tell you, neighbour, that such conduct is unneighbourly and unchristian, unless, indeed, you are hiding something from us; but even then," he brings down his dirty hand heavily on the low wall that borders his garden, "why even then, widow Engemann, you ought to have come to me. I am consulted by every one, and also I am Andre's godfather. He is confirmed, I grant you, but I have the right to know his errors and misdeeds." The woman turned and faced him; she was smiling.

"Misdeeds will never be reckoned up against my Andre, neighbour; if I do not talk as much as I did, put it down to my fault, not to Andre's."

Christen shook his head.

"You do not deceive me, Elisa. Trouble is written in your face, and you keep aloof because you are trying to keep it to yourself. Ah, well, you may turn your face away. I know, what I know you will have to come to me for counsel by-and-by."

She shook her head, and then as he remained silent, she passed on toward her cottage.

"The woman looks all eyes," said Christen crossly; "she's—but then it's natural, all women are fools, mothers more than any. The boy has got into trouble, and she's trying to hush it up. Ah, well," he grunted, "she'll have to come to me in the end."

This remark appeased him, and he fell on his pipe with added vigour, but he soon found his way indoors, for every moment the air grew colder.

Elisa had thought herself of so little consequence, it had not occurred to her that her silent brooding might give her neighbours offence. Somehow she had grown to feel that if she betrayed it in words, her fear would become a reality, and so she had avoided the chance of revealing it, and had lived alone with the spectre face to face.

There were times when she almost betrayed it. She told herself that she had always known what she dreaded must come to pass. She had been sure from the first that a child born like the edelweiss at the glacier's edge, cradled so to speak in snow, must feel drawn to the mountain top as to his native atmosphere, and then she asked herself why she did not yield? Was there not in all this an undercurrent that meant something stronger than her mere will? Was she not selfish in wishing to keep her boy from the dangerous life he craved? Alas! that she had recoiled from this whisper as from the voice of a tempter. No, it must be her solemn duty to shelter Andre from the terrible fate which had made him fatherless.

Now having reached her home, she sat down exhausted, for the icy wind had fastened on her breath as she hurried down the road. Once more this question was importunate. Had she a right to plan Andre's life to suit hers? ought not her life rather to be sacrificed to him? Her heart felt tortured with keen pain—as if indeed a weapon pierced it.

"I cannot yield him. I cannot," she cried; "he is all I have to love."

That was a night never to be forgotten in the villages beside the lake, or even in Dort, the busy, little town on the blue-green river.

Old people shivered in their sleep and dreamed they had awoke; while those who possessed them, old and young too, drew their thistle-down stuffed coverlets up to their chins, and shrank down in bed, wondering why they slept so poorly. Toward morning, however, there was a general stir in the village; every one had roused at daybreak. Spite of the cold, half-clad men and women peeped out at doors and windows, so awful a sound had boomed across the lake.

"What was it?" Elisa asked herself as she looked out. The atmosphere was clearer. The lake looked peaceful and gray, but the mountains and even the lowest ridge of

the hills were white with snow. As she watched, the huge pyramid opposite, on which Andre kept his sheep, began to gleam with silver brightness as the sun sent up light from behind the cloud-veil in which he was rising.

A heavy snowfall in September! For a moment, Elisa could not believe her eyes; but there was no use in doubting them. The Jungfrau and her giant comrades were now only marked out from the rest by their superior height. Lower Alps, which till now had blended in the distant view, showed out separately, the silvery coating defining and giving grandeur to their peaks. Elisa's eyes were fixed on the huge white pyramid across the lake. Where was Andre? She went out and hastened to the point, for the view in front of her chalet was somewhat obscured by trees. Presently she heard voices in the garden above. Monsieur Weissenbourg was talking to Hans Christen.

"I do not say it was an avalanche," he said; "but it was a fall of some kind above Schonegg. I am going into town to learn what has happened."

Christen said something, but she could not make out the words.

"Yes," Monsieur Weissenbourg answered, "that is what I fear. It seemed to me that the sound came from below the chalets; and in that case"—he hesitated—"well, she need not be told till we are certain," he said.

"No, no," Christen spoke in a hushed, awed voice.

Elisa knew that they were speaking of her, but she also knew that they could not see her. A fear came lest they might prevent the purpose she had so quickly formed. She crept stealthily along the strip of ground between the out-houses and the lake, and then her face blanched, and with tottering knees she leaned against the broken timbers and tried to steady her thoughts.

Long ago she had learned to ask God for help—but now, when she tried to pray, her words froze on her lips.

It had come, then—the fate she so dreaded for her boy; he lay buried under the snow.

She had gone through all this already in thought. Oh, yes, she knew what she had to do. It never occurred to her to bemoan herself or to break down in tears. She sped back to her house, and wrapped herself more warmly; then she put some milk and some brandy into a basket with a warm wrap over them, and then she left the chalet and walked on swiftly in the opposite direction from the point. Half a mile of rapid walking brought her to just such another little creek as that at the foot of the grass-grown steps; but here, instead of the broken sheds, there was a bathing hut with two boats moored beside it. The sun had almost reached the mountain tops, and the gray of the lake was mottled with exquisite reflections of the rosy sky. Elisa bent over one of the boats and tried to launch it. At first this was beyond her strength; but at last it yielded, and she was afloat. The oars were large and very heavy, and her hands were numbed with the intense cold. She was some time in crossing the lake.

She secured her boat at the landing place, and then panting, yet without any feeling of fatigue, she went up to a group of women who stood talking eagerly to an old man in front of the hotel. There was such a babel of sound that she could not distinguish words. She pushed in between the women and grasped this old man's arm.

"Tell me," she cried out abruptly, "what has happened? Did the avalanche fall on the side of the mountain?"

The man opened his mouth and stared in wonder. He was one of the head farmers of the district; his dignity was affronted. By what right did this wild-eyed stranger snatch at his arm and question him so fiercely? He had never seen her. But Elisa could not wait while he arranged his ideas. She placed herself in front of a woman who stood near.

"What has happened on the mountain?" she asked; "is it known?"

The woman was an eager talker; her broad face and black, slit-like eyes kindled.

"Yes, yes, it is known. There has been a snowfall—some say a slip of part of the rock on this side, and the chalets up yonder at Oberstalden are buried, and no one knows where the sheep will have strayed to. Do you not hear the cowbells? They are already bringing down the cows by hundreds. What a winter we shall have!"

All this fell on Elisa's strained hearing as rain falls on a window-pane—she heard it, but it did not penetrate to her feelings.

She had learned the truth of what she dreaded. There was only one question still to be asked; but as she looked at her eager-tongued neighbour she felt that she would not get an answer from her.

Farther on nearer the chateau, which stands beyond the houses, she saw the diligence; it was ready to start, but its rough looking driver had not yet mounted to his seat. He was stamping his boots heavily as if his feet were cold, cracking his whip now and then.

Elisa knew that this man travelled each day some way up the mountain. He must surely know the truth about what had happened, and she hurried toward him.

He left off cracking his whip; her eyes told him that she was in some sore need.

"At your service, neighbour," he said. "What do you want of me?"

"You have been up there—to the chalets?"

"No, but I have heard." He was full of sympathy, for in his youth he, too, had herded cattle on the mountain side. "The Unterstalden chalets are safe, my good woman; the lads only stay to collect the strayed sheep—"

He broke off; the agonized look in her eyes held him fascinated. It was plain that his words had no comfort for her. He was afraid to end his tidings.

"Go on," she said in a voice that sounded far off. "Is it true that the Oberstalden chalets are under the snow?"

The man bent his head; he was awed by her solemn tone. Then, remembering what he had heard, he took courage.

"But it was best so, mother. More than two of the Oberstalden lads had come down to a wedding at Wimmis, and they were to stay all night. There were but two of the young ones left above, whereas the chalets of Unterstalden were full."

"And those two are left under the snow at Oberstalden." Again her voice made him start. His blood seemed to chill as he heard it.

"Nay," he said, "I heard but now that a couple of diggers are presently going up the mountain with shovels and ice axes; but what can they do if indeed the rock has fallen? Monsieur le Comte has settled how it is to be."

"Two diggers, did you say?" She looked so white that the man thought that she must be ill.

"It is all they can spare," he said; "every soul is wanted to seek for the missing sheep. They will perish, else, in the snow—Monsieur le Comte has said so."

"Under the snow," she said mechanically, and then turned and walked quickly in the direction of the chateau.

"Monsieur le Comte," she was saying half aloud to herself, in a strange, imperious voice. "Monsieur le Comte! What is it to him? He has not a child perishing in the snow."

She soon reached the old chateau, with its quaint, red-roofed tower; and while she waited for an answer to her clamorous ringing she had quieted her temper.

In a few minutes a man appeared. He said in answer to her eager request that Monsieur le Comte could not see any one. Some important business was about to take him from home, and he could not spare a moment before he went.

"Will he come out this way?"

"Yes."

She stood waiting; she felt as if she were wasting precious moments, and yet, how little she could do alone! Presently she heard wheels grating on the slaty drive, and then Monsieur von Eliach came out ready to step into the carriage which had drawn up in front of the door. He looked round and saw Elisa.

"What do you want with me, my good woman?" and as he met her eyes he seemed to know her errand.

"Sir, are you going up the mountain?"

"As soon as I can. I must first drive to Dort to get some help; there are soldiers there who can be spared, our people are so busy with the herds."

Elisa flushed and her eyes brightened.

"But, sir, the boys are perishing in the snow."

She spoke roughly, almost fiercely, the Count thought.

"Yes, yes," he said. "Two men have gone up already."

"Two men! Listen, sir. One of those boys is my boy, Andre; the other is an orphan. He has no mother, only you, sir, to care for him. Will you lose so many precious hours before you go to see what can be done on the mountain? I am going there; but, sir, I am weak and ignorant, the men will not listen to me. Only such as you, sir, can order what is best to do in such a strait. You will go there; you will come with me now."

She spoke with a fire and energy that would have greatly surprised Christen the carpenter, and her eyes told her that she had kindled the zeal of her listener.

He was indeed greatly moved. "I will go with you," he said.

He went into the house and came back with a note, which he gave to his gray-headed servant.

"You will bid Louis to saddle a horse and carry this as fast as he can to Dort. Now, my good friend," he said to Elisa, "I will drive you as far as we can go, and we will climb together to the chalets."

(To be concluded.)

THE CATHEDRAL OF MALTA.

Of course one of the chief attractions in Malta is the grand old Cathedral of St. John the Baptist, and I must confess that, as with other things of which we have heard high praise before seeing them, the first impression was disappointing. I entered St. John's at the hour of vespers and felt chilled. There was a very small, inattentive congregation. Two men who sat close in front of me (or tradersmen) were discussing their worldly affairs. Aibly that an acolyte was sent down from the altar to silence them. The architecture seemed to me stiff and cold. It was not till I returned to Malta, on my homeward route, and had spent delightful weeks under the stone roof of the old Grand Masters, that, overshadowed by their spirit, I could realize something of the poetic beauty of their old cathedral, and learn to tread with more reverence on that sacred pavement, because each stone is emblazoned with heraldic devices, or other memorial, of some brave warrior who knelt there at his devotions and now sleeps in the crypt below. But for this association, the pavement of Pietra Dura, in oblong compartments (in memory of divers knights), is very like a great piece of patchwork, and the effect of those inlaid marbles lacks repose. All round the great church are side chapels where the knights of each nation worshipped together. These, like their eight palaces, or rather auberges, were set apart for the knights of France, Provence, Auvergne, Aragon, Castile, Italy, Germany and Anglo-Bavaria. Each chapel of course has its great altar and crucifix, before which some worshippers are always kneeling, heedless of passers-by. There are second-rate pictures and heavy monuments without number. Of these last, by far the most attractive to me is the beautiful statue of Comte Beaujolais, a name endeared to me by my old family ties. The cathedral is said to have been formerly very wealthy, but the French stole great quantities of gold and silver plate and jewels from its treasury. Among other thefts was that of a most precious relic, namely, the right hand of St. John, which had been presented to the Grand Master by the Church of Santa Sophia, at Constantinople. A magnificent diamond ring was transferred by Napoleon from the skeleton hand to his own, and the relic was then restored to the Grand Master, who, being no longer able to give it honour due, sent it to Pasi, Emperor of Russia, who built a church over it at St. Petersburg. Nothing escaped the rapacious invaders. All the precious stones were picked out of the reliquaries, and the twelve silver statues of the Apostles were among the treasures seized. In vain did the Maltese pray to be allowed to redeem them for their full value in

money. Napoleon is reported to have replied that, as the apostolic mission was to "go forth into all the world," and these had lain in one spot for 200 years, he would see that they did now go forth as good coins of the realm. However, as the same impious reply is attributed to Tilly, with reference to twelve similar statues which he plundered from Padderborne, in Westphalia, perhaps Napoleon may have been the benefit of the doubt, the more so as the priests at Citta Vecchia show twelve silver statues in their cathedral, which are said to have been ransomed for their full weight in silver by a Maltese prelate.—*The National Review*.

AN AUTUMNAL SUNSET.

How beautiful is this evening in the river woods, waiting for the setting of the sun! Reaching a little opening where the grass grows thick and soft, I lean against the friend of years, a short-heart elm, and drink in the beauty all about me. The first heavy frost has struck a death-blow to the year, and all through the interlacing boughs above me the green is touched with crimson and gold. On one side, through a window in the foliage, a field of sunflowers is greenly framed, holding a marvellous richness of yellow and brown in their great wide flowers, while in a fence-corner near at hand a straggling clump of white and purple asters, with tall, feathery sprays of golden-rod, glorify the black and lichened rails. A gigantic grape-vine clammers into a neighbouring tree-top, its ripening fruit mingling with the ripening leaves of a luxuriant ivy. All around, the dark boles of the tree cast long and heavy shadows on the ground. A red squirrel ventures to my side, and the next moment is chattering a hundred feet above me; the birds are chirping tremulously, and a myriad of singing wings fills the dreamy air.

And thus I stand and wait, looking down a wide wooded avenue that leads on to the sunset land. The sky is clearest sapphire, save that the blue is merged in filmy gray where heaven touches earth. Straight before me the sun hangs very low. Now the darkening horizon clefs it in twain, and the half sphere that remains looms large and strange in its phase of rich vermilion, while all the west is bathed in opalescent light. Golden-rod and purple aster, ivy leaf and ripening grape, take on a more brilliant beauty than they have ever known before, and all the greenery of the place is blotched with bronze and gold. The sun has become but a vermilion crescent, and now a curving line, then wholly disappears, and the light on leaf and fruit and flower, this wonderful after-glow, is indeed heavenly in its splendour. It is a magic-woven tissue of purest, softest cadmium, some unknown texture, splendour did beyond comparison, yet tender in its tints as a woman's love; an indescribable grandeur veiled, yet revealed, in quiet beauty.

The upper sky as I see it through the tree-tops is blent with rose and topaz, a fitting dome for one of "God's first temples," and so I wait and worship. And still the world of heaven and the world of earth grow into one in that ineffable splendour. Only a long time after do I know that the shadows have grown very dark about me, that the evening star looks forth through the faint film of colour that remains, that the silence and the sadness have grown wondrously deep, and that the day

Has perished silently,
Of its own glory.

—*Florence L. Snow, in Brooklyn Magazine.*

GARDEN PLEASURES.

It was a pleasure to watch the spare, clean, trim German who comes with choice fruit in summer and baskets of laurels in winter, go from flower to flower, eagerly describing their quality. He has a nice garden of his own off by the Purgatory road, as local tradition names it, and old country favourites flowering in it, but I never saw such an outpouring of interest as he made over the pale yellow Carnations bursting their sheaths. He went down on the sod with uplifted hands, his fine pale face alight with emotion. "Sixty-two years of old am I this last June, but never in my life had I seen one yellow Carnation! What will I tell my wife, and she will not believe it till I show her! Sixty-two years and never had one yellow Carnation!" Happy soul, to have kept the feeling for flowers so bright and warm. Happy souls that learn to dote on flowers and garden things, and so keep up a panacea for a thousand cankered ills. We owe a great debt of gratitude to our gardens. Their innocent, absorbing interests have soothed perpetual plagues of cares, have eased breaking spirits, and kept overwrought brains from turning, and sick hearts from rushing to the poisonous medicines of the world for their fever.—*Vick's Magazine for October.*

AGE AMONG THE CHINESE.

The Chinese do not reckon their age from the day of birth, but from New Year's Day. It is on this account sometimes difficult to find out the true age of young children. Here is a tiny shaven-headed bundle of humanity, scarcely able to stand alone for a moment, and you are gravely assured that he is three years old! If you have left the sacred rules of propriety at home, you venture mildly and politely to cast just a faint shadow of doubt upon the statement; or if you do not discredit the parent's assertion, but are still unacquainted with the mode of reckoning, you probably condole with its parents on the slight degree of progress he has made toward maturity. Should a child arrive in this world at five minutes to twelve on New Year's eve, the fond father will proudly assure you next morning that the new arrival is two years old, and never so much as think that what he says is untrue. Seeing that clocks are very scarce articles, except along the coast, and that even where a clock is found time is a very elastic and variable quantity, one wonders how such matters are determined in certain cases. The Chinese do not conceal their age, nor

do they ever try to represent themselves as younger than they are. There is a much stronger tendency to add to the stated number of their years than to diminish it. On being introduced to a new acquaintance, the first question is, "What is your distinguished surname?" and the second is, "What is your honourable age?" You reply to one as readily as to the other. Age is so much respected that it is considered a distinction to be advanced in years. There are eight or ten different names which correspond to "Mr.," according to the appearance of age, of real age, to which a man has attained, and the same for women. Besides, it is a matter of greater congratulation as years go by than one has been spared to add another year to his term of life. The length of the reign of the Emperor, the term of official service, the engagements of servants, the period of residence in a locality all are dated from the New Year *Brooklyn Magazine.*

MOTHER'S WAY.

Of within our little cottage,
As the shadows gently fall,
While the sunlight slightly touches
One sweet face upon the wall,
Do we gather close together,
And in hushed and tender tone
Ask each other's full forgiveness
For the wrong that each has done.
Should you wonder why this custom
At the ending of the day,
Eye and voice would quickly answer:
"It was once our mother's way."

If our home be bright and cheery,
If it holds a welcome true,
Opening wide its door of greeting
To the many—not the few;
If we share our Father's bounty
With the needy, day by day,
'Tis because our hearts remember
This was ever mother's way.

Sometimes when our hands grow weary,
Or our tasks seem very long;
When our burdens look too heavy,
And we deem the right all wrong—
Then we gain anew fresh courage,
And we rise to proudly say
Let us do our duty bravely,
This was our dear mother's way.

Thus we keep her memory precious,
While we never cease to pray
That at last, when lengthening shadows
Mark the evening of our day,
They may find us waiting calmly
To go home our mother's way.

CHARACTER IN HANDWRITING.

There are people who claim to read men's characters from their writing. As the writing of every nation is distinguished by certain strong national peculiarities, it is easy for an expert to decide to what nation a writer belongs. Having settled that, certain large characteristics which are common to all men, but in different degrees, can be seen in every handwriting. A certain number of men are calm, even-lived, sensible and practical. Men of that class are almost certain to write plain, round hands in which every letter is distinctly legible; neither very much slanted forward, nor tilted backward; no letter very much bigger than its neighbour, nor with heads much above or tails much below the letters not so distinguished; the letters all having about the same general uprightness, and the lines true to the edges of the paper, neither tending upward nor downward. Exact, business-like people will have an exact handwriting. Fantastic minds reveal in quirks and streamers, particularly for the capital letters, and this quality is not infrequent in certain business hands, as if the writers found a relief from the prosaic nature of their work in giving flourishes to certain letters. Firm, decided, downright men are apt to bear on the pen while writing, and to make their strokes hard and thick. On the contrary, people who are not sure of themselves, and are lacking in self-control, press unevenly, and with anxious-looking, scratchy hands. Ambitious people are apt to be overworked; they are always in haste and either forget to cross their t's, or dot their i's. They are also apt to run the last few letters of every word into an illegible scrawl. Flurried, troubled and conscience-tormented persons have a crabbed and uneven handwriting.—*From "Wonders of the Alphabet," by Henry Eckford, in St. Nicholas for October.*

In Ireland the Methodist Church, the Presbyterian Church and the Sabbath School Society have fixed on Sunday, October 17, and Monday, October 18, for intercession on behalf of Sabbath schools.

THE Rev. James, Nish, D.D., who has had the honour of presiding over the first Federal Assembly in Australia, a body representing five of the colonial churches, is a native of Newton Stewart, and spent some of his early years in the town of Kirkcubright.

THE tithe war in Wales is being strenuously continued. At Llanrhadr out of 300 farmers 250 have resolved to pay no tithes unless a reduction of twenty-five per cent. is made. The *Times* remarks that a peaceful issue seems more and more unlikely, and that the case presents an insoluble problem.

THE Rev. Dr. Fleming Stevenson's funeral was very large and attended by a representatives of all denominations. His loss is acutely felt in all branches of the Church, his beautiful catholicity of spirit having made him universally beloved. Wreaths were sent by Lord and Lady Aberdeen, whose children also sent a cross of flowers.

British and Foreign.

THERE are about 300,000 school teachers in the United States.

THE Empress of Japan has determined to wear European dress on certain ceremonial occasions.

As a result of the work carried on by the League of the Cross, several public-houses have been closed in Cork.

THE Rev. Dr. A. K. H. Boyd has a new volume in the press, entitled "Our Homely Comedy and Tragedy."

THE monument at Inverary to the victims of the persecution in the Covenanting times has been allowed to fall into ruin.

AN organ costing \$3,500 has been erected in Greenhead Church, Glasgow, and a clock placed in the tower by the town council.

THE Rev. John Hunter, of Hull, has received a unanimous call to Trinity Church, Glasgow, vacant by the death of Dr. William Pulsford.

MR. JOHN SMALL, blacksmith, who perished in the Lochsne quarries recently, was an elder in the parish Church, of Dalry, Ayrshire.

A VOLUME appears in November that will be sure to receive a warm welcome; it consists of choice selections from the writings of Norman Macleod.

THE Hon. Ion G. N. Keith-Falconer, M.A., second son of the late Earl of Kintore, succeeds Dr. Robertson Smith in the chair of Arabic at Cambridge.

MR. T. M. RUSSELL will introduce a bill next session to close public houses earlier on Saturday evening in the Irish towns whose population exceeds 10,000.

THE Rev. Dr. James MacGregor, who preached at Crathie lately, had the honour, with Lord Hartington and Viscount Cross, of dining with the Queen.

THE Rev. Robert Turnbull, at the anniversary soiree of Barrowfield Church, Glasgow, stated that during the three years of his ministry 600 members have been added to the roll.

THE King of Uganda has murdered all the converts of the British and French missionaries. The missionaries themselves are in imminent danger, and have sent to Zauzibar for assistance.

MR. WOOLNER, B.A., has offered to place in the Observatory at Dumfries a copy of his own bust of Carlyle, executed for Lady Ashburton in 1865, and the directors have agreed to accept the gift.

THE Rev. James Currie, LL.D., rector of the Normal Training College, in Edinburgh, died lately, after a lingering illness, in his fifty-ninth year. He was the author of several educational works.

THE Ayrshire Victoria Institution is to be the name of a building about to be erected in connection with the Deaf and Dumb Mission in that county. Sir Peter Coats has given \$500 to the building fund.

DEAN PLUMPTRE'S new translation of "Dante," with biographical introduction and critical and historical notes, will be published shortly. The first volume is ready for issue, and the second in the press.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR recently spoke out strongly against ceremonialism, and implored his hearers not to put the Church in the place of Christ, nor to confess their sins to a person calling himself a priest.

THE Rev. Wm. F. Martin, of Strathaven, a member of a well known missionary family, whose father is at present labouring in Jamaica, is about to leave for India, to carry on the work there of his two uncles, who gave their lives for the cause.

AT a meeting of the committee of Aberdeen Presbytery a lengthened discussion took place on a draft scheme for uniting the United Presbyterian and Free Church congregations at Lumsden. The praiseworthy project seems to be making favourable progress.

THE Rev. Dr. Chrystal, of Auchinleck, ex-Moderator of Assembly, entertained the children of his Sabbath school at the manse last week. It is now fifty-three years since the doctor was ordained pastor of the parish, and he visits his parishioners regularly every year, and preaches every Sabbath, the same as he did when he first entered on his ministry.

AT the Valuation Appeal Court at Inverness Mr. Dewar, of Kingussie, appealed against the valuation of \$250 placed on his manse, a gift of Mr. Mackenzie, of New York; but the county clerk said it was one of the most beautiful residences in the Highlands, attracting the attention and admiration of all who visited the district. The valuation was ultimately reduced to \$200.

THE manuscripts of Calvin's letters and homilies in the University Library at Geneva are beautifully written and well bound. The letters have been carefully copied by Professors Reuss, Baum and Cunitz, and fill ten volumes of their standard edition of Calvin's works, which has now reached thirty volumes. Dr. Reuss states that the homilies and commentaries will require twenty additional volumes.

THE annual elders' conference of the Melrose U. P. Presbytery unanimously resolved to give effect to the interim act of last Synod by appointing a committee of their number to arrange for every session within their bounds being represented at Presbytery meetings by one of their own number, or by a substitute; and further to memorialize the Presbytery to alter their hour of meeting from the forenoon to one more convenient for laymen.

THE Rev. Henry Montgomery, of Belfast, in a letter to Major Whittle, says: The devil is holding the most heart-breaking of carnivals, and all that men of God can do is to hold down their heads in sorrow and in shame. However, the Lord reigns, and he will bring light out of the darkness yet. We will have glorious times in Belfast before long. As sure as the sun shines we will have hundreds of souls saved in Belfast before some imagine.

Ministers and Churches.

THE Rev. William A. Johnston, formerly of Rockburn, Que., has moved to Point St. Charles, Montreal.

THE Forest congregation has given the Rev. James Pritchard, of Manchester, a unanimous call to be their pastor.

AT a recent meeting of the Petrolia Presbyterian congregation, Messrs. P. Barclay, S. Philips, J. Harley and G. Robson were ordained as elders. Last Sabbath, the sacrament of the Lord's supper was observed, and twenty persons were added to the communion roll of the congregation.

THE Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of St. John's Church, Port Perry, recently sent two boxes of substantial clothing to the Indians of Papoi's Reserve, N. W. T. The Ladies' Aid Society of the same congregation had a dinner and lunch table last week at the local Agricultural Fair, and raised above \$100. Both societies are doing noble work.

AT the communion services held at Knox Church, Listowel, on the 26th of last month, the congregation roll was increased by sixteen additional members. Under the ministrations of the Rev. Mr. Campbell, the Church continues to make steady progress. The smallness of the present building and the marked increase of the congregation during the past three years are forcing upon the managers the necessity for more accommodation.

THE anniversary services in connection with Knox Church, Kincardine, were conducted on the 29th ult., by Rev. D. H. Fletcher, of Hamilton. His sermons, which were of a high order, were listened to by large audiences. Mr. Fletcher also lectured on the following Monday evening, on his "Travels in Egypt and the Holy Land," in his usual eloquent style. His re-appearance in Kincardine was the signal for a large gathering of eager and appreciative listeners.

MR. L. C. EMES, student in Knox College, who has been labouring during the summer months in Cambay and Oakwood, on Saturday evening, 9th October, at the residence of the Rev. James R. Scott, was disturbed in his preparation for the last Sabbath in the field by a goodly gathering of elders, members and young people, who came to bid him good-bye. A pleasant time was spent, when, to the surprise of Mr. Emes, Mrs. Sarah Irwin read a neat address expressive of respect and gratitude on the part of the Bible class and congregation, and Miss Wilkinson presented him with a watch and chain as a token of their good wishes. Mr. Emes made a very feeling and suitable reply. After further enjoying themselves, the friends returned to their homes, no doubt feeling the blessedness of giving.

AN application was made by Mr. Bell, in the name of the Session and congregation of St. Andrew's Church, of Carleton Place, to the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew, for leave to build a new church on a site on Bridge Street, said site the gift of Mr. John Gillies, and for leave also to dispose by sale, or otherwise, of their present church building. On motion of Mr. Bell, seconded by Mr. McDonald, it was agreed to grant the application. On further motion of Dr. Bennett, duly seconded, it was agreed, That the Presbytery, having heard that Mr. Gillies has made a gift of land, valued at \$2,500 on the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Carleton Place, on which to erect a new church, in addition to his subscription of one thousand dollars to the building fund, would place on record their hearty appreciation of his liberality, as well calculated to stimulate the members of our congregations to hearty and generous giving to the cause of Christ.

AFTER the loss by fire of Burns Church, Glencoe, the managers determined to refit St. Andrew's Church, and to beautify and improve it. The seats, having been saved from Burns Church, were utilized in reseating St. Andrew's, and other improvements make this church very attractive. On invitation of the pastor, the Rev. W. S. Ball, of Vanneck, preached the reopening sermons, and a grand soiree in the Town Hall the following day put the financial scheme in a good position. The congregations are large, and the church alive and aggressive; upward of thirty persons have been added to the roll. The fine new brick church in the Appin division of the congregation is approaching completion; the erection of this edifice is destined to materially strengthen Presbyterianism in this section. Another scheme is afloat for the rebuilding of Knox Church, Ekfrid, in the Tait's Corners Division. A well-organized Sabbath school is carried on, and Mr. Robbins preaches here to a very large congregation every two weeks. The minister and Session have much to encourage them in this important field of labour.

THE Knox College Missionary Society held its first regular meeting for the session, 1886-7, on Wednesday evening, 13th inst. The following gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year: John McGillivray, B.A., president; J. Goforth, 1st vice-president; A. J. McLeod, B.A., 2nd vice-president; D. McKenzie, B.A., recording secretary; Thomas R. Shearer, B.A., corresponding secretary; J. C. Tolmie, B.A., secretary of committee; J. G. Shearer, treasurer; D. Perrie, W. J. Clark, J. M. Scott, J. W. Rae, J. A. Bloodworth, councillors. D. G. McQueen, B.A., W. P. Yalling and A. E. Mitchell read interesting and very encouraging reports of mission work done during the past summer in Muskoka and Manitowlin Island. The society appointed the president and Mr. Goforth, as delegates to the Inter-Seminary Convention, to be held in Montreal from the 25th to 31st of this month. Mr. McGillivray will read a paper on "Madagascar" at this convention. It was decided that the society should continue to supply three of the mission stations which have been under their charge the past summer during the winter months, viz.: Cobocok, Waubaushe and Mud Lake. Messrs. Perrie, Glasgow and Gilchrist were appointed to obtain regular supply for the stations. In the city the work carried on during previous years will be continued, and the following gentlemen were selected to superintend the various departments:

Mr. A. G. Janzen, for Hospital for Sick Children; Mr. P. J. Pettinger, for Old Women's Home; Mr. J. W. Large, for Central Prison, and Mr. P. Foran, for the Jail.

THE people of Brucefield were on a recent evening much interested in a lecture from the blind young Syrian preacher, Rev. Ghosen Al Howie. He was led to the platform in his Abrahamic dress, coat bought in Jerusalem, and headress bought in Damascus. The latter seems to consist of a light square silk shawl, folded cornerwise, and bound round his head with some dark coil, so that the three corners hung loosely about neck and shoulders. While speaking the front corners were folded lightly backwards. The lecture was entitled "From Jerusalem to Bethlehem," and was short, graphic and full of interesting information and illustrations. If not short, it seemed short. It was given in an easy conversational style, and pleasantly, somewhat amusingly, broken by the lecturer occasionally stopping and questioning his audience as to the points already mentioned. One rare advantage of the evening's entertainment was, every word was distinctly uttered so that we could hear, instead of having to guess what the speaker had meant to say. His account of the outcast lepers, of the Eastern habits and thoughts, about shoes, their manners at meal times and style of baking bread were some of the most interesting points of the lecture; but the definition given of sin, and the light thrown at various points upon Bible words and narratives, have made the lecture something more than an entertainment. Personal intercourse with the lecturer after the lecture, and on the following morning, deepened the impression already made, and it will be with much interest that we shall watch his course in Canada. Those who want to get up an entertainment for their Sabbath schools will find an evening from Mr. Howie, while they can get him, more enjoyable and far less expensive than a picnic; while the interest given to Bible lands and studies is an advantage it would be difficult to over-estimate.

REV. MR. CUTHBERTSON, Wyoming, preached on the occasion of the ordination of elders in Petrolia Presbyterian church on the 17th September, and gave an able exposition of Presbyterian faith and polity. We can give but brief extracts from the address, the whole of which we would gladly have published but press of matter forbids us. Having given a clear statement of doctrine, he said: From any or all of these root principles, Pre-byterianism may not, must not resist. If it does, its peace is disturbed, and its high mission crippled, if not arrested. But whilst this is true, yet that does not alter the fact that what is simply inference is not binding, or that the laws of Christ may not be so applied as to meet ever-varying circumstances. Presbyterianism is elastic enough to adapt itself to every nationality and to all phases of society. Doctrines never change, but the Church changes with age, with growth and experience, and advances with the progress of the world; and when it outgrows its garments in which it was swaddled and stretches up to maturity, God expects the Church to think and speak and act as a man that has put away childish things, and hence attitude must from time to time be taken, guided by circumstances and changing conditions. Another passage. Speaking of what Presbyterianism had done in Canada, he said: From small and disheartening beginnings, it has risen to the fair and promising organization that now occupies such a respectable position, and wields such an influence at home and abroad. Composed of four synods, each overshadowed by the guidance and review of an influential General Assembly, it, through its Presbyteries and various kirk sessions, breaks the bread of life to a constituency presided over by 800 ordained ministers, not to speak of ordained missionaries and catechists. It supplies its own ministry from the well equipped colleges at Halifax, Quebec, Montreal, Kingston, Toronto and Manitoba, and these, manned by professors mostly of its own training, compare favourably with similar institutions throughout the world. Of these colleges and of that ministry, we can assert that the teaching and preaching is as pure and sound, if not purer and sounder than in any other existing Church, and the result is that Canada Presbyterianism is to-day freer from heterodoxy and freer from restless disturbing questions than any other Church in the world. It has drawn toward it by its doctrinal system and form of government a constituency characterized by a true, yet quiet, unostentatious piety; has called from thence a thoughtful, intelligent liberality, and holds to itself, faithful and true, the aristocracy of intellect.

PRESBYTERY OF HAMILTON.—At a meeting of this Presbytery, held on the 6th inst., a call to the Rev. J. Young, licentiate, from Niagara Falls South and Chippawa was sustained; stipend, \$1,000. Mr. Scouler was appointed Moderator of the Session of Ancaster and Alton with power to moderate in a call. The resignation of Mr. Gordon, of Niagara Falls, on account of infirm health, was accepted, to take effect on the 24th inst., and it was resolved to apply to the General Assembly on Mr. Gordon's behalf for leave to retire from the active duties of the ministry, and to be put on the Fund for Aged and Infirm Ministers. Mr. Burson was appointed Moderator of Session at Niagara Falls.—JOHN LAING, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF ORANGEVILLE.—This Presbytery met in Orangeville, September 14. There was a good attendance of ministers and elders. Rev. A. Wilson, of Markdale, reported having moderated in a call in Dundalk and Ventry in favour of Rev. J. A. Ross, who is labouring there as ordained missionary. Dundalk promised \$350 and Ventry \$200, and they asked for supplement of \$250, which was signed by 121 members and sixty-eight adherents. The call was sustained, and the Augmentation Committee instructed to visit the field to see that the conditions of the Assembly, in regard to the minimum contributions required, be fulfilled. Mr. Ross asked and was granted two months to decide. Mr. G. Al Howie, missionary from Syria, being present, was asked to sit and correspond. Messrs. H. Yamen and G. Still appeared as commissioners from Gandler Station, stating that their new church, which they had almost finished, was burnt during the summer by

bush fires, and soliciting aid from the Presbytery to erect another. A committee, composed of Messrs. Crozier and Ross, ministers, and P. McGregor, elder, was appointed to confer with the Gandler people as to the extent of their need, and report at next meeting of Presbytery. Messrs. G. McMillan, A. Stevenson and Kimble, students, who have been labouring with in the bounds of the Presbytery during the summer, read discourses before the Presbytery, and the Clerk was ordered to certify them to Knox College. On application, Mr. A. M. Sutherland was examined on his views of Scripture, personal religion and his motives, and was received as a catechist under the direction of the Presbytery in view of his attending college next year. A letter from Rev. J. Middlemiss, agent the Aged and Infirm Minister's Fund, was read, and the special attention of the members of the Presbytery called to it. An application was received from Maxwell and connected stations for \$150 to help them out of their difficulties. The Presbytery regretfully expressed its inability to apply for assistance to wipe out past obligations. Mr. G. Al Howie reported several weeks' services in Ballinfad and Melville Church, Caledon, and the Presbytery expressed its satisfaction at the success of his labours. Messrs. Gilchrist and Hunter were appointed a committee to arrange for an interchange of pulpits throughout the Presbytery to bring the subject of missions before the congregations. The Presbytery adjourned to meet at Orangeville on November 9, at eleven o'clock a.m.—H. CROZIER, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF BARRIE.—This Presbytery met at Barrie on Tuesday, September 28. There were present twenty-two ministers and ten elders. A call from the congregation of Collingwood to the Rev. John Campbell, M.A., Ph.D., was sustained, and the Clerk was directed to transmit it, with relative papers, to the Saugeen Presbytery. Arrangements were made for Dr. Campbell's inunction in the event of the Presbytery deciding to transmit him. The resignation of the charge of Guthrie and Knox Churches, Oro, tendered at last meeting, was accepted. Mr. Currie was appointed to declare the churches vacant on October 3, and Dr. Fraser was appointed Moderator of the Session. Much time was spent over a difficulty arisen in Innisfil, through the removal of the Hunter's Corners congregation, which is a part of the Churchill congregation, from their place of worship to Stroud, within a short distance from the church of Craigvale. Deputations from the churches concerned, and their ministers, were heard at length, as well as the members of the Presbytery's committee who were appointed to consider the matter, and who recommended that the removal be disapproved, as having been made without consulting the Presbytery, but that the congregation should be permitted to worship at Stroud in the meantime. After a brief discussion the Presbytery, contrary to the recommendation of the committee, decided that the Session of Churchill be enjoined to give service at Hunter's Corners as formerly. Home Mission business also engaged the Presbytery for a considerable time. The Home Mission Committee had considered the reports of the missionaries' summer work, about twenty-five in number, and found "that the work in the mission field has been carried on by our missionaries with great diligence and fidelity, and in several fields there were gratifying results in the increase of spiritual life and additions of members to the Church." The committee especially commended Mr. W. Hay for his faithful and earnest work in the mission field on the Canadian Pacific Railway, also for his admirable and full reports on the state of the work there. A valuable report was also received from the Rev. John Mordy, M.A., who was sent toward the close of the season to gather information for the guidance of the Presbytery at this meeting. From various persons during the summer representations were received as to the urgency of having an ordained missionary on the line between Sudbury and Schreiber. The Presbytery adopted the committee's recommendations that such a missionary be appointed, and that Mr. Mordy recommended to the Assembly's Home Mission Committee for the appointment. Provision was made for directing the studies of Mr. W. I. Hewit with a view to the ministry, and regulations adopted regarding the qualifications of approved catechists. Arrangements were made for supplying the stations with services during the winter as far as possible. The resignation of Mr. A. H. Drumm as ordained missionary at Port Carling, etc., tendered by him was accepted. The Presbytery hopes he will soon have another field of labour in the bounds. Mr. Grant was directed to moderate in a call from Severn Bridge, Washago and Andrea on Tuesday October 12. The Clerk was directed to certify student missionaries on their return to their respective colleges. The grants from Home Mission and Augmentation Funds were considered, besides other details of Home Mission work. The session closed about seven o'clock p.m.—ROBERT MOODIE, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF SARNIA.—The quarterly meeting of Sarnia Presbytery was held in St. Andrew's Church, Strathroy, on September 28, Rev. J. S. Lockard, Moderator. Mr. Baird, a minister of the United Presbyterian Church of North America, was asked to sit with the court, and took his seat accordingly. The deputation appointed to meet with a deputation from the Huron Presbytery, with a view of erecting a station in connection with Grand Bend within the bounds of the Huron Presbytery, gave in a report showing that circumstances pointed in the direction of the advisability of erecting said station. The report was received, and the Presbytery approved of the action of the deputation in the matter. Dr. Thompson, on behalf of the deputation appointed to visit Marthaville, gave in a report intimating the necessity of continuing fortnightly services there, and, in order to this, the advisability of opening services at the town line of Brooke and Enniskillen in connection with Marthaville. The Presbytery resolved to erect said station in connection with Marthaville, and for the maintenance thereof agreed to ask from the General Assembly's Home Mission Committee \$2 per Sabbath. Mr. McAdam, on behalf of the Committee on Statistics, gave in an elaborate and excellent report, entering into the details of the various schemes of the Church and the relationship of each congregation

thereto. The report was received, and the Convener directed to have printed an abstract of the same for distribution throughout the congregations and stations within the bounds. Congregations were directed to close their annual accounts with the calendar year to secure uniformity. Mr. Currie, Convener, read the Presbytery's Home Mission half-yearly Report, which was received. The Presbytery Treasurer gave in a report which was received. In regard to Petrolea, the Treasurer was instructed to press the claim for arrears due by that congregation, as also all defaulting congregations within the bounds. A call was read from the congregation of Forest to Mr. Jas. Pritchard, of Manchester. Mr. Lochhead, who moderated in the call, was heard in reference to the same, as also Mr. Scouler, commissioner from the congregation. The call was sustained. Dr. McIntyre, principal of the Brantford Ladies College, addressed the court in behalf of that institution. On motion of Dr. Thompson, it was agreed to express the Presbytery's gratification with the encouraging reports as gathered from the able statements of the principal's address; pledge themselves to lend their influence in extending the interests of the institution, commend it to the favourable consideration of our people, and pray that its efforts may be more and more blessed in the diffusion of a healthy education among the young ladies of our Church. The following students were certified to Knox College: Mr. Paton, preparatory course, first year, Mr. Needham, first year, and Mr. R. McLennan. It was agreed in connection with a circular from Dr. Middlemiss, Convener of the Assembly's Committee on Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, to direct Sessions to call the attention of congregations within the bounds to the necessity of an enlarged liberality in support of that Scheme. There was laid on the table and read a communication from the Rev. Nathaniel Smith, a minister of the Canada Methodist Church, asking to be received as a minister of this Church. Mr. Smith was heard in support of his application. It was agreed to refer his case to a committee, consisting of Messrs. Lochhead, Anderson and their elders, to confer with Mr. Smith, and if satisfied with him to give him such employment as they may be able to give or secure for him and report at next ordinary meeting. A circular from Dr. Torrance in regard to the employment and distribution of propositioners was referred to the Presbytery's Home Mission Committee for their guidance. Arrangements for holding missionary meetings by exchange of pulpits were made as follows: Sarnia, Mr. Cuthbertson; Point Edward, Mr. McLennan; Camlachie, Mr. Leitch, Thedford, Mr. Lochhead, Parkhill, Mr. Currie; East Williams, Mr. Hume; Arkona, Mr. Lees; Alvinston, Mr. McAdam; West Williams, Mr. Anderson; Strathroy, Dr. Thompson; Petrolea, Mr. Johnston; Wyoming, Mr. Beamer; Bridgen, Mr. Johnson; Oil Springs, Mr. McDonald; Corunna, Mr. Tibb; Burns Church, Mr. McKutcheon; Watford, Mr. McLintock; Mandawin, Mr. Cameron. These exchanges to be made on October 10, or succeeding Sabbaths in October if more suitable for any of the deputations, and report at next ordinary meeting of Presbytery. The next regular meeting was appointed to be held in St. Andrew's Church, Sarnia, on the third Tuesday of December next, at two o'clock p.m.—GEORGE CUTHBERTSON, Pres. Clerk.

HOME MISSION COMMITTEE.

The Executive of the Home Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church of Canada met at St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, last week, Rev. Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford, Convener, in the chair. The following members were also present: Rev. Drs. Laing, Dundas; and Campbell, Renfrew; Rev. F. W. Faries, Ottawa; J. Robertson, Winnipeg; J. Somerville, Owen Sound; K. Moodie, Stayner; D. J. Macdonnell, P. McF. McLeod, Mr. W. Mitchell, Toronto, and Rev. R. H. Warden, Secretary of the committee, Montreal. A large portion of the time was spent in considering the claims of Presbyteries for services rendered during the past half-year, and the following were ordered to be paid: Quebec, \$399; Montreal, \$518; Glengarry, \$36; Ottawa, \$550; Brockville, \$355; Lanark and Renfrew, \$738.50; Kingston, \$549; Peterborough, \$307.12; Lindsay, \$164; Toronto, 0; Orangeville, \$200; Barrie, \$2,482.64; Owen Sound, \$123; Saugeen, \$38; Guelph, 0; Hamilton, \$267; Paris, 0; London, \$203; Chatham, \$275; Sarnia, \$48; Stratford, 0; Huron, \$52; Maitland, 0; Bruce, \$968.55; Winnipeg, \$1,169.32; Rock Lake, \$1,199.38; Brandon, \$2,957.28; Regina, \$4,674.08. Total, \$18,189.47.

Applications were received, and grants were made to a large number of new mission fields that have been opened throughout the Church recently. Rev. Dr. Jardine, Brockville, was appointed to Prince Albert, N. W. T., at a salary of \$1,100 per annum. The people of this field contribute \$500 per annum, so it is hoped that this amount will be increased during the current year. Lengthened correspondence was submitted from the new Presbytery of Columbia (British Columbia), where there are now seven ministers of the Church, and applications were made for appointments of missionaries to the following fields in that Province: Spence's Bridge, Ashcroft, Clinton, Albernie, Fort Langley and Chilliwack.

The appointments made to British Columbia were Rev. Alexander Dunn, at one time missionary of the Church of Scotland, at Langley, B. C.; Rev. Alexander Tait, Mono, and Rev. F. McCuaig, of Kingston. These gentlemen have been offered the appointments, and it is hoped they may see their way clear to accept them.

Rev. James Robertson, Superintendent of Missions in the North-West, submitted a report for the half year showing very encouraging growth in the various Presbyteries of that Synod.

A lengthened report was received from Mr. J. B. McKilligan, Winnipeg, as to the finances of the Mission Committee of the North-West. Proper action was taken by the committee looking toward the efficient administration of the work there.

APPOINTMENTS.

The following appointments were made: Rev. W. A. Johnston to Quebec, Rev. G. Youmans to Lanark and

Renfrew, Rev. J. Mordy to Fort Erie, Rev. J. McEwan to Balaklava and Ayton, Rev. D. McNaughton to Bruce Mines, Rev. T. F. McKenzie to Tarbert; Rev. Duncan McMillan, Rev. James Hamilton, Rev. W. McArthur to Manitoba; Rev. R. H. Craig and Rev. M. McKenzie to Owen Sound, Mr. Corbett to Thessalon and Mr. P. McNabb to Barrie.

The Committee on the Augmentation of Ministers' Stipends considered the claims of the several Presbyteries for services rendered during the past six months, and the following amounts were ordered to be paid: Quebec, \$839; Montreal, \$1,416.50; Glengarry, \$309.91; Ottawa, \$662.50; Brockville, \$325; Lanark, \$766; Kingston, \$977.12; Peterborough, \$488.50; Lindsay, \$212.50; Toronto, \$575; Orangeville, \$62; Barrie, \$762.56; Owen Sound, \$497; Saugeen, \$100; Guelph, \$100; Hamilton, \$457; Paris, \$100; London, \$556; Chatham, \$275; Sarnia, \$403; Stratford, \$125; Huron, \$275; Maitland, \$513; Bruce, \$237; Winnipeg, \$470; Rock Lake, \$725; Brandon, \$552.50; Regina, \$500. Total \$1,383.03.

The committee revised the grants for the ensuing six months. Quite a number of congregations were reported as now self-supporting, and several new congregations were placed upon the list to receive aid.

Rev. Dr. Jardine, of Brockville, has accepted the appointment to Prince Albert, and intends to leave for that place shortly. The committee considered the propriety of

EQUALIZING THE SALARIES

in the North-West with those in Ontario and Quebec "in consequence of the reduced expense of living." No definite action was taken in this matter further than that it was resolved to ask the opinion of the several Presbyteries in the North-West and the Home Mission Committee of Manitoba in regard to it. A careful estimate was made of the amount required during the current year for the augmentation of salaries, when it was found that \$30,000 would be needed. The amount was allocated among the different Presbyteries. Toronto and Montreal will be asked to contribute \$4,750 each. The other Presbyteries will have to contribute amounts of \$1,000 or less each. Last year more than half the amount received from the whole Church was obtained from Toronto and Montreal.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON.

BY REV. R. P. MACKAY, B.A.

Oct. 31, 1886. } JESUS RISEN. { John 20: 1-18.
GOLDEN TEXT.—"The Lord is risen indeed, and hath appeared unto Simon."—Luke xix. 34.

INTRODUCTORY.

Jesus died broken-hearted. That is proved by the fact that when the spear pierced His side, there came forth blood and water. When the heart bursts, as it sometimes does through grief, the blood flows into the pericardium, mingling with the watery liquid with which it is filled.

The legs of the other two were broken with clubs, in order that the sudden shock might kill them—that they might be buried before the Sabbath. The presence of unburied dead bodies would make the city ceremonially unclean; hence the cruel request was made by the Jews, and granted by Pilate. Criminals were buried apart in a place filled with city refuse. Such an indignity was not perpetrated on the body of Jesus. Joseph and Nicodemus, who had not had courage before His death, now risk all. They were probably so impressed by His patience and dignity as to be ashamed of their past conduct. Joseph went to Pilate and asked the privilege of disposing of His body, and having got permission, he and Nicodemus and a few friends, faithful to the last, carried it to a new tomb, hewn in the rock, and intended by Joseph to be his own last resting place.

The body, all stained with blood, was washed and then wrapped in bands of white linen, within which were powdered myrrh and aloes, in order to embalm it. A white cloth was laid over the face, and the corpse placed in a niche in the rock, and a stone placed against the door to prevent disturbance by man or beast.

EXPLANATORY.

I. Mary at the Saviour's Tomb.—She came early in the morning, accompanied by other women (Matt. xxviii. 1; Mark xvi. 1-4). They knew nothing about the Roman guard, nor the stone sealed, nor about the earthquake, when the angel rolled the stone away. They came that they might finish the anointing begun at the burial, and it was on the road thither that they thought of the difficulty of rolling the stone away.

Mary Magdalene seems to have gone more quickly than the other women, and as soon as she saw that the stone was rolled away, and that Jesus was not in the sepulchre, ran back to tell Peter and John.

We know not. (Verse 2).—The pronoun we shows that Mary did not go alone, as might be inferred from this Gospel. There is great sorrow in her heart. They all went forth that morning bowed down with grief, looking for some comfort in the privilege of doing honour to His body. But now it seemed as if that last hope were gone. They sought a Crucified Christ and found a Risen One. So shall it always be with such as go forth in sorrow of soul to the Crucified. The Son of Righteousness shall arise with healing in His wings, and sorrow shall be turned into joy. Thus these women were a type of myriads who were to come after them.

II. Peter and John Visit the Tomb. (Verses 3-10).—Peter seems to have attached himself to John after the crucifixion. They immediately went forth together, and John's more ardent love brought him first to the sepulchre. He

looked in but did not enter. His love was deeply reverential. When Peter arrived, he, less sensitive, went in and saw the situation. The linen bands in which the body was embalmed were lying in places by themselves, and the napkin by itself.

Believed. (Verse 8).—John also went in, and saw the situation and believed. What did he believe? It is usually supposed that he believed that Jesus was risen and that John was the first believer in the Resurrection. But it is said that "They knew not the Scriptures, that He was to rise from the dead." Hence it seems better to understand that they simply believed that Mary's report was true—that he was not in the tomb.

Linen clothes lying by themselves.—This was more instructive than they understood it to be. Had they thought, they might have known that friends would not have removed the linen bands; and enemies would not have taken time or pains to place them by themselves. The disciples, not seeing this, returned home.

III. Jesus First Appears to Mary.—When the disciples went away, Mary lingered around the tomb; her heart was desolate. Although the sleeping room of Jesus was in perfect order, in a garden fragrant with blooming flowers, and under a clear blue sky, Mary had no joy, because she knew not where her Lord had gone. How true it is in life! To them who have learned to love Him there is no substitute. His love is better than life.

Two angels.—Mary stooped down and looked into the sepulchre and saw two angels, the one at the head and the other at the feet. This might have assured her that the angels had charge concerning Him as they have concerning all His children, and that no evil could befall Him. Mary thinks not of this, nor is she alarmed at the sight; she is so much overwhelmed with grief that she has no thought for anything else. Peter and John did not see these angels, because the angels, having the power, did not make themselves visible. That favour is conferred according to our susceptibility for such visions. It is the pure in heart that see God and the spirit world. Mary had the most fervent love to Christ and was thus honoured.

Woman, why weepest thou?—They want to comfort her, but the great fact must be gradually revealed lest the joy be too great. They begin to say, "Why do you so needlessly weep? See He is not here, if he were you might well weep," etc., but Mary answers as she did the disciples: "They have taken away my Lord," etc. The only difference is that grief made her feel more keenly than ever that He was her Lord. What a loss to Mary, out of whom He had cast seven devils? She was desolate indeed, standing before an empty sepulchre, not knowing where He was. How many often stand weeping when they have lost Him, not knowing where to find Him! But they are not long kept in that state.

Mary would have despaired but for the angel of hope within her heart that sustained her, so with the sorrowing still.

Saw Jesus standing.—Mary turned away that she might uninterceptedly weep and seek, and there stood before her another man, but she in her tears did not look steadily at Him, nor recognize Him.

Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?—This is the first word of the risen Lord. What a suggestive word! It is a key to His word. His mission is to wipe away tears from our eyes. He comes to such as weep, and came to Mary first because she wept most.

Mary, supposing Him to be the gardener, who was in the garden so early, said: "Sir, if thou hast borne Him hence, tell me where thou hast laid Him, and I will take Him away."

She says Him, to a stranger, naturally thinking that every body was interested in Him whom her soul loved (Cant. iii. 3). She feels equal to carrying Him away herself and caring for Him.

Mary. (Verse 16).—Jesus at first addressed her as He did His mother on the cross, and at the marriage in Cana of Galilee, as "woman." And that general term helps us to appropriate His question, "Why weepest thou?" It was not simply a word for a relative or special friend, but for all mankind. But in addition to that general word He shows individual tenderness. He calls her by name. What love breathes through that word, Mary! We can almost hear His voice and see His eye.

Rabbouni.—"My Master." He is recognized and she, overcome with joy, is about to embrace Him. What an illustration of the ecstasy of souls that have made the great discovery! It is a joy unspeakable.

Teach Me not, etc. (Verse 17).—Why was this forbidden to Mary, and granted to the other women who held Him by the feet? The right explanation is probably to be found in the state of Mary's mind. Her emotion savours too much of this life. He is now risen above, and away from such earthly relation as they formerly enjoyed. The fellowship of the future must be of a different kind, purely spiritual and be perfected in heaven.

Go.—Mary is instructed to go and be the first missionary of the Resurrection; for He was not yet ascended, but would remain on the earth for forty days and meet the disciples.

My Father, etc.—We could not say our Father or our God, for the relation of the Father is not the same to Him as to us. But He here teaches us what could not, in its fullness, be known until after the Resurrection—the Fatherhood of God.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. How often when we reach anticipated difficulties the stone is rolled away.
2. Strong love gives energy in His service.
3. Good order prevails in all God's works.
4. He came to bind up the broken-hearted.
5. It is a distinguished honour to be a herald of the Resurrection.

ARCHDEACON FARRAR'S "Life of Christ" has been translated into Swedish, and is so remarkably popular in Sweden that the publisher of the work has made a handsome fortune out of it.

Miscellaneous.

BANKER : "What a very illegible signature old Moneybags has! I had one of his cheques to-day and it was scarcely decipherable."

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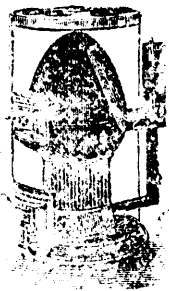
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"THEIR NAME IS LEGION," may be applied to those who die annually of consumption, although science has of late years sensibly diminished their number. It is gratifying to know that the general use of Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry is largely instrumental in attaining this end.

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A YOUNG man was to speak in response to the toast, "The Ladies." He got the lines of Pope on Vice mixed with those of Scott on Woman, and delivered himself as follows: "I rise to say that I have no doubt but I voice the sentiment of every gentleman here when I say in the familiar lines:

"O, woman, in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy and hard to please; But when too oft familiar with thy face, We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

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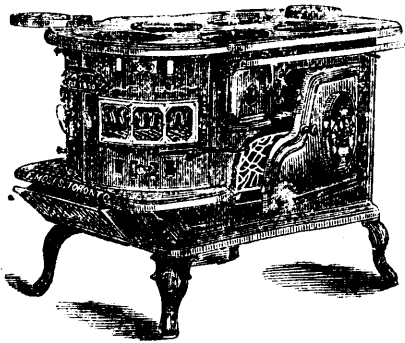
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