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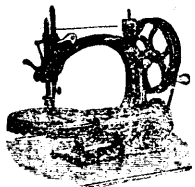
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NOSE BLEED.—Roll a piece of soft paper quite hard, and pack hard between the upper lip and gum, and in a few minutes the bleeding will stop.

TO CLEAN RAISINS OR CURRANTS.—To clean raisins or currants do not wash them, but dry them with a cloth. Currants can be cleaned in a sieve with the hand. Washing makes cakes or puddings heavy.

HOARSENESS.—Bake a lemon or sour orange for twenty minutes in a moderate oven, then open it at one end and dig out the inside, and sweeten it with sugar or molasses and eat. This will cure hoarseness and remove pressure from the lungs.

BURNS.—Wet saleratus and spread on a cloth, bind this around the burnt part, and in a few hours it will be nearly well unless the burn is deep, in which case the saleratus should be removed, and after being removed the burn should be covered with a piece of old linen on which has been rubbed a little mutton tallow or sweet oil.

A PLAIN FRUIT-CAKE.—One cup butter; three cups of brown sugar; three cups of sour milk; six cups of flour; two eggs; one teaspoonful each of cinnamon and cloves; one half of nutmeg; one cup of raisins; one cup of dried currants; leave out of the flour enough to roll the fruit in; one large teaspoonful of soda. Bake in two tins.

The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as washing powder instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handful of borax-powder to about ten gallons of boiling water; they save in soap nearly half. All of the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. Borax, being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen.

STONE CREAM.—Put into the dish you mean to send to table three spoonfuls of lemon and orange juice and a little of the peel grated; then lay in some macaroons and other mixed cakes, and upon these apricot and any other kind of sweetmeat. Then take a pint of cream, add a quarter of an ounce of gelatine or isinglass, and sugar to your taste, with two or three bay leaves. Stir them over the fire until the isinglass is dissolved, then pour it into a basin, stirring it occasionally until cool. Pour it on the preserve and put it in a cool place to harden. If wanted richer add wine and brandy to the juice of the lemon and orange.

TO RE-DYE VELVETEEN BLACK.—For a dress, take two pounds of logwood chips and half a pound of washing soda, and boil them together in a pail of water; turn the mixture into a washing bowl. Put the dress therein, and with a piece of wood move it about, carefully turning it over, to be sure that it is well covered with dye; let it remain in the dye two hours, then take it out and hang it on hooks to drain. Now throw away the dye, and put a quarter of a pound of copperas into the bowl, on which pour a pailful of boiling water, and stir well with a stick. Put the dress in, move it well about, turn it over and let it lie an hour to set the dye. Then take it out and hang it up to drain, and wash it in two or three pails of cold water. Lastly, wash it in warm soap and water, and hang it up to drain, then in a warm room to dry. It does not require ironing, and should not be wrung, or it will shew the creases.—*Family Dressmaker.*

HOW TO MAKE ICE CREAM.—About half fill the icing pot with the mixture which it is desired to freeze, place in a pail or any suitable wooden vessel, with ice beat small and mixed with about half its weight of common salt; turn it backwards and forwards as quickly as possible, and as the ice cream sticks to the sides, break it down with an ice spoon, that the whole may be equally exposed to the cold. As the salt and ice in the tub melt, add more, until the process is finished, then put the cream into glasses, and place them in a mixture of salt and ice until wanted for use. Before sending them to table dip the outside of the glass into lukewarm water, and wipe it dry. Flavoured ice creams are made by mixing "cream for icing" with half its weight of mashed or preserved fruit, previously rubbed through a clean hair sieve; or when the flavour depends on the juice of fruit or on essential oil, by adding a sufficient quantity of such substances. Thus raspberry and strawberry ice creams are made according to the former method; lemon, orange, noyau, and almond ice creams, by the latter method.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 3.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 30th, 1880.

No. 39.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Committee of the King's College Lectures to Ladies in London are about to found a permanent college for the higher education of women. The classes which the Committee have provided for during the last three years are very large, and maintained with little variation, still averaging upwards of 500 in each term.

BRADLAUGH, it is said, is not out of the toils yet, one of the largest and wealthiest merchants in the city of London having declared that he will expend from £10,000 to £50,000, if necessary, to test the legality of his affirming, and his right to sit in Parliament. The matter is in the hands of some legal gentlemen of considerable repute, who are now preparing the documents to enter an action in the law courts.

WE are sure that every one in Canada is sorry that the Princess has to leave this country for a time at any rate. She has won golden opinions from all sorts of people during her sojourn in the Dominion, and will be followed by the respectful and affectionate sympathy of Canadians of every rank on her present enforced return to Europe, while all will cordially cherish the hope that her health may be so restored as to permit her return at no distant day.

STATISTICAL data concerning the territory assigned to Greece by the Berlin conference are given by the *Fremdenblatt*. The Greek memorandum asked in Epirus for the sandjak of Prevesa and a portion of the sandjak of Argyrocastro, together with 107,160 inhabitants, of whom 87,600 are Greeks, 18,810 Mahometans, and 700 Jews; also the sandjak of Janina, with 182,200 inhabitants, of whom 144,000 belong to the Greek, 35,200 to the Mahometan, and 3,000 to the Mosaic religion. That would be an accession in Epirus of 289,360 inhabitants. According to the Anglo-French proposal, a portion of the district of Vurenda, with 15,000 inhabitants; a portion of the district of Zagori, with 16,000 inhabitants; the district of Philates, with 44,500 inhabitants; and the district of Pogoniar., with 20,000 inhabitants—in all 95,500 inhabitants—were struck off. In Thessaly, Greece, according to the line of M. Brailas, would have an accession of 325,000 inhabitants, of whom 283,000 belong to the Greek and 42,000 to the Mahometan religion. From this the district of Kabarina, with 19,000 inhabitants, has been struck off. According to the Greek line Greece would thus have had an accession in all of 614,365 inhabitants, while now it will have an accession of 499,865 inhabitants. As regards the extent of territory, according to the Greek proposal there would have been an accession of 24,337 square kilometres, while according to the line accepted, there is an accession of 22,075 kilometres.

THE report of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education in Scotland, for the year ending August 31st, 1879, has lately been issued. From this it appears that during the year referred to the inspectors visited 3,003 day schools, to which annual grants were made, containing 3,313 departments under separate teachers, and furnishing accommodation at eight square feet of superficial area per child for 585,629 scholars. There were on the registers of these schools the names of 508,452 children, of whom 108,863 were (infants) under seven years of age. 363,143 were between seven and thirteen, and 36,446 were above thirteen. The accommodation has increased by 22,148 school places; the scholars on the register by 13,964; those present at inspection by 8,780, and the average attendance by 7,852, while the number of children individually examined has increased by 10,017 (or 3.62 per cent.). The local effort which has resulted in this improvement may be measured by the continued support derived from voluntary subscriptions (£39,369 from 9,104 subscribers), and by an advance in the contributions from rates to the maintenance of public schools from £207,308 to £207,577. The annual Government grants to elementary day

schools rose in the year from £314,506 to £325,754, or from 16s. 8d. to 16s. 11d. per scholar in average attendance, while the grant for the current financial year is estimated at 17s. 8d. per scholar. The night schools examined during the year were 271 in number; 13,790 scholars above twelve years of were on an average in attendance each night; 15,090 scholars were qualified for examination by having made the required number of attendances during the night-school session. Of these 12,270 were actually examined, and out of every 100 scholars so examined 95.25 passed in reading, 85.05 in writing, and 81.14 in arithmetic.

A VERY painful case of seduction and death has been before the public for some short time past. Of course the details have been given with the usual offensive minuteness and on the old plea of its being for the public good. No possible punishment can be too severe for the principal offender in such cases. Ordinary murder is almost a bagatelle in comparison. But the evil will not be stayed except by the tone of female virtue being generally so raised as to make the wiles of the seducer all but powerless, and at the same time by public opinion on the whole subject being so quickened and purified as to make such conduct dangerous and disgraceful in the extreme. As things are at present what can be done? Some of the most prominent men in the country are drunkards and debauchees, and even rather glory in their shame. Young men point to them as standing excuses for, and as encouragements in, the rather wild ways they follow. Notoriously, homes have been wrecked and lives have been blasted by those who socially hold their heads high and have brows of brass which know not how to blush. What does public opinion say to and of them? Nothing worth while, except, perhaps, to tell them good-naturedly that they are very "naughty." Religious people condone their offences, nay, hunt round for some excuse which may almost justify their conduct. So long as such a state of things continues how is it possible to convince young rakes that there is anything very wrong in their conduct, or anything very mistaken, not to say infamous, in the celebrated public statement of Major Yelverton during the notorious and disgraceful Longworth trial, to the effect that the criminality of seduction all depended upon the rank of the person seduced? Whether the Major's theory is held to any great extent in Canada we shall not say. That his practice is often followed is too notorious to need either argument or illustration. Let the victimizer be treated socially with at least as great severity as the victim, and Restallism, with all its abominations, will be less heard of because less required.

THE temperance question is entering upon a very important and most encouraging phase of its onward progress. It is coming to be seriously and earnestly discussed at large public meetings, and the defenders of the liquor traffic are finding themselves obliged to put in an appearance and say all that is possible in support of their position and their conduct. They can no longer treat the whole movement with either silent contempt or insolent abuse. The time for that has passed. The matter is becoming altogether too serious, and public attention is too generally and too earnestly aroused to make the tactics of other days either safe or prudent. Time was, and not so long gone by, when total abstainers had to shew why they were what they professed to be, and to do so in the midst of a great deal of ridicule and insolent scorn. The tables are being turned, and now the "other side" finds itself constrained to shew cause for its opposite course of conduct. The discussions accordingly in Hamilton and elsewhere are all most encouraging indications of progress, and Mr. King Dodds himself, is by his present position and efforts, a standing proof that the tide is rising and that the liquor trade feels itself to be in danger. More and more the Christian people of the country are realizing the gigantic evils of intemperance and are gathering their forces for its overthrow. The most thoughtful, intelligent, and religious portions of the community are becoming rapidly and instinctively total abstainers both in theory

and practice. For ministers of the Gospel of any denomination to be anything else is now generally regarded as both singular and inconsistent; while those of them who still "drink in moderation" have a deprecating, apologetic air in defending their position which is as different as may be from the pitying and patronizing arrogance with which they were wont, not so long ago, to treat their "weaker brethren" who had a foolish tendency in the total direction. They can't, in short, help themselves. It seems as if it were in the very air, so that even those who "drink" most freely themselves have an instinctive feeling that it is better and more consistent like for the preachers of the Gospel to steer clear of intoxicants altogether and not to allow themselves in the use of even the most moderate quantities of such dangerous liquids. Some clergymen, of course, still protest, and may occasionally be heard talking rather wildly, and not without a certain measure of excitement, about the marriage at Cana. But the current is too strong for them and is always gathering force. We for our part should be glad to see the liquor dealers having a paid agent in every county of the Dominion. It would at once indicate progress and help forward the good cause immensely.

NOTHING could be more startling, and nothing surely ought to be more stimulating to God's people than the contrast presented between the amount of money annually contributed for the extension of the kingdom of righteousness and peace and love, and the all but fabulous sums every year expended by the nations of Europe—all professedly Christian though they be—in the maintenance and extension of armaments the very object of which is to be in readiness for a temporary repeal of the ten commandments, which actual war really amounts to. Recently in the House of Commons Mr. Richards stated the case as far as the cost of the armaments is concerned in the following terms: "The new edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' under the word 'Europe' contained certain statements founded on elaborate statistical calculations which went to shew that between 1859 and 1874 there had been an addition to the armed forces of Europe of nearly two millions of men. Not long ago Lord Derby expressed his belief that there were 10,000,000 men trained to arms in Europe, and the 'Times' about the same period spoke of 12,000,000 men. In these estimates of course all the reserves were taken into account. It would be no exaggeration to say, however, that at any moment 4,000,000 men might be found under arms in Europe. It was obvious that the cost of such enormous armies was necessarily very great. A French statistician had estimated the total at £500,000,000 annually, a sum which included three items, of which the first was the actual amount extracted for warlike purposes by means of taxation; the second the loss occasioned by the withdrawal of so many men from industrial pursuits; and the third the sum lost by the non-productive employment of capital on warlike implements." Referring to this estimate, Mr. Gladstone said that he wished he could reduce it, but he added, "I cannot." In other words he did not think the cost of wars and the necessary preparation for them throughout long years of peace had been overestimated. The added remark of the Premier is significant and suggestive: "As a general rule the wars which have led to the creation of the national debts of the world have been chiefly reactionary and dynastic wars, and almost all of them wrong and unjust." On the other hand take the total yearly income of all the missionary societies in Great Britain, and to that add all that is raised on the European continent for the extension of the same cause of peace, good will and genuine brotherhood, and it will be found that the whole does not amount to £2,000,000; in short not one three-hundredth part of what is presented on the other side of the account. The same violent contrast is not presented by the state of matters on this side of the Atlantic. Still there is sufficient material even here for the inquiry whether after all the cause of Christ is being treated as its acknowledged importance evidently requires, and as a great many people are saying that they estimate it.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND WITH PRINCIPAL CAIRNS.

In my boyhood I was wont to hear certain friends speak with measureless affection and admiration of John Cairns. Although personally unknown until two or three weeks ago, he thus became an object of great interest to me even in early youth. I have ever since done him homage in my heart as one of the best, ablest, and most learned of modern Scotchmen. Accordingly when recently he visited the Maritime Provinces I was very glad to avail myself of the opportunity of seeing and hearing him as often as possible. Along with the Rev. Mr. Carruthers, of Knox Church, Pictou, I did myself the pleasure of accompanying him to New Glasgow and Charlottetown, in each of which places, as also at Pictou, Truro, and Halifax, he preached on week-days to large audiences. Very seldom in this age, except on the Sabbath, does the most eloquent and accomplished preacher of the Gospel find so many men and women willing, nay eager, to hear him. In this case the crowds that came were amply rewarded for coming, for Principal Cairns fed them "with knowledge and understanding." I have read of a lecturer who once complained that certain persons came like sheep to his lectures, looked like sheep while he spoke, and went away understanding like sheep. It seemed far otherwise, and I believe it was far otherwise, with most of those who assembled to hear our distinguished Scottish guest. Nowhere were his hearers permitted to enjoy themselves after the good old fashion—a fashion which still survives—of the English farmer who made the ingenuous and comforting declaration to his bishop that for *his* part he always managed to pass sermon time very comfortably and pleasantly: "I lays up my legs, my lord, and shuts my eyes, and just thinks of nothing like." In most complete contrast with this was the enjoyment which the masculine eloquence and powerful thinking of Principal Cairns ministered to his audience. In every place where I heard him, his preaching was very fresh and fervent; but at Charlottetown, in Mr. Kenneth Maclellan's beautiful new church, he excelled himself, and "laid about him like a man inspired." The tones of that urgent, commanding, entreating voice, and the sight of those swaying arms will not soon be forgotten. Despite the absence of all merely superficial graces on the preacher's part, the public appreciation has been general and pronounced.

For the benefit of any who may wish to take the same route, I mention here that at Pictou Landing we took passage in the steamer "Princess of Wales" for Charlottetown. Rain was falling at the time and continued to fall throughout the day. It was a gracious rain—for the country's sake, one might almost say a *golden* rain—but it was somewhat disappointing to us who would have liked Principal Cairns to see our fine coast scenery under the flooding sunshine that usually marks a Canadian June. Under dull skies, over a gloomy sea, and along mist-veiled shores, our vessel ploughed her way. Towards sunset the clouds lifted a little, and our eyes were gladdened with a yellow and purple gleam in the west. As the hours wear on, there rise clearly before us rugged cliffs of red sandstone which constitute the sea wall of most of the Island. At one part of our course the line of sight is broken by the bold projection of Point Prim. The coast is in many places indented with spacious and far-reaching inlets. As we approach Charlottetown, our vessel's course is along a well-wooded and undulating shore. Indeed, I believe that the surface of the Island is generally undulating, the hills being almost invariably of very moderate height. The soil is said to be extremely fertile. The rich promise of the fields we saw seemed to give unmistakable evidence of the correctness of this statement. Not exactly in due time—for we were a little late—we come to anchor in the noble harbour of Charlottetown, in whose safe deep waters, as one of our company declares, all the vessels of the royal navy could ride with safety. We find the hearts of the citizens to be like their harbour, large and hospitable. "Insular narrowness" is a common phrase in some quarters; the thing it describes we did not find in Charlottetown, whither a number of prominent persons had come, several of them a considerable distance, to hear and welcome our trans-Atlantic visitor.

While on the Island, as well as during the run to

and fro, some of us sought to glean what information we could respecting its resources, population, educational system, and churches. Concerning some of these points Dr. Cairns was particularly wishful to be accurately informed. Coming from a country where there is a State-paid Church, he was naturally desirous of learning all that can be known respecting the different ecclesiastical communities in a land where there is no Church establishment, where all denominations are equal before the law, and where the voluntary system, which he esteems so highly, is in full operation. We found that the population of the Island is upwards of 100,000, while that of the capital is about 13,000. The House of Assembly consists of thirty members, and the Legislative Council of thirteen. The Province is entitled to four seats in the Senate of the Dominion and to six in the House of Commons. We were most deeply interested, as most of those who read this paper will likely also be, in the *religious* condition of the Island, as far as that can be gathered from the relative strength of the different denominations. We learned that the Roman Catholics are considerably more numerous than any one Protestant body, being about 45,000 all told, while the Presbyterians number about 35,000. The other denominations are very much lower in point of numbers, our Methodist brethren not exceeding 14,000. There is in the Island but one Presbytery, comprising twenty-six congregations, three of these being in Charlottetown. I have ascertained from a statement issued by the Rev. Dr. McGregor that the contributions of the Presbytery, for the main schemes of the Church, for the year ending May 1st, 1880, amounted to \$3,009.87. With the prospect this season of a singularly abundant harvest, it seems not unreasonable to hope that the receipts for the current year will be even larger, and that they will keep pace with the growing needs of our Church's enlarging work.

I presume that of those who read THE PRESBYTERIAN the proportion is not large of those who have any knowledge of a body of professing Christians called Macdonaldites, after their founder, who came from Scotland probably not less than fifty years ago, and who died in 1867. Mr. Macdonald who was powerful and eloquent in speech, and is reputed to have been a man of fervent piety, described himself as "of the Church of Scotland, unattached." His followers retain the same designation still. They are believed to be about 7,000 in number. They are much more demonstrative in their worship than Presbyterians are wont to be. They are said, however, to be gaining in self-repression. The successor of Mr. Macdonald is a Mr. Goodwill, who was formerly a missionary in the South Seas. He preaches at upwards of twenty different points, being the only minister of the body. What the future relation of the Macdonaldites to the Presbyterian Church may be, it is difficult to foretell. At present they are absolutely independent.

We were all glad to know of the existence and prosperity of a Normal School for the Province, and of an institution, known as the Prince of Wales College, and somewhat similar in character to Upper Canada College. As was to be expected the large number of Roman Catholics has created serious difficulties in connection with elementary education. The stirring elements of religio-political strife that used to make themselves felt in Ontario more than twenty years ago in connection with the school question, still come prominently to the front here at the time of a general election.

I have thus tried to tell something of what I saw and heard of the fair and fertile Island of Prince Edward, nothing exaggerating, "nothing extenuating, and setting down nought in malice." A good deal remains to tell; but it is time to start for home.

As we leave Charlottetown, the picture is a most charming one. As the eye turns away from the pretty, quiet city, it wanders over a wide expanse of sheltering woods, comfortable looking houses, and fields vividly green on this June morning. As we are borne along the shining water, there is much "wholesome talk," some of us choosing to be listeners, as we well may be when we have the opportunity of listening to a powerful and independent thinker like Principal Cairns, who never for an instant seeks to monopolize or even to lead the conversation. It is delightful as we pace the deck or look out on the restless sea, to welcome the outpourings of a mind so rich and full on such subjects as German rationalism, the State of the Churches in America, Germany, and at home, and the great names of different denominations and

countries. Somehow the topic of the origin of evil is introduced. As the discussion proceeds one almost feels that the subject is a sea more truly boundless and fathomless than the one on which we are sailing. But one cannot help observing that Principal Cairns, while speaking with his accustomed fulness of knowledge and probably going as far in the examination of such a high theme as human intelligence can go in this world, does not, as so many of us are apt to do, suffer himself, like a bird caught in a net, to get entangled in any of the specious and pretentious theories which profess to explain the inexplicable, and which multiply perplexities while seeking to remove them. It was very satisfactory and comforting to be led up to the point of trustful acquiescence in the solemn, awful, and probably inevitable reservations of Infinite wisdom and goodness in dealing with creatures of clay who "are of yesterday and know nothing." It was thus, both without and within, a time of clear vision; for the clouds of yesterday have all disappeared. So bright is the water and so green the fields that the harbour whence we set out glows in blue splendour, a vast sapphire surrounded with great masses of emerald, while overhead bend skies, higher, purer, brighter, than ever span "the great metropolis of the north," which the Principal knows and loves so well.

Again the "Princess of Wales" is at the wharf. In apostolic fashion we take up our carriages; for the hour of parting has come. Friendly messages are given; cordial adieux are spoken. We are mutually commended to the love and grace of the everlasting Father. His fellow voyagers receive the warm clinging pressure of the Principal's right hand and an affectionate benediction from his lips. As we take our homeward way, the desire rises instinctively to the tongue and finds spontaneous expression in the dear familiar words that the "kindly Light" may still lead him on. Many will offer a similar prayer, for John Cairns, plain, steadfast, strong, and good, has left pleasant memories far and near behind him. He has about him the touch of nature that makes the whole world of childhood and of all simple hearts kin to him. His visit was all too brief. Young and old we enjoyed it much and will remember it long. W. D.

NOTINGS FROM RICHMOND TO DENVER.

MR. EDITOR,—Our last notes were from Richmond; these from the "Queen City of the Plains," "The Wonderful City of the New West," or the "New Chicago," as this city has been styled. We have passed over 2,000 miles and two ranges of mountains—the Blue Ridge and Alleghany in Virginia. The railway passes through nearly 300 miles of continuous mountains, ravines, gorges, rocky bluffs, with cultivated patches or broader plateaus, like those in the Alps. The Virginian range differs from the Alps in being thickly wooded to the summit, not so high, but a hundred times as extensive. The scenery is bold, grand, varied, and vast in extent. It is a marvel how a railway has been made over such a wide range of mountains. There are literally scores of tunnels, some of which are several miles long. However the highest point on the line does not reach 3,000 feet.

Before writing to you again we expect to have crossed the Rocky Mountain range, where the highest point—over 10,000 feet—of any railway in America or the world has been built.

After 300 miles of this rail ride we take the steamer on the Ohio river for Cincinnati—150 miles—with the State of Kentucky on one side and Ohio on the other. The passengers with great zest point out Gen. Grant's paternal home on a farm in Ohio.

At Cincinnati the Democratic Convention was in full blast. The city was packed with strangers from every state and city. What a motley host! It would need the pen of Dickens or the pencil of West to do justice to such a mongrel crowd. Notice a few salient characters in the vast mass. The first gentlemen of North and South, the latter chiefly, for like the Conservatives in Canada the Democrats claim, with some show of right, to be the "gentleman's party," rough Hoosiers of the West; wild, weird Texans; sharp "skinny" down-east yankees; long black-haired Georgians; sallow, gaunt, ague-shaken Michiganders; bluff, showy, consequential looking politicians from the Pacific Coast, of varied nationalities, German, French, Irish, English, Scotch, etc., figured in the unique throng as delegates—wirepulling, caucusing, dicker-ing, bribing, "booming" for favourite or local candidates. Then the hybrid army of visitors, gamblers,

hangers-on, office-seekers, party whips and hacks, street vendors, etc., etc., could certainly not be matched on earth, if anywhere else.

There seemed but one common universal trait, viz.: smoking, but chiefly chewing, tobacco. Faces, opinions, dress, aims, dialects, etc., might be as varied as the persons, from the most manly face of a Senator, as Wade Hampton or Samar, to the thinnest remove from the baboon fraternity, of the features of a Texan bush-ranger, or the wild man of the western plains, or a limber down-easter, yet all agreed in the "chew" perpetual.

As to the flow of the juice of the "weed" it might be written:

"Men may come and men may go,
But it goes on forever."

In the South smoking and chewing are indulged in as a habit or rule in the parlours of the first families, in presence of the ladies. Spittoons are placed everywhere, in the pulpit and pews.

It is a common remark that the Democracy has a respectable *And*—the leading men North and South—but a slimy *tell*, i.e., Kelly and his Tammany Hall following.

St. Louis is a busy, smoky, hot city, like Cincinnati. It rivals Chicago in air. From St. Louis to Kansas City, both in Missouri, the prairie farms are peerless.

The country, though beautiful, becomes monotonous as you pass along a dead level all day. Kansas City, 57,000 population, is a very lively place, of only a few years growth.

From it to this city is 639 miles, over prairie, partly cultivated, part not; some of the latter has grass; 100 miles or so is barren. What a strange sight! Trackless level, bounded by horizon, as the ocean; blanker than the sky, hardly a blade of grass or weed visible; sand—hard sand—now and then a few antelopes appear. This is a deer-like goat or goat-like deer, very swift of foot—can outrun the train, as a couple of them did one day for a mile or two. The railroad stations are far apart. At these there are usually a few hovels in the ground like a "root house" in Canada. The roof is slightly above ground, size about 8x10 feet. Others are built of sods or clay above ground. A family lives in each of these. All on the train rushed out to peep into one of these lowly domiciles. The youngsters fled like rabbits to their holes. The antelope furnishes excellent food. On the grassy plains vast herds of cattle, of, perhaps, 1,000 or more in a drove, are seen along the way, with men on horseback guarding them. On the level the railway ties are laid on the sand. The train moves as smoothly as if on ice, without roll, jolt or jar. Horton chairs and Pullman coaches reduce the annoyances of travel to a minimum.

Sharps, "confidence" men and women in collusion, infest all trains west of Kansas City. The conductors and porters are believed to be in league with them and share the spoils.

There is not space to describe our first glimpse of the Rocky Mountains. As the train swept along the vast plateau—5,000 feet above sea—towards Denver a thunder storm added a terrific grandeur to the already sublime spectacle. The far-seen flashes of lightning played around the myriad peaks whose summits mingle with and look like huge piles of clouds, while the foot-hills and city lie beneath and nearer to us. These mountains differ from the Alps or any others yet seen. They are higher, larger, rounded off, rocky, vaster, piled up like wool or clouds on one another, as if the gods had rolled "Pelion on Ossa." First the vast plateau, then the foot-hills, then higher and higher and higher ranges and peaks apparently *ad infinitum*. The Alps start up steep to sharp peaks from the base.

This beautiful Paris-like city and Italian air and climate must be left to another time. Both are peerless in America. Lest this may seem overdrawn, take a sentence of the noted correspondent of the New York "Herald," J. Russell Young. He says, "Denver and Paris are the two cities with which I fell in love at first sight, and in which I have a constant yearning some time or other to reside. I have seen no prettier town in Europe or America than your same Denver."

It was settled in 1859, population 36,000, seven railroads, seven banks; four daily, six weekly, newspapers; twenty-five churches, seven fine school buildings, street cars, gas works and water works. \$25,000,000 trade annually. The foot-hills are twelve miles off, Snowy Range fifty. The streets are eighty feet wide, avenues one hundred. Two at least of the hotels are equal to any on the continent. The people greatly "mixed." More anon.
Denver, July 1st, 1880.

THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY AND DIVORCE.

MR. EDITOR,—The discussion of the divorce case before the General Assembly, your own able article, and that of the Toronto "Globe," I read with interest. I am unable to understand, however, how so much interest was excited, and sympathy evoked, and eloquence and legal learning expended in this instance when a case of much greater hardship fell flat on the Assembly of 1878. Mr. Duncan Sinclair, D.L.S., memorialized the Assembly of that year, reciting a story of great hardship, and asking that venerable body—in view of the difficulty, expense and uncertainty attending suing for a divorce, under the present law, and in so large a country, with a court so constituted as the Senate is, even when the divorce is sought on Scriptural grounds—to take steps to petition Parliament to pass a law establishing a divorce court in each of the Provinces of the Dominion, so that the obtaining of a divorce for sufficient cause might not be the luxury of the rich but the right of all citizens. Mr. Sinclair asked no change in the law as to the grounds on which a divorce was to be sought. He is thoroughly Presbyterian, and at one with the Confession of Faith in that respect. How was he treated?

Mr. Sinclair's case is simply this: Mr. Sinclair came to Manitoba in 1870. Winnipeg at that time afforded few places, indeed, where one could board with any degree of comfort. Mr. H. J. Clarke, then Attorney-General of Manitoba, asked, as a great favour, to be permitted to board with Mr. Sinclair. Mr. Clarke was at the time married, but his wife, I believe, was in Montreal. She is yet living, and generally spends the summer in Winnipeg. Mr. Sinclair acceded to Mr. Clarke's urgent request. Mr. Clarke repaid his friend's kindness by endeavouring to alienate from him the affections of his wife. Mr. Sinclair being frequently away from home did not discover Mr. Clarke's perfidy till too late. The guilty pair took advantage of Mr. Sinclair's absence in the west on business and left Winnipeg, Mrs. Sinclair leaving behind three children, one of whom was quite young and delicate. Mr. Clarke and his paramour went to the eastern provinces and afterwards to California, where they lived in style on money obtained, it is said, not too honourably or honestly by Mr. Clarke while acting as Attorney-General here. Mr. Sinclair wished to take proceedings at once to secure a regular release from a woman who had proved so faithless to him. But to hire a detective to follow the guilty wife and secure in the east and in the United States the requisite evidence to criminate her and enable him to succeed before the peculiar court at Ottawa required a long purse and a full one. This Mr. Sinclair did not think he possessed. He had, moreover, his children to support and educate. He consequently did nothing.

About three years ago the notorious couple returned to the city of their former exploits, and Mr. Sinclair finds himself living in the same city with a woman, legally his wife, while she is living with another man. These people (who are here ostracised from respectable society) appear to glory in their shame and lose no opportunity, I am told, of annoying and wounding the man whom they have wronged. And were Mr. Sinclair to die to-morrow this woman could claim, and no doubt would obtain, her share of his property. Now, when this case was brought before the Assembly two years ago they could give it no consideration, in fact, dismissed it with scant courtesy, as if a wrong was done in submitting it. The case of the lady this year has been made a *cause celebre*. Grave professors who are never accused of losing their balance easily, offer to defray expenses out of their own pockets should a divorce be sought in the right quarter, and on the correct plea. Why this difference? Had Mr. Sinclair sought and obtained a divorce in the United States and married again would he be listened to with more respect? It would seem so. Are not her children the same to the Church whether male or female, whether approaching her General Assembly in 1878, or 1880. I for one protest against the apparent discrimination. Mr. Sinclair sought no divorce because he felt himself unable to bear the expense, and is now living under circumstances to evoke sympathy. Those of us here who know the hardship of his case sympathized with him at the time, and now all the more in view of the contrast (no doubt, you say, unintentional) between the Assembly's treatment of him and Mrs. Phillips. Can justice yet be done in this matter?
Winnipeg, July 1st, 1880. IMPARTIALITY.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth" (Ps. lxx. 16). There has been a correspondence lately in the columns of THE PRESBYTERIAN regarding our young people as to how we are to hold them or keep them in our communion.

Now, without examining in detail the many plans which have been or might be suggested, I would simply ask, Are the young people to ruin the Church or is the Church to teach, train, and rule the young people?

I will not yield to any one in my estimate of the value of our young people, but when I find these inexperienced youths constantly suggesting changes in the management or worship of the congregation, and when every Sabbath the minister, who may be in other respects a most estimable man, has some change to announce, and, it may be, give the reason that it is to please or attract our young people, I think it time to put the question, Who is to rule?

If the children are to be taken to fill the places of the fathers, it is of the greatest importance that they should be taught not only the Scripture lessons in the Sabbath school, or to arrange a bouquet of flowers on the platform or appreciate how well the choir "done that piece," but they should be taught the great principles of our system, her simple form of worship, and to love Presbyterianism for the testimony which she has borne, and is bearing, to apostolic truth, and that instead of our system being changed to meet their views, they should be taught to join in with the system. And how is this to be done? I would say principally by pastoral and parental instruction.

Ministers have much in their hands in moulding the minds of the young. If they are known or heard to speak lightly of our system, the young will be readily alienated. Some ministers are a little ahead of our quiet old-fashioned ways, and young people at once snatch at the idea, and one and another urge on the minister the importance of their views until they succeed in convincing him that the old people are really only in the way, that they are fogies and obstacles to progress, especially after their fashion, and at last the minister, not unfrequently to the offence of much older and more matured Christians, yields to the wishes of the younger disciples or it may be lambs, and so they are gratified this time. This only prepares them for going further the next time.

Or it may be the minister has been heard to give his preference for hymns instead of Psalms, and if the young people don't get hymns they go to another denomination. No doubt the matter of praise has much to do with making church attractive, and whilst I think we should give God the best we can, still this can be done without making the impression on young people that Presbyterian worship is either antiquated or fossilized.

Parents can do much in this matter to train their children to reverence our system, and, without bigotry, to prefer it to that of any other; and if with solid instructions from the pulpit and in Bible class, parents do their duty in this respect then may we expect a fulfilment of the golden text at the head of this paper, "Instead of thy fathers shall be thy children whom thou mayest make princes in all the earth."

Toronto, 5th July.

PRESBYTERIAN.

CANON FARRAR recently preached a sermon in Westminster Abbey on "Religion and Politics," in which he said, "If ever through the fault or feebleness of us, the clergy, Englishmen begin to regard religion as a sort of conventional theory, as a set of abstract dogmas, as a mixture of party watchwords and decent observance, if ever we drive men to the disastrous conclusion that religious exhortations have little concern with political and social life, that they may do for churches, but have no connection with the shop or office; that they may do for Sunday, but are unworkable on ordinary days; that they may concern the clergy and their adherents, but have little to say to the city or to the nation; whenever, in fact, the religious and the secular are regarded as two distinct and separate spheres, and the truths of religion as a set of phrases current among the elect, but meaningless to the vast masses of unregenerated mankind—then farewell to the true power and glory of the Christian faith."

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

POOR PREACHING.

It would be hazardous to deny that there is some such preaching. And we will not hold a shield over the head of that man whose feeble faith, sloth or worldliness makes his preaching poor. But there are some causes of poor preaching not found in the preacher.

1. *A poor place of worship* is apt to make poor preaching. You cannot look round in some of the churches without suffering a chill morally, and a chill physically, if you enter them between November and April. Broken panes of glass or bad ventilation admit the wind, and the conflict that ensues between that and the generators of caloric, if there are any, is like that of him that cometh against ten thousand with an army of twenty thousand. Some of these places of worship are enormously large in proportion to the congregation. The preacher must encounter a frightful number of empty pews in search of a hearer. Then there are large tracts of uninhabited territory in the galleries. Cheerless wastes they are to a preacher. The exterior of the house never had an acquaintance with the paint brush, and looks dark and gloomy, as if frowning at such neglect. What wonder if you have poor preaching in such a sanctuary? This is but putting like and like together. The unhappy preacher studies his sermon with all the undesirableness of his forlorn place of worship stalking like gloomy ghosts before him. What wonder if their footprints are seen all over the sermon?

2. *Poor hearers* make poor preaching. Some come lingering and late, as if it were a drudgery to come at all. Numbers stop about the church door to chat about everything in the creation but religion, till the preacher's voice, commencing service, wakes them up to the fact that they are at the house of prayer. Some seek the most comfortable place in pews studiously accommodated for repose, and in the very face and eyes of the preacher take their leave of him in the total unconsciousness of deep sleep. Some not disposed of as the last named, examine with curious eyes every visible object but the speaker, and shew vast interest in every passing wheel, and the costume of every new comer. Now is there not some tendency in such things to make poor preaching; and would not a prompt and thorough-going reform, that should reach every one in the congregation, have some influence in giving a new inspiration to the preacher?

3. *Poorly paid* preaching is likely to be poor preaching. It shrivels a man up terribly to be straitened about his temporal support. If he must move in the hamper of all sorts of shifts and expedients to make the ends of the year meet he cannot sail free and joyously on the great sea of truth. He can only play the puny part of creeping along shore. With this kind of care upon his shoulders he cannot rise up to the stature and vigour of a giant. He is crippled and becomes a dwarf. His poor pay makes him feel poor. And it is in poverty of spirit that he undertakes a sermon. His thoughts will have a hue of poverty about them, and then he feels poorly prepared for the pulpit, and what can the result be but poor preaching? Take the lead from his wings, the care from his heart, by promptly paying and meeting all his wants. Give him the chance thus to spread his pinions, and see if his joyful and animated enterprise in his work does not stop the cry about poor preaching.

4. *The spiritual poverty* of the church is a fruitful source of poor preaching. Mind acts on mind. The glowing and animated minds of the saints are so many agents of powerful excitement to the preacher. Their prayerfulness, zeal, unity and fidelity lift his soul upward as on a rising and powerful tide. Their devotedness to God cheers his mind, and rouses thoughts that breathe, and puts upon his lips words that burn. He must preach good sermons, for the goodness of the saints, enkindling his own, sets his soul on fire, and the sacred flame will be seen as he delivers the messages of the Lord.

The opposite course will be likely to secure an opposite result. A slothful, worldly, stupid church breaks down the spirit of a pastor. It fetters his ardent mind. It chills and cramps his enterprising spirit. A grand inspiration of preaching is gone. Great responsibility rests on those unfaithful saints. Such fallen disciples, moreover, are often the first to raise the cry of poor preaching. The preaching may be

spiritual, and searching, and sanctifying, but their moral sensibilities have been benumbed by their worldliness. They are too insensible to divine things to discern the value of the ministrations they enjoy. They grope, and stumble, and cry "darkness," though it is mid-day. The poverty is all in their own souls, and had they the spiritual and heavenly mind, the true meekness and docility of the Gospel, their despised pastor's doctrine would "drop as the rain, and distil like the dew." —*London Weekly Review.*

CONFLICT AND VICTORY.

Oh! Refuge of men worn and weary,
With suffering and sin oft distressed,
Could'st Thou leave 'mid surroundings so dreary
Thy peace as a dying bequest?

To Thine ear comes the cry of sharp sorrow
That rings through this pitiless world;
And know'st Thou how oft for the morrow
To a deeper despair we are hurled?

For the dawn brings no light that can lead us,
The birds sing no songs that can cheer,
Nor does the harvest give food that can feed us,
And the winter's gloom reigns through the year.

We've felt strange 'mid our kindred and neighbours,
Been lonely in thick haunts of men,
Had to rest on a stone from our labours,
And no visions to comfort us then.

We've been lured by the voice of the siren
And caught in her cruel embrace,
Have found that the heart may be iron,
Tho' beauty may shine in the face.

We are weary with chasing the shadows,
And bearing our burdens of care,
For our way has not lain through the meadows,
We have chosen the dust and the glare.

Yet, Saviour, on Thee in our anguish
We'll pillow our sore stricken head,
For in sorrow of soul Thou did'st vanquish
The foes that fill life with such dread.

We have lived for ourselves 'stead of others,
Sought in temples of pleasure our shrine,
Held no cups to the lips of our brothers,
Or with gall often mingled our wine.

We bless Thee who cam'st down in glory
To suffer, to succour, to save,
By Thy cross to make brighter life's story
And triumph o'er death and the grave.

We'll fret with the world then no longer;
It can bring to us nothing but bliss,
Were love in our heart only stronger
To God and to man than it is.

—*Good Words.*

THE CHRIST? OR THE WHAT?

His meekness and gentleness were only equalled by His honesty and benevolence. There was about Him a conscientious thoroughness which was carried out at every sacrifice; and so far from having that love of ostentation which might be expected in One so marvellously endowed, there was a disposition to shun the applause of popularity and the blaze of earthly glory. His Sermon on the Mount evinces that, above and beyond all other things in religion, He delighted in "truth in the inward parts," and held in utter abhorrence that cold and hollow ritualism which is content with the form of godliness while denying its power. Never was there such an equipose of moral attributes as we find in Him. To an all-embracing benevolence He joined a sternness of principle which exposed wrong wherever He found it, and insisted on faithfulness in that which was least. But most of all, pervading his other qualities and adding its own bright halo round them all was his self-sacrificing and devoted love, manifest in the price He paid and the zeal He shewed for the redemption and regeneration of men. Unlike that Socrates "whom well inspired, the oracle pronounced wisest of men," but who went to the house of the strange woman and gave her advice on the best means of prosecuting her vile business, and of winning and keeping her friends, Jesus restored to the woman of the city "the piece which she had lost" and sent her away to live a life of purity and holiness. No dishonour darkens His name; no scandal fastened itself on His renown. Before the portrait which these evangelists have painted, men of every age have stood in rooted admiration; and, as we have seen in the case of men like Lecky and Mill, even by those who, however inconsistently, deny His deity, He is held in estimation as the noblest of men. For centuries His life has been the object of the keenest investigation;

"through all this tract of years" men have looked at Him

"In that fierce light which beats upon a throne
And blackens every blot."

But still they have seen in Him, and that too in a far higher sense than the poet has employed the words: only "the white flower of a blameless life."

Now, how shall we account for the existence of such a character as a literary portrait but from its historical reality? Even Mr. Mill himself has made this acknowledgment in these words: "It is of no use to say that Christ, as exhibited in the Gospels, is not historical." . . .

But if it were real and historical, could it have been merely human? He was no development of his age; but instead, everything true and noble and loving and godlike in succeeding generations has been developed out of Him. What then?—*Dr. W. M. Taylor.*

"A CUP OF COLD WATER ONLY."

The cup of water at the end of the tenth chapter of Matthew stands for the *appreciations* of Christ in the service of His disciples. As the multitude thronged His path, borne on by a great enthusiasm, our Saviour turned to give them the honest warning that the cross lies in front of true discipleship. He did not hide the stern aspect of His service for the sake of winning converts. He even put the test in the extreme form of losing one's life for His sake. The seed-corn must consent to go down into the clay, that it may live again. Man must give up self and the best of human merits, and make room, by this sacrifice, for the incoming Christ,

But this once done, the yoke being put on, the new principle of life being established, there comes a great surprise. The cross becomes transfigured in the glory of love. The yoke, so hard to take, is found easy. The burden, once avoided, is light. Nature in her pride and selfishness could do nothing to win heaven.

All her service and toil were only the operation of self—merely a bartering of human righteousness for the righteousness of Christ. But now, when everything is changed as to its spirit and inspiring motive, a new estimate comes in. New values accrue to the very things which were valueless as works before. Whereas pride and Phariseeism could do nothing worthy to be counted in the Christian inventory, now love can do nothing so small as to be overlooked. All is now done, not as once in the name of self, but simply in the name of a disciple. The most commonplace life is at once lifted to a higher plane. There may be little room for such marked changes as shall surprise the looker-on. The course of life may flow on much as before. But Christ knows, and the new life of the Christian knows that a marvellous secret has been created.

We have seen a flower not unlike a million others, but that one blossom was worth the whole million. It held a charm of association. It enfolded a secret of love. And this love was something which perhaps only two hearts could find in the symbol; only these two could measure it. So when we do in Christ's name, and for His love, any service however small, even the giving of a cup of water, we lift the poor endeavour into sublime valuation. What in self, and for self, is the meanest pebble, becomes a pearl, a diamond in the service of loving discipleship.

No encouragement could go beyond this. No motive could be stronger to take us out of the barrenness of self into the fruitfulness of doing all to the glory of Christ.—*G. Clark, D.D.*

WHAT NOT TO DO FOR SICK PEOPLE.

Don't make a fuss. Don't bustle, don't fidget, don't prognosticate. Don't hold consultations in or about the patient's room, recounting all your own and your neighbour's experiences in what you suppose to have been like cases. Don't meddle and advise and experiment. We all need a great deal more letting alone than we get, and when we are sick it is one of our prime needs. If mortuary lists were honestly tabulated we should find that more people have been bored to death than have died from neglect. The pest of the sick-room is the inevitable friend who drops in to "cheer up" the patient, the glistening eyes and flushed cheeks which such ministrations evoke being hailed as evidences of success by the well-meaning persecutor.

Don't tease the patient with questions about food or drink, but present the proper quantity at suitable in-

tervals; and if one article is found to be disagreeable, quietly substitute another without remark. Don't think, because the patient declines nourishment, that it becomes less necessary to administer it. By quiet, firm, methodical persistence in presenting food at stated periods, objections will become feebler and cease, in self-defence. Solid food need not be insisted upon unless by special direction of the physician, but milk and beef-tea should never be omitted.

Don't shut out the pure air and sunshine. The physician will exercise his skill in vain if wholesome food, pure air and peace do not abet his efforts.—*Home Guardian.*

EVIDENCES OF CONVERSION.

In detail the inward evidence lies very much this way. First, a wondrous sense of change comes over the believer. Having believed in Jesus Christ upon the simple evidence of God, there is a work of regeneration performed upon him, and he feels himself altogether transformed. A young girl once said, "Either the whole world is changed, or else I am." Everything seems so altered, for it is seen with new eyes. The man undergoes a radical change of feelings.

Then again there is a wondrous power which goes with the Word of God, not always, but yet often. Are you not conscious, my brethren, of often feeling when you are reading the Word, or hearing it, as you never did feel when listening to any other form of speech?

We are also conscious of a wonderful rest—"the peace of God which passeth all understanding." We see that we are forgiven, justly forgiven, saved by mercy, but still not to the violation of the justice of God, and therefore we are perfectly at ease. Yea, and sometimes we rise beyond peace. I am not going to tell many of the high secrets of the inner life this morning, but yet I will confess that at times,

"Our joys divinely grow
Unspeaking, like those above
And heaven begins below."

And this witness is unanswerable. A man is told that a certain medicine is mere quackery. "See here," says he, "it healed me." What do you say to such an argument? You had better let the man alone. So when a Christian is told that the Gospel is all nonsense, he replies, "It saved me. I was a drunkard, and it made me sober, and more. I was a man of strong passions, and it tamed me, and more." What can you say to such facts? Why, nothing. It must be with you as with the rulers of old. "When they saw the man that was healed standing with Peter and John, they could say nothing against them."—*Spurgeon.*

TWO WAYS OF READING THE BIBLE.

"Would you like another chapter, Lillian, dear?" asked Kate Everard of the invalid cousin, to nurse whom she had lately come from Hampshire.

"Not now, thanks, my head is tired," was the feeble reply.

Kate closed her Bible with a feeling of slight disappointment. She knew that Lillian was slowly sinking under an incurable disease, and what could be more suitable to the dying than to be constantly hearing the Bible read? Lillian might surely listen, if she were too weak to read to herself. Kate was never easy in mind unless she perused at least two or three chapters daily, besides a portion of the Psalms, and she had several times gone through the whole Bible from beginning to end. And here was Lillian, whose days on earth might be few, tired with one short chapter!

"There must be something wrong here," thought Kate, who had never during her life kept her bed for one day through sickness. "It is a sad thing when the dying do not prize the Word of God." Such was the hard thought which passed through the mind of Kate, and she felt it her duty to speak on the subject to Lillian, though she scarcely knew how to begin.

"Lillian," said Kate, trying to soften her naturally quick, sharp tones to gentleness, "I should have thought that now, when you are so ill, you would have found special comfort in the Scriptures."

Lillian's languid eyes had closed, but she opened them, and, with a soft, earnest gaze on her cousin, replied:

"I do—they are my support; I have been feeding on one verse all the morning."

"And what is that verse?" asked Kate.

"Whom I shall see for myself," began Lillian, slowly; but Kate cut her short.

"I know that verse perfectly—it is in Job; it comes just after 'I know that my Redeemer liveth;' the verse is, 'Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another.'"

"What do you understand by the expression, 'not another?'" asked Lillian.

"Why, of course it means—well, it just means, I suppose, that we shall see the Lord ourselves," replied Kate, a little puzzled by the question; for though she had read the text a hundred times, she had never once dwelt on its meaning.

"Do you think," said Lillian, rousing herself a little, "that the last three words are merely a repetition of 'whom I shall see for myself?'"

"Really, I have never so particularly considered those words," answered Kate. "Have you found out any remarkable meaning in that 'not another?'"

"They were a difficulty to me," replied the invalid, "till I happened to read that in the German Bible they are rendered a little differently; and then I searched in my own Bible, and found that the word in the margin of it is like that in the German translation."

"I never look at the marginal references," said Kate, "though mine is a large Bible and has them."

"I find them such a help in comparing scripture with scripture," observed Lillian.

Kate was silent for several seconds. She had been careful daily to read a large portion from the Bible; but to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest it," she had never even thought of trying to do. In a more humble tone she now asked her cousin:

"What is the word which is put in the margin of the Bible instead of 'another,' in that difficult text?"

"A stranger," replied Lillian; and then clasping her thin wasted hands, she repeated the whole passage on which her soul had been feeding with silent delight, "Whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not a stranger."

"O, Kate," continued the dying girl, while unbidden tears rose to her eyes, "if you only knew what sweetness I have found in that verse all this morning while I have been in great bodily pain. I am in the Valley of Shadow—I shall soon cross the dark river; I know it; but He will be with me, and 'not a stranger.' He is the Good Shepherd, and I know His voice; a stranger would I not follow. And when I open my eyes in another world, it is the Lord Jesus whom I shall behold—my own Saviour, my own tried Friend, and 'not a stranger;' I shall at last see Him whom, not having seen, I have loved."

Lillian closed her eyes again, and the large drops, overflowing, fell down her pallid cheeks; she had spoken too long for her strength. But the feeble sufferer's words had not been spoken in vain.

"Lillian has drawn more comfort and profit from one verse—nay, from three words in the Bible, than I have drawn from the whole Book," reflected Kate. "I have but read the Scriptures—she has searched them. I have been like one floating carelessly over the surface of waters under which lie pearls; Lillian has dived deep, and made the treasure her own."

Let me earnestly recommend the habit of choosing from our morning portion of the Bible some few words to meditate over during the day. At a mother's meeting which I attend, each of the women in her turn gives a text to be remembered daily by all during the week; and in every family such a custom might be found helpful. It is by praying over, resting on, feeding on God's Word, that we find that it is indeed spirit and life, and to the humble, contrite heart, "sweeter than honey and the honeycomb."—*A. L. O. E., in the Advocate and Guardian.*

ASHAMED OF CHRIST.

Ashamed of Christ! Of Him who has redeemed man's nature from wretchedness, and first given to the race a security of immortality—an interest in an eternal world! Ashamed of Him who is the "express image" of God; "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily;" "by whom all the worlds were created," and who still sustains the worlds from annihilation by the power of His might. Ashamed of Christ! Of Him who was not ashamed to endure all the bitterest mockeries of sinners for my sake; for my sake to exile Himself for long years from the immediate glories of heaven; for my sake to wander among the lost and ruined of the earth, and still for my sake

to close a life of sorrow by a death of bodily and mental torture! Ashamed of Christ! Of Him who rose triumphant from the grave, and though no fleshly eye can behold Him, even now sitteth at the right hand of God, "in the glory of the Father," yet amid all His glories, pleads for my sake the obedience of Gethsemane and the sacrifice of Calvary! . . . Oh, may many of us be enabled to return such an answer as this to the calumnies and revilings of the world! Happy are they, and yet more happy in all that outward unhappiness which fortifies them more and more for everlasting bliss! Happy, indeed, are they who thus live, confiding, that however it may be delayed, a time shall come when the truth of that Scripture shall be proved: "Behold I lay in Zion a stumbling-stone and a rock of offence; and whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed" (Isa. viii. 14; Rom. ix. 33).—*William Archer Butler.*

"CLEAN INSIDE."

When through the labours of the first missionaries at Madagascar, some of the islanders there had been converted, a Christian sea captain asked a former chief what it was that first led him to become a Christian. "Was it any particular sermon you heard, or book which you read?" asked the captain.

"No, my friend," replied the chief, "it was no book nor sermon. One man, he a wicked thief; another man, he drunk all day; big chief, he beat his wife and children. Now thief, he no steal; drunken Tom, he sober; big chief, he very kind to his family. Every heathen man gets something inside him, which make him different; so I become a Christian too, to know how it feel to have something strong inside of me to keep me from being bad."

Now that old chief had the right idea of Christianity. He had got something new and strong inside of him. He had a new motive; it was the desire to be true and pure.

At one of the ragged schools of Ireland a minister asked the poor children before him, "What is holiness?" Thereupon a poor little Irish boy, in dirty, tattered rags, jumped up and said, "Please, your reverence, it's to be clean inside." Could anything be truer?

BOTH SIDES.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry that I must die," says another.

Some enjoy what they have, while others are envious of what they have not.

One complains that there is evil in the world; another rejoices that there is good.

While some are thankful for their blessings, others are grumbling over their misfortunes.

A guest considers a man's house all parlour; the servants think it principally kitchen.

Two children were looking at a bush. One observed that it had a thorn; the other that it had a rose.

When it rains one says that it will make mud; another that it will lay the dust.

Two men being convalescent were asked concerning their health. One replied, "I am better to-day;" while the other grunted, "I was worse yesterday."

Two boys were hunting for grapes. One was happy because he found some; the other was sorry because they had seeds in them.

Two strangers came to New York. One of them saw the saloons and gambling-halls and thought the city very wicked. The other visited the homes and thought New York very good.—*Sunday Magazine.*

"THERE is a way that seemeth right unto man; but the end thereof are the ways of death."

"HE that hath no rule over his own spirit is like a city that is broken down, and without walls."—*Rom. xxv. 28.*

A CANNON ball passing through a four-foot bore, receives its direction for the whole range. So the soul, in childhood, receives its direction for eternity.

ALL that we do depends upon what we are: he then who has left to the world the record of a noble life, though he may have left no outward memorial, has left an enduring source of inward, and, though inward, of outward greatness.

THE tree will not only lie as it falls, but it will fall as it leans. And the great question every one should bring home to himself, is, "What is the inclination of my soul? Does it, with all its affections and power, lean toward God, or away from him?"—*Selected.*

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

SEVENTH ANNUUM IN ADVANCE.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Proprietor.

OFFICE—NO. 8 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

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Edited by Rev. Wm. Inglis.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1880.

It would save a good deal of confusion, and occasionally prevent some disappointment, if all letters connected with the business department of the paper such as change of address, remittance of money, insertion of advertisements, etc., were addressed to the Publisher of THE PRESBYTERIAN; and at the same time if all communications intended for insertion or in reference to the contents of the paper were sent exclusively to the Editor.

PRINCIPAL CAIRD'S TEACHING.

WE shall remark at some length in our next week's issue on the volume of sermons to which we referred in a short note a fortnight ago. In the mean time it is only proper and courteous that we should publish the following letter which has a reference to one of the extracts we made in the note to which we have just referred:

MR. EDITOR.—Your issue of the 16th instant contains an extract from a recent sermon of Principal Caird, which you quote for the purpose of holding it up to censure. The quotation is as follows:

"To whatever world death introduce you, the best conceivable preparation for it is to labour for the highest good of the world in which you live. Be the change that death brings what it may, he who has spent his life in trying to make this world better can never be unprepared for another."

May I ask you to point out for the instruction of the unlearned reader, wherein lies the error contained in this passage?

I must confess that to my own untutored mind it commends itself as an utterance eminently wise, eminently practical, and eminently Christian; in fact it seems little more than a paraphrase of certain sayings of Christ Himself. July 17th, 1880. LAYMAN.

We have no wish to enter into any controversy on the subject, nor do we think that many words are needed in order to point out the one-sided and deceptive idea which this quotation in its plain and natural sense conveys. It is quite true, as everyone of course acknowledges, that those who believe must see to it that they maintain "good works for necessary uses," and none press this with greater force than those who are never weary of proclaiming that men are "saved" and accordingly "prepared for another" world, not by works of righteousness which they have done, but by grace reigning through the righteousness that is in Christ Jesus. But no one can fail to notice that in the broad, absolute fashion in which the matter is put by Principal Caird, not only in the passage quoted but very much throughout the whole sermon referred to, every man is made his own Saviour, and the "doing all the good one can," which may mean anything or everything or nothing, becomes the sure passport to a blessed immortality if there be such an immortality, which, in the vague non-committal language of the Principal, seems after all a "moot" point which has not yet advanced into the regions of absolute certainty. Had Paul replied to the anxious inquiry of the Philippian gaoler that the best possible means for securing salvation was to try "to make the world better," he would, as appears to us, have been saying nothing

more and doing nothing worse than Principal Caird recommends. But in that case it would seem to ordinary common sense that his own position and work would have savoured very much of an impertinence, for the gaoler might have replied, and according to his light with perfect propriety, "I am doing that every day of my life, and have been trying to do it ever since I was born." No doubt Paul and he might have had different ideas as to what the "highest good of the world" really implied, but who was to say which was right in his notions and whose plans for "making the world better" were most likely to be effective?

The divorce of the ethical from the doctrinal in Christianity has often been attempted, and nothing has suffered so much in the process as the morals which it has always been thought would thereby be improved. If the experience of the last eighteen hundred years can be taken as good for establishing anything, it may be said without fear of reasonable contradiction that during all those times when most importance has been attached to good works, not as an evidence of having been saved, but as an effective means of salvation, such good works have been least proceeded with and practical morality has been most neglected; while on the other hand it is equally beyond all reasonable contradiction that the doctrines of grace have never been proclaimed in all their fullness and received in all their freeness without resulting in a morality which easy going mortals have always denounced as stern and fanatical, and in a self-sacrificing benevolence which Pharisee and Sadducee whether nominally pagan or Christian have alike denounced as excessive, and have sneered at as absurd.

Many, many much humbler men than Dr. Chalmers, and some who might be justly styled higher even than he, could with all the energy of their souls endorse the well-known and oft-quoted words of that great and good man in reference to the practical results of his earlier and later ministry, when he testified that though during his first twelve years in Kilmany none could denounce the meanness of dishonesty, the infamy of licentiousness and the degradation of intemperance, with more measureless indignation and more overwhelmingly scathing contempt than he did, and while none dwelt with greater earnestness on the beauties of benevolence and the pressing obligation which lay upon everyone, as he valued the favour of the Almighty to do everything in his power "to make the world better" and happier by his presence and work in it, yet that he never knew during all these years of a single instance in which, as the result of all his eloquence, the dishonest became upright, the profane learned to fear an oath, the drunkard turned sober or the licentious chaste. On the other hand he could add that when he had learned a more excellent way, and preached salvation not of works but of grace, he could and did point to many drunkards rendered sober through his instrumentality, and many others of the impure, many to whom with Paul he could say, "such were some of you, but ye are washed;" many in short of whom it could be said that they did not prate about morality, they only practised it; and that at last they did not step into the other world with the jaunty confidence of men who were sure that they would find it all right there because here they had been "trying to make the world better," but who went on their last grand, strange, solitary journey with solemn awe and yet with childlike confidence and exulting hope, because Christ, they believed, had borne their sins in His own body on the tree, that they, being dead to sin, might live unto righteousness; and that, as sinners saved by grace, they had but one ground of confidence, and that was not that they had been doing their best to make the world better, but that it was a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom, they could add with no mock humility, they believed they were the chief.

WICKEDNESS IN HIGH PLACES AND LOW.

AS a general thing we should scarcely allow the names of individuals so to appear in our correspondence columns as that of the late Attorney-General Clarke figures in the letter from Winnipeg, which will be found in this week's issue. That case, however, seems so scandalous, the facts are so notorious and undeniable and our correspondent is in every way so reliable, while the whole has been written with so different an object in view from that of merely pillorying this worthless fellow and exposing his infamous

proceedings, that we let the whole stand as it has come into our hands. Indeed, the time has come when great plainness of speech will have to be used in reference to a good many iniquities and a good many disreputable characters both in high places and low, both in Winnipeg and in cities much nearer the rising sun. In these days of so-called liberality of sentiment and breadth of view, when everybody is a philosopher, and all "advanced thinkers" are sure that they have a protoplasmic origin and that monkeys were their immediate ancestors, or, if not immediate, at least, only once removed, it is not at all surprising that as the old-fashioned regard for dogma and religious truth has been got quit of, the old-fashioned regard for practical uprightness and honour and decency should also be in danger of taking its departure. Why should it not? The idea of God, it seems, is an absurd superfluity as unthinkable and as unnecessary as anything well can be. Morality, it appears, is a mere unmeaning word. Manly honour is a delusion, except it may be that the something that is called by that name may happen occasionally to be useful; and female virtue is a found out fraud, so that Charles the Second was simply right when he declared that it was merely a convenient way of haggling about the price. Such opinions will not remain long as mere abstractions; indeed, are not doing so. There are plenty of people quite ready to carry them to their logical and practical conclusions, and every day's newspapers are telling what these conclusions are. In such circumstances it behoves all well-wishers to Canada's future to hold very high the old grand principle of Christian morality and to insist very strongly on the old high standard of Christian practice. Things have got to be called by their right names, and doings have to be stigmatized as they deserve according to the law of Heaven and not after the mere conventionalities of earth. We suppose this man Clarke has long ago learned all the current pitiful slang about "spiritual affinities," and "compatible" and "incompatible temperaments" so that he could talk of them with all the glibness of a Dickens and all the solemn grandioseness of a George Eliot or a Westminster Reviewer. Why not? It is not so very long since David Hume said that a man who did not commit adultery did not avail himself of all the innocent pleasures of life, and the philosophers of the present day are far too practical to allow their opinions to remain in the cold cloudland of mere abstractions. Professed Christians may sometimes be all that is morally bad, and alas have too often been so, but this has come to pass in spite of their religious opinions, not because of them. It is different with those who hold that chastity is as meaningless when used in reference to human beings as when applied to the beasts of the field, and that to speak of an immoral woman is as great an absurdity as to think of a virtuous cow. It is as plain as that two and two make four that this is the practical issue towards which certain forms of the so-called philosophical teaching of the day irresistibly tend, while the outcries ever and anon heard against marriage, with the advocacy of a divorce law so loose and so accommodating as almost to allow wives to be had by the half year and marriage to be as easily dissolved as a provisional contract, point all in the same direction. No one can read the all but daily accounts in the newspapers of scandals in high life which are not regarded as scandals at all; of abandoned prostitutes flaunting themselves and their doings in the face of the world and having their little "accidents" and escapades only turned into material for advertisements so as to make them the means of these "don't know whats" becoming more the favourites of "society" and having money more rapidly and more abundantly put into their pockets; of mothers who have never been wives; and of daughters who are without a blush practically knocked down to the highest bidder as if they were marketable articles under the auction hammer, and all these things taken simply as matters of course—without feeling that a certain section, at any rate, of what is still called Christian "society" is terribly honey-combed with vice, while even that which is still professedly virtuous has scarcely a word to say either in denunciation or protest. Let Sara Bernhardt come to Toronto and so-called "society" in the veriest agony of baseness and from an idiot desire to be thought "aesthetic," would grovel in the dust and ask to be permitted to kiss the foot of one whom no honourable man or honest woman ought to touch even with something much more protective than gloves. Things are surely come to a poor pass if

either in England or Canada so-called "culture" has led men who claim to be Christians, and women who glory in being virtuous, to worship in the outer sanctuary of a courtizan, even though she be, in the wretched cant of the day, fifty times a "consummate artist," or to take the law, whether on morals or manners, whether on politics or piety, at the lips of those who are both drunkards and debauchees, nay, in some cases, as everyone knows, a little more and a little worse than either or both. Nor even in our own Canadian "society" without the importation of any outside fashionable immoralities can anyone say that matters are as they ought to be, or as they would be if public opinion were as strongly moral and unmistakably Christian as many claim that it is. The personal character and conduct of some others of our public men may not be quite so disreputable as those of this hero of the North-West; but will any one have the courage to say that they, in too many instances, are very much better? And yet Christian men, ay, and Christian women too, have any number of apologies for their conduct, and ready defences for their characters, though these are utterly and notoriously indefensible.

The time has come, we repeat, when the Christian people of this Dominion must speak out in unmistakable terms in reference to much which has too long been winked at, if it has not been actually condoned and commended, among those who ought to have maintained a better character and presented to the world a better example.

Christianity, it is to be hoped, has not yet lost so much of its power, in this Dominion at least, as not to be able to make all respect at any rate the outward conventionalities of morality and decency. If some seem to act, as they do, as if a dispensation in the other direction had been issued in their favour so that they can say, "Nice customs sometimes curtsy to smaller people than great kings;" so much the more discreditable to that Christian moral sentiment through whose languid and culpable inactivity alone such a state of things is either possible or can be permanent.

CANADA AS A SUMMER RESORT.

THE attractiveness of Canada as a summer resort is coming to be more and more appreciated by our friends on the other side. Dr. J. G. Holland, for instance, discourses on the subject after the following fashion in the New York "Tribune":

"For really there is not on the face of the globe such another river as the St. Lawrence. Imagine a broad river, varying from three miles to ten miles in width, fed by the great American lakes by water that in its passage has deposited all its silt and dust, and comes, after its tumble over Niagara Falls, as clear as crystal to its final passage to the sea. Imagine this superb stream finding its sinuous way through a labyrinth of 1,800 islands, among which a man may sail for days without ever crossing his track, with not a rod of dead water along its shores, and with not even a suspicion of malaria in the atmosphere above it. Imagine a summer climate in which the days are never hot and breezeless, and the nights are always cool and bracing, and the evenings are never so damp as to make it necessary to sit within doors, and you have the conditions of summer life at the Thousand Islands.

"This is my fourth summer here, and my constantly growing love and admiration of the region were never so great as now, and I am convinced that it is destined to become the great sanitarium of the sea-coast population of the country. There is nothing like it; there is nothing that equals it. It is well enough for the New Yorker who is bound to his business to spend a night and a day at the seaside resorts of easy access, but the families that spend their summers out of the city will in the future, I am convinced, come here more and more, until these islands will present one of the busiest scenes of holiday life to be found on the continent."

All very true, but the St. Lawrence and the Thousand Isles do not by any means exhaust the attractions of Canada. From Halifax all round to Lake Superior and north, we had almost said to James' Bay, there will be found an abundant supply of quiet resting and recuperating places, suited to almost every taste and every temperament. Canadians almost everywhere can easily find suitable summer resorts without going far from home.

THE second Oka Indian placed on his trial was discharged, as the jury returned a verdict of "not guilty" without leaving the box. The persistent and malignant persecution of these poor people for years past has been as discreditable as it is characteristic. Whatever may be the mere letter of the law, it is evident from acknowledged facts, and from the very nature of the case that the Sulpicians got that land for the benefit of the Indians, not as absolute and irresponsible proprietors.

It is said that the Jesuits in France are at their old tricks, and that they will manage to have their schools opened in October substantially under the same system as formerly and conducted by the same teachers, but with the property conveyed to secular priests, who have taken or will take the necessary authorization. This, they persuade themselves, will keep all on the safe side of the law, and, at the same time, make the late anti-Jesuit measures perfectly inoperative.

BENNETT, the murderer of the Honourable George Brown, was, according to the sentence pronounced upon him, executed within the jail precincts on Friday last. He shewed a great deal of firmness to the very last and constantly protested that he had no intention to kill, or even injure, the honourable gentleman. He deplored, with a considerable amount of feeling and apparently with genuine contrition, his loose, degraded life of animal indulgence and defiant ungodliness, and warned all young men against those evil courses which were the primary causes of his coming to so untimely and so disgraceful an end. Now that the grave covers both the murdered and the murderer it is not for any one to say a word which might seem harsh and vindictive. The Judge of all the earth will do right. This may, however, be said beside this dishonoured grave and over the remains of this poor degraded wail, "The end of these things is death." There are thousands upon thousands of young men in Canada trifling with the same temptations and following the same course which issued in the sad tragedy of last Friday. Well if some of them take warning and turn in time.

OUR readers are aware that Dr. O. Wendell Holmes has been saying some very strong things in the "International," about Jonathan Edwards and his theology and that at the same time he has been asserting very positively that among the existing MSS. of Edwards there is a paper which shews that that eminent divine, whom Robert Hall was in the habit of calling the "greatest of the sons of men," in his last days very considerably modified his theological views, especially with reference to the divinity of the Lord Jesus Christ. Dr. Tryon Edwards now comes to the front to speak for his ancestor, and positively denies the truth of the story, which he says is utterly and absolutely without foundation. Dr. Edwards adds: "As to the strictures of Dr. Holmes on the theological views of Edwards, they probably strike the great body of well-read and sound theologians and of sensible, Bible reading Christians, very much as the strictures of some young theological student on the surgical or medical views of Dr. Holmes would strike the Doctor himself." It is very curious to notice how even sensible and so far learned men sometimes seem to like to play Sir Oracle on matters of which they know very little, and in reference to which their unreasoning prejudices are very strong. Macaulay's "weakness of omniscience" becomes so common!

AN interesting account has been received of the reception of the Right Rev. Dr. Joseph Barclay, Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, and his family in that city. Every community in Jerusalem sent a representative. The English Consul and his wife, with the German Consul came to meet them, and the Latin, Greek, Armenian, Russian, Syrian, Austrian and French Consuls sent their dragomans. Near the Jaffa gate they were met by the children of the different schools. The Zion school sang most touchingly "How beautiful upon the mountains," etc. Then came Dr. Barclay's former school, also the German orphan school, all welcoming the Bishop with singing. The Bishop spoke a few words to each. The Jewish Rabbi, being blind, was led out of his house to welcome the Bishop, and he said he expressed the feelings of his whole community in doing so. At the Jaffa gate the Bishop's party dismounted, when an interesting circumstance occurred. An Effendi came forward and greeting the Bishop with much feeling, welcomed him back to Jerusalem. Four years ago this Effendi had said to a resident in Jerusalem, "You will see Dr. Barclay one day will return here as Bishop," to which the gentleman replied, "Never." This gentleman seeing the Effendi conversing with his lordship, drew near and said to him in Arabic, "You are a prophet." The Effendi replied, "I have been praying four years in the mosque that Dr. Barclay might one day come to live amongst us as Bishop, and God has heard my prayer." The canvassers of each community now preceded the Bishop and his family to their home.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE WESTMINSTER TEACHER. (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board. Toronto: James Bain & Son.)—The August number contains full notes of the International lessons, with two very useful maps.

DAILY PRAYERS FOR BUSY HOUSEHOLDS. (Montreal: Dawson Brothers.)—Family worship is not observed as generally as it was in former days. No fact is to be deplored more, for nothing can take the place of family religion, and failure here means eventual failure everywhere, from the closet to the congregation. What reasons are generally assigned for the disuse of the observance on which our fathers laid so much stress? Some we have heard pleaded that spring from the conditions of modern life, or from mistaken notions of what family worship must necessarily consist in. We live more hurriedly now than in former days, and there is more individualism asserted even within the precincts of the home circle. The father has to go to his work at an early hour, or the children have to walk far to school, or late hours— from various causes—now on the part of one, and now on the part of another member of the household prevent the, perhaps, wished for reunion. And the head of the house has been accustomed to think that at least one chapter must be read, and a somewhat exhausting prayer offered up, and long forms present no attractions to children. With the hope of meeting those circumstances of our time, the above named unpretending but really valuable little volume has been prepared. The prayers are modelled on those of Holy Scripture, as far as length is concerned. They are Scriptural also in sentiment and tone; being prayers indeed, instead of eloquent addresses to the Deity. The readings for morning and evening are so brief that even in the busiest households a few quiet moments may be found for their use. The catholicity of the book may be inferred from the statement on the title page that Clergymen and laymen of the various leading Christian bodies in Canada—Roman Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, and Congregational—have expressed cordial approval of it and its object. Some may wonder at this fact. Another fact that some may think wonderful is that the book is written by a layman. But both facts are signs of the times, and for both we thank God and take courage. We cordially commend this little volume, especially to all heads of families.

TURKISH RELIEF FUND. — Previously acknowledged, \$167.25; A friend, \$10; Rev. John Scott, \$4; Helen Rus, \$2.—Total, \$183.25.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS. — The Rev. Dr. Reid has received the undermentioned sums, viz.: A member of the congregation of Wellesley—Knox College, \$25; Home Mission, \$25; Foreign Mission, \$25; French Evangelization, \$25. E. B. F., London—Home Mission, \$12; Foreign Mission, \$7. Member of Knox Church, Hamilton—Foreign Mission, \$100. Miss M. M., Avonbank, Aged Ministers' Fund, \$9.

WE can do more good by being good than in any other way.—Rowland Hill.

A DISCUSSION in a small way is going on among Roman Catholics as to the extent to which they ought to seek and follow the advice of their spiritual advisers in reference to political and secular matters in general. The old plan was abject and universal submission to whatever the conscience-keeper might indicate. A growing number, however, protest against such a slavish arrangement. In religious matters they will allow their clergy to think for them, but in more secular matters they claim to be able to do that for themselves. Let us hope they will go further still till they stand forth emancipated and free.

JAPAN has experienced a complete revolution in the past seven years. The Government has established the Sabbath as a statute holiday, and introduced many of the institutions of western civilization. The tramps have been removed to the great agricultural works on the northern Island of Yezo, and schools are generally established, and the progress of Christian and Greek missions has been very rapid. The minister of education says: "The fact that the English education schools have increased while other foreign languages have decreased, is significant as to what language will most prevail in this country in the future."

CHOICE LITERATURE.

MISTER HORN AND HIS FRIENDS; OR, GIVERS AND GIVING.

BY MARK GUY PEARSE.

CHAPTER III.—SHOWS US SOMETHING MORE OF MISTER HORN.

Thus Mister Horn began. Little wonder the man prospered. He would at times tell, in his own peculiar manner, how he managed to get on:

"You see I said that I would give, somehow. Well, that brought me into a trick of giving both eyes open to see how I could pick up a shilling a week more wages, so I kept bettering myself all along. Mind you, I didn't do it for myself. I did it because I felt I couldn't anyhow do enough for Him who was so good to me. But I found the more I gave away the more I had to give. It's the same all through God's world. When the poor prodigal had lived to please himself he soon came to grief; he had spent all, and began to be in want. But when he'd come home, and had given up thinking about himself and wanted to serve his father and to please him, why, then he got the best robe and the fattest calf, and began to be merry—begin to be merry; ay, that's a right kind of merry-making that needn't ever have an ending, when a man lives to please his Father and to serve him. Let a man count that he's the Lord's hired servant, and he'll get good wages—enough and to spare. But let a man count that he's his own master, and that he'll do what he likes with his own, and that man'll have a discontented servant and a bad master all in one. I've spent money in a goodish many ways, and I reckon that there's only one way that I spent and never wished a farthing of it back again—that's what I've given to the Lord's work."

Mister Horn's greatest achievement in the way of giving was when the new chapel was built at Gippington, the circuit town.

He refused to make any promise. He would do what he could, he said. Folks knew that this was not a hypocritical way of doing nothing, such as it is very often; indeed they had already settled among themselves what he would do.

"He's good for five pounds," said Jim Niggardly.

"He's good for ten," said others with larger hearts, that measured him better.

But his old friend Chaffer shook his little head at both, and said, with husky, broken voice, "There's no knowin' what he's good for, if he only get it in his mind—he's a wonder is Mister Horn." Old friend Chaffer was right.

Mister Horn turned it over, prayed about it, and at length made up his mind as to what he would do.

The passage on which he had been preaching lately kept ringing in his head, like the music of a sweet song, "The Son of God who loved me, and gave Himself for me." It was as he walked home one Sunday evening with this text filling his heart and soul that it occurred to him. The clear frosty air made the November sky to sparkle brilliantly with the stars, forcing him to consider the heavens, as he came along in his lonely walk. He thought of their number—of their vastness. He thought how that, night after night, they had looked down upon the changeful, wearied world, the same as when Abraham had read in them the expression and seal of the promise; the same as when David had watched them from the midst of his flock and wondered at the Lord's mindfulness of man; the same as when they hung over Him who in the still evening passed up to the mountain-top, and with them as His only witness, spent the night in prayer. Then adoringly he thought of the Hand that made them. "He giveth the stars," said Mister Horn to himself. "Ah how He loves to give—He might have doled one here and another there. But that wouldn't be like Him." And he stood and looked overhead; then slowly around him: "Millions of them! millions," he cried. "O my God and Father, what a great giving Thine is! Right royal! Nay, never a king gave so, 'tis only like Thyself—Thou lovest to give, only giving such millions could satisfy Thee."

Then, with deepening emotion and intense adoration he thought how far away in the infinite space was the throne of that glorious Lord who is the light of sun, and moon, and star. With a new meaning that thrilled him came the text of the evening, "He loved me, and gave Himself for me. Himself for me!" he repeated aloud, "Himself for me!" And grateful love filled his soul, and overflowed in tears of adoring joy.

This emotion was yet lingering within him as he thought suddenly of the new chapel. What should he "render to the Lord for all His benefits?" He had saved some little money; should he give that? No, that would not do; he wanted to feel that he was somehow giving himself. He loved me, and gave Himself for me—this was the wonderful love by which his heart was prompted, and such a motive was not easily satisfied. He had walked some distance in perplexity, and now was coming near to his own house. At length it was evident that Mister Horn had "got it into his mind," as old Chaffer put it. The pause in the path by which he was crossing the field, the uplifted ash stick, the moment's suspense then the vigorous thrust and the rapid strides forward announced some great decision. Mister Horn would live on what he had saved, and for one year would give all that he could get to the Lord. "I'll be like giving myself," he cried, "body, soul and spirit."

The resolution thus formed was bravely carried out. It was the hardest year of his hard-working life. "Neighbours heard him stir at earliest dawn; his friends wondered what made him so nervy of his time. He knew very well that he could keep no secret from his wife, so he told her straight out that night, and then went to sleep before she had sufficient time to object. But all the rest of the village was kept wondering until the end of the year. It was at a meeting for the new chapel that the pent-up secret came out. A subscription was placed in the minister's hand with a

paper worded thus: "One year's work, £100. 'He loved me, and gave Himself for me.' J. H."

"That was the happiest year of my life," Mister Horn said whenever he told of it. "You reckon Sunday a good day, because in it you do no manner of work. But there's something better than Sundays, and that's where they rest not day or night from their labours. And I never felt so much like being one of them as I did then. I was sinking a well a good part of the time, and very often I used to think about it down in the still, damp darkness, hearing nothing but the gloomy echoes of my own tools, and now and then a bit o' clay that went splashing into the water sixty feet below, sounding like 'ashes to ashes,' as I stood on the shaking plank. I used to think that they up in their glory and me down in my well were both doing the same thing, for all that we were such a long way off; we were both working for the same Lord and we both wanted to do as much as ever we could. That was a happy year."

CHAPTER IV.—INTRODUCE US TO JAMES NIGGARDLY.

Mister Horn had one sore trouble. He thought of it, talked of it, prayed about it, and with all his heart set himself to remedy it, if possible; it was concerning the Jim Niggardly before, and so sadly mentioned.

"James Niggardly, Esquire, Stukeville," was the address on his letters, but with Mister Horn he was never anything else than plain Jim. He was by no means what his name led one to expect in appearance—nothing of the traditional Mr. Gripeman or Mr. Money-love; his were not the pinched features, the half-starved, withered frame, the threadbare coat. Somewhat about the middle height, stout, and rather good-looking, the head thrown back and the hair brushed up to make the most of himself, a gold chain spanning the rounded expanse of waistcoat, the thumbs thrust into the arm-holes—such was James Niggardly's portrait. A large man with a gold chain was the impression he generally made at first. The impression was confirmed when he began to speak. There was a tick of hesitancy and repetition at the commencement of his sentences, and as each sentence began with "I," it came out thus:—

"I, em, I—I—I—eh."
So that one came to think of him as if these five or six, "I's" had been rolled into one big man with a gold chain. His signature was "I. Niggardly." There it was in imposing letters on the office door. It stood prominent on the coal-carts, and the railway trucks carried it to and fro in important letters. In fact, the "I" ran through everything from the big man himself down to the brass seal that lay on the office desk.

He had commenced life in a very humble way, so humble indeed, that the "I" had not appeared, and he was only plain Jim, who went selling small quantities of coal from house to house. But the railway came, and then he opened a coal store, to which he kept grafting other branches that all bore some crop of golden fruit, until it was no secret that he was worth five or six hundred a year.

Worth, I have said; well, yes. And yet what did it mean? Of all the truths that men accidentally utter in the phrases of every day, and of all the untruths, there is none more suggestive than this—What is a man worth? James Niggardly was worth five or six hundred pounds a year! Well, there was a time when he was worth a good deal more than all that—when he was worth more than all the ciphers that you could tack on to it. It was when he was a happy man on thirty shillings a week, and worked hard with his own hands to get it—then James Niggardly was worth more, body, soul, and spirit. It was when, after the hard day's work, the old horse was made comfortable in the stable, and the somewhat rickety cart was set up under the shed, and Jim had gone through a process of splashing and blowing, and then, all radiant and happy, came to fill the kettle, and to look after the dear old mother, who could do little else than sit crooning by the fire all day long. It was when he sat down to tell all that he could think of that would interest her, sitting there carefully toasting a bit of bread as a relish for the old lady's tea, afterward removing the crust for his own more active jaws, while the old lady's face gladdened into a pleasant pride at the kindly ways of her Jim. It was when he gathered with the little company at the prayer-meeting, and Heaven honoured him, and men felt that he had power with God and prevailed; it was when he sat in the midst of the Sunday-school class and told them of the loving Saviour until their hearts were moved, and they went home strangely thoughtful and impressed; it was when godly old men and women brightened as Jim dropped in for a bit of prayer, and they pressed him with their bony hands and blessed him with their dying lips—then he was worth more, tenfold more, a hundred-fold more, worth more to God, worth more to himself. What is a man worth? Worth miserably little if he is only worth what he has in his pocket, or what he sets down in his income tax paper. You are right to count a man's worth by his gold and robes and luxuries, but let it be by the gold of pure love, by the white robes of truth and meekness, by the delicious luxury of a blameless conscience, of doing good, of blessing others; so only should you count what a God-made man is worth.

But thus estimated, James Niggardly, with his five hundred a year, was a pauper. The very appearance of the man betrayed his bankruptcy. The old look of quiet contentment was gone, and in its place was an anxious and somewhat crafty expression; the kindly ways had changed into an irritable, almost angry, tone and manner. His wife could tell that the humble Jim who courted her some twenty years before, and this James Niggardly, Esquire, were two different men. Sometimes people thought that she sighed for the dear old Jim who used to be—whose face was often black with coal-dust, and whose cheery voice had gladdened her into many a blush as it sounded through the little village street with its cry of "Coal, ho! coal, coal, ho!" If you wanted him now you would never think of looking for him at the prayer-meeting. True, his name was on the class-book as a member of the Society under Mister Horn's care, but only now and then a solitary P broke the long line of A's. Mister Horn read his name every week, but usually the searching look round the room

was followed by a sigh. "A again," he said, as he turned to his book, and the pencil made three heavy strokes. For Mister Horn always put a capital A—it was associated in his mind in some roundabout way with a capital offence, and this was a sort of capital punishment.

Sunday still found James Niggardly usually in his place at Tatingham Chapel. There he sat in the one crimson-curtained pew just inside the door, with his wife and three daughters. Even on "collection Sundays" they were all there each with a threepenny bit—what a pity there are no silver pennies! James Niggardly, Esquire, himself gave sixpence. Once Mister Horn hoped that the sermon had done him good, for he actually gave a shilling, but at night he made up for it by politely bowing to the plate, so that it came to just the same thing.

Now this James Niggardly, Esquire, of Stukeville, was the greatest hindrance that "the cause" at Tatingham ever had. The old parish squire had been a hindrance when for years he refused the ground for the chapel, but the little society had prayed about it until they got the land all for nothing. The old parson had been a hindrance when he laid it down that the allotments were to grow only Church potatoes, and that "they who could do without him on Sundays might do without him on Mondays too." He did not even say to them, "Be ye warmed and filled"—much less suffer their nonconforming bodies to be comforted by parish blankets and coals, and sundry charities of which he was trustee. In spite of that the little society kept up its own fire and flourished. But this James Niggardly in the midst was a real hindrance. The others, after all, were outside, but this man seemed to leave the door open for all the bleak winds of heaven, so that everybody was chilled and miserable. If anything were to be done they all waited for James Niggardly to start it; and there were so many buts and ifs, so many fault-findings and grumbings, so many wretched objections, and when he did give it was "pitched in so low a key," as Mister Horn said, that it hindered a great deal more than it helped. The fact was that, if it had not been for his amiable wife and useful daughters, the sooner he had taken himself clean away the better would it have been for the "cause" and all belonging to it.

Mister Horn, as he told Bill Smith, had often given James Niggardly a bit of his mind. He had known Jim from a boy, had given him his first start in life, had directed and advised him in all the steps of his growing prosperity, and now he grieved deeply as he saw this root of all evil thus growing and flourishing in his soul. Mister Horn was not the man to shirk the duty, and when he did speak the words were not so rounded and polished as to "glide off like water from a duck's back," as he said. When he spoke it was pointed and well aimed, and it stuck just where he meant it to stick. "Music is all very nice and pretty," he once said to an elegant young preacher, "but you know it is the powder and shot that does the work."

The quarter was drawing to a close, and James Niggardly, Esquire, was somewhat in arrears with his class-money. It was no great amount, although it was thirteen weeks. The noble sum of a penny a week and a shilling a quarter was all that he owed. Mister Horn, with half as much to live upon, gave a pound for the ticket column, and thirteen shillings filled up the other page. But Mister Horn, folks said, was a "wonder"; and, remarkably enough in this ambitious world, nobody else coveted a similar distinction.

It was about supper-time that Mister Horn called at Stukeville for the class-money. Everything was very nice—extravagant, he thought, in his simplicity. He would not join them; he would sit by the fireplace until they had finished.

"I don't see, Mister Horn, why I shouldn't enjoy myself," said Jim Niggardly, guessing the visitor's thought, and feeling that the little gray eyes were upon him. "I worked hard for my money," and he helped himself to a dainty slice.

"Umph!" grunted Mister Horn in reply, and he thought of the penny a week and the shilling a quarter.

The supper finished, they sat opposite each other in front of the fire. They were alone, and now Mister Horn brought his chair nearer his friend; he liked to get at a man, as he called it. He went right to the point at once.

"Look here, Jim, how can you satisfy yourself with giving what you do to the work of God? Two shillings and a penny is all that you give in a quarter, besides a sixpence that they screw out of you at a collection now and then."

"Ah, times are hard, Mister Horn, times are hard, you know," said Jim, wiping his mouth after he had finished his glass of sherry.

Mister Horn's sharp eye followed the hand as it pat down the glass. After a minute's silence he rose to go, and held out his hand. "Well, good-night, Jim—good-night. My Master wants an answer, for I have come in His name, you know, and I am sure my blessed Master would never ask for anything from a man who could not afford it, much less would He beg for it. So I'll go home and tell Him that times are hard with Jim Niggardly, and that he has got nothing to give. Good-night, Jim."

"Oh, don't be in a hurry, Mister Horn; I didn't mean that exactly. You always take me up so sharp," and Jim was somewhat frightened at returning such an answer.

"I mean it right enough, Jim. There are times when a man can't give what he would like to, and he does right to speak out and say so, whatever folks may say or think. They have got no business to pry into any man's private matters. Jesus gave gifts among men, some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, but he didn't give any beggars, and I don't believe he wants any either. I like my 'Yes,' or 'No,' when I come in the Master's name, and then I go straight back and tell Him what answer I get. I can leave Him to deal with it then; and He can deal with it, Jim. When He sees any heart set upon giving, why He'll send an angel from heaven, if it's only with a mite from a poor widow. And if He sees it kept back and hoarded up, He can deal with it."

And Mister Horn took up the Bible that was lying within reach, and opened it at the Book of Haggai: "He can deal with it; listen to this: 'Thus saith the Lord of hosts: Consider your ways. Ye have sown much and bring in little;

ye eat, but ye have not enough; ye drink, but ye are not filled with drink; ye clothe you, and there is none warm; and he that earneth wages, earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes. . . . Ye looked for much, and, lo, it came to little; and when ye brought it home, I did blow upon it. Why? saith the Lord of hosts. Because of mine house that is waste, and ye run every man unto his own house." They said the times were hard whenever it was for the Lord's house, Jim."

"Really, Mister Horn," said Jim, taking out the two shillings and a penny, "you always do put things in such a dreadful way."

Then Mister Horn changed his tone. "Jim," he cried in a bantering way, "there's one thing that would do you a world of good. Shall I tell you what it is?"

Pausing a moment, Mister Horn went on: "It's just this, to have your butcher's bill for thirteen weeks only come to two shillings and a penny."

"What do you mean?" asked James Niggardly, Esquire, looking up with surprise.

"Mean what I say," Mister Horn continued. "No, not the butcher's bill only, but the baker's bill too, and the brewer's bill, ay, and the tailor's, the lot of 'em coming to two shillings and a penny! Oh, this poor body of thine, how it would fare!" laughed Mister Horn, as he thrust his thumb where Jim's ribs should have been. "This proud flesh of thine would come down, eh, friend? This broad-cloth would look bare, eh? The brewer's supply wouldn't need a dray to bring it, and the baker's bill wouldn't be worth calling for twice. Two shillings and a penny a quarter for Jim Niggardly's body! Oh, no, no, no," Mister Horn laughed; "two shillings and a penny, that's only for his soul, his soul!" Then Mister Horn spake gravely. "Two and a penny, Jim, for the bread of life and the wine of the kingdom, for the white robe and the hope of glory—two shillings and a penny for all!"

"Oh, but really," said Jim, annoyed, "it's absurd to put the two shillings together like that; we don't buy heaven in that style, as if it were sold by the pound or the yard."

"Is it, Jim, is it so very absurd?" and Mister Horn spoke yet more gravely, "What your body would be on two and a penny a quarter your soul is more like than I care to see it, Jim." Mister Horn laid his hand kindly on Jim's shoulder, "You've starved it, you know as well as I do—starved it till it can't hardly get about; starved it till it can't crawl either to prayer-meeting or class-meeting. I knew the time, and you too, when it had decent clothes as ever a soul wore. Kindness, love to God and man; but now it's all rags and tatters, and not so clean as it used to be, eh, Jim? Not so absurd, after all. You're starving it for this prosperity of yours; you know it as well as I do. And look ye, Jim Niggardly, ye'll get the worst of the bargain if you gain the whole world and give in exchange for it even this poor, starved, ragged soul of yours."

Jim was silent. He felt truly enough that it was not so absurd after all.

Mister Horn rose to leave. "Good-night, Jim," he said, holding out his hand; "I came to tell you what I thought as plainly as I could, and I have done it. If you don't see it now, you'll see it all some day, and God grant that it may not be too late in the day to mend."

Then Mister Horn went home to bed, and slept like a man who had done his duty not unkindly. Jim Niggardly went to bed too, but somehow did not rest comfortably—his mind was not at ease.

(To be continued.)

A MANLY BOY.

Mr. Thomas Hughes, author of "Tom Brown's School-Days" and "Tom Brown at Oxford," relates many anecdotes of the boyhood of his manly brother George, a year older than himself. Many of the most noble traits of the boys of whom the author wrote were first exhibited in his brother George.

The two boys were sent to school at an early age, and before they had been there a week, George shewed the fine stuff he was made of. His younger brother's class had a lesson in Greek history to get up, in which a part of the information communicated, was that Cadmus was the first man who "carried letters from Asia to Greece." When they came to be examined, the master asked Thomas Hughes, "Wha. vas Cadmus?" This mode of putting it puzzled the boy for a moment, when suddenly remembering the word "letters," and in connection with it the man with the leather bag who used to bring his father's letters and papers, he shouted, "A postman, sir." At first the master looked very angry, but seeing the answer had been given in perfect good faith, and that the answerer had sprung to his feet expecting promotion to the head of the class, he burst out laughing.

Of course all the boys joined in the chorus, and when school was over Thomas was christened Cadmus. To this he would have made no great objection, but the blood was kindled in his veins when the word was shortened into "Cad." The more angry he grew the more eagerly some of them persecuted him with the hated nickname; especially one stupid fellow of twelve years old or so, who ought to have been two classes higher, and revenged himself for his degradation among the youngsters, by making their small lives as miserable as he could.

A day or two after, with two or three boys for audience, he shut up the Hughes in a corner of the play-ground, and greeted him with the nickname he knew to be so offensive, "Cad, Cad," until the boy's wrath was beyond bounds. Suddenly a step was heard tearing down the gravel walk, and George, in his shirt-sleeves, swept into the circle, and sent the tyrant staggering back with a blow in the chest, and then, with clinched fists, bravely confronted him. Bullies are invariably cowards, and Tom Hughes' persecutor, though three years older, much heavier, and stronger than his assailant, did not dare to face him. He walked off, muttering and growling, much to the disgust of the boys, who, boy-like, had hoped for "a jolly row;" while George returned to his comrades, after looking around and saying, "Just let me hear any of you call my brother Cad again."

It is pleasant to relate that this manly gallant-spirited fellow was a capital student. He rose from class to class until he reached the highest, amongst boys two years older than himself, and in the competition for prizes was invariably successful.—*Harper's Young People.*

WHERE THE NOBLE HAVE THEIR COUNTRY.

Brighter than the glorious sunsets
Which delight this earthly clime,
Than the splendours of the dawns
Breaking o'er the hills of time,
Is the richness of the radiance
Of the land beyond the sun,
Where the noble have their country,
When the work of life is done.

With the deep, mysterious problems
Of their earthly life made plain,
All the bitter turned to sweetness,
All the losses golden gain;
And the new life's heavenly rapture
Far exceeding griefs of this,
Earth's hard toiling all forgotten
In the restfulness of bliss.

And the music of their welcome
From angelic lyres of gold,
Shall full often be repeated,
Yet it never shall grow old;
Music higher than earth's noblest,
Than all eloquence of words,
Than the sweetest of the carols
Of the gladdest of the birds.

—*Springfield Republican.*

GOING HOME.

Heimgang! So the German people
Whisper when they hear the bell
Tolling from some gray old steeple
Death's familiar tale to tell;
When they hear the organ dirges
Swelling out from chapel dome,
And the singers' chanting surges,
'Heimgang!' Always going home.

Heimgang! Quaint and tender saying
In the grand old German tongue
That hath shaped Melancthon's praying
And the hymns that Luther sung;
Blessed is our loving Maker,
That where'er our feet shall roam,
Still we journey towards 'God's Acre'—
'Heimgang!' Always going home.

Heimgang! We are all so weary,
And the willows, as they wave,
Softly sighing, sweetly, dreary,
Woo us to the tranquil grave.
When the golden pitcher's broken,
With its dregs and with its foam,
And the tender words are spoken,
'Heimgang!' We are going home.

THE RELIGION OF CHILDREN.

The religion of children is not so intensely spiritual, but it is intensely sincere. When your little boy says: "Ma, I'll feed the calves, or pick up the chips for you; I'll bring in the water," there is more religion in it than in many a long, cold, formal prayer. When your little girl offers to wash the dishes or sweep the kitchen, she means to be good, and be a Christian, and seeks some way to express it. Children join their faith and works together, and we are too apt to underrate these hopeful signs of a religious life. We think they ought to do these things naturally and willingly, yet we know it is not human nature to be always obliging and accommodating; but, on the contrary, it is natural to be selfish and lazy. So, when the boy of ten who loves fun wants to help the little six-year-old wash his face and comb his hair, kindly puts on his comforter and brings his hat and mittens, then takes him by the hand and the start off together on a slow gallop, just fast enough for the little fellow to keep up and enjoy the fun, set it down as a very hopeful sign that the older boy is a Christian, and the little one soon will be. If we fail to recognize the spirit of the Master in that little boy's conduct, it is because we are blind and cannot see afar off. When the little girl who likes to sleep long in the morning, conquers her desire to please herself, and rises early, helps her mother by taking care of baby and making herself useful, the only true reason for it all is, that she is trying to be a Christian. It is the dawning of a religious life manifesting itself in good works.

How important is this point in the child's history, and how careful we ought to be not to cast a stumbling block in the way. If we fail to see the effort it costs our little ones to do what they are trying to do, and we blame them where we ought to encourage, they soon give up trying to please, and only do what we compel them to do, in a hard, defiant manner, instead of the cheerful, loving way in which they first set about it. While we are in sympathy with them all they do for us is spontaneous, and gushes out like a spring of pure water; but when we push and drive they become sluggish and lose their love, consequently lose their religion—for love is religion and religion is love. Christian parents too often fail to see these beautiful buds of promise, and blast them before they develop into perfectly rounded symmetrical Christians.—*Mrs. Humes.*

WEARY WOMEN.

Nothing is more reprehensible and thoroughly wrong than the idea that a woman fulfils her duty by doing an amount of work that is far beyond her strength. She not only does

not fulfil her duty, but she most signally fails in it, and the failure is truly deplorable. There can be no sadder sight than that of a broken-down, over-worked wife and mother—a woman that is tired all her life through. If the work of the household cannot be accomplished by order, system and moderate work, without the necessity of wearing, heart-breaking toil, toil that is never ended and never begun, without making life a treadmill of labour, then, for the sake of humanity, let the work go. Better live in the midst of disorder than that order should be purchased at so high a price, the cost of health, strength, happiness, and all that makes life endurable. The woman who spends her life in unnecessary labour is unfitted for the highest duties of home. She should be the haven of rest to which both husband and children turn for peace and refreshment. She should be the careful, intelligent adviser and guide of the one, the tender confidant and helpmate of the other. How is it possible for a woman exhausted in body, as a natural consequence in mind also, to perform either of these offices? No, it is not possible. The constant strain is too great. Nature gives way beneath it. She loses health and spirits and hopefulness, and, more than all, her youth, the last thing that a woman should allow to slip from her; for, no matter how old she is in years, she should be young in heart and feeling, for the youth of age is sometimes more attractive than youth itself. To the over-worked woman this green old age is out of the question; old age comes on her ere and yellow before its time. Her disposition is ruined, her temper is soured, and her very nature is changed by the burden which, too heavy to carry, is dragged along as long as wearied feet and tired hands can do their part. Even her affections are blunted, and she becomes merely a machine—a woman without the time to be womanly, a mother without the time to train and guide her children as only a mother can, a wife without the time to sympathize with and cheer her husband, a woman so over-worked during the day, that when night comes her sole thought and most intense longing are for the rest and sleep that very probably will not come, and, even if it should, that she is too tired to enjoy. Better by far let everything go unfinished, to live as best she can, than to entail on herself the curse of over-work.—*Sanitary Mag.*

NEITHER ILL NOR THIRSTY.

A man of temperate habits was once dining at the house of a free drinker. No sooner was the cloth removed from the dinner-table than wine and spirits were produced and he was asked to take a glass of spirits and water. "No, thank you," said he, "I am not ill." "Take a glass of ale." "No, thank you," said he, "I am not thirsty." The answers produced a loud burst of laughter.

Soon after this, the temperate man took a piece of bread from the sideboard, and handed it to his host, who refused it, saying that he was not hungry. At this the temperate man laughed in his turn. "Surely," said he, "I have as much reason to laugh at you for not eating when you are not hungry, as you have to laugh at me for declining medicine when not ill, and drink when I am not thirsty."

FIFTY years ago it was unpopular for clergymen, professors in the colleges, and teachers in the common schools, not to drink intoxicants; to-day it is unpopular for them to drink them. Fifty years ago liquors were found upon the mantelpiece, in the pantries and cellars of almost all families. Now it is confined to the drug stores and saloons almost exclusively.

I SEEM to myself in a merciless mood, but I must further protest against the confession of sins, and communication of self-reproach! I speak from experience, that no self-reproach serves the purpose but that which is bound in rigid silence upon the conscience, admitting no alleviating air to lessen the smart. All oral confession partakes of the evil which the Catholic Church has brought to perfection. We even practically confound confession with atonement, and feel lightened of our burthen after apparent humiliation, as if we had done great things towards getting rid of offences by having admitted their existence.—*Baroness Bunsen.*

To blaspheme against the Holy Spirit is not to utter mere ribald words of profane import. It is to outrage the Spirit by refusing it admission. It is to turn away God from the heart's doors with contumelious rejection of His loving and saving approach. To be accepted is all God really asks from His children: their childish, ignorant, and perverse denials and aspersions of His majesty, with all other wickedness, He can forgive, for His accepted presence will purge all away; but He cannot bless with forgiveness the soul which persists in an attitude of hostile alienation, for He cannot reach it with His healing, reconciling influences, whether in this world or another.—*Jos. May.*

ENJOY the present, whatsoever it may be, and be not solicitous for the future: for if you take your foot from the present standing, and thrust it forward towards to-morrow's event, you are in a restless condition. It is like re-using to quench your present thirst by fearing you shall want drink the next day. If it be well to-day it is madness to make the present miserable by fearing it may be ill to-morrow,—when your belly is full of to-day's dinner to fear that you shall want the next day's supper; for it may be you shall not, and then to what purpose was this day's affliction? But if to-morrow you shall want, your sorrow will come time enough, though you do not hasten it; let your trouble tarry till its day comes. But if it chance to be ill to-day, do not increase it by the cares of to-morrow. Enjoy the blessings of this day if God send them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day only is ours,—we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow. He, therefore, that enjoys the present if it be good, enjoys as much as is possible; and if only that day's trouble leans upon him, it is singular and finite. "Sufficient to the day (said Christ) is the evil thereof;" sufficient, but not intolerable. But if we look abroad, and bring into one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will never be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable.—*Jacemy Taylor.*

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE anniversary services in Erskine Church, Toronto, were conducted on Sabbath last by the Rev. H. M. Parsons in the forenoon, and by the Rev. S. J. Hunter in the evening. The attendance on both occasions was very large. It is only a year ago since the congregation took possession of their new church, and it has been a year of unbroken harmony and marked advancement.

THE Rev. P. M. McLeod began his ministry in Central Church, Toronto, on Sabbath last, by preaching at both diets of worship, on Rom. i. 16: "For I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." The attendance, especially in the evening, was large, and the interest manifested of the most encouraging description. Everything connected with this settlement seems to indicate that Mr. McLeod may say with special emphasis, "I being in the way, the Lord led me."

THE Cambay correspondent of the Lindsay "Post" gives the following account of a Sabbath school picnic in that district, and accompanies it with some sensible remarks, of which a good many elsewhere might be all the better of taking a note. "The Sabbath school in connection with the Presbyterian church here held a picnic in Mr. Berkley's grove on Thursday, the 8th inst. There was a nice attendance of children and parents, and an enjoyable afternoon was spent. Some excellent singing was furnished by the choir of the school. We fall in with the action of one of the reverend gentlemen present, and that was to address the children on the following Sabbath. This is a line which we hope others will follow, for the idea of asking the children out for an afternoon's pleasure and then compelling them to listen to speeches, which, no matter how entertaining to the elders, are not so to the children, is a rather fallacious one. So now, Sunday school friends, when you bring out your scholars, dispense with so many speeches, and if you want to have ministers to address the children, have it done in the church, properly announced, and I warrant you the children will turn out as well as they do to a picnic. While we are on this topic would it not be well for our reverend friends to give a 'children's sermon' more frequently than they do?"

FROM an extract from a sermon preached by the pastor of Knox Church, Ottawa, on the 2nd of May last, and published by request of the session, we glean the following facts: Five years ago the membership of the church was 135. During the interval 183 names have been added, or an average of about 36½ per annum. The number removed during the same period has been 70; so that now the membership stands at 248 or a net average gain of 22 per annum. The number of baptisms has been 70. The names on the roll of the Sabbath school have increased from 127 to 170, while the average attendance has risen from 58 to 112. The prayer meeting though increasing does not keep pace with the increase of the membership. The total contributions of the congregation for all purposes, during the past five years, have amounted to \$30,522.26. Of this amount the Ladies' Association raised \$1,243.57. The contributions to the different schemes of the Church have been \$1,733.37. From these figures we learn that the average annual contributions of the congregation for all purposes have amounted to \$6,104.45, and that the average annual amount contributed to the schemes of the Church has been \$346.45. The amount contributed by the Sabbath school during these five years has been \$439.88, or an annual average of nearly \$88. Of this amount \$165 were given to Missions. The total contributions of the congregation, including the Sabbath school, have during the past five years amounted to \$30,962.14, and to the schemes of the Church \$1,898.37. From these figures we learn that the average membership for the five years has been 225, or 90 more than the total membership of 1875; and that the contributions have averaged, per member, for the five years \$137.61, or an annual average, per member, of \$27.52. But as many others besides members in full communion have contributed to the revenue of the Church, the real average per member is not so high as this. While we mention the above as connected with Knox Church, Ottawa, we at the same time beg to guard against the possibility of our being mistaken by adding that in

the paper sent us there is no hint as to the particular Knox Church meant, so that we have had to be guided simply by the fact that the document bears the name of an Ottawa printer.

PRESBYTERY OF BRUCE.—This Presbytery held its regular meeting at Paisley on the 5th and 6th inst. Mr. James A. Anderson, B.A., having passed a creditable examination in the prescribed subjects, and having read the usual trial discourses, was licensed to preach the Gospel. Rev. James T. Paterson having intimated his acceptance of the call extended to him by Hanover and North Normanby, an adjourned meeting of Presbytery was appointed to be held at Hanover on the 22nd inst., to hear his trials, and, if sustained, to ordain and induct him into that pastoral charge. Mr. John Ferguson to preach, the Moderator, Mr. Moffat, to preside and to address the people, and Dr. Bell to address the minister. The Presbytery granted a certificate of membership to Mr. Joseph Whytock.—A. G. FORBES, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF HAMILTON.—This court met on the 20th inst., present nineteen ministers and seven elders. Mr. Lyle submitted a motion regarding evangelistic services, which was considered, and after two slight amendments was adopted; viz.: That the Presbytery recommend the sessions within the bounds to consider the desirableness of holding special evangelistic services during the coming winter; and in event of their deciding to hold such, further recommend that the ministers of our own Church and of other evangelical Churches be asked to conduct these services. The discussion was animated and thorough, and a great degree of unanimity was manifested as to the inexpediency of employing the services of evangelists not duly authorized by some branch of Christ's Church. Mr. T. Scouler underwent his trials and was duly licensed to preach the Gospel. Leave was granted to sell the manse property at Chippawa. An interim session was appointed for Fort Erie. Nelson was separated from Kilbride and united with Burlington under the pastoral care of Mr. Abraham. A petition for organizing a congregation in the school-house on Pearl street, Hamilton, was received, and its prayer granted; and Mr. Lyle with an elder from each congregation and Mr. Black, Session Clerk of Central Church, were appointed to organize the congregation. Mr. Thomas Wilson was received as a student for the preparatory class of Knox College.—JOHN LAING, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF WHITBY.—This Presbytery met in St. Paul's Church, Bowmanville, on the 20th July, Mr. Walter M. Roger, M.A., Moderator. There was little business before the meeting. The Home Mission Committee reported that there was no vacant congregation requiring supply, no aid-receiving congregation, and no mission station, within the bounds of the Presbytery. Messrs. Crozier, Abraham, Roger, and Carmichael were appointed the Committee for the next year. The Commissioners to the General Assembly reported their diligence. Six out of eight had attended, and their travelling expenses were ordered to be paid by the Treasurer. The members of Presbytery reported their action anent the instructions given at last meeting in reference to parental training. The reports were accepted as satisfactory. The Synod of Toronto and Kingston had authorized the Presbytery to take Mr. James Ross on public probationary trials. Mr. Ross passed a very creditable examination on all the subjects prescribed, and was licensed to preach the Gospel. Mr. Crozier gave notice that at next meeting he would move that we hold Presbyterial visitations in our several congregations. It was agreed that at next meeting, which is to be held at Whitby on the third Tuesday in October, the evening sederunt be devoted to a conference on the state of religion, and a small committee was appointed to make the necessary arrangements.—A. A. DRUMMOND, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF GUELPH.—This Presbytery met on Tuesday, the 20th inst., in Knox church, Guelph. A good deal of the business transacted was of a routine character, not generally interesting. A committee was appointed to prepare a scheme for missionary meetings. The list of vacancies, etc., within the bounds was revised, the Treasurer reported, etc. A letter was read from Mr. Evan Macaulay, probationer, signifying his acceptance of the call he had received from West Puslinch, after which it was agreed that his induction take place on Tuesday, 3rd August, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. J. K. Smith to preach, Mr. Torrance to preside and address the minister, and

Dr. McKay the people. A long interview was held with Mr. Henry Knox: who wished to be employed under the supervision of the Presbytery, after which a resolution was carried encouraging him to continue in the work in which he has been engaged for some time, in meeting with families and urging the promotion of family worship; and with audiences, and pressing on them the things that belong to their peace; and appointing a committee, Dr. Wardrope, Convener, to assist him by their counsel and instruction as circumstances may require. A communication was submitted from the Synod Treasurer, stating that thirty-seven dollars would be required from the Presbytery as their proportion to the Synod Expense Fund. The Clerk was instructed to divide this among the different congregations in the bounds, according to the number of families in each.

PRESBYTERY OF MAITLAND.—This Presbytery met in Kincardine on Tuesday, 13th inst. The roll of the Presbytery was made up. All the ministers were present except Messrs. Grant, Davidson, and McNaughton. There was a fair attendance of elders. Rev. G. Brown was appointed Moderator for the next six months. Mr. C. Rutherford appeared before the Presbytery asking to be certified to the Board of Examiners of the College. A committee was appointed to examine him, consisting of Messrs. McQuarrie and Cameron, ministers, and Bennett, elder. Rev. T. Muir and D. King, elder, were appointed to audit the Treasurer's book. Mr. Dickson, the Treasurer of the Presbytery, gave in his report, which was received and the thanks of the Presbytery given to him. Messrs. Wilkins, McQuarrie, Leask, and Murray, ministers, and Dickson, elder, were appointed to estimate the amount required to carry on the business of the Presbytery during the year. A deputation consisting of Messrs. Sutherland and Cameron were appointed to visit the congregation of Ashfield. Commissioners to the Assembly reported their diligence to the business of that Court and gave a statement of their expense. The Clerk was instructed to write to all the congregations regarding the amount expected from each to meet this expense. Mr. Cameron gave in the Home Mission report which was received and adopted. Messrs. Cameron, Leask, Taylor, and Leitch, ministers, Lockhart and Malcolm, elders, were appointed the Home Mission Committee of the Presbytery. Messrs. Ross, McKay, and Hamilton, ministers, Strachan and McLaughlin, elders, were appointed to examine the statistical and financial returns of the Presbytery to the General Assembly and report what each congregation has done, per family and communicant, for the support of Gospel ordinances, the schemes of the Church, and for other purposes. Mr. Cameron was appointed to moderate in a call in Chalmers' Church, Kincardine township. Messrs. Ross, Brown, and Sutherland, ministers, were appointed to consider the whole matter of holding Presbyterial visitations and report to next meeting.—R. LEASK, *Pres. Clerk*.

PRESBYTERY OF LONDON.—This Presbytery met in Dr. Proudfoot's church on Tuesday, the 20th inst. The attendance both of ministers and elders was large. The resignation by the Rev. Mr. Henderson of the charge of Komoka was taken up, when after considerable discussion it was agreed by a majority that Mr. Henderson's resignation be not accepted, but that the committee already existing to bring in deliverances on such cases as this be enlarged, and that it be asked to bring in a deliverance upon this and similar cases. The delegates from the congregations of West Williams and North-east Adelaide were then heard with regard to the union of the churches. It was moved by the Clerk, seconded by Mr. Fraser, that the churches be united, the same to take effect on the first Sabbath in August. Some appeals from decisions of sessions, and other matters of no public interest, took up a considerable portion of the time of the Presbytery. The delegates to the Assembly reported what had been done, especially that the division of the Presbytery had been disapproved of by the supreme court. Standing committees were appointed. The office of Mission Convener was separated from that of Presbytery Clerk, and the salaries attached to each fixed. Dr. Proudfoot applied on behalf of the London East congregation, for leave to moderate in a call at the request of the congregation between this and the next meeting of the Presbytery. He also asked the Presbytery to recommend the Home Mission Committee to increase the supplement to \$300 or \$400. He believed that if a settled pastor were once located

there the church would be self-sustaining in the course of a few years. Mr. Cheeseborough, Chairman of the Committee, supported the claims and said that there were some seventy communicants. With the grant asked for, the congregation would be able to pay a pastor \$700 per annum. The request was granted, and the congregation were requested to present a financial statement at the next meeting of the Presbytery. Mr. Johnson, of Lobo, delivered his trial discourses prior to ordination, which were accepted. Upon motion of the Clerk, Mr. Johnson's ordination and induction were fixed to take place at Lobo church on Tuesday, the 3rd August. Mr. Goldie to preach, Mr. Wells to address the minister, and Mr. A. Henderson the people.

PRESBYTERY OF MONTREAL.—This Presbytery held a quarterly meeting in St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on Tuesday, the 13th of July. There was a large attendance of ministers. Rev. Mr. Stewart, the retiring Moderator, constituted the meeting. The Rev. Mr. Mackie, of Lachute, was chosen Moderator for the next six months. Seventeen elders' commissions were read; four of whom, Messrs. Spence, Inglis, G. A. Fletcher and Capt. Ross Kerr, being present, took their seats as members of court. The following students in Divinity were transferred to the Presbyteries within whose limits they were residing, for the purpose of being taken on trials for license, viz: J. F. McLaren, to the Presbytery of Owen Sound; J. K. Baillie, to Barrie Presbytery; C. McLean, to Glengarry; M. D. M. Blakeley, to Lanark and Renfrew; J. A. Anderson, to Bruce, and Wm. Shearer, to Stratford. The following students having been taken on trials by the Presbytery of Montreal, had their trials sustained, and were licensed to preach the Gospel: Alex. H. McFarlane, Thos. A. Nelson and Theodore A. Bouchard. An examining committee was appointed for the next twelve months—Rev. Jas. Watson, M.A., Convener; Donald Ross, B.D., Secretary; A. B. Cruchet, D. Paterson, M.A.; D. W. Morison, B.A.; Jas. McCaul, B.A.; and George Coull, M.A. It was resolved that the examination of students applying for license should hereafter be conducted in writing; that a written exercise be prescribed to those students residing within the bounds during the summer months, to be submitted to the Presbytery in July or October of each year as may best suit the convenience of students; that subjects of trials be prescribed to students applying for license as soon as possible after leave has been obtained from the Synod. Session records were examined and reported on and duly attested. Rev. Mr. Wright and the Clerk were appointed to draw up a minute expressing the mind of the Presbytery in reference to the Rev. James Wellwood, B.A., who had been appointed to the mission field in Manitoba. A requisition for moderation in a call at St. Louis de Gonzague was read and granted, the Presbytery to meet for this purpose on Monday, the 26th of July, at seven p.m., Rev. R. H. Warden to preach and preside. The Committee appointed at last meeting to make necessary arrangements in connection with meeting of General Assembly reported, through Rev. Mr. Warden, that there was a balance on hand of \$200 which had been devoted to the building fund of the Point Aux Trembles mission school. The Committee, and especially the Convener, received the thanks of the Presbytery. The report of the Presbytery's Home Mission was read, and the resolution adopted that missionary meetings be held this year, as last, in the month of September. The Committee on evangelistic services was continued; Rev. Mr. Wright as Convener, and Rev. J. J. Casey added to Committee. Rev. Jas. Stewart, of Arundel, received the permission of the Presbytery to collect within the bounds for church purposes within his large mission field.—JAMES PATTERSON, Pres. Clerk.

REMEMBER the words of the Lord Jesus how He said: "I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no man cometh unto the Father but by me."

AS nearly as can be ascertained there are thirty-three missionary societies labouring in Africa. Their adherents number, including Madagascar, about 500,000. 240,000 are in Madagascar, 180,000 in South Africa, 50,000 on the West Coast, and the remainder in Egypt and Abyssinia. If we add the West Indies with their negro converts to this list, numbering, as they do, more than 300,000, we shall find the African race comprising one-half of all the converts of Christian missions, even without including the natives of South America and the freedmen of the South.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON XXXII.

Aug 8 } **ABRAM AND LOT.** { Gen. xiii. 1-18.
1880. }

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee."—Gen. xiii. 8.

HOME STUDIES.

M. Gen. xiii. 1-18... Abram and Lot.
Tu. Ps. xxvi. 1-12... "Gather not my soul with Sinners."
W. Ps. ci. 1-8... "Mine eye shall be upon the Faithful."
Th. Prov. iv. 14-27... "Remove thy Foot from Evil."
F. 1 Tim. vi. 6-16... The Love of Money.
S. Ps. lxxii. 1-12... Set not your Heart upon Riches.
Sab. Luke xii. 15-21... Beware of Covetousness.

HELPS TO STUDY.

At the close of our last lesson we found that Abram, shortly after his arrival in the Land of Canaan, was compelled by famine to sojourn for a time in Egypt.

Here, driven by the "fear of death" (Heb. ii. 15), from which even he was not entirely free, he sinned in concealing the fact that Sarai was his wife.

His sin brought him trouble, and the noble patriarch, the "friend of God" was subjected to the humiliation of receiving merited reproof from the lips of an idolater.

The Bible is the book of truth, and records the faults of good men as well as their virtues.

"There is no man that sinneth not" (1 Kings viii. 46), but the good man strives against sin, and his failures in the strife send him to God for strength to enable him to overcome.

The teachings of our present lesson may be arranged under the following heads: (1) *Strife between Brethren*, (2) *The way of Peace*, (3) *A Good Chance and a Bad Choice*, (4) *A Blessing to the Liberal Soul*.

I. STRIFE BETWEEN BRETHREN.—Vers. 1-7. Pasture and wells of water were the chief subjects of contention in patriarchal times, especially the latter, about which we find difficulties arising between Abram and Abimelech (Gen. xxi. 25), as also between the herdsmen of Isaac and the herdsmen of Gerar (Gen. xxvi. 20).

Abram and Lot were brethren: (1) because they were both men; (2) because they were both Hebrews; (3) because one of them was the son, and the other the grandson, of Terah; (4) because they were both worshippers of the true God. Even where only the first and weakest of these ties exist there should be no strife except in behalf of truth and righteousness. The last is the strongest. The strife of sects, internal dissensions in Churches, quarrels in congregation and in professing families, do not tend to give religion a favourable aspect in the eyes of the Canaanite and the Perizite who dwell in the land.

II. THE WAY OF PEACE.—Vers. 8-9. If poverty has its distresses, wealth has its own peculiar difficulties and dangers. Abram and Lot had become too rich to dwell together in peace. Their riches consisted largely of flocks and herds which required wide pastures and convenient water. In these circumstances it was but natural that their herdsmen, zealous for the interests of their respective masters, should come into conflict.

Is not the whole land before thee? Abram never heard Christ's sermon on the Mount but the Holy Spirit had taught him the substance of it, and in his dealings with Lot he evinced the true spirit of Christian self-sacrifice. As the elder of the two he might have insisted on his own right to the choice of location, but this would not have been the way of peace; and there being no principle at stake, he sacrificed his own interest and yielded the choice to his nephew. There are those living in the world at the present day whose souls have all true nobility so trodden out of them that they cannot understand how anyone but a simpleton could act in this manner; and there are also those who are quite able and willing to appreciate and admire such generosity in others, but who, when an opportunity for its exercise is presented to themselves, instinctively recollect that "it behoves a man to be smart;" but all are not so, for even in the present age the Lord raises up "children unto Abraham," in generosity as in faith.

The following anecdotes from the "S. S. Times" are apt illustrations of the power of a soft answer to turn away wrath, and it is pleasant to think that such events are not at all of rare occurrence.

"A good Quaker physician who was well known in the city in which he lived for his benevolence, when driving out one day in his carriage, accidentally got in the way of a dray. The drayman immediately assailed him with the most violent abuse. The physician got out of the way, excused himself and said, 'My name is Dr. —; if any of thy friends should ever be sick and need help, send for me, and I shall gladly do them what good I can.' The angry man at once grew calm, and, with a good deal of shamefacedness, apologized for his unreasonable anger."

"Two farmers, who had hitherto been close friends, quarrelled about the possession of a brook which afforded good trout-fishing. Neither would yield to the other, and the case was taken to law. Before the matter was decided, however, the person whose claim seemed to be the stronger said to himself, 'If I gain this case I shall lose my friend.' He at once went over to his neighbour, and told him that he resigned all claim to the brook. The other, not to be outdone in generosity, refused to accept his offer. Finally they came to an agreement by which the use of the brook was secured to both. This mutual forbearance put an end to strife, and united them in closer friendship than before."

III. A GOOD CHANCE AND A BAD CHOICE.—Vers. 10-13. Lot was a good man—as one said, "a good man with a great many faults." He is spoken of in the New Testament (2 Pet. ii. 7) as a "just" man, whose soul was

"vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked;" but his conduct on this occasion betrays a deficiency in self-denial, in wisdom, and in true nobility.

Then Lot chose him all the plain of Jordan. A truly noble soul would have echoed Abram's generosity, courteously declined his offer, and requested him, as the superior in every way, to make whatever arrangements he considered best for both. But Lot was too mean for that. He clutched at the offer, and made a hasty choice, on extremely low considerations, sacrificing the moral to the material, and apparently preferring the well-being of his cattle to that of his children.

But the men of Sodom were wicked, and we can scarcely suppose that Lot was not aware of that fact. He had been in the country before, and the wickedness of Sodom was notorious. His error was that he was altogether too careful in keeping his religion distinct and separate from his worldly affairs. This error he probably discovered afterwards; but at the time of his making this choice he appears before us as the representative of a large class who think that religion is all very well in its own place and at its own time—its place being the church, and its time the Sabbath—but that it should never be allowed to break out of these bounds or intermeddle with the ordinary affairs of life, or even with its important decisions, such as the choice of an occupation and the formation of business and family alliances. Lot could drag out a "vexed" existence in Sodom without falling into the gross sins of its inhabitants; but what of his children and his children's children?

IV. A BLESSING TO THE LIBERAL SOUL.—Vers. 14-18. Abram lost nothing by his generosity. The repetition of the promise shews that it was not affected by the transaction with Lot. The inheritance was still unbroken. He prospered abundantly; but he had a joy such as no earthly possession could give, in looking forward to the fulfilment of the promise in its highest aspect, for he saw the day of Christ "and was glad" (John viii. 56).

EXPOSITORY BIBLE READINGS.

BY REV. J. A. DICKSON, GALT.

No. III.—Separation. "Come out from among them and be ye separate," etc. 2 Cor. vi. 17-18.

SEPARATION FROM.

This is the conclusion of an argument marked by "therefore." An argument setting forth the unnatural character of any fellowship of Christians with the ungodly. This is an Old Testament call, and teaches us that God's people have always been a separate people.

I. God's people a separate people: Called out of the world of the ungodly, Gen. xii. 1; Gen. xix. 12-14; Isai. xlviii. 20; Jer. i. 8; Rev. xviii. 4; Rom. i. 6.

II. God's people are to abide in separation from all evil in the world, Ephes. v. 11-12; Ephes. v. 1-7; Ps. i. 1-2; Ps. xxvi. 4-5; Prov. iv. 14-15; Prov. ix. 6; 1 Cor. x. 21-22; 2 Cor. vi. 14-16; Ezra vi. 21-22; 1 Pet. ii. 11; 1 Thess. iv. 3-7; Acts xv. 29; Rom. xii. 9; 1 Thess. v. 22.

III. God's people are to abide in jealous separation from all evil in the Church also, Numb. xvi. 24-33; (1) Erroneous doctrine, 1 Tim. vi. 35; 2 John ix. 11; (2) Disorderly walking, 2 Thess. iii. 6; xiv. 15; (3) Those causing divisions, Rom. xvi. 17; (4) Those of evil life, 1 Cor. v. 11; (5) Those spiritually dead, 2 Tim. iii. 1-5.

SEPARATION UNTO.

IV. Christians are separated unto God, 2 Cor. vi. 17-18; Ps. iv. 3; Levit. xx. 26; Ps. cxxxv. 4; 1 Kings viii. 53; Titus ii. 14; Song of Solomon vii. 10; Deut. xxxii. 9; Exod. xix. 5; also—

(a) *To God's people as brethren*, Ephes. ii. 19; Gal. iii. 26; Heb. iii. 6.

(b) *To fellowship and fullness of joy*, Amos. iii. 3; 1 John i. 3, 4-7; 1 Thess. iii. 9; Acts ii. 42; Phil. i. 45.

(c) *To work for Christ*, Acts xiii. 2; Acts xxvii. 23; Mark xiii. 34; Rom. xii. 6-8; Rev. xxii. 17; 1 Thes. i. 78; John i. 40-46.

(d) *To waiting for Christ*, Thess. i. 9-10; 1 Cor. xi. 26; Rev. xxii. 7; xii. 20; Acts i. 11; 1 Thess. iv. 13-18; Phil. iii. 20; Heb. ix. 28; 1 Thess. iii. 11-13.

No. IV.—Imperfect Separation.

"Those which ye let remain of them shall be pricks in your eyes and thorns in your sides, and shall vex you in the land wherein ye dwell," Numb. xxxiii. 55.

"They shall not dwell in thy land, lest they make thee to sin against Me," Exod. xxiii. 33.

This is God's warning to His people against allowing any of the dwellers in the land to remain—against an imperfect conquest and possession of the promised inheritance—and it fitly shews forth the evils of imperfect separation from the world.

I. God told them how to act upon their going up into the Land of Promise, and that repeatedly: Exod. xxiii. 20-33; Ex. xxxiv. 10-17; Deut. vii.; Num. xxxiii. 50-56; Jos. xxxiii.

II. But they did not obey Him (Judges i. 21-36), and so it came to pass as Joshua said, (Josh. xxiii. 15); Hence these evils: (1) They relapsed into idolatry, Judges ii. 15; (2) They were spoiled and greatly distressed, Judges ii. 14-15; (3) Through marrying strangers they became idolatrous and were enslaved eight years, Judges iii. 5-8; (4) Oppressed by Jabin twenty years, Judges iv. 1-3; (5) They were made to dwell in caves and dens of the earth while their land was impoverished by Midian seven years, Judges vi. 2, 6.

There is a New Testament parallel to this in the spiritual experience of God's people. See the principle laid down in 1 Cor. x. 1-11.

III. Christian duty is exceedingly plain: 2 Peter i. 1-11; Ephs. iv. v., vi.; Rom. xii. to end of epistle; Col. iii. iv.

IV. Perils of imperfect obedience and consequent imperfect separation: 2 Peter i. 8-9; Matt. xii. 30; James i. 26; ii. 9; iii. 10-16; iv. 4; v. 9; Gal. v. 13-15.

V. Evil Fruits: (1) Carnality, 1 Cor. iii. 3; (2) Fornication, 1 Cor. v. 1-13; (3) Appealing to heathen tribunals, 1 Cor. vi. 1; (4) Deadening effects of observing ordinances without faith, 1 Cor. xi. 29, 30; (5) Exposure to legality, Gal. iii. 3, etc.]

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

HURRY UP.

There comes a small robin,
With song in the morning,
To my window keeps bobbin'
With these words of warning—
Hurry up! hurry up!

He don't like my snoozing
The best of the day,
And takes no excusing,
But trills his quick lay—
Hurry up! hurry up!

Surely language have birds,
As well as sweet throats,
For never were words
Attuned plainer to notes—
Hurry up! hurry up!

'Tis a different song
From that he will utter
By and by, when along
In full daylight he'll flutter—
Hurry up! hurry up!

'Tis half scold and half sad,
As if he were pained,
And yet somewhat "mad,"
To see me so chained
To such earthly things
As this sleep and this slumber,
While all nature rings
With songs without number—
Hurry up! hurry up!

FIVES.

A LITTLE STORY IN RHYME.

Five little sparrows, one sunny morn,
Eating their breakfast out in the corn;
Five little boys, cruel as boys can be,
Longing to kill those birds blithe and free;
Five little stones that whizzed in the air,
And fell all at once where the sparrows were;
Five little sparrows that flew safe away,
For sparrows are quicker than boys any day;
Five little boys who looked quite forlorn
As they wandered on through the waving corn.

A SPIDER'S CRADLE.

A CERTAIN spider—found in the southern part of Europe—makes a curious cradle to preserve her babies through the cold winter, so that the spider family shall not be exterminated. She makes a silk case somewhat the shape of a balloon upsidedown, not quite half an inch long, and fitted with a door, or cover, which may be opened, though she leaves it carefully closed. In this are placed the eggs, from which little spiders will come in the spring. To protect them from enemies and from cold the anxious mamma makes an outer case of exactly the same shape, only about an inch long, and of course larger all around, also fitted with a closed door. Between the two cases the space is stuffed with a golden-brown coloured silk, which she spins herself, and makes it warm and comfortable inside. The whole thing is hung to a bush, and left throughout the winter.

WHY EVERYBODY IS CROSS.

ONE day little John Wilson came running into the house where his little sister Mary was sewing. He held something in his hand which he had found in the back-yard.

"Oh, sister Mary!" said he; "I have found a pretty thing. It is a piece of red glass, and when I looked through it everything looked red too. The trees, the houses, the green grass, your face, and everything is red."

Mary replied, "Yes, it is very beautiful, and now let me shew you how to learn a useful lesson from it.

"You remember the other day you thought every person was cross to you.

"Now, you were like this piece of glass, which makes everything red because it is red. You were cross, so you thought everybody around you was cross too.

"If you are in good humour, and kind to everybody, they will seem kind to you."

TALKING ABOUT JESUS.

OLD Dr. Wisner, of Ithaca, used to tell of a little girl who kept coming to him, while superintendent of a Sabbath school, with a request to be transferred to a neighbouring class. For a time she would not give her reason. "Is not your teacher kind?" "Yes, very." "Does she not know the lesson, and tell you a great many good things?" "Oh, yes." "Does she make the lesson interesting?" "Yes, we all like to hear her talk, but,—." "But what?" "Well, sir, I can't help hearing what Miss—, the teacher of the next class, says to her scholars; and I find myself listening to her instead of our teacher." "What is that?" "Oh, sir, she is all the time talking to them about Jesus, and it sounds so good and sweet. My teacher scarcely ever talks to us about Jesus."

THE LOVE OF GOD.

HOW pleasant it must have been to have God walk with them in the garden," said Susie, "I wish that such things would happen now-a-days!" "Why, Susie," replied her father, "don't you remember the promise of Jesus to His Disciples just before He went up into Heaven, 'Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.' That was meant for us too. Jesus always seems so near when we are in the midst of His beautiful works?" "How kind and loving it was in God to give Adam the promise of a Saviour as soon as he became a sinner," said Mrs. Howard; "he no sooner felt himself in Satan's power than he was told his enemy would one day have that power taken away from him, when Christ, the second Adam, should bruise the serpent's head. The Bible is full of God's love from beginning to end, and so are our lives from first to last. Why is it that we do not love Him more?"

WHY IS THE SKY BLUE?

I WONDER what makes the sky blue instead of red, or green, or yellow?" asked a little boy.

"Don't you know that, you great big boy, six years old? The sky wants to be b'ue, so's to look like mamma's eyes and baby's eyes," cried four-year-old Johnny, stretching himself up to look tall, and not waiting to hear a wise answer. "That's what the sky wants to be b'ue for; I think b'ue a pretty colour, don't you?"

Dear, sweet Johnny! The loveliest beings in the world to him were his mother and the baby, and he will be safe and good and happy as long as he thinks so and keeps close to them.

"A GOOD name is better than precious ointment."—Eccles. vii. 1.

To become an able man in any profession whatever, three things are necessary—capacity, study and practice.

"GOOD-NIGHT; BUT GIVE ME YOUR HAND."

SUCH were the words of a dear little girl to her father as he sat by her couch one evening, and had bidden her good-night.

"Good-night; but give me your hand." She wished to feel the clasp of that father's hand till she fell asleep.

How sweet to know that if an earthly father delights to take the hand of his little daughter as she is about dropping to sleep, much more does our heavenly Father love to hold our hand in His as we go at night into the silent land of unconsciousness.

How blessed to feel that in answer to the prayer, "Good-night, Lord; but give me Thy hand," He will not leave nor forsake us; that in the grasp of that Father's hand his children may sleep the sleep which God gives to his beloved. If we take in ours that hand which was pierced for us upon the cross, even the night of adversity will be to us a good night. And in the valley of the shadow of death we will fear no evil. "Even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me." That hand will lead us in safety to that land of love, where the parting words "Good-night," shall be no longer spoken, for "there will be no night there," "for the Lamb is the light thereof."

WHAT WILL YOU SAY, SIR?

WHILE Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was in this country, he spent an evening in a company where an infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him with difficult questions. At length the native said:

"I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us all one question, namely: 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' Now, sir, I think I can say, Yes. What will you say, sir?"

When he had stopped, all present were silent. At length the lawyer said that, as the evening was far gone, they had better conclude it with prayer, and proposed that the native should pray. He did so; and as he poured out his heart to God, the lawyer could not conceal his feelings. Tears started from his eyes, and he sobbed aloud. All present wept too; and when they separated, the words, "What will you say, sir!" followed the lawyer home and did not leave him till they brought him to the Saviour.

A PRESIDENT'S GOOD ADVICE.

THE Indianapolis "Journal" publishes a letter from President Harrison to his young grandson, then at school. He says:

"Although learning is a great advantage, there is something still better; that is, to be good. I had much rather that you should want learning and be a good man, than to have all the learning in the world and be a bad man.

"You must, therefore, never do a bad act. Never tell a falsehood even if it be to shield yourself. If you do anything that is wrong, do not hesitate to confess it at once. I will cease to love you if I hear that you are in the habit of telling fibs."

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2nd. It aims to give a first-rate education at the lowest possible cost. The fees are only \$150 per annum, or a proportionate amount for a shorter time; and they include tuition, board, washing, fuel, light, etc.—every necessary expense except text-books.

3rd. Its curriculum and studies are precisely the same as in our best High Schools and Collegiate Institutes. But students attending this College have many advantages not to be obtained in most High Schools; such as board in College building, a reading-room well supplied with the best current news and literature, comfortable study-rooms, parlours, bedrooms, etc., gymnasiums, playgrounds, etc.

4th. It is aimed to make the Scientific Department as thorough as possible. A very complete chemical apparatus has been purchased in Philadelphia, suitable for Second Class and Intermediate work. Every student in the department will be required to become a practical experimenter.

5th. A Commercial Form is established in which students are thoroughly taught Commercial Arithmetic, Composition, and Book-keeping. Any student in the Commercial form may take any other subject in addition.

6th. Students who do not wish to prepare for any examination may take an optional course, and devote their time to special subjects.

7th. The means afforded for mental recreation are ample. Besides the reading room, there is a Literary Society which meets once a week, and a course of lectures by leading educationists and others will be delivered during the winter.

8th. The College building is so arranged that the sexes are separate except during recitations and in the dining-room. Boys and young men are under the charge of the House-master. Young ladies are under the Governoress.

9th. The Committee and officers hope to maintain a good moral tone in the school. Bible classes are held every Sunday afternoon. On Sunday evenings, lectures on morals, character, and conduct are delivered by the Principal.

The management hope, by dealing fairly and carrying out faithfully all that is undertaken, to secure a good class of students.—None but those willing to do work for its own sake are invited to attend. The idle and vicious, after a fair trial, will be got rid of. There are no prizes, scholarships, or rewards; no marking system or competitive examinations.

The management can confidently refer to the work done in the College during the last year. Classes have been specially formed for all the Professional and University Examinations. The results of the year's teaching in these classes will be detailed in the new "Announcement," which will be ready on August 20th. *Especially attention is given to the Government INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION, which is now the most important examination held in the Province.*

For full particulars, and for the "College Announcements," apply to
J. E. BRYANT, M.A.,
Principal, Pickering P.O.
Pickering, 30th July, 1880.

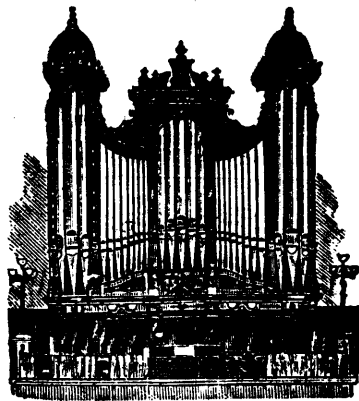
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PARIS.—At St. George, Sept. 20th, at half-past seven p.m., for Congregational Visitation; at Glenmorris, September 21st, at eleven a.m., for business, and at half-past seven p.m. for visitation.
CHATHAM.—At Ridgetown, August 3rd, at eleven o'clock a.m.
WHITBY.—At Whitby, on the third Tuesday of October, at eleven a.m.
LONDON.—In First Presbyterian Church, London, on the third Tuesday of September, at two p.m.
GUELPH.—In First Presbyterian Church, Guelph, on the third Tuesday of September, at ten a.m.
MONTREAL.—In St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on Tuesday, the 5th October, at eleven a.m.
BRUCE.—In St. Paul's Church, Walkerton, on the second Tuesday of Sept- mber, at two p.m.
STRATFORD.—In St. Andrew's Church, Stratford, on August 3rd, at half-past nine a.m.
PETERBORO.—At Cobourg, on 28th September, at half-past ten a.m.
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