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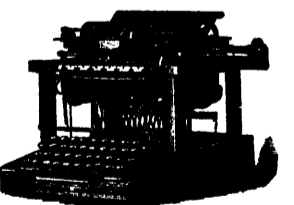
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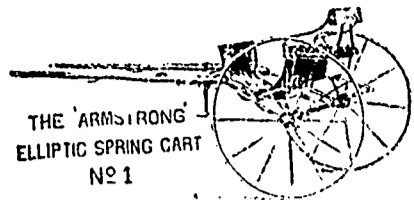
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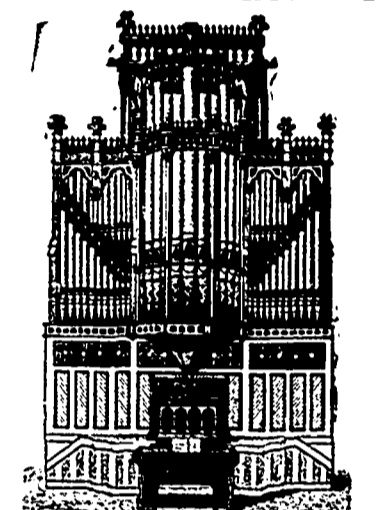
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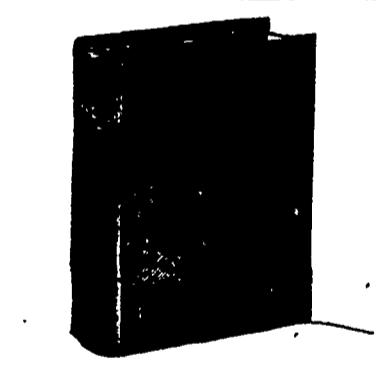


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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 21.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24th, 1892.

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Notes of the Week.

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THE Russian Government has ordered that no person shall become the minister of a Protestant congregation in Russia without first passing an examination in the Russian language. It has also announced that public worship in the Protestant congregations in the Baltic Provinces must, after May 1, 1892, be conducted in the Russian language alone. The Minister of the Interior has instructed the Lutheran pastors in Livonia to use the Russian language alone when corresponding with the Greek priests. The Greek Archbishop of Warsaw has been transferred to Moscow, that he may act the more energetically against the Stundists.

THE half of the railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem was opened on December 4 last, but it may not be generally known that the issue of the shares of the company have been entrusted to a bank in Paris, the directors of which are pronounced Ultramontane. They are believed to have taken it up with the view of making Jerusalem annually the resort of tens of thousands of pilgrims, besides the great influence they will be able to exercise in future over the inhabitants, so says Mr. H. Guedella in the *Jewish Chronicle*. Soon the shriek of the locomotive will be heard in the Holy City itself. It does seem a daring innovation, but it has been preceded by the electric light.

THE last issue of the *Quarterly Register*, the organ of the Alliance of the Reformed Churches, holding the Presbyterian system, announces that the fifth general Council will meet in Toronto on Wednesday, September 21, 1892. All papers and reports to be laid before the Council should be transmitted to the General Secretary without delay. Clerks of the different Churches are requested to send to the General Secretary, as soon as possible, lists of the delegates appointed by their respective Churches to attend the Council, with their addresses. The Rev. G. D. Mathews, D.D., is the General Secretary, and his address is 25 Christ Church Avenue, Brondesbury, London, N.W.

THE ex-Moderators of the Church of Scotland have nominated Rev. Professor Charteris, D.D., as Moderator of the next General Assembly. He is a native of Wamphray, Scotland, where he was born in 1835. He graduated M.A. at Edinburgh University in 1854. He was ordained at St. Quivox, Ayrshire, was translated afterwards to Newabbey, near Dumfries, and in 1863 succeeded Principal Caird as minister of Park Church, Glasgow. He was appointed professor of Biblical Criticism and Antiquities in Edinburgh University in 1868. Professor Charteris was the originator, in the last-named year, of the General Assembly's Committee on Christian Life and Work, and as he has acted as Convener of that Committee since its formation, he is the senior Convener of any of the

committees of Assembly. Under his guidance the Committee established the well-known monthly magazine *Life and Work*, which has now a circulation of over 100,000. The Committee has also been instrumental in reviving the order of Deacons in the Church, and in founding the Young Men's Guild, and more recently, the Woman's Guild. Senior Chaplain to Her Majesty for Scotland, Dr. Charteris is the author of—besides lectures and pamphlets—"Life of Professor James Robertson, D.D.," 1863; "Canonicity: a collection of early testimonies to the Canonical books of the New Testament," 1881; and "The New Testament Scriptures," 1883—the latter work being the Croall lecture in 1882. The nomination of Professor Charteris to fill the highest office in the Church will doubtless be an exceedingly popular one. In all the great debates in the Assembly of recent years Dr. Charteris has been a prominent figure, his position, although he has not always commanded a majority of the house, having been marked by moderation and a spirit of conciliation towards those who differed from him.

THE Commission of Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland has nominated the Rev. Professor W. G. Blaikie to be Moderator of the ensuing General Assembly. William Garden Blaikie was born in Aberdeen on February 5, 1820. The Moderator-elect of the Assembly of the Free Church was educated at the Grammar School and Marischal College, graduating M.A. in his native town. With the view of qualifying for the work of the ministry, he studied divinity in Edinburgh University. Having been licensed in 1842, he was shortly afterwards ordained minister of the parish of Drumblade. After the Disruption he was called to found the Church of Pilrig, Edinburgh, which was erected by the family of Mr. Balfour, of Pilrig, and some of their friends. There he was minister till 1868, when he was appointed to the Chair of Apologetics and Pastoral Theology in the New College, Edinburgh. Professor Blaikie was editor for some years of the *North British Review*. He was also at one time editor of the *Free Church Magazine* and of *The News of the Churches*. He was a long time associated with the late Dr. Guthrie in the editorship of the *Sunday Magazine*. His best known works are "David, King of Israel;" a little book called "Better Days for Working People," which had an enormous circulation; later he edited the personal life of David Livingstone, and numerous other works on theological and philanthropic subjects. In 1864 the University of Edinburgh conferred on him the degree of D.D., and a few years later he received the degree of LL.D. from Aberdeen University. Dr. Blaikie has taken a fair share in the public work of the Church, especially in regard to mission and temperance work, and his theology has been pervaded by a liberal spirit. During some years he acted as European Secretary of the General Presbyterian Alliance. For ecclesiastical controversy, however, he has no taste, and he has seldom taken part in the proceedings of the General Assembly.

IN an interview with a representative of the *Scottish Leader*, Mr. Moody said that whilst eternity alone could tell what the results of the evangelistic movement have been, he had far more confidence now of great good having been done than he had at the outset. Where the advent of his colleague and himself had been preceded by preparation, and the work followed up after they had left, the results had been very gratifying. For example, there had been excellent results in Aberdeen, Dingwall, Dunfermline, Nairn and Wick. They had never had so much support from the ministers as during this visit, a fact particularly evident in the case of the Established Church, in which the evangelistic spirit seemed to be spreading. The only foundation for the opinion that it is desired to connect the movement closely with the Free Church is that in the north that Church is the strongest and its churches are therefore more resorted to than those of the other denominations. The great size of many of the churches in the outlandish districts had been a surprise to them. A defect, however, was the lack

of a hall for meeting with enquirers. Asked what he thought of Rev. Dr. Rankin's attack, Mr. Moody said that if they had known each other personally the minister of Muthill would not have used the strong language he did. A minister had told him that day that Dr. Rankin was a very fine man, and he, Mr. Moody, was very glad to hear it. The late Dr. Kennedy, of Dingwall, had given utterance to a similar dislike, which a personal interview would probably have completely changed. With regard to the remark of a journal that he would find Scotland very different this time from what it had been on former visits, he had simply to say that he found Scotland more cordial than ever. He had always been very fond of Scotland, and her people had always treated him well. They were very reticent and shy, but when a Scotchman was converted there was stability in him. Everywhere fruits of the work of 1873 and 1882 are being come across. The recent gathering in Edinburgh of ministers and Christian workers was the largest of the kind he had ever addressed, and gave him much encouragement.

THE news of Dr. Donald Fraser's death has evoked a sympathetic interest in Canada, where he was so well known. Reminiscences of him are being called up. The *London Advertiser* says: It will be interesting to know that for a number of years the father of this celebrated divine, John Fraser, was a resident of this city, having come from Inverness, Scotland. He was the first manager of the Bank of Montreal here, then a frame building on Dundas Street, nearly opposite where the Market Lane now is. Shortly after coming to Canada he married a daughter of the well-known Mr. Torrance, of Montreal. He always took an active part in the Liberal ranks. When Lord Elgin visited London Mr. Fraser was one of the delegates appointed to meet him at Nilestown, and drove from there in Lord Elgin's carriage. John Fraser was always a very pious man, and preached in Presbyterian churches in the city quite often. While driving friends out to London township one day a farmer's waggon and team, driven by a reckless driver, collided on the Proof Line near the old Montgomery House, upsetting it and breaking his leg. Death resulted from this accident. His remains were interred where St. Andrews Church now stands, but were afterwards transferred to the Scotch Cemetery, Adelaide Street North. The *Montreal Witness* has the following: Colonel D. Torrance Fraser, brother of the late Rev. Dr. Fraser, of London, had had a letter from Dr. Fraser in the end of January, in which he stated that he was then in excellent health and expected to pay a visit to Montreal in the course of the summer, as he was to attend the Pan-Presbyterian council in Toronto in the summer. Dr. Fraser's great tact made him invaluable to the Presbyterian Church, particularly in arranging matters of difficulty between congregations. It is remarkable that Dr. Fraser passes away within a few days of the Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's death. They were great friends, and both were admirers of Mr. Gladstone, with whom they were in complete accord, until the latter's Irish policy alienated them, as will be remembered by those who watched these events. His splendid powers of speech and eloquence on the platform also caused him to be sought after very much. Thus he had to pay many visits to new churches opening up, and to attend meetings for Christian evangelical work. In Canada—in Montreal especially—Dr. Fraser's fiery style and impassioned earnestness are still remembered. Cote Street Church often rang with his denunciation of evil and tyranny. The flowing locks and the bright burning eye of the then young Presbyterian minister often aided that index finger in fixing a point indelibly upon any one. "Dr. Fraser was the only minister that could rivet my attention or interest me as a boy," said a gentleman to Colonel Fraser, while speaking of the death of his brother. This same remark might be made of the rising generation of that day who attended Cote Street Church. To such as heard him Dr. Fraser's words will not be forgotten, and the sorrow at the news of his death will spread over a wide area in the Dominion.

Our Contributors.

THE FOREIGN MISSION SECRETARY.

BY KNOXONIAN.

The question of appointing a permanent Foreign Mission Secretary is creating so much interest that we may imagine the Presbyterians of Careyville holding a meeting to discuss the Remit sent down by the Assembly for the consideration of the Church. It requires no great flight of the imagination on the part of any one who knows Canadian Presbyterianism to give a report of the typical speeches delivered at the Careyville meeting. The first speech was by a well-known Presbyterian gentleman who speaks at nearly every Presbyterian meeting held in the country, especially those held in the Scotch settlements. His name is Mr. Obstinate. Mr. Obstinate is a member of a large family and a well connected gentleman, being a lineal descendant of the gentleman of that name who figures so prominently in Bunyan's Pilgrim Progress. His speech was vigorous and was well received by his friends, though a majority of the meeting did not seem to be much impressed. He spoke as follows—

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen,—I am opposed to these innovations. I want to do things as they were done before. That is what I want. The Fathers had no Mission Secretary, and why should we want one? The Apostles had no Mission Secretary. John Knox never said a word about a Mission Secretary. Now what I want is just to go on and do things as they were done before. There are too many new things in the Church, too many Committees and Conveners and Summer Sessions and innovations. I am opposed to these things. What I want is to do things as they were done before. Yes that is what I want—to do things as they were done before.

Deacon Skinflint then addressed the meeting. He said that what he chiefly opposed was the expense. He didn't care whether the Apostles and Fathers had a Mission Secretary or not. He objected to the whole thing on financial grounds. It was the duty of the Church to save money. Even supposing the work could be better done by a Secretary, it would cost more and the Church should keep down the cost. To his mind the main thing was to keep down expenses. The people are poor and not able to contribute much. No doubt the work was important, and it would be a good thing to let the heathen have the Gospel as soon as possible, but they should never forget that our first duty is to keep down expenses. The speaker then gave some rather striking illustrations of the manner in which expenses could be kept down, the principal one being Talmage's story about the man who trundled his wife's body to the cemetery in a wheelbarrow to save the cost of a hearse. The speaker said he would hardly carry economy so far as that at funerals, but he did think economy was the right thing in missionary operations. There were various ways in which the work might be cheaply done. For example the Toronto ministers might attend to it time about. Then some of the ministers and elders from the country might go in occasionally. He himself was quite willing to go in his turn, provided the Church paid his expenses, paid a man to do his work at home and gave him \$5 a day for his services. He had always been in favour of economy in Church operations. (Laughter and cheers.)

Mr. Kirkman Oldschool was in favour of a Secretary, but he thought the Government should defray the expenses. He saw no reason why they should not ask Mr. Mowat for a small appropriation. He had always voted against Mowat, but was quite willing to take money from him or anybody else if he could get it.

Mr. Jeremiah Weakfaith said he believed the appointment of a secretary would split the Church. (Laughter and cries of "we heard all that before.")

Mr. Ira Bighead said if a Secretary were appointed he would join the Methodists. (Laughter and cries of, the Methodists have several secretaries.)

Mr. Bighead subsided, evidently satisfied that threatening Presbyterian people is a rather unsatisfactory kind of business.

E. Themistocles Cram, M.A., said the Secretary should be a graduate of some university. It would mightily overawe the young heathen to know that the man at the helm of affairs was a graduate. He himself was a graduate.

Mr. John Calvin Commonsense then closed the discussion in a ringing speech that awoke the true Presbyterian spirit of Careyville. He said he had listened for the hundredth time to these speeches on economy and innovations. In fact he had been listening to them ever since he was a small boy. They were old speeches used in a new way—applied to a new situation, but they had been used in one way or another since Presbyterianism began, and that was when the Apostolic Church began. (Cheers.) Mr. Obstinate had said the Fathers had no Mission Secretary. Certainly not. They had neither missions nor missionaries, and therefore did not need a Secretary. The Apostles were missionaries themselves and had no work for a Secretary. If Mr. Obstinate and his friends would make the millionth part of the sacrifices for missionary purposes in a year that Paul made in a day, the Church would excuse them from contributing anything towards the support of a Mission Secretary. (Cheers.) Mr. Obstinate grows quite eloquent about what the Apostles did *not* do. He says nothing about what they *did* do. The things they *didn't* do are the only things he tries to imitate.

(Loud cheers.) Why does he not try to imitate their self-sacrifice, their self-denial, their heroism, their life-long devotion to their Master's cause? Deacon Skinflint thinks the first duty of the Church is to save money. If his position is correct he should carry his argument a little farther and contend that we should save it all. We can easily save it all by not giving any. He (Mr. Commonsense) was old-fashioned enough to think that the first duty of the Church in mission work was to send the Gospel to those who have it not.

If the sending can be better done by having a Secretary by all means let us have a Secretary. My old friend Mr. Obstinate wants to do everything in the Church as he says it was done before. Why don't men farm as they did before—keep store as they did before—travel as they did before? The only kind of business he and his friends want to do in the way it was done before is the Lord's business. They take precious good care that they introduce all the best modern methods into their own business. Mr. Obstinate's farmer friends use binders just as other farmers do. They don't take off the harvest as they did before. His business friends don't give a year's credit and take maple sugar in pay as they did before. Not they. Mr. Obstinate himself does not travel as he did before. (Cheers.) The only business they want to keep behind the age in its methods is the Lord's business. We are told that times are hard and the people poor. Within the last few weeks hundreds, thousands of the people have gone to public meetings and the polls and declared that the people are prosperous, that the country is making splendid progress and that even the farmers are doing well. He could not understand the kind of poverty that comes on when money is wanted for missions and suddenly turns into prosperity when an election comes round. There was ample work for a Mission Secretary; there need be no difficulty in getting a good man to take the position, and he had no doubt the Church would make the appointment. In fact he almost felt ashamed that there had been so much talk about so small a matter, while other Churches had secretaries years ago, whose services were considered indispensable to good mission work.

The meeting decided by a large majority in favour of a Secretary and a decent salary for him.

SERMON REVERIES.

NO. VII.

Last Sunday morning the sermon was based upon Joshua's death, its peacefulness and the good effects of his just rule, as evidenced by the good behaviour of the people for long afterwards. The exact texts chosen were Joshua xxiv. 29-31. It was evident that the sermon had special reference to the death of Mr. Spurgeon, and the parallel was exquisitely drawn. As a matter of fact, pure eloquence was a leading trait of the whole discourse. The people, I noticed, paid undue attention, not but that they always pay the requisite attention, but this time a deeper feeling than ordinary held sway. The fact is, Spurgeon held many and many a heart over the whole world in thorough touch with his ideas and sympathies. His sermons were models of evangelical thought, and being very widely disseminated the whole world might with propriety be styled his congregation. This, then, was the reason for the interest manifested in this sermon of eulogy. My attention did not wander away much, less than ordinary I think, but several times I kept thinking of Church choirs. Something or other in the sermon started it. You all have thought the subject over, talked it over, etc., and all to no purpose. The positive assertion can be made, that probably there are two good Presbyterian choirs in Toronto to-day, certainly not more. I do not say anything regarding other denominations, the chances are that they have less difficulty, and, besides, our own case is bad enough without starting to others.

This whole business of choirs and Church singing must be taken a hold of boldly. There is no use mincing matters. We have the worst singing there is anywhere. If we attend any other Church the same rule is found to be applicable; truly a most awkward state of affairs. The music is often of the most simple description, although one would judge by the method of its rendition that Chopin's finest efforts, or Mendelssohn's celebrated songs had at last found words and were being surely murdered. In our Church we have a good organ, and it is only fairly well played. This is one great drawback. The organist delights in soft tones and touching phrasing, misses an odd note or two, and does not excel as an accompanist. Of course respect is not begotten of such music, and thus control, which is begotten of evident ability, is not present. Nor is this organist different from many others. There is not any standard, unfortunately, for Church musical committees to judge organists by, and often the best-looking and lowest-priced individual is chosen. The college of organists is making a record in this matter, and we may perhaps hope in coming years to see demanded the certificate of ability so very necessary now. Then our singers are not the best in the Church by any means. They were in it, many of them, years ago; and even if they do not sing as well now as then, still they stay. Good voices are attracted by good singing, and the rule, unfortunately, is not productive for our choirs, for obvious reasons.

We well remember the old precentor style. With organ accompaniment it presents many features not excelled to-day,

by any ordinary choir at all events. Now, I do not purpose to keep on at this choir business any longer. I wish that our people would get over that foolish objection to paid leaders for our choirs; also solo singing. Indeed, in our kirk, the Session rigorously prohibits any playing on the organ, unless accompanied by singing; the result, when a selection has to be sung by the choir no matter how many are there, is oftentimes humiliating. The fact of the matter is, that Session control of singing and Church music is very unproductive of anything else but noise and dissatisfaction. A musical committee should be elected from the Session, managers and choir, with full powers every annual meeting; and these should have a certain taste for the art, in order to ensure success. A choir leader is an absolute necessity; and if it can be afforded the two leading lady singers should be paid, in order to ensure regular attendance, fair musical ability and consequent success in the rendering of this important branch of Church work. Many an old elder, and some not quite so old, except in feelings, will smile when they read some of my conclusions. I say, take a compromise before more drastic measures are engendered. I can con over in my mind many a dozen active young workers who are to-day in favour of boys' voices only, and who knows but that ten or twenty years from now the spirit of John Knox will accompany a choir of surpliced boys up the aisles of one-time strict and plain Auld Kirks. One thing is as certain as bad singing, and that is, we have got to have better music, and it does not matter which committee gives it, so long as it mes.

I did not think all this during the sermon; if I did, you would be apt to think that the singing had been especially bad on this occasion. Not so, many of these thoughts have had their birth on as many different occasions, and they now gush forth.

Thinking of elders. Those old democratic forefathers of ours in old Scotland, who drafted the groundwork of our most holy Presbyterianism, were grand, far-seeing men. Their original plan of government by the people, for the people, included the plan of time service in the eldership. It appears to have been altered in some latter-day wisdom freak. The Cumberland Church in the States appears to be the only exponent of this system; and I warrant it works well. We all venerate our loved elders. Their many honoured white and growing-white heads fill us with respect and love; yet many of us, believing that having the great power which they have, by law, in the Church, it would only be right to make a time limit for service, in order to make the office what it should be, viz.: thoroughly representative. This statement will not be contradicted—one-half the members of Session in every Church have lost ten years ago their representative character, and do not in any way represent the feelings, aspirations or desires of the majority of the congregation. Supposing that a limit of service of say five years were in vogue; it will be granted that many more will offer for election; busier men will be tempted thereby, as relief would eventually come; more energetic laymen will reach the Church courts, instead of, as at present, the most venerable; and a constant change of administration will be conducive of great activity in Church affairs. Oh, yes, give the young people, above all things, full play in the Church; far better there than outside.

I believe that in St. Andrews in this city there are appointed, every year, sidesmen, whose duties are mainly ushering and taking the collection. I was thinking on Sunday when I saw one of our managers, who is a busy man, taking up collection, ushering, etc., etc., that this idea surely was a good one. These sidesmen would have in charge strangers as well, and who better able to speak kindly and invite back? It would be well not to lose sight of this idea. The managers have enough to do without looking after a detail of this ordinary description. By all means take the services of, say, a dozen people who have at present nothing special to do in Church, give them this task, and the end is as certain as can be. Many strangers will be looked after, new interests will be developed, and a new sphere will train useful hands for higher offices. So much for Church fault-finding. I trust my readers will bear with it and believe me when I say that these are every-day reveries of every Presbyterian. I shall not refer to Church complaints again for some time, but rather stick to every-day thought, fancy and dream, as concocted by the Sabbath a. m. sermon.

Meantime, our Joshua panegyric had finished in a brilliant peroration. The wealth of to-day's descriptive enterprise, compared with the simplicity of Old Testament records, was duly pointed out. Also the difference of the national monument of to-day and the simple mound of nature of the olden time. Altogether I like our age the best. So do the preachers, even if they say different in their sermons. Even if we do not raise pyramids hundreds of yards in extent any way you take them, we do raise many noble monuments of enduring material, and pay the people for erecting them; so that the most common labourer can enjoy his night of repose like a king, and with decent comfort. This day is better than Shakespeare's, even if he is not here; more glorious than Elizabeth's, although other lands out-rival hers in many a race. The world is better for all who have gone before and will be better for all who come after. The preacher aptly quoted Newton the converted as against Newton the unconverted:—

I am not what I wish to be,
I am not what I ought to be,
I am not what I hope to be,
But thank God I am not what I was.

CURLY TOPP.

DOWN THE CARIBBEAN.

BY REV. JOHN MACKIE, M.A.

VII.—MARTINIQUE.

The scene has changed. From a dilapidated village of shanties we have come in four hours to a large and busy city, considered by some the handsomest city in the Caribbean islands, St. Pierre, the commercial capital of Martinique. Discovered by Columbus in 1493, and originally called Madiana, colonized by the French in 1635, taken by the English in 1762, and again in 1794 and 1810, it was finally restored to the French in 1814. The island is about fifty miles long and sixteen broad, very irregular in form, and seems to be just three conical mountains rising together out of the ocean. The highest is Mount Pelee, an extinct volcano, enveloped in cloud. The roadstead in which we lie, about a quarter of a mile from the shore, is wide and beautiful on a day like this, but cruel and shelterless when the hurricane comes down, as not infrequently it does. Scores of coppery boys, tumbling about in curious little tubs, are calling for coins, at the first glimpse of which in the air every head disappears beneath the water. In a second one of them is sure to return with the piece of money between his teeth. Then they frisk and play about in the most marvellous fashion, wrestling or chasing each other, now over the surface and now beneath, but ever on the alert for the falling coin, when with it every head disappears. They are truly amphibious creatures, evidently as much at home in the water as they are on the land.

St. Pierre is prettily situated at the head of the large and beautiful bay, with a back-ground of heights of various forms, some yellow and green with crops, and some in the dark green of the forest, while above them rise the volcanic mountains vast and sombre, with shrouded summits. On the face of the hills there are well-made winding roads, from which magnificent views of ocean and of inland scenery are had, and refreshing breezes are felt. Terrace above terrace the city rises with flights of stone stairs leading off in all directions and in the most intricate fashion into queer little squares or courts, where the houses are almost hidden in masses of purple, and vermillion, and blue, and over all the majestic palms. Down both sides of the streets, and every alley and court, are rushing the limpid waters from the mountains, cooling the air and imparting to every corner the appearance of cleanliness, and then close to the barracks, and a line of beautiful villas literally clothed with flowers over the very roof, and near to a magnificent grove of tamarinds, is a wide rushing stream, in which dozens of dusky women up to the waist are washing their clothes and slapping them on the boulders in the most frantic manner, while they drown the noise of the river and fill the neighbourhood with their clanking voices. Amid the tamarinds stands an elegant monument of stone, commemorative of the great revolution of 1789, erected on its centenary, and bearing on one side the inscription "Ceperunt civis libertatem," 1789; and on the other, "Nepotes glorie avorum," 1889. Beyond this grove there is a botanical garden of considerable extent, with shady walks running everywhere to fairy bowers, and grottos, and cascades, and marvels of growth and beauty at every step. Shiny green lizards, startled at our approach, scamper off and up the trees, and we are not altogether free from a fear that the terrible Fer-de-lance may attack us, and no one near to deliver or tell the tale. But the sound of voices encourages, and we proceed till we come to a level, park-like place, clothed with cyathea arborea, or tree ferns, of different kinds, bounded on one side with a roaring burn, whose opposite bank rises rich with foliage from the touch of the hurrying water to the far-off blue. Under a palm tree we take a seat, watching the negroes lazily busy raking the fallen leaves and sweeping the walks; and thankful for their presence in the unknown wilds, we leisurely survey the strange beauty and grandeur. One of the negroes approaches us with a basket of fruit, mangoes, pomegranates, anocado pears and cashew nuts—most of them new to us. A sweet fragrance is everywhere, yet not from the fruit, but from a small bundle of black-looking beans—vanilla, which he says he gathered on the mountains, where it grows in great abundance on the branches of the trees. You know that vanilla is an orchid, so named from its resemblance to the blade of a knife. The fruit is gathered when yellow, is of a balsamic odour, and has an agreeable flavour, and is much used for seasoning dishes and confections. But we return to the busy town. In it are all the essentials to French existence: restaurants with perfect cuisine; music gardens and theatres; military pomp and parade, and what not? There is ample provision for mirth and amusement and the passing of time in mid gaities of every description. For the devout there is the Roman Church; here, as in Guadeloupe, the only Church, thrusting herself on your notice at every turn, whether in the streets, with their niches for idols and burning lamps before them, or religious houses of some sort or other; or up on the mountain side, with the cross at every twist of the road; or hideous plaster casts representing the stager of the cross, leading, as on the Mount at Montreal, to a revolting imitation of the crucifixion. But from all that we could hear the moral and religious life of Martinique and Guadeloupe are the same.

It was on this island, at Trois-Islets, about five miles from Port-Royal, the capital, but less than a third of St. Pierre, that Murzelle Fifine, afterwards the Empress Josephine, was born. What a troubled life from such a sweet, quiet spot! The natives treasure her name and have raised a statue to her memory! But the woman who can ever forget her, that has read her life, were there nothing else in the life of Napoleon

to render his designation the Great a complete misnomer, there is sufficient surely in his heartless treatment of the beautiful and accomplished woman, his devoted wife for thirteen years, whose influence contributed in no small degree to draw him from obscurity to high position; and this is more than sufficient if to the cruel, unjustifiable divorce of his faithful wife, we add the contemptuous neglect of his admirable mother when he ascended the throne of empire. What mean and contemptible lives has the world many a time called Great! and of how many ignoble characters, now rightly judged, do monuments reared to their glory perpetuate only shame and disgrace?

ST. LUCIA.

Leaving Martinique at midnight we reach, at four next morning, the island of St. Lucia, so called by a party of English who discovered it in 1635 on the day in the ecclesiastical calendar called St. Luke's. In 1650 the French effected a settlement, and from then to 1804, when it was finally acknowledged as British, it was in constant alternation a French and English Island. It is about thirty miles long and twelve in breadth, and of volcanic creation. The mountains, abrupt and fantastically shaped, are extinct volcanoes, their summits being craters of considerable breadth and depth, like huge limestone quarries. At the foot of an amphitheatre of hills, wooded to their summits, lies Carriès, the chief town of St. Lucia. In front of it is a land-locked harbour, with a narrow entrance of about half-a-mile. Within it the British navy could ride at anchor, so large is the bay and so deep is the water. For this reason it is that the Government have resolved to make St. Lucia a garrison island, and are now constructing fortifications and barracks. For many years the troops have been stationed at Barbadoes, but it is not only 100 miles out of the line of the Windward Islands, but around it the water is so shallow that even steamers of small tonnage have to anchor far out from shore. Indeed this is the case with all the islands except St. Lucia, and very laborious it is to discharge a cargo into lighters when the sea is running high, which is often the case.

Carriès is a town of considerable size. It has well-made streets of coral about twenty feet wide and rounded to almost five feet in the centre on account of the heavy rains, which would otherwise be apt to flood the place. The sidewalks are wide and all of concrete, and swept clean as a floor by female scavengers. To make it a beautiful city a fire is needed to sweep over the whole place and burn up the detestable lines of hovels and shabby-looking stores and low-looking drink shops with which the place seems to abound. Up on the hills, peeping out from the trees upon the blue expanse of ocean, are some beautiful villas, but even they are so few in comparison with the years that St. Lucia has been British and giving wealth to the British, that one cannot get rid of the suspicion that store-keepers here, having made their fortunes, return invariably to the mother-land, with the high-sounding name of West Indian Merchant, to enjoy not only amassed wealth, but the annual revenues of lands they intend never more to see. There is not a trace of a rich and benevolent citizen doing anything for the improvement of the place, if we except a few rural schools modestly endowed by Lady Mico long ago. "Make out of it what you can and leave it as it is" seems to be the prevailing spirit among the prosperous whites, as it must have been of the whites before them. The island itself is lovely, lovelier could not be, with its enchanting valleys and breezy uplands, and richly-wooded heights and magnificent mountains with the crowning and ever-clouded Souffrière. It is a spirit of enterprise and energy that is wanting, conspicuously so; it is the entire absence of anything that savours of real interest in the welfare and prosperity of the place that disappoints a loyal Briton who steps upon the island. It is the presence of a peevish discontent that is ever carping at the doings of the Government officials that is constantly causing irritation and indolence. Here is a fair specimen of it from the *Voice*, in which a public individual is thus described: "Not yet corrupted by the crown colonies virus; he believes in truth and justice; he is not impervious to argument; he will do the right thing if he can; he is civil in his official relations and most affable socially; above all, he is a gentleman." If they would only believe in hard work and civility all round, prosperity would not tarry long, and St. Lucia would become a land of wealth and a home of happiness for all its inhabitants, and not as it now is, a source of revenue for a few migratory birds.

The fortifications that are being constructed on the hills around the harbour are on a large scale, consisting principally of earthworks lined with brick. These bricks are carried from the wharf up the steep hill-sides on the heads of women. We met them in scores in the hottest part of the day footing it firmly, with wooden trays, on which were piled several dozen bricks, wonderfully poised on their heads, not even requiring an occasional touch of the hand. Down on the wharf we witnessed what has been described as one of the most demoralizing scenes in all the West Indies, the coaling of a steamer—the *Ardayhu* on this occasion. We saw nothing demoralizing about it; only two lines of men and women running between the coal heap and the steamer, with baskets of coal upon their heads, busier than bees. We thought it was work too hard for women and unsuitable for them, but the black overseer was not of our opinion, for the women, he said, carried heavier baskets and held out longer than the men. We were, however, of the same opinion still: it is not seemly that women should be required to bear heavier burdens than men. Is it only in St. Lucia and among the negroes that we find this done?

But we are gliding away, and a sad farewell is being waved by a young lady that wins perhaps the sympathies, but assuredly the attentions, of all. Her face is round and black as pitch and polished, with large black eyes in broad white borders, low spreading nostrils and thick protruding lips, parted by a band of snowy teeth; the narrowest of foreheads, with a bushy covering of black, curly wool. The figure is crowned with a scarlet velvet wide-awake—doubt not the accuracy of the description—draped to a little below the knee with white linen, elaborately wrought with tucks, insertions and frills; from which descend two massive pillars in light blue covering, based on two feet of huge dimension and incased in scarlet velvet. Her ears hung heavily laden with silver pendants, her neck and breast are circled with silver chains, and her wrists are loaded with silver bangles. The elegant creature waves with a grace all her own her ungloved hands, while her dearly beloved, at first slowly then quickly receding from her sight, rushes from point to point, flying his yellow handkerchief, speaking to himself, and keeping his idol in his eye as long as he can. Very woeful he looks—poor fellow—when the beautiful landscape has vanished quite, and all is as the world when the sun has set.

Now are we passing the southern end of the island, where rise perpendicularly out of the sea two very remarkable pyramids of rock, one to the height of 2,710 feet and the other 2,600, about one mile apart and green from base to apex. These are the Pitous. The mythical story of three British sailors having attempted to scale the higher one, and one succeeding but all three disappearing forever, seized by the awful Fer-de-lance, or deadly serpent, has now given place to history. Two years ago eight men out of thirteen succeeded in reaching its summit in thirteen hours, planted the Union Jack, which waved from its peak for over a year, till blown away in a furious gale, and returned in safety, having seen no Fer-de-lance, but satisfied that such a feat performed once in one's life was more than sufficient.

WALKS IN JERUSALEM AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

Our friends do not fail to devote an afternoon to the Mount of Olives. Here they visit the subterranean church said to contain the tombs of the blessed Virgin and her parents, as well as the tomb of St. Joseph. Thence they go to the cave which is the traditional scene of the agony in the garden, and thence to part of the traditional garden of Gethsemane, enclosed by the Latins. It contains some very ancient olive trees, supposed to date from the time of our Lord. This can scarcely be (even if olive trees ever live so long), for Titus is said to have cut down every tree in the neighbourhood of the city; but it is just possible that they may have sprung up from the old roots, as is the manner of olive trees. Our friends, moreover, visit the Convent of the Paternoster, said to mark the spot where the Lord's Prayer was taught to the apostles, and in the cloisters whereof the prayer may be read in thirty-two different languages. Lastly, they visit the supposed scene of the Ascension, on the top of the hill, which, for several reasons, seems a more unhappy identification than usual. A fine view of Jerusalem is obtained from the summit of the hill, and is worth more than many of those traditional places of which one cannot be certain. Perhaps the most interesting walk taken by our travellers in the neighbourhood of Jerusalem is the little expedition which, led by the Sister, they made one afternoon to Anathoth, the birth-place of Jeremiah—a village, now called Anata, some four or five miles to the north-east of Jerusalem. Starting on the old Damascus road, they soon pass a curious mound of grey-black soil by the wayside. This, as the Sister explains, is believed to consist of the ashes from the Temple sacrifice, thrown out here in days of old from time immemorial. Some of the soil was sent to London, and has been found on analysis to be such stuff as bones are made of. A little further on, the Sister points out some rock-hewn tombs of very great antiquity, cut vertically down into the rock, and now filled up with earth; and they have scarce left these when she again stops to show the travellers some traces of an ancient Christian church, some fragments of Mosaic pavement, an altar-stone with a cross cut on it, etc. "Unfortunately," says she, "this piece of land belongs to a Moslem, who is going to build him a house here, and will soon have obliterated every trace of the church"—*Blackwood*.

A GOOD CONFESSION.

In one of his last sermons the great English preacher, Spurgeon, gave utterance to these weighty words: "My time is ended, although I had much more to say. I can only pray the Lord to give you to believe in Him. If I should never again have the pleasure of speaking for my Lord upon the face of this earth, I should like to deliver as my last confession of faith this testimony—that nothing but faith can save in this nineteenth century; nothing but faith can save England; nothing but faith can save the present unbelieving Church; nothing but firm faith in the grand old doctrines of grace and in the ever-living and unchanging God can bring back to the Church again a full tide of prosperity, and make her to be the deliverer of the nations for Christ; nothing but faith in the Lord Jesus can save you or me. The Lord give you, my brothers, to believe to the utmost degree, for His name's sake! Amen."

Pastor and People.

STEADFAST TRUST.

'Twill gleams of joy and clouds o' doubt
Our feelings come and go;
Our best estate is toss'd about
In ceaseless ebb and flow.

No mood of feeling, form of thought,
Is constant for a day;
But Thou, O Lord! Thou changest not:
The same Thou art alway.

I grasp Thy strength, make it my own;
My heart with peace is blest;
I lose my hold and then comes down
Darkness and cold unrest.

Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of Thee.
In this alone rejoice with awe;
Thy mighty grasp of me

Out of that weak, unquiet drift
That comes but to depart,
To that pure heaven my spirit lift,
Where Thou unchanging art.

Lay hold of me with Thy strong grasp,
Let Thy almighty arm
In its embrace my weakness clasp,
And I shall fear no harm.

Thy purpose of eternal good
Let me but surely know;
On this I'll lean, let changing mood
And feeling come and go.

Glad when Thy sunshine fills my soul;
Not lorn when clouds o'ercast;
Since Thou within Thy sure control
Of love doth hold me fast.

— John Campbell Shairp.

GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READING

REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D., PH.D., GALT, ONT.

The meaning of Christ's Resurrection to the Believer
Key text. Luke xxiv. 6.

Foretold by Christ. Matt. xvi. 21, xxii. 23.

1. Declared to be God's Son. Romans x. 4.

Emphasized in Apostolic preaching. Acts xiii. 13. xvii. 18, iv. 33.

2. Our justification. Romans iv. 25, 1 Cor. xv. 16-20

3. A living hope begotten. 1 Peter i. iii. 21.

4. Lifts us into a new life. Ephes. ii. 6-7, Col. ii. 12-15.

5. Inspires us with desires after heavenly things. Col. iii. 1-3.

6. Transforms death into translation. Heb. ix. 15, 1 Peter i. 4, John xiv. 3

7. Secured our inheritance for us. Heb. vi. 20.

8. Keeps us for the inheritance. 1 Peter i. 5, Heb. vii. 25

9. Immortality. John xiv. 9

10. Crowns all with comfort. 1 Thes. iv. 13-18.

A CAUSERIE ABOUT CHOIRS.

They get hard measures dealt out to them at times. Many curious and vexatious mis-conceptions prevail as to their function. Occasionally they appear to be regarded as an asylum for incurables, where all are entitled to find a home who, whether they are fit to sing or not, are, at all events, fit for little else. There is a fatuous delusion that anyone will do for the choir, even though there be no more music in the soul or voice than in the rusty hinge of a farmyard gate; and though the most artistic achievement may be the emission of a monotone that, like a misplaced pedal-note, pursues the "even tenor of its way," regardless of the agonies it inflicts upon those that have ears to hear.

It is not an uncommon thing either for the choir to be turned to account as a cheap theatre for self-display. Here is your vocalist that unquestionably has a voice. He—perhaps we should say she—will be to the front, and will out-shine all the meeker stars. The gift may be nothing better than a throat of iron or lungs of leather, by virtue of which the possessor could out-roar Bottom the weaver, or out-shriek an American devil. But the complacent artist is not troubled by such minor matters, and shouts or screeches as to the manner born. Happy the conductor who has not to battle with any such self-assertive member, and is not maddened by the incessant obtrusiveness that engenders chaos.

What, then, is the function of a Church choir? It is no exaggeration to reply, that its function is to promote, in its own special way, the spiritual welfare of the congregation. It is meant to minister to edification—to feed the divine life within the hearts of the people. Its service of song should be a means of grace, quite as really as is the preacher's sermon. In the exercise of its gift the choir should do much to dispel the clouds of care that gather about the souls of men, to bear us above the shadow-laden atmosphere we habitually breathe, and to stand us on such holy heights as pierce the skies, and render faith as easy as sight. "Ambassadors for Christ," that is what the members of the choir should feel themselves to be.

That conception of the matter is by no means universal either inside or outside Church choirs. There is in many quarters a tendency to disparage their services and make very light of the work they do. Often the choir's interests are sacrificed without hesitancy in favour of some other organization

not one jot more spiritual or helpful to the Church. The blunder is a serious one, and there should be no scruple in asserting the choir's right to be esteemed one of the most important institutions in a congregation. Conductors do well, in a wise way, to magnify their office; and choristers should make it plain that the golden motto, "for Christ's sake," is stamped upon their service, and renders it sacred and divine.

Of course, the choir is charged specially with the care of all such parts of worship as are fairly capable of musical expression, and, particularly, of that form of musical expression which,

born of human breath,
Comes straighter from the soul than any strain
The hand alone can make.

It must aid the Church, then, in the melodious utterance of religious emotion, and must identify itself with the congregation,—entering into and appropriating the spirit of psalm or hymn in which the emotion is embodied. The words ought to be intelligently studied, and the significance of them thoroughly mastered.

It is not well to assume that, because everybody knows such time-honoured strains as those of St. Paul's, Martyrdom, or Old Hundred, therefore the right rendering of these tunes and the words wedded to them may be confidently counted on, apart from all preparation. That is a perilous mistake. Comparatively few of our ordinary choirs can be trusted to such an extent. It is just these common tunes that are most frequently murdered. The choristers know them as well as they know A B C. They have hummed them, and shouted them, and whistled them every day of their lives. What can there be to attend to? And the result is an indescribable slovenliness. One half of the members, probably, read from the notes, and adhere rigidly to the musical text as it stands before them; but the other half trust to their treacherous memories, their bad ears or good ones; and hence "confusion dire." Some hold firmly on their syllabic course, and march with sure step over the authorized intervals; but others go slurring and sliding, creeping up or crawling down, in a way fitted to make a musician's hair stand on end, or Johann Sebastian Bach turn in his grave. All the notes and all the words should be studied, if the choir is to do its work perfectly.

Should a choir sing *with expression*? The question sounds absurd; but the opinion is held by some that that is not part of the choir's duty. Rather, it is argued, should it deliver its whole burden with unvarying force, and thus obviate the possibility of the congregation flattening. But surely that is as unreasonable as it is inartistic. The tendency to fall is not to be counteracted by any such mechanical device. The result of its adoption must be to turn the whole service of song into a perfunctory caricature, if not to set a premium on that wild bawling, which many regard as the only sure sign of heartiness and fervour. Better that the choir set the example of true expressiveness, avoiding equally, on the one hand, the monotonousness that makes no distinction between penitence and praise; and, on the other, the exaggerated mannerism that lays pitfalls for the congregation.

True expression involves distinct articulation. The choir should give no uncertain sound, as it too often does. Who has not listened to choirs professedly using our familiar mother-tongue, but torturing its homely syllables into noises as barbaric and unintelligible as the talk of Timbuctoo? The vowel sounds are marvellously metamorphosed; and our everyday acquaintances, the full open "o" or "u," disappear in strange, irritating disguises. The exigencies of breathing tear syllable from syllable, and rend words to fragments, with the cruel ingenuity of a Spanish inquisitor. Or, perhaps, vowels and consonants are all jumbled together in one unvarying sound, that resembles nothing so much as the inarticulate *baaing* of sheep or goats on their way to market or slaughter-house. To talk about expressive singing under such conditions is to utter arrant nonsense.

Then, the choir should quicken religious emotion as well as express it. It should sometimes sing *to*, if generally *with*, the congregation. There is a stock objection to this, which all resolves itself into the one ominous word "performance"; but there is no validity in the objection, surely, where our Church choirs are composed, as certainly as our Churches, of Christian men and women. The principle, indeed, has been conceded by nearly all who support our modern evangelistic methods; and is there any greater inconsistency than theirs who allow that it may be good for a worshipping assembly to have Mr. Sankey sing to it, but it must be evil, only evil, for a congregation to be sung to by those of its own members who have the necessary qualification?

The principle may be defended on apostolic authority. There are clear indications that song was a recognized means of edification in the earliest ages. Paul makes special provision for him who has a psalm or a hymn with which to speak to the assembled Christians; and the broad rule is laid down that believers are "to teach and admonish one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs"; and the stores of sacred music are now so vast that there can be no difficulty in finding abundance of material exquisitely fitted for use in this form. This is a type of service capable of yielding far richer results than it has yet produced, and our choirs might, much more frequently than is the case, act as preachers of the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and of the love and glory of our heavenly Father.

A Church choir, too, is a fine illustration of principles bearing very directly upon congregational prosperity. It is a standing witness to the fact that there are diversities of gifts,

each of which, soprano, alto, tenor, bass, has its own rights and its own duties. It enforces the truth that all powers, however various, are capable of consecration to highest and holiest uses, and that the fullest service is that which is distinguished, not by uniformity, but by such unity as harmonizes manifold qualities and capacities. It demonstrates that the secret of perfection is the glad co-operation and loyal subordination of one and all to a common aim and purpose. It is pre-eminently the function of the choir to keep the Church continually mindful of the truth, that in its corporate capacity its life should be one prolonged Hallelujah Chorus in praise of its Messiah-Lord.—*United Presbyterian Magazine.*

CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

A Roman Catholic organist from Dublin, speaking to me on this point the other day, said that in teaching the elements of singing he found Presbyterians much more promising musical material than Roman Catholics. He considered that it was the congregational singing that made the difference. I was surprised, because congregational singing in many Presbyterian Churches is of the rudest kind, while we all know how much the Roman Catholic Church does in the way of gorgeous music. "That," said my friend, "does not count. Our people listen to the music, but do not take part in it. You may set a fine breakfast before yourself, but until you eat it you do not begin to gain nourishment or strength." And he considered that the simple and imperfect attempt to join in Presbyterian Church song, week by week, did more to train the voice and ear than all the listening to good music in Roman Catholic Churches. Other writers have borne the same testimony.—*S. Spencer Curwen, in the Contemporary Review.*

THE FEET OF JESUS.

One evening when a mother was putting her little babe to bed, she took the little feet in her hand and tenderly kissed them. A friend standing near, who was also a loving mother, said gently: "I wonder if there was ever a mother who did not kiss her baby's feet?"

And my thoughts went back to that dear mother of Nazareth, whose babe lay not in a crib, but a manger, with the stars for night lamps guarding the Baby Jesus asleep on the hay.

I wonder if Mary's tender hands did not lovingly fondle those little feet?

I think that her kisses fell softly upon them as she wondered as all mothers do where those little untried feet might be led. Did any thought in her prophetic mother-heart foretell the rough paths those feet must tread?

Not many years she had to guide them, for soon the child Jesus slips from her side, and going home with happy heart, "supposing Him to be in the company," she suddenly misses Him from her side, and, anxiously retracing her steps, she finds Him in the temple in Jerusalem teaching the elders. Not a disobedient child, but doing first His "Father's business." Then He returns, and is "subject to His parents." His willing feet doing their bidding day by day.

But the time comes when He must leave this safe home, and He goes forth homeless to prepare an eternal home for us, followed by a few loving hearts from door to door, from seashore to hill and valley. Saying unto all men, "Him that cometh unto Me, I will in no wise cast out," is Himself cast out of homes and temples.

His faithful feet tread the boisterous waves at night that Peter may be rescued from a sea of doubt. He rests in the pharisee's home, and a woman, a sinner, in her need of pity, fell at His feet and washed them with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head, kissing them and anointing them with ointment. Her weary soul found rest in tender ministrations to His earth-weary feet. Again we see Mary taking her box of ointment, so "very costly," and anointing the feet of Jesus, and wiping them with her beautiful hair. Nothing could be too precious for Him who had restored Lazarus to that lonely home.

Then two days later those patient feet are led from court to street, from street to judgment hall, at last to Golgotha, stumbling with weariness and faltering under the weight of the cross. All mother-hearts share with Mary in that bitter hour. Our Saviour is still her child, and by the dear bond of motherhood we suffer with her in her suffering Christ-Child.

His dear feet are pierced for us, who, homeless and lost in life's forest, need His lifted cross to show us the way to the eternal city.

Look on Me. All-Forgiving!
Low at Thy feet I bow.
O all divine Thou seemest
As I behold Thee now!
I clasp with tender passion
Thy feet so pierced for us,
The cruel wounds deep graven
O'erwhelmed to see Thee thus!

—Emma L. Savage.

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Your blood
Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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Our Young Folks.

BE HONEST AND TRUE.

Be honest and true,
O eyes that are blue !
In all that you say
And all that you do,
If evil you'd shun,
And good you'd pursue,
If friends you'd have many,
And foes you'd have few—
Be honest and true
In all that you say
And all that you do,
O eyes that are blue !

Be honest and true,
O eyes that are gray !
In all that you do
And all that you say
At home or abroad,
At work or at play,
As you laugh with your friend,
Or run by the way,
Be honest and true
By night and by day,
In all that you do
And all that you say,
O eyes that are gray !

Be honest and true,
O eyes that are brown !
On sincerity smile ;
On falsity frown ;
All goodness exalt,
All meanness put down
As you muse by the fire,
Or roam through the town,
Remember that honour
Is manhood's chief crown,
And wear it as yours,
O eyes that are brown !

Be honest and true,
O eyes of each hue !
Brown, black, gray and blue,
In all that you say
And all that you do,
O eyes in which mothers
Look down with delight,
That sparkle with joy
At things good and bright,
Do never a thing,
You would hide from their sight !
Stand up for the right
Like a chivalrous knight ;
For the conqueror still,
When the battle is through,
Is he who has ever
Been loyal and true,
Make the victory sure,
O eyes of each hue !

THE MOOSE'S MISTAKE.

The antlered head was thrown back proudly, the nostrils were dilated, and Alse sniffed the crisp air with delight. The snow lay white on wood and glade, and he looked about on a wide stretch of country, unbroken by any track but his own. The sun sinking low in the west threw a rosy glow over the scene, and the keen eyes scanning it all, discovered away in the south a steel-blue line that marked a stream of water.

"Which I will taste," said Alse. "Those others have no genius for discovering."

The "others" were his companions from whom he had strayed, or rather who had halted in their course as the day drew towards its close, while he pressed forward alone.

"Stay with us, Alse," urged a wise old moose, "so shall you keep out of danger."

"Danger!" Alse's head tossed in derision as he repeated the word, glorying in his own superb strength. "What danger can there be for one like me, to whom the other animals are mere pigmies?"

It was a glorious freedom to be alone, to press forward and feel monarch of all the solitude. The clear air made distance illusive, and the stream he sought was farther away than it had first appeared; but that fact did not change his determination to reach it. The sun had dropped out of sight and the pink glory of the sky was fast fading into a dull grey. From the dark line of the woods came the distant howl of a wolf.

"One of the dangers against which I was warned, I suppose," commented Alse, "as if I could not easily master any of those creatures! Let it howl; it dare not come near me."

Another voice took up the doleful "woo-oo!" but Alse, disdainful of trifles, did not notice that the single cry had changed to a chorus. Dark forms stole out of the woods and began to follow him, cautiously at first, but growing bolder as their numbers increased. Their cries grew sharper and so near that Alse finally looked back to see a dozen or more dark bodies skulking along in the edge of the wood.

"Cowardly creatures!" sneered Alse, yet with the next breath he added: "but there are so many of them!" And he quickened his pace. His increased speed seemed at once to increase the valour of his pursuers. They left the shadows and chased eagerly after him, and where he had counted a dozen he might now have seen a score. Their hungry voices rent the air, and sounded ominous and fearful. They were drawing nearer, too, though Alse, no longer careless, was exerting his utmost power in the race.

"I could easily vanquish any one of them, he panted, but all"—

Alas! it was all of them he had to fight when he was brought to bay at last. Nearer and yet nearer they drew, until the sharp snapping of their jaws could be distinctly heard amid their cries. Alse felt that his strength was spent. The stream was still far away, and his enemies were closing in around him. He lifted his head despairingly to the darkening sky, and realized, too late, the folly of treating with contempt, danger he might well have avoided. His foes were insignificant singly, but together they were a force against which his boasted strength was weakness. They sprang upon him on every side, and the unequal contest was soon over. Poor Alse! he was only one of many who learn too late the power of small evils neglected to grow into a great one, and that a life may be wasted by despising so-called trifles.

A LOST CHANCE.

I know a dear boy who is sweet and good and generous most of the time, but sometimes he gets into a bad way, like most people. Every thing gets wrong at such times, but most wrong of all is the dear little heart.

One day, not long ago, a dirty-faced, ragged, ugly little fellow came up the back walk and asked, "Can I haul out the ashes?"

Henry—that is not his real name, but I shall not tell that—Henry was standing in the back-yard, in a bad humour. "No!" he snapped out as cross as could be. "Don't want 'em taken out."

The dirty faced little ash-boy stood still a moment, almost afraid to say another word to such an ill-natured child; but finally he ventured timidly: "Say would you please give me a drink?"

"No, I won't," said the cross Henry, with an angry frown. The little ash-boy climbed over the fence, thinking no doubt, "What a funny boy, not to give a fellow even a drink of water?"

And Henry's conscience within began to speak sadly to him: "Such a little thing, Henry, so easy to do. Such a poor little ragged fellow gets little enough in this world. What a chance to do a bit of good!"

And then there arose in his mind the words of his teacher, the Sunday before, as she talked of the beauty of doing little acts of kindness for those we meet every day, and how she had held up a glass of water, and repeated:—

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward."

"And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

"And I didn't do it," said Henry. Then he went into the house and told his other conscience, which was his mother. She looked down at him with such sad, disappointed eyes, and just said:—

"Why, Henry!" Then Henry felt so miserable he could not do anything. So he went out on the front steps and watched ash-carts all the rest of the afternoon. But there was no dirty-faced little boy thirsting for a cup of cold water who passed that way.

His mother came to the door presently, and said;—"He's got a drink by this time," for she knew what Henry was watching for.

"Some one else gave it to him, then," said Henry. "And received what you lost, the blessing of a kind act," said his mother.

THE CANADIAN MUTUAL LIFE ASSOCIATION.

MONTREAL, QUE.,
385 St. Antoine St., February 10, 1892.

W. P. PAGE,—Allow me to express my satisfaction at the report of the financial standing of the Society, which is shown by the allowance made to each from the Disbursement Fund for 1880 and 1881 Policy-holders. It shows well for the Association and silences the dread prophecies which have been uttered against it. Enclosed find premium (last assessment).

Yours very sincerely,
(REV.) W. J. SMYTHE,
Pastor of Calvin Presbyterian Church.

A HEALTHY AND DELICIOUS BEVERAGE.

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Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

March 6, 1892. } THE DOWNFALL OF JUDAH. } Jer 39: 1-10.
GOLDEN TEXT.—Behold your house is left unto you desolate.—Matt. xxiii. 38.

INTRODUCTORY.

The great calamity, long and clearly foretold by the prophets under divine inspiration, at length fell upon the Jewish people. They could not plead the excuse that they were ignorant of what was about to take place. The warnings were clear and explicit. It was not through ignorance but through unbelief that they erred. They went on in their evil ways, not believing that the things foretold by the prophets would take place. The people had been chastised and afflicted in various ways, and had been told that the way to escape more terrible evils was to repent, to give up their idolatry, their unrighteous conduct, and dependence on alliances with other nations, and to turn to the Lord, to serve Him and to trust in Him. Had they given heed to the divine message through the prophets then the evils threatened would have been averted and they would have been spared the sufferings and the humiliation that befel them and their nation. But they believed not and continued in their disobedience, and the threatenings were fulfilled in all their terrible severity.

I. The Siege and Capture of Jerusalem.—Zedekiah, the son of the good king Josiah, was the twenty-first and last of the kings of Judah. He did not follow in his father's footsteps, and with him the kingdom came to an end. In the ninth year of his reign Nebuchadnezzar, the prosperous and successful king of Babylon, came with his army and laid siege to the city of Jerusalem. The besieging army was very numerous and was well equipped. It was composed of veterans who had been victorious in many a hard fought contest, and they had many and powerful instruments of warfare, though very unlike those employed by modern nations. They had no cannon, but instead they had strong and powerful battering rams with which they could make breaches in the defensive walls. Towers were also erected on whose tops the Chaldean archers could shoot at the defenders. Nor were the courage and bravery of the defenders less marked than that displayed by the besiegers. The city itself was favourably situated for defence, and it had been artificially strengthened. The defenders manned the walls and fought desperately to defeat the invaders. If the walls were weakened in places the Jews did not hesitate to pull down houses and use the stones for making repairs; they were ready to dispute every inch of ground. Though the Jews were greatly outnumbered, they were able to hold out for a long time. The Chaldeans were able to cut off all food supplies from the devoted inhabitants of the city, and the horrors of famine were experienced; disease and pestilence followed, and all were reduced to the last extremity. The desperate and heroic character of the resistance offered is seen from the fact that the siege lasted for about a year and a-half. At last a breach was made in the walls and the invaders were able to enter the city, the defenders now being powerless to offer the slightest resistance. It was at midnight on a summer night. Nebuchadnezzar was not present with his army at the capture of Jerusalem, but the chief officers made their entry into the city. The names of six are given: the two words, Sar-se-chim and Rab-mag, are understood to be designations of official position, not the names of individuals, the first meaning "the chief of the eunuchs," and the second "the high priest" or "the chief of the sorcerers." These and the officers accompanying them "set in the middle gate," within the city, and decided what was to be done with the unfortunate inhabitants that had survived the terrible conflict.

II. Zedekiah's Punishment.—King Zedekiah perceived that it was dangerous to remain any longer in the city. With the remains of his shattered forces, when he saw the Chaldeans pouring into the city on the north side, he hastened down to the south-east corner, passing through the royal gardens and out on to the plain that extended eastward to the Jordan. The fugitives hastened along the road to Jericho. The Chaldeans were on the alert and a sufficient force was soon in pursuit of the retreating king and discomfited soldiers. The pursuers soon gained upon them, came up with and captured them. Nebuchadnezzar was at the same time conducting the siege of Tyre, and made Riblah, a city about seventy-five miles north of Damascus, his headquarters. Thither the captors of the king and his fleeing force conducted them, and they were brought before Nebuchadnezzar, who himself was to decide their fate, and a cruel one it was. The king of Babylon was very angry with Zedekiah because he had been false to his oath of allegiance and acting towards him in a treacherous manner, but the barbarity of the punishment inflicted shows how cruel and merciless a man the king of Babylon could be. His vengeance was first wreaked upon the sons of Zedekiah, who were cruelly slain before his eyes. Then the nobles who had accompanied him in his attempt to escape were put to death. Having looked his last on these awful scenes, then his own eyes were put out; and vivid would be the painful recollections of that terrible hour so long as the dethroned and captive king lived. Zedekiah was then sent down to Babylon as a prisoner, where it is supposed he remained till the day of his death. His captivity also seems to have been marked by needless cruelty. A blind man sufficiently guarded could entertain but little hope of being able to make his escape, yet this poor, unfortunate monarch was loaded with chains, thus adding to his misery and humiliation. He had been the occupant of the highest position in the land, now he was reduced to the most degrading condition, and the worst part of it was the reflection that if he had hearkened to the Word of the Lord and obeyed Him he would have escaped these almost unbearable miseries.

III. The Overthrow of Jerusalem.—The city was not immediately destroyed on the entrance of the Chaldean army. Twice before the armies of Nebuchadnezzar had gained victories over the Jews, but he had spared the city. Possibly his officers waited until he should determine on the course now to be pursued. The word had gone forth that now the city was to be destroyed. Jeremiah had prophesied that the palace was to be destroyed, and without knowing it these rough Chaldean soldiers were fulfilling the prophet's words. They set fire to the stately buildings, and the temple was also destroyed. Nor did the best houses in the city escape; they, too, were reduced to ashes. The walls that had served so well in protecting the inhabitants were levelled with the ground, and that proud and beautiful city was left a heap of ruins. God has said that the nation that will not serve Him shall perish. There was a fearful slaughter in the courts of the Temple and the streets of the city when the final ruin overtook it. The people that survived these horrors were carried away as exiles to Babylon, and the poor were allowed to remain. To them were allotted fields and vineyards, which they were to cultivate. They had been cruelly oppressed, but now their oppressors were gone, and though a terrible calamity had befallen the country they enjoyed better times than before.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

God's word stands sure. It endures forever. The threatenings addressed to the rebellious rulers and people were fulfilled at last.

In the numerous warnings given and the time that intervened, when opportunities of escape were provided, the forbearance and mercy of God are seen.

Nebuchadnezzar's cruelty to Zedekiah, his sons and nobles, were sins for which he would have to answer.

NOW READY.

THE PRESBYTERIAN YEAR BOOK FOR 1892.

CONTENTS:—Frontispiece—Photogravure Portrait of Rev. Thos. Ward-rop, D.D., Moderator of General Assembly—Calendar—Officers and Committees of General Assembly—The Moderator—Home Missions, by Rev. W. S. McTavish, B.D.—Foreign Missions—Presbyterianism in the North-West, by Professor Baird—The Presbyterian College, Halifax, by Rev. Robert Murray—The Duties and Responsibilities of the Eldership, by James Knowles, jr.—The Presbyterian Church in Ireland, by Rev. S. Houston, Kingston—The Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, by J. K. Macdonald—Sketches and Engravings of St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, St. Paul's Church, Peterborough, and St. James Church, Prince Edward Island—Rolls of Synods and Presbyteries, etc.

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The Canada Presbyterian.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24th, 1892.

NOT long ago the air was filled with pharisaical vapouring about "Toronto the Good." A city contemporary that knows Toronto well declares that the Ontario capital is a place in which "lean and tortured" street car horses are "getting their hell now and getting it hot." That is a pretty strong way of putting it, but positively something ought to be done in the way of lessening the sufferings of these unfortunate animals.

BY the death of Mr. James McLaren, the Presbyterian Church loses one of her most influential and liberal members and Canada an enterprising and useful citizen. Mr. McLaren was a man of sterling character and sound judgment. He possessed business ability of the highest order, and was as honourable and upright as he was enterprising and capable. He knew how to make money and knew how to use it properly. His princely gifts to various Presbyterian interests are well known.

IT is a little hard on Theological Colleges to have so many writers telling the public that Spurgeon was not an educated man, when all they mean is that he never received a college training. Repeating that fact so frequently tempts people to say, let us have more uneducated men like Spurgeon. Spurgeon was a highly educated man—he educated himself. One swallow does not make a summer, and it by no means follows that because Spurgeon educated himself every other young man can do so too. This generation has but one Spurgeon.

THE last hot summer is always the hottest, the last cold winter always the coldest, the last storm at sea always the most dangerous, and the last great man that died always the greatest. In a hundred places we read that Spurgeon was the greatest organizer and administrator of ecclesiastical affairs that this century has produced. We venture to say that as an organizer and administrator he is not to be named on the same day with Dr. Chalmers. Are the Tabernacle, and the Orphanage, and the Pastors' College, and the other institutions that grew around the Tabernacle—good and useful as they may be—to be compared with the Free Church of Scotland with her colleges, her missions in every corner of the globe, her splendid equipment for every kind of work?

TWO of the judges appointed to investigate the Mercier scandal have found him and one of his colleagues guilty of participating in the profits of the transaction. The third judge, the chairman of the commission, condemns the "toll-gate" in

scathing terms, but does not find that Mercier or his colleagues had anything to do with it. Mercier and his political friends now remind the public that the two judges who condemn the ex-premier were once strong Conservatives, one of them a manager of some kind in his party. The other side reply that Mr. Justice Jette, the chairman of the commission, was once a Liberal and defeated Cartier in Montreal twenty years ago. And thus it is that the Canadian judiciary are going by leaps and bounds into the political arena.

THE Briggs case has brought to the front a class of men who profess to have a holy horror of heresy trials. Their plan would be to deal with a preacher or professor accused of heresy in a sort of moral suasion style. If he turned orthodox good and well, if not let him go on as he may happen to please. Now it must be admitted that as a rule heresy trials are a great affliction, a great evil, but at times an inevitable evil. Supposing a professor in Knox College began to teach unsound doctrine judged by Presbyterian standards, would it be doing justice to the Presbyterians who founded and equipped and who maintain that institution to allow him to go on? Would it not be a gross breach of faith with both the living and the dead to teach other than Presbyterian doctrine in the institution? Brotherly love is a good enough thing, but when destitute of common honesty it is not very lovely.

DR. STALKER told the students of Yale that in looking over old sermons he could tell by the literary style of the sermon the kind of literature he had been reading during the week on which the sermon had been written. The week on which he had read high class literature he wrote his sermon in good literary style. Dr. Stalker is not by any means the only man whose sermons take their flavour from the kind of books read during the week. A preacher fond of controversial reading will unconsciously drop into an argument with some real or imaginary opponent the moment he divides his text. A preacher who reads devotional literature largely will perhaps show it in his prayers before he comes to the sermon. A preacher fond of Shakespeare, Milton, Bunyan and Macaulay can hardly have a poor literary style. There is no man in the pulpit, however, who shows his true inwardness as quickly as the man who does not read at all.

THE disposal of the wealth of the late Mr. James McLaren is marked by the same spirit of equity and fairness with which it was amassed. To his relatives he has allotted a generous share of the money of which he was possessed. His attachment to the Presbyterian Church and his desire for its advancement are shown in the munificent provision he has made especially for securing the efficiency of theological learning. To the trustees of the Presbyterian Church, Buckingham, where he resided, he has bequeathed \$100 annually for ten years. To Knox College, Toronto, to whose funds he had been a liberal subscriber, he devises \$20,000 to help in the full equipment of the library of that institution. A like sum is also given to Manitoba College, but without indicating the special purpose to which it is to be applied. It is quite possible that the authorities of that western seat of learning may feel free to avail themselves of its aid in the new building that circumstances have rendered necessary.

LACK of space last week prevented us from having a paragraph on the proposed appointment of Donald Fraser to a position in the English Presbyterian Church, in which he would no doubt have rendered admirable service. Released from his charge his fine pulpit and platform ability would have been of great use to his denomination. But the Master saw not as the Church saw, and this week it becomes our painful duty to say that Dr. Fraser has been unexpectedly called to his rest and reward. Taking him all in all, Dr. Donald Fraser, was a man of rare gifts. As a pulpit orator he never had a superior in Canada, and not many, if any, equals. His pulpit style was unique. The most intelligent hearer could not say just where his power lay, but that the power was there everyone felt. No doubt the correct explanation was that it lay in a combination of qualities. He was a ready writer, and in his best literary work aimed at being useful rather than at displays of erudition. He was not naturally a controversialist, but could take a hand at that kind of work when duty called. Dr. Fraser was not what is popularly called a "man of

the people"—a character too often a sheer demagogue,—but he was at heart a kindly, fair man, and if occasion required would do battle for popular rights in a manner that might put to shame many so called men of the people. In theology he was a "conservative-progressive" in his later days. He was sound on the essentials, but kept an open eye for anything new and good that might come his way. Taking him all in all Dr. Fraser was an honour to Canada, and more particularly to Knox College.

IN his youthful days Spurgeon was intensely modest. While supplying Waterbeach, his first preaching station, and "boarding around," he was asked to preach in the New Park Street Chapel, London, for six months, and the following is part of the reply sent by the youth who afterwards became the first preacher of his day:—

With regard to a six months' invitation from you, I have no objection to the length of time, but rather approve of the prudence of the Church in wishing to have one so young as myself on an extended period of probation. But I write after well weighing the matter, when I say positively that I cannot—I dare not—accept an unqualified invitation for so long a time. My objection is not to the length of time of probation, but it ill becomes a youth to promise to preach to a London congregation so long, until he knows them and they know him. I would engage to supply for three months of that time, and then, should the congregation fail, or the Church disagree, I would reserve to myself liberty, without breach of engagement, to retire; and you would on your part have the right to dismiss me without seeming to treat me ill. Should I see no reason for so doing, and the Church still retains its wish for me, I can remain the other three months, either with or without the formality of a further invitation; but even during the second three months I should not like to regard myself as a fixture, in case of ill-success, but would only be a supply, liable to a fortnight's dismissal or resignation.

The modesty and candour of the foregoing are perfectly charming, and all the more so because the writer presents such a contrast to the typical youth who imagines that scarcely any place is big enough for him to preach in. If pride comes before a fall and a haughty spirit before destruction, it is equally true that modesty often comes before world-wide promotion.

SERMON FACTORIES.

MANY people who appreciate sermons may seldom think of the labour expended in their preparation. It requires more than pen and ink and a supply of writing paper to construct a discourse that will interest, instruct and edify a congregation. The average minister after being for a time in harness occasionally finds himself in no little perplexity in choosing a text. The field is practically unlimited, and it may be thought that in this respect choice is easy, but in reality it is not always so. Preachers have been heard to declare that the selection of a text is nearly the half of the sermon's preparation. The prudent minister will have several texts in store before he is ready to treat them. Whenever a suggestive text occurs to him, or in the course of his reading or observation a subject presents itself to his mind, he notes it, and thus has several themes in advance that have been shaping themselves in thought according to his opportunities for reflection.

As to sermon-building it is here unnecessary to speak, for have not all the masters of homiletics been profuse in their advice, elaborate in their plans, and exhaustive, if not exhausting, in the rules they have laid down in their massive treatises on the subject of pulpit address?

Vigorous thinking power, a wide range of reading and a good knowledge of human nature acquired at short range by acquaintance with men and women as they are in actual life, and not as they appear for an hour or two in church on Sabbath, will afford ample stores whence one can draw arguments, motives and illustrations for adaptive and profitable preaching. The preacher who in the first years of his ministry carefully and systematically devotes his attention to the preparation of his discourses will have acquired facility in this most important part of his work, and it becomes increasingly easy and delightful. As experience grows his sermons have an added richness and spiritual force. This of course will only be the case if he remain faithful to the ideal he has formed. It is possible in the ministry, as in other fields of effort, that the workman may lose enthusiasm in his work. From one who discharges his duty mechanically the best results need not be looked for. Hard, dry and heartless effort can be profitable to no mortal, and the minister who falls contentedly into a dull routine is heartily to be pitied.

Not merely those who seldom rise above the

level of a dull mediocrity, but many of the best and most active and earnest workers in the Master's vineyard occasionally feel the strain that the preparation weekly of two fresh, inspiring and effective sermons brings. Even were this the only part of the work that demanded their attention it would at times be both difficult and irksome, but when the demands on the minister's time and effort become so numerous as they now do, there are seasons when the stress is severe and the temptations to resort to makeshifts are great.

To meet these difficulties of a pastor's work this inventive age has supplied several devices, some of them of a very questionable character. There are several publications, excellent of their kind, that aim at giving the busy and overworked minister effective aid in the preparation of his sermons. Most of these magazines give several excellent sermons *in extenso*, with a view perhaps of supplying models worthy of imitation. These are followed by outlines of sermons of varying merit, which the preacher may adopt and fill out for his own use. From the extensive circulation to which the best of these publications have attained, it may be inferred that not a few ministers do not disdain to make use of them. Whether the use of these helps is at all times legitimate is an ethical question that preachers may be left to decide for themselves. There is a practice, however, followed by some which is wholly indefensible, that of a preacher stealing the sermons of another and giving them as if they were his own. The extent to which this is done it is impossible to know, but that it is done sometimes is made manifest by occasional detection. A writer in the *Nineteenth Century* states that "so-called religious papers and booksellers' catalogues teem with advertisements of ready-made discourses of every shade of orthodoxy, and at prices ranging from sixpence to a guinea, thirty shillings or even two guineas for the rarest vintages." It is clear from the abundance of the supply and the persistent manner in which these wares are advertised that the demand for them must be considerable. In connection with the sacred ministry this is a state of things far from creditable. It indicates a dulled conscience, suggests faithlessness and an obscured moral sense. It is difficult to conceive of a blessing on the preaching whose place of preparation is in Grub Street. In all this there is a painful suggestion of sham and insincerity. Can a blessing be looked for from Him who desireth truth in the inward parts on this pitiable and mercenary business? It is told that many years ago in Edinburgh there were two ministers of the same name whose letters were occasionally interchanged. One was a Churchman, the other a dissenter. The former was disposed to look on the latter as a usurper, and forwarded a misplaced letter with a laconic note in which it was stated "that if you did not arrogate to yourself a title to which you have no claim, this mistake would not have occurred." Time passed on. To the dissenter came a roll of lithographed sermons he had never ordered. They were for the brother who magnified his office, to whom they were forwarded with the formula altered to suit the occasion: "If you did not arrogate to yourself a function whose duties you are unable to fulfil, this mistake would not have occurred"—a severe sentence no doubt on the habit of preaching purchased sermons, but after all the only fitting one that belongs to a practice that brings those who resort to it into the contempt of all honest men.

PERSECUTION IN RUSSIA.

It takes a long time for some rulers, civil and ecclesiastical, to comprehend the meaning of the declaration put so clearly by the framers of the Westminster Confession, "God alone is Lord of Conscience." With inconceivable folly the Emperor Charles V. imagined that he could crush out the Protestant Reformation. It is told of him that when, after his abdication, he was an inmate of the Monastery of St. Just he had a fancy for collecting clocks which he placed on the walls of his apartments. It troubled him much because he could never make them all keep the same time. Some one asked him how he could expect to make minds think alike when he was unable to regulate a few time-pieces. Since his day many have attempted the impossible feat of securing national religious unity. In every instance it has been a manifest failure. Where the exercise of authority has been the most absolute, and persecution the most relentless, the measure of success has been far from complete. Apparent success and conspicuous failure alike have shown that God has not delegated to any mortal however exalted, be he prince or pope, the authority of con-

trolling the human conscience. Louis XIV's revocation of the Edict of Nantes did not extirpate Protestantism from France, and the exile of its best and most industrious citizens was felt to be a distinct loss to the kingdom and a check to its industrial as well as to its moral and religious progress.

In our own time with all its belauded enlightenment, we see the same absurd and cruel policy pursued by the Czar of Russia. Those to whom is entrusted the government of the Russian people appear to have determined on securing the unification of the Muscovite Empire by the repression of civil and religious liberty. The spectre of Nihilism that stalks through the land has terrorized the ruling powers not without reason. Its menaces and threats are the evidence of discontent and desperation. That the Czar and his ministers are thoroughly alarmed is no cause for wonder. The danger that threatens is direct and avowed. It is natural that the rulers should take all proper precautions to ward off the danger with which they are constantly menaced, but those who understand and enjoy the priceless blessings of constitutional liberty may question the means employed for the preservation of the State, and cannot but feel the deepest sympathy for many of the victims of the inhuman exercise of arbitrary power. Unless Russian oppression results differently from the teaching of history the end will be very much unlike that intended by the Czar and his counsellors.

The motive for the religious persecutions maintained for the last few years does not lie so visibly on the surface, although it is apparent that the only attempt at its justification is that it is a means for securing the complete unification of the Russian nationality. For years the Lutherans of German origin resident in the Baltic Provinces have been subjected to the harshest and most arbitrary measures. They are treated ecclesiastically and civilly as an inferior race, and denied the free exercise of religious privilege, being hampered and restricted on every hand. Their educational institutions have been virtually suppressed, and all instruction must now be conducted in the Russian language. Outside remonstrance has in no way helped to mitigate the severity of the autocratic rigour with which the Lutherans in Russia have been treated.

The Stundists have of late years become very numerous in Southern Russia, where at the beginning of the present century, being exiles from Germany, they settled. Wilhelm, king of Wurtemberg, having the same idea that possesses Alexander III. of Russia, that all of his subjects should be of the same faith, expelled these simple and earnest Christians from his kingdom because they refused to conform to the national Church. They found an asylum in Russia, where, by the fervency of their devotion and the consistency and purity of their lives, they made a favourable impression on many of the Russians among whom they lived. Of late years large numbers joined them and they were wielding an influence for good that the dead orthodoxy of the Greek Church was powerless to effect. Under the inspiration, it is understood, of M. Pobedonostzeff, president of the Holy Synod, the decree has gone forth that it is a punishable crime for them to make converts or to teach their own children the faith to which they are so devotedly attached. The result of this cruel and arbitrary policy has been to send into Siberian exile a large number of the best and most upright citizens in the Russian Empire. Families are broken up, children have been torn from their parents' homes and committed to the training of priests in the tenets of the Greek Church.

The severity with which the Jewish inhabitants of Russia have been visited is familiar to all. They have been driven from their homes, and many of them have had to leave their possessions and go into exile for no other reason than that the imperial decree has gone forth that all the subjects of the Czar of Russia must belong to the Greek Church, a decree impossible of fulfilment. Persecution for conscience sake will prove a winnowing process. Those who for various reasons consider it politic to conform to the national religion can hardly prove sincere converts, and the pious Stundists and other dissenters who are prepared to suffer persecution for Christ's sake will retain their convictions, which will only become more precious to them because of the trials they have been called upon to endure. The Jew does not readily give up the faith of his fathers because of the harsh treatment of Gentile rulers. Russian bigotry and persecution may lead to results that will astonish those who in this age have resorted to the discarded weapons of a bygone time. How thankful we ought to be for the blessings of civil and religious freedom; may we become increasingly alive to the responsibilities they bring!

Books and Magazines.

THE enterprising publishers, S. W. Straub & Co., 243 State Street, Chicago, have favoured us with a beautiful new song, "O Father Keep Us," words by Maria Straub, music by S. W. Straub. This is an excellent sacred song, beautiful and not difficult.

A NEW and authorized Life of Mr. Spurgeon, entitled "From the Usher's Desk to the Tabernacle Pulpit," including his last sickness, with portraits of Mr. Spurgeon, Family Portraits and sixty other illustrations, including Mr. Spurgeon's birth place, at Kellvedon, Essex—The Stockwell Orphanage—his home and study at Westwood, The Metropolitan Tabernacle, etc., will be published very shortly by A. C. Armstrong & Son, New York, simultaneously, by arrangement with Mr. Spurgeon's publishers, Passmore & Alabaster, of London.

SPECIAL journals, College, Trade, Society, etc., are becoming very much in vogue, and the number of them is steadily increasing. The latest on our table is the *Canadian Mute*, published at the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, Ont. It is an eight-paged paper of thirty-two columns, printed on excellent paper, and its typographical appearance is very creditable to the voiceless compositors, who, after only a few weeks' training, set up the greater part of the first number. We congratulate the superintendent on having added another useful industry to those already taught in the Institution, and the pupils on obtaining an admirable medium of communication with their friends throughout the country. The objects for which the paper has been started are commendable, and we trust it will meet with the fullest measure of success in the field it is intended to occupy.

THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT STUDENT. (Hartford, Conn.: The Student Publishing Co.)—The *Student* has commenced the practice of giving portraits and sketches of American Old Testament scholars. The subject selected for the February number is Professor James Strong, LL.D., of Madison, N.J., of whom the sketch by Rev. J. W. Menlenhall, D.D. Professor Henry P. Smith, of Lane, writes on "The Evidence of Compilation." "The Religious Ideas of the First Book of Maccabees" is the theme on which Professor Frank C. Porter, of Yale, writes. Dr. Robert Francis Harper, London, England, treats of "The Discovery and Decipherment of the Cuneiform Inscriptions," and Professor F. B. Denio, of Bangor, Maine, discusses "The Book of Ecclesiastes." There are interesting and well-arranged studies on the founding of the Christian Church, as well as several other valuable features in this month's issue.

FOOTHOLDS FOR FAITH'S FEET. In Song and Story. (Toronto: William Briggs.)—This is the title of a dainty little volume on Hymns and Hymn-writers, by the Rev. W. H. W. Boyle, B.A., late pastor of Knox Church, St. Thomas. The popularity of the work is evidenced by the fact that though it has been on the market only a few weeks a second edition has been called for already. With true poetic taste the author analyzes six of the greatest hymns in our language, sets forth their doctrinal intent, and applies their practical teaching. Brief sketches are given of the lives of the writers of these hymns, the more stirring incidents in their experience are graphically portrayed, and mention is also made of the circumstances under which the hymns were composed. These illustrative lectures are at once so beautiful, so sympathetic and so practical that ordinary readers cannot fail to read them without interest and profit, and ministers will find them suggestive and stimulating.

BIBLE STUDIES. By Rev. J. L. Sooy, A.M. Illustrated with four coloured plates and sixty-four full-page half-tone engravings. (London, Ont.: McDermid & Logan).—Religious meditation is one of the obvious needs of our time. Its value in the cultivation and development of spiritual life is more generally recognized than acted upon. Whatever helps the contemplative side of Christian life should be highly prized. The present volume has been specially and carefully prepared to advance this object. It is comprehensive in its scope and includes family as well as personal religion. It is well arranged and presents studies for every day in the year, helps for the devotional hour, a closet promise with brief meditations, and a children's corner for every week in the year. The text of each Scripture study is given in full, and carefully-selected reflections are culled from a great number of the best writers in the English language. The work is neatly and clearly printed, and the pictorial embellishments are of great beauty, many of them being neat reproductions of Hoffman's famous pictures. The work needs no commendation; it commends itself.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH IN AMERICA. Proceedings and Addresses of the Third Congress at Louisville, Kentucky. (Nashville, Tenn.: Barbee & Smith).—It is an admitted fact that the sturdy Scotch-Irish settlers on this continent have taken a full share in doing its work and helping on its progress. In organizing for the purpose of preserving the records of their race, and cultivating the spirit of brotherly kindness among themselves, they are doing excellent work. The volume that records the proceedings of their third Congress is one of great interest. The first part, prefaced by a good portrait of Rev. John Hall, D.D., is devoted to a narrative of the proceedings of the assemblage at Louisville last May. Part second contains "The Scotch-Irish of the Bench and Bar," by Hon. A. E. Stevens, of Bloomington, Ill.; "The Influence of the Scotch-Irish in the Formation of the Government of the United States," by Dr. J. H. Bryson, of Alabama; "The Scotch-Irish Among the Nations," by Dr. Thomas Murphy, of Philadelphia; "The Scotch-Irish of California," by Mr. Terence Masterson, of San Francisco, Cal.; "The Scotch-Irish of East Tennessee," by Judge O. P. Temple, of Knoxville, Tenn.; "Andrew Jackson," by Dr. D. C. Kelley, of Tennessee; "The Scotch-Irish of Kentucky," by Judge William Lindsay, of Frankfort, Ky.; "The Scotch-Irish of Canada," by Rev. Stuart Acheson, of Toronto; "Our Pledge to Posterity," by Dr. John S. MacIntosh, of Philadelphia; the sermon of Dr. John Hall at the great religious meeting at the Louisville Auditorium; together with many other valuable and interesting contributions. The appendix contains a biographical list of members of the Society, furnishing the only convenient means by which the genealogies and family relationships of the race can be traced.

Choice Literature.

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A KING OF TYRE.

A TALE OF THE TIMES OF EZRA AND NEHEMIAH.

BY JAMES M. LUDLOW, AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE JANIZARIES," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The town of Samaria crowned the hill that rises from the centre of a magnificent valley, like an inverted cup in a lordly dish. Far away to the east stand the mountain walls of Gilead and Ammon and Moab; while on the west stretch the uplands of Ephraim and the gleaming waters of the Great Sea. The nearer hills, terraced into gigantic steps, and ordinarily luxuriant with vineyards and fig-gardens, were now covered with rankest vegetation of wild growth, at once nature's rebuke and invitation to the husbandman.

The old palace of Ahab, built with bankrupting magnificence by that renegade king of Israel, had long since fallen to ruin. Hard by stood a sarcophagus in which had once rested the spice-embalmed body of some fair princess, but which was now the feeding-trough for a herd of swine. A superb pillar of porphyry, polished until it had once reflected the gay lights that flashed about it, was now a scratching-post for the cattle that roamed at will through the valley.

Since the Persian king had appointed Sanballat, the Moabite chieftain, to be satrap of Samaria, the land had been somewhat improved. The bats had been frightened out of the niches in the palace. The storks no longer sat enthroned upon the stately columns, nor posed upon one leg, with drooping wings, looking down lugubriously upon the passer-by—the symbolic funeral directors of dead empires since time began. The great cedar roof that once spanned the hall had been succeeded by a double awning of canvas—the outer covering of black goat's hair, the inner of white linen, upon which were wrought tapestries whose gay colours compensated for their rude forms.

By the side of the grand doorway, with its enormous lintels and cracked cross-piece of stone, stood the tall banner-staff of the satrap, in sight of a hundred tents which sheltered the standing army of Samaria. This band of braves was composed chiefly of Moabite men, swarthy, long-limbed, with treacherous looks, as if seeking to repel the historic taunt of their ill-begetting as a race from the incestuous daughter of Lot. Their officers were lithe and gallant Persians, each one of whom boasted the various deeds he would have performed if the last expedition against the Greeks had not been chiefly a naval affair. More plausible, perhaps, were their stories of hair-breadth escapes in their adventures connected with the harems of Babylon and Susa.

Sanballat, the satrap, was not in military mood as he reclined upon a long divan in his pavilion. Seated upon the floor beside, fondling his long beard, was a young girl. A glance could detect their relationship. The stiff black bristles that stood upon the man's head were surely of kin to the raven locks that fell softly about her temples. Both had the same jet eyes. In hers the pupils contrasted finely with the pure white balls; in his they were set in blood-shot orbs. Her forehead was low and broad, but moulded as if by some sculptor; his was of the same outline, but knobbed, as if with fiercer passions, and wrinkled by a hundred cares, no one of which had as yet dropped a shadow upon her brow. The father's straight lips were slightly arched in the daughter. Her lips won by asking; his evidently gained only by commanding. His skin was tanned and roughed by years of exposure to the elements, perhaps discoloured by excessive use of wine; hers was bronzed by the kissing of the Syrian sun, but not enough to hide the healthy blood that tinted itself through, and displayed her beauty in all the delicate shades of blushes. The crimson upon her cheeks and temples was just now of a deeper hue than usual, as Sanballat was saying:—

"My Nicaso must let her father keep charge of her heart. The satrap's daughter shall not be, as other maidens, the prey of any fine fellow whose manner may be pleasing. Such a face and form as yours, to say nothing of your lineage, would gain you admission to the court of Susa or Memphis. Old Orpha, your nurse, tells me that you talk over-much of some young swain. I do not ask who, for none worthy of my feir one lives in Samaria."

"I believe you," replied the girl, playfully plucking a grey hair from his beard. "No one in Samaria is good enough for the great Sanballat's daughter. I will sell for too much; for—a satrapy of all Palestine, if Artaxerxes likes my looks! or for an alliance with the new king of Tyre, if the daughter of the rich Ahimelek dies broken-hearted because Baal will not send back her Hiram."

She leaped to her feet, and, catching up a timbrel, gracefully performed the movement of a dance.

"By Astarte!" cried the satrap, "such a woman never graced this place since Jezebel. Aha! no little Ahab shall catch my wild pigeon. Have a care, Nicaso, who sets a snare for you!"

Her laugh rang merrily. "Be sure I shall keep myself bright and safe, like a new coin in the box, for the day of sale."

She looked between the swinging curtains.

"But here comes one handsome enough to be cup-bearer to you, father, when I have bought you a throne. I will be gone. Only don't sell me through him. He is a merchant. One, two, three camels, heavily laden, and himself on horse-back. He could trinket me out fit for Tammuz himself, I have no doubt. And, father," she threw her arms fondly about his neck, "just a necklace, or an anklet, or an armet, or a cap of coins! I will sell better for an ornament."

The girl disappeared through the rear of the pavilion into the palace enclosure. Sanballat rose to welcome his visitor at the entrance.

The traveller dismounted from his horse, and made a low salam, which the satrap returned as cordially as his reserve of official dignity permitted.

"I am Marduk, servant, if you will permit, to my Lord Sanballat," said the stranger.

"Ah, Marduk of Tyre! Your fame as a merchant has come before you. Welcome, good Marduk of Tyre."

"I hardly deserve the title 'from Tyre,' for many months have passed since I worshipped Melkarth in his temple there. I am rather a citizen of the world. The Isles of Greece, the Nile to the Cataracts, the shores of the Red Sea, the lands of Ammon and Moab, and even Jerusalem, might claim me."

"The more welcome, then," replied Sanballat. "The proverb says: 'A travelled man is a wise man,' but it ought to have said, if he did not linger too long in Jerusalem; for only fools are there. Shake off the dust of the Jews' land, and make one of us, good Marduk."

Servants relieved the stranger of his upper garment and sandals; they brought water and washed his feet. Others offered refreshments, of which Sanballat partook with his guest.

"And what land pleases you best?" asked the host, as they lingered over the cup of wine.

"No land is fairer than Samaria, my lord. Your fields are richer than I have seen for many a day. The vale of Shechem, by which I entered your domain, is a place where the gods might be pleased to abide with men. As I looked up to the heights of Gerizim I could well believe the legend that there rather than on the hill where the Jews have put their temple, the great Father Abraham offered the sacrifice of his son."

"A sacrifice that Jehovah would not accept," said Sanballat, sneeringly; "but He preferred a ram as something nobler than a Jew. Baal did accept the sacrifice of the heroic Prince of Tyre. Ah! he was worthy of the god's feast even without being roasted—eh, Marduk? But don't take offence. I meant no irreverence to Baal. I believe in Baal as much as you do."

"I do not doubt it," replied Marduk.

"Yes, I worship Baal," continued Sanballat, scarcely pausing. "That is, as a Moabite I worship Baal-Chemosh; but in this land of ancient Israel I have to keep on good terms with Jehovah, or, as I should call him, Baal of Israel."

"That is wise," replied Marduk. "I have studied closely the strange people at Jerusalem. They are truly possessed by their God. Jehovah is a reality among these hills, whatever he may be elsewhere."

"Yes," said Sanballat, "Jehovah is a god of the hills. Baal can't match him there. But down on the coast, in your country, Jehovah cannot keep a foothold."

"Have you noted," interrupted Marduk, "how the power of the Jews is growing? Thousands of them, once scattered among all countries, are returning. They are bringing with them great wealth, and are building the waste places. The enthusiasm for revived Israel is like a disease that floats in the air over many lands, and fastens on those who are susceptible; and every Jew from Babylon to Gades is in the catching condition. I wonder that you do not make an alliance with them; and reap in their harvest, my Lord Sanballat?"

"Reap their harvest! That I would—with a torch. Think you, Marduk! I have offered these miserable Jews my friendship. Even offered to help them build their city. But their ass-headed stubbornness would not listen to me. There was a time when I could have cut all their throats, and yet I spared them."

Sanballat strode up and down the apartment. When he had worked off the froth of his passion the native cunning of the man asserted itself, and, sitting down close to his guest, he studied his face for a moment. You said, Make an alliance? Is it possible?"

"Possible! Why not?" replied Marduk. "Only Ezra and Nehemiah have heretofore prevented, and now Ezra is like an old dog who keeps his spirit but has lost his teeth. He cannot hold on to affairs long. And as for Nehemiah, the Tirshatha, he is enamoured of the feasts at the palace of Susa, and shows no sign of coming back."

"The Tirshatha! A curse on that mongrel Persian and Jewish dog!"

Sanballat took another turn about the room, as uneasy as a chained bear with a dog snapping at his legs. The exercise clarified his half-drunken wits, and he resumed the council.

"Ezra's teeth may be broken, but that whelp Nehemiah's teeth are sharp enough. But for him I should now have my palace on the hill of Zion, and my soldiers be encamped in the valley of Jehosaphat. Then, think of it, Marduk! mine should be the satrapy from Syria to Egypt."

"The thing is possible yet," replied Marduk. "There is no ruler now in Jerusalem. The high priest's family are chief in influence. They are jealous of Nehemiah, and do not want him back from Susa. They are ready to strengthen themselves in any way. They are already scratching the ambitious itch of Tobiah, the Ammonite. They have torn out the walls between the priest's chambers to make state quarters for his impudence in the very temple itself."

"Humph! Tobiah cannot help them," said Sanballat.

"But he can help himself by them," replied Marduk.

"He shall not."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Why not?" Sanballat was again upon his feet, and shook his fist in the face of Marduk, as if the guest were the hated Tobiah. "Why not? Because"—he fairly shrieked out his spleen—"because he is an Ammonite. Moab must have the ascendancy in this land, so far as Persia allows either of us to rule. The blood of every man of Moab would turn to adder's poison if Tobiah were anything higher than the servant of Sanballat."

"Then prevent him."

"Prevent him! I shall, or may the fire of Chemosh burn me! But, good Marduk, tell me how you would do it."

"Why, by offering better alliance with the priests myself. The rising man in Jerusalem is Manasseh. He is grandson of Eliashib, the high priest. He is as astute as Nehemiah, and more popular. If the Tirshatha does not come back, Manasseh will be proclaimed governor. If Nehemiah should return, Manasseh, by virtue of his priestly rank, must be the man of his right hand."

"Grandson of Eliashib? Then he is still young, and unmarried."

"Yes."

Sanballat took a long turn about the apartment. Seating himself again, he put his head close to Marduk's.

"You have seen my daughter?"

"I have heard of her beauty. It is famed everywhere.

Good blood will come to the cheek as well as put strength into the arm. They say she is a sprig of yourself, my Lord Sanballat."

"Woe to the man that should say differently," replied the Moabite, feeling the flattery. "Is Manasseh comely, well-built, strong; or a sleek priest that dare not draw a knife but on a bullock?"

"No man is better gifted in body or mind than Manasseh. Far be it from me, a stranger, to suggest such a thing to my Lord Sanballat; but since you have first mentioned it, I make bold to say that there is no alliance so permanent between rulers as an alliance of blood. As the blood gives a common life to all the body, and prevents the parts from falling asunder through disagreement, so it is with an alliance of blood among nations. Besides, such a union with one who is to be high priest would modify the strictness of the Jews' religion, and lead to some common code of worship in which Jehovite and Baalite might unite. I foresee from that a new Syria, its people one, its ruler Sanballat, and its great temple here in Samaria, or, perhaps, upon Mount Gerizim itself. All Phœnicia might be brought into such a confederation. Think of the riches of Tyre and Sidon, the stronghold of Jerusalem, the great tribes across the Jordan, perhaps Damascus, all under the suzerainty of Samaria!"

Sanballat was carried away with this conceit, which it was evident Marduk had only revived in his mind, not suggested. He strode to the palace front, and looked out over the hills. His eyes widened as if taking in the vision of his new empire. Marduk followed him. The satrap put his arm fondly about his guest.

"You speak as the Jews say Daniel did in Babylon when he told the king his dream, for what you say has been my waking vision for years, yet I have breathed it to none. And why should it not be accomplished?"

"It may be, and you yourself have suggested the first stitch in the new fabric—the union of your house with that of the high priest."

"Well said, Marduk! Well said! I would see the young man. No father can fix the stars for his child's destiny until he sees if they reflect themselves brightly in her heart. If Nicaso should evince repugnance to the Jew, or he should not be taken with the charms of a Moabite—"

"Impossible! Impossible to either, when they meet! Two such comely persons must love at sight. Besides, they could not resist the wooing of great State necessities, ambition for the glory of rank and power, and the praise which we can make sure each shall hear of the other, even before they meet."

"Marduk, you are a statesman, worthy of the repute of your King Hiram, whom Baal has taken to himself; for they say he was the wisest man that ever sat in the council of Tyre. Draw up the compact, Marduk. You merchants know the form. We will study it at our leisure, for you are to be my guest until you return to Jerusalem with authority to consummate the union of Nicaso and Manasseh; of Nicaso and Manasseh! The names sound well together. Ay, the union of Samaria and Judah, of Sanballat and all Syria!"

Sanballat was in high spirits. He ordered a jar of the wine of Hebron, "the only wine the King of Persia will drink, but not too good for Marduk and the Satrap of Samaria, of Syria." He called for his captains and distributed among them a skin of beer, the brewing of Damascus. Dancers were summoned; men who, balancing pitchers and jars of water upon their heads, took their steps dexterously between the waving blades of swords; and women who exhibited every possible grace of motion with their bodies, while allowing only the slightest motion of their feet. Horsemen performed marvellous exploits. The camel-drivers added their share to the hilarity by attempting to imitate these equestrian movements upon their awkward beasts. A score or two of asses were forced into orchestral braying by tickling their noses, and brought to a sudden silence by twisting their tails.

As the crowd withdrew to regale themselves with a largess of leben, the daughter of the satrap appeared. Her maidens spread an elegant rug, wrought on the looms of Téhara, a gift to the satrap from Artaxerxes.

Nicaso's entire person was covered with a long veil. Though it was supposed to hide her features, it coquettishly revealed not only enough to assure Marduk that the fame of her beauty was warranted, but also to make him feel that her part of the entertainment was not altogether due to obedience to her father's wish, but was also a gratuitous compliment to his presence.

A harp was brought to her. To its accompaniment she sang a song based upon the legendary love of Solomon for the Shulamite maiden, his wooing and her rejection of royal favours through constancy to her shepherd lover. Nicaso's voice was exceedingly rich and flexible. It well represented the gentler sentiments; but was startlingly effective in its deeper tones, which were adapted to the wilder portions of the song, and suggested an untamed element in the singer herself.

"A glorious bit of womanhood," thought Marduk; "but I would rather Manasseh had the responsibility of owning it than I."

He turned to speak to the satrap, but that worthy, overcome by the abundance and mixture of drinks, was fast asleep, if not drunk. It will be well to drop the curtain briefly upon Samaria.

(To be continued.)

CAN YOU EAT

Heartily, with relish, and without distress afterward? If not, we recommend to you Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates a good appetite and so invigorates the stomach and bowels that the food is properly digested and all its nutriment assimilated. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, effective, but do not cause pain or gripe. Be sure to get Hood's.

HOW TO MAKE \$500

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LONGFELLOW'S HOME.

In a series of interesting papers, "Roamings in Classic Massachusetts," by "Fidelis," appearing in *The Week*, the following occurs:—

Longfellow's house, of course, every visitor sees, at least from without, and we had the privilege of standing for a few moments in the poet's library, which has been made familiar to many in illustrated magazine articles. The massive carved chair presented to him by the children, made out of the "spreading chestnut tree" under which "the village blacksmith toiled," catches the eye at once. In the hall, too, one notices instantly "the old clock on the stairs."

Half way up the stairs it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands.

And we seem to see that massive leonine head bent over the round study table as he translates for us its ceaseless burden, "forever, never; never, forever!" It is evident that Mr. Longfellow was a lover of good pictures, as the rooms and corridors testify. A large picture that hangs near the door in the entrance hall, representing a Francis can monk leading a donkey which draws a load of green boughs, attracts special notice, and suggests the probability that it may have suggested the image in the second stanza of the "Old Clock on the Stairs."

The house, a spacious one, built of wood of a warm, cream colour picked out with white, and a white-pillared verandah at one side, stands

Somewhat back from the village street,

in a nicely-kept shrubbery, the gate flanked by lilacs and the door by rosebushes. At the time of our visit it was uninhabited by any member of the poet's family—his daughter, who usually resides there, being absent in Europe. The house overlooks the River Charles, being divided from it only by the road and a strip of ground, once belonging to the poet's property, now being planted with trees for a park to be called by his name. The river is not strikingly picturesque at this point. Doubtless the encroaching advances of commerce have tended to make it less so; still, there is enough of quiet, sylvan beauty about its winding course to enable us to understand the feeling that inspired the lines to the

River! that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea!

We pass on from the home of Longfellow; and, a little further on, in the quiet of the soft June evening, we linger wistfully for a few minutes at the gate of Elmwood, then still the home of James Russell Lowell. Embowered in its "overarching vaults of shade," as Dr. Holmes has well described them—the quiet, old white homestead, with its spacious green fields and spreading elms, seemed an ideal home for such a man; and those who love his noble verse can often read into it the happy influences of this lovely and sequestered spot. As we look, a little golden-haired girl comes out, and stands petting a horse just driven into the ample court yard. She is doubtless one of the poet's grandchildren—such an one as he addresses in one of his sweetest poems. It is a pretty picture—seen in the soft evening light with the long shadows of the great trees stretching across the verdant lawn and about the quiet house. But the shadow of death is even then overclouding its summer beauty, and there is no hope of catching a glimpse of its suffering master, who is so soon to precede some of his older friends into the "Silent Land." A charming, shady lane leads from Elmwood to the charmed stillness of Mount Auburn, close by, and in this lovely and sacred spot, where so many "long walks" have come to a close, we appropriately conclude our roamings in "classic Massachusetts." Longfellow's tomb is the first we notice, as we traverse the winding paths amid bright blossoming shrubs. It is a plain, grey sarcophagus, of Grecian style and decoration—Charles Sumner's closely resembles it, though of different tint. Every now and then we come on some family name noted in the annals of New England. The tall, white obelisk that marks the grave of Charlotte Cushman seems to besit her pure and blameless memory. The turf is emerald velvet, and the shrubs and trees show the most untiring care; yet, partly perhaps because of its very trimness, Mount Auburn lacks the subtle charm of free, sylvan beauty which we find in Sleepy Hollow, with its cluster of venerated graves under the venerable pines that seem to sigh a perpetual elegy. The "Mount," which gradually rises towards the centre, is crowned by a round tower, from whence there is an extensive and beautiful view over the picturesque, undulating country for many miles; and from hence we can trace the River Charles, winding like a looped, silver ribbon through meadow and woodland, till it is lost in the smoky haze that hangs over busy Boston and its broad bay.

Reluctantly we bid farewell to lovely Auburn, its shady alleys, and tiny lakelets tenanted by happy ducks instead of swans, and return to Boston—baking in the heat of an intensely warm summer day. The slightly cooler eventide finds us steaming out of its spreading environs—the setting sun that streams in upon us reminding us that we are westward (and homeward) bound. And charming as our roamings in classic Massachusetts have been, we are by no means disposed to prefer even its beauty to our own wilder and more rugged land. A visit to New England does not make one a whit less a Canadian; but it does make us feel the tie of kindred, of true family feeling,

that binds us to those who, despite all political changes, all foreign admixture, are yet *no foreigners*, but our *brothers* in tongue, tradition and literature! On all deep and vital questions the great Anglo-Saxon heart *must* beat in sympathy, whether in the country of Wordsworth and Burns or that of Lowell and Whittier—in the smaller or the greater Britain—the Old England or the New. We can live amicably side by side in the close commercial relations which seem the only natural and mutually beneficial ones for countries conterminous for so long a line of frontier, without any necessity or special motive for *political* union. And though many thoughtful Americans would prefer union with Canada to extension further south, they would have no desire to *force* it. Their territory is large enough already! But amicable relations we *must* have, and those who would hinder these by cherishing jealousies or animosities, can scarcely be considered truly loyal to our country's best interests, or to those of the commonwealth of nations!

THE MISSIONARY WORLD

THE DECADENCE OF RELIGION IN CHINA

The history of China is a striking instance of the downgrade in religion. The old classics of China, going back to the time of Abraham, show a wonderful knowledge of God. There are passages in those classics about God worthy to stand side by side with kindred passages in the Old Testament. The fathers and founders of the Chinese race appear to have been monotheists. They believed in an omnipotent, omniscient, and omnipresent God, the moral governor of the world, and the impartial judge of men.

But gradually the grand conception of a personal God became obscured. Nature-worship crept in. Heaven and earth were deified, and God was confounded with the material heavens and the powers of nature. Heaven was called father, and earth mother, and became China's chief god. Then the sun, moon and stars were personified and worshipped. China bowed down to "the hosts of heaven." The great mountains and rivers were also deified and placed among the state gods.

This nature-worship continues in full force to the present time. In the southern suburb of Peking stands a great marble altar to heaven, where the emperor, accompanied by his high officials, worships on the morning of the winter solstice and other occasions. In the northern suburb is a large square altar to earth, where he worships on the morning of the summer solstice. In the eastern suburb there is an altar to the sun, and in the western suburb an altar to the moon. But nowhere in Peking, and nowhere in China, is there a single temple or a single altar dedicated to the worship of Shang-ti, the god of the ancient classics. Nature has taken the place of God.

Polytheism and idolatry followed. From the dawn of history the Chinese worshipped their ancestors, regarding the dead as in some sort tutelary deities. This naturally led to the deification and worship of deceased heroes and benefactors, till the gods of China, increasing age by age, became legion. Her well-stocked pantheon contains gods of all sorts and sizes. There are gods of heaven and earth: gods of the sun, moon, and stars; gods of the mountains, seas, and rivers: gods of fire, war, and pestilence; wealth, rank, and literature; horses, cows, and insects.

But the degradation did not stop here. The Chinese sank lower still and became demon-worshippers. Charm-long strips of paper bearing cabalistic characters in black, green, and yellow—hang from the lintels of most doors, to protect the house against evil spirits. Night is often made hideous, and sleep impossible, by the firing of crackers to frighten away the demons. Almost every village has its professional exorcist and devil-catcher. The fear of demons is the bugbear of a Chinaman's life, and much of his worship is intended to appease their wrath and propitiate their favour. And once a year, during the seventh moon, a gigantic image of the devil himself is carried in solemn procession through every town and village, followed by the populace, feasted, and worshipped.

Animal-worship, too, is rife. In some parts of North China certain animals are more worshipped than the most popular gods. The fame of even the largest temples is often due not to the gods they contain, but to the supposed presence of a fairy fox, weasel, snake, hedgehog, or rat. These five animals are believed to possess the secret of immortality and the power of self-transformation, and to exercise great influence over the fortunes of men. Their pictures hang in thousands of homes, and there shrines exist everywhere.

I have seen crowds of men, women, and children worshipping at an ordinary fox burrow. And I have seen one of the great gates of Peking thronged day after day with carriages and pedestrians going to worship a fairy fox supposed to have been seen outside the city walls. Any day small yellow hand-bills may be seen on the walls and boardings of Peking, assuring the people that "prayer to the venerable fairy fox is certain to be answered."

Thus low have the great Chinese people fallen, literally fulfilling the words of the apostle Paul: "Professing themselves to be wise they became fools, and changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image like to corruptible man and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things." This is the result of 4,000 years of continuous national life. During those long centuries China has grown enormously in power, wealth and intelligence. But in religious know-

ledge the rolling centuries have witnessed only gradual degradation and decay. China, "by wisdom, knew not God."

Once upon a time a wise man and a simple child of nature were put into a labyrinth without a clew to see which would find his way out first. Both perished in the vain attempt. Neither wisdom nor simplicity prevailed. The Chinese, with his civilization and learning, is that wise man, and the African savage is that child of nature. Both have failed to find God, and have become worshippers of blind nature, dead men, evil demons, and dumb animals. Without the Bible man is without a lamp unto his feet and a light unto his path. The Bible is the only clew to the perplexing problems of life, and the only light through the dark valley of the shadow of death.

A new era has begun in China, an era of railways, telegraphs, and science-schools. Before the fierce light of modern science the gross idolatry of China must gradually disappear. But science, like the sun, conceals more than it reveals—it shows us earth, but shuts out the heavens with their infinite starry depths. Science may destroy the idols, but will not reveal God. It may breed scepticism, but will not inspire faith. And I would rather see the Chinese polytheists than atheistic. Superstition is better than unbelief. Only the Bible can give back to China the lost knowledge of God, and we have now a grand opportunity of giving her that Bible. The whole of that great empire is now open to us, and we are free to preach the Gospel and to distribute the word of life among its teeming millions.—By Rev. George Owen of Peking, in *Missionary Chronicle*.

THE INDIAN CENSUS.

A remarkable article appeared lately in the *London Times* on the disclosures which are being evolved from the Indian census. One of these disclosures is that Christianity is progressing much more rapidly than is generally believed.

"Missionary after missionary," the article says, "comes home from India, and quite honestly laments, on British platforms, the fewness of his conversions. The annual reports of several of the great missionary societies tell the same frankly despondent tale. Unsympathetic critics please themselves by reckoning up the cost of each convert at so many pounds sterling in three figures. The Government of India does not concern itself with conversions, but its census officers had to ascertain the facts regarding the native Christians, exactly as they had to ascertain the facts with reference to any other class of the population. They scrutinized the figures supplied for earlier years, with the help of those officially ascertained by the first general census of India in 1872, and compared the whole with the returns of the second Indian census in 1881. They found that the native Christians in British India were increasing at a rate unknown among any other considerable section of the population, at a rate more than four times higher than the population of India as a whole. It appeared also that this increase of the native Christians was much greater than what may be termed the machinery for their supervision and control. While the number of mission stations had increased only threefold between 1851 and 1881, the number of native Protestant or Anglican Christians had multiplied more than fivefold, and the number of native communicants (the most closely cared for class) by nearly tenfold. During the nine years from the first general census of 1872 to the second, in 1881, it was found that the native Christians in British India had increased by over thirty per cent., while the general population of British India had increased by less than seven per cent.

"These figures were startling, but behind them were figures still more significant. The maximum of care and supervision over the native Christian communities is unquestionably given by the vigorous and comparatively youthful missionary bodies in the British provinces; it is given in a less degree among the more old-fashioned mixed Roman Catholic and Protestant native Christians in the native states; it is given in a still smaller measure among the ancient Christian settlements of Portuguese India, where the Christians form the ordinary peasantry rather than a specially cared for class. The rate of their numerical increase appeared to coincide with the degree of supervision or protection accorded. While in British India the native Christians had increased from 1872 to 1881 by 30.2 per cent., they had increased in the native states by only 11.9 per cent., and in Portuguese India by 7.4 per cent. The census, however, can deal only with numerical increase. But the results of a protected status on an Indian community appear not only in a growth of numbers—it also tends to raise its social position. A recent report on public instruction in Madras, one of the earliest fields for Protestant missionary enterprise, directs attention to this aspect of the case. The *Madras Times*, commenting on the official returns thus furnished, states that, while among the non-Christian population only thirty-eight per cent. of the boys of school-going age are actually receiving education, the proportion among the native Christian boys is as high as sixty-one per cent. The report on public instruction in Madras sums up the situation in the following weighty words: 'There can be no question, if this community pursues with steadiness the present policy of its teachers, that, with the immense advantage it possesses in the way of educational institutions, in the course of a generation it will have secured a preponderating position in all the great professions, and possibly too in the industrial enterprise of the country.'

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Ministers and Churches.

THE proceeds of the tea-meeting of Knox Church, Theford, amounted to \$93.

THE Rev. A. G. Jansen was inducted into the pastoral charge of Durham, in the Presbytery of Saugeen, on the 26th January.

A SHORT time ago the ladies connected with St. Andrews congregation, Perth, presented Mrs. A. H. Scott, of the manse, as a New Year remembrance, with a costly piano lamp and a study lamp. The donation was unexpected, and was appreciated very much by Mrs. Scott.

THE sixteenth annual public meeting of Knox College Missionary Society will be held in Convocation Hall on the evening of Friday next, February 26, at eight p.m. Mr. J. K. Macdonald will preside, an address will be delivered by Rev. E. H. Savers of Westminster, and an essay will be read by Mr. D. Carswell.

THE Knox College Students Missionary Society will be pleased to receive contributions of religious literature for distribution in the more destitute parts of our Dominion. The Society thankfully acknowledges the kindness of those who have given assistance in the past. All contributions should be sent in before April 1 to W. G. W. Fortune.

THE annual social in connection with the Presbyterian Church, Bervie, was held on Feb. 2, which was in every respect a success and the best in the history of the congregation, from which was realized \$54. The pastor's salary is paid six months in advance, and every branch of the Church work in 1891 has been crowned with success. The contributions during the past year have been much in advance of any previous year.

THE first anniversary of the induction of the Rev. J. B. McLaren into the pastorate of the Columbus and Brooklyn congregation was observed on Sabbath, 14th inst., when the Rev. R. P. Mackay, B.A., to the great satisfaction of the people, conducted the services. On Monday evening the annual tea was held at Columbus, when Mr. Mackay delivered his instructive and entertaining lecture on "A Walk Through Picture Galleries."

THE annual meeting of the Brockville First Church Auxiliary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held on February 4, the reports both of the Auxiliary, Young Ladies' Mission Band and Juvenile Mission Band were all very encouraging and showed that all were in a very prosperous condition. The contributions during the year amounted to \$237. The Auxiliary has a membership of fifty-seven, with an average attendance of twenty-five. In August a bale of clothing was sent to the North-West Indians. In October a very successful thanksgiving tea was held, at which there were ninety-five ladies present; the offering at this meeting amounted to \$50.

THE anniversary of Guthrie Church, Harriston, was held on Sabbath, the 7th February, when Rev. D. C. Hossack, LL.B., of Orangeville, preached very able and appropriate discourses. The large and elegant church was literally crowded by an audience which will certainly welcome the preacher again to Harriston. On the following Monday evening there was a grand social meeting at which instructive addresses were given by Messrs. Hossack, Young, Aull and the resident ministers, and choice music was rendered by the choir. It is agreed on all hands that the occasion was the grandest in the history of Harriston. The total proceeds of the social and collection on Sabbath was the handsome sum of \$453.50. The pastor, Rev. G. Munro, and his congregation are to be congratulated on their success.

SABBATH, the 31st ult., was a red letter day in the Presbyterian congregation of Millbank. The occasion was the opening of a new church. The structure is of white brick, with stone basement, 37 x 60 feet, and seats 300. Cost about \$4,000. The dedicatory services were conducted by Rev. A. Jackson, Ph.D., of Knox Church, Galt, who delivered two thoughtful and impressive sermons on the passages, Psalms cxviii. 22, and Jude xxiii., morning and evening respectively. Although there were supposed (on good authority) to be 500 people in the church at each service, some had to go away because they could not get inside the walls. The usual church-opening tea-meeting was held on Monday evening, when tea was served by the ladies in the basement to over 600 people, after which addresses were delivered in the auditorium by the surrounding clergymen; also by Dr. Jackson. About \$320 were taken, including Sabbath and Monday.

IN the Scotch Presbyterian Church, Jersey City, N.J., on Sabbath, 7th inst., the Rev. David Mitchell took for his text on entering the seventh year of his pastorate Lev. xxv. 4: "But in the seventh year shall be a Sabbath for the Lord." He spoke of the mysterious number "seven," how it ran through the Bible from the creation down to the description of the New Jerusalem in Revelation. The Sabbath was thus emphasized. But the text shows that what the seventh day was to the other six, so the seventh year was to be to the six preceding years. The preacher drew from the verse before him the following suggestive points: 1. We should keep what we have. That was the meaning of the ground lying fallow. It was not to be exhausted. And so it is better rather to conserve than spread out too much. 2. The Sabbatical year was a transition period. And 3. It was a preparation for the years to follow. Mr. Mitchell spoke warmly of what a congregation might accomplish simply from the fact of meeting together, of crowding the sanctuary, of carrying on the Sunday school, of upholding the pastor's hands.

A NEW church at Bar River, Algoma, was opened on Sabbath, the 14th February. The service in the morning was conducted by the Rev. A. Findlay, Superintendent of Missions. In the afternoon the sermon was preached by the Rev. McAllen of the Methodist Church, and in the evening the service was conducted by the Rev. D. H. McLaren,

M.A., of Bruce Mines. Large audiences were present at all these services, manifesting the interest which is being taken in the work by the community at large. Bar River is a new station on the Tarbutt Field, opened only some two years ago. It is situated in the Township of Laria, one of the best in the District of Algoma. A thrifty class of settlers have taken possession, whose enterprise is manifested, among other ways, in their determination to supply as speedily as possible the want felt since their organization of a proper place for worship. On Friday, the 12th inst., a concert was held in the church, the proceeds from which, together with the collections on Sabbath, amounted to about \$90, which leaves the building free from debt with a small balance on hand which will go towards the completion of it.

A MOST interesting service was held in the Presbyterian church, Waterloo, on Thursday evening, February 4, being the induction of Mr. Samuel Carruthers, formerly of Beverly, but more lately of Wappingers Falls, U.S., to the pastoral charge of the Presbyterian congregation there. Mr. McInnis, of Knox Church, Elora, preached, according to the appointment of the Presbytery, taking for his text Ecclesiastes x. 1: "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God." After the sermon, Mr. A. M. Hamilton, of Winterbourne, who had been appointed to preside on the occasion, and who has efficiently acted as Moderator of Session during the few months the Church has been vacant, gave a brief narrative of the steps in the call to Mr. Carruthers, put to him the usual questions, and, having received satisfactory answers to these, led in prayer, in the course of which he inducted him into the pastoral oversight of the congregation, and commended him to God for grace and guidance. He afterwards declared him duly inducted as minister of the Presbyterian Church, Waterloo, with all the rights and privileges thereto pertaining. He then gave him the right hand of fellowship, in which act he was followed by the members of Presbytery present. Dr. Jackson then addressed him, and in the absence through sickness of Mr. Winchester, who had been appointed to this part of the service, Mr. William C. Armstrong addressed the people on their respective duties. Arrangements were made to introduce Mr. Carruthers to the congregation and the Session. His name was then added to the roll, and he took his seat as a member of the court.

THE sixth annual meeting of the Canadian McAll Association took place on Thursday, February 4, in the Young Men's Christian Association. A large number was present. The president, Mrs. Blake, occupied the chair. Reports from Auxiliaries of the Association, namely London, Hamilton, Woodstock, Winnipeg and Toronto were presented. The annual report of the general secretary spoke of the work in France and the various methods used by Dr. McAll to present the Gospel to the French people, and to bring them to a knowledge of Christ. Gospel services, Bible classes, Sunday schools, mothers' meetings, cottage meetings, free dispensaries and a missionary boat which plies along the rivers and canals. This year the Mission owns a boat. Heretofore one was loaned by a friend of the Mission. From Rochefort, La Rochelle and Toulouse, stations in which the Canadian Association is particularly interested, the reports are satisfactory. There are now 130 halls in Paris and throughout France where services are held two or three times a week, and in several of them nightly. Ten thousand children in France are reached by means of the Sunday school. Great interest was evinced by the presence of Rev. S. H. Anderson, Paris, France, who has been since November in America in the interests of the McAll Mission, and had come to Canada for a short time to plead the cause here. Mr. Anderson gave a most graphic account of the Mission, the meetings, the halls, the workers, and told many touching stories of the love shown for the Bible, so long a sealed book to these people. Mr. Anderson also addressed meetings in London, Woodstock, Hamilton and St. Catharines. Two Auxiliaries have been the result of his visit to Canada, one in Parkdale and one in St. Catharines.

THE Presbyterian congregation of Melrose held their annual tea-meeting in the hall at that village recently. Despite cold weather the hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with a respectable and happy assembly, including deputations from Deseronto, Belleville, etc. Rev. James Katravy, B.A., the pastor, who, we may add, admirably filled the chair for the evening, called the meeting to order. Grace was sung, and soon all, with appetites whetted by the frosty air, were busy discussing the good things which the ladies of Melrose had provided with a good taste and profuse liberality which we have never seen excelled. No one was allowed to go away empty, and yet there remained delicacies enough to supply another hundred or two of visitors had they been present. After tea the programme was entered upon. It was of superior merit and held the attention of the large audience to a late hour. The choir of the Presbyterian congregation of Deseronto, who had been invited to assist in the musical portion, rendered valuable assistance, giving several choruses with good effect. Vocal solos were sung by Miss Deans, Miss Bothwick and Mr. John Walker; a trio by Messrs. I. H. Walker, John Walker and W. Foster was well given and heartily applauded, as were the quartettes by the Misses Deans and Bothwick and the Walker brothers. A feature of the evening was the character sketches by Mr. Fred Fairman, who was applauded for his clever efforts. Miss Hattie Taylor, of Corbyville, contributed an excellent reading in the Scottish dialect, and her sister, Miss Allie Taylor, made herself a favourite by her declamatory efforts. Both sisters were heartily applauded. Miss Maggie Robertson also contributed a recitation. During the evening Rev. T. H. Macdonald, of the Methodist Church, Lonsdale; Rev. W. B. Floyd, of Deseronto, and Mr. Russell, of the Tribune, delivered addresses. Rev. R. J. Katravy and his people are to be congratulated on their successful meeting, which realized the handsome sum of \$110 for the manse building fund.

THE tenth annual meeting of the Peterborough Presbyterian Society was held in the Presbyterian Hall, Port Hope, on February 3. The morning session was occupied with the business of the Society. The afternoon session was well attended, about 150 ladies being present. The delegates were welcomed by Mrs. W. R. Reid, Port Hope. Mrs. McNachton, Cobourg, suitably responding on behalf of the delegates. The reports as presented by the secretaries were interesting and encouraging, there being an increase all along the various lines of work. The total membership is 645; of these, 241 are members of Mission Bands, 166 are members of the general Society, two are new life members, and we have two Scattered Helpers. The sum of \$1,504 has been contributed to the general fund, of which \$374 has come from Mission Bands. The amount is largely free-will offering. Clothing, almost altogether new, valued at \$287, was sent to Round and Crooked Lake schools. After an able address by the president, Mrs. Craick, Mrs. McQuestion, Hamilton, gave a most interesting talk on our duty to heathen women. She was heard with close attention, and her soul-stirring words were greatly appreciated. Greetings were extended by representatives from the Methodist and Baptist Woman's Circles. The evening meeting was held in First Church, Rev. B. Canfield Jones efficiently presiding. Rev. A. B. Winchester, Berlin, delivered an address of thrilling earnestness. The speaker, although ill, spoke with such power that his words by many will never be forgotten. Rev. J. R. Gilchrist, Baltimore, represented the Presbytery in a most acceptable manner. His address was full of encouragement to the members of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and well calculated to awaken and sustain an interest in every heart. The choir rendered excellent music during the evening. A solo by a female voice elicited very flattering comments. The meeting was further enhanced by the charming floral decorations, the perfume of blossoms being very agreeably noticeable. The following officers were elected for 1892: Mrs. Craick, Port Hope, president; Mrs. Fairbank, Peterborough; Mrs. Lord, Grafton; Mrs. Paton, Peterborough; and Mrs. Thompson, Hastings, vice-presidents; Mrs. W. M. Graham, Lakeside, corresponding secretary; Miss M. Dickson, Peterborough, recording secretary; Mrs. W. R. Reid, Port Hope, literature secretary; Mrs. Hay, Cobourg, treasurer.

THE eighth annual meeting of the London Presbyterian Society was held in St. Andrews Church, London, on the afternoon of Tuesday, 9th, and Wednesday, 10th February. The President, Mrs. Ball, Vanneck, occupied the chair. There was a full attendance of delegates from the different Auxiliaries and Mission Bands, whose bright expectant faces were a happy augury of the good time all who were privileged to be present enjoyed. Mrs. Blair, London, gave a cordial address of welcome to the delegates to which Mrs. Macdougall, St. Thomas, replied in a happy manner. The reports by the secretary, Miss L. M. Fraser, and the treasurer, Mrs. Thomson, were most encouraging. The contributions this year amounted to over \$1,900 in money, besides abundant supplies sent to India, which were cheerfully given. Also goods sent to Bittle, N.W., and other places. Mrs. R. Reid, London, led in prayer, dedicating the money. The delegates were generously entertained at tea and luncheon by the London ladies in the lecture room of St. Andrews Church. The public meeting in the evening was well attended. The pastor, Rev. J. A. Murray, presided. Addresses from Rev. Messrs. J. A. MacDonald, St. Thomas, and William Patterson, Cookes Church, Toronto, were listened to with attention and delight. Rev. W. J. Clarke, pastor of Park Avenue Church, London, read the Presbyterian Report prepared by Miss L. M. Fraser. Rev. Messrs. Ballantyne, London South; Talling, St. James Church, and Simpson,

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Melbourne, took part in the proceedings. A solo by Miss Gilmore was much appreciated. On Wednesday after business matters had been discussed the president, Mrs. Ball, gave an interesting and helpful address on "A Model Society." Papers were also read by Miss Murray, Aylmer, on "Christian Giving"; Miss Gourlay, London, "Mission Bands"; Miss McColl, Wilton Grove, "The Progress of our work"; Mrs. McKenzie, Thamesville, "Co-operation," all of which were able and instructive. Mrs. Roger, London East, and Mrs. Currie, Kintore, were appointed delegates to attend annual meeting to be held in Toronto in May. The following officers were elected: Mrs. Ball, Vanneck, president; Mrs. Roger, London, first vice-president; Mrs. J. A. Murray, London, Mrs. W. J. Clarke, Mrs. Macdougall and Mrs. McKenzie, second vice-presidents; Miss Fraser, London, corresponding secretary; Miss McColl, Wilton Grove, recording secretary; Mrs. Thomson, London, treasurer; Miss Kennedy, London, librarian.

The seventh annual meeting of the Paris Presbyterian W.F.M.S. was held in Knox Church, Ayr, Thursday, Feb. 11, 1892. Notwithstanding the severity of the weather, there was a large attendance of delegates. The morning session was devoted to business, election of officers and reading reports from Auxiliaries and Mission Bands. The reports read were most encouraging. Officers were elected as follows: President, Mrs. Thomson; vice-presidents, Mrs. McMullen, Cockburn, McKay and Scott; corresponding secretary, Mrs. McWhirter; recording secretary, Miss Cameron; treasurer, Mrs. Robertson. The afternoon session opened with singing and prayer by Mrs. McKay, Woodstock. Mrs. McColl, in a few well-chosen words, welcomed the delegates. Mrs. Hutt, Ingersoll, made a very appropriate reply. In the president's address she emphasized individual effort as the key to success. The secretary and treasurer read their reports, the one showing a very encouraging state of things in regard to the spirit of zeal and earnestness with which the work had been carried on in the various societies, and the other showing an increased contribution from every Auxiliary. There are in the Presbytery fifteen Auxiliaries and thirteen Mission Bands, with a membership of 715, twenty of whom are life members. One thousand one hundred and thirty pounds of new and second-hand clothing were sent to Rev. George Flett—the new costing \$203. The treasurer's statement showed \$1,391.19, and adding \$203 raised for new material amounts to \$1,594.19. Mrs. Stewart, Embro, dedicated the money in prayer. A delightful address by Mrs. Goldie, Ayr, on "Mission Work in Jamaica"; a very suggestive paper on "Prayer," by Miss Long, Brantford, and a most practical and inspiring paper by Mrs. McLeod, Woodstock, on "Mission Bands," delighted all who were present. The question drawer was ably conducted by Mrs. Cockburn, Paris, and Mrs. Ball, Woodstock. A recitation by Miss Annie Goldie, a solo by Miss Donaldson, and a reading by Miss Watson, enlivened the afternoon proceedings, and when the hour for closing came all felt that a very profitable and enjoyable day had been spent. In the evening the Rev. P. Straith, Innerkip, conveyed the greetings of the Presbytery. Dr. Fraser, Hamilton, gave the address of the evening, in which he called upon those in the work to press onward and upward, ever keeping their motto before them, "The World for Christ," and urged those not interested in this work to join in giving the blessed Gospel to their sisters in heathen lands—it alone will exalt them. The meeting was brought to a close by singing the hymn, "The Whole Wide World for Jesus." The next annual meeting will be held in Brantford.

PRESBYTERY OF TORONTO.—This Presbytery met on the second instant, Rev. G. M. Milligan, Moderator. *Inter alia*, notice was taken of the recent death of Rev. William Stewart, retired, formerly minister of the congregation of Hornby, and his name was ordered to be taken from the Presbytery roll. A committee was also appointed, consisting of Rev. D. J. Macdonnell and Mr. J. Gibson, to prepare a minute in relation to him, and submit the same at next meeting. Committees were appointed to arrange for the pulpit supplies of Deer Park, Caven Church, Bolton, etc., and Malton, Dixie and Port Credit, and leave was given to Rev. William Burns to moderate in a call from the congregation of Deer Park whensoever they may be ready for the same. On behalf of the committee previously appointed regarding the representation of mission stations in Presbyteries, Rev. J. A. Turnbull submitted a report and submitted also an overture to the General Assembly, which the Presbytery adopted, asking the Assembly to pass a declaratory act as to whether it is competent for a Presbytery to appoint as a member of an interim Session within its bounds one who is only an ordained elder of the Church, but is not at the time of such proposed appointment an acting elder, and further as to whether it is the right of mission stations to be represented in the Church courts. A letter was read from Rev. Dr. Caven, stating that with leave of the Board of Knox College and the General Assembly, he was about to set out on a visit to Egypt and Palestine, and that he expected to return towards the end of May. The Presbytery, approving of this movement, commended Dr. Caven to the care of God, and offered prayer through Mr. Macdonnell that he might have safety and comfort during his absence. As Presbytery treasurer, Rev. J. Mutch submitted and handed in his accounts for the past year, from which it appeared that there is at present a balance on hand of \$147; at a later stage the accounts referred to were found to be correct, and it was agreed that for the current year settled congregations should be assessed as before, viz., 5 cents per member. A letter was read from Rev. J. Leishman, of Angus, in regard to arrears due him from Chester congregation, together with a letter from the Clerk of Barrie Presbytery, forwarding a reference of that Presbytery in regard to said arrears, when it was moved and agreed that a committee be appointed, consisting of Revs. Dr. Reid and William Burns, to draft an answer to

said documents and report to next meeting. The Presbytery took up certain remits from last General Assembly. The remit was read as to the appointment of a salaried secretary of the Foreign Mission Committee, together with a relative letter from Mr. Hamilton Cassels. On motion duly made and seconded, the remit was generally approved of. The following nominations were then made for the office of secretary, viz.: Rev. Dr. J. K. Smith, formerly of Galt; Rev. A. Gandier, of Brampton, and Rev. R. P. Mackay, of Parkdale. At this point the making of further nominations was deferred till next meeting of Presbytery, to be gone about at a quarter-past twelve o'clock. The remit anent a summer session was read and considered, when it was moved by Rev. Dr. McLaren, seconded by Rev. R. P. Mackay, and agreed to, as follows: "That, inasmuch as Principal King, of Manitoba, has expressed his willingness that the summer session should be adopted in Manitoba College in the interests of the Home Missions of the Church, the Presbytery expresses (1) its appreciation of the action of the staff of Manitoba College; (2) that the following be adopted as the recommendation of this Presbytery, viz.: that it be an instruction to the Senate of Manitoba College to arrange for holding its theological classes for five months during the summer instead of winter for the next three years; that the Senate be authorized to invite the aid of theological professors from the other colleges of the Church, so that the staff shall not be fewer than four; and further, that it be authorized to appeal to the Church for funds to meet the necessary expenses thereby entailed." The remit anent instruction to catechists was read, when it was moved by Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, and agreed to: That in view of the probability of the establishment of a summer session in Manitoba, this remit be not approved of. The remit anent Distribution of Probationers was read, when it was agreed to allow the said remit to lie on the table. The election of commissioners to the next General Assembly was appointed to take place at next meeting of Presbytery, at three o'clock in the afternoon. The Presbytery adjourned, to meet again on the first Tuesday of March, at ten a.m.—R. MONTEATH, Pres. Clerk.

LONDON PRESBYTERY.—At the last regular meeting of this Presbytery there was a good attendance of members. Messrs. McLennan and Leith, ministers in good standing, being present, were asked to sit and correspond. A call from Duff and Chalmers Churches, Dunwich, in favour of Rev. Dr. McKay was presented and duly sustained. Provisional arrangements were made for his induction in the event of acceptance. The Moderators of Port Stanley and Belmont received permission to moderate in calls, if need be before next meeting of Presbytery. Intimation having been received of Mr. Little's acceptance of the call to Bethel, arrangements were made for his induction, and the following brethren were appointed to take part: Mr. F. Ballantyne to preside; Mr. L. Cameron to preach; Mr. Ball to address the minister; and Mr. Sutherland the people. The Committee on Remit of Assembly on the appointment of a Foreign Mission Secretary, reported. The Presbytery arrived at the following finding: "That the Presbytery approve of the appointment, and define the duties of the secretary to be the keeping of the minutes, and conducting correspondence. It was carried on a division that the salary be not more than \$1,000." The nomination of the secretary was postponed till next regular meeting. The Home Mission Report was given in by the Convener, and deputations appointed to visit all augmented congregations, to report at the March meeting. The Remit of the Probationers Scheme was recommended to the Committee. It was agreed to meet in London South Church, for conference on the State of Religion, on Monday, 7th March, at two p.m., and for regular business on Tuesday, 8th March, at nine a.m. The Presbytery closed with the benediction. Mr. Little and Dr. McKay were duly inducted at subsequent meetings, the former into the charge of Bethel Church, and the latter into the Dunwich congregation.—GEORGE SUTHERLAND, Pres. Clerk.

CONGREGATIONAL MEETINGS.

The sixteenth annual business meeting of the congregation of the Church of the Redeemer, Deseronto, was held in the church recently. There was a good attendance, and the proceedings were of an interesting character. Mr. S. Russell was called to the chair, and Mr. L. Hoppins was chosen as secretary. After devotional services, conducted by Rev. W. B. Floyd, the reports of the Kirk Session, Board of Managers, Ladies' Missionary Society, Steady Gleaners, Golden Rule Mission Band, Sabbath School and Christian Endeavour Society were read and severally adopted. These reports were of a most encouraging character, showing that good work had been done during the year. The congregation raised \$2,507.06 for all purposes during the year, or \$110.45 more than in 1890. Of this sum \$292 was for the Schemes of the General Assembly, an amount exceeding any in former years. Hearty votes of thanks were accorded the ladies of the different societies and the members of the Mission Band for their assistance during the year. The congregation resolved to increase the number of managers from seven to nine, three of whom should retire each year. The following gentlemen were elected managers for 1892: J. A. Davis, F. S. Rathbun, A. E. Gracey, L. Hoppins, R. Anderson, James McCaw, John Dalton, R. Geddis and William Stoddart. Messrs. G. W. Wright and R. Massie were re-elected auditors. Votes of thanks were passed to the organist and choir for efficient service during the year. The various reports expressed the great regret felt by the congregation on account of Mrs. Craig's illness and the separation which it entailed between the people and the Rev. R. J. Craig, their pastor. During the evening Rev. W. B. Floyd in brief addresses gave several practical hints on congregational work. The vari-

ous reports were ordered to be printed in pamphlet form. During the evening an adjournment was made to the lecture-room, where cake and coffee were served by the ladies of the congregation. After a vote of thanks to the chairman the meeting was closed with the doxology and benediction.

The reports at the annual meeting of Knox Church, Walkerton, present a good showing for 1891. From the statement of the Session it appears that the first communion roll made up after the union of the two congregations five years ago numbered 267. There have been eighty removals from this roll during the five years, leaving 187. There have been added during Dr. James' five years' pastorate 205—or an average of forty-one per year, and after deducting all removals the membership is now 330. There were fifteen baptisms during the year. The number on the roll of Sabbath school and Bible classes, including the pastor's young people's class on Friday evenings, is 334, and with officers and teachers (34) makes a total of 368 giving and receiving Bible instruction. The revenue of Sabbath school for library, papers, hymnals, etc., was \$136, and \$60 for Missions, making a total of \$196. In the library of the congregation and Sabbath school there are 615 volumes. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society collected \$134, besides a box of clothing for the North-West Indians, valued at \$70. A Mission Band was organized with thirty-five members, and Mrs. Norman Robertson, president, gave to each 5 cents as capital which, by various industries, grew into the handsome sum of \$61. The Mission Committee report \$377 for the Mission Schemes of the Church; or a total for missionary and other religious and benevolent purposes of \$809. The managers report an income of \$3,564 for congregational purposes, of which \$1,000 was paid towards the reduction of the debt on the church; making a total for all purposes of \$4,564. One feature is worthy of special notice—the contributions, with the exception of that of the Mission Band, were made at the ordinary services and meetings of the congregation, presented as an offering unto the Lord and as a part of worship. On one Sabbath the sum of \$864 was put on the collection plates in envelopes, over and above the ordinary offering, towards the \$1,000 which the managers asked for the reduction of the debt, and on succeeding Sabbaths it was increased to near \$1,100. Praise the Lord. To Him alone be the glory.

OBITUARY.

AMELIA J. HARRIS.

Amelia J. Harris, daughter of Mr. W. C. Harris, Toronto, sailed from New York October 9, 1889, for India, having previously been accepted by the Board of the Foreign Missionary Society. She reached Indore in December. After acquiring the language, Miss Harris was appointed to take charge of a girls' school at Neemuch. While there she contracted throat trouble and went for a time to the hill country with the hope that change of air would be beneficial. Though not quite restored to health, she returned to her duties at Neemuch. Two months afterward she was prostrated with typhoid fever, and her illness was aggravated by a stroke of paralysis, and her life was despaired of. She recovered sufficiently to undertake the journey home, an eminent physician having strongly advised her to leave India as soon as possible, as every day there only aggravated her trouble. Arrangements were made accordingly. She sailed from Bombay on the 16th of January in care of Dr. Margaret McKellar. From a letter received from her dated Brindisi it was learned that little hope was entertained of her recovery. Miss Harris reached London on the 10th inst., and died four days afterward. She was not altogether among strangers when death overtook her, for she was received on landing in London by her aunt, Miss Gordon, of Whitby, who had gone over especially to meet her there. Her last days on earth were cheered by her aunt's presence and comforting words. Much sympathy is felt for her sorrowing relatives.

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Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck; which causes running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

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British and Foreign.

THE Greenock Presbytery have agreed to memorialize the Government to bring the opium traffic to an end.

BISHOP THOBURN reports 900 conversions from paganism in the Mussorie District, India, within the last year.

At the collection in Rosemary Street Church, Belfast, for Foreign Missions, the sum laid on the plates was \$1,405.

At a congregational meeting of St. Johns Church, Dundee, Rev. James S. Naismith, M.A., B.Sc., was appointed assistant to Dr. Grant.

THE Rev. John Downs, of East Kilbride, has been granted three months' leave of absence by Hamilton Presbytery on account of ill-health.

At the annual social meeting of St. Johns congregation, Montrose, Rev. J. A. George, their minister, delivered an interesting address on his recent tour in America.

A VERY fine establishment, combining café, farmers' yard, etc., will soon be opened at Coleraine, the gift of a lady who does not want her name to be known.

DR. T. CHARLES EDWARDS, principal of Bala Theological College, is engaged on a Commentary on the Epistle to the Hebrews, on the lines of his work on Corinthians.

THE Rev. R. Jones, B.A., of Lliidiardau, Bala, having been accepted by the Calvinistic Methodist Missionary Society for service in India, will be stationed at Shillong.

THE Rev. William Hay, B.D., late assistant to Dr. Stalker, of St. Matthews, Glasgow, has been ordained as first pastor of the newly formed charge of St. Andrews, Ayr.

UNDER the will of Mr. James Burt of Rutherglen, \$2,500 has been left to the Foreign Mission Fund, and \$2,500 to the capital of the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund.

MR. WALTER HATELY, of St. Georges, is president of the Praise Union formed in Edinburgh to quicken the interest in congregational praises and improve church psalmody.

It is proposed to celebrate the Jubilee of the Disruption next year by the raising of the minimum stipend of the Free Church ministers, under the Sustentation Fund, to \$1,000 per annum.

MR. JOHN TOD ("John Strathesk") says that there are three R's which have done a great deal for Scotland—the Reformation, the Restoration, and the Revolution. He wants a fourth—Reunion.

MR. GEORGE G. NAPIER, M.A., has in the press "The Homes and Haunts of Tennyson," which will contain twenty full-page plates and seventy-eight engravings in the text. The edition for sale is limited to 300 copies.

THE resignation of the Rev. T. Macpherson, M.A., of Everton Valley, on account of failing health, has been accepted by the Liverpool Presbytery. The congregation have granted him a retiring allowance of \$500 per annum for life.

THE Rev. Charles G. M'Crie of Ayr is to deliver his Cunningham Lectures on "The Public Worship of Presbyterian Scotland, Historically Treated," in the Assembly hall, on Tuesdays and Fridays of this month, beginning on the 9th inst.

DR. ROGERS, organist of Bangor Cathedral, tendered his resignation because objection was taken to his playing in a Nonconformist place of worship. The Dean and Chapter have met and accepted Dr. Rogers' resignation "in the interests of the discipline of the cathedral."

THE Rev. John Robertson of Gorbals Free Church, Glasgow, followed up Messrs. Moody and Sankey's visit to Kirkcaldy by holding services in Bethelfield United Presbyterian Church for part of a week. His audiences were at first small but increased towards the close, the farewell meeting being crowded.

MESSRS. MOODY AND SANKEY visited Perth, Alyth, Blairgowrie, Crieff, Dunning, Auchtermuchty, Ladybank, Auchtermuchty and other places, and were everywhere cordially received, the meetings frequently being attended by great crowds. Ministers of all Protestant denominations except the Episcopalian gave their support.

FROM a summary of work issued by the Livingstonia mission, of which Mr. J. Campbell White is Convener, it appears that the present staff in Africa is nineteen Scotsmen, and that the cost hitherto has been \$20,000 a year. For permanent buildings and to provide more missionaries and women teachers a special fund is required.

WOODSIDE Church, Glasgow (Rev. Mr. Watson's), has been put in connection with the telephone system, so that all the services will be available where the telephone is in use. Last week whilst a performance was given of Sullivan's oratorio of "The Prodigal Son" many people were listening to it in every direction for fifty miles round the city.

"ONE who desires to consecrate every talent to the Master's service" has written to the Home Secretary of the London Missionary Society: I have at my disposal a sum of money of which I have been saying, "I hold it for the Giver," and I think I cannot do better than send you as a donation towards the new Forward Movement the sum of \$10,000.

THE Rev. K. H. Shaw, senior minister of Islandmagee, Ireland, has died in his sixty-sixth year. The Church has lost heavily, too, by the deaths of Mr. H. J. Wallace, J.P., for nearly thirty years an elder and zealous supporter of Sandy's Street Church, Newry; and of Mr. J. McKee Martin, of Hall, Martin & Co., Dunganannon, a leader in literary and religious work, though only in his twenty-eighth year.

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HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

CANNED CORN.—Put a quart of canned corn in a saucepan; boil in its own liquor fifteen minutes; add half a teacup of cream and a teaspoonful of butter; season with pepper and salt.

LIMA BEANS.—Soak dry lima beans in lukewarm water over night; put in a saucepan, cover with boiling salt water, cook until tender, drain over the water; season with cream, butter, salt and pepper.

STEWED TOMATOES.—Open the can of tomatoes, put in a saucepan and set on the back of the stove; cook one hour, add a teacup of bread crumbs, two ounces of butter, with salt and pepper; cook half an hour longer.

MASHED POTATOES (BROWNED).—Fill the dish you intend to serve the potatoes in with mashed potatoes, and after smoothing the top and besprinkling with good butter put on the shelf of a hot oven until browned, and then serve.

A NICE DESERT.—Cook a cupful of rice in a covered dish to keep it white. When soft, add a cupful of cream, a little salt, the beaten whites of two eggs, and a cupful of sugar. Flavour with vanilla when cool, and put in a glass dish. Dot with jelly. Serve with cream and sugar.

ROAST SPARE RIB.—Take a nice spare rib with part of the tenderloin left in; season with salt and a little pepper; sprinkle with summer savoury; put in a pan with a little water; baste often and roast until nicely browned and thoroughly well done.

COLD SLAW.—Shave cabbage into shreds; mix one well-beaten raw egg in a half teacupful of condensed milk; add a teacupful of vinegar; boil till it thickens. Pour this mixture over the cabbage. Sprinkle with salt. Some merely serve the shredded cabbage.

FAIRY BREAKFAST BISCUIT.—Mix a scant tablespoonful of butter with a pint of flour; salt to taste and enough water to make a dough that can be kneaded. When sufficiently worked with the hands roll out the dough as thin as a sheet of paper, cut in rounds with a muffin ring, prick them with a fork and bake for a minute in a moderately hot oven.

COCOANUT CAKE.—One cup sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, whites of four eggs. Bake in three layers. Beat the white of two eggs stiff, thicken with eight tablespoonfuls powdered sugar, spread between the layers and over the top, sprinkling plentifully with cocoanut.

WATER POUND CAKE.—One pound of butter, one pound of powdered sugar, four eggs one cupful of boiling water, one pound of prepared flour, flavour with lemon. Beat butter, sugar and the yolks of the eggs to a cream, then add the boiling water and stir gently till cold, then the pound of flour with the whites of the eggs, which have been beaten to a stiff froth, the lemon last; bake one hour. This cake cannot be told from real pound cake, and it will keep two weeks.

TELEGRAPH PUDDING.—Put in a large bowl one pint of molasses, one pint buttermilk, one quart flour; beat in one teacup butter, one teacup soda, one-half teacup sugar, and lastly one cup of raisins, currants, dried cherries, or any dried fruit desired. Make a stiff batter, have bag greased and floured, drop in boiling water and boil steadily for two hours. This, when sliced, should be almost as dry as cake. One cup of sugar, one cup of butter, two cups water, one tablespoon flour (stirred in the sugar). Cook till smooth and thickened.

CREAMED TURNIPS.—Pare the turnips and cut in slices one-fourth of an inch in thickness, then cut the slices in strips like a match. Boil these in salted water half an hour. Drain them, place them in a dish, and cover with cream sauce, made by melting in a small frying-pan, one tablespoonful of butter, adding to it one tablespoonful of flour; stir until smooth and then add one pint of milk; stir it constantly until it boils, then season it with one teaspoonful

of salt and a little pepper, and pour it over the turnip.

GLAZED SWEET POTATOES.—For twelve people use nine sweet potatoes of good size, four tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of sugar and one tablespoonful of water. Boil the potatoes fifty minutes; then take them from the fire and pare them. Cut them in halves, lengthwise. Season them generously with salt. Place them flat side down in a dripping pan. Put the sugar and water in a soup plate and stir until the sugar is dissolved. Now add the butter and stir over heat until this is melted. Baste the potatoes with this liquid and place the pan in a hot oven for twenty minutes. The potatoes should be brown and glossy when they come from the oven.

CHESTNUT SAUCE FOR TURKEY.—An old-time receipt for chestnut sauce to be eaten with turkey is certainly not difficult to follow. Peel the chestnuts and pour boiling water over them, let them stand a few minutes and then the thin skin that covers them will slip off easily. Then put the chestnuts into a saucepan, and for half a pint of chestnuts allow half a pint of stock, put a little piece of lemon peel into it, let this simmer until the chestnuts are tender, an hour and a half is the time usually required; then rub the whole through a fine sieve, add pepper and a little salt, and half a coffee-cupful of cream; let this simmer gently for a few minutes; if the cream is not thick the sauce may need a little flour to thicken it. This should be very hot when served.

MOULDED SALAD.—Mould salad is chicken salad in any preferred style or seasoning, moulded into shapes between layers of jelly. This is what is known as aspic jelly. It is made of ordinary gelatine and according to the usual directions, except that it is flavoured with pepper, salt, white vinegar and a pinch of cayenne and celery salt, instead of sugar, and spices. It is also quite an improvement to boil previously in the water used for this jelly an onion, a carrot and a bay leaf—but this is not necessary. This jelly must be clarified with eggs if wished particularly transparent. When it is made fill the bottom of a mould about half an inch deep and allow it to set, then place on it a smooth layer of salad and pour over it a half inch depth of jelly and leave to set. When turned out this may be garnished to suit the taste and makes a very pretty dish.

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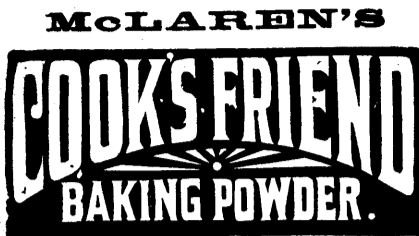
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Miscellaneous.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES & DEATHS

BIRTH. At the manse, Lancaster, on Thursday, 17th February, the wife of Rev. J. A. G. Calder, of a son and daughter. On 14th February, at 40 St. Vincent street, the wife of A. R. Creelman, of a daughter.

MARRIED. At the manse, by the Rev. Joseph Hogg, of St. Andrews Presbyterian Church, Winnipeg, on the 5th February, 1892, William B. Robertson, of Winnipeg, to Amelia S. McMullin, of Waskada, Man.

At the residence of the bride's parents, "Gladwood," Seaford, on February 16, by the Rev. A. D. McDonald, James Whimster, Esq., Aurora, to Eliza Rutherford, second daughter of John Turnbull Dickson, Esq.

At the residence of John Imrie, Toronto, Ontario, on the 17th February, by the Rev. Alex. Gilray, Arthur Dixon, Peacedale, R. I., to Agnes McJanet, Toronto, Ont. At Melbourne Place, Owen Sound, on Wednesday, the 17th inst., by the Rev. John Somerville, Horace Wallace Smith to Helen Maud, eldest daughter of John M. Kilbourn, Esq.

On Thursday, February 18, at 326 George street, by the Rev. W. Patterson, pastor Cookes Presbyterian Church, Allan McNab, Esq., barrister-at-law, to Annie D. Mullin, daughter of J. A. Mullin, Esq., Belfast, Ont.

DIED. On the 13th inst., at 203 Sherbourne street, Charles Gibbs, late storekeeper of the Asylum, in his 73rd year.

At London, England, on February 14, on her journey from India to Canada, Amelia J. Harris, a missionary of the Canada Presbyterian Church, and eldest daughter of W. C. Harris, of this city.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

BARRIE.—At Barrie, March 22 at 11 a.m. BRANDON.—In Portage la Prairie March 7, at 7.30 p.m. BRACKVILLE.—At Morrisburg, on second Tuesday in March, at 1.30 p.m. COLUMBIA.—In St. Andrews Church, Victoria, Wednesday, March 9, at 10 a.m. CHATHAM.—In St. Andrews Church, Chatham, March 8. CLARGARRY.—In St. Johns Church, Cornwall, Tuesday, March 8, at 11 p.m. GUELPH.—In Knox Church Galt, on third Tuesday of March, at 10.30 a.m. Conferences on State of Religion, Sabbath Schools and Temperance.

HURON.—In Clinton, March 8 at 10.30 a.m. LONDON.—In Knox Church, London South, on Monday, March 7, at 2 p.m., for Religious Conference; and on Tuesday, March 8, in First Presbyterian Church, London, at 9 a.m., for ordinary business.

MAITLAND.—In Melville Church, Brussels, Tuesday, March 8. MINNESOTA.—At Metawa, Monday, March 14, at 3 p.m. MONTREAL.—In Convocation Hall, Montreal, Tuesday, March 15, at 10 a.m. ORANGEVILLE.—At Orangeville, March 8, at 11 a.m. OTTAWA.—In St. Andrews Church, Ottawa, Tuesday, March 22, at 2 p.m. PARIS.—At Ingersoll, March 15. PETERBOROUGH.—In Mill Street Church, Port Hope, March 22, at 9.30 a.m. REGINA.—At Moosejaw, second Wednesday of March, at 9.30 a.m. ROCK LAKE.—In Manitou, Tuesday, March 1, at 7.30 p.m. SAUGEEN.—At Palmerston, on 8th March, at 10 a.m. SARNIA.—In St. Andrews Church, Sarnia, on third Tuesday in March, at 10 a.m. STRATFORD.—In Knox Church, Stratford, on March 8, at 10.30 a.m. TORONTO.—In St. Andrews Church West, on first Tuesday in March, at 10 a.m. WHITBY.—At Pickering, April 19. WINNIPEG.—In Knox Church, Winnipeg, on Tuesday, March 1, at 3 p.m.

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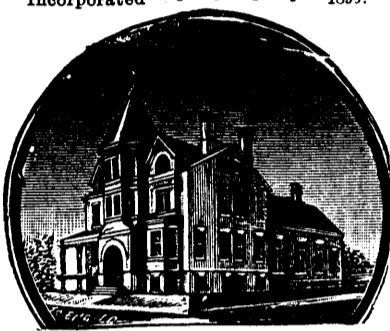
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