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Contributors and Correspondents.

DIARY IN THE EAST.

NABLIOUS (ANCIENT SHECHEM)—SAMARIA—
E.T.O.

Having now seen all I expected to see of Southern Palestine, I began to turn my eyes northward. I had long before settled with the German missionary at Nablous that he should receive me into his house for a few days, that I might see the neighbourhood. But how to get there was the difficulty; nay, for some part of the spring, it was impossible from the unsettled weather, and the depth of the swamps. Between Nablous and Nazareth matters were even worse. How bad they were may be supposed when the post runner between Acre and Nablous lost several horses entirely. They were suffocated in the swamp, from which he escaped with difficulty.

The second week of March promised so well as regards weather that I determined to try to make out my visit to Nablous, proposing to stay a few days, and again return to head-quarters in Jerusalem, while my kind friends made me feel quite a home. They did not like my going and I did not care to have the expense of a dragoon, so it was settled that I was to hire the horse which I rode to the Jordan, and have the lad who went with me to Michmash as guide, while as escort I should have a school master from Bethlehem, who was going to Nablous on his own affairs. He could speak a little English, which would have been very useful but while I was delayed a day waiting for my horse to return from another journey, the schoolmaster fell in with some mukharis (mule drivers) who were going the same way, and set off without me. Having my bargain made and all arranged, I just set off alone with my Arab lad, determined to make the best of it. For the use of the horse and lad I was to pay 5s. English, per day, whether I rode the horse or not. That was to include all expenses of feeding the horse and the lad, and a donkey for him to ride besides, but when I came to mount my horse there was no donkey forthcoming. It was said to be sick, so, rather than delay, I set off with the lad on foot, carrying a bag of barley for the horse's food that night, as we could not be sure of getting any at the convent where I was to put up. All my luggage hung at my saddle bow, consisting of a small carpet bag, a water-proof cloak, binocular glass, and basket stocked with cold meat, bread, oranges, etc. It was rather an adventure starting off thus alone with my native guide for the twelve hours journey to Nablous. As my halting place, Ram Allah, is only three hours ride from Jerusalem I did not set off till the afternoon of March 18th. It was a splendid day, though the east wind (sirocco) even at this early season made the heat rather oppressive; there was no freshness in the air, and the distances were not so clear as with any other wind. My horse was such a good quiet fellow that I rode along very much at my ease, often with the reins just tucked in under my knee, and my hands left free to hold my white umbrella, and my Murray's Guide Book. I found that guide most useful. It made me pretty independent of the information which an intelligent Dragoon might have given me, but which my guide could not have imparted, even had we understood each other's speech. Passing out by the Jaffa gate, and round to the north of Jerusalem, we crossed copse, and soon came on some remains of the Roman road to Damascus. This consists of more or less detached stones with a narrow pavement, and was in such bad condition from the winter that we took to the fields to avoid it. In about an hour we passed two very marked conical hills, at which I had frequently looked from the terraced roof in Jerusalem. The top of each is covered with ruins. One is supposed to be Nob, the city of priests. The other (Tulbeil) is identified as Gibeath of Saul. Between the two is a rocky glen, probably the scene of David's most touching interview with Jonathan, when they entered into covenant with each other, and Jonathan in his self denying tone showed himself so willing to give up his hopes of a kingdom to him whom the Lord had chosen to supersede him.

A little further on, down a side glen to the left, I had a very good view of Nablous on its lofty hill. Then, to the right, close to the track, a poor little village with some ancient remains interested, still bears the name of Er Ram, or Ramah between which and Bethel he had lived. Here too are the ruins of the large khans, which in former times were so numerous, and so useful to travellers, but not one of which now remains in a state to be used. Soon after passing Ramah the solitude of the track was broken up by the presence of a mounted soldier. My guide eyed him rather anxiously as he came cantering up after a wet piece of ground where his

horse found a canter rather hard work. The lad kept nearer me than usual, and his look as he observed the soldier's advance made me rather doubt whether he would be good company. But I dare say my small baggage was not a tempting enough bait to make him run any risk by attacking me. Yet he hung near us as we went on through a narrow glen, riding on and then stopping till we came near several times, so that I was rather glad when two native priests joined company with Mastapha, as we overtook them on the road. They persuaded him that the convent at Jifna where they were going would be a better resting place than Ram Allah, where we had settled to stay the night. Mastapha managed to make me understand this by pointing and saying in Arabic, "Jifna to day, Nablous to morrow." But this I would not agree to. I had been told at Ram Allah I should find a priest who spoke French, and that might not be the case at Jifna. Then on consulting Murray I found that Jifna was quite off the road by Bethel, which I wished to take, so in a decided manner I said in Arabic, "Jifna, No, Ram Allah, Yes," and that settled the question. So when we came to the village of Bireh, crossing a bare slope, we parted with the priests, and turned off westward to Ram Allah. The heights there are very bare and dreary, perhaps they looked all the more so to me as I thought of how lately a priest travelling this road to Nablous died at Bireh from cold and exposure. Yet in all the glens and up the slopes vines grow luxuriantly where any care is taken of them. The view in approaching Ram Allah is very fine. The convent stands so high that it commands the plain of Sharon to Jaffa; and as north and south of it, from the flat roof I watched the sun go down into the Mediterranean, and found that the convent clock was regulated by its descent. Those who value luxury need not try putting up at the Ram Allah convent, but bare as the little cell was I was thankful for a clean bed. Though the day had been very hot the night was quite cold in this high position. Instead of one priest I found three, two were visitors, one from Jifna, who said I had done wisely in not going there, as their convent was hardly in a state to be fit for travellers. All three were Italians, who did not seem much at their ease in speaking French. We snuggled together, and they were very polite to me. We were waited on by a native man and boy, acolytes I suppose. There is a Church attached to the convent which is a Latin one. The Greeks have a Church in the village, and there are also a few Protestant schools at Ram Allah, but I did not visit it from its being past school hours before I reached the village.

I was up early on March 14th as I had a nine hours ride before me, and wanted to have time for two good rests in the course of the day. My breakfast was meagre, consisting of tea and bread, and butter, but no milk was to be had. Paying the priest a few francs for my accommodation, I started about 7 a.m., retracing my steps of the night before as far as Bireh. From there my guide led me northwards over a long ridge, and down in to a deep gully. I was always looking out for Bethel, wondering we did not reach it. At last after following a very rough path up to the top of the hill side, above the deepest and narrowest part of the long gully, we came in sight of a village most picturesquely situated on the top of a long slope, terraced and dotted with trees. This I fancied must be Bethel. To make sure I said in a tone of interrogation, "Beit'io?" For so Bethel is now called, when to my astonishment the answer was, "No, Ain Yabrud." Then I found Mastapha had taken advantage of my ignorance of the roads to lead me by a shorter one that did not go by Bethel at all. I could not regret it, for rough and troublesome as the path was, the country was exceedingly pretty, and I only determined that in going back to Jerusalem I should take care that he did not serve me so again, and in that way I could see two roads instead of one. The cultivation near Ain Yabrud was better than in almost any other place which I saw, and showed what might be made of this wonderful land under a good government, and with industrious inhabitants. The hills are so rocky that some of the plots of olives and vines were only a few yards in extent, but the soil was deep, and the growth luxuriant. But if the cultivation is good that is more than can be said of the road. Shortly after passing the village I had to pass along a narrow path between two terrace walls that supported the soil of the olive yards on each side that were on a much higher level than the path. The track was like nothing more or less than the bed of a torrent, with a small stream running down it. To make matters worse the wet had brought down large pieces of the retaining wall on each side, consisting of large blocks of lime stone. Over these sharp slippery stones, through the stream, my poor horse struggled on, slipping and recovering itself in a marvellous manner. My guide climbed up into the olive yard, and so avoided this bad piece of road, but I could not get my horse there, so had to do my best to hold him up. I felt very thankful when after about a quarter of a mile I got out from between the walls into a pretty glen, where the track down the side of the glen was smooth and gravelly. The sides of the glen rose steeply on each side, dotted with trees, and gay with cyclamens and anemones. At the bottom of the glen was a grove with fine trees, with bright turf under them, over which my horse went along quite cheerily. Soon the glen was joined by another wider one, which opened out toward the west. Just at the open space thus formed I met a large flock of sheep coming on in true eastern fashion, not driven, but led by their shepherd. He was

a fine shaggy native, and as he came along in his flowing robes, passing in and out of the fleecy shadows cast by the olive trees, he and his flock made not only a pleasing but a most instructive picture to my mind. As he led his flock on through these "green pastures, by the still waters," how he reminded me of that Good Shepherd who, "when He putteth forth His own sheep goeth before them, and the sheep follow Him." If they had the same rough road to go which I had found so fatiguing, he would be with them in it. He would not leave them to struggle on alone as my guide had done, his strong arm would be ready to bring help to any poor weak one of the flock, or to take to his bosom any tender lamb for whom the road was too hard. The Good Shepherd never asks any of His flock to go through any danger or difficulty alone, or to tread any path that can compare in roughness with that rugged path which he himself trod when he came to seek his wandering lost ones, and to give his life for them. And the manner in which the sheep followed—how much it taught me. Some kept so near to the shepherd that they rubbed against his clothes. They seemed to love to be close to him. Theirs was the place of safety and comfort, like those happy Christians who keep so near to the Heavenly Shepherd, that they are ever within hearing of the whisper of his love, and ready to be guided by his eye. For them care can hardly exist, it is so instantly cast on him who "careth for them," and temptations assail to vain those whose every step is taken in the shadow of Him who cannot err or lead astray. Others of the sheep there were who tempted by some fresh tuft of grass were apt to wander away among the rocks, out of sight of the shepherd, were many a danger might lurk, for wolves are not unknown, and jackals are very plentiful in these hills of Palestine. How like they were to those Christians who, attracted by the garish shows of a world that "lieth in the wicked one," wander away from the steps of the flock, and perhaps never to know how far they have strayed till they find themselves entangled in some thicket of danger and difficulty whence even the shepherd's hand can only release them at the expense of much pain, and rending of the flesh, leaving them perhaps to falter on in weakness, and with tottering steps all the rest of their course through life.

(To be Continued.)

The Guibord Case—Public and Personal Excommunication.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—The following passage forms part of M. Doure's letter on Archbishop Lynch and the Guibord case, which lately appeared in the *Globe*:

"The only excommunication which was ever pronounced in Canada, according to the rules of ecclesiastical law, was that of a newly married couple, who had gone to a Protestant minister to be married. This was some six or eight years ago at Rimouski."

An account of this case may not be uninteresting to the readers of the PRESBYTERIAN. As I am the Protestant minister referred to, I am, of course, well acquainted with it.

At the time stated by M. Doure, a French Canadian couple came to me to be married. I asked them why they had come to a Protestant minister for that purpose, instead of going to a priest of their own church. They said that they were third cousins, and, therefore, could not be married by a priest without a dispensation, which they were not rich enough to obtain, but their priest had told them that they could be lawfully married by a Protestant minister without a dispensation. I said that if it was right for them to be married to each other, their church should put no hindrance in their way, but if it was wrong, she should not help them for any amount. I added that dispensations are only a scheme to enrich their church. To this they professed to assent. An aunt of the woman, who accompanied them, confirmed what they said about their relationship. They had the consent of the intended mother-in-law in writing. I told them that I could marry them lawfully, only after due publication of banns, or by a license from the Lieut.-Governor. They then went away. About a month after they returned with a license. After putting myself to a good deal of trouble to consult a minister and a magistrate, I married them. A few weeks after, a priest called on me for a certificate of their marriage, which I gave him. He said that they could not be lawfully married, as they were uncle and niece. The woman was the daughter of the man's deceased wife's sister. Such was the fact. Had I known this before, I would not have married them. For one thing, as regards the marriage question, I belong to the "old school." But further, such a marriage is contrary to the law of the Province of Quebec, as well as of England. Time rolled on, and at length All Saints' Day—Nov. 1st—came. This is a high day in the Roman Church. Accordingly, the erring couple were then excommunicated in the Cathedral of Rimouski, in presence of a large congregation, by Vicar-General Langevin, who acted in place of his brother, the bishop, at the time at the Vatican council. By this sentence Louis Ottot and Caroline Lavio were, for having contracted a marriage forbidden by the laws both of God and man, and for having had recourse to a heretic minister to assist them in such a wicked act, separated from the company of the faithful, and deprived of all their privileges during life, and of Christian burial after death. Any one who should knowingly harbour or openly acknowledge them, was to be dealt with in the same manner. Dur-

ing the reading of the sentence, the Vicar-General held a burning taper in his hand. At the close, he turned it downwards, and after the melted wax had put out the flame, let it fall on the floor. The whole affair was a very imposing one. No doubt a deeper horror than the trials froze of the more ignorant part of the congregation. A few days after, the couple appeared before the Vicar-General on bended knees, in the vestibule of the cathedral. One of the questions then asked them was the following effect: "Do you acknowledge that the relationship between you is an impediment to marriage according to the Book of Leviticus?" Having made due satisfaction, they were restored to church fellowship, but separated from each other.

But, as I do not wish to take up too much of your paper, I shall pause here for the present, leaving the rest of my story for another letter. Yours, truly,
F. FENWICK.

Congregational Union.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—We have lately had Synodical union, and we now are seeking to accomplish congregational union in many quarters in our beloved Presbyterian Church. The latter is the natural outgrowth of the former, and is necessary to realize a part at least, of the benefits that the former was intended to secure, but in its accomplishment there is great danger of acting harshly and unjustly by settled pastors. To this danger, your own able and judicious article in a late issue of the PRESBYTERIAN, and the timely letter of "Justitia" in last week's number, have very properly called attention.

Synodical union was very cautiously and carefully gone about. In particular, justice was very scrupulously guarded against, great care was taken that no one should suffer loss or injury. A similar spirit should regulate all the proceedings that may be taken to unite two or more contiguous congregations hitherto separated, and where union may obviously be extremely desired, and if, unhappily, a different spirit should in any quarter prevail, and anon, be consecrated by the sacrifice of truth and justice—by allowing congregations to fling aside voluntarily assumed obligations, and to drive ministers from their manse, to seek homes elsewhere as they best may. The blessing of God could hardly be expected to fall upon such a union. It may be said that no congregation would, for a moment, dream of pursuing such a course, and that of ministers resigning their charges with a view to constitute union, the resignation must be purely voluntary, and yet thoroughly compulsory. We do not need to be told that a few families, even in a congregation, may make things so irksome to the pastor, to unions, to her and his families comfort, and what is worse, so hateful to his usefulness, that he may be compelled to leave the field. In my own locality we have two congregations, one with and the other without a pastor, whose union, though not I believe, necessary to their continued existence, is yet on all hands acknowledged to be very desirable. Of course, in the circumstances, union might be very easily accomplished. The pastor that is in the field is an able and accomplished man, and all that is needed is, that the vacant congregation make a bonfire of the passions and prejudice that long years of separation could hardly fail to generate, and unite with their brethren of the other congregation, who, in the exuberance of Christian charity, are waiting with open arms to receive them. But they are not, it would seem, willing to do so. They wish for union, it is said, with the other congregation, but not with its pastor. That is to say, they wish for disunion first, and union afterwards. To satisfy their prejudices, the minister must sacrifice a comfortable home and a pleasant pastorate. Were this all, no one here, I presume, would be disposed to find much fault with them. They have a right to determine for themselves whether they shall unite under the present pastorate or not. But that is not all. Some of them, two in particular, seem determined to force the minister of the other congregation from the field. Every opportunity is embraced of lowering and injuring him in the estimation of his own people. They said, again and again, that if he were a Christian, he would resign at once, and allow the union to be effected. A sapping and mining process is going on daily, and the poor minister, whose only fault is, that he happens to be the pastor of the other congregation, may, in time, find himself shorn of the good will of his own people, and be cruelly driven from a fairly successful pastorate and a comfortable home, with a large family on his hands, and in advancing years, to go in search of pastures new. Is such a state of things to be tolerated? I most sincerely hope the church will everywhere set its face as flint against such things. Most assuredly the union happily consummated at Montreal in June last, was not intended to work to the injury of any one, and if cases should arise in which to gain a higher good, it may be allowed to do so, the evil should be distributed. The whole church should bear its share of it, and on the principle that where one minister suffers the other should suffer with it, provided that the burden should fall upon the few as lightly as possible. Congregations are, I believe, in general, kind and considerate, but, unfortunately, they too often allow themselves to be led by a few, who, swayed by a variety of motives, too frequently follow crooked and divisive courses. Yours, truly,
PAX.

The Resurrection.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

The world is in confusion does not occur in the Old Testament, but the idea is considered so prominent in Ezekiel xxxvii. 1-14, that the translators have entitled it the "Resurrection of dry bones." The first ten verses are a record of the prophet's vision, the next four furnish the meaning or interpretation, which is stated with the utmost plainness and simplicity. "Son of man, these bones are the whole house of Israel. Behold, they say, our bones are dried, and our hope is lost, we are cut off, so to speak, dead and buried." "Therefore, prophesy, and say unto them, Thus saith the Lord God, O my people, I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves, and bring you into the land of Israel, and ye shall know that I am the Lord, when I have opened your graves, O my people, and brought you up out of your graves, and shall put my spirit in you, and ye shall live, and I shall place you in your own land, then shall ye know that I have spoken it and performed it, saith the Lord."

Here we have apparently the germ of the doctrine, a promise which was in due time fulfilled, of the resurrection or uprising of the body of the Jewish people from the graves of oppression and slavery in which they had so long been held, and their restoration to civil and religious liberty in their own land.

Some reference Bibles, and the concordances, give as parallel passages, John v. 21, 25, 28, 29, where our Lord gives expression to similar ideas, and almost in the same words, "As the Father raiseth up the dead and quickeneth them, even so the Son quickeneth whom he will. Verily, verily, I say unto you, the hour is coming and now is, when the Son of God, and they that hear him, shall live." "The hour is coming in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation"—a vision of Jesus similar to that of Ezekiel, but grander and more comprehensive. Ezekiel's was limited to the valley of dry bones—that of Jesus extended to the whole world. Ezekiel's words of prophecy were addressed to the captives of Babylon—Christ, to the captives of sin in all ages. In the one case, it was only the graves of the house of Israel that were to be opened, and to give up their dead—in the other, every grave of sin, ignorance, and oppression was to be opened, and the captives set free, to rise up either in newness of life, or to the righteous awards of him to whom the Father hath committed all judgment. The one commenced at the close of the seventy years that were determined as the period of the captivity, when it was said to the prisoners, "Go forth," and to them that were in darkness, "Show yourselves," and they went forth, not with haste, nor by flight, but with joy and in peace—the other at the close of the Jewish dispensation, called by sacred writers "the end of the world," "the end of all things." "The last time" when the proclamation went forth, "the kingdom of heaven is at hand," and the day spring dawned on the world, "to give light to them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death." But in neither case is there any reference to the resurrection or resurrection of bodies that had been literally dead. Ezekiel gives the interpretation of his own vision, "These bones are the whole house of Israel, and ye shall live, and I shall place you in your own land." And Paul gives the interpretation of Christ's, using the very words of the 21st verse, with a frequency that leaves no doubt of their meaning, "You hath he quickened who were dead in trespasses and sins." "God who is rich in mercy, even when we were dead in sins hath quickened us together with Christ." "And you being dead in your sins, hath he quickened together with him." This is further evident from the words of Christ himself in the 25th verse, "The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God." No postponement of this grand event to the end of the world and the close of time, but an immediate uprising of a down-trodden world, "to sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus, and to enter upon the exercise of the privileges and the enjoyment of the blessings of his everlasting kingdom. LAYMAN.

Sabbath Observance.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

Sir,—Permit me through your columns, to request the attention of the Presbyteries of the Church, to the decision of the General Assembly in Montreal in June last, on the subject of the public observance of the Sabbath. As will be seen by referring to page twenty-one of the printed minutes of the first Assembly, "it was agreed to petition the Dominion Parliament to abolish unnecessary Sabbath labor on public works, and traffic on railways under Government control, and recommend Presbyteries to petition to the like effect." The proper officers of the Assembly either have attended to this matter, or will attend to it in good time, and it is very desirable that all the Presbyteries of the Church in the several Provinces unite with the Assembly in bringing their influence to bear upon Parliament in reference to a matter of such stupendous importance in every aspect in which it can be viewed. I trust that at their first meeting Presbyteries will attend to the Assembly's recommendation, and petition Parliaments as directed.

Yours, very truly,
W. T. McMULLEN,
One of the Joint-Convener of the General Assembly's Committee on Sabbath Observance.

Pastor and People.

Clippings from Mr. Spurgeon's New Book, PUBLIC PRAYER.

Mr. Spurgeon insists on the superiority of extempore prayer, and expresses, in very decided terms, his conviction that the introducing of liturgies was co-extensive with the decline of purity in the church.

TEXTS.

Mr. Spurgeon, noting some unhappily chosen texts, wonders what Mr. Diernold's rector did with the words, "In my flesh shall I see God," when lately preaching at a village harvest home!

THE VOICE, &c.

If we were to give all the good things on these subjects, we should transfer the whole of the two lectures to our columns. Mr. Spurgeon has no mercy on the bawlers, and as little on the musing fops of the pulpit, whom he hits off to the life.

SOMETHING FOR DEACONS AND COMMITTEES.

"A good library should be looked upon as an indispensable part of church furniture; and the deacons, whose business it is to 'serve tables,' will be wise if, without neglecting the table of the Lord, or of the poor, and without diminishing the supplies of the minister's dinner-table, they give an eye to his study-table, and keep it supplied with new works and standard books in fair abundance.

Church-Debts.

The way in which church edifices are built nowadays really necessitates a new formula of dedication. How would this read? "We dedicate this edifice to Thee, our Lord and Master; we give it to Thee and Thy cause and kingdom, subject to a mortgage of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars (\$150,000)."

The offering of a structure to the Almighty, as the gift of an organization of devotees who have not paid for it, and do not own it, strikes the ordinary mind as a very strange thing, yet it is safe to say that not one church in twenty is built in America without incurring a debt, larger or smaller.

If we seem to make light of this subject, it is only for the purpose of showing how absurd a position the churches have assumed in relation to it. It is not a light subject; it is a very grave one, and one which demands the immediate and persistent attention of all the churches until it shall be properly disposed of.

The results of building churches upon such an unsound basis are bad enough. The first result, perhaps, is the extinguishment of all church beneficence. The church-debt is the apology for denying all appeals for aid, from all the greater and smaller charities.

Again, a church-debt is a scare-crow to all new-comers. A stranger, taking up his residence in any town, looks naturally for the church without a debt. He has a horror of debt of any sort, perhaps, and, as he had no responsibility for the church-debts he finds, he does not propose voluntarily to assume any.

Still again, church-debts are intolerable burdens to their ministers. They must "draw," in order that the debt may be paid. If they do not "draw," they must leave, to make place for a man who will. The yearly deficit is an awful thing for a sensitive minister to contemplate, and puts him under a constant and cruel spur, which, sometimes swiftly and sometimes slowly, wears out his life.

Now, isn't it about time to make a new departure? Isn't it about time for the debtor churches to take up their debts like men, and discharge them? Isn't it about time to stop dedicating church edifices to Jehovah, subject to a mortgage of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars? Isn't it about time that churches become sound in their moralities, as they relate to the contraction of debts which they either will not, or cannot, pay?

Regeneration.

ITS MEANING. ITS NECESSITY. HOW IT PURIFIES.

It is that mighty change in man wrought by the Holy Spirit, by which the dominion which sin has over him in his natural state, and which he deplors and struggles against in his present state, is broken and abolished; so that, with full choice of will and the energy of right affection, he serves God freely, and runs in the way of his commandments.—Watson.

None go to heaven but they that are made meet for it. As it was with Solomon's temple, so it is with the temple above. It was "built of stone, made ready before it was brought thither;" namely, of "living stones wrought for the self-same thing," for they can not be laid in that glorious building above, just as they came out of the quarry of depraved nature.

The early Christians have told us that, in the early ages of the gospel, when an adult came to be baptized, he put off his old clothes before he went into the water, and put on new and clean raiment when he came out of it; to signify that he had put off his old and corrupt nature, and his former bad principles and corrupt practices, and had now become a new man.—Saller.

A man may be reformed in his habits, and yet not be transformed in his heart. When the icicles are hanging in winter from the eaves of the cottage, will it suffice that the inhabitant should take his axe and how them down, one by one, till the fragments are scattered in powdery ruin upon the pavement beneath? Will the work so done be done effectually? Surely a few hours of warm shining of the sun would do it in a far better and much shorter way.

Defence for those who Trust.

Dependencies exist in all the relations of life. Providence provides for us earthly comfort in friends, and the general blessings necessary for our convenience. But these sometimes fail when we need them.

1. "The Lord is a rock." "Who is a rock like our God?" "The Israelites drank of the rock that followed them in the wilderness, and the rock was Christ." The Saviour is compared to a rock because He is a firm foundation. "Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation, a chief corner stone."

2. As a rock he is a defence. Cities sometimes have been secured by massive walls of stone. Harbors have strong fortifications of the same material. "The blast of the terrible ones is as a storm against a wall." But by Christ, as a wall of defence, the good who trust in Him are protected.

3. A shade from burning, scorching heat. "As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." In low latitudes, laborers and travelers faint, and are about to sink. A great rock affords them a refreshing and invigorating shade. In Christ the weary and sinking find rest and protection.

4. Durability. Stones remain. Storms do not waste them. "Jesus Christ is the same yesterday, to-day, and forever." His years fail not. "From everlasting to everlasting thou art God." The Saviour is the Christian's portion forever.

Is he a rock? how firm he proves, The rock of ages never moves. Consent to be led by God, all ye people, The rock that is high as heaven, deep as the depths beneath, broad as the universe, as permanent and lasting as the throne of God, will be your refuge, safety and salvation. J. F.

Principal Dawson and Prof. Tyndall.

[We quote from the Albany Evening Journal the following admirable tribute to the excellence and importance of the address of Prof. Dawson, at the late meeting of the American Scientists in Detroit.]

This latest meeting of the American Association will be memorable for much the same reason that the last meeting of the British savans—that at Belfast—is memorable. The address of Prof. Tyndall, at the latter, sent a ripple, and a pretty heavy one, too, across the surface of the popular thought and feeling in all English speaking lands; and now a paper read at Detroit by Mr. Principal Dawson, of Montreal, will undoubtedly create a counter ripple that will send quite as far and wide as that. This paper deals with the vexed question of the origin of life upon our planet, and it strikes me that this theme has rarely been handled with this greater ability, though often with greater presumption, than in Mr. Dawson's essay.

immeasurably, not the capacities only, but the very scope of physical investigation.

It is certainly surprising to great numbers of thoughtful men, who make no pretensions to be scientists, that so many of the modern school of physicists take the thankless trouble to heat their brains out against the bars of what they call "incorruptible law" if haply in the destructive process, they may get a glimpse of some germ of physical life in the very act of self-creation, or, as they dignify and mystify at once, the idea of "Evolution," so as to get rid of the awful phantom of a Divine and Eternal Creator!

It is refreshing to read Principal Dawson's learned and yet modest exposition of the probable conditions of life in its origin and progression upon our planet, and his seemingly irrefutable argument that these cannot be accounted for on the hypotheses of material generation; but, to use his own explicit words,—"involve the consideration of power referable to the unseen and spiritual world."

All the philosophers, thank heaven, are not yet gone mad with the idolatry of blind force, and that refinement of human wisdom by which in olden times the world only "knew not God." The World—newspaper—I see, very patronizingly, but arrogantly represents Principal Dawson as an able advocate of the "waning side" in this hot conflict of opinions. This is an example of the petitio principii, with an emphasis, for there remains to be found amid all the brilliant discoveries of the last decade a single incontrovertible instance of spontaneous life evolution, and equally of the transformation of species, without which there is no substantial basis for the extreme evolutionist reasoning of the day.

"I trust I have not wasted breath, I think we are not wholly brain; Magneto-mysteries; not in vain Like Paul with beasts, I fight with death."

"Not only cunning casts in clay, Not Science prove we are and thou— What matters Science unto man, At least to me—I would not stay."

"Let him the wiser man who springs Hereafter up from child's blood, shape His actions like the greater ape— But I was born for nobler things!"

I will close this already too extended reference to the distinguishing event of the Detroit meeting of the American Scientific Association by the expression of the hope that the fearlessness of Principal Dawson's utterances there will embolden faint hearts among his colleagues to be true to themselves and true to the heaven-born impulses that prompt the ingenious and noble mind— "To look through Nature up to Nature's God."

Watch the Lips.

Clamorous words, wrathful, test, peevish, bitter, sneering words, curt speaking and detraction, are answerable for large measures of human misery. Anger, says Chrysostom, rides upon noise as upon a horse; still the clamor and the rider is in the dust. Solomon's saying about brawling women, of whom he must have had many a specimen among his thousand wives and concubines, given him of God, perhaps, as whips and scourges for his sensuality and polygamy, have found many to respond to them. A sharp temper and a high-keyed voice in a wife and mother are enough to drive out all comfort from a home, and to make even a bar-room and its company a desired refuge. David, when he asked God to keep the door of his lips, had been driven out by Saul, to seek shelter with Achish, King of Gath, and he prayed that in his trouble he may not say anything hurtful to the religion of Israel before idolatrous Philistines, nor utter any repining words against his God. And, like David, we should be specially careful of our words in the day of trouble, or of ill-health, or of bad condition of body, for then we are like the hot springs of Iceland, that need only the provocation of a bit of turf thrown in, to return steam and scalding water and showers of stones. A parent, or a school-teacher, will think that children act worse some days than at other times, and like creatures possessed, and will punish accordingly, when it is only some trouble of his own that made it seem so. And so, too, Sabbath services will be disgraced, neighbors harshly judged or God's ways repined at, when, in a better frame ourselves, we should have been pleased and satisfied. We are sometimes like matches, ready to take fire at a touch, and hardly safe to be dropped about anywhere.

Words of detraction and slander require the watch. It is not all mention of a neighbor's faults and evil deeds that is wrong, for we cannot but notice gross faults, and to speak of them in the right spirit may be perfectly right, and needful for self-defence and the good of society. And sin and wrong is in being quick to see and publish faults, magnifying them, imagining them, meddling with them when it is none of our business to do so, and speaking of them from promptings of envy, resentment and rivalry. A slanderous tongue moves as naturally in the element of hatred as a fish in the water. One who loves his neighbor as himself, and seeks to do unto others as he would they should do unto him, can hardly be a slanderer. The mischief of detraction springs from a mean, unloving spirit, soured by disappointment, fretted by envy, urged on by malice, and a miserable curiosity. When one with such a frame goes from house to house with the preface: "They say, or they do say, but I don't know how true it is, that this man drinks; or, That man and his wife don't live very pleasantly together; or, That man did not come by his money very honestly; or, This woman is no better than she should be—it is very probable that then a busybody and slanderer is at work who greatly needs the prayer, "Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."—H. H. Lewis, D.D.

Random Readings.

There can be no purity with him whose heart hath once been enriched with celestial bounty.

The door between us and heaven cannot be opened if that between us and our fellow-men is shut.

If martyrdom is now on the decline it is not because martyrs are less zealous, but because martyrdomers are more wise.

Man without religion is a creature of circumstances; religion is above all circumstances, and will lift him up above them.

It is not labour that hurts anybody, but rather fretting over the prospect of labour to be gone through.

We should press to God through all things, and rest in nothing but in God.—Hudinger.

In scorning thy brother less gifted take heed that thou findest not fault with God.—W. T. Esser.

The faith which works by love hits the foe squarely, since faith allows not of despair, nor love admits a false security.—Luther.

Faith is a living, essential thing; it makes a man entirely new, changes his disposition, and turns him completely about.—Luther.

A sound mind finds no pleasure in the weakness of others. Whatever lower our view of man's nature, lower our hope of man's destiny.

There is a single fact which one man opposes to all the wit and argument of infidelity, viz: That no man ever on his death-bed repented of being a Christian.

It is easier to find a score of men wise enough to discover the truth than to find one intrepid enough, in the face of opposition to stand up for it.

God has not taken so much pains in framing, and furnishing, and adorning this world, that they who were made by him to live in it should despise it.

Little sins have a fearful power of eating into the Christian heart. The ants of a tropical climate will surround their prey, and after destroying it, eat it out so thoroughly and yet so delicately, that at a distance it may appear still alive. Yet when the storm comes, it crumbles. So falls the professor whose inner life has been destroyed by little sins.

As the dimensions of the tree are not always regulated by the size of the seed, so the consequences of things are not always proportionate to the apparent magnitude of the events that have produced them. Thus, the American revolution, from which little was expected, produced much; but the French revolution, from which much was expected, produced little.

The Night is mother of the Day, the Winter of the Spring, And ever upon old Decay the greenest mosses cling. Behind the cloud the starlight larks, through showers the sunbeams fall; For God, who loveth all His works, has left His Hope with all. —Whittier.

The Presbyterian finds some good points in the addresses made at the commencement of girls' schools, of which the best and nearest was the thing said to the young ladies of the Abbot Academy by Professor Smyth, of Andover, that while he was not "prepared to send them forth as Captain in the social ship, there would be no difficulty in their going as first mates."

If the time of affliction be not a time of supplication, I know not what is. There are two kinds of antidotes against all the troubles and afflictions of this life, namely, prayer and patience; the one hot, the other cold; the one quickening, the other quenching. Chrysostom understood this well enough when he cried out, "It is more bitter than death to be spoiled of prayer." Brooks.

First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of the National Congress of American Beer Brewers. "First beer and then politics," is the sentiment as it was uttered and applauded. Between Romanists who say, "First a Catholic and afterward an American," and liquor men who say "First beer and then liberty," American civilization has a hard row to hoe.—Herald and Presbyterian.

What a blessing to a household is a merry, cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days, or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity. Such a woman in the darkest hours brightens the house like a little piece of sunshine weather. The magnetism of her smiles and the electrical brightness of her looks and movements infect every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved; her husband goes into the world with a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people annoy and worry him all day, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "At home I shall find rest."

DR. FRANKLIN TO HIS DAUGHTER.—Go constantly to church, whoever preaches. The act of devotion in the Common Prayer Book is your principle business there, and if properly attended to, will do more towards amending the heart than sermons generally can do. For they were composed by men of much greater piety and wisdom than our common composers of sermons can pretend to be, and therefore I wish you would never miss the prayer days; yet I do not mean that you should despise sermons even of the preachers you dislike; for the discourse is often much better than the man, as sweet and clear waters coming through very dirty earth, I am the more particular on this head, as you seemed to express a little before I came away, some inclination to leave our church, which I would not have you do.—Nov. 8th, 1764.

Our Young Folks.

"The Penny ye Meant to Give."

There's a funny tale of a stinky man, Who was none too good, but might have been worse, Who went to his church on a Sunday night, And carried along his well-filled purse,

When the sexton came with his begging-plate, The church man but did with the candle's light; The stinky man fumbled all through his purse, And chose a coin by touch and not sight.

It's an odd thing now that guineas should be So like unto pennies in shape and size, "I'll give a penny," the stinky man said; "The poor must not grieve of pennies despise."

The penny fell down with a clatter and ring! And back in his so it landed the stinky man. "The world is so full of the poor," he thought, "I can't help them all—I give what I can."

Ha, ha! how the sexton smiled to be sure, To see the gold guinea fall in his plate! Ha, ha! how the sexton's mind was wrang, Perceiving his blunder, but just too late!

"No matter," he said; "in the Lord's account That guinea of gold is set down to me. They lend to him who give to the poor; It will not be bad an investment be."

"Na, na, mon," the sexton cried out, "The Lord is na cheated—He knows them well, He knew it was only by accident That out of thy fingers the guinea fell!"

"He keeps an account, na doubt, for the pair; But in that account He'll set down to thee Na more of that golden guinea, my man, Than the one bare penny ye meant to give."

There's a comfort to, in the little tale— A serious side as well as a joke; A comfort for all the generous poor, In the conical words the sexton spoke.

A comfort to think that the good Lord knows How generous we really desire to be, And will give us credit in His account For all the pennies we long "to give."

—H. L. St. Nicholas for October

How She Found it Out.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

"Maggie, have you been over to see our new neighbors yet?" said Mr. Ray, looking up from the evening newspaper.

"I have indeed, John," said Mrs. Ray. After a pause she added, "I am not likely to go. There can be nothing in common between such fine people as they are, and plain folks like ourselves."

"But, my dear, they have come to our church, and Mr. Folsom has taken a pew in the middle aisle. It seems to me, it would be only polite, as they are now comers in the place, to extend the courtesy of a call. You and Mrs. Folsom must be about the same age, too. So might be an acquisition."

Mrs. Ray said nothing for a few moments. She sewed on steadily. Her work was coarse and homely, patching the knees of her boy Sammy's pants. That day, looking from her modest little window, to the house over the way, she had observed with a certain half-unconscious bitterness, how elegantly Charlie Folsom was dressed.

No patches on his knees, and his jacket and trousers had the unmistakable stylishness that bespoke the fashionable tailor. No clumsy, home-made look about them. Was it envy that stirred in her heart and almost rendered her wretched, as Mrs. Folsom, superb in black silk and lace, stepped into the carriage, and with her little son by her side rode away in the bright afternoon sunshine?

"Going to the park, of course?" Mrs. Ray had thought, as she turned back to her overflowing basket of work and her fretful year-old baby.

"John," she said at last, "you never recognize the difference in circumstances. The Folsoms are very far removed from us. They move in a circle which is not like ours, and they are like the lilies of the field—they neither toil nor spin. We have to work hard, and to pinch and scrow to keep out of debt. Probably they would consider our overtures intrusive."

"Well, Maggie, you know best," said Mr. Ray, with a sigh, "but for the life of me I cannot see that a few things more or less ought to set fellow-Christians so far apart. I think you are fit company for any lady in the land, and I have seen nothing in Folsom so crushing. Certainly, in education and tastes, we might harmonize, and I hardly think it democratic to be so awed by a neighbor's wealth."

Sammy Ray, however, greatly admired Charlie Folsom's mamma. He was on terms of intimacy in the Folsom's house. Rex, the great St. Bernard dog, seemed to love him as well as he did his young master. Selim, Charlie's pony, bore Sammy very willingly, and many a happy hour the two boys spent in each other's society, in the workshop in Charlie's garret. Charlie liked very much to read and study in the shade of Sammy's grape arbor, and to draw baby Netta about in her pretty carriage.

It happened one day that Mrs. Ray was extremely out of temper. It was more her misfortune than her fault, for naturally she was a sunny-hearted woman without much sub-acid in her composition. The fact is that just then she was worn out. Half the irritability in this world is less a sin to be mourned for than an infirmity to be pitied. Half the amiability is the direct precipitate of good sleep and good digestion. The tired mother had a dreadful nervous throbbing in her temples, and it seemed as if her blood were beating like a hammer. Every sound pained her ear.

The baby was uncomelyly fretful, and to cap the climax of trouble, the girl had that morning taken umbrage at some slight thing and gone away. With all the work to do, and the weather hot, and a new dress half made, lying beside the machine, it is no wonder Mrs. Ray felt discouraged. When Sammy, about ten o'clock, came running in like a whirlwind, flinging down books and cap, and shouting, "Hurrah! Mamma, we've got a hold on!" she thought she would go out of her senses.

"Sammy!" she said, "sit right down in the corner, and keep still. I cannot stand a racket. Baby is sick."

"Can't I go over to Charlie's house?" "No!" said Mrs. Ray, decidedly, "you can stay away from Charlie's house, one day, I hope!"

Poor Sammy heaved a groan. This holiday would be a doleful one indeed, if it must be spent sitting still in a corner, with mamma cross. He bore it awhile, but finally seeing his mother looking pleasant, though very pale, even his eyes noticed that, he ventured a petition to go out of doors.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ray this time, "but go quietly, Sammy."

Sammy started to go quietly, but just then there was heard a heavy fall on the floor above, followed by a succession of sharp cries. Baby had fallen out of the bed. Mrs. Ray rushed up stairs, caught the child in her arms, and herself fell fainting the next moment.

When she came to herself, tender hands were busy about her, and a gentle voice said: "Lie still; don't try to rise, I will take care of the baby."

Mrs. Ray looking up was conscious of a gentle presence, robed in some white cool dress, who took on after a little the lineaments of Mrs. Folsom. Very softly and gently she moved about the chamber, and as Mrs. Ray murmured some words of thanks and of remonstrance, she answered:

"Never mind now, only rest till you are better."

Sammy, on seeing his mother's prostration, had gone as fast as he could for Mrs. Folsom. He had a boy's faith in her goodness and capability, and now as he watched her going about, and caring so kindly for every one, his gratitude knew no bounds. From that beginning a pleasant friendship grew between the two women, who found that they had many sympathies and tastes by which to cement the union of the heart.

There is a great deal said and written about the way the rich set themselves above and apart from the poor. For my part, I am of opinion that the fault is more on the side of the poor. I am not thinking at all of abject poverty, but of respectable middle class people with limited incomes, who have an obstinate pride, that resents every suspicion of patronage. They hold themselves aloof sometimes from very pleasant associations, from a morbid and sensitive apprehension that they may be thought to be courting favours from more fortunately placed individuals than themselves. But men and women are greater than any accident of circumstance, and a few dollars more or less a different style of living, and different scale of expenditure, should never keep congenial people apart. In the church it is not the wealthy and cultivated members who stand off and refuse to be social, half so often as it is those whose worldly surroundings are cramped or hard. She who lives in apartments, disdains to call or to be called upon, by her friend who has a whole house on a fashionable street. There are many Mrs. Rays and Mrs. Folsoms in all our congregations.

The right way for raising Money for Church Purposes.

The Bishop of Texas well says in his last Convention Address: "The numerous shifts resorted to now-a-days (some of them most objectionable in principle and in their tendencies) to raise money for parish purposes, result too often from the disposition to avoid giving directly according to the ability which God hath given. The pleasure and excitement afforded by gay entertainments, exhibitions bordering on the theatrical, lotteries, dances, and such like, have a good deal to do, no doubt, with many of the efforts made to raise means for Church purposes. They minister largely to the appetites and passions of this essentially worldly-minded age—such, we believe, as has never been seen before. But we hesitate not to declare that, especially in such a connection, they are all abominations in the sight of God. And the devil, no doubt, rejoices in everything of the kind—for the Church loses more, far more, than it gains. It may build up thereby without, but only for spiritual decay and death to prevail the more within. We are more convinced, in short, that the Church will never appear in her real beauty and strength, and never advance as she ought to advance, until all this is laid aside, and her members give cheerfully, and according to their ability, at least as God's people of old were required to give."

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XL.

October 3, 1875. JESUS LIFTED UP. John xii 23-33.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 23, 28. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Isa. xlix. 5, 6; Job. ii. 9, 10.

SCRIPTURE READINGS.—With v. 24, compare John. xvii. 1; with v. 24, 1 Cor. xv. 24; with v. 25, Rev. ii. 10; with v. 26, 2 Cor. v. 8; with v. 27, Matt. xxvi. 38, 39; with v. 28, Matt. iii. 17; with vs. 29, 30, John xi. 42; with vs. 31-33, Heb. ii. 14 and Eph. ii. 2.

GOLDEN TEXT.—And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.—John xii. 32.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Men are drawn by the cross.

This is a singularly solemn and instructive passage, and has one great advantage in a lesson, namely unity of subject. It might be expressed in some such words as the following: (A.) Jesus is to be lifted up, vs. 23, 33; (B.) But in an unexpected way, v. 24; (C.) Yet past doubting, vs. 27-30; (D.) This lifting up is on a fixed principle, vs. 24-26; and (E.) The lifting up will produce adequate results.

The occasion of this announcement shows how truly human was the soul of Jesus, working by laws of association and suggestion as our mind's work. Some "Greeks" who were at Jerusalem to "worship at the feast," (v. 20), expressed to Philip the desire to see Jesus, and their words are reported to him (v. 22). These Greeks were either Jews living in Greek-speaking lands, or proselytes, or actual Greeks well disposed to Judaism, and it is difficult and not needful to decide which. He at once reflected on the great movement towards himself and God in him, of which this was a "kind of first-fruits." All time is present in a sense to Jesus, and hence he speaks of his

A.—BEING LIFTED UP,

as if it were immediate (v. 23). He is son of man—expressive of his close and real union with us. As such he is to be glorified by his raising from the dead, his vanquishing sin and the grave, his ascending to heaven, establishing his church for all the world (Matt. xxvii. 20), sending down the Holy Spirit, and occupying his throne till all his enemies be made his footstool. His disciples would naturally apply this to the temporal glorifying of the Messiah. He skillfully corrects this idea and unfolds the

B.—UNEXPECTED MANNER OF HIS GLORIFYING.

According to his frequent method he takes a figure from his own world (v. 24). A grain of wheat is a bare grain and nothing more till it is buried in the ground and has seemingly decayed; but its death is in order to life, and other grains follow from and out of it. "So I must die. I must be lifted up (v. 32); by my lifting up I mean my dying" (v. 33). It will be, it is, exquisitely painful. "The thought of it fills me with trouble" (v. 27). Death is dreadful, not from its pain or its consequences, but from its hateful nature. It is the fruit of sin—that evil thing which I hate." This figure needs no explaining. Every farmer's son knows how it is with the yellow corn. Every farmer ought to think of this as he plants and reaps. And this strange way of glorification is

C.—PAST DOUBT.

Already Jesus realizes the shame, horror and soul trouble of the critical time. "Now is my soul troubled," with a deep, inexpressive trouble. What shall I say? What would you have me to say? Peter would forbid it. So would others of you in your love to me. You would have me say, "Father save me from this hour!" Shall I say this? But for this hour much as my nature shrinks—for it is a true human nature—from it, I came into the world. Shall I beg a deliverance from the very thing I came to do? No, truly, "Father, glorify thy name" (v. 28).

Now, God honors them that honor him, and he applies the rule to Christ for the strengthening of him under the "trouble" (v. 27), and for confirming the faith of the bystanders (v. 20), (for God does many things by one agent), a heavenly voice, like inarticulate and alarming thunder to some, to other like an angel's voice (v. 29); to him and doubtless to his followers clearly saying, "I have both glorified it," in all past revelations of grace, mercy and truth, in prophecy and Old Testament history, "and I will glorify it again." So God displays in the work of Jesus Christ for sinful men his highest glory, the glory of attributes more commanding than even power, goodness or wisdom, the glory of moral attributes. He shows his holiness, his justice, his grace, his pity, his love for the souls he has made; "Mercy and truth" etc. (Ps. lxxxv. 10). God appears in his glory when he builds up Zion, only there fully; only fully when Zion shall have been built up (Ps. cii. 16). But this way of honor out of humility is not confined to God the Father's dealing with Christ. It is

D.—ON A PRINCIPLE WIDELY APPLIED.

Hence Jesus says (v. 25), "He that loveth," etc. Our bodily life is not the end, but has a higher end than itself. It were better for example that it came to a close even in flames, than the soul should deny God. So all martyrs feel. A man of honor feels it better to die than be disgraced. A patriot feels it better to lie than leave his land enslaved. A soldier dies rather than disobey orders. Natural men feel that bodily life is a secondary consideration. Now the principle for obeying which men are honored in their memories, is in Christianity. If a man will make this bodily life the main thing, he loses it. If he hates, that is loves less (see Luke xiv. 26; Rom. ix. 18), his life, for the love he has to Christ, he shall keep it. For true service of Christ (v. 30), is following him anywhere; to the stake or cross if need. "And they who so serve me shall be with me (John xvii. 24, and my Father will honor," dignify, treat them as he will treat me, his own son. The parallel is complete; and this is not a waste of power. There is good reason for such a sacrifice as is to be made, for

E.—THERE ARE ADEQUATE RESULTS.

Study them in vs. 31, 32. They are here presented as there in number. (a) The judgment of, or concerning the world. Who is rightful lord of it, God or Satan? Whom should it serve? Who is most worthy, by love, mercy, and all lovable qualities, of its love and service? Now is the judgement upon the world. It will display itself, show its true qualities, its hate of goodness, its submission to evil. This is its crisis—its turning point.

(b) Now shall its prince, Satan, its god (2 Cor. iv. 4), be cast out. He has a certain right over it while it is under guilt as the janitor has a right over a criminal's body till his crime is pardoned; but that show of right is now to be taken away altogether. "The strength of sin is the law" (Rom. viii. 3; 1 Cor. xv. 56). Now sin is to be condemned or punished, and law is to be satisfied "in the flesh" of Jesus Christ.

(c) Jesus in being lifted up, first on the cross, (see v. 33, compared with John xviii. 32), then to the throne, and then as a consequence in all faithful preaching, will draw all men—men of all sorts, Greeks as well as Jews, rich, poor, moral, immoral, ignorant, learned upon him (v. 32). John saw in the light of the event, that he alluded to his dying on the cross.

From this passage we may learn: (a) How important is the death of Christ to the Father, to himself, to us, to the world, to Satan. This ought to be shown at some length. The death of Jesus shows the holiness and justice of God. It finishes the work of humiliation and suffering Christ undertook (the laying in the grave was the natural consequence of his dying); it purchased the salvation of men (he died for us); it took the ground from under the feet of Satan; it condemned the world, and it made it proper for every child of the human race, if he will, to come out of his prison and away from the bondage of Satan and the world, and to enjoy the blessings of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. (b) How truly we are to be confirmed to Christ, suffering if need be, that he be glorified; (c) How sure is the reward even as Christ's is sure; (d) How fitting to lift up Christ in class, pulpit, books, and in all our life, that all men may be drawn to him!

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

Occasion of these words—Greeks—who they were—their wish—that it suggested—how is Jesus glorified—when—in what way—the analogy—its fitness—the points of resemblance—how Jesus was troubled—why—the thought of his disciples—the true idea—the hour—for what he came—his prayer—its answer—the object of it—the world—its prince—how judged—the process—the effect of Christ's death—the mode of it—how he was lifted up—how he is now lifted up—the result.

LESSON XLI.

October 10, 1875. WASHING THE DISCIPLES' FEET. John xiii. 1-6.

COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 8, 9. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Gen. xviii. 4; 1 Sam. xvi. 11.

SCRIPTURE READINGS.—With v. 1, read Luke xiii. 1; with v. 2, read Acts v. 8; with v. 3, read Heb. ii. 5; with v. 4, compare Luke xiii. 87; with vs. 5-7, read 1 Cor. xii. 12; with v. 8, read Rom. viii. 9; with v. 9, read Ps. li. 2; with the whole passage compare Luke xiii. 24-30.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus.—Phil. ii. 5.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Jesus sets an example of meekness.

I. The circumstances.—The time. "Before the feast of the Passover" (v. 1), that is on the eve of the feast or festival which began next day.

When Jesus was born or baptized is unknown, but there is no doubt about the time of his death. All four evangelists mention it. The Passover brought the type—the paschal lamb, and the antitype together. It gave publicity to the deed. It provided witnesses and reporters of the event over the world, for Jews from all quarters came to the Passover. It was the time expected by our Lord for his death. He knew it, had it before his mind always. If men "suffer a thousand deaths in fearing one," how much Jesus endured! But his death is here presented in its less painful aspect, in that in which his people also may regard it, namely going out of the world and going to the Father. The Saviour went, body and soul; the believer's soul goes in the hour of death, his body at the last day.

This great and near event did not turn the thoughts of Christ, as it might well have done on himself. He still thinks of his disciples and with unchanging affection, near as was his trial and their unworthiness, and he realized both. "Having loved his own" disciples "which were in the world," and to remain behind him in it, "he loved them to the end," and gave them one more instructive proof of that love before his departure.

It does not seem needful to assume that the act of courtesy, pouring water on the feet, was being evaded by any of the company through pride (though there was enough evil among them), and that he ended the rite by doing it himself. Rather does his narrative suggest that he originated and carried all this through of his own accord, surprising them by it, for the moral and spiritual end, to be stated later. Speaking of these words, "he loved them to the end," Rev. J. C. Ryle says, "Those whom he receives he always keeps. Those whom he loves at first he loves at last. His promise shall never be broken, and it is for saints as well as sinners: 'Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.'"

Another notable circumstance preceding this act, and revealed to the evangelist, was the deliberate decision of Judas, who was a thief (see John xii. 8) to betray Christ for money. "The Devil entered" as master, into a heart where he had often been admitted as a guest. The ruling passion secretly cherished, the Devil—a personal tempter—used for his purpose. The idea that Judas meant to force the Saviour to declare himself as an ingenuously, but unfounded idea. He would not be condemn-

ed as he is for more over-zeal and mistaken haste. Satan is a spirit, created and finite, but of great experience in sin and temptation, able to approach men's spirits, and when they yield themselves to his suggestions, they are said to receive him into their hearts.

Another circumstance is the thought of Christ (v. 1) that the Father had "given all into his hand," mentioned either (a) because he would proceed and complete his work for which so little time remained, or (b) the evangelist dwells on this to mark the condescension of one consciously so great and yet who would wash his disciples' feet.

If any one should argue the inferiority of Christ to the Father from "all things into his hands," let him consider 1 Cor. xv. 24, "when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to the Father," which does not prove surely, the Father's inferiority to him.

II. The act (v. 4). "He washeth—laid aside—look—girded"—all the circumstances are mentioned, as by one who had witnessed the proceedings. When men wore in the feet sandals only and walked in dusty warm sand, the bathing of the feet was grateful, became common and was an act of courtesy to a guest. It was done by servants. Hence our Lord's words in Luke vii. 45. Hence the language of 1 Tim. v. 10, where, probably it stands for deeds of kindness generally.

The Eastern custom of reclining with the feet behind admitted of their being washed while still at table. The ordinary outer garment of an Oriental is loose and flowing, and is laid aside for work. For the ornamental girdle of ordinary persons, a servant has a towel, hence Christ's girding (v. 4).

The history of the world has no parallel to this. Peter, when the Master came to him, felt the incongruity. "Dost thou—my master—wash—a servant's work—my feet?"—the feet of a poor fisherman (see Matt. iii. 14). It was lowly and within certain limits, right. But ceased to be so when Jesus intimated his will, regarding it (v. 7), namely that it had a meaning to be disclosed, and by, "Thou shalt know hereafter." What thou oughtest to know from this?

III. The Lessons.—As to Jesus. He has taken the form of a servant (Phil. ii. 7). His condescension is amazing, incredible, and even seems to man's narrow views intolerable. "Lord it is too much!" they are ready to say.

But we cannot be cleansed otherwise (v. 8). "If I wash thee not"—if we do not submit to God's plan, even though we do not fully comprehend it, believe his word, receive his Son, we remain in our sins. If we do receive and believe, though only on his word, "tho blood cleanseth" (1 John i. 7). See 1 Cor. vi. 11. Let us never forget this. Jesus is indispensable to us. We are impure, and "none but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." Men feel this when enlightened. Hence Peter's words, when the deeper meaning is seen (v. 9), as to ourselves. If such condescension is shown to us, if Jesus stoops so low for us, how much we should set aside pride to cheer, comfort and aid one another! So the Master explained (vs. 14, 15). This example of Jesus Christian men constantly need to keep in mind. We magnify self. We constantly dwell upon "what is due to us." We make a great deal of "proper self-respect." We are constantly asserting and maintaining our "position." Now just because we are children of God, we may safely stoop in self-denial and painstaking to the level of the lowest, if we can only do them good. Men may laugh at us, call us bigots, fanatics, and narrow-minded. They may resent and resist our efforts to do them good. They may scorn us. But knowing that we are children of God we must think nothing of all this, but hold on our way, as Jesus did, overcoming evil with good. This spirit alone will conquer selfishness in all things. A sectarian spirit is always saying "my church." The spirit of a true child of God is to serve and honor all the children of God, even though like Peter, many of them are rash, mistaken, or over-hasty in language and feeling.

There are side lessons, not to be overlooked, such as the following:

(a) Judas had knowledge, advantages, a high profession, the confidence of his brethren, a fair outside, and yet Satan had his heart—not God. Beware of covetousness or any other secret sin. It will ruin you openly, perhaps, no matter what you are called, pupil, teacher, church member, or minister.

(b) Peter's "voluntary humility" (Col. i. 18) may warn us, and Christ's grace to him may encourage us. His unperceived was often at fault, yet he was helped and finally saved. She has hurt the head as well as the heart; but if the heart is right God gives wisdom.

SUGGESTIVE TOPICS.

The occasion—the time—the temper of Judas—the feeling of Jesus—the meaning of this being mentioned—the like lesson taught the disciples—the eastern manner of reclining—the custom of feet washing—its foundation—how usually done—the resistance of Peter—the right of it—the wrong—the comprehensive word of Christ—the deep meaning—Peter's change of mind—the lessons to us—as to Christ's relation—our duty—warning—encouragement.

The Grumbler.

A man who habitually frets and scolds is never happy. His moodiness and gloomy acidity are eating in on his own spirit like a canker. This being so, of course nobody else is likely to be happy who comes under his influence. He is a shadow-maker wherever he goes. A world full of people like him would live in a worse than star-light. Cheerfulness is, therefore, a duty, first to one's self and then to his neighbor. He who refuses it is eating himself and wronging his associates. He is not keeping the sixth commandment. For a thousand and one people the lesson of good, hearty enjoyment with its exhibition of a cheerful spirit is the one most needed to be learned.

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The numbers for March and April are now before us, and wear a neat and attractive appearance, especially the April issue.

The paper is good, and supplies a great desideratum among the young. It should certainly meet with a wide circulation.

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G. BLACKETT ROBINSON, P.O. Drawer 2184, Toronto, Ont.

British American Presbyterian.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1875.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We must remind many of our subscribers of the fact, which they may have overlooked, that their payments to the PRESBYTERIAN are considerably in arrears.

COMMENCEMENT OF A STORY.

Our readers will notice that we commenced in our last issue, a serial story which will be found exceedingly interesting and instructive.

WORKING THE SHIP.

It is a matter of time, trouble, skill, to build a ship from keel to top-mast, and stem to stern. Such was the work of the Committee on the Union of the four Presbyterian Churches of the Dominion.

It is a holiday business to launch a ship. Everything is ready, the crowd of spectators line the shore, the word is spoken, and the ship glides into its native element like a thing of life.

But it is a serious business to work a ship. There are dangers in the sea and on the sea; there are perils from storms and from calms.

has been made in these three distinct departments of church work.

1. On the sphere of Congregational activity, we see congregations that were wont to be cold, becoming fraternal, and we find several instances of two weak congregations occupying the same field, merging into one, or cautiously feeling their way towards that consummation.

2. In the sphere of Presbyterian activity, the harmony of the United Church is very marked. All the presbyteries, thirty-three in number, have held their meetings, and as far as our observation goes, there has not arisen as yet any collision of opinion or action arising from difference of origin.

3. In the higher work of the General Assembly, we can say as yet little about the spirit of the united body. The assembly of last June undertook hardly any work save that of setting up Synods, and through them Presbyteries throughout its wide bounds.

The subjects which engaged the attention of the Committee were varied and important, viz., Ecclesiastical Procedure, Parliamentary Legislation, Synodical Functions and Business, Missionary and other schemes, Colleges, Education for the Ministry, Examination of Students, Admission of Ministers from other Churches, Amalgamation of Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Funds, Agency, Periodicals, Clerkship of the General Assembly, and mode of electing the Moderator of the Assembly.

The spirit in which the discussion of these difficult matters was conducted was good, and such as augurs well of the discussion on the wider platform of the General Assembly, when it meets next June.

In all departments, and on the various platforms of Christian work, a good beginning has been in our United Church. If any temptation arises to descend to the arena of strife and party-spirit, the reply is ready in the words of a great man and a patriot:—"I am doing a great work so that I cannot come down; why should the work cease while I leave it and come down to you?"

Before the Presbyterian Church of Canada there is a great work, which leaves no time for petty issues and party strife.

THE GUIBORD CASE.

The Guibord case has not yet been terminated. For some reason or another the interment has not yet taken place, but a great advance has been made in the controversy going on over this poor man's remains.

Poor Bishop Bourgat, at his wits end, threatens to curse Guilford's burial lot as soon as the body has been deposited there. How he will manage in that case with the bodies that have already been buried in that spot with all the rights of the Church, and as good and holy "Catholics," it is not for us to say.

ATTEMPT AT RIOTING IN TORONTO.

The Roman Catholic Episcopal Synod for Ontario held its meeting on Sabbath last, and was opened by the usual formalities. Among other things thought to be necessary was a procession from one Church to another.

The rival processions of Irish factions is a curse to every country where they prevail. But so long as they are permitted (and we don't see why people should not be permitted to tramp through the streets in a somewhat ridiculous fashion if they are so inclined), the whole power of the state must be employed if necessary to secure that they be made in peace and quietness.

Ministers and Churches.

A SOCIAL meeting was held on the 17th inst., in the Presbyterian Church, Caledon East, by the ladies of the congregation. Several addresses and readings were given. The entertainment was much enjoyed by the excellent music supplied on the occasion.

The Presbyterian congregation of Claremont assembled on the 9th ult., to witness the interesting ceremony of laying the corner stone of their new church. The service was commenced by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Peattie, giving out a Psalm and reading a portion of the Old and New Testament, and calling on Rev. W. D. Ballantyne to engage in prayer.

It has been computed that the total number of mercantile failures in the United States during the first six months of 1875, were 8977, with liabilities aggregating \$74,940,860.

The Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Moderator of Presbytery, then engaged in prayer, after which the large and respectable assembly were addressed with much appropriateness and ability by the Rev. Messrs. Kennedy and Ballantyne, and the Rev. Mr. Becker joined his congratulations with others on this auspicious occasion.

Book Reviews.

WIDE AWAKE is a new monthly magazine for young people of all ages, and among the many competitors for the favor of the rising generation, promises to occupy no mean place.

Church Property.

Editor BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

SIR,—My attention was directed to a letter signed "Hector C. Anderson," published in your issue of 24th Sept., regarding the title to the property of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Your correspondent writes that "with very few exceptions the church property is all in the hands of the clergy." This statement is wholly untrue.

Another statement is that "at the union between the U. P. and Free Churches, the clergy, without in the least consulting the people, did most disgracefully manage to get an Act of Parliament which vested the whole of the Church property in the hands of the clergy."

Your correspondent is also exercised over the deed of Knox College, and to prevent any misconception arising on this point from his insinuations, it may be well for your readers to know that the conveyance is to Knox College a corporation consisting of Hector C. Anderson, Box 17, Ayr P.O., Ont., and the other more worthy members of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Presbytery of Quebec.

This Presbytery held its first meeting since the late union, in St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, on Wednesday, the 8th of September. Rev. Dr. Cook, Moderator, read the extract minute of the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa, constituting the Presbytery, after which the roll was made up.

It has been computed that the total number of mercantile failures in the United States during the first six months of 1875, were 8977, with liabilities aggregating \$74,940,860.

Presbytery of Paris.

The Presbytery of Paris in connection with the Presbyterian Church in Canada, met last Tuesday in Zion Church, Brantford. The Rev. J. Aul of Ratho, presided as Moderator. There was a large attendance of ministers and elders.

Presbyterian Union.

It is a matter of congratulation among Protestant bodies to witness the spirit of harmony and the desire for closer organic union among the churches. The Presbyterian communions of this Dominion in view of their consolidation present an appearance of strength and stability, and an increased power for useful ends that must tell largely on the present and future civilization of the land.

The Rev. Mr. Murray has been a considerably longer time in our midst, and has been more or less connected with the rise and growth of Lindsay, and the development of its institutions. He was the first President of the Y.M.C.A., and during his term of office at least it had a considerable amount of success and a liberal share of public patronage.

Who's Literature.

Still and Deep.

BY F. M. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," "ONE LIFE ONLY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

"Mary," The voice was very low and feeble which spoke that single word, but it was instantly heard by her to whom it was addressed. "I am here dear, I was only gathering up this lovely white rose for you—is it not beautiful? So pure and delicate!" "Yes, it resembles you, my child, with your white dress and fair sweet face," said the old man who had first spoken, with the courtly gallantry of a generation that is rapidly passing away. "But come, now, and sit down beside me; there is much that I have wished to say to you for long time past, and this hour seems well suited to the task—all is so still and tranquil." It was in truth a peaceful scene on which the eyes of the speaker rested. His chair had been placed in front of the picturesque little villa, which he had inhabited for more than twenty years, and as the house had been built on the brow of a hill, it commanded an extensive view on either side, over one of the fairest counties in England—rich pastures, sweeping away in graceful undulating lines towards the far horizon, alternated with orchards and gardens and wooded knolls, where pretty country houses peeped out, half hidden by the clustering trees, and immediately below the sloping lawn where the old man sat, a little murmuring brook ran merrily along, its clear waters dividing the grounds of the villa from a soft green meadow which lay beyond; and over all the sylvan beauty of that smiling landscape, had fallen the calm and glory of the sunset hour, bathing it in the lovely light of the after-glow, which filled the western sky with a sea of gold, and hushing it into that indescribable peace which steals so gently on the living world after the death of day. Scarcely was there a sound or movement in all the tranquil scene; only faint sighs from the rising night wind rippled the long grass in the field, and swept the fragrance of the roses in the villa garden through the scented air, while, occasionally, soft musical murmurs told that the little sleepy birds were nestling down to rest, among the ivy leaves that clothed the sheltering walls around the fair domain. Overhead there was not a cloud or a stain in all the heavenly vault, but just where the limpid blue of the upper arch merged into the clear opal of the sun's forsaken shrine, one pure pale star had started into life, and hung, quivering in its silver radiance, over the darkening earth. There is no period of the twenty-four hours when the subtle sympathy of nature with the human spirit makes itself so deeply felt as in these moments of the unearthly twilight calm, and its influence had fallen, with manifest power, on the two persons who now sat together side by side on the upper part of the lawn, where no trees impeded their view of the far-spreading landscape all around. The elder of the two could, in truth, have nowhere found a more apt type of his own expiring life than the fading light of that summer evening. For not only was he in the evening of his days, but already the shadow of the great night, whose mystery no living eye has ever pierced, was stealing over his wan face and attenuated frame. He was a man between sixty and seventy years of age, whose whole appearance and manner had the unmistakable stamp of high birth and breeding, while his refined and clear-cut features still retained traces of the striking beauty for which he had been remarkable in the days of his youth and strength. For many months past he had been aware that a fatal malady was sapping his life, and he knew that now the end was very near. Yet, though his extreme emaciation and pallor were due to his physical sufferings, it was not any bodily ailment which had set on his forehead the seal of unspeakable pain—borne by him in impenetrable silence for all the years which made up the sum of her young life who now sat in her fair stillness by his side. There was not the slightest trace of a likeness between them, as indeed there could not be, for they were in no way related by the ties of blood, but Mary Trevelyan had never known any other father, and the house of Louis, Comte de L'Isle had been her home from the days of her earliest infancy. We have given this man his true name and title by birth, but for more than thirty years he had renounced his nationality, and become naturalised in England, while never in all that time had he set foot on the shores of his native France, well as he loved her still. In his adopted country he was known as Mr. Lisle, and none but himself knew that an old French chateau, where his ancestors had dwelt for many generations, and a noble estate in his own fair land, had passed away from him because he would not compromise the principles which were to him more precious than wealth or position. All his life long he had been an ardent Legitimist, following therein the traditions of his family; but in his devout and earnest mind the belief in the divine right of kings amounted to religion, so he did not hesitate to sacrifice to it even name and country. In his youth he had held a confidential post in the service of Charles X.; and when that unhappy king was forced to fly from France, Louis de L'Isle not only insisted on sharing his fallen fortunes, but he took a solemn vow that he would never return to his native country till the day when the Bourbons should be called from exile, and the true heir of their princely race should be placed upon the throne of his fathers. That day had never come, as we know, but the loyal true-hearted man had adhered to his resolution, and he had, indeed, been greatly strengthened in it by that which he termed the apostasy of the only relative he had left in France. This was Armand de L'Isle, a brother of his father's, but so much younger that he was very little older than Louis himself. He was a cold, egotistical, narrow-minded man, whose master-passion was the desire to promote his own interests, and whose whole being was so completely given up to a miserable delirium of self, that there remained no place for nobler

aims or purer worship. Armand smiled contemptuously when he heard that Louis had abandoned wealth and position to follow his kingly master into exile, and he composedly entered into possession of the estates, which, he declared, had been forfeited by his nephew. In this proceeding he was openly supported by the reigning powers; and so astute and worldly-wise did he prove himself to be, that with every succeeding change of government or dynasty which gained ascendancy in restless France, he managed always to be on the winning side, even while he never took the smallest active part in the service of his country. Such a character and such a career could not but fill a noble-minded man like Louis with ineffable disgust, and he resolutely repudiated all relationship with his uncle, and refused to hold the smallest communication with him. He never so much as mentioned his name, so that his family was not aware of the existence of his undestirable relation, and, as years went by, he completely lost sight of him, and did not know whether he were alive or dead. Louis knew that Armand had married a very wealthy woman, of low birth—the first unequal alliance which any of their noble family had ever made—but while this step served to increase his indignation against his unworthy uncle, it prevented him from ever hoping to regain his lost estates, as he concluded that Armand would have children, to whom he would take very good care to secure the succession. Louis therefore turned his thoughts away determinately and for ever from the old home of his race, and caused himself to be naturalized in England, as we have said, in order that his son at least might not have the pain of feeling that he was living in exile. To himself the total severance from his native land was an unquestionable trial, but he found a compensation for it in the love of his young English wife, which drew the sting from that and every other sorrow. For well nigh thirty years she was the very sweetest of life to him; and in her devoted faithful heart he had found a refuge for every care, till, a few months previously, she had preceded him to that yet much surer Home, where a love that cannot die makes sunshine overmore. And now he was following swiftly on the noiseless steps with which she had passed to that unseen country, the native land of souls that are loyal to the sinless King, and there were but two in the world he was leaving, over whom his thoughts lingered with a fond regret—Bertrand Lisle, his only child, and Mary Trevelyan, his adopted daughter. His son had been brought up entirely as an Englishman, and was now, at the age of twenty six years, serving his adopted country as charge d'affaires to one of the principal Legations on the Continent; while Mary, who was five years younger, had, ever since the death of Mrs. Lisle, been a most devoted nurse and companion to her adopted father. Yet she knew absolutely nothing of the causes which had linked her in such close bonds with a family to whom she was in no way related. She knew that her own parents had both died on the same day that she herself had been born into the world, and that from the very hour of her mother's departure, Mrs. Lisle had taken her to her heart as her own child; but no explanation had ever been given to her of the circumstances which had led to this arrangement, and when she became old enough to feel some wish to penetrate the mystery, Mr. Lisle drew from her a promise that she would never ask of any one a single question on the subject. She had obeyed, as was natural to her reserved character, without a word of expostulation; but an indefinable instinct taught her, from the first, that the hidden grief which had cast so deep a shadow over the life of Mr. Lisle ever since she could remember, had in some way had its origin on that mysterious day, when, out of the very shadow of death which had overtaken those to whom she owed her being, she herself had dawned into the light of the living world. They formed a striking picture, those two, as they sat there in the peaceful twilight. The dying man lay back in his easy chair, with the pallor of approaching dissolution of his finely moulded features, his thin hands stretched out upon his knees, his whole attitude betokening the other exhaustion of his vital powers. The young girl, who sat by him in all the bloom and freshness of her life's early summer, clasping her little hands fondly round one of his, was, in truth, as he had said, fair and sweet like the white rose she had fastened in his breast. She was not by any means possessed of striking beauty, though her slight figure was singularly graceful, but there was an indefinable charm in her pure calm face which made itself gradually felt by all who approached her. Her dark hair, which was very soft and abundant, contrasted almost too strongly with the marble whiteness of her colorless complexion, but it harmonised well with the deep gray eyes, fringed with black lashes, which were so marked a feature in her countenance, that the absence of warmer tints were scarcely noticed. Her most striking peculiarity, however, both in manners and appearance, was the extreme stillness and quietude which at all times characterized her. No ripple of agitation seemed ever to disturb the pure contour of her pale face, which was always like the surface of a placid lake, perfectly motionless and unruffled, and although a sweet smile would often curve the delicately formed lips, they were never seen to open for the heart laugh or unrestrained merriment natural to her age. Yet her expression was not in the slightest degree sorrowful or anxious, and she bore no trace of the lines of care, which in truth she had never known in any shape, while a glance at her refined thoughtful face was sufficient to show that it was no lack of mental power which gave her a look of changeless calm, such as is not often seen in this restless world. This perfect stillness seemed to pervade her whole being—her step was entirely noiseless, her voice so low and soft that it could scarcely be heard where louder tones were sounding; even her movements were so full of repose that her entrance seemed only like the passing of a gentle breeze through the room. Many persons declared that Mary Trevelyan's extraordinary quietness was the result of an absolute want of feeling, but any

one who had noticed on this evening the expression of Mr. Lisle's mournful eyes, as he turned them upon her, would have seen that this was at least not his opinion. "My darling," he murmured, "as I told you, I have much to say to you, and this soft air cannot hurt me—do not be afraid to let me stay out while I finish all I have to tell. I shall speak to you best while the shadows are gathering around us." Gently she stooped, and lifting up the old man's cloak, which had fallen down, she wrapped it tenderly around him, and said, in a tone low as the sighing night wind, "Say what you will, dear, be sure that I am listening." (Continued on 6th page.)

Religious Denominations.

The Irish census extended to religion, and the result is a list of nearly 150 forms of faith. Nine-tenths of the people range themselves in five classes; 4,150,837 Roman Catholics; 567,998 Protestant Episcopalians; 497,648 Presbyterians; 48,441 Methodists. The remaining 52,428 belong to "other denominations." Among them are 1588 Covenanters, 2600 Brethren and Christian Brethren, the majority of them women, six Exclusive Brethren, three of them women, forty Non-Sectarians, four Orthodox, five Christadelphians, five Humanitarians, forty-four Christian Israelites, thirty-three Mormons, and ten Latter Day Saints, seventeen of them women. A few call themselves followers of some more or less known man; there are ten Darbyites, nine Puseyites, six Walkerites, five Morrisites, and one Kellyite. There are sixty Free Thinkers, forty-nine persons of "no denominations," sixteen Deists, six Theists, one Atheist, eight Secularists, one Materialist. When we come to count "single persons" we are in a labyrinth of varieties. There is an Idemite, a Reformer (a woman), a disciple of "natural religion," and another of "Positivism, or the religion of humanity," a philanthropist, a saint of no sect, a protester against all priestcraft, a latitudinarian, a Socialist, a Sabbatarian, a Buddhist, a Mussulman, a true Moslem, a Confucian, a Pagan. Four men and one woman describe themselves as "undetermined," or "undecided," and there remain, after all, 830 males and 214 females, where religious profession is entirely "unspecified."

A Brave Native Christian Boy.

New Guinea is an immense island to the North of Australia. Many Malays live there; but the principal inhabitants are called Papuans. As some protection from the dampness during this very heavy rainfall, and also a protection from noxious reptiles and wild animals, the people live in houses built on poles. Missions to the Papuans were begun by the London Missionary Society on some island quite near New Guinea, about two years ago. Dangers of the sea are of frequent occurrence in the Torres Straits, where the islands are. Last August, a large fishing boat, containing two white men, (not missionaries,) a native boy, and a lad from the Loyalty Islands, was captured. The native name of the last is Weania; but he is called by the white men Billy. It was impossible to get the boat righted; so the white men and the boy elung to the keel. Billy, being a very good swimmer, could have swum to the shore; but he would not desert his companions while they were in such danger, and hoped he might be able to do something to save them. But for sixteen hours there was nothing to do but to drift with them. At the end of this time they landed on a desert island, where their condition was nearly as trying as when they were clinging to the boat. Help might be obtained at an island three miles and a half distant; but how was it to be reached? Brave Billy was equal to the occasion; and after a consultation between him and Mr. Jardine, he determined to attempt to swim to the island; a most formidable undertaking for one who had already been sixteen hours on the bottom of a boat, without nourishment of any kind, to undertake to swim for between three and four miles against a strong current. And so Billy felt it. After committing himself to God in prayer, and getting ready to start, he said to Mr. Jardine, "Charlie, suppose me: catch the land, me see you again; suppose I die, goodbye." And so he set out in dependence on God; and God enabled him to "catch the land." The needful help was obtained, and the party rescued. Of course, their gratitude to Billy knew no bounds. Billy checked their expression of it, however, "Don't thank me," said he, "thank God; it is God who has done it."—Well Spring.

WHAT would servants in the present day say to such a code of rules and regulations as were adopted 800 years ago in the household of Sir J. Harrington, the translator of Ariosto? A servant absent from prayer to be fined 2d.; for uttering an oath, id., and the same sum for leaving a door open; a fine of 2d., from Lady-day to Michaelmas, for all who are in bed after seven or out after nine; a fine of 1d. for any beds unmade, fire unlit, or candle-box uncleaned after eight; a fine of 4d. for any man detected teaching the children obscene words; a fine of 1d. for any man waiting without a trencher, or who is absent at a meal; for anyone breaking any of the butler's glass, 12d.; a fine of 2d. for anyone who has not laid the table for dinner by half-past ten, or the supper by six; a fine of 4d. for anyone absent a day without leave; for any man striking another, a fine of 1d.; for any follower visiting the cook, 1d.; a fine of 1d. for any man appearing in a foul shirt, broken hose, untied shoes, or torn doublet; a fine of 1d. for any stranger's room left for four hours after he be dressed; a fine of 1d. if the hall be not cleaned by eight in winter and seven in summer; the porter to be fined 1d. if the court gate be not shut during meals; a fine of 3d. if the stairs be not cleaned every Friday after dinner. All these fines were deducted by the steward at the quarterly payment of the men's wages.

Petting and Loving.

BY "PASTOR."

"I do so much wish father would let me kiss him good-night." "Why don't you?" "He would push me away. He says it is not manly, and he doesn't like to be kissing big boys at all." This is what Ernest has just had to say about his home wishes. He is eleven, and already in the borders of that land that reaches from about ten, when parents think it hardly the right thing to be tender with them. Previous to that age they are the pets of the house—the playthings. Now with the same need of love, and loving, they are ostracised from the family arms. Of course this is not universally true; but very generally true that just when the young nature most needs warm sympathy it fails to get it, and must and will get that which most resembles it. It gathers its love on the streets and school, and is biased in its future emotional character by whom or what it just now learns to love. Ernest never comes to my house without at once throwing himself into my arms with a kiss, and then nestles there until he has told me all his troubles, faults and temptations. Then with his arms about my neck he hides his face and talks with Jesus. His father loses a wonderful delight and rich treasure. But I can only be with him, at the most, a short time. It is the father's duty to train these affections. He can do it day by day, and year by year. Ernest is rightly his own, and he is not in possession. I am glad of the dear lad's confidence and love; but no one ought to, or can, take the place of the parent. His father is careful about the culture of his intellectual faculties; sends him to the best teachers; carefully examines his growth; and is deeply interested in the lad's success. But does not more of the future joy, power and work depend on a judicious culture of the emotions than of the intellect? From ten to fifteen is the awful crisis of the child. It is the worst of all periods to compel it to begin random loves and outside fondness. A wilful perversion of a child is hardly worse than this parental habit of neglect. —S. S. Times.

The Vatican.

This word is often used, but there are many who do not understand its import. The term refers to a collection of buildings on one of the seven hills of Rome, which covers a space of 1200 feet in length and 1000 feet in breadth. It is built on the spot once occupied by the garden of cruel Nero. It owes its origin to the Bishop of Rome, who, in the early part of the sixth century, erected a humble residence on its site. About the year 1169, Pope Eugenius rebuilt it on a magnificent scale. Innocent II, a few years afterwards, gave it up as a lodging to Peter II., King of Arragon. In 1305, Clement V., at the instigation of the King of France, removed the Papal See from Rome to Avignon, when the Vatican remained in a condition of obscurity and neglect for more than 70 years. But soon after the return of the Pontifical Court to Rome, an event which had been so earnestly prayed for by poor Petrarch, and which finally took place in 1376, the Vatican was put into a state of repair, again enlarged, and it was thenceforward considered as the regular palace and residence of the Popes, who, one after the other, added fresh buildings to it, and gradually encircled it with antiquities, statues, pictures and books, until it became the richest depository in the world.

The library of the Vatican was commenced 1400 years ago. It contains 40,000 manuscripts, among which are some of Pliny, St. Thomas, St. Charles Boromeo, and many Hebrew, Syrian, Arabian, and Armenian Bibles. The whole of the immense buildings composing the Vatican are filled with statues found beneath the ruins of ancient Rome; with paintings by the masters, and with curious medals and antiquities of almost every description. When it is known that there have been exhumed more than 70,000 statues from the ruined temples and palaces of Rome, the reader can form some idea of the richness of the Vatican. It will ever be held in veneration by the student, the artist, and the scholar. Raffael and Michael Angelo are enthroned there, and their throne will be enduring as the love of beauty and genius in the hearts of their worshippers.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Athenaeum, writes:—"The rumor of a portion of the marbles of the Parthenon still existing at the bottom of the sea is not without some foundation. It is true Lord Elgin believed that he had recovered all the boxes that went down in his vessel, off the island of Cerigo, but so many shipwrecks have occurred off that dangerous spot, that it is still possible one or more of Lord Elgin's cases may be lurking at the bottom of the sea."

An Italian newspaper gives some interesting information relative to the annual revenues of the Cardinals. Each Prince of the Church has an income of \$3,000. Cardinal Patrizi has in addition \$8,000 as Cardinal Vicar of Rome, and an equal sum from his benefices. Cardinal Amat draws \$22,000 from his enormous benefices. Cardinal di Pietro receives \$12,000 as Bishop of Albino, and has an equal sum allowed him by Portugal. Cardinal Sacconi has about the same revenue. De Lucca receives \$80,000, Bigarri \$8,000, Bernardi \$100,000, Franchi \$12,000, and a large stipend from Spain, while Chigi belongs to a very rich family.

Grace Darling.

Off the coast of Northumberland, and outside, so to speak, of the Faroe Islands, in England, lies the Longstone—a rock about four feet above high water mark, and swept by every gale with fire drifts of spray and foam. Here, about six miles from the shore, is planted a light-house, which has been found of great use to the coasting vessels navigating these dangerous waters. Two and thirty years ago its keeper was named Darling. He had a daughter, Grace—a quiet, modest, well-behaved girl, whose name, through one noble action, will forever be honored among women.

One dark night in September, 1839, the Forfarshire, a Hall steamer, struck suddenly on a reef, called the Harbors, in the vicinity of the light-house. She had on board sixty-three persons, including passengers and crew. Their signal of distress were observed from the light house. It was impossible for Darling, the keeper, to pull off in his boat alone; no single arm could have impelled it through the raging sea that then prevailed. With admirable courage, Grace Darling resolved to assist him on his noble errand. She sprang into the skiff, and over the bounding billows father and daughter gallantly make their way. Their lives hung upon a thread, but the brave girl never bated jot of heart or hope, and rowed with all the vigor which a noble enthusiasm is apt to inspire. They reached the ship and took off nine persons, with whom they contrived to reach the light-house. Nine more escaped in one of the steamer's boats; all the rest perished, the ship having went down too quickly for Grace and her father to rescue another boat load.

Grace Darling did not live many years after the event which made her famous. She was interred in the old church on Holy Island, and an epitaph to her memory was composed by the poet Wordsworth:

"The maiden, gentle, yet at duty's call, Firm and unflinching as the light-house reared On the island rock, her lonely dwelling place, Or, like the invisible rock itself, that braves, Age after age, the hostile elements, As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell." —Mothers' Journal.

The Public Ledger of St. John's, Newfoundland, says:—"It seems that a new source of mischief to our cod-fishery, which already suffers from so many injurious agencies, has just appeared in the fact of a number of schooners visiting Holyrood and other places in Conception Bay, known to be favorite resorts for squids, for the purpose of taking these fish to supply them to the French for bait.

Our national observatory at Greenwich has completed the two hundredth year of its existence, the foundation-stone having been laid on the 10th of August, 1675. Flamsteed, the first astronomer-royal, commenced his observations there on February 11 (O.S.) 1676, by observing the distances of the moon from two fixed stars in Aurus; but he was not able to come into residence at the Observatory until the following July.

The quantity of rain which falls in England is very carefully noted in various parts of the Kingdom, and the results of the observations are published wide, but the amount of sunshine is not so well known. In Scotland the Registrar General regularly reports the number of hours of sunshine with which that country is favoured, as shown by the mean of the returns from fifty-five stations of the Meteorological Society of Scotland. The hours of sunshine in a year in that country most frequently range between 1,650 and 1,750, but in 1873 they reached the large number 1,815 and these were distributed as follows: 78 in January, 103 in February, 138 in March, 178 in April, 170 in May, 277 in June, 239 in July, 188 in August, 145 in September, 140 in October, 78 in November, and 84 in December. The average was about 9 hours a day in June, and not quite 2½ in January.

Dr. Rink has written a paper on the condition of the interior of Greenland, and the possibility of crossing that country to ascertain whether the speculations of himself and other men of science are correct. The following are his principal conclusions:—(1.) The so-called interior ice is probably only a wall or rind, inside which may be found valleys free from snow and ice, and possibly even wooded; (2.) all Greenland probably consists of a number of islands soldered together by the universal ice covering; (3.) it may be that in two or three places, where the ice fjords still disembody, in earlier times a sound extended right across from the west to the east coast; (4.) glaciers and permanent snow are doubtless on the increase all over the land; and (5.) floating icebergs are detached from the land by a sort of fall or downflow of the land-ice glaciers. Dr. Rink thinks that by means of properly constructed sledges drawn by men, and by carefully selecting a route and establishing suitable stations, the Greenland continent might be crossed from coast to coast.

Choice Literature.

Still and Deep.

BY F. M. F. SKENE, AUTHOR OF "TRIED," "ONE LIFE ONLY," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Lisle sat in silence for a few minutes, looking out, with a far-away wistful gaze, towards the golden sunset glow, which seemed so like the gate of Paradise, with the one bright star hung over it as a lamp to light the weary feet of those who, passing from life's toilsome journey, might seek and enter there. But at last he withdrew his eyes from the heavenly vision, and fixed them on the fair graceful form by his side.

"My Mary," he said, "we have both known for some time past that I am dying—dying fast; but to-night there is a strange mysterious instinct in my soul, which seems to tell me that I have reached the very confines of the unseen realm, and soon shall be drawn within it to be seen by mortal eyes no more. Do you know, when you were wandering out and fro just now among your flowers. I thought I heard a whisper from no earthly tone, but from the voice that was so long the music of my life, and it softly asked, 'Is he coming?—is he coming?' and there was a murmur of yet softer harmony that answered 'soon—soon!'"

Mary did not speak, but she bent down, and tenderly kissed the hand she held.

"How long is it since you wrote to summon Bertrand home?" he asked.

"Four days," she answered. "I think he would start for England this morning."

"Then even a telegram could not bring him any quicker? Oh, that I may live to see him—my son—my only child! but in case he comes too late, I must say to you Mary some part of what I would have said to him, but not all—oh not all!" and a shudder passed over his frame.

"Mary, I have a good and a noble son in Bertrand, have I not?"

"Yes," she answered quietly.

"You have known him from childhood, though of late years you have been often parted; is it not true that he is a man of generous nature, of pure and high-toned mind, of ardent impulses, that ever led him on to all that is best and most unworldly—a man, in short, worthy of all love; is it not so?"

And again she answered, "Yes," with unchanging calm.

"Then let me tell you, Mary Trevolyan, that from the first moment when I looked on your infant face twenty-one years ago, the most ardent desire of my heart has been that you might become the wife of that dear son. I have wished this every hour that you have lived since then, and I wish it now, with all the concentrated power which can be given to a man's last earthly desire by the passion of death. Say that you will not deny it to me?—say that my longing hope shall be fulfilled?"

For the first time a faint rose tint, like the reflection of the sunset hues, just tinged the colourless purity of Mary's face, but there was no tremor in her low voice as she answered, "Dear, I think you forget that it can avail nothing to speak to me of such a wish."

"You mean that Bertrand has not yet told you that he loves you," said Mr. Lisle, somewhat impatiently, "and that till he does, your sensitive delicacy shrinks from so much as entertaining the question. These conversationalities are all very well in the days of life and strength, Mary; but surely in face of inexorable death they need not be allowed to obscure the momentous verities on which so much depends for us all, living and dead alike. I tell you I am very certain he loves you. Who could do otherwise that had ever known you only half as well as he has done all through your lovely blameless life? Has he not seen you, with never a thought of self, living so purely, so devotedly, for the good of others only, actuated in every word and deed by the holiest motives, and yet so unostentatious, so still, so silent, that none but ourselves could have guessed the treasure we possessed in you? Ah, my Mary, be sure he loves you! I have seen him watching you when you have been moving about amongst us with your quiet grace, bringing peace and consolation wherever your footsteps came, and the expression in his bright blue eyes was not to be mistaken then. If he has not spoken of love, or asked you in as many words to be his wife, doubtless he did but restrain himself, because he felt that in my sickness and desolation it would be cruel to detach you from me. He must have known that the time was very near at hand when my worn out life would stand no more between him and his happiness, and he has caught the inspiration of your unselfishness, and determined to say no disturbing word which could mar my enjoyment of your care and tenderness, even to the end. No! if my great wish depended on him alone it would have its fulfilment, Mary; I am very sure of that—it is only of you that I am in doubt."

"In doubt?" she said, with a questioning tone, as she raised her large grave eyes to his face.

"Not in doubt of your perfect willingness to do all you can for my contentment, Mary," he answered, smiling at her, "but in doubt of the nature of your feeling towards Bertrand, my son. Do you know, my child, that your remarkable stillness and reserve lead most persons outside our home to the conclusion that you are of a cold apathetic temperament, which is incapable of strong feeling in any way. I know well it is as false as to say that no heart of fire glows under Etna's white veil when winter wraps it round with snow. I am well assured that not only are you capable of love in its deepest meaning, but that if such sentiment ever took possession of your heart, it would be with a power and tenacity which would hold it rooted there unchanged and unchangeable, as long as your life itself should last; am I not right, Mary? If you give your affection to any upon earth it will be but once and forever—will it not?"

"I have never been able to conceive of love in any other way," she answered, "surely there can be but one in all the world for each of us; it would be no true devotion which could ever change or waver, for it never could be felt a second time in all the years of life; it seems to me a de-secration of the very name to suppose it possible."

"Yet many would tell you that dis-chantment, or unkindness, or neglect, has often times driven love from its resting place to find another home."

"Then it never was true," she answered, "or worthy of the name. How could such trials touch that which becomes part of the very being of the soul? I do not think that even death, of which we know so little, can in this make any difference, as you will find, dear, when she comes to meet you at the gates of pearl."

"Yes, Mary, it is thus that I was sure you would feel, and it is an unspeakable consolation to me to know it, for if my heart's desire is fulfilled, and you do love my Bertrand, it will be for ever. I shall leave him secure in your affection even as you yourself will be safe in his care; and now you know the petition I would ask of you, that you would give to him the priceless treasure of your heart, which I ask from you in his name, and that now—even now—you would not hold back from me the truth, but tell me freely and frankly, if it should be so, that already you have learned to love him."

Her head drooped till her fair cheek lay upon the hand she held, but she did not speak one word.

Mr. Lisle bent over her with an anxious look, "Mary, I am dealing you a hard measure, I know well, in trying to force from one so retiring and sensitive an avowal which is never given except as a response to him who alone has a right to ask it, yet I do claim this self-denying kindness at your hands in the name of all the anguish borne till this hour, whose source and whose extent you can never know. If you would not have it gather with increasing horror round my dying heart, if you would not have it follow me as an accusing spectre through the very portals of the grave, you will tell me that you love my son, if truthfully you can speak the blessed words."

She kissed his hands repeatedly, but still no sound passed her lips.

"Mary, I would not ask it," he said, "if you special quietude and calm had not prevented me from ever gaining the slightest clue to your feelings. I know that Bertrand has been dear to you as one whom you have known from childhood, but such a sentiment might well exist while all your heart was given to another. That which I pine to know, if only it were given me to do so, is the certainty that my son is the man whom you have elected, out of all the world, to be the one and only object of your heart's most deep affection. If it is so, though your delicate spirit may shrink painfully from the admission, yet remember, Mary, you are but whispering your secret to the grave, where soon all that has been told to me will be buried in eternal silence; will you not overcome even maidenly reticence to give ease to the last hours of the father to whom you have been and are so dear? Ah, Mary, it is the privilege of the dying that their petitions should be granted; tell me, sweet and gentle child, tell me, do you love my son?"

Then at last the answer came, soft and low, but perfectly distinct, "Better than my life; he is now! and he will be forever, my one and only love!"

"Thank heaven!" said the old man, falling back into his chair. "Oh heaven be thanked! Now, indeed, can I depart in peace!"

(To be Continued)

Mohammedanism and Woman.

It was in the earliest days of Christianity that a pagan philosopher exclaimed, "Ye gods, what mothers these Christians have!" Take away Christian mothers, and doom all our girls and women to utter ignorance and superstition, and Christianity would die out in two generations. What little hope is there for Mohammedan nations as long as women among them is kept crushed at the bottom of the social scale? Says the Pall Mall Gazette:

Mohammedanism seems to oppose the greatest barrier to improvement among the woman. Their life is reduced to such inspired elements, and the bigotry of the Mohammedan men opposes such obstacles to their emancipation, that there is no hope for the rising generation. This tells adversely in many other ways. A pasha—one whose name is well-known in Europe, and a man of great cultivation—remarked, in answer to some observation about his representing Turkey in some Western court, "I might have done so, but I could not take my wife with me, because she would have to appear in society, and that would have created too great a scandal among my countrymen, and I could not go away and leave her behind." So long as this state of things lasts there can be but little real progress. I have faith, however, in the fair sex. They will find means of working their own emancipation, and with it that of their sons and husbands. Their life has become utterly tasteless; they are pining for the free air of mutual intercourse and liberty. Significant beginnings have been made in this direction. The bazaars are no longer forbidden ground even to the higher classes, and beneath the almost diaphanous veil which is now worn, and the ample Turkish forage, or wrapper, of the Turkish lady, it requires no very penetrating eye to discover glimpses of high-heeled boots of the newest European fashion; and all the rest of the costume, it is well-known, is in keeping, and from the hands of Parisian modistes. C'est le commencement de la fin—an end which all woman's craft and finesse, her love of finery, and her desire for excitement and admiration, with many other higher and better impulses, will certainly bring to pass, in spite of Mohammed and the Koran, in spite, too, of the power of custom, and the bigotry of mollahs and preachers.

Liquor dealers who supply Canadian Indians with fire-water are fined \$500, and imprisoned for two years.

Music as Medicine.

The horse knows what he owes to his bells. The factory girls have been instinctively forced into singing, finding in it a solace and assistance in work. And music, the health-giver—what an untrodden field is there! Have we never noticed an invalid forget pain and weariness under the stimulus of music? Have you never seen a pale cheek flush up, a dull eye sparkle, an alertness and vigor take possession of the whole frame, and animation succeed to apathy? What does all this mean? It means a truth that we have not fully grasped, a truth pregnant with vast results to the body and mind. It means that music attacks the nervous system directly, reaches and rouses where physic and a change of air can neither reach nor rouse. Music will some day become a powerful and acknowledged therapeutic; and it is one especially appropriate to this excited age. Half our diseases—some physicians say all our diseases—come from disorder of the nerves. How many ills of the mind precede the ills of the body! Boredom makes more patients than fever; want of interest and excitement, stagnation of the emotional life, or the fatigue of overwrought emotion lies at the root of half the ill-health of our young men and women. Can we doubt the power of music to break up that stagnation? Or, again, can we doubt its power to soothe, to recreate an overstrained emotional life, by bending the bow the other way? There are moods of exhausted feeling in which certain kinds of music would act like poison, just as whip and spur, which encourage the racer at first, tire him to death at last. There are other kinds of music which soothe, and, if I may use the word, lubricate the worn out ways of the nervous centres. You will ask what music is good for that? We reply, judgment and common sense, and above all, sympathy, affectionate and musical sympathy, will partly be your guide, but experience must decide. Let some person, well versed in the divine art, sit at the piano, and let the tired one lie on a couch and prescribe for herself or for herself. This will happen: "Do not play that Tannhauser overture just now, it wears me out, I cannot bear it;" or, "Yes—sing that 'Du bist die Ruh,' and after that I must hear Mendelssohn's 'Notturno,' out of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,'" and then—and then—what must come next must be left to the tact and quick sympathy of the musician. I have known cases where an hour of this treatment did more good than bottlesful of bark or palliatives of globules; I merely plead for an unrecognized truth, and I point a new vocation—the vocation of the musical healer. How many a girl might turn her, at present, unlearned-for and generally useless musical abilities to this gentle and tender human use.—Good Words.

When a teacher and a scholar are mutually interested in each other, they are prepared to co-operate with certain effect. It is a good thing to require the Secretary, Treasurer, and Librarians to desist from their respective work, and unite with the rest of the school in the opening exercises. A veteran in the Sunday School work in the west, computed the cost of punishing a certain criminal, and estimated that the same amount of money would have been enough to organize forty frontier Sabbath Schools. Another fact in the same line: A judge, when sentencing a criminal, said that the cost of his prosecution was sufficient to educate five young men for the ministry.

Can a teacher labor with such confidence as will ensure success, who does not have a strong belief in the possibility and desirability of childhood conversion and childhood piety? We think not. One reason for believing in the possibility of such conversion is found in the history of Jewish children as related in the Bible. Most of the heroes of the Bible were in God's service while young. A child of seven years now may know more of Christ and of his religion than most of the mature converts in Apostolic times knew. A second reason for such belief is found in the history of the church.

In answer to the question, "Should a Superintendent make a formal address to the school, interpersing it with queries?" Dr. Vincent recently answered as follows: "Sometimes an address of two or three minutes is good. If questions are asked, put them wisely. I would ask four questions on each lesson, and then, when you come to the review, you will have an excellent basis for that exercise when the four queries of each preceding Sabbath can again be repeated."

To Sunday Schools or classes which contribute to foreign missions, Dr. Jessup, the missionary to Syria gives the following advice: "1. Let all contributions be sent through the Board of Missions. "2. If possible, allow your donations to be used for general purposes; but if it be not possible to maintain the interest of your children and youth in a work so distant without some special object, then by all means "3. Do not demand too much from your overtaxed sisters in the foreign land in the way of letters and reports. "4. Do not expect sensational letters from your friends abroad. Do not take for granted that the child of ten years of age you are supporting, will develop into a distinguished teacher or Bible-woman before the arrival of the next mail. Do not be discouraged if you have to wait and pray for years before you hear good tidings. "5. Pray very earnestly for the conversion of the pupils in the mission schools. This I regard as the great advantage of the system of having pupils supported by Christians in the home churches, and known to them by name. They are made the objects of special prayer. This is the precious golden bond which brings the home field near to us, and the foreign field near to you."

The Sabbath School.

Well Said. Carl Schurz, a German by birth, is one of the most eloquent men in America. He was for years a Senator, but party spirit led to his defeat a few months ago. He is now on a visit to Germany. The following is an extract from a speech of his in Berlin:

The American mind is beginning more clearly than ever to understand that a mere form of government, however free, and however wisely devised, is not alone sufficient to secure the liberty, happiness, and greatness of a people; that an active public conscience is the true balance-wheel of free government; that popular institutions can safely stand only on a strong foundation of public virtue, and that the morality of a government must be ruled by the same principles which in private life form the character of a gentleman. It begins to be felt more strongly than ever that for the guidance of American affairs in such a period, a statesmanship is required which knows something higher and better to do than to feed efficient partisans with public plunder; a statesmanship that has intelligence and knowledge enough to understand and appreciate the problems to be solved, and also moral courage and independence of spirit enough to treat those problems on their own merits and not merely in their relations to party advantage. Nor is the number of those small whose hearts are full of the sentiment that parties are well in their way, and useful as long as they strive for power only to use it for the public good, and not merely to possess it for their own enjoyment; but that, to serve his country is the best sense, every true American must recognize his duties as a patriot first, before he thinks of any obligation as a partisan.

The principles thus stated are as applicable to our own Dominion as to the United States. We hope that there will be, day by day, an increasing multitude of men able to act above party and free from prejudice—to act simply in the interest of right and truth.

One Thing at a Time.

"He killed himself—by imprudence in setting out." It was said of a young minister. He was settled in a country charge. He thought he had capacity for management. To drive a gig, manage a farm, and edit a newspaper, and three things almost any smart man supposes he could do, if he tried, as a matter of course. The young clergyman bought "a nice place;" went in debt for it; found it hard to keep it going; and equally hard to keep its payments. His heart was often heavy under a load of cares. This heaviness got into his sermons.

The farmers around got a little pleasure from noticing how much better they could farm than a college-bred man, but they got little profit at Church; and they did not respect the theology of a man so plainly deficient where they were strong. That place was the death of the young minister. Taxes were heavier than he thought; profits were lighter; labor was high; men would need to be buried, whether his crops required his presence or not. The result was ruin. His people begged him to resign. The place, like the congregation, had run down, and no buyer could be had. He has now no charge, for he lost character; and he is anchored to the place—all he has. He killed himself by that ill-advised step.

The same thing is done in many lives; by lawyers and doctors who do a little in stocks; by merchants who have railway interests; by clerks who have a little venture in Wall Street. One thing at a time, and well done, is the surest way to the average man. For one who can keep many irons in the fire, and burn none, there are five who cannot.—Rev. Dr. John Hall.

A Word for the Women.

We do not hesitate to say that the average woman, educated in the better class of schools in this country, is a better scholar, and a more capable and accomplished person, than the average college graduate of the other sex. What we want is cheaper schools of an equal excellence. The farmer's boy goes to college, finds cheap tuition, wins a scholarship perhaps, boards in commons, earns money during vacation, and gets through, while his sister stays at home, because the only place where she can get an equal education are expensive beyond her means. There is no college that needs to be so richly endowed as a woman's college. Women are not men, quarrel with the facts as we may, and they cannot get along so cheaply and with such self-helpfulness as men while going through the processes of their education. If we are to have women's colleges, we must have well paid professors, philosophical apparatus, cabinets, collections, art-galleries, laboratories, and they must be provided for by private munificence. Provision should be made for the poor, so that high education shall come within the reach of all. There is not a woman's college, or an advanced public institution for the education of women, that is not to-day in need of a large endowment for the purpose of bringing its advantages within the reach of those whose means are small.

Now we commend this matter particularly to rich women. There are many, scattered up and down the country, who are wondering what they will do with their money when, and even before, they die. To all these we beg the privilege of commending this great object. Let the boys alone. They have been pretty well taken care of already, and the men will look after them. It is for you, as women wishing well to your own sex, and anxious for its elevation in all possible ways, to endow these institutions that are springing up about the country in its interest, so that the poor shall have an equal chance with the rich. You can greatly help to give the young women of all classes as good a chance as their brothers enjoy, and you can hardly claim a great deal of womanly feeling if you do not do it.—Dr. J. G. Holland, Scribner for October.

USEFUL HINTS. A bit of glue dissolved in skim-milk and water will restore old craps. Half a cranberry bound on a corn will soon kill it. An inkstand was turned over on a white table-cloth; the servant threw over it a mixture of salt and pepper plentifully, and all traces of it disappeared. Picture frames and glasses are preserved from flies by painting them with a brush dipped in a mixture made by boiling three or four onions in a pint of water. Bed-bugs are kept away by washing the crevices with strong salt water, put on with a brush. Soft soap should be kept in a dry place in the cellar, and not used until three months old.

LOCOMOTIVE LIGHTS. The Russian Government is making experiments in relation to the use of electricity for the head lights of locomotives. A battery of forty-eight elements was found to make everything on the railway track distinct for a distance of more than 1,200 feet.

A SURE TEST. A medical practitioner of Cremona proposes a simple method, by which the certainty of death may be shown. It is to inject a drop of ammonia beneath the skin, when, if death be present, no effect, or next to none, is produced; but if there be life, then a red spot appears at the place of the injection. A test so easily applied as this should remove all apprehension of being buried alive.

NEW REMEDY FOR COUGHS. The London Lancet says: Anodynes, narcotics, cough mixtures, and lozenges are practically of no good, and but too often increase the debility and hasten the fatal end. The best method of easing coughs is to resist it with all the force of will possible, until the accumulation of phlegm becomes greater; then there is something to cough against, and it comes up very much easier, and with half the coughing. A great deal of hacking and hemming and coughing in invalids is nervous, purely nervous, or from force of habit, as is shown by the frequency when thinking about it, and the comparative rarity when the person is so much engaged that there is no time to think about it, and the attention is compelled in another direction.

COOKING CAULIFLOWER. There are several ways recommended for cooking this fine vegetable. A cauliflower should be cooked with the outer line of leaves on, clipped, of course, down to the head. Let it soak in cold water for half or a whole hour, and then boil it steadily for an hour, or until it is perfectly tender; drain and dish, and send to the table just as it is.

ARTIFICIAL BUTTER. The Laboratory, an authority of value, says that the use of artificial butter is on the increase, and by recent improvements the article is made pure and wholesome, and it "sees no reason why it should not come into extensive use."

SUN-BATHS. Considering how much pains people take first, in excluding sunlight from their dwellings, and second, in protecting by clothing their pale bodies from its influence, it can readily be seen how want of sunlight on the person may be a great cause of ill health. "Remove the cause and the effect will cease," is the hygienic precept; and hence in all cases where want of sunlight has been the cause of disease, sun-bathing must be a valuable hygienic curative agency. In cases of debility, unaccompanied with fever, it is nearly always valuable. Whenever the skin is pale and bloodless—whenever a cold and clammy condition of it is found—sun-baths are indicated. Restlessness, excitability, and irritability often succumb to this agency when they will to no other. Sun-baths supply the place in some sense, and are worth a thousand fold more than all the iron, opium, alcohol, etc., in Christendom. They are not, as a rule, to be used in feverish conditions of the system, but wherever there is torpidity, insanity, lifelessness or the like.—Science of Health.

TO SAVE THE DROWNING. The Massachusetts Humane Society has published very brief and intelligible directions for saving the lives of persons rescued from the water after they have become insensible. They are as follows: 1. Lose no time. Carry out these directions on the spot. 2. Remove the froth and mucus from the mouth and nostrils. 3. Hold the body, for a few seconds only, with the head hanging down, so that the water may run out of the lungs and windpipe. 4. Loosen all tight articles of clothing about the neck and chest. 5. See that the tongue is pulled forward if it falls back into the throat. By taking hold of it with a handkerchief it will not slip. 6. If the breathing has ceased, or nearly so, it must be stimulated by pressure of the chest with the hands, imitating of the natural breathing; forcibly expelling the air from the lungs, and allowing it to re-enter and expand them by the elasticity of the ribs. Remember that this is the most important step of all. To do it readily lay the person on his back with a cushion pillow, or some firm substance under his shoulders; then press with the flat of the hands over the lower part of the breast bone and the upper part of the abdomen, keeping up a regular repetition and relaxation of pressure twenty or thirty times a minute. A pressure of thirty pounds may be applied with safety to a grown person. 7. Rub the limbs with the hands or with dry cloths constantly, to aid the circulation and keep the body warm. 8. As soon as the person can swallow, give a tablespoonful of spirits in hot water, or some warm coffee or tea. 9. Work deliberately. Do not give up too quickly. Success has rewarded the efforts of hours.

Journalism grows in China. The native press of Hong-Kong and Shanghai is said to be constantly widening its influence, and at Foochow a new paper has just been started.

Miscellaneous.

Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER, of Brooklyn, is to have a summer meeting house built for him.

DEAN STANLEY has refused his authority for the erection of a memorial to Balfe in Westminster Abbey. He gives as his reason—want of space.

THE London Athenaeum suggests the buying of Gibson's marbles, bequeathed to the Royal Academy, as the cheapest way of taking care of them.

LATE Japan and China advices state that great suffering has arisen from extreme heat in both countries. The thermometer has ranged from 100 to 110 degrees.

So large were the hailstones which fell at Damascus in a tempest which visited that city on the first of June, that three men were killed by them, and eight wounded.

Mr. ALFRED BELLVILLE writes from Zanzibar that Cameron is reported to have been seen by an Arab on the western side of the Luabala. Mr. Stanley is said to have had a fight, and lost 100 men.

The Kropatchek rifle, with which the Austrian army will probably be armed, fires fifteen shots in ten seconds, and has a mechanism with two short movements, so simple that it can be set in motion by fingers numbed with cold.

In the last issue of the Ontario Gazette are published the regulations for an examination of candidates for the Civil Service of India, to be held in April next. They were sent here for publication by Lord Carnarvon.

The Russian Government has formed a society of ladies, who have renounced the use of silk dresses and every other kind of expensive attire, in order to employ the money so saved in the education of poor orphans.

COMMODORE GOODENOUGH, commanding the British squadron in Melbourne, Australia, died on the 20th ult. He was wounded by poisoned arrows in an attack on his flagship by natives at Carlisle Bay. Every effort was made to counteract the poison, but in vain. One seaman was also killed and three wounded.

We have to notice the death of Dr. Davies, of Regent's Park College, known as the translator of Ewald's Hebrew Grammar, and as the compiler of a Hebrew Lexicon. He was one of the committee for revising the authorized version of the Old Testament. Dr. Davies was a modest, unassuming man, and took immense pains with his pupils. He was held in high esteem by all who were acquainted with him.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS LIFE."

See Deuteronomy, xii: 23. The blood being the source from which the system is built up, and from which we derive our mental as well as physical capabilities, how important that it should be kept pure! If it contain vile, festering poisons, all organic functions become enfeebled. Settling upon important organs as the lungs, liver, and kidneys, the effect is most disastrous. Hence it behooves all to keep their blood in a perfectly healthy condition, and more especially does this apply at this particular season of the year than at any other. No matter what the exciting cause may be, the real cause of a large proportion of all diseases is bad blood. Now, Dr. Pierce does not wish to catalogue his Golden Medical Discovery in the place of quack patent nostrums, by recommending it to cure every disease, nor does so recommend it; on the contrary, there are hundreds of diseases that he acknowledges that it will not cure; but what he does claim is this, that there is but one form of blood disease that it will not cure, and that disease is cancer. He does not recommend his Discovery for that disease, yet he knows it to be the most searching blood-cleanser yet discovered, and that it will free the blood and system of all other blood-poisons, be they animal, vegetable, or mineral. The Golden Medical Discovery is warranted by him to cure the worst forms of Skin Diseases, as all forms of Blotches, Pimples, and Eruptions; also all Glandular Swellings, and the worst form of Scrofulous and Ulcerated Sores of the Neck, Legs, or other parts, and all Scrofulous Diseases of the Bones, and White Swellings, Fever Sores, Hip-joint and Spinal Diseases,—all of which belong to Scrofulous diseases.

CONFIRMED.—HIP-JOINT DISEASE CURED.

W. GROVE STATION, Iowa, July 14, 1872. Dr. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—My wife first became lame nine years ago. Swellings would appear and disappear on her hip, and she was gradually becoming reduced, and her whole system rotten with disease. In 1871, a swelling broke on her hip, discharging large quantities, and since that time there are several openings. Have had five doctors, at an expense of \$125, who say nothing will do any good but a surgical operation. July 10, 1873, he writes thus: My wife has certainly received a great benefit from the use of your Discovery, for she was not able to get off the bed and was not expected to live a week when she commenced using it a year ago. She has been doing most of her work for over six months. Has used twenty bottles, and still using it. Her recovery is considered as almost a miracle, and we attribute it all to the use of your valuable medicine. I can cheerfully recommend it as a blood-purifier and strength-giver. J. M. ROBINSON. Golden Medical Discovery is sold by

Special Notices.

Mrs. Hannah Sanderson, Merrimack, N.H., writes Oct., 29th to R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N.H., "I cheerfully certify to the wonderful restorative properties of your Vegetable Siccilian Hair Renewer, having experienced its effects on my own head. When I commenced using it my head was nearly bald, only having a little hair on the side and back of my head. I have worn false hair fifteen years and upward. I have now laid it by. I commenced using it in May, and now my hair is from two to four inches long and thick, where there was none when I commenced using Hall's Hair Renewer. My hair is now growing very fast and does not fall off. I recommend this to all those whose hair is turned gray or thin, and especially to those that are bald."

"I am acquainted with Mrs. Hannah Sanderson and can certify to the truthfulness of this statement.—WILLIAM T. PARKER. The King of Bavaria kindly permitted Dr. J. C. Ayer to have a copy taken of Rauch's celebrated colossal statue of Victory, which belongs to the Bavarian crown, and stands at the entrance of the Royal Palace at Munich. The Doctor had it cast in bronze, and has presented it to the city of Lowell, where it stands in the Park, and symbolizes the triumphs of both freedom and medicine. Her manufactures are the pride of Lowell, and foremost among them Ayer's Medicines make her name gratefully remembered by the unnumbered multitude who are cured by them of afflicting and often dangerous diseases.—Boston Journal.

ELECTRICITY! THOMAS' EXCELSIOR ELECTRIC OIL!—WORTH TEN TIMES ITS WEIGHT IN GOLD.—PAIN cannot stay where it is used. It is the cheapest medicine ever made. One dose cures common sore throat. One bottle has cured bronchitis. Fifty cents' worth has cured an old standing cough. It positively cures catarrh, asthma, and croup. Fifty cents' worth has cured crick in the back, and the same quantity lame back of eight years' standing. The following are extracts from a few of the many letters that have been received from different parts of Canada, which, we think, should be sufficient to satisfy the most skeptical: J. Collard of Sparta, Ontario, writes, "Send me 6 doz. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, have sold all I had from you and want more now; its cures are truly wonderful." Wm. Maguire, of Franklin, writes, "I have sold all the agent left, it acts like a charm—it was slow at first, but takes splendidly now." H. Cole, of Iona, writes, "Please forward 6 doz. Thomas' Electric Oil, I am nearly out, nothing equals it. It is highly recommended by those who have used it." J. Bedford, Thamesville, writes—"Send at once a further supply of Electric Oil, I have only 1 bottle left. I never saw anything sell so well and give such general satisfaction." J. Thompson, Woodward, writes—"Send me some more Electric Oil. I have sold entirely out. Nothing takes like it." Miller & Reed, Ulverton, P. Q., writes—"The Electric Oil is getting a great reputation here, and is daily called for. Send us a further supply without delay." Lemoyne, Gibb & Co., Buckingham, P. Q., writes—"Send us one gross Electric Oil. We find it to take well." Sold by all medicine dealers. Price 25 cents. S. N. THOMAS, Phelps, N. Y. And NORTHEROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont., Sole Agents for the Dominion. NOTE—Electric—Selected and Electrized.

MAPLE GROVE, ANCASTER. Messrs. W. G. Chute & Co. GENTLEMEN.—I feel bound by a sense of duty, and a desire to benefit my fellow-beings, to make known the wonderful effect of your Indian Rheumatic Cure has had in my case. I suffered from rheumatism for six years, and tried everything said to be beneficial without obtaining relief, and I came to the conclusion to try nothing more; but my husband hearing of your medicine wished me to try it, and with a doubting heart I tried one bottle, and I was so much relieved by it that I tried another, which completed the cure. I hope you will publish this, for these are facts, as many in this neighbourhood can testify. Hoping your medicine will reach every one afflicted, I remain, yours truly, Mrs. Wm. SCOTT. Sold by all Medicine dealers, Price, pint bottles, \$1.50. Manufactured only by W. G. Chute & Co. Hamilton, Ont. [ADVT.]

HARDWARE.

RODGERS' Ivory handled Table and Dessert Knives
RODGERS' Setts Carvers and Steels
ELECTRO-PLATE
Table, Desert, and Tea Spoons.
Table Mats, Tea Bells, &c., &c., &c.

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\$2,500 MADE WITH OUR GRAND COMBINATION PROSPECTUS. Represents 50 different books. Agents say this is the BEST THING EVER TRIED. The books sell themselves in every family, and good men can make a business for life in one country. Agents Wanted on these and our magnificent Editions of Family Bibles. Full particulars free on application. Address JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

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DR. C. M'LANE'S Celebrated American WORM SPECIFIC OR VERMIFUGE

SYMPTOMS OF WORMS. THE countenance is pale and leaden-colored, with occasional flushes, or a circumscribed spot on one or both cheeks; the eyes become dull; the pupils dilate; an azure semi-circle runs along the lower eye-lid; the nose is irritated, swells, and sometimes bleeds; a swelling of the upper lip; occasional headache, with humming or throbbing of the ears; an unusual secretion of saliva; slimy or furred tongue; breath very foul, particularly in the morning; appetite variable, sometimes voracious; with a gnawing sensation of the stomach, at others, entirely gone; flecting pains in the stomach; occasional nausea and vomiting; violent pains throughout the abdomen; bowels irregular, at times costive; stools slimy; not unfrequently tinged with blood; belly swollen and hard; urine turbid; respiration occasionally difficult, and accompanied by hiccup; cough sometimes dry and convulsive; uneasy and disturbed sleep, with grinding of the teeth; temper variable, but generally irritable, &c.

Whenever the above symptoms are found to exist, DR. C. M'LANE'S VERMIFUGE Will certainly effect a cure.

The universal success which has attended the administration of this preparation has been such as to warrant us in pledging ourselves to the public to RETURN THE MONEY in every instance where it should prove ineffectual; "providing the symptoms attending the sickness of the child or adult should warrant the supposition of worms being the cause." In all cases the Medicine to be given IN STRICT ACCORDANCE WITH THE DIRECTIONS.

We pledge ourselves to the public, that Dr. C. M'LANE'S Vermifuge DOES NOT CONTAIN MERCURY in any form; and that it is an innocent preparation, not capable of doing the slightest injury to the most tender infant.

Address all orders to FLEMING BROS., PITTSBURGH, PA. R. S. Dealers and Physicians ordering from others than Fleming Bros., will do well to write the orders distinctly, and take note of Dr. C. M'LANE'S, prepared by Fleming Bros., Pittsburgh, Pa. To those wishing to give them a trial, we will forward per mail, post-paid, to any part of the United States, one box of Pills for twelve three-cent postage stamps, or one vial of Vermifuge for fourteen three-cent stamps. All orders from Canada must be accompanied by twenty cents extra. For sale by Druggists and Country Store Keepers generally.

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CRAWFORD & SMITH Invite special attention to their New Stock of MERINO AND COTTON HOISERY. Children's and Ladies' Scotch Merino Hose, Children's and Ladies' Scotch Merino Hose, Children's Coloured and White Cotton Hose, Ladies' Coloured and White Cotton Hose, Children's and Ladies' Balbriggan Hose, Children's and Ladies' Lisle Thread Hose, Ladies' Scotch and English Merino Underclothing, Cents' Scotch and English Merino Underclothing, 49 KING STREET EAST.

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A quantity of that new Patent FLOOR CLOTH COVERING, CALLED CORTICINE! Suitable for Offices, Dining and Billiard Rooms. It is known to be of great durability. Also a large assortment of BRUSSEL AND TAPESTRY CARPETS.

LIVE AGENTS WANTED To sell Dr. Chase's Recipes; or Information for Everybody in every County in the United States and Canada. Enlarged by the publisher to 648 pages. Contains over 9000 household recipes, and is suited to all classes and conditions of society. A wonderful book, and a household necessity. It sells itself. Sample copies sent by mail, Postpaid, for 25 CENTS. Exclusive territory given. Agents more than double their money. Address Dr. Chase's Steam Printing House, Ann Arbor, Michigan.

HAGYARD'S ROYAL PAIN REMEDY!

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. The best Remedy in the World for the following complaints: Cramps in the Limbs and Stomach, Bilious Colic, Neuralgia, Chills from SHUEN COLDS, Sore Throat, Influenza, Tooth Ache, Chapped Hands, Sour Stomach, Head Ache, Lame Back, Rheumatism, &c., &c.

All of which require either an internal or external remedy, and we feel confident there is no medicine cold equal to HAGYARD'S ROYAL PAIN REMEDY for the speedy relief and permanent cure of the above complaints. Full and explicit directions accompany each bottle. Price 25 cents per bottle.

HAGYARD'S Anti-bilious & Cathartic Sugar-Coated Pills,

FOR Liver Complaints, Gout, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Affections of the Bladder and Kidneys, Fevers, Nervousness, Erysipelas, Diseases of the Skin, Impurity of the Blood, Inflammation, Melancholy, Sick Headache, Costiveness, Pains in the Head, Breast, Side, Back and Limbs, Bilious Affections, Female Diseases, &c., &c.

There is scarcely any disease in which purgative medicines are not more or less required, and much sickness and suffering might be prevented were they more generally used. No person can feel well while a costive habit of body prevails; besides it soon generates serious and often fatal diseases, which might have been avoided by a timely and judicious use of proper Cathartic Medicines.

The proprietor can recommend these Pills with the greatest confidence, believing them far superior to those in general use; being more mild, prompt, safe and uniform in their operation.

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FITS! FITS! FITS!

CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR, FALLING FITS. BY HANCOCK'S EPILEPTIC PILLS. Persons laboring under this distressing malady, will find Hancock's Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for curing Epilepsy or Falling Fits. The following certificates should be read by all the afflicted, they are in every respect true, and should they be read by any one who is not afflicted himself, if he has a friend who is a sufferer, he will do a humane act by cutting this out and sending it to him.

A MOST REMARKABLE CURE. PHILADELPHIA, June 25th, 1867. SETH HANCOCK, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir:—Seeing your advertisement, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with Epilepsy in July, 1833. Immediately my physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician; he cupped and bled several different times. I was generally attacked by convulsions, and generally I had from two to five fits a day, at intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep, and would fall in the middle of the night, and would be so severely injured several times from the falls. I was affected so much that I lost all confidence in my self. I also was affected in my business, and I consider that your Epileptic Pills were the only remedy that I ever used to cure my fits, and only had two attacks afterwards. The last one was April 6th, 1867, and they were of the nature of the first. With the exception of the first, your medicine was made the instrument by which I was cured of this distressing affliction. I think that the Pills and their good effects should be made known to every person who is similarly affected, and may have the benefit of them. Any person wishing further information can obtain it by calling at my residence, No. 336 North Third St., Philadelphia. W. WILLIAM ELDER.

IS THERE A CURE FOR EPILEPSY? The subjoined will answer. GREENADA, Miss. June 30th.—SIR:—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of five dollars, which I send you for two boxes of your Epileptic Pills. I was the first person who tried your Pills in this part of the country. My son was badly afflicted with fits for two years. I wrote for and received two boxes of your Pills, which he took according to the directions. He had a fit at first, but it was by my persuasion that Mr. Lyon tried your Pills. His case was a very bad one; he had fits nearly all his life. Persons have written to me from Alabama and Tennessee on the subject, for the purpose of ascertaining my opinion in regard to your Pills. I have always recommended them, and in no instance where I have had a child afflicted with fits, have they failed to cure. Yours, &c. C. H. GUY, Grenada, Yalabusha County, Miss.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE CURE OF EPILEPSY; OR, FALLING FITS. BY HANCOCK'S EPILEPTIC PILLS. MONROEVILLE, TEXAS, June 20th, 1867. To SETH S. HANCOCK.—A person in my employ had been afflicted with Fits, or Epilepsy, for thirteen years; he had these attacks at intervals of two to four weeks, and often times several in quick succession, sometimes continuing for two or three days. On several occasions they lasted until his mind appeared totally deranged, in which state he would continue for a day or two after the fits ceased. I tried several remedies prescribed by our resident physicians, but without success. Having seen your advertisement, I concluded to try your medicine. I obtained two boxes of your Pills, gave them according to directions, and they effected a permanent cure. The person is now a very healthy man, about 30 years of age, and has not had a fit since he commenced taking your medicine, ten years since. He was most thankful to you, and has since that time been exposed to the severest of weather. I have great confidence in your medicine, and would like every one who has fits to give it a trial. B. L. DEFRANZ.

STILL ANOTHER CURE. Read the following testimonial from a respectable citizen of Grenada, Mississippi. SETH S. HANCOCK, Baltimore, Md.—Dear Sir:—I take great pleasure in relating a case of Spasms, or Fits, cured by your valuable Pills. My brother, J. N. Lyon, was long afflicted with fits, and was very young. He would have one or two spasms at one attack at first, but as he grew older they increased to five or six at a time. He was so afflicted that he was unable to do any business, and was in a state of great suffering. He was treated by several physicians, but without success. He was so afflicted that he was unable to do any business, and was in a state of great suffering. He was treated by several physicians, but without success. He was so afflicted that he was unable to do any business, and was in a state of great suffering. He was treated by several physicians, but without success.

JAMES SHIELDS & CO., IMPORTERS OF GROCERIES, And Manufacturers of Biscuits and Confectionery.

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Ayer's Hair Vigor,

For restoring Gray Hair to its natural Vitality and Color. A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. Faded or gray hair is soon restored to its original color with the gloss and freshness of youth. Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed. But such as remain can be saved for usefulness by this application. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS, LOWELL, MASS. PRICE \$1.00. NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Sole Agents



nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich glossy lustre and a grateful perfume. Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS, LOWELL, MASS. PRICE \$1.00. NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Sole Agents

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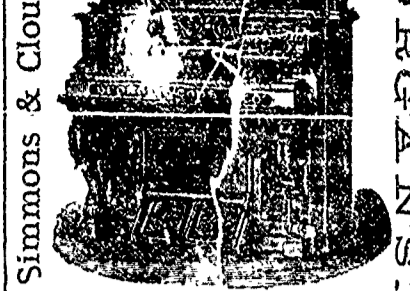
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