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IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

IT WILL CURE ENTIRELY THE WORST FORM OF FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ALL OVARIAN TROUBLES, INFLAMMATION AND UPERATION FALLING AND DISPLACEMENTS, AND THE CONSEQUENT SPINAL WEAKNESS, AND IS PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE CHANGE OF LIFE.

IT WILL DISSOLVE AND EXPEL TUMORS FROM THE UTERUS IN AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. THE TENDENCY TO CANCEROUS HUMORS THERE IS CHECKED VERY SPEEDILY BY ITS USE.

IT REMOVES FAINTNESS, FLATULENCY, DESTROYS ALL CRAVING FOR STIMULANTS, AND RELIEVES WEAKNESS OF THE STOMACH. IT CURES BLOATING, HEADACHE, NERVOUS PROSTRATION, GENERAL DEBILITY, DEPRESSION AND INDIGESTION.

THAT FEELING OF BEARING DOWN, CAUSING PAIN, WEIGHT AND BACKACHE, IS ALWAYS PERMANENTLY CURED BY ITS USE.

IT WILL AT ALL TIMES AND UNDER ALL CIRCUMSTANCES ACT IN HARMONY WITH THE LAWS THAT GOVERN THE FEMALE SYSTEM.

ITS TENDENCY IS SOLELY FOR THE LEGITIMATE HEALING OF DISEASE AND THE RELIEF OF PAIN, AND THAT IT DOES ALL IT CLAIMS TO DO, THOUSANDS OF LADIES CAN GLADLY TESTIFY.

FOR THE CURE OF KIDNEY COMPLAINTS IN EITHER SEX THIS REMEDY IS UNSURPASSED.

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Scientific and Useful.

NEVER put a hot iron directly upon silk—it takes the life out of it.

PICKLES or vinegar will not keep in a jar that has ever had any kind of grease in it.

PAINT spots may be removed from any kind of clothing by saturating with equal parts of turpentine and spirits of ammonia.

FOR "greasing" the griddle, cut a white turnip in halves and rub the griddle with it. It causes no smell, taste or adhesion, and is better than butter or grease.

THE most severe cold or hoarseness may be relieved by applying to the chest, as quickly as possible, a flannel wrung out of boiling water, and on which turpentine is sprinkled.

—LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound is a most valuable medicine for ladies of all ages who may be afflicted with any form of disease peculiar to the sex. These remedies are not only put up in liquid form but in pills and lozenges in which form they are securely sent through the mails.

POT-OVERS. One egg, one cup of flour, piece of butter, size of walnut, salt to taste, one teaspoonful of baking powder. Bake in cups, eat warm with cream and sugar; this makes three cups.

IRON rust may be removed from delicate garments, upon which you dare not try oxalic acid, by mixing the juice of a lemon with some salt, put this over the rusted spots, and then hold over the spout of a steaming tea-kettle. This is almost always effectual.

BANANA CAKE.—One of the novelties and luxuries of the period is banana cake. Take one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of water or of sweet milk, three eggs, four cups of flour, two small teaspoonsful of baking powder. Mix lightly and bake in layers. Make an icing of the whites of two eggs, and one cup and a half of powdered sugar. Spread this on the layers, and then cover thickly and entirely with sliced fine. The cake may be flavoured with vanilla. The top should be simply frosted.

—TAPIOCA JELLY.— Tapioca jelly is really delicious. Soak half a cupful of tapioca in two cupfuls of water for four hours. Sweeten to taste and place the vessel in another containing boiling water. Let it cook about an hour, stirring frequently. It should be quite clear. Add the juice of half a lemon and a little of the grated skin. Pour into little moulds, and serve, when cold, with cream sweetened and flavoured.

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STUFFED EGGS.—Cut six boiled eggs in two. Take out the yolks and mash them fine. Add two tablespoonfuls of butter, one of cream, two or three drops of onion juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Mix all thoroughly. Fill the eggs from the mixture, and put them together. There will be a little filling left, to which add a well beaten egg. Cover the eggs with this last preparation, and roll in cracker crumbs. Fry in boiling lard until a light brown.

LIFTING FURNITURE.—Many housekeepers dread the labour of lifting heavy furniture during house-cleaning. The carpet must be removed, cleaned and replaced, and a heavy bookcase or case of drawers, is not easily raised from the floor, and many a lame back is the result. All this hard work is entirely unnecessary. Procure a stout wooden lever, four or five feet long, or longer, and about double the size of a common crow-bar, and placing the stout end under the heavy furniture, raise gradually a fourth or half an inch, for withdrawing or replacing the carpet. Articles weighing several hundred pounds, heavy stoves, etc., may be thus raised with the exertion of a little strength, or with one hand.

The present cold snap is sufficient to give our readers an idea of what they may expect during the next three months, and we would advise them to take advantage of the great winter sale of mantles, fur capes, overcoats, underclothing, blankets, flannels, etc., now going on at Twenty's.

AFTER TWENTY-THREE YEARS' SUFFERING.—Rev. Wm. Stow of Warton, was cured of scrofulous abscesses by seventeen doctors could not cure. Burdock Blood Bitters was the only successful remedy. It cures all impurities of the system.

Scott's Emulsion of Pure COD LIVER OIL, WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES. Excellent for Delicate and Weak Children. DR. CHARLES C. GARRATT, of Toronto, says "I have used your Emulsion for over a year, and have derived much benefit from it in the marasmus of children, being tolerated by the stomach, when all other medicaments were rejected."

Loss and Gain.

CHAPTER I.
"I was taken sick a year ago With bilious fever."
"My doctor pronounced me cured, but I got sick again, with terrible pains in my back and sides, and I got so bad I could not move! I shrunk! From 228 lbs. to 120! I had been doctoring for my liver, but it did me no good. I did not expect to live more than three months. I began to use Hop Bitters. Directly my appetite returned, my pains left me, my entire system seemed renewed as if by magic, and after using several bottles, I am not only as sound as a sovereign, but weigh more than I did before. To Hop Bitters I owe my life."
Dublin, June 5, '84. R. FITZPATRICK.

CHAPTER II.
"Malden, Mass., Feb. 1, 1884. Gentlemen— I suffered with attacks of sick headache. Neuralgia, tematic trouble, for years in the most terrible and excruciating manner. No medicine or doctor could give me relief or cure, until I used Hop Bitters. "The first bottle Nearly cured me;" The second made me as well and strong as when a child, "And I have been so to this day." My husband was an invalid for twenty years with a serious "Kidney, liver and urinary complaint, "Pronounced by Boston's best physicians "Incurable!" Seven bottles of your bitters cured him and I know of "Lives of eight persons" In my neighborhood that have been saved by your bitters, And many more are using them with great benefit. They almost "Do miracles?" Mrs. E. D. Slack. How to Get Sick.—Expose yourself day and night; eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised, and then you will want to know how to get well, which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! None genuine without a bunch of green Hops on the white label. Shun all the vile, poisonous stuff with "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

Coughs and Colds that we so frequently neglect and which so often prove the seed for a harvest of consumption, should have prompt and thorough treatment. A teaspoonful of Dr. J. C. Humphrey's Phosphoric Eucalypti taken whenever the Cough is troublesome, will relieve the patient, and persevered in, will effect a cure in the most obstinate cases.

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FOR 1885.

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60 cents per Hundred Copies. Mailed free on receipt of price.

The Presbyterian Printing and Publishing Co.,
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Notes of the Week.

SAYS the Glasgow *Christian Leader*: The Presbyterian ministers of Toronto have published a resolution discountenancing literary associations and those having social interests in view in connection with congregations. THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN very properly tells them that they have made a grave mistake.

THE authorities of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, have decided to introduce on the first of January next the twenty-four o'clock system of marking time, as advocated by the eminent Canadian engineer, Mr. Sandford Fleming. The hours will be numbered from midnight to midnight and from one to twenty-four. The new system will soon spread over the United Kingdom, and then to other countries, and though a little awkward and clumsy at first, will, like standard time, be found much more convenient and desirable when people become accustomed to it.

THE recent attempt to destroy London Bridge by dynamite has called general attention once more to that peculiarly savage method of seeking to promote political agitation by murder and devastation. The strong feeling that these outrages have evoked, and the vigorous utterances of American public men and leading journals have cowed into silence the ferocity that exulted in such reckless and inhuman crimes. The bitterest Fenian papers now find it politic to disavow this cowardly mode of warfare, and complain that it has a weakening effect on the Parnellite movement.

THE Canadian bar has lost a distinguished member in the death of Mr. James Bethune, Q. C. He was born in Glengarry in 1840, where he received his elementary education. He studied at Queen's College and Toronto University graduating as LL.B. in 1861. He studied law under the Hon. Edward Blake, with whom he subsequently became a partner. He was for a time actively engaged in political life. He earned the reputation of being a man of sterling integrity and uprightness. His strength of character gave him an individuality that commanded general respect. Mr. Bethune was an esteemed elder of St. Andrew's Church, Toronto.

THE Rev. John Smith, M.A., of Berwick, thinks there is a fatal incompleteness in education if something is not done to inculcate total abstinence as a prime condition of health. He says: We have now such a consensus of scientific opinion on this subject that teachers can no more be reproached for pressing private opinions when they teach temperance truth than when they explain the doctrine of the tides, or carry their classes over the *pons asinorum*. Were teachers throughout Scotland to fall in with this, in a few years they would so flood society with young temperance reformers that we would carry with a rush every position in parliament and in society.

THAT standing disgrace, the St. Stephen, N. B. lottery swindle, has at last been broken up. Its chief promoter, a Philadelphia man, has been arrested on a charge of obtaining money under false pretences, and it is expected that others implicated in the nefarious and demoralizing rascality will also soon be under arrest. The swindlers are said to have paid the Govern-

ment \$30,000 a year for postage, and the postmaster at St. Stephen derived a larger income from his office than any postmaster in Canada. The concern was never known to have a drawing or to give a prize. The unprincipled men who conduct these enterprises are deeply culpable, but they are not the only parties to blame. The inordinate love of unearned gain supplies a steady procession of dupes on whom they can easily operate.

A NEW museum is about to be added to the other attractions of the French capital. M. Guimet has presented to the State the valuable collection which he has devoted years of travel in acquiring. It consists chiefly of objects used in religious worship in the different countries of Asia, and by the African and Indian tribes. The collection is of vast extent, and is said to be the most unique in the world. It includes specimens of almost every variety of Eastern pottery and porcelain. A special library goes with it, consisting of manuscripts and printed works referring to the various Pagan religions. A still more remarkable appanage of the museum is the school of Oriental *Savants*, which M. Guimet has founded and supports at his own expense. He has brought a number of Buddhist and Brahmin priests from China, Japan, India and Ceylon, who pass their time in translating into French the sacred books of their religion.

THE *Brookville Recorder* says. At a meeting of medical men some time ago in Montreal, Dr. Sullivan, of Kingston, gave some interesting statistics as to the death rate in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec. In the former it is 11.81 per 1,000, in the latter 19.07, and in British Columbia it is even higher, being 20.38. Thus Ontario with a population of 600,000 more than Quebec has actually 3,000 fewer deaths. The difference is largely due to the immense infant mortality in the sister province. It is estimated that each child is worth \$40 to the State, so that the loss of so many lives each year means a heavy loss to the Province. The mortality is largely caused by such diseases as small-pox, measles, scarlet, typhus and typhoid fevers, the spread of which might be more curtailed if proper sanitary precautions were taken. In Ontario much more attention is paid to such matters, and the result is a lower death rate. In view of the possible coming of the cholera next year, too much attention cannot be paid to sanitary matters, and every precaution should be taken to prevent its spread. It finds no lodgment where care and cleanliness are observed. Let us preserve our record in the matter of the death rate.

THE Methodist Centennial Conference at Baltimore concluded its labours last week. An interesting incident was the reception of a despatch from the Rev. O. L. Taylor, the oldest Presbyterian minister in the United States, congratulating the Conference on the occasion of their centennial celebration. Dr. Taylor is now in Rochester, and was one hundred years old on the 16th inst. A report on the question of establishing an Oxford league was after considerable discussion adopted, of which the principal features are that each church may provide its own plans of organization and the literature it shall introduce to its members; the pastor of each church shall be *ex-officio* president with power to appoint an assistant. The league is destined to encourage the reading and study of the scriptures, benevolent and missionary work by members and social intercourse for the mutual advantage of those who belong to the organization. The death of the Rev. Dr. Rice, senior superintendent of the Methodist Church in Canada, was announced in the Conference, and resolutions of respect to his memory were adopted. The pastoral address of the Bishops read at the close of the centenary conference, is a Christian congratulation on the state of the church, a review of its doctrine and future mission. It is addressed to the Methodist people of the United States and Canada, and urges the maintenance of family religion. It speaks of the Sabbath as the pillar of Christian civilization, and says a spiritual church without the Sabbath is an impossibility. A love feast closed the proceedings of the Conference.

THE Rev. Dr. Rice, Senior Superintendent of the United Methodist Church, died in this city on Monday afternoon. His trouble, which was one of a painful internal nature, dates from last April. He rallied sufficiently, however, in June, to be able to attend the opening of the Conferences at London, Guelph and Toronto. He continued to improve during the summer, but about two weeks ago, he was taken seriously ill, and remained unconscious most of the time until his death. He was born in the State of Maine in 1817. While yet a child the family removed to New Brunswick, and his sympathies all his life were strongly British. The earlier years of his ministry were spent in that Province, and were marked by great energy and devotion to his work. In 1847, at the time of the reunion of the Canadian and British Conference, he, along with the Rev. Enoch Wood, came to Toronto and did valuable missionary work in various parts of the Province. He was for a time Treasurer, Steward and Moral Governor of Victoria College, and after that President of the Hamilton Ladies' College. He resigned this position in 1878, when he went to engage in pastoral work in St. Mary's and afterwards at Winnipeg, where he acted as Chairman of the Manitoba missionary district. Dr. Rice had much to do with the Methodist union. He was Chairman of the Conference in 1874, when the union with the New Connexion Church took place. He was President also of the Conference of 1882 at Hamilton, when the resolutions were passed, and again he presided at Belleville in the following year, when the union was ratified, and was appointed at that meeting Senior Superintendent of the United Methodist Church. As might be inferred from his long, arduous, and successful labours, Dr. Rice was a man of great energy and force of character, and in the whole Methodist Connexion no man commanded more deservedly the respect of all its members.

THE question of church music is, as we learn from the *Christian Leader*, engaging considerable attention in Scotland at present. The Rev. Thomas Pearson, of the Established Church, has been giving Sunday evening lectures on "Ecclesiastical Music" in the parish church of Cupar. He expressed a regret that the three Presbyterian churches had not united to produce a uniform psalmody and hymnal for Scotland. As showing the vagaries of untutored preceptors he mentioned a psalm tune, the fourteen notes of which had been expanded to seventy two to suit the taste of a leader of psalmody. In an amusing sketch of the action of the opponents of new tunes, he recalled the case of Gideon Duncan, an Aberdeen weaver, who invoked the powers of the court of session to protect his pious consciousness from strange and unhallowed vocal sounds. Prof. Bruce says it is a mistake in congregations to think that choirs are a necessity. He has heard deplorable singing all over the country through bad singers being allowed a place in choirs. Only a few leading voices should be employed, and care taken by ministers and office-bearers that no inferior singers be admitted. An instrument should be used as an aid to the singing because it prompts, sustains, and guides the expression of the song of the congregation. This being a transition time in church music, prudence, judgment and firmness are required in dealing with it. Mr. D. S. Salmond, of Glasgow, lecturing on "Church Praise," at Arbroath, to a large audience, pleaded for congregational singing to the exclusion of both organ voluntaries and mere choir performances. In certain circumstances he recommended the introduction of an instrument. But he thought arguments both for and against organs had generally proceeded on wrong lines. It was a musical question and nothing more. While keeping fast to the idea of congregational singing of praise as alone admissible in the Sabbath services of the sanctuary, Mr. Salmond yet maintained strongly the lawfulness of oratorios and "singing the Gospel" on other occasions. Weekly displays of fine music in church would pall on the taste if even they could be got good enough, which was impracticable. It had been tried, but church choirs were poor in comparison with musical societies and professionals.

Our Contributors.

HOW TO MAKE CHRISTMAS MERRY.

BY KNOXONIAN.

A merry Christmas is a good thing. It makes people feel genial and generous and kindly. The most frozen natures thaw out a little during the Christmas season. A man that does not thaw out slightly at Christmas is a little iceberg. He should be sent on an expedition in search of the North Pole, and sent so far that he would have to stay there. The place for such a little human iceberg is North, among the large icebergs. The heads of every household should try to make Christmas a most enjoyable family day.

A merry Christmas, like a well-kept Sabbath must be arranged for. The first thing in the way of successful arrangement is to get into good humour. If possible this ought to be done the day before. If you have no time to get into good humour the night before, be sure to put yourself into a kindly frame of mind on Christmas morning. If you get up cross and grumpy and begin the day in an unamiable condition the chances are that you will spoil what ought to be one of the happiest days in the year.

There are various ways in which a man may put himself into a presentable condition for Christmas. One good way is to meditate on the blessings you have enjoyed during the past year. You need not go out into the fields like Isaac to engage in the meditation. If the weather had been as cold in the East as in Canada Isaac would have done his meditating within doors. Just think on Christmas eve of the blessings you and your family have enjoyed for the last twelve months—health, home, friends, food, raiment, reason, restraining grace, the privileges of the sanctuary and the hope of a better home in the land beyond. If you find that meditating does not stir up your gratitude, relieve you from worry, and take the acid out of your system, then take a little wholesome exercise among the poor. Go to that poor bed-ridden sufferer around the corner, who has lain there for years, and bring him or her some Christmas cheer. Roll up a good sized turkey in one of the political newspapers and carry it under your arm to the humble home of some poor family. Think of the number of people—some of them God's people—who have not enjoyed one blessing during the past year for every hundred you have enjoyed. Think of the number of people who are not only poor but homeless and friendless. Try and realize what these two words *homeless* and *friendless* mean. You know nothing of their meaning. Try and fathom the dark depths of these words. If, having done all this, you find yourself still in bad humour and ungrateful, then use the advice given by a minister of our Church, who said many a good thing: "Steep yourself in a barrel of alkali until all the acid comes out of your system."

Having made the necessary inward preparations for Christmas, then turn your attention to the family. You see that woman working just as hard on Christmas morning as on any other. You took a good long snooze, but she had to rise and take care of the children and arrange for the Christmas dinner. That is the woman whose ungloved hand you held at the marriage altar long years ago. She has changed a good deal since then. The bloom has left her cheek, but she lost it taking care of your house and children. She does not step quite so lightly now as she did then, but remember she has taken many a weary step in caring for your home. She has changed, no doubt, but not any more than you have changed—perhaps not quite so much. There was no smell of tobacco on your breath, or two days' growth on your unshaven chin when you began to visit that woman. You never was short nor grumpy in those days—never. Now, if you can't afford to give her a nice Christmas present you can at least show her that you appreciate her efforts to make your home comfortable, and that you love her quite as much as when her step was more elastic and her cheek had more colour.

Have you any children in the house? Give each one a little present if you can afford the outlay. Years hence, when they are far from the old home spending their Christmas among strangers, the little present may make them think of other days and perhaps keep them from evil. If you are so much engaged in business or have to attend so many meetings that you don't know the smaller children, try and get acquainted with them. Their mother will be happy to give you

a suitable introduction. The little ones may be surprised at your conduct, but the surprise will do them good.

It might add a little to the enjoyment of your Christmas dinner if you invited a young friend or two in to help the family to demolish the Christmas turkey. Are there no well-behaved, deserving young men within your circle, who are far away from their homes? Do you know of any worthy young ladies in situations, fighting their own way in the world that you might invite to share your hospitality? Your own boys and girls may not always be at home—they may not always have a home to be in, and you may yet see the day when you will be very glad to hear that your son or your daughter has been invited to dine on Christmas with some respectable man in a distant town or city.

Dinner over, don't go out "to see a man." Probably you have gone out to see that man a great many times during the year. Give the man a rest. Spend the afternoon with the family. If you must smoke, take a whiff in or about the house. If you go out take the children with you. Give their mother a drive. It will make her think of old times and do her good. Spend the evening in the family. Don't steal away into another room and read your political paper, and selfishly suck a cigar or briar root or old clay. Be one of the family for one evening.

And having spent Christmas day merrily in your home, gather the family around the family altar and commend them all to the great Father above. Remember the absent ones in the family prayer and ask God for grace to make your home better and brighter for 1885 than it has ever been before.

MISS WHATELY'S MISSION WORK IN EGYPT.

Egypt is at present occupying a very prominent place in the thoughts of politicians of every country of Europe. It is not, however, about what is engaging the minds of statesmen that I intend to say anything in this letter. My object is to give the readers the THE PRESBYTERIAN an outline, necessarily brief and very imperfect, but still such a sketch of Miss Whately's work in Cairo, as may induce them to take a greater interest in the items of information to be met with from time to time, in various periodicals regarding that most successful mission.

During the past summer I had many opportunities of conversing with Mrs. Wale and Miss E. J. Whately (daughters of the late Archbishop of Dublin), and of hearing about what their sister has done during the last twenty-three years, and of what she is still doing for the poor Moslems and Copts of Cairo. I always listened to the fascinating story with interest, and have since read several reports on the same subject. From these narratives is derived the following information, which, of course, lacks the charm and picturesqueness of the *Arabian Nights* story.

While Miss M. L. Whately was spending a winter in Egypt, with an invalid friend, she saw the great need there was that something should be done for the education, moral and spiritual, of the poor

RAGGED MOSLEM CHILDREN

of Cairo, for whom nobody seemed to care. At that time (1860) no schools existed for Moslems (Mohammedans). The Church Missionary Society had had a school for Copts (remnant of the ancient Egyptian Christians), but it was closed before Miss Whately thought of opening her school. The American Mission was also at that time for Copts alone. The Moslems have always been difficult of access, and therefore, it required courage to make the attempt. Many were the warnings on the part of Miss Whately's friends, of the folly of a foreigner trying to benefit a people who cared nothing for learning, and whose prejudices against Christians were such as to make them too suspicious to take advantage of any offer which might be made to them.

Miss Whately, however, refused to heed the difficulties put in her path, and set about looking for a suitable apartment. The story of her

HOUSE-HUNTING

as told by herself, would amuse, if space permitted an extended reference. The old houses in Cairo are dirty in the extreme, and the wood-work hopelessly full of vermin. The new houses are not only unfurnished but unfinished until the builder finds a tenant, and learns something of his wants. Some of the streets are so narrow that the projecting wooden lattices touch from op-

posite sides. After many failures and much fatigue, a house was at last found in the Moslem quarter, which was deemed fit for present purposes. To it Miss Whately took her boxes, while within it was a terrible scene of dirt and confusion. Soon, however, by her own exertions and those of her friend, the rooms, if bare and desolate, became at least clean and habitable. The house was a temporary *Home*, and as Miss Whately expresses it, the "plenishing" could be added by degrees. In this courageous spirit she made ready a little room in the upper story of this "home" for the reception of

MOSLEM SCHOLARS.

The eldest daughter of a Syrian family in the lower story, though only thirteen years old, was to be her sole teacher, and she and her sisters nailed up a few prints and texts in Arabic. A work-basket was stocked with materials, and alphabet cards provided. Nothing more was needed for a beginning, benches and tables being unnecessary in an Egyptian school. Soon all was ready except the pupils—how to get them was the problem.

Miss Whately, her assistant and her mother all went out into the streets and lanes around, where girls of all sizes were numerous, in search of scholars. They began by accosting every woman they met, telling of the school, and urging them to send their daughters. Some laughed at the idea and passed on; others said "very good." At length they returned to the house, satisfied that something would result from their morning's work. Presently two little girls, about eight years old, came trotting up stairs, followed by their mothers, in all degrees of rags. The older women having left after a time, the two little pupils, with two little sisters of the young teacher, sat down on the mat, and were soon joined by others, so that by ten o'clock, there were nine Moslem scholars seated on the floor in a semi-circle. They were all ragged and dirty, though they had not the starved look of similar children in Britain. They looked much as if an old clothes man's bag had been scattered over them at random, as there was not one of the nine in whole or fitting garments. Still, when their faces were washed, they were not a bad looking circle. On the second day there were fourteen, and so the numbers went on increasing.

The time each day was spent in teaching first the Arabic alphabet, then a lesson was given in singing, and finally an hour was spent in learning to sew. The last seemed to be greatly enjoyed, for the children used to throw down the cards and cry out, "the work! Give us the work!" In this way

MATTERS PROCEEDED

for the first four or five years. Miss Whately being herself only a learner of the vernacular Arabic, a most difficult language for Europeans. Mr. Shakoor, a Syrian and lay missionary, not only gave her lessons in Arabic, but procured assistant teachers for her, and in every way proved himself to be a kind friend and helper.

Miss Whately having been trained in teaching Scripture to children from long service in the Irish Church Mission Schools, was soon competent, with even a very imperfect knowledge of Arabic, to give a great deal of elementary instruction. She was soon able also to visit the mothers of the children in their homes, and after a little succeeded in hunting up old and new scholars. The numbers soon began to grow so as to necessitate additional house room. As her acquaintance with the people increased, Miss Whately found that work amongst the parents was as necessary as in the case of the children. An incident which occurred one day suggested to her the idea of a

BOYS' SCHOOL.

in addition to that of the girls. A poor lad whose sister was attending school, became so interested in the stories she told at home regarding what happened at school, that he one day exclaimed, "I wish I was a girl,"—a speech so unusual for an Oriental, even at the age of eight, as to excite Miss Whately's sympathy, and determine her to do something also for the poor boys of Cairo.

Mr. Shakoor and his brother, both earnest missionary teachers, took up the work, opened a school for boys, and also a class for adults. This they did in addition to visiting the sick, accompanying Miss Whately to outlying villages, and on longer trips up the Nile, landing at Moslem settlements, where they read and

spoke to troops of peasants. Miss Whately says it would require a volume to describe the

NUMEROUS DIFFICULTIES

she encountered during the first four or five years of her work. Amongst these were the discouraging stories of her friends and acquaintances in Cairo. Then her assistants, unable to bear affronts or contemptuous treatment on the part of their friends often left at a moment's notice. The dirty almost savage habits of the children were also very trying. And when reduced to something like cleanliness and civilized habits, the girls left at the ages of fourteen or fifteen to be married before they had acquired an amount of knowledge to be of much use to them in after life. The children came to school in the mornings hungry, and shivering with cold, and were thankful for a few spoonfuls of hot milk and water or the remains of their teacher's coffee, diluted and sweetened with coarse sugar. Again, the idle ones, fancying they were hungry, would take out of some pocket in their ragged garments, a green onion, a piece of sticky date paste, a pickled turnip or bit of sugar cane, all of which had to be confiscated until "recess."

Further, she was advised not to go to the huts of the poor and brave dirt, vermin, risk of infection and abuse as a Christian, for what was sure to result in nothing. At first the people did throw handfuls of dust over her, and assail her with various epithets, muttering curses of all kinds. Still she persevered and after a time these same parties softened and even received her kindly. An old woman who had been in the habit of cursing her, greeted her arrival one day with the pretty Arabic expression, "Welcome be thy hands and thy feet."

AMUSING SCENES

were witnessed in the attempts made to get the boys to come to their school, as well as learn anything. The first boys had to be literally dragged in by their sisters who affectionately coaxed and encouraged them, by telling of the pleasures of the school. Accustomed to harsh treatment, the boys were much more timid than the girls had been at first, and crying out "they will beat us," fled precipitately. Others came and stayed; but one little fellow, having only one eye, consented to stay on condition of being allowed to keep the door wide open, by sitting on the floor with his back against it, so that at any sign of foul play he might get off. The nine who stayed were a dirty lot, clad in blue shirts with cotton caps on their little cropped heads. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks and difficulties, Miss Whately went on and in time reaped her reward. The schools gradually

INCREASED IN NUMBERS

and even the children of respectable classes began to attend Copts as well as Moslems. Miss Whately's adopted daughter, a Syrian, who afterwards became the wife of Mr. Shakoor, now aided in the girls' school, for several girls who had been trained as pupil teachers, married and left and even now efficient teachers for girls are not to be had, and yet help from the natives is absolutely necessary, owing to the difficulties of the language, for even when a foreigner can speak it well and read it fairly, it is seldom that others than natives can instruct any but junior classes in Arabic.

In the spring of 1869, the late Khedive made to Miss Whately a present of a

PIECE OF GROUND

outside the city wall. On this she soon began to build, and finally erected not only a dwelling for herself and friends, but a school-house large enough to accommodate several hundred children. In this she was helped by English friends to some extent; but by economy she had, up to this time, borne the chief part of the expenses of the Mission herself. Subscriptions were occasionally sent by old friends, and during her visits to England meetings were now and then held and contributions received. The Female Education Society had sent aid to the female school from the beginning. But after the erection of the new buildings, scholars began to come unasked, instead of needing persuasion, until the number on the roll averaged about 700 pupils of different nationalities, the great majority being Egyptians. About two-thirds of the girls and one-half the boys are Moslems, the remainder being Copts, with a mixture of Syrians, Jews, etc.

Many of the better classes now demanded superior education, so that a French teacher had to be added; and higher teaching in some branches for boys, and more ornamental needle-work for the girls were neces-

sary. The better class was able and willing to pay something, but only a small sum generally, and many of them were taken entirely free. A small school for Europeans residing in Cairo, and such high-class Orientals as wished their daughters to receive a complete

EUROPEAN EDUCATION

was recently added to the establishment, and is superintended by Miss E. J. Whately who visited Switzerland during the past summer, but has now returned to Cairo. This is quite a distinct school, though it is in connection with the Mission and under the same roof, so that Miss M. L. Whately can overlook it in the absence of her sister. The parents of those who attend this branch of the work pay, but as many of them are not rich the sum asked is small compared with the advantages offered, and I learned from Miss Whately that it was not yet quite self-supporting.

The Mission sustained a great loss in the death, within a few years of each other, of the two

BROTHERS SHAKOOR,

who had by great exertions established the boys' school, and who did excellent service as missionary teachers. Happily the work by that time had been well established, and much as their presence was missed, Miss Whately had by her incomparable energy, succeeded in overcoming every obstacle, and in keeping the whole machinery in order, so that it continues to move regularly and well. Mrs. Shakoor, widow of the elder missionary, lives in the Mission House, and helps in visiting the women of the better class of families well as in receiving the parents of the pupils. She assists also in the general superintendence of the whole work. About five years ago, Miss Whately opened a

MEDICAL MISSION

with the view of reaching the adults amongst the Moslems. An excellent doctor, Syrian by birth, skilful, well-trained and an earnest Christian, became one of the staff. He has a dispensary where daily meet the "maimed, the halt and the blind" to hear the Scriptures read, and to receive healing. The good feeling produced by this work has been most satisfactory.

A BIBLE WOMAN

is constantly at work, and much private visiting in families is accomplished. Every year, too, Miss Whately makes a trip on the river near Cairo, with some of her missionary assistants, and distributes books in the teeming villages on the banks of the Nile. Of these trips I may give some notes in a subsequent letter.

Of course no subjects of a controversial nature are permitted in any of the schools, nor in any of the meetings. The knowledge of salvation through faith in Christ—the one mediator between God and man, is clearly made known, and the Scriptures are read to all who will listen. Many of the pupils on leaving school take copies of the Bible with them, and some, it is said, have left the world with a frank avowal of their faith in Christ alone. Of course no one who knows anything of the state of social life in Egypt, will expect to hear much of professed converts at present. That would be attended by too serious danger. Meanwhile Miss Whately and her sister and their assistants, continue to sow the seed of the kingdom, while imparting secular instruction, which some regard as the only hope for the people of that unhappy land. In the present disturbed state of affairs, we may truly say that the Medical Mission and these Schools, so admirably directed by Miss Whately, are like refreshing oases in the burning desert.

Clarens, Switzerland, November, 1884.

KASHIBAI'S STORY.

At the last monthly meeting of the Kingston Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, a member read the following interesting sketch of the life of Kashibai, or Kassibai, a Brahmin woman, which was given at a meeting of the Woman's Union Missionary Society of the United States, as a preliminary to the touching and stirring letters which follow, written by herself. It is given in THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN in order to enable its readers more vividly to realize the forlorn circumstances of Hindoo women, and their need of the Bread of Life.

"On the western side of Hindostan, directly north of the Mahratta province, where American missionaries are labouring, is the province where Kashibai lived. This woman, like most women in India, had been mar-

ried at the age of five years. Her husband (a widower), was married to Kashibai when he was ten years of age. This girl's education had mostly been of a kind that modesty forbids our describing. The religious training had been left to the mother who was accustomed to take her to the god's room, and show her how to present offerings, and teach her to pray for such things as wealth, male children, and that her next appearance upon earth might not be in some vile body. For the new birth of the Hindoos is the returning, after death, into some other body, which may be a reptile, a beast, or a bird.

"Kashibai saw her husband the day of the wedding, and but once again till the age of twelve, when she was removed to the house and care of her mother-in-law. She was a beautiful woman, and notwithstanding the severity of her mother-in-law, she won her husband's love, and she loved him with the fullest affection. Her amiable, noble ways made her a favourite in the house. When the event drew near upon which her hopes for life-long happiness or misery largely depended, more than once every day she fell down before Mata, the great mother goddess, weeping and praying for the only gift that would prove her worthy the respect of her family. She even employed a Brahmin to stand in the sacred river with the water up to his neck, half a day at a time. The sex of the little stranger was the important part of the event. But the prayers were all unavailing, for the baby was a girl.

"During the two long months of ceremonial separation, she was kept apart, in a little damp room, having no sympathy, and not a visitor except the attendant who brought her food, and gave her such attentions as were absolutely necessary. Even her husband could only look at her through a grating, and in his anger and disappointment did not even do that.

"When poor Kashibai was restored to her position in the family she found herself despised, and even her husband took no delight in her. Before the child was a year old, plans were begun for her marriage, but the beautiful little Moti was not fully wedded until she was six years old, and in three years more she was a widow—her husband died of small-pox. When Kashibai heard of this, she was almost frantic with grief, tearing her hair, beating her breast and crying: "My poor Moti, my lost child! No sons—only a girl, and even she is a widow!" The most fearful of curses had fallen upon them, and the years of sorrow and abuse that followed can never be told.

"When Moti arrived at twelve years of age, priests were called, and she was deprived of all her rights of caste, and the endearments of home. Her beautiful hair (in which every Hindoo takes pride), was shaven off; her handsome clothes were exchanged for a coarse black wrapper; all her ornaments were removed from her arms, neck and ears, nose and ankles. From that day forth, according to Hindoo law, she must sleep on the ground, be both prisoner and slave; even the mother would be condemned if she manifested any tenderness to the one "whom the gods had cursed."

"About this time Dowhikan, the father, made the acquaintance of an English gentleman, who asked him if he would not be happy to make the acquaintance of his (the Englishman's) wife—to visit the ladies of their secluded home. Many excuses and delays were invented, but finally, after some years, the missionary lady found her way to the proud Brahmin's house. She never was allowed to see the hated Moti, who, after a time found a way of escape, and years afterwards was heard of in a disreputable house, having chosen a life of shame rather than endure the bondage of her father's dwelling.

"I should like to tell you more of the poor mother's trials, in the introduction of a new wife, to whom were transferred the love, attention, jewellery and fine clothes that she had once delighted in. But I must hasten to tell you that the two years of faithful instruction by the missionary lady, had revealed to that crushed, but noble-minded woman, the truth that a woman has a soul, an immortal soul—that even sinful women may go to heaven, and that the way is provided by Jesus Christ, the Son of God Himself. I have not time to tell you all the experiences and perils that made her a member of the missionary's family and of the household of faith, but I will send you a part of her letter to her husband and Christians in America.

"This letter of Kashibai's to her husband was written from the Mission House; we only send the part touching this subject."

"My husband will please receive the salutations of Kashibai his wife. Through the mercy of God our Father, I am well, and hope you are well also. The reason of my writing is this: I want you to know where I am, and that I am baptized, and a member of the Christian Church. It was not true what you told me, that the missionary when baptizing a convert whispers a charm into his ear, puts bread into his mouth, and makes him drink wine. Neither is it true that all the people are low-caste and outcast people.

"But whatever they were before, they are all very kind now, and few happier among themselves than Hindoos; and just for this reason: that they are far holier and purer. Nor is it true that I became a Christian in the hope of being married again. I am your faithful wife still, and can never be anything else while we both live. I had no comforter when I was a Hindoo and in my sorrow. Now, I have an Almighty Comforter, who is more precious to me than all the wealth, and the friends of the world. I am not blaming you for saying those things, for perhaps you said them in ignorance, and even if you did not, I would not reproach you. My dear Saviour, when He was reviled, reviled not again, and shall I not be like Him?

"You offered me a thousand dollars, and ornaments and honour, if I would consent to forsake the Lord. I would not take a million of money, or an ocean of jewels, or the crown of India and forsake Him. What! He gave His life for me, and I barter His love and my soul for worldly treasure! Never! I am now one of His people, and I mean to serve Him with my whole heart, till I die.

"Do not blame my friend, the missionary's wife, for what I have done. She knew nothing of my resolve, till it was carried out. She never advised me to run away from you. She advised me to try and serve Christ in my own family, but I saw that I could not do this. I am sorry that I cannot love you or your mother as Christians, but I love you still, and shall never cease to pray that you may see the folly of worshipping idols, and turn to the only true and living God, through His Son, Jesus Christ."

Kashibai's Letter to Christian Ladies.

"Sisters in Jesus Christ, Kashibai sends you the Christian greetings.

"I am not worthy to address you, I know, but I think you will not be angry with me. I am only a babe in Christ yet, but I hope to grow strong in faith, bye-and-bye. I want to speak to all my Christian sisters in England, Ireland, Scotland and America, for now I know that all these countries exist, and are full of people. Indeed, of most of these countries I had never heard, until my dear teacher told me of them. I suppose your little children— even your little girls know all about the countries of the world, from their childhood.

"Happy for them that they are allowed to learn, and have good educated mothers to teach them from their infancy. And now, my dear sisters, why do not more Christian women come out to our own country to teach heathen women about Jesus and His salvation?

"If you only knew their need of teaching of any kind, as I do, you would almost leave your husbands and families and home work and come at once. I see quite plainly that nothing but the knowledge of Christ will raise our native women from the deep ignorance, superstition and degradation in which they now live. Those of them who have met Englishwomen feel as a Hindoo lady once said, like ducks among swans. They wonder what has made you so superior to them. I know what has done it. It was your holy religion and Christian education; for I think, wherever women enjoy them, men will not trample upon them as they do in this country. But, alas! our women are without these. I am like one who has spent half a life in a vile prison—myself a prisoner. I have been among the prisoners, and have seen all the badness of their nature and of their daily actions, and the harshness and cruelty of the gaolers; and if I had a thousand lives to deliver those unhappy prisoners, will you not help to deliver them? In my country there is a tree called Siniadei. It is a bitter tree, roots, branch, bark, leaf, flower and seed—all are bitter. Why is this? The sap is bitter—so is sin. The bitter sap that runs through the heathen tree has made it all bitter and bad. Can you not change the heathen tree into a sweet one? The love of God is the new sap that is needed for this, and you can carry it out to India in the pitcher of your hearts. Will you not do it? Again,

I want you particularly to know that gentlemen missionaries can not do much for our Hindoo women. They are not allowed to come into our Hindoo houses and talk with the women, so Christian work among our women must be done by Christian women, and if they are doctors as well as teachers, so much the better.

"What can I say more to you? If the love of Jesus will not constrain you to pity the millions of our oppressed and ignorant country women, my poor words, I am sure, will be of little use. You will not find one woman rude or uncivil, but you will find them in a dreadful state of ignorance, and many of them prayer-dead and opposed to learning. But do not be discouraged. The same God who opened the door of my family, shone into my sorrowing heart and became my comforter, will open other doors and shine into other hearts, and, in His own time will turn all India from its idols to serve Him and His own dear Son. That the time might come quickly is the prayer of your redeemed sister,

KASHIBAI.

THE SCHOOLS AT POINTEAUX TREMBLES

MR. EDITOR.—I had the pleasure last month of visiting our French schools at Pointe aux Trembles. Rev. D. J. Macdonnell and the energetic and zealous secretary of our French Evangelization Board were with me. We heard several of the classes recite, saw the household arrangements, took dinner with the pupils, and had a meeting of the whole school, when we put to them many questions, and heard them sing; in a word we took a full survey of the work which is being done as our time would permit. It is a number of years since I last visited these institutions, and I wish to give through you to the church an expression of my conviction that the results of the teaching are eminently satisfactory—more earnest and devoted men and women than the teachers are not to be found in the profession, they are also efficient and successful. More promising and interesting pupils I do not often see. Some grown youths, are making rapid progress in general learning, and all the scholars seem contented, healthy and diligent. The children of Protestant and Roman Catholic alike are dutiful and respectful to their teachers and kind to each other. I particularly enjoyed the promptness and accuracy with which questions bearing on the practical errors of Romanism were given and supported by appropriate quotations from Holy Scripture. I was also more than pleased with the noble, unassuming but earnest manner of all the teachers, from the Principal to the youngest of the number.

Allow me, sir, to assure those who are supporting pupils at the institution that their money is well placed. No mission of the Church is doing more or better work for the means at their disposal. If some Sabbath schools and Bible classes would send a New Year's gift for the schools to Rev. R. H. Warden, St. James Street, Montreal, it would be a blessing indeed, and if some large hearted Christians would give large sums for improving and enlarging the premises it would be still better. The best that the means at the disposal of the Board will admit is being done, but I hope that ere long an increase of liberality will accomplish greater things. Heartily do I commend the schools to the confidence and support of the Church.

Dundas, Dec. 12th, 1884.

JOHN LAING.

THE WINTER WAIL OF OUR MISSION FIELDS.—II.

MR. EDITOR.—In our first letter we showed that the Presbyteries could not supply outlying mission fields during the winter, and further, that the help of the students in this mission work is absolutely necessary. The real solution of this question of winter supply must thus be found in our colleges.

Why could not our theological colleges have two sessions every year? The first from the beginning of January till the middle of May, the second from the middle of August till the end of December. Each session would thus be about four months and a half, with an interval of about three months. Let the same course be gone over in the second session as in the first. Leave it optional with students which session they will take. Let additional work be laid on the students for private study, and make Presbyteries responsible for the proper oversight of this private work. If three sessions of four and a half months each are

not sufficient, then add a fourth session to the course. This would allow one half of the theological students to be in the mission field all the time, and besides would allow the whole force to be in the field from the middle of May till the middle of August.

The literary men would go on as under the present arrangements, from October till April.

We admit there are difficulties in the way of this scheme. It would make the theological classes in some cases very small. It would put extra labour on the professors—would really make them do double work. They have sufficient now. But perhaps the work within the college walls is by far the most congenial work they do. It would necessitate others doing the work of collecting funds, which is now very wrongfully laid on the shoulders of the professors, and so the above scheme might be a welcome relief to them.

For years the real burden has been borne by our outlying mission fields. A pulpit all but silent for six months of the year is a very grievous burden for a church to lay upon a needy district. As a Church we have been doing that for years. We have been recreant to the solemn trust committed to us by our King and Head, in letting anything stand in the way of giving the Gospel all the year round to our mission fields.

We have sacrificed our mission work long enough. This very grave question can only be settled by the General Assembly giving it the consideration its importance demands. So far it has only been a secondary question—yea, lower than that—far down among the sub-divisions of thirdly. We must grapple with the question soon and solve it satisfactorily, or some other church will solve it for us. The Church as an organization exists for this very purpose, and our colleges exist to furnish the men for carrying on this work, and outlying Presbyteries with large mission fields under their care will hail with satisfaction any scheme which will enable them to keep their pulpits from being silenced during the winter.

We fly this letter as a kite across the chasm in the hope that bye and bye the yawning gulf may be bridged.

J. SOMERVILLE.

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

MR. EDITOR.—I have followed from across the lines the discussion on French Evangelization, with interest. Sometimes it was with a sense of shame that I read the articles which have been published above the signatures of Christian men, and sometimes with indignation. It was with great pleasure that I read the letters of Prof. Campbell and Dr. Proudfoot in your issue of last week, which expose so fully the fallacies of some of the previous articles. As one of the French missionaries labouring in New England, allow me to state that our churches here owe their existence to the agencies against which so much has been said. The four missionaries who labour in Lowell, Fall River, and Springfield have been connected with the Point-aux-Trembles Schools, and three of them with the Board of French Evangelization. It would be next to impossible for the American Church to put forth the least effort to evangelize these thousands of French Canadians who fill the cities of New England, were it not for the work of the Board. Moreover, the church over which I am pastor, in Lowell, and which has admitted to full communion, since its foundation in 1877, one hundred and forty-four members, is indebted to Canada for a large percentage of them. What does it matter whether the converts which the Presbyterian Church makes are in Canada, figuring in its books, for the satisfaction of those who gauge moral results by numbers, or whether they are in the United States, or in heaven, provided they are saved from the soul-destroying teachings of Rome!

Let me say that our work in Massachusetts is opening out in the most encouraging way. The encroachments of Popery in the Province of Quebec and in Ontario, to which many Presbyterians of Canada are blind, are opening the eyes of many American citizens, and the question of the foreign Roman Catholic population and its influence upon the welfare of this Protestant Republic, is being seriously considered by Churches and Conferences.

The French Church of Lowell has received since October 1st, nineteen members, two of whom were at one time Romanists. One of these, a young man of great promise, is a nephew of Bishop Langevin, of Rimouski, Quebec. The history of his conversion

is most remarkable. At every step the hand of God is visible. Mr. J. A. Derome publicly abjured Romanism on the 30th ult., in the presence of an audience of about four hundred persons, and joined the Protestant Church. He is now studying for the ministry. In another letter it may be interesting to give some facts concerning his life.

Lowell, Mass., Dec., 1884. CALVIN E. AMARON.

VACANCIES AND PROBATIONERS.

MR. EDITOR. It is manifest that the present method of supplying the pulpits of vacant congregations cannot continue without serious injury to the best interests of the Church.

Ministers without charge, probationers and ministers wishing a change naturally tender their services to the more prominent and eligible vacant charges, and for these there is a rush, while the feebler class of vacant congregations are neglected, and much difficulty is experienced in getting a suitable supply of preaching for them. Our former scheme of distributing probationers was gradually broken down by town and city congregations exempted from its operations, and by a class of probationers who declined to enter their names on the list, and by such refusal succeeded in reaching the eligible vacancies far in advance of what would have been their turn in the order of the list. The scheme of distributing probationers was thus permitted to operate to the great advantage of those who refused to come under it, and who sought appointments wherever they chose, and to the disadvantage of those who served the Church in an orderly manner.

What is now needed is a return to the old scheme in substance, with a more vigorous and uniform enforcement of its regulations. W. T. McMULLEN.

Woodstock, December 13th, 1884.

BOARD OF FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

The receipts of the Board of French Evangelization are at this date \$5,000 less than at the corresponding period of last year. Including the salaries now due, the fund of the Board is in debt upwards of \$7,500.

To tide over this difficulty, the executive last month effected a loan of \$4,000 in the hope that funds would be forthcoming so as to render unnecessary the contraction of the work. In this hope they have been disappointed, and the only course open is to close some of the schools and withdraw colporteurs and missionaries from several of the fields now occupied. This will be most disastrous to the work. The executive will meet early in January, and this circular is now issued in the earnest hope that within the next two or three weeks liberal contributions will be received from the congregations and Sabbath-Schools of the Church, and from the friends of the mission generally, so as to warrant the continuance of the work in all the schools and districts now occupied.

The attendance at the Central Mission Schools at Pointe-aux Trembles is very much larger than in any former session, the number at present being upwards of 120.

Contributions should be addressed to Rev. R. H. Warden, 108 St. James Street, Montreal.

Soliciting a prompt and generous response to this appeal, we remain, yours faithfully,

D. H. MACVICAR, D.D., LL.D.,

Chairman,

ROBT. H. WARDEN,

Montreal, December, 1884. Secretary-Treasurer.

GOSPEL WORK.

SKETCHES BY A PRESBYTERIAN ELDER.—III.

Very different in some respects from the former is the following case. In both, however, it was the same Almighty grace which triumphed. In a small village, about six miles north from the ancient town of D—, was brought up a poor boy, who received his education in lieu of such services as cleaning the school-room and running the teacher's messages. At an early age he was apprenticed to a grocer and spirit dealer in a neighbouring town. By a companion he was made acquainted with the evangelistic work carried on by the Society, and was induced to become a member of one of the young men's classes which were then held. Through the faithful and searching teaching there imparted, his conscience was awakened, and for a time he was in a state of mind almost bordering

on despair. His teacher, by counsel and prayer, sought to lead him to Him who is mighty to save. He would also occasionally take him to his house, and direct his attention to those passages of Scripture which have been so much used by the Spirit of God in leading sinners to peace and salvation. All was, however, still in vain; the darkness continued to deepen. At last, finding all human help in vain, he, in his deep distress, felt entirely shut up to the living and eternal God. Betaking himself to the mercy-seat, with strong crying and tears he ceased not to wrestle in prayer, until the Angel of the Covenant granted him the desire of his heart.

It had been the writer's privilege to meet with hundreds of people very shortly after they had passed from death unto life, but he does not remember of a single case where the deliverance from the fear and folly of sin was more complete, and where the work of the Saviour, as the ground alone of a sinner's hope, was more fully and scripturally realized.

As might have been expected, the young convert began at once among his companions and shop-mates to tell what great things the Lord had done for him. This stirred up, in some cases, a good deal of ridicule and opposition, but, undaunted, he boldly continued to witness a good confession for the Master. His employer, who was occasionally in the habit of bringing friends to a sitting-room on the shop premises, to be served with spirituous liquor, and not knowing the great change which had taken place in his apprentice, asked him to serve them. As it was contrary to the law, he mildly, but firmly, refused. "What?" said his employer, "do you refuse to do what I tell you?" The reply was, "I have God to serve, as well as you, sir."

At the close of his apprenticeship he obtained a more congenial situation, he having had from the time of his conversion a strong aversion to being employed in selling strong drink. During the next few years, as a member of the Evangelistic Society, he devoted his spare time to Sabbath Schools and kindred Christian work, in which his success was most marked. A strong desire began to take possession of him to consecrate his life to the work of the Foreign Mission Field, and after passing through a training in Arts and Theology, he had at last the happiness of being sent out to preach the Gospel to the poor heathen in India, where his indefatigable labours continue to be much blessed.

Books and Magazines.

GEMS FOR LITTLE SINGERS. By Elizabeth U. Emerson and Gertrude Swayne, assisted by L. O. Emerson. (Boston: Oliver Ditson & Co.)—An examination of this little work justifies the title selected for it, containing as it does a choice selection of delightful melodies.

MUSKOKA, THE PICTURESQUE PLAY-GROUND OF CANADA. (Toronto: Hart & Co.)—This is a portfolio containing a dozen views in Lakes Joseph, Rosseau and Muskoka, by Mr. Edward Roper. They are all true to nature, and will form a pretty and pleasing *souvenir* to all who have had the good fortune to ramble in the Muskoka district, and those who have not yet enjoyed that privilege will, after gazing on these views, be convinced that the scenery there is charming.

GYMNASTICS OF THE VOICE. A System of Correct Breathing in Singing and Speaking. Based upon Physiological Laws. By Oskar Guttmann. (Albany, N.Y.: Edgar S. Werner.)—This is a practical guide in the training and use of the singing and speaking voice, and is designed as a drill-book for schools and for self-instruction. It is founded on natural, scientific laws, and is plain and practical. It is used as a text-book in Harvard University, and is finely printed and bound and fully illustrated.

MR. ARNOLD'S STORIES. Talks about the Reformation in Germany. By Mary C. Millar. (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication; Toronto: James Bain & Son.)—The accomplished authoress of Mr. Arnold's Stories has commenced a new series in which the events of the great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century are to be narrated. The first volume opens with a brief description of the dawn of the Reformation in the British Isles, and then takes up the youth and conversion of Martin Luther and follows up the story of the life and work of this

great apostle of the Gospel in Germany, closing with the last scenes in his life and his peaceful death. The book is specially addressed to youthful readers who will find it both interesting and instructive.

A HANDFUL OF CORN. Selected Passages from the Writings of Henry A. Boardman, D.D. (New York: Anson D. F. Randolph & Co.)—In this intensely active age, when outward effort is so strongly stimulated, it is well not to be forgetful of the value of meditation on Divine truth as a means of spiritual growth. This handsome inexpensive volume, comprises a number of gems from the thoughtful writings of the late Dr. Boardman. A calm and reflective reading of the work will afford profit and delight to all who desire to keep the clear light of piety aglow in the soul.

SIAM AND LAOS. As seen by our American Missionaries. (Philadelphia: Presbyterian Board of Publication; Toronto: James Bain & Son.)—Most people who have cultivated the habit of reading find great interest as well as information in the perusal of good works descriptive of foreign lands. To average readers the Indo-Chinese Peninsula is comparatively unknown, though considerable interest, owing to aggressive French inroads, attaches to it at present. For nearly half a century missionaries of the American Presbyterian Church have been labouring in Siam and Laos and not without valuable and encouraging results. The present volume is compiled from materials furnished by them, and presents in short compass an excellent description of these far Eastern lands and their people. It is also admirably fitted to foster and extend the missionary spirit. The book is beautifully printed and copiously illustrated by good, clear engravings.

PRINCE SARONI'S WIFE, AND THE PEARL-SHELL NECKLACE. By Julian Hawthorne. Standard Library Series. (New York: Funk & Wagnall's; Toronto: William Briggs.)—Two stories that well illustrate Mr. Hawthorne's peculiar power. Each is of a tragical cast, and the latter especially has at times a dramatic intensity that becomes almost painful. Mr. Hawthorne, as did his father, embodies his most tragical conceptions in such simple and direct language, that the spell wrought upon the reader does not pass with the reading, but remains long after the book has been laid aside. There is a psychological value, too, in Mr. Hawthorne's work, which rewards a close study of his characters. He is not a mere storyteller, but, as well, an acute analyzer and a close student of human nature in some of its most perplexing phases. "Prince Saroni's Wife" is the tale of an Italian prince, and the "Pearl-Shell Necklace" is a story of American life.

FROM WEALTH TO POVERTY. By the Rev Austin Potter. (Toronto: William Briggs.)—As the full title, "From Wealth to Poverty; or the Tricks of the Traffic, a Story of the Drink Curse" indicates, this is what is usually called a temperance tale. It is, however, no ordinary one. Its author is in downright earnest in seeking the banishment of the drink plague from among men. The book is a fervent and powerful plea in behalf of temperance. There is no half-heartedness or a shadow of suspicion about it. There is nothing overdrawn or exaggerated in this excellently written story. It is strong and vigorous in sentiment and clear in style. Its publication is most opportune. Advocates of the Scott Act will find their zeal intensified by reading the book. Though it is admirably fitted for the present time it is worthy of a permanent place in temperance literature. It is another illustration of the adage, for it rests on a broad basis of fact, that truth is stranger than fiction. Both from its intrinsic merit and the cause it is designed to promote we cordially wish it a wide circulation.

ONLY a short time ago it was recorded that the Hon. D. A. Smith had, in the interest of the higher education of women, given to McGill College, Montreal, the handsome donation of \$50,000. It is now stated that if provision is made for the separate education of ladies in the same institution he is ready to give another sum of \$50,000. This generous and worthy employment of means by men of wealth has much to commend it. Wealthy men's ways are often imitated. It is best, however, when imitation is confined to good deeds. There are colleges sufficient to afford ample scope for the benefactions of opulent friends of learning.

Pastor and People.

CHRIST WILL NOT QUENCH THE SMOKING FLAX.

Christ will not quench the smoking flax. First, because this spark is from heaven, it is His own, it is kindled by His own spirit. And secondly, it tendeth to the glory of His powerful grace in His children, that He preserveth light in the midst of darkness, a spark in the midst of the swelling waters of corruption.

There is an especial blessing in that little spark: "when wine is found in a cluster, one saith, Destroy it not; for there is a blessing in it." Isa. lxxv. 8. We see how our Saviour Christ bore with Thomas in his doubting, John xv. 27; with the two disciples that went to Emmaus, who staggered "whether he came to redeem Israel or no," Luke xxiv. 21; he quenched not that little light in Peter, which was smothered. Peter denied him, but he denied not Peter, Matt. xxvi. "If thou wilt, thou canst," said one poor man in the Gospel, Matt. viii. 2; "Lord, if thou canst," said another, Mark ix. 22; both were this smoking flax, neither of both were quenched. If Christ had stood upon His own greatness, he would have rejected him that came with his *if*, but Christ answers as *if* with a gracious and absolute grant, "I will, be thou clean." The woman that was diseased with an issue did but touch, and with a trembling hand, and but the hem of His garment, and yet went away both healed and comforted. In the seven churches, Rev. ii. and iii., we see he acknowledgeth and cherisheth anything that was good in them. Because the disciples slept of infirmity, being oppressed with grief, our Saviour Christ frameth a comfortable excuse for them, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak," Matt. xxvi. 41.

If Christ should not be merciful, he would miss of his own ends: "there is mercy with thee that thou mayest be feared," Ps. cxxx. 4. Now all are willing to come under that banner of love which he spreadeth over His: "therefore to thee shall all flesh come," Ps. lxxv. 2. He useth moderation and care, "lest the spirit should fall before him, and the souls which he hath made," Isa. lvii. 16. Christ's heart yearned, the text saith, "when he saw them without meat, lest they should faint," Matt. xv. 32; much more will he have regard for the preventing of our spiritual faintings.

Here see the opposite disposition between the holy nature of Christ, and the impure nature of man. Man for a little smoke will quench the light; Christ ever we see cherisheth even the least beginnings. How bare He with the many imperfections of his poor disciples. If he did sharply check them, it was in love, and that they might shine the brighter. Can we have a better pattern to follow than this of Him by whom we hope to be saved? "We that are strong ought to bear with the infirmities of them that are weak," Rom. xv. 1. "I become all things to all men, that I may win some," 1 Cor. ix. 22. O that this gaining and winning disposition were more in many! Many, so far as in us lieth, are lost for want of encouragement. See how that faithful fisher of men, St. Paul, labours to catch his judge, "I know thou believest the prophets," Acts xxvi. 27; and then wisheth all saving good, but not words; he might have added them too, but he would not discourage one that made but an offer, he would therefore wish Agrippa only that which was good in religion. How careful was our blessed Saviour of little ones that they might not be offended, Matt. xii. xiii. How doth he defend His disciples from malicious imputations of the Pharisees! How careful not to put new wine into old vessels, Matt. ix. 17, not to alienate new beginners with the austerities of religion, as some indiscreetly. O, saith he, they shall have time to fast when I am gone, and strength to fast when the Holy Ghost is come upon them.

It is not the best way to fall foul presently with young beginners for some lesser vanities, but shew them a more excellent way, and breed them up in positive grounds, and other things will be quickly out of credit with them. It is not amiss to conceal their wants, to excuse some failings, to commend their performances, to cherish their towardness, to remove all rubs out of their way, to help them every way to bear the yoke of religion with greater ease, to bring them in love with God and His service, lest they distaste it before they know it. For the most part we see Christ patient in young beginners a love which we call "the first love," Rev. ii. 4, to carry them through their profession with more delight, and doth not expose them to crosses before they have gathered strength; as we breed up young plants, and fence from the weather, until they be rooted. Mercy to others should move us to deny ourselves in our lawful liberties oftentimes, in case of offence of weak ones; it is the "little ones that are offended," Matt. xviii. 6. The weakest are aptest to think themselves despised, therefore we should be most careful to give them content.

It were a good strife amongst Christians, one to labour to give no offence, and the other to labour to take none. The best men are severe to themselves, tender over others.

Yet people should not tire and wear out the pati-

ence of others; nor should the weaker so far exact moderation from others, as to bear out themselves upon their indulgence, and so to rest in their own infirmities, with danger to their own souls, and scandal to the church.

Christ refuseth none for weakness of parts, that none should be discouraged; accepteth of none for greatness, that none should be lifted up with what which is of so little reckoning with God. It is no great matter how dull the scholar be, when Christ taketh upon him to be the teacher, who as he prescribeth what to understand, so he giveth understanding itself even to the simplest.

The church suffereth much from weak ones, therefore we may challenge liberty to deal with them, as mildly, so oftentimes directly. The scope of true love is to make the party better, which by concealment oftentimes is hindered, with some a spirit of meekness prevaileth most, but with some a rod. Some must be "pulled out of the fire," Jude 23, with violence, and they will bless God for us in the day of their visitation. We see our Saviour multiplies woe upon woe when he was to deal with hard-hearted hypocrites, Matt. xxiii. 13, for hypocrites need stronger conviction than gross sinners, because their will is nought, and thereupon usually their conversion is violent. A hard knot must have an answerable wedge, else in a cruel pity we betray their souls. A sharp reproof sometimes is a precious pearl, and a sweet balm. The wounds of secure sinners will not be healed with sweet words. The Holy Ghost came as well in fiery tongues, as in the likeness of a dove, and the same Holy Spirit will vouchsafe a spirit of prudence and discretion, which is the salt to season all our words and actions. And such wisdom will teach us "to speak a word in season," Isa. l. 4, both to the weary, and likewise to the secure soul. And, indeed, he had need have "the tongue of the learned," Isa. l. 4, that shall either raise up or cast down; but in this place I speak of mildness towards those that are weak and are sensible of it. These we must bring on gently, and drive softly, as Jacob did his cattle, Gen. xxxiii. 14, according to their pace, and as his children were able to endure.

Weak Christians are like glasses which are hurt with the least violent usage, otherwise if gently handled will continue a long time. This honour of gentle use we are to give to "the weaker vessels," 1 Pet. iii. 7, by which we shall both preserve them, and likewise make them useful to the church and ourselves.

In unclean bodies if all ill humours be purged out, you shall purge life and all away. Therefore though God saith, that "he will fine them as silver is fined," Zech. xiii. 9; yet, Isa. xlviii. 10, he said, "he hath fined them, but not as silver," that is, so exactly as that no dross remaineth, for he hath respect to our weakness. Perfect refining is for another world, for the world of the souls of perfect men. *Richard Sibbes, D.D.*

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

SANCTE, SANCTE, SANCTE.

BY D. M., OWEN SOUND.

Sancte, sancte, sancte, O Deus prepotens;
Primo mane laudetur, O tua lenitas;
Sancte, sancte, sancte, clemens et prepotens,
Deus tribus personis, beata Trinitas!

Sancte, sancte, sancte, pii Te celebrant,
Proferent coronas ad vitream undam,
Angeli, archangeli, Tibi, omnes prociant
Qui eras, qui es, et eris eternum.

Sancte, sancte, sancte, quamvis absditus,
Egris nigratibus ob delicta eorum,
Saceratus tuum; ac semper magnificus
Clemens, misericors, plenus amorum.

Sancte, sancte, sancte, O Deus prepotens;
Cuncta Te cantant per omnes lucidas
Terras, in pontis; ac celo quisquam volens!
Deus tribus personis, beata Trinitas.

AN OLD TIME NEGRO PREACHER.

As "Brudder Yerkes" took his stand beside the desk he began a teetering motion, swayed, perhaps, by his feelings, as a balanced rock might have been by an earthquake. This was followed by a rapid guttural breathing, not unlike that I have heard among the Derwishes. He seemed to be firing up sufficient physical excitement to start the machinery of his mind. The audience also caught the magnetism before he uttered a word; some voices encouraging him with cries, "Go on, Brudder!" "Bress de Lor!" He suddenly broke into a rapid and rhapsodic speech, pumping up wind and sermion together, with both arms working violently from the shoulders. The words poured as though a mill-race. Sentences without substantives followed, sentences without predicates. Metaphors were mixed like the limbs of different trees whirled by a hurricane. The audience was soon swept along with the enthusiasm of the speaker, and showed every changing emotion on their faces, as well as by their exclamations.

At first the effect seemed to be due entirely to ani-

mal magnetism; but close attention discovered an unconscious logic; a practical arrangement of ideas, and a natural sequence of feeling throughout the discourse, which no lack of grammar could vitiate. In the morning I had attended service in the most respectable Presbyterian church in the place, and had heard a distinguished divine from the North; but I must confess that an analysis of the two sermons showed that "Brudder Yerkes" had the advantage of Dr. . . . in all that goes to make effective preaching. The coloured man's sermon was superior in outline, in aptness of Scripture illustration and in massing of motives, as it was in unctiousness of delivery.

The run of the sermon may be gathered from the following scraps which have lingered in my memory. "Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

"Oh, chillern, whar am de door? Speks yer t'ink it am de door ob hebbin'. Oh, dem gates ob pearl into de golden city! Oh, de door inter de Fader's house! Oh, let de angels swing 'em wide open on ter de hinges ob redemption' lub! But, chillern, dat's not de door dat yer and I is a watchin' yet."

"Speks yer t'ink it am de door ob de Church, Wide door, shua nuff! big as de door ob de Ark ob de Cubbinant; an' inter it go all de walkin' an' de creepin' tings, great, an small, rich an' poor, flyin' saint an' a-crawlin' sinner. But dat's not de door we's a watchin' dis artemoon."

"No, chillern; de door is de door in ter de heart. "But whar am a star'in' at de door? 'Taint no tramp come ter de shanty, like de debbil, a-stan'in' roun' to eat up suthin' waat he may devour. 'Taint no thief a-hangin' 'bout waitin' ter snatch some soul wid de claws ob de great temptation. 'Taint no 'cendary ter set yer on fire wid de 'ternal burnin'. But it's jus' de bestest frien' yer ebber could hab; wiser dan de white folks, kinder dan de fader what tooted yer when yer was a baby, an' more lubbin' dan de mudder what nussed yer. It's de Lor' Jesus a-stan'in' at de door; His head white as de light ob de noon-shine, an' a-glisterin' wid de dew, an' all ober as lubly as de rose ob Sharon. An' he done bring de bread fur de soul, an' de wine fur de sperrit, an' de pearls ob great price fur de eberlastin' rejoicin'."

"An' whar am He doin' at de door? Only jus' a-knockin', an' a-sayin' 'Oh, poor sinner, let me in! I'se come ter supper wid yer!' Did yer nebber hear Him a-knockin'? He knocks wid de conscience when de sin am a-troublin'. He knocks wid de fear when de doctor am a-feelin' ob de pulse, an' He say, 'I am de great physicianer.' He knocks wid de hungerin' an' de thirsterin' arter righteousness, when de husks ob de worl' turn de stomach. He knocks soft and gentle when dar's a coffin in de cabbin. He knocks like de thunder when yer wont hear Him in no tudder ways."

"Better let Him in! Let Him in, Susan! Let Him in, Daniel! He's a-callin' yer by yer name, fur He aint no stranger; knows everybody a heap sight better than he knows hisself. Oh, chillern, let in de Lor' Jesus; an' when de front door ob de heart swings wide open, de hull sky full ob glory will come a-rushin' in too, fur de Lor' Jesus am clothed wid de rainbow, an' walks in de shoes ob sapphire."

"Now why don't yer let Him in? Oh! it's cause yer got de bar up—bar ob yer selfishness, bar ob yer drinkin', bar ob yer dancin', an' de bar ob yer foolin'. Oh, take de bar down, chillern! Did yer yar de screechin' dis mornin', when de fire done burnt up de cabin an' de little baby in it? O Lor', help Aunt Rachel, an' don't keep her refusin' to be comforted 'cause her baby aint no more. Mudder lef' de chile in de cabin an' locked de door. When de fire was a-shootin' from de winder, big men said, 'Open dis door, an' we'll save yer.' But de baby couldn't open de door. Oh, how de tears run down yer cheeks, all fur that baby! But better cry some fur yerself, now, 'cause de flames ob de eberlastin' burnin' has a-coched on ter de cabin ob yer own life; an' de Lor' Jesus He's a-stan'in' at de door. But some of yer can't let Him in, any more dan dat baby. Yer's frowed away yer strength; yer's lost yer resolution; or yer's all upshot wid de suddingness ob de hell-a-bustin' out in yer. Oh! chillern, open de door dis yer bressed munt, before it am eberlastin'ly too late." etc.

The swaying motion was kept up for a few moments after the preacher had ceased speaking, when he suddenly dropped into the chair from utter exhaustion.

"An' now," said the pastor, "when de choir hab stopped cryin', dey will sing a hymn, an' we'll put all de pennies we's got inter de box, and de white folks will put in de silver, for de relief ob Aunt Rachel.—*Dr. James M. Ludlow.*

TO-DAY RATHER THAN TO-MORROW.

It is better to give to-day than to-morrow, for no one knows how long he will be able to give. God always gives with a liberal hand; and if it is a blessing for us to give, let us not measure our alms with a penurious and covetous spirit. God also cheerfully lets us have the best He has; and if our alms are a sacrifice of praise, let us not corrupt it with the leaven of covetousness, but accompany it with the sweet incense of a complete dedication of ourselves to God.

THE UNEQUAL CONTEST.

"Crush him!" "Freeze him out!" "Starve him out!" "Kill him." These are the actual phrases much in use in this most Christian age; and while possibly, they are not spoken out by all the directors that vote in the board-meeting of the great monopoly yet they are behind all the votes as hand after hand goes up.

Who is the victim? What is the question before these directors, many of whom are members of Christian churches? Why, the question is, What will the Great Concern do with some thrifty Small Concern that is growing apace and competing for a part of the profits? The victim is the young and pushing owner of Small Concern. Now, Small Concern has had several years of the kindly shelter of insignificance. Like a bean-sprout beneath a cabbage-leaf, Small Concern has been growing up under the shade of contempt kind contempt, for which thank heaven!

"Now, then, gentlemen of the Board, what shall we do with Small Concern? He will soon be like us."

The answers given above are the first conclusions. The process begins, and is faithfully pursued, and in more ways than can here be described. It is very relentless. The suffering is all on one side, and it is severe, advancing to terrible. Small Concern soon must sleep on his arms; and, before long, is twenty-four hours in saddle every day. His nerves quiver with the tension. He fights millions and does it with a few thousands; but he is not conquered. He started to keep up his strength by feeding on hope; but he is soon high-fed on indignation, on anger, on the rage of desperation, and contempt of the cool, sleek gentlemen who are grinding him slowly to powder.

Then Small Concern enlists the help of public sympathy. He tells his story and appeals to the community to help themselves by helping him; he assures us that he is our defender against the encroachments of extortion. He usually excites us to the point of patronage; we buy of him, if the cost is the same, and refuse to buy of Monopoly. We hurrah for Small Concern invariably, for that never costs us anything. The public becomes so inflamed at length that here, and there, a benevolent lover of "liberty and a free country" offers a loan to Small Concern, thus helping him to fight a little longer, our champion!

At this stage Monopoly, having another board-meeting, and the matter coming up incidentally, asks several fresh questions. "We haven't crushed, nor frozen, nor starved, nor killed this plucky little fellow yet?"

"No, sirs. And we had better buy him."
"True, he gives evidence of ability. Get his price. There is, of course, no doubt that he has one. Make a bid and knock him down among us."

This being the process by which nearly all the directors have themselves, in times past, been "knocked down," and then straightened up on their feet again subsequently by the big-brained fellow who owns them all, it is thought to be an honour, and the motion is carried unanimously. Only men of the first grade are bought. All others are killed and thrown to the dunghill, wife, children, hopes and fears. Most of these first grade purchases are pretty badly shaken before they are bid in; generally wind-broken, spavined, and with a tendency to staggers, so nearly used up that they will make no trouble for the big-brained fellow who really owns them. Then they are grained up.

The proposition is made to Small Concern. It means instantaneous ease. "Sell out," and yet he is in, instead of out. To sell is not to sell the business, but himself. To sell is to see Small Concern become an integral part of the one Vast Concern. You part with no property no, not a dime's worth; you own all you owned before, and in addition are owned yourself. Big-brain says, "All yours is yours, and you are mine. See?" Small Concern deliberates and is tired; wants to go to Europe as the physician directs; wants to live a little longer.

Skip all attempts at explanation. You will be in Paris, you know. You will slip out of notice and go quietly out of business. Who would not decline to be killed, if he could, so politely? Who would not gratify his wife, so long pleading that he "give this struggle over, before he go crazy?"

Well, the Scotch Covenanters and Netherland Protestants would not, though they had many an overture from kings and prelates. The Puritans would not; our Continental fathers would not. Indeed, there have been a few in this business and ever since the world began, who would not sell out even to get in, if they could. But, then, that was the old fashion. It has been said that he who would save others himself cannot save. But that, too, was a long time before Herbert Spencer taught us of "egoism versus altruism."

One of these days we shall have our commercial hero in this commercial age. Be of good hope, reader. Ages of war have had their soldier heroes; ages of discovery, their venturesome sailors; ages of religious strife, their apostles of the new old gospel; ages of social adjustment, their publicists and reformers. The age will have its men of principle, who will fight long after peace is offered them by the rug; fight long after they need to for their own defence; fight for the

sake of routing and helping to break forever the new feudalism which leagued monopoly is to-day fastening upon us.

But for the present, alas, that great city whose merchandise is silver, and gold, and precious stones, and oil, and fine flour, and horses, and chariots, and slaves and souls of men.— Rev. Emory J. Haynes.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

CHRISTMAS OFFERING.

BY MARGARET MOSCUP, ST. MARY'S.

Behold the Star of Bethlehem,
That shines in eastern sky,
For thousands gaze upon it there,
While millions sleeping lie.

Near nineteen centuries have past,
Since wise men from afar,
Worshipped the babe in manger laid,
Led there by Bethlehem's star.

They worshipped, and they offered gifts,
Gold, incense, spices rare;
And then returned another way,
To avoid King Herod's snare.

The crafty monarch feigned that he
Would go and worship, too;
But when he saw they mocked him,
Then Bethlehem's babes he slew.

A fearful cry from mothers' hearts,
Was heard upon that day,
When Herod sent his messenger,
Those innocents to slay.

He thought to slay the Prince of Peace,
The Virgin's holy Son,
The gift of God, sent down to earth,
Before His work began.

While angels sang of peace and joy,
Good will to men is shown;
The very depths of hell were stirred,
To have it overthrown.

For Satan stood Prime Minister
At Herod's royal court,
And schemed to carry out the plan,
Of all that hellish sport.

But none could slay the Prince of Life,
Who came on earth to die;
'Twas mercy to our fallen race
That brought Him from the sky.

My life is mine, I lay it down,
Thus spake the Holy One;
'Tis mine, to take it up again,
When I my work have done.

'Tis finished, was His latest cry,
Then bowed His head and died;
God's justice then was fully met,
The law was satisfied.

Believe upon the Son of God,
And thou shalt be forgiven;
Faith is the key, and Christ the door,
By which we enter heaven.

Let love and mercy fill our hearts,
In proof of our belief;
To others let us kindness show,
And love to give relief.

FAITHFUL OVER A FEW THINGS.

Christianity emphasizes little things. It never confounds bigness with greatness, nor identifies the smallness with the meanness of an act. Perhaps it would be more correct to say that it disregards the distinctions of great and little and lays down distinctions of a deeper and truer sort. We too often judge by the seeing of the eye or the hearing of the ear. Jesus judged by the insight of the mind. We too often decide by the magnitude of an act, Jesus by the spirit of it. And thus he gives us classifications of conduct which at the first blush are somewhat startling, but which when examined are found to be very deep and true. "He that looks upon a woman to lust after her is an adulterer," He says; and "he that says to his brother, Thou fool, is in danger of the fires of Gehenna." If hard, these are nevertheless true utterances, for adultery begins in the lustful look, and murder is but the intensification of the passion which at first found vent in angry words. On the other hand, He assures us, that they who at the bidding of a pure and loving heart give a cup of cold water to a needy one secure the divine "Well done." Of the woman who washed His feet and wiped them with the hair of her head, He said her act should be borne in everlasting remembrance, and upon the other woman who cast her mite into the treasury, He pronounced a blessing which the greater but more ostentatious donations of others failed to win. This, too, is sound and true teaching. A little girl who simply gives a cup of cold water to a wayside-beggar, or a slice of bread to a hungry invalid, may be actuated by exactly the same divine feeling as that which sent Howard to

the prisons and hospitals of Europe, or which poured itself in comfort and healing from the lips and hands of Florence Nightingale upon the starved and wounded soldiers at Scutari. And if so, however different in outward seeming, in the range of their influence, in the duration of their issues, in the magnitude of their working—these actions are the same in essence, and in the eye of God the first must be as fair and beautiful as any others. A man who does his best, all that his abilities and circumstances will allow—though that is small—in the regards of the moral law is as worthy as some abler or more fortunately circumstanced neighbour, who may do much more. He who firmly and manfully resents the oppression of some local tyrant is brother to him who delivers a nation from despotism, and the woman who fills a small circle with love and harmony is sister to her whose genius and position may radiate these blessings over a circle of far immenser sweep. The mental elements involved in these respective actions may be extremely different, but the moral elements are the same; just as it is the same attraction which brings a stone to the earth or holds a planet to the sun, and fidelity in the use of two talents or of one is the same thing as fidelity in the use of five or ten, just as pleasing to all good men, just as acceptable to God. —Presbyterian Banner.

MANLINESS.

In a lecture delivered recently, Rev. Reuben Thomas, of Brookline, said:—His subject was "Manliness." He defined it as containing six essential elements—truthfulness, integrity, goodness, strength, thoroughness, and self-control. Truth, he said, is the correct apprehension of things. We may not always be correct in our apprehensions, but we can always take good heed to be rigidly faithful in putting things exactly as we see them. Integrity in the ordinary use of the word is trust-worthiness. The man of integrity does what he undertakes to do in the best and purest way he knows how. The man who can be bribed to do what he knows is wrong toward the trust committed to him is not upright. There is no integrity in him. There is much in the world which passes for goodness, but the manly quality is not in it. Lacking this, it becomes what we call "goody-goodyness." Christ's piety was not pietism; not at all like that jealous, distrustful, fault-finding, whimpering, whining thing, which is only as the crab to the good, sweet, luscious Baldwin apple. And piety, which is tart, acid, setting your teeth on edge, is not manly, nor is it womanly, and so spurious. Piety without good-heartedness, great-heartedness, is to say the least, grievously defective. Goodness has ever in it the elements of sensitiveness and high-mindedness—without which there is no true manliness. The putting restraint upon self, this is one of the most practically valuable elements in a manly character. The man who has no control over his speech and temper is simply a bully. In the days of youth, when habits are forming, if only we could be persuaded of the importance of self-control, the whole life would be brighter, sunnier, happier, for the effort we made to bring the lower nature under the power of the higher. Manliness affects utterance. If we will only attend to it, there are wonderful revelations of character in the tones of the human voice. It pronounces exaggeration to be falsehood, and compels intellect and emotion to step together. If I were to present this subject in its fullest expression, I should have to speak of the Man of men. Put what emphasis you are capable of on the words *the man* Christ Jesus, you cannot make them too emphatic.

THE INNER WITNESS.

Much is said and written at the present day on the external proofs of Christianity, and comparatively little is heard of its experimental evidence. And yet, in the great majority of cases, the latter carries a force of conviction which the former never can have. Joseph Cook has this to say on the subject: "The Apostolic Church has much of the inner witness, we have made too little of it. Turn a telescope on a star. At the instant when the telescope has reached the right position the light flashes through the tube and produces an image of the star in the dark chambers of the telescope. Just so when the human will yields to God, there flashes through the human spirit the light from the orb of heaven, and there is found within us the star of a sense of forgiveness, a star which the Bible itself calls the day star, and unto which, as it avers, we do well to give heed. The inner sense of forgiveness has been made too emphatic in certain systems of theology. But in other systems it has by no means been made emphatic enough. I am not opposed to the mystic side of Christianity because I so rarely emphasize it. My business is with relations of religion and science. Put together the scientific and mystic sides of religion, and this full representation of Christian truth will overpower all opposition."

LET us take care how we speak to those who have "fallen on life's field." Help them up, do not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict. We did not know the scars.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1884.

THE son of a Scottish Manse, resident in New York, possessing a lengthened journalistic experience, writes "THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN is simply the best two dollars' worth I have ever seen."

ATTENTION is directed to the thrilling narrative entitled "Kashiba's Story," appearing on another page. It is from the pen of a distinguished Canadian *litterateur*, whose contributions grace the pages of the leading magazines of the day.

THE folly of the prohibitionists who persisted in running a prohibition ticket at the presidential elections is now bearing its legitimate fruit. Seventeen cities of Massachusetts held their municipal elections a few days ago. Out of these seventeen, eight last year decided to have no license. This year only three so decided and in those three the liquor vote was greatly increased. A few days ago Ex-governor St John, the prohibitionist candidate, could scarcely get a hearing at the State Temperance Convention in Topeka, Kansas, and when heard the five minute rule was severely applied to him. A short time ago he was the most popular prohibitionist in the West. In Maryland the home of Mr. Daniels, prohibition candidate for the Vice-Presidency, six elections have lately been held in local option counties that formerly gave majorities for prohibition, and the temperance candidates were badly beaten in every one of them. Republicans blame the prohibitionists for defeating Blaine and they naturally take every opportunity to defeat them. All this comes from mixing prohibition with party politics. There is a lesson here for Canadians. The wonderful success of the Scott Act arises largely from the fact that the agitation has been kept aloof from politics. Tories and Liberals have united in favour of prohibition. Some of these days a few fanatics may combine and insist on running prohibition candidates at parliamentary elections. When that day comes, if it does come, the temperance cause in Canada will go back twenty years. Every attempt in that direction should be promptly stamped out. We should learn wisdom from the mistakes of our neighbours.

THE refusal of the people to allow the reporters to remain at a Congregational meeting, lately held in Toronto, has given rise to some discussion about the right

of the press to report such proceedings. Some innocent people seem to think the interest taken by the press in meetings of that kind is an innovation which has come in with American and Canadian sensational journalism. They seem to think newspapers never interfere with the church "in the old country." Those good souls can never have seen a copy of the Edinburgh *Scotsman*. In a file of that journal the names of the late Dr. Begg and of Dr. Rainy appear about as often as the names of Sir John and Mr. Blake appear in the *Globe* and *Mail*. In a recent issue of that journal there is an editorial article just a column in length sneering in the most contemptuous manner at one of the Greenock ministers because he said he had some difficulty in deciding between fields of labour offered him. It is broadly hinted that he kept the question before "a throne of grace" until some matters in one of the congregations should be settled. Few papers in this Dominion would have published that article even in the form of a letter, much less as an editorial. We question very much if there is one paper in the Dominion that would have published it in any form. In the same issue there is a report of an alleged "heresy hunt" in the Free Church in Leith, racy enough for a Chicago journal. Some of our dailies may be rather fond of sensational headings and they may have a weakness for giving undue prominence to the "spicy" part of a report, but they treat church matters on the whole in a good spirit. There is no venom in Canadian journals when they discuss church questions.

A READER of most of the Republican journals during the late presidential canvass would have come to no other conclusion, if he believed one half he read, than that Grover Cleveland was one of the worst men in the United States. Since his election several facts have come to light which prove that, notwithstanding his one sad lapse, the President elect has some of the noblest qualities of our fallen nature. His father, who was a Presbyterian minister in York State, died about thirty years ago, leaving a widow and nine children, four of whom were younger than Grover. Though then but seventeen years of age he obtained a situation as teacher and gave his earnings cheerfully for the support of his widowed mother and the younger children. So sensitive was he about her support that he refused to allow her to draw upon the widows' fund of the church, preferring to help her with his own scant earnings. During the years that he studied law he did all in his power to help her, and when he entered upon the practice of his profession and made money in abundance, he voluntarily denied himself many luxuries, and provided liberally for his aged mother and the younger members of the family. His eldest sister is the wife of a Presbyterian missionary in India. The stipend of her husband has been regularly supplemented for many years by this brother, and four of her children brought home and educated by him. Cleveland cannot be such a monster after all as the party journals tried to make him appear. There is a great offset to his sad lapse. But when would one hear anything from the politicians about this offset? And may it not be true that the public men of Canada about whom we read such hard things every day have a good many good qualities about which no one ever hears until they die

THE Franchise Bill lately passed by the Gladstone Government *i. e.* the franchise to about two millions of voters. It would not be a surprise if these newly enfranchised electors turned the Grand Old Man out of office at the next general election. Such things do sometimes happen. The late George Brown had a solid answer for his opponents when they charged him with agitating for reforms to increase his popularity. It was that the man who fights for reforms and secures them never gets the popularity. This is sadly true of the Church as well as of the State. We could name at least one worthy minister who in years gone by brought no small amount of odium upon himself by advocating reforms in our Colleges and Home Mission. Centralization in Home Mission work and entrance examination by a board as well as by Presbyteries were not introduced without some opposition and a good deal of friction. The Church enjoys the advantages of both now and would never even dream of going back to the old systems. Many a minister suffers because he has been compelled by duty to do some unpleasant work in his congregation. He finds

perhaps that a change of organization or a change of men are necessary and the changes are made. The making of them, however, produces so much friction that the minister has to go. The useless men who lose office and the fossils who admire the old worn-out machinery that would not run are too much for him. A good easy man comes, who has no changes to make and he runs the new machinery without any friction. Everybody likes him. Three-fourths of his success arises from the efforts of his banished predecessor. Might not Christian men give a little credit to workers who are forced to do rough work? But they don't, more's the pity.

FEAR NOT; FOR BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS.

THOUGH the precise date of the birth of our Saviour may not now be definitely ascertained, and though a profitless discussion as to the exact chronology of the most important event in the annals of time may be continued, in almost every country under Heaven, those who bear the Christian name celebrate the twenty-fifth of December as one of the happiest days of the whole year. Throughout Europe and America, in far India, in the British possessions, at the Antipodes the people delight to observe the recognized natal day of the Founder of our holy religion.

Foreign missionaries in their distant homes feel the gladdening influences of the season. They recount the mercies they have experienced, they think lovingly of the dear ones in their native land, and look forward with renewed hope and faith for the coming of the day when all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God. In beleaguered Khar'oum the faithful and heroic Gordon and his followers, amid their anxieties and distractions, will have some time to think of the past, and their friends far away. Our fellow-countrymen on the Nile expedition will not forget the Canadian homes darkened by the loss of those who have perished in the waters of the ancient river.

It is a privilege that the busy wheels of industry cease for a day to revolve. The steady round, the ceaseless monotony of toil, prepares for the real enjoyment of the day that brings a brief respite to most people. Home on that day is peculiarly attractive. There may be piercing cold without, or the snowflakes quickly falling; but home has a sunshine and gladness of its own. It is diffusive. The aged inmates who have well nigh done with the interests and anxieties of earlier days, smile benignantly on the joyous faces of their grandchildren reflecting back their happiness. And the children! How artless and unaffected their delight as the gifts the morning brings them are gazed on with rapture for the twentieth time. Enjoy the day while you may before care sets its impress on your young hearts. Only when you are so glad yourselves, don't be too selfish in your joy. He whose birth in Bethlehem is celebrated loved the children as He loved all with a boundless love, lived and died to bless others.

The varied round of human life is neither all sunshine nor gloom. Many homes will be brightened with Christmastide mirth and gladness; there will also be many at this season of depression where gloom and despondency lie like a thick, dark cloud. To many at best the day will be cheerless. To think kindly of the downtrodden in the weary march of life is something; to impart some practical benefit is better. Even among the heathen generosity was a much lauded virtue; it is an essential characteristic of practical Christianity. Peace on earth and good will to men was a benison not for one brief day in the year, but for every day throughout all time.

Christmas day not only brings back to memory the melodious song of the angels which has continued in its immortal beauty, to echo down the ages it speaks to the inmost heart of all believers of the advance of that kingdom the Prince of Peace has founded. It is to the world a prophecy of that blessed time when angelic voices shall again take up the song of victory, "The kingdoms of this world have become the kingdom of our Lord and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever."

To our readers we send the customary greetings of the season, A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR, none the less sincerely because it is a good old custom. May the peace of God rule in the hearts, and the love of God rest in the thousands of homes into which THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN is an invited guest.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

A TIME-HONoured usage is the New Year call. Like many other things it may mean much or it may mean little. The friendly interchange of greetings and well wishes is all well enough, and to this no reasonable person can object. Many of the ordinary courtesies and civilities of life, possessing but little significance in themselves, are nevertheless of considerable value in promoting friendly intercourse. Brusqueness and angularities are toned down, and much irritation is avoided by the exercise of a little civility. In mankind naturally there lingers a little of the savage, which at the slightest provocation is only too ready to reveal itself. It may be perfectly true that these cheap courtesies afford but a thin veneer. Still it is better than the rough and gnarled surface of an unpolished nature.

Genuine friendship, even social amenities, demand something more than the meaningless formalities of what is often understood to be included in the society call, though even that is not without its use. The New Year call, is not in itself to be condemned as a meaningless sham. People whose busy days exclude them from opportunities of visiting, save at rare intervals, find the first day of the year a suitable and appropriate time for making a circuit among their friends and acquaintances. The brief but jocund salutations and fervent good wishes shed a gleam of pleasure on many circles, and the bonds of friendship are strengthened.

It is, however, deeply to be regretted that around this good old custom of New Year's visiting reprehensible customs should have been entwined. On all hands it is now acknowledged that the habit of treating visitors to intoxicating drinks is an objectionable one. The folly of the custom is freely conceded but it still lingers. Even yet the later visits are accomplished under considerable difficulties, affording anything but pleasure to either party. Such a state of things is felt to be degrading, and the time-worn excuses have a dreadfully hollow ring about them. It has to be cheerfully confessed that of late years there has been a marked progress in social reform, but most people now ask that the habit of providing ardent refreshments be reformed out of existence. Wine is now rarely offered to callers on New Year's day, but in too many cases it is in presence and the temporary guest is at liberty to help himself. To a great extent this throws the responsibility upon the caller, but not altogether. It is a lingering and unnecessary sacrifice to a belated superstition. The good ladies who make such provision for their friends have no intention of doing evil, but consistency and principle alike require the removal of what might cause their neighbours to offend.

The well-nigh exploded idea that a generous hospitality is incompatible with strictly temperance principles still influences some to continue a custom after they are convinced that it is useless if not dangerous. Several years ago it required some degree of courage to depart from general usage. It requires no sacrifice now. In the name of common sense, to mention nothing higher, let the New Year call and the intoxicating cup be forever dissociated. The pleasure and happiness of received and receiver will be greatly increased, not diminished. Whether other refreshments should or should not be provided we do not presume to say. It is morals not manners with which we are chiefly concerned. Whatever tends, though in a modified way, to countenance and perpetuate the drinking usages should have no place in well-regulated Christian homes. We cordially wish all our readers a happy and a pleasant time, and a Happy New Year on which they are about to enter. The discontinuance of an indefensible habit, we are sure will cause no one the slightest regret. It will add to, not detract from, the happiness of all concerned.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

THE missionary meeting! What mingled memories, and varied associations the well-known words recall. They will revive recollections in the minds of older readers of the days when railway facilities were not, when tasteful Presbyterian church edifices now to be seen throughout the land, were unbuilt, when earnest, self-sacrificing pioneers in the work of the Gospel visited in succession the scattered groups of Presbyterian families who had gone into the forest to rear homes for themselves and lay the foundation of industrious well-doing. Stirring addresses on missions would be

delivered to small but deeply interested audiences. From these meetings great things have come. Impulses were received that are felt in the larger and better organized missionary efforts of the Church at the present time. From several of our country congregations have come the best missionaries now labouring so devotedly in the home and foreign fields.

The days referred to were days of leisure compared with our own. People in the country could in many cases devote a whole day to the missionary meeting and think it well spent. That cannot now be looked for, but the missionary meeting for diffusing intelligence, quickening zeal, and enabling the people to realize their responsibility relating to the extension of the Gospel is of as much importance as ever. It might, it ought to become much more effective than it has yet been. It has rendered important service in the past; it is capable of doing still more valuable work in the future.

The other week reference was made to the splendid meetings held in Erskine Church, Montreal, where the various congregations united in holding a series of anniversary missionary meetings. The condition and claims of the principal missionary agencies of the Church were ably and eloquently discussed by leading ministers. To the enterprising friends in Montreal distance is no obstacle. Though there is a traditional belief that wisdom comes from the east, they never hesitate to invite representative brethren from the west to take part in these great missionary gatherings. The plan has wrought admirably in Montreal. In other centres it might also be adopted with like good results. There are many places, however, where this would be inapplicable. In different localities conditions vary; what might be the best possible method in one place would be unsuitable in another. The result is the chief thing to be aimed at—a hearty and soul-inspiring meeting in every congregation throughout the Church.

It is true of the past that in some instances the annual missionary meeting was almost extinguished by dullness and lack of adaptation. Estimable brethren would deliver long—very long—addresses without point and without definite aim. They started with the correct idea that the field is the world, and they therefore felt that they had a roving commission. These days, we repeat, have gone by. In every Presbytery of the Church, in every district, ministers are found who can speak most effectively on the various aspects of mission work. All that is needed is the proper distribution of topics. One brother excels in statistical statement. He thoroughly grasps his subject, and can make it comprehensible and interesting to any audience; another, better skilled in the figures of speech, has also abundant scope for the exercise of his gift. A third, who has himself been deeply interested in the history of missions, will be able to communicate an array of facts no less interesting to his hearers, while many others can speak eloquently on the duty of preaching the Gospel to every creature. In all cases there must be faithful and careful preparation. No man can hold the attention of his fellowmen on any subject by merely talking purposeless platitudes. The missionary meeting might be made a far more powerful agency than it now is, stimulating to holy consecration, and well-directed activity in promoting the one great purpose for which the Christian Church exists—the proclamation of the Gospel of the blessed God, for the advancement of His glory in the rescue of the perishing.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

IN the work of education the most perplexing problem to solve is the one frequently termed "the religious difficulty." It has presented itself wherever a national system of education has been adopted. In England and Scotland, where an admirable system is now maintained, it took many years to reach a practical harmonizing of what for a long time appeared to be irreconcilable contradictions. Churchmen and Non-conformists in England confronted each other. North of the Tweed, Presbyterianism for a time maintained a three-cornered contest. The Established Churchman thought the admirable system of parish schools, once so suitable for the whole country but failing where the want of educational facilities were most needed, in the large cities, should remain unchanged. The Free Churchman wanted a national system, but he wanted that system to embrace religious instruc-

tion. The unflinching United Presbyterian voluntary demanded a national system of education, but contended that the State was not competent either to teach religion or to pay for its being taught. Various conciliatory measures were doomed to failure. At last the conclusion was reached that to secure a great public good, on which the welfare of the nation depended, certain compromises had to be made. No section of the community could have its own way altogether. No particular church could impose its peculiar ideas on the great body of the people. The large-minded and large-hearted ministers of all denominations sought for principles of harmony, not for points of difference. In reference to the Scottish educational measure, while it was being popularly discussed, the Rev. William Arnot in his hearty, generous and effective way urged its adoption, saying of Lord-Advocate McLaren's Bill: It is not the best possible measure, but it is the best we can get. He was tired of always objecting. He desired progress.

Here in Canada the desire for more effective religious teaching in our public schools has been strongly expressed by earnest men. It is pleasing to learn that their efforts have apparently brought about an important practical result. The Provincial Minister of Education, who has been indefatigable in his efforts to secure the efficiency of our educational system, obtained the services of competent clergymen representing the leading Christian Churches in the Province to revise a volume of Scripture Readings, containing a course of lessons so arranged as to include the most instructive portions of both the Old and New Testaments. It also contains forms of prayer suitable for use in the Public and High Schools.

The new regulations regarding the reading of the Bible and prayer in the Public and High Schools, approved by the Lieutenant-Governor in Council, are as follows:—

1. Every Public and High School shall be opened with the Lord's Prayer, and closed with the reading of the Scriptures and the Lord's Prayer, or the prayer sanctioned by the Department of Education.
2. The portions of Scripture used shall be taken from selections authorized for that purpose, by the Department of Education, and shall be read without comment or explanation.
3. Where a teacher claims to have conscientious scruples against opening and closing the school as herein provided, he shall notify the trustees to that effect in writing.
4. No pupil shall be required to take part in the exercises above referred to against the wish of his parent or guardian, expressed in writing to the master of the school.
5. When required by the Trustees the Ten Commandments shall be repeated at least once a week.
6. The Trustees shall place a copy of the authorized Readings in each department of the Public and High Schools under their jurisdiction, within one year from the date hereof.
7. The clergy of any denomination or their authorized representatives, shall have the right to give religious instruction to the pupils of their own church, in each school-house at least once a week, after the hour of closing of the school in the afternoon; and if the clergy of more than one denomination apply to give religious instruction in the same school-house, the School Board or trustees shall decide on what day of the week the school-house shall be at the disposal of the clergyman of each denomination, at the time above stated. But it shall be lawful for the School Board or trustees and clergyman of any denomination to agree upon any hour of the day at which a clergyman, or his authorized representative, may give religious instruction to the pupils of his own church, provided it be not during the regular hours of the school.

As the Regulations prescribing the Hours of Daily Teaching, provide that they shall not exceed six hours in duration, but "a less number of hours of daily teaching may be determined upon in any Public School, at the option of the trustees," arrangements may therefore easily be made by the trustees for closing the ordinary school work earlier than the usual hour, on certain days, so that time may be given for religious instruction.

The excellent plan adopted may not be a perfect solution of the religious difficulty in our Provincial system of education, but taking a comprehensive view of the various conflicting elements that must be considered, if any satisfactory practical result is to be arrived at, it is in every respect the best yet offered. It ought to be received in a spirit of candour, and given a fair trial.

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Choice Literature.

SINGING IN THE SNOW.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.—BY MARION HARLAND.

I raised my head from my folded arms and looked around the rooms which held all my worldly goods. They were three in number—bed room, kitchen and parlour. We ate and sat in the latter, and the tea-table was in the middle of the floor, ready for the evening meal. The china, cut-glass and silver upon it—even the damask cloth, made the other furniture the more shabby by contrast. A cheap carpet—and such a one has an offensive style peculiar to itself, of proclaiming its real value,—a chintz-covered lounge, and two arm-chairs to match; quite at the back of the room, the piano which was my only brother's wedding-present to me,—these, with half-a-dozen light, cane-seated chairs furnished the twelve-by-twelve apartment. My mother's likeness was over the mantle; three or four engravings hung against the tawdry paper of the walls; there were white Holland blinds at the windows—straight and ghastly in the twilight creeping down into the narrow street. This was what I called "home!" I, whose love of the beautiful had been a passion from my babyhood; whose first step had been upon a velvet carpet; with whom purple and fine linen were daily wear; sweet sounds and fair sights and dainty diet so much a matter of course that when poverty came into our abode—a giant armed, I laughed to scorn his fierce visage, played with his weapon as an ignorant child might toy with a poisoned dagger. Blessed ignorance it was which had saved my poor old Ned from what he dreaded as the bitterest ingredient in the cup so forcibly and suddenly given him to drink—the sight of my dismay, the hearing of my wails over departed prosperity. I was bright and hopeful in those first dark days—"his angel of cheer," he said.

He never called me that now. How could he, when with experience of poverty's real ills—the shutting out of the warm, beautiful summer world in which I had disported myself for twenty-three years—the hard, unromantic drudgery of every-day life,—horror and loathing, then, despair, had laid hold upon my soul! I never reproached my husband with the loss of my sunshine. In my most rebellious moments I acknowledged that he was not to blame, but the villainy of others, yet my evil case was none the easier to bear on this account. He had given up his law office and the small practice he had gained as a young lawyer whose ample means made him indifferent to patronage, and was now earning our living—just that and nothing more, by hard work in the office of a daily newspaper,—toiling with pen and scissors as might any man who had been "brought up" to the printer's trade! I think this hurt me worst of all. It was so like harnessing Pegasus to a street dray, or setting blind Samson to grind in the Philistine mill.

"It is the duty nearest my hand, pet," he said in answer to my outburst of tearful remonstrance. "I must grasp the first handle turned toward me, let it be rough or smooth."

No other had yet been offered him, and we had lived three years in these three rooms, upon the second "flat" of a plain frame house in an unfashionable street. I had dropped out of society. Fine dresses, a smiling face, and a merry tongue, spacious rooms and money with which to reciprocate hospitality were essentials in social intercourse. Having none of these, I was a dead woman out of mind to my former friends, and I made no new ones. People become bores when they can talk of nothing but their own miseries, and what other topics had I at my command? I detested the household details which were the staple of conversation with my present neighbours. I baked, boiled, roasted and seasoned with the precision of an automaton. They did the same *con amore*, never having cared for anything better. I had—yet I had not opened the piano in six months, nor read a new book in the same time. I was always too weary, or too wretched. Life was such a hard pull and the up-hill road so rough and miry. That very day—the 24th of December—Ned and I had almost quarrelled about a couple of tickets which had fallen to his lot in the Editor's office—orders of admittance to a lecture advertised for Christmas Eve, as the most brilliant of a popular course.

"Just the thing you would enjoy!" he said, coaxingly. "Just the thing I used to like, you mean?" I retorted. "I have forgotten how to enjoy anything. And the hat I have been re-trimming to-day would be disgraceful beside the fine feathers I should see there. But I wish you would go, Ned! Never mind me!"

"As if I minded anything else!" returned he, with unusual sharpness. "You know I would coin my heart's blood into gold, if money could buy you happiness!"

The applied doubt nettled me. "There is no place upon God's earth for the poor!" I rejoined. "They ought to be killed off by Act of Congress!"

He said nothing. That was his way when I was very unreasonable or petulant. He only kissed me and went off to his afternoon work. And I, when I put the room in order, and laid the table for tea, sat down with my sewing by the window, and drew tighter the bands of despondency and doubt of God and man about my heart with every stitch, until, between the cloudy twilight and the mist in my eyes, I could see no longer. Then, I laid my arms upon my work-stand—a pillow for my aching head—and "continued the subject."

Christmas Eve! We had spent but one in the elegant home in which I had begun housekeeping, but what a glad, social party we had assembled there that night. We danced and sang and talked until midnight, and, then, as the bells rang in the Christmas morning, we exchanged gifts and wishes for the future of one another, breathing peace and good-will. Agnes Leonard stayed all night with me, and dined with us on Christmas Day. She was the dearest friend of my girlhood, the dearest, with a great pity blending with my tenderness after I guessed that she had learned to love my betrothed before she knew of his attachment to me. She had dropped me with the rest, but gradually,

shame, or lingering affection hindering her from such abrupt renunciation as had been dealt out to me by the many. She had not entered my humble abode for a month or more, having affected to be wounded at her last visit because I persisted in my refusal to go abroad, except to church, and resolutely declined her invitations to meet others at her house. Ned had seemed to excuse me at the time, but privately told me afterward that she had a right to be hurt; begged me not to cast away a tried and true friend for a "morbid whim."

Morbid! That was what everybody called my state of mind. No one understood the suffering that engendered it—not even he for whose sake I chafed at the cruel bondage of circumstance. It angered me that Ned took Agnes' part. They seemed—these two—to be in a manner leagued against me. I stood alone—shut off from the world's notice and favour by penny—from the few who loved me, by my unhappy "whim." Thus it was that I fell to thinking about Agnes—my old-time friend—and Ned. Of how much they liked and admired one another: of high, gay spirits and bright face and the graceful figure always faultlessly arrayed, and the handsome fortune she held in her own right, while I had never been a beauty or a wit, and was obliged now to wear faded, unfashionable dresses and mended gloves and made over bonnets, and had brought my husband no dowry except a heart full of love. The love that was heartbreak now at thought of the narrow sphere in which he toiled, the meanness of his home—my helplessness. If he had but married Agnes, who, I was sure, had once loved him fondly! Her hold upon him would have been the firm grasp of a friend to one drowning in the surf that would have dragged him to shore and safety. Mine was the clinging of limp seaweed, entangling and holding him down.

"I wish I were dead!" I cried aloud, and passionately, "That the toil and strain, the parting and the anguish were over and that he were free!"

I had wept my eyes dry before I caught the sound of the light, fleet tread, the joyous whistle which had often jarred upon my mood. To-night they were a positive insult to my finest feelings,—to the sublime, self-allegation that had moved me to prayer for my own untimely decease. Up to the second floor he bounded, three stairs at a time and was in the room before I could light the gas. There was fire-light enough to show him where I stood, and he laughed as he kissed me in the dark.

"Asleep or dreaming, my darling?" he said, and taking the match I had struck, he touched the drop light over the tea-table, bringing out starry glints from goblets and fruit-dish, and making moons of light upon the silver.

"I have a trifle here for you, pet," he went on in playful tenderness that had in it a shadow of wistfulness I could not but observe. "I couldn't get anything elaborate, you know. This little preacher spoke to me from a window as I was passing a picture store."

It was just a coloured print—such as you can buy for twenty-five cents, straw frame and all—of a Robin Red breast perched upon a log fence covered with snow, a winter landscape all about him; in the distance a low-roofed cottage, also snow-topped, and over-head a leafless tree.

"Singing in the Snow?" said Ned, softly, putting his arm around me. "Bless his brave heart! Wouldn't one say his throat was swelling with summer music? That is because he looks right up, you see, and knows while the sun moves and shines, the return of summer is sure!"

I held the picture, my head bent over it, until the upward gush of a new and sweeter fountain of tears could be no longer restrained.

"O, Ned," I sobbed, hiding my head upon the dear breast I had deceived myself into imagining I was willing should be another's resting place. "Forgive me! I have been so weak and wicked! But I will try again!"

He had a message for me from Agnes who had called at the office that day. We must dine with her to-morrow. The carriage would call for us early in the forenoon.

"We can give her our answer at the lecture to-night," said Ned in the most natural way in the world. "See! I shall hang Robin at the top of your toilet-glass!"

That was six years ago. Times are better with us now. Ned has resumed his law practice, and we have a whole house to ourselves and baby, in a pleasant quarter of the city. In place of the small oval which was my little preacher's pulpit then, he hangs against a plate glass, wide and high, with a richly carved frame, but his closer setting is still the red and white straw. Strangers eye him with polite wonder; my more intimate visitors smile and question.

"Only one of my whims," I answer. "Nobody but Ned and I know his story and his mission. Even he has never learned how dark was the hour, how dire my need when Robin came to me with his text 'Singing in the Snow!'"

CAROLA.

BY HESHA STRETTON.

CHAPTER XVII.—CAST OUT OF PARADISE.

Early the next day, before the late rising sun was up, Caro's was driven down to the nearest railway station by Mr. Arnold himself. It was a day's journey to London, and she could reach it only by starting with the earliest train. It was her earnest wish to leave Hazelmount before it was light; for all was quite over now. This home of hers, her first real home, was casting her out as unworthy to remain in it. She could not even see the little homesteads lying amid their gardens, and the pleasant lanes and fields which were as dear to her as if this had been her birthplace. They were shrouded in a darkness as black as her own future.

"I thought," she said, speaking half-aloud to herself, "that Christian people would never turn against me."

"My dear," answered Mr. Arnold, "you may be always sure of finding a friend in me. But this is different. We think more of character than any thing else. We were a little grieved when Philip fell in love with you, though we loved you ourselves. But now you know yourself the thing

is impossible. The Arnolds of Hazelmount have never had to be ashamed."

"Yes, but you don't understand it all," she said. "May I write to you some day and tell you all about my young days? I want you to think—not badly of me."

"Ay, do," he replied heartily, "and may God bless and comfort you. Shall I telegraph to your old friend and tell him you are on your way to him?"

"No," she said, "I can find my way; but I do not know exactly how to send to him. I know that part of London well."

The journey was long, and it was quite dark when she reached the last station. It was boxing-day, and the streets were thronged with rough men and squalid women, who made a dreary pretence at pleasure; gathering most thickly round the spirit-vaults, where they were treating one another. The scene was terribly familiar, yet terribly strange to Carola. Once she paused and stood still for a minute, asking herself why she was returning voluntarily to this life of degradation and misery. Nobody could compel her to come back. The world was all before her, and she could choose her own dwelling-place.

But there was an instinctive return of her heart to her first, and now her only, friend. Christian people were casting her out, and turning their backs upon her; and to whom could she go but to the old Jew, who had so faithfully taught her God's commandments, and had done his utmost to keep her in the path of them? How wrong she had been to forget him all these years; how ungrateful! The recollection of his mild face, and the smile playing about his smoken mouth, and the kindly gleam of his deep-set eyes came to her, as if one going down into some nethermost pit should remember the face of a beneficent angel dwelling there. Matthias seemed to be waiting for her beyond these groups of noisy revellers, and Carola went on with her usually swift and firm step.

The Sabbath was just over for Matthias, for it was Saturday night, and he was about to take down his shutters and light the twinkling lamp he worked by on his bench. He might well have forgotten Carola, it was so long since he had lost sight of her. But though the bitterness of his disappointment that she was a Christian in spite of all he had done to save her had passed away, the memory of her remained fresh and green in his heart. He missed her most keenly Sabbath Day, when some Christian woman from the outcast herd of Gentiles came in to do his work in the place of the pretty, sweet-voiced little maid, whom he had watched growing up. He had tried to do without fire and light through the twenty-four hours of the Sabbath; but he was too old to bear that. Many a Sabbath Day the tears had stolen slowly down his wrinkled face as he sat, solitary and sad, brooding over the fate of the child gone out from safety into the wild and wretched life of those who called themselves followers of the crucified Nazarene. He had given up the hope of ever seeing her again. "Neither in this world, nor in the world to come," he often muttered to himself, shaking his head sorrowfully over the shoes he was patching.

Matthias had been grieving thus over Carola this evening; and the sun had gone down, bringing his Sabbath to a close an hour ago without his perceiving it. Now he came down his spiral staircase into the small shop and lit his lamp; but he felt loath to take down his shutters, though Saturday night brought his best hours of business. This Saturday night was a season of special and more odious revelry than usual; and all the vileness of the Christian rabble whom Carola had chosen as her people, would force itself upon his notice. But as he hesitated, puckering his heavy eyebrows together, there came a low but steady knock at the closed door. Three or four voices were talking loudly on the other side of it; but before he could take down the heavy bar, the knock was repeated with more urgency.

"Matthias, let me in!" cried a voice which made his old hands tremble. He would have known it among ten thousand; his little Carol's voice, which had so often recited the ten commandments to him. He could hardly open the door for very eagerness; and there standing on the step, and pressing forward as if seeking refuge from a little knot of his Christian neighbours, stood Carola herself!

"I will see you to-morrow," she said to them eagerly, "not to-night. Go away now. I promise to see you to-morrow."

"Carol!" exclaimed Matthias, hardly able to trust his senses. "Is it Carol?"

"Yes," she answered, closing the door and fastening it in the face of her old comrades, "it is Carol come back again, if you'll have me, Matthias."

"The God of Israel be praised for this; the God of my fathers be praised!" he said fervently. "But is it really you, and no vision of the night?"

"Take hold of my hand," she replied, "and tell me if I can stay here a little while. I've no other home, and no other friend in all the world."

"No other friend, and no other home!" he repeated, as he followed her up-stairs; and trimming the lamp there, which had burned low, he gazed eagerly into her face. What a beautiful and graceful woman his little Carol had grown! How different from the wild, rough girl she was when she went away. "Our daughters are as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace," he said to himself; but then, alas! she was not one of the daughters of Israel. She had sunk down as one utterly worn out, in his antique high backed chair, and was looking up at him with a little glimmer of a smile in her dark eyes; but even his sight dim with age, could not help seeing the wanness of her dear face, and the sadness of her smile. She looked as if she had neither home nor friend.

"Has it been well with you, Carol?" he asked anxiously.

"Oh! it has been well," she answered; "but I have lost it all. I'm too tired to tell you to-night. Can you let me stay in the old garret for a time?"

"Ay! it's been kept as you left it, my dear," he said. "I couldn't let any body else live in the place. Only let me give you some food to eat; you'll feel better, my child, when you have eaten. Sit you still there whilst I wait on you. I'm not too old for that."

But when he tried to stir up the smouldering fire, his hands shook too much for him to use the heavy poker. Carola roused herself and made him sit down, whilst she, to satisfy him, boiled the kettle and prepared supper as in the olden times. They ate together almost in silence; the old man was too overjoyed, and Carola too sad and heart-trobled to talk much.

When the meal was over, she went up into the garret overhead. Yes, it was just as she left it; but how little there had been to leave! There was the low pallet-bed, with its dingy counterpane, where she had been used to sleep the untroubled sleep of childhood beside her drunken grandmother. The broken chair and the little table standing in front of the few bars of rusty iron which formed the grate were there. The low broad window, with its broken panes covered with brown paper, or stuffed with rags, was unchanged, and through it the moon was shining; that moon which had shone down upon her in the pleasant chamber at the Grange only last night. Was it possible it could be only last night?

She knelt beside the window, as she had knelt in the moonlight the night before. The bitter cup which last night pressed to her lips she was drinking now; and it was ten-fold more bitter than she had foreseen. For had she not been rejected and cast out and forsaken altogether? What had she been guilty of? From this familiar standpoint she looked back on her two lives, so distinct and separate. And as her childhood passed before her she saw for the first time what the old Jew had been to her, and what evils he had saved her from. He could not keep her from the knowledge of evil; but he had kept her from plunging into it. She had played on the brink of an abyss, but his hand had held her back from falling into it. A rush of tender gratitude for a minute or two swept away the sadder thoughts of her heart. She would never leave him again; he should be to her as a father stricken with age, to be honoured and cherished and loved till death parted them.

It was not that she did not feel that her early life had been full of faults; but then she had known no better. As soon as she knew Christ she followed him as truly as did the disciples who saw His form and heard his voice. He had forgiven her sins, and what did Christian people want more than that? If her Lord accepted her, why should they turn away from her? Did the disciples of old reject Mary Magdalene, out of whom Christ had cast seven devils? Poor Carola! It would have been impossible for her to understand the reasons which justified their conduct to Mr. and Mrs. Arnold. She could not have been Phillip's wife, she said to herself, if he was ashamed of her. She knew how they prided themselves on their unstained name. But why should that have made them banish her from her little home, to which she would have gone back; and when he married some happier girl she would have seen their happiness from afar, and never grudged it. Did they look upon her as so contaminated that she was unfit to teach even the village children? Ah! that must be it. They could not believe that her early sins were not only forgiven but taken away.

She threw herself, dressed as she was, on the low bed, and fell into a deep, unbroken slumber; for her heart was heavy with sorrow. In a few minutes the hideous noises in the street below haunted her like bad dreams, though her ear was soon dead to them. It was a long sleep, for she was worn-out with fatigue, excitement, and grief. But when she awoke in the morning, her first thought, before trouble could thrust itself in upon her, was, "Christ loved me, and gave Himself for me."

(To be continued.)

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

The custom of decoration by green plants and flowers in all sorts of festivals is as old as history, and of course the use of evergreens at Christmas needs no explanation, nor is the custom any less Christian because it is of immemorial use among pagan nations. The mistletoe, however, had a unique place. The Celtic peoples and the Druids held it in the same veneration that the Romans did. It was used by the Romans in religious ceremonies, and it may have been the "golden bough" of the infernal regions. The Druids gathered it against the festival of the winter solstice with great solemnity, the prince of the Druids cutting it himself with a golden sickle. It was used as a charm against evil spirits, and excellent medical properties are ascribed to it. It was supposed to possess the power to preserve from poison, and the mystic property of giving fertility. "Kissing under the mistletoe" may have had reference to this ancient belief. There was a tradition that the maid who was not kissed under the mistletoe at Christmas would not be married during the following year. There was once a notion that its heathen origin should exclude it from Christmas decorations; but this found no favour with the young people at any period. On the contrary, they took good care that it should be hung, and that it should have plenty of berries, for the ceremony under it was not duly performed if a berry was not plucked off with each kiss, and consequently the supply of berries determined the number of kisses. It did not need the Roman use of the plant to recommend such a preventive of the state of old-maidism. Some trace the use of green bush decoration to the original branches of the vervain among the Romans. With Romans and Druids the vervain was a panacea for every ill, and they believed, above all, that it "conciliated hearts that were at variance"—another good office of any plant in the Christmas season. The Druids only venerated the mistletoe that grew on the oak, but the common mistletoe (*Viscum album*), with its pearly berries, is gathered from the hawthorn, the old apple-tree, the lime, and the fir, and from other trees. Of late years this parasite has been scarcer than formerly, and efforts have been made to propagate it. This is done by cleaning off the bark under any joint of a young tree with the moistened thumb, and then pressing the glutinous berry on the clean place till it adheres to the bark; it will begin to show growth in about fifteen months. It is an obvious suggestion

that in sections of the country where the statistics show a falling off in marriages this plant ought not to be let die out. — Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine for December.

YOU AND I.

I will be brave, dear love, I will be true;
I will be strong and helpful, love, to you,
When skies are bright and summer's sun is shining
Or when twilight comes with day's declining;
Happy or sad our lives, but trusting ever,
Nothing your heart from mine my love can sever.

I will be faithful, love though years of sorrow
Pass o'er our heads, and cares unnumbered rise,
Though clouds of trouble darken life's to-morrow,
And gloom o'ershadow morning's brilliant skies,
Still high above the star of love gleams o'er us
And brightens all the path that lies before us.

What though the lightning's flash and thunder's rattle,
What though our place be foremost in life's battle,
Strong in each other and the God above us,
Strong in His love who most of all dost love us,
Bravely we'll fight, in spite of wind or weather
And conquer, if we may, dear love, together.

It may be that the years to come are bringing
A sorrow deeper than we well can bear,
A sorrow only lightened by the knowledge
That each its painful consciousness will share.

But though we part on earth, still brightly ever
Gleams with a heavenly radiance that bright shore,
Where reigns in power and glory love eternal,
Where loneliness and parting are no more,
There we shall dwell together, you and I
And live and love to all eternity.

AN EGYPTIAN COLLEGE.

In Cairo is the famous college, El-Ahzar, which I visited in company with a friend well known to the Sheik of the college. At the entrance native barbers were shaving the heads of their clients and while plying their trade lifted their eyes to show their fanatical hatred toward us. On passing through the gate we entered a large open area, in which were about five hundred young men. Some were sitting, others lying on their faces eating, others were eating flat pancakes, which appeared anything but inviting; clouds of flies were swarming about, and the race for food was between them and the students, and many a fly went the way of the bread in the famous college. Though in company with the Sheik, so hostile was the feeling at the time, for the war clouds were gathering thickly and Arabi Pasha was threatening to annihilate the British infidel, that the five hundred students rose to their feet and hissed in our faces as if we were dogs. However, as we were in the stronghold of fanaticism, we bore the insult with becoming meekness. Beyond this area we entered a covered hall, in which the students sat on the floor or lay on their faces on mats, in circles, each containing from ten to twelve. The teacher sat with his back against a pillar, while his students repeated the Koran and listened to his explanations. In the centre of each circle was a heap of yellow and red slippers belonging to the students. There was also the same swaying of the body backward and forward as in the small schools. Along this hall were rows of boxes containing the clothes and provisions of each student, many of whom brought a week's provision, and took it daily until it was done, when a fresh stock was laid in. This is the centre of Egyptian education, it is the hot-bed of Mahomedan fanaticism and sways a powerful influence over the Khedive and the army. While these are the educational institutions, Egypt will never rise in material and moral power. Let Egypt be for the Egyptians as Canada is for Canadians, but this will be impossible until a liberal European education is given to the people. — Notes from the Orient, by Rev. G. Burdfield, B.D.

WELLINGTON ON NAPOLEON.

I never was a believer in him, and I always thought that in the long-run we should overturn him. He never seemed himself at his ease, and even in the boldest things he did there was always a mixture of apprehension and meanness. I used to call him *Jonathan Wild the Great*, and at each new coup he made I used to cry out "Well done, Jonathan," to the great scandal of some of my hearers. But, the truth was, he had no more care about what was right or wrong, just or unjust, honourable or dishonourable, than *Jonathan*, though his great abilities, and the great stakes he played for, threw the knavery into the shade.

Posterity will hardly believe the success and extent of that system of darkness which Buonaparte spread over France, but it was so complete that even I, who had been for so many years in contact with his armies, and was now, for months, on his frontier, was glad to glean from any precarious and humble sources some knowledge of the real state of the interior.

The best of all the publications [about Buonaparte] is that of Baron Faun. All the dictations to Montholon, Gœrghaud and Las Cases are of little real authority. They are what Buonaparte on after consideration thought it expedient to represent things to have been, and not what they were. Any accurate reader will find them to be what *made-up* stories always must be, full of contradictions, but we who know the affairs of our time know that they are full of falsehoods. — Correspondence of John Wilson Croker.

The Birmingham magistrates have resolved to prosecute the promoters of lotteries at religious bazaars, and all who sell tickets for them.

British and Foreign.

THE famous Sunday School at Stockport, said to be the largest in the world, has been celebrating its centenary.

MR. J. A. CAMPBELL, M.P., recently laid the foundation stone of the Robertson memorial mission buildings in Grassmarket, Edinburgh.

SOME of the native journals in India have lately been advocating the closing of zenanas against lady missionaries. But their appeals have been fruitless.

THE bishops of the Scottish Episcopal Church have approved of a temperance society being formed on the same lines as the Church of England Society.

A COMPANION volume to "Men of the Time" is to be devoted to women of mark, and comprises over 400 names well known in art, literature, science, music, and the drama.

THE Rev. Christopher Halliday, B.A., of Ferryport-on-Craig, has accepted \$7,500 and expenses as compensation for injuries sustained in the railway accident at Lockerbie on 14th May, 1883. He claimed \$15,000.

THE Rev. Edgar Jacob, of Portsea, has received an offer from a gentleman of \$75,000 towards the building fund of a new church on condition that a similar amount be raised by public subscription not later than April 1.

MR. FORTESCUE, who succeeds Mr. Garnett as superintendent of the reading-room at the British museum, is a son of the provost of St. Ninian's Cathedral at Perth, who before his death passed over to the Roman Catholic Church.

A LARGE number of historical documents, relating to the proceedings which led to the siege, in 1644 and 1645, of Carlisle by the Scots after the battle of Marston Moor, have been found while making alterations in Carlisle Cathedral.

PROF. ELSLIE, of the English Presbyterian Church, has been a second time invited to become the successor of the late Mr. Baldwin Brown in the Independent Chapel at Brixton. Whenever he occupies the pulpit the church is crowded.

A BOSTON police captain took it into his head that a traveller was inclined to unjustly dispute a cabin's charge, and commanded him to pay, arresting him when he refused to obey. The official is now compelled to stand a verdict of \$263 damages.

BROWNING entertainments have been attempted in London during the present season. According to *Truth*, "the performance of 'In a Balcony' only showed that, however hard it may be to read Mr. Browning's work, it is much more difficult to act it."

THE vexed question of the Bible in the public schools has received judicial settlement in Iowa, where the Court of Appeals holds that an injunction will not issue to restrain the reading of scripture or the singing of religious songs unless attendance on such exercises is compulsory.

MRS. LYNN LINTON and Mrs. Caldecott will bring out a magazine in London at the opening of the coming year. It is to be as like the *Century* as possible, without the illustrations, but instead of pictures it is to have all the gossip of London, Paris, Berlin, Russia, and Italy, and all for twelve cents.

It is said that by general consent the late Lord Mayor of London, Mr. Alderman Fowler, was the most popular Chief Magistrate of recent times. It is calculated that as many as 6,500 guests were entertained at dinner at the Mansion House last year, and 9,000 more at balls and entertainments.

THE profits to Moody and Sankey on the sale of their hymn books are said to have reached half a million dollars. The proceeds are divided equally between the evangelists. Moody has endowed a school with a part of his share, and it is now reported that Sankey is about to do something handsomely philanthropic.

ARABI BEY and his fellow exiles in Ceylon complain of ill treatment. They pleaded guilty on the distinct understanding that if their property was confiscated they would receive an adequate allowance to support themselves and families in exile. But the Egyptian Government refuses to fulfil its promise.

THE Rev. William Ross, formerly of Dundonald, Ayrshire, has petitioned the Court of Session to obtain the custody of his children, who have been in charge of their mother at Edinburgh. Mrs. Ross has left the country, taking the children with her to prevent his obtaining them, and he cannot discover where they have gone.

THE Revs. Dr. Blackie, Mr. Howie, of Govan, and others, at the Glasgow congress were very emphatic in their condemnation of bazaars for church purposes. Mr. Howie said it was perfectly scandalous, for the lowest motives were brought into play at bazaars, and sometimes from 25 to 30 per cent. of the sum raised was swallowed up in expenses.

THE new "Life and Letters of George Eliot," by her husband, Mr. Cross, to be published soon, is said to be a most interesting book, though it does not contain much that is new with regard to the main facts of George Eliot's life. The book consists mainly of letters and short pieces, marked by the usual clearness of expression and concentrated power of the writer.

MR. W. MILLIGAN, senior, Dumfries, has died at the advanced age of ninety-six. He commenced business in the early years of the century. More than thirty years ago he was ordained an elder in the New, now Greyfriars', Church, which he left at the dissolution. His son is pastor of Chalmers' Church, Dundee, and his brother was the first mayor and first M.P. for Bradford.

A MR. COLC, who has for many years been the superintendent of a Church of England Sunday School in the north of London, recently married his deceased wife's sister. The local clergy thereupon refused to admit him to the holy communion, and the Bishop of Bedford, "with great pain," has endorsed the action of the clergy. Mr. Colc has joined a Nonconformist congregation.

Ministers and Churches.

THE Rev. Dr. Laing, of Dundas, expects to leave for Europe the day after Christmas.

THE Rev. Mr. Milligan lectured in the First Presbyterian Church, Port Hope, last Monday evening.

THE Rev. W. H. Boyle, of Dumfries Street Church, Paris, has been suffering from severe illness.

THE congregation of the Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, had a successful bazaar last week.

THE Rev. Professor Elliott, D.D., lectured last week, in Park Avenue Church Lecture Hall, London, on "Poetry."

THE Senate of Toronto University has conferred the degree of LL.D. upon Rev. George Bryce, of Winnipeg.

ON his way west, the Rev. Charles Chiniquy has delivered stirring lectures in Peterborough, Toronto and London to crowded audiences.

REV. A. T. LOVE, of St. Stephen, N. B., the newly appointed pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, was inducted on the 18th inst.

THE Rev. Dr. Laing, of Dundas, read his sacred drama, "Scenes from the Betrayal" at the Brantford Young Ladies' College, on the 15th inst.

AT the re-opening of the Methodist Church, Dundas, Rev. Dr. Carnan preached in the morning and the Rev. Dr. Laing in the afternoon.

THE Presbyterian congregation of London East, of which the Rev. W. M. Roger, M.A., is pastor, held an enjoyable and profitable entertainment last week.

THE Rev. Mr. Tait, of St. Andrew's Church, Berlin, preached the anniversary sermon to the children of the Methodist Sunday school on Sunday morning last.

"THE Two Books" is the subject of a lecture to be delivered in the First Presbyterian Church, St. Mary's, on the 13th January, by the pastor, Rev. J. A. Turnbull, LL.B.

THE new Erskine Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, was opened on Sabbath by the Rev. Professor McLaren, D.D., Moderator of the General Assembly and Rev. Samuel Lyle, of Central Church.

THE Rev. John Neil opened his ministry in Charles Street Presbyterian Church last Sabbath. He preached appropriate and impressive sermons to large audiences morning and evening.

THE Rev. J. A. Murray occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, on Sabbath week, for the first time since his long illness. The large congregation present testified to the delight with which his people hail his convalescence.

BEFORE leaving Richibucto, for the North-West, the Rev. Malcolm Mackenzie at a farewell meeting was presented with an address, expressive of the esteem in which he was held by the people. The address was accompanied by a well-fitted purse.

THE Anniversary Services of Burns' Church, Erin, were held on the 14th instant. The Rev. J. Lauchlan Cameron, of Thamesford, preached morning and evening. On Monday evening the annual tea meeting took place, at which addresses were delivered by several ministers, and an excellent choir furnished the music.

SABBATH school anniversary services were held in Bank Street Church, Ottawa, on Sabbath week, morning and evening. The Rev. Principal MacVicar, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, preaching on both occasions. At the evening service the church was well filled, the little ones of the Sabbath school occupying the front seats in the centre.

LAST week the two Presbyterian and the Methodist Sunday Schools of Hurrington met in Knox Church to hear an address by the Rev. J. McEwan. About four hundred scholars and teachers were present, as well as a great many not connected with any school, the church being filled to the doors. Mr. McEwan directed his remarks particularly to parents, pastors, teachers and scholars, and gave some good advice to all parties.

THE Rev. H. A. Robertson, returned Presbyterian missionary from Eromanga, preached in St. David's Church last week in the morning, and in St. Stephen's Church, St. John, N. B., in the evening. He addressed the Sunday school scholars of Calvin Church in the afternoon, relating many incidents of his experience as a missionary in Eromanga, and the astonishing progress made in the work of Christianizing the heathen.

MRS. HARVIE, of Toronto, recently visited the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew in connection with the formation of auxiliaries to the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society. Meetings were held and auxiliaries formed in Pembroke, Renfrew, Blakeny, Smith's Falls and Perth. Most interesting addresses were delivered by Mrs. Harvie, who so completely won the hearts of the ladies present that they gladly enrolled their names as members. There are now eleven auxiliaries in the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew.

THE anniversary social of St. Andrew's Church, Winnipeg, held on November 25th, in commemoration of the third year of their existence as a congregation and of the settlement

over them of their beloved pastor, Rev. C. B. Pitblado, was in every way a marked success. The large audience testified to the deep respect in which Mr. Pitblado is held not merely by his own congregation but by the citizens generally. Rev. Messrs. D. M. Gordon, Dr. King and J. B. Silcox in addressing the meeting referred in terms of highest praise to Mr. Pitblado's worth as a pastor and citizen; an over abundance of good things was provided by the ladies, and about 500 people sat down to the tables.

THE missionary meeting at the Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, was held last week. The pastor, Rev. S. Lyle, presided, and after a few suitable remarks introduced Rev. J. Campbell Fraser, who delivered an exceedingly interesting address, and one which kept the close attention of his hearers. The manners and customs of the natives of British India were referred to at length. An interesting feature of the meeting was the exhibition of various articles of Hindoo clothing, weapons and other articles of war, earthenware, gods, articles of worship, musical instruments, etc. The speaker mentioned the fact that in the part of the country in which he laboured there was but one missionary for every 2,000,000 of the population, and that there were many millions in Central Asia who had not yet heard the Gospel of our Lord. A stirring, whole-souled appeal for aid to swell the mission fund closed an address well worth hearing.

ONE of the great and good pioneer Presbyterian ministers of Canada has entered his rest. The Rev. Daniel Allan, formerly of North Easthope, died at Goderich last week. He was seventy-nine years of age. Mr. Allan emigrated to this country from the north of Scotland many years ago, in the capacity of a missionary, and was placed in charge of the Presbyterian congregation in North Easthope, where he laboured continuously for about thirty-six years. He gave up his charge about eight years ago and removed to Goderich, where he has since resided with his son, Mr. A. McD. Allan. The deceased gentleman ranked high as a preacher of the gospel, was always an enthusiastic advocate of temperance and an earnest and sincere Christian. He was in the strongest sense of the term a good man. Mrs. Allan, three sons and a daughter, survive him. The remains were taken to Guelph for interment.

THE new Sunday School building connected with St. Paul's Church, Peterboro', was opened on Sabbath afternoon, Dec. 14th. The school room was crowded with the scholars and their parents and friends. Addresses were given by J. H. Roper, the superintendent of the school, and Rev. E. F. Torrance, the pastor of the church. The church, which has been undergoing extensive alterations for the past ten months, will be ready for occupation in a few weeks. The Sunday School building is entirely new, and is built on to the rear of the old church. It extends northward from the wall of the old building a distance over all of fifty-seven feet. It is the width of the old church and the two new aisles, being in all about eighty-four feet broad. It is two stories in height, exclusive of basement, the lower or ground floor being divided into lecture room, parlour, class room, etc., while the upper floor is for the use of the Sunday School proper. Entering from Water Street, the first room on the left hand is the library, 9x12 feet, fitted up on two sides with book-cases. Directly facing the archway into the school-house from the entrance hall is the lecture room, which is about 27x31 feet. Adjoining is the vestry 12x13 feet; and next to the east is the church parlour, 20x24 feet. The remaining space to the south-east is utilized for an infant class gallery, which is about 19x32 feet. On the upper floor is the Sunday School room, which is somewhat semi-circular in plan, being fifty-two feet in diameter by thirty-one feet broad. The seemingly curved form is made by the nine sides, each of which is pierced by a doorway leading into class rooms about 12x12 feet. These rooms being thus disposed are all in full view of the platform, which is placed on the south or blank wall. The heating is by steam, both direct and indirect radiation for each room. Extracting registers and ducts furnish exhaust ventilation to two shafts, where a draught is maintained by the heat of steam pipes and gas jets.

THE Guelph Mercury says that the Rev. R. J. Beattie, pastor of Knox Church, Guelph, at the conclusion of the evening sermon on December 14th, stated that that day closed the first year of his pastorate there. He referred to the tasteful and extensive improvements made in the church building, and thanked the managers for their courtesy in receiving his suggestions as to the part of the improvements affecting the comfort of the preacher. He also thanked them and the treasurer for prompt payment of the stipend every week. Six additional elders had been elected and ordained, the congregation had been divided into districts and an elder assigned to each district. These brethren would do the greater part of the regular visitation of the families, as the minister's time, in a large congregation like this, would be more than taken up with the public services, and seeing the aged, sick, erring and anxious ones. A temperance society had been formed, which he commended to the sympathy and support of the friends of the congregation. Provision had been made for a library room and for a congrega-

tional and Sabbath school library, which would soon be ready for use. Very valuable work had been done by the members of the Session, and the managers, the officers and teachers of the Sabbath school, the leaders and members of the choir, the Missionary and Ladies' Aid Societies. He would emphasize his appreciation of the courtesy, help and sympathy extended to him by every member of the congregation, and was glad to be able to say that absolute harmony had prevailed throughout the year. 101 names had been added to their communion roll without any special religious effort by the Church. God was ready to do much greater things when they were ready to receive them. Thirty-three infants had been baptized and the messenger of death had taken loved ones from seven homes. When he thought of the many able and willing workers in the congregation and the ground to a large extent untilled around them, the outlook seemed very hopeful. The sermon closed with an earnest application of the text of the evening, "Redeeming the time." A largely attended after-meeting for thanksgiving and prayer was held in the lecture room. The Rev. D. S. McCrae, of Cobourg, was present at all the services and led in prayer after the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which was observed at the morning service.

PRESBYTERY OF ST. JOHN, N. B.—This Presbytery met at St. Stephen on the 2nd inst., to consider a call from St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, to the Rev. N. T. Love, of St. Stephen, N. B. Eight commissioners (including Judge Stevens) appeared from the congregation, and the Rev. Dr. Smith, of St. Andrew's Church, St. John, was requested to appear in the interests of the Quebec congregation. Dr. Smith addressed the court at considerable length, claiming that the Rev. Mr. Love should transfer his services to St. Andrew's, Quebec, which was one of the oldest congregations in the Church, and which had been ministered to for so long a period by so eminent a divine as Dr. Cook. The commissioners all spoke in favour of their minister remaining, when Dr. Smith replied, and Mr. Love accepted the call. The induction will take place on the 18th inst., in St. Andrew's Church, Quebec. Mr. Love has made his mark in St. Stephen, and should his ministry prove as successful in the Ancient Capital, the good people of St. Andrew's will not regret their choice. The Rev. Dr. Smith stated that he was at one time a member of St. Andrew's congregation, and supposed that was the cause of his being asked to present their interests at St. Stephen.

PRESBYTERY OF KINGSTON.—This Presbytery held its quarterly meeting at Belleville on the 15th and 16th days of December. Mr. Maclean was appointed Moderator. It was decided to ordain Mr. John Robertson, licentiate, and place him as ordained missionary in the charge of Mill Haven, &c. There was tabled a call from the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Wolfe Island, in favour of Mr. Chambers, minister of Storrington, etc. The amount offered for salary by the people was \$500 per annum. The call was sustained, and arrangements made for citing the parties concerned to appear at a meeting to be held in Cooke's Church, Kingston, on the 30th inst., at two o'clock p.m. Mr. Robertson's ordination is to take place in the same church on the evening of the same day. The amount apportioned to this Presbytery for the purpose of augmentation is \$1,250. A committee, of which Mr. Maclean is convener, was appointed to take steps to secure this sum. Mr. Houston reported that the examining committee had after due examination certified certain students to the Senate of Queen's College, as qualified to enter the Divinity Hall. Mr. Maclean reported that a meeting had been held with the Picton congregation in regard to union with the congregation of Demorestville. It was found that a formal union was not regarded favourably, and that the only satisfactory arrangement that could be made was that Mr. Coulthard should give Demorestville people supply as often as practicable. Mr. Maclean presented the report of the Home Mission Committee. In disposing of it arrangements were made for the employment of two ordained missionaries—one to labour at Carlow and Mayo, North Hastings, and the other at a group of stations on the line of the Kingston and Pembroke Railway. Messrs. Smith and Russell were associated with Mr. Young as assessor for the purpose of having additional elders appointed at Camden and Newburgh.—THOMAS S. CHAMBERS, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF TORONTO.—On the evening of the 16th inst., and within Cooke's Church, of this city, the Presbytery held a visitation of the congregation of said church, when much time was spent in hearing parties anent a variety of troubles there. After the investigation was closed the Presbytery adjourned, to meet in Knox Church on the 18th inst., partly for general business and partly (if practicable) to take some action on the visitation. At this second meeting parties were heard anent the call from Richmond Hill and Thornhill to Rev. J. W. Cameron, of Laskay and West King. Mr. Cameron, while acknowledging the success of his labours in his present field, referred to the pressure on his constitution in connection therewith, but left the matter in the hands of the Presbytery. On motion made by Rev. P. Macleod, seconded by Rev. J. Carmichael, it was agreed to grant the translation of Mr. Cameron, and his induction

was appointed to take place at Richmond Hill on the 15th of January, at eleven o'clock a.m., Rev. J. Dick to preside, Rev. J. Carmichael to preach, Rev. R. Gray to deliver the charge, and Rev. W. Amos to address the people. Rev. D. Camelon was appointed to preach at Lasky, etc., the following Sabbath, and declare the charge vacant, and Rev. P. Nicol was appointed moderator of Session during the vacancy. Notice of a motion for next meeting was read from Rev. R. D. Fraser, that the ordinary meetings of Presbytery be held henceforth on the first Tuesday of every month. A report was read by Rev. A. Wilson for a committee previously appointed anent the production of Session Records, recommending in substance, that at each stated meeting eight Sessions be required to produce their records, according to their order on the Presbytery Roll, and that the clerk give them due notification beforehand. This report was adopted. A committee was appointed, consisting of Revs. D. J. Macdonnell, J. M. Cameron and A. Gilray, to notify the congregations within the bounds of the amount they should respectively raise for the Augmentation Stipend Fund, so as to secure \$6,000 from the whole Presbytery. In the afternoon of the same day the Presbytery met in Charles Street Church, where, after devotional exercises, and a sermon preached by Rev. Walter Reid, from 1 Thess. i. 7, Rev. John Neil was duly inducted to the pastoral charge of said church. He was afterwards addressed on the duties of his office by Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, and the people were addressed by Rev. Dr. Gregg. When general business was resumed, a report was read by Rev. R. P. Mackay from the Presbytery's Committee on the State of Religion. The report contained four recommendations as to what should be done within the bounds in order to promote practical piety. Said recommendations are not given here; but after some discussion, they were adopted. The Presbytery then proceeded to consider what action should be taken in regard to matters in Cooke's Church. On suggestion made, the Court invoked direction from on high, led by Rev. H. Parsons. Various members of the Court expressed their sentiments, and the following motion, submitted by Principal Caven, and seconded by the Clerk, was unanimously adopted: "The Presbytery express deep regret at the difficulties which have arisen in Cooke's Church, and especially at the want of harmony between the elders on the one hand, and the minister and a large part of the congregation on the other. The Presbytery earnestly counsel Mr. Kirkpatrick to avoid in his public utterances every thing which may give offence, or wound the feelings of individuals, and earnestly counsel all parties to study the things which make for peace, as they would have regard to their own edification and the glory of the Church's Head." The Presbytery appointed Drs. Reid, Gregg, McLaren and Caven as assessors to the Session, with the view of endeavouring (if possible) to restore relations between the minister and the elders. Dr. Gregg was appointed to preach in Cooke's Church as soon as practicable, and there to read the foregoing to the congregation. Rev. J. Mutch introduced the question of organizing a mission station at West Toronto Junction, and stated that a place of worship in that locality is advertised for sale. A committee was appointed, consisting of Revs. J. Mutch, A. Gilray, R. P. Mackay and Mr. J. L. Blaikie, to make enquiry and report to the Presbytery. The next ordinary meeting was appointed to be held in the usual place on Tuesday, the 13th of January, at eleven o'clock a.m.—R. MONTEATH, Pres. Clerk.

THE SITUATION AT INDORE.

THE Rev. J. Wilkie, of the Canadian Mission, Indore, has received the following letter in reply to the memorial addressed by our missionaries to the Government of India: Sir, I am directed to acknowledge the receipt of your Memorial dated the 25th of July respecting the difficulties which your Mission has encountered in carrying on its work in Indore. Your first request is that the position of missionaries in Native States may be clearly defined. In reply to this part of your memorial, I am to invite your attention to the principles (Letter from the Government of India to the Governor-General's Agent in Central India No. 2,875 I. dated the 27th September, 1883. Paragraph 3.) laid down in September of last year in the following terms: "The Governor-General in Council holds that the Government have a right to require from all Native States for all British subjects personal religious freedom, and security from molestation within their own houses, and on their own property, but that, in such cases as that of the Indore State, they cannot interfere, otherwise than by advice, in regard to the subjects of the Native Prince, or in regard to the enforcement of his police regulations for the maintenance of public peace and order." By the principles thus enunciated the Government of India will continue to be guided. The meaning of the stipulation—that before you are permitted to carry on your work of teaching within the compound of your house in the city you must be willing to submit to the jurisdiction of the Durbār—is not altogether clear. But if it means that you must be willing to surrender the privileges which you and other English missionaries enjoy in Native States, in common with all European British subjects, then I am to inform

you the Government of India do not approve the stipulation, or admit the right of the Durbār to make it. The next request which you put forward relates to the acquisition of property within the Residency limits. The Government of India have no objection to your Mission acquiring Mr. Dinshaw's house if it is still available; but, if the case is otherwise, they are confident that you will be able to arrange for the acquisition of a suitable site or residence in communication with the Governor-General's Agent. I am accordingly to refer you to that authority. You report that you have established a school and enrolled 167 boys. You accordingly request that the school may be registered for a grant in aid. The Governor-General's Agent has been instructed to arrange for the early inspection of your institution, and upon the receipt of the Inspector's Report your claim will be favourably considered. I am to request that you will submit formally to the Governor-General's Agent, through the Inspector, your several applications both for a grant in aid and for a building grant in order that the inspecting officer may report upon them in detail. In connection with your school you also suggest that the Residency school may be transferred to you. In the opinion of the Government of India the time has not yet arrived when this can be done. The question must be reserved for future consideration. Finally you apply for a license to perform the marriage ceremony in Central India under Act XV. of 1872. The circumstances of the British Cantonments at Mhow and elsewhere are somewhat different from those of the portions of Central India which are under native jurisdiction. I am accordingly to request that you will renew this part of your application, stating precisely in whose favour the license is required and for what localities. Upon the receipt of this application, which should be transmitted through the Governor-General's Agent, the matter will be disposed of. I have the honour to be, Sir, your most obedient servant,

H. M. DURAND,
Officiating Secretary to the Government of India.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Jan. 4, }
1885. }

PAUL AT TROAS.

{ Acts xx
} 2-16.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"And upon the first day of the week when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them."—Acts xx. 7.

TIME.—From early summer of 57 A.D. to spring of 58 A.D.

INTRODUCTION.—In resuming the study of the Acts of the Apostles, it is important that the threads be gathered up where they were dropped last summer. We left the Apostle just as he left Ephesus, in the midst of his third great journey. The first journey as recorded in chapter xiii. and xiv., in company with Barnabas, was from Antioch to Seleucia; then to Salamis and Paphos (in Crete); then to Perga, where John left them; then to Antioch (in Pisidia), Iconium, Lystra and Derbe. They then returned and revisited the churches, organizing and confirming; and sailing from Attalia reached Antioch in about one year from the time they started.

After an interval—during which the dispute about circumcision was referred to the Council at Jerusalem, and settled by them—the Apostle accompanied by Silas, started on his second journey to visit his beloved converts. Barnabas and John having sailed from Seleucia (the port of Antioch,) for Crete, Paul took the overland route through Syria and Cilicia, and visited the following places: Derbe and Lystra, passed through the regions of Phrygia and Salatia to Troas; thence to Philippi, Thessalonica, Berea, (by the via Egnatia,) and by sea to Athens and Corinth. From Cenchrea he sailed to Ephesus, thence to Cesarea, and having gone up and saluted the Church at Jerusalem, returned to Antioch after an absence of about three years.—Chapter xvi-xviii. 22.

He started upon the third journey by the same overland route as the second, and passing through Phrygia and Galatia came to Ephesus, where he laboured for nearly three years with such marvellous success that "all the Jews and Greeks in Asia heard the word of the Lord Jesus." It is at the close of that eventful period our lesson begins, in the early summer of 57 A.D. It is of the greatest importance that by the use of a map, the pupils be familiarized with the routes indicated.

Notes and Comments.—Ver. 2, 3.—Covering a period of nine months—the most active in Paul's life—as is inferred from his epistles. Having gone to Troas, and being disappointed in not meeting Titus, whom he expected with intelligence from the distracted Church at Corinth, he went to Philippi, where after a protracted period of anxiety Titus met him with a comforting report. There he wrote the Second Epistle to Corinth, and sent Titus back with it. Compare 2 Cor. ii. 12, 13; vii. 5, 6; ix. 2.

He then visited Illyricum (west of Macedonia on the Adriatic Sea), Rom. xv. 19, but to what extent is not known, and probably passed south by land to Corinth, where he abode three months. Whilst at Corinth he wrote the Epistle to the Galatians, to counteract the Judaizers who were subverting the Church there, and the Epistles to the Romans which were carried thither by Phoebe, a deaconess, at Cenchrea.

"Jews Laid Wait" etc.—Numerous in commercial centres. Hatred toward himself, and coveting his collections. Recall conspiracies at Damascus and Jerusalem against Paul's life.

Ver. 4, 5.—These companions were connected, perhaps deputed, by the churches to convey their contributions to the poor of Judea, which the Apostle insisted upon in order to avoid the appearance of evil. Also a protection by the way, and would help to weld the Jews and Gentiles in mutual affection.

All arrived at Philippi by land, where Paul and Luke remained to observe the Passover, the seven companions having passed over to Troas where they waited for them.

Ver. 6, 7.—"Days of unleavened bread":—Paul would explain how the type was fulfilled in the death of the "Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world."

"Five Days":—Contrary winds. The trip (chapter xvi. 11) made in two days.

"We":—Luke now appears as Paul's companion. In chapter xvi. 10, he appears for a while and then vanishes, but now and henceforth we have the words of an eye-witness.

"First day of the week":—A proof that the Church already observed the Christian instead of the Jewish Sabbath. See also 1 Cor. xvi. 2.

The adoption of seven-day periods amongst the Gentiles is proof that special honour was given to this day, the Gentiles not having such a division of time—Alford.

"Break bread":—Literally break pieces off the loaf as given to each. The agapæ or love feast and Lord's supper were combined in Apostolic age.

"Until Midnight":—He was about to leave them in the morning, never to see them again, hence the urgency of his appeal. It was not a continuous address, but a conversation in which all sorts of questions and difficulties were asked and answered.

Ver. 8, 9, 10.—As is still customary in the east, public gatherings are brilliantly lighted. The upper story—because in the close streets of an eastern city—is less noisy and more airy. Many modern churches might profitably imitate them as to ventilation and light.

"Window":—with or without glass or shutter—and often projected over the street. Eutychus sat in the sill, and being overcome by sleep owing to the heat and brilliancy and other physical causes—as hard work during the day—fell into the street and was taken up dead. Luke, a physician, would pronounce as to the result, not simply the appearance of death.

Paul like Elijah, 1 Kings xvii. 21, and Elisha, 2 Kings iv. 34, placed his own body in contact with the dead to stimulate faith and miraculously restored him to life.

Ver. 11, 12. The communion was delayed by the accident, but its solemnity greatly increased. Paul would utilize the event to illustrate the character of His work who is the Resurrection and the Life.

Ver. 13. "Assos": A beautiful city built on a rocky eminence, in the Province of Mysia. The ship in rounding the Lectum Cape would travel forty miles, twice as far as the direct road by land.

Paul determined to go alone by the Roman road, through the oak-wood shades and over the water courses, in order to call on friends by the way, or, like his Master, to have a season by himself in communion with his Heavenly Father. "His heart would burn within him," as on the celebrated journey to Emmaus.

Ver. 14-16 "Mitylene": capital of the island, Lesbos; thirty miles south of Assos. The whole island was called Mitylene; famous in history as the birth-place of the lyric poetess Sappho, and the poet Alcaeus.

"Chios": an island of great fertility and beauty, but proverbial for the loose morals of its inhabitants.

"Samos": a large, populous and fertile island, separated by a narrow channel from the coast of Lydia. On the promontory opposite Samos is the city, Trogyllium, only one mile distant, where they anchored all night.

Paul was now but a short distance from Ephesus, and his heart yearned to see and minister to them, but he determined to pass by Ephesus, not having time to spend, lest he should miss the feast at Jerusalem.

The collections, vindication against calumniators, and preaching the Gospel made it important that Paul should be there.

"Ailetus": a very important city in olden times; the mother of eighty colonies, and capital of Ionia.

PRACTICAL HINTS,

1. Contemplate Paul's gratitude as he left Ephesus, saturated with the Gospel. When the end of our work comes what shall our feelings be?
2. Compare Saul coming to Damascus, armed with authority from the Sanhedrim and Paul armed with Apostolic authority going to correct abuses in Corinth.
3. God made the wrath of the Jews praise Him by sending Paul by land to revisit the churches, and especially by giving Troas the best opportunity of hearing Paul they ever enjoyed.
4. How often we are addressing people for the last time! How intensely earnest and urgent it should make us?
5. If they hear not Moses and the Prophets, they will not hear although one arose from the dead.
6. Seek quiet communion with God as often as possible.
7. Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together.

PARIS December 1.—Since the Divorce law was inaugurated the private inquiry offices have become very obnoxious, hence the widespread sympathy for Mme. Hugues.

THE ranch of Richard King, the cattle-king of Texas, which is the largest owned by any individual in the country, has a frontage on the Rio Grande of seventy-five miles.

BOSTON Post Office authorities have in operation, experimentally, a machine for cancelling and postmarking letters. In a recent trial letters were put through the machine at the rate of 150 per minute.

Words of the Wise.

To live long, it is necessary to live slowly.
—Cicero.

CHILDREN, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.

NO lens so magnifies the things of earth as the uplifted tear the things of Heaven.

LANGUAGE was given us that we might say pleasant things of each other.—Bovee.

THERE is nothing too great for God's power, and nothing too small for His care.

WE like those to whom we do good better than those who do us good.—De Saint Real.

Coughs and Colds.—If everything has failed, try Allen's Lung Balsam and be cured. See adv.

TOUCH the goblet no more!
It will make thy heart sore
To its very core!—Longfellow.

I FIND the doings of the will of God leaves me no time for disputing about His plans.—George MacDonald.

OF all the anguish in the world, there is nothing like this—the sense of God without without the sense of nearness to Him.—Elizabeth Prentiss.

GOD is a worker. He has thickly strewn Infinity with grandeur. God is love. He shall wipe away all creation's tears, And all the world shall summer in His smile.

CEASE from your weary weeping, maidens! Over those for whom the night of death as blessing comes, we may not mourn.—Sophocles.

WOULDEST thou have thy flesh obey thy spirit? Then let thy spirit obey thy God. Thou must be governed that thou mayest govern.—St. Augustine.

IN all things throughout the world, the men who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and the men who look for the straight will see the straight.

A HUMAN BAROMETER.—A man with rheumatism can feel the approach of bad weather in his aching joints. Hagar's Yellow Oil cures rheumatism, aches, pains and injuries.

SPEAK gently! 'tis a little thing,
Dropped in the heart's deep well;
The good, the joy that it will bring
Eternity shall tell.

WHOSOEVER would be sustained by the hand of God, let him constantly lean upon it; whosoever would be defended by it, let him patiently repose himself under it.—Calvin.

AS the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations before he rises, but straightway shines forth and is hailed of all, so do not wait to do good for applause and noise and praise, but do it of your own desire; and like the sun, you will be loved.

A BURDEN of care in getting them, a burden of anxiety in keeping them, a burden of temptation in using them, a burden of guilt in abusing them, a burden of sorrow in losing them, a burden of account at last to be given up for possessing and either improving or mis-improving them.

ALL who have had the care of children, or who have been called to use moral influences with their fellowmen, know that law and its sanctions are instruments inferior to love or mercy; that it is easier to melt than to break, to draw than to drive, and that persuasion triumphs where correction and admonition have utterly failed.—Nehemiah Adams.

GOOD men have tried the Bible; in youth and in old age; in sickness in health; in business and at home; in life and in death. Lawyers have tried it; statesmen have tried it; society has tried it in its charities, its education and its laws; but it is not worn out; it is not affected; it is ever young and never old; it is the Lord's book; we need no other; the longer it is tried the more satisfactory it is proved the word of the Lord, which abideth forever.—Dr. John Hall.

THE principal excellence which the Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Company claim for their new Upright Pianos is that they are characterized by peculiarly pure, refined musical tones. Their new methods of construction gets rid almost entirely of that mere noise (sound without musical pitch), which has heretofore been inseparable from the tones of this instrument. The musically cultivated ear the Mason & Hamlin pianos certainly justify this claim. An incidental advantage which many will value almost as highly, however, is their greater durability. Any mechanic who examines one can see the reason for this in the fact that they use only accurate and perfectly secure metallic fastenings for their strings, instead of merely winding them around pins set in wood.—Boston Journal.

LADIES,

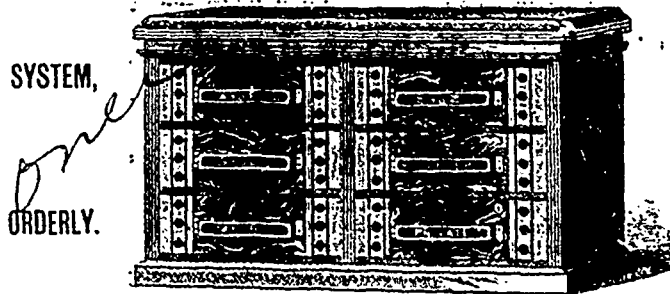
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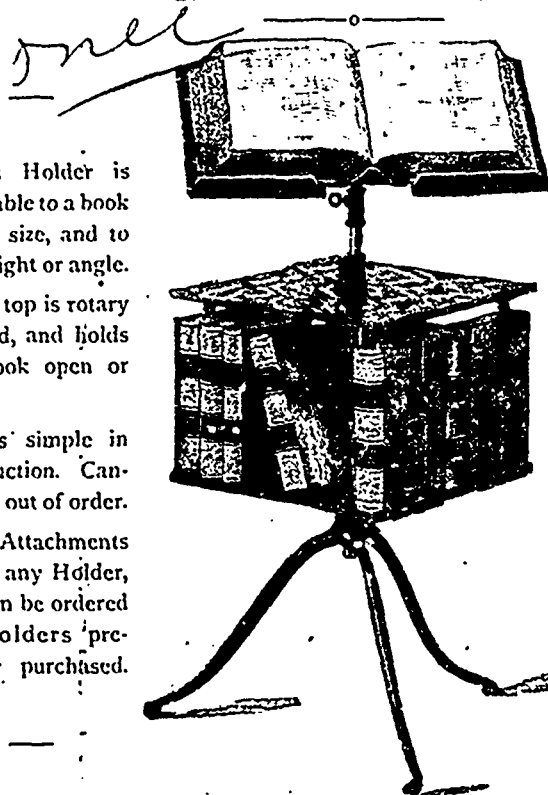
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Our Young Folks.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

It was the day before Christmas, and the children were all preparing the presents; each one a present for every other one in the family. Although little Annie (as we shall call her) was but nine years old, and attending school at the time, she had employed her spare moments for months in preparing the gifts: nor was it her intention to confine them to her family, but grandma and uncles and aunts were also to be included in the list. Papa's slippers, which cost her so much labour, perhaps more than all the rest together, were finished, and returned from the shoemaker's all complete. Annie felt then that her task was done, and that the pleasure of presenting the gifts the next morning would amply repay her for all her toil.

After retiring that night she said to herself—"Now I have a present ready for every one I love dearly." After a moment's reflection she added, "except Jesus—and I love Him—I wish I could send Him a present." Musing in this way she fell asleep, but was first to waken in the morning. She was in great trouble. She felt that her best friend had been neglected by her, and presently began to sob with grief.

But just then a new and happy thought took possession of her—the thought was this: "I will give myself to Him," and kneeling at her bedside she said, "Dear Jesus I have no present for you, but myself—take me," and that Saviour who said "Suffer little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not" was pleased with the gift and gave her in return such joy as she never before experienced, and as she gave her friends the paltry gifts that morning she added, "I have given myself to Jesus."

More than a dozen years have passed away, Annie is now now a "sunbeam" Christian woman and the wife of one of our ministers, and says she will ever remember with joy the bright Christmas morning on which she and her Saviour exchanged gifts.

SINS FORGIVEN.

The first joy the Christian feels is the knowledge of his sins forgiven. A little girl knelt to pray, but the memory of a wrong done that day came between her soul and Christ. She had disobeyed her father. She rose and went to his room. "Papa," said she, as the tears filled her eyes and choked her voice, "I have come to tell you something that I did that was wrong to day. I want you to forgive me."

"My dear child," was the answer, "I do not want you to tell me; I forgive you freely without."

He dried away her tears and sent her back rejoicing. As she knelt once more for her Heavenly Father's blessing the readiness of her earthly father to forgive her was to her a type of the divine forgiveness. She realized that "God pardons like a father—so kisses the offence into everlasting forgetfulness."

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

SANTA CLAUS.

BY S. H. MANCHIE.

When Winter comes forth in his mantle of white,
And Jack Frost holds in check all the streams,
Oh, 'tis then that our little one hangs up his sock
And of Santa Claus' merry face dreams.



HOLIDAY TIME.

He dreams of the reindeer speeding through space,
Urged on by the Saint, old and merry,
With his great fur coat and his snowy white hair,
Enwreathed with the bright scarlet berry:

Of the funny old sleigh they draw through the air
With its burden of Christmas toys,
That the merry old Saint, the little one knows,
Will leave for the best of the boys.

He fancies he hears them pawing the snow
On the roofs of the houses hard by,
And closes his eyes, lest this best of all saints
Should see him awake and pass by.

A noise at the chimney-place rouses him quite.
His desire gets the better by far
To get just a peep at the things that are brought,
When who should he see but—his Ma!

THE eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good.

A HUNGRY man might, as well be expected to abstain from food, or a thirsty man from drink, as a Christian from prayer.

A MERCHANT'S STORY.

A member of a large mercantile firm recently gave me a bit of his early experience. He said: "I was seventeen years old when I left the country store where I had 'tended' for three years, and came to Boston in search of a place. Anxious, of course, to appear to the best advantage, I spent an unusual amount of time and solicitude upon my toilet, and when it was completed I surveyed my reflection in the glass with no little satisfaction, glancing lastly and most approvingly upon a seal ring which embellished my little finger, and my cane, a very pretty affair, which I had purchased with direct reference to this occasion.

"My first day's experience was not very encouraging. I traversed street after street, up one side and down another, without success. I fancied towards the last that the clerks all knew my business the moment I opened the door, and that they winked ill-naturedly at my discomfiture as I passed out. But nature had endowed me with as good degree of persistency, and the next day I started out again. Towards noon I entered a store where an elderly gentleman stood talking with a lady at the door. I waited till the visitor had left and then stated my errand. 'No, sir,' was the answer given in a peculiar crisp and decided manner. Possibly I looked the discouragement I was beginning to feel, for he added in a kinder tone, 'Are you good at taking a hint?' 'I don't know,' I answered, while my face flushed painfully. 'What I wish to say is this,' said he, smiling at my embarrassment—'If I were in want of a clerk, I would not engage a young man who came seeking employment with a flashy ring on his finger and swinging a fancy cane.'

"For a moment mortified vanity struggled against common sense, but sense got the victory, and I replied, with rather a shaky voice I am afraid, 'I am very much obliged to you,' and then beat a hasty retreat. As soon as I got out of sight I slipped the ring into my pocket, and walking rapidly to the Worcester depot I left the cane in charge of the baggage-master 'till I called for it.' It is there yet for aught I know. At any rate I never called for it. That afternoon I obtained a situation with the firm of which I am now a partner.

"How much my unfortunate finery had injured my prospects on the previous day I shall never know; but I never think of the old gentleman and his plain-dealing, without feeling, as I told him at the time, 'very much obliged to him.'"

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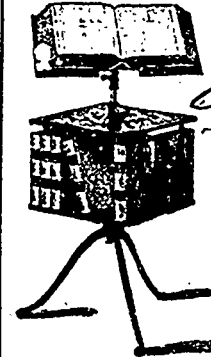
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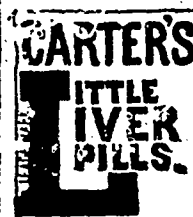


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