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SNOW PUDDING.—Cover half an ounce of gelatine with a little cold water, and let it cook half an hour. Then pour over a pint of boiling water; add two cups of sugar and the juice of three lemons; stir until the sugar is dissolved; strain and set on ice. When cold beat with an egg beater until white as snow; frost the whites of four eggs and stir; cool a pudding mould, pour in the pudding and set away to harden.
J. H. JACKSON, of Croton, N. Y., writes that WELLS' BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY cured his wife of lung difficulty, with sitting of blood. After she had been under a physician's care for more than a year, and used many remedies without avail.
ENGLISH BROWN BREAD.—Allow for three loaves of this bread a quart of graham, a quart of rye flour, a pint of warm water, two tablespoonful of molasses, one of salt, one of butter, and half a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in one-third of a cupful of water. Make this bread in the same way entire wheat bread is made, only bake it an hour and a quarter instead of an hour. This is a coarse bread and very healthful.
Horsford's Acid Phosphate Makes Delicious Lemonade.
A teaspoonful added to a glass of hot or cold water, and spooned to the taste, will be found refreshing and invigorating.
CORNSTARCH PUDDING.—Put a quart of milk on to boil; mix four tablespoonful of cornstarch with a little cold water and add to the boiling milk. Let cook until thick and smooth. Beat the whites of four eggs stiff; add half a cup of sugar to the milk, then the whites of the eggs; stir all together over the fire; take off, flavour with vanilla, pour in a pudding mould and set on the ice to harden. Serve with cold vanilla sauce.
The Electric Light.
It is astonishing how rapidly the electric light is coming into general use. It is being employed for public lighting our large cities. It dazzles our eyes with its splendour as the stars above our thoroughfares at night. But with all its splendour and utility, it is not as light and beautiful as the biscuit made with Imperial Cream Tartar Baking Powder.
COLD BREAD PUDDING.—Cut in thin slices a small loaf of stale bread; wash and pick one pint of currants; butter the slices of bread. Put a layer of bread in the bottom of a pudding mold, sprinkle with the currants, and put in more bread and currants until all is used. Beat four eggs and a half cup of sugar together, with one pint of milk and a little grated nutmeg; pour over the bread, let stand half an hour, bake until brown; set away to cool and serve with cream sauce.
TOMATO SOUP.—Always use cold water in making all soups; skim well, especially through the first hour. There is great necessity for thorough skimming, and to help the scum rise pour in a little cold water now and then; as the soup reaches the boiling point skim it off. Use salt at first sparingly, and season with salt and pepper; allow one quart of soup to three or four persons.
For tomato soup allow one gallon of stock made from nice fresh beef to three quarts of fresh tomatoes; remove the skin and cut out the hard centre, put through a fine sieve, and add to the stock; make a paste of butter and flour, and when the stock begins to boil, stir in half a teaspoonful of the paste, taking care not to have it lumpy; boil twenty minutes, seasoning with salt and pepper to taste. Two quarts of the canned tomatoes will answer.
DR. HARVEY'S SOUTHERN RED PINE for coughs and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

INFANTILE Skin & Scalp DISEASES

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FOR CLEANSING, PURIFYING AND BEAUTIFYING the skin of children and infants and curing itching, disfiguring, chafing, and pimply diseases of the skin, and all kinds of eruptions, from infancy to old age, the CUTICURA Remedies are infallible.
CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, prepared from it internally, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood Purifier, internally, cures every form of skin and blood disease, from pimples to scrofula.
Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 75c; RESOLVENT, \$1.00; SOAP, 35c. Prepared by the PATENT DRUG AND CHEMICAL CO., Boston, Mass.
Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases."
Baby's Skin and Scalp preserved and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP.
KIDNEY PAINS, Backache and Weakness cured by CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER, an instantaneous pain-subduing plaster.



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THE INFALLIBLE REMEDY

For all Affections of the LIVER & KIDNEYS
FOR Cramps, Chills, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera-Morbus and all Bowel Complaints, NO REMEDY EQUALS
ENGLISH BROWN BREAD.—Allow for three loaves of this bread a quart of graham, a quart of rye flour, a pint of warm water, two tablespoonful of molasses, one of salt, one of butter, and half a cake of compressed yeast dissolved in one-third of a cupful of water. Make this bread in the same way entire wheat bread is made, only bake it an hour and a quarter instead of an hour. This is a coarse bread and very healthful.
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No Chemicals are used in its preparation. It has more strength than any other Cocoa mixed with starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and therefore far more economical. A small quantity will make a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, LAXATIVE, Digestive, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 19

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21st, 1899.

No. 34.

Notes of the Week.

As will be seen from the announcement in our advertising columns, the re-opening after the summer vacation of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, will take place on October 1.

THE Committee of the Church of Scotland on Church Interests have issued a manifesto expressing great surprise at the recent declaration of Mr Gladstone in support of disestablishment. It appears to them "entirely inconsistent with his previous declarations that no resolution come to by a Parliament not elected on the Church question could be accepted as conclusive on the subject." The committee protest against so extraordinary a change of attitude, and claim fulfilment of the promise that the question shall be put to the people as a separate and distinct issue before any action be taken in Parliament.

COUNT BERNSTORFF, of Berlin, who has been a Sunday school teacher for twenty-five years, says: "In England you have to preserve the Sunday; on the Continent we have to conquer it." With this saying we may compare a recent one of Mr Gladstone's to Dr. Cuyler: "Amid all the pressure of my public life and duties I have always thanked God for the rest and repose of the Sunday." Dr. Moorhouse, of Manchester, speaks plainly in a deserved rebuke on the same topic: "The Sunday is especially the poor man's day. It is the little green island of rest to which he may escape from the roaring ocean of labour and care which threatens to submerge his life" If we do not preserve the Sunday, we shall find it much harder to conquer it.

AT the request of a number of Germans resident in Inverness, Rev. George Robson, M.A., pastor of Union Street United Presbyterian Church, has instituted a German service for their benefit in his own church. At the first service, which was limited to those who were Germans or who understood the language, there was an attendance of about seventy persons. Mr. Robson modelled the services on the customary German form, the Apostles' Creed and Lord's Prayer being repeated by the entire congregation. Those on whose behalf the service was held so keenly appreciate Mr. Robson's kindness that he will probably hold a similar service monthly, or at least quarterly. This is said to be the first time a German service has been held in that town.

SOME people in the United States are of opinion that the Alien Labour Law now in operation there is a bad law. Some are proceeding on the principle that the best way to repeal an objectionable piece of legislation is to enforce it whenever by strict letter it is permissible to do so. If it should be violated in spirit that seems to be of no consequence. It was never intended by those in whose interest the Alien Labour Law was passed that it should apply to preachers of the Gospel. The latest of these absurd applications of the law appears in the case of the Rev. H. Ross, of Ingersoll, who has been called to the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, Erie, Pa. Whether it is seriously intended to make the provisions of the law apply to him or not remains to be seen.

AT the welcome meeting to Principal Rainy in Melbourne the usually sedate Presbyters went the length of calling for three cheers for the Principal when he rose to speak, and gave them with considerable lung force. An Irish brother said he was "glad to see that even Scotchmen could sometimes make fools of themselves." Many of the men who cheered were old pupils of the Principal. In his opening sentences Dr. Rainy referred with quiet humour to the disappointment Dr. Dale experienced at finding church life in Australia so dreadfully like church life at home. Dr. Rainy assured his hearers that he would not be too greatly cast down by such a discovery. At his lecture in Dr. Bevan's church a Wesleyan moved, and a Baptist seconded, the vote of thanks. From New Zealand Dr. Rainy proposes going home by America.

IN the *Christian Leader* Editor's Note Book is the following entry: "He means well." There is a sad irony in the excuse. Man must be a poor

"feckless" biped indeed, if with good intentions he so often effects evil results. The well-meaning man often makes earth's paradise into a wilderness as of hell, simply because he will not allow the inner council of his mind to go into a committee of ways and means before he drives at his purpose. There is a vile selfishness and a coarse arrogance at the bottom of this habit. The man who "means well" and does ill consults neither the laws of nature nor the feelings of his neighbours. And you can no more make such a self-concentred wretch understand the misery he causes than you can make the writer of a bad hymn understand how his doggerel jars on pious, though sensitive, ears.

"ANGLO-SCOT," the Irish correspondent of the *Presbyterian Messenger*, says: There has been great interest excited in Ireland and elsewhere about the remarkable conversion of a Roman Catholic priest called Rev. Thomas Connellan, of Athlone. Some two years ago this gentleman went up the river above Athlone to have his usual bath, after which his boat was found with his clerical habiliments, and it was concluded that he had been drowned, and the newspapers were full of encomiums on the character and good works of his reverence. Now it turns out from his own statement, in a most interesting pamphlet, published by George Herbert, Dublin, that he adopted this curious ruse to make his exit from Popery. He was in high honour in his Church, and had been appointed by the bishop to preach on "Transubstantiation." His sermon gained for him great *eclat*, but doubts had arisen in his mind, and the study of this crucial doctrine brought matters to a crisis. His difficulty, having decided he could no longer remain in the Roman Church, was how to escape from his thralldom. In Ireland, as in Spain, this is a most trying ordeal. His story is most interesting, and your readers could not spend sixpence better than in getting it, and reading it, and circulating it. After spending some time in London, we understand he has returned to Athlone to show that he is a living witness for the truth. His little brochure is entitled "Hear the Other Side," by Rev. Thomas Connellan, late Roman Catholic Curate, St. Peter's, Athlone. The most curious thing about the case is that his parents, who are strict Roman Catholics, have received him kindly, and so far we do not hear of his being molested.

THE monument recently unveiled in Rome to the memory of Giordano Bruno is not the only one that has just been reared in honour of those who, with their lives maintained the right of Christian free men in opposition to the spiritual despotism of the Papacy. In Paris a grand statue of Admiral Coligny has recently been unveiled. Writing on the subject Dr. Pressense says: It was natural that the adherents of the Reformed Church of France should take the lead in an enterprise of this nature; but from the first, Catholics also showed their readiness to join in doing honour to Coligny's memory; and it is one of the most interesting features of the effort that in the midst of all the divisions of political parties, men of the most varied schools have been associated in its prosecution. The descendants of the French refugees of the Revolution are still deeply attached to everything connected with their ancient Church. This is shown by the generous giving at Geneva, London and La Haye. Two subscriptions deserve special mention, those of the Comte de Paris and the Prince of Orange, who both allude in their letters to the fact of their ancestral connection with Coligny. It consists of three figures—in the central the Admiral, on the right the Fatherland, and on the left Religion. On the pedestal are inscribed these simple and touching words, taken from the Admiral's will: "I will gladly forget all injurious words and deeds that have only touched me personally, provided that all that concerns the glory of God and the public peace may be secured." The inaugural ceremony was presided over by the Minister of Public Instruction and the Director of fine Arts, and a most eloquent address was given by M. Bersier. We can but feel that a great act of reparation has been performed, and the character of the most illustrious victim of the Massacre of St. Bartholomew has been nobly vindicated in full view of that Palace of the Louvre, from which Charles IX. gave the signal for the carnage.

AT the induction of Marcus Dods, D.D., to the professorship in the New College, Edinburgh, the Rev. Dr. Whyte in his address said: There were one or two mistakes that their new professor was not unlikely to fall into on entering upon his academical career. One of them was, he feared, that he would expect far too much from his students. But he must remember that "true religion may have a vital connection with a weak mind." He may say to us who keep the doors of his class that weak minds have no business there; and no doubt it was one of the dangers of their Church that there were so many weak minds. As soon as these come to have any vital connection with true religion they immediately think that they are called to be ministers. How to deal with such men is still an unsolved problem in Presbytery, in examination board, and in senatus. Another danger and difficulty has already beset our popular friend. Men who love neither his Church nor the truth she has been raised up to teach are at present crowding round him and making him their champion and their boast. Yes; our new professor is broad, as the misleading and injurious word is; but his breadth is not theirs any more than is his depth. His breadth goes out on a plan as much higher than theirs as his depth goes down deeper. But because his studies and his style have sometimes led him to say some things that sounded to their ears not unlike their own unhallowed language about Holy Scripture, they have held him up as their ally and their champion. A passing misunderstanding also with some of his own brethren has for a moment made Dr. Dods an immensely popular man in quarters where popularity and patronage must be a sufficient chastisement and a real humiliation. But as time goes on, and his true and untarnished loyalty to his Church, her Scriptures and her Standards comes more and more clearly out, may we not hope that the authority of his judgments and the attractiveness of his character may yet win over many of such men also to the knowledge and the love of the truth?

DAVID KER, the distinguished correspondent of the *New York Times* has, in his *Conquest of Morocco*, and giving as is his wont graphic delineations of the interesting lands he so observantly studies. He has come to know of the existence of several secret societies among the Mohammedans. Two or three of them are chiefly of a speculative kind, but there is one in particular whose aims and methods he describes, showing that with many Islam has lost nothing of its intolerant fanaticism. The association is known by the name of Darkawi, whose members are styled by those who comprehend its purpose, "The Jesuits of Islam," and, says Mr. Ker, "it would be hard to find a better definition of them. In implicit obedience and unreasoning submission to the will of their leaders, in blind devotion to the end proposed and utter recklessness of the means used to attain it, in cunning, in hardihood, in cynical contempt for human happiness and human life as compared with the advancement of the Order, they are quite equal to their worthy prototypes, and they seem to possess in full measure the same power of penetrating into all lands and ingratiating themselves with all classes of men. The real character of this formidable body is sufficiently evident from its avowed objects, as stated by those who direct its movements. These objects are, first, the fostering and intensifying of religious zeal throughout the whole Mohammedan world. Second, the fomenting of a constant and determined opposition to all Christian government and the destroying by any means whatever of all who shall 'attempt to turn away believers from the true faith'—a feature of the programme which must be not wholly without interest for European and American missionaries. Third, the Darkawi enjoin and labour for the amendment, deposition, or assassination (apparently it does not in the least matter which) of all Mohammedan Princes who shall allow themselves to fall under the influence of the Christian governments aforesaid and shall act by their dictation or according to their advice. In other words, any one who dares to carry the light of modern civilization into the darkness of Moslem barbarism is to be promptly driven away or murdered, and any one who may presume to be civilized by it is to be driven away, or murdered too."

Our Contributors.

STAY-AT-HOME COMPENSATIONS.

BY KNOXIAN.

The portion of the human family that live in Canada may be divided into two classes—those who are away on their holidays and those who are at home. Those who are at home think that those who are away are having a good time. Perhaps they are and perhaps they are not. The minister who sits in his study and reads about other ministers crossing the Atlantic or recuperating at the sea-side or sailing on our own broad lakes, is strongly tempted to complain. The lawyer who sits in his office and waits for clients while other lawyers are sporting over all the continent needs more resignation than governments usually have. Business men who can stand behind the counter on hot days and patiently wait on customers while many of their business associates are away on a first class tour must be lineal descendants of Job. The average woman can stand a good deal when she has to, but it does try even a good woman to stay at home and keep house when nearly all her neighbour women are going away on a trip. About the only man in society who can stay at home with perfect resignation while every other person goes away is the editor. The editor is the most docile of animals. He never complains. In fact he seldom has anything to complain about. His friends are all sweetly reasonable. They never worry him in any way. They spare his feelings. They would no more think of worrying him than of paying their subscriptions in advance. The editor needs no holiday. The privilege of reading original poetry, of deciphering illegible copy, of dodging when somebody comes in to know "who wrote that article," of writing puffs and correcting proofs—these precious privileges are enough of earthly bliss for anybody. Why should the lucky man who enjoys them hanker after a holiday? Other men may need recreation but the editor gets his reward at home—partly in the pumpkins and other "garden sass" with which some of his patrons square their little bills. He should never complain about not getting holidays and he rarely does—because he knows it is no use.

COMPENSATIONS.

The stay-at-homes who do complain should remember one or two fundamental facts. Fundamental is a big word. It sounds well and is often used by clergymen, especially those who dislike short words—a rather numerous tribe. Well, the fundamental facts that stay-at-homes should remember are these—Holidays are not all pleasure, and staying at home is not an unmixed misfortune, if misfortune at all. If you stay at home you save your money and that is something. A decent man seldom feels more foolish than when he looks at his thin pocket book at the end of a long tour and knows in his very bones that he got no value for his money.

A stay-at-home may save more than his money. He may save a large amount of positive discomfort. Cars are often crowded, and dusty and badly ventilated. Steamboats too are often loaded down. If you have to stand behind your chair at the table for twenty minutes before each meal you are not likely to begin the meal in a proper frame of mind. If you have to wait until two or three o'clock for dinner, mind and body are both likely to be out of sorts. People go on summer tours to get away from business, but sometimes they are not long in bed in their hotel or boarding-house until they find themselves attacked by hundreds of lively little room-mates, who attend to business strictly. Their business is to make a living out of the guests, and they sometimes succeed a good deal better than the guests succeed in getting sleep.

To Mr. Stay at home we would say, Be thankful you have a home to stay in. The head of a family without a roof to keep his wife and children under is in a bad way. Heaven help him. He must feel that the world has used him very badly.

With Mrs. Stay-at-home, who has to manage her house while many of her neighbour women are away on a summer trip, we would reason thus—Dearly-beloved sister, don't feel too bad. It is a great thing to have a house to manage. Thousands of good women are houseless. A woman without a home of her own is not to be envied. As a general thing she has a pretty hard time. Taking care of a house is sometimes troublesome, but it is a good deal more troublesome not to have any house to take care of. Cooking is rather trying in hot weather, but it is far more trying not to have anything to cook. Sewing may be irksome, but it is more irksome not to have anything to sew. People often complain about home cares. If they stopped a moment and reflected on how they would feel if they had no home, perhaps they would not complain so much.

If young Mr. Stay-at-home and Miss Stay-at-home were in a mood to reason we might ask them if the comforts and advantages they enjoy in their father's house all the year round are not worth a great deal more than the two weeks' holidays that young people get who have to scrape for their living. Supposing the head of the household has decided that he cannot afford to give you a trip this summer, don't imagine, dear young friends, that you are suffering martyrdom.

Archdeacon Farrar in a recent discourse affirmed that the printing press has added more power to man's intellect than the telescope to his vision or the lever to his arm.

ECUMENICAL COUNCILS.

FROM THE POSTHUMOUS PAPERS OF THE LATE MR. THOMAS HENNING.

THE SECOND ECUMENICAL COUNCIL.

met in 381 at Constantinople in the reign of Theodosius the Great. This Council condemned a great number of heresies, such as that of Macedonius, Bishop of Constantinople, and others who denied the divinity of the Holy Ghost, the third person of the Godhead, and that of Apollinaris, Bishop of Laodicea, who denied the perfect humanity of Christ. It raised the see of Constantinople to the second rank in Christendom, next to Rome, and suggested the principle that the dignity of the patriarch was to be determined by the importance of the city over which he ruled. If the account given of this Council by Gregory of Nazianus is to be trusted, the moral tone of those present was not high. "All the gluttons, villains and false swearers of the empire," he says, "had been convoked in the Council. The bishops were time-servers and flatterers of the great, long-headed hypocrites and pretended devotees who have neither intellect nor faith." Of Councils in general this rather bitter writer had no high opinion. "I will not sit in one of those Councils of geese and cranes," he exclaims. "I fly from every meeting of bishops; for I never saw a good end to any, but rather an increase of evils." Notwithstanding this severe language there were many eminent and excellent men here, such as Gregory of Nyssa, brother of Basil the Great; Melitius, the gentle Bishop of Antioch, and Cyril, the aged Bishop of Jerusalem. The "one hundred and fifty fathers," as they have been called, left for Constantinople for their homes in July, 381, having enlarged the Nicene Creed by a formula affirming the equality of the Holy Spirit with the Father and the Son. From this time the Arians were only allowed to hold their worship outside the city. Somewhat later all their churches in the empire were taken from them.

In 428 Nestorius, a monk of Antioch, and a most eloquent man, was appointed Patriarch of Constantinople. He was honest and pious and famed for his eloquence. He publicly preached that it was improper and even impious to address the Virgin Mary as the Mother of God. "The heathen notion of a God born of a mortal mother," said he, "is directly confuted by St. Paul, who declares the Lord without father and without mother. Could a creature bear the Uncreated? The human nature alone was born of the Virgin; that which is of the flesh is flesh." This raised a general war throughout the Eastern Churches—some taking the part of Nestorius, others opposing. His great adversary was Cyril, of Alexandria, who was distinguished for his ambition, arrogance, rapacity and violence. The dispute was referred for arbitration to Rome, and Pope Celestine declared against Nestorius. Excommunication followed, but Nestorius excommunicated in turn—anathema encountered anathema. Nestorius enjoyed the favour of the Imperial Court. Cyril was arraigned for disturbing the peace of the world, and that of the Imperial family. A universal demand sprung up for a General Council as the only means of allaying the strife. Theodosius issued his imperial summons, and, in obedience to that mandate, assembled the first

GENERAL COUNCIL OF EPHEBUS

in 431. Nestorius came, accompanied by not more than sixteen bishops of his party. Cyril arrived attended by fifty Egyptian bishops; Memnon, Bishop of Ephesus, a declared enemy of Nestorius, had summoned thirty prelates from Asia Minor. Nor were these antagonists satisfied with mustering their spiritual strength; each was accompanied by a rabble of followers of more unseemly character—Cyril by the bathmen and a multitude of women from Egypt; Nestorius by a horde of peasants, and some of the lower populace of Constantinople. The Emperor sent a body of soldiers to protect his bishop. John of Antioch and the Eastern bishops were detained by bad roads and other causes. Cyril and his partisans were clamorous for the immediate opening of the Council. Nestorius insisted on delay until the arrival of the Eastern bishops. Cyril and his friends would not wait, but opened the Council on June 22 in the Church of the Virgin Mary. Nestorius and his friends refused to attend. The proceedings commenced. The tenets of Nestorius were pronounced to be blasphemous, and all joined in one tumultuous cry, "Anathema to him who does not anathematize Nestorius." The prelates were escorted with torches to their homes, women going before them burning incense. A general illumination took place. "Thus did the Saviour," writes Cyril, "shew His almighty power against those who blasphemed His name." Meantime John of Antioch and the eastern prelates arrived, and proceeded to instal themselves as a Council under the sanction of the Emperor. They, in their turn, condemned the doctrines of Cyril, and of Memnon, of Ephesus, and recorded their anathema against the prelates of the adverse Council. Cyril and Memnon launched a counter anathema. From words they came to blows. The churches were stormed and the streets of Ephesus filled with riot and bloodshed. The imperial prefect ordered the arrest of all the contending prelates. Finally Nestorius was permitted to retire to a monastery at Antioch, from which he was exiled to the Egyptian Oasis, where he sunk into the grave. Cyril returned to Alexandria, where he was received in triumph as the great champion of the faith. Theodosius, weary of the strife, dissolved the meeting and issued an imperial edict proscribing Nestorianism. Nestorianism, however, was too deeply rooted in the Eastern mind to be extinguished either by imperial or by ecclesiastical persecution. It took refuge beyond the Roman

frontiers, among the Christians of Persia, and still exists on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates.

The foremost adherent of Cyril in Constantinople had been Eutyches, a superior of a convent of monks without the walls of the city. At his bidding swarms of monks had thronged the streets, defied the civil power, terrified the Emperor, and contributed more than any other cause to the final overthrow of the Nestorians. This aged monk taught that after his incarnation, Christ had only had one nature, and that, since the body of Christ was that of the deity, it could not have been of the same substance with ours. Dioscurus, Cyril's successor at Alexandria, defended the theory of Eutyches. At a Synod held at Constantinople (448) under the Bishop Flavianus, Eutyches was accused and excommunicated. He appealed from a local Synod to Christendom. He demanded a General Council to examine his opinions. The Emperor, Theodosius II., summoned a council to meet at Ephesus (449) under the presidency of Dioscurus, of Alexandria. At Ephesus met that assembly which has been branded by the name of the "Robber Synod," on August 8, 449. The Council, overawed by the presence of the imperial soldiery and the savage monks, absolved Eutyches from all suspicion of heresy, deposed Flavianus and Theodoret, beating the former so severely that he expired a few days after. A sudden revolution took place. The feeble Theodosius dies (450). The masculine Pulcheria—the friend of Flavianus and the hero of Rome—ascends the throne of Constantinople. Eutyches was quietly removed from the city. A full and authoritative council was called to repeal the acts of the "Robber Synod" of Ephesus. At Chalcedon—the Asiatic suburb of Constantinople, met that Assembly,

THE FOURTH GREAT ECUMENICAL COUNCIL,

on October 8, 451. Five hundred bishops put in an appearance. Dioscurus of Alexandria was there, and the first act of the Council was to frame a resolution deposing him and Eutyches for their acts at the Council of Ephesus. This was carried unanimously. The Council affirmed "that Christ was true God and true man; that according to his divinity He was begotten from all eternity, and equal to the Father; that according to his humanity, He was born of Mary the Virgin and Mother of God; and was like us in all things, yet without sin; and that after His incarnation the unity of His person consisted of two natures, which were unmixed and unchanged, but also undivided and not separated." Thirty canons were passed by this Assembly on ecclesiastical subjects, and among them one of singular importance to Christendom. It asserted the supremacy of the Roman See, not in right of its descent from Peter, but solely as the bishopric of the Imperial City. It assigned, therefore, to the Bishop of New Rome, as equal in civil dignity, a co-equal and co-ordinate ecclesiastical authority. Leo from this period denounces the arrogance and presumption of Anatolius, the Bishop of Constantinople, and this canon of the Ecumenical Council has been refused all validity in the West. Barsimas and his monks, awed by the imperial power, shook their garments in contempt of the Council, and then sullenly retired to their solitudes to brood over and to propagate in secret their Monophysite doctrines or faith that yet lingers among the Copts and the Abyssinians. How clearly do the results of these Councils show us their powerlessness in producing a general unity of belief!

AN INDIAN VILLAGE.

BY THE REV. J. WILKIE, INDORE.

Come with me to one of the many villages that you see from our home at Indore. The country for the most part is level and bare, with here and there two or three tall trees only to break the monotony of the scene. Woods, as you understand that term, are unknown, all having been removed hundreds of years ago—for you remember we are travelling over ground that was old when our Saviour came to earth, that this extraordinary history carries us away back to the youth of mankind. These trees indicate the abode of the protecting divinities of the village and so let us away to it to see it as it is. Roads to it there are none, as we understand that term, only cart ruts or foot paths that wind here and there as seems to be most convenient. Holkar and other native chiefs do not trouble the Public Works Department about such things—in fact, almost the only thing for which that Department exists is to build new palaces. Five large new palaces were under construction within four miles of Indore when we left there, each costing probably not less than a quarter of a million each. When the demands for new palaces, the Zenana, an occasional new temple and the thousands of lazy fakirs and Sadhus or holy men are met, there is but little left for roads or anything else. You require to go to a native State to see how beautifully the doctrine—that the people exist for the king—can develop.

Though there are no roads, there is no lack of custom houses that every mile or two are set down on every cart track in the country. To understand the working of these start out from Indore with a load of salt. It is cheap enough at the railway station even after the British Government had levied its small duty; but before you have gone one hundred miles you find the constant daily duty for travelling over Nature's roads have so raised the cost price of your salt, that the poor people can't touch it, that it has become a luxury for only a very few rich ones amongst them. See how dry and parched everything looks as we cross the fields. It is December, our winter weather, but you feel the value of your sun hat

and probably an umbrella too. What a bright sun! Smoked glasses are a luxury. No green grass to relieve the eye though yonder is a field full of delicate green. Ah yes, opium flourishes in Central India. All the finest land, the greater part of the water supply and labour of its people and the care and attention of high and low alike are given to the cultivation of this terrible curse. Dearly has the victory over the Chinese been bought and the price is not by any means all paid. It is true that the native princes in order to raise this highly priced drug were led to dig wells, that otherwise would not have been thought of; but even these have been and shall continue to be dearly paid for. Do you wonder that people who have so little to live for or to stimulate ambition, so few enjoyments, so little to relieve their pains, when constantly working amongst it should gradually develop a taste for it. Yonder is a field of it, all cut up into little beds of six or eight feet square, carefully weeded and watered. See the women of the village are all out working but where are their babes? At home sleeping under the influence of opium. In the morning after its meal a piece of opium is put into the child's mouth and in unconsciousness it quietly awaits the return of the mother from the fields. At noon and again if need be at night the dose is repeated. Do you wonder at the large mortality in Central India? Hardly a child there does not get opium as regularly as its meals till it is about three years old. But it is not confined to children. Have they colds, or fevers or aches of any kind, then opium is their solace. Often it is more easily obtainable than food and so used to drown the cravings of an appetite which cannot be satisfied. You would find it hard to answer the indignant charges of the thinking ones amongst them who point to the terrible ravages of this evil seen everywhere and perchance even felt and who laying the blame at England's door ask if this is what Christianity prompts, or is it so powerless there that it cannot after all these centuries of growth check such cruel selfishness.

We have not yet I fear reaped the full harvest of iniquity. In China they have begun cultivating it themselves and so do not require the Indian article in the same quantities as before. Large stocks are unsalable in India. The stock holders must get money and so the article is lowered in price, encouragement given to its use and the evil still further developed. When will nations learn as well as individuals that as we sow so we must reap. But though we have not reached the village yet we must draw to a close for this time, promising a longer letter next week.

THE GLORIOUS RETURN—1689.

Mr. David K. Guthrie contributes the following interesting and timely historical sketch to the periodical, *A Voice from Italy*:

Before the next issue of *The Voice* can take place, the Bicentenary celebration will have come and gone; and our readers may reasonably expect some allusion in this number to an event whose two-hundredth anniversary in August is looked forward to with peculiar interest.

The history of the Waldenses for centuries before 1689 contains many a stirring page; but no episode in all their wondrous past is more worthy of remembrance than that which is known as the "Glorious Return" in 1689. A Return implies a previous Absence. Some of our readers may not know that the territory which had been from time immemorial the mountain home of the Vaudois for more than three years knew them not. The churches were closed, strangers put in possession of the houses and lands of the rightful owners, and they themselves scattered in other countries. How was this? The Waldenses did not leave their Valleys as emigrants. They were exiled against their will.

In 1686, one of the fiercest of the many blasts of persecution which have swept through their Valleys had burst. It ended in the wholesale incarceration of a people whose only crime was that they refused at the bidding of their prince to bow the knee to Rome. Men, women, and children were crowded into the loathsome prisons of Piedmont. "When they entered these dungeons," Henri Arnaud tells us, "they counted 14,000 healthy mountaineers, but when, at the intercession of the Swiss deputies, their prisons were opened, only 3,000 living skeletons crawled forth." Nor was this all. No sooner had this poor remnant obtained their liberty, than they were confronted by the alternative of abjuring their faith or quitting their country forever, within fifteen days, on pain of death. This was in December 1686, and amid the snows of winter they were driven across the Alps to Switzerland. No wonder many perished by the way; and had it not been for the kindness and care with which these poor people were welcomed in Switzerland, Germany and Holland, the Waldenses would have perished from off the face of the earth. It needed great faith in these depressing circumstances to trust the word of the Lord, "Fear not, little flock, it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom."

Three and a-half years they lived in Exile, but with an irrepressible longing pined for their native Valleys and yearned for a return. Time after time they made efforts which failed; but at length, one evening in August 1689, 800 or 900 determined men assembled by one common impulse on the northern shore of the Lake of Geneva. The decisive moment had come. That night (August 16) is one much to be remembered in the history of the Waldenses. Their rendezvous was a dense wood by the Lake, near Nyon, where boats were in readiness. Having committed themselves to God's protection in earnest prayer, they embarked in silence, and ere

morning broke, had all landed in safety on the shore of Savoy. Then began their perilous journey of twelve never-to-be-forgotten-days. The plan of march had been carefully arranged beforehand, and every possible precaution taken; but its success was possible only to men of invincible determination and faith in God.

To an onlooker, their enterprise might well have seemed rash and foolhardy. How were those men, imperfectly provided with arms and provisions, to make their way across one intervening chain of precipitous heights after another? How were they to force a passage through a territory, 120 miles broad as the crow flies, guarded by the skilled troops of France and Savoy, whom it seemed as hopeless to elude as to resist? That such an enterprise, in such circumstances, was successfully accomplished, is indeed a marvel. One feels, in reading the thrilling narrative, that He who led His people by a pillar of cloud and fire through the wilderness was the guide and protector of His "Israel of the Alps" in later days. As respects human instrumentality, their success was largely due to one remarkable man, their leader, Henri Arnaud—whose name is imperishably associated with the "Glorious Return." Arnaud had in his youth served as a captain in the army of the Prince of Orange (afterwards William III. of England); in later years, he became an honoured pastor of the Waldensian Church. He it was who each morning of the journey led the devotions of his troops and directed their perilous march.

The eight hundred men, divided into nineteen companies, each under a leader, selected the least frequented paths of the mountains to avoid their foes. But this was not always possible; once and again it seemed as if further progress were hopeless. At Salanches, where a bridge crossed the Arve, their passage was fiercely disputed by 600 armed men. Over the Col de Bonhomme, they had to march amid drenching rain, sinking to the knees in soft snow at every step. On August 22nd, after crossing the Mont Cenis amid extreme hardship, they descended into the valley of the Dora. Here, obstacles more formidable than those of nature awaited them. A body of 2,500 French troops opened fire on the Waldenses at the bridge of Salabertrand. It was a moment of extreme peril, but the intrepidity our mountaineers displayed on this occasion forms one of the most brilliant passages in their struggles for faith and freedom. Hurling themselves on the foe like one of the avalanches of their own mountains, they carried the bridge by assault, with heavy loss to the French, and scarcely any to themselves. The following day, the gallant band were gathered on the heights of Sci; and at that moment all previous dangers and fatigues were forgotten. For, looking southwards, they descried, rising aloft over the lower mountains, those snow-crowned peaks which they well knew looked down on their own Valleys. It was a Sabbath morning. On that mountain summit the whole band fell on their knees, poured out their hearts to God for His mercy to themselves, and implored His protection for the wives and little ones they had left behind. In two days more (August 27), Arnaud with his brave companions reached the Balsille, at the upper extremity of a wild gorge in the Valley of San Martino—a spot destined to be famous in their history. There for the first time for more than three years, the returned Waldenses felt themselves "at home." But much remained to be done. Descending from the Balsille, they discerned a painful change over the face of their loved country—churches in ruins, lands untilled, aliens in faith inhabiting their old homes, hostile troops under strict orders to resist their advance. It was evident that a reconquest was demanded as well as a return. But they believed that He who had brought them back could re-establish them; and, proceeding on the first Lord's day after their return to Sibaud, above Bobbio, they there united in a solemn league, which is known in their history as "the oath of Sibaud," pledging themselves before God to maintain in these Valleys for all coming time their ancient faith, and to be true to one another whatever might befall.

They were once more in their own country indeed, but Canaanites dwelt in the land. Autumn was at hand and a severe winter not far away. Meanwhile, a place of safety and retreat must in any case be provided against the elements, and the malice of their foes more to be feared than any winter. They resolved to establish themselves at the Balsille, a remarkable natural fortress, rising like a pyramid by three rocky platforms, difficult of access, and hemmed in by narrow ravines on either side. No wonder that this spot, like the Castelluzzo and Pra del Tor, is famous in Waldensian story; for if the passage of the Alps by the 800 was marvellous, no less so their preservation at the Balsille, encircled by foes, through the winter, and their escape in spring from that beleaguered fortress.

Their "place of defence" was literally "the munitions of rocks;" and the natural fortifications of the Balsille were carefully strengthened by the military skill of Arnaud.

But how, it may be asked, were so many men to be kept alive during the long months of the coming winter? He who gave manna in the wilderness had arranged for their sustenance. Besides such provision as they were able to procure by making sorties from their place of refuge, they discovered a granary below the snow! The inhabitants of the adjoining Valley had fled on the approach of the Waldenses, leaving their crops behind them unreaped. Immediately thereafter, snow had descended, and here stood the ripened grain beneath it—a supply of food ready at hand—a table spread for God's poor servants to their hour of need! The weary months of winter at length passed away, but with the advancing season came the expected foe. Nearly ten thousand soldiers, led by the renowned general, Catinat, swarmed into the valley of San

Martino with instructions to destroy every returned Waldensian without mercy.

The story of the siege sustained in the Balsille is a thrilling record. One assault after another by selected troops was gallantly repulsed, and with heavy loss to the assailants. At length, in May, the Waldenses were seriously alarmed by seeing cannon dragged by ropes up the narrow defile of the Germanasca, and planted in position opposite their fortress. Some years ago we visited that famous spot. We brought home an interesting memento of that visit in the shape of a 16-lb cannon ball, rough and brown with rust, which had been turned up by the plough in a field underneath the Balsille a few months before our visit,—one of "the papal arguments," as one has called them, "for the conversion of the Waldenses!" That ball had lain peacefully buried for nigh 200 years, and now lies before us, a silent witness to the truth of Arnaud's narrative. When the enemy's cannon commenced to play on the fortifications thrown up by the Vaudois, it soon became evident that their position was no longer tenable; and when the night of May 14th, 1690, came down, the possibility of their remaining longer in the Balsille was reduced to a question of hours. Arnaud and his companions were reduced to their last extremity. But man's extremity is God's opportunity. That very evening, there descended from heaven a dense mist which enveloped the whole upper half of the Balsille. God threw His "mantle" (as the Scotch Covenanters were wont to call the grey fog) over His poor servants, and thus they were completely hidden from their enemies in the valley below. At length, when all was at rest in the hostile camp, at dead of night, Poulart, himself a native of their valley, undertook to lead the Waldenses, now reduced in numbers, safely forth. They emerged in silence from the beleaguered fortress, and groping their perilous way along the verge of many a yawning precipice, passed from summit to summit, till, before the dawn broke, they had reached another ancient place of refuge, the Pra del Tor, in the recesses of Val Angrogna. Conceive the consternation of the troops of France and Savoy when, at break of day, they looked up to the Balsille, only to discover that the eyrie was deserted and the eagles fled!

One deliverance arrived to the Waldenses swiftly on the back of another. A day or two after their escape from the Balsille, they were still like partridges hunted on the mountains, hemmed in by exasperated foes on every side. Just then, a messenger arrived with wholly unexpected tidings. Their sovereign, the Duke of Savoy, had quarrelled with France, and had joined the allied Powers. It was a juncture when Victor Amadeus needed all the help he could obtain from his own subjects and well knowing, that none were braver or more loyal than the "heretics" of the Valleys, he sent to offer the Waldenses peace, permission to bring back their families to their old homes, and, best of all, the free exercise of their fathers' faith. And so, the sorely tried but heroic remnant of God's people were preserved, just when they seemed on the point of annihilation. The Lord himself turned again their captivity, and they were like men that dream!

The two-hundredth anniversary of that "Glorious Return" is now at hand. Well may the emancipated and now missionary Church of the Valleys commemorate these brave days of old, and magnify God's goodness to their fathers and themselves. All Evangelical Christendom should sympathise in their Jubilee.

HIGHER RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION SCHEME.

MR. EDITOR,—Kindly permit me to state through your columns that I have now sent to every minister and Sabbath School Superintendent, whose address I could obtain, a copy of the Syllabus and regulations of the scheme of "Higher Religious Instruction." I have also enclosed a few collecting cards to each school which the authorities will, I have no doubt, generously acknowledge.

I shall be pleased to furnish additional copies of the Syllabus to intending candidates, or any others who are interested, if they will send me a postal card with address.

The scheme is now fairly launched upon the Church, and, so far, has met with a kind reception. That it may be cordially supported and result in all the good that its most sanguine promoters anticipate, is, I am sure, the prayer of all.

T. F. FOTHERINGHAM,
Convener S. S. Committee.
107 Hazen St., St. John, N.B., Aug. 10th, 1889.

Scotland's Westminster Abbey must be sought for neither in Edinburgh or Glasgow, but on the summit of a richly-wooded though rugged crag, situated half way between the historic town of Stirling and the modern spa of Bridge-of-Allan. On this island cliff, where

Memories immortal hover round
The bold, time-honoured crag, which now enthrones
The guardian genius of his native land,
there was built between the years 1861-69, what is known as the Wallace monument. The monument, which owed its inception to Dr. Charles Rogers, is in the form of a Scotch baronial tower, and rears its crown-shaped head 200 feet above the rock on which it stands. The fitness of the site consists in the fact that Abbey Craig formed the camping-ground for Wallace's army on the night before the battle of Stirling Bridge. A gigantic statue of the hero of Scotland occupies a prominent position over the entrance to the building, but in the statuary hall at the top of the tower other Scotsmen than he have fitting memorial. Marble busts of some eight of Scotland's most famous sons had found a resting-place there, and now another—that of Dr. Chalmers—is added to the number. The proceedings were noteworthy from their being taken part in by the present Moderators of the Established and Free Churches, and by an ex-Moderator—Dr. Frew—of the United Presbyterian Church.

Pastor and People.

INTO ALL THE WORLD.

To "all the world!" yes, loud and clear it soundeth
That trumpet call, but Duty's clamant cry
Hath ever stayed my steps, or turned me homewards
To minister to loved ones that are nigh.

I backward look, and see the gracious Saviour,
Oh! self-effacing love upon the tree!
I hear the tender words, "Behold thy mother!"
Thrice blest command! It is enough for me.

We know not that the loved disciple ever,
Like Paul and Peter, journeyed far and wide
To preach to "all the world"; instead, it seemeth
He was a witness near that mother's side,

Until she passed beyond; but He, still biding,
Beheld through prison night eternal day,
And wrote some cheering letters to "the faithful,"
Or "little children," as He loved to say.

I dare not dream of victories unnumbered,
I may not lay great trophies at His feet,
"The Lord hath need of thee," faint heart, despair not!
That word hath power to make thy life complete.

Pilgrim, in Christian Leader.

THE PLACE OF POWER.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D.

One of the most active and most pronounced tendencies of our nature is to seek power. It matters not how limited the sphere may be in which it is wielded; it is a choice gratification to us to have somewhat under our control. This being the case, and no one will readily dispute it, there must be in this disposition something right and good. Something in line with our original constitution and God's purpose. Else, why does it so persistently assert itself? It does not at all affect the case that it is now directed to improper ends and wrong objects—there is the tendency announcing in an unmistakable way our original constitution, that we were made to "have dominion;" to exercise authority and power. To gratify this craving of the nature of man has filled the ages of the world and the pages of history with blood and lamentations and woe. A gift wrongly used is an evil.

There is, however, a right use of the desire for power which is a desire to bless. To put men in possession of what they seek. God discovers the place of power, whence may go forth upon the heart and lives of men gracious, healing, helpful influences. And what is that? Where is that? It is the mercy seat, the throne of grace.

The place of power is the place of prayer, where the soul goes out and lays hold upon God, pleading His promises. There to the believing soul God reveals Himself and in faithfulness fulfils every word that He has spoken. There He charges the earthen vessel with divine might, and makes it a channel of grace. He does not say "Seek ye My face," in vain. He waits to be gracious. He fills the empty with good things, while the rich He sends empty away. He who asks, receives; he who seeks, finds, and to him that knocketh, it is opened. Well may Rev. H. Stowell sing:

There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,
A place than all besides more sweet,
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.

The rule that applies to all our life is: "Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God. And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus." Prayer, then, is profitable in everything. We are well acquainted with its efficacy in the realm of religious life. It is a powerful factor there; an indispensable factor. And yet it is not appreciated as it ought to be, nor believed in as it ought to be, nor employed as it ought to be. How little prayer there is! and consequently how little power there is. Christian life is a negative rather than a positive force. Were there more believing prayer there would be more sense of God's presence and more realization of divine power.

William C. Burns writes in his diary, date November 1, 1839: "I spent the whole of this forenoon till half-past twelve in private with the Lord, and enjoyed more of his glorious presence, humbling and elevating my soul than I have had for some time past when alone. (O! for a day every week to spend in the secret of His presence!) At one o'clock I preached for the Senior Female Society in St. George's Church, to a congregation composed of the genteel society of Edinburgh. I was carried far above the conscious desire of the favour, and the conscious fear of man; and in preaching from Isa. xlii. 21, I felt much more of the presence of the Holy Ghost enlightening my mind in the knowledge of Christ, and melting my heart under a view of His glory and love than I have for some time enjoyed in public." Is not this the fulfilment of Matt. vi. 6, "But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret, and thy Father which seeth in secret Himself shall reward thee openly."

Captain Hedley Vicars gives us an illustration of the evil effects of neglecting prayer. It was his wont to read and pray in private every morning. This is his testimony: "I never enjoy any day that has not been commenced alone with God." On one occasion, while visiting Mr. and Mrs. Round at Birch Hall, Essex, he slept one morning later than usual, and went down to family prayers without having had time

for his private devotions, and afterwards, pressing this duty on his sister, he referred to this omission, saying: "My soul was the worse for it for nearly three weeks after." These instances type the experiences of men in the religious realm. But when we go beyond that, into the political realm, has prayer a place? Is it there a power? Is it recognized as an important factor? With godly men it is, and sometimes with others.

Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, on being made a member of Parliament, being a godly man, felt that this sphere was covered by the "everything," and so we find him saying: "Now that I am a member of Parliament, I feel earnest for the honest, diligent and conscientious discharge of the duty I have undertaken. My prayer is for the guidance of God's Holy Spirit, that, free from views of gain or popularity—that, careless of all things but fidelity to my trust, I may be enabled to do some good to my country, and something for mankind, especially in their most important concerns. I feel the responsibility of the situation, and its many temptations. On the other hand I see the vast good which one individual may do. May God preserve me from the snares that surround me." Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton knew the place of power.

An interesting incident is related by James Bryce in *The American Commonwealth* in connection with the drafting of the Constitution. Many formidable difficulties were encountered from the divergent sentiments and interests of different parts of the country as well as the larger and smaller States: Benjamin Franklin, who was one of the delegates from Pennsylvania (being then eighty-one years of age was so much distressed at the difficulties which arose and the prospect of failure that he proposed that the Convention, as all human means of obtaining agreement seemed to be useless,

SHOULD OPEN ITS MEETINGS WITH PRAYER

Mr. Bryce goes on to say "The suggestion, remarkable as coming from one so well known for his sceptical opinions, might have been adopted but for the fear that the outside public might thus learn how grave the position of affairs was. The original of Franklin's proposition, written in his own still firm and clear hand, with his note stating that only three or four agreed with him, is preserved in the State Department at Washington, where may be also seen the original draft of the condition, with the signatures of thirty-nine delegates." Benjamin Franklin knew the place of power. When "all human means" failed, then he would resort to Him who has the hearts of all men in His hands, and who can turn them as the river of water. Why not begin with God? "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." Forgetfulness of God brings much evil into the life. D'Aubigne of Geneva, attributes the success of Oliver Cromwell to his habit of prayer. He tells us that "every day of his life he retired to read the Scriptures and to pray." And that "he spent much time in prayer the night before the storming of Basing House." Cromwell's Ironsides were like himself, "men that had the fear of God," as Carlyle informs us, "and gradually lost all other fear." Hence, their victories. They knew the place of prayer which is the place of invincible might. Budgett of Bristol, whose business career began with the sale of a castoff horse shoe that he had picked up by the highway, who afterwards became a merchant prince, had a diet of divine worship every day in his establishment. Budgett knew the place of power. Sir T. F. Buxton, writing to his son who was at Trinity College, Cambridge, and who was at this particular time anxiously looking forward to his examinations, says: "But I have a piece of advice to give you with regard to the examination, which I am sure will if attended to, be of service; and if you remember it, and act upon it, it will be useful, whenever during your future life, you are about to engage in anything of more than usual importance, go to God in prayer; lay before him as before your wisest and best friend, your care, your burden, and your wishes; consult Him, ask His advice, entreat His aid, and commit yourself to Him; but ask especially, that there may be this restraint upon the efficiency of your prayers—that His will, and not your wishes may govern the result; that what you desire may be accomplished, provided He sees it to be best and not otherwise.

"The experience of my life is that events always go right when they are undertaken in the spirit of prayer. I have found assistance given and obstructions removed in a way that has convinced me that some secret power has been at work. . . . Depend upon it prayer is the best preparation you can have for your examination, and for everything else." So experience proves that prayer may reach "everything," it declares with strong emphasis that God's word is true.

From the throne of Grace "everything" is reached. And there the encouragement to ask is simply overwhelmingly great. Promises exceeding great and precious affecting "everything" are there awaiting the acceptance of a loving faith and the pleading of an earnest soul. Oh, why are we so weak, so poor, so miserable, so troubled and broken-hearted when we have a place of prayer, where Jesus says in His impressive way: "Verily, verily I say unto you, whatever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give you."

LOOK LONG TO JESUS.

Take a good look at Jesus as often as you can. You expect soon to behold Him in open vision, but they who look most to Him here will see most glory in Him hereafter. In heaven some will see far deeper into Christ than others. The deeper you see into His grace now, the deeper will you see into His glory then, for glory is measured by grace.

Linger at the place of secret prayer. If you do not know just what to pray about, look to Jesus for Him to give you a prayer. Look to Him for your prayer and your faith. After you have opened all your heart to Him, take time to linger for His answer; to listen to marching orders: and should he choose not to speak, trust Him just the same, and take time to adore Him. Go away from your closet with the clear image of Jesus hanging in your mind.—*Dr. D. G. Watson.*

THE POWER OF PRAISE.

To show the power of praise as an incentive to nobler effort, the reader need but recall the familiar story of Benjamin West. Left alone in the house with his baby brother, who was sleeping in a crib, the little fellow, taking pencil and paper, made a crude sketch of the sleeping babe. On his mother's return he showed her the picture. Delighted with the effort, imperfect as it was, she implanted a kiss of appreciation on the little boy's lips. That little act proved an inspiration in the boy's life. From step to step he pursued the art, until at last he became a master painter. And on one occasion, when asked by friends the secret of his success, West gave as his simple reply, "My mother's kiss made me a painter."

AN OPEN DOOR.

It was the morning of a busy week-day. The windows and the doors too—of a city church were open, and above the noise of waggons and carriages and the hum of trade, the notes of the organ rolled out, and for the moment a single clear voice filled the air. "Nearer, my God, to Thee," it sang. A woman, magnificently dressed, with a wearied face, and a wandering, restless eye, was passing in her carriage. As the way was blocked she was forced to stop, and though she did not listen, she heard that voice, and caught the words of the singer. She sat erect—startled. "Nearer to God!" Why of course she meant some time to come nearer to Him—as she had been when a child. She was growing gray. Why not begin now to be done with folly?

How peaceful and quiet the church was; she could go in and pray; she could look into her life, into her soul, hold account with God. She pulled the check-string. The carriage stopped; the footman opened the door. She hesitated. How many receptions she had to go to to-day; and there were her spring gowns to design. "Drive on, William," she said. A hard-featured merchant also heard the words of the hymn as he hurried by. He had a disagreeable work before him that morning; a sharp financial game which would bring him in a vast sum. It was sharp even to the point of down-right cheating; it would ruin his partners; and in the main he had heretofore been a man of ordinary business honesty. A few years ago he was a church member, but of late life had been so crowded and hurried as to leave no time for thoughts of serious things. "Nearer, my God, to Thee!" Nearer? He had been going away from Him. "I will not make that bargain," he said, halting. "It is the trick of a thief, and I—hope I am a Christian." But what an enormous profit it would pay! He hesitated a moment. Then he hurried on. In that brief time he had decided in favour of the profit.

A young fellow, his eyes red, and his face bloated from last night's debauch, was passing in the crowd as the familiar words sounded through the air. He stopped as if he had been struck a blow. His mother used to sing that in her old trembling voice, she kept near to God, too. "Why did I ever leave her?" he thought. "I am too weak a man to stand alone in this great city." He paused by the gate. Before his eyes rose a picture of the quiet old farmhouse; of his old mother and the wife and child whom he had deserted. They would welcome him back. But God? Could he come back to Him? He pushed open the gate and went in. Two days afterward he returned to his home and those who loved him. The merchant completed his bargain, and the lady her business, and as they passed the church again, a few hours later, a vague impression touched them of some open door awaiting entrance, some noble summons, some chance of escape to a higher life. But the church was closed, and the voice was silent. The roar of trade filled the busy street, and they went on their way. Who shall tell whither?

LITTLE THINGS.

It is said that the smallest screws in the world are those used in the production of watches. Thus, the fourth jewel wheel is the next thing to being invisible, and to the naked eye it looks like dust. With a glass, however, it is seen to be a small screw, with 260 threads to the inch, and with a very fine glass the threads may be seen quite clearly. These minute screws are $\frac{1}{10000}$ th of an inch in diameter, and the heads are double. It is also estimated that an ordinary lady's thimble would hold 100,000 of these screws. No attempt has ever been made to count them, the method pursued in determining the number being to place one hundred of them on a very delicate balance, and the number of the whole amount is determined by the weight of these. After being cut the screws are hardened and put in frames, about one hundred to the frame, heads up, this being done very rapidly by sense of touch instead of by sight; and the heads are then polished in an automatic machine, ten thousand at a time. The plate on which the polishing is performed is covered with oil, and a grinding compound, and on this the machine moves them rapidly by reversing motion.

Our Young Folks.

MIND THE BOW.

A little dancing, happy girl,
A father's gem, a mother's pearl,
Sat in the door at mamma's side,
When summer reigned both far and wide.

The sky grew black with sudden frown,
The lightning flashed, the rain came down,
The thunder almost rent the sky,
While birds were hid in covert's nigh.

The wind grew fierce in angry blast,
While all the heavens were overcast:
The storm, so sudden and so rude,
Seemed like the coming of a flood

The door was closed in sudden dread,
And in dismay the mother said,
"Does not my little daughter fear
That we shall have a deluge here?"

The little dancing, happy girl,
With skin so tinted like a pearl,
Replied in accents sweet and low,
"Let's mind the bow! let's mind the bow!"

Ah, friends, when storms are loud and gruff,
Is not God's promise sure enough,
"My seal upon the sky I show!"
Let's mind the bow! let's mind the bow!

GOLDEN GRAIN BIBLE READINGS.

BY REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D.

THE GODLY MAN'S WITNESSING.

- To God's faithfulness, Psa. cxix. 90; Psa. cxii. 2.
"mercy, Lam. iii. 23; Ephes. ii. 4.
"love, Ephes. ii. 4; 1 John iv. 9, 10, 16.
"goodness, Psa. lxxxvi. 5; Psa. xxv. 8.
"saving grace, Titus ii. 11; Ephes. i. 7.
"readiness to give the Holy Spirit, Matt. vii. 11.
"truth, 2 Peter iii. 9.
"long-suffering, 2 Peter iii. 9.
"righteousness, Psa. cxix. 142; Psa. lxxv. 15.
"deliverance from oppression, Jer. xx. 13.
To the Christian's care, Phil. iv. 10.
"fellowship, Heb. xiii. 13; Rom. xii. 15.
"love, Heb. xiii. 1; Rom. xii. 10.
"sympathy, Heb. xiii. 3; Rom. xvi. 16.
"obedience, Rom. xvi. 19; Rom. xvi. 12.
"hope, 1 Peter i. 13; Titus ii. 13.
"glory, 1 John iii. 2.

A GOOD REPLY.

A good reply was made at a children's mission meeting one evening. Said the speaker to the boys:

"There's a time and a place to play, but the time and the place is neither now nor here. Say, boys, a kite's a good thing, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," replied a bright little fellow, "but it is not worth much when it breaks loose."

"Stop right there," said the speaker. "I want to ask you a question: How much is a boy worth when he breaks loose?"

The boys understood at once; there was unanimous consent that a boy was not worth much either. The speaker had compelled the boys to testify against the habit of breaking loose from parental restraint, from the teacher's authority, from the loving rule of Christ.

A WHOLE DAY DOING NOTHING.

"If I only could have a whole day to do nothing—no work and no lessons—only play all day, I should be happy," said little Bessie.

"To-day shall be yours," said her mother.

"You may play as much as you please; and I will not give you any work; no matter how much you may want it."

Bessie laughed at the idea of wishing for work, and ran out to play. She was swinging on the gate, when the children passed to school and they all envied her for having no lessons. When they were gone she climbed up into a cherry tree, and picked a lapful for pies: but when she carried them in, her mother said, "That is work, Bessie. Don't you remember you cried yesterday because I wished you to pick cherries for the pudding? You may take them away. No work to-day, you know."

And the little girl went away, rather out of humour. She got her doll, and played with it a while, but was soon tired. She tried all other toys, but they didn't seem to please her any better. She came back, and watched her mother who was shelling peas.

"Mayn't I help you, mother?" she asked.

"No, Bessie; this isn't play."

Bessie went out into the garden again, and leaned over the fence, watching the ducks and geese in the pond. Soon she heard her mother was setting the table for dinner. Bessie longed to help. Then her father came back from his work, and they all sat down to dinner. Bessie was quite cheerful during the meal; but when it was over, and her father away, she said wearily, "Mother, you don't know how tired I am of doing nothing! If you would only let me wind your cotton, or put your workbox in order, or even sew at that tiresome patchwork, I would be so glad!"

"I can't, little daughter, because I said I would not give you work to-day. But you may find some for yourself, if you can."

So Bessie hunted up a pile of old stockings, and began to mend them, for she could darn very neatly. Her face grew brighter, and presently she said, "Mother, why do people get tired of play?"

"Because God did not mean us to be idle. His command is, 'Six days shalt thou labour.' He has given all of us work to do, and has made us so that unless we do just the very work that He gave us, we can't be happy."

HOW TO BE GRACEFUL.

A school girl misses a great deal of valuable education who hurries away to school, morning and afternoon, without having used her muscles in helping her mother. She misses something else, which, in a few years, she will know how to value better than she does now—grace of movement and carriage.

What makes a girl graceful? It is using all her bodily powers. A student who is nothing but a student soon begins to stoop, and the habit, once begun, grows inveterate and incurable. Half our school-girls cannot walk with ease and grace.

We see this very plainly on commencement days, when the members of the graduating class are obliged to walk a few steps before the audience. Their dresses are often too costly and splendid; their hair is beautifully arranged; their pieces are creditably written; one thing only they lack: they can not walk!

A girl who would have a graceful carriage, a sound digestion, a clear complexion and fine teeth, must work for them every day, and no work is better for the purpose than the ordinary work of a house done with diligence and carefulness.

KEEP THE SOUL ON TOP.

Little Bertie Blynn had just finished his dinner. He was in the cosy library, keeping still for a few minutes after eating, according to his mother's rule. She got it from the family doctor, and a good rule it is. Bertie was sitting in his own rocking-chair before the pleasant grate fire. He had in his hand two fine apples—a rich red and a green. His father sat at a window reading a newspaper. Presently he heard the child say:

"Thank you, little master." Dropping his paper, he said:

"I thought you were alone, Bertie. Who was here just now?"

"Nobody, papa, only you and I."

"Didn't you say just now, 'Thank you, little master?'" The child did not answer at first, but laughed a shy laugh. Soon he said, "I'm afraid you'll laugh at me if I tell you, papa."

"Well, you have just laughed, and why mayn't I?"

"But I mean you'll make fun of me."

"No, I won't make fun of you; but perhaps I'll have fun with you. That will help us digest our roast beef."

"I'll tell you about it, papa. I had eaten my red apple, and wanted to eat the green one too. Just then I remembered something I'd learned in school about eating, and I thought one big apple was enough. My stomach will be glad if I don't give it the green one to grind. It seemed to me for a minute just as if it said to me, 'Thank you, little master; but I know I said it myself.'"

"Bertie, what is it that Miss McLaren has been teaching you about eating?"

"She told us to be careful not to give our stomachs too much food to grind. If we do, she says it will make bad blood, that will run into our brains and make them dull and stupid, so that we can't learn our lessons well, and perhaps give us headaches too. If we give our stomachs just enough work to do, they will give us pure, lively blood, that will make us feel bright and cheerful in school. Miss McLaren says that sometimes, when she eats too much of something that she likes very much, it seems almost as if her stomach moaned and complained; but when she denies herself, and doesn't eat too much, it seems as if it was thankful and glad."

"That's as good preaching as the minister's, Bertie. What more did Miss McLaren tell you about this serious matter?"

"She taught us a verse one day about keeping the soul on top. That wasn't just the words, but it's what it meant."

At this, papa's paper went suddenly right up before his face. When, in a minute, it dropped down, there wasn't any laugh on his face as he said:

"Weren't these the words, 'I keep my body under?'"

"Oh, yes! that was it; but it means just the same. If I keep my body under, of course my soul is on top."

"Of course it is, my boy. Keep your soul on top, and you'll belong to the grandest style of man that walks the earth."

DOING NO HARM.

The story has been told of a soldier who was missed amid the bustle of a battle, and no one knew what had become of him, but they knew that he was not in the ranks. As soon as opportunity offered, his officer went in search of him, and to his surprise found that the man during the battle had been amusing himself in a flower garden. When it was demanded what he did there, he excused himself by saying, "Sir, I am doing no harm." But he was tried, convicted and shot! What a sad but true picture this is of many who waste their time and neglect their duty, and who can give no better answer than, "Lord, I am doing no harm."

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PUBLISHED BY THE

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AT 5 JORDAN STREET, TORONTO.

Terms: \$2 Per Annum in Advance.

ADVERTISING RATES. Under 1 month, 15 cents per line per insertion; 3 months, \$1 per line; 6 months, \$1 75 per line; 1 year, \$3. No advertisement charged at less than five lines. None other than unobjectionable advertisements taken.

The Canada Presbyterian.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21st, 1889

ONE cannot help regretting that the Alien Law which now prevents Canadian clergymen from going over the border was not in force when Dr. Ormiston, Dr. Inglis, Dr. Irvine, Dr. Waters, Dr. Gibson and other good Canadian preachers were coveted by congregations across the lines.

REFERRING to a decision lately given by the highest court in Pennsylvania, in a liquor case, the *Interior* says:

The courts of Pennsylvania are composed, as elsewhere, of mere men. Judges are often arrant demagogues; often legal martinet; not unfrequently self-opinionated egotists, fond of displaying their power by some striking defiance of the better moral sentiments of the people. What is needed is to make a legislative example of a few such fellows by impeaching them.

That may be all true, and criticism of that kind should be followed by the immediate impeachment of one or two judges of the kind described. Slashing criticism of the Bench, unless followed by action, tends to lower all judges in the estimation of the public, and to shake the confidence of the people in the administration of justice.

A WRITER in the *British Weekly* addresses a rather stinging letter to the Earl of Life, and among other doubtful compliments pays this one to the Scottish peers:

You peers of Scotland are chiefly esteemed at present because you have done nothing discreditable, and it is not showing malice toward you to say that, being born peers, you have continued to be peers just as, with two exceptions, had you been born bakers, bakers you would have remained and probably very good bakers. The exceptions, of course, are the Earl of Rosebery, who would probably have come to the front whatever the rank from which he started, and the Duke of Argyll, who in other circumstances would certainly have been a schoolmaster.

Doing nothing discreditable is certainly not a very great achievement for a peer, but if as much could be said for all English peers the sum total of English morality would be considerably greater than it is.

DR. FIELD, of the *New York Evangelist*, is perhaps the best-natured editor of a religious paper in the world. His abounding charity and kindly feelings constantly get him into trouble. Not long ago he wrote some admirable letters to his journal from Spain in which he said some good things about Spanish Catholics, for which he was savagely taken to task. Lately he visited the South and wrote many things about his Southern fellow-countrymen. Of course he is denounced as a "Rebel Sympathizer." Dr. Field quietly observes that men like General Grant, who were in the war, wished peace and prosperity to the South the moment the war was over. Cowards who hid behind the wood pile want the war feeling kept up. 'Twas ever thus. The fellow who brays about war generally keeps at a safe distance when there is any fighting going on.

THERE is a world of good sense in the following advice given by one of the Yale lecturers to young ministers.

When trouble is brewing, keep still. When slander is getting on its legs, keep still. When your feelings are hurt, keep still, till you recover from your excitement at any rate. Things look differently through an unagitated eye. In a commotion once I wrote a letter and sent it, and wished I had not. In my later years I had another commotion, and wrote a long letter; but life had rubbed a little sense into me, and I kept that letter in my pocket against the day when I could look it over without agitation and without tears. I was glad I did. Silence is the most massive thing conceivable sometimes. Its strength is in its very grandeur. It is like a regiment ordered to stand still in the mid-fury of battle. To plunge in were twice as easy. The tongue has unsettled more ministers than small salaries ever did, or lack of ability.

The "keep still" plan is no doubt the right one in ninety-nine out of a hundred commotions. The theory, however, is so good, that comparatively few young ministers are able to practise it. In fact, all the older ones cannot live up to it. As a general rule the worst thing to do in a commotion is write some angry letters.

THE *Christian-at-Work*:

Students need the training of church life and church methods just as much as other people. The sympathies, the example, the provocation to good works, the new views of duty and motives to it, the enlarged range of fellowship and hopes inherent in the communal life of Christ's flock are precisely the influences which any youth seeking an education ought to welcome. And professing Christians doubtless would welcome such influence under timely suggestion and advice. They need to be warned in advance of the secularizing influence of purely intellectual studies. Some strong, magnetic, faithful watchman on Zion's towers in the college, should make it his delightful business to seek out and persuade the students to unite their interests with some church of the denomination to which they naturally belong by their previous affiliations and family relationships.

This is sound advice, and we hope it will meet the eye of the hundreds of students who are getting ready to attend college in Toronto, Kingston, Montreal and other cities a few weeks hence. Every student should be connected with some church in the city in which his college is situated. Pastors might do much towards having this connection formed by seeing that young men from their congregations are properly introduced to city pastors or office bearers. The habits of a Rounder are easily formed in college days, and may not be so easily shaken off.

OF late a large number of our neighbours over the way seem to think that Canada is fast ripening for annexation. The *Christian-at-Work*, a journal not much given to drawing its facts from its imagination, sizes up the outlook in this way:

Not alone from Newfoundland, but from Canada the outlook seems to be favourable for annexation. Despite tremendous efforts to stimulate foreign immigration, Canada remains nearly stationary in population, because the enterprising spirits among both natives and foreigners cross over to participate in the prosperity of the Republic. But our exhibition is coming in 1892, and it will probably be held in New York. That exhibition will be visited by all Canada, and it will do its work of causing investigation and reflection. And in this it will prove a mightier argument for annexation than whole volumes. In such matters "seeing is believing" and our Canadian friends will have plenty to see and much to believe.

"Our Canadian friends" saw a much greater exhibition in Philadelphia thirteen years ago than anybody is likely to see in New York in '92, but it did not make annexationists of many of them. Our people went over there and annexed quite a number of prizes, medals, diplomas and other things of that kind. That is exactly what they will do in '92. For such matters seeing is believing, and when the *Christian-at-Work* sees Canadians leaving New York loaded with honours it will no doubt believe that we are a people capable of building up a nation ourselves. At all events we propose to try.

THE following racy description, clipped from an exchange, of the order in which the denominations take possession of a new country may apply to the Western States, but it is not true of Manitoba, or the North-West Territories:

The Methodists and Baptists have been the pioneers for a century, and carried their religion into the wilderness and established civilization. They rode mules and drove ox-waggons, and cleared the land, built log churches, and when everything was sorter comfortable the Presbyterians came riding up in their buggies and rockaways, settled among them, and planted out shade trees and rose-bushes, and built a church with a steeple, and set up the Shorter Catechism and predestination, and moved around as though they were the elect. By and by, when two or three railroads were built, and the shade trees had all grown up, and the green grass was growing all around, and the streets were macadamized and an opera house built, the Episcopalians came along in apostolic succession with stately steps and prayer-books, and Lent and Mardi Gras all mixed up together, and they bobbed up serenely into a fine church with stained glass windows, and assumed to be the saints for whom the world was made in six days, and all very good.

Presbyterians were the pioneers in Manitoba and the North-West. And they didn't go there in buggies and rockaways. They rode from St. Paul to Red River in ox carts, if we rightly remember. That is, they rode when they didn't walk. Prof. McLaren and some other brethren drove from Winnipeg or Portage la Prairie to Prince Albert on a Hudson Bay trail, but it was in a waggon. Whether these pioneers planted shade trees and rose-bushes we cannot say, but they did set up the Shorter Catechism and predestination and both are there to stay.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

GOD'S gifts to the visible Church of those who by their personal service labour to advance His kingdom and glory, are temporary. In the New Testament dispensation, as in the Old, those who serve at the altar do not continue by reason of death. True He never leaves Himself without witnesses, and He raises up, endows and qualifies successors to the men whose life-work on earth has ended, but it is fitting that those who by devoted Christian service have left an impress behind them should be held in grateful remembrance. It is right to thank God for His gifts, and the saintly men who have wrought righteousness are not the least valuable of His many bestowments.

Not merely the Church to which he belonged and in which he was revered, but the Evangelical Church throughout the world has lost a son of consolation and hope by the death of Horatius Bonar, of Edinburgh. He had attained a good old age, being in his eighty-first year at the time of his death, which took place on the 1st inst. He was a native of Edinburgh, where he was born December 19, 1808. His was a worthy ancestry, several of its members having been prominently identified with the covenanting struggles of his native land. Rev. James Bonar, of Maybole, was associated with Melville and Henderson in their earnest protests against the imposition of prelacy on the recusant Scottish people in the early part of the seventeenth century; and the Rev. John Bonar, of Torpichen, was one of the twelve who took a prominent part in what is known as the Marrow controversy in the earlier years of the eighteenth century. Thomas Boston, of Ettrick, being the most conspicuous figure. Under new conditions and amid different surroundings, Horatius Bonar served the cause of truth with a zeal and fidelity equal to that displayed by the best of his ancestors, but in his own way. His was a gentle and loving spirit; but when questions of principle were involved he knew both how to be valiant for the truth and, if need be, to suffer for its sake. He was no fierce polemic; controversy was not to his taste, but his charity and tolerance were of that robust kind that knew well how to distinguish between truth and error, between principle and expediency. In the things pertaining to Christ's kingdom he did not belong to the elastic school, that acts on the maxim of peace at any price. Amid the conflicts and tendencies of our time there never was a doubt as to the position that Horatius Bonar would take.

Dr. Bonar's earlier years were spent in his native city, where he received his preliminary education. In due course he graduated at the University of Edinburgh, and entered on the study of theology under Dr. Chalmers, then in the heyday of his great powers and influence. After completing his theological course Horatius Bonar became assistant to the Rev. Mr. Lewis, of South Leith, and shortly afterward, in 1837, was ordained to the pastorate of North Church, Kelso. In this charge, which he occupied for thirty years, he spent an active and busy time. In his ministry in Kelso were finely blended the dual characteristics of student and pastor. He did not neglect the apostolic council, "Give attendance to reading," to devote his time and attention exclusively to the active duties of the pastor, though in the discharge of these he displayed the most exemplary diligence. Neither was he a mere contemplative recluse, pursuing with indifference to outward claims on his time and attention the favourite lines of study in which he took especial delight. By a just apportionment of his time he wisely balanced the respective claims which separate, but not contradictory, duties presented to him. The result in his case was a growing increase in usefulness and influence for good.

His preaching was fervent, evangelical and faithful. In manner he was calm and impressive, and, as the years went by, with matured powers his personal character and influence won for him an affectionate place in the hearts, and a greater power over the minds of his hearers. Dr. Bonar was one of the ever lessening number of Disruption heroes, several of whom still survive, but the greater number have fallen on sleep.

Dr. Bonar was in 1866 called to Grange Free Church, Edinburgh, which had been erected as a Chalmers' memorial. He was for long deeply interested in the promotion of evangelistic work, and took a prominent part in the memorable revival movement begun through the instrumentality of Moody and Sankey during their first visit to Scotland. He received the honorary degree of D.D. in 1853, from the University of Aberdeen, was elected Moderator of the Free Church General Assembly in 1883, and his ministerial jubilee was celebrated in April, 1888. For many years he wielded a busy pen. He succes-

sively edited the *Presbyterian Review*, the *Journal of Prophecy*, and for a time the *Christian Treasury*. The series of *Kelso Tracts* was written by him, and readers will remember that one of the best pleas for the McAll Mission, the latest of his important works, "The White Fields of France," was widely circulated and highly appreciated. He wrote several small volumes whose object was to set forth special aspects of truth in view of certain exigencies, and were therefore only of temporary interest. The work, however, on which his fame chiefly rests, and by which he will be best remembered is the rich additions he has made to the Church's treasury of sacred song. He published in succession "Lyra Consolationis," and "Hymns of Faith and Hope." His hymns have found their way into the hymnals of many Churches besides his own. The gifts of the best hymn writers are shared in by all the Churches, and thus help not only to aid the devotions of Christian souls, but help to give reality to the great truth, the communion of saints. The Hymnal of the Presbyterian Church in Canada contains no fewer than eleven of Horatius Bonar's hymns, all of them excellent in spirit, and most of them beautiful in form.

Though Horatius Bonar wrote his hymns for his Master's praise, not for his own, many who are conscious of the spiritual help they have received from the products of his sanctified genius, and many more yet to come who will receive like help, will hold his name in grateful memory.

THE MAYBRICK CASE.

IN the United States the judiciary is elective, in Canada and in Great Britain men of scholarly attainments who have obtained a measure of eminence and acquired experience in the legal profession are appointed to positions on the judicial bench. It is generally conceded that the appointment of judges is preferable to their election by popular vote. Able and competent men may be invested with authority to dispense justice, but there is nothing to prevent an ambitious and scheming lawyer from employing the basest arts of the political trickster to secure the position he covets, but cannot adorn. It is freely charged that in certain electoral districts in a neighbouring State candidates for the judiciary have, if successful, to donate their first year's salary to the campaign funds of the party on whose ticket their names have been placed. The surroundings and associations of legal aspirants for popular favour are not conducive to the judicial calm and high-mindedness which befit the impartiality and dignity of the bench. Judges have been known to receive bribes and to pervert justice. The temptations to which British judges are exposed are of a different sort. So far are they removed from direct accountability to the people that in some instances they are disposed to be arbitrary and overbearing, but, as a whole, in the mother land and here, judges worthily receive the respect and confidence of the people, and as a rule they discharge the functions of their office with a degree of impartiality that leaves little to be desired.

The decisions in British courts of justice do not usually occasion much interest or excitement outside the circles that are immediately concerned. It may be that not many decisions are entirely satisfactory in every instance to all the interested parties, but the mass of the people do not feel sufficient concern to espouse the side of either litigant or accused, except when a trial of unusual interest takes place. Then it is wonderful how so phlegmatic Anglo-Saxons can be stirred to a state of excitement bordering on frenzy, and this is by no means unusual, especially when there is a woman in the case. The ebullition of popular feeling and excitement stirred up in England by the Maybrick case is simply startling in its proportions. What does it all mean? Why has the current shifted from one direction to the opposite? Has anything transpired during the course of the trial to account for the remarkable change? It is not apparent that the facts adduced in evidence are so very different from what was foreshadowed when the unhappy woman was first arrested. Then the popular indignation was so fierce that a fair trial for the accused was deemed hopeless and in her interests and in the interests of justice a change of venue was advocated. Now that in the minds of judge and jury and many competent authorities uninfluenced by the burst of passionate feeling, guilt has been brought home to Mrs. Maybrick, there appears to be a whirlwind of revulsion from the verdict that there is every reason to believe was intelligently and calmly reached by those on whom rested a heavy responsibility, and it is a terribly responsible position for twelve men to occupy to whose arbitration the life or death of a fellow-mortal is referred. The scenes described as occurring

at the conclusion of the trial, the lootings of the mob, the eager interest of business and professional men to intervene in the case, are difficult of comprehension to those removed by distance from the scene of this *cause celebre*.

There may be in the sad and criminal story the elements of a thrilling, sensational romance, but what has that to do with the calm and deliberate course of justice? Did the man Maybrick die from the effects of poison, and by whom was that poison administered? The coroner's jury decided that the man came to his death by poison. His wife was proved to have purchased poison, to have tampered with the medicines prescribed for him, and although there were differences of opinion among those who were examined as experts,—and there are always differences when experts testify—no one, even the most excited, has ventured to deny that the erring woman had a motive to desire the removal of her husband. The *Lancet*, an undisputed authority in medical science and jurisprudence, expresses without hesitation that the verdict, and therefore the sentence, are in accordance with justice.

This persistent clamour to interfere with the course of justice is not altogether a healthy symptom. Many of the opinions that have received publicity display a pitiful lack of moral perception, which, of course, is by no means favourable to purity of life and social health. The lowering of the public moral tone is evil, and can only result in evil. A woman who has parted with all that graces and adorns womanhood should not even then be placed beyond the range of human pity, but that is different from palliating the most serious crimes. If tender compassion for the criminal is the motive for this agitation, then why not simply put the plea for commutation of her sentence on that ground, and then those who have a regard for moral distinctions cannot reasonably object. Some are opposed in every instance to the death sentence, and for this reason they may join the cry against its infliction in this instance. If they are of opinion that the law is wrong, they can agitate for its reform, but while it is still on the Statute Book law-abiding people cannot consistently demand that it should be inoperative. The disclosures made by this exciting trial are saddening in the extreme. With all the advances of modern civilization, with all the diffusion of moral and religious truth, the dark shadows of guilt and crime should give meaning and intensity to the petition, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

A TARIFF ON THE GOSPEL MINISTRY.

THE first Presbyterian Church of Erie, Pa., has called the Rev. H. C. Ross, of Ingersoll, Ont. Mr. Ross desires to accept, but if he does so the Church in Erie will have to pay a fine of \$1,000 for importing foreign labour into the United States. This is what Trinity Church, New York, had to do a year or two ago when she imported a London divine to be her rector, and what the new Catholic University in Washington City has to face if the faculty is brought, as is desired, from Europe. This applying the foreign contract labour law to ministers and teachers is one of the most ridiculous things of the present age, almost as ridiculous as the Chinese Exclusion Act, passed at the beck and cry of the sandlottery of California. The law was never intended to apply to the professions, but is so loosely constructed that it has been made to apply to all occupations. It was intended to protect American labour and to put a stop to the virtual slavery of the contract system. To reduce the wages of labourers, mine and mill owners were in the habit of importing under contract hordes of Poles, Hungarians and Italians of the lowest class. These men came over under a contract to work at a certain rate of wages, usually very low. The contractors paid their expenses from Europe to the United States. A certain amount was retained each week to reimburse the contractors, and until the debt was discharged the labourers were no better than slaves. They had to submit to systematic robbery, or be thrust into prison in a strange land. Moreover, they were ignorant, vicious, degraded in morals and filthy in their habits. To stop this system the importation of foreign labour under contract was prohibited. Its framers never intended it to apply to Gospel ministers and educators, and we sincerely hope that the coming Congress will so amend it that it will apply only to manual labour. In the meantime, if the First Church, Erie, feels that she cannot succeed without Mr. Ross, and he is convinced that he will be happier there than in Canada, we hope he will find some way to get there without the thousand dollars going to swell the surplus in the United States treasury.

Books and Magazines.

LETTERS WRITTEN BY LORD CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON. Selected by Charles Sayle. (London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.)—Ninety-one of Chesterfield's Letters are given in this volume of the Camelot series.

ESSAYS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT. Selected and edited with introduction and notes. By Frank Carr. (London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.)—This little volume, one of the Camelot series, contains thirty-three of Hazlitt's charming essays, besides an excellent introduction and copious elucidatory notes by the editor.

THE POEMS OF WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. Selected and edited by Ernest Radford. (London: Walter Scott; Toronto: W. J. Gage & Co.)—The neat little series of Canterbury poets issued by the publishers embraces a fine collection from the poems of Walter Savage Landor. The volume contains "Gebir," "Count Julian," the "Hellenics," "Last Fruit off an Old Tree," "Dry Sticks Faggotted," and selections.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE JESUITS. By Paul Bert. With a dedication to M. Freppel, Bishop of Angers. (Montreal: W. Drysdale & Co.)—If any one wants to have a good idea of the teaching of Jesuitism and its modes of working he can have a full insight in this timely issue of a volume that for many reasons is profoundly interesting. Paul Bert was a keen, clear and piquant writer and these characteristics have full scope in the pages of this work. The dedication for instance is, to say the least, a pungent piece of writing. There are three speeches of his in the debate in the Chamber of Deputies in 1879 on the law relative to the Liberty of Higher Teaching. The chief interest and value of the book, however, is the view it presents of the doctrine of the Jesuits in faithful and accurate translations from the writings of one of its latest authoritative exponents, Father Gury. Added to this are "Lessons on the Sixth [in Exodus xx. the seventh] Precept of the Decalogue." This is composed of extracts from J. G. Settle's "Universal Moral Theology, Enlarged by Notes and New Questions," by Roussetot, Professor of Theology in the Seminary, Grenoble. For obvious reasons these lessons are not translated; they are given in the original French together with the Latin quotations, but even those who venture on reading them had better wash seven times and be unclean until the even. The book gives a synopsis of Gury's treatises and contains a copious index which greatly facilitates reference.

THE HUMAN PROBLEM. An Inquiry into some of the Dark Points connected with Human Necessities for a Supernatural Saviour. By R. R. Conn. (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son; Toronto: Upper Canada Tract Society.)—The position occupied by the author of this little treatise is one of great candour and clearness. In his introduction he states that he is a layman and that his knowledge of theology has been derived from reading and in listening for fifty years to evangelical preaching. The view he wishes to impart to his readers is one that he has wrought out for himself, not having met with it in any book nor heard it advanced from any pulpit. What then is his discovery? He is dissatisfied with the various meanings that have been attached to the term "sin"—the only one he considers admissible is "that which is forbidden" and throughout he substitutes it for the more familiar and shorter word. As an example of the author's method and as a statement of his view the following extract is given:

Our discussion will notice the disability found in men, called depravity. This disability the Creator did not originally place in man. He gave him a plastic nature, whereby it was possible for him to bring depravity upon himself by disobedience to his Creator. Man has very generally availed himself of this grim privilege, and depravity is a great factor in the human moral problem. The destructive feature of depravity is that it produces in man some inclination to do what is destructive to himself. It will be the attempt of our discussion, however, to show that depravity is not the only disability in man producing the inclination to do what will bring upon him his destruction. . . . It was found in the first Adam before the advent of depravity into the world, and it was present also in the second Adam, whose nature was never defiled by depravity. In our discussion this second disability is by far the more important and fundamental; but the author does not remember ever to have seen the thought in any work on systematic theology, or to have heard it in any sermon.

The second disability to which the author above refers is man's want of strength to render a perfect obedience to God. This strength is what the Saviour came to impart. The argument throughout is conducted in the form of question and answer.

Choice Literature.

ZELIA MONTBAZON.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH

Standing as I do on the threshold of the unknown world, there is no motive why I should tell my story untruthfully, and yet the plain facts are so marvellous that I dislike to face incredulity by telling it all. There is, however, an impulse within me that I cannot resist. That it may be well understood I must begin at the beginning, and obtrude as much of my own history as may be needed for a comprehension of the whole.

I do not think that I lack energy or decision when such qualities are suddenly called for; though, if I did, the defect would be a thing of inheritance; for my father, Ralph Wardington, was somewhat of a sluggard, and given to letting affairs drift as they would. There were nearly four hundred acres of fertile soil in the Wardington Farm; with industry and judgment it would have been a large garden; but my father had no surplus at the end of the year, and barely managed to escape getting into debt. Beyond a few acres in fruit, and an acre which grew vegetables for the home use, the place had no cultivation at all. Its revenue came from its nature. It was a body of ground resting upon limestone rock, which lay in a natural depression among sandstone ridges. One of these last was cleft at a point, and through this a stream from a large and perpetual spring on the farm found its way below. The farms around were fertile enough, and took kindly to maize and vegetables; the peach flourished on them, but they could not grow grass. On ours, the richest blue grass grew spontaneously and luxuriantly wherever the woody growth was removed. The place was one vast pasture-field, and in great request in the neighbourhood for fattening bees. The rent thus derived from surrounding cattle-owners made up my father's moderate but steady income. He had but few expenses, for he was a widower, who had only to maintain himself, his only son, one hired man, and a maid of all work; and he spent nothing on the place beyond keeping fences in repair, and top-dressing the grass about once in two years. I grew up on the farm equally untended, having my own sweet way very much, and found myself at twenty-one, a tall strapping—they said I was handsome then—a skilful horseman, with very little learning except in woodcraft, and with no settled purpose in life.

Our farm, in a county where the homesteads generally ran from thirty to a hundred acres, was considered to be large; but neither in its extent nor appurtenances was it to be compared to Fane Manor, which adjoined it on the south and west. That contained three thousand six hundred acres of land, partly arable and partly forest, including a small village of about ninety houses, and all beyond the hamlet was enclosed by a stone wall. It had, very near the centre, what had been a spacious and noble mansion, with all the necessary outbuildings, and there were ten tenant houses for farmers and labourers scattered over the place. But the mansion which, with its library and furniture, had been left to the care of my father, who collected the village rents and sent them to Europe, where the owner resided, was out of repair. There were gaps at places in the stone wall around the manor, the sward of the park of three hundred acres surrounding it was filled with low growth; weeds and briars choked the garden; the stable-rooms were leaky at places where the slates had fallen off; the grape-tries and palm-houses were ruins; and the place had a desolate look. The owner had resided abroad since the death of his wife and never intended to return. The place was offered for sale or lease. But those who came to see it with a view to rent or purchase, only shrugged their shoulders at inspection and went away. It was all familiar to me. As a boy I used to go there once a week to open the house and air the antique furniture and books, and continued to do so as I grew up. The great grove of hickories which stood not very far from the park was my favourite nutting-ground in autumn. I grew to feel a proprietary interest in the manor, and dreamed in daylight of what changes I would make in the place when it fell to me.

There was one painting in the house that subjected me to a strange fascination. It hung over the mantel-piece in the library, inclosed in a massive frame, half rotted and worm eaten, with the gilding worn off in patches. But the picture itself looked as fresh and vivid in its colouring as though it had been recently painted. It was a full length portrait of a young woman, and the figure was of life size. She appeared to be eighteen or thereabout. The form was perfect in pose and curve; the face so faultless in every feature that it looked as though the artist had mingled the points of several models; and the drapery was so admirably done that you could discern the texture of the silk and velvet, and the pattern of the lace. But the wonder of it all was the eyes. They were at times blue or grey, according to the light that fell upon them; but, whatever hue they assumed, they had a peculiar, steely lustre that held the gazer spell-bound. I called the portrait "The Blue Beauty," because of the colour of the dress, which harmonized so well with the eyes, and with the profuse golden hair that grew down over the forehead in waving locks, like that of the bust of Clytie. It formed my ideal of female loveliness, in spite of those cruel, steely eyes, and I vowed I would never marry but with its counterpart. I used to stand before it, for hours at a time, drinking in its splendid beauty.

But my dreams were at an end when there came a letter from Colonel Fane informing us that the manor and the contents of the mansion, together with the village of Montbazon, had been sold to Obed Marley, to whom my father was to give possession. The village had been named after the lady of the picture. She had been a Zelia Montbazon, who had married with the grandfather of Colonel Fane, after the death of his first wife, her sister. Tradition assigned to her a cold and wicked nature; and there were vague rumors that she had hastened her sister's end.

Obed Marley! I first pictured the new proprietor as a lean, smooth-faced and acute member of the Society of Friends, with all the strict Quaker notions of *meum* and *tuum*, and having boards displayed on the place requesting strangers not to trespass—the civil wording implying that the full penalty of the law would be meted out to interlopers. Then again I fancied him to be some rotund and vulgar person who had made a fortune by calico or candles, and who would display his pride of purse offensively. Neither would be apt, I reflected, to have the large sum to buy the manor, or the desire

to have a large country seat; and I concluded it was some stock gambler who had managed a profitable corner, or a vulgar silver king. But no matter which it might be my old privileges on Fane Manor would have to give way to the right of ownership.

Speedily there came an architect, with a train of carpenters, masons and labourers, and these soon changed the looks of the place. The mansion and outbuildings were thoroughly repaired, the gaps in the walls around the manor filled up, the park and garden cleared of all rubbish, the drives macadamized, and hired men and their families installed in the tenant houses. Then came boxes in abundance, and vans filled with rich and costly furniture, replacing a part of that already in the house. I thought it at first would be a small household, as there were but three sets of fine chamber furniture, and those already there were dilapidated, and that the owner intended to entertain but few guests. But presently I counted twelve cheaper bedroom suites, which were evidently for the servants, and would fill the upper rooms in both main building and wings. With the last instalment came a small army of servants, and I found it was to be a polyglot household. The butler was a German, the cook French, the gardener Scottish, the coachman and groom English, the footman a Mulatto, whose accent proclaimed him from Virginia, the housekeeper evidently an American, and the head chambermaid an Italian. They had all been referred to us, and I showed to them the various offices. Before I had got through with them the new proprietor came, attended by an English body servant, and a Scottish deer-hound—the valet, short, ugly and robust, and the dog, tall, handsome and slender. These came in a dog-cart, the master driving. The coach and several horses had come the day before with the coachman, groom and stable helpers.

I was agreeably disappointed. The newcomer was tall, with light hair and blue eyes, the hair worn long, and giving him a leonine look. He was courteous and courtly, every inch a gentleman. He spoke English with a slight peculiarity of accent, and that extreme precision which proclaimed him to be a foreigner, though of what country I could not determine. He was a linguist for he spoke to the servants each in his own tongue. I stepped forward and introduced myself, stating that as we had had charge of the property so long I was fully familiar with its merits and capabilities, some of which he might not perceive at first, and that my knowledge, should he require it, was at his service. He gazed at me searchingly at first, then smiled, and said he would be pleased to avail himself of my kind offer in the near future. We both bowed, and I returned home.

The neighbouring farmers, my father among the rest, made formal calls on the new-comer during the following week, after the custom of the neighbourhood. Mr. Marley sent his card to each in return; but, though he had been courteous to all at their visit, paid none in return, except to my father. This frigid negative to intercourse made him unpopular at once. But in his visit to us he was genial and pleasant, chatted with my father about grazing, gave some reminiscences of his visit to the South American pampas, where he had seen great herds of cattle, and now and then addressed his remarks to me. As he rose to depart, he said to my father: "Mr. Wardington, this son of yours is a bright, manly young gentleman, a little indolent, I fancy, and he has rusted so long here that he is quite ignorant of many things it would be pleasant to know. I am without kin, and shall live a rather solitary life; but I need some little companionship at home. I have taken a liking to your son. If he can endure my society at times, I would take it as a favour should he make himself free of my house. I have made some additions to the library that may interest or amuse him. As he has hunted, fished and made himself free of the manor all his life, he must consider that all his privileges remain intact." The he bowed himself out, and howled away in his dog-cart, which, with his valet, was in waiting.

"Philip," said my father, when our visitor had gone, "I advise you to accept that offer. Intercourse with such a man will afford you the polish you lack. He is undoubtedly well bred and finely cultured, and his society will be in every way to your advantage. Besides, did you observe what he said about having no kin? I would not have you stoop for possible fortune, but he must be very rich, and may desire to choose an heir."

Soon called at the manor; for I was fascinated by this courtly stranger, though I had an impression he was not bearing his proper name. His welcome was genial, and when he had ushered me into his library, he said: "You know the house well enough. Come and go when you like." I noted that there were a number of new books on the shelves, though most of them were in old bindings, and some in parchment covers. But what struck me most was that a thick curtain was hung over the picture above the mantel. He detected my astonishment by my glances.

"I have covered that portrait," he said. "My eyes do not like to rest on it. It is a fine work of art; the face has the rarest beauty, and the pose of the figure is full of grace; but face and figure are those of a being without a soul. It is not sensual—it would be a relief if it were, for then it were at least human; but those metallic and cruel eyes are almost demoniac in their expression."

He drew apart the curtain as he spoke.

"Mr. Marley," I said, "the picture does not strike all alike. To me it seems that had the picture life, those eyes, so inconsistent with the rest of the features, would soften under the influence of love. It is a woman with soul, but whose heart has never been touched. To me it seems to be the perfection of womanly beauty. I have not had much view of women, but nothing like that has ever met my view. Possibly I am wrong; but I have been so used from my earliest years to admire that picture; it has grown so into my conception of a woman, that could I find a woman just like it, if she would have me, I would marry her at an hour's notice. To be her husband a year I would yield half the years of my life."

My host looked at me keenly.

"It might not be impossible to find the original of that picture in life. To obtain her at a cost of half a life would be to pay a high price, for such a woman has no soul, and no wooing would ever waken in her the passion of love."

He closed the curtains over the picture, and then began to point out to me some very old and rare volumes, one of them a curious work in Arabic characters, which he told me was a treatise on astrology.

Mr. Marley and I soon became intimate. He treated me from the very beginning with a courtesy that went into kind-

ness, and was more like an elder brother than a stranger. He came frequently into the library when I was there, and not only took an interest in my course of reading, but, as he said, "by way of passing time," offered to instruct me in French and German. "The latter of these," he said, with a sarcastic smile, "my butler tells me I speak like a native." His instruction was oral; and he would not suffer me to touch either French or German books until I was able to talk with some fluency in both languages. I was an apt and willing pupil, though I wondered not a little as to his motive, if he had any besides amusement, for taking so much trouble. He added instruction in Latin, which he said was an admirable help in acquiring the Spanish and Italian. I found these last no trouble. The pronunciation was readily acquired, and after that my verbal memory carried me on. The German was the most difficult, more than French, and I have not mastered it yet.

Nor did my self-created tutor stop with tuition in languages. Accomplished in science, he led me in that direction; and no hired instructor could have taken half the pains that he did, and none could have evinced more delight at my progress. He was a profound chemist and fond of analysis; he had a laboratory fitted up in one of the wings of the mansion, and a complete set of electrical and galvanic batteries of the most approved construction. It was said by the servants that the light in that room burned at all hours of the night. Of the nature and object of his researches he said nothing at first; but as I advanced in knowledge he let me know that he was engaged in perfecting what the alchemists of old attempted, not to transmute the baser into the more precious metals, but to resolve the latter into their real elements and from the perfect analysis to build up a synthesis. He held not only gold to be compound, but all the so-called elements; and believed it was the combination of two elementary forms of matter, in varying proportions, from which all things sprang. As he explained it to me, alchemy was not a wild notion, but something which, through the aid of chemistry and electricity, would assume the dignity of a science.

There was something very attractive in these speculations, and I followed Marley in his experiments with great earnestness. But during all this time—and two years soon rolled by—the fascination of the picture in the library never ceased. Whenever I had the opportunity I would draw aside the curtain and drink in the beauty of that wonderful face and figure. Both were perfect in outline, and the tints inimitable. I used to talk to it at times. It almost seemed to be alive; and the eyes, with their steely gaze, followed me as I passed from one part of the apartment to the other. At times I felt Marley to be half right. The eyes had no warmth in them. They lacked soul. They grew more icy than steely at last, and at times I shuddered as I admired.

I soon noticed one singular peculiarity in Marley. He was ordinarily calm and self-possessed, remarkably so; but let a horse be heard galloping toward the house and he would tremble, turn pale, and listen with a mixture of apprehension and effort at courage, for which I could not account. When the sound died out he would gradually recover, draw a long sigh of relief, wipe the perspiration from his forehead and resume his work, or the conversation that the sound had interrupted. His air toward me was kind, and almost affectionate, but at times he would gaze upon me with an expression of half contempt, almost a sneer. It would come like a flash over his face, and then as suddenly disappear.

The neighbours, to whom Marley and his marvellous resources of money were mysteries, gossiped about the man and their ill-natured remarks sometimes came to his ears; but he paid no attention to it, and they soon ceased to trouble themselves about him. I was his only friend, and I shared with him the popular mistrust and dislike. So things drifted on until I was twenty-three years old.

(To be continued.)

THE VALUE OF A PICTURE.

The attention of the public is now and then called to the state of Art in Canada. This is done in the most practical manner by exhibitions of the work of our Canadian artists. Only a very small part of the people, however, have been brought face to face with Canadian art. This state of affairs is very much to be regretted. The newspapers have given generous aid, but there has been little or no instructive criticism. Some individuals, of course, are very forward in saying that the work of our Canadian painters is not of such a quality and quantity as to awaken general enthusiasm. Others complain of the neglect of figure-painting. This, however, is hardly a just complaint, for landscape painting seems the proper development of art in a young country like Canada, with its mountains and prairies, its rivers and lakes, and its oceans. Yet there is no doubt that figure-painting is more intelligible to the laity; for landscape painting is somewhat vague in its expression of emotion. Our artists, on the other hand, complain of the public indifference to art, of the lack of encouragement given them in their work. This public indifference is due to our ignorance of the nature and value of Fine Art. But to what extent this ignorance is culpable in our country, every one must decide for himself. Whatever our opinion may be, time must be liberally allowed for both the laity and the profession to improve.

Every year, however, must bring with it a larger number of persons interested in Art. Many a one must have asked himself, What is the value of a painting to me anyway? This is a question worth answering, however briefly. No one can set himself honestly to answer it without bettering himself. But first we must understand what is to be the character of the painting. If it is to be a landscape painting, it must not be a mere copy of certain objects of nature, however minutely and skilfully it may be done. It must express "man's delight in the work of God." It must record the rich experience of one who is thrilled with the beauty of some mountain, lake or forest scene in wide nature. Or, if our painting is to be an historical one, it must not simply represent the physical features and dress of some man living in some country and

in some period. It must be such that the face and posture appear animated by the spirit of the man placed in a particular situation. In other words, the painting must preserve the personality of the artist in the presence of nature or of the man, woman or child with whom the artist enters into sympathy. Further, the life represented by the painting must be worthy. There is much in actual life that is commonplace, much that is wearisome, which is not worth recalling. There is, again, much in life that is immoral, that is degrading rather than elevating in its influence. A painting has no excuse for existing which is not helpful, which does not enrich and ennoble our lives. The only ground on which the artist can stand is, not Art for Art's sake, but Art for righteousness' sake. The painting must, in a word, be a true and worthy example of Fine Art.

What, then, is the value of such a painting to any one of us? First of all, it is of value in the way of culture. A single picture would appear to have little educative value, but, small as it is, it is real. It can indicate what is to be gained by familiarity with works of art, if they were only numerous in our Province. Some may be surprised to learn that a single picture induces observation, but such is a fact. Comparatively speaking, ordinary people are blind to what is going on around them. They see little more than what is necessary to carry through the business they are intent upon. The general rule is that a man sees what he looks for. Hence the natural scientist can see in a landscape ever so much more than an untrained observer, simply because he knows what to look for. Said the artist, Blake, "A fool sees not the same tree that a wise man does." Now, the artist must, like the scientist, be keenly alive to the innumerable facts of life, though he differs widely from him in the use he makes of them. And when for his own purpose, he isolates in a painting a certain number of these facts of life, he makes us see them as we never or very rarely saw them before. Take any picture, for example, "The Waif," by Sir John Millais, and say whether or not you would have noticed on the street the little girl and her basket of flowers in the fulness of detail so expressive of the life she lives; yes, if you had passed her a dozen times in the day. Another value is the cultivation of the imagination. The artist not only closely observes the facts of life around him; he also gives them an imaginative regrouping for the expression of some feeling. This compels us to do the same; for in looking at a picture, we do not confine ourselves to the forms and colours on the canvas, but go back for the same facts of life to our own experience and regroup them in the way the artist teaches us. In making us thus reweave the web of our experience, the artist trains that one of our powers that keeps life from becoming a monotonous here and now. But that for which we most value a picture is the pleasure it affords. Were it only for the momentary thrill experienced while we look at it, we would value every fine painting, but in so doing it also cultivates our emotional susceptibilities. This means that our capacity for enjoyment is increased and refined. The picture appeals to both our heart and intellect, thus helping to heal that division of our emotional and intellectual natures that so often creeps into our lives. Not only so, but it links our pleasure with worthy objects, with beautiful scenery and virtuous action. Surely the touch of feeling a picture gives us is a precious gift!

A picture is valuable, in the second place, for the truth of life it gives us. It has been already hinted that the scientist and the artist roam together over the facts of human experience; but they soon part company. The scientist gathers his facts and settles down laboriously to analyze and compare them. He submits them to the processes of abstraction and generalization, and gives us his truth of life in abstract ideas. The artist, on the other hand, never passes beyond the simple facts of life. His art is to represent them in their concrete reality. Is he in the presence of nature? Then, for him, the little flower that he plucks from some cranny is indissolubly linked with the feeling of pleasure born with the thought of it. He shrinks from the abstraction of the one from the other as he would from the cold touch of death. From these concrete facts of life, as has been said, he selects some and gives them an imaginative regrouping. But it is not a blind selection or a merely fanciful regrouping. He is guided by the particular motive or central idea which he seeks to embody in his picture. In this sense, painting, like poetry and the other arts, is "the application of ideas to life." The artist clothes his abstract motive or idea in concrete living forms. The philosopher elaborates a code of natural and moral law, which serves as a most valuable guide to us in life. But the artist teaches us what beauty and virtue is by representing beautiful things and virtuous actions. He speaks to us of the dignity of life with all its joys and sorrows by picturing the worthy movements of worthy men and women. He helps us onward in the struggle of life, not by an argument, but by picturing a strong man who ever delights in the beauty of the world and in doing his duty. He teaches by example, not by precept.

These values of pictures in the way of culture and in the exemplification of the fundamental truths of life, are, after all, only means to an end. By making us live less narrowly in their presence, they should empower us to live better in their absence. By making us look at life from the artist's standpoint, they should fit us the better at any time to view life artistically for ourselves. As Emerson would say, "Away with your nonsense of oil and easels, of marble and chisels: except to open your eyes to the witchcraft of eternal art, they are hypocritical rub-

bish." They must give us the power to reveal in the beauty of the earth, sea, and sky, to read sympathetically the struggle of life in the faces and actions of those about us, to make the past and the distant live before us, and often to create a vision of the fancy imparting to life "the glory and the freshness of a dream." We all have this power in a greater or less degree, but through our absorption in business we seldom exercise it. We impoverish our lives by always calculating economic values. Not that we should give up these calculations—no sane man would think of that—but that we should not allow them to be the whole of life. It is our duty to seek that fullness of experience our nature is capable of. Only in this way can we come to believe in the grandeur of life and spurn the blasphemous question, Is life worth living? In this realization of our capabilities all worthy Art is a most valuable aid—even a single good picture is appreciably helpful.

W. D.

HARVEST SONNETS.

I.—THE REAPERS.

The fields are ripe, the golden garners teem,
The patient hind rejoices on his way;
From upland furrow and by lowland stream,
The reapers gather all the live-long day.
Hoarding the master's wealth with faithful hand,
Through noontide hours unwearied toil they on,
A smart and rough, yet honest-hearted band,
Hoping no quiet till life's task is done;
When the last gleaner, Death, of every grain
Strawn in the trenches where Time is no more,
Shall bind his sheaves and bear them back again
To the great Sower, whence they came before
To bloom in fields eternal, where no care
Shall vex their long-sought rest with life's despair.

II.—THE INGATHERING.

Grateful and lovely, through the leafy glade,
When day is at its sultriest, harvest heat;
When birds scarce twitter in the noontide shade,
And the slow herds seek out some cool retreat,
Comes the rich mother of the harvest sheaves,
Bearing her firstlings on her ample breast;
Spearèd barley, wheat, and fruits in tinted leaves,
To lay on Nature's altar, ripe and blest—
Thank-offering to the Bountiful, who gives
The fertile sunshine and the softening rain—
The Father, Lord, of everything that lives,
Without whose blessing men would sow in vain.
Look up, O Mother! holy are thy tears,
And sweet thy hymn of praise in heavenly ears.

Woodside, Berlin.

JOHN KING.

MAN'S KNOWLEDGE OF GOD.

We ourselves, in the sphere of relations—in the related world—can speak of God's manifestations only in broken, diverse, incomplete phrases. Far beyond us God is, yet He is near to us in all that is—in our own selfhood, in power, in cause, in truth, goodness and beauty, in all high ends which we can seek; He is at our door, even dimly in our hearts. But this Being can never be grasped in one conception, or treated as if He were the term or beginning of a mathematical demonstration. He is, no doubt, one and supreme. But He has endless relations—endless, just because He is God. He is the ground of all, in all, through all, yet somehow not there—not in His supreme essence, not in His selfhood, not as God. But in looking up to Him as the ground of all relations, we cannot formulate God in one conception, in one idea of the so-called reason. The only philosophy and the only religion worthy of the name is that which looks beyond pure formulae of the mere intelligence or thought, and finds God in the breadth of experience, history, human life, yet, in Himself, utterly transcendent of all that in these we can know, feel, or name. Not the definitely Known God, not the Unknown God is our last word, far less the Unknowable God, but the ever-to-be-known God. We are not God, and when we form, or attempt to form, an idea of Him, we do not create Him. As Bossuet well said: "Si l'homme avait pu ouvertement se déclarer Dieu, son orgueil se serait emporté jusqu'à cet excès; mais se dire Dieu et se sentir mortel, l'arrogance la plus aveugle en aurait honte."—"Knowing and Being," by John Vetch, J.L.D. (Blackwood).

AS residuary legatees, along with other institutions, of the late Mr. Kedsie, Morningside, the Foreign Mission Committee have received \$6,640; the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, \$1,990, and Lauriston Place Church, for its poor, about \$1,990.

THE Rev. John Thomson, of Prestonkirk, one of the oldest of the Disruption minister, who was ordained assistant and successor to his father in 1831, has died in his 86th year. He continued to the last to keep together a strong church and to take an active part in many public affairs. Till within a few weeks of his death he performed the duties of chairman of the school board, an office which he had filled for many years.

AT a general meeting in South Wales it has been resolved as the government insists upon its Tithe Bill being passed, to raise the standard through the whole Principality of no tithes. An indemnity fund is to be raised and the warfare will be carried on without compromise. The Bishop of Bangor denounces the movement as one "striking at the root of civilization," and predicts that it will lead to effects not perhaps anticipated by the original agitators.

British and Foreign.

THE three largest wholesale bookselling firms in London are amalgamating.

MRS. BARBOUR of Bonskeid is providing the salary of a second missionary to assist Mr. Cook at Singapore.

DR. SOMERVILLE preached in the church at Inverary recently to an overflowing congregation.

THE Rev. P. T. Sanford of Hope Street Baptist Church, Birmingham, is a coloured gentleman.

PROFESSOR FLINT will be asked to conduct the opening service at the meeting of the Art Congress in Edinburgh.

IN one day the 50,000 shares in the M'Ewan brewery were subscribed for five times over—twice over in Edinburgh and three times in London.

DR. MATHEWS, secretary of the Presbyterian Alliance, has been attending the jubilee synod of the Evangelical Union Church of Belgium.

IN 1856 Britain consumed thirty-two and a half million pounds of tobacco and cigars; last year the consumption had increased to fifty-six millions.

STONEHAVEN Free Church congregation have appointed commissioners to oppose the translation of Mr. Robertson to the M'Crrie-Roxburgh Church.

THE Belgian Parliament has passed the Bill providing for the subscription by the State of 10,000,000 francs towards the construction of the Congo Railway.

DR. CASPAR RENE GREGORY, a young American scholar, has been appointed professor extraordinary in Leipzig University—an honour without a parallel.

THE chief daily newspaper at Rome warns the Pope that once he leaves that city return will be impossible. Italy, it adds, is perfectly indifferent about his departure.

CRUGGLETON chapel, a small pre-Reformation building in Wigtown Bay, the church of an ancient parish now united with Sorbie, is being restored by the Marquis of Bute.

WURTEMBERG, amid all the States of Germany, enjoys the enviable distinction of pre-eminence in every enterprise, whether domestic or foreign, of a charitable or missionary nature.

"EAST Lothian Studies" is the title of a volume in the press, the second part of which is from the pen of Rev. Wm. Whitfield, M.A., formerly of Dunbar, now of Marlette, Michigan.

EDINBURGH U. P. Presbytery has sustained the call from Newington Church to Mr. Watson, of Dumbarton; it has been signed by 514 members out of a total of 645, and also by 192 adherents.

MR. ANDERSON, of Kilsyth, is retiring after forty years service, and Falkirk Presbytery have sanctioned an arrangement whereby his congregation gives a lump sum to provide him with an annuity.

A COMMITTEE of the English Presbyterian Church is considering the question of compiling a catechism for the Sunday schools simpler than the Shorter Catechism and introductory to that compendium.

THE Sunday School Union of Otago numbers 770 teachers and 7,000 scholars. These are but part of the non-Episcopal members, for the union is but young and has hardly covered the whole province as yet.

DE R CARMICHAEL of Montreal, who is officiating at present in his brother's pulpit in Dublin, is attracting great congregations, he is described as the most impressive preacher heard in the Irish capital for many years.

LORD WELLWOOD has decided, in the case of Mr. Bailie, of Catrine, against the parochial board, that *quoad sacra* ministers are exempted from poor rates in respect of their manses. This is the first time the question has been tried.

AN open-air meeting at Inverary, to further disestablishment, was addressed by Mr. Denham of Edinburgh and Mr. Battersby of Glasgow. These gentlemen have also held similar meetings in other towns and villages of Argyllshire.

PRINCIPAL RAINY and Mr. Lind, of Belfast, are to visit Dunedin about the middle of August, and the Presbyterians of that city and its neighbourhood have made arrangements for a public welcome, which is sure to be characterized by great enthusiasm.

IN several cases of late, kirk-sessions have resolved to introduce instrumental music; and a correspondent of the Scotsman draws attention to the fact that such a resolution is incompetent, everything that enters into the performance of public worship appertaining to the Presbytery.

THE Rev. J. K. Hewison, of Rothesay, who is preparing the second volume of Winzet's "Certain Tractatus" for the Scottish Tract Society, has returned from visiting the chief libraries on the Continent, including that of the Vatican, whither he went in search of the lost writings of the Abbot of Ratisbon.

MR. GEORGE H. FAIRWEATHER, M.A., who was licensed by last Assembly, died lately in his mother's house, Dundee. Brought up as a stone-mason, he entered Aberdeen University in 1880, and maintained himself during his college course by working at his trade in the summer. He did so even after taking his degree.

LORD BUTE, in a letter in which he expresses strong sympathy with home rule for Scotland, says he wishes that when people abolish the sacramental fast days they would substitute holidays with some meaning, such as St. Andrew's Day, November 30, in winter, and the anniversary of Bannockburn, June 24, in summer.

MR. G. G. A. MURRAY, who succeeds Professor Jebb in the Greek chair at Glasgow, is only in his twenty-fifth year. He has had a brilliant career at Oxford where he was elected to an open fellowship in New College last year. His father was for some years Speaker of the New South Wales Legislature and is one of the colonial knights.

THE death of Mr. Alexander Rennie at eighty years of age has removed another of the old settlers in Otago. He was a good type of the early colonists in Dunedin, took great interest in public affairs, and was at one time Speaker of the Provincial Council; he was of late years intimately concerned in the benevolent institution for the poor; but all along he was one of the most strenuous and able promoters of the cause of temperance.

Ministers and Churches.

THE Rev. Jos. Johnston, late of Hornby, has been offered a call to Schellhill.

MRS. LAIDLAW, wife of the Rev. R. J. Laidlaw, D.D., Hamilton, became seriously ill last week.

THE Rev. Dr. Bain, of Kingston, formerly minister of St. Andrew's Church, Perth, is seriously ill.

THE Rev. A. Burrows, D.D., of Boston, preached in St. Andrew's Church, Truro, on Sunday morning week.

THE foundation stone of the new church being erected by the Knox Church congregation, Oro, was laid a few days ago.

THE Rev. J. Ballantyne, of Knox Church, London, who has been spending a holiday at Kingston, has returned to his duties.

THE Rev. H. C. Ross, Ingersoll, has returned home from his vacation and occupied the pulpit of Knox Church there on Sunday week.

DR. MCKAY, missionary of Formosa, China, has contributed \$30 towards the monument fund of the late Rev. D. McKenzie, of Embro.

A LARGE addition is being made to St. Andrew's Church, Sault Ste. Marie, which for some time past has been found too small for the increasing congregation.

It is probable, says the Kingston *Whig*, that Dr. Dyde, of the University of New Brunswick, will be appointed assistant professor of Philosophy in Queen's.

THE Rev. John McNabb was recently presented with an address and purse by the united congregations of Whitechurch and Calvin Church, East Wawanosh.

THE Rev. John Ferguson, of Denver, Colorado, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, South Lancaster, Sabbath week. He gave an excellent discourse.

THE Rev. J. B. Duncan, of Toronto, and formerly minister of Knox Church, Perth, is at present filling the pulpit of that church while Rev. Mr. Ross is absent on his holidays.

THE Rev. J. R. Mann, M.A., LL.B., is occupying the pulpit of Knox Church, Harriston, during the absence of the Rev. M. C. Cameron, B.D., who is on his summer vacation.

THE Rev. J. A. Dickson, D.D., pastor of the Presbyterian Church, of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, who spent his vacation at the Thousand Islands, paid a short visit to Toronto this week.

THE corner stone of the Presbyterian Church, Glencoe, will be laid in the first week of September. The Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, M.A., B.D., of St. Andrew's Church, is announced to officiate.

THE Halifax *Mail* says Rev. Dr. McTavish, of Toronto, preached to a large congregation in Park Street Presbyterian Church. His discourse was a very able one. He took for his text Philippians iii. 13-14.

THE Rev. Dr. Wylie, New York, occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, East, Toronto, on Sabbath last, and was heard with much acceptance by large congregations. The Rev. Mr. McKenzie is announced to preach next Sabbath.

THE *Napanee Beacon* gives a sketch of a very genial and racy lecture on "The Boys that I Knew," delivered by the Rev. T. G. Smith, D.D., of Queen's University, in the town hall at Sillsville, in aid of the McDowall Memorial Church, at Sandhurst.

THE Rev. John Hay, B.D., preached his inaugural sermon in the Presbyterian Church, Coloung, on Sunday morning week to a large congregation. He, in company with his wife, have gone on a visit to his parents before settling down to active pastoral work.

THE Rev. Jas. Gourlay, M.A., of Port Elgin, preached in Knox Church, Paisley, says the *Port Elgin Times*, on Sunday morning and evening. Both sermons were excellent specimens of Gospel preaching, the presentation of truth being specially clear and pointed.

A MEETING was held in St. Andrew's Church, Almonte, last week, at which it was decided to hold the ordination and induction services here on the 26th inst. The congregation also decided to erect a suitable monument to the memory of their late pastor, Rev. J. Bennett, D.D.

THE congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Guelph, seem to be alive in making every improvement within their means to make their place of worship comfortable. As they are comparatively free of debt, the improvements made from time to time by the managers fall lightly on the flock.

SOME friends of Mrs. Thomas Fair, in Willis Church congregation, Clinton, in order to show their appreciation of the earnest and unwearied efforts in the mission cause, have lately contributed \$25 to the funds of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, to secure for her a certificate of life membership.

PROF. ROBERTSON, of the Ontario Agricultural College, preached Sabbath morning week in Knox Church, Guelph, and Prof. Shaw of the same institution, in the evening. Both gentlemen delivered excellent and practical discourses, which were closely listened to at both diets of worship by large congregations.

WORK on the new St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Ottawa, is progressing rapidly, and it is expected the building will be ready for occupation by the 1st of November. The stonework will be finished in about a week. The building when finished will cost about \$18,000. So far about \$10,000 has been subscribed.

THE Rev. John Morton, of Trinidad, is at present visiting his old home at New Glasgow, N.S. It is twenty-one years since Mr and Mrs Morton went forth as pioneer missionaries from Nova Scotia. One school which began with an attendance of three children, has grown to thirty-four schools with 2,000 children.

THE Rev. G. C. Patterson, who has been conducting the services at Holland, Manitoba, with great acceptance, has received a kindly worded and appreciative address from the people there, and a similar one from those at Camille. The people have prayed the Presbytery for leave to moderate a call in Mr. Patterson's favour.

ON 23rd August, 1889, Rev. Thomas Alexander, of Mount Pleasant, will have reached his eighty-fourth year, having laboured in the Lord's vineyard for over fifty years in preaching the gospel, and in getting congregations organized and churches and manse erected in connexion with the Presbyterian Church of Canada.

THE Presbyterian congregation of Campbellton, N. S., have extended a call to the Rev. Mr. Carr, of P. E. Island. It is expected that he will accept it when it is, according to the usual custom, placed in his hand by the clerk of his Presbytery. The congregation have the prospect of soon having a pastor placed over them.

THE Rev. J. H. Beatt, of Cumberland, was inducted into the charge of the Presbyterian Church at Cumberland lately. Rev. Mr. Hughes, Moderator of the Presbytery of Ottawa, presided. Rev. Mr. Campbell, of Russell, preached. Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of St. Paul's, Ottawa, addressed the pastor, and Rev. Mr. Caven, of Buckingham, addressed the people.

PRESIDENT S. F. SCOVEL, D.D., of the University of Wooster, Ohio, supplied Knox Church, Galt, August 11th and 13th, in absence of Rev. Alexander Jackson, who is in Scotland. Dr. Scovel is one of the ablest preachers and educators in the American Church, and the institution over which he presides is one of the largest and most influential of the Presbyterian Colleges.

THE Rev. A. T. Wolff, D.D., Alton, Illinois, again occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's, West, Toronto. In the morning he preached

a sermon on the priesthood of Christ, and in the evening he discoursed on Martha and Mary. Next week he resumes his duties in the flourishing and progressive church of which he is pastor in Alton. His visit and services in Toronto have been much appreciated.

THE *Manitoba Free Press* says: Dr. W. G. Blaikie, professor in the Free College, Edinburgh, has written from Los Angeles, Cal., to Dr. Bryce, stating that he expects to be in Winnipeg about the middle of the present month. While here Dr. Blaikie will probably address the meeting in connexion with the Presbyterian Alliance, of which he is a member. Dr. Blaikie was for a long time editor of the *Sunday Magazine*.

THE people of Knox Church, Woodstock, says the *Sentinel-Review* had a rare treat, Sunday, in hearing two sermons from Rev. Dr. Wylie, of New York. Dr. Wylie is a man of unusually fine presence and address. He has a good voice, pleasing and a ready command of lucid and ornate language. He is in all respects an able and attractive preacher. His sermons were greatly enjoyed by the large congregations present.

THE *Woodstock Standard* says: Several of our pulpits have recently been occupied by ministers from a distance, the regular pastors of the congregations being off spending their vacations. Rev. Dr. Wycliffe officiated in Knox Church and in the evening gave an eloquent and instructive lecture on "Mosses," delivered with such ability and so full of information that, apart from the moral lessons deduced, it furnished a literary treat such as is seldom listened to by a Woodstock audience.

THE *Almonte Gazette* says:—The Rev. Mr. Edmondson gave up his pulpit to Rev. Mr. Wilkie, Sunday evening week, and the latter used the opportunity to give an interesting account of the mission work that is being done in Central India. The rev. gentleman has undertaken to raise \$10,000 in Canada, which will be used in erecting a high school in his field of labour. The Presbyterian congregations here will contribute toward the scheme. Rev. Mr. Wilkie intends returning to India in October.

THE Rev. Mr. Rankin, who preached in Zion Church, Charlotte-town, Sunday week, morning and evening, with much acceptance, left in the steamer for a visit to Pictou. He is a native of Greenock, Scotland, and studied in Edinburgh University. Having been licensed by a Scottish Presbytery and commissioned to Canada by the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland, he is eligible for a call to any vacant congregation of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. The congregation of Stellarton, Nova Scotia, in connexion with the Church of Scotland is moving to give him a call.

THE Central Church, Hamilton, Young People's Society of Christian Endeavour held a garden party last week at the residence of Mr. Furnival, as a farewell to Mr. C. A. Webster, who has been occupying the pulpit of the Central Church during the absence of Mr. Lyle on his vacation. A very enjoyable time was spent by all. The grounds were handsomely decorated with Chinese lanterns and an excellent programme of music, recitations, etc., was rendered by Mrs. McArthur and Misses Edgar, Russell, Taylor, Balfour and McClure. After singing "God Be With You," the party was brought to a close.

IN Knox Church, Winnipeg, on Sunday night week, Rev. Dr. Bryce preached a sermon on the spiritual and material condition of the country. The text was from Ecclesiastes, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The preacher pointed out that harvest had come around again, and it was a fitting time to consider our material and spiritual wants. He spoke of the great need for thorough earnestness. More workers in all departments were wanted. We should bestir ourselves to save the community from the ruin of strong drink. He believed if strong drink were given up, much of the evil that disturbs society would be wiped away.

THE *Manitoba Free Press* says: Rev. Dr. Cochrane, pastor of Zion Presbyterian Church, Brantford, Ont., and governor of the Ladies' College in that city, will arrive in the city this week on a visit to the province. During his stay he will occupy the pulpit of Knox Church, for two Sundays, in the absence of Dr. Duval. His visit is partly for pleasure, as the reverend doctor takes a deep interest in Manitoba, but he will also while here, endeavour to advance the welfare of the Brantford Ladies' College in the minds of the Prairie Province Presbyterians. Dr. Cochrane is known as being one of the most clever and eloquent preachers in the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

THE Presbytery of Regina met at Indian Head recently for the induction of Rev. John Ferry into the pastoral charge of Indian Head congregation and for the ordination of Mr. W. J. Hall, of Wolseley. The service was conducted by the Moderator, Rev. A. Campbell of File Hills, and Rev. A. Robson, of Fort Qu'Appelle who preached an appropriate discourse from Matt. iv. 4. Subsequently Mr. Ferry was inducted and Mr. Hall ordained with the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery and both were addressed by Rev. Prof. Hart, of Winnipeg. The people were then addressed by the Rev. A. Hamilton, of Whitewood. A deputation consisting of Rev. Messrs Hall, Ferry and Robson were appointed to visit Moffat station. Notice was given of a call to the Rev. W. J. Hall from the congregation of Stonewall in Winnipeg Presbytery and the call ordered to be placed in Mr. Hall's hands.

THE *Elgin Courier and Courser*, Elgin, Scotland, of the 6th inst., contains the following: It is not often that a son has the privilege of preaching on the occasion of his father's centenary. But a prospective instance of this has just come under our notice. The Rev. Robert Moodie, of Stayner, Canada, is at present on a visit to this country, and has been spending a few days with our neighbour, Mr. Petrie, at Pettendreich. Last night he preached with much acceptance in the Free High Church here, in connexion with the communion thanksgiving. On the first Sabbath in September he is to preach in the Parish Church of Clackmannan, to the pastorate of which his father, the Rev. Robert Moodie, D.D., was ordained on 2nd September, 1788. A hundred and one years is a long stretch of time between the two occasions, but Mr. Moodie looks young and vigorous, and is still a comparatively young man, having been born only a few weeks before his venerated father's death in 1832.

A RECENT New York paper says: "The farewell service tendered Rev. Andrew Beattie in the South Street Presbyterian Church on Sunday evening week was largely attended. Mr. Beattie goes as missionary to Yeong Kong, Southern China, as a missionary representative of the men and boys of that church. He is a Canadian, about thirty years old, and was recommended to the Church by the Board of Foreign Missions. The service opened with an anthem by the quartette choir, followed by singing the missionary hymn—"From Greenland's Icy Mountains." Rev. Dr. Erdman read a Scripture lesson and was followed in prayer by Mr. Hall, the leader of the Market Street Mission Singing was succeeded by an address on behalf of the Missionary Committee, made by Mr. Joseph F. Randolph. A feeling address by the pastor was as earnestly responded to by Mr. Beattie. The choir then sang "Lead Kindly Light," and after prayer the congregation joined in the parting song—"God be with you till we meet again." Before leaving for the foreign field the congregation presented Mr. Beattie with a fine gold watch.

A WELCOME visitor, Rev. Jas. Stewart, of Prescott, re-opened St. Andrew's Church, Almonte, Sabbath week, after the church being vacant for some few weeks for repairs—painting, whitewashing, kalsomining and general cleaning up, which has been done in first-class style. Rev. Mr. Stewart preached morning and evening to crowded houses, and gave two plain, practical sermons, suitable to the occasion, which were listened to with the most careful attention. The reverend gentleman intimated at the close of the morning service that he was very happy to meet so many old friends and acquaintances. Owing to illness in several homes belonging to his congregation it

would be impossible for him to stay and see his friends personally, but he would meet all possible at the close of the service. A great many waited to give him a hearty shake of the hand and wish him God-speed in his good work. He also made very feeling allusion to the many who had either died or left the place, whose places were now vacant in the church, and they were very many since he first preached in the same church seventeen years ago. The collections were very creditable.

A LARGE and enthusiastic meeting of Calvin Church congregation, St. John, N. B., was held in the basement of that church, lately, the Rev. Dr. MacDougall in the chair, and Mr. F. H. White acting as secretary. The congregation very heartily resolved to wipe out the floating debt before the end of the present year, and the greater portion of the amount required was subscribed upon the spot. Provision was also made for the prompt payment of interest upon the standing debt as it becomes due. The meeting also resolved that the pastor be henceforth paid promptly and in full every week, and made the necessary arrangements to secure so desirable an end. The societies in connexion with the church have been organized, and their members enter hopefully and cheerfully upon the work entrusted to them. A hearty vote of thanks was tendered to the pastor, Rev. Dr. Mac Dougall, for his untiring efforts and self-denying devotions for the prosperity of the church and the advancement of the Master's cause. Since Dr. MacDougall became pastor of Calvin Church the dark clouds of a long and burdensome litigation which had hung for years over the congregation have been swept away forever, and now the chilling shadows of financial embarrassment are moving swiftly by, and there can be no doubt that the congregation of Calvin Church has entered upon what will prove to be a new era of prosperity and usefulness.

THE *Vancouver World* says: The Presbytery of Columbia met in the Presbyterian Church, Sea Islands, on Tuesday, the 6th inst, for the purpose of inducting the Rev. John A. Jaffray, B.A., as pastor. Rev. Robert Jamieson presided; Rev. E. D. McLaren preached the induction sermon; Rev. A. Tait gave the charge to the minister, and Rev. W. R. Ross to the congregation. Rev. J. S. Thomson, of the Methodist Church, who was present, was invited to sit as a corresponding member. Rev. T. Scouler and T. G. Thomson were also present. The services being over, the congregation and Presbytery adjourned to the very commodious and beautiful manse which the congregation erected for the minister, where refreshments had been provided by the ladies, and a social chat was indulged in, after which the Rev. T. G. Thomson, the former pastor and for some time Moderator of the Session, was called forward, and an address expressive of the high personal esteem felt for Mr. Thomson, and appreciative of the great value of his ministerial services was read on behalf of the congregation by Mr. W. F. Stewart. Mr. Thomson made a feeling reply. He sincerely wished the congregation God speed under its new pastorate. The kindness of the congregation of Sea Island and the North Arm people of all denominations would long be remembered by both himself and Mrs. Thomson. Mr. Jaffray enters on his labours under very favourable circumstances and with every prospect of success.

ON Tuesday the 6th inst., the Toronto Christian Endeavour Union held a successful and enjoyable gathering in the form of a garden party at the beautiful grounds of Mr. R. Irving Walker. About four hundred young people from several denominations were present, and spent two hours pleasantly in social intercourse and listening to the excellent music of the orchestra, to say nothing of the refreshments provided by the ladies. At eight o'clock an adjournment was made to Zion Congregational Church, where an enthusiastic meeting was held. The Rev. W. W. Andrews, of Clarendon Avenue Methodist Church presided, and was assisted in the devotional exercises by the Rev. Mr. Gaff, of the Church of Christ, and the Rev. Dr. Patterson, of the Presbyterian Church, Erie, Pa. The four Toronto delegates to the recent monster convention in Philadelphia each delivered a ten minutes report, taking up the following topics: "General Glimpse of the Convention," "Practical Points," "God's guiding hand in the movement," and "The Exaltation of Loyalty." Some useful information was also elicited from the question drawer, and altogether the meeting was both interesting and helpful. The Christian Endeavour movement is spreading rapidly among Canadian Presbyterians: as an example of this, of the twenty Canadian delegates to Philadelphia, fully two-thirds were Presbyterians. There are now three societies in Presbyterian Churches in Toronto, and at least two more will be formed in the fall. Mr. A. J. Howell, 218 Bleeker Street, is secretary of the Toronto Union, and will gladly furnish literature and information to any church wishing to study the movement.

THE *Hamilton Times* says: Many an old citizen of Hamilton will regret to hear of the death of Milton, after a few days' illness, of the Rev. Robert Burnet, M.A., well known in this city and throughout Ontario for many years as the genial pastor of old St. Andrew's Church, James Street (now St. Paul's), and to horticulturalists and others throughout the Dominion, as well as in the United States, as President of the Fruit Growers' Association of Ontario, as a successful private fruit grower and prize winner at many a Provincial Exhibition, and as a vigorous stimulator by his lectures and personal energy and magnetism of every thing that encouraged agricultural and horticultural progress. On the severance of his pastoral relations in Hamilton, Mr. Burnet accepted for a time a charge in Pictou, Nova Scotia, whence he subsequently removed to Milton, in this Province, succeeding the late Rev. Mr. Dobie there as minister of the Presbyterian congregation in connexion with the Church of Scotland. Like many other Scots, the deceased divine was warm and sometimes severe, when he deemed it necessary, in theological controversy. He strongly opposed the union of the two branches of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and was the head and front of the small section of the old kirk still remaining out of it. But for all that he was by no means a bigoted or bitter opponent, in proof of which he worshipped in the MacNab Street Presbyterian Church here after the union was accomplished. Socially, no warmer hearted man breathed, and in all personal and family intercourse he was a thorough Scottish gentleman. He leaves behind him to mourn his loss a widow, one son and two daughters. His remains are interred in Burlington Cemetery here.

AT a special meeting of the Orangeville Presbytery, and of the Presbyterian congregation in the Presbyterian Church, Flesherton, on Tuesday, July 9, presided over by Rev. A. Wilson, of Caledon, Moderator, Mr. L. C. Emes, a graduate of Knox College, was ordained and inducted into the pastoral charge of Flesherton and Markdale. The members of the Presbytery present were: Rev. Messrs. A. Wilson, D. McLeod, C. D. Hossack, J. McNeil, D. McColl, and J. Blackburn, elder. The Rev. Messrs. T. Watson (Baptist), and J. W. Sheldon (Methodist), resident ministers were present were asked to correspond. There was a large congregation present and the whole service was very interesting. An excellent and very edifying sermon was preached by Rev. D. C. Hossack, of Orangeville, after which Rev. D. McLeod, Moderator of the Session, was called upon to narrate the steps taken in the call. The dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. A. Wilson, and after the solemn service of setting apart the minister by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery to the Divine work, an admirable address was delivered to the newly ordained pastor by the Rev. D. McLeod, followed by the Rev. D. McColl, of Proton, with an interesting and very practical address to the congregation. To Rev. Mr. Emes was then escorted to the door by Rev. Mr. McLeod, where he was greeted by the congregation passing out. In the evening a grand tea was served by the ladies of the congregation in the basement of the church, after which a platform meeting was held in the auditorium up stairs. The Rev. Mr. Emes occupied the chair, and in a few well-chosen words opened the evening's entertainment. The speakers all appeared cheerful and ready to fill their part. Very

interesting addresses on various subjects were delivered by Rev. Messrs. McNeil, Watson, Shilton, Hossack and Wilson, interspersed with music. The choir of the church under the efficient leadership of Mr. J. G. Russell, rendered very valuable assistance at both services.

PRESBYTERY OF BARRIE.—This Presbytery met in the Barrie Presbyterian Church, on the 30th July last. There was a fair attendance of members. Mr. Hugh Currie was elected Moderator for the ensuing six months, in place of Mr. Henry Knox, whose term of service had expired. Several commissions for ruling elders were received. Some time was occupied with considering the correspondence arising from a misunderstanding between the Presbytery and the Distribution Committee of the Assembly, by which more ministers had been assigned to the Presbytery than could be provided with fields of labour. It was unanimously agreed to sustain the action of the clerk *pro tem.* in the matter, and to express to the several ministers concerned the great regret of the Presbytery that they had been put to so much disappointment, inconvenience and loss. Mr. J. D. Smith, was, after a satisfactory examination, recognized as a catechist, and his name ordered to be sent to the Home Mission Committee of the Assembly. (Mr. Smith has meanwhile been sent to Sturgeon Falls, in place of the lamented W. C. Ewing, who was recently drowned.) Numerous signed petitions were submitted from Airlie, etc., asking that Mr. Stinson, student catechist, be allowed to continue in charge of these stations, while attending college during next session. The Presbytery agreed to cordially recommend the prayer of the petitions, and appointed Messrs. Leishman, M. Brennen and J. A. Mather to lay the matter before Principal Caven. Only two of the commissioners to the General Assembly gave reports of their attendance thereat. A committee, who had visited Knox Church, Oro, reported in favour of a grant to that Church from the Augmentation Fund. The following were appointed Conveners of the several committees of the Presbytery: Home Missions, Mr. R. Moodie; State of Religion, Mr. J. R. S. Burnett; Sabbath Schools, Mr. J. Leishman; Temperance, Mr. J. J. Cochrane, M.A.; Finance, Mr. D. James, Statistics, Mr. R. N. Grant; Sabbath Observance, Dr. W. Clarke; Examining Committee, Mr. D. D. Macleod. Dr. Gray was given power to moderate in a call for Longford and Uptergrove, when deemed advisable. The next meeting of Presbytery was appointed to be held in the Barrie Presbyterian Church, on Tuesday, 1st October, 1889, at eleven o'clock a. m. It was decided to refer the circular, anent the Augmentation and Home Mission Funds to the Home Mission Committee of Presbytery. Several other matters, in connection with Missions, were considered.—**JOHN GRAY, Pres. Clerk, pro tem.**

P. S. Since the meeting of 30th July the pastoral charge of First Essa, Burns and Dunn's Churches has given a call to the Rev. J. L. Simpson. A *pro re nata* meeting of Presbytery will be held in the First Essa Church, at two o'clock p. m. on the 26th inst., to consider, and to sustain this call, if found satisfactory.—**J. G.**

PRESBYTERY OF LONDON.—This Presbytery met in London on the 9th ult., and transacted a considerable amount of business. The following calls were laid on the table and read: A call from Springfield and Aylmer, signed by forty-six members and eighty-four adherents promising \$700 stipend, and requesting \$300 from the Augmentation Fund in favour of Mr. McLaren of Cannington, was presented by Mr. W. Brown, of Belmont. Another call from Appin and Tait's Corners, signed by forty-three members, and 137 adherents, promising \$750 stipend and Manse, in favour of Mr. R. MacIntyre, was presented by Mr. Dugald Currie, of Glencoe. These calls were duly sustained and ordered to be transmitted in due form with all relative papers, to the clerks of the Presbyteries concerned, for disposal. An informal certificate from the clerk of Toronto Presbytery in regard to the transference of Mr. Beatty from that Presbytery to London Presbytery, to be received as a minister of this church, was read by Mr. Sawers. It was moved by Mr. Henderson, and received by Mr. Sawers, that the Presbytery note the irregularity and receive Mr. Beatty. Moved in amendment by Mr. Ball, and seconded by Mr. Murray, that the reception of Mr. Beatty be delayed till he can be received in the regular way. On Mr. Henderson subsequently withdrawing his motion, Mr. Ball's amendment was carried. Mr. Sawers reported that he had moderated in a call to Mr. Beatty from S. Delaware and Tempo. It was agreed to let the call lie on the table till Mr. Beatty is duly received. A call from North Delaware and Caradoc, signed by ninety-seven members, and fifty-seven adherents, promising \$600 and Manse, and presented by Mr. Henderson, was approved, the call sustained in due form, and ordered to be transmitted to the clerk of Hamilton Presbytery for disposal. Dr. Laing, of Dundas, was appointed to represent the interests of this Presbytery before the Presbytery of Hamilton. It was also agreed to make application to the Augmentation Committee for a grant of \$150. Messrs. A. MacVicar, of Glencoe, J. Menzies, of Westminster, and J. H. Courtney, of St. Thomas, applied to be received as students studying with a view to the Gospel ministry. On examination the Presbytery expressed their satisfaction with their religious and moral character and their general fitness to study for the Gospel ministry. On motion of Mr. Henderson of which notice was duly given, the Presbytery agreed to suspend the standing order of the March and September meetings of Presbytery. On motion of Mr. Murray, and seconded by Mr. McGillivray, it was agreed, that a religious conference be held on the afternoon of Monday immediately preceding the March meeting, and that Messrs. Murray, Sawers, and Henderson be a committee to make all necessary arrangements. The following standing committees were appointed for the year: 1. State of Religion.—Mr. F. Ballantyne Convener; Dr. Thompson and Mr. Rangford. 2. Sabbath School.—D. McGillivray, Convener; J. Ballantyne and Dr. Fraser. 3. Temperance.—Dr. Proudfoot, Convener; J. B. Hamilton, and J. Armstrong. 4. Statistics.—A. Urquhart, Convener; Donald Kelso and A. Thompson. 5. Examination of Students.—J. A. Murray, Convener; W. M. Roger, J. Ballantyne and L. Cameron. 6. Home Missions.—A. Henderson, Convener; E. H. Sawers and Dugald Currie. 7. Systematic Benevolence.—E. H. Sawers, Convener; F. Ballantyne and G. Sutherland. 8. Finance.—J. Gordon, Convener; and A. Henderson. Extract minute of Assembly was read refusing to give leave to receive Mr. R. H. Craig. The Moderator and Clerk were authorised to make all necessary arrangements for the inductions at Aylmer, Appin and North Delaware, in event of any of the calls to these places being accepted, and they appoint the following to take part in the services: Induction at Aylmer, Mr. Brown to preside, Mr. Bloodworth to preach, Mr. G. Sutherland to address the minister and Mr. Boyle the people. Induction at Appin: Mr. Dugald Currie to preside, Mr. Duncan Cameron to preach, Mr. Jno. Currie to address the minister, and Mr. J. B. Hamilton the people. Induction at Delaware: Mr. Henderson to preside, Mr. Duncan Cameron to preach, Mr. D. Currie to address the minister, and Mr. J. B. Hamilton the people. The Presbytery adjourned to meet in First Presbyterian Church, London, on the second Tuesday of September, at 11 a. m.—**GEO. SUTHERLAND, Pres. Clerk.**

PRESBYTERY OF TORONTO.—This Presbytery met on the 6th instant, the Rev. Walter Amos, Moderator. The attendance of members was not large, and the business transacted occupied only one diet. A letter was received from Rev. Dr. Reid, acknowledging the receipt of the Presbytery's resolution of sympathy in regard to his recent family bereavement, and thanking the Presbytery at the same time for having adopted said resolution. In virtue of having obtained leave from the General Assembly, Rev. Messrs. T. L. Turnbull, E. B. Chestnut and M. Scott were duly received as ministers, and Rev. A. J. Beattie as a probationer of the Church. Rev. Messrs. J. Carmichael, A. Gilray, and Mr. D. Elder were appointed a committee to

look after the matter of supply for the vacant charge of St. Andrew's Church, Vaughan, etc. Rev. Messrs. J. M. Cameron, T. T. Johnston, G. E. Freeman, and Mr. D. Elder, were appointed a committee to nominate committees for the Schemes of the Church, and report thereon to the next meeting. A petition was read from forty-one members and seventeen adherents of the church, all of them connected with the mission station at Seaton village, praying the Presbytery to organize them as a regular congregation, and appointing Messrs. James Mitchell, Joseph Harton and James Lindsay to appear on their behalf and support the prayer of said petition. The said commissioners appeared accordingly, and were severally heard. It was then moved and agreed to, that notification of this petition be sent to the neighbouring sessions of Bloor Street, College Street and Davenport Churches, with the request that they signify their minds thereon not later than next meeting of Presbytery. A petition was also read from certain members and adherents in McMillan's settlement, asking leave to re-open their church for evening services during the summer period of each year, promising also to remunerate their minister for conducting such services, and pledging themselves to attend the dispensation of ordinances at Queensville during the other months of the year. The minister thus concerned, Rev. G. McKay, expressed himself as willing on the conditions specified to conduct the services so desired. And the leave applied for in the petition aforesaid was granted accordingly. A certificate was read from the Presbytery of Hamilton in favour of Rev. T. Goldsmith, formerly a member of said Presbytery, transferring him at his own request to the care of this Presbytery. And his name was ordered to be put on the list of ministers without charge, residing within the bounds of the Presbytery. A letter was read from the Rev. Dr. Cochrane, and likewise one from the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, respectively setting forth *inter alia* that the amount required from this Presbytery for 1889 for Home Missions is \$6,500, and for the Augmentation Fund \$5,500. Arrangements for raising of these amounts from the congregations and mission stations throughout the bounds were deferred to another meeting of Presbytery. Mr. Thomas Northrop, B.A., a recent graduate of Knox College, was taken on public probationary trials; his trials were unanimously approved of, and after giving satisfactory answers to the questions presented for such cases, he was duly licensed to preach the Gospel. The committee appointed some time ago to consider and report as to how to dispose of certain church property at Brown's Corners submitted and read a report thereon through Mr. J. R. Miller, and said report was received and adopted. The attention of the Presbytery having been called to the sudden death of Mrs. MacMurchy, wife of Mr. A. MacMurchy, Principal of the Collegiate Institute of Toronto, it was resolved, on motion made by Rev. J. Carmichael, to put on record the high esteem in which the deceased lady was held. Her many amiable qualities had endeared her to a wide circle of friends. As a member of old St. Andrew's congregation, she took the deepest interest in everything connected with its prosperity. As secretary of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, she discharged every duty entrusted to her with wonderful tact and fidelity. She had identified herself with every department of the Church's life and work in Toronto, as well as with every public benevolent institution, and was by all who knew her a woman greatly beloved. The Presbytery would also express its heartfelt sympathy with the bereaved husband and sorrowing family, and pray that the Lord Jesus, who knows all our griefs may comfort them, and soothe their every sorrow in the light of his own everlasting love. The next meeting of the Presbytery was appointed to be held in the usual place on the first Tuesday of September, at ten a. m.—**R. MONTEATH, Pres. Clerk.**

FATHER CHINIQUY'S BIRTH-DAY CELEBRATION.

The eightieth birth-day of the venerable Father Chiniquy was celebrated at St. Anne, Kankakee, Ill., when a large number assembled in honour of one who has made many sacrifices, faced many trials and rendered great services for Evangelical truth. The *Western American* says:

While at the house chatting and making acquaintance with earnest workers who realize the dangers of Roman supremacy in this land, many of whom had been in the "inner circle" of the Roman machine, we were suddenly greeted with music by a fine band who played in good taste. Father Chiniquy and his friends at once formed and marched to the church near the residence where a short religious service was held, conducted by the Rev. Mr. Bondreau, now pastor of the congregation collected by Father Chiniquy. The services finished, the audience followed their beloved leader to a grove in the grounds of the church where a platform had been erected and seats provided. Here preparatory exercises were held. Dr. Thomas named Rev. Mr. Bondreau for chairman, who was elected, and proceeded to address the audience.

The Rev. P. Bondreau delivered an eloquent and interesting address concluding as follows: Well, now we want Canada to become what it was in its early history. It must reach to its past experience. We cannot be Anglicized if we become what we were. We simply return to the best type of French character. The future history of Canada must be reshaped on its first history. It must cease paying heavy taxes, unjust tithes, disallow forever any ecclesiastical endowment. Then prosperity and happiness will be the lot of all classes. How well can we retort and say that the system of ostracism followed ever since the days of Mons. De Quercheville has produced the loss of over a million of its citizens, who may sooner or later lose their identity, just because they were forced to leave their homes and seek a living under a more liberal government. But I close. Remember the virtues of those early heroes that settled in Canada.

The Canadian Church was ably represented by Rev. John Gray, of Windsor, who delivered an eloquent address in which he paid a warm tribute to the worth and labours of Father Chiniquy. Mr. Gray's speech was followed by an able one by Mr. Adam Craig, of Chicago. Numerous congratulatory letters and telegrams were read, among them one from Dr. Badenach, LL.D., London. Another from St. John's Church, Montreal, and the resolutions relating to Father Chiniquy and his work by our own General Assembly.

Father Chiniquy then delivered a characteristically affecting address in French, saying, among other things: This great demonstration is to remind me that I am eighty years old. . . . There is an aspect of that fact that is very saddening. For to tell a man he has reached his eightieth year is as to tell a condemned prisoner that the hour of execution is at hand. "The days of our years are three score years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be four score years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; it is soon cut off, and we fly away." Yes, every one is condemned to die, and soon I know I will fall under the merciless blows of death. . . . But death to the Christian is only the welcome messenger whom our Divine Father sends to announce to his beloved child the hour of deliverance, the return to the heavenly home. . . . Viewed in that light, the eightieth anniversary of my birth is for me a blessed day, and I can accept with joy as well as thankfulness all these tokens of your confidence and affection. Your praises and congratulations I accept joyfully, but only to convey them to whom they are due—to our Heavenly Father who in his mercy has taken me by the hand from my infancy, and carried me safely through the perils and dangers of these eighty years; and He alone has done the work for the renovation of mankind which you attribute to me. The strength and courage which have sustained me through the many battles I have fought for righteousness and truth I found in the Gospel which is the power of God.

We join heartily in tendering our congratulations and well wishes to the venerable veteran and champion of civil and religious liberty.

Sabbath School Teacher

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

Sept. 1,
1889.

DAVID AND GOLIATH.

1 Sam. 17:
17-51.

GOLDEN TEXT.—If God be for us, who can be against us?—Romans viii, 31.

SHORTER CATECHISM.

Question 35.—(a) The phrase "to sanctify" is used in two different senses in Scripture—to consecrate, to set apart to a holy use (John x. 36; Matt. xxiii. 17), and to render morally pure or holy (1 Cor. vi. 11; Heb. xiii. 12). Sanctification is used in this latter sense. As regeneration is an act of God's free grace, so sanctification is a progressive work of the same free grace. It is gratuitous, for Christ's sake, and it is effected by the supernatural power of the Holy Ghost. (b) The means of sanctification are of two distinct orders—inward and outward. The inward means of sanctification is faith. Faith is the instrument of our justification, and hence of our deliverance from condemnation and of our communion with God; the organ of our union with Christ, and hence of our communion with Him in His Spirit and life. Faith, moreover, is that act of the regenerated soul whereby it embraces and experiences the power of the truth, and whereby the inward experiences of the heart and the outward actions of the life are brought into obedience to the truth. The outward means of sanctification are:—(1) The truth as revealed in the inspired Scriptures (John xvii. 17; 1 Peter i. 22; ii. 2). (2) The sacraments (Matt. iii. 11; 1 Cor. xii. 13; 1 Peter iii. 21). (3) Prayer. This it effects both as a gracious exercise of the soul, and as the covenanted condition of our reception of all spiritual blessings (John xiv. 13, 14). (4) The gracious discipline of God's providence (John xv. 2; Rom. v. 3, 4; Heb. xii. 5-11). It must be remembered that the unregenerate soul resists the "common grace" with which the Holy Ghost wrestles with it previously to the new birth; also, that the soul is passive in respect to that particular exercise of the divine power which effects its regeneration or new birth. But having once been regenerated, the soul, now spiritually alive, continues to grow in grace by its own active co-operation with the gracious operations of the Holy Spirit, who dwells in it. (c) The fruits of sanctification are:—(1) Negatively, the destruction of the "old man," with its habits, affections, and lusts (Gal. v. 24; Col. iii. 5). (2) Positively, the strengthening of the principle of grace, and the gradual training of all the faculties of the soul under the control of grace, in symmetrical development and holy obedience. (3) Hence, good works are the fruits of sanctification. These "good works," although never the meritorious grounds of acceptance before God, are nevertheless absolutely essential to salvation, because to be saved is to be saved from sin (Gal. v. 22, 23; Eph. ii. 10; John xiv. 21).—**A. A. Hodge, D.D.**

INTRODUCTORY.

Although David had been anointed to the kingly office, Saul was not yet dethroned. He still ruled and was commander-in-chief of the armies of Israel. Their inveterate foes, the Philistines, had again become troublesome, and had assumed an aggressive attitude. They had a fortified encampment at Elah, and the Israelites under Saul had gathered an opposing force. In the Philistines' camp there was a man of extraordinary stature, Goliath of Gath, who is said to have been six cubits and a span in height, that is, about nine feet nine inches. He was a man of great strength, and his weapons were of great size. He had challenged the Israelites to decide the contest by a duel between himself and a representative of the Israelites. No one was found to take up the challenge till David came forward. Strong and athletic as David was, there were misgivings that he would not be able for the encounter. At this point to-day's lesson begins.

I. Israel's Champion.—David, having heard Goliath's challenge and defiance undertakes to enter the lists against him. He was brought into the presence of Saul, who doubts his ability for the contest. He was to all appearance an inexperienced youth, while this antagonist had been a man of war from his youth. To this David modestly replies by telling the king that while employed as a shepherd he had killed a lion and a bear that had attacked the flocks under his care. This was a striking proof both of David's courage and his faith. It was the combination of these qualities that made him the hero he was. To defend the charge entrusted to him he had risked his life, for it is a dangerous undertaking to attack either a lion or a bear. It was not in his own strength, in no spirit of foolish daring, but by humble reliance on God that he accomplished this feat. So pleading his past experience of God's deliverance he is willing to face this defiant foe. He thus secures Saul's consent, and well-wishes. The king then wants to equip the youthful warrior in his own heavy and cumbersome armour. This David does not refuse but after putting it on he finds that it would hinder, not help, him to attempt to fight in it. David was a shepherd and as a shepherd he was best prepared for the conflict. With his staff such as shepherds use, and a sling, something on the same principle as the catapults boys now use in play, for which he had provided five smooth stones, he set forth to meet the defiant champion of the Philistines.

II. The Antagonists.—When the gigantic Goliath and the youthful shepherd approached each other the former was moved with derision and contempt. The idea of a comely boy coming out against him! He approached with all the pride and arrogance of one who was sure of the victory whoever might be his opponent, but this stripling in shepherd's garb, and armed only with staff and sling, why it was as if they thought he, the mighty warrior, might be driven off as a dog could be scared away. His rage was increased, and he swore at David and boasted what he would do to him. David replies in a more manly fashion, in a way that might have caused misgivings in the mind of Goliath if he had been in the habit of reflecting. He intimates that the Philistine might rely on his stature and strength, and the powerful weapon he carried, but the Israelite had the strength of omnipotence behind him. "I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied." Then in prophetic words he tells what shall befall the proud and disdainful blasphemer, "for," he concludes, "the battle is the Lord's, and He will give you into our hands."

III. The Victory.—Down in the valley the antagonists meet. On the high ridges on either side the respective armies are witnesses of the intensely interesting conflict. Neither of the champions shows any signs of fear. The Philistine draws near with contemptuous disdain; David rushes forward to meet his opponent, but alert and prompt he fires the stone from his sling that really begins and ends the conflict. The massive Philistine falls to the ground without having had the opportunity of striking a blow. Then as David was unarmed, he rushed forward to his fallen foe, seizes Goliath's sword and beheads him with his own weapon. David's victory was swift, sharp and decisive. This stroke of the heroic Hebrew shepherd virtually defeated the host of the Philistines. Seeing their champion fall they were seized with fear and fled. The Israelites chased them to their strongholds at Gath and Ekron.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

God's service requires courage and faith. Faith and courage are mutually helpful.

The boaster is not the most courageous. True courage is always joined with humility. Goliath was boastful; David was humble.

We can fight God's battles best with the weapons we have provided.

The Sword of the Spirit, the Word of God, is the best we can use. God gives the victory to those who fight unselfishly for His glory.

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

LETTER FROM REV. JONATHAN GOFORTH.

The following interesting letter from Mr. Goforth, dated Pang Chuang, Shantung, June 11, 1889, has just been received

We are not yet established in Honan, that land of promise, but are beyond its borders preparing for entrance. The northern part of Honan has already been spied out. The extent will not exceed that of the five inland counties of Western Ontario, but its population will sum up as many as the Protestants of our Dominion. We hear with gladness that the Church is sending out further reinforcements. Let no one imagine too many are coming to this field. More than 5,000 ministers and students are not thought to be too many for the spiritual good of Canada's enlightened Protestants. Will any one say that one per cent of Canada's ministerial force or fifty male missionaries would be too many to bear light to 3,000,000 of benighted heathen? By the autumn we will have so far advanced in the language that we will be warranted to attempt work in Honan. The time of waiting will be the most trying on the patience of our friends at home. We are lost to sight for a season. It is not an easy task to study a strange people as well as a strange language. Days and weeks come and go and we are still at the language. Thus absorbed it cannot be supposed that we have much to write about. At this stage, if what we write is little and uninteresting, our friends must bear with us. The account of a soldier's drilling is not so inspiring as the tale of actual conflict.

Our stay among the missionaries will be invaluable. We will strive to glean the most effective methods from veterans on the field. But what may be valuable above all else is the fact that we daily hear the native preachers telling the story of salvation to their fellowmen. From this we hope to lay hold of the simplest modes of presenting the truth to a Chinaman's understanding.

Wishing also to learn how to manage open air work at the fairs we laid aside our books for a day, and in company with two of the native preachers rode over to the "Temple of the Four Virgins" (the name of the town, so called from its temple). Chinamen are too practical to hold a fair for the purpose of display. To buy and sell is the only object. All manner of live stock as well as all manner of Chinese manufacture, including cotton from England were for sale. For the time being merchants deserted their permanent shops. A town of mat sheds is reared. The streets were covered overhead. Everything for sale was in full view. The streets were thronged with buyers. Most goods for summer use in the surrounding region are now purchased. A Westerner would wonder at the countless fans for sale, but all Chinamen use fans in summer but no hats, with the exception of some outdoor labourers who use straw hats. The Chinese indifference to the sun is wonderful. At one of these fairs with the thermometer above 100 in the shade, thousands of these bare shaved heads might be counted apparently indifferent to the scorching rays while we from a colder clime defended by pith hat and umbrella would not feel extra secure. At one of the shops we stopped to purchase a pair of Chinese shoes. At once we were invited to be seated. A cup of tea is poured out. The shoes are tried on, the tea is drunk. The bargain is closed. The refilled cup is again emptied. We bow and move on. It is now dinner time. We sit at the same table and with chop sticks eat out of the same bowls as our Celestial friends, and must confess our relish of the Chinese meal.

In the afternoon, carrying a table and bench and Gospel books, we went to the open space beside the theatre and commenced the open air service. It was not hard to get a crowd since there was a foreigner to be seen. One of the preachers was a Buddhist priest before conversion. He has an easy off-hand manner and fully understands his fellow Chinamen. Besides he has a fine presence and strong voice. He kept his audience attentive and good-humoured. Seeing several Buddhist priests among his hearers he turned to one and calling the attention of the crowd, said: "You see my Buddhist friend here. He represents a foreign religion. Buddhism came from India and we received it, but it is false and cannot save us." Then turning all eyes to me, he said: "Here

is the missionary. He is only one of many who have come to our land to tell us of the true way. He does not come to make gain out of us by buying and selling. The people who worship the true God have sent him and will support him here. Though he is a foreigner he does not come to give us a foreign religion. Men of all nations are sinners. All are lost. The great salvation is for all. You Chinamen think that there are many Gods. You have a god for wind, another for rain, a god for sea and a god for land. Yes, gods without number, but all are false. They have eyes, but cannot see; ears, but cannot hear; mouths, but cannot speak. They are weaker than the men who made them. No help can they give you. Is it not so?" "True, true," said many voices in the crowd. "The missionaries have come to us to tell about the true God and His Son Jesus who more than eighteen hundred years ago came to earth and died to save us. The missionaries also have God's book and know that these things are true. But our time is not sufficient to tell you all about the true way neither could you wait to hear, so we have brought books which explain the plan of salvation. Come and buy and read for yourselves." In this way speaking and selling of books went on for two hours till it was time for us to return home.

So far my speaking is to the twos and threes, but we eagerly look forward to the time when we shall be able to tell the story of salvation to the Chinese with the same ease and profit as in the streets and lanes of Toronto.

We have now entered the hot season. Last week the thermometer ranged from one hundred to one hundred and eight in the shade. The hottest has not come yet. To the heat is added the hot dry winds which blow from the south-west and sometimes increase to a gale bringing dense clouds of fine dust which enters every crack and crevice coating everything in the house. But the disagreeable dust will soon cease to rise for the rainy season is at hand. In spite of the heat we are all enjoying good health and feel no cause for slowing up very much in our studies. J. GOFORTH.

MADAGASCAR.

"It was only on Sunday last," writes the Rev. H. E. Johnson, of Fianarantsoa, "that I was greatly encouraged when presiding over, and giving a short address at, a meeting of Sunday school teachers. This was the first of a series of quarterly prayer meetings, which we hope to hold on the last Sunday in the quarter, at the close of the Sunday school. It was a most delightful sight to see on one side of our girls' central schoolroom the male teachers, and on the other side, stretching down the schoolroom, the Malagasy women, who are manifesting such a deep interest in the Sunday school. Whilst we rejoice at having a band of men willing to help the missionary in this work, we are even more encouraged to see such a band of women, many of them mothers, coming to the school with such happy faces, and teaching in their respective classes. In order to make the work lighter for these Malagasy Christians, who have, as it were, only but yesterday given themselves to Sunday school work, we have about thirty-two male and the same number of female teachers who take it in turn to teach. This has the great advantage of calling in a large number of the natives, and thus getting them interested in voluntary Christian service, and the plan, so far, has worked admirably. Each class has four teachers, and each teacher has his or her day fixed by plan throughout the month. May the Fianarantsoa Sunday school, now three years old, grow to be a power for good, not only to the workers, but to the rising generation in Betsileo!

"There are lights, and there are shadows too, in our missionary work. The sale of intoxicating liquors, brought into the country by traders, is, we are sorry to say, on the increase. And not only in Fianarantsoa, but also in the country markets in Betsileo, we see almost on every hand that this soul-destroying traffic is apparently making headway. We are having pledge cards printed in Antananarivo at our mission press, for the Bands of Hope, which we are organizing, not only in Fianarantsoa, but also in some of our country stations. We trust, too, that we shall soon have an adult total abstinence society as a distinct branch of our missionary work.

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Advertisement for Pears' Soap. The text reads: "Good morning HAVE YOU USED PEARS' SOAP?" with a handwritten date "8/5/2" above the word "Good". The text is enclosed in a decorative border.

Advertisement for Pyle's Pearl Line. The text reads: "Revolution IN THE WASH TUB." and "In the homes where PYLE'S PEARLINE is used the wash tub is no longer the fountain of drudgery, backaches, pains, sickness, bad temper and upset households." It includes an illustration of a woman washing clothes in a tub and a row of tubs labeled "PEARLINE".

Advertisement for Confederation Life. The text reads: "Confederation Life TORONTO. OVER \$3,500,000 AND CAPITAL." It lists J. R. Macdonald as Managing Director and W. C. Macdonald as Secretary.

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