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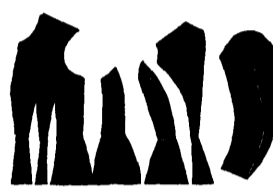
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"It is singular that Jobson should marry such a useless woman as he has got. They say she can't so much as sew a button on his coat. Where did he become acquainted with her?" "He was introduced to her by his sister, who got acquainted with her at the sewing circle."

SCRIBBLEMS: Which do you think is the best of my short stories. Criticus: The shortest, by all means.

DR. WOOD'S Norway Pine Syrup, the modern successful cure for coughs, colds, hoarseness, asthma, bronchitis, sore throat and all pulmonary complaints, is made from the best pectoral herbs and barks by the most skillful and scientific methods, and cannot fail to give prompt relief.

FRIEND: What was your graduation essay about? Ma'el: What the astronomers know about Mars. Dear me! Why did you choose that subject? Because I didn't have time to write much.

TRAVERS: I wish I had a dollar for every suit I have bought of you. Tailor (fervently): I wish I had fifty dollars for the last suit you bought.

GENTLEMEN,—My mother was suffering from dyspepsia and had no appetite. Everything failed to cure her until one day, while visiting a friend's house, I saw a bottle of B. B. B. on the table; on enquiring what they used it for, I soon found out what it cured, and when I went home told mother that she should try it; she said she had no faith in anything and objected to try it. Notwithstanding her objection I went in the evening and brought home a bottle but it was in the house for a week before we could induce her to take it. At last, as she was getting worse all the time, she consented to try it, and on taking half the bottle found it was curing her. Another bottle cured her, and, we believe, saved her life. We are never without B. B. B. now. It is such a good remedy for headache as well.—E. WESTON, 15 Dalhousie Street, Montreal.

UNCLE ERASTUS: I doesn't believe in curtin' yo' chickens befo' dey is hatched, judge, does yo'? Judge Twinkle: No, Uncle Erastus; but experience has taught me that in this neighbourhood one can't b'gin too soon afterwards.

DEAR SIR,—My little Jennie was very bad with La Grippe, which left a bad cough. I gave her Hagar's Pectoral Balsam and it soon cured her.—MRS. MCARTHUR, Copleston, Ont.

SHE: But I can't cook and I hate to wash dishes. HE: Then I am decidedly the one you should marry. I can't afford to buy anything to cook, and so we won't need any dishes.

YOUNG ARCHITECT (enthusiastically): Why, when you get into the new house, you won't know yourselves. MRS. NURICH: Excuse me. It will be other people we won't know.

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# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

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## INTERNATIONAL LESSON SCHEMES

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## Notes of the Week.

THE Rev. Dr. Stalker is sceptical about the alleged departure of the working classes from the Church, his impression being that in Scotland, at least since the beginning of the century, attendance on ordinances has increased. The growth of indifference seems to him rather at the other end of the social scale. His remedies are the old and simple methods of good preaching and diligent visiting.

MR. J. IVERACH MUNRO, M.A., divinity student of the Free Church of Scotland, who has been appointed interim tutor of Hebrew at the theological college, Bala, delivered an opening address recently on the Higher Criticism. Mr. Munro said men now see that questions of criticism must be tested on their merits and not by reference to a confession of faith. If they could be settled in agreement with the confession, so much the better.

SINCE the passing of the Declaratory Act a number of students have left the Free Church theological halls and gone to Belfast to complete their curriculum at the college of the Irish Presbyterian Church. Others have betaken themselves to Princeton, the conservative Presbyterian college of the United States. A few wealthy members of the Constitutional party are liberally supporting the students. The contingent of Irish students attending the New College, Edinburgh, is this year larger than ever.

SPEAKING to his Young Men's Class on a recent Sunday night, Dr. Whyte, of Edinburgh, said that scarcely a post had reached Edinburgh for the last week or two without bringing letters from all quarters and all sorts of people, thanking him for introducing them to William Law's "Serious Call," till he had blushed at his very desk. Dr. Whyte's class meets after his Bunyan lecture, and is attended by 500 or 600 men. Most of them are young, but there are many grey-haired veterans who take notes as assiduously as the youngest.

THE Rev. John Ingram, senior minister of Unst, died on 15th ult. in his eighty-fifth year. Mr. Ingram was ordained to the ministry in 1838, and celebrated his jubilee on June 14, 1888, when he was presented with his portrait and also with an address. Mr. Ingram came of a long-lived family, his father, Rev. James Ingram, who died in 1876, having attained the great age of 103. It is a remarkable fact that both father and son celebrated the jubilee of their ministry in the same parish. Mr. Ingram practically retired from active work in 1888, when an assistant and successor was appointed.

THE ministerial jubilee of Rev. A. L. Simpson, D.D., at one time of Forres and latterly of Derby was celebrated recently by a meeting in Edinburgh, at which he was presented with £300 and a piece of silver plate. A gift was also made to his daughter, Rev. Dr. Andrew Thomson, who was in the chair, after dwelling on Dr. Simpson's ministerial work, referred to his capacity as an art critic and the great interest awakened by his lectures on Turner and Wilkie. Congratulatory addresses were presented to Dr. Simpson from the U. P. Presbytery of Elgin and Inverness, the Presbytery of Birmingham, and the congregation at Forres.

THE plans of the new church at Crathie show a cruciform building in the early Scottish Gothic style, the chief external feature being a low tower with squat spire resembling that of Corstorphine. The Queen's pew is to occupy the whole of the south transept, for which there will be a special entrance. The north transept will contain the vestry and three pews for the heritors; the chancel, which

is semicircular, will accommodate the elders, the communion table, the choir and an organ; whilst the nave will be seated for about 300, the Queen being visible only from a few of the front seats. The pulpit is turned towards her Majesty.

THE Rev. Dr. J. Marshall Lang, of the Barony, Glasgow, is to be the next Moderator of Assembly. Fifty-seven years of age, he is the eldest of three brothers, all of whom are ministers of the Church of Scotland. His first charge was the East Church, Aberdeen, to which he was ordained in 1856. After spending two years there he was presented to Fyvie; and five years later he became minister of Anderston, Glasgow. Thence he removed to Morningside, Edinburgh, and a few years afterwards he was settled in the Barony, Glasgow, which he has held for nearly twenty years. He was chiefly instrumental in getting the new church erected, which cost \$135,000, and he is chairman of the Assembly's commission on the religious condition of the people.

THE Rev. R. H. Walker, M.A., who has arrived in Scotland from Uganda, says all parties there are anxious for peace, but our withdrawal will be the signal for an outbreak which must end in victory for the Mohammedans, and as a result in the raiding of the country for slaves, who form the only articles of commerce that pay. King Mwanga is at heart with the heathen party. The Roman Catholic chiefs are at the will of the priests, two or three of the leading ones having been mission boys. The Protestants would long ago have left Uganda had not the British missionaries refused to give their sanction to their doing so without the approval of the Company's agents.

THE Rev. Dr. Walter C. Smith, Edinburgh, has been chosen as next Moderator of the Free Church Assembly. Principal Douglas and Rev. Dr. J. H. Wilson were also nominated, but only received ten and thirty-one votes respectively, whilst the majority for Dr. Smith was so large as not to require a count. A native of Aberdeen, Dr. Smith was first settled in Orwell, Milnathort, his ordination taking place in 1850. Thence he was translated in 1858 to the Roxburgh Church, Edinburgh. Four years later he removed to the Tron Church, Glasgow, and while there he was subjected to a prosecution for heresy, which excited great interest in the city. He returned to Edinburgh in 1876. His "Olrig Grange" and other works prove him to be a poet of no mean rank, and as a preacher he is cultivated and eloquent.

THE fifth triennial meeting of the Presbyterian Federal Council, which embraces the Free, United Presbyterian and English Presbyterian Churches, was held in London the other week. Principal Rainy presided at the business meeting, and Dundee was fixed on as the place of next meeting. A conference presided over by Mr. William Nairn, of Edinburgh, discussed various subjects, leading to a resolution moved by Principal Dykes and seconded by Principal Rainy that the supreme courts be asked to approve of a more extensive employment of probationers and students as assistants to ministers, and another, moved by Rev. G. L. Carstairs, of Glasgow, suggesting to the Free and United Presbyterian Churches the desirableness of applying the principle of mutual eligibility to training for the ministry.

THE *Christian Leader* says: One of the most notable features in the recent conflict in America is the fact that the educated and fair-minded people of the Northern States have been chiefly in favour of Mr. Cleveland. In fact the New England professors in the great universities of the North, who used to be the mainstay of the Republican party twenty years ago, in the days of Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow and Holmes, have now almost unanimously become Cleveland men. They are disgusted with the "practical politics" of the machine Republicans. At Amherst, twenty-five years ago, there was not a single Democratic professor. Now the following

manifesto was signed by twenty-three out of its thirty professors. "With Mr. Cleveland's views on public questions we agree. We admire his courage, his consistency, his public spirit, his studious neglect of merely personal interests when they conflict with the calls of public duty. We therefore urge all our fellow-citizens to give Mr. Cleveland their hearty support." At both Harvard and Yale the Cleveland men beat the Harrison men by four to one. It is, indeed, an uprising in favour of intellect and probity, personal and national.

IN order that as many poor children as possible may be remembered by Santa Claus, the Toronto Children's Aid Society has decided to open the building, 49 King Street West, for the reception of toys—old or new—dolls, dolls' clothing, picture cards, books, childrens' clothing, candies, or, in fact, anything that can give pleasure or benefit to poor children. These gifts will be received on and after Tuesday, December 6, and will be labelled and placed on exhibition. On Tuesday, December 13, the building will be opened to the general public. On Friday, December 23, all the articles contributed will be distributed to the children at their homes, through the agency of the Mission workers, and a large staff of ladies, who have volunteered their assistance. Manufacturers, storekeepers, citizens generally, and all boys and girls are invited to contribute. The co-operation of Sunday and day schools solicited to make this collection a grand success. Mayor Fleming, City Hall, or Mr. C. P. Smith, Treasurer of the Children's Aid Society, Confederation Life Chambers, will receive cash contributions, to be applied to the improvement of the condition of neglected children, and to be known as "The Toronto Poor Children's Christmas Fund." No poor child in Toronto need be overlooked in the distribution, as the Society invites all citizens to send in the names and addresses of deserving children on or before December 20, addressed to "Santa Claus," 49 King Street West, Toronto. Telephone 1490.

A CONTEMPORARY says: The Australian delegates to the General Council of Presbyterian Churches, recently held in Toronto, Canada, have now reached Great Britain, with the exception of Dr. John G. Paton, who remains in America, for some time, to lecture on the New Hebrides. Before leaving the United States, Professor Rentoul and the Rev. James Megaw, of Melbourne, had an interview with the U. S. Secretary of State at Washington (the Hon. J. W. Foster) with reference to the declinature on the part of the United States Government, up to the present time, to take part with Great Britain, Germany and France in prohibiting the sale of alcohol, arms and ammunition in the New Hebrides Islands. Mr. Foster seemed a good deal nettled that this matter had been discussed publicly in the Council at Toronto, and that the United States Government had been criticised before a British audience. He also spoke severely and at length regarding the persistent action of Great Britain and Germany in parcelling out amongst themselves the Pacific Islands, and then expecting the United States Government to help them in "acting as police" for them. The Australian delegates, however, pointed out that it was American delegates of the General Council who were acting in this matter. The members of the Committee which was to wait on the Government at Washington were influential Americans. And, further, neither Great Britain nor Germany had annexed any land whatever in the New Hebrides. Mr. Foster then stated that he had already notified Dr. Ellinwood, of New York, that the United States Government had communicated to the Government of Great Britain its willingness now to act in the matter. Two days after this interview the large Committee appointed by the General Council met in New York, Dr. Rentoul, Dr. Paton and Mr. Megaw being also present. On the statement of these gentlemen being heard, and Mr. Foster's correspondence with Dr. Ellinwood being read, it resolved to thank the United States Government heartily for its promised action in the matter.

## Our Contributors.

### REMOVE THE CAUSES.

BY KNONONIAN.

It goes unsaid that there is a good deal of unrest in this country at the present time.

Of annexation sentiment pure and simple—that is, annexation for the sake of annexation—there is almost none.

There may be an American citizen here and there who prefers his own form of government, but that is the most natural thing in the world. There are thousands of foreigners in England for business and other reasons, who prefer their own flag.

There may be an occasional Fenian in the country who hates England on general principles, and who would like to see this country annexed just to annoy John Bull, but the number is so small that it is not worth considering.

For every man in Canada that desires continental union in any way other than by the consent of our beloved Queen, there are a hundred under the very shadow of the throne who would wreck the Empire and overturn the throne if they could. London alone has more discontented people than can be found in Canada.

For every man in Canada who would annex the country even peaceably there are dozens of men in New York or Chicago who would tear these cities to pieces in one day if they dare.

We are a law-abiding people in this country. The number of Communists, Anarchists, Socialists, or revolutionists of any kind may be counted on one's fingers. We are a peaceable people. Rarely indeed does a mob gather in any part of Canada that half a dozen able-bodied policemen cannot disperse in five minutes. A row that an average Tipperary boy would consider mere "diversion" would send any Canadian town into hysterics for a week.

We have our faults, as all the sons of Adam have, but let it be said again that we are a peaceable, quiet people. And still it must be admitted that there is a good deal of unrest in political circles. There must be some cause for this unrest.

Now we frankly say that in our opinion some citizens strongly opposed to annexation have contributed quite as much to the unrest as Goldwin Smith or Elgin Myers, Q.C., or Mr. Sol. White, M.P.P. Imperial Federationists have done their full share, and the Independence men are well up in the procession. When you find eminent citizens declaring that "we cannot go on as we are" how can you feel restless? That is not a restful kind of text. The Federationist orator begins his oration with "We cannot go on as we are." Then the Independence orator shouts "We cannot go on as we are." The advocate of political union joins the chorus, "We cannot go on as we are." To all of which it might be quietly answered: The fact that we are going on as we are shows clearly that

WE CAN GO ON AS WE ARE,

at least for the present, and perhaps for generations to come.

It would be manifestly unfair, however, to say that homilies on "We cannot go on as we are" are solely or even mainly responsible for the unrest that leads people to think and speak of political changes. When the matter is probed to the bottom we think several causes of unrest will be found at work. We shall allow representatives of these causes to tell their story.

Here is a man—often a good man, too—who has grown weary of racial and sectarian strife. He says the first thing he ever read in a newspaper was a violent article on "Papal Domination," and the last thing a double-barrelled threat to destroy confederation, no matter how the Manitoba School question is settled. One party will blow up the country if no remedial legislation is given, and the other if the Catholics are helped out of the hole in any way whatever.

Now it must be admitted that sectarian strife is very annoying to people who wish to live at peace, but it should be remembered that a good deal of what looks like strife in this country is mere wind, intended for nothing more than to help some political party or person. There is far more real hate between the North and South across the line than there would be between Catholics and Protestants in this country if demagogues would allow them to live at peace. There are no people in this country that stand in the same relation to each other as that in which the coloured and white people of the South stand. Annexation would be no cure for strife, for there are as many burning questions and noisy demagogues to the acre over there as here. Independence would make the trouble a thousand times worse, for the strong restraining hand of John Bull would then be removed.

When the Jesuit agitation was on a few years ago, a considerable number of people began to whisper about annexation as a remedy. Would any sane, truthful man now deny that the remedy would have been heroic out of all proportion to the danger of the disease. Anyway Jesuits can work over there as well as here.

Another representative man tells you that the parties do not fight fair here. Ask him what he means, and he at once tells you about the Gerrymander, stuffed voters' lists, and a number of other unsavoury things. Well, a Gerrymander is the most cowardly and vile of all modern political devices. To tie a man's hands, and then strike him and ask him with a sneer what he is going to do about it is a manly thing com-

pared with a gerrymander. It is a vile, cowardly crime, because it deprives the person wronged of the power of redress. But where did the Gerrymander come from, pray? From the very country that it is said we should unite with to purify our politics!

A third man tells you that the venal vote is so hopelessly large in Canada that fair elections are impossible. The proportion is not any larger than in the United States, and the price of votes is about the same. Recent writers tell us that the average price of votes over there runs from one to five dollars. Our election courts tell the same story. What would be gained by putting the venal voters of both countries together?

A fourth man tells us that this country is practically under the control of a great railway, and gives evidence that cannot be easily set aside. Well, until a few days ago the country to the south was practically under a number of combines. The people rose in their might the other day and set themselves free. If our people are in bondage they may free themselves some day, too. If they are the kind of people that can be kept in bonds, they would have a hard time in partnership with Uncle Sam.

It is alleged by a fifth man that our legislators are in capable of doing the kind of constitutional work that builds a nation. To this it may be replied that the legislators are appointed by the people, and if they are incapable or corrupt men the people are to blame. There are not many men even in our parliament that the people did not send there.

The great trade question remains. Let it be granted that freer trade relations would be a benefit. In all human probability these can soon be had, if the people really want them and go about getting them in a rational way, without the payment of any such price as our national existence. We want to trade badly enough, but the great majority of us do not want to trade away our country, and perhaps get little or nothing in return.

If the new Premier is half as wise as he looks he will do two things as quickly as possible. The one is to remove all causes of unrest that can be removed by legislation, or at least honestly try to do so. The other is to instruct his friends to stop using vulgar and violent threats against every citizen who may happen to say that annexation would improve business. Men with British blood in their veins never take kindly to threats. The man who says "My sentiments are in favour of British connection but annexation would improve my business" is not necessarily a rebel, or a traitor, or even an annexationist. Bullying, however, may make him an annexationist, and the bully who did the damage may go over to the United States and take the oath of allegiance within a month of the time that the damage was done.

These are times in which every real lover of British connection will use mild words and strong arguments. There is no unrest that may not be removed. Sir John Rose, Sir George Cartier, Sir Alexander Galt, Sir Leonard Tilley and Sir John Abbott and dozens of others were once avowed annexationists.

Sir John Thompson has a great opportunity. No colonial Premier ever had a greater. The best thing Principal Grant can do for this country at the present juncture is to give his old Halifax neighbour a few lectures on suavity in the treatment of discontented citizens.

### MEMORIES OF A CANADIAN MANSE.

BY KIMO.

(Continued.)

Let those who will, scoff and argue that preaching alone is the pastor's work (strange contradiction even in words), and that if he preaches well he cannot visit or take a lively interest in individual members of his church. But the memory of that pastor with his membership roll of about 400 scattered over ten miles square, of his loving intercourse with an interest in each of them, of his literary work as an author, and of the position held by him in the Church, together with the growing beauty of his life, argues more forcibly that the work of the pastor and that of the preacher are not only not antagonistic but are, in reality, inseparable. Our Lord preached, and none more powerfully, yet we find Him amongst His children in all circumstances; at the altar, by the grave, in the busy market-place, and in the quiet home, breaking in upon them while busy at their work, weary and discouraged, tenderly questioning, "Children have ye any meat?" patiently sitting in the quiet home at Bethany, stilling into peace the bustling, worried heart of his handmaiden by his gentle reproof, "Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things, but one thing is needful." Suddenly greeting the busy house wife at the well by the request, "give Me to drink," and giving to her to drink. In all places at all times He knew them, and taught them to know Him, so that at the close of His short pastorate of three years he was able to say, "I am the good Shepherd and know Mine own, and Mine own know Me." Not mere superficial knowledge this, knowledge simply of their names and occupations, but intimate and true knowledge of association, "even as the Father knoweth Me and I know the Father."

This is knowledge not to be gained in the dim light of the sanctuary or the darker shadows of the sick room, but only from personal contact in all places at all times.

How many of our saddest records of broken faith, of fearful falls were unrecorded, had the strong loving voice of the

pastor rung through the office above the voice of the tempter, the strong, firm hand-clasp telling of a fellow-feeling, and pointing to the great Shepherd of the flock?

How many weary, troubled mothers, sick at heart with care and woe, might be lifted to a higher realm of love and duty, by the timely visit of the pastor? The knowledge thus gained each of each, the sympathy awakened and received, forms surely a firm foundation upon which to build by maxim and precept.

Oh! our much loved pastors, remember that for us are the thorny steeps, the rough places of business life as well as the still waters of the Sabbath rest, that there are dark valleys of the shadow of death other than those in the sick-room, and come to us with a cheering word and helping hand, as we climb these steeps and thread these shadows; but few speak to us of nobler things than dollars and cents, of meat and clothing, and ere the Sabbath comes again, we are anxious about many things. The knowledge of your heart and mind, gained thus through personal contact, will interpret much of your preaching which is at present not quite plain. Oh! Shepherd, your sheep are now in the midst of wolves.

But drives—we were dreaming of drives. Again we are out in the "cutter" on a clear frosty day and Nellie is dancing along the well-beaten road, shaking out merry laughing songs from her bells as she speeds to our favourite farmhouse. How brightly the sun shines, how brilliant the sparkles, how merry the music, how happy is all! The heart seems all too small to hold the pulsing, throbbing joy of living to-day.

Soon we reach the gate. Yes, Archie is at home; he is coming "to take the horse," and struggling to our feet from out wraps innumerable we go towards the house.

A low-built log house it is, in the midst of a large orchard, some of the trees of which have gathered round it, as if to screen it from the cold, critical gaze of the careless passer by.

Vain hope; to-day, in the cold autumn wind, it stands all dismantled, the bare branches of the trees but enhancing the desolation. To a stranger 'tis but an old, log-house, to us, now as ever, a palace, the dwelling of a "king among men."

Already the door is opened, and the smiling face of the youngest daughter, already happy and sweet, comes to welcome us, followed by the older one, always so fussy with all her little kindnesses.

Again through the mists of all those years, we see the large room with its huge brown beams, its wooden partitions, so picturesquely papered; the bright rag carpet, the huge box-stove in the centre, near which sits our "king," the pensioner.

His sightless eyes turned to us as we enter, as if he would pierce the shade, would burst the bands of darkness which wrap him around; he tremblingly rises as he hears his pastor's voice. What a greeting, so healthful and quiet, as courteous and tender! Once more seated, he calls for his "horns," and with amaze we see adjusted the ear trumpets, which to this day are haunted with memories of the grand old soldier.

As we sit, dimly listening to the talk, we think long, deep thoughts of the battles he has fought, of the awfulness he has seen, and stealing to our father's side we whisper, "Will he tell us a story." With that wonderful knowledge of human nature which he possessed, the pastor started the story by the question, "How old are you now, father?" Clear and finely cut comes the answer "Ninety-seven," and after a long pause, during which we watched nervously the empty sleeve by his side, he continued, "Aye, it's sixty years now since my arm parted company with me. It was at the sad time of Corunna, when we buried our hero so quietly. I was a young man then and a smart one, and took delight in frightsome work. I was scaling a wall, when the ball came whizzing along and took away my best friend. But it's wonderful how I've managed through it all. A few years afterwards, I came out here, right into the heart of the woods. With my iron arm I went to work and felled the trees that are in this house, aye, and I helped with the building of it too, and proud we were of it. It has been a happy home in spite of the roughness; and she was aye contented and cheery, and she's got home first. Aye, the Lord has been good; it will take all of eternity to praise Him."

So they two talked so sweetly of the Master, while we watched that armless sleeve, moving uneasily as the sightless balls rolled round and seemed fixedly gazing at us, feeling certain they must see a little, and that that steady gaze was one of displeasure at us for being so small, and for having fought no battles.

Soon we gathered round the table and our king rolled in his chair to his place at the head. The snowy cloth, the crimson fruit, the golden butter, but chief of all the willow pattern plates, with the pagoda and bridge and the two doves, so eloquent of a story in a strange language. How well we see them! Then the bustling leave-taking, the moonlight, the bells, and the swift, smooth motion, all the sweetest of lullabies, singing to the heart of peace and love.

What a revelation in after years to learn that those eyes had shed tears, those hearts had throbbed in anguish over bitter wrong; that our princess had buried in her heart a sorrow more bitter than death, our king had moaned over the sins of a wayward son. If sorrow could enter our palace, could touch our king, alas for the world! what could

not sorrow do? And so we learned one lesson, that sin and sorrow are everywhere, that perfect peace and love have no dwelling-place on earth. But, thank God, we forget it sometimes, and fondly dream our childhood's dream again, waking only to yearn for the "Home land," of perfect peace and love. God bless the old home! its memories have been more helpful than even we can tell.

But another drive rises up, and will not sleep. News had come to the manse that an old man, one who had welcomed home the young pastor and his wife some twenty years before, was putting out to sea, the boundless sea of death. With a heavy sigh the pastor turned to prepare for a last visit to his old friend. And I must go. "He was one of your mother's great friends."

Silently we drove to the quiet home, and memories swelled in each heart, as we entered the yard, so strangely still. Even the dog forgot to bark, and the fowls seemed to hush their screaming.

Sorrowing faces, smiling through their tears in that pathetic way strong natures have of hiding their grief behind joy, met us at the door, and quietly ushered us into the chamber of death. By the open window tossed the vine leaves in the soft summer air, stealing in as if to peep at the silent one, then whispering and tossing and hanging their heads. The snowy lace curtains moved gently as if loth to break the peace, while on the sill slept the great cat, revelling in the sunshine. The little table with its crocheted cover, on which stood the Bible and some bottles, the long chest of drawers guarded by the china shepherd and shepherdess, over which was hung the sampler worked by fingers long ago locked in rest, the stiff, hair-cloth chairs with their long white tidies, all seemed to-day instinct with quiet waiting. But the head among the snowy pillows moved, and the pastor was by the bed in an instant.

"So, Mr. MacInnes, you are near your journey's end."

In a clear, quiet voice came the ready response.

"Aye, very near. I thought to win hame last night, but it seems He's no ready for me yet, or I'm no ready for Him. But it cannot be long now, and I'm not sorry, I'm just aye bide biding."

"You have no pain?"

"No, no pain, just a ripe apple falling off the tree."

And very like that beautiful fruit he looked, his skin fresh and soft as an infant's; his eye clear and bright, his white hair so pure and chaste.

"You are very weak?"

"No, not so weak, but just wearing awa'. I think it will not be long now. I don't think I will see another sunrise on this earth, it will be over yonder, the next one I see, aye, and it will be a grand one. Have you any message to send to those over there?"

"Yes, you will see my Marion there (how the name lingered on his lips, he never spoke it now) and you will tell her how you left us. I brought her little girl, (you know Ellie,) tell her she is growing up a good girl, she has, I think, given her heart to the Saviour, and is what she would wish her to be. And John is at college, a good boy. Tell her we will all come soon. If they know you are coming, she will be one of the first to meet you, I'm sure."

"She will that, I'm sure. I'll tell her that."

"You will see our Saviour soon, in all His glory. You have no fear!"

"Fear, going home? Who is afraid to go home?"

After reading the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel, with a lingering over the "many mansions," and a short prayer, we said good-bye. Thus these two who had stood together for thirty years cheerfully bade farewell on the shore of that sea, and over morning came, the boatman had called, the wilderness had passed for one weary traveller.

The drive home was silent, the silence eloquent of thoughts too deep to be expressed, of queries too vague to be formed. Home was reached once more, and life was bounded by that far-off land in a way it had never been before.

Years have quietly covered with their shadows many things, but bright stands out the Sabbath days.

Did not the sunshine fall softer, the birds sing sweeter and the trees cease their restless tossing? "All the air a solemn stillness held," while it pulsed with an indescribable joy. But our joy was hushed. "Good-mornings" were softer spoken, and all our movements were subdued, as much perhaps by the look of holy calm upon our father's face as by aught else. How grandly he bore the weight of his high embassy! Conscious of the import of his message, of the burden of souls laid upon him, he bowed not, but calmly, resolutely sought to find that message, to bear that burden faithfully. To him it was a time of holy awe and trembling; to us who had dimly understood him then, it was not joyous, but grievous, but has it not wrought in us many peaceable fruits. Let those who will, scoff at the puritan Sabbath, which at the threshold of the day, leaves worldly cares and works to tarry, while in devoutness they worship; but we have yet to see nobler men and women than those nurtured under this puritan faith. Laxity is less grievous, but is it more strengthening? Time will tell.

Oh, those quiet Sabbath evenings, when the weary pastor, after two services and Sabbath school superintendence, still laboured on in the lengthening shadows with his loved ones.

Texts were repeated, the sermons given, as best remembered, a psalm sung, followed by the shorter catechism, when as a reward each child was allowed to choose and read a chapter.

As long as memory itself will live the fragrance of the closing prayer on evenings such as these. The weary voice, the relaxed form, and the restful, trustful heart, telling of a commission fulfilled, touched even our young hearts, and the father of Sabbath evenings was one to be yearned over, caressed, aye, in solitude wept over, and loved intensely.

But such work wears, and too soon came the hot sultry days of August, '83.

Quietly and masked stole into our homes God's messenger, an unbidden guest. For days he sat there and we knew him not, but his breath was chill, and we hovered round our loved one, and watched him oh! so stealthily and tenderly! But the guest, the cold, chill guest, crept closer to him, and ere fifteen days were gone we knew that we were face to face with death.

Oh! the awfulness of death! Terrible in its unreality, more awful in its truth. We knew it, yet we could not know it. He, our father, to cease to be? No, no it cannot be. Nature itself would cease to be were he stilled in death. We could not do without him, his people—they could not do without him. Death, it cannot be!

His people—aye, how he loved his people. "Lift me, lift me," he said as the carriages rolled past to morning service, the last Lord's day he spent with us, "Let me see my people, my dear people, for the last time! Oh! I have loved my people."

But not his people, not his children's love could keep him, and relentlessly, coldly moved our guest, snapping bands of a lifetime, severing soul and body.

Outside the sick room was the blackness of darkness, inside the light of life. How brightly burned that light as he stepped quietly down to the riverside! How sweetly he lost his will in his Father's, feeling that "His will was sweetest to him, when it triumphed at his cost."

"If my child could continue to trample underfoot the blood of Christ, and do despite to our Saviour, I could but set my seal to the justice of His condemnation and say amen."

Our wills, God's will—is not this life's lesson?

But his friend, our unbidden guest, God's kindly messenger, drew closer to him and he whispered, "Read me, 'I have finished my course, I have fought a good fight'; aye, the fight was hard and strong, but victory is near;" and as the words—

Goodness and mercy all my life,  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house forever more,  
My dwelling place shall be—

pulsed out from breaking hearts on the close August air, a look of ineffable peace and fulfilment passed over his beautiful face, and we knew our father was with our God—had died to live.

But oh! the desolation! What is human love and sympathy, when face to face with death, but the breath of the day on the fevered cheek? Below burns on the fire and will not be quenched.

How brightly shone the sun, dancing across the steps he had climbed so often, and he was not, for God had taken him!

The trees nodded and whispered as if to greet him and he came not. Men bought and sold and ate and drank, and he dead.

Oh! the cruel mockery of it all. Why talk of the sympathy of nature? She is herself, and heeds none else but sings to our dirge, and waits to our glee, as is her pleasure.

Under the shadow of his books they laid him, in his narrow bed. Sobbing women were near him, he moved not; broken-hearted men bowed over him and he spoke not; back from his marble brow we brushed the locks and he smiled not; and into the room stole the little ones with bunches of wild flowers, which they shyly, weepingly laid on his breast, and he heeded not.

Oh! death, your power is perfect to us-ward so, but God-ward impotent.

They came, for miles around they came, and in the garden amongst the trees they stood, while from the mouth of the preacher, through the quivering vine leaves, into the quiet study stole the words of hope, "So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality."

O! death where is thy sting? O! grave where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Out under the whispering trees, past the old church we bore him, and by his Marion laid him. For him all the sweetness now—for us, the wormwood and the gall.

Who shall tell the exquisite sadness of those days, the dumb, gnawing heart-hunger, the terrible dreamings of a dream, with wakings to the truth? but it passed; and in the grey October morning we gave our last look to the old manse and whispered as we wept. "All is of God that was and is to be, and God is good."

#### THANKSGIVING.

MR. EDITOR.—On November 2 you published a note from the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell on your remarks the previous week on Thanksgiving Day. Kindly allow me a word or two suggested by one sentence in it, viz.: "I submit that it will be time enough to advise the churches 'to appoint a day of their own' after the churches have approached the Government on

the subject and have failed to secure what they consider desirable."

On reading his "word of comment" my first thought was that of disappointment, it seemed he showed more anxiety about the reputation of Sir John Thompson than that of the Church, that he failed to apprehend your true motive or appreciate your wish or desire, which was so plainly stated in your first words, viz., "Whether Thanksgiving Day in this Dominion is to be what its name indicates or a mere holiday is a question that should be settled at once," and further on, "Perhaps the better way would be for the churches to appoint a day of their own." Can it be that he showed undue anxiety and sensitiveness when it was not needed when he objects to what he calls "your attack on Sir John Thompson in this connection"? You reply very correctly to it by saying "As ostensible head of the administration the acting Premier comes in for his share of public criticism." I cannot see that you have done Sir John a wrong, or that "you write as though the Presbyterian Church had entered into 'negotiations' with Sir John Thompson and endeavoured to 'arrange' this matter," and so on, unless your remark, "the sooner we get out of it the better," can be construed to mean that such negotiations had actually taken place. Neither Mr. Macdonnell nor yourself, I suppose, had any thought that any such thing was done.

Am I to infer that Mr. Macdonnell believes that it is within the proper sphere and the duty of the civil rulers to appoint a national Thanksgiving Day, and not the duty of the Church to appoint a day of their own until the Government, after having been approached by the churches, decline to appoint one, and that it is the duty of the Church to approach the Government on the matter before they "appoint a day of their own"?

This opens up a pretty wide and very important question, and one that ought not to be kept in the background, but one that "should be settled at once." Many would rejoice if Mr. Macdonnell and all those on Zion's watch-towers would be anxious to aid in its proper and speedy settlement.

It seems to me a matter of much importance at this time that this question should be settled, but who can or where are the proper parties to settle it? As long as the State goes out of its proper sphere and intermeddles with other men's matters, whether they be individuals or church organizations, so long will incongruous things be exhibited, so if individuals or church organizations go out of their proper spheres and intermeddle incongruous things will be done. To my mind it is not a pressing duty, and perhaps will not be a duty until such time as Church and State are synonymous terms—have become assimilated—for the civil rulers to appoint a Thanksgiving Day to be observed by all and sundry, but a most pressing duty for the churches to appoint one to be observed faithfully by its members and adherents. Thanksgiving is prayer or a part of prayer, but there is another part equally incumbent in order that the thanksgiving be acceptable, viz., confession, which involves repentance and reformation. How can we reasonably expect our civil rulers to be a pattern to us in this, or even consistent in proclaiming a Thanksgiving Day worthy of the name? "The king can do no wrong" is a significant expression. In our dispensation and system of things the members of the Government are the Sovereign's counsellors, advisers, ministers or servants, but in these times in which we live these ministers do not admit having done wrong when charged with it, in the proper place, at the proper time and by the proper parties, but deny having done wrong by denying having done that with which they are charged, and use improper means to prevent legitimate enquiry which, if it did not or could not establish the wrongdoing, might at least for the satisfaction of all concerned make manifest and declare their innocence, and thus show them to be worthy of their high office.

\* We read in the Book of Books: The people of Nineveh believed God, and they proclaimed a fast and put on sackcloth, from the greatest of them even to the least of them, and the tidings reached the King of Nineveh and he arose from his throne and laid aside his robe from him, and covered himself with sackcloth and sat in ashes. What profound instruction is here for us! Are we better than the people of Nineveh were or more worthy when we consider our privileges, which they did not enjoy? Are the churches prepared and in a proper mood to observe such a day? Are the church rulers prepared to proclaim it? What mean these union thanksgiving services? you ask the other day. It is easy and profitable to ask such questions, it may be easy to shirk or neglect to answer them, but it might not be profitable. Surely it is a pressing duty for the churches to appoint and observe such a day for themselves. Is it not at our peril, and perhaps the peril of this Dominion of which we form such a considerable and important part, if we continue to neglect such a duty and precious privilege? You, Mr. Editor, have been led, through the incongruity of the Dominion Government, to stir the soil in which is this seed which is now come to the surface and sunlight. I doubt not you will delight to tend and nourish it, and continue the good work until the fruit is ripe. May you have all needed help from the many zealous watchmen all over this broad Dominion! If I cannot give any real help I would like at some future time, if spared, to try and show what my answer would be to some of these questions. But meantime would much like to see some of our teaching elders come to your assistance, and glad if Mr. Macdonnell would give us, through the medium of your good paper, his views of these questions.

A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH.

November 21, 1892.

## Pastor and People.

FAR AND NEAR.

From every point on earth we are equally near to heaven and the infinite.  
—HENRI AMIEL.

Out of the depths that are to us so deep,  
Up to the heights so hopelessly above,  
Past storms that intervene and winds that sweep,  
Unto thine ear, O pitying Lord of love,  
We send our cry for aid, doubtful and half afraid  
If Thou, so very far, canst hear us or canst aid.

Out of the dull plane of our common life,  
Beset with sordid, interrupting cares,  
And petty motives and ignoble strife,  
We dimly raise our hesitating prayers,  
And question fearfully if such a thing can be  
That the great Lord can care for creatures such as we.

Up from the radiant heights of just-won bliss,  
Achieved through pain and toil and struggle long,  
We raise our thanks, nor fear that God will miss  
One least inflection of the happy song.  
Heaven seems so very near, the earth so bright and dear,  
The Lord so close at hand, that surely He must hear!

But the great depth that was to us so dark,  
And the dull place that was to us so dull,  
And the glad height where, singing like a lark,  
We stood, and felt the world all beautiful,  
Seen by the angels' eyes, bent downward from the skies,  
Were just as near to heaven and heaven's infinities.

So out of sunshine as of deepest shade,  
Out of the dust of sordid every-days,  
We may look up, and, glad and unafraid,  
Call on the Lord for help, and give Him praise;  
No time nor fate nor space can bar us from His face,  
Or stand between one soul and His exhaustless grace.

Susan Coolidge, in *Sunday School Times*.

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### THE CHILDREN'S PULPIT.

EDITED BY M. H. C.

#### THE SLAVE GIRL OF NEW GRANADA.

God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty.—1 Cor. i. 27.

One of the most beautiful places in all the world for natural scenery is the table land of Bogota in New Granada. It lies in the heart of the Andes, that great range of mountains which runs sheer through South America on its western side from the Isthmus to the border of Patagonia. Men suppose that at one time there was a great mountain lake, six thousand feet above the sea level and covering a space of six thousand square miles, with mountains rising all round it from three to six thousand feet higher. The lake sank away into the depths or flowed out through passes made by earthquakes, leaving behind it the great table land of what is now called New Granada. The land is rich and fertile. It is the native land of the potato and of the sweet potato: corn grows freely, and the ground yields melons and gourds of every kind; the Yucca lily or Spanish bayonet dots the plain and yields nutritious food; while the native banana and fruit trees and shrubs of every description make it the earthly paradise of the young lover of sweets. Cotton is there, and gold, and woods of every kind, and stones both common and precious. The people who dwell there know no scorching heat such as burns down in the countries that are little above the sea level; and, then comes no bitter cold, unless one climbs the mountain barrier, clad here and there with everlasting snow. The land of the lover of nature, the land of the artist, the land of the poet, is the heart of the Andes.

Hundreds of years ago, the Chibchas dwelt there, and their descendants still live on that pleasant table-land, but the Chibchas were masters then, not slaves of the Spaniards. They were a civilized people, lodging their kings in lordly palaces, and building great temples of wood and of stone. They knew how to spin and weave, and dye their mantles and tunics in fast and beautiful colours. They coined both gold and silver with square holes in the centre of the pieces for stringing them like the Chinese and the Japanese. They studied the motions of the heavenly bodies and made calendar stones, engraved with signs that told the days and weeks and months of the year. Great fairs or bazaars they held, at which they sold their beautiful cloaks, their salt, their emeralds, their cunning work in gold, for sea-shells, and pearls, and fish, and parrots, and all kinds of birds of gorgeous plumage, which did not nest in their mountain land. They were so rich, so contented, so happy, up among their hills, that they had no thought of going anywhere else in the world, or of conquering an empire down under the scorching sun; but many tribes envied them, and longed to drive the Chibchas out of their mountain home. It is a sad, sad thing in this world we live in, that to be happy and prosperous is quite enough to make some people envious and hateful. God keep you, dear children, from envying and grieving at the good of your neighbour. If God chooses so to bless him, why should we be angry with God?

For a long time the Chibchas had only one king, who dwelt at Himsa and was called the Zaque, but in the sacred city of Iraca lived the high priest of the nation, who was much respected and had a great deal to do in the making of laws. The country was enjoying a time of perfect peace and prosperity, when suddenly some hunters and traders, who had been away in the north following the course of the Magdalena River towards the ocean, arrived in haste to tell of a new

enemy that was marching towards the mountain kingdom. Nobody knows where they came from, these strong savage warriors with artificially flattened heads which gave them a terrible appearance. They were called the Panches, a name new to the peaceful dwellers of Bogota. These Panches were as much at home on the water as on the land, where they fished and hunted, but they wore little clothing, cultivated no ground, lived in the open air or in huts of saplings and boughs hastily thrown together, and plundered the natives of the countries through which they passed. Great was the terror of the Chibchas when they learned that the Panches were coming. Before an army could be collected the savages had climbed the mountains and were already descending to the fertile table land. Refugees from the northern part of the country came pouring into the fortified towns, telling of the cruelty of their new enemies, lamenting the loss of all their possessions and more than all that of the lives of their friends and neighbours at the hands of the Panches.

The Zaque acted promptly. He sent messengers all over the land calling the young men to arms, and ordered the chief of Bogota to select from among them twenty thousand of the bravest and the fleetest of foot to go with all speed against the enemy. The twenty thousand were soon chosen, and armed with bows and arrows, with slings and javelins, with spears and great war clubs, set off at a run towards the north, while the Zaque, the high priest of Iraca, and the rest of the people followed the warriors with their blessings and their prayers. Now the Panches were moving forward so rapidly towards Bogota, and the twenty thousand went so quickly to meet them that, in a few days, the rival armies were within reach of one another. So far no nation had been able to stand against the Panches, their heads were turned with their success and the enormous booty they had taken with which they loaded thousands of unwilling slaves whom they had made captive for this end. They set no watch, sent forward no scouts, but moved forward like a great savage mob. More fugitives told the Chibcha general where to find the enemy. Young men swift and sure of foot as mountain goats went forward under cover of bushes and trees, of rocks and boulders, to spy out the land. Near nightfall they returned with the news that the Panches had halted for the night some ten miles away. The chief of Bogota halted also and bade his men prepare food and take a short sleep. At midnight when the air was cool and perfect stillness reigned, the army arose, took a hasty meal and then marched forward at a swinging trot, the spear and club men in front, the archers and slingers in the rear. Before daybreak the Chibchas were before the camp of the enemy. The Panches had brought dogs with them, and they set up a furious barking. Some of their masters awoke and seized their arms, but it was too late. Ordering his drums to beat and the trumpet shells to blow the charge, the general led his warriors into the midst of the plunderers. There were terrible cries as the barbed points went home and the jagged clubs fell upon the flat heads, and the Panches, who had never feared before, were terrified with the incessant roar of twenty thousand warriors, with the rattle of the drums and the peals of the conchshells. Many who tried to flee were set upon by their own slaves, glad for the opportunity to avenge their wrongs. When the retreat began the archers and slingers came into action, and laid thousands low with arrows through their muscular backs, and the dint of stones in their misshapen crowns. It was a terrible defeat for the Panches.

The chief of Bogota followed up his victory. He pursued the little remnant of the enemy away beyond the limits of the kingdom to the shores of the Magdalena, and so terribly wasted them and their country that they ceased to be a nation. Then he returned to the beautiful land of the Chibchas with such spoil as never had entered within its mountain walls. All the plunder that the Panches had taken from the people between the sea-coast and the mountain table-land was taken from them. Every soldier had as much as he could carry on his back, and thousands of friendly natives also acted as bearers. At last the victorious army came back to Bogota, on its way to Himsa where the Zaque dwelt. On the night that followed its arrival at Bogota there was a great feast at which quantities of chicha, a strong drink made from corn, were drunk both by the officers and by the men. All joined in praising their skillful and brave leader, the chief of Bogota, and some went so far as to contrast his conduct with that of the stay-at-home Zaque. Thereupon, one officer who had taken too much chicha cried aloud, "The chief of Bogota is the greatest general in the world: he alone is fit to be king of the Chibchas!" The rest applauded this saying, crying, "Long live the new king!" The soldiers took it up, and all Bogota was full of sedition.

Meanwhile the general, to whom from this time the name of Zipa was given, had sent forward the slaves with a quantity of the richest spoil to the Zaque, and along with them several prisoners taken in war who were to be sent on to the priest of Porras. The Zaque received the spoil and the captives, and, having heard what had happened at Bogota, ordered the general to report himself immediately. The general delayed, however, and raised his army to forty thousand men, which he separated into four divisions, and sent off by four different routes towards Himsa, bidding them to march by night to avoid detection. The Zaque suspected mischief and collected an army, which he commanded in person, for he did not lack courage, although he had allowed the chief of Bogota to expel the Panches. But his warriors had had little experience, while the veterans of the Zipa were

flushed with the pride of a great victory. From four different quarters the men of Bogota fell upon the king's army, overcame it, and compelled the king to take refuge within the walls of Himsa. Yet the Zipa did not dare to remain longer in that part of the country, for the people were attached to their monarch, and were rapidly arming and preparing to come to his help. So the Zipa marched his forty thousand back to Bogota and then had himself crowned as an independent king. Henceforth two kings ruled in the land of the Chibchas, the Zaque at Himsa and the Zipa at Bogota.

The Zaque was in great grief. It was true that the terrible Panches could trouble him no more, but he had lost half of his kingdom, and what was worse for one who loved peace and the people's good, the land would never be free from civil war. While thinking of these things, he went to see the captives whom the Zipa had sent to him. What were they sent for? Now the Chibchas worshipped Bochica, a good, humane god, but like most people who are idolaters, they were not content with one object of worship, and had a black god whose wrath they sought to appease by offering human victims on his altars. I have spoken before of these dreadful sacrifices, once common in every part of the world. In ancient Egypt and Palestine, in Greece and Italy, throughout all Europe and Asia, Africa and America, these were once found. What a terrible idea these darkened minds must have had of Divinity, when they thought that it could be pleased with blood, with cruel sufferings and death. There is one, a great spiritual being, who is pleased with such things, but he is not a god; he is God's great enemy, the devil. The priest of the black idol came to the Zaque, saying, "Our god is angry, he must have blood." Now the Zaque worshipped Bochica, whose priest was the chief priest of Iraca, and had no love for the black idol of Porras. He looked upon the trembling captives whose blood the priests were seeking, only three or four men, for the Panches died rather than be taken, and a dozen women, some of whom carried little children or led them by the hand, and one girl who seemed about twelve years old. The Zaque's own misfortunes made him feel for those of the poor creatures before him. He dismissed the priests with some indignation, and they slunk away. The captives could not understand what was said, but they knew from the look of the priests and of the king that their lives were safe for the present. After their fashion they showed gratitude by prostrating themselves at the Zaque's feet.

He sent for the high priest of Bochica at Iraca, and asked him, "What shall I do with these prisoners, what would Bochica have me do?" The priest answered, "When Chibchacum turned our land into a lake and drove the people to perish on the mountains, Bochica heard their prayer and with his golden sceptre cleft the rocks, so that the waters passed through the chasm, and the land was made fit to yield the children's bread. These are not Chibchas, but they are Bochica's children too. Their homes are desolate, their friends killed, their liberty taken away. Perhaps, like our forefathers in their trouble, they are calling in their hearts to Him who hears above. Will the Zaque answer for Bochica, as Bochica answered his people?" The Zaque bowed his head in silence for a few moments, and then commanded his attendants to remove the coarse rope by which a heavy piece of wood was fastened to the right leg of every prisoner. The ropes had been so tightly tied that, when they were removed, the blood flowed. This further roused the king's compassion and he ordered food to be placed before them. After they had sat down and partaken of the food he sent to enquire among the spoil bearers, who came of many tribes, if there was anyone who could speak the Panche language. One man was brought who could speak two or three coast dialects, though not the Panche. He began to address the prisoners in one of them, but there was no response. Then he tried another, and the girl replied to him with a look of intelligence. When her tribe passed through the country in which that dialect was spoken, she had been left behind because of sickness, and had thus picked up enough to be able to answer simple questions. "Tell her," said the king to the porter, "to ask her people what they would do, should I set them free to go back with the spoil-bearers?" She turned eagerly to the men, whose faces lit up with joy as they answered, and then bowed themselves to the ground, as she replied for them, saying, "Go home, think of great chief, no more war."

So the prisoners were dismissed and the burden-bearers were told to treat them kindly and help them to return to their friends. But the little girl would not go away. Once more the interpreter tried her with words, telling her to go with the rest of her people, and she answered, "No father, no mother, people all killed, girl stay here." The man interpreted to the Zaque in the same broken fashion, and he good-naturedly said, "Let her stay, if that be her wish," and bade an attendant take her to the apartments of the queen's servants. There she was dressed in Chibcha costume, and given by signs some light duties to perform which pleased her very much. "What is her name?" the queen asked, and the Zaque replied, "We will give her a new one. The priest of Porras wanted to dedicate her to their dreadful god, so we will dedicate her in a better way. Call her Bachne." Now Bachne was the name of the Chibchas' first woman or Eve. The little Eve soon grew to know her name, and "Bachne" would bring her in a moment before the Zaque with downcast eyes and folded arms. Bachne was not pretty. Her complexion was much darker than that of the fair women of the mountain kingdom. She was well formed, with small hands and feet, her eyes were large and dark, her hair black and glossy; but her mouth was large, although its teeth were white and regular, and to crown all, was she not a flathead? She was conscious of her defects and magnified them, for, like many girls, she did so want to be beautiful. This was from no coquettish love of admiration, but because she felt the want of love and saw nothing in herself that would make people love her. In her own tribe, the flat head had been looked upon as a sign of superiority, even of beauty, but among the Chibchas, she knew that it was a deformity. It was no fault of hers that she had been made as she was, so like a wise girl, she did not add to her troubles by brooding over them, but strove to be useful since she could not be very ornamental.

(To be Continued.)

## Our Young Folks.

### I WOULDN'T BE CROSS.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, it's never worth while;  
Disarm the vexation by wearing a smile.  
Let hap a disaster, a trouble, a loss,  
Just meet the thing holdly, and never be cross.

I wouldn't be cross, dear, with people at home;  
They love you so fondly, whatever you come.  
You may count on the kinstfolk around you to stand,  
Oh, loyally true, in a brotherly hand!  
So, since the fine gold far exceedeth the dross,  
I wouldn't be cross, dear, I wouldn't be cross.

I wouldn't be cross with a stranger, ah, no!  
To the pilgrims we meet on the life path we owe  
This kindness to give them good cheer as they pass,  
To clear out the flint-stones, and plant the soft grass,  
No, dear, with a stranger, in trial or loss,  
I perchance might be silent, I wouldn't be cross.

No bitterness sweetens, no sharpness may heal,  
The wound which the soul is too proud to reveal.  
No envy hath peace; by a fret and a jar  
The beautiful work of your hands we may mar.  
Let happen what may, dear, of trouble and loss,  
I wouldn't be cross, love, I wouldn't be cross.

### LITTLE BOB STOOD THE TEST.

The "blue line" street car stopped at the corner, says a writer in *Youth's Companion*, and an anxious-looking young woman put a small boy inside.

"Now, Bob," she said, as she hurried out to the platform again "don't lose that note I gave you; don't take it out of your pocket at all."

"No'm," said the little man, looking wistfully after his mother as the conductor pulled the strap, the driver unscrewed the break, and the horses shaking their bells, trotted off with the car.

"What's your name, Bob?" asked a mischievous-looking young man sitting beside him.

"Robert Cullen Deems," he answered.

"Where are you going?"

"To my grandma's."

"Let me see that note in your pocket."

The look of innocent surprise in the round face ought to have shamed the baby's tormentor, but he only said again, "Let me see it?"

"I tan't," said Robert Cullen Deems.

"See here, if you don't I'll scare the horses and make them run away."

The little boy cast an apprehensive look at the belled horses, but shook his head.

"Here, Bob, I'll give you this peach if you'll pull that note half-way out of your pocket."

The boy did not reply, but some of the older people looked angry.

"I say, chum, I'll give you this whole bag of peaches if you will just show me the corner of your note," said the tempter. The child turned away, as if he did not wish to hear any more, but the young man opened the bag and held it just where he could see and smell the luscious fruit.

A look of distress came into the sweet little face; I believe Bob was afraid to trust himself, and when a man left his seat on the other end to get off the car, the little boy slid quickly down, left the temptation behind, and climbed into the vacant place.

A pair of prettily gloved hands began almost unconsciously to clap, and then everybody clapped and applauded until it might have alarmed Bob, if a young lady sitting by had not slipped her arm around him and said, with a sweet glow on her face.

"Tell your mamma that we all congratulate her upon having a little man strong enough to resist temptation and wise enough to run away from it."

I doubt if that long, hard message ever reached Bob's mother, but no matter, the note got to his grandmother without ever coming out of his pocket.

### SURE SIGNS.

When a boy is patient and persevering and conquers difficulties, it is a sign he will make his mark in the world. If he worries and frets and stews, it is a sign he is likely to die prematurely or live to little purpose. If he is in a hurry to spend each cent as he gets it, he will never be rich, but a spendthrift. If he hoards up his pennies and will not part with one for any good cause, he is likely to be a miser. If he is careful and economical and generous, he may or may not be rich, but he will have the blessing of God, and if he is a Christian he will never want. If he is obedient to his parents, he has the promise that his "days shall be long in the land." If he is lazy and indifferent and neglects his studies, he will grow up a dunce, and men cannot respect him. If he reads dime novels or low, trashy, vile, five-cent papers, instead of bright, helpful literature, he will likely end his days in a prison or upon the gallows. If he loves his Bible and his Church and his Sabbath school, he will be good and useful and occupy an honourable position among men. Are you patient, persevering, prayerful, contented, careful, generous and good? Are you trying to be?

### HUMAN KINDNESS.

Alphonsus, the King of Naples and Sicily, justly celebrated in history for his leniency and mercy, was once asked why he was so lenient to all, even the most wicked men.

"Because," said he, "good men are won by justice, the bad by mercy."

On another occasion some complained that he was too kind, even for a prince.

"What then?" cried the king; "would you have lions and tigers to reign over you? Do you not know that cruelty is the property of wild beasts, mercy that of man?"

### STONE BY STONE.

Tom and Robert were walking through the woods. They came to a stream of water; both stopped, deliberating what was best to be done.

"I am going to leap it," said Tom.

"I am going to work my way over, stone by stone," said the more prudent Robert.

Tom leaped, and, missing his footing, fell into the middle of the stream, whilst Robert, working his way carefully from one stone to another, landed safe and dry on the other side.

Boys, learn the lesson while yet young; the shortest way often appears the longest. Do not try to leap across the stream of difficulties that separates you from the shores of success. Perseverance, diligence, and determination are all stones cast across the stream of life. A leap will bring you down amongst them, wounded and bruised. But, conquer them, stone by stone, and ultimately you will reach the other shore—the coveted land of success. Remember, do not leap; work your way across the stream, stone by stone.

### BEGINNING AT HOME.

As mamma and I were coming home from a meeting of the mission band yesterday, we met Mrs. Fiskin.

"La, Sally," says Mrs. Fiskin (she always calls mamma that) "what makes you drag this dear child to such places? Now I always teach my girls that charity begins at home."

"Yes," said mamma in her gentle way, "so it does; I hope I am interested in home charities too; what are your girls doing for home charities?"

Mrs. Fiskin got red in the face, and I was sorry mamma had asked her that, because she didn't know what to say.

"But I don't want you to think that our mission band girls forget the poor people at home," said mamma; "stop here with me a minute." We were just opposite the child's nursery and hospital, and mamma took Mrs. Fiskin in to see little Polly Ward, the coloured baby that our Sunday school keeps there, because her mother died and left her to nobody.

The nurse told us how skin-and-bone-y Polly was when she first came; she certainly wasn't skin-and-bone-y now.

"La, Sally," said Mrs. Fiskin, "I'll go home and tell my girls they had better go to mission band meeting, it looks as if remembering the black children in Africa made 'em think about the black children at home."

"I am sure it does," said mamma, smiling.

### THE PLEASURES OF LITERATURE.

It is not in big libraries (says the *Family Herald*) that the delights of reading may be discovered, nor in expensive tomes that claim to epitomize all knowledge; but it is in our own books—perhaps only one shelf full—that have been selected to suit our own taste, and to lead stealthily on to a growth in knowledge by such stages as we can bear, that we shall find the pleasure of literature. To get together that shelf full of books, and then to go on gradually accumulating year by year, should be one of the aims of every young man or woman who can find pleasure in print. Those who form the nucleus of a library when they are young need not expect to keep their good opinion of their earlier purchases to the end of life, unless they confine themselves to the books which the judgment of men of all ages has approved; but, if in after years they turn to the shelves which contain the hectic romances and the melancholy verse that suited their youthful tastes, they will notice that the books form a faithful record of their intellectual progress. Many parents train their children in the admirable habit of saving by teaching them to put money in the savings banks—a practice which not only strengthens the power of self-restraint, but leads the children gradually to take wider views of life and to understand how the actions of today register their effect on the future. But is it not also of considerable importance that an habitual storing of knowledge by individual effort should be inculcated? The boy puts his money in the save-all or the bank—is it not also a true economy to make him proud of collecting his own shelf full of books? The contents of the save-all may disappear, with all the store that has been gathered as the result of the habit of forethought; but the influence of the shelf-load of books and of the library into which the shelf will grow can never be destroyed except by the decay of the mental powers, when no acquisitions will remain profitable.

"I am convinced of the merits of Hood's Sarsaparilla, after having taken but a few doses"—this is what many people say.

## Sabbath School Teacher.

### INTERNATIONAL LESSONS

Dec. 25,  
1892.

### THE BIRTH OF CHRIST.

Luke ii.  
8-20.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy.—Luke ii. 10

#### INTRODUCTORY.

The most momentous event in the world's history took place in a small town in Palestine. It was not so what were then the great world centres, Rome, Athens or Corinth that angelic eyes were turned, but to the quiet little town of Bethlehem in the Province of Judea. There God became man. The Word was made flesh and dwelt among us. Marvellous is the divine condescension. The occupant of the celestial throne becomes a little helpless babe in the manger at Bethlehem. This was the birth-place of Jesus as foretold by the prophets. Joseph and Mary were not residents of that town, but of Nazareth in Galilee. Augustus, emperor of Rome, had issued a decree that a census should be taken of all the inhabitants of that vast empire. The people of Palestine were to be enrolled in the districts to which their families immediately belonged. Thus Joseph and Mary, of the lineage of David, had to be enrolled in Bethlehem; and thus unconsciously, so far as the individuals themselves were concerned, the prophecy spoken four hundred years before was fulfilled. It was uttered by Malachi in these words, "But thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall He come forth unto Me that is to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been of old, from everlasting."

I. The Angelic Announcement.—In the mild climate of Palestine it was customary for the shepherds to keep their flocks out in the fields at certain seasons of the year. They were never left untended, for it would have been unsafe to leave them alone. The sheep might have strayed, and been lost. Robbers were on the alert to steal; and wild animals would have made them their prey. The shepherds therefore kept watch by night. They were at the post of duty, and, while thus engaged during the silent night watches, there came to them the best tidings ever heard by mortal ears. In the quiet hours they may have been thinking of God's promised gift of the Messiah. They were startled by the appearance of an angel, and surrounding them was a bright radiance far surpassing the ordinary illumination of the midnight heavens, "the glory of the Lord shone round about them." Light is a revelation of God. It symbolizes His wisdom, purity and love. The first emotion in the hearts of these watchful shepherds was that of fear and awe. The sight they beheld was one of surpassing beauty, but not unnaturally it filled them with dread. The first words spoken by the angel were intended to allay their fear, and to prepare their minds for the joyous announcement he was about to make. It was intended to remove the cause of fear from human hearts. "I bring you good tidings of great joy." These were the best tidings brought from heaven to earth. They conveyed a message of love and hope for sinful hearts. It was the message of salvation, the announcement that the Messiah had come. That angel preached Christ to the shepherds. Glad were they the tidings to these shepherds in the fields at midnight, but they were not for them only, nor alone for the favoured race to which these shepherds belonged. They were to be good tidings of great joy to all people. The message was, "Unto you is born this day in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." The infant was named Jesus, because He shall save His people from their sins. He is also called Christ, because He is the Messiah, the Anointed One, set apart, consecrated as the great High Priest to offer the sacrifice of Himself and to intercede for His people. He is Christ the Lord, "God and man in two distinct natures and one person forever." This exalted One has come to this world amid the lowliest surroundings. They should not find Him in the palace of the great, but "wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger." When the angel had told what he had been sent to tell, the air becomes vocal with heavenly music. "Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God." The song of the angelic host was a song of praise. "Glory to God in the highest," it begins. To Him the praise belongs. From Him has come this, the greatest and best gift to men. And this will form the theme of praise through all time and throughout eternity. Christ's work on earth brings glory to God in the highest. On earth it brings peace and good-will to men. It brings peace between God and man, for the mediation of Christ reconciles men to God, it removes the enmity, and the peace of God which passeth all understanding fills the renewed soul. It promotes peace between man and man, for it teaches the true meaning of human brotherhood. Well, then, may we join in the song of praise the angels sang. It celebrates the greatest and the best manifestation of God's love to man.

II. The Saviour Sought and Found.—The heavenly strains that had filled the minds of the shepherds first with amazement and then with joy were silent, and the angel visitants had returned to heaven again. The shepherds did not remain where they were, indulging delightful contemplations on what they had seen and heard. They show us by their example what is our first duty on hearing the good news of God's salvation. It is at once to avail ourselves of the mercy offered. They make up their minds at once to find this gracious Saviour, so they say, "Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us." Neither did they waste their time in discussing the message they had heard. "They came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger." Just as the angel had said. Every message that God has given to men is true, and can be relied upon absolutely. Their joy they are not content to keep to themselves. "When they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child." This is the way in which those who find the Saviour usually proceed. They seek to make all whom they can influence sharers in their joy. It was a marvellous story which these shepherds told to the people. Every one who heard it marvelled. But God's best message to man, marvellous as it is, will do us little good if that is the only emotion it excites in our hearts. The mother of Jesus treasured in her heart all these things that she had seen and heard regarding the wondrous Babe. She thought over them, only dimly comprehending their full significance. These good shepherds, although they had enjoyed rare privileges, quietly betake themselves to their common every-day duties, but their lives henceforth have a deeper meaning. Their hearts were filled with gratitude for what they had seen, heard and experienced of God's mercy. They glorified and praised God "for all things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them."

#### PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

The King of kings came to this world in lowly guise. It was not in the palaces of the great that His coming was announced, but to the humble shepherds in the plains of Bethlehem.

Jesus has added a new glory to childhood by Himself becoming an infant of days.

The mission of Christ is to bring glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.



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**The Canada Presbyterian,**

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 14th, 1892

**A**N English Liberal explained why Gladstone did not take him into the Cabinet and give him charge of the navy by saying that he lacked the prime qualification for the position, viz., *invincible ignorance of all naval affairs*. Was it the presence of this prime qualification that made a French lawyer Minister of Agriculture for Canada?

**S**OME of the obituary articles on Jay Gould deal severely with his business methods. In nearly all, however, it is said that he was a member of the Presbyterian Church. People who were wrecked by the railway schemes of the deceased millionaire are not likely to feel kindly towards Presbyterianism when they see that statement. As a matter of fact Jay Gould was *not* a member of the Presbyterian Church.

**A**T the meeting of the Toronto Ministerial Association held last Monday an able and thoughtful paper was read by the Rev. John Burton, B.D., in which he presented clear and cogent reasons for Christian union. There are difficulties in the way, no doubt, but if sincere endeavours are made to obviate these, union of the bodies that are nearest akin might with reasonable deliberation be brought about in due time. For instance, Mr. Burton thinks that Congregationalist and Presbyterian churches might, without much difficulty, find a satisfactory basis of union. Why not? Who would care to forbid the banns?

**T**HE Minister of Public Works for the Dominion displayed poor taste and poorer judgment the other day when he congratulated an audience of French Roman Catholics on the fact that a Roman Catholic had become Premier in spite of the opposition of the fanatics. Speeches of that kind may remind Protestants who are not fanatics that while there is but one Roman Catholic in the British Cabinet, there are seven in the cabinet recently formed at Ottawa. Seven seems a large proportion, even though an effort has been made to balance them by representatives from the Orange body. All the Protestants of the Dominion are not Orangemen.

**P**RESIDENT HARRISON is not in that calm judicial frame of mind which so well becomes a Presbyterian elder. In his recent message he belabours his political opponents through nearly one-half the document and gives the remainder to Canada. In discussing trade relations with the Dominion he makes several palpable mistakes in figures, having evidently been misled by those who supplied him with material. Every allowance should be made for a beaten man. The President is a good man and has given his country clean government. When he goes West and breathes the free air of the prairie and teaches his Bible class for a time he will feel more kindly towards his neighbours.

**I**T is not a little strange that the counties of Oxford and Norfolk should have led off with annexation meetings. Norfolk is an old county,

settled originally with U.E. Loyalists. The people of that county must have been comfortable fifty years ago. Taking it all in all Oxford is perhaps the finest county in the Dominion. Various theories are given for the avowed annexation sentiments of some of the people who live in these splendid communities. It is said that they are high-minded, intelligent, honest Canadians who are not afraid to say openly what they think. Another explanation is that annexation works like complaining in general—those who have least to complain about generally complain the first and most.

**T**HE *Globe* displays commendable enterprise in sending two members of its staff over Ontario to ascertain the views of the people in regard to political union and other cognate questions. No doubt a large amount of useful information can be secured in this way, but when obtained it may not all be quite trustworthy. Some of the men interviewed may change their opinions rather suddenly. If some of those who declare that the country is quite prosperous were asked for a subscription for a college, or for a new church, or for missions, there is a remote possibility that they might discover serious business depression even in the locality in which they live. Anybody wanting subscriptions for a good cause should follow up the *Globe* man who finds so much prosperity among the farmers.

**T**HE Episcopalians and Presbyterians of the United States have a joint committee on organic union which meets occasionally in New York or Philadelphia, plays a little at union and has a good time generally. The patriarch of the *Interior* is a member of that committee and he attended once, some years ago, but was so convinced the thing was a farce that he paid his own travelling expenses. Since then he has never gone again, because each trip costs seventy-five dollars and he does not "in his soul" believe the work of the committee is worth five cents to the Church. Had he attended regularly the bill for the Church would by this time foot up between three and four hundred dollars. The editor is now fully persuaded that the famous overture for union made by the bishops in Chicago a few years ago was "a bit of *ad captandum*," and meant nothing more than that they would like to have the Presbyterians and other denominations "added to the substructure of their pyramid." We never thought for a moment that it meant anything more. Absorption and not union is what they want.

**R**EFERRING to the trials at present going on in New York and Cincinnati, the *Interior* asks:

Do these brethren ever try to come to an understanding with each other, do they seek the best constructions of each other's opinions and views? or are the worst possible constructions made so that brethren regard themselves as purposely slandered? Eliminate personal resentments, rivalries, prejudices, ambitions—all the elements of imperfection in human nature, and these controversies would be for the sifting of truth. Differences of opinion would not disappear, but these differences would never rise to the magnitude of bitter strife.

Eliminate even two or three of the elements of imperfection, such as vanity, love of applause, ambition for leadership and stubbornness, and many of the controversies that have rent the Church never would have taken place. Strange as it may seem, some men ordained to preach the gospel of peace, as the ambassadors of the God of peace, delight in strife, and are never so happy as when in a fight of some kind. Love of applause does a world of harm in these exhibitions. It is a great thing for some natures to be spoken and written about as leaders. There is no kind of controversy that grace cannot settle peaceably.

**W**E venture to predict that the *Globe's* Commissioners will find in the country annexationists only in a few spots and that in these spots the feeling arises mainly from a desire to secure better trade relations with our neighbours. There is, however, unrest in many places, and a bad harvest, continued depression, or any one of a number of causes might make many of the people grasp at Political Union, just as many of them grasped at the N.P. fourteen years ago without considering very seriously how much good it might do them. Sir John Abbott tells us that he grasped at annexation in 1849 in "a moment of petulance," and what an embryo Premier did, any number of people might be foolish enough to do. When people are in a desponding mood, in a depressed condition, or

even a little riled, they often do things that under different conditions they would never have even thought of doing. One thing is very clear. The unrest may soon grow into something serious if every man is branded as a "rebel," "a traitor," and "enemy," and everything else that is bad, when he simply wants freer trade relations with his neighbours.

**I**f the pulpit denounces gambling too many people are ready to say what do preachers know about these things? Here is what Mr. Chauncey M. Depew recently said about it:—

A considerable proportion of failures in business and ninety per cent. of the defalcations and thefts and ruin of youth among people who are employed in places of trust are due directly to gambling. It is the one vice which seems to destroy immediately the moral sense, and to obliterate that absolutely essential quality in employer and employee, in the custodian and his cash, in the trustee and his estate, in the son's and his mother's or his sister's property, fidelity to the trust, the violation of which destroys the violator and ruins the people who confide in him. I have seen in my vast employment so much misery from the head of the family neglecting its support, and squandering his earnings in the lottery or the policy-shop, and promising young men led astray in a small way, and finally becoming fugitives or landing in the criminal dock, that I have come to believe the community which licenses and tolerates public gambling cannot have prosperity in business, religion in its churches, or morality among its people.

Mr. Depew is, as everybody knows, a great railway manager, and speaks from the point of view of a business man. We have pleasure in laying his opinion before the Hon. Mr. Dryden, and respectfully ask him if he is taking any steps in the way of stamping out gambling at the autumn fairs. Are directors who tolerate, perhaps license, gambling at these fairs to have any further grants of public money. That gambling hells should be tolerated in cities and towns where they are generally masked is bad enough, but that gambling should for a moment be tolerated, perhaps encouraged, at country fairs in open day among farmers' sons is a burning disgrace to Ontario. We talk much, and often pharisaically about the priest-ridden French of Quebec. We venture to say that the *habitans* do not drink or gamble as much as many Ontario Protestants do.

**MANITOBA COLLEGE.**

**T**HE following circular, signed by the Hon. Chief Justice Taylor, Chairman of the Board, and Principal John M. King, D.D., has been issued to call attention to the claims of Manitoba College on the support and encouragement of the churches in the older provinces of the Dominion. Under the able, energetic and faithful management of Principal King and those associated with him on the teaching staff, the College has made advances in usefulness and prosperity for the last few years. As the circular intimates, the time has not yet arrived when the institution can be self-sustaining, but that time may be said to be in sight. The growing prosperity of the North-West and increasing immigration from the older lands will ere long realize the anticipations of the friends of Manitoba College. The good people of the North-West will assume a position of independence and give liberal support to their own institutions as soon as they can. Meanwhile contributions from all the congregations in the older provinces would handsomely meet the present needs of the college in Winnipeg. The attention of all concerned is respectfully called to the circular, which is as follows:—

Permit us to remind you of the collection on behalf of Manitoba College appointed by the General Assembly to be taken up on the third Sabbath of December, and to express the hope that where it is not the custom to make a special appropriation on behalf of this object, an opportunity will be given to the congregation to contribute for it by a public collection.

The time will probably arrive when the institution may be able to dispense with the assistance hitherto received from Eastern congregations, but for the present it is indispensable.

It should not be forgotten in making the collection or appropriation that the change ordered by last Assembly, according to which the theological classes in this institution are hereafter to meet in the summer, will add considerably to the necessary expenses, and that a part of the additional expenditure will require to be met during the present financial year. It may be added that the mission field is during the present winter already reaping the benefits of the change.

There never was, at any former period, so much encouragement to the Church to sustain the College. The attendance, even in the absence of the theological classes, is this session as large as it was last session with them, and the greatly increased accommodation for resident students is fully occupied; indeed, it has been necessary to decline several applications for admission.

## A SONG OF DEGREES.

MANY people love to wear distinctions. Everywhere are to be found those who strive for pre-eminence. The athlete struggles to be first, or to stand near the first in his own line of endeavour. Numerous are the candidates for high places in social rank. The schoolboy aims at securing the prizes open to competition. Even the learned divine is not in every case devoid of desire for the possession of a couple or more capital letters to place after the name he has received in infancy from his respected parents. A university degree is a coveted honour. In many cases academic degrees are worthily bestowed and worthily worn. In other cases the special merits thus marked are nor generally clearly discerned and in some instances, the possession of a doctorate is to all but a very few, a positive mystery.

All reputable educational institutions invested with degree conferring powers are not usually forgetful of the responsibility attaching to the exercise of the trust committed to them. There may be instances where the importunity of friends may prevail over the better judgment of a university faculty, and they may be persuaded to issue a parchment to a man whose scholarship is scarcely of the quality that merits such recognition. Again, there are institutions of learning whose financial resources are hardly equal to their zeal for the promotion of higher education, that in a sense may be said to place a mercantile value on the distinctions they are ready to confer on men whose aspirations are not quite so slender as are their attainments. While Dr. Samuel Johnson made his Hebridean tour, he visited an ancient seat of learning, whose faculty bestowed on him the degree of LL.D. The College at the time was suffering from an insufficiently filled treasury, and the inconsiderable revenue derived from recipients of its honorary degrees was not to be despised. This coming to the knowledge of Boswell's hero, he yielded to the temptation of indulging in a pun and remarked that the College would get rid of its debts by degrees.

In these days we move at a quicker pace than they did in Johnson's generation. People are not content to wait for results from gradual natural development. Nature has to be assisted, even forced, that results may be anticipated. Processes are accelerated by invention and discovery. Chickens are hatched by machinery, and learned bipeds are hastily turned out, both by artifice and artificial means. Many people are ready to take short cuts to distinction, and wherever they are, persons willing to aid them for a consideration are sure to be found. This weakness of would-be learned humanity has given rise to a modern industry that borders on infamy. These are irreverently designated degree factories, which do not languish for lack of support. People destitute of scholarship can, for certain stipulated rates and nominal conditions, obtain degrees in arts, medicine, literature and theology, which they may wear without a blush. An idea of this desecration of merited and honourable distinctions may be gained by a brief reference to an instance of the kind which has just come to light. A recent press dispatch reads thus:—

For some time past certain English newspapers have contained imposing advertisements stating that degrees of the "National University of the State of Illinois" could be had at prices ranging from ten to sixty guineas. These advertisements are signed "Professor Vanangelbach, Secretary," and give the name of Broughton Rouse, of Christ College, Cambridge University, as the English agent.

Now there is no such National University as is above designated, but there have been many applicants for the coveted degrees. Two or three adventurers have wrought the scheme by which alleged learned individuals have been defrauded of their money and innocent people imposed upon. A clever but unscrupulous Dutchman settled down in an insignificant little town in Iowa, where he astonished the inhabitants with his extensive linguistic acquirements, and soon gained their trustful confidence by being a shining light in local society and taking part in prayer meetings, and frequently occupying pulpits in the place. This gentleman was the titular examiner for the so-called degrees which the stipulated fees were certain to secure. The fraud has at length been discovered and from appearances it is probable that the police authorities will lay their ruthless hands on this National University, blast its fame and render it more shadowy than it really was.

It is needless to moralize over what this educational episode reveals. It in no wise affects repu-

table seats of learning. They are not chargeable with an undue use of the powers conferred upon them by their charters. Neither does it lessen the value of academic degrees conferred on those who deserve them, but surely such incidents will strengthen in the hearts of all honest people that indignant hatred of sham and pretence which unhappily are only too prevalent. The eager desire to obtain results by unscrupulous means, and not by genuine merit and faithful work, is an unmitigated evil which the strongest language is too feeble to adequately condemn.

## ON READING SERMONS.

VOLUMES of sermons, save in exceptional cases are not in these days much sought after. The discourses of Frederick W. Robertson, Archer Butler in other days, and the sermons of John Ker and Alexander Maclaren, of Manchester, not to mention other instances that readily suggest themselves, have commanded a wide circle of readers. But in general the discourses of average preachers, instructing and edifying though they are when addressed by living voice to hearers, awaken but little interest among the reading public. It is not, however, in this aspect of the subject suggested by the line that heads these remarks that we now intend to speak. Most people are familiar with the piquant anecdotes that circulate, mostly at the expense of the ministers who preach from manuscript. The popular preference is decidedly in favour of sermons that are delivered, not read. In Scotland the practice of oral address was very common, but it is not so now. The occupants of the more prominent city pulpits make free use of their manuscript, and to a considerable extent they set the fashion for their brethren, a fashion that at present is largely followed. It is worthy of note that in one branch of the Scottish Church, where the reading of sermons was positively forbidden, the practice may now be said to be general. It would be needless to enquire how this custom has so rapidly spread. There have been remonstrances, and the advantages and disadvantages of read sermons have been freely discussed, but the habit has been continued.

Drs. Chalmers, Candlish and William Anderson could only preach effectively from manuscript, and those who heard these great occupants of the Scottish pulpit, whatever their individual preferences, had no thought to spare on the manner of address peculiar to these distinguished preachers. Dr. Caird and Dr. Cairns preached without manuscript, and had they resorted to that mode of address, they would have found themselves sadly hampered, and the audiences that felt the powerful spell of their great personality would have been deprived of the magnetic touch that bound speaker and hearer. A conclusive argument from the practice followed by exceptionally able and brilliant men cannot be drawn. This much at least may be taken for granted, that a faithful and conscientious ambassador of Christ will follow the method that enables him to present his message of saving truth most persuasively and effectively to the congregation he addresses. At the same time it appears to us, that the preaching best fitted to influence average hearers should be the most direct, and there can hardly be a question that spoken, not read, sermons are by far the most acceptable to the common people. The idea that a sermon if fully written out is a proof of careful preparation cannot be entertained absolutely, for unhappily it is known that manuscript sermons can be obtained at regular market rates, and a dishonest man may palm off his purchased wares as his own. The honest man may be able to save time by reading his sermons. One who has facility in composition may dash off a very thin sermon in a short time and neither he nor his hearers may be much the better for it. The minister who preaches extempore may bestow far more care in the preparation of his discourse than does his brother who is an adept at the use of his pen, and the result may be in every way more satisfactory. The temptation the extempore preacher has to resolutely avoid is neglecting the work of thorough preparation. Ease of expression is all very well, but if there is not thorough study and diligent work, the glib exhorter will soon become a worse failure than the humdrum and monotonous reader. The average young minister can readily accustom himself to ease and freedom in direct spoken address. He will by practice soon acquire confidence, and thus he will be best qualified to perform the principal part of his sacred calling with general acceptance and great usefulness.

## Books and Magazines.

THE MANITOBA COLLEGE JOURNAL has reappeared, and is full of intellectual life and vigour.

The ably written and interesting work by J. Cawdor B.H., "Two Knapsacks," which appeared as a serial in the pages of the *Week*, has just been issued in volume form by Williamson & Co.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. (Philadelphia: The Curtis Publishing Co.)—Woman has never had her Christmas needs so marvelously well anticipated and so completely met as in the new and fresh Christmas issue of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, which comes robed in one of the most beautiful and artistic of magazine covers. Few better illustrations have been given of the possibility of combining the practical and the entertaining between the covers of a single magazine.

THE ARENA. (Boston: The Arena Publishing Co.)—The success that has marked the career of this stalwart monthly shows that intelligent and thoughtful readers appreciate full, free and open discussion of all questions vitally affecting human interests. The December number shows great strength, and the announcement for the coming year indicates that no effort will be spared to make it still more eagerly sought for by all who wish to know what leading minds in the world of thought, think on subjects in which all are interested. While giving special prominence to these features, poetry, fiction and entertaining reading will be found in its richly freighted pages.

THE STORY OF JOHN G. PATON. Told for Young Folks; or thirty years among South Sea Cannibals. By the Rev. James Paton, B.A. With forty-five full page illustrations by James Fennemore. (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son, Toronto: The Willard Tract Depository.) The author of this most attractive and interesting work says in his preface "Ever since the story of my brother's life first appeared it has been constantly pressed upon me that a Young Folks edition would be highly prized. The Autobiography has therefore been recast and illustrated, in the hope and prayer that the Lord will use it to inspire the boys and girls of Christendom with a wholehearted enthusiasm for the conversion of the heathen world to Jesus Christ. A few fresh incidents have been introduced; the whole contents have been rearranged to suit a new class of readers; and the service of a gifted artist has been employed to make the book every way attractive to the young." The devoted earnestness, the unaffected simplicity and the fervent spirit of Dr. Paton are stamped on every page of this fascinating narrative. It is one of the best books that can be put into the hands of young people, who will read with avidity the grand story of John G. Paton, and the impressions for good they will receive from its pages will be deep and lasting.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY. (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—In the December number of the *Atlantic* Mr. Crawford brings his serial story, "Don Orsino," to an unexpected and striking close; and in the final passages of his novel tells us that in his hero we see a sketch of the young man of the transition period in Italian life. The chief attraction of this number is a collection of letters that James Russell Lowell addressed to W. J. Saltman, which are very delightful reading, full of the genial, sunny disposition, and the quick touches of humour and feeling which were so characteristic of the man. Frank Bolles has a sketch entitled "Alone on Chocorua at Night;" and Edward Everett Hale's graphic papers on "A New England Boyhood" are continued, and are as interesting as ever in their intimate personal sketches of men and landmarks of old Boston days. In a travel sketch, "A Morning at Serrione," Ellen Olney Kirk describes the quaint old Italian town where Catullus once had his country villa. Mr. William Henry Bishop's papers on "An American at Home in Europe" give a further account of house-hunting, and his description of apartments at Venice is particularly interesting and amusing. Agnes Repplier's article on "Wit and Humour" is full of good things, and is written with brightness and vivacity. A more serious contribution, Professor Andrew C. McLaughlin's article on "Mississippi and the Negro Question," discusses the manner in which Mississippi has undertaken to regulate the rights of negroes within her borders. A striking poem by Lilla Cabot Perry entitled "At Night," the conclusion of Margaret C. Graham's story, "The Withrow Water Right," and John Vance Cheney's verses on December, together with critical articles on recent books, close a thorough, creditable number.

THE TREASURY OF RELIGIOUS THOUGHT FOR PASTOR AND PEOPLE. (New York: E. B. Treat.)—The number for December closes the year richly freighted with good things. Its full Sermons, Timely Service Sermons and Sermons in Leading Thoughts are excellent, and admirably adapted to aid the host of readers of this magazine. "Heaven Without a Sea," is by Dr. Kneeland, of Boston whose portrait, sketch of life and view of church are given. "God Revealed in Christ," by Dr. Tindall, of Omaha, is worthy of careful study. "Aged People's Service," by Rev. George H. Hubbard. The Christmas Day Sermon, The Birth of the Wonderful, by Rev. B. F. Grenoble, New Year's Day Sermon and "Prayer for Divine Instruction in Arithmetic," by Dr. David Gregg, successor to Dr. T. L. Cuyler, are first-rate in every respect. Leading Sermonic Thoughts are by Dr. Joseph Parker, Rev. F. W. Brown, Rev. P. Ainslie and Rev. J. S. Stanton. An Exegesis of the twenty-third Psalm, by Professor T. H. Rich, is a very thorough, scholarly production, and President Gates' article on "The Training for Citizens," is both timely and important. Everyone will read Dr. Cuyler's Pen Picture of Professor Roswell D. Hitchcock, and also Professor A. H. Sayce on "Old Testaments and Ancient Monuments," "How to Conduct the Prayer-Meeting," by H. M. Scudder, is full of suggestions. "The Gospel and the Age," is ably discussed by Rev. S. McComb, B.D., Rev. J. G. Kitchen explaining "The Sign on the Door-Post." Jewish Life in Europe and Palestine is described by Dr. Stone. Light is thrown on the S. S. Lessons by Dr. Moment. Good editorials and the other features make an excellent number for closing the year.

**Choice Literature.****GRANDFATHER'S FAITH.**

BY JULIA A. MATTHEWS

III.

A STRONG PURPOSE WELL-BROKEN.

The morning sunlight fell softly down through the waving branches of the old willow, hour after hour; the doctor, after keeping his appointment with James Harland, and making good to him the losses which he had sustained at the hands of his grandson, went out on his long round of visits. Aunt Harriet left the sunny sitting-room, and sat down with her work in the more shaded library; the sun rose higher and higher in the cloudless sky until it was full noon, and still Charlie lay beneath the window, thinking. Caspar, after many vain attempts to rouse him, had trotted off long ago in search of amusement, for he found his playmate's usually agreeable society exceedingly dull in his present mood, and yet Charlie lay, his hands clasped beneath his head, thinking. And the burden of his thoughts— thoughts deeper, fuller, more strongly moving than any which had ever busied heart and brain in all the thirteen years of his life—ran incessantly on those words of his grandfather,—"I can never despair of the boy."

If he had not seen him as he had seen him on the past night, bowed and broken beneath the terrible feeling of shame which he, in his own utter want of that keen sense of honour which made a false word or act a thing so abhorrent and debasing in Dr. Mason's eyes, could not even comprehend, those words, and the firm tone of strong faith and reliance in which they were spoken, might not have made so great an impression upon him. But having been a witness to the intensity of his grandfather's grief over his sin, the strength of his brave faith in him, touched the boy as nothing else could possibly have done.

By-and-by, lifting his eyes as an inquisitive little sunbeam peeped right into his face between the green branches beneath which he lay, he noticed for the first time that the morning was passing quickly by.

"High noon!" he said, looking up to the sky in amazement. "Why, what a dream I've been in, to be sure. And the next thing, dinner will be ready, I suppose; and then there'll be Aunt Harriet to face with her Sunday-go-to-meeting look on, as starchy and stiff as a Shaker's cap. I'll be off."

Springing from his couch of soft turf, he flung aside the drooping boughs and stepped out upon the road, giving a low, musical whistle for his dog as he glanced around, missing him from his side. Miss Harriet heard the whistle, and came to the library window as Charlie sauntered past that side of the house.

"Charlie! Charlie!"

The boy walked on regardless of the call.

"Don't go away, Charlie. It is almost dinner time."

Still he went on as if he were deaf, without noticing his aunt in any way, until he had gone quite out of the reach of her voice. Miss Harriet turned back to her work with a heavy sigh; and he, when he was quite sure that he was out of sight and hearing, sat himself down on a great stone on the bank of the brook to which his wandering feet had led him, and began to pick up the pebbles which lay around him, and fling them into the water with almost vicious force.

"Dinner!" he muttered, at length, when he had for some moments been exercising his restless energies in this way. "I don't want to see any dinner for a month. Old pest! I wish her dinner would choke her."

And then he laughed at his own violence; and then—then he turned his face and hid it in the grass for a long, long while; and even Caspar, who had rushed to find him at his call, could not induce him by any canine demonstrations of affection to raise it. No, not even Caspar must see it now, for Charlie was a proud little fellow, and he felt himself, at thirteen years old, almost a man.

The sun had passed the meridian, and was moving toward the west when the boy lifted himself up again. A great change had come over the face which had laid hidden from sight for those two long hours. When it had bent itself to the friendly shade of the long waving grass which received it so tenderly, hiding its weakness, its pain, and its irresolute desire with a soft, fragrant veil, and whispering to no living ear of the briny dew which fell fast upon its slender blades, it had been the face of a doubtful, troubled, anxious child: when it was raised to the light once more, it bore the impress of a fixed, strong purpose.—a manly, brave determination.

He sat very still for a while; then rising to his feet, he said, "Come, Caspar, let's go and tell Hattie;" and set off with a brisk step in the direction of London Hill.

His own home was situated in the village, Dr. Mason's practice making it necessary for him to be as near as possible to the centre of the large district in which he was the favourite practitioner; and the Hill lay about a mile to the westward of London village. But the two friends were not long in crossing the distance which lay between them and the place of their destination.

Passing in through the open gateway—for the beautiful grounds of the Hill were free to all visitors, the gates being unclosed from sunrise until twilight—Charlie walked quickly up the main road, and was passing on directly to the house, when far away on his left, through the branches of a trailing honeysuckle which threw its long tendrils over a rustic arbour that opened on a narrow footpath, he saw the gleam of something white, and instantly diverted from his purpose of going to the house, turned his steps that way, morally certain that the object of his search would be found there.

There was not a sound to be heard within the arbour as he approached it, and laying his hand on Caspar's collar to prevent him from springing forward and startling the quiet occupant, he went up the footpath, and looked in at the open arch. It was a pretty picture that he saw, so pretty that he did not care to disturb it by a motion or a word.

Curled up on the rustic seat, one slender foot peeping out from beneath her white dress, her head, supported on her hand, bent low over a book which lay in her lap, with flushed cheeks and parted lips, and rapé, unconscious face, Hattie Raymond was indeed a pretty picture.

"Hattie," Charlie said, at last; "Hattie."

Still she did not look up. He had spoken very softly, but now he laughed his merry, ringing laugh, and in a moment the book was thrown down, and she sprang up to welcome him.

"Oh, Charlie! Did they send you down here? I thought they didn't know where I was. I came off by myself to have a good time with the 'Heir of Redclyffe,' and didn't tell any one where I was going to hide myself. But I'm glad you found me out. Have you read it?"

"Yes, I read it last winter when I sprained my foot, and was keeled up for a fortnight. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, I remember. Isn't it perfectly lovely? But they make Guy die, and I think that's a shame."

"How do you know they do? You're not a quarter of the way through the book."

"Oh, I looked at the end. I can't help it," she added, with a laugh at the expression of Charlie's face. "I never can stand reading an interesting book through without looking to see how they all come out. If I don't, I grow so excited over it, and my face is red, and my hands are cold, and I feel all shaky and trembly; it's perfectly horrid. But when I look at the end, and make my mind comfortable about my people (for they almost always turn out all right, you know), then I can go on with some comfort, and I have time to reread all the pretty little thoughts in the book, and enjoy them."

"But there's no interest in it when you know how it closes," objected Charlie.

"Oh, yes, there is. I know that all this trouble between Guy and Philip ends in peace and friendship, but I want to find out how it is brought about, and I know that Guy succeeds in controlling that awful temper of his, and I am just as interested as can be to read how he struggles and fights with himself. O, Charlie, I do think it is splendid for anybody to fight it out with such a dreadful fault, and come off conqueror! I think it's grand, even in a book!"

Her face was all aglow with her young enthusiasm, but Charlie only stood and looked at her; he did not attempt to speak. Something in the expression of his face caught her attention, and she moved quickly forward, and laid her hand on his arm, as she said,—

"What is the matter, Charlie? You haven't looked like yourself since you came in; and now—What is it, Charlie, boy? Tell me. Don't stand looking at me like that. It makes me want to cry."

"No, don't cry," said the boy, as a premonitory quiver in her voice warned him of danger. "There's nothing to cry about, or at least, not for you. I came up here to tell you something, Hattie; a plan of mine that nobody else knows anything about; and you must keep it a secret."

She looked him straight in the face before she answered him. Apparently what she saw there satisfied her, for she said slowly,—

"Go on, Charlie."

"And you will not tell anyone; nor speak of it, even to Grandpa?"

"Not if it is as good a secret as your face seems to say it is. And if it is not, I will never tell anyone but him."

"I am going to run away from home."

"Why!—Charlie Mason!"

She fairly gasped the words. To tell her such a secret as that when she had just warned him that she could hide no wrong-doing from his grandfather! What could he mean? And yet he looked so bright, and strong, and brave, as if he felt that he was right, and nothing could move him; as her hero, Guy Morville, might have looked when, with resolute, undaunted purpose, he had determined to call in every power and force of his whole nature to combat the great, overmastering fault of his character.

He did not answer her exclamation of surprise, but stood as if waiting for her to speak again.

"I don't understand," she said, after a moment's silence. "Sit down here, and tell me what you mean. Why, Charlie, you'd break our dear old doctor's heart if you ran away from home."

"I shall break it if I stay here, that's certain, if I haven't done it already. I suppose you haven't heard about last night?"

"No, did you fall into trouble with Aunt Harriet again?"

"I fell into trouble with everybody. Aunt Harriet is the least part of it. She's been looking daggers at me every time I gave her a chance, since she heard it; but I don't care for her. Grandpa is all my trouble; and if you'd seen his face last night, you wouldn't wonder."

She knew Charlie well enough to be quite sure that he had been engaged in some very serious piece of mischief. Mr. Raymond and Dr. Mason were the closest and most intimate friends,—and these five past years had made the daughter of the one and the grandson of the other almost as dear to one another. Hattie's friendship had been no small blessing to Charlie, nor had Charlie been alone the gainer by their intimacy. The nervous and excitable girl had learned calmness and self-control from the quiet, common-sense view taken by and the boy of matters and things around them; and the little lady, with her refined manners and delicate perceptions, self-possession and pretty ways, was the best of all companions for the rough, untutored lad who had suddenly been placed in the position of the son of a gentleman. She was very fond of him, and very sorry for him, appreciating far better than did Miss Harriet the difficulties which beset his path. Watching his face now, in its pain, her own grew grave, and tender too, and laying her hand on his shoulder, she said,—

"Tell it all to me, Charlie. It will do you good."

So he told it all, honestly and faithfully, hiding nothing. The story of the night expedition, and of his own share in it, of Harland's accusation, and his bold denial; of his grandfather's searching question, his false answer, and Dr. Mason's consequent distress. Not even the doctor himself could have recited the whole occurrence more truthfully. Then he looked up into Hattie's pale, shocked face, and waited for her comments upon his tale. It was very little that she said in words, only,—

"Oh, Charlie, dear! I thought you had grown up far above this long ago."

And then her voice broke, and she laid her head down on his shoulder, and cried so bitterly that it was very hard work not to help her a little.

But after a while she lifted up her wet face, and dashing off her tears, said, "Tell me the rest, Charlie,—about your running away, I mean. Why should you do that?"

"Because," said Charlie, determinedly, "in spite of

Grandpa's feeling so awfully last night, he half trusts me yet. I never him tell Aunt Harriet this morning that he could never despair of me! 'Never,' he said, 'never.' And I tell you, Hattie, he shan't either. I've often thought I was sorry for being bad before, but I never knew what sorry meant until this morning, not even last night. To think he'd hold on to me, even when his heart was most breaking over me! Never despair of me! I'll just wager he shan't! I'm going off to-night, Hattie, and I shall never come back until I've made a man of myself; a true, honourable gentleman; a man he'll be proud to call his grandson; a man whose word shall be as good as his bond. He shall never need to ask me again, as he did last night,—'What is your word?'"

He had left her side, and was walking excitedly up and down the arbour. As he ceased speaking, she rose and joined him. Linking her arm in his, she walked with him, gradually quieting him by the touch of her hand on his arm, and by her slower movements, until he had grown calm again. Then she said, in her grave, womanly little way,—

"I'm very glad and proud for you, Charlie; very glad and proud that you have made this grand resolution. But it seems to me that it is a great mistake for you to leave home in this way. It will be twice as hard for you to do right, fighting on all alone and forsaken, than if you were at home with your grandfather. He will be such a help to you."

"So he would if he were the only one there; but, Hattie, I can never do right with Aunt Harriet near me. She's at me from morning till night, poking at me to make a good boy of me, and I can't stand it. And she makes such a fuss over everything. Why, if I leave my hat on a chair in the hall, instead of hanging it on the hat-rack, she makes as big a row over it as Grandpa would over—my telling a lie," he added in a low voice, after a moment's hesitation.

"It isn't a bit of use," he went on, after a pause, "for me to try to do anything with her around. I wouldn't give her the satisfaction of seeing me try to be a better sort of fellow, in the first place; I wouldn't if I could, but I couldn't any way. I know, Hattie, for I've tried it. Bad as I am, I have tried some to please Grandpa; and no sooner do I get ahead a little, than she's got to prate about it, and if I make a slip, take notice of it, and say I don't seem to be trying much, after all, or something like that. You don't know anything about it; for I do think she really hates me. You're her namesake, and she cares for you; but even so you know she half bothers your life out of you when you come down to our house. Now, don't she?"

"Why, of course she's fidgety and fussy," said Hattie, with a laugh. "But she's good to me for all. And she's good to you, too, Charlie. Nobody could be more careful for your comfort."

"Oh, no! I suppose not," said Charlie, rather irritably. "She keeps the buttons sewed on, and the stockings darned, and all that sort of thing neat and comfortable. But—It's no use talking about it, Hattie. I'm going to run away. I must do it, if I ever mean to learn to do right."

"And you will never learn to do right if you begin by doing wrong," replied the girl, very gravely. "Do you expect to comfort your poor grandfather's aching heart by hurting him again? you will be doing him a great injury, Charlie."

She was only a year older than himself, but her influence with him was very strong, and for the first time since he had come into the arbour, his determined look changed to one of doubt and irresolution.

"Shall I tell you what I would do?" she asked, as she saw the momentary hesitation in his face. "I would go right to Dr. Mason and ask him to send me to boarding-school, and to send me at once."

"To boarding-school!" exclaimed Charlie, in dismay, for this was his especial horror. "That is just what Aunt Harriet would like. It's what she's been putting Grandpa up to ever since I came here. I wouldn't go for anything."

"Then you are less in earnest than I thought," said Hattie quietly.

"Do you mean to say that you don't think I'm in earnest in wanting to make a true, honourable man of myself?" exclaimed Charlie, with a sudden flash of temper.

"I mean to say," replied Hattie, gently, "that if you are quite determined to make your grandfather happy, you will not begin by doing him a cruel wrong. If you go away from home without his knowledge, you must of course work for your own support, and you will have no time to educate yourself, and fit yourself"—

"Other fellows have grown up from mere working boys into the greatest men that ever lived." Charlie interrupted triumphantly. "Why shouldn't I?"

"They grew up into such noble men because they made the most of all their advantages, while you want to throw yours all away, and begin to try to raise yourself by sinking yourself lower. Oh, Charlie, dear, I don't want to discourage you, I want to help you; but this plan of yours is all wrong, I know it is. Why won't you go right home and tell the doctor all about it?"

It was rather hard. It had seemed such a grand exploit to march off alone, and, taking the world by storm, earn such a name for himself as would fill his grandfather's heart with pride and joy when, years hence, he should come back to him, a man of noble fame and honour. And what was this new plan which Hattie offered in its stead? A tame, commonplace life in a boarding-school, toiling slowly day by day up the ladder of learning, striving there to do all the work within himself which he had intended to do grasping hand to hand with the world. It was a terrible fall. But, after all, was not Hattie right? He sat and thought and thought, the girl resting silent beside him the while, and at last,—being thoroughly in earnest, poor boy! in his great desire to be worthy of his grandfather's faith and trust in him,—turned his averted face toward his companion, and laid his hand in hers.

"I'll do it, Hattie," he said; "but I tell you, it's just the toughest job I ever did in all my life. And, oh!" with a great sigh, as if the loss came home to his very heart, "I'll have to give up Caspar too."

"Will you let me keep him for you?" said Hattie, as if the matter were entirely settled.

"Oh! will you keep him? Aunt Harriet does bother him so, and I shan't be there to stand up for him, you see."

And then, feeling that he did not care to trust himself to talk much more, Charlie said "Good-bye" more gently than was his wont, and walked slowly down the hill towards home.

(To be Continued.)

## ANECDOTES OF JOHN BRIGHT.

John Bright seldom made an unsuccessful speech. Like other artists, however, he was nervous, anxious and irritable until his work was done. When his speech was over, he was as happy and sympathetic as a child. If it was a speech in the House of Commons he would retire to the member's smoking room, or stand with his back to the fire in the division lobby, and, surrounded by a group of parliamentary friends, run over the debate with trenchant humour. If it was a public meeting he would fall into his host's easy chair with a cigar, and talk far into the night on a thousand trivial topics to which his language lent a thousand charms. Dogs, parrots, innkeepers, Scotch ministers, minor poets, royalties, American visitors, sayings and doings of the political world, Highland gamekeepers, great men and small men, all interested him. No one who has ever felt it will forget the fascination of that monologue which seemed to gather force and interest as the hours went by. All the genius of his matchless eloquence was there, directed toward the kindly as well as the serious side of life. As in his talk, so in his speeches, humour succeeded pathos, and indignation alternated with satire. The strength and purity of his language were in harmony with the rich vibration of his voice, and any lack of gesture was atoned for by the noble earnestness of his presence and the dramatic power of his mouth and eye. He loved Scotland, and, in a sort of way, the Scotch. He had a little family of Scotch terriers of whom he was very fond. But a dog rarely came near him that he did not caress. Salmon fishing became his favourite, and, latterly, his only outdoor occupation, and he was a frequent and welcome guest on the best beaches to the Tweed and the Tay. "But I don't always know Scotch theology," he said once; "it's too full of the gridiron." He had more sympathy with Robert Burns and the Scotch poets. His own religion was found in the Sermon on the Mount. Creeds and formalities were not to his liking. At a certain dinner he turned from a Highland minister of opposite political opinions and assertive tongue with the remark: "It's odd that a man who knows so little about this world can tell us so much about the next.—" *Reminiscences of John Bright*, by his nephew, Charles McLaren, in *North American Review*.

## HERETICS AND SCHISMATICS.

The Roman Church anathematizes well-nigh half Christendom, including the Church of England, or at all events, pronounces us all *heretics*, and the High Church party in the Church of England, in its turn, declares all Christians of the non-Episcopal bodies to be *schismatics*. How vast this condemnation is let us for a moment consider. First, it includes the Lutheran Churches of Germany, Holland, Sweden, and Norway; and next, the Reformed Churches of Switzerland and France. To these must be added the Presbyterian Churches of Scotland and Ireland, and the vast number of Churches of the Nonconformist bodies in Great Britain and Ireland, the United States and Canada, as well as in our widespread colonies and in all missionary settlements throughout the world. Can anything comparable with this narrow bigotry be found in any former period of Church history? Certainly ecclesiastical records abound in instances of bigotry, but has anything similar ever been witnessed on so wide a scale and within so small a period of time? If such verdicts are to be accepted, we may well ask, how many persons will remain to people the realms of the Blessed? On the contrary, we rejoice to hold that all baptized Christians who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and clearly exhibit a God-wrought change of heart by a visible Christian life, are called unto, and are on their way to "the Marriage Supper of the Lamb," and though we do not expect to see the aims of the Grindelwald Protestants ever realized on earth, we rejoice at all anticipations and forebodings of that final consummation and bliss, when Christians of all bodies, who hold steadfastly and experimentally the great doctrines of the Christian faith, shall meet above at the Table of the Lord, to drink "the new wine" together with Him "in His Father's Kingdom."—*English Churchman*.

## VENICE.

If one enters Venice by night when the moon is making a path of silver down the Grand Canal, flooding with light the palaces whose dazzling reflections in the water render it hard to tell where the reality ends and the image begins, piercing the dim mazes of the side-canal, lifting the Rialto into heights of ethereal splendour, and transforming into fairy-like structures even the little bridges, one has, of course, seen the sea-city, in a way that fills and enchants. Black gondolas with a lamp at their prow steal silently out of the shadows, draw up at marble stairs for a single figure to alight, then pass again into shadow. What silence, what mystery, what beauty! Even on a night without a moon, Venice is full of charm. The familiar domes, turrets, bell-towers, are etched against the dark-blue star-spangled sky; the lights on the Piazzetta twinkle magically; from the Piazza comes a strain played by horns and clarionets, breathing the human passion and feeling of the moving crowds going up and down the square and the groups eating ices at Florian's; the boats hang up their blue and crimson cressets flickering in long lines across the bay; the men-of-war in the harbour send up signal-

rockets which seem to run along the rigging as they gem the night with violet, gold, white, and scarlet; the evening gun sounds from the training ship, and around us blows the wind from the Adriatic which the fishermen say is the "sea calling." But, in spite of the subtle beauty of these impressions, one really sees Venice only when one sees her colour. Yet perhaps on coming down the Grand Canal at mid-day, one's consciousness is not so absolutely of intense colour as of translucence. All the surfaces seem to give out vibrations of light. The water, the palaces, the sky, the farthest reaches of the lagoons are all opalescent. But fairest to me was Venice one afternoon towards sunset, when I was returning in a gondola from the Lido. Midway in crossing the bay Achille dropped his oar, and for a time we floated with a feeling of being suspended between the gentle heaving sea of glass and the far-off sky, each suffused with softest rose colour. In front of us was Venice, the iridescent domes and minarets of St. Mark's seeming to be drawn up into the amber and crimson of the sunset, the lovely outlines intensified and etherealized. Dark and rayless the Campanile reared its solemn height above the aerial mosque, and all the many turrets and spires and towers of the city that took shape against the mellow blendings of the west. Then at our left across the sea of rose and pearl rose the Euganean Hills, their pyramids, towers, and cones standing out in clear relief above the shining water line against the gem-like blue of the sky.—*Ellen Olney Kirk*, in *Lippincott's*.

## MISSIONARY WORK.

## FROM FORMOSA.

In a letter dated Formosa, Tamsui, September 20, 1892, addressed to Professor MacLaren, G. L. Mackay writes

MY DEAR BROTHER,—North Formosa has a neat chapel in memory of China's great evangelist, William C. Buras, and she will soon have one dedicated to the memory of India's heroic defender, Alexander Duff. In June last I received £102 5s. 6d. sterling (which at three quarter exchange are equal to \$613 65 Mexican) from an aged Christian lady in Canada. The donor heartily acquiesced in the suggestion that the latter memorial church should be erected, and as she has no desire for publicity her name will not appear. In a communication to Canada some time ago, I referred to the appropriateness of such a chapel and now my hope is realized, desire satisfied and prayer answered. Two of Scotland's most worthy sons of the church triumphant have been honoured by Christian Canadian ladies who are still of the church militant. God bless them nearing the gates of the eternal city. One would desire to remember the heroes in this way; not that their names need any memorials from us; not that there is any merit pertaining to such work and not that it is in any way a Christian duty, but just because we are all human on this side the river of life; because a house set apart for the worship of Jehovah is a great boon, and because being memorial they may remind us, who are still in the battle-field of the zeal, consecration and power of those mighty warriors who have gone before.

Of Dr. Duff, herewith are a few reminiscences: It was on Tuesday, November 8, 1870, in the city of Edinburgh, I first saw this great missionary and told him right off that I crossed the Atlantic to see and hear him. I soon found that to be from Canada was a recommendation in itself. He rose and with Highland grip caught and shook my hand for several minutes. Hearing that I might possibly go to India, he said, "My head is full of India, and I hope my heart too." He not only quickly secured a teacher in Hindostani, but procured books and directed my studies of Islam and Brahminism.

During the session I was greatly benefited by his lectures on evangelistic theology in the hall, by his conversation after each address in the ante-room and by his entertainment when a guest at 22 Lauder Road, Edinburgh.

I followed him to Aberdeen and will never forget his words as I entered the hall and sat near the door during his address. He looked, stopped and said: "Gentlemen,—a dear Canadian friend who has spent months with us in Edinburgh is here; show him that though this is the granite city, your hearts are not of granite. That was enough, there and then I got a Highland welcome from those sons of Auld Scotia, several of whom were preparing for India. On Monday, March 13, 1871, I had the last interview with him standing in Union Street, not far from the college. He kept me there nearly an hour, then with one grasp of the hand after another, until a final squeeze and with one more touching look, he wheeled about and walked across the street, thus leaving me lonely and alone as I watched his noble form until disappearing from view. In 1880 a long wish was realized when I visited the two colleges which had been planted by him in Calcutta, and stood where he was wont to pour out those torrents of red-hot eloquence which electrified Moslems, Hindoos, Eurasians and Europeans. When in that metropolis on March 1, I paid a visit to Chesub Chunder Sen of the Brahma Somaj. From his dwelling house I was taken in a carriage to his study apartments, a short distance away, and found him on an upper floor, sitting at a large table covered with English books, periodicals and papers.

His physique, with black moustache and calm expression was solid and intellectual. That was soon visible, for at the mention of Duff's name and of my acquaintance with him, there was a glorious tribute paid the glorious veteran. Whether that talented son of India was secretly rejoicing in Jesus of

Nazareth, I know not. This I do know, he spoke with veneration of Christianity and its Founder and with profound gratitude for the noble services rendered by Dr. Duff to India's millions. He wished me to remain and address his students, but my arrangements compelled me to move on to Benares, etc. A few months later when in Edinburgh, I went from the home of the beloved Barbour, 11 George's Square, to see the last resting place of him whose brilliant and immortal career in India gleams with the refulgence of an Indian sun. One of the noble army of the confessors of Christ is lying yonder, and I think of a chapel here to his memory with peculiar pleasure. Of his labours within the wild and craggy shores of his native Isle, near Mrs. Sandeman, of Bonskeid, in 1836, sing:—

He crossed o'er our path like an angel of light,  
The sword of the truth in his grasp gleaming bright,  
O'er mountain and valley unwearied he flew  
Imploring aid for the poor lost Hindoo

His was a broad, deep and far-reaching scheme for the evangelization of India. It was to use the English language as the most effectual instrument, and saturate all knowledge with Christian truth. The environment was such, that this was feasible and comprehensive.

In Ceylon, and across India from Madras to Calcutta and Bombay, I saw more of this grand work than some who sat down at home and criticised. Duff himself appealed to posterity, "As regards the ultimate reality of the magnificent prospect, I would, even on a dying pillow, from a whole generation of doubters confidently appeal to posterity.

North Formosa is an entirely different field, therefore our plan is entirely different; none the less do I—for one—admire the founder of the educational system and the strong phalanx who this day are following his steps. Therefore I rejoice that our own Canadian Church has a college in Central India as well as evangelistic work amongst the masses in the regions around.—I am sincerely yours,

G. L. MCKAY.

## TRIBUTE TO MISSIONARIES.

After eight hours imprisonment my jailer seemed to reach the conclusion that I really had no money in my pocket; the door was opened and I was roughly ordered to get out, which I was glad enough to do. I hurried at once to the American consulate, only to learn that the consul had sailed for Greece at five o'clock that afternoon. It was now too late to visit the bank; I had not enough money to pay for a night's lodging, and was strolling on the quay, looking for a good place to sleep, when my eye chanced to light on a sign in English, "Smyrna Rest." A large jovial-looking man was standing in the door of the "Smyrna Rest." I asked in English if I could rest there.

"No, young fellow, you cannot get lodging here. This is a rest for the soul not the body. See here," pointing to Gospel quotations and inscriptions on the wall. "But do not worry. The Lord will provide. I shall take you to one of His servants."

I briefly told the man my story. Just at this moment a gentleman and lady approached, and the jovial man took off his cap with an air of affection and respect.

"How are you, James?" said the gentleman in a kindly voice. "Is all well at the Rest?"

"All is well, Mr. McNaughton. Here is a young American in trouble. I was just about to take him to you," with which he related the story of my imprisonment. Mr. McNaughton was a missionary from Canada; the lady was his wife. They were as kind to me as if I had been an old friend instead of a stranger, made me go home with them, where I got a warm bath (I felt as if I needed to be boiled a week after that prison experience) and a good supper. The company of these Christian people was indeed a contrast to the Moslem brutality of Turks. It is too much the custom of thoughtless persons to deride and sneer at missionaries. It seems to me the man or woman who voluntarily submits to banishment from home and all associations with civilized people to preach the Gospel of Christianity to savages or semi-savages merits our reverence as a true follower of Christ. I shall never again hear missionaries derided without thinking of "Smyrna Rest," and of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McNaughton. Mr. McNaughton has been four years with the American Mission in Smyrna, and in that time has acquired a wide influence among the Turks, Greeks and Armenians. The next morning the religious services held at the Rest were in five languages. I felt a genuine regret on leaving that genial and hospitable home.—*Afloat and Ashore on the Mediterranean*, by Lee Meriwether.

## TO PREVENT THE GRIP

Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out or have "that tired feeling" in the morning, do not be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to yourself. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

HOOD'S PILLS cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

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I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT successfully in a serious case of croup in my family. I consider it a remedy no house should be without. J. F. CUNNINGHAM.  
Cape Island.

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**TAKE HEART,**  
If you're a suffering woman,  
The chronic weaknesses, painful  
disorders, and delicate derange-  
ments that come to woman  
only have a positive remedy in  
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.  
If you'll faithfully use it,  
every disturbance and irregu-  
larity can be permanently cured.  
It's a legitimate medicine for  
woman, carefully adapted to  
her delicate organization. It  
builds up and invigorates the  
entire system, regulates and  
promotes all the proper func-  
tions, and restores health and  
strength.  
"Favorite Prescription" is  
the only remedy for woman's  
ills that's guaranteed. If it  
fails to benefit or cure, you  
have your money back.

Which is the best to try, if you have Catarrh—a medicine that claims to have cured others, or a medicine that is backed by money to cure you? The proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy agree to cure your Catarrh, perfectly and permanently, or they'll pay you \$500 in cash.

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Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth Patches, Rash and Skin Diseases, and every blemish on beauty and defies detection. On its virtues it has stood the test of 40 years, no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayer, and to a lady of the hautton (a patient). "As you ladies will use them, I recommend Gouraud's Cream as the most harmful of all the Skin preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also, Gouraud's Subtile removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin. FRED T. HOPKINS, Proprietor, 37 Great Jones St., N.Y. For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U. S., Canada and Europe. Beware of base imitations. \$1,000 reward for arrest and proof of any one selling the same.

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Bonds everything that Glue will Bond.  
Small packages for household use. Special grades for Mechanics.  
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**PERRY DAVIS' Pain Killer**  
Has demonstrated its wonderful power of **KILLING EXTERNAL and INTERNAL PAIN.**  
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ASK FOR THE NEW  
**"BIG 25c. BOTTLE."**

### Ministers and Churches.

THE Rev. Mr. Carmichael, Norwood, delivered a series of mission addresses last week.

THE Rev. Mr. Cockburn, Paris, has been elected president of the Brant County Christian Endeavour union.

THE cottage weekly prayer meetings in connection with the Presbyterian church, Bradford, are growing in interest and numbers.

THE Rev. William Patterson, of Cookes Church, Toronto, who has been confined to his bed for the past week, is much improved and expects to occupy his pulpit next Sabbath. The reverend gentleman was forced to cancel all his engagements.

THE West End mission in Deseronto is meeting with great success and is doing much good. Mr. L. wes, formerly of Toronto, is now directing the work with his accustomed energy. Both congregation and Sunday school are growing rapidly in numbers.

THE *Port Perry Standard* says: The Rev. Mr. Abraham, of Whitby, preached two excellent sermons in St. Johns church on Sunday evening week. The discourse in the evening was particularly clever, and was listened to with great interest by a large congregation.

THE Golden Rule Mission band in Deseronto support a little girl named Guhyari in the mission school, Indore, India, and its members were cheered lately when they received a letter from Miss Sinclair announcing that this girl had been converted and baptized.

THE *Bradford Witness* says. The Presbyterian Band of Hope is holding regular meetings again. The meeting Friday evening week was well attended, and was in charge of the president, Rev. F. Smith. The ladies of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society are to take charge of the meetings alternately.

DR. HOWIE, of Palestine, delivered a lecture on the "Marriage Customs of the East" in the Presbyterian church, Dornoch, on the 21st ult. He pictured them in the most glowing terms. His language charmed all, and being clear, complete and to the point, all dispersed well pleased with the evening's proceedings.

THE reception given by the L. A. S. of Knox Church, Goderich, on Monday evening, was fairly well attended, and a pleasant evening was spent. The feature of the evening was the presence of the two mayoralty candidates. Refreshments were served by the ladies and a short programme of vocal and instrumental music rendered.

THE Golden Rule Mission Band of the Church of the Redeemer, Deseronto, recently held a very successful social, which netted them \$22.30. There was a large attendance of the public, and the entertainment, which was of a mission character, was well carried out by the children, who had been trained by Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Denmark.

THE third monthly entertainment of the Young Woman's Christian Association course will be given in their hall, 15 Elm Street on Monday evening, December 19. A specially attractive programme of piano, violin and vocal music has been arranged, in which some of the best talent of the city will take part. A cordial invitation is extended to all. A collection will be taken at the door.

A MOVEMENT has commenced among the former pupils of Bute House, Montreal, to found a scholarship in connection with McGill University, Montreal, in memory of Miss Annie M. McIntosh, who for a number of years was the beloved principal of Bute House, and whose earnest, faithful efforts have helped to build up the Christian womanhood of this country in the best knowledge of head and heart. Contributions towards this object will be thankfully received by Miss Mary Scott, editor *Woman's Journal*, Ottawa, Canada.

ON Monday evening week the church in Newmarket, says the *Era*, received a visiting deputation from the Toronto Presbytery, composed of Rev. Messrs. Wallace and Hamilton and Mr. Elder. There was a fair attendance and all three gentlemen gave pleasant and profitable addresses. The object of their visit was to encourage the membership in spiritual matters and to show that a bond of sympathy ran through the whole Presbytery, as well as to enquire and advise about church work. The visit was greatly appreciated.

THE Rev. I. W. Rae, of Acton, who visited Napanee during the recent Sunday School Convention, the *Napanee Express* states, has been engaged by the Young People's Association of the Western Methodist church, to deliver a lecture in the church on the evening of Friday, December 16, on the subject "The great Convention in the Smoky City, or American wit and humour bottled in Pittsburgh." The lecturer is so well known in town that comment is unnecessary, but we will add that the lecture has been delivered in several towns and cities in the west with great success.

A NEAT little paper, *St. Andrew's Church Gleavings*, published at Sherbrooke, Quebec, says: "Last week's CANADA PRESBYTERIAN contained an article, word for word, from *St. Andrew's Gleavings*, and yet not a word of acknowledgement. Fair play, big brother! We're small, and we're young, but we are fond of our rights all the same." That's right, the youngster that lustily asserts its rights is sure to have them conceded. For the inadvertence of which it complains the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN acknowledges its unintentional offence and makes the *amende honorable*.

A VERY pleasant and successful meeting of the Woman's Foreign Mission Society was held in the Presbyterian Church, Alma, recently. A varied and well-selected programme was presented, consisting of a number of choice pieces by the choir; a reading by Mrs. R. Fisher, "Mr. Bartlett's Thankoffering;" another by Miss E. Wallace, "My Missionary Box;" and an address, entitled "The Modern Crusade," by Mr. Barnett, student.

The offerings and collection amounted to \$11.75. A well-filled church, and the great interest shown, encourages the Society to go on in its work.

THE Rev. Dr. Cochrane has received \$200 from the Farrington Independent Church Sunday School, Bradford, their annual contribution, which they have continued for years, towards the support of a missionary in the North-West, and also the sum of \$29.77 towards the Home Mission fund and \$29.76 towards the Foreign Mission funds of our Church. These latter constitute the proceeds of a collection taken up after a sermon by Dr. Cochrane on Home and Foreign Missions in the Farrington church on the afternoon of November 27.

THE Presbytery of Winnipeg has authorized Mr. A. Fowler, B.A., the energetic missionary in charge of Morris, to solicit beyond the bounds of his own congregation the funds necessary to pay off the debt on the Morris church. This debt has long been a drain on the liberality of a small but generous congregation; and, since the cause is a good one, it is hoped Mr. Fowler will meet with a ready response. He is being supplied by authority of the Presbytery with testimonials from those who are personally acquainted with the circumstances of the congregation.

AT the regular monthly meeting of the Toronto Presbytery Council in the lecture-room of Knox Church last week Mr. W. Mortimer Clark, President, occupied the chair. Professor Maclaren delivered an address on "Impressions and Influences of the Pan-Presbyterian Council," which reviewed ably some of the leading features of the Council, which were heartily endorsed as tending to promote the welfare of the Church. A general discussion followed, in which a number of those present took part. At the next meeting, in January, the best steps to be taken by the Church for the rescue of neglected and destitute children will be considered.

THE Rev. James H. Beatt, the Presbyterian minister of Cumberland, was on Tuesday evening week made the recipient of an old-fashioned "Donation party." The members of his congregation, together with many of the villagers of all denominations to the number of sixty or seventy persons, took the manse by surprise. They brought with them a bountiful supply of winter provisions and a purse containing quite a snug little sum of money, which was especially intended for the lady of the house, in token of her interest in the welfare of the congregation. An impromptu programme, including music on the piano and songs, was pleasantly rendered. The company having spent a most enjoyable evening and given to the family the warmest assurances of their kind regards, left for home at a seasonable hour.

THE annual meeting of the Collingwood Auxiliary and mission band W. F. M. S. was held in the school-room of the Presbyterian church, Collingwood, on Thursday, December 1. The following officers were elected for 1895. Auxiliary: President, Mrs. Robertson; 1st vice-president, Mrs. Esling; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. A. Teller; secretary, Mrs. McCraney; treasurer, Mrs. Frame. Mission Band: president, Miss Ferguson; 1st vice-president, Miss Smith; 2nd vice-president, Miss Copeland; secretary, Miss K. Robertson; assistant secretary, Miss L. Bluz; treasurer, Miss F. Currie; assistant treasurer, Miss E. McBride. The president of the Duntroon Auxiliary, Mrs. Gray, who was present, gave a short address. After the transaction of the business, the meeting adjourned, and the members of the Auxiliary mission band spent a pleasant hour together over the "annual cup of tea."

THE anniversary services of Dorchester Presbyterian congregation were held on Sabbath, December 4, when the Rev. Principal Caven, D.D., preached morning and evening, and the pastor, Rev. William A. Cook, in the afternoon. The congregations were large and appreciative. The Rev. Principal's sermons were, as usual, scholarly in their simplicity and directness. Taking for his text at the morning service Psalms lxxxiv. 10, he showed forth the preference for and exceeding joy in the services of God's house, which the children of God had; and in the evening speaking from John i. 29: "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world." He dwelt impressively upon the work of Christ in His atonement for sin. At the afternoon service the pastor of the congregation took for his text, Luke v. 4: "Launch out into the deep and let down your nets for a draught." The annual social meeting was held on Monday evening, when an interesting and enjoyable programme was entered upon. The speakers were Revs. James Ballantyne, M.A., London; James Little, B.M.; John Currie, Belmont; G. M. Racey, Belmont (Episcopalian). The collections amounted to \$185.

PRESBYTERY OF TORONTO.—There was an attendance of forty-seven ministers and thirteen elders at the meeting of the Presbytery of Toronto held on Tuesday, the 6th inst. Reports were presented showing that twenty-eight charges had been visited by deputations from Presbytery during the last month, and that the work was in almost every instance progressing well. Some were strongly commended in the reports, and in some it was felt that the deputation was not satisfied. But in no instance was there a matter sufficiently grave to be reported to Presbytery. The deputations were cordially received, and in some places the hope was expressed that the system would be continued. Mr. Greathead, well known as an evangelical worker in this city, applied to be certified as a catechist. The committee appointed to examine expressed themselves as greatly pleased with Mr. Greathead's attainments and spirit, and only hesitated to certify him as a catechist to be employed elsewhere because of his recent connection with the Presbyterian Church. After a very full discussion it was agreed to certify Mr. Greathead and commend him to the care of the Presbytery of Peterboro', within whose bounds it is his wish to labour. A communication from Mr. Thomas McLachlan was allowed to lie on the table, pending official notification from the Presbytery of Hamilton.

A call was presented from the congregation at Mimico, addressed to the Rev. A. McMillan, and after commissioners had been heard was cordially sustained and placed in Mr. McMillan's hands. He signified his acceptance of the call, and it was agreed to meet on Tuesday, the 20th inst., at 3 o'clock in the afternoon for his induction. The Moderator of Presbytery will preside, Rev. J. A. Young will conduct public service, Rev. J. A. Grant will address the newly-inducted pastor, and Rev. A. Gilray will address the congregation. The settlement is looked upon as a peculiarly happy one. Mr. Hague, recently pastor of Doon and Hespeler, now resident in this city, was at his request transferred to this Presbytery and his name added to the roll, as being resident within the bounds. The following committee was appointed to co-operate with Rev. W. Burns in the Presbytery in his canvass for the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund: Dr. Parsons, Dr. MacFavish, J. Neil, J. Mutch, R. C. Tibb, J. A. Grant, J. A. Paterson and Mr. Meldrum, and given power to add to their numbers. It is Mr. Burns' intention to make a thorough canvass in behalf of the Fund. The committee appointed to effect the union of Chalmers Church, Scarborough, and East Toronto Church, reported that a very happy union of the two as one congregation had been effected. Schedules of the amounts asked from each congregation for the various Schemes of the Church were presented, and were referred to a committee composed of the conveners of the various Presbyterial committees already appointed, to bring in a final report. There is a desire to make these apportionments equitable, and a very gratifying desire found on the part of congregations to at least come up to the amounts asked. According to the notice given at the last meeting of Presbytery Mr. D. J. Macdonnell moved that "In the appointment of Commissioners to the General Assembly not fewer than one-half be appointed by election, and the remainder by rotation." After considerable discussion, it was moved in amendment by Professor Thompson "That the number of Commissioners elected to the General Assembly be one-third of the highest multiple of three not greater than the entire number of Commissioners, but that the Presbytery have power any year by a two-thirds vote to change the number." As it was late, and the Presbytery was thinning out, it was agreed to allow both motion and amendment to lie on the table till next meeting of Presbytery. Mr. Stewart gave notice that at the next meeting he would move "That in future the minutes of Presbytery be printed, and a copy sent to each member of Presbytery before the next succeeding meeting of Presbytery." Presbytery in adjourning agreed to meet on the second Tuesday in January, 1895, instead of the first Tuesday of the month as has been the custom.—R. C. TIBB, *Asst. Pres. Clerk*.

### HIGHER RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION EXAMINATION SYLLABUS.

The date of examination in connection with the Higher Religious Instruction schemes takes place on January 29, 1894. Each department is independent of all the others.

DEPARTMENT I.—BIBLICAL.—Junior and Intermediate.—International S. S. Lessons for 1893 Senior.—The same as for Junior, but with somewhat more difficult questions. Also an additional paper on "The Life of St. Paul," by Rev. James Stalker, M.A. Price 50 cents.

DEPARTMENT II.—DOCTRINAL.—Junior and Intermediate.—"The Shorter Catechism," by Prof. Salmond, D.D. Part II. Sec. I. Ques. 39-81. Price 25 cents. Senior—"The Shorter Catechism," by Alexander Whyte, D.D., pp. 101-154. Price 90 cents.

All Junior and Intermediate candidates who shall be certified by their pastors or superintendents as having answered correctly every question in the Shorter Catechism at one recitation, will receive a special certificate and their names will be reported to the General Assembly.

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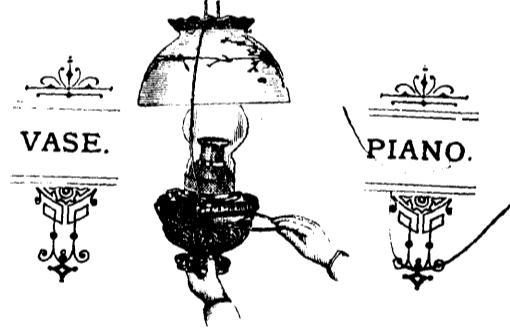
**HOLD ON**

To your money till you have seen our prices. Our strong combination of Variety, Quantity, Quality and Cheapness, will make this season's sales of Christmas Gifts the largest in our history.

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IF YOU ARE IGNORANT  
Of the fact that the Pittsburgh Lamp  
**IS THE KING OF LAMPS,**  
BANQUET.



**HANGING.**  
Or if you do not know that  
**It Dazzles all Competitors,**  
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TORONTO AND WINNIPEG  
SOLE WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR CANADA.

**DEPARTMENT III.—HISTORICAL.—Junior and Intermediate.**—"The Church of Scotland," by Rev. P. M'Adam Muir. Price 25 cents. Senior.—"Scottish Church History," by Rev. Norman L. Walker. Price 50 cents.

**REGULATIONS.**—1. Examinations will be held at many places in each Presbytery as the convenience of candidates may require; in every Sabbath school if desired. Presiding examiners will be appointed to make necessary local arrangements and superintend the examination.

2. Examinations will be held simultaneously on the day and at the hour named for each paper.

3. Question papers will be sent to any minister, Sabbath school superintendent, teacher or other responsible person who shall apply to the convener for them before January 15, 1894. In the requisition the candidate must be classified according to the grades (Junior, Intermediate or Senior) of the departments in which they wish to be examined. (See Regulation 5). It is not necessary to send names, as the coupon returned after the examination will contain all the particulars required for enrolment. The applicant will be held responsible for the proper observance of all regulations, and must either, if not a candidate, act as presiding examiner, or suggest the name of some trustworthy person, whose consent has been obtained, for appointment to that duty. Question papers cannot be issued to any candidates whose names do not reach the convener before January 15, as after that date parcels will be made up for Presiding Examiners.

4. Candidates may enter in any of the prescribed departments, but are recommended to limit themselves to one, or at most two. When the same work is prescribed for successive or subsequent years, as in the doctrinal department, no second diploma, prize or medal will be given for it to anyone, nor will a medallist be eligible for a prize. Successful candidates of a previous year are not excluded from entering, but if the work is the same as that on which they were formerly examined they must take a higher standing, i. e., the holder of the diploma must obtain at least 75 per cent. on the second occasion and one has taken a prize at least 90 per cent., in order to receive recognition.

5. Candidates between ten and fifteen years of age will rank as Juniors; those aged fifteen and under twenty as Intermediate, and those twenty years of age and older as Senior. Ages to be reckoned as on January 27, 1894.

6. Candidates obtaining 90 per cent. of the full marks in any department will be entitled to a silver medal; those obtaining 75 per cent., but less than 90 per cent., will be entitled to a book prize; and all candidates who obtain 50 per cent. will be entitled to a diploma.

7. The value of each paper will be 200, and two hours will be allowed for writing the answers.

8. One question paper for the whole church will be sent on each subject, and copies forwarded, under sealed covers, to the Presiding Examiners. The covers shall not be removed till the candidates have assembled, and the written answers shall be covered and sealed for transmission to the Rev. James G. Stuart, before the candidates leave the place of examination. The packages must be posted thereafter without delay.

9. A Quarterly Examination on the S. S. Lessons (Department I.) will be substituted for the Annual whenever a special request is made to that effect, but application must be made on or before January 31, in each year, stating the probable number of question papers that will be required each quarter. The foregoing regulations will be observed as far as applicable, and awards will be made on the aggregate marks of the four quarterly examinations.

**DEPARTMENT IV.—ESSAY.**—Theme for all Grades.—"The Life of the Apostle Paul."—Essays must be sent in not later than January 27, 1894. Each essay must bear a motto written at the top of the first page, and the writer's name must on no

**"August Flower"**

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower. Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

Q. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

account appear. It must be written on foolscap paper, and the sheets must be securely fastened together. Each essay must be the composition and in the handwriting of the candidate. A list of books consulted in the preparation of the essay must be given at the beginning of the manuscript, and quotations must be carefully marked. The writer's name, address, congregation, age, on January 27, 1894, and motto, must be written upon a slip of paper and enclosed with the essay to the Rev. James G. Stuart, B.A., 46 Stewart Street, Toronto, Ont. Medals, prizes and diplomas will be given to essayists as in the examinations. No essay in the Junior or Intermediate grades shall exceed 5,000 words, nor in the Senior 10,000 words, in length.

The following instructions to examiners of essays are published for the information of candidates.

1. The merits of each essay to be estimated more by the excellence of its matter than its literary form.

2. A fixed round number, say 200, to be taken by all the judges as representing the "full marks," due to an essay in all respects such as might be expected from a young person of the maximum prescribed age.

3. Of these marks a certain definite proportion, say three-fourths, to be given on the ground of (A) excellence of substance, and the remainder for (B) excellence of form. The marks may be apportioned as follows:

(a). I. For fulness of historical research combined with accuracy of historical statement—a maximum of 75. II. For aptness, sagacity, originality of investigation, illustration, comment or deduction—75.

(b). III. For excellence of style as regards choice of appropriate words and grammar, vigour, rhythm of sentence—25. IV. For symmetry and proportion of the composition as a whole, indicating some feeling for literary form—25.

**DEPARTMENT V.—TEACHER-TRAINING.**—The course in this department embraces:

A. A weekly study of the International Sabbath School Lessons.

B. A supplementary course covering three years. First Year 1893.—The principles and practices of teaching as applied to Sabbath Schools. Text Book, "The Sabbath School Teacher's Handbook," by Thomas Morrison, M.A., LL.D., Principal of the Free Church Training School, Glasgow. Price 70 cents. Second Year, 1894.—Christian Evidences. Text Book, "A Primer of Christian Evidences," by R. A. Redford, Professor of Systematic Theology and Apologetics, New College, London. One of the International Sabbath School Normal Text Books. Price 50 cents. Third Year, 1895.—The Bible the Sabbath School Teacher's Text Book," by Alfred Holborn, M.A. One of the International Sabbath School Normal Text Books. Price 70 cents.

For the prosecution of this course of study it is recommended that teachers and senior scholars form themselves into a class under the most competent leader that can be secured. The name and post office address of the leader, with 25 cents for each member, as enrolment fee, should be sent to Rev. James G. Stuart, B.A., 46 Stewart Street, Toronto, Ont., who will send in return *The Teacher's Preparation Leaflet*. This will contain an inductive study of the lesson, a working outline for class use, hints on the application of general principles to the teaching of the lesson, and an analysis of a portion of the text book. The text book will be covered in six months and repeated during the last half of the year. Classes may take it up during the first and fourth quarters if they wish.

A written examination will be held at the end of each quarter, and at the close of the year the certificate will be given to all who have obtained 50 per cent. of the total marks. At the end of three years the annual certificates will be exchanged for the diploma. No prizes or medals will be given in this department. The rules governing the examinations will be the same as in other departments as far as applicable. A class may begin at any time of the year, four consecutive quarterly examinations will count as a year.

While communications to either Convener in regard to any branch of the Sabbath School work will receive prompt attention, yet, for convenience, the work has been divided as noted after each name below, and correspondents will please govern themselves accordingly.

If a text book cannot be readily obtained through a local bookseller, the order (with price enclosed) may be sent to one of the Conveners who will see that it is filled.

REV. T. F. FOTHERINGHAM,  
107 Hazen Street, St. John, N. B., Statistics and Home Study Leaflet.

REV. JAMES G. STUART,  
46 Stewart Street, Toronto, Ont., Finance and Higher Religious Instruction.

Joint Conveners.

The examination on the syllabus for 1892 will be held on January 28, 1893. Applications for question papers, in accordance with regulation 3, should be sent to Rev. James G. Stuart without delay.

**OBITUARY.**

MRS. CATHARINE EASTMAN.

Mrs. Catharine Eastman, who died at her late residence in East Hamilton, the 5th December, was a daughter of Mr. Geo. Keefer, a U. E. Loyalist, who after the close of the Revolutionary War, left New Jersey, and settled in the Niagara district where Thorold now stands. Here his daughter Catharine—one of a family of fifteen—was born in 1809.

The influence of a Christian home on a disposition naturally amiable, early fruited in the formation of a lovely Christian character. In 1837 she married Mr. Wm. O. Eastman, only son of the Rev. D. W. Eastman, who was one of the pioneer ministers of the Niagara peninsula, beginning his work there 1801.

Her husband was a kindred spirit, earnestly devoted to the Master's service, and prevented from entering the work of the ministry only by his delicate health.

The newly married couple settled in the township of Gainsborough, Lincoln County, where they lived happily, and where seven children were born to them. In 1848 the husband and father died, leaving the subject of our sketch a widow, with six little children to care for. But her faith never failed her. With unwavering trust she faced a future that seemed very dark, save for the light of the promises which she pleaded. And God was her "refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble."

She remained in the home where she had known so much of joy and sorrow, till her children were grown; when in 1867, she removed to Tilsonburg, where she resided till about 1872. The last twenty years of her life she had spent with her children chiefly in Hamilton.

Her life was eminently one of loving, self-forgetful ministry, not only in her family, but in the Church, and among the poor, the sick, the bereaved. Her hospitality was generous. Her piety deep, earnest, unostentatious. She "walked with God." Both her life and her death exemplified that truth—"Thou will keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusted in Thee."

The last words quoted by her to the daughter who was her constant companion, were: "I have a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which is far better."

Her pastor, the Rev. Dr. Laidlaw, of St. Pauls Church, Hamilton, conducted the impressive funeral services, and accompanied the remains to their last resting place in the family burying ground at St. Anns.

Six children—four sons, one of whom is pastor of the congregation in Oshawa, and two daughters, one brother and one sister survive to mourn her loss.

The Toronto College of Music was opened last Thursday evening to a large gathering of Toronto's best people, who were invited to the conversation given by the faculty and students. A choice programme of music and readings was provided, after which selections were played at intervals by an orchestra under Mr. Faeder. The decorations were charming, and the arrangements perfect in detail. The college is noted for its delightful musical entertainments, and with the social element combined on last Thursday evening it fairly excelled itself.



The importance of purifying the blood can not be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

**100 Doses One Dollar**



ELEGANT AND DESIRABLE  
**Holiday Gifts,**  
SUITABLE FOR YOUNG AND OLD.

Make no mistake. Do not lay out a dollar in presents until you have seen our

**SPLENDID STOCK.**

A choice and well-selected line of new attractions in Christmas Goods for the many.

**EVERYBODY DELIGHTED. TRY US.**

**Kent Brothers,**

Manufacturers and Importers,

**168 Yonge Street, TORONTO:**

Diamonds, Watches, Jewellery, Clocks,

Silverware Novelties, etc.

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120- GOUT

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70-

60- LUMBAGO

50-

40- NEURALGIA

30-

20- SPRAINS

10-

0- SWELLINGS

10-

20- STIFFNESS

30-

REMEMBER ST. JACOBS OIL NEVER FAILS

CONQUERS PAIN

**British and Foreign.**

THE Rev. Adam C. Welch, of Waterbeck, has accepted the call to Helensburgh.

THE Rev. Mr. Aitken, of Aberdeen, has been elected to Falkirk West U. P. Church.

BRANKS from the old church of Kintore were sold lately in Dowell's auction rooms, Edinburgh, for about \$18.

THE Rev. A. B. Grosart, of St. Georges Presbyterian Church, Blackburn, has resigned his charge owing to a breakdown in health.

THE branches of the British Women's Temperance association have increased during the past year from sixty-five to one hundred and ten.

THE Rev. Dr. MacGregor, of St. Cuthberts, conducted divine service at Balmoral on a recent Sabbath, and dined with the Queen afterwards.

MR. DAVID DOUGLAS, publisher, Edinburgh, is arranging a collection of about 2,000 letters by Sir Walter Scott which have been preserved at Abbotsford.

THE annual meetings in Glasgow in connection with the London Missionary Society took place the other week. Lord Kelvin presided at the public meeting.

DALZIEL's agency, it is said, intend to raise an action for libel against Rev. Dr. Pierson, for asserting that their accounts of an interview with him are false.

THE Queen and Princess Beatrice honoured Mrs. Campbell, of Craithie manse, with a visit recently, and Rev. A. Campbell dined at Balmoral in the evening.

MR. ANDREW LANG, calculates from the fact that nine hundred novels are published every year, that there are at least one hundred thousand novelists in Great Britain.

THE funeral of Rev. John Stewart, B.D., of Calderhead, who died so suddenly at the bazaar in Glasgow, took place in Shotts amidst general mourning, all the shops being closed.

THERE is to be a posthumous volume of Sir Daniel Wilson's. It will consist of a collection of his shorter papers, and will bear the title, "The Last Atlantis and other Ethnographic Studies."

THE victim of the outrage by Chinese at Shensi was Bishop Hugh, who, though an Englishman, is a member of the Franciscans. Stoned so severely as to place his life in danger, he has yet recovered.

THE Hon. Gertrude and Emily Kinnaird were welcomed at a meeting in Edinburgh under the auspices of the local committee of the Zenana Bible and medical mission, and gave accounts of their work in India.

A YOUNG chief, named Mika Sematimba, who has come from Uganda with Rev. R. H. Walker, remarked on landing in England that our houses were very similar to those of his own country. He had been observing haystacks!

MR. HARRY ALFRED LONG, of Glasgow, takes much the same view as Professor Marcus Dods of the question of the lapsed. A hundred doors, he says, are open to anyone, whether rich or poor, who is willing to render allegiance to Christ.

THE congregation of Houghton-le-Spring, county Durham (which has been without a minister since the death of Rev. Dr. Milligan), has addressed a call to the Rev. Alexander Coskery, late of Coagh, Moneymore, in the Presbytery of Tyrone.

MR. JOHN M'GILCHRIST, M.A., of Bismore manse, Islay, who held the Snell exhibition at Oxford and graduated there with first-class honours, has gained at Glasgow University the Ferguson scholarship of \$400, tenable for two years.

THE right of licensing, of which the communes in Russia were deprived in 1885, is about to be restored to them, the right of veto given to them instead, which they exercised capriciously, having only resulted in an enormous illicit traffic.

THE Rev. William Ballantyne, who lately resigned the charge of the North U. P. Church, Langholm, died recently at the age of seventy-two. His ministry extended over forty-six years, and he was the "father" of Annandale Presbytery.

PROFESSOR CHEVNE has just finished a new book which, under the title of "Founders of Old Testament Criticism," will contain biographical sketches of the chief Old Testament critics from Grotius and Eichhorn to Ewald, Kuenen and Driver. It will practically be a historical sketch of the progress of the "higher criticism." It will be published early next spring.

MISS ELSIE ALLAN, eldest daughter and co-heiress of the late Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Allan, was married at Carstairs house, Lanarkshire, recently, to Mr. T. Eaton Lander, of Lahore, India. Rev. Dr. Black, of Wellington Church, Glasgow, officiated, assisted by Rev. R. M. Sharpe, of Carstairs, and Professor Drummond was groomsmen.

FARMERS AND MECHANICS—Provide your selves with a bottle of PAIN-KILLER. It is a prompt, safe and sure cure for many ills. It may save you days of sickness, and you will find it is more valuable than gold. Be sure you buy the genuine Perry Davis' PAIN-KILLER and take no other mixture. 25c. is a Cheap Doctor's Bill.

**MORSE VERSUS REMORSE**

DO MY CLEANING WITH MORSE'S MOTTLED.

THAT'S WHY I FIND SO MUCH LIESURE TIME.

"WHY, OH WHY DIDN'T I USE MORSE'S MOTTLED."

J.L. JONES TORONTO

**\$1000.00** PRIZES FOR POEMS ON ESTERBROOK'S PENS

20 of \$100, \$200.00  
30 of 50, 200.00  
100 of 25, 200.00  
300 of 10, 200.00  
48 Prizes, \$1000.00

Poems not to exceed 24 lines, averaging 8 words. Competitors to remit \$1.00 and receive a box of the new "Perry's" Pen and a fountain pen nib. Write name and address on separate sheet and poems before Jan. 1, 1893. Awards made by competent judges soon after. Send postal for circulars.

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CAN be made considerably more enjoyable if you get rid of every symptom of indigestion. The eminent and distinguished Dr. Guernsey, of Fifth Ave., New York, says that ADAMS' PEPSIN TUTTI FRUTTI not only insures perfect digestion, but also corrects any odor of the breath which may be present. Enjoy your life!

Sold in 5c. Packages by all Druggists.

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Free Catalogue, R. B. CHAFFIN & CO., Richmond, Va.

**Depression and Debility.**

None Need Suffer.



Household duties do so many fold, the women up far too much, prevent open air recreation. Thus the internal functions become paralyzed. Health and joy have fled. But to all who imbibe freely and often of nature's life-giving

**ST. LEON**

pleasure and strength will return. Un-speakable. Never knew it to fail. Never, never, never.

The only mistake made with St. Leon, people do not use enough at first. Keep filled up until the poisons are unloaded.

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The most Delicately Perfumed

POPULAR SOAP

OF THE DAY.

SOLD EVERYWHERE,

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THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP COMPANY.



**Strength**

is what—  
**JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF**  
imparts.

Forms Sinew and Muscle, and gives soundness to the Constitution.

**HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT**

An infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it has no equal.

FOR SORE THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, Glandular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for contracted and stiff joints it acts like a charm. Manufactured only at

THOS. HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 78 New Oxford St, London  
And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World.  
N.B. —Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter

Household Hints.

GINGER FRUIT CAKE. — Four eggs whites and yolks, beaten separately, one cupful of brown sugar, two cupfuls of New Orleans molasses; one cupful of butter, three-quarters cup of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the milk; two tablespoonfuls of ginger, one-half pound of chopped raisins, one-half pound of dried currants, one teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and allspice; sprinkle the fruit well with flour to keep it from setting in the cake; one quart of flour; add the whites of the eggs last and bake for an hour and ten minutes.

MINCE PIE. — Four pounds of raisins, stoned and cut fine, four pounds of currants, well washed, eight pounds of apples, peeled, core removed and cut up fine, three pounds of moist sugar, one and one-half pounds of candied peel cut fine, four pounds of suet, quite fresh, and finely shredded, three pounds and fillet of beef cooked and minced, quarter ounce of mixed spice, quarter ounce of ground ginger, mix all well together and place in a large, deep jar, then pour over hot sweet cider reduced to one quart by being boiled with a pint of maple syrup.

ROAST SPARE RIB. — A roast spare rib, with apple butter, was never absent from the beautifully-spread tables of an old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. Aside from the fact that roast meats—which are nowadays baked meats—do not taste as they used, few modern cooks know exactly how to prepare a spare rib. Cover the meat with a greased brown paper until about half done, then remove and dredge with flour. It must be basted frequently. About ten minutes before it is done, sprinkle fine bread crumbs seasoned with powdered sage, pepper, salt and finely-minced onion over the surface. Baste once during the ten minutes that it must remain in the oven. Lift out the meat to a hot dish, free the gravy from fat, thicken with browned flour, season to taste and send to the table in a gravy boat.

PUMPKIN PIE — Take off the rind and take out the seed of a small pumpkin. Cut the rest into small pieces and stew over a moderate fire with just enough water to keep from burning at the bottom of the pot. When stewed soft, turn off the water and steam over a slow fire for fifteen or twenty minutes, taking care not to scorch. Then remove from the fire and strain through a colander when cool. If the pies are to be very rich, to a quart of strained pumpkin put two quarts of milk and ten eggs; if plain, use only a quart of milk to one of pumpkin and three or four eggs. Add sugar, salt and ginger to taste. Mace and the grated rind of lemon can also be added if wished. Pumpkin pies require a very hot oven and long baking unless there are many eggs in them. Heat the mixture before filling into the paste, or the crust will bake too hard before the pumpkin is done.

PLUM PUDDING. — This requires three pints of milk, eight eggs, a ten cent loaf of baker's bread, one cupful of sugar, one pound of raisins, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla extract, and one half cupful of butter. Remove the seeds from the raisins. Place the milk and raisins in a double boiler, and make them boiling hot. Beat the eggs slightly, add the sugar then the boiling milk, the salt and vanilla. Slice the bread and spread it with the softened butter; then put the slices in the hot custard. Butter well a deep brown pudding pan. Put a layer of the soaked bread in; then more bread and more raisins until all is used, having the last layer of bread. Bake it in a slow oven for two hours. When ready for serving turn it from the pan into a pudding dish and use with it a hard sauce made from one-half cupful of butter, beaten to a cream, and one cupful of powdered sugar beaten into it until it is very light and creamy. Add one-half teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Pile it roughly on a pretty dish and grate nutmeg over it.

Gibson's Toothache Paste acts as a filling and stops toothache instantly. Sold by druggists.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.



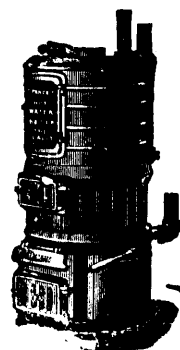
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CHRISTMAS NOVELTY SALE

In our Basement Fancy Goods Department.

China, Crockery and Glass Department.

We are now showing the finest, best and most complete assortment of

Novelties, Art Pottery, Bric-a-brac, Vases and Table Porcelains, Dinner Sets, Meat Sets, Tea Sets, Ice Cream Sets, Berry Sets, Tete-a-Tete Sets, Chocolate Sets, Fruit Plates, Chop Dishes, Lamps, Vases, Fancy Goods, Fish Sets, Game Sets, Salad Sets.

Books and Stationery Department.

A magnificent stock of Toy Books, Christmas Cards, Calendars, Book Sets in Cloth and Half Calfs, of every author, Bibles, Prayer Books and Hymn Books.

White China for Amateur Decorating.

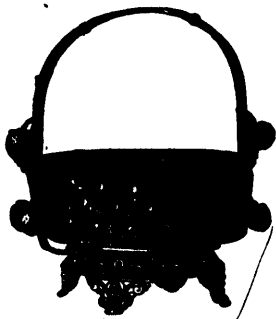
Our Motto: Quality and Price Speak Louder than words.

You will pay one quarter more elsewhere.

Silverware Department.

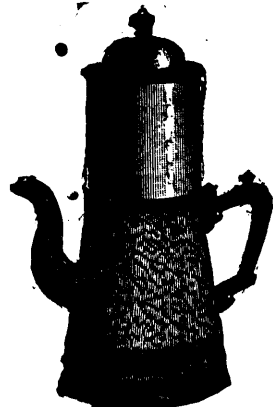
Best Quadruple Plate.

We have some of the latest and most attractive plate patterns and designs in all the different named articles, such as Berry Dishes, Fruit Dishes, Salad or Nut Bowls,



Bon Bon Baskets, Cake Baskets, Flower Pots, Pin Cushions, Trinket Trays, Pin Trays, Jewel Boxes, Perf Boxes, Shaving Cups and Brushes, Water Jugs, Pudding Dishes, Egg Stands, Biscuit Jars, Crumb Trays, Toast Racks, Butter Dishes in great variety. Also Pickle Cruets, Breakfast Cruets, Dinner Cruets and individual Salt and Pepper Cruets. Besides the above-mentioned articles, we have a large assortment of ornaments and all sorts of pretty little articles for Xmas.

Tin, Granite and Enamel and Plated Wares



are of the best quality at popular prices. Christmas Cake Tins of different descriptions, with movable bottoms.

In fact we have some of the finest articles adapted for Christmas presents that are to be seen in the city.

We have just received a fine line of Feeder Kettles in Nickel, Copper and Tin at LOW PRICES.

Dolls and Toy Department.

In connection with this department we have opened one of the largest and the finest basements in America, in which is placed the grandest assortment of Dolls varying in sizes from one inch to four feet, some representing the people of Greenland, Lapland, Finland, with their coats of fur; others, the Laddies and Lassies of Scotland, and the Clown and Punches of England—in fact every human being is represented, even to the Monkey of Africa.

Besides the Doll Department we have a large assortment of Fancy Toys—Blocks, Pyramids, also Waggon with one hundred Building Blocks, and parts for constructing toy churches, schools, in fact, every kind of a building the mind may imagine; it is one of the finest toys on earth for a boy. Besides the above we have hundreds of different classes of toys, such as Beds, Cradles, Stands, Tubs, Toilet Sets, Chairs, Carriages, Nine Pins, Soldiers, Indians Balls, Chimes, Mills, Hook and Ladders, Reels, Engines, Boats, Trains—some moved by steam, others by clockwork.

Our Sporting & Musical Part of the Basement

is a grand sight. There is to be seen a grand variety of Organs, imported from France, pouring out their melody. Some of the most popular and charming tunes are to be heard. Also a large display of Mouth Organs, Humming Tops, Magic Lanterns, Footballs, Boxing Gloves, in varied sizes.

Household Hints.

SCALLOPED CHICKEN.—Cut some raw potatoes into balls, or, if you have no French vegetable knife, cut them into uniform rectangular pieces. Parboil for ten minutes in salted water. Take about the same quantity of cold chicken cut in small pieces. Make a sauce by thickening the chicken water (obtained by stewing the bones and remnants) with corn starch mixed smoothly with hot butter. Use milk if you have not sufficient liquor. To one pint of liquor and one egg beaten, and season to taste. Put a layer of meat in a baking-dish, then a layer of potatoes, then sauce to cover them, another layer of each, and cover with cracker crumbs moistened in melted butter. Bake half an hour.

A HARD CORNER.

The age of 30 is a hard corner for a woman to turn, and 35 is still harder. She feels that she is fast leaving her youth behind her. But there is no reason why a woman should be faded and *passee* at 35, or even at 45. The chief cause of the early fading of American women is found in the fact that many of them suffer from some form of female weakness or disease which robs the face of its bloom, draws dark circles about the eyes, brings early wrinkles and sallowness, and stamps the face and figure with signs of ill-health. Dr. Pierce's Favourite Prescription will cure all these troubles, will bring back the lost bloom, and remove the pains and ailments which make women grow old before their time. Guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case, or price (\$1.00) refunded.



IT RESTS THE BACK Most women know all about the misery of wash-day. To many it means Backache, Sore Hands, Hard Rubbing over a steaming tub, and long hours. This falls to the lot of those who use poor, cheap, and injurious soaps.



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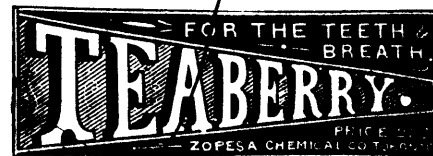
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We offer special advantages in the quality of our Organs, and in financial arrangements.  
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Miscellaneous.

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NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES, 25 CENTS.

**MARRIED.**  
At Oakville, on Tuesday, November 22, by the Rev. S. S. Craig, Charles H. Cross to Miss Etta Jordan, daughter of Wm Jordan, Brampton.

At Oakville, on Tuesday, November 22, by the Rev. S. S. Craig, John L. Leach, of Port Credit, to Miss Bella Cross, only daughter of John Cross, sr., Oakville.

**DIED.**  
At Aiken, South Carolina, on December 7, Olive Elizabeth, daughter of James and Julia Loudon, aged 17 years.

On Friday, 9th of December, at her late residence, 120 Winchester street, Harriett Augusta, daughter of the late Andrew Elliott, Montreal, and beloved wife of Wm. Mowat, of this city.

At his residence, Guelph, Sunday morning, 11th December, J. B. Armstrong, aged 55 years.

**MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.**  
**BRANDON.**—In Portage la Prairie, Tuesday, March 14, at 3 p.m.  
**GUELPH.**—In Knox Church, Guelph, Tuesday, January 17, at 10.30 a.m.  
**HURON.**—At Goderich, on the 17th January at 11 a.m.  
**MONTREAL.**—In the Presbyterian College, on Tuesday, January 10, at 10 a.m.  
**OWEN SOUND.**—In Division St. Hall, Owen Sound, Tuesday, December 20, at 10 a.m.  
**PETERBOROUGH.**—In St. Pauls Church, Peterborough, on second Tuesday in January, at 9.30 a.m.  
**QUEBEC.**—In Morrin College, Quebec, on the 22d February, at 4 p.m.  
**STRATFORD.**—In Knox Church, Mitchell, on January 17, at 2 p.m.

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Pure Concentrated Cocoa  
Is Recommended by the highest Medical Authorities  
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Come and see.  
• W. H. BENTLEY.

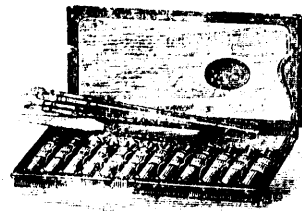
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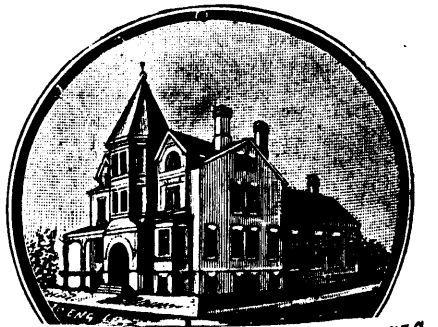
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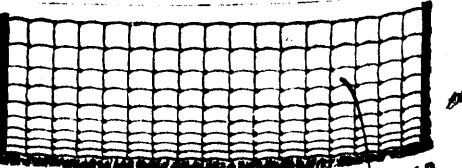
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