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THE CANADIAN PRESBYTERIAN

TORONTO ENGRAVING CO.

Vol. 1.—No. 9. (New Series).
Whole No. 308.

Toronto, Friday, December 28th, 1877.

\$2.00 per Annum, in advance.
Single Copies, Five Cents.

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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A SUITABLE New Year's gift would be a copy of the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN sent for a year to an absent son or daughter. It will be a reminder every week of the "loved ones at home."

PRINCIPAL TULLOCH is to be nominated for the Moderator's chair at the next General Assembly of the Scotch Established Church, and Dr. Andrew Bonar, of Glasgow, is designated for the same position in the Assembly of the Free Church.

A NOTE, just received from Rev. J. Little, informs us that the late Miss Tamar Galbraith, of Princeton, bequeathed the sum of \$500 to Knox College. Another correspondent asks the present indebtedness on the building, a question which we shall try and answer in next issue.

NOW that Plevna has been taken, the objective point of the Russ'ans appears to be Erzeroum, and preparations are being made for a vigorous assault upon that city. It differs from Plevna in having long been a city of the first importance commercially, and it is better fortified. The fortifications of Plevna had all been erected since last July.

IT is not every man who gets twice married with only one wife. This privilege belongs to the great. The Duke of Norfolk having taken Lady Flora Hastings for better, for worse, in an elaborate ritual, was immediately re-married by the registrar of the district. Marriages, unless celebrated in a Protestant place of worship, are not legal in England. No doubt his grace looked upon the double ceremony as going from the sublime to the ridiculous.

THE Pope is reported better. It is esteemed of sufficient importance to telegraph the fact that one of the sons of the King of Italy made a special request to be furnished with authentic information as to the condition of the Pope's health, and that the request had been received with "respect" and "courtesy." Possibly the incident is a straw showing that the talked of reconciliation between the Vatican and Victor Emmanuel is really to take place.

ACCORDING to official reports the Russian losses in the fighting preceding the surrender of Plevna were ten officers and 182 men killed, and forty-five officers and 1,207 men wounded. The Turks lost 4,000 killed and wounded, and the prisoners include ten pashas, 128 staff officers, 2,000 officers, 30,000 infantry, and 1,200 cavalry. Seventy-seven cannon were also captured. The first body of prisoners, numbering 10,000, have started for Bucharest.

THE Sabbath Schools of Peterborough and Ashburnham having united in inviting the Provincial S.S. Association to hold their next annual meeting there, the Association has accepted the same and will consequently meet in Peterboro' next October. Peterboro' is a fine, thriving town, and no doubt the inhabitants will make a great effort to welcome the delegates in a hearty and hospitable manner.

MISS TUCKER, so well known over the initials "A.L.O.E.," writing from India, says: "There are many natives who believe that Christianity is the truth, and must ultimately prevail—many who lack courage to come out boldly. The great wall of idolatry has had many bricks quietly removed from it; it may fall at last perhaps suddenly, with a crash that will startle those who are now incredulous as to the progress of Christianity in India."

THE Presbytery of Glasgow of the Free Church of Scotland considered the charges brought against Dr. Marcus Dods lately, and concluded to disapprove the sermon on the inspiration of the Scriptures, published by Dr. Dods, but did not affirm that what was contained in the sermon was contrary to the standards of the Church. But the vote was very close. Fifty-four votes for this resolution were cast, while fifty-one members of the Presbytery were in favor of a weightier censure. There was no formal trial. Presbytery exercised its episcopal power in the matter.

ON the forenoon of Sabbath the Rev. Dr. Cunningham, in the East Parish Church, Crieff, at the close of his discourse again lectured his hearers on their close-fisted conduct and unwillingness to give to the cause of Christ, and declared that many in connection with the Church of Scotland would not give a sixpence though it would save their souls. He also said that he hoped he would not live to see the day when the Church of Scotland would be disestablished, for its present half-starved ministers would then be wholly starved if they had to depend on the free-will offerings of their congregations.

CANON FARRAR has been delivering two sermons on eternal punishment, in Westminster Abbey, which are remarkable for the absence of argument and exegesis of Scripture, and are noteworthy as only intense expressions of strong feeling. He avowed the conviction that the future state of the finally impenitent was unknown; but in support of this adduced neither argument nor Scripture proof. He declared that he could not preach what was called Universalism, nor could he accept the belief of merely conditional immortality. The Canon has only succeeded in telling people that in regard to this matter his own mind is much befogged.

IN our issue of the 14th inst., a communication appeared under the heading "Sabbath Reading—a Warning," and signed "Sabbath Observance." It related to the character of the "Northern Messenger" as unsuitable for distribution in Sabbath Schools, and to the treatment our correspondent had received at the hands of the proprietors of the Montreal "Witness" on his remonstrating with them for recommending the "Messenger" as a Sabbath School paper. We have just received a communication from Mr. Dougall in answer to "Sabbath Observance," but as it is too long for insertion in full, all we can do is to state the points of his reply: (1) He denies that the "Northern Messenger" is any more a secular paper than the "Presby-

terian." (2) He affirms that instead of our correspondent's "Witness" having been stopped before the time expired, it was continued some weeks after the subscription ran out. (3) He explains that he did reply to "Sabbath Observance's" remonstrance, through the "Weekly Witness," which he now supposes his correspondent did not see; and he forwards us a copy of the reply. (4) He states that our correspondent was always an active friend of the "Witness" and hopes he will continue so.

THE London correspondent of the "Glasgow Herald," writes:—Scotch Presbyterianism is making considerable progress in London. Already there are four clergymen belonging to the body who are in receipt of £1,000 a year. Church building and church extension are in active progress, and the outlook, on the whole, is hopeful as well as healthy. A new Presbyterian Church is in course of construction at Crouch End, and the church at Woolwich has recently been altered at an expense of £4,000. There is to be a celebration of the event on Thursday, at which the chief Presbyterian ministers of the Metropolis will be present. Dr. Oswald Dykes will preach in honor of the occasion on Sunday. I am told that the influence of the Church among the soldiers of the garrison has grown very greatly of late, and the demand for increased accommodation has made the alterations necessary. Perhaps it may interest some of your readers to learn that what some of their forefathers would have called Prelacy is creeping into the Presbyterian worship. In more than one of the Scotch congregations something approaching to ritual is observed. Not only are the psalms intoned, but the Lord's Prayer is repeated by the members in precisely the same way as in the English Church.

THE following are the topics suggested by the Evangelical Alliance for the week of prayer, January 6-13, 1878:—Sabbath, January 6: Sermons: Christian union perfected. Rev. vii. 9, 10.—Monday, January 7: Prayer and praise: Remembrance of personal and relative mercies; prayer for the divine blessing on past privileges, and for a humble and contrite spirit.—Tuesday, January 8: Prayer: For the Church of Christ in all lands; for its deliverance from error; its increase in faith and holiness, and in power as a witness for the Lord Jesus Christ; for the grace and guidance of the Holy Spirit.—Wednesday, January 9: Prayer: For Christian families—for sick and afflicted members; for children at school, and for all youth in our colleges and seminaries of learning: for young men entering upon the active business of life, and for those abroad; for our sons and daughters openly confessing Christ.—Thursday, January 10: Prayer: For nations—for rulers, magistrates, statesmen; for the army and navy; for all benevolent and philanthropic institutions; for religious liberty and the opening of doors "wide and effectual" for publishing the Gospel; and for the reign of righteousness and peace.—Friday, January 11: Prayer: For Christian missions to the Jews and Gentiles; for Sunday Schools, and for the divine blessing on all Christian efforts to spread the glad tidings of the gospel of salvation.—Saturday, January 12: Prayer for the circulation of the Bible; for the observance of the Sabbath; for the removal of intemperance; for the rescue of the fallen; for the safety of those who travel by land and by water.—Sabbath, January 13: Sermons: Christian life. "Let your light shine." Matt. v. 16.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

THE WILL OF THE FATHER.

"It is not the will of your father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish." St. Matthew xvii. 14.

There are two thoughts brought before us here. The one is the will of God, the other is one of the objects of that will, that none of those whom Christ calls "little ones" should perish.

I would speak to you of the will of God, not as a mystery, but as a power. I do not ask you to enter on the speculation what the will of God is, whether it might also be justly named the law of the universe; whether it is absolute, acting independently of all conditions; whether a thing is right because God wills it, or whether God wills it because it is right. All these are profound mysteries on which I have no call to speak, and you, perhaps, would be but little disposed to listen.

No! I speak of the will of God as a power, acting upon men's hearts. We all need power from on high, and there is no power so mighty, whether to stir or to soothe the heart of man, as the thought of the will of God.

I say whether to stir or to soothe. Let me throw light on both these parts of its power by two anecdotes. Many of those whom I now address must at some time of their lives have made the journey to Paris. Some of them, in going or returning, will have spent a few quiet hours under the shadow of the cathedral of Amiens, one of the spots which more than most others recalls the past history of ancient France in what are called, sometimes in regret, sometimes in decision, the Ages of Faith. Close to the east end of that glorious cathedral, in the centre of a small open space, stands the statue of an orator, holding in his hand a crucifix, and speaking with impassioned voice and gesture. Below his feet, on the massive pedestal, are inscribed the words, *Dieu le veut. It is the will of God.*

Who, do you suppose, is this orator, and what is the historical event to which those words refer? The orator is Peter the Hermit, a native of Amiens, and the event is the first crusade. In the year 1094 a council was held at Clermont by Pope Urban II. He spoke to an audience already charged to fever heat by the fiery eloquence of Peter. It has been written by a sober, sometimes almost cold, historian, "Never, perhaps, did a single speech of man work such extraordinary and lasting results as that of Urban II. at the Council of Clermont. . . . The Pontiff could scarcely conclude his speech: he was interrupted by ill-suppressed murmurs of grief and indignation. At its close one loud and simultaneous cry broke forth: It is the will of God! It is the will of God!"

The thought of the will of God is, as I said, mighty to stir. It is also mighty to soothe. Fourteen years ago the aged Archbishop of Dublin lay on what proved to be his dying bed. He was a man, as many here must know, unmatched for keenness and hardness of intellect, for physical energy, and for sharpness of wit. He was on in his seventy-seventh year, suffering intense physical pain, and well knowing that this pain must follow him to the bitter end. "His uselessness," as he calls it, was the especial trial to his active spirit. "One day," writes his chaplain, "when I went to see him, on my entering his study he looked up, and said, with tears in his eyes, 'Have you ever preached a sermon on the text, 'Thy will be done?' 'How do you explain it?' When I replied, 'Just so,' he said, 'that is the meaning;' and added, in a voice choked with tears, 'But it is hard—very hard sometimes—to say it.'"

These two instances, so different in all else, are alike in this, that they make us think of the will of God. If they teach any lesson at all, they teach us that we may obey the will of God in suffering. There is a bond, not of mortal framing, which links together the enthusiasm of the crusader and the resignation of the dying. At this point the two extremes meet. Our greatest activity, our greatest feebleness, here come together under the eye of Him who is at once the Almighty, and the Father who doth not afflict willingly. Our energy and our weakness alike seem to say: "Follow the counsel of St. Paul: strive to learn the one lesson of life—that, in all your work and in all your trials, you may 'prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.'"

And let us not imagine, Christian friends, that it is easy to learn that lesson. The best of us learn it very slowly, and amid countless mistakes. The crusaders had not learned it, though they thought they had learned it, though they gave so magnificent a proof of its power, though thousands of them even died in the faith that they were fighting for the will of God.

We who look back on their splendid devotion, we who have learned more of the spirit of our Master, we can see that they mistook the Divine will. To turn Europe loose upon Asia, to unchain in the name of religion every fierce and vengeful passion, to make the streets of Jerusalem run knee-deep in blood to avenge the wrongs done to a crucified Saviour—this was an error, this was fanaticism, this was not the will of the Father in heaven, who willed not that any of His little ones should perish. This assuredly, though an act of passionate faith, was not "the good and acceptable and perfect will of God." For the curbing of ill-tempered zeal, for the "warning of vehement, high, and daring natures," who know what it is to hate sin, but know not yet what it is to love sinners, let us hear the terrible admission of the Christian historian, when recording the capture of Jerusalem by the first crusaders, those devoted champions of the supposed will of God. "No barbarian," he says, "no infidel, no Saracens, ever perpetrated such wanton and cold-blooded atrocities of cruelty as the wearers of the Cross of Christ, who, it is said, had fallen on their knees and burst into a pious hymn at the first view of the Holy City."

Christian brethren, let me tell you what this history says to ourselves. We want the crusading spirit without the

crusaders' mistakes. We want strong characters, strong loves, strong hatreds, strong resolutions. Above all, we want the conviction, *It is the will of God!* Without this conviction nothing great was ever done. Look at the lives of great men. You will see that their greatness is always due, when you pierce to the centre, to this conviction, graven on their inmost conscience, and transfused into their very life blood, *It is the will of God.* It is not their tact, or knowledge, or high breeding, or physical courage—no, nor even their moral courage—that has made them remove mountains of loathsome abuses, and hurl them into the sea of contemptuous forgetfulness. It has been their faith, their certain assurance that they were acting not for themselves, but for another; in a word, their conviction, *It is the will of God.* Before this conviction all smaller wills have gone down. All mere gentlemanly hesitations, and sham conventionalities, and anxieties not to go too far, and lookings back to see if any, and who, were following—all such doomed imbecilities have gone down like leaves before the hurricane. The strong men have stormed the kingdom of heaven. Or, in plain English, the right has been done and the evil has been exterminated by the faith of men who laughed to scorn their puny opponents, strong in that unfeigned, that uncompromising, nay at times that pitiless conviction, *It is the will of God.*

I have said above that it is not always easy to discern the will of God. But there is one object of the will of God which is seldom dark to the Christian eye. *God wills the rescue of weakness.* "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

Let us for the moment try to look upon the world with the eyes of Christ. He came to found a new kingdom. The one ambition was to be righteousness. The one law was to be love. Hard at best would be the struggle. His servants to keep faithful to their truth. Their own inward frailty would too often be taking up rebel arms. But besides this inherent frailty, He saw the world full of offences—full of obstacles of man's planting, full of things making it hard to walk upright, and only too easy to trip and fall. And as He thought of the many weak ones who would be kept from Him by these offences—kept from him while on their way to Him, stretching out weak hands to Him, calling to Him with feeble voices—His human heart swelled with pity and indignation. He denounced His most awful woe on all who should offend one of His little ones, and all this He based on the will of His heavenly Father, who willed not that one of them should perish.

Who, then, are the "little ones" of whom the Saviour speaks? Let history and human nature and our own experience give the answer. It is a solemn and a pathetic procession that passes before us. It is the company of the wronged, the oppressed, the neglected, the forgotten, the ignorant, the tempted, the corrupted, the fallen. No nation is unrepresented in that obscure army of unrecognized martyrs. Men are there, and women in cruel numbers, and little children. If the question be addressed to the history of the Christian Church, who have been our "little ones?" one age would reply, "The victims of the imperial persecutions;" and another, "The Allagenses that were massacred by Innocent III.;" and another, "The countless victims, Christian and Jewish, of the Spanish Inquisition." These venerable wells, and the walls of our great metropolitan cathedral, are sacred with the memories of men who would all have a voice in defining Christ's "little ones." Howard would reply, "The hapless dwellers in our gaols." Wilberforce would reply, "The West Indian slaves." Dickens would reply, "The poor children in the workhouse." Burke, whose dust lies at his own home, would say, "The millions of India." Many now would say, "The millions of Bulgaria." Others, who know something of the work that has been done by the best men and women of England during the forty years of this eventful reign, will carry back their thoughts to the factory and to the mine, and to the agricultural gang, and to the dark chimney, and to the ragged school, and to the training ship, and to the reformatory, and to the penitentiary and to the migration to Canada. To such persons the mere allusions to these well-known names will summon up troop after troop of Christ's "little ones" all of whom were ready to perish, some of whom have been plucked from the depths of ruin, not by chance, not by an enlightened regard for self-interest, nor by abstract pity for suffering, nor even by the sacred passion of patriotism, but by Christian zeal and Christian devotion of minds haunted by the declaration of their Master, that it was not the will of His Father and theirs that one of His little ones should perish.

And do not imagine Christian friends, that what was with these good men and women an instinct, is one of the primary instincts of human nature. It is not so. The primary instinct of human nature is to let weakness be sacrificed. In our days of civilized Paganism, if a new-born child seemed weakly, it was exposed to die. As slaves we know what were the instincts of civilized Paganism as interpreted by some of the most exalted intellects that the world has ever seen. And even now it is the priest and the Levite who represent but too faithfully the primary instinct of humanity, which takes suffering and degradation for granted, assumes that there must be waste and ruin, casts upon the fallen an eye of criticism more or less curious, more or less indifferent, and then, with some common-place on the law of averages or the struggle for existence, "passes by on the other side."

"It must needs be that offences come." The weak and the unsuspecting must trip, and must fall. So far the spirit of Christ is in agreement with the spirit of the world. Each uses the same words, but with how different a feeling, and with what different deductions. The common-place man of the world says it with a shrug of the shoulder, as a conclusive reason for leaving matters as they are, for leaving nations to their fate, men to their fate, weak women to their fate, even little children to their fate. In Western Europe there is no such fatalistic cold-hearted man of the world, entrenched behind the statistics of degradation. The thing must be. There must be waste in the human world as in the world of nature. "Of

fifty seeds," so the poet reminds us, nature "brings but one to bear." The general who has to cross a great river in the face of the enemy, makes up his mind beforehand to sacrifice twenty thousand, perhaps thirty thousand, of his soldiers. That is the tribute which ambition pays to waste. There are inferior races and lower classes, and insignificant members in each race and class, and it is by their necessary, if not voluntary, abasement that the power, the leisure, the refinement, nay, even the purity of the upper is preserved and transmitted. Let us not, then, be too much shocked by "offences." Peace to the world because of offences, for it must needs be that that offences come.

So speaks, or thinks, the spirit of the world. But, oh! how different the tone of the spirit of Jesus Christ. There is one occasion, only one, recorded on which Jesus rejoiced in spirit. It was at the thought that things hidden from the wise and prudent had been revealed by the common Father unto babes. Does not this joy of the Saviour—may I venture to say, without irreverence, this chivalrous joy?—help us to measure the anguish with which that opposite reference to weakness fell from His lips! "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come."

It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish.

Where the world sees necessary waste, Jesus sees the material for rescue. Where the world sees the law of the average, Jesus sees the will of the Father. The world sees bodies, instruments, servitude: Jesus sees souls, personal responsibility, the glorious liberty of the children of God. The world reposes in torpid acquiescence: Jesus is fired by a holy impatience. The world says "Veni vici." No hope for the mass of the miserable ones; Jesus says, "See that ye despise not one of these little ones."

O my brethren, are these merely rhetorical contrasts—a trick of words that die, and die deservedly as soon as they are uttered—or do they show us, show our consciences, our resolutions, our ambitions—show us here and show us now—two ways of looking upon human life? I will not ask you which is the more excellent way? On that we are agreed. Rather I will ask you, is the more excellent way still possible? Can a life be laid and built, like a goodly vessel, upon those lines—a life that may be launched with honour, and reach at last a heavenly haven?

Are there no "little ones" now to be cared for, no "offences" to be removed, is there no slavery to be abolished?

Just seventy years ago, when, by a glorious and memorable majority of 233 to 16, the House of Commons decided that the Slave Trade should die, the friends of Wilberforce crowded to his house in Palace Yard to wish him joy of this long-deferred triumph. He replied joyfully to one of them, "Well, what shall we abolish next?" Since that day there has been much to abolish in England; many a house of bondage then unsuspected, many an "offence" in the path of Christ's "little ones." And who shall say that the task is now complete, and that the will of the heavenly Father has been at last accomplished? The "offences" which cause ruin may be less flagrant than of old; their action may be more subtle, the means for removing them may also be more subtle, and leave a less conspicuous mark on history; but they are none the less real. Christ's "little ones," if only we have open Christ-like eyes, we have always with us—in our country, in our parish, in the circle of our friends, perhaps in our family.

Do I address any to-night who are undecided as to their life's career? Are there any men—any young men—who are not satisfied with living for themselves? Are there any women, who, with leisure on their hands, find the life of society tame and flat, and long for the stir of some Christian campaign? Can I do wrong in suggesting to you, as your call to newness of life, the old cry of the crusaders, *It is the will of God*, only tempering that cry by the gracious and tender interpretation of it, It is the will of God that not one of His little ones should perish? If the Spirit of God, who alone can inspire any fasting devotion, can stamp this conviction deep in the heart of any here present, then will be proved once more the truth, the abiding truth, of the Saviour's promise, *My words shall not pass away.*

It is on His words that we have been dwelling. We have tried to catch their spirit. We have tried, not so much to prove, as to make it felt, that they are still living. We have shown that illustrious lives have been lived in the faith of them, and farous causes fought and won in their name. And now we say here to one and another, aiming our shaft at a venture, but believing that among so many it will somewhere hit, "Go and do thou likewise." Search out for some of Christ's "little ones"—weakness in some form, weakness despised, down-trodden, sorely tempted, much degraded, on the brink of perishing. Ask how it has all come to pass, and why its state is still so pitiable. Understand, too, why it is that other attempts to restore have failed, and why there be many that say that no restoration is possible. And then confront all these cries of despondency, however proud the tone with which they announce their conclusions, with the one strong declaration of your Master: "It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of His little ones should perish."

The power of this truth is greater than the power of all the other half truths. In the faith of Christ many have rested from their labours—may sleep in the churchyards of England, and many sleep here beneath our feet, or beneath the stone floor of other cathedrals—who have lived and died proving, as well as believing, that this promise was true. They have taken Christ at His word. They have learned from Himself to know the true mind of His Father. They have proved that what was impossible with man was possible, and even easy, and at last triumphant, with God.

He cannot be accounted you—g who outliveth the old man.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

EARLY and provident fear is the mother of safety.—*Edmund Burke.*

BETTER to carry away a little of the life of God in our souls, than if we were able to repeat every word of every sermon we have heard.—*DeSales.*

*Miltman's "History of Latin Christianity," Book vii., Chap. vi.

* Preached in Westminster Abbey.

ESSENTIAL ELEMENTS OF A HOME.

Am I not warranted in saying that these are two—*love and order*?

The fire burning on the hearth may be bright and warm, but without love the house is but a house; it is not a home. I have pictured the loneliness of the man without the congenial answering half: cannot many a one understand this who is living drearily enough, in lodgings "without cheer of sister or of daughter, without stay of father or of son?" But there is a far, far worse kind of loneliness. To be joined formally to another, to have the tie of outward relations whilst the soul is dwelling all the while apart, the advance of years only witnessing the upgrowth into ranker and ranker luxuriance of some root of bitterness, the sweet wine of affection changing into the sour gall and vinegar; to be living day by day with one whose intimacy cannot be shaken off, but is there only to irritate and wound—oh! surely of all types of wretchedness that is the wretchedest; the most arid desert were social compared with that. But it is not that which is realized, alas too often! in gilded palace and lowly cot? A house with all the signs of a home, but wanting the other thing, love, what better is it than a prison in which the deepest nature of man or woman is immured, left slowly to die, "abiding alone?" Whatsoever cuts love's golden cords, destroys home. The relations that are not love's cords are mere bands of iron.

The home must be founded on love. I have heard of persons who married without love, and, as the result of intimacy, grew into each other's affection, and lived joyfully all the days of their life. This is possible; it is a *may be*; but the *may not be* is quite as likely, and the risk is one which ought not to be run. Build up as you found in love. Remember, pure love, as distinct from mere passion, or mere fondness, as supposing spiritual affinity, belongs to a higher clime than that of earth. It has a marvellous vitality. "Many waters cannot quench it; neither can the floods drown it." But it needs the food convenient to it; though waters cannot quench it, it will die if left to feed on itself. A hasty word, which no sooner uttered you would give worlds to recall, may prove the beginning of its end. Let us, above all, take care of temper. Temper is the east wind of home. Ill-natured or peevish ways are the gales which wither the flowers that are proper to the fireside. Love cannot thrive except where there is mutual forbearance, mutual kindness, mutual consideration. Its life is sacrifice, each taking the other to its heart, and all bearing as one the burden. Sacrifice is the *beauty*, the very *being* of home.

And love is the parent of *order*. It was Love brooding over chaos, moving on the face of the waters, that made a world. Love is always orderly, because it is always dutiful. We recollect that Wordsworth describes Duty as the "stern daughter of the voice of God." But what does he add?

"Stern lawgiver, yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens through thee are
fresh and strong."

This duty which comes of love and is realized in order, is the light—the unerring light and security—of home. When its wand ceases to wave, the fireside, instead of being a world becomes a chaos. Order is truth; every one in the right place, parent in the place of parent, child in the place of child, master in the place of master, servant in the place of servant. Harmony is the soul of music, and there is no music, no peace, nothing right, where there is disorder. It is a grand word that of King Lemuel with regard to the blessed woman, "In her tongue is the law of kindness." Kindness, you see, but *the law* of kindness.

Ah! it is a sight to make angels weep, when all order is traversed by the moral disorder introduced through one or another of the fireside group; when it is the head, fitful in temper, irregular in habits, across whose bleared and bloated face are being written the awful characters, "Drunkard;" when it is the child whose evil ways are turning the dark hair of the parent into gray, and bringing that gray hair with sorrow to the grave! How terrible when the glare of another fireside—that which is lighted of hell—is cast across the kindly light of the fireside at home! That light which has most of heaven on earth in it, whose kindness our peasant-poet has expressed in lines which the child of toil can so well understand—

"His wee bit ingle blinkin' bonnie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thrifty wifie's snile.
The lispin' infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
And makes him quite forget his labour and his toil."

Let me conclude with a gospel-picture. It bid us away to a quiet village nestling on the slope of Olivet. In one of its houses, live a brother and two sisters united in dearest sympathy and affection. They are seated enjoying the cool evening breeze, when a stranger approaches. It is He of whom they have heard so much, and about whom they have spoken so often to another. "Would he come into their house?" He pauses near the entrance. Instantly the elder of the sisters opens, "Master, enter." And he enters, and first he says, "Peace to this house." "The Son of Peace" is there, and his peace remains. Henceforth in that home he is the Lord. Around him the three are wont to group. How they listen, their souls bursting as beneath the breath of spring, while, his life-giving words flow over them. He is the all in their all, the subject of the most joyful conversations, the one centre of their thought and life. Is not this the sketch of a home in which Christ's peace is dwelling? His presence its light! The sweetest fireside talks those which are fullest of him! A new tenderness in all affections! A new feeling woven into "the aggregate of little things!" The atmosphere purer! Joy and pastime

all the brighter, and care's heavy burden lightened, and even sorrow's bitter cup made sweeter! Who shall say that this is but a fond imagination, but an empty dream? It has been realized; some of us, looking back to childhood's days, can answer *thine happy they who can!* "Such a home we recollect." It may be, will be, realized whenever love and order are truly "in the Lord," wherever parent or child who form the fireside will do as Martha did, receive this Jesus, this Prince of Peace, into their house: May those who read this paper make haste to do so!

ADVENT SONG.

BY FRANCIS RIDLEY HAYBURN.

Thou art coming, O our Saviour!
Thou art coming, O our King
In Thy beauty all resplendent;
In Thy glory all-transcendent;
Well may we rejoice and sing
"Coming! In the opening east,
Herald brightness slowly swells,
Coming! O my glorious Priest,
Hear we not Thy golden bells."

Thou art coming, Thou art coming!
We shall meet Thee on Thy way,
We shall see Thee, we shall know Thee;
We shall bless Thee, we shall show Thee
All our hearts could never say!
What an anthem that will be,
Ringing out our love to Thee,
Pouring out our rapture sweet
At Thine own glorious feet.

Thou art coming! Rays of glory,
Through the veil Thy death has rent,
Touch the mountain and the river,
With a golden, glowing quiver;
Thrill of light and music blent.
Earth is brightened when this gleam
Falls on rock and flower and stream;
Life is brightened when this ray,
Falls upon its darkest day.

Thou art coming! At Thy table
We are witnesses for this,
While remembering hearts Thou meetest,
In communion clearest, sweetest,
Earnest of our coming bliss,
Showing not Thy death alone,
And Thy love exceeding great,
But Thy coming and Thy Throne;
All for which we long and wait.

Thou art coming! we are waiting
With a hope that cannot fail;
Asking not the day or hour,
Resting on Thy word of power,
Anchored safe within the veil.
Time appointed may be long,
But the vision must be sure;
Certainty shall make us strong,
Joyful patience can endure.

O the joy to see Thee reigning,
Thee our own beloved Lord!
Every tongue Thy name confessing,
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,
Brought to Thee with glad accord.
Thee our Master and our Friend,
Vindicated and enthroned:
Unto earth's remotest end,
Glorified, adored and owned.

THE OFFERED SPIRIT.

You utterly mistake the matter, if you think that Christ here offers to put you under a system of strictness and restraint—you utterly mistake the matter, if you think the gift of the Spirit is to make you walk in ways of preciseness and of pain; for the whole Bible testifies that the ways in which the Spirit leads us are ways of pleasantness and peace. Suppose a man happened to be so foolish and inconsiderate as to have an invincible relish for some poisonous drug, because of the sweetness and agreeableness of the taste; and had formed the habit of making such constant use of it that death would, through time, be the inevitable consequence. I can imagine two ways in which the friends of that inconsiderate man, anxious for his life, might cure him of his strange and most destructive appetite. 1st, They might forcibly restrain and keep him away from the use of the poison, forbidding it even to be brought within his sight. This would be the system of restriction—the *appetite would remain*, but it would be crossed and denied. Or 2dly, Instead of forcibly taking away the poison, they might bring new and wholesome objects before him, the taste of which was far more agreeable and excellent; so that, when once he had tasted these, there would be no fear of his so much as desiring the poison any more. A new taste has been introduced, so that the drug which seemed sweet and agreeable before, seems now no longer palatable. Now, though this illustration be a very imperfect one, yet it shows distinctly the one feature in sanctification which I wish to bring into view, namely, *its pleasantness*. The Spirit which Christ offers sanctifies us—never in the first way, but always in the second way—not by restraining us, but by making us new. By nature we love sin—the world and the things of the world—though we know that the wages of sin is death. Now, to cure this, I can imagine a man setting himself down deliberately to cross all his corrupted passions—to restrain all his appetites—to reject and trample on all the objects that the natural heart is set upon. This is the very system recommended by Satan, by Anti-christ, and the world. But there is a far more excellent way, which the Holy Ghost makes use of in sanctifying us—not the way of changing the

objects, but the way of changing the affections—not by an *external* restraint, but by an *internal* renewing. As it is said in Ezekiel. "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh; and I will put my Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them." Ah! then, brethren, if there be one poor sinner here who has been deceived by the detestable heresy of the world—as if the keeping of the commandments by the saints were a grievous and unwilling service—let that man, this day open his eyes to the true nature of Gospel holiness—that God does not offer to work in you to *do*, without first working in you to *will*. He does not offer to pluck from you your favourite objects; but he offers to give you a new taste for higher objects; and just as the boy finds it no hardship to cast away the toys and trifles that were his bosom friends in childhood, so the believer feels no hardship in casting away the wretched playthings that so long amused and cheated the soul; for behold, a new world hath been opened up by the Spirit of God, to his admiring, enamoured gaze.—*McCheyne*.

CHRIST THE ONLY REVEALER OF THE FATHER.

It is written that "no man hath seen God at any time; the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, he hath declared him."

The eye of mortal man has never beheld God the Father. No man could bear the sight. Even to Moses it was said, "Thou canst not see my face: for there shall no man see me and live." (Exod. xxxiii. 20.) Yet all that mortal man is capable of knowing about God the Father is fully revealed to us by God the Son. He, who was in the bosom of the Father from all eternity, has been pleased to take our nature upon Him, and to exhibit to us in the form of man, all that our minds can comprehend of the Father's perfections. In Christ's words, and deeds, and life, and death, we learn as much concerning God the Father as our feeble minds can at present bear. His perfect wisdom,—His almighty power,—His unspeakable love to sinners,—His incomparable holiness,—His hatred of sin, could never be represented to our eyes more clearly than we see them in Christ's life and death. In truth, "God was manifest in the flesh," when the Word took on Him a body. "He was the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person." He says Himself, "I and my Father are one." "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." "In Him dwelleth all the fulness of the Godhead bodily." (Coloss. ii. 9.) These are deep and mysterious things. But they are true. (1 Tim. iii. 16; Heb. i. 3; John x. 30; xiv. 9.)

And now, after reading this passage, can we ever give too much honour to Christ? Can we ever think too highly of Him? Let us banish the unworthy thought from our minds for ever. Let us learn to exalt Him more in our hearts, and to rest more confidently the whole weight of our souls in His hands. Men may easily fall into error about the three Persons in the holy Trinity, if they do not carefully adhere to the teachings of Scripture. But no man ever errs on the side of giving too much honour to God the Son. Christ is the meeting-point between the Trinity and the sinner's soul. "He that honoureth not the Son, honoureth not the Father which sent Him." (John v. 23.)—*Ryle*.

A PROBLEM.

A young man distinguished for his mathematical attainments, was fond of challenging his fellow students to a trial of skill in solving difficult problems. One day a class-mate came into his study, and laying a folded paper before him, said: "There is a problem I wish you would help me to solve," and immediately left the room.

The paper was eagerly unfolded, and there instead of a question in mathematics were traced the lines, "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul; or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

With a gesture of impatience he tore the paper to atoms, and turned again to his books. But in vain he tried to shake off the impressions of the solemn words he had read. The Holy Spirit pressed home his conviction of guilt and danger, so that he could find no peace, till he found it in believing in Jesus. He subsequently became a minister of the gospel he had once despised, and his first sermon was from the words, so eminently blessed to his own soul; "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"—*American Messenger*.

I HAVE known a luxuriant vine swell into irregular twigs and bold excrescences, and spend itself in leaves and little rings, and afford but trifling clusters to the winepress, and a faint return to his heart which longed to be refreshed with a full vintage; but when the lord of the vineyard had caused the dressers to cut the wilder plant and make it bleed, it grew temperate in its vain expense of useless leaves, and knotted into fair and juicy branches, and made account of the loss of blood by return of fruit."—*Jeremy Taylor*.

DID it ever strike you that there were necessary blessings as well as necessary evils in this world; certain good things that we cannot escape any more than we can certain so-called evil things; benefits that we accept with the same lack of responsibility, something of the same spirit of resignation, that we do the trouble we are called upon to bear? Sombre indeed would be the round of the seasons to some of us were it not for the pleasures that needs must be devised and entered into for the sake of friends and guests beloved; and oh, the delicious holidays of convalescence! Are there not those who know the blessed relaxation of some morbid self discipline, through the interposition of a master soul; those who perplexed and irresolute while duty and desire depart at the parting of the ways, have joyfully welcomed the clear decision that directs them at last into the path leading through the green pastures and beside the still waters!—*From "The Old Cabinet," in Scribner's for August*.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

MR. EDITOR, A marked tendency among priests of the Church of Rome in the direction of Protestantism has of late occupied the serious attention of the Board of French Evangelization. You referred to one instance of this sort in your last issue, the case of Mr. Langlois, who last week sent his demission to the Archbishop of Quebec.

It is well known that three ex-priests are now ministers of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, viz.: Messrs. Chiquay, Ourriere, and Lafontaine. Three others have recently renounced Romanism and placed themselves under our care, and two more have written expressing the desire to enter the service of our Church, thus making eight in all. These are significant facts, and let us hope the beginning of a great movement. They call for thanksgiving, and the offering of fervent prayer throughout the Church for the outpouring of the Holy Ghost upon the priests, that many of them may believe and become preachers of the faith which they once destroyed. We know from the history of Luther, Knox and others, what powerful instruments of reformation they may become in the hands of the Lord. Yet it becomes us to be cautious and wise, and to avoid all rashness in the employment of such persons. They require in many respects to lay aside their old education, which is not an easy matter, or to be accomplished in a few months, and to be well instructed and tested before being sent out as missionaries. They need to learn the Word of God and the great distinctive doctrines of our Church, and give us reasonable assurance that these are intelligently and heartily accepted. Three of these ex-priests are accordingly pursuing such a course of study under the direction of the Board. We think that our action in this respect should meet with the approval of the entire Church. But, meanwhile, how are these men to be supported? We have no fund upon which they can draw for aid. Our French students preparing for his mission earn the wages by which to educate themselves; but ex-priests come to us destitute of all things, even of clothing, except their priestly habiliments. What provision is to be made for them until they are deemed qualified for the service of the Church? No one will say that we should discourage such persons from coming over to our ranks, or that they should at once receive the status of ministers or missionaries. What, then, can we do in their behalf? The only course that seems open to us is to state the matter to the Church at large, in the hope that God may put it into the hearts of some of his children to listen to this call in Providence, and to send us the means required.

Last week the Rev. Dr. Reid announced through your columns the munificent contribution of \$2,650 to the funds of the Church by a single member in Toronto. Are there not many others equally able, and should we not hope and pray that they may be made willing in the day of God's power, to take up this special work? Let giving, and working, and patient suffering, and praying, go hand in hand. Those of us who are daily toiling in this difficult but promising field feel that what is specially needed is importunate prayer and unwavering faith on the part of all in the efficacy of the gospel and the power of the Spirit of God to quicken dead souls.

Let offerings in aid of ex-priests be specially designated for this purpose, and promptly sent to our treasurer, Rev. R. H. Warden, 210 St. James Street, Montreal. Yours truly,

D. H. MACVICAR,
Chairman Board of French Evangelization.
Presbyterian College, Montreal, Dec. 13, 1877.

MANITOBA.

LETTER FROM REV. ALEX. CAMPBELL.

The following letter from one of our recently appointed missionaries to Manitoba, will be read with interest. Such communications, which we publish from week to week, ought certainly to call forth liberality in the contributions of our people to the great Home Mission work of our Church.

MY DEAR DR. COCHRANE,—It is time that I was reporting myself to you as having entered on my duties as missionary in this far off land. I found it impossible to get away from Toronto sooner than October 15th, reaching Winnipeg on the 24th. We were advised against going by the lakes so late in the season, and so we had a pretty expensive journey by rail to Fisher's

Landing. We had to add \$50 to our allowance from the Committee to bring us from Perth to Rockwood. A few weeks sooner would have saved us probably nearly the half of this sum. To fit up for travelling takes about \$400, horses being very expensive. We are occupying the same house as Mr. Glendinning occupied in the latter part of his engagement here. Although neither spacious nor elegant, it will probably shelter us from the Manitoba frosts and wind. I have been at all my stations three times, and feel pleased with the work so far. I have a weekly meeting in the houses in the neighborhood at present (besides Sunday services), but when sleighing comes I shall probably have two weekly prayer meetings in different parts. Most of the people are from Ontario. In Grassmere many young Kildonan people are settled. The climate so far is everything I could wish: in fact, it is milder than ordinary winters in Ontario. It is the eve of December, and yet no sleighing and no excessive cold. There has been some charming Indian Summer weather since we arrived. I got a little taste of the mud, caused by the excessive rains in June and July. My horse getting completely mired, lay down with me in the midst of a swamp in the prairie. This was my baptism for the new field. Mr. Ross arrived about ten days later than I did. He is in the Boyne district at present till the next meeting of Presbytery. Of course Professors Bryce and Hart, and Mr. Robertson and Dr. Black, were all much pleased to get an accession to their number, and they are hopeful of being able to overtake the more pressing fields with tolerable regularity. They have truly had a most toilsome time of it between teaching in the college all week and preaching three times on Sunday, besides driving thirty or forty miles over the country. I don't see how they could stand the fatigue and be in any condition for attending classes on Monday.

We find living here so far tolerably moderate. It is *le premier pas qui conte*. By the way, if there be any more talk of equalizing salaries of missionaries here I hope the Committee will receive the sanction of the Assembly to equalize them upwards instead of downwards.

Our greatest drawback here is the want of postal communication oftener than once a week. But when I think of other missionaries getting a letter once a quarter or half-year, I see no cause to grumble. We had a Thanksgiving service in one of our stations, and took up a collection in which there was only one copper coin; nothing else less than twenty-five cents. And the people are poor, poor, compared with almost any congregation in Ontario. But I am at the end of my sheet, and must subscribe myself, yours sincerely,

ALEX. CAMPBELL.

Rockwood, Nov. 30th, 1877.

REV. DAVID INGLIS, D.D., LL.D.

BY REV. W. ORMISTON, D.D.

Another standard bearer has fallen. A place in the front ranks of the Christian ministry is vacant. On Saturday morning last about nine o'clock, the able, eloquent and well-beloved pastor of the Reformed Church on the Heights, Brooklyn, ceased from his labors and entered into rest.

The Rev. David Inglis, D.D., LL.D., was the son of Rev. David Inglis, a well-known and highly esteemed minister in the south of Scotland, who was for more than thirty years pastor of the United Presbyterian congregation of Greenlaw, Berwickshire. There our departed brother was born in July, 1824. He was the youngest and last surviving member of a family of eight children. An elder brother resided several years in New York, and won for himself a name as a vigorous writer on prophecy and an effective preacher of the gospel. Another brother attained distinction as a successful physician in Detroit, and a few years ago fell a martyr to his zealous devotion to his profession.

The dear brother whose recent removal has darkly curtained a happy home, caused a warmly-attached congregation to raise the voice of lamentation, and filled many a heart here and elsewhere with grief, was in early life vivacious, quick to learn, and strikingly precocious. Under the rich home nurture of a Scottish manse and the advantages of good public schools, he was prepared at the boyish age of twelve to enter the University of Edinburgh. In that venerable and justly celebrated institution he took the usual course of studies prescribed for students in literature and philosophy, in which, notwithstanding his youth, he made

most commendable proficiency. On leaving the University he entered upon the study of theology, with a view to the sacred ministry, to which from his earliest years his mind had constantly turned. His religious life began in childhood and deepened with each successive year. About his twentieth year he was licensed to preach the gospel by the Presbytery of Carlisle, and very soon afterwards came to America, towards which even when a student he had looked as the probable field of his life's labors. He travelled for a short time in the West, preaching in Detroit and elsewhere with great acceptance. In 1847 he supplied for a season a church on Washington Heights in the city of New York, and in 1848 was ordained as pastor over the Presbyterian Church of Bedford, Westchester County, N.Y. His brief ministry there of four years, was as grateful to himself as it was delightful to his people, and the memory of the youthful Scottish preacher, so fervid and so faithful, is still fresh and fragrant in that neighborhood. In 1852 the Free Church congregation of St. Gabriel Street, Montreal, having heard of the rising fame of the young pastor, sent him a hearty call, and he felt it to be his duty to enter at once upon that larger field and wider sphere of influence. Scarcely however had he fully commenced his work there, and his power as a preacher was only beginning to be felt and acknowledged in that city, when peculiarly heavy domestic sorrows came upon him. In one short week, his beloved companion and three little children were taken from him. He was sorely stricken. Heart and home both were desolate. His bitter grief seriously affected his health, and a change was urged upon him. A newly organized congregation in Hamilton earnestly invited him to take charge. He consented, and there spent the following seventeen years of his life, in all the various duties of a busy and successful pastorate. He not only built up a large and influential congregation in that city but took an active and prominent part in all the general work of the Church. He was a warm advocate of missions, both domestic and foreign, and specially earnest in the work of church extension. He engaged with deep interest in all the deliberations which were held during many years in reference to the union of all the branches of the Presbyterian Church in the Dominion, a union which he did much to further, and in the consummation and success of which he greatly rejoiced. A distinguished preacher, an affectionate pastor, a wise counsellor, a good debater, and a tower of strength in every good work, he attained a high place in the affections of his people, in the esteem of his brethren in the ministry, and in the consideration of his country.

In 1871 the General Assembly of the Church elected him to the chair of Systematic Theology in Knox College, Toronto. This appointment he accepted, greatly to the regret of his congregation, but carrying with him many tokens of their high appreciation of his worth and their deep interest in his future career. He remained only one year in the seminary; for, while supplying for a few months in the summer of 1872, one of the pulpits of the Collegiate Church, New York, the Reformed Church on the Heights, Brooklyn, earnestly urged him to become their pastor. This invitation after due deliberation he accepted. His heart was ever obviously more in the pastorate than in the work of a professor. He was installed in the autumn of that year, received a most hearty welcome, and entered joyously and hopefully upon his work. He very soon won for himself an enviable position in the Reformed Church, as an able minister, a sound theologian, and an earnest, willing worker. He threw himself vigorously into all the forms of church work here, just as he had done elsewhere, and in all the courts and boards of the Church he exerted a powerful and happy influence. The sore home trials through which he was again called to pass were felt by him to be very severe. A second time he was bereaved and widowed. But his chastened spirit came forth from the discipline more finely wrought for nobler work. Alike in private fellowship and in public services, the precious results were apparent and abundant. Little did we suppose that the mellowing effects produced indicated the ripeness which fits for speedy removal to the Master's garner.

Last summer he went, as one of the delegates of the Reformed Church, to the Presbyterian Council at Edinburgh, and rendered good service there. He greatly enjoyed the gathering, in which were not a few of his fellow-students and the friends of his youth. On his return about the first of September, he resumed

his pulpit and pastoral work, and his people felt his services to be fuller and richer than ever before. During a brief absence from home he was unhappily exposed to some malarial influences which injuriously affected his health, and for a few weeks he discharged his duties with some difficulty. No apprehensions, however, were entertained, either by himself or by his friends, of any serious issue, and not until within a few days of his departure were any fears felt as to his recovery. While upon what proved to be his last sick bed a deputation from the congregation of Knox Church, Toronto, waited upon him, and presented a call from that large and prominent congregation to be the colleague of their excellent and venerable pastor, Dr. Topp. He was able only to receive the delegation for a few minutes in his sick chamber, but neither at that time nor subsequently was he able to give the matter any consideration. A few days before his decease his disease became more complicated, and he grew rapidly worse. His physicians intimated to him that his recovery was more than doubtful and that in all probability the end was near. He received the announcement with great composure, and immediately sent for his friends. He sank so rapidly that very few could see him. On Friday night, feeling that his departure was at hand, he bade his children a tender farewell, left an affectionate message for his church, said to a loved brother in the ministry sitting at his bedside, "*All is well; all is peace.*" He remained unconscious during the greater part of the night, and about nine on Saturday morning quietly passed away.

Our departed brother was a man of high natural endowments, alike of mind and heart; a scholar of varied and extensive attainments; a Christian of strong convictions and profound experience; a preacher of eminent ability and great acceptance; a pastor of rare wisdom and tender sympathy; a theologian of decided views and large charity; a citizen of generous spirit and unswerving loyalty; a friend of unwavering steadfastness and loving forbearance. In all the private relations of life he was true and faithful; a fond and devoted husband, an indulgent and affectionate father, a trusting and trustworthy brother; one born for adversity. No weak or weary one ever applied to him in vain. His heart was open and his hand was free. Those who knew him most intimately loved him most dearly.

Thus, in the fifty-fourth year of his age, his eye undimmed and his strength unabated, in the midst of his usefulness, our gifted, genial, generous-hearted brother has left us. He will be long gratefully remembered by many hearts, like his own, both tender and true.

He had already accomplished much, and we fondly hoped he would be spared to achieve still more. His sun seemed only in the zenith, though so near its setting. Alas! that it went down so soon. But his work was done and his day closed. May we, his brethren and fellow-laborers, all like him be able to say at the close of our work and day. "*All is well; all is peace!*"

HOME MISSION WORK IN EMERSON, MANITOBA.

The Rev. John Scott our Missionary at Emerson and Pembina thus writes to the Convener, Dr. Cochran under date 30th November:—

"We did not go on to finish the church during summer, on account of the great depression felt by our people all over this part of the country. The rains of June had been excessive—ten inches of water instead of three—the usual rain fall for June, in the Red River Valley. The country was flooded in a manner never known before. One of our people sailed from Emerson towards the Roseau River, about ten miles over the Prairie in a canoe. It was only on the high dry land that crops could be grown at all. That being the case, I felt, that I would rather preach in the school house, than burden our people with the finishing of their synagogue when they could hardly meet the expenses of their families. The Episcopalians received \$600 from England for their church, and the Methodist Episcopalians \$700 from Ontario; but the Presbyterians having received no such aid from England or Ontario, had to do all themselves.

"After harvest prospects began to brighten, friends in Emerson and vicinity got up a little tea-meeting or harvest supper, at the house of Thomas Carney, Esq., one of the proprietors of Emerson. From this we realized about \$66. Friends in Winnipeg also aided

us, and now I am happy to say that we are out of debt and free to go on to finish the wood work this winter. Your missionary has donated to the Building Committee what the people raised for his personal support, about \$118. As the Lord sends the means we purpose to go on, but not to run into debt. To an old strong Congregation a debt may be a bond of union, but to an infant Congregation it hangs at the neck like a millstone. If our friends in Ontario can aid us in finishing the first Presbyterian church in Southern Manitoba we will be very glad. The nearest Presbyterian Church south of us is 150 miles distant, the nearest to the north is sixty-five miles. Our building is a neat frame structure fifty feet by thirty, inclosed, with floor laid, windows in, and doors on Seating, plastering, etc., is all that is required to make it fit for occupation. In the village and country our prospects are very hopeful. We have the confidence, I believe, of all classes—settlers, half-breeds, and Indians.

"Our Indian School at the Roseau has been kept on during summer. It has just been an experiment. In summer the Indians, like the buffalo, roam so over the prairie that it is hard to get their children to attend in one place. Winter is the time to get them as their families are then on the Reserve. If we succeed in keeping the school open nine months in the year we will do well. Through the kindness of friends in Winnipeg and Kildonan we are again furnished with biscuits for the teacher to deal out at noon, for a lunch to those that often at home have little to eat. Any donations for food or clothing for our Indian children, will be gladly received.

"Last summer I received my "Commission" from the Presbyterian Board in New York as their missionary for Northern Dakota. It was dated from April 1st, 1877. At the end of six months from that date I sent in my report and in reply received a check for \$125. In that report I sought to give our brethren in the east, a clear statement of matters in the County of Pembina. Out of 2,000 souls embraced in the village and county of Pembina, I do not know of twenty living Christians. A year ago Pembina had two R. C. priests. This past summer it had none. 'We have no priest,' said a leading R. C. citizen, "*and that is very bad for us.*" I sympathised with the rich son of France who made his sorrows known to the Protestant Missionary. The Episcopal Mission have also abandoned Pembina. Your brother is the only minister that preaches there and at the Fort, on the Lord's day. Our meetings at the village have greatly improved both in attendance and attention. We are getting a very interesting Sabbath School. The Lord has raised up two or three Christians to aid me in this blessed work. After the night of toil, are some signs of a day dawn. At the Fort a young officer lately from West Point, is anxious about the 'Word of God.' He reads a portion every day. He is now reading a book sent to me from London, 'A Soldier's Experience of God's Love and Faithfulness,' by Major Malan. In closing I may mention, that late in the fall, we had a visit from Bishop Carman, and so important does this field seem to him, that the Episcopal Methodist Church is now sending money to build a church at the Roseau, another at the Ma is, and another at Scratching River. They sent over 1,000 to build their church in Winnipeg, besides the \$700 sent for the same purpose in Emerson. They have an eye to the future of this great land.

"Asking the prayers, sympathy, and aid of the brethren in the east, for all the toilers of the west, I remain, ever truly,
JOHN SCOTT."

IMPROVED PSALMODY.

MR. EDITOR,—Having been for years interested in the Psalmody of our church, I cannot help expressing my satisfaction at the suggestions thrown out by your correspondent, Mr. Jno. McLaren, and should you see fit to give a little space in your excellent paper to this department of church work, and invite correspondents, especially precentors and choirmasters, to express their views, I feel sure there will be no lack of interest in your musical column.

That our Psalmody is not what it should be is acknowledged by all, how is it to be improved is now the question in order. This question should, and probably does, interest nearly every congregation of our church in the Dominion; it is of immense importance, and every suggestion should be well considered. And it is to be hoped that by comparing notes and interchang-

ing views through the medium of your paper, new light may be thrown out and such suggestions adopted as may be practicable according to the circumstances of different congregations. By way of keeping the ball rolling and drawing out other correspondents, I would ask the following questions. 1st. Should we adopt entirely the syllabic style of tunes, and discard such as "New St. Ann's," "Orlington," "St. Stephen's," "Contemplation," and others of that character? 2nd. What should be about the *Tempo* of such tunes as "Farrant," "Tallis," "Cathness," "French," "McCombe," etc.

The selection of tunes and the manner of singing them has to do with improvement in Psalmody, and answers to the above may be of use to many Precentors.

It will be noticed that Mr. McLaren signs himself "Professor of Music, Presbyterian College, Montreal," this it seems to me is good news, the fact that there is one of our colleges sufficiently alive to the importance of the matter of Psalmody as to engage the services of a Professor of Vocal Music is certainly cause for congratulation, and it is sincerely to be hoped the position may be considered one of authority, and that it may become a power for good in our service of song.

Yours truly,

TUTTIL.

Montreal, 17th December, 1877.

IMPROVED CONGREGATIONAL SINGING.

MR. EDITOR,—In your last paper there is a letter from Mr. John McLaren, Professor of Music, Montreal Presbyterian College, suggesting a variety of topics for discussion on the above subject. The Professor also suggests a form of question and answer as the best means of bringing out information. I would therefore venture to ask the Professor or any other person of experience in this matter to reply to this question: "What is the best means of teaching and training choirs and congregations to sing?"

INQUIRER.

PRESBYTERY OF BARRIE.—The last regular meeting of this Presbytery was held on Tuesday, 4th December, at Barrie, and was largely attended by the members. There was not much business of public importance. The Rev. Messrs. J. M. Cameron and Carmichael of the Presbytery of Toronto, and Mr. J. A. Andrews, Missionary in Muskoka, were present and were invited to sit as corresponding members. "The following resolution expressive of sympathy with Rev. J. B. Fraser, M.D., was adopted. "The Presbytery having heard with very great sorrow of the sad and severe bereavement of the Rev. J. B. Fraser, M.D., Missionary in Formosa, take the opportunity, from their past relations to him, of tendering him their hearty and earnest sympathy under the loss of his earthly partner and devoted help-meet in the Mission work, and of expressing their hope that the God of all consolation may support and comfort him in the midst of his tribulation." The Presbytery also adopted the following minute in connection with the resignation of the Rev. John Ferguson of the charge of South Line Osprey and Honeywood. "In accepting the resignation of the Rev. John Ferguson of the charge of Honeywood and South Line of Osprey, the Presbytery desire to place on record their appreciation of the talents and acquirements of their esteemed brother, of his ability and success in the discharge of onerous duties, and of the deep interest always taken by him in any work specially bearing upon the prosperity of the Church. Mr. Ferguson endeared himself to all his brethren by his kind and amiable disposition, his unassuming manner, his willingness at all times to discharge his proper share of the work of the Presbytery, and his earnest interest in anything connected with the welfare of the cause of the Redeemer. The Presbytery further desire to express their sympathy with the Congregation of Honeywood and South Line of Osprey now deprived of his faithful services, and while regretting the loss of his counsel and fellowship and aid in carrying on the work of this Presbytery they sincerely pray that in the providence of God he may be directed to some portion of the Master's vineyard where his experience and ability may be of much service to the cause of Christ, and that the work of the Lord may prosper in his hands." The Congregation of Creemore was authorized to mortgage their Church property to pay off debt of \$400. It was ascertained that about \$105 had been collected on Thanksgiving Day in aid of the Huntsville Mission Station in Muskoka and that further contributions might be expected. The decision of the Presbytery to devote the collections on Thanksgiving Day to this object was come to and published before anything was known of the purpose of the Assembly's Home Mission Committee to ask for collections on that occasion in aid of their funds.—ROB. MOODIE, Pres. Clerk.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

The People's Pulpit.

New York: Wm. B. Mucklow.

This is a weekly publication containing the sermons of Stephen H. Tyng, Jun., D.D. The number for the week ending Dec. 8th, is now before us and contains a thoughtful, but practical discourse on Prov. xiv 34 "Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."

Green Pastures and Piccadilly.

By William Black, author of "A Princess of Thule," "A Daughter of Heth," etc. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. 1878.

This seems to be a good story for the winter fire-side. We have not read it, but we know that the author has written good stories; and we have also observed that this one has been published in some of our magazines in which only literature of a high class is allowed to appear.

Notes for Bible Readings.

Edited by S. R. Briggs and J. H. Elliott. Toronto: Willard Tract Society. 1877.

This book is well fitted to accomplish its professed object, which is "to stimulate to a more diligent and systematic study of God's word." It is not a commentary; it is something better. It does not give exhaustive explanatory notes in connection with any subject; it rather aims at furnishing such hints as will prove suggestive and awaken further research. About one third of the book is occupied with valuable directions for Bible study, collected from various sources. The remaining two-thirds is taken up with the "Notes" proper. They are skilfully and judiciously arranged; and the Bible student will find them a very great help; while as if to remind him that they are not to be regarded as exhaustive, the last thing in the book is a considerable quantity of blank paper to contain his own notes.

The Canadian Monthly.

Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. December, 1877.

The present number contains the second instalment of a long article on "Personal Representation and the Representation of Minorities," by Jehu Matthews; "Some Rambling Notes of an Idle Excursion," by Mark Twain; "Sketches of Celebrated English Landscape Painters," by Mrs. Francis Rye; "The Child and the Sunbeam," a poem, by W. McDonnell; "Strange Experiences," by Mrs. C. R. Corson; "A Christmas Carol," by F. R., Barrie; "A Flying Visit to Paris," by Lester Lelan, Toronto; "Nationalism and Reaction," by G. A. MacKenzie, Toronto; Sonnets, by T. S. Jarvis, Toronto; "Green Pastures and Piccadilly," by William Black; "Transubstantiation and Odom Theologicum;" "Troy," a prize poem, by R. T. Nicholl, Toronto; "Round the Table;" Current Events; Book Reviews; "Annals of Canada."

A Series of Sermons on the Evidences of Christianity.

By the Rev. D. B. Whimster, Presbyterian Minister, Meaford, Ont.

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Vennor's Winter Almanac & Weather Record.

Montreal: Dawson Brothers, Trade Agents.

Mr. Vennor's guesses at the weather for October, November, and December, were not near enough to the truth to supply any foundation for confidence in his prognostications as to the remaining part of the season. "October," he said, "will be a cold month, with snow and rains." Except in the matter of "rains," this prediction has not been verified. "No-

ember bids fair to be warm, with but few severe frosts, until toward its latter part, and I am inclined to locate in this month a well-marked and beautiful Indian summer." This is not quite so bad, but he neglected to put in some more "rains," and he might perhaps have left out the "Indian Summer." "December will in all probability set in very sharp, but this cold term will be of short duration, and give place speedily to rains and snows." It is now pretty evident that Mr. Vennor failed to forecast the exceptionally mild character of the weather in the early part of the present winter and the almost entire absence of snow and of cold; so that people need not be very much afraid of his "wet and foggy" January or of his "muggy midsummer." There is one thing that this gentleman seems to learn from experience, and that is caution. Evidently afraid of a repetition of last February's blunder, he says regarding the coming February, "I look for more snow than rain." Now that statement is worthy of admiration. Surely there is no danger of failure this time.

Fortnightly Review: North American Series.

Toronto: Belford Brothers. November, 1877.

Those who have any curiosity to read the full text of the much-criticised address delivered by Professor Tyndall before the Birmingham and Midland Institute will find it in the present number of the "Fortnightly." It also contains a long article on "The Foreign Dominions of the Crown," by the Right Hon. R. Lowe, M.P. The writer is well-informed, fully appreciates the uselessness of the Dominions in question, is quite alive to the actual and possible expenses involved in maintaining the supremacy of the Crown over them, seems to have faint glimmerings of a scheme for making them pay taxes by uniting them into a great confederation, with England at the head of it; but at the same time he is thoroughly conversant with the difficulty of "getting Canada to accept laws from New Zealand" or of inducing "Australia to submit to the legislation of Jamaica;" so he refrains from laying down any particular course which in his opinion ought to be followed, and contents himself with writing a desultory article. The paper on "Books and Critics," by Mark Pattison, supplies very pleasant reading and does not overtask the brain. The remaining contents are: "The Future of our Commons," by Octavia Hill; "Conversation with M. Thiers," by the late N. W. Senior; "Dr. Newman's theory of Belief," by Leslie Stephen; "A Speculation on Evolution," by A. J. Balfour, M.P.; "Three Books of the Eighteenth Century," by the Editor; "Home and Foreign Affairs," "Books of the Month."

The Complete Preacher.

New York: The Religious Newspaper Agency.

The December number of this publication contains five sermons: "My Burden is Light," by C. D. Wadsworth, D.D.; "The Moral Crisis," by Pere Hyacinthe; "The Carnal Mind and the Spiritual," by Charles F. Deems, D.D., LL.D.; "Vanities and Verities," by C. H. Spurgeon; "The Burial of Sarah," by Joseph Parker, D.D. Mr. Spurgeon's sermon on "Vanities and Verities" has for its text 2 Corinthians iv. 18. "We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen; for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." We can only make room for one or two short extracts:

"Is a child born into your house? Read across its brow the word 'Mortal,' and when it dies you will not be disappointed or be anything like so sad as if you dreamed that you were the parent of an immortal; such a thought *must* be a dream, since *your* little one may be taken from you as well as the child of another. When you have riches do you say to yourself, 'This is a solid treasure; this is golden gain?' Ah, then it will be your god, and if you lose it, the loss will eat like a canker into your spirit. But if you say, 'These are fleeting things; they take to themselves wings and fly away; I will not consider money to be treasure, but only look upon it as a shadow and hold it as such—as a thing not to be reckoned with substances, because it is seen and temporal.' These transient things are not worthy to be considered. Look upon them as if they were just nothing at all. So the apostle did."

"But come thou here, sinner! Come thou here! I must have thee here. Look, dost thou see it? Dost thou see it—the smoke of the flame which burneth for ever and ever? Dost thou see it as it reddens the heavens? That flame is for thy burning if thou repent not."

"I invite all believers to be looking with ardent hope for the things that are eternal. Long for the bright appearing of the Lord. Long for your translation into the city of glory. Expect it: watch for it. It is on the way. You may be much nearer than you think. You may be in heaven before next year; indeed, you may be there before to-morrow morning. Light is fading from the earth. Dear friend, look toward heaven."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

HOUSEKEEPERS may be glad to know that a tablespoonful of ammonia in one gallon of warm water will restore the color of carpets.

PUT one or two red peppers, or a few pieces of charcoal, into a pot where ham, cabbage, etc., is boiling, and the house will not be filled with the offensive odor.

DRY Buckwheat flour, if repeatedly applied, will entirely remove the worst grease spots on carpets or any other woolen cloth, and will answer as well as French chalk for grease spots on silk.

To clean feathers, cover them with a paste made of pipe clay and water, rubbing them one way only. When quite dry, shake off all the powder and curl with a knife. Grebe feathers may be washed with white soap in soft water.

CRACKS broken off any of the furniture should be collected and replaced by means of a little glue applied to them. Liquid glue, which is sold prepared in bottles, is very useful to have in the house, as it requires no mixing, and anything broken can be very quickly repaired with it.

EGGS IN WINTER.—A correspondent of the "Country Gentleman" gives the following recipe for keeping eggs through the winter, and says: "It has never failed during twenty-five years that I have used it. It is simply to set the eggs on end as soon as gathered, and keep them in a cool place. I kept eggs laid in September until April, and they were just as nice to fry with ham, or any other way, as new eggs."

TO GLOSS SHIRT BOSOMS.—Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic powder, put it in a pitcher, and pour on a pint or more of water, and then, having covered it, let it stand all night. In the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle, cork, and keep it for use. A teaspoonful of this gum water in a pint of starch, made in the usual way, will give to lawns, white or printed, a look of newness, when nothing else can restore them after they have been washed.

SNORING.—The cause is sleeping with the mouth open. One cannot snore if the mouth be shut. The remedy is in a simple mechanical contrivance for keeping the mouth shut during sleep. It consists of a simple cap fitting the head snugly, a cap of some soft material fitting the chin, and pieces of elastic webbing connecting the two. "The webbing can be made more or less tense as may be required to effect the closure of the mouth."

BAKED INDIAN PUDDING.—Two quarts sweet milk, one cup Indian meal, half cup each molasses and sugar, salt, two eggs, a little nutmeg and ginger. Beat all the ingredients, excepting the milk, well together, pour the milk on them, boiling hot, and stir thoroughly together. Pour the mixture into a buttered earthen pudding pot, and bake moderately three hours, stirring frequently the first hour. If allowed to stand an hour in a warm oven after it is done it will improve it. Eat with butter, or milk and sugar.

MUSKOKA AS A REFUGE FOR CONSUMPTIVES.—Two Jersey City physicians of experience have been spending some time in Muskoka, and speak in high terms of the salubrity of the climate. They regard it as a specially good place for consumptives, that dread disease being unknown there. A Muskoka paper says:—"We would recommend our medical men at the front, instead of sending their cases of phthisis (consumption) to the far off Minnesota, Colorado, California, etc., to give them the benefit of the free highland air of Muskoka—a boon that can be reached in one day's journey from Toronto. We attribute the almost complete immunity from consumption in this region to several causes. Whereas those on the shores of Lake Ontario are 234 feet above the sea, the Lake of Bays in Muskoka is, according to Sir Wm. Logan's geological survey, more than 1,100 feet above the sea level. The air of Muskoka must therefore be rarer, more elastic, and consequently disengage the lungs more than the highly condensed air of southern Ontario."

LITTLE WASTES.—The cellar, laundry and kitchen are among the places that demand daily care if one would guard against much wastefulness. It is incredible how much that could be profitably used, either for the family or to help the poor, is thrown away or rendered worthless through the lack of a little economy. The wastefulness of only one day is small, perhaps, and not easily recognized; but the mischief once begun, and suffered to pass unrebuked, piles up very rapidly till it reaches the sum total at the end of the year, which is found to be immense. For instance, the waste of soap and starch alone in the hands of an ordinary good laundress, week after week, would easily supply a poor family with all they would require. Clothes-lines and clothes-pins left out to rot and mildew, instead of being brought in and put in their proper place, will help to swell the list of expenses at the end of the year more than one would at first imagine, not only by the actual expense, but more by the injury done to clothes by this neglect.

KEEPING CELERY IN WINTER.—Celery can be perfectly kept during the winter in trenches; in fact, I have often taken it out in fine condition while spading up my garden for spring planting. But it is often not so convenient to get at in the middle of winter, with the surface of the ground as hard as adamant. A much more convenient way of storing a small quantity is as follows: Knock out both heads of a barrel, and sink it about three quarters in the ground, vertically; lift the celery carefully and place it in the barrel in an upright position, packing the roots as closely together as possible. Draw up the earth in a bank around the outside of one-fourth of the barrel that is above ground, to keep out frost; throw a little light litter over the celery, and increase the covering of litter as cold weather increases. Finally, before the snow falls, put over the whole any convenient covering of boards, old carpet, oil cloth, etc., to keep out snow and rain. In mid winter it will be found a very easy matter to go out, lift your board or carpet, pull out a handful or two of litter (free from snow or ice), take up what celery you wish, and replace the litter and covering. A barrel will hold from sixty to seventy-five plants,

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Mr. John Imrie, General Agent for THE PRESBYTERIAN, is now in Western Ontario pushing the interests of this journal. We commend him to the best offices of ministers and people. Any assistance rendered him in his work will be taken by us as a personal kindness.

Advertisements 10 cents a line—12 lines to the inch. Yearly rates \$2.00 per line.



TORONTO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1877.

THERE are many examples in our day of rich men giving nobly and munificently to the cause of Christ. We could not spare such examples. But more even than these we need more liberal giving among the men and women of moderate means, on whose contributions, after all, the churches and other Christian agencies must mainly depend for support. Probably there are few men in moderate circumstances who could not give more than they do if they had the will.

THE French Evangelization work grows on the Church apace. It is even becoming embarrassing on account of its wonderful growth and the inadequate means at the disposal of the Board charged with its oversight. Principal MacVicar, in another column, points out a feature of the work which is most encouraging, and which should incite to increased efforts to help on the part of our people, viz.: The number of priests who are leaving the Romish Church to embrace Protestantism and the purer faith we profess to hold. In order properly to aid these people money is required; and our correspondent points out in forcible language the pressing necessity there is for liberality in this connection. We hope soon to be able to report numerous contributions in aid of ex-priests. Such contributions should be forwarded to the Rev. R. H. Warden, 210 St. James Street, Montreal.

MISSIONARY MEETINGS.

THE report of the Committee of Toronto Presbytery on Missionary Meetings, which is embodied in a printed circular, shows that ample arrangements have been made for holding these during the present winter. It gives us pleasure to notice this, as the congregations generally look forward to these with eager expectation. The rule is that the missionary meeting is sure to be well attended. To our mind there can hardly be a more

interesting spectacle than to see the number of teams drawn up at the country church on the occasion of the annual missionary meeting. When the weather favors the delightful locomotion of sleighing, it is instructive to watch the glad companies when the stopping of the sound of the merry bells announces their arrival at the church door. There is such warm greeting, such earnest enthusiasm, such evident expectation of an unusual treat. But while it is true that to enjoy the missionary meeting to the utmost, we must go to the rural parish, yet we find that it is by no means unpopular with the city congregations. Indeed, it is the more noteworthy that with all the compelling and attracting influences of town life, the missionary meeting does not altogether lose its hold upon the affections of the people. It is right and proper that it should be so, but the very abundance of enjoyments which the city affords would naturally be deemed inimical to the success of such a meeting.

From what we know of the matter, the ministers rather enjoy the annual tour through the parishes. It is to them a season of happy re-union. The brethren enjoy the opportunity of seeing one another away from the ordinary routine of pastoral work, or from the business of Presbytery. The gathering of friends in the manse not only furnishes the occasion for the exercise of episcopal hospitality as enjoined by the apostle, but it allows the interchange of courtesies and kindly greetings and spiritual communion, the absence of which by reason of pressing duties and cares every minister will deplore. The only thing we would suggest to future committees in making these missionary appointments, is to distribute the ruling elders for speaking purposes among the congregations. The elders at the Halifax Assembly made a just outcry against being ignored on committees and otherwise. A warm, loving address from an elder—full of sympathy with missions—would sandwich the speeches of ministers to great advantage. Were the ruling elders recognized generally in this way, it would bring them and the ministers into closer relations. It would also enable both classes of spiritual rulers to come into contact with congregations other than their own. That of itself would be a great gain. Both the members of sessions and the several churches would come to know each other better, and the consequence would be that congregations would no longer deem themselves isolated, and separate from the Presbyterian community. Each congregation would become interested in all the other congregations. Elders from beyond the particular church in which the missionary meeting was being held, would be recognized on the spot as men of official standing in the Presbytery.

Missionary meetings, however, are still of more importance when we consider the object of their appointment. It is to give ministers, and elders also, an opportunity of addressing themselves to the real work of the Church. It is to enable congregations to receive full and valuable information concerning the various fields of work occupied by the Assembly. What then is the real work of the Church? It is obviously in the true sense the extension of the Church. The Assembly has a work to do which lies at its very door. It must send forth laborers to occupy

the territory which its name represents. It must help these when their work assumes congregational proportions to build sanctuaries, school-rooms, and if possible manses. The young congregations which are being planted, the Assembly must cherish and aid, as a mother suckles her tender offspring. But the work of extension does not end with the goodly heritage which the Church has received from the Lord. In the view of Spiritual workers, National boundaries are as unreal as longitudinal and latitudinal lines. The moment we love souls, we step across the line with wonderful unconsciousness. So that the Foreign Mission Field, though distinctive, is identical in point of interest and pressing necessity with the Home Mission field. Congregations as a rule will listen with delight to addresses which deal with this great work of preaching the Gospel to every creature. Of course, too, they will take pleasure in listening to information concerning the important matter of the coming ministry of the Church. They ought, therefore, to know all about our schools and colleges—the kind of teaching that is going on in these—the character of the men who are about to be sent forth to occupy until the Master come. All this and every thing else of interest in connection with these subjects, will be carefully laid before the congregations. Those who speak cannot fail to press home upon their hearers their responsible connection with all this work, and to urge the lofty motives by which the members should be actuated in contributing to these different schemes. With such meetings and with such speeches, as we have described, it is no wonder that usually the missionary meeting is not closed without giving those present an opportunity of acting impulsively upon the reasons which have been furnished to contribute of their substance to the Lord, and it is gratifying to know that generally the response is worthy of the occasion.

An addition to the ordinary staff of speakers is this year made in the shape of ministers from without the Presbytery, who have been designated by the Boards to address meetings in Churches for missionary purposes. This will add very much to the interest of the missionary meetings of this year, where the arrangement can be made to receive both the Presbyterian and Synodical delegates at one and the same time. But it will hardly be possible, in the cities at all events, for congregations to enjoy this happy blending of talent. In the case of Toronto it has been proposed to hold one or two general meetings to which all the congregations in the city would be invited, and which would be convened in one or more of the churches. In this way the Synodical speakers would be given the opportunity of addressing a general meeting of the congregations, and thus we think would not interfere with the regular missionary meetings to be held in the city churches by appointment of Presbytery. When we consider the immense gatherings in Erskine Church, Montreal, the proceedings of which we have recently reported, and the commanding influence of the addresses which were there delivered, by a number of speakers, why should not Toronto have similar meetings which may be attended with the same grand practical results? We trust the propos-

al will be carried out, and we shall then look forward with earnest and prayerful expectation to a success like that which rewarded the efforts of our Montreal friends.

A PLEA FOR PRESBYTERIANISM.

COMPARED with other denominations, Presbyterianism is not aggressive. The secret of its steady increase is to be found not so much in the inroads which it makes upon the ranks of other religious bodies as in its missionary spirit, and in the hold which it takes not merely on the individual, but on the family. Most religious denominations take advantage of the reading tendencies of the present age by issuing books and pamphlets in abundance, blazoning the merits of their respective systems. Even the Roman Catholic Bishop of Toronto has lately ventured to publish a little book, pointing out the merits of his own Church, and recommending it to the attention of the reading public. Books written specially for the purpose of praising Presbyterianism have always been scarce, and their number does not seem to be greatly increased even by the exigencies of the present day. This apparent want is, however, sometimes supplied from unexpected sources. It would be considered an exceedingly strange thing to find a Plea for Presbyterianism published in the shape of a Government Blue Book. It so happens, however, that the "Report of the Inspector-General of Prisons in Ireland" admirably serves that purpose. Its statistics, considered in the light of the scriptural axiom "By their fruits ye shall know them," furnish most unequivocal testimony in favor of Presbyterianism. In the year 1876 there were 41,817 criminals committed to prison in Ireland. These were distributed among the various denominations as follows: Roman Catholics, 36,296; Episcopalians, 4,123; Presbyterians, 1,160; others, 238. That is, for every Irish Presbyterian sent to jail there were four Episcopalians and between thirty and forty Roman Catholics. But, it will be asked, how do these figures look when compared with the numbers of the various denominations? Well, we will attend to that matter presently. Of every hundred of the population of Ireland, about 76 are Roman Catholics, 12 Episcopalians, and 9 Presbyterians. Of every hundred of the criminals, 86 are Roman Catholics, 9 Episcopalians, and between 2 and 3 Presbyterians. In other words, Popery produces 10 per cent. more criminals than its proper share according to the number of its adherents, while Episcopacy produces 3 per cent., and Presbyterianism nearly 7 per cent. less than its share. These figures speak for themselves. The increase of Presbyterianism means the increase of good order and morality; the increase of Popery means the increase of crime.

WRONGFULLY CHARGED.

OUR Halifax contemporary, the "Witness," copies an extract from the "Mail" which deals with the alleged "high-handed" and "unbrotherly course" of the "Free Kirk" majority against the "old Kirk" minority in the Presbytery of Toronto, and asks, "Is it so?" So far as we know (and we have as good an opportunity of knowing as the "Mail's" correspondent), there is not the

slightest foundation for the charge. In other words, the grievance is an imaginary one altogether. There is no desire on the part of any portion of the Presbytery to tyrannize over the other. And in reference to the particular case referred to by the "Mail's" correspondent, the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell immediately wrote to the "Mail" disposing of the foolish charge in the following fashion:

"The only fact furnished in proof of this allegation is that in arranging a series of missionary meetings within the bounds of the Presbytery of Toronto, care has been taken to provide that not a single minister of the Old Kirk is appointed to speak in the city." On referring to the circular, I find that *three out of twelve* meetings in the Toronto group (those in Charles Street church, East church, and Brockton) are to be addressed by men of Kirk antecedents. The proportion of Kirk men to Canada Presbyterians in the Presbytery being about one to five, this share of work ought to be, from your correspondent's point of view, more than enough. Even had the fact been precisely as stated by your correspondent, I am satisfied that there are not two "Kirk" members of the Presbytery of Toronto who would have thought of applying to the Committee, or to the respected Conference, the motive imputed in the letter, the substance of which appears in your columns."

We would not refer to the matter at all had not the "Witness" pointedly asked us to "throw light on the subject." Having done so, we trust it will never again be necessary for us to allude to a complaint which is either prompted by stupidity or jealousy—or both.

BIBLE READINGS.

[With the view that it may furnish a useful suggestion to ministers of our own Church, at least where they are not too far away from each other, we copy from the "Evangelical Churchman" the following article recommending Bible Readings to the Episcopal clergy.]

AMID the press and engrossing cares of a business, we wonder if it occurs to our laity to estimate the amount of labour and care which devolves on the clergy. The weekly effort to prepare fresh sermons for the same congregation; the constant claim on their time for visiting the members of their congregations, the sick, and the poor, or again the Bible-class, the confirmation class; besides all the extra parochial work from which no earnest clergyman can escape. The mere physical toil is great, the wear and tear of mind is still greater, and when by an occasional exchange of pulpits some slight relief is sought, the great loss remains unrelieved, viz., that he is ever giving out, and never receiving. The mind and soul need to be fed, and he who has to feed them needs, above all, to be plentifully supplied.

It may seem as a paradox to suggest as one means of coping with this evil, the proposal of additional duties for our clergy, but we do earnestly believe that nothing would refresh and invigorate them for their ministerial duties more than the systematic communing together on the Word of God. It is indeed somewhat common in England to hold conferences on a great scale; and the example is being followed in Canada. In our Rural Deaneries also, meetings of the clergy are held from time to time. Nor do we propose to offer any objection to either. But what we now suggest is something of a greatly more simple character. What we desire to see is regular meetings of the clergy in any city, town, or group of parishes within easy distance, say once a month, for the prayerful study of God's Word. In the larger towns such clerical Bible readings might be expected to bring together six or eight ministers; some with their Greek Testaments, or Hebrew Bibles, all with the fruits of their life study of God's Word. In the Rural towns

only two, or three at most, might be able to meet. A passage, or passages, should be previously agreed upon, and "as iron sharpeneth iron," so the friendly conference, or discussion, the interchange of opinions, the appeals to commentators, or to the original text, could not fail to send home all refreshed and instructed. Their united prayers would kindle all to new zeal; their interchange of views would awaken fresh light on obscure or difficult passages; and the personal experience of each in the Christian warfare would in not a few cases cheer and encourage to fresh zeal those who were growing faint and weary in the arduous and responsible work of a parish minister. Above all, it could not fail to tell on the effective services of the pulpit. The clergyman would return to his people with renewed life; and in the very consciousness that he brought with him deeper perceptions of God's Word, he would preach with a power and unction that could not fail to awaken the attention of his people.

Bible readings are becoming more common among the more earnest of our laity; not meaning thereby the mere reading together of one or more chapters of the Old or New Testament; but the careful and prayerful consideration of the lessons involved, and the diligent comparison of one portion with another, so as to discern "the mind of the spirit," and to "search the Scriptures," so that they may bring forth the hidden treasures in that divine gift of revelation which "is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." If then our laity are so engaged, all the more needful is it that the clergy should study and search diligently, even as the elder prophets and teachers "enquired and searched diligently what, or what manner of time the spirit did testify when it spake beforehand of the sufferings of Christ and the glory that should follow." "Not unto them but unto us," of this later dispensation, are revealed in all their fulness things that the very angels desire to look into. The New Testament is indeed so simple and clear that the wayfaring man, though a fool, cannot err in the grand truth which can make him wise to salvation. But also that same Testament is full in its revelation of much which no less invites to ever renewed search and diligent study, so that the ambassadors of Christ may preach to us in all its fulness a crucified and risen Saviour, whose second coming the expectant church is encouraged to look and to long for. We believe that clerical Bible-readings, conducted in no controversial spirit, but in a humble and prayerful desire to "bring forth things new and old," from the inexhaustible treasury of God's Word, would prove alike to the clergy, and to their people times of refreshing, pregnant with richest blessing to the Church at large.

HAVE you asked any one yet to subscribe for the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN in its new form? If not, do so at once. See premium list on other side.

THE usual Missionary Meeting was recently held in St. Paul's Church, Peterboro'. Rev. Mr. Torrance the pastor, presided. Addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Bell of St. Andrew's Church, Rev. Mr. Willoughby of the Methodist Church, and Major Malan, a gentleman who formerly laboured as a missionary in Africa. An appreciative audience filled the large church. The music, under the leadership of Mr. Galletly, was excellent. In every respect the meeting was a great success.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

MORE THAN CONQUEROR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ONE LIFE ONLY," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

"What a terrible history you have given me to read, mother," said Anthony, pausing, as if his growing distaste to the task she had laid upon him was becoming too powerful to resist.

"Yes, I know it is," she answered; "to whom on earth can it be so terrible as to me? But go on, Anthony, I beseech you; a few lines more will reveal to you the dangers that encompass my Rex, and remember how short my time is, how soon I may be no more able to plead with you for him."

Anthony bowed his head in silence, and resumed his examination of the paper which for a moment he had laid aside. It was thus continued:—

"Vivian told me that before he turned away from the world he wished to do me a service. He remembered me a bright young girl, whom he had liked, and admired much; and the fact that I was the widow of his cruel enemy would give him the sweetness of a wrong forgiven, of a generous return of good for deadliest evil. He wrote to me, therefore, to give me a most solemn and weighty warning on behalf of the young son who would one day fill my husband's place at Darksmere, and who had, he said, a most inveterate and malignant enemy in Richard Dacre. Vivian had continued his intimacy with this man because the calamity which had befallen them both alike had driven them to a community of interests, and they had fled together to the distant region where they had hitherto remained in close companionship. He said that he could himself no longer retain any feeling of friendship towards Dacre; but rather the repugnance with which he inspired him was now so great that he found in it a great additional incentive to the plan he had formed of be-taking himself to some solitude where he could escape all contact with his fellow-creatures. The fraud my husband had practised upon Dacre, as upon himself, had brought out all that was evil in that man's nature, and seemed to have destroyed in him the most ordinary sentiments of humanity. Vivian declared that from the day when they quitted the shores of England in dire disgrace and misery, Dacre's whole soul seemed concentrated on the deliberate and implacable determination that he would, sooner or later, be revenged on Francis Erlesleigh. He knew that he must bide his time, but he had sworn a fearful oath at the hour when in the dead of the night he embarked, a miserable fugitive, from his native land, that he would live to take signal vengeance on the man who had ruined him, and that he would not only destroy Erlesleigh's life as his own had been destroyed, but that out of his possessions he would repay himself twenty-fold all he had lost, and bring his enemy to abject beggary. Vivian said that in the years which had passed since then this cruel purpose of revenge seemed to have become an absolute mania with Dacre, and that the aspect of his cherished and deadly malice against my unhappy husband had appeared to himself at last so completely inhuman, that it braced him to avoid any share in such a spirit, by an effort at forgiveness which he might not otherwise have been able to attain. When the tidings of my poor Frank's death were at last conveyed to them, long after the event, Vivian said his first feeling was one of thankfulness that he had found a refuge in the grave from the dark, insidious store of evil that was surely being gathered up against him in secrecy and silence, and he had hastened at once to tell Dacre that his enemy was beyond his reach. For a moment Vivian had felt strangely relieved by the look of bitter disappointment which darkened the face of Richard Dacre when he heard this unexpected news; but his satisfaction did not last long. Dacre had stood silent in deep thought for a few minutes; then an expression passed into his countenance of such subtle malignity that Vivian literally shuddered, as if some evil demon had passed before him, and Dacre slowly turned his eyes upon him and said, with a cold, cruel smile, 'Erlesleigh is dead. Well, the dead cannot feel—his ashes at least are safe in their coffin; though his soul, if it lives elsewhere, may suffer yet. Yes, he is dead, but my vengeance lives!'

"As a memory only," Vivian had said, contemptuously, 'Erlesleigh is beyond your power.'

"But he has left a son, and Darksmere Castle; and so surely as I live this day, both shall be mine—the one for destruction, and the other for enjoyment," and with that Dacre smote his hand on the table, and strengthened his affirmation with an oath in such awful terms, that Vivian's heart sickened with horror and dismay; he felt at the moment, he said, as if it would have been well indeed for Francis Erlesleigh's son if he could have gone down with his father to the grave, where alone he would have been secure from the vengeance of Richard Dacre. Later he said he had endeavored to ascertain in what direction Dacre's machinations against my son would be likely to run, but the vindictive man was too wary to reveal any part of his purpose; only Vivian thought he gained some slight clue to his intentions in the conviction he often expressed that such a passion for gambling as had possessed my unfortunate husband was certain to be inherited by his son, so as to make him in his inexperienced youth an easy prey to those who by that means would ruin him. When Vivian had given me all these terrible details, he concluded by saying that he was then himself about to quit the city where he and Dacre had hitherto both been residing, and that it was his full purpose to give up all intercourse with that man, and, indeed, with all whom he had ever known before. He could do no more, therefore, than give me the warning he had shown to be so necessary from the facts he related, and he trusted that my watchful care would shield the boy from his enemy's power. Of course the danger would only become really imminent when he passed out of childhood, and Vivian feared that by that time it might be very difficult for me to perceive its approach under the veiled form in which it would probably appear. He had accidentally discovered that Dacre meant also to leave

the town he was then inhabiting, and to change his name, probably with the view of facilitating his future proceedings with regard to my son, and none could predict by what subtle means he might carry out his fell purpose. It was hard to say whether Vivian himself could give me any assistance in that distant time, if he still lived; nor could he, indeed, at all tell where he might then be. All that he could do was to give me then the name of an agent he sometimes employed in London, who might possibly know where to communicate with him, should I require his assistance. Then he terminated his letter with the hope that the course of events in the unseen future might yet overthrow the schemes of my son's cruel adversary, and save him from bearing the punishment of a father's fault.

"I need not waste time in describing the terror and anguish with which I was filled by Vivian's communication, even while I felt a measure of comfort in the noble generosity which made him act towards me as a true and tender friend, despite the fact that he had shared to the full in the injury Dacre had received. The idea that a secret insidious enemy might be for ever lurking round my beautiful boy with deadliest purposes of evil, seemed almost more than I could endure, but as that dear and precious son grew older, I learnt to know that he had a foe within his own breast, whose power to work his ruin was far more sure and fatal than could be any attacks directed at him from without—circumstances I cannot stop to detail revealed to me the dreadful truth that Rex, my gentle open-handed boy, does inherit the tendency to his father's fatal vice with an even more intensely passionate craving for its indulgence than ever my poor husband knew. I think that on the day when I made this discovery, coupled with the knowledge that there existed on earth a wretch who lived only to take advantage of it, I could have seen my darling die with resignation, and laid him down in the safe shelter of the grave with a feeling akin to joy. I should have died with him, since I live for him alone, and together we should have rested in peace—indifferent alike to his fatal propensity and to Dacre's unsatisfied vengeance. But as it is, we live, exposed to all the evil that both may bring upon us, and at the moment when I write my son has no protector against either, except myself; I have protected him: he has never quitted my side one hour; and I will protect him while I live and breathe. I can do so; a mother's love shall prove stronger than an avenger's hatred. I hope, and pray, to live for years and years; till his reckless youth has long been passed in safety, and his enemy dead, and he himself, perhaps, surrounded with ties that shall raise up protectors for him amongst his nearest and his dearest. If only I can live he shall never escape from my hands into danger that may assail him either from within or without; but who can answer for their life? who can be sheltered from the stroke of death? I may be taken from this world suddenly. I may be torn from my Rex when he so sorely needs me, and if such a calamity befalls him, then let this record I have written with burning tears of anguish and shame speak for him in my name to whomsoever he may claim as a protector in that hour. If Anthony Beresford be then alive—his brother and my son—I charge him, as he hopes to meet me in peace before the bar of God's dread judgment at the last, to give himself wholly and freely to the task of guarding my one darling from his treacherous foes, of leading him in joy and safety through this difficult life, and bringing him to me unscathed, untortured, when we meet upon the eternal shore. If Anthony should not survive me, some other, surely, bound to Rex by ties of blood, will not hesitate to make a sacrifice for such a cause, nor shrink from guarding him as I have done while life endures; but—oh, with what words shall I plead, whether it be to Anthony or to another—with what words shall I implore their compassion for my darling? It may be that the task I lay upon them will involve the relinquishment of cherished projects of their own, the abandonment of that which may have been their dearest hope (to Anthony I know it would), yet let the voice of a mother beseeching their pity from her grave have power to move them to a generous holocaust, which shall not miss its great reward in the righteous world to come."

(To be continued.)

MARTIN LUTHER AT EISENACH.

FROM THE GERMAN OF URNIM STEIN.

CHAPTER I.

On a cold, wet, dull November day of the year 1498, Konrad Lindeman, the organist of St. Nicolai at Eisenach, might have been seen walking with impatient steps, and his arms crossed behind his back, to and fro through the corner-room of his official dwelling. From time to time he stood still at the small window which looked to the street, and wiping with the tips of his fingers the moisture from the dim round panes, peered anxiously up the street, as if expecting some one. He was a small, thin man, his head sparsely covered by long hair just beginning to turn grey, although he could not long have passed his fiftieth year. The face, too,—the faded face,—with the pale cheeks and the numerous wrinkles, made one suspect a much greater age. But there was so much good-nature, honesty, and piety expressed in the soft gray eyes, and in the mouth, around which a gentle smile seemed ever hovering. His long brown coat, and the whole of his attire, looked as poor as the whole room, whose furniture of plain deal might have served his ancestors, for it had grown black with age, and kept steady with difficulty. But in spite of all there was a home-like appearance in the low, dark room, with the luxuriant pot of ivy standing in the window, clean and tidy in every corner.

At last, as the clock of St. Nicolai was striking six, Herr Konrad Lindeman opened the curiously-carved oaken door, and called out, "Katherine! come here, Katherine!"

This was intended for his wife, who, however, at that moment was busy among her goats, so that the sound could not reach her. Instead of her, the twelve years' old Barbara tripped in from the kitchen. She was the organist's youngest daughter—a fair head with long plaits, and a face as rosy and round as an apple.

"Where can Martin be all this time?" asked the father impatiently. "Is he not home yet from his singing? I thought he would not have ventured out to sing in the streets in this fearful weather. He will kill himself yet by this miserable trade."

Barbara shook her head. "He has been back this half-hour, and went up to his little room. Mother sent him to the church."

"The church! What has he to do there?"
"The priest was scolding mother yesterday because she kept the vestry so untidy, and had ornamented the floor with a large black stain by overturning an inkstand. Martin has been told to wash it now."

The organist knit his brow. "Did the mother bid him do it?"

"Yes, father dear," said the child. "She said that Martin was receiving so much kindness from you, and doing nothing to return it."

"Very well, Barbara," said the father; "go to your work."

Thereupon he quickly put on his cloak, and walked hastily over the square to the church. He heard a noise in the vestry, and looked through the half-open door. There he saw kneeling on the floor a boy of about fifteen years old, busily scraping with a piece of iron at a large stain of ink, and occasionally wiping his face with the corner of his sleeves.

Suddenly he saw the organist standing before him. He started in alarm. His otherwise pale, haggard face was suffused with a slight flush, which enhanced the beauty of the wonderful brown eyes.

"What are you doing here, my dear Martin?" asked Herr Konrad Lindeman kindly.

The boy rose from his knees and looked down on his clothes drenched by the rain. At the repeated question of the organist the boy stammered in great confusion, and with the colour deepening into crimson on his cheeks, replied, "Aunt Katherine said that I should have no supper until not a trace was to be seen of the stain; so I shall have to go to bed hungry, for the ink has entered too far into the wood. And my bag is empty; the singing has brought me nothing but wet clothes."

"Come here," decided the organist; "you have done what you could."

A grateful look from the thoughtful eyes of the boy rewarded the kindness of the uncle, and both went home in deep silence. Supper had already been served on the large broad table of the family room, and Barbara had taken her seat, looking now and then to the dish, and to the door by which she expected her father. Presently the rest of the household appeared, the mother with the two half-grown-up daughters, Kunigunde and Elizabeth, and behind them limping the old servant came. Reverentially the master spoke the blessing, after which the house-mother passed a plate full of soup to each of them.

When Martin's turn came at last her severe eyes were fixed upon him, and the hard question came, "You are sure you have finished your work? It is written, 'He who will not work, neither shall he eat.'"

"He has done his utmost," answered the organist for Martin, who looked down timidly.

Katherine's glances followed the very movements which Martin made with his spoon, as if she wished to count them, and feared that she had given him too plentifully. Martin, under the stinging glance of these eyes, felt as if he were choking. After the supper was over there was a Paternoster and an Ave Maria. Then the organist made a sign to his wife, and went with her to his little corner-room.

CHAPTER II.

After having seated himself on the wooden bench which ran along the wall, he began, "There is something which I should like to discuss with you, dearest Katherine, and I entreat you to listen to me to the end with all patience and gentleness. I refer to our charge, Martin Luther. As often as I look into the thin, sorrowful face of the boy, my heart reproaches me, because I faithfully promised to his father, my dear brother-in-law, to do all in my power for his boy, that he might lose here at Eisenach the pallor which he had been troubled with at Magdeburg, and that he might again grow happy and cheerful as he used to be at home at Mansfeld. Such has not been the case; on the contrary, the poor fellow has grown thinner, and his skin more transparent, so that it is to be feared for this world he will not be long. He eats his poor meal with pain; and as long as this sad guest sits down to the table with us, our food will never make us thrive, especially as he is made to see that every spoonful is grudged to him, and handed to him with unwillingness. Therefore I deem it right that henceforth we should make him more comfortable, as is proper for Christian relatives, and rather deny ourselves somewhat that the Lord may not lay such want of love to our charge."

Katherine had only with difficulty mastered herself during this speech, and several times had been on the point of breaking forth. But presently she rose in great agitation and stood before her lord, the hard cold features of her broad face becoming a degree harder and colder. "It is a great pity," said she in a cutting voice, "that you have not turned priest, for you understand preaching wonderfully well, and the words flow eloquently from your lips. However, your speech does not sound to the point; on the contrary, it seems a foolishness and annoyance to me. To be sure, it is written, 'Be merciful, as your Father in heaven is merciful;' but everything in its place and within its proper limits, for again it is written, 'If any one provide not for his own, specially for those of his own house, he has denied his faith, and is worse than an infidel.' That signifies pointing to ourselves, He who takes the bread from his children and gives it to a stranger, sins against his own flesh and blood."

"A stranger!" said Konrad, interrupting the eloquent tongue of his wife. "Is Martin not my own sister's son? Have we not taken him into our house in order to look after his bodily and spiritual welfare as much as lies in our power? Thus he is part of ourselves, and not a stranger."

Katherine waved her hand disapprovingly, and said,

"Who gave Hans Luther the hasty promise? You alone; I never wished to have anything to do with it, and for a good reason also, for I know how to reckon household expenses, and that you do not understand. It is enough for you if morning and evening the dish is steaming on the table; but wifence it is to come you never inquire, and you have no idea how I sit up at nights and worry myself."

The organist slowly moved his head. "Well do I know that I have a small income; but I know also that God will bless to us what we do in charity, and that in any case where we share our money with the poor, we shall never be suffered to want."

"Of such a blessing I have never experienced anything as yet," said Katherine maliciously, "but rather dispeace and vexation have entered our dwelling since Martin has come to it."

Lindeman's face assumed a serious expression. "That is not Martin's fault, but rather your unkind, ungenerous heart. Since you look at him with displeasure, and grudge him everything, there is no peace in your heart. God's blessing comes only to the cheerful giver."

At this moment the soft tones of a lute were heard proceeding from the parlour, and, after a few chords, a voice as clear and as pure as a silver bell burst forth. Konrad listened and held his hollow hand to his ear. It was a sad melody, and tremulously the sound passed through the quiet house. When the voice had passed away the organist drew his breath, and said more to himself than to his wife, "He is a wonderful boy, Martin! As often as I hear his singing, it always seems to me as if I heard it for the first time, so new and refreshing it is, and I can never have enough of it. My fellow-organist at St. George's judges likewise. He says that at the mass he can hear the one voice among hundreds which touches his heart like the voice of an angel; and the worshippers often turn round and ask, 'Whose is that wonderful voice?' And now they continually call him the Nightingale. Well, if nothing better is to become of him, he is a musician and minstrel already, and will make a name for himself in the world; and if the Pope in Rome knew about him, he would be able to make use of him, and the Italians would grow dumb in listening to the German nightingale. What do you think, Katherine?"

"What should I think?" she answered impatiently. "First of all, I think musicians and choir-boys are flighty people, whose fame is worth little; secondly, my opinion is, that if Martin is able to sing so merrily, he cannot be badly off. If people are sorrowful they do not think much of singing. Therefore I consider Martin a rogue; he feigns his illness and acts hypocritically, to touch our kind hearts by his sighs and melancholy manners." With these words Katherine left the room hastily, without waiting for a contradictory reply from her husband.

CHAPTER III.

Meanwhile Martin had gone up to his little garret, taken off his clothes, which were scarcely dried enough at the stove, and thrown himself on his poor bed. He felt very confused, his eyes were dancing, and he shivered with cold. Ere long the cold turned to heat, and a fever was in process. The following morning he was unable to rise; indeed, he could scarcely remember where he was. Little Barby, who had waited for his coming down in vain, peeped through the half-open door, and ran down in great alarm, as she noticed Martin, known to her only with the palest of faces, lying with highly flushed cheeks on his bed. Konrad had gone the preceding day to Ruhla, where he was to stand godfather to the child of a distant relative. This was an unfortunate occurrence, for Katherine had so much to do that it was noon before she found time to look after the invalid. She found him lying with half-closed eyes, and descended the stairs with an easy mind; or if she had a care, it was the thought that a long illness might be in process with Martin, which would entail on her a great deal of trouble. The more this thought took hold of her, the more angrily she walked about the house, like an evil spirit, so that her children kept aloof from her; and at last even her lord was silent, having learned that, on trying to soothe her, he only poured oil on the fire. Those were sad days which Martin spent in his garret. Not that bodily pain troubled him much, since the fever had only turned to a great weakness; but there was a battle raging in his inmost soul hotter than the fever in his veins. Martin felt a great war going on in his heart; he glowed with irresistible longing for investigation and learning, and the little that he had tasted [of knowledge hitherto had but tended to increase his thirst, and filled his soul with enthusiasm. It seemed to him in the halls of wisdom as if wings were given to his intellect, and in the blessedness of happiest satisfaction he lost himself in the secrets of human learning, forgetting everything around. Besides, he was so well liked by his fellow-scholars, that in seeing his genius they overlooked the threadbare coat; and the eye of his master rested upon him with unmingled delight. What! Had all this only been a dream? He lifts his hand to his brow, sees close above him the tiles of the roof, and all around the tokens of his poverty, his hopeless poverty. Alas! it had been but a dream, and now all is over. He must give up the struggle, he must suppress his desires energetically, and give up the highest happiness of his life. "It is not possible," he says gloomily and sadly to himself. "I shall not be able to struggle through the unfavourable circumstances nor against inexorable fate. If I wished to begin anew it were vain; I would perish on the road to the inaccessible goal." Thus the unfortunate boy tormented himself; and as he arose from his miserable pallet at the end of five days, he had made up his mind to return to Mansfeld, and to become a miner like his father.

The following day he took his books under his arm once again; for the last time he wished to hear the voice of his much-loved teacher. After the classes were over he remained behind. He could not get the packing of his books finished; and, besides, he wished to let the boys pass out before him to allow him to talk alone to the rector. But at the moment when he wished to open his mouth to take leave of his teacher his courage failed him.

Trebonius saw that something troubled him. "What is the matter with you, Martinus?" he asked, laying his hand kindly on the boy's shoulder.

Martin bit his lips to keep back the tears, but it was of no use; they persisted in appearing, and he stammered with difficulty, "Have patience with me, honourable sir; I was obliged to stay at home for a week."

After arriving at his uncle's the struggle began anew, and now there was added to his trouble the reproach for want of courage that he had not been strong enough to fulfil a determination previously made. He threw himself on the cold floor of his little bed-room, and cried out, "O God, thou must help; I cannot help myself." After having risen, he took up his knapsack hastily. "This is the last time," he said, "that I shall make use of it, for to-morrow I shall most assuredly tell the rector, and in three days I intend to be at home in Mansfeld."

CHAPTER IV.

There is a house with three high bold-looking gables in George Street, close to the church, which rises far above the adjoining dwellings. The dragon's heads at the corners, pouring the rain-water down the street through their gaping mouths, the carved stone flowers above the house-door, and the bright windows, give to it quite a stately appearance. Here dwells Mr. Konrad Cotta, one of the richest and most esteemed burghers of the good town of Eisenach.

It was again a cold, dull November day. The rain poured down the deserted street without interruption. Mrs. Ursula Cotta with her children sat near the stove, where the wood-fire crackled for the first time this season. She was busy showing them the old pictures of the old legend book. Heinrich was just asking the question why "Holy Elizabeth" looked so hungry, seeing she was a reigning countess of Thuringia, and a countess did not require to be hungry, when suddenly the singing of the choir-boys was heard from the street. Mrs. Cotta did not answer her child's question; she listened to the sounds which reached her ears. The melody was well known to her. The boys sang the "Kyrie Eleison" of the mass. Suddenly she sprang up and hastened to the window. "There is our nightingale back again," she cried out in delight, and with shining eyes. "Do you hear how pure the voice sounds, like a silver bell? I have wanted something during the whole week, since I did not hear the nightingale, neither at mass nor in the street, and I feared it had taken wings and flown to a country where there is no winter and no sorrow."

She searched among the boys with their honest blue eyes, until she had found out the bird, hitherto only heard but never seen. The sight must have touched her, for the tears started to her eyes, which rested continuously on Martin Luther; and her children hung about her and asked, "Are you sad, mother? do listen how beautifully they sing." The kind-hearted Ursula knows not how it happens, but ere she remembers she is down on the street; and when she came to herself again she stood in her warm room, and the choir-boy sat on the bench, his cloak being put close to the stove to dry.

Has it been a song of mourning or murmuring, the "Kyrie Eleison," which the boy had sung? Yes, he meant it so, but without his intention it had turned into a prayer, and now that has already been granted. Martin reads it in the eyes of the kind, high-born lady, who speaks to him as his own mother does at home, only more gently and tenderly. Mrs. Ursula asks so sympathizingly about Martin's circumstances, as if he had been a new relative of whose existence she had suddenly heard. Meanwhile the servant brought a plate filled with warm soup from the kitchen; and now Mrs. Ursula had the pleasure to see how a boy enjoys his dinner who has not had any good food for years.

After Martin was satisfied, Mrs. Cotta began to catechize him anew, and soon she was made acquainted with his life-story. Her mind was at work upon an idea, which shaped itself in uncertain figures before her eyes, and which only required her absent husband's sanction. She did not let the boy notice anything, but told him rather to pray earnestly, and the Lord, at the request of the holy Virgin, would relieve his need at the proper time. Then she dismissed him, his knapsack well-filled, and she called after him, "God grant that we shall see each other again."

Martin did not feel the weight of his bag. He hastened home on wings, and did not even notice the astonished face of his aunt Katherine, who was attracted by the change in his whole bearing. When he reached his little garret he threw himself on his knees and thanked God for his mercies.

It required but a short conversation between Mr. Cotta and his wife, to open the resolution that they would take Martin into their home and treat him as their own child. At dawn of the same day there was a knock at the organist's door, and a distinguished-looking lady asked for admission.

"Ah! is it you, noble lady, who condescend to step under my roof?" said the organist, humbly lifting his cap.

"Martin told me how kind you have been to him."

"Do you love Martin very much?" said Mrs. Cotta gently.

The organist cast a side glance to his wife, who entered at that moment, then he replied, "Martin is my sister's son, and a good, pious boy; why should I not love him?"

"I also have learned to love him," continued Mrs. Ursula, "and I should like to have an opportunity of showing my love to him every day. Therefore, I beseech you, permit me to take the boy with me to my own house."

Herr Lindeman could not trust his ears, and stared at Mrs. Cotta with questioning eyes. But then, as she repeated the request, he bowed in the deepest agitation, seized her hand, and said, "May God reward you in all eternity for what you have done to my poor child in his name."

Katherine stood in the door, rooted to the ground. Shame and repentance were working in her heart, and made her face glow. After a short while she stepped forward, her eyes cast down, and pressed Mrs. Cotta's hand in silence.

On the same evening Martin Luther sat at the well-covered

table in the circle of a noble, pious family; and when, at a later time, he went to bed, he did not shut an eye during the whole night, but one prayer after another rose from his grateful heart to God.

Twice is Eisenach mentioned in Luther's story, and both times an important event takes place in the great man's life. The Wartburg yonder on the hill, and the house in George Street down in the valley, are homes of the Reformer. The walls of the Wartburg saved the outcast from the murderous steel of Rome, who tried to assassinate the hero for the truth's sake; and the care in George Street saved the despairing one from the miner's cowl, wherein the genius was on the point of hiding itself.

Luther himself never forgot what Eisenach did for him, and always called it "my dear town." Ursula Cotta was an excellent woman, truly a pattern of women, an ideal of feminine virtue and pious customs, but she would never have been famous, nor would posterity ever have heard her name, had she not been chosen by God to be the benefactress of the great Reformer. She became a famous woman through him, and wherever Luther's name is mentioned her kind act is remembered. S. S.

THE GRACE OF HUMILITY.

"Whose shoe-latchet I am not worthy to unloose."—The greatest saints of God in every age of the Church have always been men of John the Baptist's spirit. In gifts, and knowledge, and general character they have often differed widely. But in one respect they have always been alike;—they have been "clothed with humility." (1 Pet. v. 5.) They have not sought their own honour. They have thought little of themselves. They have been ever willing to decrease if Christ might only increase, to be nothing if Christ might be all. And here has been the secret of the honour God has put upon them. "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." (Luke xiv. 11.)

If we profess to have any real Christianity, let us strive to be of John the Baptist's spirit. Let us study humility. This is the grace with which all must begin, who would be saved. We have no true religion about us, until we cast away our high thoughts, and feel ourselves sinners.—This is the grace which all saints may follow after, and which none have any excuse for neglecting. All God's children have not gifts, or money, or time to work, or a wide sphere of usefulness; but all may be humble.—This is the grace, above all, which will appear most beautiful in our latter end. Never shall we feel the need of humility so deeply, as when we lie on our deathbeds, and stand before the judgment seat of Christ. Our whole lives will then appear a long catalogue of imperfections, ourselves nothing, and Christ all.

"WHOM YE KNOW NOT."

It is a solemn thought that John the Baptist's words in this place apply strictly to thousands in the present day. Christ is still standing among many who neither see, nor know, nor believe. Christ is passing by in many a parish and many a congregation, and the vast majority have neither an eye to see Him, nor an ear to hear Him. The spirit of slumber seems poured out upon them. Money, and pleasure, and the world they know; but they know not Christ. The kingdom of God is close to them; but they sleep. Salvation is within their reach; but they sleep. Mercy, grace, peace, heaven, eternal life, are so nigh that they might touch them; and yet they sleep. "Christ standeth among them and they know him not." These are sorrowful things to write down. But every faithful minister of Christ can testify, like John the Baptist, that they are true.

What are we doing ourselves? Thus after all, is the great question that concerns us. Do we know the extent of our religious privileges in this country, and in these times? Are we aware that Christ is going to and fro in our land, inviting souls to join Him and to be His disciples? Do we know that the time is short and that the door of mercy will soon be closed for evermore? Do we know that Christ rejected will soon be Christ withdrawn?—Happy are they who can give a good account of these inquiries and who "know the day of their visitation!" (Luke xix. 44.) It will be better at the last day never to have been born, than to have had Christ "standing among us" and not to have known Him.

BOOKS.

God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of the past ages. Books are the true travelers. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence of the best and greatest of our race. No matter how poor I am. No matter though the prosperous of my own time will not enter my obscure dwelling. If the sacred writers will enter and take up their abode under my roof, if Milton will cross my threshold and sing to me of Paradise, or Shakespeare open to me the worlds of imagination and the workings of the human heart, and Franklin to enrich me with his practical wisdom, I shall not pine for want of intellectual companionship; and I may become a cultivated man, though excluded from what is called the best society in the place where I live.—*Channing.*

"EXCEPT a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God."—"Without holiness no man shall see the Lord." To dwell in the new heavens and the new earth, we must be made new creatures. There will be exquisite scenery in heaven, when the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem appear; but a blind man could not enjoy it. There will be exquisite melody in heaven, from the golden harps of angels and the redeemed; but a man without an ear for music could not enjoy it. And just so there will be spotless holiness in heaven—it will be the very atmosphere of heaven—how, then, could an unholy soul enjoy it? "Marvel not that I said unto you, Ye must be born again."—*St. Chrysostom.*

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

ON the 17th ult., Rev. John Black, D.D., of Kildonan, Manitoba, was presented with a handsome pulpit gown and a valuable beaver overcoat, accompanied by an address in the name of the people of his parish and the Sabbath School and Bible Class. These costly gifts show, what the address warmly expresses, that the faithful services and arduous toil of Dr. Black during the past twenty-six years are appreciated by the people among whom he labors.

THE annual social in commemoration of the opening of Chalmers' Church, Guelph, was held on the evening of Monday, the 17th inst. The audience filled the basement of the church. Rev. Mr. Wardrope, pastor of the congregation, presided, and delivered an appropriate introductory address. After him the speakers were Rev. Mr. Ballantyne, of Cobourg, Rev. Mr. Smythe, of Eramosa, and Rev. Dr. Barrie. The addresses were interesting and instructive; the choir supplied excellent music; and the large company present seemed well pleased.

AT the close of public worship on Thanksgiving Day, the Bible Class of Knox Church, Beckwith, presented their pastor, the Rev. J. M. Macalister, with a purse of \$51.50, wishing him (as they said in their address) to share with them in the bountiful harvest they had enjoyed. And on Monday, the 17th inst., the Bible Class of Ashton (the other part of the same pastoral charge, surprised Mr. Macalister at his residence, and presented him with an address, accompanied by a valuable racoon-skin coat as a token of their appreciation of his labors among them since his settlement in January last.—COM.

THE anniversary sermons of the Seaforth Presbyterian Church were preached on Sabbath, the 16th inst., morning and evening, by the Rev. Dr. Cochrane, of Brantford. Very large congregations were in attendance at both diets of worship, and liberal collections were taken up in aid of the funds of the Church. A successful tea-meeting was held on the Monday evening, when addresses were delivered by the chairman, Rev. Thomas Goldsmith, and other clergymen. As already announced, the Seaforth congregation is about to lose the services of Mr. Goldsmith, by his translation to St. John's, Hamilton. The Church has now reached that point, both in regard to numbers and influence, which makes it one of the finest fields for an active and faithful minister. In his evening sermon, Dr. Cochrane referred to its different appearance and capabilities now from what it was in 1867, when he preached at the opening of the lecture-room, and exhorted them to united and speedy action in the choice of a pastor.—COM.

THE basement of the new church now in course of building by the Presbyterian congregation of Strathroy, being so far completed as to admit of being used for public worship and for Sabbath school, it was formally opened for divine service on the 9th inst. The apartment was fitted up for seating comfortably 625 persons, and at the appointed hour on Sabbath morning every seat was occupied. Rev. G. M. Milligan, M.A., of Old St. Andrew's, Toronto, preached an able, eloquent, and instructive sermon from Luke xiii. 18, 19. In the afternoon the pulpit was occupied by Rev. R. Scobie, the pastor, and the church was again filled. The discourse was founded on Hebrews xii. 6: "For whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth," and was preached specially in memory of Mr. James Young, of Strathroy, who died on the 4th inst., in the seventy first year of his age. Rev. Mr. Milligan preached again in the evening. The collections during the day amounted to \$190. On the evening of Monday, the 10th, the ladies entertained over 600 guests, who after partaking of a substantial supper on the main floor of the church, adjourned to the basement to listen to Mr. Milligan's lecture on "What the Sunbeams Say." Rev. G. Cuthbertson presided, and the resident ministers of the town occupied the platform. The lecture was very highly appreciated. Short speeches were afterwards made by Rev. Messrs. Card, Smythe, McDiarmid and Beswick. The proceeds on this occasion amounted to \$286, which added to the Sabbath collections makes \$476. At an entertainment given to the Sabbath School children on Tuesday evening, Mr. James Manson announced his intention of making up the receipts of the opening services to \$1,000. Mr. Scobie is to be congratulated. The results of the opening meetings

are most encouraging. When the building is finished doubtless this spirit of praiseworthy liberality will be still further evoked, so that the congregation may take possession of their new place of worship nearly, if not wholly, free from debt.

"WHERE IS THE PROMISE OF HIS COMING?"

The argument on which the scoffers used the apostle's words is, that such an event as the second coming of Christ is at variance with what is observed in nature and in history. His second coming, it was said by Christ, would be sudden and overwhelming. The scoffers look around, and they see no signs of this; and they say, "Where is the promise of his coming?" On the one hand, they say, we are told to expect a sudden and violent catastrophe; on the other hand, Nature has been, and is, gradual, regular, and orderly in all her processes, without any convulsions and disturbances, without anything which is not the product of clearly ascertained causes. So again, they argue, is it with history. In history we see a natural growth from one condition to another, the rudest civilization melting gradually into the highest; so that the final result is connected with all that preceded it by a series of links, each of which leads on to another. Is it conceivable, then, they ask, that all this order is to be broken up, that the natural world is to be disturbed, that the marvellous mass of human lives welded together by the labours of centuries into one great whole will be one day ended, without discussion or parley, by the mere fiat of the Judge, uttered in a moment, resistless and irreversible?

In answering these questions, let us place ourselves under St. Peter's guidance. In the verse following the text he first raises the question of fact. The objector says there have been no such catastrophes in the past, and therefore none can be expected. St. Peter points at once to the Deluge. That was a catastrophe, whatever else it was, both for nature and for man. Thus St. Peter says, "They willingly are ignorant that by the word of God the heavens were of old, and the earth standing out of the water and in the water; and yet, by the agencies which he had made, 'the world that then was, being overflowed with water, perished.' And then he proceeds to draw the conclusion that what has been may be again: 'The heavens and the earth which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto us against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men.'" There may be a difference in the agency employed—then it was water, hereafter it shall be fire; but eventually there is the same general characteristic—destruction; the same general purpose—judicial; while the power and the effect are the same—omnipotent.

St. Peter points to the Deluge; but it does not stand alone. All through the ages in the history of the planet on which we live there has been a succession of tragic occurrences in the face of nature and in the realm of human history. Holy Scripture calls these occurrences "judgments;" and such indeed they are. The effect on an individual, on a family, on a nation, is what the universal judgment will be to the whole race. Sometimes such occurrences are the work of nature, or, as the Christian would say, the work of God in nature. Such was the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah, such in later days was the destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum. In the last century our great-grandfathers were accustomed to look upon the earthquake of Lisbon as an event of this character; and that mighty wave along the seaboard of Bengal which the other day swept 200,000 souls into eternity, was but an illustration of what nature will do hereafter in winding up the account of the vast number of reasonable creatures with the God who made them. It is only a question of area and extent. The principle is the same, whether it is seen in the Deluge or in Christ's second coming.

But sometimes such occurrences are the work of man himself. Such, for instance, was the destruction of Jerusalem; and such too was the fall of the Roman Empire. It seemed then as if all were settled, as if all were guaranteed for the ownership of property and for public security; but in a moment all the safeguards which protected society from barbarism were swept away. Such, again, was the French Revolution. It was a convulsion the like of which had not been seen for a thousand years. It closed one period in history and opened another. And yet, when it first burst forth, many good people thought that the end of the world had come.

And so St. Peter says that what has been may be. It matters not that all is quiet; the ocean is often calmer on the eve of a storm. The Roman Empire had stood for ages, and men believed it would stand for ever. They even spoke of it as "the Eternal City." But its hour came, and it fell. Our Indian fellow-subjects, who had watched the sea for many years, would have smiled if they had been told that it would rise twenty feet above its ordinary level; and yet the cyclone came, and all was over.

But, secondly, St. Peter grappled with the complaint that the Second Advent had been so long delayed. It seems intolerable to man to wait, and he cries, "Oh rend the heavens;" and he cries without avail. God, man thinks in his folly, must be waiting too, upon the issue of events and operations which he cannot wholly control. He too shares the lassitude of disappointed expectations and disappointed hopes and fears. But the apostle says No; God is not as man, and man never makes a more serious mistake than when he argues from the conditions of his own finite nature to the awful and illimitable being of God. As God is not circumscribed by space, so also as to time; for him there is no past, no present, no future. He lives in the eternal present, and the sequences of events which men measure as the sum of their being are present all at once by one single act to the Infinite Mind. To him all the events of individual lives, all the epochs in the history of our country, all the turning-points in the history of the world, are spread out. He does not remember, he contemplates them.

In like manner as to the future. All the men who are

yet to live, all the events which are to surprise the world, all the rising and falling of nations,—these are all before him, and he does not anticipate, he contemplates them. So with the Flood; the event as a whole is spread out before the eye of God. And so it is with the second coming of Christ; no matter how distant it may be, to him it is already present—all its indescribable bliss, all its unutterable woe, are before him. Thus with God there is no room for expectation or for weariness. The intellect which had to wait for an event would be less than omnipotent. So St. Peter says, "One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." For the Infinite Mind time means nothing; there is no such thing as delay for him. All that will be is; the only question is, when it shall be unrolled. We may have to wait, for centuries do not exist for the Eternal, and it is in looking at things as they appear in his eyes that we see how foolish it is to import our rules and measures into such matters. The uniformity of nature, the regular course of history, the ages that have passed and may pass,—what are these against the promise of Him who works by rule, and yet who works also by catastrophe, who tells us what he sees when he tells us of the future, but who knows of no such thing as delay?

WORDS OF THE WISE.

DIFFICULTY excites the mind to the dignity which sustains and finally conquers misfortune, and the ordeal refines while it chastens.

HUMANITY ONE.—There is one heart for the whole mighty mass of humanity, and every particular vessel strives to beat in concert with it. . . . That man's soul is not dear to himself to whom the souls of his brethren are not dear. As far as they can be influenced by him they are parts and properties of his own soul, their faith his faith, their errors his burthen, their righteousness and bliss his righteousness and his reward; and of their guilt and misery his own will be the echo.—*Coleridge.*

HE that, while He lived, was "a man of sorrows acquainted with grief;" whom the world despised, hated, persecuted, and at last crucified; yet being for His obedience beloved of God, "was raised by Him the third day from the dead;" and then that body which had so lately been torn and mangled by all the ways that malice or cruelty could invent, is now no longer subject to want or misery. The scourges that had ploughed His back but three days before, the crown of thorns that had pierced His temples, and the nails and spears that had wounded Him so wonderfully, did not in the least hinder that body from being raised to glory. And this, the Spirit of God assures us, shall be the reward of every faithful member of JESUS CHRIST. "This corruptible body shall put on incorruption, and this mortal body shall put on immortality." "May the GOD of peace, that brought again from the dead our LORD JESUS CHRIST, make us perfect in every good work to do His will, through JESUS CHRIST OUR LORD."—*Bishop Williams.*

BELIEVING ON THE NAME OF CHRIST.—The word "name," in the Scripture, is often put for person. The receivers of Christ are said to believe on His name, because the direct object of their faith is the person of Christ. It is not the believing that Christ died for all, or for me, or for the elect, or any such proposition, that saveth. It is believing on Christ. The person, or name of Christ, is the object of faith. The expression, "believe on His name," ought not to be overlooked. Arrowsmith remarks that there is a known distinction among divines, between believing God, that there is such a Being,—believing God, that what He says is true,—and believing on God in the way of faith and confidence as our God. And he observes, most truly, that precisely the same distinction exists between faith that there is such a Saviour as Christ,—faith that what Christ says is true,—and faith of reliance on Christ as our Saviour. Believing on Christ's name is exactly this faith of reliance, and is the faith that saves and justifies.

THERE is an infinite fulness in Jesus Christ. As St. Paul says, "It pleased the Father that in him should all fulness dwell."—"In Him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. (Coloss. i. 19; ii. 3.) There is laid up in Him, as in a treasury, a boundless supply of all that any sinner can need, either in time or eternity. The Spirit of Life is His special gift to the Church, and conveys from Him, as from a great root, sap and vigour to all the believing branches. He is rich in mercy, grace, wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. Out of Christ's fulness, all believers in every age of the world have been supplied. They did not clearly understand the fountain from which their supplies flowed, in Old Testament times. The Old Testament saints only saw Christ afar off, and not face to face. But from Abel downwards, all saved souls have received all they have had from Jesus Christ alone. Every saint in glory will at last acknowledge that he is Christ's debtor for all he is. Jesus will prove to have been all in all.—*Ryle.*

HEARTLESSNESS OF LADIES WHO ARE FOND OF DRESS.—Many ladies have to learn a little patience, a little civility, a little consideration for the feelings of those who occupy stations humbler than theirs. That lady mentioned in the Report of the "Children's Employment Commissioners" who ordered a zouave jacket, elaborately trimmed—ordered it late at night, and insisted that it should be ready at two o'clock the next day, because she had at that hour to attend a meeting of the Early Closing Association—may have been quite unaware of the fact, but she was, to all intents and purposes, a worse than Carolinian slave-driver, a worse than Egyptian task-mistress. The silly vanity, the overweening love of luxury and display, the impatience, the thoughtlessness, and sometimes the utter heartlessness of those who sacrifice to the cruel idol of Fashion, are the elements which cause the cup of sorrow of the milliners and dressmakers to overflow. If ladies would wear fewer dresses, would order them in time, and pay for them on delivery instead of running long bills, we should hear no more of white slavery at the West End.—*The Daily Telegraph.*

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON I.

Jan. 6, 1878. } REHOBOAM, FIRST KING OF JUDAH. { 2 Chron. xli. 1-12.

GOLDEN TEXT:— "When he humbled himself, the wrath of the Lord turned from him." Verse 12.

HOME STUDIES.

- M. 1 Chron. xxix. 10-30.....Solomon succeeds David.
- T. 1 Kings xi. 4-13.....The division foretold.
- W. 2 Chron. ix. 22-31.....End of Solomon's reign.
- Th. 2 Chron. x. 1-19.....The division accomplished.
- F. 2 Chron. xi. 1-17.....Rehoboam's early reign.
- S. 2 Chron. xii. 1-16.....End of Rehoboam's reign.
- S. James iv. 1-10.....Grace to the humble.

HELPS TO STUDY.

We return now to the Old Testament history. There are two PRELIMINARY QUESTIONS to be answered.

1. *Who wrote and what is the purpose of the Book from which the lessons for the ensuing quarter are taken?*

In the Hebrew canon the Chronicles form a single book, entitled, "Book of the Events of the Times." It begins with Adam, and ends abruptly in the middle of Cyrus' decree of restoration. The continuation of the narrative is found in the Book of Ezra, which begins by repeating 2 Chron. xxxvi. 22, 23, and filling up the fragment of the decree of Cyrus. A closer examination leads to the conclusion that Chronicles, Ezra, Nehemiah, were originally one work, displaying throughout the peculiarities and language of a single editor, who was most probably Ezra.

The great object of Ezra and his contemporaries was to re-infuse something of national life and spirit into the heart of the people, and to make them feel that they were still the inheritors of God's covenant mercies. The threads of the old national life broken by the captivity have again to be gathered up. The people require to be reminded of their entire history, to be shown that their prosperity depended upon their faithfulness to Jehovah, and that their sins were the cause of their overthrow and humiliation. It is with these aims that the past history of the Kingdom of David is re-written in the Books of Chronicles, with frequent allusions to recent events and constant reiteration of their great religious teachings.

2. *What is the connection of our present series with the last series of Old Testament lessons?* We begin now at the same point as we did last year, the division of the Kingdom. Read over the notes on the first lessons of 1877. We traced the Kingdom of Israel to its end. We are now about to follow out the parallel progress of the Kingdom of Judah.

Upon the death of Solomon, Rehoboam his son was made king, (2 Chron. ix. 31.) He refused to redress the grievances of the people. Consequently ten tribes revolted and made Jeroboam their king. (2 Chron. x. 16-19; 1 Kings xii. 19, 20.) Rehoboam raised an army of 180,000 men to subdue the rebels, but was compelled by Divine constraint to relinquish his intention.

Our lesson brings before us, first, his

1. TRANSGRESSION AND ITS PUNISHMENT: Verses 1-5.

1. *The king's sin:*—Verse 1. After he was recalled from his intended expedition against Israel he proceeded to establish the kingdom, by fortifying his capital, which he surrounded with a chain of fortresses, garrisoned cities in which he placed princes of his house, 2 Chron. xi. 5-12; and by welcoming the faithful priests and worshippers of Jehovah who were driven from the kingdom of Israel by Jeroboam, 2 Chron. xi. 13-17.

Thus he strengthened himself, but not in God, Ps. lii. 7; Prov. xvi. 2. It was an ungodly, and therefore a false prosperity, Ps. lxxiii. 12; lxxxi. 12.

He forsook the law of the Lord, Jer. ii. 13; 1 Kings ix. 9. The prosperity of fools is their destruction. There are peculiar dangers in the possession of great wealth or power. Dan. iv. 30; 2 Chron. xxvi. 16.

All Israel with him, Ps. xiv. 3; cvi. 21; Hos. xiii. 9. *What waste of opportunities is here.* Rehoboam was of mature age (forty-one years); he inherited the temple, the treasures, the experience of David and Solomon; he had the best material of all Israel in a small compact territory. But he utterly fails to improve his blessings. Let us beware. No one can excuse an unfaithful stewardship upon the plea of lack of opportunity.

Dependence upon self leads to forsaking God. No man can sin alone. The sinner drags down others with him. The more prominent his position, the more dire will be the effects of his bad example.

2. *The suffering which followed the sin, Verses 2-5.* In the fifth year. The king's apostasy began in the fourth year. Retribution quickly follows. Even in this is seen God's mercy, in sending the discipline before the sinners had become hardened in guilt.

Shishak, king of Egypt, (note 1) came up.—An ancient enemy becomes again God's rod for the chastisement of his people. God often uses the pride and ambition of one man to punish the sin and folly of another.

Because they had transgressed.—Sin was the bad policy which wrought ruin.

Without number.—A vast array of roving hordes. (Note 2.) Judges vi. 5; 2 Chron. xiv. 12; xvi. 8; Nahum iii. 9; Jer. xlv. 9-10.

Then came Shemaiah.—Once before he had appeared to prevent bloodshed. 2 Chron. xi. 2-4. Now he comes interpreting the meaning of their calamities. Prophets were not sent to gratify idle curiosity, but to set forth God's will. Forsaken me. They that leave God's law (verse 1) leave God himself. I have left you. The worst of all calamities. Jud. x. 13; 2 Chron. xv. 2.

When God forsakes a man or a nation, what avails strength or policy?

Punishment follows sin as surely, though not always so closely as our shadow follows us.

God makes use of various instruments, and is as directly the Worker in ordinary methods as in miracles.

II. PENITENCE AND PROSPERITY: Verses 6-12. Humbled themselves. "Even kings and princes must either bend or break before God, either be humbled or be ruined." Trouble is not in vain when it brings men to humility. Hos. v. 15. God brings men and nations low that they may look upward. "From the top of a tower one looks on the earth; but, from the bottom of a well, one sees the stars." So these men in their humility began to understand God's character; for they said, The Lord is righteous. Lam. i. 18. They learnt also submission to God's righteous dealings. The Lord saw their sorrow as quickly as He saw their sin. Luke xv. 20. "I will not destroy." "Those who acknowledge God righteous will find Him gracious."

My wrath shall not be poured out.—Their lives were spared, and the city was not destroyed. He in whose hand is the heart of kings, so turned Shishak from his purpose, that he was content with the spoils of the temple and the palace without molesting the city.

Nevertheless, repentance restores to favour; but God often still permits the consequences of the sin to overtake the sinner, not in anger but in mercy. What would have been punishment to the ungodly, becomes discipline to the penitent. They shall be his servants. Every one has a master. If not God, it is the evil one. That they may know my service, that is, know by sad experience, the difference between the easy yoke which God put upon them and the hard service of their enemies. It is well when the bitterness of sin makes men realize the sweetness of God's service.

Shishak took away the treasures, the vast wealth accumulated by David and Solomon. He took all. 2 Kings xxv. 13-15. What a humiliation. The shields of gold. There were 500 of them, 200 larger ones, worth probably about \$3000 each, and 300 smaller ones. 1 Kings ix. 16; x. 16-17.

Shields of brass.—Thus the king tried to hide his shame. Oh, the folly of pretence! Foolish hearts seek to keep up the shadow of greatness when its reality is gone. Verse 11 means that the shields were only taken out of the place where they were kept, when they were borne by the body-guard, as the king went in state to the house of the Lord.

In Judah things went well.—Literally, "there were good things." The good things of grace. There was more real prosperity in the humiliation of the kingdom than there had been in its power.

Penitence averts God's anger.

He that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

Rehoboam's reign presents four periods, which are alternately bad and good.

First, we see the vain youth contemptuously refusing Israel's petition, threatening them with a heavier yoke and sorer chastisement, and, when the standard of revolt is set up, first ignominiously fleeing to the capital, and then preparing a vast army to crush the insurgent tribes. Here Rehoboam is the vain, cowardly, and tyrannical despot.

Second, we see how open he was to influence, whether good or bad. Jehovah's prophet warns him not to fight with Israel, and at once he refrains, and then wisely sets about fortifying the cities of Judah, and so guarding against an attack on the part of Jeroboam. And God rewards him by bringing back to his allegiance the priests and Levites of the northern tribes, and all "such as set their hearts to seek the Lord," thus strengthening the kingdom in the best possible way, by supplying it with a godly population. Here Rehoboam is the obedient and favored successor of David and Solomon.

Third, we see Rehoboam spoiled by prosperity. When he "had established the kingdom and strengthened himself, he forsook the law of the Lord." Then comes in the parallel account in 1 Kings xiv., detailing the apostasy of the people; and then the ravages of Shishak, the first invasion by a foreign power for nearly a century. Here Rehoboam is the backsliding idolater, bringing calamity on the people.

Fourth, we see the king and the princes, at the word of the same prophet they obeyed before, "humbly themselves before God," and, in consequence, God mercifully granting deliverance; and then, apparently, an improved condition of things for the rest of the reign (see verse 12). Here Rehoboam appears as the returning prodigal.

In which of these four periods was Rehoboam like us? If the first or the third, repent! If the second or the fourth, be humble, thankful, steadfast!

Why have changing periods of the kind at all? How much happier to be whole-hearted in God's service.

But we have no power in ourselves to help ourselves. Therefore let us "prepare our hearts to seek the Lord," whose grace is all-sufficient.

FOR THE LITTLE ONES.

I wonder how many of these boys ever climbed to high places? And do you ever fall? Would you rather fall from a high place, or from a low place? Being proud is something like being in a high place; not just the kind of high places about which we have been talking.

When Rehoboam was first made king, he obeyed God's law. He was not proud, so we will say he was in a low place, that is, he was humble, and God blessed him and made him a great king. More and more people, because they did not wish to worship golden calves, came to live in his country, and Rehoboam built many cities. When Rehoboam became so great he grew proud; so proud that when he had been King four years, he thought only about pleasing himself, and stopped worshipping God and trying to please him; then God punished Rehoboam. How many of you would like to know how God punished Rehoboam? Do you believe he let King Jeroboam and his soldiers take him? Yes. No, but God let another king named Shishak bring so many soldiers and people from a far country that King Rehoboam became frightened. Shall I read you from the

Bible, what word God sent to Rehoboam by his prophets? 2 Chron. xii. 5. "Ye have forsaken me; therefore have I also left you in the hands of Shishak;" he had forsaken God, and God had forsaken him. Rehoboam was afraid to fight Shishak without God for his helper, and he began to feel sorry for his proud ways, and cried to God to forgive him. The Bible tells us that when he humbled himself, the wrath of the Lord turned from him.

This is our Golden Text for to-day. God said to Rehoboam, "I will not let Shishak kill you, but you must be his servant and obey him, so that you will remember to obey me. Do you think Rehoboam was proud any longer? How was he then? Could he serve God better as a King or as a Servant? Can a proud heart or a humble heart serve God best? Let the Golden Text be repeated by the class in concert.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. Shishak.—The Sheshonk I. of the monuments, first sovereign of the Bulastu, or twenty-second dynasty of Egypt. The monuments confirm the chronology of the Bible. He was the old friend and supposed father-in-law of Jeroboam. Early in the present century, during the exploration of Egyptian ruins which commenced with Napoleon's occupation of the country, the monumental record of the identical invasion of Palestine by Shishak was discovered, sculptured upon the walls of the great temple of Karnak. It was a list of the countries, cities, and tribes conquered or ruled by him, or tributary to him.

2. Libim.—Libyans, a nation on the African coast west of Egypt, and on the northern confines of the great desert. They seem to have been first reduced by the Egyptians, about B.C. 1250. Sukkim.—"Tent-dwellers," an Arab tribe dwelling in the deserts south of Palestine. Others believe them to be the Troglodytes, or "cave-dwellers," inhabiting the caverns of a mountain range on the coast of the Red Sea. Ethiopians.—"Dark-complexioned." They occupied the country south of Egypt, extending over modern Nubia, Senaar, and Northern Abyssinia. They were a dark-complexioned, stalwart race, "men of stature," and fine-looking. Fenced cities.—The walled cities which Rehoboam had fortified as a line of defence on his southern border. Chron. xi. 5-12.

THE ALTERED MOTTO.

Oh! the bitter shame and sorrow,
That a time could ever be,
When I let the Saviour's pity
Plead in vain, and proudly answered:—
"All of self, and none of Thee."

Yet He found me; I beheld Him
Bleeding on the accursed tree,
Heard Him pray: "Forgive them Father!"
And my wistful heart said faintly:—
"Some of self and some of Thee."

Day by day His tender mercy,
Healing, helping, full and free,
Sweet and strong, and ah! so patient!
Brought me lower, while I whispered:
"Less of self, and more of Thee."

Higher than the highest heavens,
Deeper than the deepest sea,
Lord, thy love at last hath conquered;
Grant me now my soul's desire:—
"None of self and all of Thee."

—Th. Monod.

WHEN I come to this blessed Word, which is God's Book, I am safe; and if I have to stand alone, I would stand alone. I love that word spoken by the great Reformer, when he was told that the world was against him—"Then," replied he, "I am against the world."—Rev. W. H. Krause.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES 25 CENTS.

MARRIED.

On December 19th, in Bolton village, at the residence of James Munsie, Esq., uncle of the bride, by Rev. P. Nicol, Mr. H. A. Bonnar, M.C.P. and S.O., of Chesley, County of Bruce, to Miss Maggie, daughter of Alexander Munsie, Esq., of Albion.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

- TORONTO.—Knox Church, Toronto, on 3rd January.
- LINDSAY.—At Woodville, on 26th of February.
- BARRIE.—At Barrie, 1st Tuesday of February.
- STRATFORD.—In Knox Church, Stratford, on 29th January, at 10 a.m.
- WHITBY.—In St. Andrew's Church, Whitby, on 3rd Tuesday of December, at 11 a.m.
- SAUGEEN.—At Mount Forest, on the third Tuesday of December, at 2 o'clock p.m.
- OWEN SOUND.—In Division Street Church, Owen Sound, on Tuesday, 18th Dec., at 10 a.m.
- KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on Tuesday, 8th Jan., 1878, at 3 p.m.
- PARIS.—At Tilsonburg, on Tuesday 18th Dec., at 7.30 p.m.
- LONDON.—In first Presbyterian Church, London, on Tuesday 18th Dec., at 2 p.m.
- OTTAWA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, on Tuesday, 5th February, at 3 p.m.
- CHATHAM.—In Wellington Church, Chatham, on 18th December, at 11 a.m.
- PETERBOROUGH.—In the Mill Street Church, Port Hope, on the third Tuesday of January, at 1.30 p.m.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

CHILDREN DOING GOOD.

I AM sure you will find out ways of showing kindness, if you look for them. One strong lad, I saw the other day carrying a heavy basket up hill for a little tired girl. Another dear boy I met leading a blind man who had lost his faithful dog.

An old lady sitting in her arm chair by the fire once said, "My dear grand-daughter there is hands, feet, and eyes to me."

"How so?"

"Why, she runs about so nimbly to do the work of the house; she fetches me so willingly whatever I want; and, when she has done, she sits down and reads to me so nicely a chapter in the Bible."

One day a little girl came home from school quite happy to think she had been useful; for there was a schoolfellow there in great trouble about the death of a baby brother.

"And I put my cheek against hers," said her companion, "and I cried too, because I was sorry for her, and after a little while she left off crying and said I had done her good."

The ways in which you can do kind actions are very, very many. Almost every hour of the day, if you have a kind heart you will find some opportunity of doing a kind deed.

CHILDREN'S TOYS.

HOW little do children realize the great industries that have sprung up for the sole purpose of pleasing them! I wonder how many thousands of people the world over, are employed to-day making their toys, things that they can neither eat, drink, nor wear, but very valuable to them for all that.

Take one small item and see what improvements have been made in the matter of dolls' shoes alone. Time was, when we older folks thought a scrap of velvet, sewed over a doll's foot, with a few stitches of crimson or gold colored silk, was something rather splendid. Now our pets have their doll's shoes in all the daintiest tints of morocco, stitched and buttoned nicely enough for a baby's foot, and some of them are large enough for it, too.

There are little boots with heels, for walking; slippers, in all varieties, for dress occasions, common ties for morning wear, and, in short, a complete outfit for these miniature people, who have one merit above their little owners—they never wear out their shoes. There are quite a number of dolls' shoe factories in this country, and they use up first the scraps from the larger shoe factories, which used to be wasted, also scraps from the book binderies, and then a good deal of whole stock. About holiday times the trade is very brisk, and most of the toy stores keep a good supply on hand. I hope all our dear little girls will be made happy by a pair, at least, of these pretty dolls' shoes that "go off, and on," next Christmas morning, and if they cannot have a pair of morocco ones, I hope sister Mary or Nelly will make them a lovely pair of velvet ones, which, maybe, will answer just as well. Happiness turns on very little hinges sometimes. I have seen a little girl very happy over a doll made of a yellow cucumber, dressed in a slip of bright calico. Another

little girl had a crooked neck squash for a doll, and was very pitiful over poor dolly's "hives," as she called the warts on its surface. Another little girl used to go away by herself every day to play in a grove, and finally a lady, visiting at the house, felt curious to know how she passed her time, so she followed her after a while. There sat the little girl on a log, playing school with a shawl pinned about her waist for a trailing skirt, and eight or ten fat toads ranged before her, each in little calico jackets and white aprons, tied on in front so they could not jump. They seemed perfectly docile and well used to handling, as they made no objections to having their clothing taken off. The suits were laid away in a box and hidden in a hollow tree, and then school was out.

Children's tastes in play are about as various as their faces, and some of them seem very odd. Not many would enjoy such a school as this girl had.

TRUTHFUL AND OBEDIENT.

"CHARLIE! Charlie!" Clear and sweet as a note struck from a silver bell, the voice rippled over the common.

"That's mother," cried one of the boys, and he instantly threw down his bat, and picked up his jacket and cap.

"Don't go yet!" "Have it out!" "Finish this game!" "Try it again!" cried the players, in noisy chorus.

"I must go—right off—this very minute. I told her I'd come whenever she called."

"Make believe you didn't hear!" they all exclaimed,

"But I did hear!"

"She don't know you did."

"But I know it, and—"

"Let him go," said a bystander. "You can't do anything with him. He's tied to his mother's apron-strings."

"That's so," said Charlie; "and it's what every boy ought to be tied to; and in a hard knot, too."

"But I wouldn't be such a baby as to run the minute she called," said one.

"I don't call it babyish to keep one's word to his mother," answered the obedient boy, a beautiful light glowing in his blue eyes. "I call that manly; and the boy who don't keep his word to her will never keep it to any one else—you see if he does!" and he hurried away to his cottage home.

Thirty years have passed since those boys played ball on the common. Charles Grey is now a prosperous business man in a great city, and his mercantile friends say of him that "his word is as good as a bond." We asked him once how he acquired such a reputation.

"I never broke my word when a boy, no matter how great the temptation, and the habit formed then has clung to me through life."—*Child's Delight.*

A SILK-LINED HOUSE.

I HEARD two little boys down by the brook, to-day, talking about their fathers' houses, and boasting how grand they were. Johnny said his house had a velvet carpet in the parlor, and lace curtains at the windows. Willie said his house had splendid glass chandeliers, that sparkled like diamonds; and the walls were beautifully painted. I thought I would like to tell them about a house very

much more wonderful than those they lived in, because it is builded by a small insect.

The house is made by a kind of spider that lives in California, and is called the mason spider. His house is very marvelous for such a little fellow to make all by himself, without any hammer, or saw, or trowel, or axe, or nails, or plaster, or any such things as men use in building; and yet his mansion is fit for a little queen; for it is lined throughout with white silk!

The spider's house is nearly as large as a hen's egg, and is built of a sort of red clay, almost as handsome as the brown stone they are so proud of in New York city. It is cylindrical in shape. The top opens with a little trap-door, which is fastened with a hinge, and shuts of itself. The door and inside are lined with the most delicate white silk, finer than the costliest dress ever worn by a lady.

Mr. Spider builds his house in some crevice, or bores a cylindrical hole in the clay, so that all is concealed from view except this tiny trap-door. When he sees an enemy approaching he runs quickly to his silk-lined house, swings open the little door, goes in, and, as the door shuts tightly after him, holds firmly by placing his claws in two openings in the white silk lining of the door, just large enough to admit his little hands or feet, whichever you choose to call them; and here, nestled in this luxurious retreat, he bids defiance to all intruders.

I heard all about this spider from a gentleman who had been in California, and had brought home one of these red clay, silk-lined houses. He was showing it to some children as they were near me. I wish you could have seen it.

ASHAMED TO TELL MOTHER.

SUCH was a little boy's reply to his comrades who were trying to tempt him to do wrong.

"But you need not tell her, no one will know anything about it."

"I would know all about it myself, and I'd feel mighty mean if I couldn't tell mother."

"It's a pity you wasn't a girl. The idea of a boy running and telling his mother every little thing!"

"You may laugh if you want to," said the noble boy, "but I've made up my mind never, as long as I live, to do anything I would be ashamed to tell my mother."

Noble resolve, and which will make almost any life true and useful. Let it be the rule of every boy and girl to do nothing of which they would be ashamed to tell mother.

IDLENESS AND SIN.

SOME temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle. Idle Christians are not tempted of the devil so much as they do prompt the devil to tempt them. Idleness sets the door of the heart ajar, and asks Satan to come in, but if we are occupied from morning till night, should Satan get in, he must break through the door. Under sovereign grace, and next to faith, there is no better shield against temptation than obedience to the precept that ye be "not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord."

"If any man thirst, let him come unto Me and drink."

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Respectfully, etc., LEWIS THORNBROUGH.
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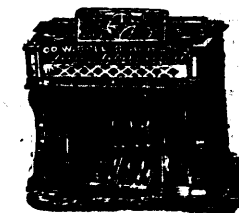
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The retail price of the articles in each sample lot amounts to exactly ten times the price we ask for the lot; for example, our \$1.00 lot retails for \$10.00; our \$5.00 lot for \$50.00.

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To any one sending us an order for the above lots by express to the amount of \$15.00, we will send FREE one Solid Romaine Gold Hunting-Case Watch, Gent's or Ladies' size, warranted to keep perfect time and look equally as well as a \$100.00 gold watch. By mail postpaid, \$15.50. This is our best offer to date, and is worth a trial, as the watch alone will sell or trade readily for from \$20.00 to \$50.00.

Remember!—This offer only holds good until Jan. 1st, 1878. After that time we shall sell only to Jobbers and Wholesale dealers, and any one wishing our goods will then have to pay full retail prices. Romaine Gold is the best, and, in fact, the only imitation of genuine gold made, being the same in weight, color and finish, and all our goods are made in the latest gold patterns. Will guarantee satisfaction in every instance, or refund money.

Send money by P. O. Money Order, or Registered letter, AT OUR RISK, No goods sent C. O. D. unless at least \$5.00 accompanies the order. Address plainly, W. F. EVANS & CO., Sole Agt's for U. S., and Canada, 95 & 97 SOUTH CLARK STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

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3. Its investments are of the most select character, and command a high rate of interest, making it profitable to its Policy Holders.
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