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Contributors and Correspondents

INTRODUCTION AND PROGRESS OF CHRISTIANITY IN SCOTLAND.

BY REV. J. BATTISBY.

No. 2.

After the departure of the Roman army from Scotland, along with those who chronicle passing events among them, we are chiefly indebted to our own native missionaries for what information we have regarding the progress of Christianity there. Among the first missionaries mentioned by some historians, is Ninian, or Rigan, as some call him, who settled on the Isle of Whithorn, in Galloway, about the year 413 A.D. It was he who built the first stone church in Scotland, which was long known by the name of "Caedida Casa," or White Church. The four walls of this church are still standing in a good state of preservation, and just as plumb as when first built. Vast changes have swept over Scotland since that church was built; but it is still an unpretending monument of early missionary zeal. Bede, in speaking of Ninian, says: "Columba came to preach to the northern Picts, for the southern Picts, who dwell on this side of those mountains, had long before, as is reported, forsaken the errors of idolatry, and embraced the truth, by the preaching of Ninian, a most reverend bishop, and holy man of the British nation." I shall again return to this account of him, for there are some points about it that are not satisfactory. Ninian is said to have been a native Briton, born about the year 360 A.D., or about two hundred years before the arrival of Columba in Scotland. Alred, who wrote about the year 1150 A.D., says regarding him, that "He was a man of deep elevation, warm affection, and devoted much time to the reading of Scripture." As stated already, his mission was confined to the northern Picts, who dwell south of the Grampian Mountains. But this same people, long before the days of Ninian at all, had embraced the truth, and had enjoyed the blessings of Christianity for 800 years, before he appeared among them. Alred, the historian, already mentioned, says that a great multitude met him when he landed among them, and received him as a prophet of God. Now according to this statement, his reception was that of one who seemed to be a Christian teacher, given by a converted and Christian people. Every one knows that heathen tribes and nations do not receive our missionaries as "prophets of God," no matter how kind and wonderful they may be.

The next missionary was Palladius. He was sent about the year 481 A.D., as the first bishop of the Scots, but whether this means the Irish Scots, or those settled among the Picts, some have doubted. Nennius, who speaks with some degree of authority, seems to put the matter beyond dispute, when he says that: "Palladius leaving Ireland, he removed to Britain." It is well known that his sojourn in Ireland was but short, less indeed than one year, and as some affirm, only four months. Whether his doctrines were not in harmony with the views of the people, or whether he himself was not acceptable as a missionary, it is difficult to say. Whatever may have been the cause of his failure, it is quite certain that he did not succeed. As already stated, when he left Ireland he came to Scotland, and after a short sojourn there, died at Fordown, in the Shire of Kincardine. He was called "first bishop of the Scots," as Ninian was of the Picts, which could refer to nothing else than priority of time, and not the chief of a certain order.

Patrick.—This was the next missionary, whose father was Patrick McAlpin. The reason why he is mentioned among the missionaries of Scotland here is, not that he was sent to Scotland, not that he labored there in his native land, but because he was born of Christian parents in Scotland, and in this way connected with the early Scottish Church. I know that his existence has been doubted by some, but then there have been people who doubted their own existence, and it would not be wonderful if they had some misgivings about other people. N-nian, who was a strong advocate of the Roman Church, and who wrote in the twelfth century, says that Patrick was sent by the Bishop of Rome to Ireland, but considering this biased authority, we must receive it with doubt. As far as Patrick himself is concerned, there is good reason to believe that he never saw the bishop of Rome, and never had his foot in the eternal city. His own confession is: "I, Patrick, a sinner, the most rude, and the least of all the most faithful, who had as my father Calpurnius, formerly a deacon, the son of Potitus, a Presbyter, who lived in the village of Bonaven, belonging to Tabernia, for he had a cottage in the neighborhood when I was captured; I was then about sixteen years old, but I was ignorant of the true God, and was led away into captivity to Ireland." As to the place where Patrick was born, it is difficult to ascertain the exact spot. Some think he was born at Kilkpatrick, on the river Clyde; others, at Dunbarton, but from the place—Bonaven—mentioned by himself, some think he was born at Banavie, in Lechaber. But be this as it may, he was born about the year 400 A.D., and went to Ireland as a missionary when about thirty-two years of age.

The reason why he is mentioned here is this: to show that he was the third of three successive generations who held office in the early Scottish church, so early indeed as the fourth century. He says himself that his father was a deacon, and also his grand-father a Presbyter, and such being the case, celebrity could not have existed in his day among the clergy of the Scottish church. If it did exist, then Patrick's father must have been illegitimate,

a fact that neither Patrick nor his father would have been very willing to admit. I have said already that Patrick was not sent as a missionary by the bishop of Rome, and this was not said without reason. Prosper of Aquitaine, who wrote about the year 455 A.D., or twenty-three years after Patrick's mission to Ireland, does not mention his name at all. Now if he had been sent by the bishop of Rome, would Prosper have passed over such an important event in silence? He mentions Palladius, whose mission took place just the year before Patrick's, and why does he not mention that of Patrick? Gildas is the next oldest writer to Prosper, at least of any authority, and yet he neither mentions Patrick or his mission. Bede mentions him as a Presbyterian, which is a proof at least of his existence, but makes no reference at all to his mission from Rome. He mentions Ninian and Palladius as sent by the bishop of Rome, and why not Patrick if he were sent by the same authority? The only answer is that he could not easily do it. Patrick was trained up in the early Scottish church by Christian parents, went to Ireland through love to Christ and precious souls, and was in no way connected with the bishop of Rome.

To be Continued.

[For the Presbyterian.]

EVANGELISTIC WORK.—II.

IMPORTANT TESTIMONIES.

The following statement from men who "speak what they do know," from personal experience, and sometimes extended observation, are worthy of careful attention from all who are interested in the advancement of the Lord's work among us. One in whose congregation a great awakening, with several months of special meetings, took place two years ago, says, at the end of the first year, "Of all the young people who made a profession within a year, (nearly a hundred), none have disgraced that profession. In regard to seal the young converts at least compare favourably with the professors of longer standing. Among the children the results are marked and abiding. A number of them have united with the Church." A teacher, who at first treated the movement with great coldness, but afterwards came under its influence, says, "I can see its effects upon the children still—even in the playground." And now that two years have elapsed he has nothing different to state as to the stability of the work, and adds, "Indeed fruits of blessing are still coming to light. Some are still coming forward for Church membership who trace their convictions, or enlightenment, and sometimes their new birth to our meetings two years ago." Several con-current testimonies might be given to the fact, that whilst there has been lapses into carelessness of some who showed hopeful signs, even professed decision for Christ, they have been confined to those who never came fully out on the Lord's side. As to the divisions in the Church in which such work is supposed to be fruitful several speak of opposition at first, but usually changing to sympathy if not co-operation as the movement progresses. One says, "I have never found the converts disposed to divisive courses. Some of the women friends and most zealous helpers I have in my flock are among the fruits of special services." One, whose long experience as well as recognised ability, give weight to his utterances, says, "Such meetings were held last year in the village for three consecutive months with most blessed, and so far as I can see, permanent results. Over a quarter of a century I had, with neighboring ministers of our church, been in the habit of conducting such services, in each other's Churches, always with good results."

There never has been in my heart a doubt as to the practicability, entire propriety, and undoubted profitableness of holding from week to week, month to month, or longer if deemed necessary, meetings for prayer and preaching of the Word, conforming with those ordinary parts of public worship, private and personal dealing either at the close of the meeting or in their own homes, with those who may attend them, with reference to their spiritual condition. In looking back over a somewhat extended ministry, I have no regret that I ever countenanced such meetings, and co-operated with brethren conducting them, but I do regret that I did not more vigorously, systematically, and earnestly, give myself to special work like this at times of dullness, calling for solemn thought and solemn heart searching. I cannot resist the conviction our church is losing much of the power she would otherwise possess, and hindering the prosperity that would else signally crown her work by not giving herself more thoroughly to evangelistic work. To myself personally, and I have reason to know too many others, who yield to none in their loyalty to our church, it was a matter of deep regret that, in connection with the able interesting Report on the state of Religion, read before the General Assembly in June last, more time was not devoted to a consideration of this work. No more important matter I feel satisfied engaged the attention of the assembly, and it would have given a powerful impetus to the work could fathers and brethren of long experience and high standing have seen their way clear, and give to it their endorsement and approval. No manner of doubt have I that before long this subject, in our sessions,—Presbyterian and other church courts—will receive the attention its extreme importance entitles it to receive.

This of course is not intended to indicate approval of all sorts of religious meetings conducted by all sorts of persons, but such mainly as are presided over by regular ministers and responsible parties of approved character, and of manifest aptitude for such service, and of well ascertained doctrinal views. In any case, I would be

slow to hinder or thwart in their good work, any of whom in a manner too plain to be doubted the Lord was signifying his approval. In all things, however, I would abide most vigorously by the teaching of scripture, giving special prominence of course to such truths as might seem most suited to the requirements of the meetings, but intentionally suppressing, modifying, mutilating none." W. M. R. Oct. 27th, 1876.

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

SIR,—I trust that my silence for a few months has led no one to suppose that we have been of late either inactive or unsuccessful in this mission. Thanks for your kind and appropriate editorial notices which have rendered such an inference impossible. You have given the mission the place in your columns which it should have in the hearts, prayers and contributions of our people; and you have made it apparent that the work is growing rapidly on our hands, and deserves the prompt and generous support of all who have the salvation of this people and the good of our country at heart. Allow me now to call for immediate help in one department.

You will shortly receive an account of the opening of our new French Church in the City of Quebec. The Church in the west end of the City of Montreal will also be finished soon. In addition to these two Churches, we are building three Mission Houses, to be used both for preaching and as school houses, at St. Chrysostom, St. Paul de Chertre, and in the back woods of the County of Ottawa. This is a large undertaking, but we have faith in God and his people to carry it through. It is not as large as our necessities demand, and so soon as it is accomplished other places must be provided for in a similar manner. The converts are doing their part well. They have furnished eligible sites for these three Mission Houses, and are contributing cheerfully according to their means. Local resources are being fully drawn upon, but foreign aid is urgently needed; and this is a work which belongs to the whole Church, and in which there is no display, extravagance or waste. We do not throw away a dollar for architectural effect. We have no steeples, or bells, or windows ornamented with representations of saints and angels, admitting only "a dim religious light." We want all the light both natural and spiritual that we can command. Our Mission House in the County of Ottawa which is to accommodate between 20 and 30, and we hope soon 50 or 100, French Protestant families, will be of logs, and such as perhaps some of the readers of these sentences may have worshipped in years ago in the Counties of Grey, Bruce and Huron. We think this, in the meantime, the true method of Church extension, to avoid all unnecessary expenses, and to provide as large a number as possible of moderately comfortable places in which congregations may be gathered. But in spite of the utmost economy we require a large sum of money without delay. We are paying to builders at present over \$500 per week, and this is to continue for some time, besides ordinary running expenses.

I appeal, therefore, to our friends of last year, and to all, to come to our help. This is a patriotic work—one indispensable to the weal of the whole Dominion. The dense darkness of this Province of Quebec must not be allowed to continue to cast its baleful shadow over the political life and government of our country. The balance of power with respect to any class of men in authority at Ottawa is in the hands of the Presb. Bishops, and Archbishops of this Province, and it is obviously the interest of all true patriots that this should speedily cease to be the case. On this, as well as on the far higher ground of seeking to save souls, I venture to press our claims. I do not call for Sabbath day collections—these are frequently a lamentable expression of Christian faith and charity. But let there be subscriptions taken up by deacons, managers, ladies, or any persons ready to undertake the work. Lists for this purpose can be procured on application to the Rev. R. H. Warden, 210 St. James Street, Montreal, to whom all monies should be promptly forwarded.

I know that some may say "the times are hard," and it is an inopportune season to call for such contributions. Well, the times are always hard with certain people, and I have no leisure, and you have no space, to allow me to discuss such a large and intricate subject as "hard times and hard people." We scarcely expect this class to build churches and develop missions. They have usually enough to do in looking after themselves. They do not believe in Paul's doctrine—"Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

But where the power of Divine grace is truly enjoyed, men and women show by their contributions that their faith in God and His cause is not regulated by the fluctuations of trade. See 2 Cor. viii. The time appears to be most opportune for the present appeal, immediately after a day of public thanksgiving. Let those who have praised the Lord with their lips give a more substantial expression of their gratitude, and redeem such service from the disgrace of being an empty form. Yours truly, D. H. MACVICAR, Chairman Board F. E. Presbyterian College, Montreal, Nov. 8th, 1876.

"My principal method of defeating error and heresy," says John Newton, "is by establishing the truth. One proposes to fill a bushel with tares, but if I can fill it first with wheat, I may defy his attempts."

A Trip on the Ottawa River

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—Having just returned from a brief visit to some of the mission stations of our church along the Ottawa above this place, and the incidents of my visit, though few and simple, being yet full of interest to myself, I have thought they might also have an interest to some of your numerous readers to whom this part of the country is comparatively unknown. Leaving Pembroke, then, on the morning of Friday, the thirteenth, in company with my nearest neighbour and brother minister, the Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Alton, who acted as my guide, and introduced me to his people, whom I was first to visit, we soon reached the neighbourhood of the Petawawa river. Here we received a characteristically warm-hearted Irish welcome from one of Mr. Hughes' people, who soon spread a plentiful repast for us. "A touch of nature makes the whole world kin," although before personal interest in our kind hostess. Mr. H. happening to say that one of his young men had just left for the shanty, and that as he left he expressed to him the hope that He who dwelt in the bush would be with him and keep him, the tears immediately started to Mrs. B's eyes. It was a tale not unfamiliar in these parts. Two years before, her son, a young man of twenty, had left for the winter's work in the woods and she never again saw him alive. On the day he prepared to start for home, he was drowned in the waters of Lake Temiscamougue. We had prayer together, and then with many a kind invitation to repeat our visit, set off again on our journey.

Immediately almost we began to descend into the valley of the Petawawa. Where we enter it the river flows between banks of several hundred feet high. We wound slowly down and round the foot of the latter one, and while doing so the river lay full in view meandering in its course between them. Along it lay a few houses and the saw-mill, invariably to be met with on all the streams in the valley of the Ottawa. Opposite to us rose the wooded height which formed the further bank, bright and beautiful with all the varied tints of fall, but more largely interspersed than in western Canada with evergreens, looking as fresh as if baking in the warm break of early summer. We passed through the one street of Petawawa village, crossed the bridge which spans the river, and climbed by a somewhat steep ascent the further bank, admiring the scene of peaceful loveliness which lay below and around us. The road took us over the Petawawa plains, a most beautiful drive through a second growth of pines of from fifteen to twenty feet in height. Mile after mile we went on, our course now lying in a long straight line ahead, and then winding about, the whole reminding one more of a drive in a beautiful park than in the back woods of Canada. After twelve miles of this, during which we passed only four houses, we reached Chalk river. No time was to be lost, it was mid-afternoon, and past the hour of meeting. We embarked in a canoe which had evidently suffered from the wear and tear of years, and crossing the Chalk plunged into the woods. All this time we had been inwardly wondering where the people could come from whom we were to address, for on the bank of the river we had only seen one additional house. But on we went in faith still into the woods, and at last in the very heart of them apparently came to the school-house—log, of course—where, to our surprise, we found from forty to fifty people, young and old, gathered to hear some account of the work of our church at home and abroad during the past year. Having talked a good while to a most attentive audience, the question of our disposal for the night was next in order, and could we have occupied ten homes instead of but one, we would have been welcomed in them all. We were put up at last in the veteran Presbyterian family of the neighbourhood, where we found the parents speaking Scotch as pure and broad, after twenty years in Canada, as though they had but yesterday left their native home in Dumfriesshire. The head of the family remarked with a loyal pride and affection, "That the Presbyterian ministers have everly stoppit at my house." We found a most excellent family, which, in religious knowledge, would put to shame thousands who have had vastly greater advantages. I need not add that we received the most large-hearted Christian hospitality. Here Mr. H. left me.

The next stage was Point Alexander on the river Ottawa, twelve miles further on. We looked forward with bright anticipations of pleasure from the drive the next day. But "the best laid schemes of mice and men gang aft a-gley." The next morning the ground and all the trees were covered with snow and our intense disgust. Solomon speaks of everything being beautiful in its time, but he says nothing about things that are out of time, as we fancied the snow was just then. The plan was for a friend to come from Point Alexander about mid-day and drive me there. At about that time we bade good-bye to our kind friends, and were conveyed across the river in another canoe by two of the daughters. As my gallantry would not allow me to let them do all the work, I boldly stood up in the tiny craft and used the paddle with sufficient good-will to bring us down the mile or so to the opposite bank. Here I was put up in a plain, but quiet country log hotel, and waited on and on for my Point Alexander conveyance, but night came and with it all hope of getting further next day. My host of the previous night came in, and arrangements were made for me to get his horse early in the morning, and ride on horseback to the Point, for there was neither buggy, nor buckboard, nor even sulky to be found on the Chalk. Sabbath morning was clear and cold, and found me ready bright and early. The

horse was brought round saddled and bridled. The bridle-rein was a piece of small rope attached to the ordinary harness head-gear. I mounted, and my railway rug was strapped on in front of me. My hands were enveloped in a pair of large warm woollen mittens, and with valise in one hand, and bridle and switch in the other, we started. Soon it began to blow in my face, and fine round hard snow to fall. Pulling down the rim of my soft felt hat, and enjoying the comicality of the situation we jiggled on bravely, convinced that no passing stranger would ever say to himself, "There goes a Presbyterian bishop." We got over the twelve miles rather long and lonely, chiefly through woods, a house here and there, the hills on the north side of the Ottawa appearing in sight and looming vaguely in the distance through the storm which played about their bald or scraggy heads. At last we reached the end. All that kindness could do was done, and presently we hurried on two miles further in a lumber-wagon to the school-house only to find the door locked, no fire, and nobody there. It would not have been becoming for a minister to stand on the road and *sweat at large*, as Doan Ramsay tells of a lawyer doing in similar circumstances, so we posted on two miles further, and after dinner set off again for three or four miles more, this time on a buckboard, to Evans' Landing, where a skiff was waiting to take me up to Des Joachims, a distance of four or five miles. I leave it to linguists to explain how the name of this place has in the common dialect got corrupted into Tuseehab. This is the head quarters of our missionary, the Rev. Mr. Turnbull, who attends to this station and four or five others on the river, both below and above, and whose bishopric is of indefinite extent northward. Des Joachims is a lonely, but romantic looking place. The river had taken a sudden turn to the left almost at right angles, and as this cannot be seen until you are close upon it, the impression is made that you have arrived at the end of things, and that there is no place further to go to. Where the river makes this turn is a formidable rapid, so that it is the head of navigation for large boats. Here we were very hospitably welcomed and entertained by Mr. and Mrs. McDougall, who keep a large, most excellent home-like hotel, standing on a most conspicuous site, from which is a very fine view down the river for several miles. In the evening we preached to a congregation of about thirty, and after preaching gave a brief and rapid view of our church's work. Here is a pretty little church most picturesquely situated in a plot of ground which Mr. T. has greatly improved, and which by his taste and labor will soon also be prettily adorned. It may also be mentioned in passing that Mr. T. has on foot a project for building a hospital here in time for the benefit of lumbermen who may be taken sick, or receive injuries in the woods, and who now often suffer greatly, or lose their lives, even for the want of timely medical attendance and other comforts. In the morning Mr. McD. took me to see the rapids, and the slide for the convenience of the lumber business. Where the latter stands is now a perfect wilderness of rocks and huge stones, but in spring there rushed down here with wild and resistless force a huge body of water many feet deep. In the afternoon we crossed the portage of two miles and a half, necessitated by the rapids between this place and the next boat landing. Here we took the small and not particularly attractive looking steamer, *Kippawa*, to Rockcliffe, twelve miles farther up. The scenery on this part of the river is not specially interesting at best, and the dull, leaden clouds and raw days did not help it. The water which was unprecedently high early in summer, is now unusually low, a conjunction which, I am told, has been observed before. Our boat scraped the bottom or some hidden rock at one place, but at Rockcliffe, where the bank on the Quebec side reaches a height of about four hundred feet, the river sinks to a deep pool of an equal or a greater depth. At the landing we were met by Mr. McIntyre, who gave me a cordial welcome as his guest, and whose house is perched on the bank at a good safe height above the highest water. Here Protestants are few and far between, and as the evening was not favourable, his own household—a good large one—formed the congregation. It was rather a surprise to find in this lonely, comparatively out-of-the-way place, a man who is treating himself to the new "Encyclopaedia Britannica," as Mr. McIntyre is doing. We spent a most pleasant evening, and in the morning again had service with the family before leaving. The farm consisted of fifteen hundred acres respecting which, however, the owner said that he sometimes thought it was like self-righteousness—the more you have of it the worse it is for you. I now turned my face homeward, but of the journey I shall not speak particularly, though the sail from Des Joachims to Pembroke well deserves special description. Some other time, perhaps, I may attempt it, impossible as it is to do it justice; suffice it to say that, a friend who has seen both, does not think it falls behind that of the far-famed Hudson in natural beauty and variety. I reached here early on the fifth day from leaving, thankful to have had the opportunity of visiting these out points of our church, pleased to have formed not a few pleasant friendships, and deeply impressed by all the kindness received everywhere I went from all whom I met, and from none more than from the officers of the steamboat of the Union Forwarding Company. My journey was over a hundred miles, during which I had trial of buggy and horseback, wagon, buckboard, skiff, stage, and steamboat. Should I visit, as I wish to do, some of the shanties in the winter, perhaps I may be able them to tell you something of life in the woods. Pembroke, Oct. 30th, 1876. W.D.B.

Pastor and People.

Behold This Child.

II. HOW IT CAME TO PASS.

God took to Himself three children from one house, all their parents had, in one day. The black fever, that awful scourge, was passing through the region and leaving one or more dead in almost every home, and it fell upon these three little ones, and there were their dead bodies all in the same room together. In the night the dead-artist came and bore them away. The stricken mother, when they were gone, bowed before the Lord and gave them up to Him, and He turned her thoughts away from the dead-cart on its way to the burial place, and away from the dark-cold ground where their bodies were to be laid away, within the veil to Himself and the glories of the Home to which He had already taken her little trio of loved ones, and she was comforted, nay filled with joy in the Lord.

Then with all her heart, there in that hour, in that room whence they had been taken home to God, she freely and fully gave up to Him and laid over into His hands, as his own forever, her unborn babe. And four months after that the child was born.

Happy would it be if every father and mother, from whose homes upon earth the Lord takes their loved ones to His home in heaven, would give them up to Him and let Him turn their thoughts away from the empty place in the earthly home, to the newly filled one in the heavenly home, and away from the tomb where the body lies, to the throne where the spirit is with the King. And happy, happy, happy would it be for mothers and children, yea and for the church and for the world, if every mother would lay over in the hands of the Lord her child, whether born or unborn, to be held and kept and fashioned by Him in His own way after the image of His own dear Son.

How well the Lord does the work thus committed to Him we have already in part seen in the case of this little girl. O, how Christ-like is her greater delight in giving than in receiving! and O, how like Him too is she in her love for the lost! O! who is so worthy to be intrusted with our children, born or unborn, as the Lord? Who so wise in counsel, so wonderful in working? Is it not better to give them wholly to Him forever, than to lend them while to the world, in the hope that by and by when the world is worn out, the Lord will turn them to Himself, and make it all right in the end?

This night scene is from the mother's own lips, and lets us into the secret of the hidden power by which this little girl has been so quickly and so fully led to accept the beautiful lineaments of Christ.

Side by side with this night scene must be placed a day scene, drawn in rhyme by the pen of the little girl herself, which throws a light strong and rich upon the instrument by which the Lord has fashioned her to His own mind.

This scene is in their little cottage home, and of frequent if not of daily occurrence. It is that of the aged grandmother reading the Bible, hour after hour, aloud to herself, while her daughter and granddaughter listen and catch the word for themselves as she reads.

The grandmother is doubled together by toil and years' and utterly helpless, but can see, and though her articulation is indistinct, she can read aloud. The mother is nearly blind and quite lame, but can work with her hands. The child is busy here and there, quietly moving around in the house work, and both, while engaged in their affairs, are listening intent upon what falls from the old lady's lips.

"Long hours she'll read, God's will to find Ma can't read much, she's nearly blind I needs must toll to keep things straight, With cautious tread no noise to make. Grandma reads with broken voice, Still it makes all our hearts rejoice; Her speech has sadly felt Time's power; We catch the word, 'cause read before. Thus God hath us this channel left, Through which comes love and light and rest."

This is the church in their house, and this is the way in which the gospel is preached in that church. Who shall say there is not as much of heaven in that church, with its undesigned and formless daily service, as in the most elaborate service of pulpit oratory and artistic music in our marble temples? One of the exquisite touches of this picture is that of the significant glancing look of the mother from the daughter to the Book before the aged grandmother:—

"I know the meaning of that look; It tells on Whom our help is laid To bear the ills that sin has made. Sin is the cause of every ill; Christ our help, God's sweet words reveal. Ma looks all this without a word, No breath of sound from her is heard."

With the one Book for their library and the Holy Comforter as sole guide into all its treasures, this little church in the home with its daily Bible-reading is rich indeed, and one can understand how even this little girl, in the back hill country, without a church or minister, or the educational advantages of our villages even, should in such an atmosphere be developed and matured for God and heaven more fully at thirteen than many Christians are at three score and ten.

Another light, quaint but clear, comes out upon this child's character, from her own pen, in the form of Journal jottings, together with other writings.

At twelve she began to write, and the wonder is, not that her thoughts were clothed in home-spun like her person, but that with all she had to do, and only a country district school to attend what time she could, she should be able to write at all. Her first Journal entry was her first attempt at writing, and is in fact her own autobiography briefly given:—

"I am twelve years old to-day. I was born in —, in the county of —, and State of —, on the — day of —, 18—."

"I enjoyed the society of my parents until I was five years old, and then my father died, and we moved to this place where we now live."

"I never enjoyed my religious privileges except the funerals of our relatives."

"When I was seven Mr. — came and held a series of religious meetings in the school-house a mile and a quarter from our home, and I attended some. At that time I began to see how great a sinner I was, and how much Jesus loved sinners to die for them. Ever since that, I have desired to love God with all my heart, and to do all I could for His cause, but until a year ago I never dared to call myself really a child of God. All I have ever given for missions is twelve dollars; just one dollar for each year of my life. I must do more; and I will. But what can I—a mere child—do?"

"I can write; and I will. I can write an acrostic on my grandfather's name, and I will; some more."

The acrostic does not appear among her writings though the "come more" does, as we shall presently see. But how distinctly she marks the turning points in the fashioning process of her life and character!

The time and the change wrought, when the light of the Lord was let in upon her, showing herself to herself as a sinner, and revealing Christ to her as a Saviour, needs no comment.

The time, too, when she received the greater light is no less distinctly marked. Four years, from seven to eleven, passed between the two, but for the clear shining forth of that light in her life and words, we must look into her subsequent writings in prose and rhyme.

The wording of the change in this Journal entry leaves no room for doubt, that at eleven she came into the full assurance of her acceptance with God as her Father; but in her subsequent jottings as well as other writings, she expresses an assurance also of the presence of Christ with her all the time as her Saviour from sin, and of the fullness of salvation she always enjoys in Him.

Here, for example, are some lines of hers:—

"I cannot comprehend much change, When I my final heaven shall gain; While I am here, I'm wholly blest; In every state in Christ, there's rest."

Freely Thou first Thyself didst give, That all might come to Thee and live; Freely Thou giv'st me faith to see, That from all sin Thou set'st me free."

"No grief is grief with Christ within; No sin can reign, where Christ doth reign. Thy perfect righteousness bring in; Within our hearts do Thou remain."

In the present living union with Christ expressed in these lines we see a depth and wealth of experimental endowment and spiritual teaching away beyond an assurance of present acceptance and of eternal salvation; it brings a present heaven into her own soul.

How sweetly, the following entries in her Journal, she puts the present rest in Jesus with the future rest with Him!

"Quite snowy. O, how white and beautiful! It is the handiwork of my Father. O He will clothe His ransomed ones with far surpassing robes of righteousness! I feel a sweet trust in God. I believe His every word. He cares for me; yea, me. O, how dear His word is to me! 'Tis food to my soul. I think I understand it better for realizing that its Author is immediately present when I read."

"How sweet is the rest to the weary! O, eternal rest,—to rest endlessly in the presence-chamber of the King of kings! Rest in Jesus here; rest with Him there. Only the moral gets weary: the spirit rests in her Beloved, and drinks in of His fullness. O, the consolations of His Holy Spirit! O, the sweetness of His word; A sense of His actual presence makes it doubly precious. He smiles and enlightens every word."

The same recognition of the present rest with that of the future is expressed in this:—

"Thirteen to-day. What cause for gratitude that I have a Christian mother! Rather than I have a precious Saviour! He has chosen me, unworthy me, an heir of salvation. He saves me with a present and an eternal salvation. He is my righteousness, and He is also the Author and Finisher of the faith that accepts Him, my present and my everlasting Rest."

"A day of rest. Rest? 'Tis all rest—rest in Jesus; every burden, every anxiety, every care. He careth for me. He is all sufficient. Rest in the fullness of His love here, and rest in His unchanging promise of an endless rest above. O God, accept the gratitude I feel."

The nearness of heaven to her, while yet in the body, is expressed in the following:—

"Sick, all of us, but pain is sweet. God sees it best, and He always shows His beauty so brightly! I ever feel to say, 'If Thou art ready I am'; but if I can do anything to honor Thee I'll gladly stay. What shall I render to my God for all His benefits? Indeed I'll try to honor Him as much as I can. But then this makes matter for more gratitude, for He worketh in me to will and to do. O, how I am in debt! Free grace the past; free grace ahead; free grace all around everywhere! O, I'm wholly lost in free grace!"

This debtorship to grace is again expressed in another day of trial:— "Grandma lame, Aunt very poorly, cow sick, and I feel nearly sick in body but well in mind, for God never forsakes those who trust in Him. O, what a God we have! The Author and Finisher of our faith, and then rewards us for accepting the rich, free provisions of His grace! O, I'm lost in trying to contemplate God's love to rebel man! O, how I want to show this love to every soul of man!"

Never having united with the visible Church, she thought to do so, and arranged to go on the day set for it to the village four miles away, but was kept at home by stormy weather, and jotted down the following:—

"Have not been to—. No doubt it is best. Our Sovereign Ruler is too wise to err. I'm perfectly happy in God's hands. I wish above everything to promote His glory on earth. My PORTION FOREVER. O, how this vibrates the inner shrine of my poor heart!"

"Rainy, rainy. May God rain righteousness in my soul! Have dwelt much on the theme of Christ's wholly vanquishing sin and Satan for us. Let faith embrace all the gift of God in Christ."

Self distrust, with entire confidence in Christ as her own present Saviour from the dominion of sin, and a clear apprehension that it is not according to feeling, but faith, that He saves, is shown by another of these Journal jottings:—

"Almost as warm as summer this morning. Very cold to night. The sudden changes are fit emblems of my unstable emblems of my unstable heart. One hour I feel as I could do all things; the next how weak my faith; yet not discouraged; my help is laid on One Mighty to save; yea, to save with a present salvation; to wholly save me from the ruling power of sin."

Another week has carried its record to the Eternal. O, I tremble when I look at self, remembering that 'without holiness no man can see the Lord.' But O, exulting word! Help is laid on One who is mighty to save. Christ's never failing righteousness shall cover me, yea me. O, the fullness of Christ! We may rest in Him. We live in Jesus. He will dwell in us. We may abide in Him. What can separate us from the love of Christ?"

Distinct answers to prayer are noted in her Journal, such as these:—

"Could not go to school, the snow is so deep. Commenced a pair of mittens for Mr. Sayre. Have had a manifest answer to prayer to-day."

Thereupon she breaks forth in the Psalmist's words, "Bless the Lord, O my soul!" and adds, "the Sovereign Ruler notices a worm. The secret this: we are brought nigh by the blood of Christ, that ever-speaking blood. 'I in them, Thou in me: My blood bought their peace.'"

Had the most evident answer to prayer to-day. How can we but have faith! Jesus is the Truth. He says, 'Ask and ye shall receive.'"

One other day's jottings must be given, telling of perfect peace in the threefold trial of sickness, loss, and wanton unkindness from those she had never injured:—

"They shall be kept in perfect peace whose minds are stayed on Thee. My mind has dwelt on this peace all day. I have felt very sick but very happy. How can I but be happy, when God Himself has shown so much interest in my happiness. My day has been fraught with things calculated to vex and perplex me; losses and wanton unkindness from those I have never injured, but God has sweetly verified His word. How calm and tranquil I have felt! 'Bless the Lord, O my soul!'"

The lines given, evidently the outgoings of her heart, not a poetic fancy, reveal a living union between her and Christ in which she "is so wholly blest," that she "cannot comprehend much change" when she shall enter the rest above. The Journal jottings confirm this and speak of her perfect rest in Christ; of instant readiness to go when Christ is ready to have her; of joyous acquiescence in God's will; of faith in Christ as a complete vanquisher of sin and Satan for us; of entire distrust of herself and perfect confidence in Christ; of distinct answers to prayer and of being kept in perfect peace. Without one word to the contrary of all this during the eighteen months that she has been writing down the experiences and events of her life.

One other fact must also be put up with those already given: this little girl never heard one word from mortal lips about another and deeper Christian experience after that of the new birth, until after that she had herself come into it and been living in it for months.

When she did hear about it from others, and was asked her views, she wrote the following, which quaintly enough she introduced by saying, "I was requested by a mother in Israel to write my views on this subject. Alas, I am but a child. May God assist."

COMPLETENESS IN CHRIST.

"How did we receive Christ? Was He not made unto us wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption?"

"If we have really put off the old man with his deeds, and have put on the new man, who is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him who created him, and abide in Him, may we not adopt this language: 'For I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?'"

"God is love." "Love is the fulfilling of the law." If God resides in the soul, sin shall not dwell there. "I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty." "I will put my law into your heart, and write it on your thoughts; from all your filthiness will I cleanse you." "Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of Thy people, Thou hast covered all their sins." "Bless the Lord, O my soul! who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies." "This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and their righteousness is of Me, saith the Lord."

"Is not God our righteous law-giver? Does He command more than He enables us to perform? He says, 'Be ye holy for I am holy.' 'He that spared not His own Son, shall He not with Him, freely give us all things?' Without Him 'we can do nothing,' but 'we can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth us.' 'Ask and ye shall receive.' 'He is more willing to give His Holy Spirit to those that ask, than we to give good gifts to our children.' 'Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.' 'Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom.' 'I beseech you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service; and be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God.' 'Ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body and in your spirit which are God's.' 'Be

ye therefore perfect even as your Father in heaven is perfect."

"It was my views that I was asked to write. I view it both a duty and delight to be 'perfect in every good word and work,' through Christ our Great Perfection, and only in Him: out of Him, our best righteousness is as filthy rags. Lord, great in goodness, good in greatness, help."

"Though we're weak He is mighty; In His strength alone we go; If we strive to walk uprightly, Every grace will He bestow. 'Tis the Lord in whom we trust; Of ourselves we're all unfitness; In our God alone we boast."

Behold this child! Behold how the Lord has fashioned her in the image of His dear Son! See in her His implicit confidence, His loving obedience, His self-sacrificing love for the lost, His delight in the will of the Father, in short all the lines of His character in the beauties of holiness, with a perfect knowledge that her completeness is all in Christ, not at all in her own virtues, whether native-born or grace given, all and only in Jesus.

Behold, too, by what simple means the Lord has thus fashioned her,—simple but grand! The Bible and the church in the home, and the Holy Spirit in the heart,—glorious instrumentality! The Word preached too in the little country school-house, together with the daily discipline of the daily life in the atmosphere of poverty and toil enriched and hallowed by love. These, the instrumentalities, blessed the work. By the touch of His hand in these it is that the Lord has caused this little girl to become like a burning bush in the desert, in which He dwells, and out of which He shines and speaks. By these it is that He has made her to do yet more than the poor widow who gave all the living that she had into His treasury; has made her to bring rich revenues to Him out of the nothing possessed by her,—out of her toil, and out of stones, bushes, and trees. Marvellous work, all of God! To Him be glory in the highest.

Some Persons I Know.

I know a woman, a professing Christian, who spends much of her time in reading light and trashy fictions. This person can weep over an imaginary case of disappointed love, and enthusiastically admire the imaginary traits of honorable manhood in a libertine, and yet she can turn away with cold indifference from the homeless orphan, whose bony hand is extended for charity, and whose very rap plead its causes with an eloquence stronger and more touching than words. Nor can she discover anything worthy of admiration in the plain, practical man of every-day life, who labors for an honest support, and who would scorn to trifle with a woman's affections, or betray the confidence of a friend.

I know a woman who professes to be a Christian, and is at the same time a leader in the world of fashion. She studies the fashion plates often and much, but has seldom time to read her Bible. No expense is too great, if only she can attain acknowledged leadership in the fashionable world. This woman, according to her own statement, is however too poor to give one single dollar to aid the church of God in any of its great schemes for the saving of souls.

I know a woman who is so occupied in the instruction of her children and the daily performance of domestic duties, that she reads but few books, and yet reads her Bible every day, and stores her mind with that knowledge which relates to life eternal. She has studied and admired and imitated the character of Christ, until, like Him, she can weep over the sorrows of others, and one of her sweetest sources of pleasure is administering to the necessities of the unfortunate, and the sorrow-stricken.

I know a Christian woman who has endured many and very sore afflictions, God's hand has again and again been heavy upon her; God's billows have again and again passed over her. She lives in most humble circumstances, and labors hard against poverty. Yet, strange as to some it may appear, this woman is happy. She knows little of the busy, bustling world, nor does she share in their excitement. What cares she for fashion, or the glitter of fashionable life. She lives a Christian, performing life's labors without a murmur. She gives of her scanty means, back to Him from whom she receives them. This she does in faith, never once supposing that she is, by so doing, making herself any the poorer. She expects this humble giving to prove a most remunerative investment, and would be most unwilling to withhold her humble offerings. In faith she aims earnestly to do her whole duty, and she leaves the results with God.

Each of these persons described must die. Each must leave this world and try the realities of another. Death and the great judgment are events which no one can avoid.

Very different, we suppose, will be the reflections of the persons described above—very different the reflections of those persons whom they may be regarded as representing—in subsequent periods of existence, with new surroundings, and new objects demanding attention and determining the character of individual experience. Very different will be the character of their reflections, when respectively they look death in the face—when the world is all behind them, and eternity with its solemnities is just before them. Very different when they stand respectively on the right hand or the left hand of the Judge in the great day of final assize and hear the words, "Come ye blessed—because ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me," or "depart ye cursed—because ye did it not unto one of the least of these, yet did it not unto me."—From the Transylvania Presbyterian.

THERE may be joy without faith, and there may be faith without joy. But a constant faith begets a constant hope, and so a constant peace in believing.—Mason. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; there is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.—Thoreau.

The Curse that Falleth Not.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Is thy curse of comfort wanting? Rise and share it with another, And through all the years of famine, it shall serve thee and thy brother: Love divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy landful still renew; Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grow rich in giving; all its wealth is living grain; Seeds which midrow in the garner, scattered all with gold the plain. Is thy burden hard and heavy,—do thy steps drag wearily?

Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow, Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow; Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee moan; Lash on their wounds thy balsam, and that balm shall heal thine own.

Is thy heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill; Nothing but a ceaseless fountain can its ceaseless longing still;

Is thy heart a living power? Self-entwined its strength sinks low; It can only live in loving, and by serving love will grow.

Random Readings.

My exposition of Genesis I shall pore over and die over.—Luther.

I CONFESS, indeed, that I am not poor; for I desire nothing more than what I have.—Calvin.

I TAKE them to be soul-murders, who silence able, faithful preachers.—Richard Baxter.

God is the builder of this temple—the work is His, and he that does but touch a pebble of his own strength is sure to let it fall and wound himself.

Thou heart that trusts forever sing, And feels as light as it had wings; A well of peace within it springs. Come good or ill, Whatever to-day or morrow brings, It is his will;

And so the soul in hope rejoices still.

As the rays come from the sun and yet are not the sun, even so our love and pity, though they are not God, but merely a poor, weak image and reflection of Him, yet from Him alone they come. If there is mercy in our hearts, it comes from the fountain of mercy. If there is the light of love in us, it is a ray from the full sun of love.—Charles Kingsley.

FAITH and hope though distinct, are vitally united. They come from the same source, are sustained by the same evidence, are exercised on the same realities. Faith is the perceiving; hope the anticipating faculty. Faith sees heaven opened; hope says you are on your way to it. Faith comes by hearing; hope by experience. Faith has respect to the truth of the Word; hope to its fulfillment. Faith looks to doctrine and promise; hope to reward. Faith is founded on what is in heaven!—Stanford.

DAVID says: "Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice before Him with trembling." Let some one make this rhyme for me: "To rejoice," and "to fear." My little son Hans can do this with me, but I cannot do it with God. For when I sit and write, or do anything, he sings a little song to me the while! and if he makes it too loud, and I tell him so, then he still sings on, but makes it softer, crowing on with a sweet little subdued voice, slyly watching me all the time. So would God have it with us, that we should be always rejoicing, yet with fear and reverence before him.—Luther.

THE Christian World says:—"This failure of Rationalism at Heidelberg University is now an admitted fact. For years the most unevangelical theology has had the field all to itself, and the most extreme views have been freely advanced by Professors of marked ability, among whom the celebrated Paulus held a distinguished place. His influence continued to be felt long after his death. What is the result? Students have more and more forsaken the lecture-halls, and gone to Berlin, to Halle—anywhere to sit at the feet of men of strong, positive convictions—teachers who can offer something better than cold negation. A crisis seems now to have been reached. We are informed that only nine theological students frequent the theological school, scarcely a greater number than that of the Professors! The "Liberal" government of the Grand Duchy of Baden, it is true, still persists in refusing the appointment of one or more Professors of a more Biblical faith, but it is not probable that the recognition of an imperative call for reorganization can long be delayed."

HOLD on! It is dark and you are weak; but life depends on holding fast to your religious profession, your character, and your Christ. Many a man has waited for the Lord a little, when long waiting was required. He despaired early, when he should not have despaired at all. The trials you bear out into your flesh. You say you could stand that, but they also eat into your resolution. Hold on! Nothing will answer. It is a time of trial. Men lose money, and there is danger of losing reputation with it. Men defame them, curse them, laugh at their Christianity. Hold on! Pay all you can now, and pay the rest hereafter. Be sweet, patient, forgiving. You want men to forgive your mistakes; forgive also their reproaches. Get all the help you can. And where can you get most? The closet, the prayer-meeting, the Sunday-school, the sermon—all these will help you to hold on. Increase your diligence, your watchfulness, your zeal for God, and through His service find His helping hand. It is there; so near you though you may not see it; so strong and willing, though Satan may tempt you to doubt it. It is only a little longer. Hold on in darkness, doubt, affliction. The day will dawn, the doubts will fly away, and your "light affliction will work out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

Our Young Folks.

A Mother's Kiss.

A child whose infancy was joy. A little boy of noble mien, Now tossing gaily many a toy, Now romping through the garden green; His parents' blue-eyed little pet, He tripped one morn, and down he fell; His mother cried, "Come Willie, let Me kiss the spot and make it well."

How Charlie Ran Away.

"I declare it's too mean for anything, mamma," said Charlie, angrily, his forehead knit into a thousand cross little wrinkles. "If I can't do like the other boys, I'll just run away altogether. His mother looked very sorrowful, for Charlie was her only boy, and his naughtiness sent a sharp pain through her heart. He was only nine years old, but of late had become so headstrong and wilful that he was almost beyond her control, and this threat of running away had been often repeated. That night she went to sleep, and a sudden idea came into her mind. It was a very curious plan by which she hoped to cure Charlie of his wilful ways. The next afternoon her boy came rushing in after school, dashed his books down, and was rushing off again when his mother called him back. "Where are you going, Charlie?" "Only out for a row on the pond, with Jack, mother; I'll be back by tea time."

"Why, Charlotte!" said Charlotte, who had slipped out of the back door just when our boy left the front steps, and had never lost sight of him for a single moment. "Oh Charlotte," repeated Charlie, bursting into tears, and seizing her hands, regardless of the milk pisher, which fortunately was empty, do you think mamma will ever take me back again?" "Just try, honey, I'd go and ask her right away," said good old Charlotte, [her own eyes rather misty. Charlie's mother was sitting by her work table, when she felt two arms around her neck, a warm cheek wet with tears, against her own, and a voice choked with sobs said: "Oh, mother, if you'll only forgive me, and take me back, I'll never want to run away again—never!" She held her boy close to her happy, thankful heart, and kissed him many times. Her experiment had succeeded, and that was the last that was ever heard of Charlie running away.

True Love.

A London paper says: "A clergyman was sent to visit a young girl who was seriously ill. She was the only child of her widowed mother. The illness proved fatal, and the once happy wife and mother was left in poverty and desolation. A few days after the child's funeral, the widow called and asked to see the clergyman. After some little hesitation, she put into his hand a packet containing money, which she begged he would give to some society which was sending the Gospel to the heathen world. He opened the parcel, and to his amazement counted out \$20. He at once remonstrated with the widow, told her that, gaining her precarious living as a laundress, she surely ought not to give so large a sum. With great modesty she urged him to take it, and then said: 'How I came to have this large sum is just this. When my child was born, I thought she'll live to get married some of these days, and I thought I would begin to put by a little sum to be a store for her then, and I began that day with sixpence. You know what happened last week. Well, I thought to myself, the heavenly Bridegroom has come, and He has called her home to be His bride; and I thought, as He had taken the bride, it is only right He should have the dowry.'

The Laboring Man.

In a large city, a laboring man leaving a large saloon saw a costly carriage and pair standing in front, occupied by two ladies elegantly attired, conversing with the proprietor. As it rolled away he said to the dealer: "Whose establishment is that?" "It is mine," replied the man complacently. "It cost me \$8,500; my wife and daughter cannot do without it." The mechanic bowed his head a moment in deep thought; then looking up said with the energy of a man suddenly aroused by some startling flash, "I see it! I see it!" "See what?" queried the dealer. "See where for years my wages have gone. I helped to pay for that carriage, for those horses and gold-mounted harness, for the silks and lace and jewelry for your family. The money I earned, that should have given my wife and children a home of our own, and good clothing, I have spent at your bar. My wages and others like me have supported you and your family in luxury. Hereafter my wife and children shall have the benefit of my wages, and by the help of God, I will never spend another dime for drink. I see the mistake and a cure for it." It is notorious that young men and laboring men of moderate means spend the most money at saloons. No trades' union or eight hour law will relieve the burdens of the laboring classes of the country, so long as they impoverish themselves at the dram-shop.

The Church and Temperance.

We should not let an opportunity pass without putting in a few words for the 200,000 men who, to-day, stand on the very inner edge of that vortex of everlasting ruin into which drunkards are ever plunging, and in the millions who are ever drawing nearer and nearer. How shall such men emancipate themselves? There are multitudes, feeling their danger, who would gladly reform, but they fear the struggle before them. They know their weakness, and they dare not hope to gain the victory. The church, therefore, ought to proclaim openly and emphatically, that where sin abounded, grace much more abounds. Let us preach and proclaim that the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ can redeem a man, body and soul; take him from the gutter, clothe him, cause him to stand before God in his right mind, and walk upright as a son of God. Let us say, as a Christian worker recently did to a man who feared that even if he became a Christian, he would fall back through the drink, "kneel down this very moment and pray God to take from you all your appetite;" and these unfortunate will rise as he did, and from this time forward pass every liquor saloon without the slightest inclination to touch the accursed thing. This, and this alone, is the sure salvation for drinkers. Is my faith such as gives me the comfort of a well-founded hope in Christ as my portion? Is He my resting-place in the midst of the world's storms and tempests, and the portion of my soul forever? Do I rejoice in the comfort of this assurance? Does it strengthen me for duty, support me in trial, cheer me in the hour of despondency, and point me continually to the great recompense of reward in heaven? So let us pray, before all things, that God may make His dear child Jesus great in our hearts, from day to day, that with all eagerness and joy we may praise, bless, and confess Him before all. Our God is the God of the low and the lowly. Power becomes strong in weakness; if we were not weak, we should be proud. It is only in weakness He can show his strength. —Luther.

Sabbath School Teacher.

LESSON XLVII.

Nov. 19. } DORCAS RESTORED TO LIFE. { Acts ix. 31-42. COMMIT TO MEMORY, vs. 33-40. PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Acts xi. 21; Titus ii. 3-5, 7, 10, and Matt. ix. 25. SCRIPTURE READINGS.—With v. 31, compare Acts viii. 1; with vs. 32-34, read Acts iv. 8-10; with v. 35, read Acts xxi. 21; with v. 36, read 1 Tim. ii. 8-10; with vs. 37-39, read Eccl. ix. 10; with v. 40, read Mark v. 41, 42; with vs. 41, 42, read John xi. 45. GOLDEN TEXT.—The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.—Ps. cxli. 6. CENTRAL TRUTH.—"Them that honors God he honors. INTRODUCTION.—Peter and Paul occupy the most of the space in the great picture called the Acts. One labored for the Jews, the other for the Gentiles. They are typical men, and it is only specimens of their manifold labors we have, as of the Master's (see John xxi. 25). From Paul, the writer now turns to Peter, this part of the narrative preparing the way for the great revolution in the receiving of the Gentiles as such into the Christian church, on a level with Jews. The uses of miracles are well illustrated in our lessons, as (1) giving proof of a divine commission, (2) showing the gentle spirit of the gospel, (3) affording immediate comfort to men, and (4) awakening attention and disposing men to receive the truth. The opening verses of the lesson is a general statement having reference in part, perhaps, to the end of Saul's persecution (though he made foreign cities his sphere of action), but more to the general quiet in Palestine, of which the three divisions are named, admitting of Peter's travelling around and prosecuting his work. (See Isa. xxvii. 8). Kith connects this rest with the alarm caused by the threats of Gallula to set up his statue in the temple. The growth of the Church is two-fold. (1) They were "edified"—built up, not in numbers, but in the faith, love and other graces of its members, as seen in their walk and state of mind, and so (2) they were multiplied. This is the best kind of church progress. The mere gain of numbers is little if there be not growth in grace. Two of the miracles wrought through Peter, as he made a visit to the places where believers were found and recorded. (So Paul was wont to do) and express it, Acts xx. 25; Rom. xv. 28). Lydda is old, and yet retains in substance its ancient name. It was in Ephraim, between Jerusalem and Caesarea. The first of the miracles had Enneas, a Hellenistic name at least, and probably a believer, for its subject. He had been for eight years a bed-ridden paralytic (v. 38). The manner of Peter's interference is instructive. He found, came upon, the sufferer named him, so securing attention and inspiring confidence. He credited the work wholly to Jesus Christ. He never names himself—"Jesus only." Jesus only could say, "I make thee whole." He counted upon its being done then, instantly. He acted accordingly, directing the helpless man to rise and make his own bed—evidence of his being cured. The next verse implies the instant and obviously complete character of the cure. The effect was widespread through the district described by its old name Baran (Ps. xxxiii. 9; Song of Sol. ii. 1), and blessed, in the turning of a great number to the Lord. This was the main end sought, and is the reason for reporting the miracle. And in this the supernatural of the Bible differs from all the alleged supernatural of spiritualism. For example, what is the practical good of making a table stand on end? Joppa, the port for Jerusalem, on a hill, and now Jaffa (2 Chron. ii. 16), was a few miles from Lydda, and another mighty work done there is recorded, doubtless as leading up to the great step in Caesarea, v. 36, (Acts x. 1). There lived, well known, a good and useful woman. Her Greek name, Dorcas, or Gazelle, probably pointed to her beauty. Her Aramaic name among her own people was Tabitha. The population was a mixed one, as might be expected in a seaport, and no doubt included many poor among them. This Christian lady was beautiful with a higher loveliness than that of the person—the beauty of unselfish, habitual usefulness ("for did" means "was in the habit of doing"). Her good name is retained in the most honorable connection in societies of Christian ladies who aid the naked poor; but she had no society, she put forth personal effort, "she was full of" etc. The individual with warm heart and heart, gentle voice, sympathetic eye and ready word, can wield an influence over the feelings which a "society," a body of persons acting through an official, never can exercise over the human heart. There is great danger of alms-deeds being organized away out of the hands of individuals. The virtues of this active Christian did not avert sickness or death (John xi. 8). The Church was deeply interested; had heard of Peter's presence in the near town of Lydda, and expecting, one hardly knows what, they themselves looking for no more perhaps than sympathy and fitting instruction under their bereavement, sent for him to come without delay (v. 38). He complied instantly. One can follow him to the house of mourning, up the stairs to the upper chamber; one can picture the poor recipients of her bounty in their noisy and demonstrative grief, after the manner of the East, showing her gifts and recalling her graces. How much honor is thus done to the dead! What "State" is equal to this? It is surely better to be remembered in this way, and to have such tributes of love and sympathy, than by the costly and perishing "decorations" and offerings of flowers that now too often mingle ostentation and parade with the griefs of the bereaved, and convert the house of mourning into a "flower show". The manner of Peter's proceeding is like Elisha's (2 Kings iv. 88), and like the Master's on one occasion. Perhaps for the sake of quiet, perhaps to avoid all look of dramatic display, which the Scriptures never encourage, he induces them to withdraw, knelt down and prayed, here again re-

nouncing self and owning the Lord, making the room which was lately a scene of loud lamentation a closet, and turning to the body, and as before uttering the (Aramaic) name and the call, "Tabitha, arise." Who can tell how it came about—what was done? Only this is reported: she heard, opened her eyes, saw Peter, moved as directed, and was aided in doing so (for the preparations for the grave may have hindered her movements) by the offered hand of Peter (v. 41), and was presented to a competent body of witnesses, in the saints and widows, "alive." The effect of the miracle is concisely reported in v. 42. All Joppa heard it; and the town (though now reduced to five thousand through many changes and sieges) was then large. Many of those who heard it, and the truth in connection with it, believed in the Lord. All heard, many believed. So it is still. Of the multitudes whose ears can be gained for the truth, too many do not open to it their hearts. Peter—detained in the neighborhood that he might go to Caesarea (next chapter)—stayed with a man of no social position, for the tanner's business came too near dead animals to stand well with Jews. The business was not in the city, but by the sea-side (Acts x. 6). If there be time, after examining the details of this lesson as given above, the teacher may dwell on the following or similar points. (1) The fulfillment of the Saviour's promise (Mark xvi. 18). (2) The gentle and benevolent character of the Christian religion from the beginning. Hospitals and all charitable institutions are its cherished offspring. Peter, Dorcas, Christian activity is not to be in the place of personal godliness, but as the fruit of it. So ministers preach missionary sermons, and lead the people to bring forth from new hearts and holy lives the fruit of Christian benevolence. (3) The oneness of the churches and of the members in nature, in sympathy, in suffering and in blessing. (4) The main thing to be desired for our Christian work, the turning of men to the Lord. (5) God's servants are carried by Him step by step—Lydda, Joppa, Caesarea. suggestive topics. Connection of the narrative—value of rest—signs of growth—Peter's visitation—condition of Enneas—mode of healing—moral effect—character of Dorcas—meaning of name—form of usefulness—effect of death—deputation to Peter—his course—method of proceeding—precedents for—God owned—effect of miracle—Peter's sojourn—why mentioned—lessons from the whole passage. The Silver Bells. In Eastern poetry they tell of a wondrous tree, on which grew golden apples and silver bells; and every time the breeze went by and tossed the fragrant branches, a shower of these gold apples fell, and the living bells chimed and tinkled forth their airy ravishment. On the gospel tree there grow melodious blossoms; sweeter bells than those which mingle with the pomegranates on Aaron's vest; holy feelings, heaven-taught joys; and when the wind bloweth where he listeth, the south wind waking, when the Holy Spirit breathes upon that soul, there is the shaking down of mellow fruits, and the flow of healthy odors all around, and the gush of sweetest music, where gentle tones and joyful echoes are wafted through the recesses of the soul. Not easily explained to others, and too ethereal to define, these joys are on that account but the more delightful. The sweet sense of forgiveness; the conscious exercise of all the devout affections, and grateful and adoring emotions Godward; the hush of sinful passions, itself ecstatic music; an exulting sense of the security of the well-ordered covenant; the gladness of surety, righteousness, and the kind spirit of adoption, encouraging to say, "Abba, Father;" all the delightful feeling which the Spirit of God increases or creates, and which are summed up in that comprehensive word, "Joy in the Holy Ghost." —Dr. James Hamilton. The Beauty of the Sky. It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered in every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, as far as we know, be answered, if once in three days or thereabouts, a great black ugly rain cloud were broken up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so left blue again until the next time, with perhaps a film of morning and evening mist for dew. But, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, intended for our perpetual pleasure by the Great Being who made all worlds. When I go speedily in any action, Lord, give me to call my soul to an account. It is a shrewd suspicion that my bow runs downhill, because it runs so fast. And, Lord, when I go in an unlawful way, start some rubs to stop me, let my foot slip or stumble. And give me the grace to understand the language of the lilies thou throwest in my way. Thou hast promised, I will hedge up the way. Lord, be pleased to make the hedge high enough and thick enough, that if I be so mad as to adventure to climb over it, I may not only soundly rake my clothes, but rend my flesh, yea, let me rather be caught, and stick in the hedge, than breaking in through it, fall on the other side into the deep ditch of eternal damnation.—Fletcher.

The Better Home. This world is not my home, I would not that it were; Through forest foliage, fruit and flower, Morn's sunshine, evening's quiet hour; All sweets of glen and stream and bower, Have made it bright and fair! I would not have my home For ever and for ever Amid the melodies of morn, The breezy hills, the yellow corn, The wilding rose and scented thorn, Mirrored in lake and river. For father is the home, The home of holy rest, The kingdom for His ransomed, won, Where Jesus dwells, its light and sun; While everlasting ages run: The home of all the blest! The home of all the holy, My kindred's dwelling place; Where those I loved once dearly, dwell, And mingle with the choral swell, Sweet tones that warble here so well: The songs of sovereign grace! O sweet and happy garden— Of earth's transplanted flowers! My sweetest rose is blowing there— A blossom beautiful and fair, Just lifted from the fragrant air Of Ajmer's orient bowers. O home of holy spirits! I fain would dwell in thee, Where Jesus shows His blessed face Amid the heirs of sovereign grace, And bath a glorious dwelling place Prepared for them to be. —George Pawe. Milton and Owen. John Milton and John Owen were both Christians—both devout, both unceremonial, both advocating a wide liberty of conscience, both averse to Prelacy and to all Presbyterian dominion, both entertaining in general the same views of government, political and ecclesiastical, yet how unlike in many other respects! the one exhibiting in his religion the genius of a poet, the other the genius of a systematic theologian: the one soaring with outstretched wing into the loftiest region of divine contemplation, the other measuring every opinion by the standard of a remorseless logic, based upon Scripture: the one inspired with classic taste, chiselling the products of his intellect into forms of beauty, comparable to those of Phidias in the art of sculpture; the other careless respecting artistic style, and flinging out the treasures of his affluent mind after a fashion which is most exorcinating to the metaphysical of this generation: the one a Homer, the other an Aristotle among Puritans. And as they differed in their manner of thinking, so also they differed in their modes of feeling and in their habits of life, the religious sentiments of Milton being calm and pure, with something in their tone almost approaching to angelic elevation, bearing scarcely any marks of such struggles as beset most other Christians, and suggesting the idea that his chief conflicts of soul must have been with "spiritual wickedness in high places;" Owen, on the other hand, dwelling much upon "the mortification of sin in believers," "the doctrine of justification," "the work of the Holy Spirit in prayer," and "the glory of Christ," and ever indicating the strongest faith and the intensest feeling upon those evangelical points respecting which some defect may be traced in the religion of Milton. And while Milton was solitary in his devotion, at least during the latter part of his life, and in this respect, as in others, was "like a star, and dwelt apart," Owen delighted in social worship.—Rev. J. Stoughton's History of England. Restoration of the Jews to Palestine. A residence of some years in the Holy Land leads a writer in the Jewish Herald to conclude that there are signs of the approaching restoration of the Jews to that country. "The last four or five years have witnessed a return of the Jews to Palestine from all parts, but more especially from Russia, which has been altogether unprecedented. The Hebrew population of Jerusalem is now probably double what it was some ten years ago. Accurate statistics on this subject it is impossible to find, as the Eastern Jews dread a census from superstitious reasons, and also from fear of having to pay more by way of poll-tax to the Turk if their true numbers were known. For these reasons, and especially the latter, their official returns on the subject are not to be trusted. In 1872 and 1873 such numbers returned to Saphed alone, one of the four holy cities of the Jews, in the mountains of Galilee, that there were no houses to receive them, and building was for a considerable length of time carried on all night, as well as all day. This, be it remembered, in the East, where the night is emphatically the time 'in which no man can work!' Great accessions still continue daily; and whereas, ten years ago, the Jews were confined to their own quarter in Jerusalem, the poorest and worst, they now inhabit all parts of the city, and are always ready to rent every house that is to be let. Notwithstanding this happy change, owing to want of accommodation still, a building society has been formed, and many of its simple tenements are now rising outside the city to the north-west. Even before this many Jewish houses had already been built in two little colonies outside the Jaffa gate. Moreover, the Jews in Palestine are certainly acquiring possession of landed property in the villages and country districts." The writer attributes these changes to—first, new land laws affecting Palestine; secondly, new laws of military service in Russia; thirdly, new civilization throughout the East. Dr. Stuart Robinson says, and was agreed with him, that "earnest zeal for one's own system, if it is an intelligent zeal, tends to promote, rather than hinder a broad, catholic spirit toward other churches. Does not every day's observation show us that men are better Christians just in proportion as they are better Presbyterians, better Methodists, better Baptists, better Episcopalsians?"

British American Presbyterian,
102 BAY STREET, TORONTO.FOR TERMS, ETC., SEE EIGHTH PAGE
C. SLACKETT ROBINSON
Editor and Proprietor.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Letters and articles intended for the next issue should be in the hands of the Editor not later than Tuesday morning.

All communications must be accompanied by the writer's name, otherwise they will not be inserted.

Articles not accepted will be returned, if, at the time they are sent, a request is made to that effect, and sufficient postage stamps are enclosed. Manuscripts not so accompanied will not be preserved, and subsequent requests for their return cannot be complied with.

OUR GENERAL AGENT.

MR. CHARLES N. NICHOL, General Agent for the PRESBYTERIAN in the West Indies, is publishing 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.

British American Presbyterian,
FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1876.

"BEHOLD THE CHILD," an article concluded in this issue, is well calculated to delight and edify all who read it. The facts are vouched for, as they are recorded, by a Presbyterian minister.

THE Rev. Newman Hall, of London, has been engaged to write one of the sections on the International Series of Lessons for 1877 in the columns of the *Sunday School Times*.

CARDINAL MANNING justifies the intolerant persecuting spirit of Spain, and on the ground that as her religion is truly national, she is entitled to legislate so as to preserve her national unity.

THAT the days of the persecution of Protestants are not ended, is evident from the action of the authorities in Spain. Protestants in that unhappy country are henceforth to be severely restricted, and their meeting for worship is to be considered in the light of a civil crime. Why, Rome herself is more tolerant than Spain, there being now without the walls several well appointed chapels representing different nationalities. The spirit of the Spanish Inquisition still remains, and could the thing be done in our day, the exquisite tortures of that infamous institution would be revived in all their former force. But a nation that persists in such persecution is only preparing for a terrible day of doom, when God's judgments will overthrow and destroy.

At the stated meeting of the Presbytery of Toronto, held in the lecture-room of Knox Church, amongst many other matters, a report of which will be found in our next issue, Rev. Alex. Topp, D.D., presented the claims of Knox and Queen's Colleges. The sum of about eleven thousand dollars would require to be immediately raised in order to meet the running expenses of these institutions of theological learning. The share of this indebtedness, which would fall to the lot of the Presbytery of Toronto, would amount to \$2,603. Dr. Topp spoke warmly of the great merits of these Colleges, and of the important work they are doing in training students for the Gospel ministry, and urged that pastors should earnestly present their claims to their congregations. It was moved and carried, that the Presbytery pledge themselves to raise the required amount. Rev. Mr. Macdonnell, Mr. Cameron and others, argued that the congregations should be instructed as to the amount, not in the sense of levying a tax, so much as to give the information that would enable a congregation to appreciate what was required of them.

THE death of Rev. M. W. Jacobus, D.D., of Alleghany Theological Seminary, is announced as having taken place on Sabbath week. The rev. gentleman has for some time been failing in health. Dr. Jacobus was for many years a Presbyterian pastor in Brooklyn, during which he published a volume of expository notes, which at once established his reputation as a Biblical Scholar and Annotator. During his Professorship he has published a number of similar volumes, and has reaped a well earned reputation. His notes are exceedingly valuable. Dr. Jacobus was the last moderator of the O. d. School Presbyterian General Assembly. On the union taking place he and Doctor Fowler, moderator of the New School Assembly, acted the part of joint moderators. Those who were present at the assemblies held in New York in 1869, and the United Assembly convened at Pittsburgh in the fall of the same year, will remember the solemn and yet happy manner in which Dr. Jacobus discharged his duties. Dr. Jacobus has done important service in the church courts and committees, and his work, which was shared by Dr. McJoish, on behalf of the Appropriation fund of the Presbyterian Church will be long remembered. It was only during last assembly that Dr. Jacobus was offered a prominent place as a secretary of one of the boards, but preferring the scholastic shades of Alleghany, he declined to accept the proffered honor.

BROOKLYN CONGREGATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

There has gone the rounds of the papers a report of the proceedings of the Congregational Association of Brooklyn. It seems that this body have taken action in the famous Plymouth Church case to the effect of inviting all and sundry who have charges to make against the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, to come forward and state them in a regular manner. They have waited patiently for some considerable time for those interested to formulate their charges. But no one has presumed to respond to their invitation. The association have now accordingly taken action in the premises. They declare the fact that not a single person has tabled any charges against Mr. Beecher. In the absence of such they therefore affirm their belief in the innocence of the accused, their conviction that Mr. Beecher has been the victim of a hideous conspiracy, and they resolve that he is entitled to their sympathy and brotherly regard. It is needless to say that all the churches would greatly rejoice in this result, were the proceedings of the Association such as would finally settle the question of the innocence of the accused. Could we accept their decision as an ultimatum in the case, the result would be extremely satisfactory to all who have the interests of the Church of Christ at heart. But we are sorry to think that this action leaves the matter in the very position in which it stood before. Many will doubt the validity of such proceedings; while others will regard them simply in the light of a whitewashing process which is neither creditable to the clerical body concerned, nor of a nature to settle for once and all the problem of Mr. Beecher's innocence or guilt.

The judgment of the Brooklyn Association leaves the matter exactly where they found it, nor can we forget that this Association which now assumes to decide the question at issue, is only a section of the body as it stood when the scandal was first bruited abroad, and as it existed during the trial which Mr. Beecher was compelled to undergo before a court of law. Till recently the Congregational Churches in Brooklyn and New York constituted one body. But because of the strange procedure of the Brooklyn portion of the Association in this very case, a number of the pastors of New York as well as Brooklyn, broke off from the original society, and these now stand aloof from those recent proceedings, and by their own action they are cut off from dealing with the case. Their conduct however is a protest against the manner in which Mr. Beecher has been dealt with. It is impossible to overlook the fact that among these dissentients there are some of the brightest ornaments of the Congregational denomination—men indeed whose names are known and honored throughout all Christendom. We fear therefore that the Brooklyn Association as now constituted have not helped to solve the difficulty. The case is substantially the same as it was before their action, and for ought we can see, it is destined to remain as an unsolved problem, and to afflict many honorable minds with doubt and difficulty.

It is our opinion that if the Brooklyn Association really desired to bring about a satisfactory result, they should have gone into the matter more thoroughly than they have done. Had there been nothing but floating rumors, the method they have taken might have proved eminently satisfactory. But the case stands complete on record. It is forced upon us therefore to enquire, are the members of this Association able to satisfy themselves as to the import of Mr. Beecher's letters? Are they convinced as to the interpretation which the accused put upon his own words? Is it no longer a matter of doubt with them as to the party—for party there must be—who is guilty of the still more fearful crime of perjury? Are they ready to declare on oath that they believe the Monton-Tilton party are shameless conspirators? Are they convinced it was a case of blackmail? Had these and kindred questions been taken up in a judicial manner, and answers given to them based upon evidence which would prove satisfactory, the declaration of Mr. Beecher's innocence would have been hailed with delight by a large number, and would have given considerable satisfaction to many more. As it is we cannot but regard the proceedings of the Association as more likely to do harm than good, by raising once more into the arena of public discussion all the disagreeable questions at issue. While we deprecate harsh judgments against Mr. Beecher, and are inclined to give much weight to his own solemn asseverations of innocence, and while we cannot believe him to be the infamous man that so many make him out to be, we at the same time feel sorry that the matter should have been dealt with in the manner of the Brooklyn Association, a manner that can carry conviction neither to friend nor to foe. We would fain admit the theory of innocence, but Mr. Beecher and the members of the Brooklyn Association must know that the public are far from being satisfied, and that all that has been accomplished by law courts and ecclesiastical councils is to leave the matter in painful doubt and perplexity.

SPRINKLING v. IMMERSION.

We took occasion recently to direct attention to the essential and non-essential differences between the Baptist and Presbyterian Churches. The remark was made incidentally. "Indeed, we do not see but what our ministers might either sprinkle or immerse, according to the desire of the catechumen." We did not mean by these words to encourage any change in the present practice of the Presbyterian Church. It was rather our purpose to show that the mere form was not of so much moment as the truth which was symbolized and set forth.

A case of great interest bearing upon this point has arisen in the Presbytery of Lackawanna. This Presbytery had received as an exception to the records of the church, the statement that a certain person, because of his preference for the mode, had received baptism by immersion. The exception excepted to the act as wrong in principle, as against the usages of the Presbyterian Church, as not in conformity with the Directory for the administration of the ordinance, and as calculated to disturb the harmony of the church. The Presbytery at a late hour, when the attendance was but slim, decided against the church in question. The pastor, the Rev. J. H. Clark, appealed to the Synod of Philadelphia. After a long and interesting discussion, the Synod voted, for sustaining the complaint, 65; for sustaining in part, 17; for not sustaining, 66. A committee drawn from all sides of the Synod, of which Rev. Jas. W. Dale was chairman, was then sent out to draft some minute which should harmonize views. They at length brought in the following which was adopted *without a dissenting voice*:

"The Presbyterian Church has never held that the mode of administration is an essential of baptism. Nor has it unchurch-ed those who do thus exalt the mode of dipping into water. It embraces in Christian love and ecclesiastical communion all true believers in our Lord Jesus Christ, under whatever ecclesiastical government they live, and whatever sacramental forms they practice. But our 'Confession of Faith' declares, (chapter 28, section 8) 'Dipping of the person into the water is not necessary; but baptism is rightly administered by pouring or sprinkling water upon the person.' And amongst its directions for the conduct of services in our congregations, the Directory for Worship, (chapter 7, of the administration of Baptism,) says the minister 'is to baptize the child with water by pouring or sprinkling it on the face of the child, without adding any other ceremony.' Under these teachings of our standards the recognized usage of our denomination has been thus to baptize. In view of the teachings and principles entering into the doctrine of baptism, we judge that the administration of baptism by Rev. J. H. Clark in the case excepted to, came within the possible limits of a permissible administration of the rite, and although without any sanction of command or fact in sacred Scriptures, yet did not involve a moral wrong. The mode of administration, however, not being accordant with the distinctive mode of baptism accepted and appointed by the Presbyterian Church, we do approve of the spirit of the exception of the Presbytery of Lackawanna, as betokening a just, watchful care in the exercise of its responsible duties, and adjudge that it should be so interpreted as giving fraternal counsel and not as ecclesiastical censure."

Of the wisdom of this carefully prepared minute, no one can for a moment entertain a doubt. It is kind and considerate towards the pastor and the church interested. It is properly conservative as not favoring unnecessary changes that will lead only to strife. It at the same time treats the baptism in question as valid, and thus sets aside all ground for ecclesiastical censure. With our views of the ordinance of baptism, nothing is to be gained by encouraging the practice of both the methods of sprinkling and immersion. We cannot magnify the latter into a mode that is necessary for salvation.

SPIRITUALISM EXPOSED.

For some time an interesting trial has been going on in England. The famous Dr. Slade, an American Spiritualist, after having made the most of his profession on this side of the Atlantic, finally established himself in London as his headquarters. His mode of making money was simply to charge his visitor a good round sum for communicating with the spirits of another world, and making known their mind on any given subject. On the whole the business seems to have prospered. Mediums, or patients, or victims, or whatever we may choose to call them, were not wanting. The money was easily got out of them. The customers came and went, obtained the desired answers from the spiritual realm, paid an enormous postage, went away, and were satisfied. Dr. Slade's wonderful doings were spread abroad, attracting more and more pilgrims to his shrine. The Dr. advertised and puffed himself, and published abroad communications he received from the Spirit-land.

At length the fame of these doings reached the ears of Dr. Lancaster. It must, of course, be galling to a doctor of his well recognized ability, that the power of conversing with ghosts, warlocks, and witches, should be conferred upon one man

and not on another. Dr. Lancaster resolved to prove the matter for himself. He went and came, and paid his fees like a man. Dr. Slade, already overgrown with confidence, begotten of his continued successes, and greatly puffed up, received his brother doctor with his wonted equanimity. After a time, Dr. Lancaster took with him a friend, Dr. Donkin. Slade demurred at first, but was at length induced to proceed. A slate was used as the material on which the spirits preferred to write. The two visiting doctors, while assuming the proper appearance of gullibility, were yet eager and intent in watching the Spiritualist's movements. Dr. Lancaster was convinced that the writing was done by Slade himself. He watched, and then at a time when they were awaiting the spirit's answer, he snatched the slate from the Spiritualist, and there was the message legibly written out. Dr. Lancaster denounced Slade as an impostor, went out and showed the tall-tale slate to those who were waiting their turn to be victimized, and afterwards prosecuted the impostor. It was feared for a time that the Spiritualist would escape through some legal technicality. Why he did not summon his friends of the other world to his aid, we are not informed. Surely they might easily have spirited him away out of a barred dungeon, and from the hands of the police. But they were either powerless in such a case, or had resolved to abandon their favored son and leave him to his fate. Dr. Slade was eventually tried under the Vagrancy Act, found guilty, and condemned to three months' imprisonment. The Bow Street Police Court was crowded from day to day during the trial, and the case has excited very great interest.

It is curious to find this exposure following so closely the discussion upon the subject of Spiritualism, which was raised by a paper read in one of the sections of the British Science Association. The feeling we had at the time, in common with many others, was that that august body had rather demeaned themselves by allowing such a discussion, and thus treating spiritualism as if it were a science, and as such deserving of consideration. The success of Dr. Lancaster comes as a protest against the Association for entertaining such a subject. Meanwhile it will be interesting to watch the movements of Spiritualists. The three months' imprisonment of Slade is not a tithe of the punishment that should be meted out to a scoundrel of his dye, but it is sufficient to invest him with the character of a martyr in the eyes of an ignorant and superstitious people. Indeed, it would astonish us in the least to learn that these three months shall prove to be a source of vast profit to Dr. Slade and others of the same profession. If the Vagrancy Act is all that can be relied on for suppressing the crying imposture of the age, it will create such a number of those vagrants as to make it practically impossible to deal with them. Dr. Slade, we maintain, has only to return to his office to find his *scissors* more crowded and fashionable than ever. If we are not mistaken, a whole crop of Spiritualists will grow up in a day, and Dr. Lancaster will discover that he has rather been aiding the iniquity than doing anything to put it down.

Such is our view of the matter. But let what is now needed be immediately forthcoming, viz., legislation that will meet this peculiar evil—legislation of a nature to satisfy the public mind, and that will allow not a loop-hole for the escape of these impostors. It is high time the crime were thoroughly dealt with, seeing that Spiritualists have succeeded so well in making the public their dupes and victims.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

The English Expedition, which sometime since was sent out to make their way if possible to the North Pole, have returned without having done much more than previous expeditions, to solve the many questions that have been raised upon the subject. It is satisfactory to know that they reached a higher latitude than any previous expedition. They attained a point somewhere like four hundred miles from the Pole. But having found themselves in a desolate and dreary region, which presented unsurmountable difficulties to their further progress, they returned with the cheerless intelligence, that nothing can be gained by these explorations.

It must seem a profitless and thankless task to send out expedition after expedition on such an errand. What can be the gain that rises before many minds? It is evident that there is no habitable country to be occupied, no footing to be gained for commercial enterprise, nor any suitable sphere for the most daring herald of the Cross. There remains, however, the great scientific problem as to the nature of the Polar Sea. The fruitless return of this expedition has only whetted the appetite for knowledge. Captain Hayes of the American expedition has come to the front with the exposition of his theory of an open Polar Sea. The British explorers seem to be equally confident that this sea is one vast mass of ice, that it is covered with solid

ice to the depth of some hundred and fifty feet, and that if the North Pole is ever to be reached, it can only be by sledges. Viewing the matter as it now stands, it may be that both these views are right. A different condition of things may have existed when the American expedition reached a point that had never been reached before. There may be such a thing as a comparatively mild season even in such an unpromising region of the earth's surface. As according to our own experience, a river may be closed one year, and open the next, it may be that in certain years the Polar sea is in a state of liquefaction, that would allow of a successful attempt being made to reach the pole by ships, while in others such an enterprise could only prove itself disastrous in the extreme. There the matter stands for the present. It is difficult to see, but that the English are right in their judgment, or at least that they are so far acting the part of wisdom by returning home, having not seen any symptoms of the open sea proclaimed to exist by others. But that the problem will be allowed to stand in its present unsatisfactory aspect, we cannot for a moment believe.

There will undoubtedly be yet other expeditions. The Americans are on the alert for making the grand discovery. Their honor and skill are at stake in the matter, and there are doubtless many who are ready to furnish the means for fresh undertakings of the kind. We may well believe, however, that the problem will remain as it is for sometime to come. But as a question of science, it is extremely interesting, and the results of a successful expedition would doubtless prove valuable in many respects. We have no wish to see men risking their valuable lives in what seems to be a hopeless pursuit; and yet we cannot believe that scientific men will rest satisfied with the matter in its present shape. Besides we have unbounded confidence in the indomitable pluck of such explorers, and it is an interesting spectacle to see the great civilized countries engaging in such noble strife and emulation, in which the highest qualities of human nature are exemplified, and from which many unseen but precious influences may issue. At all events, rather than see the European powers engaging in murderous warfare over the Turkish Question, it would be a pleasure to hear of each of them trying to do battle with the other on the field of Polar exploration. The cost of human life in the latter case would be as nothing to that of the former.

It is proposed to establish a College for Cookery, and considering the importance of the subject, we trust to hear of the movement being successful. Let the daughters of the age attend such a school *en masse*, and what a splendid crop of useful, practical, industrious wives they will make. By-and-bye, we presume, it will be necessary for the bride to produce her cookery diploma along with the marriage license, before the ceremony can proceed. A department should be added for sewing in order to make the education complete.

THE death of Rev. Patrick Gray, minister of Chalmers' Church, Kingston, will be a source of deep regret to the large circle of his friends and acquaintances. The place he occupied as a pastor, was one peculiar to a man of such retiring modesty, and at the same time of such undoubted ability and scholarship. Mr. Gray commanded deep respect and even veneration as a minister of the gospel, as was evinced by the large attendance of respectable and influential citizens at his funeral. While the flock he tended so well and faithfully will miss the familiar form, and loving advice, and earnest words of their pastor, they have reason to thank God for his blessed memory. The event of Mr. Gray's death was not unlooked for, as he had been long suffering from a dangerous malady. Though comparatively a middle-aged man, Mr. Gray was already ranked as an old minister, having been ordained in the year 1846.

DURING the Convention of Y.M.C. Associations held in Toronto during last July, the following motion of the Hon. John Hill, of New Jersey, was carried by acclamation, and transmitted to the Queen:—"America, in this Centennial year, joins with the Dominion of Canada, through the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations, in praying—God bless the Queen." The following reply has been received by Lord Dufferin, and would, but for his absence, have been sooner transmitted to the President of the Convention:—

"DOWLING STREET,
Sept. 26, 1876.

"MY LORD,—I have received your despatch of the 27th July, transmitting a copy of a telegram from the Young Men's Christian Association, then in session at Toronto. "In reply, I have to request that you will cause the Associations to be informed that the Queen has been much gratified by the expression of good-will towards Her Majesty contained in the telegram. "I have the honour to be, etc.,
"CARMARVON.
"Governor-General the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Dufferin, K.P., G.C.M.G., K.C.B."

Ministers and Churches.

The Rev. A. McLean has received a unanimous call from the congregation of Sherbrooke, Nova Scotia.

The congregation of Duff's Church, East Puslinch, has been recently canvassed for the new building of Knox College, Toronto, and, as the result, has subscribed \$800 for that object.

A unanimous call from Scarborough in favour of Mr. J. R. Battisby, of Newmarket, was laid before the Toronto Presbytery on Tuesday. Stipend promised \$1,000, manse and glebe.

At a meeting of the Kirk Session of St. Andrew's Church, Paisley, held on the 28th instant, Mr. Geo. Brodie was unanimously chosen to represent the congregation for the current synodical year in the Presbytery and Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, in connection with the Church of Scotland.

The Rev. M. Frazer having accepted the call from the St. Thomas congregation, preached his farewell sermon on Sunday, the 22nd ult. On both occasions the Church was crowded, but more so in the evening, when even standing room was occupied, and many had to go away for want of space. In the morning the Rev. Mr. Frazer took his text from Acts xx. 32—"And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." In the evening the Rev. Mr. Frazer took his text from John xvi. 22, from which he preached a very impressive sermon. We are glad to learn that Mr. Frazer commences his ministry at St. Thomas under the most encouraging auspices, and express our conviction that the energy and ability which commanded the success Mr. Frazer had at Barrie, augurs well for the future of his new charge.

A FAREWELL social to the Rev. J. R. S. Burnett, Pastor of the Presbyterian congregations, Nottawa and Duntroon, was given by the scholars, teachers, and friends of the Nottawa Sabbath School, in the Presbyterian Church in this place on the 25th ult. After partaking of refreshments, A. Melville, Esq., took the chair, called the meeting to order, when readings, recitations, speeches, interspersed with vocal music, were the order of the evening, at the close of which Mr. Burnett was presented with a purse containing \$47, accompanied with the following address, which was read by Mr. Hugh Leroy:—"To the Rev. J. R. S. Burnett.—REV. AND DEAR SIR,—We, the teachers, pupils, and friends of the Presbyterian Church Sabbath School at Nottawa, desire to convey to you an expression of the deep regret we feel at your departure from our midst. Your settlement amongst us about two years ago, was a source of real satisfaction to all of us who were capable of appreciating the advantages of a resident spiritual teacher. Your subsequent ordination to the pastorate as well as that of your congregation—the solemn and impressive service in connection with which, we trust, will never cease to exercise a good influence upon us all. Many of us here have to acknowledge with gratitude the good effects of your ministrations upon ourselves, and if results in this respect have not been apparently so great as you desired or hoped for, we ask you to accept our assurance that your labours have not been in vain, and to leave the results with Him who alone giveth the increase. We desire especially to record the deep interest which you have always taken in the Sabbath School, and your untiring labours for the spiritual welfare of the younger members of your flock. We earnestly hope that the good seed you have sown, may spring up into rich fruits in future years. And now simply in token of our good wishes toward yourself, we ask your acceptance of this purse, and be assured that wherever your lot may be cast, our best wishes will follow you, and our prayers will ascend to the Throne of grace that you may be spared in health and strength long to labour in your Master's vineyard. Such an unexpected, substantial manifestation of kindness deeply affected the pastor, and he feelingly and touchingly replied to the address, expressing regret at parting with so many kind friends, but at the same time expressing the fullest resignation to the Divine will.

At Duntroon, on the evening of the 18th Oct., a number of young people met at the residence of Mr. James Russell, for the purpose of manifesting their appreciation of the able and earnest services of the Rev. J. R. S. Burnett as pastor among them. They took the opportunity of presenting that rev. gentleman, who is about leaving this place, with a splendid walnut writing desk, and a very handsome card case. The following is a copy of the address:—"DEAR PASTOR,—It is with unmingled feelings of sorrow and regret that we, the junior members of this congregation, have learned that your connection with us is about to terminate. We regret it the more especially as, after a period of depression and disorganization, signs of

order and improvement have begun to be manifested in the congregation. Since first you undertook to discharge the duties of pastor amongst us, your devotion to our interests has been such as to awaken in us all sentiments of kindest regard and esteem, and you now leave us bearing with you our best wishes. We had, indeed, entertained the hope that matters could have been so arranged as to enable you to continue your pastoral care over us, but in this we are doomed to disappointment. Before parting, however, we desire to present you with a small token of our regard for you, that may serve at some future time as a memento of the relation that existed between us, and we trust that, though of small value, it will not be considered a just measure of our esteem for you. And our united and earnest prayer for you is that God may continually bless you, and that your labours may be much owned by Him in whatever portion of His vineyard He may place you. Mr. Burnett made a very suitable reply, thanking them for their very great kindness, and said that although he had always been aware that there existed a sincere friendship between them, not until then did he realize the existence of such a real, true, earnest friendship, and felt assured that with such persons the good work could not but prosper. He said that he had looked forward to a difficult parting, but that difficulty had far exceeded his anticipations. On the plate of the desk was engraved the following words: "Presented to the Rev. J. R. S. Burnett, as a token of esteem from the young people of his congregation at Duntroon, on the 18th Oct., 1876." After the presentation refreshments were partaken of, prepared by the kind hand of their hostess, and after spending a very pleasant time, they all returned to their respective homes, expressing themselves fully satisfied with the evening's enjoyment.

Book Reviews.

PLYMOUTHISM.

Three Tracts, by the Rev. D. D. McLeod, of Paris, on the errors of Plymouth Brethren, their tactics, and the spirit in which their operations are conducted, have been put into our hands. These leaflets, though prepared by the author simply with the view of guarding his own people against the heresies he combats, are worthy of wider circulation. The exposition of the tenets held by the Brethren though brief is thorough. The criticism is keen, but judicious and tempered with kindness.

A SERMON ON PREDESTINATION. By Rev. James Brockbridge, Streetsville, Ont. Toronto: Presbyterian Printing House, 102 Bay Street. 1876.

This is a pamphlet of 50 pages; and the Sermon would be regarded as very long were it not for a note which is prefixed, informing the reader that it "was not delivered at one time, but on three successive Sabbaths, with appropriate introduction and application," and that it is now "represented as one, so as to preserve the continuity of the discourse."

We can, with the greatest confidence, recommend this little book to our readers. The diction is plain; the composition and choice of words evince scholarship and good sense; the structure is comprehensive and orderly; the current of thoughts is logical; the tone of feeling is firm and decided but not dogmatical; and the doctrine is orthodox. The text is Acts iv. 28, "For to do whatsoever Thy hand and Thy counsel determined before to be done;" and the following is the topical division:—

I. "God has a plan or purpose in first projecting, and then in directing the affairs of the universe."

II. "God's plan or purpose is one, embracing all events whatsoever, in their causes, conditions, circumstances, and relations."

III. "God's plan or purpose is a sovereign, absolute, most wise and holy, eternal and unchangeable purpose."

IV. "That plan or purpose God executes, either efficaciously or permissively."

V. "The accomplishment of that purpose does not make God the author of sin, does not interfere with the liberty of free agents, does not destroy human responsibility, and does not discourage the use of means."

The arguments in proof of the first proposition are deduced from the nature of God, "as an intelligent, wise, and powerful being;" and from the fact that, on any other supposition "our earth would be without any government and our world without any governor." Under the second head, the first argument is that "God's plan or purpose is one, for events are so connected in the great chain of Providence, that the determining of one determines all;" and the second argument is that "If God's plan does not embrace all events, then there must be some events which are beyond His control." Without mentioning the arguments under the other heads, we will content ourselves with the general statement that our author apparently follows the wise course of rejecting, or at least silently passing over, all positions and arguments which are open to assault, and availing himself only of those which are most impregnable. We place before our readers the following sub-division under, the fifth

head, not on account of its superiority to the rest of the book, but because it furnishes the true solution of a difficulty which is very apt to present itself to the minds of truth-seekers, viz.: the paradox of Divine predestination and human freedom.

"God in the accomplishment of his purpose, does not interfere with the liberty of free agents." I need not here enter into any metaphysical disquisition concerning the nature of human liberty, but just take it in its ordinary and well understood sense to mean, the liberty of doing as a man pleases. It is a standing reproach against those who hold the doctrine of Predestination, that they destroy human liberty, and reduce man to a mere machine. It is repeatedly and triumphantly asked, how can he help doing what is foreordained that he shall do? If this is unanswerable, so also is the following: How can a man help doing what it is absolutely certain that he will do? The one question involves the same difficulty, to our understanding, as the other. It was absolutely certain that Judas would betray Christ, for Christ himself said that he would; how then could he help doing it? There are many things which God knows as absolutely certain that we will do; how then can we help doing them? If we cannot answer one of these questions, neither can we answer the other; so that no greater difficulty is involved in the doctrine of Predestination on this point, than there is in any doctrine on the subject. Our reply to these questions is, that both things are true, viz.:—That God has foreordained whatsoever comes to pass, and that man is free; for both things are distinctly and clearly taught in the Scriptures; and all men practically admit, that certainty and liberty are not incompatible; and whatever difficulty there may be in reconciling these two things, there are far graver difficulties in denying them, or denying any one of them. If, for example, we should assume that it is essential to human freedom, that man should be left absolutely without any controlling influence of any kind, then it must follow, that the actions of men are beyond God's control altogether, or else man is not free. But this is so contrary to Scripture, that no one believes that the actions of men are beyond God's control. Even those who proclaim most loudly that the doctrine of Predestination destroys human freedom, practically at least admit, that God can control the actions of men without destroying their freedom; for they pray, as right they should, that sin may be restrained, vice subdued, the hearts of men turned to God, sinners converted and souls saved. The very fact that God is asked to do this, and asked by all denominations of Christians, is an acknowledgment that the work is a Divine work, and that His agency is involved in it, else prayer could have no meaning. But if it should be maintained that God could not thus influence men without destroying their liberty, it is plain that in order to maintain the freedom of man, their mouth would be shut in prayer altogether. It is clear then that all men admit, practically at least, that God can exert some influence over the minds of men, and control the wills of men, without infringing upon human liberty. How this can be the case—how the infinite Spirit can act upon the human spirit, and in some sense at least control its action, without intruding on that freedom which we all claim, and which we all feel that we enjoy, we cannot understand, much less explain. No human being can explain it, and no one has a right to say that it is impossible, for it rests not only on the testimony of Scripture, but on the facts of our religious experience, which cannot be gainsayed. The will of man previous to conversion, is averse to what is good. Regeneration is admitted by all to be a Divine work. The will of the renewed man chooses freely what is good. Here then a Divine influence has been exerted upon the man, and yet the man's will is in no way coerced; he acts throughout with perfect freedom. Can any one explain how? "My people shall be willing in the day of My power." Now if we admit that God can in any measure control the actions of men without destroying their freedom, it is perfectly obvious that he can, in any case, accomplish his own purpose without infringing on the liberty of men; and this is just Predestination as we understand it. That this is the doctrine of the Bible, and the only principle upon which many events can be rationally explained, is clear to any candid reader of the Scriptures. There are many events foretold in Scripture, depending for their accomplishment upon the free action of intelligent agents, some of which have happened, and others are sure to happen, for God has determined their certain futurity, but he has determined their futurity in no other way than by the agency of men, acting according to their own free will. On the same principle we maintain, that though the death of Christ was foreordained, Judas and the chief priests acted in the matter with the utmost freedom."

We ought as much to pray for a blessing upon our daily rod as upon our daily bread.—John Owen.

Students' Missionary Society of the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

The annual meeting of this Society was held in Lecture Room No. 3, on Friday evening, 21st ult., and was largely attended. The meeting was opened with devotional services, after which very interesting reports were read by the several missionaries, who laboured under the direction of the Society during the past summer.

Mr. M. H. Scott, our missionary to Rivor Desert, returns with a most cheering report. This field, which has been in the hands of the Society for the past three years, has now obtained a regular settled pastor. Our relations with Desert have always been of the most pleasing character, and we retire from it glad to be able to hand over to the Presbyterian Church in Canada, a little member all of our own fostering.

The L'Amable Mission, in North Hastings, continues to prosper. Our Missionary, Mr. Chas. McKillop, B.A., laboured here during the summer, and the work of the Lord prospered in his hands. The L'Amable district contains seventy-nine Protestant families, of various nationalities. Of this number, forty-one families claim to be Presbyterians, the remainder, about equally divided between Episcopalian and Methodists. There are three preaching stations in the field, viz.: L'Amable, York River, and Egan Farm. At L'Amable the elders carry on a Sabbath-school during the whole year, which does a great work among the children. A Bible class was held on Wednesday evening, by the Missionary, and was well attended, there being a roll membership of thirty-six. The young people seemed anxious to be instructed in the knowledge of Him, whom to know, is life everlasting. We have about forty members in this field, and the average attendance, at all the three stations, was one hundred and twenty. The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in September, by the Rev. Mr. Bealy, when several professed their faith in Christ, and partook of the symbols of the Saviour's death, for the first time. Through the earnest efforts of Mr. McKillop, a scheme has been set on foot for the erection of a church at L'Amable. Our missionary believed that the time has come, in the history of this mission, when a church must be built, if we would not see another denomination step in and supplant us. A Presbyterian centre is needed for that back country, and L'Amable is the place for it. A minister stationed there would be a great blessing to the whole community. The good people of North Hastings are willing to contribute, even beyond their ability, towards this end. But they are yet battling with poverty and need help. Will some of the liberal friends of our cause assist us in building a suitable place of worship in this much neglected corner of the Master's vineyard?

Thane and the Ridge, also in North Hastings, was occupied by Mr. Chas. McLean, who laboured most zealously and faithfully among the people. This field is a small, but very interesting one. It is entirely in the hands of the Presbyterians, no other denomination holding any service in the place. There are twenty-one families, and fifty-six members, belonging to our church, in this field. Mr. McKay, our former missionary, succeeded in getting the people at The Ridge to begin the erection of a church, which is now nearly completed. The people are poor, and unable to contribute much for the support of ordinances. But they are anxious to have the means of grace, and it is our work, as a Society, to support such weak fields.

The Coaticook Mission, although a new one, has, in every way, been successful. Coaticook is a flourishing village, in the Eastern Townships, on the border of the state of Vermont, and contains about three thousand inhabitants. All the leading denominations, except the Presbyterian, have churches in the place. Our Missionary, Mr. J. T. Donald, had much difficulty in securing a place to hold worship. The town hall was at first procured, but after six weeks, the Council refused to allow us the further use of it, for religious purposes. The Old Methodist Church was then rented, where the services were conducted during the rest of the summer. The people soon became deeply interested in the mission, and we trust, many of them are now resting firmly on Christ and His finished work. The average attendance at this station was forty eight. A good Sabbath-school was organized, which was well attended by the children, and was the means of doing much good. Mr. Donald also opened stations at North Coaticook, and Richby, a small hamlet, distant four miles from Coaticook. At the former place, there was an average attendance of fifty-eight. At Richby there had been no regular services of any kind previous to our Missionary's arrival. The people, however, received him gladly, and anxiously listened to the message of salvation. The average attendance at this place was fifty. The children here were found to be lamentably ignorant, in regard to all Bible truth. Ask them to open their Bibles in Genesis, and they would turn to the New Testament. A Sabbath school was organized, which is still being carried on, and is doing an excellent work. Prayer-meetings were held each week, both here and at Coaticook, and were well attended. The Rev. Mr. Lindsey, of Sherbrooke, visited the field during our Missionary's stay, and dispensed the ordinance of Baptism, giving great pleasure to some good old Scotch people, by showing them a real Presbyterian minister—the first they had seen for many years. Since Mr. Donald's return, Mr. Lindsey, by appointment of Presbytery, has again visited Coaticook, and dispensed the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to twenty six members—a most encouraging result of our summer's work. It may also be mentioned, that the Rev. Peter Wright, of Quebec, visited the stations during the summer, and preached able and practical sermons to large and attentive congregations. God has evidently blessed our labours in this field. Deep and lasting impressions have been made. The people are thoroughly in earnest, and express a strong desire to have the work continued, that they may, as soon as possible, be in a position to maintain a settled pastor. The nucleus of a good congregation has been

formed, and we hope, ere long, to see, in this field, a self-supporting charge.

Cantley and Portland Mission was taken up by our Society last spring, for the first time. This field lies between the Gatineau and L'Vere rivers, within the bounds of the Ottawa Presbytery. The country was opened up, many years since, chiefly by Lumbering Companies; and most of the residents have, at one time, been lumbermen. There are about sixty Protestant farmers in the district, and of these, thirty-six are nominally Presbyterians. Cantley and Portland have long been neglected, as far as the preaching of the gospel is concerned. No regular mission work was carried on there till the summer of 1875, although the place has been settled for over fifteen years. Mr. John Allan, B.A., who was our Missionary to this field, laboured very zealously; preaching at four different stations, visiting the people in their houses, and distributing tracts. A Sabbath-school was commenced, and carried on successfully, during the summer. The erection of a church was also begun, but is not yet completed. The average attendance, at all the stations taken together, was about one hundred and sixteen. The people, themselves, are not able to contribute much, as yet, for the support of this mission, many of them being extremely poor. It devolves, therefore, upon the Society and its friends to supply the means for this purpose. As yet, the fruit of our labours, in this district, seem small; but we must not be discouraged. If we faithfully preach Him crucified, we know that our labour will not be in vain. Though many of the people are still careless, we are, not a little, comforted in the thought that the incorruptible seed has been sown among these; and our prayer is that, in due time, fruit may appear.

In looking over the past history and work of the Society, we have great reason to be encouraged, and to record our thankfulness to the great head of the Church, who has so abundantly blessed us, in the work which we have endeavoured to do in His name. The hard times have not been favourable to our financial prosperity, and we hope our good friends will not forget us, in this respect, this winter. During the past year, we have been greatly assisted by the city churches, and our best thanks are due to them for their liberality.

The following officers were selected for the present year: President, Mr. A. C. Morton; First vice President, Mr. G. F. Walker; Second do., Mr. John Morley, B.A.; Recording Secretary, Mr. D. L. McCrae; Cor. do., Mr. J. T. Donald; Committee, Messrs. McPhie, Baillie, Shearer, Mitchell, and McLean.

After a good deal of other business had been disposed of, the doxology was sung, and the meeting closed with the benediction.—D. L. McCRAE, Recording Secretary.

Box to India.

The appeal for contributions of fancy work, native dresses, etc., to be sent to Madras by the Rev. J. Fraser Campbell, met with so encouraging a response, and so goodly a quantity of beautiful work was sent in, now on its way to India, that it is hoped that another and much larger box of work may be ready to send out next spring, either to Oolcutta or Madras. Mr. John Paton, of New York, founder of the Juvenile Mission of the Church, has kindly offered to get such a box conveyed from London, England, free of charge, which will reduce the expense of transit to a minimum. In the Lower Provinces, or in other parts of Canada, ladies are already engaged in working for missionary boxes, but if any who have time at their disposal are not yet enlisted in the work, their contributions will be gladly received for a box to be sent out in connection with the Juvenile Mission, early next spring. Contributions may be sent either to the Sec-Treasurer of the Juvenile Mission—Miss Mather, Kingston—or to any of the following ladies:—Mrs. McDougall, Rose Hedge, Montreal; Miss Muir, Manse, North Georgetown, P.Q., or to Miss George, Manse, Laucester, Ont. Further notice will be given a month before the box is made up.

The following is the list sent from India of the articles which find the most ready sale there, and are therefore most desirable for sending thither. Patterns of the native skirts and jackets specified, which are intended for the children attending the Zenana schools, can be procured from any one of the ladies above mentioned:

- Tea-pot Cosies, not too expensive. Children's knitted wool socks, from two to four years of age, fine. Children's white dresses, neat and simply trimmed. Skirts and bodices, to be left separate. White or plain colored lams or morine dresses, without frills or flounces. Hem-stitched pocket-handkerchiefs. Needle-cases, lined with flannel. Crochet needles. Dressing-cases for travelling, lined with holland. Simple carriage-bags. Pictures nicely framed. Doyleys, Baby-bibs. Babies' capes, of white pique or lama (not the whole pelisse). Sashes and sleeve-ties. Home-made lace and trimming. Neckties, with lace ends. Lengths of ribbons. Lengths of pretty bright print. Small parcels of haberdashery, say value of 5s. each. Work-baskets. Emery cushions. Cushions, with cord and tassels, not made up. Beads and all sorts of work materials. Native skirts and jackets of the best washing print. Dusters, in half dozens. Tea-cloths, in half dozens.

The religious Press of last week in the United States are full of lecturing on the duties of citizens at the polls. A large section of the people amongst them, and ourselves, take no interest in the elections. They do not think that they are thereby selling their birth-right, and handing over the law-making and law-executing power to others—that is, to those who make a business of politics, and regard the public treasury as their own.

Choice Literature.

One Life Only.

CHAPTER II.

No longer a swift ship, speeding under burning African skies, over seas sparkling with phosphorescent light, but a quiet English country house is the scene where Colonel Dysart and his daughter next appear. They had dropped, as Una expressed it, into a ready-made home which belonged to this "weird woman"—by which name she always designated Miss Amherst, after the night when she had started her into so sudden an appreciation of the value of the bright young life which would never be renewed, if by error or mischance she marred its golden promise. And truly there did seem to be something weird and strange about Catherine Amherst and her unknown history. The Dysarts had first met her at the house of the Governor of Cape Town, with whom she had been spending a few days on her way home from the Mauritius. He had known some of her connections in England, but of herself he only knew that she was the sole daughter of the late Mr. Amherst, of Vale House, in Northamptonshire, and that for some unexplained reason she had left her friends and her home twenty years before, and gone out to the Mauritius, where she had remained ever since. She was a striking-looking person, still handsome for her age, in spite of the pallor which made her seem almost ghastly, and the traces of intense suffering, which the impenetrable calm of her face could not completely mask, while her eyes, deep set and piercing, had an abstracted look, as if she were for ever searching back into the past, for some lost hope by which she might still live on to life and endure it to the end.

In spite of her excessive reserve, Una Dysart was attracted by her, for she seemed to have a wonderful power of sympathy, even with one so much younger than herself, and the acquaintance ripened into something like friendship when they met on board ship, and made the voyage together to England.

Una honestly confessed to her father that she felt no small curiosity as to Miss Amherst's history, and that she did her very best to find it out (but in this she failed miserably); all she could discover was the fact that the weird woman's only brother had died unmarried a short time previously, and that she had succeeded to the family property, and been compelled, in consequence, to come to England to arrange her affairs. She told the Dysarts, however, that she did not mean to remain a day longer than she could help in her native country, and that she should endeavour to find a tenant for Vale House, without visiting it personally, at all, if possible.

Colonel Dysart wished to find a home for himself in a good neighborhood, where Una could have pleasant society, and from Miss Amherst's description of her house, it struck him that it would be precisely the sort of place to suit him. His daughter was of the same opinion; and before they all landed at Southampton it was decided that the Dysarts were to go at once to Vale House, where Mr. Amherst's servants still remained, and if they felt pleased with the whole place and establishment, they were to communicate with Miss Amherst, who remained in London, and to enter into possession at once.

They both thought it very strange that she should refuse to accompany them to her old home, even for a few days; but when Una persisted in making use of all sorts of arguments to induce her to go with them, she at last turned round upon her, almost fiercely, and said, "Una, I would rather go down into those waves, and let them close over my head, and so make an end of all feeling, than I would go back to that house, even for one half-hour."

After such a speech there was, of course, no more to be said, and when Una Dysart took leave of Miss Amherst in London, it was with the firm conviction that they would never meet again. Little did she dream how strangely her life would be mixed up with that of the "weird woman."

Whatever Miss Amherst might think of it, there could be no question that Vale House suited the Dysarts exactly. It was a large, old-fashioned, strongly-built house, with handsomely furnished rooms, and deliciously ancient gardens and orchards, that would have horrified a modern gardener in their confused, overgrown condition, but which enchanted Una by the profusion of their sweet-scented flowers and tangled bushes, and gnarled, bending trees, that made deep shade over grassy walks and moss-grown fountains. They had only been domiciled in this pleasant spot a few days, but already they felt at home, and Una tormented her somewhat indolent father with impatient entreaties that he would fill his stables with the horses he promised to provide in due course, in order that she might go out beyond the grounds, to which as yet she had been limited, and explore the neighbourhood. She would have been well content to have commenced her researches with no better help than her own little dainty feet, on which she was now dancing round the room, as an outlet to her suppressed activity, while she told her father she could not possibly remain within the gates any longer.

Colonel Dysart's natural want of energy and supineness, increased by really bad health, were, however, proof against her efforts to drag him out on a voyage of discovery.

"The riding-horses will be here next week, and the pony-carriage, too; but till then you must go alone, Una, if you go at all; and I do not know in the least how far the conventional proprieties would be violated by such a proceeding on the part of a young person of your years. I must find some highly-decorous old lady to give me instructions on the manners and customs of respectable young women in this country."

"Oh dear! may such an old lady never be found. Anyhow, I do hope nothing will prevent me roaming about alone—at least in the morning, when I know the people and the people a little better; it would take away half the pleasure of life if I could not do that."

As she spoke, the old butler, from whom she had already obtained a good deal of

information about the neighbourhood, appeared at the door, and announced Mr. and Mrs. Crichton, and Mr. Hervey Crichton. Thanks to the revelations of the antiquated functionary, who had been major-domo at Vale House for thirty years, the Dysarts knew that their visitors were the rector of Valehead—the parish in which they were now living—and his half-brother and sister.

Una cast a furtive glance of dismay towards her father as the clergymen walked slowly forward, for a man of more forbidding aspect it would not have been easy to see. He was tall and gaunt, his black clothes hanging loosely on his spare figure, and his countenance, not without a grandeur in the massive, strongly-marked features, was singularly unprepossessing, from the excessive coldness and severity of his expression. His brother and sister, the children of a different mother, were as unlike him as possible, and many years younger. Hervey Crichton, by his manner and bearing, unmistakably a soldier, was a fine-looking man of five-and-twenty, and the young girl, who with no small timidity kept close to his side, was at least five years younger.

As Una's eyes fell upon Lillith Crichton, she was so much struck by her appearance that for a moment she almost forgot to welcome her. She was extremely delicate and fragile-looking, her complexion dazzlingly fair, her eyes blue as the morning sky, and the soft masses of her long hair hanging, like a sunny mist, round her sweet pure face. She reminded Una irresistibly of a snowdrop, as she hung down her pretty head with a shy grace; and it was so impossible to stand on ceremony with one so gentle and shrinking, that she involuntarily took her hand and drew her down to a seat by her side, telling her she was so very glad to make her acquaintance.

Meanwhile the rector, in a cold, formal manner, and in very measured tones, welcomed Colonel Dysart and his daughter to the neighbourhood, expressed a satisfaction, which Una felt sure nothing could really have made him feel, in their having become residents in his parish, and requested to know if he could be of any use to them.

Colonel Dysart thanked him, and said, with a slightly sarcastic glance at Una, that his daughter would certainly be very grateful for any information she could obtain as to the neighbourhood and the families with whom she was likely to become acquainted.

"There are so many residents in this part of the country, that it would take more time than I can spare to enumerate them all," said the rector, stiffly.

"Without giving you quite so much trouble as that would involve," said Una, "we should be very well satisfied if you would enlighten us on the history of the lady to whom this house belongs, without going any further—"

"That being a subject on which my daughter happens to be particularly curious," said Colonel Dysart with a smile.

"I am quite ready to admit that I am," said Una; "and I think it would be very odd if I were not. We have been in constant intercourse with her all the way from the Cape, and we know absolutely nothing about her beyond her name and the fact that she has been a long time at the Mauritius."

"Very little more is known of her by any one," said the rector. "Her desertion of her parents and her home is considered quite unaccountable, especially as her only brother, who after the death of his father and mother lived here alone, was a poor crippled invalid."

"Was no reason ever assigned for her going away?" asked Colonel Dysart.

"Some persons surmised that an attachment which was supposed to exist between her and a gentleman named Atherstone, who had a large property in this neighbourhood, might have had some share in her extraordinary proceedings, as he had gone out to the Mauritius some years before she did; but he returned from there unmarried when his father died, and she remained—no one knows why."

"Is he still alive?" said Una eagerly.

"No; he died about three years ago, and was succeeded by his nephew."

"He never married any one else, then?"

"No, he did not; but we need not assume from that circumstance that he ever intended to marry Miss Amherst. He was much attached to his nephew, who had been brought up as the heir of the large Atherstone estates, from the time that he was quite a child," said the rector.

"Is it a good property?" asked Colonel Dysart.

"The finest in the whole county," said Hervey.

"Yes," said the rector, "it has belonged to the Atherstones for more centuries than they can count; and there is a very remarkable building on the estate even more ancient than the house itself, which is really one of the old mated castles of former times."

"How I should like to see it!" exclaimed Una.

"If you are equal to climbing up a rather steep ascent, Miss Dysart, there is a point on the hill-side near this from which you may have an excellent view, not only of Atherstone Abbey and many other houses, but of half the county besides."

"Oh! I should so enjoy going there; I do hope I shall some day. But you must know, Mr. Crichton; I have the laziest father in the whole world; he will not move an inch beyond the garden, and he is in such a state of dense ignorance as to the habits of this great nation, that he has not the least idea whether it would be proper for me to walk about by myself. My unassisted intelligence would certainly conclude there could be no possible harm in it; but as I never was in a civilised country before, my views may be somewhat those of a savage."

Hervey laughed, as he showed by his involuntary glance of admiration how little like a savage he thought her, with her high-bred look and graceful movements.

"I should think, in this unpopulated neighbourhood, you might walk about alone as much as you pleased," he said.

"I do not find it necessary to place any restrictions in that respect on my sister," said the rector to Colonel Dysart.

"Then Una may safely follow her example," he answered courteously.

"But there is no need you should go alone," said gentle Lillith, slipping her hand into Una's. "Will you let me go with you now to the place you wish to see? It is a beautiful day, and Hervey and I intended to take a walk."

"I shall be only too delighted!" she exclaimed, starting to her feet. "You do not want me at home, do you, father?"

"Not in the very least, my dear. I am exceedingly glad that you should have such an outlet to your overpowering energy, especially with so charming a companion," he replied, with a smile, looking at Lillith.

"Then I will go and get my hat at once," exclaimed Una, bounding away; and the rector was ready to take his leave when Una returned. He had no intention of giving them his society in their walk, and he turned off towards his own house as soon as they had passed the gates.

CHAPTER III.

Up the steep hill-side went bright, impatient Una, scarce able to restrain herself from outstripping her companions, as she trod with her light, springing step on the elastic heath, and felt the fresh breeze rushing past her, laden with the scent of the pine-trees and a thousand wild flowers, which an especially lovely spring had scattered by handfuls all around them.

"Do you know this is the first time I ever took a walk in England in my life," she said, turning round her face, glowing with pleasure, "and I cannot imagine how people can prefer foreign countries; I think it perfectly delightful—fresher and sweeter than any other land."

"Wait till you see our native country in a November fog or a heavy fall of snow," said Hervey. "I have awful recollections of those vagaries of our climate, though I have been in India for years."

"Have you just come home, then?"

"Yes, only last month; and I am here for a few weeks on leave. It is almost my first visit to Valehead, for Lillith did not live here when I went away with my regiment; she came when our mother died, soon after my departure."

"Then you do not know much of the neighbourhood?"

"Scarcely anything; but Lillith will be able to tell you about all the people whose houses you will see from the top of the hill; of course she knows them all by this time."

"Oh! wait a moment; what is that sound?" exclaimed Lillith; and as they stopped to listen, a faint plaintive chirping was heard from a little distance. "It is a wounded bird, I am sure," she continued, and flew away towards the spot whence the murmur came.

Una and Hervey followed, and found her lifting gently from the ground an unfortunate thrush with a broken wing.

"How can it have been hurt?" she said, almost shuddering, as the bird writhed and fluttered in her hands.

Hervey stooped down to examine it.

"My dear Lillith, my military experience enables me to tell you that it is suffering from a gunshot wound. I dare say Rupert Northcote shot it—singing bird though it be," he added, looking significantly at his sister. For a moment her transparent complexion was tinged with a faint flush, but it vanished very quickly, and she grew paler as the bird's struggles ceased.

"I fear it is dying," she said.

"It undoubtedly is," said Hervey; "your moving it has been its coup de grace. You had better leave it, and think no more about it."

"I must stay with it till it dies. But do not let me keep you back, Miss Dysart; pray go on, and I will join you in a moment." She so evidently wished it that Una complied, and turned away.

"I could not imagine a sweeter face than your sister's," she said to Hervey, as they walked on; "surely she must be wonderfully good."

"She is, indeed—almost too good, I sometimes think, for her blamelessness and innocence seem hardly natural in this evil world. She is not clever, but the very simplicity of her goodness gives her a strange power with most people; her mind is just like a crystal—so clear and pure that one can read it through and through."

"Your brother must be rather an austere companion for so young a girl," said Una.

"He is certainly, and I think it is partly the cause of her great timidity and shyness; still she is happy with him, and would love him if he would let her; but love in any shape or way he seems to regard rather as a weakness than as a virtue," he added, laughing.

"So I should quite imagine," said Una, demurely, and paused to let Lillith join them.

She came up to them quietly, making no remark about the bird, and they all went on together gaily, till they came near the summit of the hill, which was by no means very high.

"Now I must and will be first at the top!" exclaimed Una like a glee-fair child; and as the wind, growing fresher and stronger, seemed to bear her up on its wings, she flew on, far past her companions, till she gained her point and planted her little feet firmly on the highest rock.

Hervey, who could easily have overtaken her, let her go unimpeded, that he might have the pleasure of looking at her as she stood with her slender, well-knit figure brought out in strong relief against the clear sky, and the breeze sweeping back the rich brown hair from her charming face, which was radiant with a look of sunny triumph.

Truly she made a pleasant picture as she stood there, with her clear eyes wandering from point to point over the vast landscape at her feet. Fair and bright the wide expanse of country lay before her in the glad spring sunshine, stretching away to the far horizon, with many a change of wood and field and rugged hill, and every here and there the silver gleam of a rapid river, that rushed with musical murmur onward to the sea; and no less fair and bright, in that morning hour of life, the future seemed to spread its golden realms beneath her hopeful eyes; through flowery paths and scenes of joy her trusting fancy imaged out her yet unknown career; and the proud ardour of her strong young spirit glorified the whole with the pure light of the noble purposes which she had resolved should bring her the blessing of holiness, no less than

happiness. And all the while her eyes were on the fateful spot where her strange destiny was indeed to be accomplished, in guise as different from these visions of her youth as well could be imagined; but no instinct warned her of that which was to come. A little time longer she would walk on in her golden dreams, and then—face to face the deadly conflict of her life would meet her.

(To be continued.)

Bible Marking.

What is the best Commentary on the Bible?

The one you make yourself.

For this purpose you need a good reference Bible, a Bible text book, a Bible Atlas, (unless yours is a teacher's Bible, which contains all these conveniences,) a Concordance, a black lead pencil, or a good pen and ink, and—brains. It is a great mistake to suppose that the first will suffice without the last.

We will suppose that your theme for study is the first chapter of John. Your Bible lies open before you, presenting the page. You believe that no prophecy is of private interpretation. You therefore begin by asking the Spirit of God to open to you the truth contained for you in this chapter. Then you read it over at first rapidly; you aim to get a bird's-eye view of it as a whole; you see that its theme is the character, office, and work of Christ. Your question then is this: What does this chapter teach me of Christ?

The first thing that strikes you is that a number of names are given to him here. You count them: Light, Only-begotten of the Father, Jesus Christ, Only-begotten Son, the Lord, the Lamb of God, Son of God, Master, Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of Joseph, King of Israel, Son of Man. Then he is the Teacher, the Son of God, the Saviour, (Jesus, Matt. i. 2,) the Master, the Atoning Sacrifice, the Incarnate One, the true Man and therefore the perfect example, the future King. You draw a heavy black line under each title; you connect them, by a light line. You now have a body of Christology on a page of your Bible. If you have wrought this out for yourself, you have done a good day's work; certainly if you have taken time to yourself the truth that he is your King, your Saviour, your Sacrifice, your Example.

The next day you return to your study again. You take up a single passage, verses 12 and 18. Who are the sons of God? As many as received him and were born of God. How? You put your references now in requisition. You look them up. You turn to your Bible text book under *Regeneration*. You pass by many texts that at another time will strike you, but do not now. The result of your studies is embodied in a note at the foot of the page: They are born of the Spirit, John iii. 16; by the word of God, 1 Peter i. 2, 3; *with* Jesus, 1 Cor. iv. 18; who is himself the Only-begotten Son of God, verse 18. You have here in four verses of Scripture, the source, the instrument, the accomplishment, and the result of the new birth. You begin again: What is it to receive Christ? The result of your studies is embodied again in certain references, which impress you and which you accordingly underscore, and in certain other references, which you discover, and therefore add in the margin.

But you have not exhausted this subject. You return to it on the morrow. You study the negatives. Not of blood; nor of the will of the flesh; nor of man; but of God. Your Concordance will tell you the meaning of born of blood, if your own thought has not suggested it to you; the sons of God are not brought out by merely good breeding, good parentage; Rom. viii. 8, 4, 9, tell you what is the meaning of *flesh*, viz., man in his natural state; we are not born into the kingdom by our own resolution; the will of man is interpreted to you by 1 Cor. iii. 5, 7; we are not brought into the kingdom of God by human endeavors. There are three theories of moral reform, good blood, strong will, good education—all repudiated; and in contrast with them the true Scripture view, the new birth by the Spirit of God, as interpreted in your verses below.

We have scarcely opened the theme; but we have done enough to give those of our readers who desire to study the Bible, and to preserve the results of their study in their Bible, some idea of how to do it.

Every student will invent, to some extent, his own system, but certain principles of universal application are inculcated by Mrs. Stephen Menzies of England, from whose little book, "Hints on Bible Marking," we have taken some of the markings, using however the Teacher's Bible in place of Bagster's on account of its having more references.

In any given verse underline *only* the word or words required to suggest the thought.

Connect these underlines by the fine line, always at the end, never in the centre of the underline.

If a connection is needed with a reference to another page, carry the fine line, which she calls a *railway*, to the margin, and write the reference there.

Draw all lines with a ruler, and as lightly as possible, particularly the "Railways," with a very sharp hard lead pencil, or with a fine pen and India ink, or some good black ink; the latter is better.

Make your own marginal references as freely as possible, referring at each verse to the other.

It should be added that a good Commentary is a great help in such a study, in giving information as to the meaning of the original and other points, provided it is used as a help to study, not as a substitute for it; Mrs. Menzies uses Alford, and refers to it by a . with a circle. But the reader may easily make his own system of notation to favorite writers, provided he does not have too many.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

THE great-grandson of Dr. Carey, the pioneer of English missions in India, has recently entered into the service of the society which his ancestor founded. He has become the medical missionary of the Baptist mission at Delhi.

Scientific and Useful.

TO CURE TONGUES,

Four quarts salt, two quarts molasses, six ounces saltpeter, three gallons water. Boil and skim the ingredients, and when cold pour over the tongues.

SAGO PUDDING.

Two large spoonfuls of sago boiled in one quart of milk, and the peel of a lemon, a little nutmeg; when cool, add four eggs and a little salt. Bake about one hour and a half. Eat with sugar and cream.

GERMAN POTATOS.

Mashed potatoes well seasoned and plenty of cream. Make in little cakes an inch thick (made some hours beforehand they are better), beat an egg and dip them in it; brown nicely on both sides.

RICH APPLE PUDDING.

Pare, core and chop five or six apples, or enough to make half a pound; shred a quarter pound suet; blanch and pound one dozen sweet almonds; half a pound of currants, a small cup of sugar, half a nutmeg, equal quantity of bread crumbs and flour, teaspoonful of salt, the whites of three eggs beaten to stiff froth; just milk enough to mix; a wine-glassful of brandy the last thing. From ten to twelve ounces of bread crumbs and flour make a good sized pudding, but if more flour is liked add a teaspoonful of baking powder sifted dry in the flour.

CHLORAL HYDRATE IN NEURALGIA.

The intimate mixture of equal parts of chloral hydrate and camphor will, it is said, produce a clear fluid which is of the greatest value as a local application in neuralgia. Dr. Leucoc Brown, states in one of the English medical journals, that he has employed it in his practice, and induced others to do so, and that in every case it has afforded relief. Its success, he says, does not appear to be at all dependent on the nerve affected, it being equally efficacious in neuralgia of the sciotic as of the trigeminal—of the greatest service in neuralgia of the larynx, and in relieving spasmodic cough of a nervous or hysterical character. It is only necessary to paint the mixture lightly over the painful part, and to allow it to dry. It never blisters, though it may occasion a tingling sensation of the skin. For headache it is also found an excellent application.

UNBREAKABLE GLASS.

The new process for making a tough or unbreakable glass, has been greatly improved since its first announcement, and the material, in the form of lamp-chimneys, tumblers, etc., is now offered in commercial quantities. The success attending the experiments already made, have inspired further research in the same field, and a number of new processes, of more or less value, are reported. In the original process, glassware, raised to a red, or melting heat, is plunged into a bath of oily and fatty matter, and the result is to give the glass an entirely new character. Instead of breaking, with a star-like fracture, under a slight blow, it resists serious blows, and besides a certain amount of elasticity above that it had before, displays a toughness and cohesion many times in excess of its ordinary character. If broken at all, it disintegrates and flies into a great number of minute particles, resembling quartz sand.—*The World's Work, Scribner's Monthly*.

MEALY AND WAXY POTATOES.

An examination of the potato with a microscope has proved the relative worth of the mealy and waxy kinds of this useful vegetable. On examining a thin slice, it is seen to be almost entirely composed of cells, which are sometimes filled with, and sometimes contain clusters of beautiful little oval grains. The grains remain unchanged in cold water; but when it is warmed they dissolve in it, and the whole becomes a jelly, and occupies a larger space than it did in the form of grains. When a potato is boiled, then each of these cells of which it is composed becomes a little vessel full of jelly; and, if there be not a great quantity of starch in the cells, it may be gelatinized without bursting them. But if the number of grains or their size be very great, the cells of the potato are broken on all sides by the expansion of the little masses of jelly, and the appearance of mealliness is produced. Hence we see that mealy potatoes are the most valuable, and waxiness denotes a deficiency of starch or nourishing matter.

DOES A BIRD DIE A NATURAL DEATH.

It is the opinion of some naturalists that birds never die what is called a natural death, but come to their end by some murderous or accidental means; yet I have found sparrows and vireos in the fields and woods dead or dying, that bore no marks of violence; and I remember that once in my childhood a red-bird fell down in the yard exhausted and was brought in by the girl; its bright scarlet image is indelibly stamped upon my recollection. It is not known that birds have any distempers like the domestic fowls, but I saw a social sparrow one day quite disabled by some curious malady, that suggested a disease that sometimes attacks poultry; one eye was nearly put out by a scrofulous looking sore, and on the last joint of one wing there was a large tumorous or fungous growth that crippled the bird completely. On another occasion I picked up one that appeared well but could not keep its centre of gravity when in flight, and so fell to the ground. One reason why dead birds and animals are so rarely found is, that on the approach of death their instinct prompts them to creep away in some hole or under some cover, where they would be least liable to fall a prey to their natural enemies. It is doubtful if any of the game birds, like the pigeon and grouse, ever die of old age, or the semi-game birds, like the bobolink, or the "century-living" crow; but in what other form can death overtake the humming-bird, or even the swift and the barn-swallow? Such are true birds of the air; they may be occasionally lost at sea during their migrations, but as far as I know, they are not preyed upon by any other species.—*Scribner*.

On Talkers.

A gentleman well known in literary circles for his inexhaustible flow of words was one day lamenting the decay of good conversationalists, when a very clever lady remarked that what she most regretted in the present day was the decay of good listeners. We fear the decay of good listeners is a sad and momentous fact, and proves the demoralized state of mind of the men and women of the present generation. It is not easy to be a good listener, it requires certain high moral qualities. A man to listen well must be unselfish, he must be both willing to give and take. He must have powers of self-control, for he must be ready to give his mind for a moment into another man's custody. He must have a certain amount of deference and humility which the man who accompanies your words with a running commentary of protest or contradiction does not possess. The person who lets his eyes wander while you are talking to him shows that he is deficient in the first element of good breeding, courtesy. The eye of the good listener is one of the eyes which the poet and novelist have not remembered to extol. It is always serene, patient and intelligent. It is said to think how few persons will take the trouble of learning the art of attention in its simplest form. The majority who will not listen, however, do not hesitate in constantly demanding of their neighbors what Mark Anthony asked as a favour of his countrymen, to "lend him their ears." When you have gratified their request they do not hesitate to inflict the greatest injury on those sensitive and much abused organs. The sermons of Mr. Carlyle, preached in innumerable large volumes, on the text, "Silence is golden," have borne but little fruit. It is said of the elder Matthews that he suffered from a painful disease of the tongue, from having talked so much and so fast; we have often wondered that the disease is not more prevalent in the present day. No doubt, if the majority of people were more silent, life might possibly become a little more dull, but it would be prolonged. The companion who is ever talking is no better than a murderer, and in a healthy state of society he would be hanged. The saddest part of the matter is that most men talk, not because they have anything to say, but because they have a dread that the world will discover that they have no great wit. If they would only read a book much despised in this clever age, but which contains many wise sayings, they would find it there stated that "even a fool when he holdeth his tongue is counted wise." How many a man has gained a reputation for having a great deal in him by the simple process of holding his tongue. It is, however, now rare to meet with any one who ever thinks of ruling that member. But still, although talking goes on in the world without intermission, conversation in its proper sense is fast dying out. Our talking, like our writing, is serious and dull, and is unrelieved by wit and brilliancy. There is no greater nuisance than when a company at dinner is forced to listen to two literary lions, who try to be clever and smart. No doubt it is pleasing to them, and to them only, but it is not conversation, because all present do not share in it. Nothing is more annoying than to find two men interrupting the easy flow of talk by a hot argumentation. As De Quincey says, "More good sense is sufficient, without any experience at all of high life to point out the intolerable absurdity of allowing two angry champions to look up and sequester, as it were, the whole social enjoyment of a large party, and compel them to sit in sad civility, witnesses of a contest which can interest the majority neither by its final object nor its management." There are a small class of men who mistake declamation for conversation. Coleridge was a good talker, but he spoilt it by too much declamation. The declamation of Coleridge was, however, instructive and brilliant, but the declamation of the modern litterateur can hardly, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered one or the other. No conversation was ever so delightful as that of Reynolds, Goldsmith, Burke, and Johnson. But then the famous club was composed of clever men who conversed freely on every subject, and who had steeped their minds in literature. In the present day most men limit their reading to their own writings. There are men whose sole conversation consists in putting forth the one idea they have borrowed from the leading article in the morning. But they are not nearly so disagreeable as the pretentious talker who talks his own article in a loud authoritative voice. The leader writers talk as a rule consists in making pungent and exaggerated remarks on most topics. He carries his professional art into social life. It is not conversation, but it is amusing if not carried too far, and it is useful at times. The writer of social articles is a man who earns a miserable pittance by making bricks without straw, and he acquires the painful art of going on talking for any length of time about absolutely nothing. He is horribly rapid on nearly every subject, but he prattles to his unfortunate listeners like a giant rejoicing to run his course. Among young ladies in the country he can, however, generally ensure both attention and applause. The most egotistic kind of talker is the middle-aged college don who has spent his vacation on the continent, and who steals his new views and interpretations from foreign magazines. This is a very easy road to a reputation for sound learning in one of our universities. The most affected talker is the young college don who solves the enigma of free-will and constructs a philosophy of being in twenty minutes. He is fond of parading his small knowledge of Hegel and Herbert Spencer, and he is always expressing his deep regret that the university does not allow him a large endowment for the purposes of research. He is a man whom only an esoteric audience can appreciate or bring out to his best. To the common vulgar herd he is only a bore. He does not converse, but he expresses his opinions in a serene, confident voice. If you speak to him of Shakespeare he gives a sickly smile, and asks you if you have read Rossetti. He informs you that works of art can only be "appreciated by loving and reverent criticism," and that

if you wish to understand an author you must get behind his soul. He will not discuss anything so vulgar as politics; but on green paper and china plates he can be eloquent. His language is nicely chosen, but it would be inconsistent with his genius to call things by the same names as are used by inferior men. There is only one thing of which he is ignorant. He is not aware that display of vanity is one of the most annoying of the minor social sins. A large view of life, however, ought to teach all of us to be tolerant of all things—even of the young Oxford don and his talk.—From the Examiner.

P. E. Island for Consumptives.

It is almost wholly dissimilar to any land that lies adjacent. Its soil is especially favorable to ordinary products, and it may be called the granary of the north-east. The climate is somewhat wonderful, being neither so cold in winter nor so hot in summer as Lower Canada, while it is entirely free from the innumerable fogs which slip over Cape Breton and Nova Scotia. It is said that the inhabitants very frequently reach 100 years of age without ever suffering from serious illness. The air is dry and bracing, and no better project could be set on foot than to empty the hospitals of the world on these generous shores. The fell diseases with which we of the eastern coast are so afflicted, as consumption for example, and intermittent fevers, are never known, while nonagenarians and centenarians, who are still able to do a fair day's work on the farm, are met with at every turn. Indeed, it is an ideal spot for the invalid; and the time is not far distant when that ghastly crowd that yearly goes to Florida to die will change their course and go to Prince Edward Island to live. I have often wondered at this American folly which prompts one who is in the last stages of consumption, or who has a serious difficulty with throat or lungs, to leave a comfortable home that he may roost on the branches of the Florida coast, at a cost of five or six dollars a day, and nothing to eat.

I sometimes suspect that it is all a ruse of the doctors, who do not care to have a patient die on their hands, and who, therefore, advise a trip to the sunny South, which sounds well enough, and which is in reality a trip to the graveyard. Florida is Moloch, and must be dethroned. He has an insatiable appetite, and is everlastingly demanding more; and more he will have so long as fashion holds control over life and death as now. When we wake from our delusion, we shall find that the dry, bracing, life-giving atmosphere of some favored spot like Prince Edward Island is worth far more than the subtle poison of Florida, even if the camellias do blossom there in February, and the sun coaxes the mercury up to 75. I do not care to sit in judgment on the opinion of the physician, but if I had a cross-grained uncle who was worth a million, and who had made a will in my favor; and if the aforesaid relation was coughing about the house all day, giving me as it were an anticipatory view of his fortune; and if, furthermore, I was possessed of a diabolical thirst of gain, I should coax him to go to Florida, and, taking his exact measure in feet and inches, should confide it to a neighboring undertaker before he started. But if, on the other hand, I wished to retain him a little longer amid these sublimity spheres, free from bronchitis and tubercles, I should pack him off for some such secluded spot as Prince Edward Island. The refreshing air and equal temperature would rebuild his shattered constitution.

I would like nothing better than to land at St. Peter's Bay, and with a couple of ponies raised from good English stock, for which the island has become famous, start on a trip over the entire island, hunting in its woods, fishing in its rivers, and stopping at the always hospitable farm houses at night. With sweet bread, fresh milk and eggs, and rich cream, I could manage to survive for a month or two at least.—Dr. Hepworth in Starboard and Port.

Eastern Marriage.

The nuptial rites and observances of modern India do not materially vary from those of ancient Palestine. The missionary Ward gives the following description of what he himself witnessed: "All things for the procession being prepared beforehand, the whole company wait for the coming of the bridegroom. At a marriage which I saw some years ago, the bridegroom came from a distance, and the bride lived in Serampore. The grand procession, therefore, was at the latter place. The bridegroom came by water. After waiting two or three hours, at length, near midnight, all at once it was announced, as if in the very words of Scripture, 'Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.' All the persons employed now lighted lamps, and ran with them in their hands 'o fill up their stations in the procession. The cavalcade, which consisted of horses, camels, and elephants, and a string of footmen, moved forward to the house of the bride, at which place the company entered the large area, covered with an awning and lighted up, where a great number of friends, dressed in their best apparel, were seated on mats. The bridegroom was carried in the arms of two attendants and placed on a superb seat in the midst of the company, where he sat a little while, and then went into the house, when the door was shut and guarded by sepoys. I and others expostulated with the door-keepers, and attempted to enter, but in vain. Never was I so struck with our Lord's beautiful parable as at this moment—the door was shut. I had set my mind on seeing the marriage ceremonies, but was obliged to depart in disappointment.

The total amount of money voted by the English Parliament for education, art and science, was \$2,858,810 in 1862, and \$16,890,175 in 1876. This generous appropriation is the wisest way of avoiding threatening social dangers; and, when the lower classes take advantage of their privileges as much as possible, the evils of popular disturbances will be much lessened.

Canon Liddon and the East.

The visit of Canon Liddon to the scenes which just now are of the greatest interest in the East, will furnish an inexhaustible fund of materials for his eloquent pen; and the accounts he will give of what he sees and hears will be read and listened to with profound respect. Some of the statements he has already made are worthy of being written in letters of gold; while others cannot be read without a pang of horror. He assures us that in Bosnia, Christians taken with arms in their hands are regularly impaled by the Turks, he himself having seen the poles used for the purpose. He says that sometimes death ends their sufferings in twelve hours, and in other cases they linger on in agony for three days. What a commentary is this upon the Earl of Beaconsfield's jaunty remark, which excited a laugh, that he thought the Turks were more summary in the punishments they inflicted! Well indeed may the New York journals express their surprise that the British Government should be ignorant of what was going on in those regions, until enlightened by their countryman, Mr. Schuyler! Canon Liddon gives another fact which ought to be enough to satisfy every man who is not influenced by party spirit or blinded by bigotry, that the cause of the Christian provinces in Turkey is one which ought to enlist the sympathies of the whole civilized world. He states that one hundred and sixty thousand Christian refugees have crossed the River Save in order to avoid the brutal cruelty of the Turks. We would ask the men to think of that, who applaud the thirteen states, which rebelled against Great Britain on account of a Stamp Act and a few chests of Tea.

The Canon states in reference to the regular practice of impaling the Christians, "This he observed was no wild excess of the Bashibazouks, but the usual proceeding of the regular forces of Turkey; and it is fatal to the assertion that the Turk generally despatches his victims as speedily as possible." And he goes on to say,—"Across the Drina and the Save, the neighboring peasants saw men speaking the same language, holding the same faith, showing the same aspirations as their own, condemned to writhe in agony for two or three days, for a crime which under the circumstances, was a virtue. It was sights like these on three of her frontiers which at last roused Serbia to the struggle, which if any war was morally justifiable, was one of the most righteous known to history; since it is a struggle, not for 'provinces,' but against a system which, as Mr. Gladstone has said, is 'anti-human.' The days surely will come when the Servian war will be reckoned among the most disinterested of national sacrifices; and when men will wonder that a country like England, even for one moment, could have lent her moral support to such a kingdom of organized unrighteousness as the Turkish Empire."

Thus speaks Canon Liddon; but somebody has just discovered that in the reign of Elizabeth, the efforts made to extend England's commerce included improved commercial relations with Turkey. And therefore for all time, his huge excrement in the very heart of Christendom—Turkish cruelty and outrage—must have the moral support, at least, of the British Government. It is useless to argue with people who ask in that way England can be responsible for the misdeeds of the Turks. The fact is patent that Turkey has at least the moral support of England. Whether the Earl of Beaconsfield meant it or not, the Turk understood that the presence of the English fleet in Besika Bay meant the support of Turkey; Dr. Dollinger so understood it; the English people so understood it; all Europe understood nothing else; and the Bulgarian outrages were committed on the part of the Turks, with the feeling that they would have English support. Canon Liddon's companion, a Croation, who lives in the very sight of some of these outrages, says:—"But for England, these countries would be free long before this; the Turk knows that, do what he may, he can depend upon English aid." The Bosnian peasants, and Bulgarian recruits actually believe, from what they see and hear, that the Turkish army is in the pay of England; and Canon Liddon remarks that, "so long as Sir H. Elliot remains at Constantinople and the fleet at Besika Bay, foreigners have difficulty in believing that the English people is sincere in its abhorrence of Turkish brutalities. Some outward and visible sign of our repentance for our long support of their barbarous and inhuman power is due to the conscience of Europe."

From the communications of Canon Liddon and Mr. McColl, we see no reason to join those journalists who are half repentant at the stand they made sometime ago in behalf of humanity, and who speak of the outburst of honest indignation in England as a merely sentimental effusion.—Domineon Churchman.

A LIFE of carnal ease, a death of sin, and an eternity of horror, are closely allied. In the matter of converting a soul to God, all human power is reduced to zero.—J. W. Altonator.

St. Luke.

This name is a contraction of Lukanus, and intimates that St. Luke was descended from heathen ancestors, and that he was either a slave or a freedman. He was a physician by profession, and therefore a man of education, as is also shown by the classical style in which the introduction to his Gospel and the latter part of the Acts are written, as well as by the explicit and learned details which he gives on various antiquarian, historical, and geographical subjects. He is said to have painted a portrait of our Saviour, an engraving of which appeared in the London Art Journal a few years ago. The Gospel which goes by his name contains exceedingly valuable accounts not found in the books of the other evangelists; as those concerning the childhood of Jesus, the admirable parables in the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters, the narration respecting the disciples at Emmaus, and the section from chap. ix. 51 to xix. 27, which contains particulars mostly wanting in the other evangelists. The statements he gives are taken from accounts given by eye-witnesses to the events he relates, which he appears to have accurately investigated. Besides the gospel which bears his name, St. Luke wrote also the Acts of the Apostles, which contains the history of the foundation of the Christian Church in two great sections: the first embracing the spread of Christianity among the Jews, chiefly by the instrumentality of St. Peter, contained in the first twelve chapters; and the second, its spread among the heathen, chiefly by the instrumentality of St. Paul, and which is comprised in the rest of the book. From the circumstance that the book of the Acts leaves St. Paul a captive, it is probable that St. Luke accompanied St. Paul to Rome, employing his leisure there in composing the Acts, and that he left off writing before the fate of St. Paul was decided.

It is a great work, and the greatest and chiefest of all works, to teach rightly concerning God.—Vitus Theodorus.

CHRIST and His cross are not separable in this life; howbeit, Christ and His cross part at heaven's door, for there is no house-room for crosses in heaven. One tear, one sigh, one sad heart, one fear, one loss, one thought of trouble cannot find lodging there.

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AGENTS—Investigate the merits of the Illus-trated Weekly before determining upon your work for this fall and winter. The combination for this season surpasses anything heretofore attempted. Address CHAS. GLUCAS & Co., 14 Warren St., N.Y.

Presbyterian Missions.

The annual Missionary Meeting of the Picton Presbyterian congregation came off on the 31st ult. The attendance was not so large as usual, neither did the deputation appointed put in an appearance. This was a source of much disappointment to those who called and controlled the meeting, and being the second disappointment of the same nature, it was the more keenly felt. Possibly the lamented death of the Rev. Patrick Gray, of Kingston, whose interment took place on the afternoon of the same day, may be some extenuation of the bad faith of the deputation, but at any rate common courtesy should have induced them to send a timely explanation or apology. Under these untoward circumstances the best had to be made out of the local force, the Rev. Mr. MacMechan taking the working car, which he plied vigorously for upwards of an hour, traversing the whole field of Home and Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, taking his auditors rapidly over the New Hebrides, Trinidad, China, India, and the French and Home fields of the Dominion from the Atlantic to the Pacific. He mentioned that the annual revenue of the church for the ecclesiastical year, ending June last, amounted to almost a million of dollars, and that great progress and success had been vouchsafed to both Ministers and Missionaries at home and abroad, and wound up with an earnest appeal for increased interest, prayer and liberality, on behalf of the Lord's cause and kingdom.

The Rev. Mr. Annis, the junior minister of the Canada Methodist Church in Picton, made an excellent and impressive speech, showing that Great Britain and Canada owed their enlightenment, elevation and happiness as nations, to the work of the Missionary. The plates were then put round and upwards of \$82 realized. Miss Ross and Miss Scott were appointed collectors in Brook Ward, Miss Redmond and Miss Routledge in Tecumseth, and Miss McDonald and Miss Palmer in Hallowell. When these young ladies make their calls, as they intend to do in about two weeks, it is expected that a large amount in excess of the above will be obtained. Walter Ross, Esq., M.P., presided with dignity and effect over the meeting. The choir under the lead of Miss Eleanor Moore, who presided at the organ, rendered the hymns and anthems in very superior style.

Presbytery of Peterborough.

This Presbytery held an adjourned meeting at Port Hope, on the 31st of October. The attendance was small. A call from the congregation of Cobourg to the Rev. James Ballantine, late of Kingston, Jamaica, was laid on the table; was found to be signed by one hundred and sixty-two communicants, and seventy-three adherents; was accompanied with a promise of a salary of \$1200 per annum, with a manse; was sustained as a regular gospel call; and was accepted by Mr. Ballantine, who was present. It was agreed that his induction should take place on the 15th Inst., at 7 p.m.; that Mr. Torrance should preach, that Mr. Wardrop, of Guelph, should be requested to deliver the charge to the minister, and that Mr. Laing, of Dundas, should address the people. Members of Presbytery were appointed to perform the duties assigned to Messrs. Wardrop and Laing, respectively, in the event of those brethren being unable to be present at the induction. Messrs. Cleland and Donald were appointed a committee to visit Perrytown, Oakhill, and Knoxville, to see whether those congregations could not come up to the standard required by the General Assembly, before a grant can be made by the Home Mission Committee. Messrs. Torrance and Ewing were appointed a Committee to perform a like duty, with respect to Fenelon Falls and Somerville. Mr. J. W. Meikle was appointed to labour as a Missionary for the next two months, in Chandos and Burleigh. It was agreed, unanimously, that sessions and congregations be authorized to make their own arrangements, in reference to the time and manner of holding missionary meetings; but that they shall report to the Presbytery, as to the holding of such meetings. It was further resolved that, in view of the great importance of our Home Mission work, and of the heavy debt still resting on the Home Mission Fund, to urge every congregation within the bounds to endeavour to make the contributions to this Fund, this year, specially liberal. It was agreed also to call the attention of sessions and congregations to the intimation of the Home Mission Committee, that, in the event of the income of the present year being again unequal to the expenditure, it will recommend a still further reduction of the grants.—W. DONALD, Pres. Clerk.

Presbytery of Hamilton.

The Presbytery met in the village of Ancaster on the first day of November. Mr. John H. Ratouffe was ordained and instructed into the pastoral charge of Ancaster and Alberton. The resignation of Mr. Campbell, of Beverly, was taken up; commissioners from the congregation stated that they had been instructed not to oppose the acceptance of the resignation. It was then resolved that the Presbytery with much regret find themselves shut up to accept the resignation of Mr. Campbell and hereby do accept the same, to take place after next Sabbath, and appoint Mr. Waits of Waterdown to preach in the church at Kirkwall on Sabbath the 12th inst., and declare the vacancy. Mr. Chrystal was appointed moderator of session pro tem. The resignation of Mr. James Herald, minister of St. Andrew's Church, Dundas—no commissioners from the congregation were present, but Mr. Smith stated that the congregation had resolved to offer no opposition, and he laid on the table a copy of a resolution to that effect, which had been adopted—whereupon it was after due deliberation resolved that the Presbytery record their deep sympathy with their brother in the severe afflictions which has rendered him unable for the duties of the ministry, and their regret that he has been obliged to retire from the work; that with much sorrow they feel themselves required to accept the resignation, as they hereby do, to take effect forthwith, and Mr. S. O.

Frazer be appointed to preach in St. Andrew's church, Dundas, on next Sabbath, the 5th instant, and declare the vacancy; also that Mr. Smith be appointed moderator of session pro tem. It was further resolved to retain meanwhile the name of Mr. Herald on the roll of Presbytery as a retired minister, and apply to the General Assembly for approval of this motion. Mr. Alexander Henderson then finished his trials, and was licensed to preach the gospel.—JOHN LAING, Pres. Clerk.

Presbytery of Whitby.

The Presbytery of Whitby held its regular quarterly meeting in St. Andrew's Church, Whitby, on Tuesday, the third day of October, at eleven o'clock a.m. There was a fair attendance of ministers and elders. After devotional exercises, in which Mr. Kennedy led, he was appointed to act as Moderator pro tem, in the room of Mr. White, unavoidably absent. The Presbytery was then constituted, and transacted the following pieces of business. The report of the committee appointed to inquire into the financial difficulties in the congregation of Enniskillen was read, when it was moved and agreed, "That the report be received, and that representatives of the congregation, if present, be heard in the matter." The representative of the congregation being heard, it was further moved as an amendment to a motion and amendment, "Adopt the report, sympathize with the congregation in their growing difficulties, and request them to report to the Presbytery at the close of their financial year, that if necessary further action be taken in the matter." Mr. F. Beattie read a report of his labours as catechist in Newtonville during the past summer, and was highly commended by the Presbytery for his diligence. It was then moved by Mr. Roger, and seconded by Mr. Spencer, and agreed, that Mr. Beattie be furnished with the requisite certificate to enable him to resume his studies at Knox College. Mr. Douglas applied for an assessor to aid in the election of elders in the congregation of Port Perry, and Mr. Robinson, of Uxias, was appointed to aid as such. The clerk read the report of the committee appointed to consider the resignation of Mr. Calder, the tenor whereof is as follows:—"The Presbytery exceedingly regret that circumstances connected with the congregation of Orono should have occurred to induce their brother, the Rev. Mr. Calder, to resign the pastorate thereof, and that of the congregation of Kendal as well, though the relationship between him and that section of his late charge was not only amicable, but all that could be desired as regards mutual esteem. Amid much that has occurred, calculated to grieve Mr. Calder, it must be gratifying to him, as it is to the Presbytery, to have the testimony of the session and congregation of Orono, given at the late Presbyterial visitation, viz., that 'he faithfully preached the Gospel, and also the frank avowal of the congregation of Kendal of their entire satisfaction with his ministerial services, and their regret at his resignation. These facts have a marked significance, tending to the credit, as they cannot but minister to the comfort of Mr. Calder. The Presbytery deeply sympathizes with their brother under the calamities vented through the press by some party or parties subscribing the name of an elder of Orono Session without his sanction or knowledge, and they take this opportunity of expressing their continued esteem for Mr. Calder as a man, and their confidence in him as a minister. They trust he will soon have the opportunity and the honour of doing good work in another portion of the vineyard of their common and gracious Master." It was moved by Mr. Hogg, and seconded by Mr. Laing, that the report be received and adopted, which was agreed to. It was reported on behalf of the assessors of the Kirk Session of Orono, that they had discharged the duty entrusted to them. On motion it was resolved that each congregation within the bounds hold a public missionary meeting, at a time and in a manner best calculated to ensure success. Messrs. Roger and Hogg were appointed a committee to revise and amend the questions during the visitations of the Presbytery to congregations. The Presbytery, on motion, agreed to meet in the same place on Tuesday, the nineteenth day of December, and was closed with the benediction.—WALTER R. ROSS, Pres. Clerk.

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

BIRTH. At Blyth, Oct. 17th, the wife of the Rev. D. B. MOHR, of Cranbrook and Kithel, of a son, both doing well.

MARRIED. On the 24th October, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Mr. Robinson, Mr. J. JOHNS, Merchant of Alisa Craig, to Miss ANNIE STONEHOUSE, of the Township of Scarborough.

Official Announcements.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERIES

HURON.—The Presbytery of Huron will meet in Clinton on 2nd Tuesday of January, at 11 a.m.

CHATHAM.—The next regular meeting of the Presbytery of Chatham will be held in Adelaide St. Church, Chatham, on the 3rd Tuesday of December, at 11 o'clock a.m.

LINDSAY.—The Presbytery of Lindsay will meet in Carleton Place on the last Tuesday of November.

WHITBY.—The Presbytery of Whitby will meet in St. Andrew's Church, on Tuesday, 10th day of December.

PETERBOROUGH.—The Presbytery of Peterborough will meet in St. Andrew's Church, Peterborough, on the third Tuesday of January, at 11 a.m.

KINGSTON.—Next meeting to be in St. Andrew's Hall, Kingston, on the 2nd Tuesday of January 1877, at 3 p.m.

PARRIS.—The Presbytery of Parris is called to meet at Picton on Tuesday, the 21st Nov., at 11 a.m., to hear parties in the call from Wingham to the Rev. H. McQuarrie.

GUELPH.—In Chalmers' Church, Guelph, on the 2nd Tuesday of Nov., at 1 o'clock p.m.

VICTORIA.—At Cannington, on the last Monday of November, at 11 a.m.

STRATFORD.—In St. Andrew's Church, Stratford on Tuesday, 19th December, at 10 o'clock a.m.

OWEN SOUND.—In Knox Church, Owen Sound, on third Tuesday of December next.

HAMILTON.—1st Tuesday of December, at 11 a.m., at Hamilton.

HAMILTON.—The next ordinary and stated meeting will be held in Central Church, Hamilton, on the third Tuesday of December, at 11 o'clock a.m.

LONDON.—Adjourned meeting on 1st Tuesday of November, at 2 p.m., in 1st Presbyterian Church. Regular meeting 3rd Tuesday of December, at 2 p.m., in the same place.

RICHARD'S FRENCH ACADEMY, 40 BLOOR ST. E., Toronto, opposite Queen's Park. Protestant, French, and English Boarding and Day School for young ladies, under the direction of Frederick B. Richard and Madame Richard, with competent assistants. Unusual facilities will be provided for acquiring a thorough practical knowledge of French, which will be spoken throughout the school. In the French department all the various branches will be taught through the medium of the French language. Will open September 18th, at 9 a.m. Terms moderate. For particulars, apply by post, or after Monday, 14th, at No. 40 Bloor Street West.

WHAT NEXT? A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.—When death was hourly expected, all remedies having failed, and Dr. H. JAMES was experimenting he accidentally found a preparation of *INDIAN HEAL*, which cured his only child of consumption. He now offers this receipt free on receipt of two stamps to pay expenses. *HEAL* also cures night sweat, nausea at the stomach, and will break a fresh cold in twenty-four hours. Address CHADOCK & Co., 1022 Race Street, Philadelphia, naming this paper.

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