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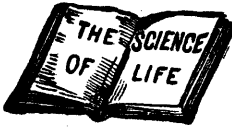
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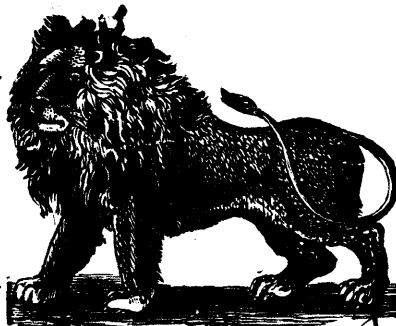


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PARSLEY SAUCE.—Wash a bunch of parsley in cold water, then boil it for six or seven minutes in salt and water; drain it, cut the leaves from the stalks and chop them fine. Have ready some melted butter and stir in the parsley; allow two small tablespoonfuls of leaves to one half pint of butter. Serve with fish, and with boiled fowls.

THE baby's night-gown should be white flannel. The red flannel many mothers fancy may poison the skin. The old-time red dyes were well enough, but the present red should not be worn next the skin by either old or young. They are particularly mischievous to the delicate skin of our little people. All the modern dyes are poisonous.

BROILED FOWL.—Take a small fowl or chicken, split it down the back and fix it open with skewers. Lay it flat in a large saucepan and put in enough water to just cover it; boil gently for a quarter of an hour, then rub over with a little butter, and place it on the gridiron, inside downwards, and keep turning it till done; pepper lightly at each turn; add a little salt at the last. Rub over with butter, and serve very hot with a little good gravy, mushroom sauce, or with potato sauce.

LIVER COMPLAINT.—For your torpid liver go without grease in your food, bathe your skin every morning on rising, and follow the bathing with sharp friction with the roughest towel, and if you can bear it, with a flesh-brush also. Beating the body in the region of the liver with the flat of the hand or with the fist is excellent. General gymnastic exercises are always advisable in what is known as liver complaint. Attacks of bilious colic would be prevented, I believe, by a little care in eating. I think an avoidance of all desserts, and eating but two meals a day, the last one somewhere in the middle of the day, would prevent all return of the trouble.

VELVET PUDDING.—Take five eggs and beat them separately, then add one cup of sugar to the yolks. Take four tablespoonfuls of corn starch dissolved in a little cold milk, and add this to the yolks and sugar; boil three pints of milk and add the other ingredients while boiling; remove from the fire when it becomes quite thick; flavour with vanilla, and pour into a baking-dish; beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, add half a cup of fine white sugar, turn this over the pudding and place in the oven and let brown slightly. To be eaten with sauce made of the yolks of two eggs, one cup of sugar, tablespoonful of butter; beat well, add one cup of boiling milk, set on the stove until it comes to a boiling heat; flavour with vanilla.

ARTEMUS WARD AND THE "MICHIGAN REGIMENT."

In a Louisville, Ky., hotel one day, Artemus Ward was introduced to a colonel who had commanded a Mississippi regiment in the war. Artemus, in his way that was "childlike and bland," said: "What Michigan regiment did you command, Colonel?" Then it was that the Colonel spun like a top and swore like a sailor, until pacified sufficiently to hear an explanation. Artemus, with surprise, observed that "he was always getting things mixed about the war." It is always unfortunate to get things mixed, but never more so than when one is sick. Then it is that the right thing in the right place is wanted more than at any other time in life, or under any other circumstances. It is a pleasure for us to note in this connection, the experience of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Colonel Samuel H. Taylor, who, as is well known, does not get things mixed. In a recent communication he writes: "I do hereby certify that I suffered very much from rheumatism and neuralgia during the fall of 1879, and tried many remedies with little if any good results. I had heard of St. Jacobs Oil, and concluded to try it; more as an experiment than with any hope of good results. I can with great pleasure commend it to others, for the reason that I know it cured me." Such an emphatic endorsement coming from one of the very foremost lawyers of our State, well and widely known, carries with it a degree of importance and suggestiveness which cannot be over-estimated.
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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VOL. 10.

TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 20th, 1882.

No. 3.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THERE is a temperance movement in Russia. The Holy Synod has taken it up and distributes tracts, advocating sobriety, even upon saints' days. This is very radical teaching for Russian peasantry.

THE Sabbath Association of Philadelphia has issued a circular asking all churches to unite in memorializing Congress to enact laws forbidding the transaction of any business in any department of the Government on the Lord's day.

What is "moral insanity?" "Wickedness," says Dr. Gray. What is "kleptomania?" "Stealing," says Dr. Gray. What is "dipsomania?" "Drunkenness." What is "pyromania?" "Incendiarism," says Dr. Gray. These technical terms the doctor puts into plain English.

THE National Temperance Society of the United States has again memorialized Congress, and bills have been introduced, to provide for the appointment of a Commission of Inquiry to investigate and report upon the whole subject of the alcoholic liquor traffic, and the results of legislative methods of dealing therewith.

ON one day, a couple of weeks ago, seven murderers were hanged in the United States. In Jersey City, Martin Kinkowski was hanged for the murder of Minna Muller; in Elmira, Joseph Abbott was hanged for killing George Reed; in St. Louis, Charles Ellis suffered the extreme penalty for the murder of Mack Sanders; and Joseph M. Katovsky for killing his sweetheart, Augusta Simon; in Marshall, Mo., John A. Phelps was hanged for the murder of Elijah Keyten; and in Franklin, La., Terence Achille and Sterling Ben were hanged for killing D. Lamand.

THE "National Baptist" hits every time in the following paragraph: "The man who does not give to Foreign Missions 'because there are heathen at our doors' is the man who never gives to the 'heathen at our doors.' The man who says that it takes a dollar to carry a cent to the heathen, is the man who never gives either the dollar or the cent. The man who is ready to give for the Gospel at home is the man who is ready to give for the Gospel abroad; the man who can feel for the need of his remote fellow-men is the man who can feel for those near at hand."

THOMAS PAINE recently informed a Philadelphia audience, through the politeness of a medium, that his "Age of Reason" was written between the hours of ten o'clock in the evening and two o'clock in the morning, and that the prison cell was lighted by an unseen power to enable Paine to do the work. After the lecture was over, a tall man of an inquisitive turn of mind rose in the back of the Hall, and asked if Thomas Paine was the author of the letters of "Junius." This question staggered the medium at first, but finally, "with an apparent effort," she answered "Yes, sir," and the gratified audience dispersed.

A CERTAIN Signor Gavazzi was recently imprisoned in Paris, France, for immoral behaviour. The identity of name having led many in Britain, and perhaps on this continent, to suppose that this person was the well-known "Father Gavazzi," Mr. Martin, honorary treasurer of the Italian Missionary Society, writes to the English papers to say that this is not the case. The veteran champion of freedom and truth is at his post—that is, he is in Rome—lecturing to theological students in the College, addressing crowds of his fellow-countrymen on evangelical and religious questions, interesting himself in the simple joys of school children, and at the same time president of the Assembly of the Free Italian Church.

APPREHENSIONS of a rising of the peasantry in certain parts of Russia are, according to the "Presse," causing serious uneasiness in Government circles in

St. Petersburg. The country population in some provinces is ready to break out in open revolution. The peasants declare that they have been robbed of their land, and they mean to take it back again. In many places the peasants are reported to have been using the churches as their places of meeting for revolutionary objects. Hence the police have been ordered to watch and guard religious edifices. Everywhere trade is bad in Russia, and there is a general feeling of dissatisfaction and uneasiness similar to that which prevailed last year before the attempt on the late Czar.

AN English tutor pays a tribute to the value of his own instruction by publishing the answers of some of his pupils at their annual examination: Newton shot the apple off his son's head. Achilles was killed by Hannibal, for which the eyes of the latter were put out by Queen Ophthalmia. An hypothesis is an instrument for drawing up water, or it is a thing which happens to people after death. The letters of the Alphabet are of two kinds, viz., positive, comparative, and superlative. One pupil "supposed" that Adam was the first person singular; another that the difference between singular and plural is that one is masculine, the other feminine. On the tutor's reading that "Holland is cut up into a network of canals, in which numerous windmills were continually pumping water," one pupil asked, "What is the use of pumping water into networks?"

ONE of our contemporaries publishes an article by the Rev. Dr. John Hall, called "A Thing to Cry Over," which touches in a pathetic manner the common habit of laughing at drunken men. Dr. Hall stood on a boat in New York harbour. Not far off was a well-dressed but tipsy young man. Beside the doctor was a plainly-dressed man. When Dr. Hall saw the people laughing at the drunkard, he said to him, "They should hardly laugh at him." Said the man, "It is a thing to cry over." Then he told Mr. Hall of his own wife, who took to drink in Scotland, and who promised to reform if he would come to this country, but did not, and died of drunkenness; and when the doctor hoped that he had comfort in the children, he said: "One—the second—is; she is a good child. The oldest is not steady, I can do nothing with her; and the youngest—a boy—can't be kept from drink. I've sold my place, and am going to a town in Ohio—where, I am told, no liquor can be had—to try to save him." Dr. Hall closes as follows: "Who would not wish for abstinence societies, tracts, books, ministers' sermons, young people's pledges, humane laws? One almost cries out for anything that will stop this slow, cruel murder of home-love of men, of women, of little children, of hope, of peace, of immortal souls."

PROFESSOR BRYCE'S appeal in behalf of Manitoba College appears in the December number of the "Church of Scotland Home and Foreign Missionary Record." After briefly, but clearly and pointedly, stating the urgency of the case, presenting his authority in the shape of an extract from the Minutes of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and asking for £15,000 to endow three chairs, he says: "I appeal to those who are historically connected with the Red River Settlement, Hudson's Bay Territories, and Rupert's Land. I appeal to those who have made investments in land, in loan and trading companies, or in other business in Manitoba. I appeal to those who take an interest in the progress of civilization in the vast territory brought before the Scottish people by the Governor-General in his visit. I appeal to those who have an honourable desire to be identified by their givings with the noble cause of education and religion, and who may thus leave a fragrant memory. I appeal to the Christian public, who have at heart the advancement of Christ's cause in one of the most hopeful and rapidly increasing portions of the British Empire. I appeal to you, above all, as stewards of the means God has given, and as

responsible to the Lord Jesus Christ for their wise disposal. Give us your aid! £100, or £1, or less! The beautiful Indian name of our new Province of Manitoba is said to mean 'The Voice of God.' May this appeal of our people be shewn to have been in very truth 'Vox Dei!'"

THE work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Great Britain has been, so far, very successful. It is said that their visit to Newcastle led to the conversion of thousands. The daily meetings in Edinburgh are said to be well attended, especially the Sabbath services. At one of the noon prayer-meetings, Mr. Moody mentioned the case of a Chicago drunkard who, broken in health and in spirit, had strayed into one of the Chicago meetings when the evangelists were in that city, and had there been led to the Saviour. On the evening of November 21st, Mr. Moody had found in a paper which had been forwarded to him from America, an account of this man's successful work as a missionary in the Sandwich Islands. The recital of this incident profoundly impressed the audience. On Sunday, November 27th, Mr. Moody began his second week's work by preaching in Free St. George's, one of the largest and wealthiest of the Edinburgh churches. His audience is described as consisting of the best society of the city—men and women of title, lords of session, professors from the University, and other representatives of literature and science. In the afternoon there was a meeting in the new Assembly Hall for women, and one in the evening for men. At both of these meetings thousands had to be turned away; but most of those who had failed to secure an entrance were accommodated in the several churches of the vicinity. Mr. Moody's subject in both meetings was "What Christ promises." Mr. Sankey sang several solos, and conducted the congregational singing.

THE Edmonton "Bulletin" is a fully developed newspaper, containing all the usual departments—telegraphic despatches, locals, editorials, reports of public meetings, meteorological report, neighbourhood news, correspondence, advertisements, etc.—and the marvel is that the whole occupies only four royal octavo pages. This wonderful economy in paper is attained by the use of agate type. The expedient was, no doubt, prompted by high rates of freight, but be the cause what it may, the result is not altogether an inconvenience. After the eye has been strained exploring the vast area of some of the broad-sheets now so common, it is a relief to take up a copy of this gem among journals between the finger and thumb and scan its full and varied contents without effort. In the issue of December 10th, now before us, we find reports of two public meetings—one to consider the question of inducing a doctor to enter upon the practice of his profession at Edmonton, the other to engage a public school teacher, or give the trustees power to do so. Both of these important matters were dealt with in a liberal spirit, and left in a fair way of being brought to a satisfactory issue. It is scarcely necessary to inform our readers that the "city" of Edmonton is situated in the North-West Territory, at the head of navigation on the North Saskatchewan River. From a still more remote district, the "Bulletin" gives an item of news which is of very melancholy interest, as it is scarcely possible that the afflicted person referred to can have escaped a lingering death on the snow-clad plain. The paragraph is as follows: "For some time past Rev. Father Petitot, of the Roman Catholic mission at Fort Pitt, has been more or less deranged. It was at last determined to bring him to St. Albert for medical treatment. While on the way here, last Monday night, the party camped near Vermillion Creek, about half way between Victoria and Edmonton. The two men who had the rev. father in charge lay down with him between them, that they might prevent him from getting away. During the night, however, he managed to slip away, taking a small blanket and a piece of bread, and although every endeavour has been made, up to the present not the slightest trace of him has been found."

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

BIRTLE MISSION.

MR. EDITOR,—Since coming here I have often thought of sending you some brief account of matters in these parts, but I have scarcely time to attend to anything outside my proper work, or even to overtake all that. It may be easy enough for ministers in the east, who have their comfortable manses, and their attractive studies in them, with books and all the latest literature to send the account of a vacation or a trip to some place of popular resort, but with the busy Missionary, struggling to overtake the ever-increasing work of one of these vast fields in the west, newspaper correspondence is a very different thing. I purposed sending you some notes on the Communion occasions we had in the fall, but time slipped away. We had five of those happy seasons, and we all felt that they were both pleasing and profitable. Tears filled our eyes as we thought of other days when we went to the house of God, in company with friends and dear ones in other provinces and other lands. We did not, however, hang our harps on the willows, but sang the old songs of Zion as though not in a strange land.

It is solemn to stand in the porch and try to look into the great temple of the future, and feel that you are laying down the foundation of a series that probably the trump of judgment alone will interrupt. We were privileged to hold the first Communion service here; possibly the last will not be held until the Angel shall have said "Time shall be no more." On those happy occasions we had also an opportunity of marking the wonderful cementing power of the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ, and how strongly Christians feel at the table of the Lord that they are brethren. We had some from nearly every Province of the Dominion, and from countries beyond the seas, but "only one family in Christ."

However, what I intended claiming space for in your valuable paper was not this, but the incidents of my last ordinary trip around this Mission field, as in this way the readers of THE PRESBYTERIAN will get a better view of the work here than they could get from any general statements.

Sabbath, the 20th of November, rose bright and clear and cold on the little village of Birtle. (The thermometer had already gone 30° below zero, and there was considerable snow.) We held service at eleven a.m. in the hall. It is a credit to Birtle to have so good-looking a hall at so early a period of its existence, but it is not much to the praise of the trustees that it is generally so cheerless and uncomfortable. There was considerable dropping on this occasion. We want a church at this point badly. Service over, I hastened to leave Birtle. About three p.m. I reached the house of Mr. W. Bartley, on the east bank of the Assiniboine, where I have just taken up a new appointment, and preached to a nice little company of settlers, who in a brief while will, I think, add much to our strength in this neighbourhood. After service I had not time to sit down, but had to hasten away to Fort Ellice. As we approach the rivers of this country, travel becomes exceedingly difficult. The smaller streams have cut for themselves deep and almost impassable ravines through the sides of the larger valleys, and getting around them is far from pleasant. From Mr. Bartley's to Fort Ellice by an air line would not much exceed three miles, but by the road we have to travel, and that of the worst possible description, it is nearly six, and no place for a novice after dark. However, things went moderately well, with an occasional thud against a huge stone as we slid down the east bank of the valley and along the flat; not so, however, when the ascent had to be made on the other side of Snake Creek. Presently my horse went to his knees, and to prevent an advance backward over the steep already climbed, he rolled over, smashing one of the shafts of my homely jumper. We do not often cry over things of this kind in this country. A strap is at hand, the injured member is bound up, and in a little while we were again climbing the hill. We gained the summit at last. It was now growing dark, and we had to wind down another ravine a little farther north and opposite to Fort Ellice. Half an hour later and we were on the banks of the swiftly-rolling Assiniboine. But what a difference. Three weeks ago the river rolled along whirling and foaming, but now it is as still as death, and there is not even the appearance

of a river. It is more like the crooked winding street of some ancient city; still the currents are there, only buried beneath the ice. How like the great forces of good and evil that roll through the world and influence the life of men! Now they rage like the rolling of the troubled sea, then they settle down to the mildness and the calmness of a pool, and there is not a ripple to disturb the quiet. Still, however quiet and however calm, like the river beneath the ice, there the currents certainly are. It was now dark, and I had to depend almost entirely on my patient, faithful horse. We crossed the river and reached the Fort at the top of the steep bank on the opposite side in due time.

Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, the host and hostess of Ellice, were both away on the occasion of this visit, a thing that had not happened with me before. The clerks, etc., in charge, however, kindly interested themselves, and we had a gathering at the boarding-house, where I preached. Fort Ellice is a Hudson's Bay trading post, and Mr. McDonald is its chief factor. Here all travellers for the interior halt. The Canada Pacific Railway will no doubt change that, but settlement, which has not reached Ellice yet, will more than compensate for the change.

The following Monday I remained at Ellice until three p.m., to repair the damages of the previous day. I reached the house of Mr. E. Bligh in township 18, range 28 west, for the night. Mr. Bligh and his brother are gentlemen from Halifax, N.S., and appear to be doing very well on their farm. I intended getting to Shell River on the following day. But it is not as we say always on these prairies. Thirty miles in the face of that storm was not to be thought of; so there was nothing for it but go and see settlers, and make the acquaintance of some fresh arrivals. Wednesday was a little better, and I hastened away, knowing that the people would be looking for me at Shell River. I was pleased to find that three houses had gone up since I had passed before. On the occasion of my last trip I took dinner on the green with the gophers. On the banks of Silver Creek there is now a nice family, on whom I called on my way up. I could not, however, stay long, as I do not like to get benighted on these trails if I can help it. I reached the upper settlement about five p.m., arranged for service as I passed through, and stayed for the night at the house of Mr. Lowther. I passed Thursday visiting the various parts of that settlement, and on Friday passed over to Silver Creek, as I had to arrange for Sabbath services, as I am not able to be there regularly on the Sabbath. We have a very excellent class of settlers at these two points, and they appear to be getting on very well in their new homes. Services on Sabbath, 27th November—Shell River eleven a.m., Silver Creek half-past-three p.m. Most of the people here are of our Church, and it is a great pity they cannot get more frequent services than I can give them, living—if I may be said to live at any special point—forty miles away.

I had intended going a little farther, but it was now dark, and my horse was tired, having travelled about 100 miles, breaking roads all the way. We were both, therefore, glad to put up for the night. Monday morning was mild and enjoyable, but the trails were unbroken. I could only make a call or two to see a sick person in the neighbourhood. I had the no pleasing prospect of twenty miles of unbroken road before me; still I had to go, as the people whom I had engaged to meet would be waiting. I arrived on the banks of the Bird Tail Creek in due time, held meeting, stayed for the night with my kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Waldock, who have a neat, comfortable little cottage commanding a delightful view on the sunny side of the above-named river. There are but few settlers at this point, but as there is a strong probability of a railway crossing just here the friends are very hopeful. On Tuesday morning the haze and clouds of the few past days lifted themselves off the face of the prairie, and the sun shone out most beautifully, giving the handiwork of Jack Frost, who in the few damp days of the past week had silvered everything, a most gorgeous and enchanting appearance. The day was fine and the roads were good, and even my horse, though tired, enjoyed the drive to Rosburn, about eight miles farther up the river. The people gathered in goodly numbers to the meeting at night. After preaching we had a congregational meeting, had a talk about finances, and appointed a committee to mature some plan for the erection of a church. About the matter of church erection I may say there are two difficulties: it is hard to get the requisite moneys in so new settle-

ments, and often more difficult to tell where population will centre itself. The growth of a year may leave us entirely out of position.

Rosburn is a very promising settlement, and I am happy to state that the Presbyterian Church has the largest following by far. On Wednesday I had only fifteen miles to go, and as the trail was broken I found it easy work. I called on several families by the way, and arrived at my destination about dark. Here there is a good settlement, known as Oak River north, and the abundant harvest has given the settlers considerable courage. The threshing machine has plied here, and I was pleased to hear the farmer at whose place I stayed say that he had counted in some 1,500 bushels of grain—not bad for the second year of settlement. The Baptists are disputing the situation with us here, and I expect the nothing-but-dip controversy along soon. We hope to see a church erection soon at this point, though the people have many other engagements pressing upon them, as is always the case in a new country.

On Friday I went fifteen miles farther east. Returned to an appointment on Saturday. I preach here once in three weeks—on Sabbath eleven a.m., nine miles farther south at three p.m. Here also the friends are arranging for building. I got to Shoal Lake seven miles farther still, at seven p.m.

4th December.—We occupy the boarding-house here at present, but hope to have a building of our own at no distant day. There are no less than five or six town plots at Shoal Lake, but we are waiting to see where the town will be before we build. Mr. Young, of Toronto, has kindly offered us a lot and \$100 on his place, and I expect we shall build there. Several parties to be seen on Monday; Tuesday to Birtle; Wednesday to Beulah Doyle's settlement, fourteen miles south, or close by Solomon's Indians. Here I remained a day, held service, and returned to my home on Friday afternoon, the 7th of December.

My letter is too long, I know; still, I have taken you over my Mission about as hastily as possible. It occupied nineteen days, and without allowing even for going far off the main trails, it involved a journey of 250 miles. The above repeated every three weeks leaves little time for other matters.

December 15, 1881.

WM. HODNETT.

CARROT RIVER, N.-W. T.

MR. EDITOR,—A brief account of a recent visit to this detached settlement may help to excite a desire to aid mission work in the far west. Though not in Prince Albert district ecclesiastically, it is supposed to be within its bounds. The South Saskatchewan intervenes. There was no ferry last summer within several days' journey. Neither man nor horse are experts in swimming. For months this promising locality was left deprived of the institutions of religion. The hard frost bridging river and lake, making marshes firm as granite, made the journey possible in one day. The equipment was of the most primitive kind: a sled not much larger than a hand-sled; a bag of oats, which served also as a seat; another bag with provisions, camp kettle, axe, a coil of rope, buffalo robes, and a horse inured to north-west travel. The sun shone bright and fair on the landscape, whitened with snow, as the houses, stores and mills of Prince Albert disappeared from view. The first part of the trail for fifteen miles leads over a monotonous succession of hill, hollow and slough till the South Branch is reached. All the best claims have been taken up—the breaking on them a precursor of building. At the crossing of the river there is a Cree Reserve with its mud-plastered houses, and an Episcopal Mission with its church and school. The reserve system destroys all habits of patient industry. There can be no reason why Christianized Indians should not have the full rights of citizenship. On the other side of the South Saskatchewan the road leads over densely wooded hills—sweeps mile after mile over a dreary sameness of hill-meadow and marsh. About noon a halt is made at the edge of a bluff, a fire kindled and a meal prepared. All is silent around as the air. On the horizon the steep acclivities of hills, lakes and islands like belts of timber mantled in dazzling sheets of snow, make a picture of wild beauty. No signs of man's handiwork are visible, save the thin poles of a hunting lodge which had served as the summer abode of some son of the wilderness. Along the trail, the footprints of wolves, timber prairie and grey

lynx, fox, mink, and other wild animals were visible. Every wild beast in the North-West flees on the approach of man. A few prairie chickens, which an expert rifleman could easily have secured for an evening meal, were the only living things seen for twenty-five miles. About two miles from the camping ground the sleigh glides smoothly over the polished surface of a five-mile lake; then a short portage succeeds; then a one-mile lake; then the trail follows the tortuous course of Pee-Wee-Nah Creek. After leaving the creek the road strikes northward through a region of splendid agricultural land. The hoarse shriek of the locomotive will ere long be heard in that cheerless wild, and its stillness broken now only by the moan of the wind, thronged with human life. Two townships and the odd-numbered sections in this prolific wilderness, teeming with wondrous fertility, have been secured for a colony from Scotland. Ten miles from Pee-Wee-Nah Creek the scattered houses of Carrot River settlement gleam in the light of the full moon. Since my last visit the population has doubled. From Ontario, Lancashire, and even New Zealand, men have come to push their fortunes in this remote spot. Seventy-five claims have been taken up, chiefly by bachelors. There are twelve resident families. The dwellings are scattered over an area of seven miles. Timber is to be taken out this winter for the erection of a building for church and school purposes. Thirty-five constituted the audience that on a week evening assembled to listen to the preaching of the Word. There is something wrong about our Home Mission work when so promising a community, increasing and likely to increase rapidly in number, is left without Sabbath services. In the three years of its history no sermon has ever been preached on the Lord's day, and during that period it has been visited only three times by any preacher. The people are nearly all Presbyterian. Champlain declared "the saving of a soul is worth more than the conquest of an empire." It is a poor record for any Church to leave even one hundred souls in the wilderness exposed to the worst of all famines—that of hearing the word of the Lord. Talk of India and China! There is need as urgent for evangelistic work in the Far West. "Barbarism is the first danger" of any community deprived of the public ordinances of religion. One day, and that at no far distant date, the balance of power in the Dominion of Canada will be in the west. Shall it be won for Christ, or abandoned to infidelity, drunkenness, formality and worldliness? Providence has assigned to the Presbyterian Church the weightiest responsibility in solving that important question. A band of Cree Indians from the South Branch, to whom Rev. John McKay used to give occasional service, pitch their frail dwellings for the winter at Stony Creek (twelve miles from Carrot River), for the purpose of fishing and hunting. In the Fishing Lake, in the Birch Hills, there is an abundant supply of jack fish and gold eyes. The return journey was completed in one day, unmarked by any incident. The nightfall closing on the dreary track about eight miles from Prince Albert in a violent storm, the north wind whistling and howling through the trees like a gale through the rigging of a ship, driving the snow in every open expanse in blinding drifts, made the shelter of a house welcome. J. S.
Prince Albert, N.-W. T., Dec. 14, 1881.

HOW TO INTEREST THE YOUNG IN MISSION WORK.

MR. EDITOR,—I was much interested in an article on "How to Interest Children in Mission Work" which appeared in a late number of your paper. Having had a little experience in this good work, I have thought it might encourage you, or some of your readers, to know how I was enabled, by simply looking to God for help, to teach my own children, and ultimately help others on His work. I commenced at home on Sabbath evenings, at my own tea-table, by reading missionary cards to my children, who were then between the ages of five and twelve. Each card had a picture such as Judson, Carey, Moffat, etc., on one side, and a short report of the Mission on the other. At the end of the month the card was awarded to the one who could repeat without a mistake the Mission report. Then as they grew older actual Mission work was put into their hands for the Mission schools in Madagascar; a class was ultimately formed in connection with the Sabbath

school for this object, in which teachers as well as scholars took a hearty interest. Letters from the missionaries were eagerly looked for, and all felt more than rewarded when the answer came from Mr. Charles Cousins, wife of one of the missionaries: "It was with much pleasure and great thankfulness we received your nice box, just a few days before Christmas, and if it had not come I do not know how we could have kept on the school this year." Although my children and I have left the mother country, this work is still carried on. In our first Sabbath school in this country we freighted a good sized toy-ship with Christmas gifts to the children; after which it was unanimously resolved that it should be converted into a missionary ship, and be brought out on the first Sunday of the month to receive the children's cents for the Labrador Mission. Now that we are far away from all active participation in Mission work, yet the love of it is kept alive—I may say intensified. My young people, no longer children, every Sabbath evening choose some Mission Report to read aloud, and to adopt as a subject of prayer for the week.

WIFE OF A LABOURER IN THE BACKWOODS.

LIFE AND DEATH.

"It is not all of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die;"
 To drink the draught the world can give,
 Then perish with a sigh.

No! Life is more than meat and drink,
 Or fame or worldly gear;
 While souls are hovering on the brink,
 And heaven and hell appear.

True life on earth is faith and hope
 And love to God and man;
 A living power, that dares to cope
 With heaven's appointed plan;

A spark from out the jasper throne,
 A diamond from the sky;
 That strikes the earth, then seeks its own,
 Among the saints on high.

Death is the shadow of the soul,
 That dims its setting ray;
 The mists that rise to hide its goal
 In heaven's eternal day:

A breath upon the glass, a screen
 'Twixt time and endless life:
 A shade now past of yester e'en,
 A sigh for what we might have been,
 A truce to earthly strife:
 A wrothe, a groan, a gasp for breath,
 Then earnest hope,—and this is Death!

Who then should fear the cares of life,
 While heart and pulse are beating high?
 How can they fear the damp of death,
 Whose hopes up yonder lie?
 O give us then that mighty faith,
 That lives through life, and conquers death!

St. Marys, Jan. 7th, 1882. BYSTANDER.

THE GOSPEL BY MARK.

A SUGGESTION TO SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHERS.

MR. EDITOR,—It seems to me that the action of the Committee on the International Series of Lessons, in giving the Gospel by Mark for the course of study for the entire year, will be cordially endorsed by almost all Sabbath school workers. The very change will be stimulating. The order heretofore followed, although unavoidably at times abrupt and fragmentary, has served a most useful purpose, in leading to the study of portions of the Bible which would otherwise have been passed over as uninteresting. By means of this order of study, many of the less inviting fields have been explored, and have been found to contain flowers of almost exotic beauty and fragrance, and even in rocky fastnesses and sandy plains precious springs have been discovered which will never be forgotten, and rich mines of treasure which have abundantly repaid the toil of drilling through a crust of granite or quartz. Perhaps no one thing has done so much as the International Series has done to extend a knowledge of the Bible as a whole in the last ten or twelve years. But we only follow the leading of the author when we vary our mode of work.

Milton speaks of the

"Grateful vicissitudes of day and night,"

and Tennyson says:

"God fulfils Himself in many ways,
 But one good custom straight corrupts the world."

An experience of the rest, of varied exercise, will be felt by Sabbath school workers in general as they

look forward to a year of the continuous study of one book. No reasons that I am aware of have been given for the selection of the Gospel by Mark; but each of the Evangelists has peculiar features. And the work of this year should produce well-defined results on the minds of the Sabbath school teachers and their scholars throughout the world—a vast army in the knowledge of our blessed Saviour, and especially as that knowledge is given to us by our Evangelist. The Gospels are not a four-fold copy of one narrative, with a few omissions or additions of certain details. They are the expression of the life of Jesus Christ by each writer, according to the manner in which that life had impressed itself on his mind. Each Evangelist unfolds to us what is most deeply engraven on his own mind, and in the way in which that revelation will best convey to our minds the conception he has of the Lord. Hence there are peculiarities in each narrative which need to be closely observed and attentively followed. It is better to have our minds somewhat acquainted with these at the beginning of the study. It will save labour, not in the sense in which a lazy man saves labour, but it will place us on a ground of advantage, and enable us to use time and labour to the best purpose. We shall be aware of what we are looking for; we shall not be so apt to pass over precious things without noticing them; and we shall be able to direct our studies so as to prepare ourselves for the far more efficient performance of our work.

No teacher is fit for his place or worthy of the name who does not know, who does not clearly see what he wants to communicate—to give—to his scholars. And before this is possible he must have found that thing himself. And once more, it is of great importance that he should have some conception—the clearer the better—of what he is seeking for in his study and preparation. G. BRUCE.

THE PROPOSED SUPPLEMENTING SCHEME.

MR. EDITOR,—One or two principles ought to be kept in mind in the consideration of financial schemes such as those now remitted to the Presbyteries. For example, it will be admitted by everyone who knows the Church, that there is a growing tendency to a miserable congregationalism throughout our borders; that Presbyteries seem to be losing rather than gaining in power over the churches and pastors under their care; that Sessions are in many instances being overshadowed by the managers; that people and managers are more and more thinking that money is the power that rules in the Church, or that should rule; that a member should have power according to his wealth, and not simply as a member of the body of Christ; that a minister should so work the congregation and so preach as to increase the revenue; that he should not give offence to good subscribers—at least should be very careful about it. Now, a financial scheme that encourages all these tendencies, while it may have some features to commend it, is not a scheme that will be a blessing to the Church, but the reverse. Any benefits that may accrue from it will be purchased, it appears to me, at too great a price. A scheme that is based on charity to the poor introduces an unhappy element into the ministerial standing of brethren so aided. A scheme that fails to recognize the overseers of the Church, and to uphold that principle, is a bad one for our Church at the present time. A scheme that has been rejected, on the most intimate knowledge of it, by the English Presbyterian Church, and the Irish Church, and the Presbyterian Churches of Australia, ought not to be too hastily accepted by us. A scheme that some of the more intelligent elders of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland regard as much inferior in its nature and working to the Sustentation Fund, ought not to be too hastily accepted by us. All I ask is that principles as well as details be considered in adopting a scheme. A scheme that rests on the principle of the unity of the Church, and the duty of the Church, as a whole, to provide the Gospel—a scheme that kills congregationalism, that upholds the dignity of the ministry, and its independence, as the other scheme before us does, should not be thrown out too hastily. But, after all, does it matter much what decision the Presbyteries may come to?—for if it is not satisfactory to the Assembly, some one may get the Assembly to set aside the judgment of the Presbyteries, as was done at last Assembly, and send down the

subject again. It is plain to all that the traditions and practices of our Scottish churches have much influence in this debate. Is it not time to free ourselves from these, and look at the question from a Canadian standpoint? Why force on any scheme in which we cannot as a Church be practically unanimous?

The question is far too important to be in a hurry about. Let the Church have time to consider it. The Supplemental Scheme has sprung into importance very suddenly. In fact, it seems to be indebted for some of the urgency attending it to the effort to launch the Sustentation Fund. People are not blind. A conclusion may be forced on. The Assembly may not be asked to set aside the Supplemental Scheme if carried. But whichever may be carried, as large a unanimity as possible is desirable. And time may produce some hybrid scheme, that our traditions will enable us to adopt as our own Canadian offspring.

D. D. MCLEOD.

MISSIONARY NOTES.

MR. AHOK, a Chinese gentleman, has given \$10,000 toward the new college at Foochow.

THE Livingstonia Mission of the Free Church of Scotland has put an end to the slave trade about Lake Nyassa, whence 19,000 slaves were annually carried away.

THE American Presbyterian Board has recently purchased in the Mexican capital a large building for the uses of a female seminary, embracing a boarding department and day schools of various grades. To aid in this purchase the Philadelphia Woman's Society has already raised \$11,000.

THERE are now more than 10,000 Protestant Christians in Mexico. The Presbyterian Church began its work there in 1872, and now has 4,000 members. The M. E. Church sent missionaries in 1878 and now has 337 members. The Protestant Episcopal Church has 3,500 members. The work is going forward hopefully.

THE present class in the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Beyrut, Syria, consists of eight young men. They are full of zeal and devotion, and they recently petitioned the mission to grant them another year of study, as only two years had been allowed them, but the pressure of the need for their services forbade the extra year.

THE English Church Missionary Society reports that on the Niger tribe after tribe are ready to receive teachers. On the Delta of the Niger people by the hundreds are throwing away their idols and the churches are thronged every Lord's day, while the famous old temple at Bonny, studded with human skulls, is now going to ruin.

A REMARKABLE religious movement has been going on for many months among the Jews in Hamadon, Persia. Some forty or more have been converted to Christ, but they have suffered great persecutions. They have been imprisoned, beaten, robbed, reviled, and threatened with death, yet they have proved faithful, saying: "If you cut our heads off, we will not deny Jesus."

THE Hioga "Daily News," Japan, publishes a list of fifty Japanese books, prepared by missionaries of the American Board, which is a striking commentary on the marvellous progress in that land during the past eleven years. Fifteen of these fifty books are published and distributed entirely by native houses, and six are prepared at their own charges by native Christians, a rare thing in the history of missions.

THE "Missionary Record" of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland says: "No part of our Church's operations seems more promising than our Zenana Mission. It has already enlisted the sympathy, and drawn forth the liberal support, of many of our congregations. The need for such an agency is great; it seems the only agency by which we can reach the women of these eastern lands, and raise them from their degradation. The call, too, is peculiarly urgent; prejudices are fast breaking down, the doors of many zenanas, hitherto firmly barred, are now ready to open, and there is a disposition on the part of many of the inmates to welcome any lady who comes as a Christian visitor. Are there not many in our Church who are qualified for this work, and who will readily devote themselves to it? And surely we shall not look in vain for the means that are necessary to equip and send forth and sustain as many agents as the Church is ready to supply."

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

THE SALVATION OF INFANTS.

If an angel from some distant world, some star or sun in the vast universe of God, should visit the earth, what would he behold? He would behold about 1,400,000,000 of men, women and children living on the earth, toiling, struggling, decaying, and passing away. He would find that in the space of about thirty-three years all the inhabitants of the globe perish, and are succeeded by others, who in their turn pass away.

He would notice that we come into this world in the helpless state of infancy; that many infants are puny and sickly from their birth, the subjects of weakness and suffering, and that others bloom in beauty, decay, wither and die in a few days or weeks. They have done neither good nor evil; they have tasted none of the sweets of earthly life ere they are borne to the tomb. Beholding all this, would not the angel from that distant world be constrained to inquire, "Why is this? Tell me, oh ye dwellers on the earth, why all this suffering, and decay and death? Why, especially, do these little ones suffer such things?"

If he should ask you, my hearers, that question, what would you tell him? Leaving the Bible out of the case, how could you answer him? You would be compelled to say, "We cannot tell thee, good angel, why these things are so. We only know this; we live in such a world—we see around us decay and misery and death—we ourselves are mortal, and will soon be as if we had never been. An inexorable fate seems to be impending over the world, but why it is we cannot tell."

Suppose the good angel should ask the philosopher or the infidel the cause of all this. They must be compelled to answer even as you yourself, "We cannot tell." Then suppose the good angel should turn to the Apostle Paul, and say, "Tell me, O Apostle of the Crucified One, why all this suffering and death?" Then the Apostle would answer in the language of our text, "By one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."

"But tell me, O Apostle, who is that one man by whom sin entered into the world?" "That man was Adam, the founder and progenitor of our race. 'For until the law, sin was in the world, but sin is not imputed where there is no law.' 'Nevertheless, death reigned from Adam to Moses, even over them that had not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression, who is the figure of Him that was to come.' Those who have not sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression are infants. They have not sinned as he did; they have never disobeyed any precept of the divine law. Nevertheless, they have died, and do die, and will die to the end of time. But as there is no death without sin, it must be that their death is the consequence of the sin of Adam. When God said to him, 'In the day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die,' He meant it not only for him, but for all his posterity. And as an actual fact this has followed in the case of every individual of the race. Corruption of nature, or death in sin, followed by the death of the body, has been the inheritance of every single member of the race."

What, then, becomes of those who die in infancy, before they are old enough to commit actual transgression?

The Calvinistic creed of the Reformation, on this subject, reasons with the old epitaph on the gravestone over the three dead children:

"Say, are they lost or saved?
If death's by sin, they sinned, for they lie here;
If heaven's by works, in heaven they can't appear;
Ah! reason, how depraved!
Revere the sacred page, the knot's untied;
They died, for Adam sinned—they live for Jesus died."

There are scriptural reasons why we believe all the dead children are saved, heathen as well as Christian. First of all, we ask your attention to the fifth chapter of Romans, from which we have just quoted, where the Apostle gives us that wonderful parallel between Adam and Christ. He says Adam was a figure or type of Christ. Through Adam came sin and death; through Christ came remission and life.

But not as the offence, so also is the free gift, for if through the offence of one man be dead, much more the grace of God, and the gift by grace, which is by one man, Jesus Christ, hath abounded unto many.

For if by one man's offence death reigned by one, much more they which receive abundance of grace, and of the gift of righteousness, shall reign in life by one Jesus Christ. Moreover, the law entered that the offence might abound. But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. That as sin hath reigned unto death, even so might grace reign, through righteousness, unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.

These are glorious and blessed statements of truth. But if none were saved but the adult believers in the Gospel, it would not be true that where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. But when we take in the dead children, the statement is literally true. More than one-third of the race die under two, and more than one-half of the race under five years of age. Thus more than one-half the human family are redeemed by Christ in their infancy, and if we add to these the millions of adults that have believed, we are prepared for the statement that where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.

Again: It is said that the redeemed shall consist of those who have been gathered out of every king'dom, and tribe and tongue under heaven. But there have been many tribes and nations that have never heard the Gospel; therefore, those that are redeemed from such tribes and nations can only be their dead children.

Another thing that makes us believe in the salvation of dead children is that the Scriptures teach that the judgment will be according to the deeds done in the body; that "what a man soweth that shall he also reap." This, of course, could have no application to infants dying in infancy. John declares in the Apocalypse, that in the vision of the great day he saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and that he saw also, corresponding to this fact, the books opened, out of which the dead were judged according to what was written in the books. And another book was opened, the Book of Life, which can be understood in no other way so clearly, says Dr. Robinson, as in the supposition of three classes at the judgment—believers and unbelievers, who are judged by their works, out of the two books; and the little ones who had done no works, who were recorded in a third book, especially appropriate to such—the Book of Life.

But the most precious and the most satisfactory passage of all is that so often quoted, where the pious mothers brought their children to Christ for His blessing; and His disciples, thinking it an unwarranted intrusion upon the Master's time and attention, rebuked these mothers. But Christ, turning to His disciples with somewhat of displeasure, rebuked them, and said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God." A plain declaration that the kingdom of glory will be largely composed of those redeemed in infancy.

In view of such teaching, how comforting the words of David, who said of his dead child, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me;" or of the poor Shunammite mother who left her dead child and hastened to the prophet of God. When he saw her coming in such haste he went out to meet her, and said: "Is it well with thee? Is it well with thy husband? Is it well with the child?" And she said: "It is well!"

In conclusion, if children do not possess a really corrupt nature, so that they need to be redeemed by the blood of Christ—if there is nothing in their nature but a simple tendency or bias to sin—then there was no need of exhausting the treasury of heaven to redeem man. God need not have given His only-begotten and well-beloved Son to scorn, contumely and death. All that it would have been necessary for Him to do would have been to summon each infant to heaven as soon as it was born. On the supposition that the race is not a fallen race—that there is nothing but an unfortunate but innocent bias to sin, the cross of Christ is the most stupendous farce in the whole universe of God. But such is not the teaching of Scripture. Its plain declaration is that "we are by nature children of wrath," "dead in trespasses and sins," and that there is no way out of this death except through Christ, who is "the way, the truth and the life;" no way to escape this wrath except through Christ, because "there is none other name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved."

Some seem to be troubled about the little ones. Let me say to them, if there be such present, "Be not

troubled about the little ones ; Jesus will take care of them. But be concerned about yourselves, and your living children, lest sin should reign in them unto death, instead of grace, which reigns unto eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."—*Rev. Dr. Richardson, in Christian Observer.*

THE VAUDOIS.

Surpassingly marvellous has been their history, and equally marvellous seems their destiny. In their valleys up among the snows and clouds of the Cottian Alps, looking down to the south-eastward upon Italy and the north-westward upon France, they maintained their Church, pure in doctrine, morals, and polity as that of Scotland itself, while all the rest of Europe fell away into paganized Christianity. According to their local traditions, their religious history dates from the time of Paul's preaching in Rome. Paul himself possibly passed through their valleys on his way to Spain ; at least some of his Roman converts, or their early successors, fled at the outbreak of the persecutions to these mountains, and founded the faith which remains there to our day. While, century after century, all the rest of the Christian world was sunk in moral death and covered with the night of the "Dark Ages," the pure apostolic light shone undimmed on these mountain heights. France on the one hand, Italy on the other, prompted by Rome, attempted age after age to break through the Alpine barriers and extinguish the strange heresy, as it was called. The one terrible St. Bartholomew's of France went on here through successive generations, but in vain ; every valley, almost every cliff, has its traditions of martyrdom. Deeds of prowess by the mountaineers, hurling back whole hosts of Papal invaders, now on France, now on Italy, in at least thirty-three distinct wars, have given them an heroic history never surpassed in the military annals of any other people, dotting their territory with scores of Thermopylaes and Marathons. After centuries of praying, watching, and fighting for their faith, they stood, still in arms, amid the ruins of their homes and their churches, and laid down their weapons only when a solemn pledge from the enemy conceded their rights. This pledge was immediately violated, nearly all their heroic men imprisoned in thirteen Piedmontese dungeons, their children put in Catholic schools, their women in nunneries. The Vaudois were at last considered extinguished, their own historians, who had fled to other countries, declaring "the ancient Church of the Mountains," the "Israel of the Alps," "obliterated," "irrecoverably lost," as one of them said. Of the fourteen thousand heroic prisoners at Piedmont, all died of starvation or disease save three thousand, who, liberated at last, but forbidden ever to re-enter their valleys, made their way to Protestant Switzerland and Germany. Seven or eight hundred of them afterwards combined under a vow to redeem their lost cause and country, armed themselves clandestinely, marched under the command of their pastor, Arnaud, through the most intricate ravines of Switzerland and Savoy, under the shadow of Mont Blanc, along the cliffs of Mont Cenis, through passages in which only mountaineers could make their way, with no commissariat, each man carrying his own ammunition and food, the Catholic towns and villages rising against them, but quailing before them as if a terror from God had fallen upon the land. France on the one hand, Italy on the other, sent armies to arrest their triumphant march—twenty-two thousand men in all. They rolled back the enemy in victorious fights, entered their ancient valleys "with singing and shouting," fought the Catholic foe from rock to rock through months, supplying themselves with ammunition only by their victories, destroying ten thousand of the enemy in eighteen victorious attacks, winning peace at last, restoring their old homes, schools, and churches, receiving their expatriated wives and children, sheltering even their persecuting sovereign, who had to flee from his enemies below to seek their protection. And re-establishment in their mountains and enfranchised by their Government, they are now bearing the gospel over Italy, and are thus displaying before the eyes of this sceptical age the providential meaning of their history.

THE mission press in Beyrut is doing a great work. Since its establishment it has printed and sent out into the Arabic-speaking world 206,718,217 pages for its enlightenment.

TO THE MARK.

'Tis a sharp rugged hill that seems to mock
The climber's strength and skill, where rock on rock
Shoots sternly upward to the bending skies.
Yet right in front of thee its steep's arise,—
And thou must climb!

'Tis a thick throng of foes, afar and near ;
All hell in front, a hating world in rear ;
Yet flee thou canst not, victory must be won
Ere fall the shadows of Time's setting sun ;
And thou must fight!

Gird on thine armour ; face each weapon'd foe ;
Deal with the Spirit's sword the deadly blow ;
Forward, still forward, in the fight divine,
Slack not the warfare till the field be thine.
Win thou the crown!

'Tis a fair crown which never can grow old ;
A crown of heaven's own everlasting gold ;
Wages of service rendered here below,
Reward of battle for the conqueror's brow.
Win thou the crown!

—*Horatius Bonar, D.D.*

FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE.

The following suggestive inquiries were circulated in one of the large Presbyterian congregations in New Jersey, as far back as January 1, 1849. We are requested to give them a republication, and gladly comply :

1. How are your Sabbaths sanctified and the public worship of God attended among you ?
2. Are your meetings for prayer well attended ? Are they spirited and solemn, as if a sense of the value and the efficacy of prayer pervaded them ?
3. Are your children all devoted to God in baptism, educated in the truth, and made the subjects of prayer for their conversion ? Are the mutual relations and duties of parents and children adequately honoured ? (Mal. iv. 6.)
4. What is the condition of your Sabbath-school—its number, its punctuality, its spiritual state ?
5. Personal religion, your own piety, growth in grace, usefulness, ripeness for heaven ; what of these ? How is it with you ?
6. Your own hope of salvation, is it built alone on Christ ? Is it bright and lively ? Can you read your title clear in the light of Scripture ? Or are you living in obscurity and servile doubt, far below your privileges as a Christian ?
7. What regard is had to the sacredness of covenant obligations, as communicants, as deacons, as ruling elders, and as ministers of Christ, in His Church ?
8. In this age of action and achievement, what are you doing for the cause of God ? What are you giving ? Are your offerings at all systematic ? Is there any self-denial in them ? If you did more in this way would it not be better for yourself, and better for the cause ? Will you not do more, and do it on a plan, a system ?
9. Do you desire a revival of the work of the Spirit of God among you ?—how much do you desire it ?—what are you willing to do for its furtherance ?
10. What are the obstacles, the stumbling-blocks and hindrances, to so great a blessing ? Let them be speedily removed !
11. What are your present prospects in the Church with which you are connected ? Shall the season pass without a visitation from on high ?
12. If we were all alive, united, and engaged as we should be, might we not expect prosperity from God our Saviour ? (Psalm cii. 13, 18 ; Mal. iii. 10)

THE BOYS HEART.

Get hold of the boy's heart. Yonder locomotive comes like a whirlwind down the track, and a regiment of armed men might seek to arrest it in vain. It would crush them and plunge unheeding on. But there is a little lever in its mechanism that, at the pressure of a man's hand, will slacken its speed, and in a moment or two bring it panting and still, like a whipped spaniel, at your feet. By the same little lever the vast steamship is guided hither and yon, upon the sea, in spite of adverse wind or current. That sensitive and responsive spot by which a boy's life is controlled is his heart. With your grasp gently and firm on that helm, you may pilot him whither you will. Never doubt that he has a heart. Bad and willful boys very often have the tenderest hearts hidden away somewhere beneath incrustations of sin or behind barriers of pride. And it is your business to get at their heart, get hold of that heart, keep hold of it

by sympathy, confiding in him, manifestly working for his good by little indirect kindness to his mother or sister, or even his pet dog. See him at his home or invite him into yours. Provide him some little pleasure ; set him at some little service of trust for you ; love him ; love him practically. Any way and every way rule him through his heart.

SECRET PRAYER.

Oh, sweet and healing is secret prayer when the heart, oppressed with a burden which none but God must know, and none but God can remove, retires with Him apart, and lays down the load at His feet, and pours all anxieties into His pitying bosom, where no eyes but His can see and no ear but His can hear ! There we use postures, expressions, pleadings, that might not be suitable in the presence of others. There we may lay open those hidden wants and solitudes, which we may not reveal to our dearest friend. Cyprian has very beautifully described the benefit and delight which he found in retired prayer and meditation : "That no profane listener may hinder my musings, and no domestic clamour drown them, I withdraw to a recess in the neighbouring solitude, where the creeping tendrils of the young vines form a shady arbour. Behold ! there I obtain a feeling of truth which learning could not give, and drink in, from the quick impartings of divine grace, stores of heavenly thought which long years of study could never supply."—*Selected.*

AT the final reckoning, the little things done in a loving Christian spirit will surprise us by the magnitude of the reward they bring.—*Religious Herald.*

A GOOD heart should invariably be combined with cheerfulness ; indeed, there is no reason why it should not be. There are many things to be said in favour of the cheerful man. Be his occupation what it may, he is equal to any of those who follow the same pursuit in silent sullenness, however industrious these may be, or whatever amount of diligence the latter may toil. The cheerful man will do more work in the same space of time, he will accomplish this with far greater ease, he will perform his task better, and he will persevere in it the longest. Cheerfulness has a beneficial influence upon the body as well as mind. Wherever there is habitual gloom, there must be either bad air, unqualified ignorance, unwholesome food, improperly severe labour, or erring habits of life. The wise man is always cheerful. Moroseness, dullness, ascetic or sour inclinations are but evidence of "loose screws" in the mental and physical constitution. The healthy soul is ever a happy one.

PRESBYTERIAN societies support fourteen girls in the female seminary at Oroomiah, Persia. There are about 1,900 children under Christian instruction among the villages and plains of Oroomiah.

THE London Missionary Society, in its survey of the last ten years, is especially joyous over the work in the South Seas and Madagascar. Of the former, the first undertaken by the Society, it speaks as one of the "brightest spots in the field of missionary enterprise. The inhabitants of a hundred islands have adopted the dress and the habits of civilized life. Commerce has advanced with rapid strides ; schools and churches have been multiplied ; Christ reigns where Satan's seat was ; the seminaries are full ; the standard of knowledge and the tone of piety among native pastors improves. The contributions increase every year."

THE late Captain John Brooks, of Bridgeport, Conn., bequeathed the greater part of his property, estimated at \$150,000, to the First Presbyterian Church of that city.

THE Madagascar Government, in its new code of laws, prohibits the planting of the poppy for the purpose of raising opium under a penalty of \$100, "and in case of failure to pay the guilty shall, for every sixpence unpaid, spend a day in long irons or chains." It also prohibits smoking hemp.

BY a despatch from Tripoli, dated January 13th, it appears that three French missionaries have been murdered near the oasis of Ghadames, in the desert of Sahara. The leader of the assassins is said to be Caid, of Ghadames, who was concerned in the massacre of the French exploring expedition in the same region in February last.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

BE GO PEBANUM IN ADVANDE.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, *Proprietor.*

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TORONTO, FRIDAY, JANUARY 20 1882.

It is to be hoped that the Rev. R. P. McKay's letter in this issue, anent the Knox College Library Fund, will be the means of putting an end to the negligence with which this important matter has apparently been treated.

We call the attention of all our readers, and especially of those who have the prosperity of the missionary cause at heart, to a new and interesting work by the Rev. Dr. Patterson, which is now passing through the press. Its title is "Missionary Life Among the Cannibals; being a Life of the Rev. John Geddie, D.D., First Missionary to the New Hebrides, with a History of the Nova Scotia Presbyterian Mission on that Group." Dr. Geddie's career as a missionary was an eventful one, and the history of the Mission from the time of his death to the present will also be found full of interest. We will notice the book on its merits as soon as it is published. Those who know Dr. Patterson as a writer will look for much, and certain we are that he would devote his best powers to a work of this kind. The book will contain 450 pages, and will be well bound in cloth. The author wishes to secure an agent in every congregation in the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Applications may be addressed to him in care of this office.

THE London "Advertiser" tells the "Guardian" and PRESBYTERIAN that "preaching was very cheap in apostolic days." True, but the people were very poor in early times. They "wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins: being destitute, afflicted, tormented; they wandered in deserts, and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth." If there are any "destitute" people wandering around London in sheepskins and goatskins, the Presbyterian Church will send a man immediately to preach to them for nothing. Ministers dressed somewhat economically in apostolic times. Would the editor of the "Advertiser" like to see his minister stand in the pulpit or on the platform clad in "raiment of camel's hair and a leathern girdle about his loins?" When our friend calls at the parsonage for tea, how would he like to have some "locusts and wild honey" served up? If the people are willing to go back to the poverty and simplicity of apostolic times, the ministers are. If we are all to move in that direction, the "Advertiser's" first duty is to die. There were no daily papers in apostolic times.

THERE is an idea in the minds of a good many Presbyterians in Canada that their brethren in the great American Presbyterian Church are not any more "sound" than they ought to be. We advise all who have this idea to get a report of the addresses delivered at the inauguration of Prof. Patton's chair in Princeton the other week. Some of these addresses are rather difficult reading—notably Professor Patton's, which is a perfect marvel of condensed reasoning—but if they don't hurl defiance at all the foes of the symbols, then it is impossible to do so in words. Here is a single specimen from Dr. Van Dyke's address:

"We not only submit it [the Confession of Faith] to all the crucial tests science and philosophy can propose, but we intend to aid in the process and see that it is fairly conducted. Let all ascertained and accepted facts, all demonstrated truth, be cast into the furnace, and, if our creed cannot walk in it without the smell of fire on its clothes, let it be burned."

This is the right spirit. If ours or any other creed cannot walk through the furnace, let it be burned. Our duty is to see that the trial is fairly conducted. Instead of hurling epithets at the men who would put it in the furnace, they should be challenged so to do.

Is there no way of keeping congregations from injuring themselves by hearing candidates by the year, while they frankly admit that they have heard at least half-a-dozen preachers, any one of whom would have done very well? Is there no point on this side of congregational suicide at which the Presbytery is justified in doing something in the way of assisting a congregation that cannot make a selection in less than a year or two? If there is, why do Presbyteries never, or so very rarely, render such assistance? If there is not, then Presbyterian Church government is not the same thing in practice that it is in the books. Is it doing justice to the Church, or the great Head of the Church, for a Presbytery to stand idly by while a congregation gets preached into a state of irritation, and formed into rivets and cliques around different men? How much spiritual good is being done while all this is going on? Besides going to church to hear and criticize preachers, the people are injured in other ways. There is a falling off in numbers, the young wander, the careless never attend, and good people are apt to become soured, dispirited and disgusted. We know all that can be said about interfering with the liberty of the people. Liberty to select a spiritual adviser is one thing: liberty to injure and perhaps ruin a congregation is another and very different thing. Nine times out of ten the people would only be too glad to have Presbyterial help. It may be a delicate duty to interfere with a congregation when the people have several "names" before them, but delicate duties are just as binding as duties that are not delicate.

AN American exchange says that "when a minister passes the dead-line of fifty," the Church need not expect much more efficient service from him. If his statement is correct, the Church has much less sense than the politicians that the Church asks the Almighty every Sabbath to give wisdom to. Sir John Macdonald celebrated his sixty-eighth birthday the week before last. He is at this age considered beyond all comparison the most effective man in the party he leads. Were Sir John a minister of the Gospel instead of a minister of State, he would have been superannuated long ago on a retiring allowance of two hundred a year, or perhaps without any retiring allowance at all. He is young enough to guide the affairs of the Dominion, but no minister of his age would do for a modern village congregation! Sir Leonard Tilley is sixty-four. He, too, would have been retired some time ago had he been a preacher. Sir Charles Tupper is sixty-one. His friends think he does very well to manage such trifling matters as the railways of the Dominion, but he would have no earthly chance at that age had he, like his father, been a preacher of the Gospel. Mr. Mackenzie is sixty. If recovered from his present temporary indisposition, his friends think there is ten years or more of hard work in him yet. Were he a preacher, he would certainly have been superannuated when he became ill a year ago. Mr. Mowat is sixty-two. His friends think he makes a most efficient Premier and Attorney-General at that age, and the electors of North Oxford esteem him so highly that they usually elect him by acclamation. He would have no chance for a "vacancy" in the Presbyterian congregations in Oxford at sixty-two. None whatever. Younger men than he by ten years have failed there on account of their age. Mr. Blake, at forty-eight, is thought by his friends to be fairly setting out in his political career. Were he a probationer, the managing men would be searching with a microscope for grey hairs in his whiskers and on his head. Experience tells in favour of a man in medicine, in law, and in politics. It often makes against him in the Church. The children of this world are wiser than the children of light. They know too much to draw "a dead-line at fifty."

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH VISIBLE.

WE have heard of even ministers of the Gospel taking such gloomy, despondent views of the condition and prospects of Christianity as not to hesitate to proclaim publicly their conviction that in less than fifty years people would visit the deserted churches even of Canada, and would ask, almost with the wondering curiosity of Macaulay's New Zealander, what they were and for what purpose they had been built, and that they would be answered that they had been erected by Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists,

etc., as the case might be, for the worship and honour of the God of heaven, but had been utterly forsaken by their children or themselves becoming atheists or infidels, and therefore no longer attracted to such places, or inclined to engage in the work for which these had been reared. We feel astonished that such thoughts should ever have found a lodgment in any sane man's mind, or have even been uttered by any sober man's tongue. We at once acknowledge that the forces antagonistic to Christianity are at present both large and energetic. We cannot also help confessing that there is a great amount of more or less covert scepticism both within the Church and without it, while not a little dead formality prevails in worship, so that too often the things which remain are ready to die. But while all this has to be allowed, it does not at all follow that Christianity is *in articulo mortis*, or that everyone may make ready for following at no distant day the dead body to the grave. On the contrary, we greatly doubt if ever, in the whole of the past nineteen centuries of Christianity, it was ever more powerful for good than it is to-day, or had ever more numerous or more devoted adherents. Far from having become a dried-up, inactive formality, with adherents that have no zeal and preachers that have no faith, Christianity is to-day one of the mightiest moral and spiritual forces that could be mentioned. It is moulding the character and shaping the destiny of by far the most energetic peoples on the face of the earth; while in spite of all who may fall away, its adherents are now more numerous than they ever were, and if not so devout and earnest as many may have been in the first century, they will even in this respect compare favourably with those of any age or generation since. It has for some time past been rather a favourite piece of work to go into statistics in this connection, and to number the people who call Jesus of Nazareth their Lord and King. We do not attach very much importance to such censustaking; yet it has its value, and may help to encourage some hearts when they are weary, and strengthen some knees that beyond all dispute are sufficiently feeble.

About one-twelfth, then, of the population of our globe are nominally Protestant, or fully one hundred and twenty millions. Of these there are 74,000,000 in Europe; about 40,000,000 in America, and 70,000,000 in Asia, Africa, and Oceania. It is calculated that these figures represent about twenty-five millions of professing communicants, of whom there are about 10,000,000 in the United States, 6,000,000 in Great Britain and Ireland, and 9,000,000 in all the rest of the world. When we come to locate them among the different denominations, we find the Methodists in their various sections with five millions of members; the Episcopalian Church with four; the Baptists with three; and the Presbyterians with two-and-a-half. Thus these four denominations alone have among them fourteen millions and a half of communicants. It is not necessary to specify all the smaller denominations, but upon the whole the estimated number of communicants we have given is not too high, and if we say there is an aggregate of 160,000 ministers we should not be far off the track. This does not look like dying and disappearing.

Nor is there less ground for encouragement if we consider the progress which Protestantism has made during the last three hundred years. In that period the adherents of the Roman Catholic Church in Europe have nearly, but not quite, doubled, while Protestants have grown from nothing to 74,000,000. In England and Wales, once a devotedly Roman Catholic country, there are now scarcely one million who adhere to the "Old Faith." And even that is not all, for since the beginning of the century the proportion has fallen from twenty-seven per cent. of the population to eighteen. Even in Ireland the percentage of Romanists has decreased, while in almost all Christian countries the number of professed Protestants has increased, and in some even at a much faster rate than the population.

We are sometimes told that the Roman Catholics are growing so rapidly in the United States that they will soon swamp the Protestants entirely. What are the facts? In ten years the population of that country has increased thirty per cent., but the adherents of the Evangelical Churches have, during the same time, increased fully fifty. In thirty years the Protestant population has increased 185 per cent., and during the same period the Roman Catholics have undoubtedly advanced 295 per cent. But then

we are to bear in mind the enormous influx of Roman Catholics from other countries, which can easily account for the increase without having to acknowledge that the Romish Church is making proselytes from Protestants. Instead of this, it is calculated that had all the Roman Catholic immigrants and their children all the Roman Catholic immigrants and their children remained in the Church of their fathers, there would have been upwards of ten millions instead of, as there now really are, little more than six of that Church in the United States.

There are, then, one hundred and sixty thousand missionaries preaching the Gospel and teaching the people. There are a million and a half of Christian men and women teaching twelve and a half millions of children and Sabbath schools. The word of God is being circulated as it never was before. Missionaries are labouring among almost all heathen peoples. And when, in addition, we think of benevolent societies by the thousand, all deriving their motive power from Christ and His cross, we may well thank God and take courage, for the field cannot be surveyed in all its details without its being manifest that progress is everywhere the order of the day, and that in spite of all the coldness and formality only too prevalent, there never were more of devout and earnest and genuine Christians than there are now. Much is still to be done, but there is great occasion for gratitude at the sight of what has already been accomplished.

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

THE CANADA EDUCATIONAL MONTHLY (Toronto: Canada Educational Monthly Publishing Company).—In the December number of the "Educational Monthly," a pretty long article on "The Dry Bones of Popular Education" is reprinted from the "Fortnightly Review." It is well worthy of an attentive perusal, for it gives the school book question such a tossing up as it has not received for some time; but the Editor comes along with four or five columns of well, not infantry but—brevier, and tramples it all down again; nevertheless, even temporary ventilation is often beneficial. The rest of the matter in this number is also up to the mark.

KNOX COLLEGE LIBRARY FUND.

MR. EDITOR,—In THE PRESBYTERIAN, two weeks ago, Prof. McLaren reported the amounts so far received for the Library Fund. It appears that only a few of those who are pledged to this effort have yet taken action. It is not putting it too strongly to say that at least those who were present last spring at the inception of this movement, and endorsed it, are pledged to its support.

But that need not be insisted upon. There is a higher reason for which we are all interested. We are interested in Knox College, and everyone who knows anything about the College, knows that the Library is in a very neglected state, and a College without a good Library is greatly crippled in its work. Carlyle says the best College is the one that has the best Library.

But there is no use in supporting this movement by argument. All admit the need. What is wanted is that it be supported by action; and if every minister who loves the welfare of Knox College will act, the proposed \$12,000 will easily be raised before the College closes.

I simply write, as one of a Committee appointed to look after the matter in the Toronto Presbytery, to refresh the memory of anyone who may have forgotten duty.

It is hoped that this reminder is unnecessary. Let us not have the humiliation, at the next meeting of the association, of hearing the report that nothing has been done.

No doubt the smallness of the number of contributions so far sent in is owing to the fact that the most convenient season has not arrived. But now the time is at hand. Let us be up and doing. It can be done; there need not be failure. What joyous congratulations next April, if the treasurer can report the full amount.

R. P. MACKAY.

Agincourt, 16th January, 1882.

PRESBYTERY OF MONTREAL.—This Presbytery met in St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on the 10th inst., with an attendance of twenty-nine ministers and eight elders. The Rev. Chas. McKeracher was chosen Moderator

for the next six months, and took the chair, in the room of Daniel Paterson, M.A., the retiring Moderator. Elders' commissions were called for, and Session records submitted for examination. Rev. J. S. Black's motion anent more frequent meetings of Presbytery was taken up, and a committee appointed to consider the same and report at next meeting. Rev. Donald Ross, B.D., on behalf of the committee appointed for this purpose, submitted a minute relating to the resignation of John Jenkins, D.D., which was adopted, ordered to be engrossed in the minutes, and a copy sent to Dr. Jenkins and the congregation of St. Paul's, Montreal. The Rev. Jas. McCaul, having been appointed Lecturer on Classics in the Presbyterian College, Montreal, the name of Rev. W. R. Cruikshank was substituted for his on the Presbytery's examining committee. The Rev. Kenneth MacLennan, M.A., Charlottetown, P.E.I., was unanimously nominated by this Presbytery as Moderator of the next General Assembly. The Rev. Robert Campbell laid on the table a detailed statement of the amounts received for the Ormstown church property, sold after the union of the churches. Also of how the same had been spent—the last item being a balance of \$442 85 paid to Mr. Crichton, treasurer of the Valleyfield Church Building Committee. Auditors having been appointed, reported the same as correct. The report was received, and the thanks of the Presbytery voted to Mr. Campbell for his diligence. The Rev. R. H. Warden read report of the Presbytery's Home Mission Committee. There was read a call from New Glasgow in favour of Rev. Mr. Boudreau, which was sustained by the Presbytery and accepted by him. The Presbytery resolved to meet in New Glasgow on Tuesday, the 31st inst., at ten o'clock a.m., to proceed with his induction—Rev. C. A. Doudiet to preach and preside, Mr. Cruchet to address the minister, and Mr. Heine the people. In addition to action already taken in regard to Taylor Church, Montreal, it was resolved to appoint a committee, consisting of Rev. J. Fleck (convener), J. Brodie, J. M. Smith, W. D. McLaren and H. Morton, to aid in obtaining a guarantee of \$350 from friends in the city. The Revs. R. H. Warden and W. R. Cruikshank were appointed to visit Avoca and Ponsonby, to find out how much could be raised by the people to support an ordained missionary. It was also resolved to ask a grant from the Home Mission Committee, so as to make the salary \$700 a year. The same committee was appointed to visit Arundel, to urge the people there to liberality, as a grant of \$4 50 per Sabbath had been obtained conditional on their raising at least a like amount. Deputations were also appointed to visit Rawdon, Sorel and Farnham West. Dr. P. S. Livingston, having been appointed to Manitoba, tendered his resignation of Russelltown. Rev. Jas. Patterson was appointed to cite the congregation to appear for their interests at a meeting of Presbytery to be held in Montreal on Tuesday, the 24th inst., at eleven o'clock a.m. Leave was granted to Rev. Mr. McKeracher to moderate in a call at Georgetown. Commissioners from Georgetown stated that a guarantee of at least \$800 a year and a manse and glebe would be produced on the day of moderation. There was read an interim report of the committee appointed to co-operate with the congregation of St. Mark's, Montreal, in paying the mortgage of \$4,000 on the church property there. The committee was continued, with the names of William Darling, jr., Mr. Davidson, William Linton, W. D. McLaren, Wm. Drysdale, and W. P. Rodger added thereto. A circular was read, signed by Dr. Reid, treasurer of the Assembly Fund, asking the Presbytery to see that contributions to this fund were remitted from all the congregations within the bounds. The Presbytery resolved to ask Rev. R. H. Warden to attend to this matter. The Presbytery also resolved to urge the congregations to liberality in supporting the Manitoba College. The Rev. Daniel Paterson was appointed to issue the circulars anent the state of religion, receive returns from congregations, and prepare a report therefrom. The Presbytery adjourned to the first Tuesday in April, to meet in St. Paul's Church, Montreal, at eleven o'clock a.m.—JAMES PATTERSON, Pres. Clerk.

PRESBYTERY OF TORONTO.—An ordinary meeting of this Presbytery was held on the 10th inst., Rev. E. D. McLaren, Moderator. Application was made for a moderation by the congregations of Leslieville and York Town-line, with promise of \$700 as stipend, and Rev. J. M. Cameron was appointed to moderate. A like application was made on behalf of St. Andrew's Church, Scarborough, and St. John's, Markham; and

Rev. R. P. McKay was appointed to moderate. A letter was read from Rev. Wm. H. Jamieson, M.A., formerly a minister of the Methodist Church in Canada, applying to be received as a minister of our Church. Very satisfactory documents anent his character, standing, etc., were also read. His case was sent to a committee, and agreeably to their recommendation it was resolved to apply in his favour to the General Assembly, the clerk being also instructed to issue circular letters. Reports were received from three interested sessions, offering no objection to the formation of a separate congregation at Deer Park, as petitioned for at the previous meeting of Presbytery. A report was also read from a committee previously appointed to meet with the memorialists, recommending that the prayer of the memorialists should be granted. It was therefore moved and agreed to take steps to organize them as a new congregation, and Dr. Caven and Dr. Reid were appointed to perform said work. The remit to Presbyteries anent the Sustentation and Supplemental Schemes was brought up and discussed at considerable length. A motion was submitted by Rev. J. M. King, expressing a preference for the Supplemental Scheme. An amendment was submitted by Rev. P. McF. McLeod, expressing no preference in the meantime for either of the Schemes, but suggesting that the Assembly send down both of the Schemes to Sessions, to be reported on in 1883. On a vote being taken, the motion carried by a large majority. A circular (containing questions) from the Assembly's Committee on the State of Religion was read, and Rev. R. D. Fraser, convener of the Presbytery's Committee on same matter, was appointed to receive answers from Sessions and prepare a report therefrom to be submitted to the Presbytery. A circular was also read from the Assembly's Committee on Sabbath Schools, and a committee, with Rev. W. Amos as convener, was appointed to receive answers thereanent, and to prepare a report therefrom for the Presbytery. After the reading of a circular anent Manitoba College, it was agreed to recommend to the congregations within the bounds the generous support of the claims of said college. A remit anent the standing orders for conducting the business of the General Assembly was duly considered and disposed of. Attention was called by Rev. J. Kirkpatrick to the recent death of Dr. Robb, his predecessor in Cooke's Church; and on motion made, a committee was appointed to draft a minute expressive of the Presbytery's mind anent the deceased, and especially expressive of sympathy with the widow and her children. The treasurer's accounts were submitted, examined, and reported on, shewing a deficit of \$16.04. The treasurer was thanked for his valuable services, and defaulting congregations were enjoined to "pay up" without delay. A motion of Rev. R. P. McKay was adopted for the appointment of a committee to consider a plan according to which Presbyterian supervision of congregations can be made more useful and effective. Much time was spent on a protest and appeal of Mr. Robert Smith against a decision against him by the Session of Brampton. Mr. S. had felt offended at the introduction there of a pulpit gown, and had ceased attending ordinances there; the Session had taken action on that account, and had dropped his name from the communion roll; hence his protest and appeal to the Presbytery. After hearing parties, a committee was appointed to confer with them, and if possible to bring up an amicable deliverance. The appointment thus made was successful. On recommendation of committee, adopted by the Presbytery, Mr. Smith agreed to withdraw his protest and appeal, as also his memorial to the Session; the Session (at any rate its representatives) agreed to restore him to membership; he also agreed to abstain from the active duties of the eldership unless called thereto by the vote of the congregation; and all the parties agreed that this deliverance should be read to the congregation on the 22nd inst. The next ordinary meeting of Presbytery was appointed to be held in the usual place on the 7th of March, at 11 a.m.—R. MONTEATH, Pres. Clerk.

P. S.—The clerk is very sorry that, amid the pressure of work at the lengthy meeting reported above, he forgot a circular from the Foreign Mission Committee, which was handed in, but was not put on the docket. The circular will not be overlooked at next meeting, but as missionary meetings are rapidly approaching, the hope is expressed here that the claims of the Foreign Mission Fund will be liberally responded to by the Presbytery of Toronto.—R. MONTEATH, Pres. Clerk.

CHOICE LITERATURE.

COBWEBS AND CABLES.

BY HESBA STRETTON.

CHAPTER XV.—A SECOND FRAUD.

Roland Sefton went back to the room in which the corpse of the stranger was now lying. The women were gone, and he turned down the sheet to look at the face of the man who was about to bear his name and the disgrace of his crime into the safe asylum of the grave. It was perfectly calm, with no trace of the night's suffering upon it; there was even a faint vestige of a smile about the mouth, as of one who sleeps well, and has pleasant dreams. He was apparently about Roland's own age, and a description given by strangers would not be such as would lead to any suspicion that there could have been a mistake as to identity. Roland looked upon it before covering it up again, and then he sat down beside the bed and opened the pocket-book.

There were notes in it worth fifty pounds, but not many papers. There was a memorandum made here and there of the places he had visited, and the last entry was dated the day before at Engstlenalp. Roland knew every step of the road, and for a while he seemed to himself to be this traveller, starting from the little inn, not yet vacated by its peasant landlord, but soon to be left to icy solitude, and taking the narrow path along the Engstlensee, toiling up the Joch pass under the mighty Wendenstöcke and the snowy Titlis, clear of clouds from base to summit yesterday. The traveller must have had a guide with him, some peasant or herdsman probably, as far as the Trubsee Alp; for even in summer the route was difficult to find. The guide had put him on to the path for Engelberg, and left him to make his way along the precipitous slopes of the Pfaffenwand. All this would be discovered when an official enquiry was made into the accident. In the meantime it was necessary to invest this stranger with his own identity.

There were two or three well-worn letters in the pocket-book, but they contained nothing of importance. It seemed true, what the dying man had said, that there was no link of kinship or friendship binding him specially to his fellow-men. Roland opened his own pocket-book, and looked over a letter or two which he had carried about with him, one of them a childish note from Felix, preferring some simple request. His passport was there also, and his mother's portrait and those of the children, over which his eyes brooded with a hungry sorrow in his heart. He looked at them for the last time. But Felicit's portrait he could not bring himself to give up. She would be dead to him, and he to her. In England she would live among her friends as his widow, pitied, and comforted, and beloved. But what would the coming years bring to him? All that would remain to him of the past would be a fading photograph only.

So long he lingered over this mournful conflict that he was at last aroused from it by the entrance of the landlord, and the mayor and other officials, who had come to look at the body of the dead. Roland's pocket-book lay open on the bed, and he was still gazing at the portraits of his children. He raised his sunburnt face as they came in, and rose to meet them.

"This traveller," he said, "gave to me his pocket-book as I watched beside him last night. It is here, containing his passport, a few letters, and fifty pounds in notes, which he told me to keep, but which I wish to give to the commune."

"They must be taken charge of," said the mayor; "but we will look over them first. Did he tell you who he was?"

"The passport discloses that," answered Roland; "he desired only a decent funeral."

"Ah!" said the mayor, taking out the passport, "an English traveller, named Roland Sefton; and these letters, and these portraits—they will be enough for identification."

"He said he had no friends or family in England," pursued Roland, "and there is no address among his letters. He told me he came from India."

"Then there need be no delay about the interment," remarked the mayor, "if he had no family in England, and was just come from India. Bah! we could not keep him till any friends came from India. It is enough. We must make an inquiry; but the corpse cannot be kept above ground. The interment may take place as soon as you please, Monsieur."

"I suppose you will wish for some trifle as payment?" said the landlord, addressing Roland.

"No," he answered, "I only watched by him through the night; and I am but a passing traveller like himself."

"You will assist at the funeral?" he asked.

"If it can be to-morrow, replied Roland; "if not I must go on to Lucerne. But I shall come back to Engelberg. If it be necessary for me to stay, and the commune will pay my expenses, I will stay."

"Not necessary at all," said the mayor; "the accident is too simple, and he has no friends. Why should the commune lose by him?"

"There are the fifty pounds," suggested Roland.

"And there are the expenses!" said the mayor. "No, no. It is not necessary for you to stay; not at all. If you are coming back again to Engelberg it will be all right. You say you are coming back?"

"I am sure to come back to Engelberg," he answered, with gloomy emphasis.

For already Roland began to feel that he, himself, was dead, and a new life, utterly different from the old, was beginning for him. And this new life, beginning here, would often draw him back to his birthplace. There would be an attraction for him here, even in the humble grave where men thought they had buried Roland Sefton. It would be the only link with his former life, and it would draw him to it irresistibly.

"And what is your name and employment, my good fellow?" asked the mayor.

"John Merle," he answered promptly. "I am a wood-carver."

The deed he had only thought of an hour ago was accomplished, and there could be no undoing it. This passport and these papers would be forwarded to the embassy at Berne, where doubtless his name was already known as a fugitive criminal. He could not reclaim them, for with them he took up again the burden of his sin. He had condemned himself to a penalty and sacrifice the most complete that man could think of, or put into execution. Roland Sefton was dead, and his wife and children were set free from the degradation he had brought upon them.

He spent the remaining hours of the day in wandering about the forests in the Alpine valley. The autumn fogs and the dense rain-clouds were gathering again. But it was nothing to him that the snowy crests of the surrounding mountains were once more shrouded from view, or that the torrents and waterfalls which he could not see were thundering and roaring along their rocky channels with a vast effluence of waters. He saw and heard no more than the dead man who bore his name. He was insensible to hunger or fatigue. Except from Felicit's presence in the village behind him he would have felt himself in another world; in a beamless and lifeless abyss, where there was no creature like unto himself; only eternal gloom and solitude.

It was quite dark before he passed again through the village on his way to Felicit's hotel. The common light of lamps, and the every-day life of ordinary men and women busy over their evening meal, astonished him, as if he had come from another state of existence. He lingered a while, looking on as at some extraordinary spectacle. Then he went on to the hotel, standing a little out of and above the village.

The place, so crowded in the summer, was quiet enough now. A bright light, however, streamed through the window of the salon, which was uncurtained. He stopped and looked in at Felicit, who was sitting alone by the log fire, with her white forehead resting on her small hand, which partly hid her face. How often had he seen her sitting thus by the fireside at home? But though he stood without in the dark and cold for many minutes, she did not stir; neither hand nor foot moved. At last he grew terrified at this utter immobility, and stepping through the hall he told the landlord that the English lady had business with him. He opened the door, and then Felicit looked up.

CHAPTER XVI.—PARTING WORDS.

Roland advanced a few paces into the gaudy salon, with its mirrors reflecting his and Felicit's figures over and over again, and stood still, at a little distance from her, with his rough cap in his hand. He looked like one of the herdsman with whom he had been living during the summer. There was no one else in the large room, but the night was peering in through half a dozen great uncurtained windows, which might hold many spectators watching them, as he had watched her a minute ago. She scarcely moved, but the deadly pallor of her face and the dark shining of her tearless eyes fixed upon him made him tremble as if he had been a woman weaker than herself.

"It is done," he said.

"Yes," she answered, "I have been to see him."

There was an accent in her voice, of terror and repugnance, as of one who had witnessed some horrifying sight and was compelled to bear a reluctant testimony to it. Roland himself felt a shock of antipathy at the thought of his wife seeing this unknown corpse bearing his name. He seemed to see her standing beside the dead, and looking down with those beloved eyes upon the strange face, which would dwell for evermore in her memory as well as his. Why had she subjected herself to this needless pang?

"You wished it?" he said. "You consented to my plan?"

"Yes," she answered in the same monotonous tone of reluctant testimony.

"And it was best so, Felicit," he said tenderly; "we have done the dead man no wrong. Remember he was alone, and had no friends to grieve over his strange absence. If it had been otherwise there would have been a terrible sin in our act. But it has set you free; it saves you and my mother and the children. As long as I lived you would have been in peril; but now there is a clear, safe course laid open for you. You will go home to England, where in a few months it will be forgotten that your husband was suspected of crime. Only old Clifford, and Marlowe, and two or three others will remember it. When you have the means, repay those poor people the money I owe them. And take comfort, Felicit. It would have done them no good if I had been taken and convicted; that would not have restored their money. My name then will be clear of all but suspicion, and you will make it a name for our children to inherit."

"And you?" she breathed with lips that scarcely moved.

"I?" he said. "Why, I shall be dead! A man's life is not simply the breath he draws: it is his country, his honour, his home. You are my life, Felicit: you and my mother and Felix and Hilda; the old home where my forefathers dwelt; my townsmen's esteem and good-will; the work I could do, and hoped to do. Losing these I lost my life. I began to die when I first went wrong. The way seemed right in my own eyes, but the end of it was death. I told old Marlowe my money was as safe as in the Bank of England, when I was keeping it in my own hands; but I believed it then. That was the first step; this is the last. Henceforth I am dead."

"But how will you live?" she asked.

"Never fear; Jean Merle will earn his living," he answered. "Let us think of your future, my darling. Nay, let me call you darling once more. My death provides for you, for your marriage-settlement will come into force. You will have to live differently, my Felicit; all the splendour and the luxury I would have surrounded you with must be lost. But there will be enough, and my mother will manage your household well for you. Be kind

to my poor mother, and comfort her. And do not let my children grow up with hard thoughts of their father. It will be a painful task to you."

"Yes," she said. "Oh, Roland, we ought not to have done this thing!"

"Yet you chose," he replied.

"Yes; and I should choose it again, though I hate the falsehood," she exclaimed vehemently. "I cannot endure shame. But all our future life will be founded on a lie."

"Let the blame be mine, not yours," he said; "it was my plan, and there is no going back from it now. But tell me about home. How are my children and my mother? They are still at home?"

"No," she answered; "the police watched it day and night, till it grew hateful to me. I shall never enter it again. We went away to the seaside three months ago, and there our mother and the children are still. But when I get back we shall remove to London."

"To London!" he repeated. "Will you never go home to Riversborough?"

"Never again!" she replied. "I could not live there now; it is a hateful spot to me. Your mother grieves bitterly over leaving it; but even she sees that we can never live there again."

"I shall not even know how to think of you all!" he cried. "You will be living in some strange house, which I can never picture to myself. And the old home will be empty."

"Mr. Clifford is living in it," she said.

He threw up his hands with a gesture of grief and vexation. Whenever his thoughts flew to the old home, the only home he had ever known, it would be only to remember that the man he most dreaded, he who was his most implacable enemy, was dwelling in it. And when would he cease to think of his own birthplace and the birthplace of his children, the home where Felicit had lived? It would be impossible to blot the vivid memory of it from his brain.

"I shall never see it again," he said; "but I should have felt less banished from you if I could have thought of you as still at home. We are about to part forever, Felicit—as fully as if I lay dead down yonder, as men will think I do."

"Yes," she answered, with a mournful stillness.

"Even if we wished to hold any intercourse with each other," he continued, gazing wistfully at her, "it would be dangerous to us both. It is best for us both to be dead to one another."

"It is best," she assented; "only if you were ever in great straits, if you could not earn your living, you might contrive to let me know."

"There is no fear of that," he answered bitterly. "Felicit, you never loved me as I love you."

"No," she said, with the same inexpressible sadness, yet calmness, in her voice and face; "how could I? I was a child when you married me; we were both children. There is such a difference between us. I suppose I should never love any one very much—not as you mean. It is not in my nature. I can live alone, Roland. All of you, even the children, seem very far away from me. But I grieve for you in my inmost soul. If I could undo what you have done I would gladly lay down my life. If I could only undo what we did this morning! The shadow of it is growing darker and darker upon me. And yet it seemed so wise; it seems so still. We shall be safe again, all of us, and we have done that dead man no wrong."

"None," he said.

"But when I think of you," she went on, "how you, still living, will long to know what is befalling us, how the children are growing up, and how your mother is, and how I live, yet never be able to satisfy this longing; how you will have to give us up, and never dare to make a sign; how you will drag on your life from year to year, a poor man among poor, ignorant, stupid men; how I may die, and you not know it, or you may die, and I not know it; I wonder how we could have done what we did this morning."

"Oh, hush, hush, Felicit!" he exclaimed; "I have said all this to myself all this day, until I feel that my punishment is harder than I can bear. Tell me, shall we undo it? Shall I go to the mayor and deliver myself up as the man whose name I have given to the dead? It can be done still; it is not too late. You shall decide again."

"No; I cannot accept disgrace," she answered passionately; "it is an evil thing to do, but it must be done. We must take the consequences. You and I are dead to one another for evermore; but your death is more terrible than mine. I shall grieve over you more than if you were really dead. Why does not God send death to those that desire it? Good-bye now forever, Roland. I return to England to act this lie, and you must never, never seek me out as your wife. Promise me that. I would repudiate you if I lay on my death-bed."

"I will never seek you out and bring you to shame," he said; "I promise it faithfully, by my love for you. As I hope ever to obtain pardon, I promise it."

"Then leave me," she cried; "I can bear this no longer. Good-bye, Roland."

They were still some paces apart, he with his shaggy mountain cap in his hand standing respectfully at a distance, and she, sitting by the low, open hearth with her white, quiet face turned toward him. All the village might have witnessed their interview through the uncurtained windows. Slowly, almost mechanically, Felicit left her seat and advanced toward him with an outstretched hand. It was cold as ice as he seized it eagerly in his own; the hand of the dead man could not have been colder or more lifeless. He held it fast in a hard, unconscious grip.

"Good-bye, my wife," he said; "God bless and keep you!"

"Is there any God?" she sobbed.

But there was a sound at the door, the handle was being turned, and they fell apart guiltily. A maid entered to tell Madame her chamber was prepared, and without another word Felicit walked quickly from the salon, leaving him alone.

He caught a glimpse of her again the next morning as she came down-stairs and entered the little carriage which was to take her down to Stansstad in time to catch the boat to Lucerne. She was starting early, before it was fairly dawn, and he saw her only by the dim light of lamps, which burned but feebly in the chilly damp of the autumn atmosphere. For a little distance he followed the sound of the carriage wheels, but he arrested his own footsteps. For what good was it to pursue one whom he must never find again? She was gone from him forever. He was a young man yet, and she still younger. But for his folly and crime a long and prosperous life might have stretched before them, each year knitting their hearts and souls more closely together; and he had forfeited all. He turned back up the valley broken-hearted.

Later in the day he stood beside the grave of the man who was bearing away his name from disgrace. The funeral had been hurried on, and the stranger was buried in a neglected part of the churchyard, being friendless and a heretic. It was quickly done, and when the few persons who had taken part in it were dispersed, Roland Selton lingered alone beside the desolate grave.

(To be continued.)

ABOUT THE SUN.

Particularly impressive are the facts and examples by which Professor Young endeavours to convey to the reader some idea of the prodigious forces and activities with which the student of the sun is confronted. Speaking of the out-flow of the solar heat, he says:

"The quantity of heat emitted is enough to melt a shell of ice ten inches thick over the whole surface of the sun every second of time, this is equivalent to the consumption of a layer of the best anthracite coal nearly four inches thick every single second." In regard to the distance of the sun from the earth, he says: "Though the distance can easily be stated in figures, it is not possible to give any real idea of a space so enormous; it is quite beyond our power of conception. If one were to try to walk such a distance, supposing that he could walk four miles an hour, and keep it up for ten hours every day, it would take sixty-eight and a half years to make a single million of miles, and more than sixty-three hundred years to traverse the whole. If some celestial railway could be imagined, the journey to the sun, even if our trains ran sixty miles an hour, day and night without a stop, would require over one hundred and seventy-five years. Sensation, even, would not travel so far in a human lifetime. To borrow the curious illustration of Professor Mendenhall, if we could imagine an infant with an arm long enough to enable him to touch the sun and burn himself, he would die of old age before the pain would reach him, since, according to the experiments of Helmholtz and others, a nervous shock is communicated only at the rate of about one hundred feet per second, or sixteen hundred and thirty-seven miles a day, and would need more than one hundred and fifty years to make the journey. Sound would do it in about fourteen years if it could be transmitted through celestial space; and a cannon-ball in about nine, if it were to move uniformly with the same speed as when it left the muzzle of the gun. If the earth could be suddenly stopped in her orbit, and allowed to fall unobstructed toward the sun, under the accelerating influence of his attraction, she would reach the centre in about four months."

As to the attraction between the sun and earth: "It amounts to thirty-six hundred quadrillion of tons—in figures, 36 followed by seventeen ciphers. . . . We may imagine gravitation to cease, and to be replaced by a material bond of some sort, holding the earth to the sun and keeping her in her orbit. If, now, we suppose this connection to consist of a web of steel wires, each as large as the heaviest telegraph wires used (No. 4), then to replace the sun's attraction these wires would have to cover the whole sunward hemisphere of our globe about as thickly as blades of grass upon a lawn. It would require *nine* to each square inch."

ORIGIN OF NAMES IN THE WEEK.

In the museum at Berlin, in the hall devoted to Northern antiquities, they have the representations from the idols from which the names of the days of the week are derived. From the idol of the sun comes Sunday. This idol is represented with his face like the sun, holding a burning wheel, with both hands on his breast, signifying his course round the world. The idol of the moon, from which comes Monday, is habited in a short coat, like a man, but holding the moon in his hands. Tuiseo, from which comes Tuesday, was one of the most ancient and popular gods of the Germans, and represented in his garments of skin, according to their peculiar manner of clothing; the third day of the week was dedicated to his worship. Woden, from which comes Wednesday, was a valiant prince among the Saxons. His image was prayed to for victory. Thor, from whence comes Thursday, is seated in a bed with twelve stars over his head, holding a sceptre in his hand. Friga, from whence we have Friday, is represented with a drawn sword in his right hand, and a bow in his left. Seater, from which is Saturday, has the appearance of perfect wretchedness. He is thin visaged, long-haired, with a long beard. He carries a pail of water in his right hand, wherein are fruits and flowers.

HOW THE RUSSIANS KEEP WARM.

The Russians have a great knack of making their winter pleasant. You feel nothing of the cold in those tightly-built houses, where all doors and windows are double, and where the rooms are kept warm by big stoves hidden in the walls. There is no damp in a Russian house, and the inmates may dress indoors in the lightest of garbs, which contrast oddly with the mass of furs and wraps which they don when going out.

A Russian can afford to run no risk of exposure when

he leaves the house for a walk or drive. He covers his head and ears with a fur bonnet, his feet and legs with felt boots lined with wool or fur, which are drawn over the ordinary boots and trousers, and reach each up to the knees; he next cloaks himself in a top coat with a fur collar, lining, and cuffs; he buries his hands in a pair of fingerless gloves of seal or bear skin. Thus equipped, and with the collar of his coat raised all round so that it muffles him up to the eyes, the Russian exposes only his nose to the cold air; and he takes care frequently to give that organ a little rub to keep the circulation going. A stranger who is apt to forget the precaution would often get his nose frozen if it were not for the courtesy of the Russians, who will always warn him if they see his nose "whitening," and will, unbidden, help him to chafe it vigorously with snow.

In Russian cities walking is just possible for men during the winter, but hardly so for ladies. The women of the lower order wear knee boots; those of the shopkeeping class seldom venture out at all; those of the aristocracy go out in sleighs. The sleighs are by no means pleasant vehicles for nervous people, for the Kalmuck coachmen drive them at such a terrific pace that they frequently capsize.

WHERE SHALL BABY'S DIMPLE BE!

Over the cradle the mother sung,
Softly cooing a slumber song:
And these were the simple words she sung
All the evening long:

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall the angel's finger rest
When he comes down to the baby's nest?
Where shall the angel's touch remain
When he awakes my baby again?"

Still as she bent and sang so low,
A murmur into her music broke,
And she paused to hear, for she could but know
The baby's angel spoke:

"Cheek or chin, or knuckle or knee,
Where shall the baby's dimple be?
Where shall my finger fall and rest
When I come down to the baby's nest?
Where shall my finger's touch remain
When I wake your baby again?"

Silent the mother sat and dwelt
Long on the sweet delay of choice,
And then by her baby's side she knelt,
And sang with a pleasant voice:

"Not on the limb, O angel dear!
For the charms with its youth will disappear;
Nor on the cheek shall the dimple be,
For the harbouring smile will fade and flee:
But touch thou the chin with impress deep,
And my baby the angel's seal shall keep."

—Dr. J. G. Holland.

WITHOUT CAPITAL.

It is bad beginning business without capital. It is hard marketing with empty pockets. We want a nest-egg, for hens will lay where there are eggs already. It is true you must bake with the flour you have, but if the sack is empty, it might be quite as well not to set up for a baker. Making bricks without straw is easy enough, compared with making money when you have none to start with. You, young gentleman, stay as a journeyman a little longer, till you have saved a few pounds; fly when your wings have got feathers; but if you try it too soon, you will be like the young rook that broke its neck through trying to fly before it was fledged. Every minnow wants to be a whale, but it is prudent to be a little fish while you have but little water; when your pond becomes the sea, then swell as much as you like. Trading without capital is like building a house without bricks, making a fire without sticks, burning candles without wicks; it leads men into tricks, and lauds them in a fix.—"John Ploughman" (Spurgeon).

THE man who revenges every wrong that is done him has no time for anything else. If you make your life a success, you can afford to let the dogs bark as you go by.

THERE is nothing more credulous than the incredulity of scepticism. The first Napoleon gave a home thrust to some of his officers who had been very freely ventilating their unbelief in the Bible as a revelation from God: "Gentlemen, it seems to me you make amends for not believing the Bible by believing everything else!"

THE instrumental music question is being raised generally throughout the Free Church of Scotland. Not only has Glasgow taken the matter in hand, but in Dundee, where the question was first ventilated a year ago, a great debate has begun on the subject. The Dundee Free Presbytery sat for hours on a recent occasion discussing an overture in favour of liberty of action; but so many were anxious to speak that the debate had to be adjourned till next meeting. In the Dalkeith Presbytery the question is also to be raised.

How needful, amid the trials of this earthly life, and how blessed it is to look off from the low plane, and past the near horizon of earth and time to the higher, wider heavens, with their juster standards and clearer lights and unsetting glories, that thus we may learn to judge aright of the events around us, and of the influences that are passing over us. Earthly trial, however sharp and however long, is not hopeless or endless, or even aimless, if accepted as the appointment of a parental Providence, and as training and preparing us for rest in Jesus.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

THE American Board sent out last year forty new missionaries.

THE electric light in the lighthouse at Plauer, in France, can be seen twenty-two miles.

EVERY day 797,563 persons enter the city of London proper, through its sixty approaches, the railways bringing 176,000.

THE Sustentation Fund of the English Presbyterian Church received a bequest of \$100,000 from the late Mr. Mutee, of Manchester.

THE monument to Tyndal, the reformer and martyr, will be erected on the London Embankment, where an excellent site has been procured.

HON. C. H. M. CORMICK, of Chicago, has given another \$50,000 to the North-west Theological Seminary, making the sum of his donations to it \$200,000.

IT is estimated that over five thousand Sabbath school Conventions and Institutes and Assemblies were held in the United States during the past year.

THE committee of the Sustentation Fund of the Presbyterian Church of England have paid the last quarterly dividend of £50, making £200 for the year.

WHAT a comment on the practice of close-fisted Christians is the statement that nine-tenths of the money raised by the Church is given by one-tenth of its members.

THE Brooklyn Tabernacle, the Rev. T. DeWitt Taintage pastor, has ceased to be a free church. The pews are to be rented January 23rd, and hereafter the church will be supported by a regular system of pew renting.

DR. DORNER, of Berlin, the eminent theologian, has been compelled by chronic sore throat to discontinue his lectures in the University, and it is not likely that he will ever again resume his activity as a teacher.

DURING 1880 there were disasters to 198 steamships. Of these 99 were stranded, 40 foundered, 30 sunk by collision, 7 burned, 11 are missing, 6 were abandoned at sea, 2 sunk by ice, 1 broke in two, and 1 was destroyed by explosion.

THE state of the Free Church of Scotland Sustentation Fund at 10th December was, for the seven months, £87,407 18s. 10d., as compared with £91,810 18s. 11d. during the same period of last year, showing a decrease of £4,403 0s. 1d.

A MEMORIAL church is to be erected at Dehra for Rev. Dr. J. H. Morrison, who first proposed the plan for the Week of Prayer, and who recently died, after a service of forty-four years, in the Presbyterian mission in Northern India.

In the United Presbyterian Church Hall there are more students for the ministry, it is stated, than can be used within the denomination, and in all the three Free Church Colleges the number of entrants this year exceeded that of previous years.

BOSTON spends \$18.45 a year upon its primary pupils, \$28.20 on its grammar pupils, and \$87.42 on those in its high and normal schools; 46 per cent. of its school population are in its primary schools, and 54 in its grammar and high schools.

IT speaks well for constitution and climate that Rev. W. B. Alexander and wife, veteran missionaries to the Sandwich Islands, in recently celebrating their golden wedding, could see that of their children and 29 grandchildren, they had only lost one, an infant grandchild, in 50 years.

THE singular fact is shown by the census that Connecticut has 11,000 more women than men. In the small towns the men outnumber the women, but in the cities it is otherwise. New Haven has 1,958 more women, Hartford 1,675, Norwich 1,441, Bridgeport 760, and New London 457.

THE English Presbyterian Synod will be held in London this year, in Dr. Dykes' church, its old quarters. Rev. W. McCaw, of Manchester, will be the Moderator, and, from the many years he has acted as clerk, his voice is more familiar in the Synod than that of any other member.

THE threatening letters and warnings which the Czar of Russia has been continually finding in his handkerchiefs and pockets, under his pillow, and elsewhere, have been traced to a woman who has been in the service of the Empress for eight years. She was caught putting a letter in his prayer-book.

MR. B. F. JACOBS, of Chicago, has just completed twenty-five years as a Sunday school superintendent. During that time he has had under his care not less than 70,000 scholars. From his schools, some of which have been mission schools, five foreign missionaries, fifty ministers, and fifty Sunday school superintendents have gone forth.

A COLONY of Waldensians, who emigrated from Piedmont to Buenos Ayres, where the climate and society did not agree with them, settled five years ago in North-Western Arkansas. It numbers nineteen families, with 125 persons, and is Presbyterian in doctrine and form and worship. They are industrious, frugal, and of earnest piety, and are becoming desirable citizens.

PRESBYTERIANS in London and Scotland are raising £200 with which to reorganize the mission at St. Martin's d'Aixigny, in the centre of France. The people in that locality, numbering 7,000, were of Scotch origin, their ancestors forming the guard of Charles VII. of France. Though their race has occupied the district 400 years, they have preserved much of their Scotch feelings and habits.

"GENERAL" BOGTH gives the following statistics of the Salvation Army in 1881: Number of corps or stations, 251; officers wholly employed, 533; theatres, concert halls, and other buildings used, 334; volunteer speakers, 13,393; number of services held during the year, over 200,000; contributions raised and expended by the people, about £50,000; circulation of the *War Cry*, 200,000; circulation of the *Little Soldier*, 53,000.

MINISTERS AND CHURCHES.

THE Rev John Rennie had a Christmas gift of \$50 sent to him by his Carlisle congregation.

REV. J. C. TRIBB, recently appointed to Rapid City, preached his first sermon there on the 25th ult.

A UNANIMOUS call has been forwarded by the Cobourg congregation to the Rev. R. P. McKay, M. A., of Scarboro'.

ON January 4th, Rev. Jas. Farquharson was ordained and inducted into the pastoral charge of Rock Lake district.—COM.

THE proceeds of a New Year's entertainment given by the Presbyterians of Wallaceburg, on the evening of the 2nd inst., amounted to nearly \$60.

A BAZAAR and social held in connection with the Dumfries street Church, Paris, in the last week of 1881, were well attended, pleasant and profitable.

THE proceeds of a bazaar held by the Presbyterian Aid Society of Gravenhurst, in the closing week of 1881, amounted to the handsome sum of \$300.

AT the annual congregational meeting of the Central church, Galt, recently held, an addition of \$300 was voted to the salary of the pastor, Rev. J. A. R. Dickson.

THE Presbyterians of Dungannon held a successful tea meeting on the evening of the 2nd inst. The assemblage was large, and a most pleasant time was spent.

THE health of Rev. Dr. Black, of Kildonan, has been somewhat improving since last Wednesday (January 4th), and his condition is now regarded as more hopeful.—COM.

THE Bible class of the Central Church, Hamilton, held a very pleasant social on the evening of the 12th inst. The programme included readings, singing, instrumental music, etc.

REV. JAS. ROBERTSON, Superintendent of Missions, in a three days' canvass of Winnipeg, collected \$12,000 as the nucleus of a Church and Manse Building Fund for Manitoba and the North-West.

THE annual entertainment of the Wyoming Presbyterian Church Sabbath school was held on the 11th inst. Speeches, recitations, music, and refreshments made up the programme. The proceeds amounted to \$13.

ON New Year's eve a rosewood desk, inlaid with ivory, pearl and silver, a liberal supply of stationery, and a gold pen, were sent as a present to the Rev. R. J. Beattie, of Port Hope, by the members of his Bible class.

A HANDSOME set of harness was presented to the Rev. J. K. Baillie, of Churchill, on the evening of the 29th ult., by the members of his Bible class, who at the same time made Mrs. Baillie the recipient of a beautiful tea set.

ON the evening of the 11th inst., the Rev. D. H. Fletcher, of Hamilton, delivered a lecture in Knox church in this city, under the auspices of the "Willing Workers' Mission Band." The subject was "A Visit to Palestine."

A TEA meeting was held by the Presbyterian congregation of Cookstown on the evening of the 2nd inst. The speakers were Revs. Dr. Fraser, W. McKee, J. J. Cochrane, M. A., and Mr. Galloway. The proceeds amounted to \$55.

THE Sabbath school anniversary of the West Presbyterian church, in this city, was held on the evening of the 12th inst. Mayor McMurrich occupied the chair, and several addresses were delivered, interspersed with the singing of hymns by the scholars.

ON the evening of the 6th inst. the Sabbath school children of the Presbyterian church, Picton, enjoyed their usual annual entertainment; and on the 9th a very successful social was held towards procuring an organ for the basement of the church.

THE Presbyterian Sabbath school children of Gravenhurst were pleasantly entertained on the evening of the 2nd inst., and received presents of books, cards, toys, etc. The school is prospering, the number on the roll being over 100, and the average attendance 73.

ON the evening of the 2nd inst., a tea meeting was held in the Presbyterian church at Alton. The various items on the programme, including addresses by several gentlemen from a distance, are reported to

have given satisfaction, and the same is said of the financial result.

THE congregation of River street Church, Paris, had a pleasant and highly successful social meeting on the evening of the 29th ult. On the following evening the annual missionary meeting was held, when addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. Cochrane and Rev. Dr. Wardrope.

MR. A. F. TULLY was inducted into the pastoral charge of Knox Church, Mitchell, on the 12th inst., Mr. D. Gordon presiding, Mr. McClung preaching, Mr. Wright addressing the minister, and Mr. Wilson the people. In the evening Mr. Tully was welcomed by a public social entertainment.—COM.

A TEA meeting was held in connection with St. Andrew's Church, Blyth, on the evening of the 9th inst. Several addresses were given, one of which, by the Rev. Walter Inglis, of Ayr, relating some of his missionary adventures in Africa, attracted special notice. The total receipts amounted to \$240.

ON the evening of the 2nd inst. a few of the Sabbath school teachers and other members of the Presbyterian church at Gravenhurst presented Mrs. Dawson, wife of their pastor, with a silver butter-cooler and some other valuable articles, in recognition of her services as organist and leader of psalmody for the congregation.

A SOCIETY of "Willing Workers" has been organized in connection with the Presbyterian congregation of Essa Town Line. The immediate object in view is the raising of funds to build a new church or repair the old one. They are already at work. Their first parlour social yielded \$18, the second \$16, and the third is still to be heard from.

THE second anniversary of the Sabbath school in connection with the Presbyterian congregation of Churchill was held on the evening of the 27th ult. The programme consisted of music, readings, and recitations, presentation of prizes, general distribution of confectionery, and an address by the pastor, Rev. J. K. Baillie. The proceeds amounted to over \$18.

AT the anniversary soiree of the Charleston Presbyterian church, held on the evening of the 2nd inst., Mr. Wm. Clark occupied the chair, and addresses were given by Rev. Messrs. Hicks, of Charleston; Fraser, of Claude; Gray, of Laurel; Reid, of Orangeville; Dr. Robinson, M. P. P., and Mr. Robert Smith, student, of Knox College. The proceeds reached \$91 52.

SINCE the induction of Rev. C. B. Pitblado to the pastoral charge of St. Andrew's congregation, Winnipeg, the attendance at the Court House (where the services are held) has been such as to tax its seating capacity to the utmost. The congregation have decided to build a new church next summer, with sitting accommodation for at least 1000, at a cost of \$35,000.—COM.

THE Missionary Society of Erskine church, Montreal, has distributed \$2,500 to the following objects: Assembly's Home Mission Committee, \$900; Foreign Missions, \$650; French Evangelization, \$170; College Fund, \$450. The Sabbath school of the same church has decided to contribute \$90 for the French Evangelization, \$40 for Home Missions, and \$115 for Foreign Missions.

THE new Presbyterian church at Portage la Prairie was formally opened on January 1st. Rev. C. B. Pitblado, of Winnipeg, officiated in the morning and evening, and Rev. Mr. Wellwood in the afternoon. The church is a handsomely finished structure, being seated to hold about five hundred. The rapid growth of the place will doubtless soon render a second congregation necessary.—COM.

THERE was a large and enthusiastic gathering at the social meeting held on the evening of the 9th inst., to celebrate the thirty-seventh anniversary of Knox Church, Hamilton, and the fifth anniversary of the Rev. Dr. James's pastorate. Addresses were given by Revs. J. Murray, of London, who had preached the anniversary sermons on the previous Sabbath, Goodman (Methodist), R. J. Laidlaw, and the pastor.

It appears that the "Christmas tree" flourishes and bears fruit even in Manitoba, for we learn that two specimens of it yielded their produce in due season to the Sabbath school children of Knox Church, Winnipeg. That is "good news from a far country," but it is still better to hear that the Sabbath school

itself flourishes also. The average attendance during last year was 151, exclusive of the Bible class, which averaged 63.

ON the evening of the 28th ult. a tea meeting was held by the Presbyterian congregation of McIntyre. Speeches, music, readings and recitations filled up an excellent programme. Among the speakers, special mention is made of the Rev. D. McDonald, of Creemore. The proceeds amounted to \$70, exclusive of expenses. The Sabbath school children enjoyed their Christmas tree on the 2nd inst. Presents to the value of about \$80 were distributed.

THE Rev. W. J. Smyth, B. A., of Quaker Hill, Uxbridge, was agreeably surprised on the evening of the 5th inst. by the sudden entrance of nearly the whole congregation, together with many friends of other churches. An affectionate address was read by one of the members, and a purse containing \$62 was presented to Rev. Mr. Smyth. A large quantity of oats and numerous valuables were also presented. Mr. Smyth made a suitable reply.—COM.

THE Sabbath school anniversary of Mill street Church, Port Hope, took place on the evening of the 30th ult. The pastor, Rev. J. Cleland, gave a short address, and distributed the prizes awarded to scholars for regular attendance and correct repetition of the Shorter Catechism. The congregation took advantage of this meeting to present Mr. Cleland with a purse containing \$56, and he also received a copy of the "Life and Speeches of John Bright" from his Bible class.

ON New Year's Day five scholars in the Campbell settlement, section of Mersea congregation (county Essex), competed for a Bible, the test being the correct repetition of the Shorter Catechism. Misses Bella Beattie and Bella Brydon repeated the whole. The others—Addie Beattie, and Sarah and Maggie Brydon, who are under ten years—repeated the first half so well that the congregation contributed as much as provided Bibles for each. These were publicly presented to the scholars by their pastor, Rev. John B. Scott.—COM.

THE annual congregational meeting of St. Andrew's church, Thamesford, was held in the basement of the church on the 5th inst. Mr. G. Telfer was called to the chair, D. Lawrence acting as secretary. The envelope system of collecting the pew rents had been adopted last year, and the auditors' statement shewed that it had been a decided success. There had been nearly \$1,200 collected for congregational purposes, over \$500 for the schemes of the church, and considerably more than \$200 for Dr. McKay's Formosa Mission, making a total of about \$1,700.

THE Sabbath school children of St. Andrew's Church, Perth, had a Christmas tree—two trees, in fact—on the evening of December 23rd. It was a time of present-making all round. Among the many gifts was a purse of money to the minister and his wife. The admission fees, intended for the Sabbath school library, amounted to \$24.92. On the following Monday evening (2nd inst.) the annual social meeting of the congregation took place. Addresses, readings, etc., were given by Rev. Messrs. Dey and Stuart, Mr. T. H. Bothwell, and Mr. McGregor, of the Brockville High School.

THE annual congregational meeting of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, was held on the evening of the 9th inst. The managers presented a statement shewing all current expenses fully paid and a small balance on hand. The amount contributed for all purposes during 1881 was \$3,519 46, being a considerable increase over the previous year. It was agreed to adopt the new hymn book of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, instead of the Scottish Hymnal hitherto used. It is expected that the Rev. T. Goldsmith, pastor of this congregation, who has been laid aside for some time by sickness, will be able to resume his pastoral duties about the second week in February.

THE Rev. James McCaul, B. A., of Stanley street Presbyterian church, Montreal, presented each member and adherent of his congregation with a very nicely got up New Year's card, containing good wishes and prayers expressed in the sweet and solemn language of Scripture, and a few searching questions as follows. (1) Have you yet sought and secured the salvation of *your own soul*? (2) Are you as anxious about the salvation of the *souls of others* as you should be? (3) Are you as *regular* in your attendance on

the means of grace as you might be? (4) Do you spend at least some time daily in private prayer and study of the Word? (5) Are your givings for Christ's cause as large as they might be? (6) Are you loyal to your own congregation, and doing your utmost to further its interests? (7) If in any of these you are conscious of shortcoming, will you not this very day resolve to devote yourself wholly to the Lord, and give yourself entirely to His service?"

THE report of the treasurer and managing committee of the London East Presbyterian Church, presented at the annual meeting on the 9th inst., gives the total receipts for the year as \$2,033.89, disbursements, \$1,323.63; balance on hand, \$710.26. The Building Fund account shows receipts, \$1,271.55, disbursements, \$738.25; balance, \$533.30. During the year the old mortgage had been paid off and a new one executed for \$3,500, on which the first six months' interest, \$122.50, and the first semi annual instalment of \$100, have been paid. A contribution of \$901.34 to the Building Fund was sent from Scotland by the pastor's father. The following figures are from the trustees' report: Number of members at last annual meeting, 85; removed from the congregation during the year, 12; added by card, 29; received on profession of faith, 12; present membership, 115; increase, 29; number of families in congregation, 60; single persons, 14; baptised during the year, 11. The Sabbath school report exhibited an average attendance of 97, and a total of 130 on the roll.

THE annual missionary meeting of the Central Church, Galt, was held on the evening of January 10th, at eight o'clock. There was an excellent attendance, notwithstanding the fact that the night was very dark and very stormy. The Rev. James A. R. Dickson, pastor of the church, presided, and, after singing and prayer, stated that the subscriptions to the Schemes were in advance of last year; and also that the total amount, exclusive of Presbytery, Synod and Assembly Fund payments, was \$421.66. Of this the following disposition was made: Home Mission, \$100; Foreign Mission, \$100; College Fund, \$100; French Evangelization, \$75; Widows' and Orphans' Fund, \$20; Ministers' Retiring Fund, \$20; leaving a small balance in the hands of the treasurer for necessary expenses. The Rev. Mungo Fraser delivered an appropriate and exceedingly suggestive address on "The World for Christ," and the Rev. Dr. Cochrane gave a speech on the Mission Work of the Church, of great power and eloquence. The meeting was an intensely interesting one, and no doubt will be productive of the best results.

THE annual Christmas entertainment of St. Andrew's Church, Williamstown, was held on the evening of the 26th December. Notwithstanding the disagreeable weather and the bad state of the roads, the spacious hall in connection with the church was completely filled. After tea, addresses were given by the pastor, the Rev. Mr. Burnet, of Martintown, and Messrs. Rillance and Fuller, of Lancaster. Rev. Mr. Matheson gave an interesting reading. The choir of the church rendered some choice selections of music during the evening. Additional interest was added to the entertainment by the presentation to Miss McGruer, the efficient organist of the church, of an address accompanied by a beautiful photograph album and dressing-case. Mr. Lewis, leader of the choir, was presented with a purse of \$23; and the climax was reached when the pastor of the congregation, the Rev. A. McGillivray, was presented by the ladies with \$155, with which to procure a set of furs. Such considerate generosity speaks eloquently of the attachment between pastor and people. The net proceeds of the entertainment amounted to the handsome sum of \$176.

ON the evening of the 28th ult., a most enjoyable entertainment was held in the Beamsville Presbyterian church, in connection with the Sabbath school, at which the singing and recitations of the scholars were far above the ordinary. On the same evening reports were made, shewing the state of the school to be healthful and promising. There have appeared, from time to time, encouraging accounts from the congregation of Beamsville as well as that of Clinton, which, under the pastorate of the Rev. D. C. McIntyre, M.A., have been doing good work. The present pastor was inducted into this charge in September, 1878, and since that time eighty-one names have been added to the communion roll—fifty-eight by profession and twenty-three by certificate. A long-standing debt of over \$400 on the Beamsville church was recently wiped

out, as also one of \$200 on the Clinton place of worship. Immediately upon this it was decided to build a manse; the decision was at once acted upon, and now there stands beside the church a brick manse, handsome, substantial and convenient, erected on a plan which was kindly presented to the congregation by Mr. Darling, of Messrs. Wyld, Brock & Darling, of Toronto. The building cost at the least \$2,500, all of which has been paid, with the exception of a very small amount, which is, however, provided for by notes. A winter course of lectures, flourishing Sabbath schools, everything reveals progress; a progress not only towards outward prosperity, but also in liberality and in desire after spiritual things. Mr. and Mrs. McIntyre are deservedly very popular. COM.

THE North Normanby congregation opened their new church on the 8th inst. The services were conducted by the Rev. D. Fraser, M.A., of Mount Forest. The church was well filled both morning and evening, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Mr. Fraser was listened to with unusual attention. Both discourses were replete with thought, and delivered in a manner that could not fail to impress them upon the mind of the hearer. The tea meeting on Monday evening was a great success. The building was filled to its utmost capacity. After partaking of the good things supplied by the ladies in great abundance, the meeting was called to order by the pastor, who acted as chairman for the evening. Addresses were given by Rev. Messrs. Fraser and Jamieson, and by Messrs. Campbell, Townsend and Davidson. An excellent choir, composed of the members of the congregation, was in attendance, and added much to the enjoyment of the meeting by the fine selections of music which they so ably rendered. A very interesting part of the programme was the presentation of the Bibles to those who had repeated the Shorter Catechism with perfect accuracy. At the opening of the Sabbath school last spring, the pastor intimated that he would give a prize of a Bible to anyone who could repeat the whole catechism, including questions and answers. The examination took place at the church on the 3rd and 4th inst., and fifteen won the prize. Some of them were only twelve years old. There were five in one family who received the prize. Their parents were justly proud of them on that occasion. The church is a neat frame building, with accommodation for 240. The amount collected on Sabbath and at the soiree was \$94. The church was begun last summer, and was opened without debt.—COM.

SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

LESSON V.

Jan. 29, 1882. } THE PHARISEES ANSWERED. { Mark ii. 18-28. iii. 1-5.

Commit to memory verses (iii.) 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."—Exod. xx. 8.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—The Sabbath was made for man—the whole man, and all men.

HOME READINGS.—M. Mark ii. 18-22.—T. Mark iii. 1-6.—W. Matt. ix. 14-17; Luke v. 33-39.—Th. Matt. xii. 1-14.—F. Luke vi. 1-11.—S. 1 Sam. xxi. 1-6.—Sab. Isa. lviii. 1-14.

TIME.—Summer and autumn, A.D. 28. Vs. 18-22, probably following close after Matthew's feast (the last lesson) in the autumn. The rest of the lesson for to-day follows after the call of Matthew (ch. ii. 14), and took place in the early summer.

PLACE.—Capernaum and vicinity.

PARALLEL PASSAGES.—Vs. 18-22, with Matt. ix. 14-17, and Luke v. 33-39. Vs. 23-28, and iii. 1-5, with Matt. xiii. 1-14, and Luke vi. 1-11.

INTRODUCTION.—Jesus was very popular with the people; but the Pharisees were aroused against Him, as He preached truths that condemned their conduct and disappointed their expectations. So they followed Him, watching closely for some act of His by which they could take Him before the local courts, and put a stop to His career. Examples are given in to-day's lesson.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

18. The disciples of John, who was in prison. Used to fast. The Pharisees used to fast twice each week (Luke xviii. 12) as a religious ceremony. 19. Children of the bride-chamber: the attendants on the bridegroom. Fast. it would be very inappropriate to fast in the midst of the joy of the wedding. Bridegroom: a type of Christ, shewing His tender love and care of His Church, their joy, defence, and friend. The day, will come, etc., referring to the time when Christ would be crucified. 21. The unfitness of fasting while Christ is with them is shewn by two brief parables. New-cloth: unfulfilled, that would shrink when sewed on, and tear out the tender old cloth. 22. New wine: not yet fer-

mented. Old bottles, made of the skin of animals; they grew brittle by age. Both burst by the pressure of the gases formed in the process of fermentation. 23. Went through the cornfields: fields of grain (not Indian corn); the fields are unenclosed, and the path led through them. Pluck the ear: this was allowable by law. The Pharisees complained only because it was on the Sabbath. 24. Not lawful: broke their Sabbath traditions, because they said that it was a kind of reaping, and therefore wrong. 25. What David did (1 Sam. xxi. 1-6). He was their hero and example. 27. The Sabbath was made for man: for man's body, mind and soul,—the whole man, and for all men. 1. Entered again, probably the next Sabbath. Withered hand: shrunken by accident or disease, and incurable. 2. Watched Him: with a hostile, hateful intent. Might accuse Him: before the tribunal. Breaking the Sabbath was a capital offence. 3. Stand forth: so that all could see. 5. Anger: indignation at their hard hearts, and leading others astray. Grieved: shewing that His anger was not passionate, but with pity and a desire to save them. Stretch forth: Christ only spoke, He did not break even the Pharisees' Sabbath law.

SUBJECT: THE RIGHT WAY OF KEEPING THE SABBATH.

I. A TIME TO FEAST AND A TIME TO FAST.—Vers. 18-20. The "Children of the bride-chamber," or as in the revised version, "The sons of the bride-chamber," were those who brought the bridegroom to the bride's residence and accompanied the couple back to the bridegroom's house, expressing their joy by the way. In such circumstances, and at such a time, fasting would be most inappropriate. Christ is the bridegroom; the Church is the bride; the disciples of that day, and the active servants of Christ in all ages, are the children of the bride-chamber, instrumental in bringing the bridegroom and bride together. As fasting is properly an expression of some felt grief, and as the disciples passed through no special season of mourning prior to Christ's death, they had no occasion to fast; and to fast without cause would be only to imitate the spiritless formalism of the Pharisees. "Fasting," says a commentator, "is Christian only when it is the natural expression of a Christian's experience."

II. RELATION BETWEEN FORM AND SPIRIT.—Vers. 21, 22. The form of a divine ordinance is adapted to its spirit, hence the old forms would not suit the new dispensation. To the Pharisees the form was everything; they disregarded the spirit of an ordinance; and here they erred. There is a possibility, however, of making too little of forms. Where, for example, the form of Sabbath-keeping or of family worship is neglected, the spirit of these observances need scarcely be looked for. The parable of the new cloth and the old garment appears to point primarily to a mistake made by John's disciples in looking only for a patching up of the old Jewish religion. "To them," says Abbott, "Christ responds that He came to give the world new garments, not to patch the old ones." Regarding the new wine and the old bottles, Peloubet says: "This parable would guard us against expecting that our religious experience will be exactly in the same form as that of notable saints of whom we read, or that imitating the forms and ways and outward lives of good men will make us good, or that the measures blessed in one revival are the best at another time. Putting our experience in other people's forms injures our own piety, as well as spoils the former as a help to others."

III. WORKS OF NECESSITY.—Vers. 23-26. The Pharisees paid more attention to the niceties of the traditional Sabbath laws than they paid to the divine command. These old laws prohibited plucking ears of corn on Sabbath because it was a kind of reaping, and rubbing them in the hand because it was a kind of threshing. By the example of David, Christ shews that the disciples were guiltless in taking the ears of corn for food when they "had need."

IV. THE SABBATH FOR MAN.—THE WHOLE MAN AND ALL MEN.—Vers. 27, 28. "For man's whole nature," says the writer last quoted, "for body and soul, for physical rest, for mental and social improvement, for his spiritual and moral growth, and for his eternal salvation; and a religious observance of the Sabbath is the best fitted to promote all these. They treat man as nothing but an animal, who advocate the use of the Sabbath for mere recreation and pleasure. The Sabbath was not made for man's body only, but for man—his whole nature. And it was made for man as man, i.e., all men; we must so keep the Sabbath as not to take away the Sabbath from others."

V. AN EXAMPLE OF THE RIGHT USE OF THE SABBATH.—Chap. iii. 1-5. The case of the man with the withered hand is also recorded in Matt. xii. 9-14 and Luke vi. 6-11. Christ attended a place of worship on the Sabbath and did good to the afflicted—a "work of mercy." The fourth verse evidently implies that if we do not try to do good on the Sabbath we are doing evil—nay, the neglect of an opportunity to do a good deed is wrong at any time. As the cure is wrought merely by a word, the Pharisees have no ground of accusation. A distinct lesson, throwing light on the way in which God saves sinners, is to be learned from the fact that the man with the withered hand was commanded to perform an action to him impossible, and yet that he was enabled to obey. Similar commands are given to souls that are withered, powerless, spiritually dead; but, as in the case before us, power is given along with the command, and in the very effort to render obedience life and liberty are realized.

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OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

THE STORKS OF DELFT.

The bells clanged dread in every spire,
The watchman cried: "Fire! fire! fire!
Ho! men of Delft, the city flames,
Run from your labours and your games.
Ho! rich and poor, haste for your lives,
Snatch your dear children and your wives,
The bodrid, aged, sick, and blind,
The idiot and insane of mind,
Then think of household goods and gear,
Rich tapestries and flagons dear,
And plate wherewith your town makes cheer.
Run, burghers, for the flames are red;
They hiss and crackle overhead,
And high above each lane and street
Hangs our brave city's winding-sheet."
And thus it chanced in Delft of fame
Lived many storks, that went and came,
Free from all harm, protected, blessed,
Because they cleared the city's pest—
Toads, frogs, and noisome creatures foul.
So wise a bird some gave a soul,
And scarce a man but reared a thatch
Whereon the little storks might hatch.
Now, on that fatal third of May,
When lurid clouds obscured the day,
With nestling birds just out of shell,
A strange and piteous thing befel.
Soft, downy, formless wing and head
They lay within the natal bed.
The parent birds quick saw their doom,
'Mid stifling smoke and sullen boom
Of falling roof and splintering wall,
And groan, and curse, and anguish call,
'Mid swaying crowds and rushing feet,
And furnace-blasts of withering heat,
And flying sparks like living things,
That bore destruction on their wings.
And first they sought in haste to bear
Their nurslings through the heated air.
But no, their strength may not suffice;
They struggle, but they cannot rise,
And, panting back upon the nest,
They hide their young with wing and breast,
And calmly wait the fiery wave
To lay them in a common grave.
The flying crowds with wonder saw
A sight to fill the soul with awe,
Those birds that chose not life, but death,
To shield their young with latest breath;
Mourning in love a funeral-pyre
They gave their bosoms to the fire.
And thus perchance the storks that day
Taught some poor craven heart the way
To stay his feet for those in need,
To help the weak, the sick to heed,
Remembering those old words, how writ:
"Who saves his life shall forfeit it."
Amid the records of the town
This tale is truly written down.
In letters of the purest gold
Such noble story well were told,
Of birds heroic in their death
Teaching Christ's truth with failing breath,
And glazing eye, and fluttering wing—
Those storks of Delft whereof I sing.

—Augusta Larned.

"WHERE SHALL I GET WINGS?"

LITTLE Julia had listened with great interest to her mother's description of the glories of heaven. And her thoughts ran forward to the time when she hoped she would herself be among the redeemed.

But her eye just then fell upon a beautiful picture hanging on the wall, in which an angel was represented hovering over the earth with outspread wings. And a doubt flitted through her mind whether she should be able to fly to do the will of her dear Saviour, for the wings were wanting. She had hands, and feet, and a tongue, all ready and willing every day to do all they could to please Jesus, as her parents and brothers and sisters had learned full well from the many gentle words and kind acts of this sweet little daughter and sister; but these could not help her in

flying, and Julia asked her mother anxiously, "Where shall I get wings?"

It is not the first time, perhaps, that a little heart has been troubled for the same reason.

Dear child, if you really love Jesus, who loves you so well; if you believe His words and have asked Him to keep you, and guide you through this world home to Himself, making you His faithful servant here, and preparing you for His presence in the better world; and if you do this every day, do not let your heart be troubled concerning the wings. You will not need to "get" them anywhere. Faith, hope, and love in your heart are preparing them for you. The same dear Friend who has made ready the harp and the crown and the bright mansion for every dear child of His, knows all about the wings that you will want as you hasten to obey Him, and therefore you need have no anxiety on this account.

I hope your prayer every day will be, "Dear Jesus, make me to love to do Thy will, as the angels do in heaven."

THE ROAD TO SLUMBER-LAND.

What is the road to slumber-land? and when does the baby go?

The road lies straight through mother's arms when the sun is sinking low.

He goes by the drowsy "land of nod" to the music of "lullaby."

When all wee lambs are safe in the fold, under the evening sky.

A soft little night-gown, clean and white; a face washed sweet and fair;

A mother brushing the tangles out of the silken, golden hair;

Two little tired, satiny feet, from the shoe and the stocking free;

Two little palms together clasped at the mother's patient knee;

Some baby-words that are drowsily lisped to the tender Shepherd's ear;

And a kiss that only a mother can place on the brow of her baby dear;

A little round head which nestles at last close to the mother's breast,

And the lullaby soft and low, singing the song of rest.

And close and closer the blue-veined lids are hiding the baby-eyes,

As over the road to slumber-land the dear little traveller hies.

For this is the way, through mother's arms, all little babies go,

To the beautiful city of slumber-land when the sun is sinking low.

THE CHILDREN'S CHURCH.

IT was recently our privilege to spend a few days in a family where there were five sweet children. One of the days passed in this pleasant household was the Sabbath. At the breakfast table one of the little boys said:

"Ruth, May and I cannot go to church to-day, because we are not well."

"What will you do at home?" was asked.

"O, we shall have a service; we always do when we cannot go to church with papa and mamma."

"Have a service!" was echoed. "What do you do?"

"It is just like real church," answered the little fellow. "To-day I shall be the preacher,

and my two sisters will be the customers,' meaning the audience. "We shall have a text, repeat the Lord's Prayer in concert, sing hymns, read in the 'Peep of Day,' and take up a collection."

When we returned from church the youthful preacher of the church in the house confided to us that the service had been interesting, and that the collection had amounted to eleven cents, adding, "Don't you think that was pretty good?"

"Yes, little man, good indeed from your small audience."

"We always have church at home when we cannot go to real church," continued the little fellow. "Last fall, when we had measles, we stayed at home for six weeks, but we had church every Sabbath, and always took up a collection. When we got well, and could go again with papa and mamma, we sent our money away to help to build a church in the west; and we got a receipt for it. Shall I shew it to you?" and the dear boy's eyes shone with pleasure.

I have written this account of the way in which one family of children spend the Sabbath when unable to attend church with their parents, in the hope that others may follow their example. I am sure that you will enjoy it, children. It will help to make the Sabbath hours pass pleasantly; and do not forget the collection. Think how delightful it would be to help to build a church, to educate a child in some heathen land, or to print the Bible in some of the languages of India, or China, or Japan, or send a missionary to Africa.

WHAT DID THE CLOCK SAY?

THE clock upon the tower of a neighbouring church tolled forth, slowly and solemnly, the knell of the departed hour.

As the last sound died away, Willie, who was sitting on the carpet at his mother's feet, lifted his head, and looking earnestly in her face, asked:

"Mother, what did the clock say?"

"To me," said his mother, sadly, "it seemed to say, 'Gone—gone—gone—gone!'"

"What, mother? what has gone?"

"Another hour, my son."

"What is an hour, mother?"

"A white-winged messenger from our Father in heaven, sent by him to inquire of you—of me, what we are doing, what we are saying, what we are thinking and feeling."

"Where is it gone, mother?"

"Back to Him who sent it, bearing on its wings, that were so pure and white when it came, a record of all our thoughts, words, and deeds while it was with us. Were they all such as our Father could receive with a smile of approbation?"

Reader, what record are the hours, as they come and go, bearing up on high of you?

A MORE glorious victory cannot be gained over another than this—that when the injury began on his part, the kindness begin on ours.

GOD can make you happy in the world, with the world, or without the world; but never expect that anything, or any one, can make you happy but the Lord.

Words of the Wise.

To smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

God's saints are glorious within, though often disguised and shaded by poverty and afflictions without.

EVERY man we meet with in this world, though we should never meet with him again, will meet with us at the day of judgment.

THE truth, men will tell you, can never do harm; which nobody denies, if by truth is meant truth understood; but truth misunderstood, as it will be if men are not prepared for it, is one of the subtlest, and often one of the most mischievous of errors.

[Toronto (Canada) Globe.]

AN AMUSING SCENE IN COURT.

NOW A WITNESS WON A POINT AND CONVULSED THE COURT WITH LAUGHTER.

It is not often that Levity raises her laughing eyes before the face of blind Justice, but when she does, the rogue, she is sure to cause more merriment than (as they say over in the States) "the law allows." The very surroundings which are prone to give birth to any thoughts other than those of laughter, are exactly what will make anything ridiculous seem doubly so. It appears that in the course of a trial pending before one of our tribunals, one of the chief witnesses proved to be our very highly respected and well-known friend, Alderman John Baxter. Mr. Baxter, on being questioned by the Crown's Attorney as to his knowledge of the defendant, etc., said among other things:

"If your Worship please, I called on the defendant and had an interview in private with him; I drew him to one side, and said, while I looked him fairly in the eye with a very penetrating glance, 'Did you do it, sir?' It was fully a minute before my penetrating gaze was removed from his face. He bore the look calmly and answered: 'Mr. Baxter, I am as innocent as an unborn child.'"

Now, this was all quite commonplace, and Mr. Baxter, in the innocence of his soul, saw nothing in it. The prosecution for the Crown, however, in his argument before the court, in referring to that portion of the testimony said: "May it please your Worship, when I entered on this case, I did so with the firm conviction that the defendant was guilty, as charged in the indictment, with the offence therein named and contrary to the law; but since my esteemed friend, the Hon. Mr. Baxter (he of the penetrating glance), hath gazed in a penetrating manner into the eye of the defendant, and he (the defendant) having under-took to gaze, instinctively, I feel that I must submit when I contemplate the tremendous powers of penetration possessed by the optics of my learned and honored friend. And especially the left one. And if I mistake not, Mr. Baxter looked at him with the left one. May it please your Worship, I know of nothing that possesses penetrating qualities equal to Mr. Baxter's eyes—I may say the left eye—but St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy!"

This sally on the Crown's Attorney produced unusual mirth in the court, and for the time being it seemed that the attorney was, as is usually the case, being to have the best of it; but not so. Mr. Baxter could not let it pass in that way, so he simply rose to his feet, and in the dignified manner characteristic of the gentleman, he said:

"May it please your Worship, I am delighted to hear my able colleague speak in such terms, for despite any allusions which that gentleman may have made as to my eyes and their penetrating qualities, I wish to say that if they do possess the penetrative power of St. Jacobs Oil, they are infallible truth-searchers, and the innocence of the prisoner is established beyond doubt, for St. Jacobs Oil possesses penetrating qualities unequalled—it will penetrate to the bone to drive out pain. I know it, for I have tried it. And I wish to say that it hits the mark every time. If, therefore, it cannot fail—and from the gentleman's view of the case my eyes possess the same qualities—it is time the defendant was dismissed."

Mr. Baxter was decidedly ahead on this rencontre, as the laughter which followed, and in which ever the court joined, fully testified. After adjournment a representative of this paper met Mr. Baxter, and the gentleman laughingly said:

"That little affair pleased me in more ways than one, and I am glad it came off. I wanted a chance to 'speak right out in meeting' for St. Jacobs Oil, it did my rheumatism so much good, and that was my chance."

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SEALED TENDERS will be received by the undersigned up to NOON on WEDNESDAY, the 1st day of FEBRUARY next, in a lump sum, for the construction of that portion of the line between Port Moody and the west end of Contract 60, near Emory's Bar, a distance of about 3 1/2 miles. Specifications, conditions of contract and forms of tender may be obtained on application at the Canadian Pacific Railway Office, in New Westminster, and at the Chief Engineer's Office at Ottawa, after the 1st January next, at which time plans and profiles will be open for inspection at the latter's office. This timely notice is given with a view to giving Contractors an opportunity of visiting and examining the ground during the fine season and before the winter sets in. Mr. Marcus Smith, who is in charge of the office at New Westminster, is instructed to give Contractors all the information in his power. No tender will be entertained unless on one of the printed forms, addressed to F. Braun, Esq., Sec. Dept. of Railways and Canals, and marked "Tenders for C.P.R." F. BRAUN, Secretary. Dept. of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, Ont. 24th, 1882.

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