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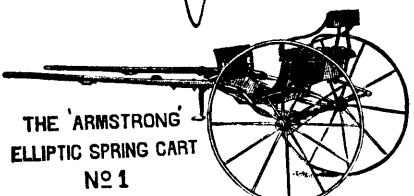
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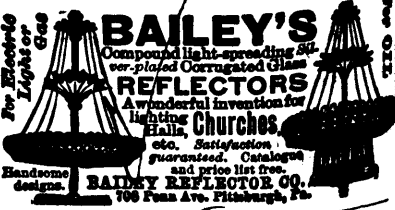
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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

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No. 35.

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For the use of Superintendents and Secretaries.

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Notes of the Week.

By a new regulation, all Prussian pastors who wish to marry are required to announce the fact and to give in the name of their intended wife to the nearest "consistorium" three weeks before the marriage. The reason of this rule is that so many pastors have neglected to insure their wives in the Widows' Institute.

MR. MARK BOYD, author of the "Reminiscences of Fifty Years," mentions that a Scotch gentleman of fortune on his deathbed asked the minister whether, if he left a large sum to the Kirk, his salvation would be secured? The cautious minister responded—"I would not like to be positive, but it's weel worth trying."

THE Belfast Presbytery, at a recent meeting, appointed the Rev. R. T. Bailey, M.A., of Carlow, to succeed the late Rev. R. Dunlop in the charge of St. Andrews Church, Nassau, Bahamas. The Church Extension Committee of the Presbytery hope soon to take steps towards the erection of a new church at Willowfield, a rapidly extending suburb of the city.

AN exchange says: Principal King, of Manitoba, who is at present in Scotland, preached at Burnt-Island on a recent Sunday in the pulpit of his old friend, the Rev. James Parlane, A.M. At the close of two able discourses, the Rev. Principal referred to the work and progress of the Presbyterian Church in the far North-West, and the care exercised over settlers from the old country.

SAYS the New York *Independent*: Scarcely anything has on it such a patent look of absurdity and humbuggery as the experiments which are now making, under the authority of Congress and the United States Department of Agriculture, to produce rain by explosions. It is well to have the experiments made, we doubt not, though not for their effect upon the atmosphere, rather on the brains of those who secured the appropriation.

AN unseemly wrangle took place at a meeting of the Caithness Free Presbytery. One of the members objected to the minutes being passed on a point of order, and although the Moderator ruled the objection out of order, the member persisted in arguing the case. An appeal for support by the Moderator brought several gentlemen to their feet, but the disputant was not silenced until a brother clergyman laid his walking-stick across his shoulders with a peremptory demand to sit down.

IN 1886, the Committee of the Church Missionary Society passed the resolution never to refuse a candidate for missionary service on the ground of lack of funds to send him out. There was to be as much care as ever taken in selection, but, once selected, there was no question about the missionary's being sent. During the four years since then 230 names have been added to the roll, and after deducting deaths and retirements the total number has increased from 309 to about 480, including those accepted but not yet sent.

IN 1879 some Waldensian and foreign young ladies settled in Mantua, the birthplace of Virgil, hired a room at their own expense, and invited the

pastors of a couple of towns not far distant to come and hold services for them. There is now an influential congregation of fifty members, in good part converts from Romanism, a Sabbath-school and Bible class, ministered to by an active pastor. So is the Gospel pervading the whole of Italy. The congregations are small, but they are in all the provinces, and their influence is beginning to be felt.

THE eighty-seventh annual report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, now being sent to subscribers, shows that the total issues of the Scriptures during the year amounted to 3,926,535—an increase of 134,272 on the preceding twelve months. During the same period the total net receipts were \$1,085,744, but the expenditure exceeded this sum by \$72,159. This is the third year in succession in which the payments have been largely in excess of the receipts, amounting in the aggregate to a deficiency of over \$215,000.

A CONTEMPORARY says: Among the graduates who received the degree of M.B., C.M., at the recent capping in Edinburgh, was Mr. James Burnett Smith, the husband of the well-known novelist, Annie S. Swan. Mr. Smith was an assistant teacher in a school in Mid-Lothian when he married Miss Swan about six years ago. He was afterwards headmaster in a school near Markinch, Fifeshire. Mrs. Smith has depicted this locality in one of the best of her works, "The Gates of Eden." They removed to Edinburgh four years ago when Mr. Smith commenced to study medicine.

THE Belfast *Witness* says: Another of the older clergy of the Irish Presbyterian Church has passed away—the Rev. Simpson Gabriel Morrison, senior minister of Union Chapel, Dublin. The sad event took place on Monday last at his residence, Rosemount Terrace, North Circular Road, Dublin. By this death the metropolis loses one of its worthiest citizens, who for many years laboured there ably and earnestly, and the whole Church is deprived of the services of one who was a general favourite wherever he was known, and who in his palmy days was reputed to be one of the most eloquent preachers connected with the General Assembly. The Rev. S. Prenter delivered the address at his funeral, and dwelt largely upon Mr. Morrison's character and career.

AN exchange says: Lord Dufferin told the people of Belfast recently that he would shortly terminate his career as a diplomat and that when that happy release arrives he hoped to become more closely connected with the city and corporation in whose ears he was speaking. Belfast, it seems, is rejoicing in the gift of a five-acre park, valued at over \$40,000, from Mr. R. G. Dunville, a distiller, who has also handed the mayor a cheque for \$25,000, to enclose and beautify the land, and erect a fountain and keeper's house upon it. It was to open this park the noble Marquis went to Ulster's capital, eulogized it as the third great commercial city of the empire, and in the proverbial kindness of his heart expressed that fervent wish to retire from the service of his country only to enter the service of Belfast.

DR. CAMPBELL of Collingwood, who has returned from a three months' trip to the West Coast, says that the British Columbia literati of the Scalene Triangle—Victoria, Vancouver and Westminster—are greatly excited over the establishing of a Provincial University. The feeling runs high at present as to where it should be located, each city claiming to have advantages superior to the others. It is strange that learned men should be more exercised over the location than the proficiency of an institution of learning. The Doctor thinks that there is greater need for a good Young Ladies Seminary than for a University. It is a crying shame he says for the province, its cities, and wealthy citizens that young ladies have to go 3,000 miles away from home to get a good education, yet the literary oracles of British Columbia say nothing about it.

AT the opening of an industrial exhibition in Cleland Public School, Dr. James MacGregor, Moderator of the General Assembly, said that whatever tended to brighten, ennoble and beautify the home had a mighty influence upon the nation. Any attempts at social improvement on the part of the people that left the home out of the question were doomed to failure. The cure of the public-house was the home, and for all their social evils there was no other cure, and never would be to the end of the world. Scotch people possessed an innate sense of the beautiful, but it was not developed. With some exceptions, their churches were not beautiful, their villages were not beautiful, and many of their homes were not beautiful; but a change for the better was taking place, and every exhibition such as that helped to supplement what he thought had been a deficiency in Scotch training in bygone times.

PROFESSOR SETH, of Dalhousie College, Halifax, has put forth a book, entitled "Freedom as Ethical Postulate," published by Blackwood of Edinburgh. The subject is one of the most difficult in philosophy. Speaking of the formation of character, Professor Seth sees, even when the progress has been towards evil, "a gleam of hope, a suggestion and no more, of the final possibility, even for the most debased, of moral recovery." On the other side the gradation is upward. "Moral progress is a progress from nature and its bondage, through freedom and duty, to that love or 'second nature' which alone is the 'fulfilling of the law.' . . . Freedom made perfect consists in the entire surrender of the human will to the divine, in such a surrender as does not mean the loss of human personality, but rather its perfect fulfilment and realization in the identification of man's will with the will of God."

THE New York *Independent*, commenting on the recent collapse of a building in that city, says: Rarely has an accident struck more horror into a community than that which occurred in New York last week. The suddenness which gave no time for escape, and the awful death that came to its victims, were made still more vivid by the uncertainty as to who were buried under that seething mass of machinery, timber and brick, and the almost impossibility of recognizing those who, after long delay, were taken out. Added to all there was the assurance that it was needless. The cyclone at Martinique caused wide disaster, but against that no human care could provide. This was somebody's fault. If it be true that insurance companies knew the building to be unsafe, and would only take low risks at very high prices, what shall we say of those who, rather than incur the expense of strengthening the walls, allowed a hundred lives to be sacrificed? There should be prompt, thorough investigation, and if it be found that there has been criminal carelessness, the punishment should be equally decisive.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE, in a speech at the laying of the foundation stone of the Free Library of Peterhead, said: King James knew that the Church of his countrymen was not to be made the tool of arbitrary power; that its heart was with the people, and its leaders staunch in the cause of their country's liberties, both religious and civil. Thus the Presbyterian Church, with its strong undiluted Calvinism, has always carried with it an equally strong infusion of democracy in its constitution. Knox, having been an advanced man in his day and generation, would have been an advanced man even in this, probably stirring them up in Scotland to still further efforts in the cause of education. It is said that most of Washington's army was composed of Scotch and Scotch-Irish Presbyterians. Their influence prevailed in framing the Constitution of the United States, which provides for the toleration and equality of all sects—all being protected, none favoured. Thus the influence of the democratic Church of Scotland is not confined to its own home, but extends throughout the world, liberalizing institutions, and ever upon the side of the people.

Our Contributors.

NOTES BY THE WAY—THE ROCKIES, THE SELKIRKS, AND SEVERAL CANYONS.

BY KNOXIAN.

The first view of the Rockies, like the first view of Niagara Falls, disappoints some people. The tourist has heard wonderful stories about this great mountain range and he expects to see Mount Stephen and Sir Donald and several other famous mountains at the first view. In fact some tourists expect to see the whole thing at one glance, forgetting that the mountain scenery extends for about five hundred miles or about the distance from Toronto to Quebec. The time too at which a west-bound train runs into the "gap" is somewhat unfortunate. If a poorly-informed, thoughtless man tumbles suddenly out of his warm berth at five o'clock on a chilly morning he wants to see something grand in the way of scenery to compensate him for his early rising. If he does not see a few mountain peaks piercing the sky with their ice-clad summits he is likely to feel more or less disappointed. The fault is his own. Either he did not inform himself beforehand about these indescribable mountain ranges or he has no sense. In either case he might as well have stayed in his berth and saved his sleep or stayed at home and saved his money. To travel with any degree of profit one must "read up" beforehand and have some idea of the route. Principal Grant's well-known book "Ocean to Ocean" and the various descriptions of the mountain scenery by Lady Macdonald are the best things I know on this Western trip, and if an intending tourist reads them and carries with him the annotated time-table of the Canadian Pacific Railway he has all the literature on the route that he needs.

Once for all let me say I have not the slightest idea of trying to describe this mountain scenery. There are few men living that could do it under any circumstances, and perhaps no man living that could do it in notes hurriedly written by the way. The managing editor of a New York daily once sent a reporter to "take" John B. Gough *verbatim*. When the young man returned the editor asked him if he had succeeded in making a good report. "Report him, report him," replied the pencil driver, "You might as well try to report thunder and lightning." It would be just as easy to report a terrific thunder storm or by written words to convey an exact idea of lightning as to write in an ordinary newspaper letter a description of the five hundred miles of mountain scenery through which the Canadian Pacific Railway runs. I shall not be guilty of any such folly. I may, however, remove some erroneous ideas which I know prevail in the East in regard to this part of our Dominion, and may also point out a few places of special interest that every tourist should try to see.

A considerable number of people have the idea that there is just one range of mountains through which the train goes with a dash and then you are out on the level grazing lands of British Columbia! As a matter of fact you run through mountain scenery for five hundred miles. It is easy to say five hundred miles but that may be said without any adequate idea of the distance. Imagine yourself running through the grandest mountain scenery in the world all the way from Toronto to Quebec. You enter the "gap" sixty miles west of Calgary about five o'clock in the morning, run through scenes of terrific grandeur all that day, sleep while running over twenty miles an hour through mountains and canyons during the night, awake winding along a mountain side in the Thompson River canyon in the morning, run through the wild Fraser canyon in the forenoon and get out of this mountain scenery only two or three hours' run from Vancouver City. Of course the scenery is not equally wild or impressive on every mile of the five hundred. I was told that we passed some quiet places during the night where the people make a living on farms, but I rather think that all the farming done in that region will never materially effect the grain markets of Europe, or even of Canada.

The entire mountain scenery may be roughly divided into three parts. There is just the Rockies which you enter about five o'clock in the morning and leave about noon, the summit having been passed at Stephen at half-past nine. Then comes the Selkirks and out of all sight a grander and more majestic range than the Rockies. A mountain clad with verdure and capped with ice must always be a more pleasing spectacle than a huge pile of ragged rock with snow or ice at its summit. After the Selkirks come the canyons, which being interpreted mean a tremendous gorge cut through the mountains by a river. Had it not been for the work done by rivers for thousands, perhaps millions, of years, no railway would ever have crossed these mountains. You enter the Rockies beside the Bow River and five hundred miles further on run out of the western slope along with the Fraser River, and between these two points wherever the railway can find a river it invariably seeks its company. [It may seem like heresy to those people who are always speaking about the Rockies as if they were the only things worth looking at to say that some of the scenery on the Thompson and Fraser Rivers is quite as impressive and much more beautiful than anything between Banff and Mount Stephen, but certainly that is my opinion. The western slope is at least more beautiful than the eastern, for wooded scenery must always be more beautiful than bare, tilted rock.

After entering the Rockies, the first point of special interest is

BANFF.

Surrounded by mountains there is here a natural park about twenty miles long and ten wide. Two miles from the station is the C. P. R. and one or two other hotels. The chief attraction for invalids is the sulphur baths; for people in health, the romantic walks and drives and magnificent views of the surrounding mountains. You may meet almost any distinguished man in the world at Banff. The day I went through, Michael Davitt, the Irish agitator, was there, and Sir Charles Russell was expected. The Canadian Pacific Railway are booming the place and no doubt it will become famous some day. But I must leave my readers at Banff for a week, merely reminding them that they should take a sulphurous bath on week days and go and hear the Rev. C. W. Gordon on Sunday. Mr. Gordon ought to be a good young man and a good minister, and I have no doubt he is both. His mother was a noble Christian woman and his father was one of the manliest men that ever served the Presbyterian Church in Canada. He could and often did stand up alone for his convictions, and a man who does that in an age when so many men and not a few ministers want no higher endorsement of their conduct than the howl of a crowd is a good manly man.

THE JERUSALEM PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

THE POOR JEWS OF JERUSALEM.

At the kind desire and expense of a Christian lady who has been spending some months in Jerusalem and Palestine, the Rev. A. Ben-Oliel invited the Sephardi (Spanish-speaking) poor Jews and Jewesses to a little *fete* at his mission house on Tuesday afternoon, July 7, 1891.

The lady's wish was to give them a dinner, but as the Jews will not eat food cooked by Christians, that was impossible, and some influential rabbis who happened to call and were consulted, expressed themselves most gratefully that their poor should be thus cared for, and gave it as their opinion that it would be much better to give them a trifle of money than cooked food.

The hour named was four p.m., but soon after mid-day they began to arrive, and the missionary's kind heart forbade letting them wait outside in the scorching sun. So they were allowed to come in and sit in the cool hall prepared for them, which was quite full by two p.m.

A portable harmonium kindly lent by a lady worker of the C. M. S. was very useful, Mrs. and Miss Ben-Oliel taking it by turns to play and sing hymns to them. They also taught them the words of the Spanish hymn, "Venici pecadares, que Dios por su amor Al ciclo nos blama que es patria, mejor," intended to be sung later on; so the time passed pleasantly in repeating over and over the verses and singing them again and again.

Mr. Ben-Oliel spoke to them at intervals, and shortly before four o'clock told them the lady would soon be arriving, and he hoped they would show her respect. He asked them if the Greeks, Russians or Roman Catholics were kind to the Jews. They cried out: "No, no!" Then he asked what people were kind to them. "The English," was the general reply. He explained that it was because they love the Prince of Israel who gave Himself for the salvation of the world. At four they were refreshed with slices of watermelon, and soon after their benefactress arrived, bringing 100 tiny bunches of flowers, which she distributed herself to the women. When all was quiet again the hymn was sung, and the missionary read Psalm li. first in Hebrew, then in Judeo-Spanish, and explained it in a few telling words in both languages, and they frequently responded affirmatively to his questions on the need of a pure heart and the Holy Spirit.

Then coffee and buns were distributed, first to all the children and then to the men and women, after which Mr. Ben-Oliel brought the women one by one into a room, where their kind friend gave them each a loaf, a bishlic (six-pence), and a card with a prayer, which he had translated into Hebrew and had printed for the occasion at her request.

Then followed the men, who, instead of money, received a present of a Hebrew book of Psalms, except the blind or very poor, who received the bishlic as well. They all—over 250 men, women and children—behaved exceedingly well, and expressed their gratitude most warmly and respectfully. One sweet little girl, leading her blind father, when she saw the loaf put into his hand, jumped and clapped her hands, saying: "Now we have some bread," upon which a second loaf was gladly given her. How willingly the missionary and his family would frequently gather these poor outcasts and feed them bodily as well as spiritually if those who have enough and to spare would obey our Saviour's injunction, "Give ye them to eat." The poverty of numbers of the Jews in Jerusalem is heart-rending. Sometimes when Miss Ben-Oliel visits among them she finds they have not even a drop of water nor money to buy it. While waiting the women were told that they might come on Wednesday afternoons from three to five, and materials would be given them to sew for their children, while of course they will be taught Gospel truths. Many were delighted, and some a little better off said they would come and sew for the poorer ones. For this materials are needed, and would be gratefully acknowledged by

MRS. BEN-OLIEL.
Jerusalem, Palestine, July 8, 1891.

P.S.—July 15.—This afternoon we received the invited poor Jewesses to sew for their young children. Fourteen

came, mostly widows and the wives of blind men, several bringing their babies. They were very well behaved and grateful. As soon as they were settled to work we began to teach them the text Psalm li. 10 in Judeo-Spanish, interspersing it with remarks and asking them to make it their prayer to God night and morning. They seemed pleased to learn it and listened attentively when it was explained that the blood of God's sacrifice, the Messiah, was needed that our souls might be washed and made clean in the sight of God. At the close Mr. Ben-Oliel read to them the whole Psalm and spoke a while to them enforcing their individual duty to know the word of God and His laws for themselves, as also the duty of daily prayer to God from the heart and not from liturgies. Coffee and biscuits were then given them, and they all went happily to their homes.

By this morning's post came a letter from a dear lady of Dr. Miller's congregation, Charlotte, N. C., saying that the young ladies of the Randolph Society had made a purchase of materials for the poor of Jerusalem, and that they were on the way to us.

It brought tears of thankfulness to our eyes to think that the very day we had determined to trust God for the means and to take the first step in so expensive an undertaking as to invite these poor Jewesses with the promise of giving them the materials, that this sign of God's approval and the practical sympathy of our friends across the water should arrive to encourage us. It is in keeping with all our experience since the day we decided to come up to Jerusalem, as we believe, at the divine call.

An article has been printed in the organ of the Episcopal Society for Jews written by a Mr. Sterns, making strictures on Mr. Ben-Oliel's work, and urging that money should rather be added to the \$35,000 already spent yearly by that Society, mainly on schools and hospital, than sent to him to be used in preaching and teaching the Jews in their own languages.

This paper has been written by a man who professes to be the forerunner of a "Christus Secundus," whom he has known for seventeen years, and who, he says, is shortly to appear in Jerusalem, work miracles, raise the dead and get into people's houses without opening the doors!

This man is going about Jerusalem insinuating himself with the people, and when he has got all he can get out of them, writing papers against them under the assumed title of Official Reporter of the C. O., and sending disgustingly abusive letters to them.

He denies the doctrine of eternal punishment, casts a slur on those who believe in St. Paul, and yet he is accepted as an upholder of the London Society! See the *Jewish Intelligence* of July, which the Rev. T. T. N. Hull, the senior Wesleyan minister in England and the oldest friend of Mr. Ben-Oliel, sends to us saying: "I am sorry to see such a spirit. I would have expected that any Christian society would have hailed you as a fellow-labourer, where one would suppose there was ample room for every evangelical missionary."

As for the strictures themselves, so far from "everything being in Mr. Ben-Oliel's favour at Jaffa," his then Society, the British, gave him not a penny for working expenses beyond his salary, and objected to his interesting friends, through the press, so that he could not take the responsibility of baptizing several who requested it, knowing they would be cast off by the Jews, and he had no means to assist them and their families. He has always been very cautious in baptizing, taking as his example St. Paul (1 Cor. i. 17). For Christ sent me not to baptize but to preach the Gospel.

DOWN THE CARIBBEAN.

BY REV. JOHN MACKIE, M.A.

COLLISION AND BACKWARD.

Half-past four in the morning and a tremendous shock! a staggering and swinging of the vessel and the silence of the engines. Shouting and tramping on deck and below, loud cries of anxious enquirers from every corner, answered from everywhere in diverse alarming ways: "Struck on a reef, and fast;" "Run into by a steamer, and sinking;" "Boiler burst and firemen blown to pieces!" The wildest excitement! and the lady, who the evening before was warmly denouncing her native island of St. Kitts as intolerable to her returning from a lengthened visit to lovely Scotland, is almost beside herself with terror, and is now of opinion that her dear St. Kitts is worth a million dollars a foot. The truth is we have run into a schooner that madly crossed our bows, and we have smashed to splinters one-half of her stern. What a feeling of relief to all when it clearly appeared that we ourselves were safe, and that only others were sinking! "Let us be thankful," said a wise like man, "for we might have been rushed into eternity and the best of us would be all the better of a few hours' notice." "We ought to be thankful even for small mercies," said a pale-faced, nervous little woman, not yet restored to her usual amount of good sense. "I knew that something disastrous was going to happen," said a quiet, contemplative lady bound for Barbadoes, "for I have always a presentiment when trouble is approaching, and I felt very uneasy in mind the whole of last night." "I was certain before I set foot on the boat that we would be wrecked," shrieked a female of large dimensions in the sharp, nasal twang of Ohio, "for I have never yet been to sea without such perilous adventures, and this makes the fifth in three years." If her previous wrecks were all as mildly ter-

able as this one, she has lost very little, and has certainly no great reason to dread any number of them. "What could we expect after starting on Sunday morning?" was the interrogation of a Glasgow maiden who had not forgotten the history of Jonah, and who greatly feared. Still, notwithstanding the curious and ludicrous way in which many express themselves, there is doubtless a feeling of genuine thankfulness in the hearts of all for the protecting power around us; and a desire amounting to prayer that the lives in the stricken schooner may all be saved. See there she is! The *Minnie Smith*, New York; her bowsprit and masts broken; her sails flapping in confusion; her timbers strewn on the waves. She is surely sinking! Our boat is lowered; the ill-fated vessel is boarded; fast as hands can do it the cargo is hurled into the sea—sacks of sugar and casks of molasses; tarpaulin is stretched across the yawning void now filling, now disgoring as the hull rises and falls. The boat returns for carpenter's bricks and cement and the requisite tools, and with wonderful ingenuity and marvellous speed a strong wall of cemented brick is built between two partitions of beams and canvas to resist the intruding flood. What more should be done? She cannot, must not be left in mid-ocean disabled. She asks to be towed to Charleston, Virginia, or to Hamilton, Bermuda; but the thankful passengers would rather neither. One thinks she ought to be towed to St. Thomas, the nearest port on our way; another suggests that the wisest course is to widen the gap instead of filling it up, and to sink the thing; while another is of the opinion that the crew should be taken on board and the damaged schooner be set on fire; while yet another thinks aloud that the proper procedure is to blow her up. No one has any desire to be turned from his own destination or have his private arrangements the least disturbed. To be delayed so long already is insufferable annoyance; and to be a day and a-half or more towing her to Bermuda would be more than could be expected by reasonable people; more surely than a paltry schooner that would cross the bows of a steamer has a shadow of right to claim.

Meanwhile, when mending and talking and thinking are busy at work, a steamer, the *Smeaton Tower*, flying the Union Jack, appears on the scene, proffering assistance if needed. The passengers hail her arrival as a marvellous providence, a messenger to tow the aggravating schooner out of their way; but those in authority not accepting her offers, she speedily pursues her course, only carrying despatches that mayhap may prove disquieting to many a home on the western continent. Scarcely had she gone when another steamer appears on the horizon and bears down upon us. She is the *Muriel* of the same line as the *Caribee*, and returning from the islands, but not being required, homeward she hurries. Still all feel how well provided we should have been had terrible necessity been laid upon us. Meanwhile, after six hours of working and waiting we find ourselves bound for Bermuda with the *Minnie Smith* strongly cabled behind us. We cannot change cars; we cannot alight and wait her return; so we smile at necessity and hope to enjoy our wholly unexpected trip to that island of potatoes and onions and salubrious climate.

BERMUDA.

"No stir in the air, no stir in the sea" for two days and over, so, having made good runs, we are now alongside the Bermudas, as the little group of islands is called. Very lovely is the scene before us. Serenely quiet they are lying under the protecting care of the Gulf Stream, across whose torrid waters no blizzards blow and no icebergs float; an even and enjoyable temperature prevails throughout the year, the average heat in January being sixty-three degrees and in August eighty-one degrees. Equally protected are they from the boisterous ocean, for round them all, and running out into the sea, sometimes as far as ten or fifteen miles, are rocky reefs, on which the contending waters spend their fury and then flow over peacefully to the coral shores. To-day there is everywhere, far and near, a perfect calm under a glorious sun. The sea is a bewildering green, like the shade we catch in the gleam of an opal, or tint of a malachite, and the floor of the lucid depth is the snowy coral.

From innumerable bights and bays, fairy grottoes and fantastic caverns and sandy reaches, the land runs away into billowy hills, green all over, and speckled with the gleaming white cottages of the country *habitans*. On the loftiest summit, only 245 feet above the sea level, stands a conspicuous object, a tower of 150 feet high, from which flash out on the midnight waves, for more than thirty miles round, the lights that cheer and save from wreck and a watery grave. As we approach, what seemed a whole suddenly breaks up into a group of islands of picturesque, irregular contour, two or three of considerable size, and the rest only clumps of cedar and hunches of rock.

Bermuda, or the Mainland, is the name given to the largest of the group, derived as some suppose from its founder, Juan Bermudez, who is said to have landed on it in 1522; or, as others assert, from Bermudas, the name of a Spanish ship that was wrecked on its reefs three centuries back, and whose crew took possession of the place. The principal town is Hamilton, charmingly situated on the eastern side of a large circular bay called Great Sound, and looking out on a romantic scene of islets, or cedar groves, among which are ever gliding with swan-like grace the dainty little boats of the wearied seeking rest and the rich in search of health. The streets, shaded with the freshest green, are brilliant with English fashion, the scarlet of the British army and the blue-and-gold of the Royal Navy. All around, over

hill and dale, from January to December, is a fruit and vegetable garden, not only supplying the wants of 15,000 inhabitants, but filling the markets of other countries with choicest vegetables and fruits of every kind, and especially potatoes and onions, the annual value of which alone touches \$400,000. To the right as you enter the Sound is the island of Ireland, where the British Government has constructed an enormous floating dry-dock, which is the standard attraction of the place. But we must not be charmed and lose sight of our goal. We are only 726 miles from New York, when we ought to be down in the Caribbean Sea. Quickly we get rid of our maimed companion; skilfully we emerge from the rocky labyrinth, and swiftly we pursue our way due south to the tropics.

IN THE TROPICS.

Nearly 900 miles now lie between us and Bermuda. Rippling in the sunshine at first and after in the trade winds, sufficiently rough for many, the sea is now a magnificent expanse, calm as a lake, and of a deep indigo colour. The sky is a royal blue, with here and there sailing in the azure liquid thick masses of cloud, grey at the heart, fading into white and then into shining silver. The sun has become powerful, pouring down more than summer heat. The awnings have been closed up all over the deck, and under their welcome shade are languidly resting and seemingly engrossed, both male and female, with the Seaside Library. Shoals of flying-fish are sporting around us with a movement that is decidedly a flight and not a leap. The pectoral fins are largely expanded, and a smaller pair springs from the root of the tail. They rise about four or five feet above the water, and often keep on the wing for about 200 yards. The back is a dark shiny purple; underneath, white, and the size varies to about nine inches. They are the favourite breakfast fish in Barbadoes, and are not unlike our perch. So abundant are they on the coast of that island that they may often be bought for almost nothing, especially when the boats come in at sunset instead of the early morning.

But the day has run to its close with marvellous swiftness—a matchless day of calm and restfulness, and the sun, grown to gigantic proportions and a fiery mass, is just touching the wave. There, in exactly two minutes it has sunk out of sight, leaving a dazzling glory of red, underneath a diaphanous cloud of grey, with a region on either side of mackerel clouds that gradually catch up the fiery red of the vanished sun, and rim their grey with the burning hue. Vast masses of gloomy cloud, penetrated here and there with a radiant flame, spread themselves over the whole scene, shaping themselves into high cliffs with frowning battlements and beleaguering hosts; and then into sweet places of holy calm, with ships of azure sailing in amber seas; and again into the lovely gardens of the Hesperides with parterres of gorgeous colouring and stately trees laden with golden fruits till the brilliance grows dim, and dimmer, and at last goes out, leaving a bluey black over all. Then up comes the moon, clear and calm; her blush paling into a shining white as she mounts the heavens, and her rays sparkling on the waters like myriad diamonds. It is a world of enchantment. We marvel not that the spirit of man having lost its God, first found Him, as it thought, in the great orbs of light, and bowed in lowliness and reverent worship when they rose and sank, overawed with the greatness of their majesty and the seeming eternity of their being. They possess a fascinating power that rivets the attention and subdues the feelings and raises the spirit into an atmosphere in which a divinity is felt to move; in which at least the hand of the divinity may be perceived. Happy we! who have "found Him not in world or sun," but in the Word, and have seen the heart of the Almighty God, a fountain of everlasting love, and have learnt the will of the great and glorious Deity concerning us—even our sanctification, glorification. Verily the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork; but verily, verily, the only begotten Son, which is in the bosom of the Father, He hath declared Him; shown Him to the sons of men sinful and deceived—God full of grace and truth.

FIRST SIGHT OF LAND: THE VIRGIN ISLANDS.

Now we are coasting the Virgin Islands, seemingly a hilly country torn to pieces. A ridge of high hills appears as the backbone, from which run out into the sea great ribs of bare rock, cleft everywhere, and forming a border of islands of every shape and size. All of them rise abruptly from the water, showing precipitous cliffs of a thousand colours. Some are huge humps of rocks perfectly bare of verdure; others break up their backs into turrets, and towers and spires of glistening marble, from which, as we pass, myriads of seabirds with snowy breasts rise on lazy pinions of raven black and, with deafening noise, spread themselves over the heavens. A wildness and a loneliness embrace them all; but as we gaze at them this strangeness vanishes, and imagination clothes them with purple heather and bracken and gorse, peoples them with grouse and partridge and pheasant and blackcock, and carries us to a country far away under cloudy skies, yet somehow ever near and sunny—nearest of all lands and sunniest. But they are going—going from our vision; they are gone in the thickness of a sudden tropical shower, or rather waterspout—for such rain! The very windows of heaven seem to have opened, and the waters of the firmament appear bent on uniting again with the waters of the world. The awnings are as muslin, the deck is a rushing river, the sea is a beaten plain, the air is a stifling heat, and the sky is one vast cloud of dense blackness almost touching us. But suddenly, as if at the wave of a magic wand, the torrent is stopped, the darkness is rent into shreds, the mist, rolled up by invisible hands, falls over the horizon, the sun shines forth in the greatness of his might, and St. Croix is before us.

CHURCH SCHOOLS.

MR. EDITOR,—Is there any need of them? Does not our educational system, with its public and high schools, its collegiate institutes and university, give every needed facility? It would seem not. Every leading paper at this season has numerous advertisements of private schools and colleges. The American magazines swarm with them, *Scribner* and the *Century* containing from 100 to 200, and the number of such advertisements is yearly increasing—an indication that we are only beginning to feel what has been long felt by our neighbours.

In both countries there is a common cause. Any public school system must aim at the "greatest good of the greatest number," hence the individuality of the pupil cannot be sufficiently taken into account. This objection holds against any uniform system of education.

But there is another objection, incidental to the system, becoming stronger each year. Too much attention is paid to the few who are preparing for professional examinations. This is detrimental to the many who do not attempt such examinations and who yet have no other test offered them. As a sequence to this, very important studies are slighted because they have no mark value on examination day. This is narrowing education down to a cramming process which can only result in mechanical cleverness and mental deformity. Thought development is superior to mental cram. Although the results may not be soon apparent, yet they are permanent and incomparably more beneficial.

Therefore it seems to me that there is room for and need of private schools. They supplement and broaden the education that our public institutions give and furnish a sphere for individual development which is not afforded by the school. Should these schools be denominational? My own impression is that they should, unless we are prepared to entrust the education of the increasing numbers amongst us, whom circumstances give a choice between public and private schools, to the educational caprice or the financial necessities of individual promoters of private schools and academies. The Roman Catholic Church, with her vigilant care of the young, makes ample provision for this education. The Episcopalian Church is scarcely less careful in this respect. We on the other hand have no school for boys, yet such a school properly situated and efficiently equipped would command a large patronage. We have two colleges for young ladies, one in Ottawa, and the other in Brantford. Coligny, at Ottawa, well deserves the support of our people in that vicinity on account of its brave struggle against the convent schools, which are virtually endowed; and in this struggle we wish it every success.

Brantford, our western college, merits a fuller support from its constituency than it has yet secured. It is vigorously and efficiently conducted under the fostering care of the many-sided pastor of Zion Church and his colleagues. If the Presbyterian Church cannot see her way to endow such institutions at present she should at least give them her full countenance and hearty support in order that her children may be trained in her traditions and retained in her membership while they are completing their education. ALPHA.

LETTER FROM FATHER CHINIQUY.

MR. EDITOR,—Please allow me through your faithful CANADA PRESBYTERIAN to ask my Christian brethren to help me to thank our merciful Heavenly Father for having granted me again to suffer something for His Gospel's sake. Lately when preaching to my countrymen emigrated at Escanaba, State of Michigan, a band of several hundred Roman Catholics was organized with the public object of killing me. They boasted, in private as well as in public, that I would be dead before the end of the week. A well-known murderer, who about a year ago had killed another man, was selected to give me the deadly blow. And the blow I received from him, the 5th of this month, would have surely laid me dead had not the merciful hand of my God protected me then, as in so many other instances. Hails of stones were thrown at me and my hearers, which broke the windows of the hall; and twice fire was set to the lecture room where I was speaking. But, though bruised and wounded many times, I could say with the old prophet, "The Lord is my Shepherd, whom shall I fear?" And I feel strong enough to-day, in spite of my eighty-two years, to go and preach the Gospel to the poor Acadians of the Maritime Province who are still at the feet of the idols of the Pope. However, I do not shut my eyes to the realities of my position. Very soon I will see the end of that mysterious, that marvellous thing which we call Human Life.

But, before going into my grave, I have a new favour to ask from you and from my Christian brethren and sisters who have always taken such a deep interest in the evangelical work in which I am engaged these last thirty years. It has always been my conviction that by the mercy of God, a great deal of good would be done among the Roman Catholic French-speaking people of Canada if my humble works could be published in French. But I have been prevented from doing it till now, by want of means. The publishers want \$3,000 to do that work and this is absolutely above my means.

Am I wrong when I hope that I could find a sufficient number of friends who would gladly give me a helping hand in this good work?

Well, if those friends exist, I ask them in the name of our common Saviour to help me to put those volumes—"Fifty Years in the Church of Rome," "The Priest, the Woman, and the Confessional," "Papal Idolatry," "Manual of Temperance," "A Solemn Question," "The Real Antidote against Auricular Confession," etc., etc.—into the hands of my French-speaking countrymen. My intention is to let those volumes go at such a low price that the poorest among my countrymen will be enabled to get them.

This is probably the last favour I ask from my Christian friends. Oh! Let them not rebuke me! I do not ask my friends and brethren in Christ to come on the terrible battle field, where I am fighting the common foe, and expose their lives as I do almost every day. No! Let them remain in their happy homes, far away from the stones and the sticks which have so often bruised my breast and my head—but let them give me a few of the crumbs which fall from their tables that we may leave behind us after our death, a number of books which, by the mercy of God, will show the errors of Popery to many precious souls who are perishing in the chains of the Pope.

I respectfully ask all the editors of the religious press in Canada, who take an interest in my humble efforts to save my Roman Catholic countrymen, to reproduce this letter as the last favour bestowed on your devoted brother in Christ.

C. CHINIQUY.

St. Anne, Kankakee Co., Illinois.
August 22, 1891.

P.S.—Everyone who will send \$5, and every editor of paper who will reproduce this letter will have a right to all the four or five French volumes. C. C.

Pastor and People.

NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

"Not I, but Christ, be honoured, loved, exalted,
Not I, but Christ, be seen, be known, be heard;
Not I, but Christ, in every look and action,
Not I, but Christ, in every thought and word.

"Not I, but Christ, in lowly, silent labour,
Not I, but Christ, in humble, earnest toil;
Christ, only Christ, no show, no ostentation,
Christ, none but Christ, the gatherer of the spoil.

"Christ, only Christ, no idle word e'er spoken,
Christ, only Christ, no needless, bustling sound,
Christ, only Christ, no self-important bearing,
Christ, only Christ, no trace of 'I' be found.

"Christ, only Christ, ere long will be my vision,
Glory excelling, soon, full soon, I'll see,
Christ, only Christ, my every thought fulfilling,
Christ, only Christ, my all in all to be."

THE EVANGELIZATION OF FRANCE.

The Evangelical Society of Geneva, founded in 1831, is the oldest evangelizing society of the French-speaking countries. It advocates apostolic doctrine as brought to light by the Reformation of the sixteenth century. Though its headquarters are at Geneva, its principal scene of action is France, where its object is to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified, by all the various means in its power. These are:—

First—The circulation of the Holy Scriptures in whole or in part, by its colporteurs, as well as that of other works useful to the spread of Gospel truth.

Second—Placing regular resident pastors or evangelists in localities hitherto unprovided with them.

Third—Preparing and instructing, in its school of theology, young men desirous of entering the ministry.

The first two of these are the means by which the greater part of its special evangelizing work is done.

The colporteurs, scattered throughout nearly fifty departments, put in circulation thousands and hundreds of thousands of almanacs, religious tracts, New Testaments and Bibles, doing thus the work of an evangelist and breaking up the ground for those to come after them. We have at present fifty colporteurs in the field, and in spite of the severity of the last winter, which occasioned much illness and in some cases death, their work was never interrupted, and they continued travelling over vast regions of country, penetrating into the most distant hamlets, stopping at every house and offering the Bible and other religious books to every person they met. By these means appeals to the conscience and Christian exhortation are made far and wide.

Besides those in the French-speaking countries we have agents in Brittany who circulate the Scriptures, translated into their tongue, amongst the ultra-Catholic population of that Province. Others in our possessions in Algeria and Tunis go amongst our numerous colonists there, as well as amongst the native Arab population.

Wherever a religious need, which has not hitherto been met by any evangelical agency, makes itself known, whether it be amongst professing Protestants or amongst Catholics, the committee supplies it by sending to them a pastor or an evangelist, whose mission it is to exercise a Gospel ministry in every sense of the word by preaching, by giving regular religious instruction, by visiting the families and the sick not only in the place where he is resident, but in all the neighbouring districts within his reach. The society's object is not to remain permanently in any place, but to gather together a flock having its own independent life, though at the same time joined to some organized Christian Church, either national or free. In this way the society has founded one hundred and seventeen stations, of which the greater number are now flourishing Churches, each provided with its own pastor, and established generally either in exclusively Catholic or rationalistic districts. We will take a few examples.

Through the ministrations of Pastors Charpiot and Charlier in the department of Saone-et-Loire, a large number of persons have abandoned Romanism and have adopted a living faith. Churches have been formed in several towns and villages, such as Sornay, Brandes, Macon and Chalon. At this latter town our evangelist received a call from the celebrated iron works of the Creusol. A few zealous Protestants, encouraged by our colporteur, joined together and formed a Church, to which were soon added a goodly number of converted Catholics. Week-day and Sunday schools contributed to the religious education of the young, and the members of the Church exerted an evangelistic influence on those around them. The Protestant community here now numbers some five hundred souls. In the department of the Drome, where we have had to make up for the lack of a sufficient number of pastors to meet the needs of the scattered Protestants and to reach the Catholics, our evangelist has been long at work.

A pioneer of the work is the evangelist, M. Vernier, through whose influence about a hundred young men have devoted themselves to the work of the ministry and to that of Christian instruction. Our present agent is M. Serusetat, residing at Chatillon-en-Diois. In the department of Tserre, near Grenoble, several communities have been formed, two of which are composed entirely of converts from Catholicism;

several churches have been built, and at Grenoble itself M. Delaverma is holding popular meetings and working amongst the soldiers in the garrison. At Avignon, Pastor Fontayne is carrying on the same campaign. His field of action is the department of Vaucluse, and with the aid of a magic lantern illustrating Bible scenes, he has carried religious truth into many a village in that region. He has just opened at Avignon itself a reading-room for soldiers which is likely to do much good.

Two other agents are in the south of France, but it is in the west we are doing the greatest work. Our society has helped to found Churches at Chateaufort, St. Jean d'Angely, etc.

One of our principal stations is Aulnay. Here M. Clerc goes from place to place holding meetings. In one of the villages near, the mayor of the place has offered him the use of a hall for this purpose, and himself takes part in the worship. As an acknowledgment of this kind encouragement we have sent him a present of a Bible.

Farther still, in the department of Vienne evangelical schools, founded by us, have been transformed into communal schools, in virtue of the new Public Instruction Act.

M. Eprinard, another of our agents, has been travelling with a horse and cart across the marshes of La Vendee. Returning by the centre of France, we find at Ste. Florine the evangelist Thierry in the midst of an ignorant mining population. His mission is to seek out the scattered Protestants and to gather together the workmen and to teach them to read. He has just opened a mission hall at Brionde, to which persons come who are living at from thirty to forty kilometres distance.

The society has come also to recognize how important it is that our evangelists should be encouraged and strengthened in their work and that they should from time to time be visited and counselled as to the best means of carrying it on, and it has to this end engaged as itinerant evangelist M. Elie Vernier, a pastor well known for his zeal and his knowledge of the religious needs of the country.

Several members of our committee also, as well as of that of M. T. P. Dordier, well known in the "States," visit our stations from time to time. The Evangelical Society has now twelve stations spread over eleven departments, representing about one hundred districts regularly visited and under religious instruction.

Thus with God's help it has contributed in a large measure during the last sixty years to the maintenance and development of the Protestant religion in France. Thousands of Catholics have been brought to a knowledge of the Gospel through its faithful workers, and its usefulness might be increased tenfold, for on all sides requests for its co-operation are being received, were but its resources sufficiently assured. These we hope and expect from God through the agency of Christian friends to whom He has given the means and a desire to help forward his kingdom on earth.—*Rev. A. Decoppet, D.D.*

HOW TO KEEP THE FAITH.

It was part of Paul's solace when he came to die that he had "kept the faith." What did the heroic apostle mean? What the English king meant when he arrogated to himself the title "Defender of the Faith," or what the theologian might mean who should urge his claim to such a title, as founded upon his evidences, his logic, and his acumen? Did Paul conceive the faith as a treasure to be hoarded and guarded? Were his reminiscences so satisfactory because he had hugged the faith to his breast as something so rich that none might hope to take it from him until they had first destroyed him? In his old age, did he congratulate himself upon his fidelity in keeping watch above the faith, committed to him as a trust, from which he had been able to warn all meddlers away? What evidence is there that Paul thought of the faith as a system of abstract truth of which he was a warrior merely? Was not the question of loyalty a personal question to him? The faith was the Christ. The elements of it were not abstractions of the mind but facts of history and experience. To keep the faith was to know and assert the facts which composed it. Paul was a missionary, not a theologian. He looked back upon his life with satisfaction and pardonable complacency, because it had been, from the first day of his surrender to Christ, a constantly-loyal devotion to his Lord, for whom he had "suffered the loss of all things," to know whom and to make Him known had been his one aim. His keeping of the faith had been neither apologetic nor polemic; it had been, rather, a positive and direct service for man, prompted by love, in making known the Christ. In a word he had kept the faith by spreading the faith. With industry, enthusiasm, self-sacrifice, he had gone everywhere, heralding the Christ the Saviour of men. The longer he had done this, the less likely his own faith's decline. The more he wrought, the less possibility that he would waver. The vitality, the increase of his own fellowship with Christ, had been preserved and promoted by the exercise of his apostleship. Because he had laboured so ardently, the faith of other men in the Gospel had flourished so abundantly. As a recognized force and factor in the life of man, that Gospel had never been so strong in the world as when Paul, in Rome, could say: "I have kept the faith." He had wrought by love; and the very movement of the faith, active in him, had kept it pure and made it great. It is the flowing stream that is ever clearing itself, the moving waters that win tribu-

tary streams. The way to keep the faith is to spread the faith; the way to enlarge the faith is to scatter the faith abroad. "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty," is a proverb as applicable to truth as to corn or money. The believing ages of the Church have been the missionary epochs of her history. The missionary, the evangelist, the herald of the Christ of every order, or in none—these are the true defenders of the faith. When they cease their aggressive labours, the faith must wane. It is a truth for the humblest disciple, as well as for the wisest scholar in the things of Christ. The way to keep the faith is to spread the faith.—*Christian Enquirer.*

THE WONDERFUL BOOK.

The Bible has attained its present supremacy in the world of literature by a conflict that is without a parallel in the history of written and printed volumes. It is the only book on earth which is printed in hundreds of languages and dialects. It is the only book on earth for which languages are invented, that it may be read where written and printed works were previously unknown. It is the only book on earth which has been printed by hundreds of millions, and is now being multiplied by thousands every day, and by millions every year. It is the only book on earth for the translation of which holy men have been hunted like wild beasts until they were captured and burned alive. It is the only book on earth for the reading of which thousands of believers have suffered the spoiling of their goods, banishment from their homes, imprisonment in filthy dungeons, and then death amid the flames. Its harmless conflict with unbelieving science is scarcely worthy of being noted, compared with its bloody conflict with the Church of Rome—the corrupt Christianity of millions. But the Bible has triumphed over every principality and power. Nowhere is its triumph greater than in the English-speaking world. It is the Bible that gives us what is purest, best, and strongest in the language which is the only conquering language in either the Old World or the New. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth, but the Word of our God shall stand forever.—*New York Observer.*

NO LABOUR LOST.

To true workers in any well-chosen field the words of Jesus, "One soweth and another reapeth," afford a very comforting thought. How often ministers of the Gospel, and other workers in Gospel fields, seem to labour in vain. They work hard and pray much, and see but little fruit of their labour. But their labour shall not be lost. They have planted, and, sometimes, through others, the fruit will appear. God will yet give the increase.

The Sabbath school teacher goes to his or her class every Sabbath with an earnest and consecrated heart, telling the old story of Jesus and the cross, apparently without results. All workers for Christ and in every good cause are sowing the seed which will in time be harvested by God's reapers. We may seem not to accomplish much, but what we do will tell on others and will tell in eternity. Let us remember, however, that if the fruits of "well-doing" remain to benefit and bless, the fruits of "wrong doing" will remain, to harm those who shall come after us. Let us strive, then, to fulfil life's great purpose by working for God and human good, and so leave behind us fruit which will abide to bless and not curse the world.

LITTLE ENEMIES.

Nothing impure or unholy can enter the heavenly home of the saints. The saints are free from little sins, as well as larger ones. They are cleansed from all sin, and freed from any love of evil.

Sin eats, as doth a canker, with the result that the sinner is usually unsymmetrical in character. Deficiencies mark the course of sin in him. Christian purity does not at once remove these defects and replace them with the proper graces, but divine grace begins at once a work of reconstruction which in time accomplishes wonderful results.

Little errors in judgment often sadly hinder the successful issue of good purposes. But "if any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not." The mature Christian does not become infallible, but he does become wise, and with his growth in grace becomes freer from little errors in judgment.

Little sins, little defects in character, little errors in judgment, little things done and said and thought, little things omitted—these are the little enemies. Little foxes spoil the vineyard. Dead flies spoil the ointment. How great a matter a little fire kindleth!

These enemies may be conquered. It cannot be done in an hour or a day, or a year. This is a campaign that will last longer than "all summer." But it is worth the lifelong struggle it will cost; for by the grace of God we may thereby become worthy of our crown and palm, and at the same time will have been best able to help others on in the good way.

How shall these enemies be discovered and conquered? Often they lie concealed, or openly pass as friends. "By their fruits ye shall know them." "My grace is sufficient for thee." Let there be a heartfelt desire and purpose to be rid of these enemies, and the soldier will be cheered from time to time by conscious victory.—*Rev. E. G. Sanderson.*

Our Young Folks.

GOD'S EARS.

"Mother, will the Saviour hear
Such a little child as I?
He'll not heed my prayer I fear;
All my vain and feeble cry.

"Will he stoop, mamma, to see
While I humbly kneel to Him?
Will He notice little me
When I say my evening hymn?"

"He both hears and sees, my boy,
When you kneel to Him in prayer;
All my darling's grief and joy
He is ever pleased to share.

"Then ne'er think He will not hear
E'en your faintest whisper, love;
He will lend attentive ear;
Every prayer is heard above.

"Never fail in joy or woe,
Jesus' ready aid to crave;
He will loving kindness show,
And my child in mercy save."

MOTHER'S INFLUENCE.

Writing in the *Princess* of a mother who, though "no angel," was "a dearer being, all dipt in angel instincts, breathing Paradise," Tennyson exclaims:—

Happy he
With such a mother I faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and though he trip and fall,
He shall not bind his soul with clay.

The poet's thought is illustrated by a little story told by the Rev. Joshua Cooke in an article on the mule-deer, contributed to "The Big Game of North America."

The clergyman's oldest son, a ranchman in Oregon, stands six feet and an inch in his stockings, and is a powerful man, a good shot, a fine hunter, warm-hearted and generous. One day a fellow-ranchman came to his cabin, and said:—

"Mr. Cooke, my old mother is dead. She was a Christian woman, and I don't want to put her in the ground like the cattle we bury. There isn't a minister within thirty miles, your father is a minister, you have taught in our Sabbath school. Would you come and say a word over my mother?"

It was a new experience; the big boy thought a moment, and then said:—

"Whitehead, I never did anything of the kind, but if it was my mother—and I have one whom I worship—I should feel as you do. Your mother sha'n't be buried like a dog. I'll come."

Afterward he wrote to his father:—

"I recalled the words I had so often heard you pronounce over the dead. All alone I read a passage of Scripture, sang a verse of a hymn, said a short prayer, said the 'dust to dust,' and all was over. It was a tight place, father; all the men and women of the valley were there; but I thought of mother and it carried me through."

A rough young ranchman said to this son one day. "Bates, we notice that you will take part with us in our sports up to a certain point, and then you stop. We wonder why."

"Jerry," he answered, "when I left home I made up my mind to go nowhere and take part in nothing that would displease my mother."

LITTLE JOE'S GIFT.

Grandpa and Grandma Stebbins had the Bible in their home, but they seldom read it. It lays upon an upper shelf, and the dust was often allowed to collect upon it. They were so intent upon gathering together this world's goods that they found little time to think of the world to come. Joe, their little grandson, was a brave little boy and they laid by every cent they could spare in order that they might educate him. It was for Joe that they toiled early and late. When he first went to the district school, how proud the old couple were of the reports of his behaviour! No boy gave less trouble to his teacher, nor was more loved by her.

This teacher was a Christian and she told him about Jesus and the boy's tender heart was touched, and that evening he ran all the way home in his haste to tell grandpa and grandma the story. The aged parents had long been familiar with it, and they listened, not untouched by the boy's enthusiasm.

Joe kept the story in his heart and pondered often of the blessed Jesus who died for sinners.

While Grandpa Stebbins was never idle, yet he had not prospered as many another and his heart hardened as he thought of what he would, but could not, do for his boy. When vacation came, Joe, who was bright and active in word as well as study, said:—

"Grandpa, I am not too young to lend a hand."

So, when grandpa went to the woods with his axe to hew down trees, Joe went down, too, determined to help. The old man was proud enough of the little man who ran by his side, and grandma, as she watched their departing forms from the window, smiled as she resumed her knitting a pair of warm stockings for Joe.

Grandpa never could tell how it happened, but when the

oak at which he was hewing fell, Joe fell too, crushed beneath its trunk. One leg must be taken off, the surgeon said, and the little fellow clung to grandma's neck, striving vainly to smother the sobs that shook his frame.

It was a sad household and Joe, as he lay upon his bed, strove vainly to cheer the hearts of his grand-parents. "Don't cry, grandma," he would say; "I can get around on one leg and there is lots of things a boy with one leg can do."

He made a rule to speak to them each day of Jesus. In his sufferings the dear Lord was very near to him and he thought often and wonderingly of the life and death of the Saviour.

One day his teacher brought him a mission paper and in it was the story of a child who worshipped idols and when told of Jesus wept for joy and said, "Tell father, too," and turning from the wooden image, he bowed his knee to the living Jesus.

Joe's form daily wasted and his dear ones saw that his earthly life was short. "Grandpa," he said one day, "have I cost you much?" The old man hid his face and sobbed. "I want to know, grandpa," Joe continued, "just how much I cost a year."

"Not much, my boy, not much; not more than one hundred dollars."

"Well, grandpa, I am going home soon, and I want you to give that money to some other boys to teach them of Jesus, that they may come to the same home where I am going."

Grandpa sobbed "yes," and the boy, stroking the white hairs of his head, said: "Won't you and grandma come too?"

This is how Joe performed his work for missions, and brought his grandparents into the kingdom.

Soon the wasted form was laid to rest, but the old couple never forgot their promise to little Joe. The Bible was brought down from the shelf, and each year into the mission fund there came the offering of one hundred dollars, bearing the words "Little Joe's Gift."

A DAY VISION.

On a recent beautiful morning I stood with nature's green carpet spread before me. Just at hand I beheld a small plot of flowers, of purple and scarlet, contrasting beautifully with the green and producing an effect unequalled by human skill. Looking a little further, I saw another object, that at once fixed my attention. Two blades of grass crossed each other near their points, and in the crossing sat a dewdrop. As the rays of the sun fell upon it, a sparkling white light struck the eye, more brilliant than gem of bridal ring or royal coronet. Turning my head so as to change the angle of vision, it assumed the colour of the ruby and shone with a red light. Again it changed to emerald, then to yellow, like the topaz. As I continued to gaze at it, the points of a star shot out from all sides of it, giving it the appearance of a red gem of the sky, with a dark centre. Just then a gentle zephyr stirred the grass and it twinkled like a veritable star in the heavens, and I could but admire and adore.

My thought was, if the Great Infinite condescends to bestow such care and show such skill upon a drop of dew, which would perish in an hour, will He not care for me and beautify me with His salvation who am of more value than many drops of dew?

A SWEET STORY.

I was once in Central Park, in New York, and stood watching the children take their donkey rides. A very poor looking but neatly-dressed woman, with a pale little girl who walked with a crutch, was also looking on at the riders. Two nicely-dressed little girls had just dismounted from their long-eared steed, and I saw them glance at the lame child, and whisper eagerly to their father. The gentleman approached the poor woman, and lifting his hat politely, said: "My little girls are anxious to enjoy the pleasure of giving your daughter a ride." The lame child's pale face flushed crimson with surprise and pleasure; and the poor woman look equally delighted. The child was soon in the saddle, and went twice over the course. Meantime her entertainers were whispering together, and when she was taken down the elder sister went up to her, and slyly slipped into her hand a box of candy. I daresay those little girls have forgotten their act of kindness by this time; but I do not believe the child or her mother have forgotten it, or ever will. The pleasures we prepare for ourselves fade and perish. The good and kind actions we do for others last to all eternity.

AN IMPORTANT SUBJECT.

The subject of health. Good health depends upon good food. It is not what we eat that nourishes the body, but what we digest. To study what we eat and why we eat is important. It was by eating the wrong food that the curse came upon mankind at first. Thousands are miserable with indigestion and dyspepsia from eating the wrong kind of food now. Some eat the same kind of food in hot weather that they do in cold weather, and consequently they suffer and are cast out of the paradise of health. It is always safe to eat Desiccated Wheat, but be sure you get the proper article with the name and trade mark of the Ireland National Food Co. (Ltd.) on the package.

Sabbath School Teacher.

INTERNATIONAL LESSONS.

CHRIST AND THE BLIND MAN.

[John 9:1-41.]

GOLDEN TEXT. One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.—JOHN ix. 25.

INTRODUCTORY.

Though the Pharisees found fault with Jesus because some of His miracles of healing were performed on the Sabbath day, He did not alter His method of working in deference to their prejudices, real or affected. He did what was right without regarding what construction malignant enmity might put upon His actions. It was on a Sabbath day soon after the incident of last lesson occurred that Jesus met the man who was born blind and gave to him the precious blessing of sight.

I. The Blind Man.—Blindness is a much more common affliction in eastern than in western countries. The climate has much to do with the prevalence of this sad malady. The sudden changes of temperature and the consequent great variation of the light's intensity is trying to the eyes, as are also the fierce glare of the sunlight and the fine particles of dust almost continually floating in the air. The man whose case is mentioned in this passage had been born blind. In all the other recorded cases of miraculous restoration of sight this is the only instance given of one who had been blind from his birth. It is said that ophthalmic skill cannot cure this defect. The miracle is therefore all the greater in this instance. Jesus saw the man. He may have been looking intently at him. The appearance of the blind man prompted the disciples to ask: "Master, who did sin, this man or his parents, that he was born blind?" It was a common belief among the Jews that special forms of suffering were the immediate punishment of special forms of sin. They therefore concluded that the blindness of this man must be directly traceable to either his own or his parents' sin. Here, however, was a difficulty they could not well get over. The man had been blind from his birth, and they could not understand why punishment should fall upon a man before he could be responsible for his actions. On the other hand, if it was for the sin of his parents, then why should the severity of the punishment fall upon him? It is true that all suffering is caused by sin. It is also true that special sins entail special punishments, but it is not for us in every case to apply the general principle, because we do not know the facts and we might grievously misinterpret God's dealings, as the disciples were in danger of doing in the present instance. In reply to their question Jesus tells the disciples that "Neither hath this man sinned, nor his parents." That means that they were not sinless, absolutely free from sin, for with the sole exception of Jesus Himself no member of the human family is without sin, "for we have all sinned and come short of the glory of God." It means that it was not because of any special sin either on the man's part or that of his parents that this sad affliction had befallen him. It had a more gracious and merciful purpose, "that the works of God should be made manifest in him." God who brings light out of darkness, order out of confusion, and who makes the wrath of man to praise Him, can overrule the afflictions of men to their highest good, and to His own glory. This miracle that Jesus wrought is a clear instance of this. He adds: "I must work the works of Him that sent Me while it is day, the night cometh when no man can work." This was a proverbial expression, indicating that every opportunity brings its appropriate duty, which ought to be attended to at the proper time. Day is the time for work. If the work is not done night comes and puts an end to the opportunity. Christ's working day on earth was drawing near to its close. He was intent on doing the will of the Father who sent Him while opportunity offered. Again Jesus appropriately repeats the declaration concerning Himself, "I am the Light of the world." He came to give sight to the blind. He has come to dispel the darkness of ignorance, of sin and of sorrow. He is the true Light, the Sun of Righteousness. In His light only can we see light clearly.

II. The Blind Man Receives His Sight.—Most of the miracles wrought by Christ were accomplished without the use of outward means. His word of power was sufficient. In this case outward means were used, but utterly inadequate to effect so great a change as the giving of sight to a man that had been born blind. Jesus spat on the ground, and the moistened clay was applied to the eyes of the patient. He was then told to go to the Pool of Siloam and wash. In all cases where Christ had exercised His miraculous powers of healing, faith on the part of the recipient was a necessary element. It may have been necessary to anoint the eyes of the man with clay to put him in the expectant frame of mind in which faith might have room for exercise, and the obvious inadequacy of the means used would at once convince spectators of the divine power exercised in the gift of sight. Sending him to wash in the Pool of Siloam was a test of the man's faith and obedience. Having followed Christ's instructions he came back from the Pool seeing. What a blessed change he had experienced! His neighbours and the people generally who knew him at once noticed the change, and expressed their astonishment, and began to dispute over it. Those who knew him best had no doubt as to his identity. Some said: "This is he;" others said: "he is like him." The man himself settles this controversy by declaring: "I am he." This led to animated enquiry and something like official investigation. When the man and his parents were examined and the facts of the case established beyond possibility of doubt, the officials were anxious to find in this cure wrought on the Sabbath day a ground of accusation against Christ, but the facts were against them, so for the present they have to content themselves with turning the cured man out of the synagogue.

III. The Man whose Sight was Restored Finds the Saviour.—Jesus had at first found the man in his misery. He again finds him in his perplexity. He now pointedly puts the question to him: "Dost thou believe on the Son of God?" The man may have heard of Jesus and some of the wonderful works He had done, but up to that moment he had no distinct idea of who his benefactor really was. The man on whom this miracle of healing had been wrought was in a candid and open frame of mind. The erroneous aspersions of the Pharisees had not perverted his spiritual vision, so with all candour he asks: "Who is he, Lord, that I might believe on Him?" This was the first opportunity the man had of looking on the face of Jesus. The voice he may have recognized, but this was the first time he had seen Him. This direct and sincere question is answered with equal directness: "Thou hast both seen Him, and it is He that talketh with thee." This is enough. As the Son of God the man acknowledges Jesus, rests on Him for salvation and worships Him as God. He receives Him as the divine Saviour, who is able to save unto the uttermost all that come unto God by Him.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

All by nature are spiritually blind, and sin only makes the blindness more intense. For this spiritual blindness there is no human cure.

Christ, who is the Light of the world, can cure even the worst case of spiritual blindness.

Those whom Christ enlightens are conscious of the blessed change. Others also are able to see its effects.

Salvation implies a personal application to the son of God. To every sincere seeker He reveals Himself, "It is He that talketh with thee."

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The Canada Presbyterian.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1891.

FROM 1880 to 1890 the population of the United States increased twenty four per cent. During the same decade the membership of the Presbyterian Church, North, increased over thirty-four per cent. And yet there are people who say this age is too much advanced to believe Calvinistic doctrine. If the Americans are not an advancing people, we should like to know who are.

A PASTOR who writes to one of our exchanges would like to know if it is worth while to go on preaching. There are so many societies and associations of one kind and another around him who think they know better than he does what he ought to preach, that he has or seems to have an idea that he should give up his pulpit and let them take possession of it. The same idea may have suggested itself to many pastors. If there are so many people around, many of them youthful and inexperienced, who know better than a minister what he ought to say in the pulpit and how he ought to say it, why not let them try? Sensible congregations might object, however, to the change.

THE International Congregational Council recently held in London, for which most elaborate preparations were made, fail to meet the expectations of many because there was too much on the programme. Lengthy papers on many questions were read but there was no time to discuss them. The meeting suffered from congestion. About nine out of every ten ecclesiastical meetings suffer in the same way. There is too much on the programme and by trying to do too much the promoters often fail in doing anything well. The programme of an ordinary conference or convention often has matter enough on it for a fortnight's discussion. There is often barely time to hear the paper read and when the time comes for discussion—the most interesting part—the meeting hurries on to the next topic. A gathering of that kind should be called a meeting to hear essays.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR ROYAL is reported to have made the following candid statement to a French-Canadian paper:—

Canada is a mixed country, inhabited by populations of different races and creeds. Catholics are in a minority, but where, I pray, will you find in the whole world—note well, that I say in the whole world—where will you find a country where the Catholic religion is more respected, enjoys more true liberty, and is more free from obstacles of any kind than in Canada?

There is no country in "the whole world" in which Roman Catholics and every other class enjoy more freedom than in Canada. Catholics have much better government here than they enjoy in any Catholic country in the world, and that is one strong reason why they should not seek to enjoy advantages not enjoyed by other Canadian citizens. Protestants also give Catholics better government than they could get from their own people and should not be threatened with the "Catholic vote."

THOSE exclusive people who consider the presence of reporters at church meetings an intrusion should ponder the following from the *Herald and Presbyterian*:—

It is not often that the utterances of these priests are reported. Occasionally they are. What we hear is a sample of what they are pressing upon their people continually, in sermon and confessional, in public and in private. A week or so ago, at a corner-stone laying on Mount Adams, Cincinnati, an address was made by a priest, Mackey by name, in which he told his hearers that intelligence and vice go together, that there are six times the number of criminals in prison where the public school system prevails as where the "parental and religious" system prevails. Ohio, in particular, is in great danger because of her public school system, and he professed to give facts and figures to prove his statements.

What a grand thing it would be for this Canada of ours if we could have a *verbatim* report of the doings and sayings of the Hierarchy of Quebec when a line of action is marked out for the Church in things political. Daylight would soon destroy the corporate vote.

A PROMINENT American journal, the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, has this to say about Spurgeon's illness:—

It seems strange to read daily bulletins of the health of Preacher Spurgeon, who has not been heard of (until he grew ill) for a quarter of a century. He preached some most commendable sermons. One of his finest—one that made a record—was known as the "Maelstrom Sermon." He described the tortures of a ship and its crew which had been drawn into the "wild swirl" of the Norwegian maelstrom, and then sucked down to death, and likened the process to what was in store for the ordinary sinner. It was a magnificent piece of work; but, as everybody soon found out that there never was any maelstrom, it did not seem to trouble the sinner.

Without knowing the facts we venture to say that the *Enquirer* is in its own opinion a thorough judge of orthodoxy, that it vigorously and persistently denounces "heresy hunting," that it takes the side of the defendant in every heresy trial, and that it is a thorough going champion of Briggs and the Higher Criticism. And yet it has not heard of Spurgeon for twenty-five years.

HERE is an object-lesson from Chicago, which we clip from the *Interior*. The moral of the lesson seems to be that reputable citizens should take an interest in municipal government:—

Six thousand saloons in Chicago! Three million dollars revenue every year! What a splendid exhibit! On the other hand, 6,000 saloons, or one for every 200 people; one for every forty families; one for every thirty voters. That means ten saloons to every school; fifteen saloons to every church. It means 6,000 saloons with an average of three votes apiece assured—counting proprietor, bartender, and roustabout. Is it not reasonable to suppose that each saloon controls seven votes more, making ten in all, or a total of 60,000 saloon voters in Chicago, where there are but 172,353 in total? The wisest kind of prohibition of which we have heard is that advocated by Dr. Herrick Johnson in *Voice*. He calls for every friend of temperance to ignore minor differences of opinion and rally to the overthrow of open dram-shops. The foregoing object lesson should arouse many to his call. We are with him.

If the saloons control 60,000 votes they control the city. That is one thing clear. Many good citizens forget to go to the polls and some voters consider themselves too pious to exercise the franchise, but the saloon men may always be depended on to vote early and as often as they get a chance.

FOR a highly congested programme commend us to the typical tea meeting. Two or three times as many speakers as are needed are usually invited. Of course they all have to be asked to speak or some of them are sure to be offended. A few always need about half-an-hour to inform the meeting they have nothing to say. Then there must always be a certain amount of singing and a long time taken at the end for votes of thanks. The one thing above all others that people who conduct meetings need to learn is that in almost any kind of a meeting *quality* is of more importance than length. One good speech of half-an-hour is worth much more than half-a-dozen poor ones. One well-written suggestive paper thoroughly discussed may do more good than a dozen rapidly read and hurried through without discussion. Many people are beginning to think that our modern religious life calls for too many meetings. Whether it does or not depends largely on what kind of meetings they are. A meeting may be a tonic or it may be pure waste of time. In some instances the time is worse than wasted. The season for meetings of one kind and another is again at hand. An heroic attempt to take something from the length of many and improve their quality would help our Church life not a little.

DR. JOSEPH PARKER offers to supply vacancies in the Congregational Church in England and to find work for unemployed ministers and to do the work better than the people do it themselves. No doubt he could. That is to say he could do it much better in individual cases. A man with much less genius and business ability than Dr. Parker could easily select a better pastor for some congregations than they do for themselves. Many a congregation hears a large number of preachers and selects one of the weakest of the lot. It is often amusing to compare the career of some of the rejected candidates with the career of the man the people call. The man called sometimes proves the flattest of failures, while some of those not called turn out useful and able ministers. The real question however is not whether in occasional cases

the decision of the people is erroneous. The real question is whether over a wide area and during a long period of time as suitable pastors are selected by the people as in any other way. Isolated cases prove nothing either way. Dr. Parker seems to be of the opinion that the system has completely broken down in England. In Scotland a strong hand is being laid on what is called "competitive preaching." Doubtless the spectacle of sixty or seventy ministers of Christ exhibiting their preaching powers in the pulpit is degrading to the ministry and spiritually injurious to the people. Who can suggest some better way?

SOME of the explanations given by the friends of Dr. Briggs of the action of the Assembly in refusing to confirm the Doctor's election are very uncomplimentary to the Assembly. "Dr. Roberts packed the Committee" says one. "That was wicked of Dr. Roberts if he did it, but what is the world to think of 500 ministers and elders who allowed themselves to be influenced by a packed Committee." "It was all owing to the influence of Patton" says another. Well, a General Assembly that allows any one man to pull it by the nose is a miserably poor body of men. To be vetoed by such a body is a much higher honour than to have one's election confirmed by it. If Dr. Briggs is the great scholar his friends say, he should be thankful he is delivered from the control of any five hundred men that can be unduly influenced by one of their number. A General Assembly composed of a lot of sheep ready to jump after any bell wether is a poor affair. Criticism of that kind is not complimentary to Dr. Patton, and it is very rough on the Assembly. We don't believe Dr. Patton wished to influence the Assembly unduly and we do not believe he could have done so even if he had so desired. Nobody in our day pays much attention to the decision of a body if he knows the body is controlled by one or two men no matter how distinguished the men may be. Every man has his defects, and the moment a decision is supposed to be his, the defects come up in one's mind and destroy the weight of the decision. If the refusal to confirm the transference of Dr. Briggs was merely the work of a scheming clerk or of the president of a rival institution what thinking man would attach any importance to it?

THE SABBATH REST.

A FEW weeks ago reference was made to the Bill introduced by Mr. Charlton in the House of Commons for the purpose of securing necessary safeguards for the maintenance in Canada of the Christian Sabbath. Steady and persistent attacks on the integrity of the sacred day elsewhere emphasize the need of vigilance, if one of the institutions of Christian civilization is to be preserved and its blessings enjoyed. Some time since a phase of the Sabbath question was eagerly discussed in the city of New York. The Metropolitan Museum of Art is a great attraction to large numbers and properly so. It is in its place an educative influence, and has in consequence a measure of support from the public funds. Those who are active in their antagonism to a quietly spent Sabbath, with no little astuteness, selected this institution as one that it was desirable to open on Sabbath. The argument in favour of this move was twofold. The toiling masses had no opportunity of visiting the Museum of Art, except on Sabbath; therefore, it should be kept open on that day. It was an institution partially kept up out of the taxes of the people; therefore, they had a right to visit it on Sabbath if they so desired. Most of the leading newspapers urged the Sunday opening of the Museum. There was one honourable exception in the ranks of the secular press, the *Journal of Commerce*, which has consistently advocated the proper observance of the Sabbath in a community many of whom make no difference between the first and any other day of the week.

It is marvellous how philanthropic certain people become when proposals are made in any way to secularize the Sabbath. They exude with considerate affection for the working people whose labour confines them to factory and workshop, from Monday morning till Saturday evening, and then they benevolently desire that the Lord's Day should be given them for recreation and amusement. The working classes are not so enthusiastic in these movements as are their self-appointed friends. In the name of the working people the Metropolitan Museum of Art was opened on Sabbath but the typical American workingmen do not patronize it

on that day. The attendance at first was large, but, after the novelty had worn off, there was a marked diminution in the number of visitors and now, it is said, that it is composed chiefly of foreign artisans and labourers who have come from lands where it has been largely the custom to make the Sabbath a holiday. In all assaults on the Sabbath Day the interests of the masses are strenuously urged, but that class begin to see that their true interests lie in the opposite direction.

But then does the paying of taxes form a just ground for the violation of the moral law? Could many people be found to advocate a relaxation of any other of the Ten Commandments except the Fourth? With many, perhaps with most people, the pecuniary argument may be very powerful, but in the light of higher reason and morality it counts for little. Because a class of people holding certain views pay taxes, is that a reason why the law should be framed in such a manner that they may be permitted to transgress with impunity? Again, those who know the value to the community of a well-kept Sabbath cannot passively assent to the permission of practices fraught with injury and danger to the public weal.

Those who thoughtfully give attention to the matter of Sabbath observance foresee consequences that its opponents carefully keep out of sight. These latter cautiously and plausibly suggest what appear to be slight modifications of the stringency of existing Sabbath laws, and when these are secured they advance more boldly in their assaults. If a few more concessions are made it is as certain as any future event can be that in a few years all distinction between Sabbath and week days will have well-nigh disappeared. The demand for seven days' work will ere long be heard. The down-rush needs only a beginning. No sooner had the advocates of the Sabbath opening of the Museum of Art in New York gained their object than they set about obtaining another concession. This time they are agitating for the delivery of letters on Sabbath, and it is significant of what is to be expected that one of these gentlemen when asked: "Suppose that a letter-carrier should object to working on Sunday?" gave answer quick and sharp: "Then let him find something else to do." The amount of Sabbath labour now carried on is very great, and if the present indifference to the gradual and stealthy encroachments made upon man's precious, God-given heritage continues, many may awake too late to perceive that they have been robbed of what is one of God's best boons this side heaven to mankind—the sacred day of weekly rest.

THE GERMAN INNER MISSION.

WE are familiar with the term Home Mission and we know what it means. In Germany Evangelical Christians have established an institution named the Inner Mission, that is exercising a wonderful power for good wherever its influence extends. It is of the nature of our Home Mission, but it is much more extensive, much more comprehensive. The two institutions have a common object—to care for and gather in the neglected, including the objects of the Church's neglect in the past, and those who have through indifference or through voluntary estrangement ceased to take any interest in practical religion. Both missions also seek to win to the Gospel those who have reached a condition of avowed antagonism to all religion. The aim of the German mission in addition to this is to combat and eradicate if possible the anti-Christian tendencies that are clearly visible in the social and industrial life of the Fatherland as well as in most other nationalities. This can readily be understood when it is remembered that one of the most active supporters of the Inner Mission, and especially this distinctive part of its work, is Court-Preacher Stöcker, who first came into outside prominence at least as the leader of the anti-Semitic movement in Germany.

It is true that this prominent Prussian preacher is looked upon as reactionary in some of his views, and may therefore be thought to be out of sympathy with many of the class it is the purpose of the Inner Mission to reach and favourably impress. Making all allowance, however, for wide divergence of view between Court-Preacher Stöcker and the masses, he is nevertheless a man of pronounced evangelical belief and endowed with a strong personality. He is earnest, straightforward and direct in his methods. Even though in some respects less sympathetic than others who aid the movement, he commands a measure of respect that may not always be accorded to men of more pliant na-

ture. The measure of favour accorded the Inner Mission and the great amount of good already accomplished by it shows that a lofty and true purpose seeking by practical ways to benefit others does not entirely depend for success on identity of opinion.

In accordance with the clannish feeling—strong among the Germans—their earlier mission efforts in the present century were made in behalf of their fellow-countrymen who in scattered groups had taken up their abode in Roman Catholic countries. To help these especially the Gustavus Adolphus Society was founded in 1832. It has since then attained to large proportions, now numbering forty-four principal and 1,762 local branches. Though its chief efforts are directed to the benefit of adherents of the Lutheran Church, it aids Protestants generally. Some who consider its scope too extended confine their attention to those who have more immediate claims on the Lutheran Church. It builds churches and helps to maintain ordinances among a people too few and poor to bear the entire cost themselves. Schools, both Sabbath and week-day, are maintained by its help, and pastors are trained for the ministry among their kinsmen who have gone beyond sea. Not a few evangelical Lutheran ministers in America have been trained for service by the aid of the Gustavus Adolphus Society and kindred institutions. A theological school has been instituted in Schleswig mainly for the purpose of educating young men for the ministry among their fellow-countrymen on this continent.

The work of city missions has within the last few years been taken up with energy and carried on with vigour and system. The State Church is in many instances apathetic to the requirements of the growing population of the large cities, and the increase in the ranks of the lapsed masses. German parliamentarians are evidently more disposed to vote great sums for the maintenance of vast military and naval armaments than for the moral and spiritual welfare of the masses. The Christian people of Berlin undertook to do the work that the authorities declined, and in consequence an admirably-conducted system of city mission work has been carried on for the last few years with most encouraging results. If the Church looks on and bewails the growing apathy of the masses to religion and does nothing, then infidelity and active hostility to Christianity will inevitably grow stronger. On the other hand, if the Church resolutely undertakes to deal directly with the class that is becoming estranged, then it is seen that, as with all true and well-meant effort, it is certain to produce satisfactory results. The movement begun ten years ago in Berlin has spread to all the more important towns in Germany, and the amount of good done is most encouraging. Mission houses have been built or secured, schools have been established, the cities are mapped into districts, house-to-house visitation is steadily kept up, and prayer-meetings are regularly held. All this is carried on independent of the Churches, yet in no spirit of antagonism to them, the purpose being to bring back the wanderers to the shelter of the sheepfold.

In connection with this work the early labours of Wichern and Fliedner, in instituting homes for deacons and deaconesses, have been carried out and largely extended. These resuscitated orders devote themselves to Christian work in reformatory schools, orphanages, hospitals, refuges for the unemployed, in prisons and among those whose sentences have expired. In this necessitous and varied field of labour they are making their influence felt. The visible results are said to be highly encouraging, but who can estimate the moral value of sincere and self-denying work among these friendless ones who for the most part are habitually familiar with the darker side of human existence?

In Germany effort is more largely directed than ever before to the advancement of those social reforms with which we have been long more or less familiar. Sabbath observance, temperance, the diffusion of wholesome Christian literature and benevolent work generally receive a larger measure of support than was usually accorded them by the German people. There may be national peculiarities and the necessity for special adaptation, but the great work of evangelizing the masses is the same in all lands, and the agencies by which it is to be promoted are akin. Workers in all lands are encouraged when they hear of the methods, the enthusiasm, and the success of their brethren in the fields respectively occupied by them. There is a real unity among all Christian workers everywhere, and the actual need of this time and throughout Christendom is the practical exemplification in the lives of the people of the religious convictions they profess.

Books and Magazines.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. (Boston: Littell & Co.)—This indispensable weekly continues to present its readers with the best current literature of the day.

OUR LITTLE FOLKS AND THE NURSERY. (Boston: The Russell Publishing Co.)—One of the handsomest and best of monthlies published in the interest of the little folks.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE. (New York: Harper & Brothers.)—With the weekly issue of this splendid magazine for youthful readers, none can complain that their literary wants are not fully provided for. Its contents are varied, instructive, entertaining and handsomely illustrated.

ST NICHOLAS. (New York: The Century Co.)—Many of the contents of the September number have a timely interest. They are varied as to subject, but all interesting to the large class of readers to whom they are presented. Writers of special adaptation and of eminence are among the contributors, and the illustrations are singularly beautiful and finely finished.

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE. (Toronto: William Briggs.)—The illustrated papers in the September number are, "Through the Hungarian Plain," by John Szeklay; "Locarno and its Valleys," by J. Hardmeyer; and "Over the Cottian Alps—the Mont Cenis Route," by V. Barbier. There are several other papers of interest, among them one on Deaconesses, and another "A Nova Scotia Missionary among the Cannibals," by Miss Tweedie, giving an account of the life and labours of Dr. Geddie in the New Hebrides.

THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. (Boston: The Curtis Publishing Co.)—There is always a freshness about the *Ladies' Home Journal*, and a perfect knowledge displayed of woman's best wants at every season of the year. That so many thousands of women should find it the best magazine published in their interests is not strange. The *Journal* is wide awake; it employs the best pens; it understands what women want, and it is never weak; it has a way of entering right into the daily life of a woman, and appeals to her every mood, every joy and every perplexity. It is the best authority on everything appertaining to woman to day, and its September number gives evidence that it is getting stronger with each issue.

THE ARENA. (Boston: The Arena Publishing Co.)—The September *Arena* is a remarkably attractive issue of this justly popular review, as will be seen by glancing at the following table of contents: Frontispiece, Rev. George C. Lorimer. "The Newer Heresies," by Rev. George C. Lorimer, D.D.; "Harvest and Labourers in the Psychological Field," by F. W. H. Meyer, of Cambridge, England; "Fashion's Slaves," a discussion of woman's dress, with three full-page photogravures and over twenty smaller pictures, by B. O. Flower. "Un-American Tendencies," by Rev. Carlos Martyn, D.D.; "Extrinsic Significance of Constitutional Government in Japan," by Kuma Oishi, M.A.; "The Pope on Labour," by Thomas B. Preston; "The Austrian Postal Banking System," by Sylvester Baxter; "Inter-Migration," by Rabbi Solomon Schindler; "He Came and Went Again," by Will N. Harben; "An Evening at the Corner Grocery, a Western character sketch," by Hamlin Garland. The sterling ability displayed in these papers and the variety of themes discussed make the September *Arena* a number you cannot afford to miss.

THE MISSIONARY REVIEW OF THE WORLD. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: 86 Bay Street.)—The September number is full of Missionary literature of unusual interest. "The Year 1890 in Japan," by Prof. George William Knox, D.D.; "Buddhism and Christianity," by the Rev. E. Snodgrass; "Buddhism and Romanism," by the Rev. George L. Mason; "Education and Evangelism," by the Rev. Charles C. Starbuck; "A Plea for Medical Missions," by Clarence Thwing, M. D.; "The Free Church of Scotland's Twenty-seven Medical Missionaries," by George Smith, LL.D.; "Paul, the Missionary," by the Rev. John Ross; "The Recent Audience with the Emperor of China," by Boudinot C. Atterbury, M.D., are among the valuable contributions to the department of "Literature and Missions." The "International Department," edited by the Rev. J. T. Gracey, D.D., covers, among others, the following timely topics: "Dr. Cyrus Hamlin on Restoring Palestine to the Jews," "The Need of Special Preparation for Foreign Service," "The Riot in China," etc. The "Monthly Concert of Missions" reviews the situation in Japan and Corea, and the subject of Medical Missions. The "Editorial Notes," by Dr. A. T. Pier-son, and the department of "General Missionary Intelligence," are full of valuable information and suggestions.

THE HOMILETIC REVIEW. (New York: Funk & Wagnalls; Toronto: 86 Bay Street.)—The number for September opens with a calm statement of the present outlook of "The Pentateuchal Discussion," by Professor E. C. Bissell, of Hartford Theological Seminary, in which the writer antagonizes the claims of the Higher Critics, and declares them "not proven." The Rev. Robert C. Hallock follows with a suggestive paper in which he urges upon the ministry the study of Church History as a field rich in illustrations of truth for pulpit presentation. Dr. W. H. Ward, one of the editors of the *Independent*, presents a subject which he is well qualified to discuss, "The Religious Paper and the Ministry." The well-known writers, Drs. Edward Everett Hale and Herrick Johnson participate in a symposium concerning the line on which the enemies of the saloon may unite their forces in battling the evils which flow from it. Dr. James Mudge offers the first of two carefully-prepared and suggestive papers concerning "Scripture Interpretation." The Sermon Section is particularly rich in material. Among its contributors are Bishop Nicholson, of Philadelphia; Dr. Alexander McLaren, of Manchester, Eng.; Principal A. M. Fairbairn, of Oxford, and Dr. D. J. Burrell, of New York. The Miscellaneous Section contains two interesting articles by Staff-Captain Marshall, of the Salvation Army, and M. F. Cusack, the Nun of Keomare, the former discussing the methods of the Army in reaching and saving men, the latter showing how wisely Protestant preachers might imitate, in certain respects, the example of Roman Catholic priests, especially with reference to the education of children. Both are popular and readable papers.

Choice Literature.

RALPH GEMMELL.

BY ROBERT POLLOK, A.M.

CHAPTER VI.—(Continued.)

We have seen, in this passage of Ralph's history, how well adapted the promises of the Gospel are to the wants of the Christian—how securely he leans on the arm of his Saviour, and reposes his hope on those fair and untroubled regions beyond the grave, when the deceitful rod of this world's strength breaks under him, and the clouds of adversity darken his earthly prospects. But where, in the day of sore trouble—where, at the hour of death, shall the sinner look? who shall comfort him at that awful crisis, when no earthly friend shall be of any avail? Who shall guide his steps through the valley of thick darkness, and where shall his spirit find rest, when it shall be driven away for ever from the presence of its God? The latter reflections have been suggested by a scene which Ralph witnessed soon after his banishment from his father's house.

Naturally of a thoughtful and contemplative turn of mind and rendered still more so by the adverse circumstances of his life, Ralph loved to withdraw himself from the eye of human observation, and to soothe his feelings and nourish his virtues in solitary meditation.

One evening, following this propensity, he left a shepherd's hut, in which he had spent a few days, and wandered forth amidst the peaceful scenery which surrounded it.

"These sheep," said Ralph, as he passed a flock that lay on the heath, "these sheep rest in peace; they have spent the day in gathering their food, and now their slumbers are sweet. And why is it that man eateth the bread and drinketh the water of affliction, and lieth down in sorrow? Why does rest depart from his eyes, and slumber from his eyelids? Why does he so often say, when it is night, 'When shall it be morning?' and when it is morning, 'When shall it be night?' Must he alone of all earthly beings waste the day in sadness, and water his nightly couch with the tears of bitterness? Is God more merciful to the beasts of the field than to man, on whose soul He once impressed his own image? No, Holy Father!" the young man exclaimed, "Thou art not more merciful to the beasts of the field than Thou art to man. Thou hast made him only a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honour. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands, and hast put all things under his feet. But he hath rebelled against Thee, and therefore he wandereth without a guide; he refuses to be reconciled to Thee, and therefore he hath no comforter; he hath himself planted his couch with thorns, and therefore rest fleeth far away. Gracious God! let it not be so with me; teach me to submit myself to Thy government—to accept of the offered Saviour as the great atonement for my sin. Then shall I spend the day in cheerfulness, for Thou shalt teach me to do my duty; and the night in peaceful repose, for I shall rest under the shadow of Thy wings.

"Just and Holy One! I know that Thou afflictest not willingly the children of men. It is sin, that abominable thing which Thou hatest, which infuses into the cup of life every drop of its gall. It is sin which embitters reflection, and darkens the prospects of hope. It is sin which makes this world a valley of tears, and the next, to him who hath not been redeemed from its consequences, a place of weeping, and wailing, and gnashing of teeth. All the holy are happy. As that moon, which clothes the earth in silvery radiance, walks for ever peacefully and serenely amidst her attendant stars, untroubled by the noise of the tempest, while it carries desolation over the face of this lower world; so, O Father! if I trust in my Saviour, and keep His commandments, shalt Thou enable me to possess my soul in peace, amidst all the troubles of life, and all the terrors of death."

Ralph was thus engaged in holy communion with his God, when his attention was attracted by a loud shriek, which seemed to be uttered by some person in great distress. He turned towards the direction whence he imagined the cry proceeded, and, by the light of the moon, observed two men carrying or dragging a third along with them. As they approached him, he discovered that they were soldiers, and that one of them, who was an officer, had received a wound that same day in an affray with a party of Covenanters. A few of those dauntless and intrepid sons of civil and religious liberty had assembled in the desert moorlands, to hear a sermon from one of those ministers who were then driven to the wilderness. Sermon had no sooner commenced, however, than the little congregation was surprised and attacked by a party of soldiers. As they were mostly unarmed, they at first made no resistance, and would certainly have suffered themselves to have been led quietly to the nearest gaol, had not the following occurrence roused their indignation and impelled them to set the arms of the soldiers at defiance.

The officer whom we have noticed, having used some unbecoming liberties with a young woman who was among the prisoners, was reprehended by her father, who was also present. Instead of desisting from his improper conduct, however, he struck the father on the left shoulder with his sword, and became still more insolent towards his daughter.

"Thou shalt not be misused in my presence," said the indignant father to his daughter, while he drew from under a loose great-coat, the short and rusty, but tried and faithful, sword of his forefathers, and bringing a sudden and unexpected stroke, disabled the sword arm of the officer, and wounded him mortally in the left side. In a moment the engagement became general. Some of the peasants with clubs, others with swords, which they had concealed about their clothes, fell violently on the soldiers. And as they were inflamed with rage, and greatly superior in number, they soon put the soldiers to flight. Two of them, however, leaving the rest to fight as they could with the Covenanters, supported their wounded officer, and after the dispersion of their fellows, were suffered to carry him away without molestation.

This was the man whose shriek had attracted Ralph's attention, and who, as the exhausted soldiers laid him down on the heath, asking if there were any hut near in which they might be sheltered for the night, exclaimed, in the faulting accents of one near dissolution

"You shall carry me no farther. I will die here. But, Oh! where am I going? What shall become of my soul?"

"You shall go to heaven," said one of the soldiers, wishing to comfort the poor wretch.

"My life has made God my enemy," replied the officer.

"I have no hope! I have no hope!"

"If you must die, die like a man," said the other soldier; "you have done your duty to your king, and you have nothing to fear."

"The blood of innocence is on my hands," replied the dying sinner; "I have no hope! no hope!"

Ralph, although struck with horror at the despairing and ghastly visage of the man, stood near, and tried to comfort him.

"You ought not," said the young Christian, "to despair because you have been a great sinner. Jesus Christ came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance. His blood cleanseth from all sin—the greatest as well as the least. Persecutors have been saved, thieves and robbers have been saved, murderers have been saved. Repent, and seek the pardon of your sins through Jesus Christ. God will hear you for His sake, and save your soul from death."

These words fell on the ear of the poor dying sinner, without yielding him any comfort. They were, indeed, like savoury meat placed in the sight of a hungry person, who is unable to stretch out his hand and partake of it. They made him feel with double anguish the wrath of God, which now lay heavy upon him; and he exclaimed in the fearful tone of despair, "I cannot repent—God hath left me no hope! no hope!"

While he uttered these words of despair, his face grew pale as the moonbeams that fell upon it—the shadows of death closed over his eyes—the last agonies of nature shook his body—it lay still on the heath—and his soul was summoned away to the tribunal of its God.

Let us pause for a moment, and reflect on this scene. The man whose hopeless death we have just recorded was born of Christian parents, baptized in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, and thus, at his entrance into life, dedicated to the service of God. But early in youth he gave signs of aversion to religion, by swearing, breaking the Sabbath, neglecting to read his Bible, and eagerly joining himself with the company of the profane. Conscience at first told him he was wrong, and for some time rendered him miserable by its upraidings. But the farther we advance over the line that forms the limit of virtue, the voice of conscience becomes weaker and weaker, till it is at last almost lost amidst the noise and revelry of unhallowed pleasures.

So it was with the poor wretch whose lifeless body now lay on the heath. After treading for a while in the dark and ruinous paths of vice, his ear became deaf to the calls of religion, his heart hard as the nether millstone, and his conscience seared as with a hot iron. And when the voice of death, that speaks in the ear of conscience like the thunders of God, awoke him with the awful tidings that he must instantly appear before his God, he could not pray, he could not repent, because God, in His righteous displeasure, had left him to the hardness of his wicked heart. All his life he despised the Bible, and, at the hour of need, his own wicked heart rendered him incapable of drawing comfort from its promises. The Holy Spirit, long resisted, at last ceased to make intercession for him. The Saviour, long despised and rejected, withdrew from between him and offended justice. And God the Father, the entreaties of whose love and whose mercy he had long disregarded, took away from him the light of His countenance, and left him to the consequences of that sin from which he refused to be separated.

Thus it is the very nature of sin to harden the heart, and bring upon its miserable victims that punishment which is denounced against it. Every sin we commit stamps another stain on the soul, and renders it less capable than it was the moment before of relishing the beauties of holiness. Every step we take in the path of vice carries us not only farther away from virtue, but weakens our desire of returning to it. Every draught we take of the cup of iniquity, not only increases our unhallowed thirst, but quenches some spark of heavenly fire in the soul. And when the soul is completely defiled, and every desire of returning to holiness entirely rooted out, and every spark of the Spirit's kindling utterly quenched in the heart, what is there to stand any longer between the sinner and the punishment of his sins? What is there that will turn aside from his soul the sword of vindictive justice? What is there that will snatch the wretched victim out of the grasp of eternal death? And who can tell what his sufferings shall be in that place where the worm dieth not, and where the fire is not quenched?

Think on the danger of sin. You do not know how soon your heart may become hard, and your conscience deaf, and God may leave you to the fearful consequences of your iniquity.

Although the two succeeding years of Ralph's life might afford many interesting and useful incidents, the bounds which we have prescribed for this narrative oblige us to pass over them with a very short and general account. We shall only say, that his sufferings during this time were great. He often laboured in the fields with the peasants who sheltered him. Unaccustomed as he had been to poverty, want, or toil, they were now almost his constant companions. With clothes that could ill protect him from the severity of the cold, he had frequently, in the depth of winter, and the darkness of night, to seek a hiding place in the dens and caves of the mountains; and sometimes he was compelled by hunger to beg a morsel of bread. His life, like that of all his associates, was every day sought, and he often made the narrowest escapes from those who sought it. Yet, instead of repining at his lot, instead of imagining that God had forsaken him, he had the Christian's peace in his mind, the Christian's hope ever brightening before him, and the truth of the promises of God every day ratified in his bosom. Through all his tribulations he pressed forward with joy for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus. And truly he felt that his Saviour's words are true, that "Whosoever put their trust in Him, He will never leave nor forsake."

He had often, as we have observed, escaped the search and pursuit of his persecutors. The time was now arrived, however, when they were to be permitted to take him.

On a Sabbath afternoon, about midsummer, as Ralph was hearing a sermon in one of the moorish glens in the upper part of Fenfrewshire, he and the little congregation with whom he was worshipping, were suddenly surrounded by a troop of dragoons, and apprehended. Some of the soldiers,

as they had then that power given them by Government, were for putting them instantly to death, others were for sending them to Edinburgh, there to be sentenced and executed. This last proposal was adopted; and the prisoners were accordingly conducted to Edinburgh. On their arrival there, they were loaded with irons, and thrown into the gloomiest cells of the old prison. After two days' confinement they were brought to trial, and all, except one or two who took the test, condemned to be executed next day, and their heads and hands affixed to the city gates. As soon as this sentence was read to them, they were remitted to prison, and shut up in separate cells.

You can often talk about death, young reader, with little alarm. You are not sure when it shall come, and your youth, your health, and your attachment to the world, when you begin to fear it, whisper in your ear that it is yet far distant. But to be assured that you were to die to-morrow would indeed bring the terrors of death near to your mind. Could you look on them without trembling? Are you sure that you would have a friend to stand by you, stronger than death? a friend who could effectually support you in the conflict with your last enemy? To be assured that we should die to-morrow would really be a serious thing, a trying situation; and, in this situation, was Ralph placed.

Once before, you remember, he thought he was dying, now he was sentenced to be executed on the morrow. Let us reflect on his external circumstances and inward feelings in the former instance, and let us observe these also in the present. When formerly he imagined he was instantly to die, and appear at the tribunal of God, he was in his father's house, surrounded with this world's wealth and flattered with its honours; adjudged to no ignominious death, but in his own bed, called, as every one must sooner or later be, to pay the last debt of nature, and assured of a tender remembrance in the bosom of his friends, and of his name being ever mentioned with the highest respect. Thus was he then situated, and yet how did he feel? He had not then put his whole trust in God. He had been living in sin, and trying to banish every good impression from his heart. He thought, as he well might, that God was his enemy, and he saw no man that was able to protect him from the terrors of death, or from the wrath of the judge before whom he was to appear. How did he then feel? The anguish of that moment was so insufferable, that he would have willingly exchanged it for a whole lifetime of the severest trials. Now the young man was cast out from his father's house, become the curse and the hissing of all his relations, forgotten by his acquaintances who once honoured him, or if remembered, only remembered as a silly headstrong fanatic, whose sufferings deserved nothing but ridicule; oppressed with irons like a murderer; locked up in the darkness of a dungeon, without a friend to solace him; sentenced by the law to die as a traitor, and to have his head and hands nailed up before the public gaze, as an attestation to the vileness of his character. What were his thoughts now in this situation? Still death was awful to him: To be cut off in the midst of his days, in the vigour and healthfulness of youth—to break away from every earthly association—to leave the light of day for the darkness of the grave, and the voice of men for the silence of death; to have his body now so pleasant to him, made a meal for worms, and a prey to foul corruption. These were unwelcome thoughts. And he felt that death had still power to accomplish these things against him. But he now beheld the gloomy king, shorn of his substantial terrors; a guilty conscience, the wrath of God, eternal punishment, these are the real terrors of death, the weapons with which he wounds the soul and destroys it. But Ralph knew that his Saviour had taken these weapons from his enemy; and he could look him in the face and say, "O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory? Thanks be unto God who giveth me the victory through Jesus Christ my Lord. Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; and Thy rod and Thy staff they shall comfort me." Thus did God give the young Christian a song in the night, in the darkest and stormiest night which the wickedness of this world could gather about him. So true it is that God is a present help in the time of need; that He will never leave nor forsake any who put their trust in Him.

Young reader, think on death. It will come; and you know not how soon. Are you prepared to meet it? Are you sure you have a friend secured who will not desert you at that hour? Pause and consider. There is no friend but one who can then effectually help you. This is your God—your Saviour. Be prepared, as Ralph was, by putting all your trust in Him. And come your last moment when it may, you are safe. Your Saviour will deliver you also from the terrors of death.

When morning came, Ralph awoke from a refreshing sleep, in which he had spent part of the night, and had just knelt down in prayer to God, when he heard some person turning the lock of his cell door; and he now expected to be instantly led forth to execution. The door opened, and the gaoler ushered into the cell an uncle of Ralph.

"Young man," said the old soldier, "I have come a long way this morning to save your life. I have already got your sentence turned into banishment; and I have even the promise of your liberty if you promise that your future conduct shall be agreeable to the wishes of the Government."

"A thousand thanks to you, my dear uncle," said Ralph, "for your kindness to me. But how did you know that I was here?"

"That will I soon explain, nephew. One of the soldiers who was at your apprehension had frequently seen you when you lived with your father. He recognized you, and, because he had served under me when I was captain in the army, had a kindness for the family, and sent us word immediately that you were taken. Your father, although he seemed somewhat concerned, said he would by no means meddle in the affair; and I could not bear the thought that any one of my family should be beheaded, or hang like a dog. So off I came, old as I am, pleaded the loyalty of our house, and my own services, in your favour; and you see how I have succeeded. Now, I am sure you have had enough of these madmen, the Covenanters; you will now take the test. What is it? I could swear a dozen such oaths in the hour, and be an honest man too. Come, I will introduce you to the minister. You shall be set at liberty, and I will do all that I can to make matters up between you and your father. Come, my boy, fling away that foolishness, and learn to be a man." Thus did the old soldier talk; and cer-

tainly Ralph found it no easy task to reject any of the kindness of a man who had taken so much interest in him. but he had not so learned Christ, as to be drawn from His service, by the promises and kindnesses of sinful men. After a moment's deliberation, he made the following reply to his uncle:—

"Dear uncle, be assured that I shall ever feel myself your debtor for the interest you have taken in me. You have already saved my life. This is enough of kindness, more than I can ever repay. Do not concern yourself further about me. Banishment and slavery are by no means pleasant; but I dare not try to escape them by violating my conscience, and breaking the commandments of my Saviour. I know you will think me foolish thus to choose exile and captivity, when I might, by your influence, be set at liberty, and perhaps restored to my father. But you will not be offended with me for persevering firmly in what I consider to be my duty to God. I have never found Him a hard master. He has supported, and will support me, in every time of need. I have always found His yoke easy, and his burden light. On the contrary, when I have forsaken His love, and given myself up to the guidance of this world's wisdom, and the sinful desires of my own heart, I could see no one that could sufficiently befriend me in the hour of affliction and death. Advise me not then, dear uncle, to do anything against my own conscience; but accept my gratitude and love for the great instance of your kindness I have already received."

"Well, well," said his uncle, when he saw Ralph thus resolved, "you may do as you please for me. You will not find it very agreeable to labour under the heat of a burning sun. But I wish you a good voyage, and I hope you will have learned more sense when you return." With this short reply, the old soldier quitted the cell, and Ralph was left to his own meditations.

Gratitude to God was now his master feeling, for He had stirred up this old man, who in fact cared nothing for religion, to be the instrument of saving his life. He had thus given him a new token of His loving kindness, and a new pledge that He would never leave nor forsake him. He had given him a new prospect of serving Him in the land of the living, of further storing his mind with new proofs of His Saviour's love, and faithfulness, and all sufficiency, and thus of being better prepared when the hour of death should certainly come.

(To be continued.)

THE MISSIONARY WORLD.

CONJEVERAM. THE GREAT DAY OF THE FEAST.

Festivals form an important feature of Hindu religious life. All the great temples have festivals connected with them which last several days, and are attended by thousands from all parts of the country. The temple managers send out touts to give information as to the dates of the great festivals, and the means of getting to the shrine, and frequently people will travel hundreds of miles to be present. The great festivals are held at a season of the year when the harvests have been gathered in, and when there is nothing for the ryot (farmer) to do in his fields. He then usually puts to his bullocks and cart, packs away in the latter all his family, a few cooking utensils and food to last him the journey, and starts off to the shrine. A few days or weeks more or less at the season of the year when "the land is as brass or iron," make no difference to him. The cart, covered with a roofing of mats, is, for the time being, the home of the family, and the women-kind undoubtedly enjoy the diversion of the life of travel, which gives them more of individual liberty and more subjects of contemplation than the daily monotony of domestic toil, which is the special fate of the sex in their own homes.

Seventy-five per cent. of the holiday-makers on such occasions are women. Long files of them may be seen wending their way in gala dress. They keep up a running fire of questions and remarks on all they see; and it is refreshing to think what good possibilities there are in these unsophisticated, outspoken women, possibilities awaiting the trumpet-call of female enfranchisement to leap into active life.

Many persons make their pilgrimage easily, travelling to and fro by railway. Others, in pursuance of vows, toil along on foot, while now and then a few enthusiasts are met with who endeavour to roll themselves along the highway, or to measure the distance by extending themselves on the ground and then getting up again.

To the rustic mind festivals serve as landmarks to mark the progress of time. The leading events in his own uneventful life are each associated in his mind with some particular festival. His debts, his past joys and sorrows, his prospects of a harvest all run through his mind as the village Calendar Brahmin comes round to apprise him of the approach of a festival.

The town of Conjeveram, about sixty miles from Madras, is one of the most celebrated religious places in the south of India. It is spoken of as the Benares of the south. Thither tens of thousands wend their way from all parts to attend the annual festival held in the month of May. It is more than a heathen carnival. It is also a mart of trade. Booths are erected. Merchants bring their stores of brass and copper vessels, fruits and grain to expose for sale. The altar of mammon is erected alongside the shrine of superstition. The pious come for devotion and worship; the merchantmen for traffic and gain. There were many showmen and others, catering for the amusement of the people, and two merry-go-rounds brought a rich harvest to their owners. For ten days the festival goes on, for ten successive nights the heathen orgies are performed without intermission. Nightly there is one or more Vahana. A Vahana (literally a conveyance) is a vehicle on which the god rides from his temple through the town and back again to the temple. One night the idol is carried on the effigy of an elephant, gorgeously caparisoned. Another Vahana is a peacock with its proud fanlike tail, rich plumage of purple, green and gold. Then he is mounted on an ox, the most sacred of beasts, and afterwards upon a Brahmin kite, the most sacred of birds. The day on which the god rides on a kite is considered the great day of the feast. I therefore determined to go and preach to the assembled multitudes. Leaving Madras at seven o'clock in the morning of Friday, May 22, accompanied by a gentleman from Europe who is making a short stay in India, we reached Conjeveram at eleven o'clock. All the highways leading to the temple

were thronged. For many a weary mile had the people toiled to the shrine, and many a remote village had been emptied of its peasantry. As we followed the crowd and entered the town, we met the god being carried under two large silk umbrellas, the ensigns of royalty, and borne aloft on the shoulders of coolies who had been pressed into the service. In front were numbers of Brahmin priests chanting Sanskrit verses in praise of the god. This venerable language the Brahmins stoutly affirm to be the mother of all tongues, the "vernacular of heaven." The gods, in the lofty regions they inhabit, converse in it. The learned amongst the Hindus are as proud of it as the Hebrew was of the language of David and Isaiah. Next came the god. Then another band of Brahmin priests chanting Sanskrit verses, followed by the surging multitudes. Every housetop and every coign of advantage was occupied by spectators. As soon as the people saw us they politely moved on one side, apparently anxious that we should witness the state in which the adored idol sat. There is a close resemblance between the religion of the Greeks and the Hindus. Nature, to the eye of the Athenian, was a vast temple crowded with deities. The zephyr was the sporting of some fairy, the pealing thunder was the solemn tramp of a god. So with the religion of the Vedas. But the Hindu objects of worship are destitute of the graceful forms, the inimitable beauty and the perfect artistic skill which the chisel of Phidias gave to some of the sculptured gods of Greece on which the eye of Paul fell. But the God-dishonouring character of idolatry is the same, in Athens as in India. While the evil was the same we had the same remedy. The words that fell from the lips of Paul fell from ours. We denounced idolatry, declaring that "the times of this ignorance God overlooked, but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent." We held up Jesus as the only Saviour to the eyes of the pagan Hindus in front of their idols as Paul did to the pagan Athenians, before the images of Jupiter and Apollo, Mercury and the Muses. All day we were out among the people, with the exception of a short time for luncheon, when we were hospitably entertained by Dr. Walker, of the Free Church Medical Mission stationed at Conjeveram. In the afternoon we went out again, and I preached within the temple precincts in the presence of some of the priests and to the assembled multitudes. Mr. Selvarayen, the energetic evangelist from Arkonam, followed me. The people listened attentively to both of us, and after we had finished they pressed on us to receive tracts and handbills as well as to purchase books. So great was the pressure of the crowd that we had at last to escape lest we should be overwhelmed. Dr. Walker, who was present, remarked that he did not think that any one had up to that time preached within the temple precincts and before the Brahmin priests themselves.

In the evening, as it was getting dark, we made our way back to the station, leaving behind Mr. Selvarayen and a colporteur of the Bible Society, working under my superintendence, to sell tracts and Bible portions.

One thing was clearly manifest throughout the festival—viz, that idolatry has to a great extent declined. A few years ago the number who attended this festival was reckoned at 50,000; this year, I was told, there were only 20,000. Formerly the people rushed with enthusiastic eagerness to carry the idol and to draw the idol car; now they have to be compelled to do it. The Brahmin priests themselves complain bitterly of the niggardliness of the people in not bringing their offerings to the god.—Rev. Henry Rice, Madras.

INDIRECT AGENCIES BY WHICH THE GOSPEL SPREADS.

God works in a mysterious way His wonders to perform! Of the total number of converts from heathenism now existing in the world, by far the larger number is to be found in the United States. Not only are the eight millions of coloured people there nominally Christians, but a very large proportion of them are really so. At what cost of life and money and time could all these have been evangelized and gathered into the fold of Christ, in their own native Central Africa? Slavery was an awful evil and a terrible sin. But it has been overruled for unspeakable good. Eight millions of negroes are now as a result civilized, Christianized and blessed beyond what their fellows in Africa would deem possible; blessed with personal and social liberty, with safety for life and property, educational advantages, and civil equality with white men. Out of the eater has come forth meat, and out of the strong sweetness! All the missions in Central Africa put together can scarcely show one million converts; how long will it be before they become eight millions?

And now another heathen people are being largely brought by a more natural and legitimate process than the slave trade under Christian teaching and influence—the Chinese. Already the Congregational Churches of California and Oregon have a thousand church members, and other denominations proportionate numbers; while in Chicago, Boston and elsewhere, Christian love is seeking the enlightenment of these heathen foreigners. Chinese converts in the United States have already organized a missionary society of their own, and have sent their first two missionaries to China. In Australia the same thing is going on.

Hundreds of millions of Hindus, again, are brought under Christian government in India, and multitudes of Mohammedans and negroes, of Egyptians and Australasians, in other parts of the world. It is true that a few Christian officers and traders among a mass of heathen do not produce at all as good a result as is reached when the proportions are reversed, and we have a small minority of heathen among a Christian population, as in California. But even in the former case the outlook is far more hopeful than where the heathen dwell alone, and by their vices and their ignorant superstitions destroy one another, as they do in most purely heathen countries.

Not only by the direct efforts of His missionary servants, but by the wider operations of His providence, God is working to bring all nations under the sound of the everlasting Gospel.—Regions Beyond.

WHEN the blood is out of condition disease is the inevitable result. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills supply the constituents necessary to enrich the blood and build up the nerves. They cure suppression, irregularities, debility, etc. Good for men and women young and old. Sold by all dealers or sent on receipt of price (50c. a box). Dr. Williams Med. Co., Brockville, Ont.

NEW DOMINION LINE STEAMER.

A new steamer, named the *Labrador*, from the building yard of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, Limited, Belfast, has just been added to the Dominion Line for that company's service from Liverpool to Montreal. The trial trip on the run across the channel was most successful, there being an entire absence of heating, the speed throughout being 15 knots, which was in excess of the expectations of the owners. The vessel is constructed throughout of steel of extra strength necessary for the North Atlantic trade. She has eight watertight bulkheads, and her dimensions are—length 400, breadth 47, and depth 32 feet; tonnage, 4,700 gross, and 2,998 net register; dead-weight capacity, 5,700 tons. She has a double bottom throughout containing water, ballast, and also fresh water supply for cattle. Her rig is four pole masts, square-rigged on foremast only. The steering gear is Messrs. Wilson & Pirrie's patent, geared direct to the rudder head, dispensing altogether with chains. The engines are triple expansion, indicating 3,800-horse power, pressure 170 lbs. A special feature of the *Labrador* is that the saloon and staterooms for first-class passengers are contained in a house erected on the bridge deck, being thus entirely isolated from other departments of the ship, and securing perfect ventilation in all weathers. It is only necessary to say that the saloon, smoking room, ladies' boudoir, and staterooms are finished in Messrs. Harland & Wolff's well known style. The second cabin is on the main deck underneath. The comfort of this class of passengers has been catered for beyond what is customary. The stateroom passenger decks are very lofty. Their beds of white canvas, in framework of wood, can be folded and put up under the beams, so as to be out of the way during the daytime. In the cattle decks every provision is made in accordance with the new regulations of the British Board of Agriculture and the Canadian Government for the safe carriage and comfort of the animals. Water is delivered from the fresh water tanks by pipes carried overhead the entire length of the ship and on both sides, with taps and short lengths of hose attached at frequent intervals, thus reducing the labour of the attendants to a minimum, and securing proper watering of the animals. The ventilation of the tween decks is provided by cowls, by Utley's automatic ventilating ports, which can be kept open in all weathers, as they exclude water while admitting air, by two trunks extending fore and aft fixed overhead with apertures at frequent intervals, through which air drawn from the deck above is forced by two large fans, each driven by a separate engine. Electric light is fitted throughout the vessel, with two complete sets of generating plant, supplied by Allen, of London. Protection against fire is provided by steam pipes connecting with each separate compartment, by which steam can be turned into any part for extinguishing fire, the valves for same being placed together on deck where they are easily accessible. The refrigerating machinery is Haslam's cold dry air system, with chambers capable of conveying a large quantity of dressed beef. The *Labrador* will be classed on the Admiralty List as a transport, being admirably adapted for troops and cavalry. The ship is finished throughout in the style for which Messrs. Harland & Wolff's building yard is so justly famed, and has been constructed under the supervision of Mr. William Glover, consulting engineer to the Company.—*Liverpool Journal of Commerce*, August 17, 1891.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has a steadily increasing popularity, which can only be won by an article of real merit. Give it a trial.

DR. T. A. SLOCUM'S

OXYGENIZED EMULSION of PURE COD LIVER OIL. If you have Bronchitis—Use it. For sale by all Druggists.

THE SOCIAL SECRET.

"Oh, my! How charming you look this morning, Mrs. Cleveland. Do you know, Mr. Redington made us all envious of you by saying you had the most beautiful complexion of any lady at the Browning Reception. We are old friends and if I appear a little inquisitive on this matter, pardon me? There are half a dozen of us in our set, of about the same age, while you are the only one who looks positively ten years the youngest of us all. There is some secret in this, as a friend, you should impart it to me."

"My dear Lillian, if I did not know your sincerity, I would surely believe you were trying to flatter my vanity; but, knowing your candor in all of our affairs, I will tell you to what I attribute those charms you mention, and how I was induced to use the great Elixir, Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream. My mother has always been, and is now, a very beautiful woman—her years lending a charm to that beauty, which care and art have preserved by the aid of Gouraud's Beautifier and Purifier of the skin. Although she is now over fifty, she passes for forty, thanks to the 'Oriental Cream' that has been prescribed for nearly half a century to the very elite of American and continental society; it is easy of application and harmless in its effects. By applying the 'Cream' through the day or evening, and washing the face well on retiring, afterwards using Mutton Tallow or Camphor Ice, the skin is given a soft, pearly whiteness, removing all skin blemishes, leaving the complexion clear and bright as crystal, while its certainty and naturalness of operation are such that the use of a cosmetic is not suspected, and, dear Lillian, it is the only preparation that meets the wants of refined ladies, who require a harmless and efficient beautifier, and we all do. You possess, the secret; I follow in the footsteps of my mother."

Wise as the serpent, harmless as the dove.

YOU TAKE NO RISK

In buying Hood's Sarsaparilla, for it is everywhere recognized as the standard building up medicine and blood purifier. It has won its way to the front by its own intrinsic merit, and has the largest sale of any preparation of its kind. Any honest druggist will confirm this statement. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy anything else instead. Be sure to get Hood's.

ORIGINAL No. 53.

Luncheon Muffins.

BY MARIA PARLOA.

For one dozen muffins use one pint of flour, a generous half pint of milk, two teaspoonfuls of Cleveland's Baking Powder, half a teaspoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of butter and two eggs. Mix the dry ingredients together and rub through a sieve. Melt the butter. Beat the eggs till light and add the milk to them. Add this mixture to the dry ingredients; then stir in the melted butter. Beat the batter vigorously for a few seconds and then put in buttered muffin pans and bake for about twenty minutes in a quick oven.—(Copyright, 1891, by Cleveland Baking Powder Co.)

Use only Cleveland's baking powder, the proportions are made for that.



Cleveland's Superior Baking Powder is perfectly wholesome. It leavens most and leavens best. Try a can.

"German Syrup"

A Throat and Lung Specialty.

Those who have not used Boschee's German Syrup for some severe and chronic trouble of the Throat and Lungs can hardly appreciate what a truly wonderful medicine it is. The delicious sensations of healing, easing, clearing, strength-gathering and recovering are unknown joys. For German Syrup we do not ask easy cases. Sugar and water may smooth a throat or stop a tickling—for a while. This is as far as the ordinary cough medicine goes. Boschee's German Syrup is a discovery, a great Throat and Lung Specialty. Where for years there have been sensitiveness, pain, coughing, spitting, hemorrhage, voice failure, weakness slipping down hill, where doctors and medicine and advice have been swallowed and followed to the gulf of despair, where there is the sickening conviction that all is over and the end is inevitable, there we place German Syrup. It cures. You are a live man yet if you take it.



- For Picnicking,
- For Camping Out,
- For Travelling,
- For Staying at Home.

LYMAN'S FLUID COFFEE.

Coffee of the Finest Quality and Flavour can be made in a moment, by adding boiling water. No Cheap Substitute of peas, wheat or barley, but GENUINE MOCHA AND OLD GOVERNMENT JAVA.

For sale by Grocers and Druggists in pound, one-half pound and one-quarter pound bottles.

A 25 Cent Bottle Makes Twenty Cups.

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE
ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE
THE GREAT INVIGORATING TONIC
FOR
LOSS OF APETITE, LOW SPIRITS,
SLOW DIGESTION, MALARIA,
ETC. ETC. ETC.
BEWARE OF THE MANY IMITATIONS.

Ministers and Churches.

THE Presbyterian congregation at Beaver Creek, Man., contemplate the erection of a new church this fall.

THE mission band in connection with St. Andrews Church, Perth, cleared \$40 by an excursion last week.

THE Rev. Dr. Kellogg has resumed his pastoral duties and preached to his own congregation on Sabbath last.

THE Rev. John Waddell Black has been appointed ordained missionary at Blytheswood, along with Strangfield and Goldsmith.

THE Rev. Dr. Robertson preached in Knox Church, Pilot Mound, on Sabbath evening week. A large congregation was out to hear him.

THE Rev. Dr. Wallace, of Pittsburg, Pa., editor of the *United Presbyterian*, published there, has been summering in Muskoka, a region of which he thinks highly.

THE Rev. Robert Wallace preached to his old congregation, West Church, Toronto, on Sabbath, August 23. There was a large attendance, especially in the evening.

THE Rev. David Mitchell, of the Scotch Church, Jersey City, preached an interesting and instructive discourse to a large and appreciative audience in St. Andrews, East, on Sabbath evening last.

"THE Master's Memorial," by Rev. Professor Macadam, of Morrin College, has been highly appreciated wherever it has been seen. Last week an order came from Pittsburg, Pa., for a number of copies.

THE Rev. J. K. Walsh was inducted to the pastoral charge of the Presbyterian Church at Indian Head recently. The reverend gentleman enters upon his ministerial career under the most auspicious circumstances.

THE Rev. Mr. Urquhart preached to a large congregation in the Presbyterian church, Douglas, Man., recently. The occasion was a special preparatory service as a large number were about to become members of the Church.

THE Revs. G. E. Freeman, B.A., and J. B. Moore, of Toronto, representing the Sabbath School Association of Ontario, were present at a convention of the Sabbath schools held in the Presbyterian church, Thessalon.

REV. MR. CHESNUT, of St. Catharines, Ont., occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, Brandon, last week, when he delivered an excellent sermon to a large congregation. At the close of the service the reverend gentleman addressed a Gospel temperance meeting in the Baptist church.

A MEETING of the Glengarry Presbytery of the Presbyterian Church was held last week in St. Johns Church, Cornwall, to consider a call from the congregation of South Finch to Rev. Dr. Lamont, of Megantic. The matter was laid on the table, to be dealt with at a full meeting to be held at Lancaster on September 5.

MISS McLAREN, who for some time past has been in joint charge of the Industrial School at Birtle, Man., was last week presented by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Chalmers Church, Guelph, with an address and a beautiful easy chair. After a few weeks' stay in Ontario, Miss McLaren left for home to resume work with the Presbyterian board in the school where the children will shortly return to work from the Indian reserves.

THE scholars and teachers of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Church of England Sabbath schools held their annual picnic last Friday in Willan's Grove, Algoma. The weather was fine and the picnic was a grand success. Games and amusements of all kinds were provided for the occasion and everyone enjoyed themselves immensely. The band was present and assisted greatly in the success of the picnic by playing several selections.

A MEETING of the congregation of St. Johns Church, Port Perry, was held in the church, on Monday evening week, for the purpose of moderating a call to a pastor. Rev. J. Abraham, of Whitby, Moderator of Presbytery, after preaching an excellent discourse, produced and read a call and the meeting unanimously agreed that the blank in said call should be filled in with the name of Rev. R. J. Hunter. The call was afterwards signed by all the members present at the meeting.

THE Rev. George Brown died at Wroxbeter last week. He was born in Stow, Roxboroughshire, Scotland, September 15, 1815. He came to Canada in 1863, and settled in New Brunswick, where he remained six years; came west and settled in this place, where he had laboured faithfully for twenty-two years as pastor of the Presbyterian Church. He resigned three years ago owing to increasing years. Deceased leaves a widow and family of one son and two daughters, Mr. E. G. Brown, teacher, Cumberland, Ont.; Mrs. T. W. Gibson, Toronto; and Mrs. Thomas Gibson, Brussels.

THE Presbyterian congregation of Holland and Camille having given a call to D. Campbell, B.A., his ordination and induction took place last week. Rev. Mr. Haig, of Glenboro, Moderator of Session, conducted the services, Rev. Mr. McDonald, of McGregor, first addressed Mr. Campbell, and Mr. Frazer, of Lachine, the congregation. After the services a social was held. The ladies of the congregation had a plentiful supply of good things on hand, so that none should go away hungry. Music was furnished by the united choirs of the village, and solos were sung by Mrs. Dransfield and Mrs. Moir. Rev. Mr. Campbell and the congregations can be congratulated on the happy auspices under which the relation of pastor and people have begun.

THE Rev. James Ferguson, a highly respected resident of London, Ont., is dead after six months' illness. He was born in the County of Glengarry, Ont., on January 4, 1828. He was educated at Knox College, and ordained to the Presbyterian ministry in 1856. For seven years he was minister

of Lobo. He then became pastor of Knox Church, Oro, where he laboured for thirteen years. For some time he was pastor of Alvinston and Brooke congregations, which he resigned in 1878, removing to London that the family might enjoy educational advantages. Since then he had been engaged in mission work in various places—for two years in Manitoulin Island and four years on St. Joseph's Island. Deceased leaves a widow and a family of five sons and three daughters—D. A. Ferguson, manager of Molson's Bank, Meaford; J. S. Ferguson, and Mrs. J. H. Aiken, Cape Town, South Africa; W. C. Ferguson, modern language master, St. Mary's Collegiate Institute. The rest of the family reside in London. Deceased was a brother-in-law of Rev. Dr. Luing, of Dundas, and also of J. Murray Smith, manager of the Bank of Toronto in Montreal, and James Smith, architect, of Toronto. The Rev. Mr. Ferguson and his family were connected with Park Avenue Presbyterian Church.

ON Wednesday last at the usual weekly meeting of St. James Square Presbyterian Church Christian Endeavour Society a pleasant feature of the evening was a presentation to Miss Gowans. The lady in question sails for Peking on 9th inst. from Vancouver, and the society showed its appreciation of Miss Gowans' services by presenting her with a handsome travelling rug and an order on a Shanghai publishing house for a Chinese dictionary. Along with these articles was presented an illuminated address setting forth the occasion of the presentation with the regrets and good wishes of the friends about to be left behind. Mr. Higgins and Miss Flaws made the presentation in a very graceful manner, which Mr. Robert Kilgour supplemented by the delivery of a very earnest missionary address, in which he congratulated Miss Gowans on being the pioneer missionary of the society. Miss Gowans acknowledged the unexpected gift in a neat, and impressive response. She goes out under the auspices of the Christian Alliance.

THE eloquent and popular pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, Pittsburg, Pa., Rev. J. R. Sutherland, D.D., preached at both services in St. Pauls Church, Hamilton, recently, and his addresses cannot fail to have been a means of instruction, edification and spiritual blessing to those who were privileged to hear them. The topic chosen for the morning's discourse was "He Made the Summer," and the subject of his evening address was "The Recognition of Our Friends in Heaven." It is to be regretted that Dr. Sutherland's services were rendered at a season when so many are still away from home, but the places of absent members of the congregation were well supplied by others, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather. Both sermons were masterpieces of close scriptural reasoning, clothed in eloquent and impressive language, which commanded the earnest and thoughtful attention of his hearers, such as could not but be gratifying to the reverend doctor, who may always be assured of a warm welcome when he again visits Hamilton. The Rev. Walter Laidlaw, of West Troy, N. Y., conducted divine worship in St. Pauls on the following Sabbath.

THE old and well-known Upper Canada Religious Tract Society, in addition to its many free grants and very prosperous colportage work, has taken "Another new departure." While excellent work has been done for many years on the Welland Canal by the Society, through Mr. Bone, one of its agents, yet there is special need for earnest, systematic Christian work among the sailors in Toronto harbour and other lake ports. To this special "Sailors' Mission" the Board has appointed Mr. James S. Potter, so well known among sailors in Halifax and St. John, N. B. Already Mr. Potter has visited about fifty vessels, having about 600 sailors. Religious services are held wherever possible, personal conversation had with many, and religious reading of all kinds distributed. A "Sailors' Bag" will be placed on every vessel possible, containing an ample supply of interesting reading matter for all on board. Any one in Toronto taking an interest in such work can help it most effectively by sending all such reading matter as they are done with. Illustrated papers of any kind, monthly magazines of all kinds, and religious papers are all welcome. As the sailing season is short reading matter should be sent as early as possible to Rev. Dr. Moffat, secretary, 102 Yonge Street.

A LARGE congregation assembled in the Presbyterian church in Flesherton on Tuesday afternoon, the 25th inst., to witness the induction and to welcome the Rev. John Wells, M.A. (formerly of Jarvis, Ont.), to the pastorate of Flesherton and Eugenia Churches. The ministers present were: Revs. T. T. Johnston, of Southampton; D. McLeod, B.A., of Priceville; A. Hudson, of Dundalk; Mr. Hughes, of Maxwell; Mr. Scobie, late of Glasgow; Dr. McRobie, of Shelburne; and Rev. Mr. Johnston (Baptist). Dr. McRobie preached a practical and impressive induction sermon. The usual questions were satisfactorily answered by the minister to the Presbytery, and the pastor-elect was welcomed as a new member of the Orangeville Presbytery. He was afterwards addressed in earnest and affectionate terms by Rev. Mr. Hudson, and an appropriate address with words of counsel was given to the people by Rev. Mr. Johnston. Mr. Wells was escorted to the door by the Rev. Mr. McLeod where he received a warm welcome from his people. In calling Mr. Wells to the pastorate of these churches the congregation have secured the services of a zealous pastor, a scholarly gentleman, and one who has proved himself to be a very earnest worker. He begins his ministry here with most encouraging prospects of success.

THE *Glengarry* says: Rev. D. McLaren, of Alexandria, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Lancaster, Sabbath week, and after delivering an able and practical sermon, he intimated to the congregation that he was instructed to read the decision of the Church court that had met for the purpose of investigating into the trouble existing in the congregation. We might here explain that the difficulty originated from certain groundless ac-

cusations made by Duncan Fraser against his pastor, Rev. Mr. Calder, and which were industriously circulated as to seriously interfere with his usefulness as a minister of the Gospel; so much so that he was obliged to cite Mr. Fraser to appear before a joint meeting of Presbytery and Session, to answer to two charges: 1st, that of untruthfulness; 2nd, of following a divisive course, and, by persistent agitation, disturbing the peace and harmony and retarding the progress of the congregation. Rev. Mr. McLaren informed the congregation that the members of the court, after hearing the evidence on both sides with respect to the charges, and after a full expression of opinion by all the members of the court, concluded that the charges preferred against Mr. Fraser were fully proven, and it was therefore moved, seconded and carried unanimously, that the defendant, Duncan Fraser, be and is hereby suspended from Church privileges.

THE *Oshawa Reformer* says: Last week, on their return home, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Eastman found that their residence had been entered by kind hands and willing hearts, and everything made as comfortable for their home-coming as possible. On the evening of Friday, the congregation met in the basement of the church to welcome home their pastor. The room was profusely and tastefully decorated with flowers and vines, reflecting great credit on the youthful hands that so deftly had wrought the designs. The chairman, Mr. McMillan, called the meeting to order at eight o'clock, and in a few well-chosen remarks introduced the programme. It consisted of an address of welcome to the pastor and his family, to which he responded with grateful feeling, several well rendered anthems by the choir, a recitation by Miss Carlie MacLerie, sustaining her reputation, a Scotch song by Miss Florence Butland, a reading by Mr. Carmichael, impressively given, remarks from Mr. Wm. Scott as representing the Board of Managers, a few kindly words of cordial feeling from Rev. Mr. Jolliffe, pastor of Simcoe Street Methodist Church. In the interval given for friendly chat, ice cream and cake were liberally supplied to the company. All seemed to have heartily enjoyed the evening. The address, which contained neatly worded expressions of the congregation's appreciation of Mr. Eastman's pastoral services and warm affection for him and the members of his family, was read by Miss Pantou.

ON the evening previous to the departure of the Rev. Dr. Bell, the first pastor of Knox Church, Portage la Prairie, but now of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, who, with his family, have been on a visit to the scene of his former labours, a large gathering of early pioneers and old friends assembled at the beautiful residence of Mr. and Mrs. James Bell to hold an old-fashioned re-union. Mr. W. W. Miller was called to the chair. After a pleasing programme of vocal and instrumental music, and genuine pioneer addresses by K. McKenzie, M.P.P., and Rev. Mr. Stalker, of Gladstone, followed by a bountiful supply of coffee, sandwiches, cake, etc., the chairman called for the guest of the evening, Rev. Dr. Bell, to come forward, which he did, with a look of amazement on his countenance, when Mr. A. D. McLeod stepped up and read an address, and Mr. James Bell presented a purse containing \$200 in gold. The address gave expression to a warm appreciation of Dr. Bell's ministerial labours and kindly personal feeling. Dr. Bell replied in very touching words. The reply was entirely impromptu as the presentation was a genuine surprise. The reverend gentleman and his estimable wife still live in the hearts of many Portagers and have a large circle of warm friends all over the Portage Plains who have been greatly delighted with their visit at this time. Closing addresses were delivered by Messrs. Roderic McCuaig, S. R. Marlatt, R. B. Hill, John Carroll, Ed. McDonald, and M. Blake. The audience, led by Mr. Hanna, sang "God be with you till we meet again," and the Rev. Mr. Stalker pronounced the benediction, thus closing one of the most pleasant gatherings ever held in Portage la Prairie.

Exhaustion

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

The phosphates of the system are consumed with every effort, and exhaustion usually indicates a lack of supply. The Acid Phosphate supplies the phosphates, thereby relieving exhaustion, and increasing the capacity for labour. Pleasant to the taste.

DR. A. N. KROUT, Van Wert, O., says: "Decidedly beneficial in nervous exhaustion."

DR. S. T. NEWMAN, St. Louis, Mo., says: "A remedy of great service in many forms of exhaustion."

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Beware of Substitutes and Imitations

CAUTION:—Be sure the word "Horsford's" is printed on the label. All others are spurious. Never sold in bulk.

AT St. Andrews Church, Vancouver, B.C., the Rev. E. D. McLaren preached an appropriate and able sermon to the Masonic fraternity. The discourse also made a forcible presentation of the need of Governmental reform in the Dominion. Among other things, he said: "It was in democratic countries that the power of the Church could be felt by appealing to the great masses of the people to see to it that their rulers were men of clean lives. It was the fashion of the present day to exalt cleverness above moral considerations. There was a feeling that unless a man was clever, there was no place for him in politics, and all other considerations were sacrificed to that. He then dealt with the audacity of men of utterly worthless character putting up for every public position that was vacant and the responsibility of the people for sending them there. In dealing with public wrongs they should not be apologetic, and should deal with them with a firm hand. In private life, allowance should be made for human weaknesses, but in public life there should be no consideration, and men guilty of corruption should be openly condemned. Things were coming to a crisis in this country and newspapers indicated that under the surface there was great corruption and wickedness going on. A man who went into politics and came out poor was by shrewd men considered to be a fool. We used to compare ourselves with the United States and gloried in the comparison, but we were now face to face with corruption in our own country. The time was coming when we should have to choose good men with a moderate amount of brains instead of clever men with only a moderate amount of honour. This was no party question; it was a question of the morality of the whole country. A hopeful sign was that public men were watching the newspapers to see what was thought of the state of affairs. Canada should settle the matter, whether bad and corrupt men should receive countenance from the people on whose support they depended."

AT the conclusion of Divine service in MacNab Street Church, Hamilton, on Sabbath morning week, the Rev. Dr. Fletcher stated that on returning home after a few weeks' absence he found a parcel awaiting him from New York, containing photographs of the late Narayan Sheshadri and his son, which had been sent previous to their sailing for Scotland, thanking Dr. Fletcher and his people for their kindness to them, and desiring to be kindly remembered to the congregation. Dr. Fletcher had had the privilege of entertaining Dr. Sheshadri on three different occasions—once in 1873 for a week, in 1880 for a few days, and again on his recent visit this year. The sainted missionary was truly a great man, his talents appearing even more conspicuous in private than in public life. He entertained and feelingly expressed a very high opinion of Rev. Dr. Daniel Wilson, of Toronto. It was due to the memory of Dr. Sheshadri and to this congregation, whom he had so recently addressed, to refer to the decease of this truly great man and to his labours among his own people in India. He prayed that missionaries would be raised up and qualified to take the place of those who were called away, and who would bear aloft the banner of the truth before the teeming millions of the East. In the spring of this year Dr. Sheshadri had intended, on arriving from the East, to pass through the United States directly for Edinburgh, Scotland, to be in time for the Free Church General Assembly, whose missionary he was, but was prevented from doing so by illness, and paid Canada a visit instead. He spent a week in Montreal, attended the General Assembly in Kingston, visited Hamilton and other cities; but the strain had proved too great for his strength and he died on the ocean when about three days' sail from New York.

PRESBYTERY OF QUEBEC.—This Presbytery met in Morrin College on the 25th and 26th of August. Rev. James Sutherland was elected Moderator for the ensuing twelve months. Rev. W. G. Jordan, of the Presbytery of Sarnia, being present was invited to sit with the Presbytery. Elders' commissions in favour of Messrs. P. Johnston, John Macnaughton, Thomas Wark, A. McCallum, and Dr. Wm. Thompson, for Chalmers, Quebec, Kingsbury, Windsor, Danville, and Kinnear's Mills respectively, were accepted. Revs. D. Tait, C. A. Tanner, and G. H. Smith, commissioners to the last General Assembly, reported their diligence. Messrs. J. F. Macfarlane, John Buchanan, and George A. Woodside, students labouring within the bounds, read exercises and were certified to their respective colleges. A resolution expressive of the Presbytery's appreciation of the labours and worth of the late Dr. Weir was adopted. A donation of \$63.64 from the Summer Church at Murray Bay for "Clergy Fresh Air Fund" was received and thanks recorded. The ordination of Mr. David Pugh, Welsh missionary at New Rockland, was fixed for the 8th of September—Rev. J. MacLeod to preside, Rev. J. D. Fergusson to preach, Rev. J. MacLeod to address the minister, and Rev. G. H. Smith the people. A petition from a number of Protestant families at Chicoutimi, praying for the appointment of an ordained missionary to that field who would conduct an English school during the week and divine services on Sabbath in Chicoutimi and vicinity, was cordially received, and a committee was appointed with a view to securing a suitable missionary for the position. Rev. J. R. MacLeod was appointed to visit the field, dispense ordinances and report to the committee. It was arranged to hold a Conference at the next regular meeting, and Rev. Prof. Macadam was appointed to read a paper on the Inspiration of the Holy Scriptures. Standing committees were appointed with the following Conveners: Home Missions, Rev. A. T. Love; French Missions, Rev. D. Tait; State of Religion, Rev. J. MacLeod; Temperance, Rev. J. M. White-law; Sabbath Schools, Rev. G. H. Smith; Systematic Beneficence, Rev. D. Tait; Sabbath Observance, Rev. Prof. Macadam; and Statistics, Rev. J. R. MacLeod. A deputation consisting of Rev. Prof. Macadam and Mr. Thomas Brodie was appointed to visit the Kennebec Road district. Rev. C. A. Tanner, Convener, gave a report on French work for the last quarter. It was resolved to take steps

to establish a French Mission School at Woburn. Rev. T. Z. Lefebvre was instructed to visit the lower Saguenay districts, dispense ordinances, and report to the Presbytery's committee on French work. The committee was instructed to take into their consideration the advisability of engaging Mr. Stanislas Tsie Sei, Chief of the Huron tribe of Indians, Lorette, as catechist among his tribe. Rev. C. A. Tanner received the thanks of the Presbytery for his services for several years as Convener of the French Committee. A circular from the Home Mission Committee showing that this Presbytery is expected to contribute \$850 for Home Missions and \$700 for Augmentation was referred to a committee consisting of Revs. A. T. Love, D. Tait, and Prof. Macadam. The next meeting was appointed to be held in Sherbrooke on the 8th of November, at 8 p.m.—J. R. MacLeod, Pres. Clerk.

British and Foreign.

STEPS are being taken to secure ministers for two vacant London congregations, Isington and College Park.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD has signed an agreement to give fifty lectures in America, beginning on November 1.

THE Rev. George Moody, of Harrowgate, has received a unanimous call to the pastorate of Bun-crana, in the Derry Presbytery.

THE Retreat of English Presbyterian ministers, to be held next month at Southport, will be termed a Ministerial Fellowship Meeting.

A FINGOE chief and his sons went to Osborne and presented the Queen with a war shield, some Kaffir weapons, and bead ornaments.

THE Rev. Thomas Muir, B.D., assistant in St. Pauls Parish Church, Glasgow, has been unanimously elected to Methil Parish Church, Fifeshire.

DURING the summer months rapid progress has been made in the restoration of the cathedral at Dunblane, and the mason work is now almost complete.

THE Right Rev. William Alexander, D.D., Bishop of Derry, is to lecture upon the Evidences of Christianity before the students of Columbia College during next Lent.

NINETY applications have been made for the vacancy in the Second Charge, Haddington, out of whom seven have been chosen, who will preach trial sermons at as early dates as possible.

THE committee appointed by the Belfast Presbytery to select a minister for St. Andrews Church, Nassau, Bahamas, as successor to the late Rev. Robert Dunlop, have recommended Rev. Robert T. Bailey, of Carlow, who accepted the appointment.

THE jubilee of the Regent Square Young Men's Society, to which we have already made reference, will be celebrated before the close of the year. Former members of the society are now scattered the world over, and some of them are to-day occupying positions of influence.

A HANDSOME Prospectus of College of Commerce, just out. Call or write for one any way to W. A. Warriner, North Toronto. Sent free.

SCROFULA

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck; which causes running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors," which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

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By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. If you suffer from scrofula, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Every spring my wife and children have been troubled with scrofula, my little boy, three years old, being a terrible sufferer. Last spring he was one mass of sores from head to feet. We all took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and all have been cured of the scrofula. My little boy is entirely free from sores, and all four of my children look bright and healthy." W. B. ATHERTON, Passaic City, N. J.

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Cures HEADACHE.

REGULATES THE KIDNEYS.
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DEAR SIR,—I was very bad with headache and pain in my back; my hands and feet swelled so I could do no work. My sister-in-law advised me to try B. B. B. With one bottle I felt so much better that I got one more. I am now well and can work as well as ever.
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Such as Wind and Pain in the Stomach, Fullness and Swelling after Meals, Dizziness, and Drowsiness, Cold Chills, Flushings of Heat, Loss of Appetite, Shortness of Breath, Costiveness, Scurvy, Blisters on the Skin, Disturbed Sleep, Frightful Dreams, and all Nervous and Trembling Sensations, &c.

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Watch this space for full particulars regarding our "RECEPTION NIGHTS" for the week of September 14th.

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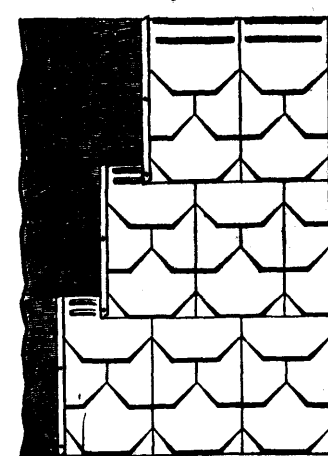
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MELON JAM.—Peel and cut in slices, and boil in little salted water until soft enough to put through a colander. Make a syrup; using one pound of sugar to a pound of melon, and a pint of water to every two pounds of sugar. Boil the syrup and skim, add one lemon to every three pounds of fruit, and a-half ounce of green ginger. When the syrup is clear add the melon and cook slowly until it thickens like jelly; then seal up.

FINE SAUCE.—Stir into a tablespoonful of sifted flour one-half pint of cold water; mix it perfectly smooth; put this into a very clean saucepan and put it over the fire; let it simmer until it becomes a starch; then rub to a cream half-a-pound of good brown sugar, and one-quarter of a pound of good butter; when it is well creamed stir it into the starch; then add a tablespoonful of orange-flower water; just as it is done, grate in a little nutmeg.

LEMONADE.—This favourite and well-known drink is very delicious when well made. Take four lemons to every quart of water, and eight tablespoonfuls of sugar; rub or squeeze the lemons soft, and slice them upon the sugar, pour over them a little boiling water and let them stand fifteen minutes, then add the necessary amount of water, well iced, stir well and serve. Orangeade is made in the same way, substituting oranges for lemons, but much less sugar is needed.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Select smooth, round tomatoes, of uniform size, not very juicy. Put them in hot water, remove the skin, cut them in halves and scoop out all the seeds. Chop and rub to a powder one-third of a cup of boiled ham or tongue, add two-thirds of a cup of soft bread crumbs, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, or one saltspoonful of thyme, a little pepper, and sufficient melted butter to moisten. Fill the tomatoes with the mixture, place them in a shallow dish, and bake fifteen minutes.

BANANAS IN JELLY.—Make a mould of lemon jelly. Cut bananas in slices, and line the bottom and sides of a mould. Pour the jelly in slowly, that it may not float the fruit. Keep in ice water until hard. If you have no mould, use a small, round, glass dish. Put the sliced bananas on the bottom, then turn in a little jelly; when hard, put a row round the sides with spaces between, and fill the centre with bananas; add more jelly, enough to cover. Reserve a cupful of jelly, and, when ready to serve, break this up lightly, and scatter it over the top.

TO PRESERVE CRAB APPLES WHOLE.—Select perfect apples, leave the stems on, wash, and heat slowly to boiling in water sufficient to cover them. When the skins break skim them out, and when cool enough to handle remove the skins. Throw the water away in which they were boiled. Weigh the apples. Allow one and a-quarter pounds of sugar and a teacupful of water to each pound of fruit. Boil the syrup until clear or until the scum ceases to rise. Add the juice of one lemon to every three pounds of fruit. Put in the apples and cook until tender. Put into cans while hot.

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Think of this in health. Think of it in sickness. And then think whether you can afford to make the trial if the makers can afford to take the risk to give your money back as they do if they do not benefit or cure you.

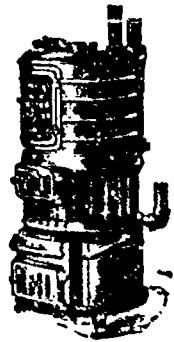
SNAPPER SOUP. -- Cut the meat into pieces and put into a kettle with three pints of soup stock, veal is the best; add a little cayenne pepper, white pepper, and salt to taste. Roll three crackers very fine, add to the soup and boil twenty minutes; add two tablespoonfuls of butter and a pint of cream.

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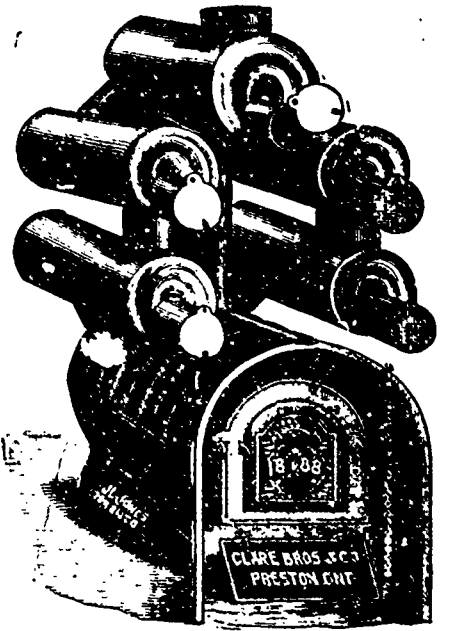
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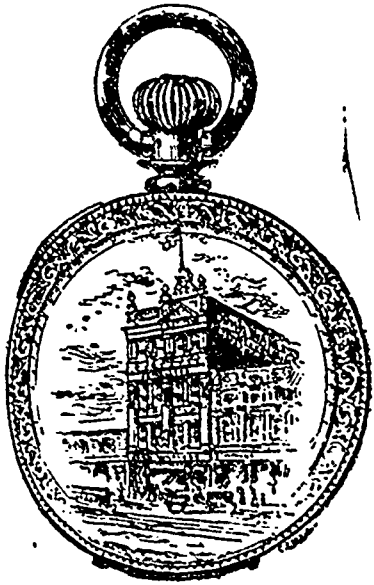
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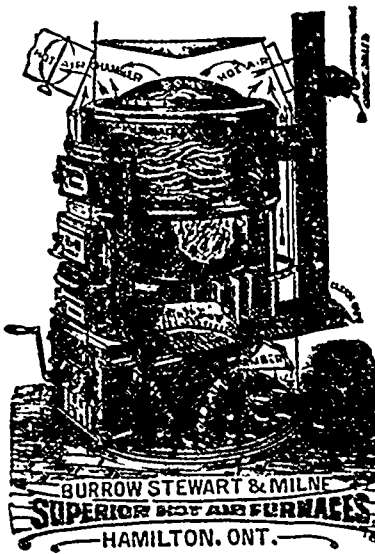
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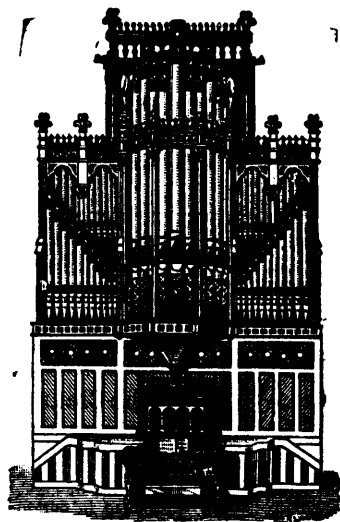
Miscellaneous.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

BROCKVILLE.—At Merrickville, September 14, at 5 p.m. BRUCE.—At Walkerton, Sept. 15, at 1 p.m. CALGARY.—In St. Paul's Church, Banff, on 9th September. CHATHAM.—In St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, 8th September, at 10 a.m. Elders' commissions called for. COLUMBIA.—In St. Andrew's Church, New Westminster, second Tuesday in September, at 3 p.m. GLENGARRY.—In Knox Church, Lancaster, September 8, at 11 a.m. GUELPH.—In Chalmers Church, Guelph, on Tuesday, 15th September, at 10.30 a.m. HURON.—In Blyth, 8th Sept. at 10.30 a.m. KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, on 3rd Tuesday in September, at 3 p.m. LONDON.—In First Presbyterian Church, London, on Monday, 7th September, at 3 p.m., for Religious Conference, and on Tuesday, 8th September, at 9 a.m., for ordinary business. MAITLAND.—At Wingham, September 8, at 11.15 a.m. MONTREAL.—In the Presbyterian College, on Tuesday, 6th October, at 10 a.m. ORANGEVILLE.—At Orangeville, September 8, at 11 a.m. OWEN SOUND.—In Division Street Hall, Owen Sound, last Tuesday in Sept., at 9 a.m. PARIS.—In Chalmers Church, Woodstock, on October 6, at 11 a.m. PETERBOROUGH.—At Port Hope, September 22, at 9.30 a.m. SARNIA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Strathroy, third Tuesday in September, at 3 p.m. SAUGEN.—In Mount Forest, September 8, at 10 a.m. WINNIPEG.—In Knox Church, Winnipeg, on September 8, at 3 p.m.

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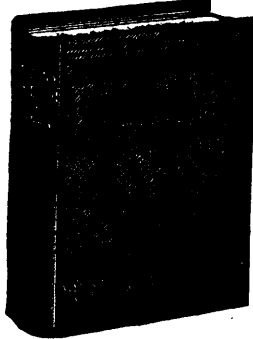
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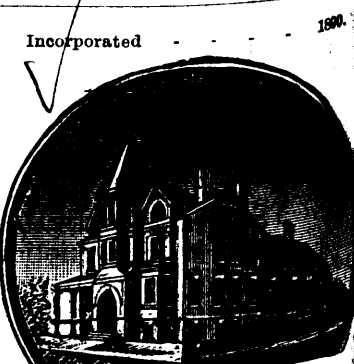
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